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II. ii.  42 ... 84
III. iii.  144 ... 274
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NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
The Annual Meeting of the Bacon Society was held at the large room of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on Tuesday evening, June 19th, 1888. Mr. Fearon took the chair. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were read and adopted. The Secretary read a portion of a review of Mr. Donnelly's Cryptogram, which is given in extenso in this number: with some of the testimonies given by those who have investigated the cipher.

The Chairman spoke in favourable terms of the first volume of Mr. Donnelly's book, as a masterpiece of Baconian statement, the most complete exposition of the Baconian argument that has yet appeared; a standard work which must last as a monument of forcible reasoning. He expressed also his conviction that the second volume, which he had read with great interest, renders the fact that a cipher exists in the 1623 Folio incontestible. Whether Mr. Donnelly had yet hit upon the real or the simplest clue was another question. Possibly when the cipher had been longer studied, a simpler clue might be found. As it was, the rules given were not really complicated; the complexity was more apparent than real, and was due in a great degree to the number of figures employed for explanatory purposes. In order to save his readers the trouble of counting and calculating for themselves, Mr. Donnelly had done the summing and subtracting in extenso for them. He had also set out all calculations in figures, and had repeated the same calculations line after line, instead of using dots or dittos, or adopting algebraical signs to express his
results, and starting afresh therefrom. These things, whilst enabling the general reader to follow the calculations with ease, gave the pages an appearance of complexity which they did not possess. The rule as to the order and sequence in which the words ought to come out, and be arranged, did not appear to be yet so clearly arrived at.

Mr. Donnelly then addressed the meeting, referring to the criticisms which had been made on his book, and the eager attempts to condemn the cipher without really investigating it. Mr. Donnelly also explained the mode in which the cipher numbers 505, 513, 516, 506, 523 are obtained from the primal root number 836, obtained by multiplying the numbers 76 of the page on which the second scene of 2 Henry IV. ends, by 11, the number of bracketed words in the induction to that scene. This number is first modified by subtracting 29, the number of words on page 74, column 2, between the first word of the last subdivision and the bottom of the column; this gives 807. This is further modified by subtracting the number of words on the first column of page 74; and this number varies according to the way of counting.

Counting all the words, including those in brackets and hyphens, there are 302.

Counting all the words except the one hyphenated word in brackets, there are 301.

If the hyphenated words are taken as single words, there are 294.

If the hyphenated words are taken as double, there are 291.

Excluding bracketed words, and counting hyphenated as single words, there are 284.

These several numbers deducted from 807 give the root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516, 523, thus:

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Mr. Donnelly referred to the various objections which had been made to the cipher and the cipher story, and maintained that, although minor inaccuracies may exist in working out the story, the main facts are not to be disputed.

A discussion then followed, in which Mr. Ames, Mr. Highton, Colonel Godsall, and Mr. Donnelly, and others, took part.
SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

THE BACON SOCIETY has now completed the second year of its existence. It numbers 79 members and associates.

Since the last Report was issued, in August, 1887, three meetings have been held—two at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, and one at the Westminster Town Hall.

The following papers and addresses have been given, and have led to interesting conversation and discussion, both at the time of meeting and afterwards:—

1. *Shakespeare, the Lawyer; and Bacon, the Poet, Part II.*, by MR. ALARIC ALFRED WATTS.

2. *Official Report Relating to the Progress of the Bacon-Shakespeare Discussion in England and America*, read by the HON. SECRETARY.


5. *A Lecture by the HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY on the Cipher Narrative in the 1623 Folio Edition of Shakespeare.*

These papers, except the last, have been published in the BACON JOURNAL, which has also contained other papers and reviews relating to various branches of the same topic. The last number, however, of the Journal contains papers which have not been read at any meetings of the Society, including an official account of recent phases of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; a valuable paper by Mr. George
Stronach, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, being a reply to and criticism of a discussion of the Baconian theory published by Sir Theodore Martin in the February (1888) number of Blackwood. The paper of Sir Theodore Martin has since been re-published as a small volume, and the Committee would commend it to their members and friends as a specimen of the singularly weak defence of a bad case by an able and experienced literary man. It is noticed that some of the mistakes pointed out by Mr. Stronach have been silently corrected in the revised issue.

A valuable series of papers by Mrs. Henry Pott is now in course of publication in the Journal. These form part of a more extended series, which the Committee hope to bring before the public, in which the Baconian argument will be presented with a scientific completeness hitherto unattained.

Besides these papers, the Hon. Secretary, acting upon instructions given at a Committee Meeting of the Society, has compiled a volume, entitled "Dethroning Shakspere," a full account of which has been given in the December number of the BACON JOURNAL. This volume was published under the general sanction of the Committee, but the Editor alone is responsible for its contents. The issue by the publishers was intended, among other purposes, to prepare for the reception of Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," the announcement of which led to the correspondence in the Daily Telegraph, which formed the basis of the volume, "Dethroning Shakspere."

Mr. Donnelly's important work was published on May 1st, 1888, and this must be considered the most remarkable and important event in the Baconian annals of the year. It has given rise to discussion, comment, criticism of varied quality, in all parts of the kingdom, and throughout the English-speaking races all over the world. As to the special merits of the work, this will be more fully considered in a special review of the entire work, which will be issued in the seventh number of the BACON JOURNAL—a review embodying the opinions of the Committee as a body, as well as those of many of the members of the Bacon Society. In the special analysis of the cipher, as explained by Mr. Donnelly, it is intended to secure, if possible, the co-operation of mathematicians and of experts in cipher construction and interpretation, so that our members may be assisted in their judgment and study of this extremely difficult problem by scientific discussion, and not merely by guesses and speculations.

The amount of matter published during the year, bearing more or less directly on the Baconian theory, is enormous. But inasmuch as it con-
sists chiefly in scattered newspaper criticisms, it is not possible to refer to it in any detail in this report. Those most worthy of note are the long series of letters, introduced and suggested by two very scholarly editorial papers, written in a singularly fair and candid spirit, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. A long and comprehensive paper by Professor Davidson was published in the *New York World*, and this also led to a prolonged correspondence, in which Professor Davidson himself took part, as well as General Butler, Colonel Ingersoll, Messrs. Appleton Morgan, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Albert R. Frey, Edward Gordon Clarke, Julian Hawthorne, and very many others. Articles also have appeared in the *North American Review*, including two by Mr. Donnelly, discussing not only the particular cipher which forms the subject of the second volume of Mr. Donnelly’s “Great Cryptogram,” but other branches of cipher speculation by Messrs. Black and Gordon Clarke. It must be confessed that the suggestion of cipher-quest is likely to stir into activity all sorts of speculation. Time alone can decide how much of this is based on solid reality, and how much on imagination.

Another book, which will cause considerable perplexity to all classes of Shakespearian and Baconian students, is Mr. Appleton Morgan’s recently published volume, *Shakespeare in Fact and Criticism*. Mr. Morgan has always spoken doubtfully about the Baconian theory, he now professes himself a disbeliever in it; but there is no doubt that the whole drift of his writings is to discredit all current theories respecting Shakespeare, except the Baconian. This work will, however, require a more extended notice in our Journal.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks many valuable additions to the library of the Society, which have been made during the year. Donations of books from our members, Mr. Ernest Jacob, Mr. John F. Fearon, Mr. Wyman, Mr. Appleton Morgan, Mrs. Henry Pott, and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly have been added to our collection.

It is still necessary to remind the members, associates, and friends of the Bacon Society of the many ways in which they can assist its operations.

1. Literary co-operation is much required. All students of Bacon and Shakespeare are invited to embody the results of their studies in papers, essays, paragraphs, letters of enquiry, or suggestions for research. These papers may be either read at the meetings or published in the Journal. Even if no definite conclusions are formulated they may help to stimulate enquiry and promote discussion.
2. All who are interested in our movement should collect information bearing upon it, and communicate the result to the Editor of the Bacon Journal. All public discussions or debates, in literary and other societies, all reviews, all newspaper or other references to the Baconian arguments and facts, should be collected and contributed to our annals.

3. Those who are friendly to our objects should themselves promote discussion, either oral or by the press, in their own localities. They might often, for instance, reply to objections, or criticisms, or difficulties which are published in the periodical press, many of them very plausible, but very shallow; most of them so extremely feeble that they can easily be met by any one who has the most elementary acquaintance with our arguments.

4. It is evidently desirable that all who are actually associated with us should use their influence to add to our numbers. Forms of invitation to join the Society, as members or associates, will be supplied by the Hon. Sec. to any member who can make use of them. We know of many who are friendly to our aims who are not identified with us, preferring, some of them, to use their influence privately. This we think a mistaken policy. Union is strength in this as in all other matters, and those who are in a minority, and who are constantly subjected to all sorts of reproach and misrepresentation, require all the moral and material support that can be obtained by the adhesion of those who are favourable to their cause in one compact and united body.

5. Those who do not join us, as well as our own members, may aid our movement by gifts of books to our library, and by donations to the publishing fund, and by contributing to the general objects of the Society. Much research might be undertaken, and many new and important facts would doubtless be brought to light, if the resources of the Society were commensurate with the large scope of its aims. If half the amount of research which has been expended and wasted in the dreary and unprofitable quest for relics and records relating to William Shakspere had been devoted to inquiring into the undisclosed or only half-told facts about Francis Bacon, doubtless we should now be in possession of facts which would solve many of the problems on which we are engaged. To prosecute these researches we require more labourers and more funds. We know quite well that the number of those who are favourable to our belief is largely increasing, and has been much augmented during the last few months. We confidently
appeal to our unattached friends to become our adherents and fellow-workers, and for each to aid us in the way that is most adapted to his opportunities and capacity.

During the year Subscriptions and Donations were received to the amount of £52 14s. 6d. Also £6 4s. 9d. was realised by the sale of Journals. The balance in hand, January, 1888, was £45 10s. 6d.

The Expenditure to set off against these Receipts left a balance in hand at the beginning of the year of £32 9s. 5d.
Bacon Society.—Receipt and Expenditure Account for the Year 1887.

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Examined, with Vouchers produced, and found correct,

23, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.,
June 11, 1888.

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Wm. Theobald, C.A.
COMMITTEE OF THE BACON SOCIETY.
(ESTABLISHED DECEMBER, 1885.)

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Percy W. Ames, Esq., Lewisham Park House, S.E.
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HON. TREASURER:

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HON. SECRETARY:

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Communications, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, may be sent to
5, Grosvenor Street, W.

BANKERS:

Messrs. Charles Hopkinson & Sons, 3, Regent Street, S.W.

HON. AUDITOR:

William Theobald, Esq., 23, St. Swithin’s Lane, E.C.
MR. DONNELLY'S RECEIPTION AT THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL.

An extraordinary meeting of the Bacon Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on April 17, 1888, convened to receive the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who had recently arrived in England, prior to the publication of his since well-known book, "The Great Cryptogram," "Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays." The large hall was filled by a highly intelligent and appreciative audience.

The chair was taken by Alaric A. Watts, Esq., who introduced Mr. Donnelly to the Meeting by a few preliminary observations, sketching rapidly the history of the Baconian theory, and its present position in this country. Mr. Donnelly then spoke as follows:—

MR. DONNELLY'S ADDRESS.

SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with no little trepidation that I find myself in your presence this evening. It is the first time that I have ever addressed an audience within the limits of the British Empire, of which my ancestors were citizens and subjects for many generations. However greatly I may esteem and honour my own illustrious and wonderful country,—to whose material and moral greatness no words of mine can do justice,—I, nevertheless, feel, that standing here in London, almost in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, I stand, as it were, beside the heart of the world. Bacon spoke of England as "that little country with the mighty heart." That mighty heart is London, into whose aortas are poured the commerce, the wealth, and the power of the world. I feel that I stand to-night where public opinion, upon literary questions at least, is formulated for the 120,000,000 people who speak the English language on the face of the globe. And, therefore, I say, I speak with hesitation and with trepidation.

I am aware, also, that I speak in the face of a mighty prejudice—that I am talking against the broad, blank wall of a national super-
stition—that the voice of the people is against me, and the voice of the people has been claimed as the voice of God. It may be so in the last analysis of an intelligent, cultured, and civilized people; but the voice of the people was not the voice of God 1,800 and odd years ago, when it cried, “Crucify Him, crucify Him!” The voice of the people was not the voice of God when it justified the imprisonment of Galileo. He represented a smaller minority in the world than the Baconians do to-day. The truth is, my friends, that the progress of mankind consists in one generation undoing the errors and mistakes of the preceding generation.

When they explored Pompeii and Herculaneum, and reached the limits of the towns they found radiating out from them, and the great roads that led into the country, they found those roads bordered on both sides with the tombs of the dead. And I might say that, in like manner, the pathways of the world’s progress are marked by the monuments of dead errors.

The rarest, the most valuable faculty of the human mind is the capacity of original thought. The man who has it not is a mere automaton, who repeats what others tell him. The progress of the world has been upon the stepping stones of independent minds. In your own great city you find a Memorial Church erected upon Smithfield. There was a time when your predecessors, who dwelt in this goodly city, believed it was right to burn men at the stake for their opinions upon religious questions—that it was a duty to God and man. And there was a time, in a still earlier period in history, when it was the universal conviction that this earth was flat; that the sun made the alternations of day and night by retreating behind a high mountain, which was placed, by the learned geographers of that day, somewhere about where London now stands. Well, you may say that these were errors of the remote past, and of an ignorant people. But it is on record that when, a short time since, it was first proposed to introduce locomotives, and run them upon railroads in this country, clergymen, or one clergyman at least, in a pamphlet protested against any such step, on the ground that it was an infringement of the divine law, for God never intended that men should travel faster than ten miles an hour. And I believe it is a fact, that petitions were sent to Parliament protesting against running locomotives through the country, on the further ground that the clatter they made would prevent the hens from laying their eggs.

And it will not be forgotten, that when a law was passed to permit
Jews to sit in Parliament, a gentleman made a speech in the House of Commons, in which he declared that the curse of God would fall upon the nation if any one of the accursed race, who had persecuted the Messiah, was permitted to become a member of that great representative body.

In fact, if you take any branch of science you find the same state of things. I was the other day looking at the great Tower of London. I noticed upon one of the buildings what seemed to me to be oyster shells, fastened against the face of it. I was curious, and I asked one of the warders: "What are those?" He said, "Those are oyster shells." "What for?" "They were put there to protect the building from wear and tear," and thereupon he proceeded to tell me the story of a former warder who, when asked the same question by a visitor, told him they were washed there against the building in the time of the Flood. Now, we laugh at it, but really, one hundred years ago geology had not advanced much farther, and we were sagely told, in the scientific books of the day, that the fossils found in the earth were specimens of humour on the part of the Creator—that they were jokes made in a plastic form, and put there—stone jokes, to deceive and bewilder impertinent mankind. This was the condition of geology at that time. I read the other day, on a monument in Westminster Abbey, an inscription to the memory of the great philanthropist, Mr. Wilberforce, and it was stated in the inscription that Mr. Wilberforce was largely instrumental in suppressing the slave-trade, and in taking measures that led to the final emancipation of every slave under the British flag; and it went on to make the melancholy admission that, while so labouring for the good of man, he was the subject of extreme persecution and injustice! Who, to-day, in the civilised world, would defend the slave-trade? And yet there was a vast population at that time—a majority of the whole people of England—either in favour of it or tacitly sustaining it. I can remember, in my own country, when Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, for opposing slavery, was led through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck—not South Carolina, but Boston, the especial champion of freedom. I can remember when a Bishop of one of the Churches of free New England came out in a pamphlet with a solemn argument to prove that slavery was a divine institution, that God had ordained and established it, and that it was sinful to attempt to overthrow it.

Now, in the presence of these facts, no man ought to sit back in
his seat, with a complacent smile on his face, and a feeling that he "knows it all;" and that because public feeling or stupidity sustains him in his ignorant bigotry, that it is his province to sneer at every careful and laborious thinker who seeks to penetrate into and ascertain the truth as to controverted questions.

Take this very matter of Shakespeare. Francis Bacon made the very sagacious remark that the ancient age of the world was not the age of antiquity, in the sense of being the wise age; because, said he, it is the present age that is the oldest age, for it has all the accumulated wisdom of the past. We know more to-day of the history of the Egyptians, drawn from the translation of their monuments, that they knew in Julius Cæsar's time. We know, probably, more of the Assyrians, drawn from the translations of the cuneiform characters, than the Egyptians knew, and human intelligence is not pausing. Our children will know more of these things than we do, and they will probably laugh at our errors as we do at the mistakes of our grandparents.

Take this question of William Shakspere. We know more about William Shakspere to-day than they did fifty years ago; and, in all probability, they knew more about William Shakspere fifty years before that than the London public did in William Shakspere's own time. Why? Because there have been a multitude of the most intelligent labourers seeking everywhere for facts; taking every statement and analysing it, penetrating into these things with a scientific purpose and by scientific methods. And what is the result? Why, one half the facts that were given in the biographies of Shakspere fifty years ago are blotted out of the biographies of William Shakspere to-day. Fifty years ago you might take a biography of Shakspere and you would read that he wrote beautiful verses to Ann Hathaway —"Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,"—and so forth. No claims are now made that William Shakspere ever wrote any such verses, or any other verses, to Ann Hathaway. Fifty years ago it was said that William Shakspere was of gentle blood. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the highest and most careful authority on the subject, says that is not true—that he came of a long line of peasants on both sides. Fifty years ago it was claimed and believed that some one of his ancestors had rendered valuable services to Henry VII., and had a grant of lands given to him in Warwickshire. Diligent search of the records of that county prove that there is no truth in that statement. Fifty years ago—nay, twenty-five years ago, it was claimed that Shakspere
had received a coat-of-arms. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps investigated the matter, and says in effect: "It is true that Shakspere made an application for a coat-of-arms, and in that put forth many ridiculously false statements; but the application was not granted, although his family used the coat-of-arms." Now those self-sufficient gentlemen who call themselves the especial advocates and representatives of Shakspere, who, from having pursued a sort of vermiculate examination of veriology, have attempted to build up great reputations as Shakespearian scholars—microscopic men—turn their noses up against any theory that teaches that Shakspere did not write the plays. I would just as soon think of going to some entomologist, who had spent his life examining, with the microscope, the antennæ of insects, and ask him to describe to me the passage of the solar system through space. The very nature of their studies, minute and entomological, has, so to speak, unfitted these gentlemen to entertain any broad views on this or any other subjects.

Well, my friends, we are met, then, as I have been met in America, by gentlemen who say, "Oh! we do not want these beautiful and tender beliefs to be disturbed." Does the world desire to worship a fraud? Are they like the Otaheitan savage who, bending before his hideous god, as someone has said, "knows he is ugly, and believes he is great"? What has been the secret of the greatness of the English race, and of the American people as well? It has been their firm grip upon fact; their absolute setting aside of all myths. And it has been only by that firm and resolute grip upon positive facts and absolute truth that those great conquests have been achieved by the English-speaking people of the world, in the realm of nature, that have so astonished mankind. What grown man is there who, to-day, would say to you, "I was taught in my youth to believe in Santa Claus. It is a beautiful and charming belief. Think of the picture of that rubicund little man, coming down the chimney, covered with snow, and soot, and toys. How charming! How picturesque! No, I do not want that beautiful belief disturbed; it cheered me in my childhood, and I want to go down to my grave believing in it." Now, is not that the attitude of a large part of the world upon this question of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays?

The point for us to enquire into is:—What is the fact? If William Shakspere did not write those Plays, if he was incapable of writing them, the world wants to know it. If Francis Bacon, the illustrious founder of our modern philosophy, and I might almost say, of our
modern civilization, was the man who wrote these Plays, the world wants to know it. It is not a question of sentiment, it is a question of fact. Who is there that wants to worship at the wrong shrine—to make the worship as the poet says, "Greater than the God"—nay, to confer upon an idol the adoration that should be given alone to the Divinity?

Now, my friends, I could not, if I tried, cover the whole argument upon this question to-night, for it would take many hours and many volumes: but I thought that there might be many here who had not given much thought to this subject, and that I would briefly touch on one or two points before proceeding to the discussion of the Cipher itself. We all know what was the history of William Shakspere. We know he was born in Stratford-on-Avon. It is said that he went to school in the village school; we infer that, but there is no proof of it. It is supposed that he left school at fourteen years of age. Tradition tells us that he was bound apprentice to a butcher; tradition tells us that he led an evil life; that he fell in with bad companions; that he was often whipped and imprisoned; and that at last, to escape from the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy, he fled away to London, leaving behind him his wife and his children.

Now there was never, in Shakspere's time, any allegation that he ever had been a lawyer. There is no point in his career where legal studies could come in. When he came to London, tradition tells us he began as a horse-holder at the door of the theatre. Then he was a servitor or servant—a call-boy; then he rose to be an actor. Now, surely you will agree with me, that there is no time here for this man to have spent in a lawyer's office; he was not in that line of action. The lawyer of that day was a gentleman (laughter), he was entirely separated from the butchers' apprentice; and I beg leave to add, that lawyers, as a rule, have continued to be gentlemen ever since. (Renewed laughter.) Now, then, I say, it is impossible that that man could have been a lawyer, and yet nothing is more clearly established than the fact that the man who really wrote those Shaksparian Plays was a lawyer, and not only a lawyer, but a great lawyer; not only a great practical lawyer, but a learned lawyer. Let me read to you, very briefly, two or three extracts to establish that fact. Richard Grant White, you must remember, was a fierce anti-Baconian, and he suggested that the right way to treat any man who believed that Bacon wrote the Plays was to give him a Concordance, some
No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was a younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the Inns of Court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare’s readiness and exactness. And the significance of this fact is heightened by another, that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. The phrases peculiar to other occupations serve him on rare occasions by way of description, comparison, or illustration, generally when something in the scene suggests them; but legal phrases flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary and parcel of his thought.

Then this same Mr. White said, in an article published in the Atlantic Monthly shortly before his death, “The notion that he was an attorney’s clerk is blown to pieces.” Now, is it not marvellous, that the same man could put forth those two statements: (1) that the man who wrote the Plays was a lawyer, and (2) that Shaksperewas not a lawyer, and could yet believe (3) that Shaksperewrote the Plays. It does seem to me a man, even though an idolater of the Stratford player, ought to be able to reason beyond the length of his own nose; that he ought to have the power of putting two and two together, and have drawn the logical conclusion, that if the man who wrote the Plays was a lawyer, and Shaksperewas not a lawyer, that, ergo, Shaksperenever wrote the Plays.

Then take what Chief Justice Campbell said. He was a distinguished lawyer himself, and he writes with no knowledge of the Baconian theory, and certainly no belief in it. He says:—

We find in several of the Histories Shakespeare’s fondness for law terms; and it is still more remarkable, that whenever he indulges this propensity he uniformly lays down good law.

While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriages, of wills and of inheritance, to Shakespeare’s law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exception, nor writ of error.

If Lord Eldon could be supposed to have written the Play, I do not see how he would be chargeable with having forgotten any of his law while writing it.

The indictment in which Lord Say was arraigned, in Act IV., scene vii. (2d Henry VI.), seems drawn by no inexperienced hand. . . . .

How acquired I know not, but it is quite certain that the drawer of this indictment must have had some acquaintance with The Crown
Circuit Companion, and must have had a full and accurate knowledge of that rather obscure and intricate subject—"Felony and Benefit of Clergy."

Lord Campbell quotes sonnet xlvi., of which he says:—

I need not go farther than this sonnet, which is so intensely legal in its language and imagery that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood.

But, say the Shakesperians, "The Epistle to the Gentlemen of the University," by Robert Nash, says,—

It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of noverint, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as Blood is a beggar, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair, in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say, handfuls of tragical speeches.

The Shaksperians say it is proved by this that Shakspere was a lawyer, because he is referred to here as a noverint, and as the author of Hamlet. But there is this difficulty in the way: this paragraph was published, according to its title-page, in 1589; and if you turn to Halliwell-Phillipps, who is the highest authority upon the subject of Shakspere's life, he will tell you (Outlines, p. 64) that the first Play Shakespeare ever wrote, which was produced on the boards of any theatre, was Henry VI., which made its appearance on the 3rd March, 1592. How there could be an allusion to Shakspere as a Play-writer, before Shakespeare began to write Plays, passes the comprehension of an ordinary mind.

But that is not all. This man says, "They leave the trade of noverint, whereto they were born." What does that mean? We say, a man was born a gentleman—that is, his father before him was a gentleman; and to say that a man was born a lawyer, means that his father before him was a lawyer. You can imagine that, possibly, in some way Shakspere might have been in a law-office, but the wildest stretch of the imagination cannot go to the extent of supposing that poor old John Shakspere was a lawyer, for the very sufficient reason that he could not write his name; and I believe, that in all ages, lawyers have been expected to know how to do that much.

It has been suggested, to meet this difficulty, that Shakspere might, at some time in his youth, have spent a month or two in a lawyer's
office; but Gerald Massey says, "The worst of it is, for the theory of his having been an attorney's clerk that it will not account for his insight into law; his knowledge is not office sweepings, but ripe fruits, mature as though he had spent his life in their growth."

Then we turn to the home of William Shakspere. Halliwell-Phillipps tells us it was a bookless neighbourhood, and he doubts whether there was a single book in William Shakspere's father's house. Why should there be? Books are made to be read, and, as a rule, they are only where they can be read; and neither Shakspere's father, nor his mother, his grandfather, nor his grandmother, nor any one of his "sisters, cousins, or aunts," could either read or write. There was no use for books, and Shakspere's own daughter could not read or write, but signed her name with a X.

Then take an additional fact: that not a single scrap of paper, with the name of William Shakspere attached to it, with the exception of his will, and one legal document—a deed—has come down to us. If you ask us the question, "Could an ordinary man write ordinary Plays?" we say at once, "Certainly;" but when you ask us the question, "Could an ordinary man write extraordinary Plays?" the answer is, "No." The human-bearing world has been wagging on for five thousand years certainly, possibly for five hundred thousand; no such genius as the man who wrote those Plays ever appeared before or since. He was not alone a great poet, but a great philosopher, a statesman, a man of affairs, intimate with the laws and practices of courts and camps alike; a sage and a scholar.

Someone has justly said that the Plays were never written without a large library, and cannot, to-day, be read without one. And yet we are asked to believe that the greatest man that ever walked this planet, the greatest mind that ever God made since He made the world, that mightiest of the sons of men—profound, immense in all his mental attributes—lived in this town of London, and in the village of Stratford, until he was fifty-two or fifty-three years of age, and yet not a man comes forward and says: "Here is a letter from William Shakspere. Here is where he wrote to Spenser and discussed poetry. Here is where he wrote to Bacon and discussed philosophy. Here is the account of some public meeting in which he took part and made a speech." No; not one. What was he doing? Can you put such a light as that under a bushel? No: its effulgence would fill the world, and the activities, the mental power of such a man would have expanded and radiated in a thousand directions. It is not to be
believed; it is utterly incomprehensible. As one of the critics upon the subject says, "I cannot marry these facts to his verse;" and another says, "We hear of a Shakespeare of earth, but there must have been a Shakespeare of heaven."

The antiquarian digs up the record where he sued a poor wretch for two shillings. The antiquarian digs up the record of another man whom he puts into gaol. Even Richard Grant White has to confess: "We look for bread, and our teeth encounter these stones."

But it is of no avail to dwell longer upon these topics. Even you, gentlemen—you Shakespeareolators—who sit here wrapped in the panoply of your own self-conceit, even you must acknowledge that these facts cannot be denied. If I have said anything that is not true, let some gentleman correct me. I say, in the presence of these facts, you must acknowledge there is sufficient ground for investigation. But it takes generations to effect any radical change in public belief. Were the men of Galileo’s time converted to the doctrine of the rotation of the earth on its axis? Not at all! nine-tenths of them went down to the grave firm in the belief that the earth was the centre of the whole universe. Were the men of Monk Cosmos’s time, who believed the earth was flat, converted? No; nine-tenths of them believed it till their death. But it is a happy dispensation of divine Providence that the thoughts of fools perish with them; and the world advances by the minority whose opinions live because they have laid hold on truth, and have the vitality of truth within them.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me touch upon a few facts which will show, I think, even to the most prejudiced mind, the fact even that there is something unnatural and artificial in this Folio of 1623, of which I have here a facsimile copy. In the first place, you turn to the paging of that Folio, and remember that it was in this Folio that the Plays of Shakespeare were first published in a collected form, and that in that volume seventeen of the Plays appeared for the first time. Remember, William Shakspere died, and made a will—or, as lawyers say, made a will and died—in which he provided for the disposition of his second bed, and his old clothes, and his sword, and his gilt bowl, and a variety of other articles, and there is not a particle of reference made to any manuscript, or any plays, or possessions of that kind; and yet, at that time, some of the greatest of these immemorial productions—like Macbeth and Julius Caesar, and a number of others—must have been, if Shakspere was the author of them, lying about his house in manuscript form, running the risk of his illiterate
daughter, Judith, tearing them up to make curl papers of. He makes no provision for their publication whatever; and when this great book is published, which must have cost thousands of dollars, you turn to the back of it, and you find that it is printed, not at the expense of the family of William Shakspere—and William Shakspere was very rich—but you read in the back of his book, upon the very last page, "printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, T. Smithweke, and W. Aspley." Published at their charges! Nay, more; it does not seem that the Shakspere family ever possessed a copy of this Folio, for if they had possessed one it would have come down to us. Forty years after his death they had a celebration, organised by Garrett, in his town. The descendants of his sister, Joan, were contented to live in the Henley-street property down to the beginning of the present century, and inherited the personal property that must have gone to his daughter Susan. Now, if it had been known, at any point of this history, that there was a copy of this Shakespeare Folio (now worth from 4,000 to 5,000 dollars) to have been Shakspere's property, it would have been held on to and traced. We see in the paper where some man is advertising a lot of chairs; and when we have the chair of Shakspere advertised, even the papers begin to throw as much doubt on that as we do on Shakspere.

Now you turn to this wonderful book, published by somebody else, got up by the players, and you turn to the paging. It is divided into three parts. It runs to the end of the Comedies, then begins at p. 1 again, and runs to the end of the Histories; then it runs again from the beginning of the Tragedies. This, however, would not be extraordinary, although unusual; but when we come to look at the paging of it we find Henry IV. terminates at page 101, and Henry V. begins at page 69 and runs right along 70 and 71 and so forth to the end of the Play. You turn to the end of Henry VIII., and that is 232, and the next Play is Troilus and Cressida, which begins at page 79. Then page 80 is marked, and the rest of Troilus and Cressida is not paged at all. You turn to Romeo and Juliet, and you find another mistake. It terminates at page 77, and Timon of Athens commences at page 80, and between Twelfth Night and a Winter's Night Tale there is inserted a blank leaf, but the blank leaf is counted, although it is not properly a page at all. These things are marvellous. Then you find the most wonderful hyphenation and bracketings, the grouping together of three words, or four words, or five words by hyphens so that they will be read as one word. But what is strangest
of all, our excellent friend Mr. Smith, who might be called the patriarch of the question in England, and who honours us with his presence here this evening, in his book published some years ago, called attention to the fact that in the two subsequent editions after this first edition, and after Bacon was dead, each page began and ended with the same word that begins and ends this book.

When I came to London I told my good friend, the Hon. Secretary of your Society, Dr. Theobald, that I was not familiar with your Libraries here, and that he was; and I asked him if he would verify that statement, and ascertain how far the identity continued. He went to the British Museum, and got the original Folio and the copies of the two succeeding Folios, 1632 and 1644, and compared them; and he wrote me a statement that the 1632 edition was identically the same in nearly every respect except for one or two minute errors, which might have been typographical. In other words, every one of these singular hyphenations and bracketings was repeated; the paging was the same, and each page began on the same word and ended on the same word. And when he came to the Folio of 1644, that was printed exactly the same, but there was no irregularity in the paging. Now you go to a printer and ask him whether that thing could be done unless there was a specific direction to have it done. There are about 900 and odd pages in this book. Hand that to a dozen different printing offices, and tell them to reprint it, and give them no instructions about it, and there will not be one that will adhere to the arrangement of pages. Then I said to Dr. Theobald, “See if these editions were printed from the same type.” There was no stereotyping in that age, and it was impossible that the type could have been kept standing from 1623 to 1633 and 1644. There was only one other alternative, and that was that possibly all three editions might have been printed at the same time, from the same type, but put forth at different times with a different date on the title-page. But Dr. Theobald reports to me that although one is a literal copy of the other, the type is different, the ornamental borders are sometimes, not always, different; much of the archaic spelling in the 1623 edition is modernised in 1632, and there are enough differences to show that it was a reprint. Now who would instruct any printer throughout 900 pages to repeat every point of the original folio, even to the errors, and to reproduce every one of these extraordinary hyphenations and bracketings?

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There is, of course, and I recognise it as fully as anyone can, the
feeling in all minds of unwillingness to give up Shakspere and to substitute Bacon as the author of the Plays. To those who have that feeling I would say, Can any man here, or any man on the face of the earth, turn to a single fact, or tradition, or anything else, that shows William Shakspere to have been a lovable character? Is there a single fact stated about him that gives him the characteristics of a scholar? Is there a single generous act such as we might look for in the light of these Plays coming down to us through the mists of time? Not one. Turn to Dulwich College, and there you find his contemporary and associate on the stage, Edward Alleyne, giving the accumulation of his wealth to found Schools, Almshouses, and a College; and there it is still standing, a noble work; a great work not only now, but one that will probably be productive of great good for all the thousands of years that are to come. Ask the friends of Mr. Shakspere, “Can you show anything of the kind?” Not a bit of it. We have nothing but the records of law-suits, where he sued men for debts and followed them up and put them in prison. What is there lovable in this man that you should cling to him? You have associated with the man the genius manifested in these Plays; you have created a Shakespeare of heaven, not by historical facts, but by welding into his rude and brief career the glories and beauties of this magnificent work. But if Shakspere is hurled down from that pedestal, whom do you put in his place? The greatest intellect of the human race.

Apart from all question of these Plays, Francis Bacon looms up before the world the most gigantic intellect of the human species. Why, Englishmen, if we can weld the Plays of Shakespeare to the genius of Francis Bacon; if we can—as we will, for Spedding has done it, and Hepworth Dixon has done it—if we can wipe away with a great sponge from that noble brow the falsehoods and slanders that the cruelties and injustice of a past age have put there, we see him stand forth on his pedestal “the foremost man of all this world”; as the man who loved his fellow-man, and whose whole thought was that he might “lift man out of his necessities and miseries.” But you may say, “He confessed to bribery.” He confessed to nothing of the kind. He made a confession in a despotic Court to save his head from the block. He made a statement of facts, but if it is searched into, not one of the twenty-two instances is a confession of bribery. He either took the gifts as other judges took them, or he took them from the losing party; or, as was the custom of the age, from the suitors after
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the case was decided. There was only one case where a lady came and gave the money, not to Bacon, but to his clerk. There is not a thing which touches this great man. Read his utterances. Think what Addison said when he spoke of the prayer which he wrote in the time of his affliction, when he was hurled from power. Says Addison, than whom no better judge of literary excellence ever lived: "It was more like the adoration of an angel than a man." "I," says Bacon, "though in a despised weed, have sought the good of all men." What was the despised weed? We say it was these Shakespeare Plays. But, my friends, when you have welded the intellect of the mighty works embraced in those plays to this great philosopher, the founder of our modern philosophy, you Englishmen have got a man that you may challenge the whole world to match.

Mr. Donnelly then proceeded to an exposition of the Cipher he claims to have discovered, illustrating his remarks by numerous diagrams. This portion of his address is now superseded by the more detailed explanation running through the five hundred pages of the second volume of "The Great Cryptogram." Mr. Donnelly concluded his address amidst loud applause.

The Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society then moved the following resolution, which was briefly seconded by Professor Bengough:

"Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Donnelly for his most interesting address, and that he be assured that so far as the members of the Bacon Society are concerned, his views, when more fully presented, will receive careful and kind consideration."

The Resolution was carried unanimously, and the meeting terminated.
Mr. Donnelly's great work has at length made its appearance. We have been expecting it for a long time with eagerness, not unmixed with impatience. Now that it has appeared, we may frankly say that the eagerness is abundantly justified, and the impatience is somewhat rebuked. For considering the mass of the work, its 998 pages, full of research in the earlier half, full of most laborious and intricate calculations in the latter half, we can no longer blame Mr. Donnelly for delay, we can only marvel at the prodigious working faculty, the undaunted perseverance, the unflagging industry that has enabled him to produce so much in so short a time. Indeed, we have sometimes felt not a little inclined to reverse our former remonstrances, and to wish he had taken more time to perfect the machinery of the cipher, and so present it in a more mature and self-justifying shape. So far, however, as this is concerned, we must allow Mr. Donnelly to be the best judge. As his work is deficient in completeness, so the very defects which he frankly acknowledges are a testimony to his own confidence in the work, so far as it has advanced, and his willingness to encounter all the censure and misconstruction which its imperfection must inevitably suggest to superficial or hostile readers. Mr. Donnelly evidently is not afraid of criticism. He does not abate and tone down the force and flavour of his facts and arguments, in order to suit the taste of idealizing critics who draw largely upon their imagination when they are writing about the personal history of Bacon and Shakspere. And in his cipher work he does not hesitate to submit his difficult and complicated calculations, which is undoubtedly in many instances open to amendment, to the fangs and claws of frolicsome and frivolous critics who will take the most delicious and malicious delight in tearing them to pieces.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part, which is contained in the first volume, is a general statement of the Baconian

argument, in its two primary divisions: 1st, the negative thesis that William Shakspere did not write Shakespeare; 2nd, the positive, that Francis Bacon did. The second part deals with the cipher.

So far as the first volume is concerned, we can speak of it in terms of almost unqualified praise. No more complete or masterly statement of the entire Baconian theory has ever been published. And the case is put in such a convincing and attractive form that while the most exacting reasoner may be satisfied, the dullest also will find himself interested, and even fascinated, by the romantic charms of the story and the vivacity of the narrator. Mr. Donnelly has the art of marshalling his facts and arguments in a most telling way. His chapters are not too long, and even these are broken up into sections, by which the argument is perpetually clinched and the interest sustained. Nearly every section settles some point in a distinct and conclusive way, and as there are about 186 separate sections in this volume of 500 pages, we may regard the book as containing so many separate strands in the cable by which the Baconian theory is anchored to the rock of indisputable fact. Mr. Donnelly's arguments are not merely assertions of his own. Nothing is produced that is unsupported by historical facts or critical opinions. Every statement is proved, so far as it is capable of proof, by references to and quotations from the most trustworthy authorities. It is curious, though perhaps not entirely strange, that many of the most forcible Baconian arguments are derived from the best Shaksperean authorities, such as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Mr. Richard Grant White. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' large store of facts about Shakspere is necessarily often referred to, as it is the work of a diligent and conscientious historical and archaeological student, who simply records what he finds, and does not embellish facts in order that they may support special foregone conclusions. And as there are no facts known relating to Shakspere that are not strong arguments in support of some aspect or other of the Baconian theory, it is natural for anyone writing an exposition of that theory to draw largely upon Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. The other great Shakspere authority to whom we referred is used in a very different way. Mr. Richard Grant White has written bitterly, savagely, unfairly about the Baconian theory. Yet, strange to say, no writer has put more forcibly than he many of the arguments on which Baconians rely. For instance, the premisses of the very obvious syllogism:—1st. The writer of Shakespeare was a well-trained lawyer; 2nd. William Shakspere was not a lawyer at all, and had no
opportunity for acquiring any exceptional legal knowledge; 3rd. Therefore William Shakspere did not write the Shakespeare poems;—all these syllogistic steps are given by Mr. R. G. White with the most callous frankness, except the last—the conclusion. And we know that if any one dared to draw the only possible conclusion from his own premisses, no scorn or insult could be too scathing for the luckless logician. Mr. Donnelly naturally accepts Mr. R. G. White's Baconian arguments, but, unlike him, allows them to gravitate according to the plain necessities of deductive reasoning. So it is with many other Shaksperian authorities. Their facts point one way, their conclusions another; consequently their facts pass naturally into the possession of those whom they regard as literary heretics and foes.

We cannot reproduce Mr. Donnelly's argument. From the necessity of the case it is cumulative, and Mr. Donnelly has shown inexhaustible industry and skill in collecting evidence from all sorts of witnesses and circumstances, always presenting it with the skill of a practised lawyer, with the eloquence of an earnest advocate, and with the enthusiasm of a poet in the highest sympathy with his subject. This portion of his work must ultimately command the attention which it deserves. Now that this masterly and comprehensive argument is before the public, it will be impossible for Shakspere advocates to ignore the case that is here made out against their idol. If scholars and critics resist this mountain of evidence, plain men and women will soon recognise its value, and the jury of Christendom must ultimately give in its verdict. The question cannot possibly be regarded as a crank only adopted by extreme, eccentric, and feeble fanatics. Literary critics may for a time continue to chatter this pernicious absurdity; the only result will be that they will bring the reviewer's craft into suspicion, and lead all reasonable people to think, enquire, and judge for themselves on other points beside this, despite these same critics. There are, indeed, two or three points in which we are not quite able to follow Mr. Donnelly. We do not believe that Bacon had the least sympathy with the treasonable designs of Essex. This would be to endorse the worst charges which Bacon's slanderers have brought against him. We believe that his action in reference to the Essex trial was entirely honest, and entirely consistent with all his previous relations, both to his friend and to the State. Also we do not think that Cecil is portrayed in the character of Richard III.—or that Bacon would have used his divine art in order to gratify private
resentments,—or that Bacon's antipathy to his cousin Cecil can be spoken of as resentment at all, but rather as distrust, want of sympathy, mixed with some degree of contempt for his character and statesmanship. Another point which seems to us doubtful, is Mr. Donnelly's somewhat allegorical or mystical interpretation of the Tempest. That there is a basis of reality in his view we readily grant. The play bears all the marks of a final farewell, and indicates a consciousness in the great artist that his work is complete, and his spell is broken. But we hesitate to follow Mr. Donnelly into the details of this speculation, or to regard Caliban, Miranda, Prospero, and the rest, as embodiments of Shakespearian dramatis personae. Mr. Donnelly puts his case in a charming and forcible way, quite indifferent, and justifiably so, to the sneers and scoffs in which the gamins of literature are sure to indulge. But for all that we are content to take the grand Shakespearian finale as a requiem chanted in the Temple of the Universe, in which his own personal interests and circumstances dwindle to a vanishing point. The impersonality which marks the Shakespearian poems, and which has been a constant theme of wonder and criticism ever since they began to be seriously commented upon, does not desert him here. He retains to the last his sublime aloofness, and never once does he lay aside the magic robe of invisibility with which he has invested himself.

These, however, are but minor points, and scarcely qualify the admiration we are bound to express for the work as a whole. It is, we think, desirable that this great Baconian Apologia should be published by itself at no distant date, so that those who are unable to thread the mazes of the Cipher may be free to wander in the smooth plain levels of this luminous argument, without being embarrassed or entangled in the "thorny wood" of the cryptogram.

While, however, the whole of Mr. Donnelly's first volume is strong, it appears to us that the most thoroughly convincing portion is the 200 pages of parallelisms with which he concludes this portion of his work. Here are over 500 cases of more or less striking coincidences in expression, metaphors, opinions, quotations, studies, errors, use of unusual words, style and general characteristics, between Bacon and Shakespeare. Many of these are exceedingly forcible; even the weakest have some validity, and contribute their modicum of evidence to the vast mass, which in its entire accumulation is irresistible. On the whole, we regard the combined evidence, supplied by the general argument and the large collection of parallels, as perhaps the most
extraordinary specimen of circumstantial argument ever produced in any literature. We shall have to return to these parallelisms, and produce a few for the delight and instruction of our readers.

The second volume, containing the second part, we have said, deals with the cipher, and with reference to this there are several points to be considered.

1. The first impression which every one forms on hearing of a cipher story secreted in the text of the 1623 folio, is that as soon as it is presented it must carry with it the force of irresistible demonstration. Evidently this, or something approaching to it, was Mr. Donnelly's own impression when he began the deciphering process; for his message to English Baconians was constantly one of cheer and encouragement, because the end of our labours was at hand, and we should soon be in possession of evidence which the most determined scepticism would be powerless to resist. This natural expectation has not yet been realized, and we can now see that though the reality of the cipher may be undisputed, yet it is quite impossible, in the present stage of its development, to present it in such a way as to disarm opposition, and silence all cavil and scepticism. Even among Baconians its absolute genuineness must remain for the present a debateable point.

2. Another preliminary consideration is that, whether the cipher is real or not, it is certainly incomplete. As a story it is so. Mr. Donnelly drops into the middle of a narrative, and appears to have only a very doubtful clue as to the preceding and connecting scenes. And the machinery of the cipher is also extremely unfinished. Mr. Donnelly admits this himself; he allows that there is something empirical in his selection of sequences, and in the grouping of modifying numbers. He is satisfied he is right, partly by the results which are obtained by the use of one group of figures, and which cannot be obtained by any other. But all the steps by which the narration is worked out, so as to become a coherent and consistent story, cannot apparently be produced. The order in which the root numbers are taken, the mode in which they must be combined, the order of starting points, are not satisfactorily indicated. Mr. Donnelly believes he is on the point of discovering other rules, and when these are clearly apprehended the structure of the cipher narrative will be more apparent; but meanwhile, all hopes of immediate and irresistible demonstration must be abandoned.

3. It seems clear that in the present stage of the cipher development,
OPINIONS ABOUT THE CIPHER.

mere expression of opinion in reference to it is of small value, whether favourable or the reverse. The great majority of the reviews that have appeared are simply impertinences. The critics do not know what to make of it, but instead of frankly saying so they confuse themselves and their readers with all sorts of frivolous à priori speculations—which, however, they do not usually present as speculations, but as ascertained conclusions. We are not at present considering the periodical press except incidentally, in order to point out the sheer and fatuous absurdity of deciding such a question by mere sipping or sniffing at little points of style, or taste, or historical probability. Those who wish to know what Mr. Donnelly has really discovered must regard all these appeals to taste or probability, not only as utterly irrelevant, but as so much solemn trifling of a somewhat disingenuous character. No one has a right to offer himself as a guide to opinion in the matter unless he has investigated it scientifically, and is capable of doing so thoroughly. We do not care for opinions, or guesses. All the lectures of all the art critics and literary tasters in Christendom do not help forward the case one iota. We must turn to the mathematicians, and to those who have studied cryptographic arts, and demand of them facts and certainties, not guesses and gossip.

4. From all that we have said, it seems probable that more than mere interpretation will be required from the experts who are to pronounce upon the cipher. It might be inferred, as we have already suggested, that notwithstanding the postponements which have provoked impatience, it would have been well if Mr. Donnelly had waited longer in order to produce more perfect work. We do not think so. The cipher appears to rest upon a somewhat complicated combination of figures, grouped, modified and arranged according to various rules. If it was perfectly understood, probably the appearance of complexity would to a great extent disappear. Indeed, one of the greatest marvels about the whole business is, that these rules were ever discovered at all. It is in the highest degree improbable that Bacon, or any one else, would have secreted such a cunningly conceived mystery in that volume, and left the discovery of it to chance, when the hour and the man should arise. It is almost certain that the key for this deep enigma was left somewhere, with instructions for its publication after a fixed time. It is equally certain, that if such a key still exists, it is for the present hopelessly lost. It may turn up by accident at some future time, but meanwhile we must do the best we can without it. This being the case, it is evidently desirable that all who are capable
of contributing to the deciphering of the mystic story—whether by special training and experience, or by native bent of faculty,—should be invited to unearth this hidden treasure and bring all its parts into full daylight, and this is a sufficient justification for its publication in its present unfinished form. But it also confirms what we have already remarked, that all those who have not the exceptional gifts required for this investigation, should reserve their criticisms, refrain from dogmatism, and not allow their judgment on other and simpler issues to be silenced and paralyzed by the fact that they are bewildered or baffled by one element in a large and varied argument.

5. The immediate and necessary inference from these considerations is, that the cipher as a whole cannot be made a matter of certification by any large body of persons of variously constituted minds. The Bacon Society is no more competent to give an opinion about it than the critics of the Times, or Spectator, or Saturday Review. Its simple function appears to be limited to bringing the whole case thoroughly before the public, and especially it will be our aim to bring it under the examination of skilled investigators. We must take our sphinx to the appropriate Creipuses. But they will not be asked to give opinions,—facts and proofs are required—not probable only, but demonstrative. Demonstration must come from scientific enquiry, not from literary tasting. In its present state, the only evidence that could be brought before the Society, as a whole, would be, not demonstration, but impressions of varying force, from mere surmise to entire conviction. And impressions of this kind already exist among ourselves. Some of our members have the greatest possible confidence in it, and are prepared to endorse it as a whole. Others are in a general sense friendly: they are persuaded that, by certain arithmetical calculations which they cannot clearly follow, words flow forth from the text of the folio and re-arrange themselves into a coherent and continuous narrative; but they do not see anything distinctly beyond this. Others think that Mr. Donnelly's work is only the first breaking of ground in a large field; that time, and skilled enquiry, and patient study by many minds must be brought to bear upon it, before its real nature can be thoroughly understood, or successfully expounded. While there are a few among us,—a small minority,—who disbelieve the cipher altogether. They do not profess to explain its origin in Mr. Donnelly's mind; that is not their department; but their own intellectual palate rejects either the cipher itself or the story which it professes to evolve, and
they turn aside to the older paths. It seems, therefore, that it is in the nature of things impossible at present for the Bacon Society to speak with entire unanimity.

6. Now this being a simple statement of the actual facts of the case, we must claim that all these varieties should treat one another with entire forbearance and goodwill. Evidence that comes short of demonstration is not a fixed force, but a very uncertain and fluctuating one: those, therefore, who are satisfied must bear with the hesitation of those who cannot find the same content; while, on the other hand, those who are unable to come to any conclusion, may rest quietly in their own indecision, without reflecting upon the good faith or intellectual competency of others. In all these cases, moral and logical considerations are very strangely compounded, and it is most difficult for any one to be at once thoroughly reasonable and entirely charitable. It is easy to convey bitter moral censure under a thin film of impartiality,—a discreditable course often taken by the infallible order of critics, who are able to base their harsh judgments on a good many antecedent impressions. For nearly every one brings with him an idea that we have here, either an apocalypse or a fraud; either a genuine disclosure of fact, or a criminal invention of fiction. This is, however, an impracticable,—indeed, an entirely intolerable—attitude. First impressions of this order must be surrendered as experience broadens, and a general view of the nature of the cipher is presented. Taking into consideration its entire novelty, its apparently great complexity, the prodigious difficulty of even stating the case for or against it in words that shall convey no more and no less than bare and ascertained fact,—it is only reasonable to wait, and to refrain from violent, positive, and especially from hard, censorious verdicts.

7. There are, however, a good many antecedent considerations in favour of the Cipher, as at present offered to the public, which have scarcely received all the attention that they deserve. Here as elsewhere there is surely some validity in the exercise of that moral faith and business credit which lie at the basis of all human thought and of all practical negotiation. No one who has had any personal intercourse with Mr. Donnelly can for a moment doubt his entire honesty as well as his remarkable intellectual ability, and if the principle is to be assumed as an axiom that in this case self-deception is impossible, this persuasion of personal integrity and competency must be taken as a sufficient guarantee for the Cipher itself. The logic of this conclusion is irresistible, and may be reasonably used by
all those who are either unable or unwilling to examine for themselves. And yet even here the logical enclosure must not be shut up too tight; it must still be conceded that it is open to anyone who chooses to be so self-inconsistent as at once to believe in Mr. Donnelly and to disbelieve in his Cipher. On the other hand, it must on all sides be conceded that the very high merit of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's work, gives a strong presumption of validity in favour of the second. And we think that all fair critics will look at the book as a whole, and not make the unreasonable demand that every part of such a large argument should be equally adapted to all readers.

8. Among the many fantastic arguments and perverse inferences which this controversy has occasioned, perhaps the most sophistical of all is the confident assertion that the Cipher disposes of the Baconian theory. This logical monstrosity even takes two forms. Some critics say that if the Cipher is disproved all the other arguments fall to the ground with it; while one logical Paladin assures us that its acceptance by the Baconians is suicide, and that we shall all be drowned together in the same deeps, leaving the Cipher, we presume, floating triumphantly on the top. This, strange to say, is Mr. Appleton Morgan's whimsical fancy. All these freaks of self-willed criticism may be safely laid aside as simple, unmitigated nonsense. The laws of logic do not conflict any more than the laws of nature, and we may as Baconians investigate the Cipher without the least misgiving, being quite sure that, whether it is confirmed or discredited, our position is already secure and will remain so.

R. M. THEOBALD.

APPENDIX TO THE FOREGOING REVIEW OF MR. DONNELLY'S BOOK.

Opinions, we have already remarked, as such, whether hostile or favourable, are not of much importance; they are, in almost all cases, determined by the precedent bias of the writer or speaker. Very confident verdicts, pronounced by those who have given no real investigation to the subject—such as those which have appeared in most of the newspapers and journals—are, we do not hesitate to say, simply impertinences. But on the other hand, some value is to be attached to the impressions of those whose minds are familiar with the general question, and who are earnestly seeking for rational settlement of its doubtful features; it is only right that the mathematicians should speak first, and we think all unprejudiced persons
must be impressed by the following statements of Professor Colbert and Mr. Bidder:—

PROFESSOR COLBERT.

The following is from the *Chicago Tribune*, April 29, 1888:—

Last January the editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Tribune* placed in the hands of the writer advance sheets of "The Great Cryptogram," embracing so much of the work as had then been put in type, with the request to carefully scrutinize Mr. Donnelly's claim to have discovered a mathematical cipher in some of the Shakespearean plays as printed in the great folio edition of 1623. The claim that Bacon had injected into these plays the statement that he was the real author, and Shakspere merely his convenient mask, was so completely at variance with what had previously been accepted as the facts in the case that the writer was disposed to regard the task as a needless one. But it was undertaken as a matter of duty. The first volume was read through so as to gain a competent idea of the scope of the argument, and the sheets for the second volume were gone through more carefully as they came at intervals from the proof press. The alleged cryptogram was soon found to be wrapped up in such a maze of counting, with little apparent reason for much of it, as to intensify the initial distaste. Yet it was hard to resist the idea that there must be something like a system in the count. It should be remarked that there is nothing difficult in the processes employed. They belong to the simplest kind of arithmetic. The trouble lay in the alleged logic of the business, as it was well known to be easy enough to make up connected sentences by picking out words here and there from a printed page if the selective process be unhindered by rule. And after admitting for the sake of argument that the author had really the right to claim that he had discovered a cipher, there still remains the question whether or not he had the right to proceed through the book in what might be described as the "hop, skip, and jump" fashion. It suggested the remark about the serpent's trail which was so tortuous that "you don't know whether the snake is going out or coming back." Still the path in the dust, no matter how crooked, indicated that an ophidian had actually been there. So there were soon cumulative evidences of so much method in the madness of Donnelly, if madness it were, as to justify a patient continuing to the end of the work.

Professor Colbert then summarizes the contents of Mr. Donnelly's book till he comes to the Cipher. He gives an account of Mr. Donnelly's work—how he steadily followed up the track from one clue to another till he found the root numbers on which the Cipher is
based. Professor Colbert then describes the method of using these numbers, and continues:—

This is all methodical. Its unfoldment betrays a wonderful amount of ingenuity as well as patience, and any one who takes the trouble to wade through the mass of figures pertaining to the work and its results may well be astonished. But the critic was not satisfied. He could see no good logical reason why the count should proceed backwards in some cases and forwards in others, and the same words be made to tell two different stories according as the count proceeds in the different directions indicated by the diagrams on pages 649, 650, and 651. When asked at this stage of the proceeding to give his private opinion to the editor-in-chief the critic replied substantially as follows:—

"I am willing to give present views on the distinct understanding of reserved right to change opinion after interview with Donnelly, which has been promised. Cannot see good reason for jumping about from one place to another, back and forth, to get cipher words. Am free to say that if it were possible for Bacon to have done me the honour of asking my opinion about the advisability of injecting such a cipher into the plays I would have replied he must be foolish to expect any one to discover it from reading the work."

The evening of March 10 brought a prolonged interview with Mr. Donnelly in the presence of his publisher. He was plied with questions in regard to reasons for the selection of numbers and use of methods noted above. He was willing to be frank after receiving a pledge of secrecy. He showed how he obtained the root numbers and other modifiers, by a process not more fanciful or arbitrary than that employed in deducing those for which the processes have been stated. He showed also that he had a definite plan of procedure in passing backwards or forwards in counting for words, and that his rules for the latter would apply legitimately to fully half the words so chosen, while the choice of the remaining portion was apparently arbitrary, so far as the position of the words is concerned, but perfectly according to the rule as to all the words themselves. At least this is true for all the words and sentences that were examined while in his company, and they were not selected by himself for that purpose. The expressions of the writer were so carefully guarded that Mr. Donnelly and his publisher were alike left in utter ignorance as to the result of the interview. On arrival at home the interviewer wrote the following to the editor-in-chief, who was then in Florida:—

"I am obliged to indorse the claim made by Donnelly that he has found a cipher in some of the plays. It can be intelligently traced by the aid of explanations given by him, some of which are only hinted at in the book. I do not say, nor does he claim, that he has discovered the
complete cipher; and I think it is quite probable that some of the readings he gives will bear modification in the light of subsequent knowledge. But the cipher is there, as claimed, and he has done enough to prove its existence to my satisfaction.”

The statement that Donnelly does not claim to have discovered the complete cipher means more than might be supposed at a glance. He is not even sure of having got all the numbers correctly so far as he has proceeded, and thinks it not improbable that a much more simple method of picking out the words of the story will yet be found. He also avows it to be his conviction that several of the other plays will yet be ascertained to contain a cipher story or stories, some of them perchance much more interesting than the one he has picked out by piecemeal from *Henry IV*. And for so much as he has found he describes it as but part of a narrative the first portion of which is unknown. He compares his work to that of one who begins to listen to a conversation when the talk is half finished, and only hears a few passages, but hopes to be able to recover the rest before leaving the task.

Neither does he give in his book the whole of the material claimed by him to have been deciphered from the plays passed under review. Yet he presents more than enough to fill a column of *The Tribune*, and much of it is exceedingly interesting in a historical sense. Some of the cipher statements are remarkable, and seem destined to throw side-light upon literary fragments the value of which has not hitherto been understood. For instance: The cipher story tells of a great excitement in the Court of Queen Elizabeth over the so-called Shakespeare play of *Richard II.* and of an attempt on her part to find out the real author; also of her belief, which was impressed upon her by Cecil, who was Bacon’s cousin, that the purpose of the play was treasonable, and that its stage representation was intended to incite to a civil war that would result in deposing her from the throne. This, and much more, accords with historical statements of events that occurred during the reign of “Queen Bess.”

It may well be asked if all this is a jocular invention of the decipherer who made a mistake in not issuing his work on the first of April instead of a month later? The readers of Shakespeare must examine for themselves the chapters which treat of “The cipher in the plays” in order to form a conclusion. But it is probable that comparatively few will take the trouble of wading through the intricacies of the cipher, each for himself. Many have already formed an opinion from reading what has been written about it by men who have not seen the book. Some others are waiting for the results of examination by one in whom they have more confidence than in their own judgment. The consciousness of this imposes upon the critic a sense of responsibility which demands
a few words about the laws of probability as deduced by mathematicians from a study of what is often called "chance."

The probability that the random arrangement of ten words in a line will result in placing a designated one in a stated position, as the last, is one in ten. That is, there are ten chances, nine of which are against the occurrence. The probabilities of any stated number of such arrangements resulting in the same way is equal to the continued product of the separate probabilities. Hence, if there were ten such arrangements of ten words each the chance that the designated word would occupy (say) the last place in each is only one in ten billions.*

Now, this is only an approximate statement of the chances against the fortuitous establishment of such a set of verbal relations as are described to have been found in the plays before the actual cipher scheme was stumbled upon. It is not pretended that this is an exact statement of the vast odds, the critic not caring to undertake the trouble involved in the computation. Now, if it be also remembered that the cipher count will not bring out these arrangements if applied to any other edition of the plays than the folio of 1623 and the two others which were subsequently reproduced verbatim et literatim as actual page copies of that work, the evidence in favour of the claim is still more pronounced. It is too much to say that the application of the Donnelly cipher moduli would not bring out a single connected sentence from one of the ordinary editions, or that some other alleged rule might not be devised that would hit a number of words which would bear arrangement to form a few connected sentences. The writer has already stated, in his allusion to Dickens, one coincidence, which proves nothing. The fact that a designated event happens at the first trial, in spite of the existence of great odds against it, is no proof of intelligent selection. But where so many concur the evidence of design can no more be resisted than in the case of Paley’s watch, from which he argued the fact of a designer and maker, and thence proceeded to prove the existence of a God.

After having thus answered the question put to him as an expert the writer may take the liberty of stating his opinion that in a historical sense a part of the cipher story revealed in the book is not worth the telling, and the latter portion is decidedly problematical, as the verifications are not given. This, however, does not disprove the existence of a cipher running through the first and second parts of Henry IV., any more than does the averment on page 730 that Cecil wrote to Queen Elizabeth about Shakspere having been born and bred in one of the

* The figures are 10,000,000,000, which, in the arithmetical notation used in England, is ten thousand millions. In America and France the shorter notation is used, and what we express as a thousand millions is there called a billion.—Ed.
peasant towns of the west. Stratford is very nearly half-way between the east and west shores of England on a line drawn through Warwickshire, but it is about eighty miles north-west from London, and Cecil is represented to be writing simply on hearsay as to the origin of "Will," nor would Bacon have been justified in altering the language of Cecil's letter, even if he knew the description to be inaccurate.

This already long article may be closed with a reference to a curious confirmation of a point stated in Donnelly's book by an examination made since his arrival in London. On page 920 he calls attention to the fact that every page in each of the first three folio editions contains exactly the same amount of matter, the beginnings and endings of the respective pages in the editions of 1623, 1632, and 1664 being precisely the same, "proving that they were printed from one another, if not the same type." The examination referred to shows that a different set of types was used for these editions. In other words the work was set up "all over again," without the elimination of a single seeming blunder in paging, hyphenating, bracketing, or italicising, or any attempt to relieve the inconvenient overcrowding of some of the pages by transferring a portion of their matter to others that were little more than half full. Whether or not this proves that some surviving friend of Bacon was in the secret, and did his best to perpetuate the cipher without revealing it at the time, may be left to the reader to infer; but the supposition seems quite plausible. The writer submits it as his conviction that Mr. Donnelly must be conceded to have penetrated far more deeply into the heart of the great mystery of the authorship of the immortal dramas than has any previous investigator, or than all put together. His work on the cipher will terribly "Shake" the Bard of Avon on the pedestal of his fame, if it do not prove to be the "Speare" that gives the death blow to his reputation as writer of the plays which bear his name, and will possibly continue to do so. In the minds of multitudes who read the book the "Great Cryptogram" will topple William Shakspeare from the throne which he has occupied for nearly three centuries, while others will still fondly cling to their dramatic idol and refuse to give him up. It should, however, be noted that the cipher, so far as developed, does not prove that Bacon wrote any of the plays except the first and second parts of Henry IV. Even if it be conceded that he was the author of all the historical plays there is still room left for the supposition that such works as The Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream were the productions of Shaksper.

ELIAS COLBERT.
Soon after the arrival of Mr. Donnelly in England, Mr. James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, asked him if he would be willing to submit advance proofs of his book to some mathematical expert to be selected by himself, who was to carefully examine the same, and decide as to the reality of his claim that there was a Cipher narrative in the text of the Shakespeare plays. Mr. Donnelly agreed to do so, and Mr. Knowles selected one of the most eminent mathematicians in England, G. P. Bidder, Esq. Written copies of Mr. Bidder's report to Mr. Knowles have been privately circulated; the letter was a private one, and therefore cannot be reproduced in extenso. The following, however, will give some idea of its nature:

House of Commons, April 19, 1888.

My dear Sir,—I have given a good many hours to the examination of the proof of Mr. Donnelly's book, so far as the method of the cryptogram is dealt with, and write to let you know the opinion I have formed.

In the first place I am amazed at the stupendous industry and perseverance shown, and the ingenuity with which Mr. Donnelly has followed up his clues. The numerical coincidences in the position of words which he has discovered in the plays—notably of suggestive words, such as "Bacon," "St. Albans," &c., are very remarkable, so remarkable in fact, that my own strong belief is that they cannot possibly be due to chance. And considering this in connection with the extraordinary peculiarities of the text which he points out, both as regards typography and paging, and as regards the unnatural introduction of words into the text, I am further strongly inclined to the opinion that Mr. Donnelly is probably right in his conclusion that there is a Cipher interwoven—possibly several—and very probably by Bacon. But I am not satisfied that Mr. Donnelly has got the complete cue.

Here Mr. Bidder proceeds to discuss at some length the defects in Mr. Donnelly's work, which prevents it, in his judgment, from being a complete and perfect Cipher. Mr. Bidder concludes his letter thus:

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Donnelly is a little premature. He deserves immense credit for what he has done; but I think there is more to do before his ground is made good, and I have good confidence that he will in the end succeed. But I rather regret his work being submitted to criticism, in many cases hostile, while still imperfect.

I remain, yours truly,

George P. Bidder.
SIR J. N. M'KENNA'S CONCLUSIONS.

SIR JOSEPH NEALE M'KENNA, M.P.

The following appeared in The Nation newspaper:—


DEAR SIR,—Referring to the article in your "Notes and Comments" of last week touching the above [the Shakespeare-Bacon-Donnelly Controversy], permit me to hope The Nation will pause, until Mr. Donnelly has said all that he can say, before pronouncing any final judgment on the case already made by Mr. Donnelly. I have had for many years of my life considerable practice in the construction of cryptograph notes and messages for the purposes of secrecy, brevity, and economy. I am familiar with the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy (apart from the cryptogram altogether) touching the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. I therefore approach the subject of "the great cryptogram," without the least hope of being able to offer any defence to a charge of rashness and negligence, if made against me hereafter, in the assumed possible event of the proof of the fallacy of Mr. Donnelly's alleged discovery. I am not nervous however. I have rapidly, but sufficiently, examined the evidence: my own notes on which would surpass the limit of what I could reasonably ask you to publish. My conclusions, however, arrived at on evidence, are definite and compact. They are as follows:—

1. Shakspere wrote none of the plays or sonnets, published as his during his lifetime or since.
2. Lord Bacon wrote some of them, and presumably all.
3. There are reasons, indicated not in cryptogram, but in the text of one of the plays, for Bacon, the now assumed author, suppressing his own name, and substituting Shakspere's as the author, before the public, of his historic dramas.

The passage which Mr. Donnelly has taken direct from the text as the legend to his book, is that to which I now refer; it is from the 1st part of Henry IV., Act I., scene iii., and runs thus:—

And now I will unclaspe a secret booke,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalke a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a speare.

The author puts these words into the mouth of Worcester in the play—the whole scene is fraught with political suggestion, bearing on the sacredness and dignity—or otherwise—of the monarch. If Bacon in those days touched upon such topics, he might well be anxious that the queen should not suspect him to be the audacious author; but of course Will Shakspere knew the author, the very name indicating what is
covertly alluded to in the last line. All this, however, is by the way. What I assert is that there is a genuine, demonstrated, mathematically-constructed cryptogram in the text of the play (Henry IV.) which tells the story; and it is impossible to maintain that the printer, editor, or publisher of the folio edition of 1623 was not privy to the enfolding of the cryptogram in the text of the edition published in that year. I do not go into minor points, none of which, however, in the slightest degree derogate from the certainty with which I have already pronounced my own opinion or judgment for whatever it may be worth as a tribute of respect to Ignatius Donnelly as a great champion of truth and a great lover of justice.

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

Joseph N. M. Kenna.

It is worthwhile observing here that several of the speeches made by or to Worcester in this scene have the same ambiguous quality, as if the speaker uttered the words with a wink of intelligence to the reader, hinting at some other book to be read besides that from which he is reciting. Thus after the interchange of a few more speeches, these words follow:—

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while
And list to me.

And almost immediately afterwards we have,—

You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Worcester, finding his interlocutor (Hotspur) too preoccupied to attend, adds:—

Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Hotspur still starts aside, but ultimately becomes attentive:—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

"THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR."

The following is taken from the Philadelphia Evening Star of May 4th, 1888. After some very favourable criticisms of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's book, the reviewer proceeds:—

But strong as is the logical portion of the book, and fascinating as is its literary style—so that its merits will lie readily within grasp of the mass of the readers, and will not at all require that one should be a
Shakespearean student to appreciate them—Mr. Donnelly bases no especial claim on his logic or style of expression. His great claim rests on the second half of his book, wherein he gives demonstration of the existence of the cipher narrative, with very full extracts from it. Even here, with a modesty rare among literary men, he claims nothing more for his great life work, which, as he says, has cost him years of "incalculable toil," than this—that, beyond the finding of the first clue, it has been simply an elaborate task in mathematics. But what a task, if it were only that—though it is really more! Only to an indomitable nature would the contemplation of such a task have been possible at all. Sisyphus himself might have fancied his endless work of rolling the boulder up a hill almost an exhilarating outdoor exercise—a sort of crude but classic base ball—in comparison with this brain-racking work continued through a series of years, with no let-up from the strain but the recreation got in the meantime by the writing of other books and lectures!

But "the end crowns the work." Lucidity and force are primary qualities of Mr. Donnelly's writings; and as the first part of the book does not exact that one shall have acquaintance with Shakespeare to become absorbed in it, so the second part—the cipher narrative—does not need that one should be an expert accountant to comprehend its strength. The advance specimens of the cipher that have appeared in the newspapers were of course few and fragmentary. Here we have the consecutive story as worked out, arranged with the utmost clearness; a glance at any page of the narrative is enough to show the systematic interdependence of the cipher-numbers, which underlie every word. The five root-numbers and their "modifiers," as the author calls them, follow each other in serried array with military precision. And one glance at the story they unfold likewise shows as plainly an unfailing purity of diction, and a steadfastly historical or narrative quality.

The character of the narrative, whether we view it in its literary aspect, or in its historical significance, or in its biographic accordance with what we already knew of the people it deals with, is not less extraordinary than the process by which it is revealed. Of course the cipher narrative will be the battle-ground of the work; it is here that the controversy which will inevitably ensue will rage most fiercely, but in reducing his contention to a mathematical basis, it seems to us that Mr. Donnelly has narrowed down the field of possible disputation to the minimum; if, indeed, he has left any ground for disputation at all—and we cannot see it; while the results which he has to show for his calculations, so far as he has pushed, make him master of the field, and throw his opponents at once on the defensive.

For, if Mr. Donnelly has made a single miscount, his critics should be able to demonstrate it. He gives the page, and the number on the
page of every cipher-word. It would, of course, be an easy matter for anybody to pick out words from the pages of the plays that would make a consecutive story; but here we have a story which is consecutive; which is grammatical; which is written in the purest English, with a rhetoric striking alike by its force and its simplicity, and which retains the very flavour of the Elizabethan age; and all the words corresponding with certain root numbers, which never vary, save according to certain modifiers. This could not be the work of chance. It rests with those who may deny the possibility of the cipher to explain away this startling fact—if they can. Months ago, when the book was first agitated in the press, a leading London journal said in substance that the question resolves itself into this—either that Mr. Donnelly was deceiving himself and there was no cipher; or, there was a cipher and Mr. Donnelly has found it.

To read the book thoroughly, so as to form a complete and honest judgment on it as a whole, will be for most persons a matter of weeks. But let anybody take any one of the cipher pages, as we have done, and a glance at its symmetrical structure will suffice, at once, to exclude the idea that Mr. Donnelly has deceived himself. The figures are there. They are not there arbitrarily. It is inconceivable how they could be put there by any system of self-deception; and no other conclusion appears possible than the alternative suggested by the London editor—that there is a cipher and Mr. Donnelly has found it.

If his figures are correct—and on that point we can ask no better authority than Professor Colbert, of Chicago—evidently an unwilling witness, by the way, for he says: “I am compelled to endorse Mr. Donnelly’s claim,” and Mr. George Bidder, a celebrated English astronomer, whose report is to the same effect—then Mr. Donnelly has made out his case, and we believe he clearly has. But we expect nothing so surely, in the way of immediate outcome, as brisk controversy. It will take time even for figures to affect the prepossessions of centuries, the traditions of Shakspere, the veneration in which he is held—that is to say, the plays are held—and we need not expect that a book which antagonises the prevailing sentiment of mankind, and which is so elaborate and exhaustive that the writing of it has taken all of ten years, will alter the judgment of mankind immediately.

COUNT VITZTHUM D’ECKSTADT.

We are permitted to give the following extracts from a letter by this very accomplished scholar, received May 18th, 1888:—

Will you be good enough to convey to Mr. Donnelly my sincerest congratulations. I do not know whether the opinion of an old diplomat may be of any value to him. At any rate, I give it you... Taking the
first volume alone, it is absolutely conclusive. It is a fair, scientific investigation, most skilfully conducted and complete. I do not know which to admire most, the industry, the extreme ingenuity, or the strong power of reasoning shown in these volumes. The style is perfect, terse, business-like, and always to the point. The reader himself assists in the inquiry. Every honest man, after reading the first volume, must come to the conclusion that the Shakespeare theory has no leg to stand upon. Those who have not studied the book have no voice in the question. Mr. Donnelly may safely appeal to posterity, as Lord Bacon did. . . It is certain that the cipher exists, though whether the actual key by which it is to be unlocked has been yet found, may be doubtful. I can never believe that Bacon left this discovery to mere chance, and it has been a chance that a man has been found in the nineteenth century ingenious and persevering enough to find and to trace out the existence of a cipher. I am convinced that Bacon left the MSS., together with the key, either to Percy or Sir Tobie Mathew, with authority to publish the secret after his death. But the Civil War broke out, and the trustees may have thought that under the rule of Cromwell and the Puritans the memory of Bacon, as a philosopher, would have been lost (ruined) if it were published that he was the author of the plays. In the interest of their deceased friend they may have destroyed the MSS. of the plays, together with the key. It is well known that the Puritans detested play-wrights and play-actors, and that nearly 100 years after Bacon's death Marlowe and Shakespeare were completely forgotten. . . Does Mr. D. know that on the Continent there are clerks in every foreign office able to decipher everything, even those telegrams, written in a cipher, of which they do not possess the key? It may be useful to consult these specialists known as Déchiffreurs.

MRS. HENRY POTT.

The editor and annotator of the Promus is fully persuaded that all Mr. Donnelly's statements are correct. She writes:—

With regard to the cipher part of Mr. Donnelly's book, it appears to me that the fact of the cipher being there, and of the matter and narratives enclosed in it being as Mr. Donnelly has stated, is beyond question. All those who have expressed themselves competent to understand it, and who have been able to give time to the close examination of the arithmetical calculations, of the sequence of words by means of these calculations, and of the doctrine of chances against or in favour of that sequence, have come to the same conclusion,—namely, that the cipher exists as Mr. Donnelly has demonstrated.

The dissentients from this opinion seem to consist of persons who
either profess themselves unwilling to credit the extraordinary facts connected with the discovery, or who candidly admit their own mathematical incapacity, or their powers of patience in following Mr. Donnelly's marvellously persevering and laborious researches.*

The first of these, it might be presumed, should not rest satisfied with disapproving or discrediting statements of such weight, and which open the door to such tremendous issues. They should either take the pains to study and to disprove them, or, if they cannot do this, they should try to cultivate a little faith in the honesty and ability of others who, having tried and tested the work, are satisfied that, marvellous as it is, it is genuine, and not to be upset or controverted. It seems to be indubitably proved that a long, coherent, grammatical, rhetorical, and historical narrative, containing thousands of words, has been found in a text found on a few pages of the Folio of 1623, and all derived from one number. It is absolutely impossible that this could occur, unless the words had first been arranged in the text by design.

Professor Colbert has shown it to be a fact that by the law of chances there is not one chance against ten thousand millions that ten coherent words can occur at regular arithmetical distances apart in ten groups of ten words each. Other mathematicians and arithmeticians who have examined the cryptogram give opinions in accordance with Professor Colbert, and those who have gone the most deeply into the subject, and who have worked hardest at the figures, are they who most heartily endorse Mr. Donnelly's statement. The following conclusions, therefore, seem to follow:—

1. That there is a Cipher in Parts I. and II. of the play of *King Henry IV.*, which proves Bacon to have been the author of the plays.

2. That the Cipher numbers which tell the story are produced by multiplying one of the pages embraced in scene ii. of 2 *Henry IV.*, with one of the three numbers found on the first column of page 74—viz., the number of bracketed words, italic words, or hyphenated words on that column.

3. That in the progress of the narrative those numbers are modified by deducting from them the number of words found in the six divided portions, or fragments of scenes found in the first column of page 73 and the second column of page 74, the Cipher story moving forward or backward from the line which separates the two parts of 1st and 2nd *Henry IV.*, in accordance with the rules laid down in Mr. Donnelly's work.

4. That the Cipher rule is not haphazard or arbitrary, as some have said, but systematic, regular, and consistent with itself, so far as it goes, and the narrative worked out by it approximately correct.

*"Be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of thine own."
—*Ben Jonson,* "Every Man in his Humour."
5. That the imperfections in minor details to which Mr. Donnelly draws attention are, as he modestly says, "due, not to the maker of the Cipher, but to the decipherer," and we unite with Mr. Donnelly in the belief that wherever a sentence is not mathematically exact, or wherever a gap or flaw in the work occurs, it will, with the further time and labour which Mr. Donnelly is bestowing upon it, be corrected, and the rule brought to absolute perfection.

MR. DONNELLY'S SELF-DEFENCE.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a paper published May 16th, challenged Mr. Donnelly, among other perplexing points, to explain how he managed to find the word Gan-gate (Guinegate), page 805, in two different columns, six pages apart. Mr. Donnelly, page 807, says: "The reality of the cipher is demonstrated in the fact that I did not know that Henry VIII. ever invaded France and captured a town called Guinegate, until I found this statement brought out by the number 333 radiating from column 1 of page 79, and applied to the pages and fragments of pages of the text." Here is a case, the Pall Mall asserts, in which self-deception is impossible. Either the word was derived as Mr. Donnelly explains, or the statement he makes is a deliberate falsehood. The following is Mr. Donnelly's reply:—

Life is too short to permit me to reply to the innumerable comments and criticisms, often very shallow and unjust, which are now being made upon my book and myself. They run through the whole gamut, from mild misrepresentation to the brutal suggestion, in the last issue of the Sunday Times, to lynch me. But in your case you not only invite, you insist upon, a reply. I trust you will, therefore, give place to the following:—

In the first instance you comment upon my refusal to reveal the source from which I obtain the five root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523. If I thought the acceptance of my theory, by the English critics, depended upon the revelation of the origin of those numbers and proof that they were derived, in strict accordance with the system which underlies all the Cipher, from one primal number, I should promptly make the whole matter known. If the London editors will agree that that omission alone prevents them from acknowledging the reality of my discovery, I will publish the explanation to-morrow. But I do not believe anything of the kind is possible, for the reason that when the book was sent, by my publishers, to the reviewers of the five leading London dailies, they accompanied each copy with a note, in which they said that the source of those numbers had been withheld by me at the request of my publishers, but that I was willing to give the explanation, in confidence, to the reviewers if they desired it. Not
only did none of the gentlemen in question call upon me for the proffered information, but one of them even proceeded to declare that the numbers were without a common origin, and were purely arbitrary! This may be considered fair treatment in England, but we should not call it such in America.

Now, I will make you this offer:—If you will say in your paper that it is absolutely impossible that the thousands of words in the Cipher story (given in my book) could all have come out, in half-a-dozen pages of the folio, by accident, and all be primarily derived from and resolvable into one number, I will reveal to you, in confidence, what that number is. If, for instance, that number is 740 (page 74 multiplied by the ten bracketed words on the first column of the page), there are 739 chances against one that the Cipher word needed will be the 740th word. If now, the first six words of the Lord’s Prayer—“Our Father who art in heaven”—are found, each of them standing as the 740th word, one after the other in a composition, there is but one chance against 232,065,922,400,000, or one chance against 232 billions, that this could happen by accident! This is, in fact, an impossibility; for one chance in 232 billions is, I might say, no chance at all. But if we found the whole of the Lord’s Prayer so embedded in the text, at intervals of 740 each, there are scarcely any figures conceivable by the human mind that could express the impossibility of such an arrangement being the result of accident. No man, not a born idiot, would suppose that chance could produce such a marvel. And if this is true of the Lord’s Prayer, containing but fifty-eight words, how much more incredible is it that a vast historical narrative, running through two hundred pages of my book, could by accident all be derived from one primal root-number; not scattered through hundreds of pages, but all found on a few consecutive pages of the Folio of 1623! And moreover this narrative does not consist of broken fragments, having no connection with, or contradictory of, each other; but each is a continuation of and a corroboration of the rest; and they all agree with the historical facts that have come down to us regarding the era referred to.

I repeat my question: Will you agree to admit the reality of the Cipher, if I demonstrate to you that every word in the Cipher narrative is derived from one number, and that number obtained by as clear a process as that which gave us 740 in the above example? Or will you assert that one thousand words could, by accident, come out of the number 740, on ten pages of the Folio; which thousand words cohere arithmetically, grammatically, rhetorically, and historically? Take one horn of the dilemma or the other.

You will, of course, fall back upon the fact that the primal root-numbers are modified by deducting therefrom certain fragments of scenes found on pages 73 and 74. True; but if they were not so modified
you would soon come to the end of the cipher narrative. There are in
those ten pages, exclusive of pp. 73 and 74, but about forty breaks in
the text from which to count: if we counted up and down from these
forty points of departure, with 740, this would give us about eighty
words, or a narrative a little longer than the Lord's Prayer, and we
would not obtain the hundreds of thousands of words embraced in the
hidden narrative. But the chance of one thousand words in ten pages
being each the 740th word is as one against such an array of numbers
that mankind has not yet invented words to express them. Now, you
can reduce this impossibility on account of the modifiers one-half, yes,
three-fourths, or even nine-tenths, and you will still have one chance
against an inestimable number.

Practically there is little difference between finding the Lord's Prayer
where the words stand consecutively 10, 10, 10, 10, &c., in regular
order; and finding them standing as the tenth word each, up or down
from the beginning or end of the fragments of one scene or one act.
And what would be said if we found that not the Lord's Prayer alone,
but the whole book of Genesis, came out in the play of 2nd Henry IV.,
each word being the tenth word from the beginning or end of a scene
or fragment of a scene; not skipping from one end of the play to the
other, but running along in regular order, the first chapter being found
in the first scene, the second in the second, &c.? And this is what we
have in my book. If you will turn to pages 649, 650, and 651, you will
see that certain parts of the story start on certain columns and are
found on the next columns following. For instance, I show on pages
671 to 683, inclusive, that the whole story of Bacon receiving the bad
news starts from the first column of page 74, and the words are found
on the second column of that page, or are carried through the breaks on
that column to the next succeeding column; and that out of 248 words,
on that second column of page 74, 105 are cipher words, derived from
505, 506, 513, 516, and 523; and I am willing to show you, I repeat, that
every one of these 105 words is derived from one primal root-number,
and tell you just how that root-number is obtained, provided that you will,
if I do so, confess that the Cipher is a reality. Do you believe, for
instance, that a narrative of 105 words, every one of which was, we will
say, the 740th word, could, by accident, start from the same point, be
found on the same column, being the next succeeding column, and con-
stitute nearly one-half the words found on that column? If you can
believe that—in the face of "the doctrine of chances"—nothing that I
could say to you, or your brethren, could possibly shake you. "If one
rose from the dead" you would pronounce him an optical illusion.

But you will say, perhaps, as some of the critics have said, that any-
body can construct any kind of narrative, with any sort of number,
every word being of the same number from the beginnings and end of
the scenes or fragments of scenes of the first act of 2nd Henry IV. But it will be observed that no one has yet done it. I do not say that some experimenter might not hit upon some of the many Cipher numbers which run through that text; but I challenge the sceptical to take, say, the number 500, and produce anything like the results shown in my book. I doubt if they can find five words which they can twist into any semblance of sense; and as to making a reasonable, historical narrative out of that number, it is utterly impossible. Sit down yourself, Mr. Editor, and try it, and when you have experimented for a week or two you will, I think, concede the reality of the Cipher in "The Great Cryptogram."

But you ask me to prove that I did not know at a certain time that which I state I did not know at that time. My dear Mr. Editor, you are unreasonable. It is hard enough for any of us to prove that we do know something now; it is impossible for witnesses to penetrate into the recesses of our brains, lift up the folds of our memories, and establish what we did not know six months ago. Neither are you fair when you say I do not show how I procured the root-number 338. You will find it given on page 695, and in half-a-dozen other places in my book. It is simply the root-number 505 less 167, and 167 represents the words in the second sub-division of col. 2, page 74, between the first word and the last word of the same. I even give a diagram, on page 694, to illustrate the derivation of this number; and I show that the entire story of Shakspere's life, running through many pages of my book, and many hundreds of words, is derived from that same second sub-division of col. 2, page 74, intermixed with no other.

You misapprehend me also in another respect. You state that the numbers "31, 32, 50, are what he calls modifying numbers." This is not so. If you will turn to page 79 of the facsimiles given in my book, to wit, page 79 of the Folio of 1623, you will find that Act 1st of the play ends at the top of that page; and that there are in that fragment 31 words; and that the first word of Act 2nd is the 32nd word. These are the 31 and 32 given above. And not only do the words you cite, "They fortify the town of Gan-gate," originate from this precise point of the text—to wit, from the last word of Act 1 or the first word of Act 2—but scores upon scores of other words, given in connection with that sentence and forming part of the same story, also come from that point. So that we have not only the marvel that every word of the narrative in question is the 338th word, but that every word starts from the same page and column, and scores of them from the same precise point of departure. Turn to page 813, and you will find this sentence, which originates from this same point of departure, alternating in regular succession:
CIPHER CONSTRUCTION.

338 – 31 = 307 – 5 b (31) = 302
338 – 32 = 306 – 5 b (32) = 301
338 – 31 = 307 – 5 b (31) = 302
338 – 32 = 306 – 5 b (32) = 301
338 – 31 = 307 – 5 b (31) = 302
338 – 32 = 306 – 5 b (32) = 301

Apply to this "the law of chances," and calculate how many quintillionsthere are, against one, that these coherent words could come out by accident. But it will be said that in working these out I have had the benefit of an immense number of modifiers. Not at all. If you turn to my book you will find that the only modifiers used, in this sentence, are the figure 30 five times, and the figure 50 twice. Neither are these words scattered over the whole play, or the whole act, but they are found on three consecutive pages, 76, 77, and 78, or rather on four columns of these three pages. And observe, too, that every word is not only 505 — 167 = 338, and 338 — 31 or 32, but that in each case we also count in the five bracket words found in that fragment of 31 words.

But you say:—Why are "gan" and "gate" so widely separated, the one being on 75, 2 the other on 81. 2. If you had read page 833 carefully you would have found that where the cipher number is created by deducting the end of a scene or act, it is carried to the ends of other scenes, pages, and acts: 306 and 307 are created by deducting from 338 the fragment referred to at the end of Act 1, found on col. 1, page 79; and hence it is carried right and left to other scenes, pages, and acts; and you will observe that as the count in question originates from the end of scene 4th, act 1st, if we go backward to reach 75. 2, where "gan" is found, we have seven columns, to wit, 78. 2; 78. 1; 77. 2; 77. 1; 76. 2; 76. 1; 75. 2; while if we commence from the beginning of the same 4th scene, act 1st, we again pass over seven columns, to wit, 78. 2; 79. 1, 79. 2; 80. 1, 80. 2; 81. 1; 81. 2, to reach the word gate; so that the two words are not only derived from the same number 338; but 338 less 32 (that is the difference between the top of col. 1, page 79, and the first word of act 2, scene 1); and that again they are both modified by the same common modifier, 30 (the last subdivision of 74. 2); the one going seven columns backward, from the end of the 4th scene, the other seven columns forward from the beginning of the scene. Can all this be accidental?

If you had turned to page 825 and read the note at the foot of the page you would also have seen that the apparent mistake as to the numbering of the word "fortify" is fully explained. The "205-76-1 = the" is a typographical error; it should be 205-75-2; this is self-evident from the fact that there are three hyphens on 76. 1 and only one on 75. 2.
Now, I do not pretend to say, Mr. Editor, that you cannot pick flaws in the workmanship of the cipher; in fact, I admit its imperfections time and again in my book. But would it not be better and fairer to acknowledge the truth of what is real in the work and extend a helping hand to the finding out of that which is not fully elaborated? What would you say of the astronomer who, finding spots on the sun, would write a treatise to blackguard the great luminary, and declare that there was no sun at all? The first great all-important question is—Is there a cipher in the plays? It is not, Has Mr. Donnelly worked it all out? Give us your honest judgment on that first question.

This letter was introduced by the following editorial paragraph:—

We have received from Mr. Donnelly the following reply to the review of his book recently published in our columns under the title, "The Mammoth Mare's Nest." Is Mr. Donnelly prepared to meet a committee of inquirers, and to explain by word of mouth the why and wherefore of his arithmetical gymnastics—the committee to include besides Shakespearean scholars a mathematician skilled in the theory of probabilities?

To which Mr. Donnelly replied:—

Sir,—In your issue of the 25th inst. you ask: "Is Mr. Donnelly prepared to meet a committee of inquirers, and to explain by word of mouth the why and wherefore of his arithmetical gymnastics, the committee to include besides Shakespearean scholars a mathematician skilled in the theory of probabilities?" I would say in reply that I am ready to accept your proposition, with certain modifications: In the first place, I do not see the necessity of having Shakespearean scholars on the committee, or Baconian scholars either, for that matter. It is purely a question of mathematics, of arithmetic, of the law of chances. I shall be very glad to meet a committee of prominent mathematicians, fair-minded, unprejudiced men, who are ready to follow the truth, whether it turns their faces to Stratford or St. Albans. If the Cipher is a reality, all preconceptions must give way to it. If it is not, the argument stands where it stood before I wrote my book.

To ensure a fair jury, I will ask, as I am a stranger in the land, that the names of the proposed committee be submitted to the Bacon Society for their approval. I have heard of one so-called Shakespearean scholar who, when a friend told him he thought there was a Cipher in the plays, replied, "If you prove to me there is a Cipher in the plays, I will show you it is not there!" I would not want that kind of man on the committee. To an impartial jury I will reveal whatever I have held back
in my book, and I will ask them to give, after hearing what I have to say, their judgment on these four questions:—

1. Is there an arithmetical cipher in the plays of 1st and 2nd Henry IV.?

2. Is it constructed upon the plan stated in the Great Cryptogram?

3. Are all the words of the narrative contained in the Great Cryptogram derived from one primal number?

4. Is the narrative contained in the Great Cryptogram approximately correct?

Should you propose to attempt the construction of such a committee I would suggest that you place yourself in communication with Dr. R. M. Theobald, hon. secretary of the Bacon Society, 5, Grosvenor-street, London. It can certainly bring only enduring honour to the Pall Mall Gazette if it assists, in any way, in the solution of the greatest vexed question in English literature.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, very truly yours,

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

May 25.

Mr. Donnelly’s reply is worth reproducing, because it gives a remarkable illustration of the recklessness with which many of the criticisms were written. We have reason to know that not only was the offer to which Mr. Donnelly refers made to the London Editors, but a copy of Mr. Bidder’s letter was sent to them. In fact, every facility for obtaining full and accurate knowledge was given, but no notice was taken of this offer. It is also not a little significant that most of the daily papers published long, elaborate, and very positive reviews on May 1st, the very day on which the book was published. Reasonable and skilled investigators required some weeks, in order to form their opinions on such a novel and intricate question. These omniscient gentlemen knew all about it before they had had time to do more than cut the 1,000 pages and smell their paper-knives.

Up to the time of going to press no further reference has been made to this very fair response which Mr. Donnelly makes to the challenge of the Pall Mall Gazette. The representatives of this paper appear to think it quite open to them to bring a constructive charge of roguery against Mr. Donnelly, to challenge him to submit to a special test which they deem satisfactory, but to allow his acceptance of the challenge to remain unnoticed, and the original constructive imputation not withdrawn.

So far as the Press notices of The Great Cryptogram are concerned, there is little to be said. There is, however, one unfortunate circumstance which has been repeated in almost all these reviews. The
writers have been so busy with the Cipher in the second volume that they have quite forgotten the general statement of the whole Baconian argument in the first. Indeed, it seems to us they have generally been only too ready to run away from an argument the cogency of which evidently alarmed them, and to cover their retreat by noisy exhilaration over what they regard as the absurdity of the Cipher scheme, or the Cipher narrative. In discussing the Cipher they can appeal confidently to the ignorance or bewilderment of their readers, while they manage to cast a thick veil over the luminous features of a case which they never dare meet at close quarters. It is curious to see how careful these critics are to keep the Baconian argument at a distance. The ingenious misrepresentations, amounting even to absolute falsehood, in which they habitually indulge, may be represented, once for all, by the following, which occurs in the Spectator of May 12:

We have dealt as yet chiefly with Mr. Donnelly's second volume, in which the story of the Cipher is unfolded. The earlier volume is occupied with attempted proofs of the ordinary kind that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The so-called "evidence" springs from these root-ideas. Shakspere was only a player, and a poor man's son—ergo, he could not have written the plays. Bacon was the greatest genius of his time—ergo, Bacon wrote them. Bacon, however, was a great official—ergo, he did not dare to own to being a poet. Bacon wanted a fence—ergo, he employed Shakspere to pretend to be the author of the Plays. Such is the style of logic made use of to prove the Baconian theory. The theory is certainly amusing enough in itself, and might perhaps be traced by the cynical to the love of a Lord, which is instinctive in the English race on both sides of the Atlantic. Shakspere, the national hero, only wanted one thing to make him perfect—to be a Lord. This want the advocates of the Baconian theory have kindly attempted to supply by transferring Shakspere's work to a coroneted head.

Mr. Appleton Morgan says that one of the strongest possible points in favour of the Baconian theory is that certain advocates of the opposite view "cannot hear of it without dispossess of their mental balance." This is true. The shrewish anger, the small spiteful asperity of these critics, is one of the most astonishing features of recent criticism, but even that is not so astonishing as their unveracity. Truth as well as love dwindles, or even entirely vanishes, when these critics take up the pen. Here, for example, we see one of the most respectable literary journals in the British Empire stooping to a style of entirely baseless assertion, the habitual indulgence of which in ordinary life would reduce the value of any statement the writer might choose to make to
a quantity very much the wrong side of zero. If it is lawful for an honest writer to indulge in this sort of writing, then it is just as lawful to trample under foot any other command in the Decalogue as well as the ninth. This is not the language of sincere, genuine conviction. It is the language of rancorous prejudice, and we can only leave it to the tender mercies of an official who has been of late frequently appealed to, the Recording Angel. The refutation of such mockery of criticism would be almost as contemptible as its perpetration.

Remarkably favourable notice, both of the general argument and of the Cipher, has appeared in some American journals besides those already quoted. Space does not permit us to refer to these notices at any length. Most of them testify to the extraordinary interest of the narrative, and the cogency of the argument as against current theories. Thus the Detroit Free Press writes:

That Mr. Donnelly has discovered a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays there is no doubt . . . The Cipher is there. To become acquainted with the means, by which to know it, one must read the entire work. It is as interesting a story to the litterateur as romance writer ever penned.

The Kansas City Journal says:

Any jury of intelligent lawyers on the first part of this great work would bring in a verdict against Shakespeare's authorship. . . . If the number relations he presents and verifies are simply happy coincidences, without any significance, then it is the most elaborate and connected set of coincidences that has ever been brought to light in chance work.

At Oxford and Cambridge and Birmingham, Mr. Donnelly has addressed attentive and intelligent audiences. The results of the voting at the Universities—at the Union Debates—was most satisfactory. A majority was not to be expected; a feeble minority might have been looked for. In the Oxford debate, out of nearly 300 votes, 120 voted for Shakespeare; about the same number declined to vote; 26 voted for Bacon. At Cambridge the result was even more favourable. 131 voted for Shakespeare, 101 for Bacon. Considering, from one's general knowledge of the world, that it is probable that at least 100 of the Shakespearians merely voted so because it is in the fashion, whereas probably all the Baconians had bestowed some thought on the question, there is reason to think that the real current of such criticism as is unbiassed and independent of traditional influences, is setting in the Baconian direction, and that a large body of opinion is rapidly forming in its favour.
Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., has reprinted, "with additions," in a cover of parchment, price half-a-crown, the article which he contributed to the February number of Blackwood's Magazine; and although he makes no reference to my paper in No. 6 of the Journal of the Bacon Society, he has taken the opportunity of correcting most of the egregious blunders he perpetrated in his Mafa disquisition, adding, at the same time, a considerable amount of new matter, in which he shows still greater ignorance of the question at issue, as well as of English literature. In a quotation from Spedding, Sir Theodore starts with the acknowledgment—

"I see nothing surprising in the fact that Bacon knew nothing about Shakspere, and that he knew nothing about Bacon, except his political writings and his popular reputation as a rising lawyer, of which there is no reason to suppose that he was ignorant. Why should Bacon, have known more of Shakespeare than you do of Mark Lemon, or Planché, or Morton. . . . I have no reason to think that Bacon had ever seen or read anything of Shakespeare's composition, Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are the most likely; but one can easily imagine his reading them, and not caring to read anything else by the same hand."

This does not say much for Shakespeare's writings, if they could fail to impress such a man as Bacon as the work of a man of genius, and Sir Theodore Martin, in citing his evidence, takes the very two pieces of "Shakespeare's" which Bacon would have admired and praised—the two poems which, more that any others, as Mr. Cowden Clarke says, "bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and treatment. . . . showing unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman." As to the argument that Bacon and Shakspere, the two great lights of the Elizabethan age, could have gone through life without being acquainted with each other, it is as preposterous as if we were to suggest a similar probability with
regard to Gladstone and Tennyson, in the nineteenth century. On this point Mr. Appleton Morgan (who is not a Baconian), says:

"We have already seen that of this trio (Bacon, Jonson, and Shakspere), two—Bacon and Shakspere, if we are to believe the Shakesperians—were personally unknown to each other. It is worth our while to pause right here, and see what this statement involves. They are all three dwelling in the same town at the same moment; are all three, writers and wits, earning their living by their pens. Ben Jonson is the mutual friend. He is of service to both—he translates Bacon's English into Latin for him, and writes plays for William Shakspere's stage, and ultimately becomes the Boswell of both, running from one to the other in rapture. His admiration for Bacon on the one hand (according to his prose) amounts to a passion; his admiration for Shakspere, on the other (according to his poetry), amounts to a passion. He declares (in prose) that Bacon 'hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.' He declares (in poetry) of Shakspere that he may be left alone—

'for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.'

And yet he never, while going from one to the other, mentions Shakspere to Bacon, or Bacon to Shakspere; never 'introduces' them or brings them together; never gives his soul's idol—Bacon—any 'order' to his soul's idol—Shakspere's—theatre, that this absolutely inimitable Bacon (who has surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome) may witness the masterpieces of this absolutely inimitable Shakspere (who has likewise surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome): this Boswell of a Jonson, go-between of two men of repute and public character, travels from one to the other, sings the praises of each to the world outside (using the same figures of speech for each), and, in the presence of each, preserves so impenetrable a silence as to the other, that of the two public characters themselves each is absolutely ignorant of the other's existence! And yet they ought to have been close friends, for they borrowed each other's verses, and loaned each other's paragraphs to any extent. Persons there have been who asserted, on merely the internal evidence of their writings, that Bacon and 'Shakespeare' were one and the same man, and that what appeared to be 'parallelisms' and coincidences in Bacon and 'Shakespeare' were thus to be accounted for. But, admitting their separate identity, it is certain either that the natural philosopher borrowed his exact facts from the comedies of the playwright, or that the playwright borrowed the speeches for his comedies from the natural philosopher; either of
which looks very much like, at least, a speaking acquaintance. For some of these ‘parallelisms’ are not coincidences, but something very like identities.”

This is the reply to Sir Theodore Martin, by a man who is now to be found on the same side as himself, that “large class” (according to Sir Theodore) “who have no foundation for their belief but inherited tradition,” the only ground the Shakespearians have to stand upon in the controversy.

It may be remembered that Sir Theodore Martin, in his magazine article, attacked Mr. W. H. Smith for having inserted the words, “after some time be passed over” into Bacon’s will. The critic still adheres to his statement; ignoring the fact that I proved, from his own authority, Mr. Spedding, (who, according to Sir Theodore, “devoted a lifetime with enthusiasm to a scrutiny of the writings and character of Bacon”) that these words were in the draft of Bacon’s will. The tone and spirit of Sir Theodore Martin’s references to Bacon and his will, are far more illiberal than those passed upon Shakspere by any of the Baconians. “The doubtful incidents [he says] of a shifty, and in some particulars, by no means exemplary life, he might fairly suppose would be but little known to foreign nations, and to men of future centuries.” That is, according to Martin, Bacon calculated on his accomplishments being alone remembered, his character and crimes forgotten, although it will seem to all reasonable persons that Bacon could not have been so intensely foolish as to have expected any such consummation. He must have known that his fall was the most conspicuous incident in his whole career, and in his appeal to posterity, that was included even more than his literary and scientific achievements. Any generous or even ordinarily fair man would take Bacon’s meaning to be this: “I do not expect to be judged aright by my own contemporaries; but foreign and future races will be more just, and then the shadow of shame will pass away, and I shall be vindicated.” Even Macaulay acknowledges this when he says, “His (Bacon’s) confidence was just. From the day of his death his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilised world.” Sir Theodore Martin represents Bacon as skulking into the shadows of oblivion, while he is really advancing into the sunshine of full and clear knowledge, of righteous and unbiased judgment, where he hopes ultimately to find his justification. It is mean and even (in the classic sense of the word) diabolic
to take a different view of his appeal; for the διάβολος is essentially
the false accuser, who glories in his accusations and does not wish
them to be refuted.

Sir Theodore still holds to the belief that all Shakespeare's writings
can be attributed to "heaven-sent inspiration," with the further
addition—

"Who can doubt that between the age of fourteen, when
Shakespeare's schooling probably came to an end, and the time he went
to London, he was imbibing stores of observation and knowledge at
every pore, not from books only, but from the men and women round him,
from the sights and sounds of a country life, and from the impulses
that come to a thoughtful and poetic mind in the solitude of its quiet
hours. Shakespeare was twenty-one when he was forced to leave Strat-
ford; and, weighted although the Venus and Adonis is with thought as
well as passion, the genius which produced the dramas might, even at
that early age, have conceived and written it. But, however this may
be, the poem shows a knowledge of what Ovid had written upon the
same theme, in a poem of which there existed at that time no English
translation."

To all this it may be answered, (1) the "book" theory is absurd.
Richard Grant White, a Shakespearian, says: "When he fled from
Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half-
a-dozen books, other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence, and
a Bible. Probably there were not half-a-dozen others in all Stratford."
(2) The "Ovid" assumption is equally untenable. Mr. Halliwell-
Phillipps (the Shaksperian, over whose Outlines Sir Theodore Martin
falls into rhapsodies) says: "It is hardly possible that the Amores of
Ovid, whence he derived his earliest motto, could have been one of his
school-books." Here is a dilemma. Shakespeare had not read Ovid,
according to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps; there was no English translation
of Ovid, says Sir Theodore Martin. Where then did Shakespeare get
his knowledge for the Venus and Adonis? Probably, "from the
sights and sounds of a country life," which after passing through
the crucible of "heaven-born inspiration," crystallized into classic
culture and universal knowledge! Spedding attributes Bacon's know-
ledge not to genius alone, but to his careful education, the training
of a scholar, which all the world knows he received, and of which he
took so exceptional an advantage. At twelve he outstripped his home
tutors, and was sent to Cambridge. At twenty he summarised the
political condition of Europe with the hand of a statesman. Bacon
reaped what had been sown. Shakespeare, it would seem, had no
necessity for sowing his fields—his crops grew up spontaneously at the word of command. There were evidently miracles in those days, and it is a decided loss that they ceased with the “man of Stratford.”

“Heaven-sent inspiration,” therefore, is to account for everything Shakspere knew. He came out of the hand of nature like Pallas from Jove’s head, at full growth and mature. “Heaven-born inspiration” gave Shakspere his knowledge, say, of the contents of old Gremio’s House, regarding which, Lady Morgan wrote, “there is not an article here described that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa.” “Heaven-sent inspiration,” and Ben Jonson’s English Grammar, gave Shakspere his marvellous vocabulary of 15,000 words! This, Sir Theodore would say, is the knowledge of genius, acquired by Shakspere’s rapid perception and intuitive appreciation, &c., which also accounts for his marvellous acquaintance with Italian scenes in Othello and The Merchant of Venice. Dr. Maginn says, “Shakspere may have been in Italy,” but where is the proof of it? “Heaven-sent inspiration” must also have supplied the dramatist with vivid descriptions of maritime phenomena, and his knowledge of the management of a vessel, whether in calm or storm. In the naval dialogue in The Tempest, we have the first example of sailors’ language upon the stage, and the scene in Pericles was described as perfect by the famous Captain Phipps, the Arctic explorer. He proved, by a practical and scientific analysis of the boatswain’s orders, not only that each was the best that could be given in the impending danger, but that all were issued in the exact order in which they were required. But Dr. Maginn explains this by asking, “Is it too much to suppose that Shakspere might have made a voyage to Cork, on a visit to his friend Spenser?” For my part, unable to comprehend the “intuitive knowledge of genius,” I can only quote Dr. Johnson that “Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned.” Some may argue, like Sir Theodore Martin, that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travel now lost, or from conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but should he descend to particular description, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? Then what about “heaven-sent inspiration” in connection with Shakspere’s knowledge of the Italian and French languages, shown in The Taming of the Shrew, and Henry V., in which latter we have
a whole scene in French, while in many other places it occurs
familiarly in the dialogue. Many whole sentences, and some
hundreds of Latin, French, and Italian words occur in the plays,
always quoted and introduced with the most perfect propriety, and
often with admirable felicity and wit. It is impossible to conceive the
character of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, or that of Dr. Caius
in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to have been written by a man who
had “small Latin,” and was not perfectly conversant with French.
All through the plays the style is coloured by words derived from
foreign languages, happily naturalised and adapted to the genius of
our own tongue. Minute allusions to what is to be found in various
foreign literatures are equally abundant.

The copious use of French in Shakespeare exactly corresponds to
which we know of Bacon's comparative familiarity with that and
other continental languages. We know that Bacon could write and
speak French fluently, and letters written in good French are to
be found in his published correspondence. There is no proof that he
was colloquially familiar with any other language, though we know
that he read Italian authors, and may possibly have been able to speak
the language. But in Shakspere all this knowledge of continental
languages is to be explained by “inspiration,” a *deus ex Machinâ*,
which is greatly needed, if we are to trust the following references,
implying that Shakspere was not a scholar, whether his tutor had been
a heavenly or a scholastic pedagogue. (1) Jonson’s remark that
Shakspere—*his* Shakspere—had “small Latin and less Greek,” and
that he “wanted art.” (2) Drayton’s remark that Shakspere’s
excellence was due to his “naturall braine only.” (3) The lines of
Shakspere's FRIEND Digges that

> “Nature only helpt him, for looke thorow
   This whole booke,* thou shalt find he doth not borow
   One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
   Nor once from vulgar languages translate.”

(4) Milton’s reference to “sweetest Shakespeare” as

> “Fancy's child
   Warbling his native wood-notes wild.”

(5) Suckling’s comparison of Shaksperes’s “easier strain” with the
“sweat of the learned Johnson.” (6) Denham’s assurance that all
Shakspere had was from “old mother-wit.” (7) Dryden’s senti-

* The first folio.
ment that "he wanted not the spectacles of books to read Nature." (8) Fuller's declaration that his "learning was very little. Nature was all the art used upon him, as he himself, if alive, would confess." And (9), to cap all, there is Shakspere's own confession of lack of education when he offers what he styles his "untutored lines" to the Earl of Southampton, which is invariably accepted by Shaksperians as a sufficient proof of his want of learning.

The dilemma involved in these nine references is this,—if they refer to the Shakespeare poems, they are demonstrably untrue; if they refer to William Shakspere himself, they may be true, but in that case he did not write Shakespeare. These bits of "testimony" are eagerly accepted by Sir Theodore Martin and unreflecting readers in general who do not take the trouble of critically examining either the writings they so enthusiastically admire, or the witnesses whose evidence they so triumphantly adduce. Shaksperians are obliged to accept these swallow flights of rapturous eulogy, with all their paradoxes and inconsistencies, au pied de lettre. Only Baconians have the data necessary to give them a rational explanation.

Lord Beaconsfield must have had Sir Theodore Martin's typical Shakspere and Shaksperian eulogist in his mind when he puts into the mouth of Lord Cadurcis, in Venetia:—"And who is Shakspere? We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he even write a single whole play? I doubt it. . . . His popularity is of modern date, and it may not last; it would have surprised him marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired. . . . For my part, I abhor all your irregular geniuses." Sir Theodore Martin and his friends can only fall down and worship them.

In his magazine article Sir Theodore stated: "They [Shakspere's father and mother] held a good position in Stratford, and were in easy circumstances during the boyhood of Shakspere." In his reprint Sir Theodore puts it: "And, if at a later period they became poor, they were undoubtedly," &c. Unfortunately for Sir Theodore Martin, the gradual declension in the Shaksperes' worldly position took place, as the Cowden Clarkes show, when their son was of the age of 11, 12, and 13, and in William's fourteenth year the elder Shakspere mortgaged his estate, and was unable to pay poor rates. In his fifteenth year the Shaksperes sold their property at Snitterfield for £4. Where in all this are the "easy circumstances" referred to by Sir Theodore Martin?
Sir T. Martin adds another speculation about Shakspere's education:

“Every presumption is in favor of the view that [Shakspere's parents] would not be behind their neighbors in a matter of this sort. John Shakspere, a leading burgess, who had held high office in the local government of Stratford, would never have exposed himself to the reproach of his fellow-townsmen for neglecting the education of his children.”

Now “every presumption” is directly against this view, for if “Shakspere came of a good stock on both father and mother's side” (Sir T. Martin), this “good stock,” as represented by Mr. and Mrs. John Shakspere's father and mother, never gave the said Mr. and Mrs. John Shakspere enough education as (according to Sir Theodore's authority, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) would enable them to write their names, and it is proved beyond doubt that Shakspere's daughters were as ignorant in this respect as their grandfather and grandmother. What these latter did (or did not do) for their son, it is just as likely that son would do (or would not do) for his children. And as to the supposed “reproach of his fellow-townsmen,” why should black kettles shrink from the criticisms of blacker pots? Probability points in exactly the opposite direction—namely, that the Stratford burgesses would think one of their own set an “upstart crow,” if he aspired to any more gaudy educational plumage than they themselves possessed. Sir T. Martin adds: “Imperfect truly it might be: of what education can it be said that it is not imperfect?” I would submit Bacon's education as an example of what he looks for.

Sir Theodore Martin next insists that there was no more unlikelihood of Shakspere writing Venus and Adonis than of Keats writing his “Ode to a Grecian Urn” and “Hyperion.” This is a most unfortunate comparison for Sir Theodore Martin. He ought to know that Keats was an excellent Latin scholar, that he was educated at a school of high repute at Enfield, kept by the father of Mr. Cowden Clarke, that at school (which he left at 14) he wrote a complete translation of the Aeneid, and that he almost knew by heart Tooke's Pantheon and Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, which it is needless to mention were not in existence in Shakspere's day.

With reference to Keats, Lord Houghton informs us that “Careless of an ordinary school reputation, his zeal for his studies themselves led him frequently to spend his holidays over Virgil or Fénélon, and when his master forced him into the open air for his health, he would be found walking with a book in his hand.” Shakspere did not require so much pressing to go out into the open air, if the poaching incident is to
be believed. And Mr. Cowden Clarke himself, in his "Recollections," describes vividly the delight with which Keats and he went over Chapman's Homer, and how Keats devoured the contents of Spence's Polymetis, Mavor's Universal History, and all Robertson's Histories, even during meal hours; adding that at supper Keats would often be seen holding the huge folio volume of Burnet's History between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it. So much for Sir Theodore Martin's knowledge of Keats.

Sir Theodore still maintains, that "unless it can be shown that Shakspere, who claimed the authorship on the title-pages [of Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece], did not write either poem, the charge of want of education must fall to the ground." In answer to this, I repeat, that in not one of the first eight editions of Venus and Adonis, or the first four of Lucrece, does Shakespeare's name appear on the title-page. If Sir Theodore Martin will show me one edition, anterior to the year 1616, the year of William Shakspere's death, with the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, I will hand him a ten-pound note, to be presented to any London or Edinburgh charity. He has twelve different editions of the two poems to select from, and will see a facsimile of the title-page of the first edition in Halliwell-Phillipps' Outlines. Sir Theodore Martin lays great stress on the fact that the appearance of Shakespeare's name on the title-page of a play or poem, is to be accepted as proof positive of Shakspere's authorship of the work. Is he aware that when plays, such as The Yorkshire Tragedy, and Sir John Oldcastle, notoriously not his, were published with his name on the title-page in his life-time, no effort appears to have been made, on his part, to set the matter right?

Sir Theodore then lugs in, as usual, the well-worn references to Shakspere by Francis Meres—"mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," and the "sugared sonnets," as well as the "honey-tongued Shakespeare" of John Weever. This is the reply of Dr. Ingleby, another Shakesperian, to Francis Meres and Weever:—

"The iteration of the same vapid and affected compliments, couched in conventional terms, from writers of the first two periods, comparing Shakespeare's 'tongue,' 'pen,' or 'vein,' to silver, honey, sugar, or nectar, while they ignore his greater and distinguishing qualities, is expressly significant."

Can Sir Theodore produce a single reference, by a contemporary, to the personal history of Shakspere? Sir Theodore Martin carefully passes by all the literary references to Shakspere that are not in his
favour. He entirely omits to mention the numerous attacks on his fellow-actor, made by Ben Jonson in his plays. Now, in the prologue to Every Man in his Humour, short work is made of the Shakespearian dramas; and the abuse was continued in Epicene and The Poetaster, where Crispinus, "Poetaster, and Plagiarius," has, from internal evidence, been identified with nobody but Shakspere, who is advised "to read the best Greeks, but not without a tutor." Then Sir Theodore Martin forgets to mention the severe hits at Shakespeare in Dekker's Satiromastix, Marston's Malcontent, and Jonson, Chapman, and Marston's Eastward Hoe. Jacob Feis, in his work, Shakespeare and Montaigne, proves conclusively that in Volpone Jonson attacked Hamlet, as well as Shakspere himself, in the character of "Androgyno." This character is asked to give an answer why he has "shifted his coat in these days of reformation" (i.e., turned from actor to author), and why his "dogmatical silence" (as an actor, merely) has left him. He replies, that "Sir Lawyer" had induced him to do so. "From this," says Feis, "it may be concluded that Bacon had some influence on Shakespeare's Hamlet. Are not, in poetical manner," he asks, "the same principles advocated in Hamlet which Bacon promoted in science?" Now this same Feis is, strange to say, an opponent of the Baconian view, which he styles a "wild theory." Androgyno then confesses that he has become "a good, dull mule," that he is now

"A very strange beast; by some writers called an ass.

By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother."

"The advocates," says Feis, "in festive processions, made use of mules. May be that Jonson calls Shakspere a "good dull mule," because in Hamlet he champions the views of 'Sir Lawyer' Bacon." Baconians may have another and more probable explanation of the passage. It is evident that "rare old Ben" wrote bitterly of the living Shakspere, and it is not surprising, that when requested by Heminge and Condell (for a consideration, perhaps) to write a few lines upon Shakspere, "dead, and turned to clay," he buried the hatchet, and adopted as his motto for the occasion, de mortuis nil nisi bonum. This is the testimony on which Sir Theodore Martin and his friends lay so much stress, in bolstering up their case for "the great name which, from 1616, has been held in reverence by all cultivated men."

Sir Theodore Martin no longer insists that Greene apologised to Shakspere for calling him an impostor, but that Chettle did this
service for Greene after Greene's death—a most valuable apology, evidently, to Sir Theodore Martin's mind, and to which he is heartily welcome, as it proves nothing for his case.

Our critic next takes up the position, that "if Shakspere were the uncultured boor the Baconians assume him to have been, that he would have been found out by his talk." Baconians may easily admit that Shakspere, if uneducated, was a witty speaker, but a witty speaker is not necessarily a witty writer, as those who have spent many hours in the company of clever actors can testify. Shakspere, Baconians maintain, was the very man for Bacon's purposes, as it is not likely that the scholar would have transferred the parentage of his dramas to an absolute idiot, if he wanted the secret kept, and the reputed authorship accepted as probable. Irving, Toole, and Wyndham are witty enough talkers in company at many a "Mermaid" table, but what plays have they written, or could they write? Had any one of the trio, at the beginning of his managerial career, been prepared to have fathered upon him the plays of another Bacon, plays which would certainly command success and overflowing treasuries—had he (like Shakspere) never directly claimed these plays as his own, but allowed audience and actors to form their own opinion on the subject; had he (like Shakspere) read the plays to the actors, written the parts out in his own hand-writing, and handed them, "unblotted," to the company, I verily believe that, during his life, he would—had he been so minded—have been honoured, even by such a dramatic expert as Sir Theodore Martin, with the credit of complete authorship of the plays, and at his death, have been celebrated in a score of laudatory Jonsonian verses, which any members of his company, or Sir Theodore Martin himself, might be capable of stringing together. What would it matter if the plays—as with Shakspere—were not mentioned in his will? That is simply a detail which has "nothing to do with the case," according to the devoted worshippers of William Shakspere.

Sir Theodore Martin then assumes that

"Milton, though too young to have known Shakspere, could scarcely fail to have spoken with many who had seen and talked with him. Not else could he have written of him as 'My Shakspere,' or as 'Sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child.'"

The "not else" is certainly refreshing. Sir Theodore asks us to accept, as evidence that Shakspere wrote the plays, the very noncritical statement by Milton, that Shakspere "warbled his native wood-notes wild." Sir Theodore Martin's "not else" only endorses the
absurdity which Milton himself, in calm criticism, would have scouted, that the Shakesperian dramas are the sweet outpourings of fancy— "native wood-notes wild." Milton would have readily admitted that—as a prosaic judgment—this is sheer nonsense; but it is good enough, evidently, for Sir Theodore Martin, whose literary maw swallows nonsense and sense with charming indiscrimination, if he can only get the semblance of an anti-Baconian argument out of the crude mass. Sir Theodore Martin has a worthy backer-up in Dr. Maginn, who believes in "the fanciful creations of Shakspere, singing sweetly free forest ditties, warbling, without any other source of inspiration but the sylvan scene around, notes, native to himself, and equally native to the wood." The only difference between Martin and Maginn is, evidently, in the source of the "inspiration." But just as Ben Jonson worshipped Shakespeare in his poetry, and spoke with no disguised contempt of Shakspere in his prose, so Milton, in his prose, gives a similar set-off to his poetical eulogy. Sir Theodore Martin may not be aware that the worst thing that Milton, in his Eikonoklastes, could say about Charles I. was, that William Shakespeare was "the closest companion of these his solitudes." And after referring to a passage in Richard III. he says:—"Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedie." Of this remark Isaac Disraeli says:—"We are startled by such a style from the author of Comus and of Samson Agonistes. . . . The slur, the gibe, and the covert satire, are too obvious. I would gladly have absolved our great bard from this act of treason, at least, against the majesty of Shakespeare's genius." Warton says:—"Milton listened no longer to the wild and native wood-notes of 'fancy's child.' In his 'Eikonoklastes' he censures King Charles for studying 'one whom we know was the devout companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare.' This remonstrance would have come with more propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters." And even the rabid Shaksperian, Professor Masson, confesses, in his Life of Milton, that "the boundless veneration for Shakespeare in those lines ('What needs my Shakespeare,' &c.) is, indeed, gone in this passage." It would appear therefore that, in regard to Shakspere, Milton, like Jonson, was a Mr. Facing-both-ways. To Milton's testimony, therefore, Sir Theodore Martin is very welcome.

"To the Sonnets," we are next informed by our critic, "we may look with confidence, as indicating the character of Shakspere's mind, and the distinctive qualities of his literary style." There have been
commentators such as Steevens, however, who have ejected these same Sonnets from Shakespere's works; and, speaking of The Passionate Pilgrim, and the Sonnets, Isaac Disraeli declared: "As poetical miscellanies were formed in those days by publishers, who were not nice in the means they used to procure manuscripts, it is quite uncertain what are genuine and what may be the composition of other writers in these collections." Wordsworth held that, in the Sonnets, Shakespeare "unlocked his heart." To this Robert Browning replies:—

"'With this same key
Shakspere unlocked his heart' once more!
Did Shakspere? If so, the less Shakspere he!"

Sir Theodore Martin flies to the Sonnets for "the character of Shakspere's mind;" yet there are critics, like Francis Turner Palgrave, who believe that "these revelations of the poet's innermost nature appear to teach us less of the man than the tone of mind which we trace, or seem to trace, in Measure for Measure, Hamlet, and The Tempest." The riddle which has perplexed Shakespearians for nearly three hundred years—whether the Sonnets are autobiographical or merely fanciful, the personages real or wholly fictitious—is, at last, to be solved by Sir Theodore Martin; the strange imagery of passion which passes over the magic mirror, without tangible existence before or behind it, is "to be looked to with confidence, as indicating the character of Shakespere's mind."

Sir Theodore Martin persists in denying that Bacon had any reason, during his life, to conceal his connection with the stage. "It is an assumption," he says, "without warrant, either in fact or probability. If Bacon gave his name to masques, why should he have hesitated to give it to Macbeth or Julius Cesar?" For this very good reason, that masques, produced gratuitously, by gentlemen students at Gray's Inn, for the recreation of Queen Elizabeth and her court, and dramas, written for money and for a play-house, were, in those days, regarded as very different compositions. The profession of play-writing was, as nobody knows better than Sir Theodore Martin, despised in the Elizabethan age; and the acknowledgment of the authorship, even of Macbeth or Julius Cesar, by Bacon, would have been equivalent to social ostracism, and have damaged all chance of promotion with the Lord Chancellor. On this point, Dr. Ingleby says:—

"Even Lodge [a contemporary of Shakspere] who had never indeed trod the stage, but had written several plays, speaks, in his Scilæ Meta-
morphosis, of the vocation of the playmaker as sharing the odium attaching to the actor. At this day we can scarcely realise the scorn which was thrown on all sides upon those who made acting a means of livelihood. Let their lives be as cleanly and their dealings as upright as they might, they were deemed to be sans aveu, runaways and vagrants."

Sir Theodore Martin swears by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Here is his opinion of play-wrights:—"It must be borne in mind that actors occupied an inferior position in society, and that even the vocation of a dramatic writer was considered scarcely respectable." This is from the book which, according to Sir Theodore Martin, "contains no conclusions that are not based upon judicial proof." And yet Sir Theodore Martin declares that Bacon had no reason to conceal his connection with the stage.

Sir Theodore Martin next asks, "If Bacon wrote the plays, is it conceivable that he would not have been so proud of their authorship that he would have taken care to place the fact beyond a doubt, and to enjoin his executors to have justice done to his claim?" What about Shakspere and his executors? What is "conceivable" of Sir Theodore Martin's man of Stratford, is, surely, equally conceivable of Bacon, content to base his reputation, with after ages, on the great system of philosophy which he had inaugurated. Shakspere's reputation rests on the poems only: with them it rises or falls. Bacon's reputation had a large and liberal independent basis, to which he himself attached a supreme value. It is quite intelligible that Bacon should make his selection on which of these two bases his fame should rest. Shakspere, however, had no selection,—only Hobson's choice. And yet there is no trace or rumour of any personal claim being made by him to this exaltation; the alternative between this high renown and inglorious oblivion he absolutely neglected.

In his Appendix, under the title, "Specimens of Bacon's Poetry," Sir Theodore Martin, with the fairness characteristic of Shakesperians, compares two verses (in rhyme) of the Psalms translated by Bacon with two passages (in blank verse) from Richard III. and Hamlet, and abuses Bacon for "thoughts" which are not his but the Psalmist's. These translations by Bacon, says Sir Theodore, "are such as no man would have written who possessed a genuine poetical gift, or the command of poetical and musical language." Sir Theodore commenced his opus with quotations from Mr. Spedding (who, be it remembered, "devoted a lifetime to a scrutiny of the
writings and character of Bacon”); and it would have been only fair to have given this great authority’s opinion of these same Psalms, so despised and rejected by Sir Theodore Martin, critic and poet. This is Mr. Spedding’s estimate of the translations: “Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants; a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets.” It is doubtful if Mr. Spedding could say as much of the genuine Shaksperean lines on the stone below the celebrated bust, and the equally wonderful epitaphs, the sole poetical fruit of “the great dramatist’s” retirement at Stratford-on-Avon.

Sir Theodore Martin, in his Appendix, also scoffs at the idea of the verses, “Life’s a Bubble,” being the work of Bacon. This is what he says: “Mr. Donnelly and others claim the following poem for Bacon. Mr. Spedding admits that it may possibly be his. . . . Most certainly no one will claim it for Shakspere, false as it is in philosophy, false in sentiment,” &c., &c. This is a sequel to his previous statement that “neither by his contemporaries, nor by the collectors of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry, is Bacon credited with that faculty” (of writing plays and poems).

This is what Spedding says of “Life’s a Bubble”: “This is a more remarkable performance; and is ascribed to Bacon on the authority of Thomas Farnaby, a contemporary and a scholar. In 1629, only three years after Bacon’s death, Farnaby published a collection of Greek Epigrams. After giving the Epigram in question, with its Latin translation on the opposite page, he adds: Huc elegantem V. C. L. Domini Verulamii παραδίων adjicere addubuit; and then prints the English lines below (the only English in the book). A copy of the English lines was also found among Sir Henry Wotton’s papers, with the name Francis, Lord Bacon, at the bottom. . . . Farnaby’s evidence is direct and strong. He speaks as if there were no doubt about the fact; nor has there ever, I believe, been a rival claim put in for anybody else. So that unless the supposition involves some improbability (and I do not myself see any), the natural conclusion is that the lines were really written by Bacon. And when I compare them with his translations of the 90th and 137th Psalms, the metre of which, though not the same, has a kind of resemblance which makes the comparison more easy, especially in the rhymed couplet which closes each stanza, I should myself say
BACon's POETICAL QUALITIES.

that the internal evidence is in favour of their being by the same hand."

This is the evidence upon which Sir Theodore Martin sneers at "Mr. Donnelly and others claiming the poem for Bacon." He accepts Spedding as an authority when Spedding's declaration suits the Martinian case; but when Spedding praises in no measured terms the verses of Bacon, such praise is either entirely ignored, or simply pooh-poohed as of no value. Sir Theodore Martin also criticises the "philosophy" and "sentiment" of the poem, evidently ignorant of the fact that Bacon was not responsible for the "philosophy" and "sentiment" of a Greek poem which he only translated! Spedding is fairer than Sir Theodore Martin, in that he does not criticise the "philosophy" and "sentiment" (which are not Bacon's), but the "melody" and "metrical arrangement" (which are Bacon's). He says: "The merit of the original consists almost entirely in its compactness; there being no special felicity in the expression or music in the metre. In the English, compactness is not aimed at, and a tone of plaintive melody is imparted, which is due chiefly to the metrical arrangement, and has something very pathetic in it to my ear."

But Farnaby is not the only "Jacobean contemporary" who credits Bacon with the poetical faculty, as I showed in my first paper that John Stow in his *Annals* includes Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., among "our moderne and present excellent poets which worthily flourish in theirown works, and all of them, in my knowledge, lived together in the Queen's raigne."

Sir Theodore Martin says Bacon was *not* a poet. This is Shelley's estimate of Bacon, and it may be allowed that Shelley's opinion is quite as valuable as that of our K.C.B. "Lord Bacon was a poet," writes Shelley. "His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element, with which it has perpetual sympathy."

The verses of Bacon may not be "poetry" according to the high standard of the poetical put forth by the translator of *Horace*, but they are at least equal to the miserable doggerel of Shakspere's epigram on Sir Thomas Lucy ("the first essay of his poetry," according to Rowe, his earliest biographer), for which "essay" he had to fly to London. This is as worthy of comparison with the passages
quoted by Sir Theodore Martin from Richard III. and Hamlet as are the extracts he makes from Bacon's translation of the Psalms. Such a comparison will at least be a comparison of original matter with other original matter, and not of what is original with what is translated.

It is not only the poetical faculty that Sir Theodore Martin denies to Bacon, but he also denies him the possession of "imagination and humour." He declares, "It were idle to bring these, and other writings of Bacon, to the test of a comparison with the plays, and to contrast his grave, square-cut, antithetical, ponderous, unemotional style, and the absence in them of anything like dramatic imagination and humour, with the exuberance of poetical imagery and illustration," &c., of Shakespeare. Hear what Macaulay says on this point:—

"In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal, not even Cowley, not even the author of Hudibras. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On these occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him. These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wantoned, with scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. [It was so with Shakespeare]. Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant, [and Macaulay gives good reason for not wishing this, among them] the pleasure which it affords." . . . "The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind. . . No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. . . In truth much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales. . . Yet in his magnificent day dreams there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. . . . The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

Were it not that Sir T. Martin holds a brief for Shakspere, it is quite evident he would not run the risk of having his quite preposterous judgment of Bacon's writings and style brought into comparison with the rational judgments of Spedding, Shelley and Macaulay.

GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.
Dart (venomed with Sedition).
Not a simple slander, but a seditious slander, like to that the poet speaketh of—Calamosque armare veneno—a venomous dart that hath both iron and poison.

(Charge against St. John).
I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus.

(Jul. Ces., V. iii. 73).

Depth of the Law.
The deep and profound reasons of law which ought chiefly to be searched...
Littleton's reason, which speaketh out of the depth of the common law. (Arguments of Law, Waste).
The law which is past depth to those that enter into it.

(Tim. Ath., III. v. 12).

Die, Cast of the Hazard.
The die runneth upon your royal prerogative. (To the King).
I speak it in a dangerous time, because the die of the Low Countries is on the throw. (To Buckingham).
Many were glad that the die was cast. (Hist. Gt. Brit.).
Put it upon the hazard, that Spain will cast at the fairest.

(Of War with Spain).
The French knew how to make war with the English by not putting things on the hazard of a battle. (Hist. Hen. VII.).
I will stand the hazard of the die. (Rich III. V. iv. 10).
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. (Jul. Ces., V. i. 68).
Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states.
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

(1 Hen. IV., IV. i. 45).

Now, expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard, etc. (Tr. Cr. Prol. 10).

Digestion of Business, etc.
Affected dispatch. . . is like that which the physicians call pre-
digestion or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body ful-
of crudities and seeds of diseases. (Ess. Dispatch).
The project is considerately digested for the county of Tyrone.

(Discourse of Ireland).
My Lord spent the end of the summer in digesting his thoughts.

(Essex Treasons).
This continual heaping up laws without digesting them maketh
but a chaos and confusion. (Of Union).

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

(Rich. III., III. i. 199).
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance, etc. (Hen. V., II., Prol. 31).
Capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested.

(Hen. V., II. ii. 56, and ib. ii. chorus).
Will the King digest this letter? (Hen. VIII., III. ii. 52).

(This figure frequent in both groups.)

Discord, Concord.
It is a desperate case, if those that hold with the proceeding of
the State be full of discord. (Ess. Sedition).

Oh! how this discord doth afflict my soul!

(1 Hen. VI., III. i. 106).

But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event. (ib. IV. i. 190).
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid.

(ib. IV. iv. 22).
Disease, Cure.

The controversies themselves I will not enter into, as judging that the disease requireth rather rest than any other cure.

(Controversies of the Church).

Those diseases are hardest to cure whereof the cause is obscure, and those easiest whereof the cause is manifest.

(Letter drawn up for Essex).

It is in vain to cure the accidents of a disease, except the cause be found and removed. (To Buckingham).

That disease eats out the remedies if they be not speedy.

(For Appointing Lord Treasurer).

Before the curing of a strong disease. . .
The fit is strongest, etc. (John III., IV. 112—115).

Falstaff.—It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Justice.—To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

. . I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. . . the disease is incurable. (2 Hen. IV., I. ii. 138, 264).

Earthquake.

I may . . . offer you a type or pattern in nature, much resembling this event in your estate—namely, earthquakes, which bring ever much terror and wonder, but no actual hurt, the earth trembling for a moment, and suddenly establishing in perfect quiet as it was before. . . So in earthquakes, the more general do little hurt. . . but particular earthquakes have many times overturned towns and cities. (On the Union).

Wretches. . . have been able to stir earthquakes by murdering of Princes. (Charge against Owen).

When the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander. . .
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
- Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture. (Tr. Cr., I. iii. 94).
Comp. *Temp. II.*, i. 309 (where Antonio and Gonzalo are about to murder the king, but he awakes, warned by Ariel),—

Wherefore this ghastly looking? What's the matter. . .

O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake.

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**Eye of the State, of Authority, Justice, &c.**

The State whose proper eye is to the general good.

(Of the Marches).

Examination is . . . one of the eyes of the king's politic body. (*Charge against Countess Shrewsbury*).

The eye of judgment.

(Device of Philautia, and in Controv. of the Ch.).

The inquisitive eye of presumption . . . the observant eye of duty. (*Advt. L.*., i. 1).

The eye of experience. . . . The eye of wisdom.

(*Speech against Enclosures*).

Considering, therefore, that ye are the eye of justice, ye aught to be single, without partial affection, watchful, not asleep, or false asleep in winking at offenders, and sharp-sighted to proceed with understanding and discretion.

(*Charge to the Court of the Verge; Life, IV. 256*).

The judgment of the eye.


My authority shall not see thee. (*Per.*, IV. vi. 96).

The gentle eye of Peace. (*John IV.*, iii. 150).

The rude eye of Rebellion. (*ib. V.* iv. 11).

The tender eye of pitiful day. (*Macb.*, *III. ii.* 47.

Ambassadors, which are the eyes of kings. (*Report, 1606*).

I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence. (*Win. Tale, IV. i.*).

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**Eyewinking.**

Confusion and disorder hath, by tradition, not only been winked at, but warranted. (*Advice to Rutland*).

Wrongs are very easily, even with a wink of yours, redressed.

(*Advice to the Queen*).

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
STATE METAPHORS.

When capital crimes . . . appear before us.
(\textit{Hen. V.}, II. ii. 54; \textit{Hen. V.}, ii. 2).

Fabric.
The fabric of the State. (\textit{De Aug.}, iii. 4).
The frame and fabric . . . of your courts. (\textit{To the King}).
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye . . .
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric. (i.e., of the Body and of the State).
(Cor., I. i. 119).

Father.
His Majesty is . . . \textit{pater patriae} . . . \textit{pater pupillorum} . . .
and being a representative father, his purpose is to imitate
and approach as near as may be to the duties and offices of a
natural father. (\textit{For the Master of the Wards}, 1612).

\begin{quote}
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
(2 \textit{Hen. IV.}, V. ii. 56).
\end{quote}

You slander
The helms of the State, who care for you like fathers.
(Cor., I. i. 78).

Flood—Inundation.
The fame of great actions is like to a land-flood which hath
no certain head or spring. (\textit{Gesta Grayorum}).

When a State grows to an over-power it is like to a flood, that
will be sure to overflow. (\textit{Ess. Vicissitude}).
Passion hath his floods. (\textit{Ess. Love}).
A flood of suitors. (\textit{Let. to Buckingham}, 1620).
A flood of new friends. (ib., 1621).
Inundations of people. (\textit{Ess. Vicissitude}).

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes.
(Tw. \textit{N.}, IV. iii. 11).

A flood of greatness. (1 \textit{Hen. IV.}, V. i. 48).
His youth in flood. (\textit{Ty. Or.}, I. iii. 299).
STATE METAPHORS.

This great flood of visitors. (Tim. Ath., I. i. 42).
Inundations of mistempered humours. (John V., i. 12).


Popular reputation . . . is one of the best flowers of your greatness. (To Essex).

Points of the prerogative are flowers of the crown.

(Report, 1606; and Mem. for the King, 1616).

No mortal calamity is more moving and afflictive, than to see the flower of virtue (valour) cropped before its time.

(Ess. Memnon).

Ordinatio belli et pacis est absoluti imperii, a principal flower of the crown; which flowers ought to be so dear unto us, as we ought, if needs were, to water them with our blood. For if those flowers should wither by neglect, or upon facility . . . wither and fall, the garland will not be worth the wearing.

(Report, 1606-7).

Bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp’d before you come to prime.

(R. II., V. ii. 50, and R. III., i. 2, 248).

Catesby.—It is a reeling world, indeed my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hastings.—How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Catesby.—Aye, my good lord. (R. III., III. ii. 38).

He’s one of the flowers of Troy. (Tr. Cr., I. ii. 203).
The flower of warriors. (Cor., I. vi. 32).

Come knights from East and West,
And cull their flower (of kingly glory).

(Tr. Cr., II. iii. 274).

Thou hast slain
The flower of England for his chivalry.

(3 Hen. VI., II. i. 71).

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother’s sons
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face, &c.

(R. II., III. iii. 95).

(To be continued.)
RECENT PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO BACON AND THE BACONIAN THEORY.

There are many indications that the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is gaining strength, and that the Baconian side is winning. Such indications are the following:—1. It is now a familiar topic in all kinds of periodical literature. 2. Germany and France are sending in recruits. 3. In some few journals it is being more intelligently discussed: the assumption of our friend the enemy, that our arguments and facts are of no importance, no longer holds ground. We are strong, and they begin to know it. Determined defence is very much reserved to gentlemen of the literary caste, who are bound to fight for their own colours. These gentlemen all talk alike: say the same thing: praise or blame the same books, and for reasons which evidently have nothing whatever to do with the merits of the case. Whatever echoes their opinion is applauded, however feeble and foolish it may be, and *vice versâ*. The new arguments for the defence are resorts of desperation, so evidently destitute of probative force that the very fact of their acceptance is an additional argument on our own side. 4. The Baconian argument is gaining in breadth and extent: new branches arise; it is being connected with all the literary and reforming movements of the Elizabethan age. And although the widening of the horizon must bring some phantoms into view, it will also aggrandize and enrich the whole subject, and rescue it from all danger of being treated as a mere personal or antiquarian dispute.
Illustrations of all these points will be found in the present number of the Journal.

In France an important article on "Shakespeare and Bacon" has been published in the Correspondant (August 25), and is now republished in pamphlet form. The writer is M. Louis de Raynal, a veteran literary student and a distinguished judge, eighty-four years of age, but full of literary enthusiasm. He writes a fairly complete epitome of the Baconian case, with which our readers are familiar. As to the resemblance between Bacon and Shakespeare, he writes:—

"It has been often said of Shakespeare that he was even more a philosopher than a poet; and of Bacon, that he was much more of a poet than a philosopher. Bacon's ambition was to grasp the universe, making all knowledge his province. Lessing has profoundly remarked of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of nature. And M. de Remusat has said, 'In Bacon's ordinary way of reflecting and of representing the characters and affairs of men, we cannot but notice something which brings Shakespeare to the mind.' The analogy between the two is therefore striking."

M. de Raynal is unable to tell us, in reply to our enquiries, whether there are many in France of his way of thinking. He says, "Those of my friends to whom I have sent my book have generally appeared more astonished than convinced. Nevertheless, the distinguished Editor of the Correspondant, M. Lavédan, when he received my article, told me that so far as he was concerned, after studying the question, his convictions went even beyond mine."

Count Vitzthum's recently published book * is the most important work on the Baconian theory that has yet appeared in a foreign language. It is a handsome 8vo. work of 250 pages, and covers the whole historic argument in twenty chapters. It is written in a singularly lucid style, and shows throughout a complete mastery of Elizabethan history and literature. The starting-point, indicated by the title, is consistently maintained. The author contends that the two names, Shakespeare and Shakspere, represent two persons who had nothing, not even their names, in common. These names were differently pronounced, and have an entirely different import and derivation. Shakespeare is derived from Shake and Spear—it was a

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nom de plume, just as George Sand, Junius, George Eliot, and others were; adopted because it had a noble, knightly ring, and appeared as if it might represent an old English family. Shakspere, on the other hand, is of rustic coinage, and is corrupted from two Norman Christian names: the peasant family, so called, was descended from some Pierre, who was the son of Jacques. A recognition of this fact will go far to solve all the puzzles and controversies which gather about Shakespeare enquiry. After this uncompromising start, the author states the problem as we know it, and then pursues the historical enquiry into all its branches, including a very favourable notice of Mr. Donnelly’s masterly argument, and of the Cryptogram. In two points Count Vitzthum is more than usually emphatic; he probes the contemporary allusions and pronounces them, for the most part, delusions. Meres and Ben Jonson are the only contemporary writers whose testimony can be quoted. Both were evidently in the secret, and spoke of Shakespeare the poet, not of Shakspere the player; both wrote, the one in prose, the other in verse, if not on the instigation at least in favour of Bacon. If there has been really an edition of Green’s Groats-worth of Wit of 1592, now lost, his Shake-scene cannot apply to the then perfectly unknown player, but to Marlowe or another. At all events, Greene's stimulated attack is written in praise of the real author. Also he finds most significant evidence in the old plays, usually referred to as the productions of unknown writers, which were really Bacon’s early drafts, and many of which were produced before Shakspere came to London. This point is very carefully discussed in the present number of our Journal by Mr. Follett, with reference to the old Hamlet play, which can be traced back to 1585. The common conjecture, that a poet of such phenomenal power should have wasted his time in amending or adapting more or less worthless compositions of anonymous and obscure writers, is preposterous. The more closely we look at these old plays, the more shall we see the perfect similarity in style and technical composition to those attributed to Marlowe, whom Count Vitzthum, in common with most students of Shakespeare from the Baconian side, regards as an early cover for Bacon, employed by him to bring these early, crude compositions on the stage. All the early histories show the same faults, the same youthful grandiloquence, the same deficiency of structure. They are unconnected tableaux vivants, without a plot, but full of genius, sparkling ideas, classic allusion, political wisdom, and philosophical
speculation. Count Vitzthum's book brings the whole argument before the German public, in a manner which a Frankfort reviewer who is struck by the startling and unexpected cogency of the reasoning, describes as "extraordinarily interesting, not to say sensational." Count Vitzthum's references to Marlowe are especially worthy of consideration just now, when it is proposed to erect a monument to his memory. Nothing can be more unwise, when all the riddles which are connected with Marlowe and Shakspere are in the critical crucible, and no one can at present determine in what shape they will emerge when the refining and analyzing process is completed.

In the course of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence a year ago, one of the correspondents brought up the old Joe Millerism, that the plays were not written by William Shakspere, but "by another fellow of the same name." The following extract, from a letter by a distinguished student of Bacon and Shakespeare, will show that this jesting suggestion has been taken up by a German writer in sober earnest. The writer alluded to is Eugen Reichel, author of *Shakespeare-Litteratur*, published at Stuttgart in 1887. An earlier and smaller work by this author is referred to in our Report for 1887, p. 118. The fuller expansion of his theory is given in the work referred to by our correspondent, who writes as follows:—

"I beg to call your attention to a book which I have just finished reading—'Eugen Reichel, Shakespeare-Literatur' (Stuttgart, 1887). I never heard previously either of the man or of the book: the preface is dated from Berlin, 1886. The author is thoroughly informed, and has read a great deal about Shakespeare. He is convinced that the play-actor and money-lender of Stratford never wrote a line; that Bacon, with the help of Ben Jonson, edited the plays, the quartos as well as the folio; and he attacks violently Gervinus, Ulrici, and others, for over-estimating the plays and misleading the public. So far, so good; but now comes a very strange story. This Reichel hates Bacon; he calls him an infamous aristocrat, an impostor, a place-hunter, and a thorough theologian who believes in God! This is, as far as I can make it out, the great sin which Mr. Reichel disapproves in Bacon. Now this infamous impostor got hold, according to our author, in 1586, of some papers written by the greatest genius of all ages, who died in misery after having been a
play-actor, and was the real William Shakespeare, not to be confused, mind, with the man of Stratford. It was to this genius Spencer dedicated three stanzas in the "Tears of the Muses," beginning with:—"And he the man, whom nature's self hath made," and ending with the line, "and to himself to mockery to sell." I confess I cannot make out the meaning of these stanzas, and do not know who the 'Willy' is whose death Spencer seems to lament in so eloquent terms. But never mind—Reichel has found out that this 'Willy' was William Shakespeare—he does not know, however, how the vain and ambitious place-hunter, Bacon, became the possessor of the precious papers left by this perfectly unknown and wonderful genius, who was a philosopher and a poet at the same time. Bacon published the philosophical works under his own name; but, mark, he corrupted them with idle theological phraseology, and spoiled the Novum Organum, written, according to Reichel, about 1577, but published only in 1620. Bacon did not only spoil the philosophical works of the great unknown, but also his plays, which are worthless, idiotic compositions, containing only some few fragments which Reichel has been able to find out. Now Bacon wanted a mask, and Ben Jonson discovered the play-actor Shakspere, whose name was similar to that of the great unknown William Shakespeare.

"This is in short the strange story. The author betrays real learning, and on some points sound judgment. The ghost of the unknown W. Shakespeare haunts him. This ghost once killed, the book may be instructive, by proving just the contrary of Reichel's theory, and giving fresh evidence for Bacon."

Mr. Wigston's important work, Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians (published by Redway), reviewed by Mrs. Pott in a subsequent page, is one of the indications to which we have referred, that the question of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare is branching out into other lines of research. Bacon, we know, wrote much in the name of other persons. Mr. Wigston thinks he was the founder and moving spirit of the Rosicrucian fraternity. So far as this is concerned, we refer our readers to Mrs. Pott's paper. It is, however, within our province to point out that this book speaks in no hesitating way of the Baconian theory. Thus he writes:—

"A large class of people, particularly Englishmen, have taken the poet's works to themselves, and out of the mere association of the name
of Shakspere with the plays, not only imagine they are familiar with the author, but have built up an imaginary idol—a fictitious Shakespeare of their own who never existed—to whom they fall down, worship, and defend as a person commensurate with the plays he is supposed to have written. The truth is, that whilst endeavouring to realise the personality of Shakspere, we are always thinking of the works, and thus, out of the association of name and play, arises a god-like being, who certainly does not answer to the little we know of him. Nothing is more powerful than the association of ideas. They usurp the place of reason, and become 'the monster custom that all sense doth eat'; for, let us ask the question, What proof have we (beyond the association of Shakspere's name with the plays) that he wrote them? Suppose there was a reason for hiding, an object in mystifying posterity with regard to their real author. Why not? And, granting this, where are your proofs that Shakspere wrote these plays and poems? If it was not for the association of his name by tradition with the plays, and we were obliged to use our judgment or reason to select the real author, he is about the last person in the world that we should light upon, and Bacon the first, who would stand out as the protagonist of his age, the rightful heir. The great difficulty is to persuade people that they know nothing of the personal Shakspere at all, though they know certain works that have borne his name."

We would gladly quote many other passages, equally striking, with highly original illustrations, but space forbids.

*The Bacon-Shakspere Question* (published by Johnson) is a pretty considerable pamphlet by our old antagonist, Mrs. Charlotte Stopes. (See Bacon Journal, vol. I., p. 140). It was originally contributed, in the form of a series of papers, to a journal called "Wine, Spirits, and Beer," in the interests of the "trade," and naturally takes its spirit and flavour from the vessel or vat in which it was brewed. The special feature resulting from this organ is that in one, and the most characteristic chapter, all that Shakespeare has written about "drink," is compared with all that Bacon has written on the same topic. There is a show of thoroughness about this little booklet, which at first gives one the impression that now at last we are to have a careful, reasonable discussion of the Baconian theory from a Shaksperian point of view. Accordingly a large number of reviews have been written accepting this defence as a satisfactory settlement of the case. These reviewers certainly have not taken any pains to
estimate either the facts or the argument of the book, or they would not lavish such store of praise on what is essentially a weak, dull, inconclusive performance. However, as the book has been received with—not much, but multiplied—applause, we are bound to look into it. And this is what we find—a re-statement of arguments which have been answered over and over again—Shaksper biography and certification constructed out of traditions which prove nothing relative to authorship, supplemented by allusions, mostly poetic, which only show that the poetry was liked and the origin left unquestioned. There can be not the least doubt in any reasonable mind that this crowd of allusions, culled, we presume from the “Century of Praise,” has no bearing whatever on the Baconian theory, except that they suggest this one very significant inference, that the Shaksperians would not use these worthless arguments if they could find better. The humour of the business is that these irrelevant utterances of uncritical praise of the poetry, are vaunted as so many “certificates” of the man, and speak of Shaksper’s “clear and indefeasible title.” “The attestations are clear and definite; they all tell one story.” They do all tell one story, but the story is not that Shaksper was the author, but that the poetry was allowed without challenge to pass as his: a very different matter, which no one disputes.

Mrs. Stopes’s eloquent and original account of William Shaksper’s life does great credit to her powers of imagination and invention. It is a pleasant little fable, the construction of which must have been attended with much poetic rapture. The whole of this charming piece of fiction is freely sprinkled over with the guessing formulæ which are so amply used by these romancists, such as “Would doubtless”; “must have learned”; “no doubt he often”; “perhaps he would”; “My own opinion is”; “he certainly felt”; “it is more than likely”; “they would see”; “just think how”; “I think”; “Probably he became.” These phrases, some of them repeated more than once, crowd the pages. But they are not infrequently dispensed with, and doubtful facts, fanciful speculations, or sheer inventions are stated without any qualification, as if they were well authenticated historic facts. This is all very amusing, but as for the history or logic of the case, it is conspicuously absent; the muse of history returns to the nursery, where she dresses up a doll, and puts on grandmama’s spectacles. This type of criticism, we must sorrowfully confess, rather reminds us of Hamlet’s very improper allusion to Polonius: “Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a
hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts."

A favourite pastime in this droll performance is to put on the metaphysical robe. "The psychologic aspect," we are severely told, "is of prime importance in such a discussion." As a matter of fact it really is not very important; it is usually a manufactory of ex post facto arguments in support of foregone conclusions; it is very apt to be a fantastic and alluring ignis fatuus, leading adventurers and self-sufficient guessers into quagmires of stifling speculation. Even if it were important we must find the psychologist to conduct the discussion, and we see no traces of this illuminated person in the writer of these pages. The few attempts at psychologic inference supplied do not strike us as very sagacious. Thus, it is said that Bacon is essentially a subjective writer; he puts himself into all he produces; the hundreds of letters preserved support this peculiarity. Shakspere, on the other hand, is objective to an extraordinary degree; he never reveals himself in his writings. We may pause to remark that the "Victorian school" of Shakspere critics appear to have exactly the opposite impression. They find traces of "Shakspere's mind and art" in all the plays, and they expend a painful amount of psychology in the quest. As to this supposed contrast between Bacon and Shakspere, the fact is that the "objective" quality is equally remarkable in both. Bacon's letters are curiously deficient in self-revelation; they are nearly all business documents, relating either to his own public life or to State affairs. Very few of his private letters—i.e., letters written to those of his friends and relations who had nothing to do with his public life—have been preserved; only four to his mother, very few to his brother, although they must have kept up an active correspondence during the many years that Anthony Bacon was living on the continent. The most personal letters are some of the quasi-dramatic letters, written in the name of other persons, and, as Dr. Abbott notes, hitting off their personal peculiarities with amusing cleverness. In truth we know very little of Bacon's private life. He is like a glorious sun, shedding light all around, but leaving his own personal sphere in impenetrable obscurity. Never was an author less "subjective" than Bacon.

Another curious speculation of our author, partly psychologic and partly physiologic, sums up her "drink" disquisition. And this is too delicious for second-hand reporting. Listen!

"The authors of Shakspere's and Bacon's works drank different
liquors, and therefore they did not think alike. The first drank nectar; the second wine and beer. The first could not have yoked the horses of Apollo to the car of Common-place Experiment; the second would have fallen, like Icarus, with melted wings from his high flight, had he essayed it."

What does the lady mean by "The first drank nectar; the second wine and beer"? A writer in the drink journal ought not to leave this momentous point in obscurity. By the judicious use of some of the formulæ we have referred to she surely might have told us where the nectar was brewed, how much a gallon it cost, and other interesting and needful details. Why does Bacon say nothing about this sovereign liquor, its composition, its distillation, bottling, and psycho-physiologic properties? The omission in both cases is much to be censured.

The suggestion of an exhaustive examination of all that Bacon and Shakspere wrote about drink came as a very welcome stimulant to us, and we were quite ready to sit with meek docility at the feet of the gracious expounder of this new chapter in Shakspere-Bacon research. But alas! we were disappointed. Mrs. Stopes "makes copy" by free quotation of all she can find; but as to any use of all this quotation, or any lesson to be derived from it, we are like Milton's "hungry sheep," who "look up and are not fed." Most of the quotations are tossed on to the page without comment, or with platitudinous irrelevancies. It is easy to see that in Shakespeare wine and other "drinks" are shown in use, and as they affect the life and conduct of men. Bacon has much to say in his scientific works about the same things. He refers to "History of wine," and "History of the Cellar and of different kinds of drink," as deficients, to be supplied; and in a large variety of aspects he discusses the scientific questions arising out of the use of drink. Mrs. Stopes collects as many as she can find of these, and then is rash enough to psychologise. "The moral question," she tells us, "never touches him; not even in his Colours of Good and Evil does he consider drink in its relation to character." The little collection of logical puzzles here referred to does not come within speaking distance of drink. The whole criticism is simply absurd. Why should Bacon put moral sugar-plums into his scientific treatises?

When the unfair fair critic discusses Shakespeare's allusions to drink, she finds all she looks for, and a little more than other people can find. It would be pleasant to discover in Shakespeare some
“praise of the power of Wincot ale.” Mrs. Stopes finds it; we cannot. Shakespeare does not praise it; on the contrary he disparages it. He calls it the “smallest ale”; and as Prince Hal speaks of “small beer” as a “poor creature,” the Wincot ale is, of course, superlatively poor.

Here is another choice morsel of criticism. Shakespeare, we are told,

“makes Cranmer prophesy of Elizabeth, at her christening in Westminster:

“In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants,

“which suggests a more general cultivation of the vine than might have been supposed.”

“Twice sod simplicity! *bis coctus!*” Cranmer is a clergyman, and talks in Biblical phraseology. The vine is the Biblical symbol for prosperity and festivity; it might have been coupled with the fig-tree, as it is in the passage from the prophet Micah that Cranmer uses. Mrs. Stopes can only see an agricultural labourer, with his dibble; the poetry, the Scriptural allusion, the Oriental symbolism, escape her view entirely.

In discussing the Baconian theory, Mrs. Stopes selects for refutation its two most distinguished champions, Mrs. Henry Pott (by the way, Mrs. Stopes always spells this name wrongly) and Mr. Donnelly. But what she says is so entirely unimportant that we are not disposed to waste time and space about it. The condensed argument in Mrs. Pott’s two pamphlets, containing the results of many years’ study condensed into a few pages, giving headings or hints of a vast collection of proofs, all capable of being largely expanded, are too solid and sane to be touched by any criticism Mrs. Stopes can produce. The mode in which she confronts this serried series of arguments, is to state them feebly in her own words and then say, “I do not think so,” or some such non- (we will not say im-) pertinences. The reasonings are pecked at—scarcely ever picked up—never “chewed, swallowed, and digested.”

To make our own criticism of this extraordinary performance rather less barren than the thing itself, we may note her very confident interpretation of Bacon’s use of the word *Alphabet*. Mrs. Stopes says it simply means *a, β, γ, δ, &c.*, used as a counting apparatus. How Bacon’s great ideas dwindle when looked at through the reducing medium of strong prejudice! Bacon uses the symbol of an Alphabet in many beautiful ways.
1.—He admonishes those who would study nature to become as little children, to cast aside all philosophical systems that interpose between the mind and nature, to take the Alphabet of it into their hands by looking at the simplest and most ordinary phenomena.

2. But Bacon had a more technical use of the word. His conception of nature was that of a vast collection of compound bodies, formed by various combinations of elements or simple natures. His design was to discover, by inductive research, the nature of these abstract qualities, so as to master the processes of nature, and be able to recombine nature’s elements in a manner analogous to that of nature herself: just as the colours on a painter’s shell may be combined to make an infinite variety of shapes and faces. These simple or abstract qualities are the alphabet of nature: and the Abecedarium Naturaé, in which Mrs. Stopes finds only a nursery alphabet, is a gigantic attempt to grasp these simple natures, and arrange them in series, using the Greek alphabet—Greek being the very native language of science and philosophy—to designate these elements.

3. Bacon also calls his cipher one of the Alphabet, because it depends on a reconstructed Alphabet.

4. In the Promus, 516, there is an entry, "Tisdem e literis efficitur Tragedia et Comedia. Tragedies and Comedies are made of one alphabet." Both the Latin and the translation are Bacon’s own. This may mean that the same first principles of nature, differently combined, may produce what is serious or what is light:—or it may have a cryptic reference to the interior structure of some particular tragedies and comedies.

5. Bacon certainly used the word as a sort of password, of uncertain meaning. When writing to his friend Toby Mathew, he says:—

"I have sent you some copies of the Advancement, which you desired; and a little work of my recreation, which you desired not. My Instauration I reserve for our Conference—it sleeps not. Those works of the Alphabet are, in my opinion, of less use to you where you are now, than at Paris, and therefore I conceived that you had sent me a kind of tacit countermand of your former request. But in regard that some friends of yours have still insisted here, I send them to you; and for my own part, I value your own reading more than your publishing them to others."

And later in life he writes to the same friend about "putting the Alphabet in a frame"—an expression which is either nonsense or cryptic.
Mrs. Stopes, like many other would-be exterminators of Bacon's claim, sees the strong indications existing in these passages, of published writings of Bacon, not avowed as "Works of Recreation," talked about by the help of passwords. To reduce the significance of the word Alphabet, so used, to A.B.C., indicates Bias in a Frenzy, trying to minimize what it cannot destroy.

Francis Bacon, A Critical Review of His Life and Character, with Selections from His Writings. By B. G. Lovejoy, L.L.B. London: Fisher Unwin.—Is a needless book, which requires no extended notice from us; inasmuch as it is evidently a compilation intended to condense into one small volume all that a very "general reader" would care to know about Bacon's life and writings. About a third of the book is occupied by a selection from the Essays, and some of the occasional writings of Bacon, to which notes are appended, which are little more than reduplications of the text. Bacon describes this style of note-making:—

"I think good thoughts, while others write good words,  
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry Amen  
To every hymn that able spirit affords."

Mr. Lovejoy's notes cry Amen to Bacon's hymns.

As to the sketch of Bacon's life, we cannot enter again into the interminable discussion. The author has nothing but praise for Bacon's writings, nothing but blame for his career—a paradoxical contrast not likely to be true to nature and fact. The motto on the title-page is one line of Pope's well-known distich inaccurately quoted: and this is typical of the book: it is a reassertion of exploded calumnies, carelessly and inaccurately reported. Places and dates are in many cases wrong. The animus of detraction is conspicuous, and it is often expressed in undignified, coarse terms, which we do not care to quote. These faults are admitted by a good many of the reviewers who usually take on trust all that is written in censure of Bacon: but Mr. Lovejoy's blunders and improprieties shock even these easy critics. A writer who merely echoes Campbell and Macaulay need not detain us any longer.

Francis Bacon, His Life and Philosophy. By John Nichol, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Part I. Bacon's Life.—Is one of a series of Philosophical Classics for English
Readers, now in course of publication. It is written in a scholarly style, and there is evidence that the writer has taken some pains to arrive at an independent judgment. For his estimate of Bacon is rather different from that of any other recent biographer. In most respects it is far more favourable; but inasmuch as the author considers himself "lenient" when he is favourable, there is a reserve of severity which constantly insists on expressing itself even when the balance of judgment tends to approval. Of Bacon's literary and imaginative qualities the Professor cannot speak too highly. He assigns to him so many essentially Shakespearian characteristics, that he finds it necessary to make a formal profession—which seems to us as forced as it is formal, we may even call it reluctant—that Bacon did not write Shakespeare. He, however, quotes, with the rapture of a discoverer, the curious similarity between Bacon's lament over his deferred and defeated hopes, and a passage in Coriolanus. And he is careful to show, by dates, that Bacon could not have copied from Shakespere, and of course, as Shakespere had no opportunity of reading Bacon's private letters, the coincidence wants explaining. It is old history to some of us Baconians, and has been repeatedly quoted in illustrating our theory. As the parallel may be new to some of our readers, and is quite worth enshrining in our columns, we will quote it as given by Professor Nichol:

"Nothing better represents the impression left by this part of his history than his own similitude: 'For, to be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest fleith away and lighteth a little before; and then the child after it again,' and so on in infinitum, I am weary of it.'

"This occurs in a letter to Fulke Greville (afterwards Lord Brooke), the probable date being 1595, and seems to have been first made public in Rawley's 'Resuscitatio,' 1657. It is therefore interesting to find in Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' of probable date 1610, a near transcript of it. 'I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again.'"

Professor Nichol apparently thinks that Shakespere ought to have been "the grandest figure of his age," only, unfortunately, he was in the main nominis umbra, which is surely an anomaly that should be accounted for. Our author refers to the "noble kinmanship of Southampton and Shakespere." What can he know about this kinmanship, which, if it had been a fact, would have taken the
nominis umbra out of its obscurity and made both nomen and hominem conspicuous? The fact is, that in Professor Nichol's pages the real person of Shakespeare is clearly presented in Bacon, and if he will not see the features rightly it is not because he leaves the identity doubtful. He finds in Measure for Measure and the Merchant of Venice reflections of Bacon's peculiar political philosophy: and quoting an eloquent passage from Bacon's prose, he says: "In this and similar passages we have the air of the same breezes that blow through the 'Tempest,' and Raleigh's voyage, and much of the Faery Queen." Air of the same breezes is rather delphic and non-compromising; when Professor Nichol opens his eyes a little wider he will talk more intelligibly—he may, for instance, give us a more solid definition of Bacon's metaphysics, than to inform us that it "is a golden cloud made to do duty for the apex of an uncompleted Pyramid." We have no doubt he is right, but we do not quite know what he means. This wonderful philosopher—so rigid, and frigid, and prosy, and stolid, according to some critics—writes a prose description of the fight of the Revenge, which is, Professor Nichol says, "not less stirring than the verse of Tennyson." In his "disgrace" he wrote petitions, and never were any "so obstinate, so eloquent, so rich in varied phrase and apt allusion." In all sorts of legal, political, and philosophical documents, "we seldom fail to meet, in his pages, with some broad generalization, some colour of fancy, some apt classical reference, or startling epigram. No man ever so illumined a mass of technical details with the light of genius." And in all the questions which he touched "he managed to give them fresh significance and dignity." Still more remarkable is the testimony which, as we remarked, needs a special certificate to secure the safety of the critic's orthodoxy:—

"Lord Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays; but there is something startling in the like magnificence of speech in which they find voice for sentiments, often as nearly identical when they anticipate as when they contravene the manner of thought and standards of action that prevail in one country and in one age. They are similar in their respect for rank and dignity, in their belief in royal right divine, in their contempt for the vulgus mutabile, depreciation of the merely commercial, and exaltation of a military spirit; above all, in their view of the duty of Englishmen to knit together the forces, and extend the burden of—

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

"The above, and numerous other passages, show that neither the statesman nor the poet had, for good or evil, more share than any other Elizabethan, of our recent, sometimes, quixotic, cosmopolitanism."

Nor does the resemblance stop here. If Bacon was servile in his homage to majesty, so were "Sidney, Raleigh, and Shakespeare," and if Shakespeare really believed all he said of his 'imperial votress, fancy free,' and if Bacon equally exalted James, in both cases, "it follows that their faculties and judgments were so far benumbed and stunned." Now as there is no necessity for bringing Bacon and Shakspere into such startling comparison in writing a slight sketch of Bacon's life, it is not a little significant that the affinity between the "two" is so great that Professor Nichol involuntarily supplies a new chapter for the Baconian theory. We sincerely thank him for this obliging contribution to our literature, and cordially invite him to continue his studies in the same field. We fully expect, some day, to have his name on our list of members.

So far this sketch is very satisfactory, and in other respects we are bound to express our entire sympathy with its representation. Nearly everything that Bacon did or wrote is commended, and this is very remarkable when we consider the tone of censure that pervades the volume. It seems to us that in many cases Professor Nichol supplies the facts which disprove his own adverse judgments; his condemnations are self-contradictory; his applause is logical and self-consistent. Most of the censures are couched in general terms, and often refer to exactly the same particulars which are approved in detail. Also in many cases the praise seems spontaneous, the censure artificial—it is sometimes like an afterthought, or an arrest of a too spontaneous impulse; the censure is put in the margin after the too favourable report is drawn up. Thus there are plentiful and quite satisfactory explanations of Bacon's laudation of James in his published writings, and one might suppose that these would suffice; but no, the "margin of servility" must be put in, or the dole of rebuke would not be adequately supplied. Again, all the elements of a complete justification of Bacon's conduct in reference to Essex are given: we are shown in lively colours the pleas of private friendship, and the claims of public duty in painful conflict; there is evidently a moral struggle of truly agonising character. We are told that Bacon always reserved
his loyalty as supreme, and as of an essentially higher quality than private friendship. Bacon is therefore expressly "acquitted of anything like treachery"—it is allowed that he was so committed to the advocacy of public interests, by his previous professional and literary work, that "it is hard to state at what point of the business he should have refused his services:" and yet, after all this ample vindication, the writer bethinks himself that the margin is being neglected, for Professor Gardiner considers "that the course Bacon took indicates poverty of moral feeling." Accordingly, the fair page is blotted in the margin, and it is not easy to know what the ultimate verdict of the writer really is. He admits that Spedding's vindication "calls for a modification of the popular judgment similar, if not equal, to that achieved by Carlyle's Commentary on the letters of Cromwell." Yet the residuum of blame which he allows, contains the germ of all the vituperation which Macaulay and Campbell have poured forth. Evidently Janus bifrons is at Glasgow the divinity that presides over history.

Not less confusing are Professor Nichol's self-refuted references to Bacon's judicial course. He admits that Bacon's judgments were, except in one case, just; and he blames Dr. Abbott for giving to this one case, "as treasure-trove, almost malignant pre-eminence." But again the blot in the margin must be given:—that Bacon "sold justice, not injustice," although an echo of Lord Campbell, strikes us as being as near an approach to nonsense as could well be written on the case. Professor Nichol's supposition, that as a judge, he sold himself to Buckingham, is absolutely inconsistent with the account he has himself given of his judicial career. If this servitude existed, let us know the result—let us hear of some judgments (besides a solitary "treasure trove") proving subserviency. Nothing of the kind is offered. On the contrary it is admitted that some of Bacon's judgments were given in the teeth of Buckingham's recommendations, and that the letters annoyed Bacon: only as he did not resent them, he must bear the blame attaching to them.

So determined is our professor to assert (in spite of his own evidence), Bacon's subserviency to Buckingham, that he supposes that even though Bacon's judgments were just, we may suppose that Buckingham's partiality for particular suitors was not always misplaced; and that Bacon was guilty of obliging Buckingham, even when he passed just judgments; which only suggests that the critic enjoys fault-finding for its own sake—much like the schoolmaster who
thrashed the boy not because he had been doing anything wrong, but because he was sure to deserve it before the day was over.

Buckingham’s letters prove that he tried to tamper with Bacon’s judicial action—but to refer to them as proof that he succeeded in doing so is, in Bacon’s and Shakespeare’s sense of the word, preposterous. These letters may be as objectionable and dictatorial as Professor Nichol says they are, and we think he exaggerates—but they prove absolutely nothing about the receiver, much about the writer of the letters. What reputation is safe if a man is to be judged not by his own acts, but by reflected constructions put upon the acts of another person? Bacon’s critics have a blind eye for his virtues, and a multiplying and magnifying lens for his faults. It seems to us that the reverse method of looking at these contrasted actions and qualities would be at once more true to history and life, and more honourable to the critics. It is a safe principle in morals that as a rule a man’s virtues and good deeds represent him—his bad deeds misrepresent him. There is no man, however excellent, who would not be irretrievably blasted if the recording angel should trumpet forth all his faults and failings to the world, and invite reviewers and précis writers to comment upon them; even if they were allowed to put their approval into the text and their condemnation into the margin.

It seems then to us that Professor Nichol forces out of the facts of Bacon’s life non-natural constructions, and consequently departs from the judicial impartiality both of a historian and moralist. And it is worth while showing that in a typical case his bias causes serious inaccuracy.

Professor Nichol speaks of two letters, written by Bacon to his aunt Lady Burghley, as initiating “the long list of incessant and impor—
tunate appeals for countenance, help, and promotion, which only closed with his death.” Again, “The most wearisome portion of Bacon’s biography is the almost intolerable detail of his almost endless suit for office.” This is more definite than the former sentence, which represents the suit as relating also to countenance and help. “Pertinacious pleading” is another version of the same charge; and of the period during which Bacon was Attorney-General, i.e., from October 1613 to March 1617, it is said, “These years are strewn or bespattered with suits for favour.” Now to take the last statement first; it is just as easy to be accurate as not, and Professor Nichol makes an assertion which by half-an-hour’s investigation he might
have ascertained to be entirely untrue. No letter approaching this
description is to be found from October 1613 till February 1616.
The years 1614 and 1615 are clear. There are two letters in February
1616 referring to the Lord Chancellor's decline and the probability
of an early vacancy, and between February and June there are four
letters referring to Bacon's very natural and indeed laudable wish to
be made a Privy Councillor, in order that the advice which he was con-
stantly giving might come with more weight and authority. He was
acting as a Privy Councillor, and he wished to be one in title and law
as well as in fact. Surely a suit for this need not hurt Professor
Nichol's feelings. Six letters spread over less than five months repre-
sent three-and-an-half years "strewn and bespattered with suits for
favours."

The truth is that it is the fashion to speak of Bacon as an impor-
tunate suitor; one sketch-compiler after another echoes the accusa-
tion, and no one takes the pains which any just and faithful historian
would take to verify the statement. Let us then be allowed roundly to
deny the whole charge. Bacon was not a persistent suitor. For years
together no trace of suing is to be found. For instance, let us
start from the year 1597. In 1598 there is one letter dated
January 22nd, 1598, to the Lord Keeper, which may have an
indirect reference to his Star Chamber reversion. This was a matter
of possession, and therefore no suing is involved. There is also one
letter to the Queen in March 1600, referring to some land. Except-
ing this there is no suing letter of any kind between November
1597 and March 1603. At that time Bacon wrote about a dozen
letters to various friends who were likely to use their influence in his
favour on the occasion of the accession of King James. These twelve
all refer to one occasion, and may be looked upon as one, so far as the
"bespattering" process is concerned. Afterwards there are no more
till March 1607, when Bacon wrote four times respecting the office of
Solicitor-General, to which he was appointed in that year. With these
few exceptions, we hear of no suing of any kind between 1597 and
1611, i.e., 13 entire years. There are a few letters in 1611, 1612, and
1613, two of which, although they are merely offers of service, yet
may count as requests for favour, and thus contributory to the fatigue of
these delicate critics; four are requests for promotion to be Attorney-
General; and then, with the trifling exceptions before noted, we hear
of no petitioning letter of any sort till after his fall in 1621. Here then
is about a quarter of a century in which, with few and very unim-
portant exceptions, there is no suing at all. The fact is that the only portion of Bacon's life where these letters are unpleasantly numerous is during the years 1593-97 (the year 1596, however, must be excepted, when only two such letters are preserved). During these years Bacon was designedly kept "in appetite" by the expectation of being made Solicitor-General. For this he applied chiefly to those whom he had a right to address—his nearest relations (Burghley and Cecil), or his most intimate friends (Essex and Puckering). His letters to Burghley were dignified and autobiographic. They are not only unobjectionable, but most interesting and valuable, and are constantly quoted as indications of his comprehensive knowledge and studious aims. During this time the suing was not confined to Bacon; others joined in the same petitions, especially his brother Anthony, his half-brother Thomas Cecil, and his friend Essex. There was nothing to be ashamed of in this suing—it was the recognised way of making application for employment. At no time was there any selfish claim for mere pelf—no seeking for patents, or monopolies, or lucrative patronage, or money. Once, in 1600, Bacon wrote the Queen respecting some land to which he considered he had a claim, but this need not qualify Professor Nichol's statement that "Bacon never applied for any post which he was not well fitted and entitled to fill." The wearisome feature is the delay in appointing such a man to his right position, and the indignity put upon him by the selection of inferior and less-qualified men before him. The suits were endless because the postponements were so; but the importunate element was much more represented by Essex than by himself. There are indeed clear indications that the importunity of his friends was distasteful to himself. Not till he was forty-seven years of age did he attain office of trust and emolument. After his fall there is a sad period of suing for restoration to freedom, for complete remission of his sentence, for means of support in his extreme penury, and such like. Professor Nichol speaks of these letters as a mixture of "dignity and abasement;" "never were petitions so obstinate, so eloquent, so rich in varied phrase and apt allusion, or so pitiful." "Pitiful" indeed they were, but there was no self-abasement in them: the consciousness of rectitude, the absolute incapability of realising that his fall was aught but misfortune—which all recent biographers admit—surely this does not mean abasement; it means righteous and dignified protest against undeserved injury. We refer, however, to these letters only to complete our reference to the "pertinacious pleading," which
Professor Nicholsays characterized his whole life. If these sad petitions are left out of account, the infinite pathos of which might really disarm censure, we unhesitatingly affirm that Bacon's suing, with rare exceptions, ceased in the year 1597, and to speak of the habit as giving colour to his entire life is false. Considering the habits of the times, and that all this shrill outcry about suing is entirely modern, we think it is high time to protest against the unscrupulous and rancorous extravagance with which the charge is enforced by men who ought to know better.

We have so much sympathy with a good deal that Professor Nichols writes that it is a disappointment to find so good a book almost spoiled by prejudice, inaccuracy, and extravagance. It is very significant that Bacon's detractors are obliged invariably to fortify their censure by depreciation of Mr. Spedding. Professor Nichols, in his attempt to find a via media between the "infatuation," as he politely puts it, of Spedding, and the "almost malignancy"—another fragrant flower of speech—of Abbott and his class, seems to allow no one to praise or blame but himself, reminding us of the moralist who rebuked his butler for swearing, a right which he reserved, with severe restriction, for himself. In truth, he himself descends to the level of the worst when, imitating Macaulay's most artificial manner, he speaks of James as a "contemptible figure, slobbering about the infamous Somerset, or shivering in the grasp of Gondomar;" or when he descends to the ridiculously inaccurate assertion that Bacon was "distrusted as a friend, despised as an enemy"—a general statement absolutely disproved (as usual) by such details as the book contains, notably the history of his friendship for Tobie Matthew and Ben Jonson. A professor of English literature ought to know that these picturesque fancy portraits and well-rounded symmetrical antitheses are nearly always fictitious. It is quite possible that some of Spedding's judgments will have to be modified—but we are quite sure that they are not to be shaken by rash attacks and ill-reasoned verdicts, which the Glasgow Professor and his recent compeers enunciate. If they would only take half the amount of pains that Spedding did to weigh their own words; to look at the 17th century with the eye of a contemporary, not of a superfine 19th century superior person, to make no sweeping statements whatever, and to be ready always if possible to accept charitable interpretations of doubtful facts, they might be less brilliant and amazing, but they would be more true, more righteous, and more humane.
"Is There Any Resemblance Between Shakespeare and Bacon?" * by C. F. Steel, as we learn, though there is no author's name in the book itself,—is intended to close the question by proving that Bacon was such a bad, vulgar, common-place man that he could have had nothing in common with Shakspere. The book is a notable illustration of the "Psychologic" argument, so much valued by Mrs. Stopes and newspaper critics: it saves a good deal of trouble and looks very sagacious and profound. The real arguments are set aside with dignified disdain, and the conclusion reached by an easy spring. In this book the question itself is scarcely touched, and the disdain is plentiful but not dignified. Judge Holmes's book is dismissed in fourteen lines of irrelevant insult, too silly to be worth further notice (p. 213). A few pages are devoted to the Promus, but more than half of these pages is taken up with wrangle, and the real problem of the book is not grappled with. The whole book, as we will prove, is so extravagantly intemperate, that one may fairly question the writer's sanity; we cannot pretend to give it any extended notice; the amenities of journalism will not allow us to treat the bad qualities of this strange composition as they deserve. The only fitting thing is to allow the author to speak for himself, by quoting a few specimens of his style. Ex pede Herculem. We will begin with a mild specimen.

"The lovers of the plays demand that these shall have an honest origin, and a manly author, and will not believe that they could have been written in shame and fear, sneaked out of a back door, and imposed upon the wittiest and brightest people of that age under circumstances that would disgrace all concerned" (p. 37.)

The sublime aphorism which opens the Novum Organum is thus characterized:--

"Aphorism, No. 1, is more like Bunsby than Shakespeare."

Bacon's highly metaphorical remarks on Rhetoric, De Aug.VI. iii., Op. IV. 492, are referred to as follows:--

"This is certainly the apparatus of rhetoric, and is mechanical to the plainest degree. It is a most ordinary conception of the subject of elegant literature. It would, in these times, excite the ridicule of a boy's schoolmates. It is too dull for Shakespeare's fools. If Shakespeare had written about the door, windows, back-rooms and staircases of speech, he would have put it into the mouth of a Dogberry, and

would have mingled some drollery with it to make its absurdity amusing."

As to Bacon's Nomenclature in the *Novum Organum*, so universally admired for its picturesque and poetic beauty:

"Bacon invented a Nomenclature suited to his fancy of the subject, but so rude and inappropriate as never to have been accepted by others" (p. 76).

In his treatment of the *New Atlantis* this astonishing critic surpasses himself. The italics in the following quotations are the writer's own, intended to accentuate the more than ordinarily exquisite civilities. As to the opening of the story, he remarks:

"There is no other form of narrative so cheap and unimaginative as the miraculous. It hesitates at no degree of improbability; it sets all natural laws and human experience at defiance. Absurdity is not an obstacle, and originality not a requisite. If one has not invention enough to plan the opening of a story, or a reasonable ground for a theory, he can begin with a dream, or an apparition, or a column of light, or some astronomical peak, and get his tale launched in that way; but it denotes a dearth of imagination, and is barren of originality. He simply needs to talk about it in an awe-struck and sanctimonious way," (p. 159).

Then he compares this glorious prose poem to the book of Mormon, the plates of which Mr. Joseph Smith, jun.,

"Carted away, concealed in a barrel of beans, &c., &c. . . . A bumpkin describing a Lord Mayor's show could not use more common-place terms or more homely similes."

Then comes a comic description of the feast of the tirsan, with plentiful quotations, the tirsan being accepted as Bacon's description of himself:

"I have read praises of this paper, but I can only see in it the unctuous vulgarity of a nature fond of show, ceremony, parade, homage, and incense; and barren of sentiment, poetry, grace and spirituality. . . . It is not a feast at all, but only a feed for the old tirsan. . . . Such a ceremony could only be imagined by a man of earthly tastes, who was fond of picturing himself the object of adulation, awe, and worship. It could have no other purpose. If one can forget its selfishness and its disgusting features, it may become amusing, but it has nothing in it worthy of serious thought," &c. (p. 175).

Bacon's opinions about the drama and the stage are not only caricatured but misrepresented.

"At that time, when Shakespeare's plays were coming upon the stage
... Bacon had no more appreciation of their incomparable beauty or sense of their marvellous dramatic merit, than a sneer at the stage, which he dismissed with a few paragraphs of contemptuous drivel" (p. 49).

The writer quotes Aphorism 112, in the *Novum Organum*, to prove that Bacon "deprecates the time, talent, and fortune, that people waste upon studies of far inferior value and importance, viz., works of fiction and imagination, which admit of no termination and only of confusion..."

As Ben Jonson, Herbert, and Playfair, assisted Bacon in his translations, it is quite probable that Bacon's regrets at the time, talent, and money wasted on works of fiction and imagination, were directed at them" (p. 184).

One could scarcely suppose it possible that any one with enough culture to write a grammatical sentence could blunder in this style. Plainly Bacon is not referring to any other works of fiction except barren philosophical guesses and speculations, which had been substituted for observation and experiment in the investigation of nature. This passage is referred to over and over again to prove that Bacon despised all imaginative literature. Equally stupid is the inference that because Bacon, in condemning certain intellectual errors and futilities called them Idols of the Theatre, therefore he condemns the theatre (p. 54). The same line of argument might be used to prove that Bacon disapproved of *market-places* and *tribes*—and consequently markets, nations, and anything you wish. Any schoolboy reading his lesson so carelessly would be deservedly sent to the bottom of his class with a caning and an imposition.

There are, beside these mountebank and muddle-headed performances, plenty of historical inaccuracies and inventions. The writer speaks of Bacon as never having written any Masques. He quotes some of the angry sentences written by Bacon's mother when insanity was invading her splendid intellect, as if they represented genuine facts. He says that when Bacon was arrested for £300, "he tried to get the Queen to pay it," a statement unsupported by the least shred of evidence. He refers to the last letter Bacon wrote as if it had been written under the consciousness of approaching death, and quotes it as a dying testimony: of which letter Spedding says it was "evidently composed without any idea that he was dictating it from his death-bed." It is indeed plain that when Bacon wrote it he simply thought he had taken cold: the cold turned out more serious than he supposed,
and brought on capillary bronchitis, which proved fatal. Again our author says that Queen Elizabeth must have read Bacon's *Essay of Masques and Triumphs*—an essay not written till many years after the Queen's death. He suggests that Bacon's exclusion from the precincts of the Court after his fall lasted till 1624; the fact being that it ceased in the month of March, 1622.

As a last specimen, we may give the following:

"If among his contemporaries there is any testimony of the love of a friend, or praise of a noble quality, I have not found it. His superiors held him in contempt, his equals despised him, and his inferiors ridiculed him. He had no element of popularity, and no qualities to win esteem or confidence" (p. 249).

This is said of the man of whom his friend Tobie Matthew wrote:

"It is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue; it is not the favours I have received from him (infinite though they be), that have thus enthralled and enchained my heart, but his whole life and character," &c.

This is the man of whom his friend Ben Jonson said that "greatness he could never want";—that in the days of his adversity "he could never condole in a word or syllable to him, as knowing that no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather serve to make it manifest." These bitter calumnies were hurled at a man so popular that he was over and over again elected by two or even three constituencies as a member of Parliament—so honoured and trusted in the House of Commons that he was constantly chosen as spokesman or leader, even in cases where his own opinion was not quite the same as that of those he represented—so popular, that an exception was made in his favour and a new precedent introduced, permitting him to sit after taking an office which had been considered incompatible with the retention of a seat. In this case the difficulty raised was partly an expression of a prevailing desire in the House of Commons to thwart or oppose the Court; and it is curiously significant of Bacon's universal popularity, that his Court connexion did not prevent him from being one of the most popular members of Parliament ever known. Of all this our author knows nothing, his ignorance being on a level with his rancour.

We have quoted enough to show that we must not look to this writer for good sense, good taste, or historic veracity, much less for sympathy with what is generous, humane, poetic and refined, either
The estimate of Bacon which is here expressed is abandoned even by his least gentle critics. It is not only unhistoric, it is irrational, impossible, untrue to human nature, monstrous and prodigious.

The most plausible chapter in this book is that criticising Bacon's poetry—i.e., his version of the Psalms, which, the censor says, the Baconians "studiously ignore." This is, of course, not true. The question is carefully handled by Mr. Watts (see Vol. I. of this Journal, page 130), and Baconians are rather fond of producing Mr. Spedding's belief, founded on these Psalms, that Bacon's undeveloped poetical capabilities, if they had been cultivated, might have given him "a place among the great poets." Our author quotes the disparaging parts of Spedding's estimate, but "studiously ignores" the praise, and after such a mutilated and garbled reference, as really almost amounts to a reversal and falsification of Spedding's entire belief, he adds: "I have quoted what Bacon's historians say of his half-a-dozen attempts 'at versification.'" Moreover, he produces the whole of the 104th Psalm, the least meritorious of the whole, and "studiously ignores" the 90th, which is entirely Shakespearian in its tone, style, and vigour. In truth, the existence of these Psalms, whatever may be thought of them, is rather helpful to our case than otherwise, because it shows that one side of the Shakespearian enigma has a Baconian parallel. For, granting all that can be alleged against these poems, allowing that many lines are stilted, halting, awkward, unmusical, what you will, the puzzle still remains that Bacon, with his musical ear, his unrivalled mastery of language, his affluent imagination, his exquisite literary faculty, should have considered these singular compositions worth publication. It is quite as remarkable that Bacon should own these as Shakspere. Our author accepts Shakspere's "Lucy" lampoons as genuine, and even finds new light on the "bent of his genius" in this wretched stuff. We need not bring Bacon's poetry into comparison with these shocking compositions, but we may safely compare it with many passages in the plays. Mr. Richard Grant White says of one passage in King Lear that it is "hardly more than a succession of almost trite moral reflections put in a sententious form, and written in verse as weak, as constrained, and as formal as that of a French tragedy," and he stands at gaze before these and other "prim platitudes" and "piping couplets" placed in close connexion with some of the most stupendous strains of poetry that human genius ever produced. The passages he refers to are—
1. When we our betters see, bearing our woes, etc.—Lear III., vi., 109—117.

2. Fare thee well, King, sith thus thou wilt appear, etc.—I., i. 184—191.

3. Let your study Be to content your Lord, etc.—I., i., 280—285, and side by side with these he places Friar Lawrence's soliloquy in Romeo and Juliet.

4. "Oh, mickle is the powerful grace," etc.—II. iii., 15—26.

Let any one read the epilogues in Shakespeare, or many of the concluding speeches which serve as epilogues—those in the Tempest, All's Well, Henry VIII., Midsummer Night's Dream, Tro. and Cres., the end of the third act of Meas. for Meas., all the Gower verses in Pericles, and say whether the existence of doggerel verse, unmusical lines, "piping couplets," "prim platitudes," prosaic sentences, is impossible in the works of the author of Venus and Adonis and Hamlet. The poet who could put into a lovely lyric such an anti-climax as

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

must be allowed a large indulgence. The writer of these stilted verses may be the same as the author of the poorest of Bacon's Psalms. Doubtless Shakespeare critics get over these difficulties by calling them actors' tags, playhouse survivals, interpolations by inferior hands. But, as Mr. White says, "If we once begin to suspect and reject, where are we to stop?" This weeding process is mere desperation, and, indeed, is part of the larger puzzle of authorship and origin which necessitates a departure from the accepted theory. Bacon's Psalms hint at a possible solution of the difficulty raised by the many limping lines in Shakespeare.

The difficulty suggested by Bacon's Psalms has been met in various ways. Mr. W. H. Smith contends that they are admirably adapted to singing, and fortifies himself by the judgment of Sir W. Macfarren on the skilful way in which Bacon puts the Psalms into a shape suitable for musical expression. Mr. Appleton Morgan makes a similar defence:

"It is not safe to judge of his poetical powers by his paraphrase of the Psalms, which was written—just as John Milton's paraphrase was written—in what is to us, to-day, the purest doggerel. But that these versions were so written purposely, in order that the meanest intellects might commit them to memory and sing them, no one at all familiar
with the times can doubt for a moment. If there is any degree in doggerel, Milton's verses are the most ridiculous."

This is evidently reasonable. The Metrical Psalms belong to a class of compositions *sui generis*, and it is quite possible that their homely, unpretending quality was purposed, in order that they might enter into household and familiar use. The Scotch version sounds just as uncouth to English ears, but those who have used them all their life know how the quaint, home-spun language becomes endeared by use and association, and serves as a medium for devout sentiment not to be replaced by the most refined compositions of the best modern hymn-writers. Here, as elsewhere, we may see the stubborn thistle bursting into glossy purples that outredden all voluptuous garden roses.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from our venerable leader, Mr. W. H. Smith:

*To the Editor of the "Bacon Journal."

DEAR SIR,—In a footnote at page 22, in his pamphlet on "Bacon and Shakespeare," Sir Theodore Martin writes:—"We are not aware whether Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has published his views upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but that he regards the proposition that Bacon wrote the plays and the arguments on which it is founded as 'lunacy,' we have direct means of knowing."

I am not disposed to dispute the correctness of Sir Theodore Martin's statement, but having had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps no longer ago than the 26th inst., I have his authority for stating that he considers the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and poetry a legitimate subject of enquiry.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

November 27th, 1888.

We have barely space to mention the fact that Rev. Scott Surtees has written a small book to prove that not Bacon, but Sir Anthony Shirley, was the true author of Shakespeare. He will not convince many persons. Those who are led by his arguments to doubt the current belief will be speedily gathered into the Baconian fold.
BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.*

We hail with satisfaction the publication of Mr. Wigston's remarkable and learned work, on a subject of which others have thought and discoursed, especially with regard to the sonnets, but which is for the first time brought forward in print with a boldness and ability which must rank the author as first amongst the pioneers in this newly opened mine of truth.

The time is now ripe for freer and more wide-reaching inquiries and speculations than we have yet dared to indulge in with regard to many great problems connected with the name of Francis Bacon. Foremost amongst these problems are these:—Why did Bacon find it necessary not only, as he says, "to keep state" with regard to his works, and to conceal his authorship of a vast quantity of them during his life-time; but why did his friends continue the mystery after his death? Why did he alter the arrangement of some of his writings, e.g., the order of entries in the Sylva Sylvarum? Why in a similar way did his friends cancel or confuse the dates and addresses of letters left for publication? How could he have found time for the vast amount of work which philological investigations, and close comparison of words, phrases, thoughts, opinions, &c., are forcing us to conclude were his alone in origin and construction?

When Francis Bacon embarked in fresh enterprises, when he knew himself to be propounding new ideas, theories still unproved, results still crude and in process of discovery, he did not shock his hearers by dogmatic statements which prejudice or ignorance at the time rendered them unfit to receive. If others expressed opinions from which he differed, he did not assail them with opprobrious epithets, "insinuate

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Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries; by Hargreave Jennings. London, Redway.
them” of dishonesty and ignorance, or commend them to a mad-house. Rather, he said calmly, “Let it be inquired,” and he “noted deficiencies in knowledge” which should be supplied. As faithful followers let us imitate his example and try to enquire into the most simple facts which may help us to answer the question suggested by Mr. Wigston’s book, “Was Bacon the Centre of a Secret Society?”

At this hour very little is generally thought or known of the Great Secret Societies of the middle ages, but we have only to read the unpretentious volumes of Mr. Waite or Mr. Heckethorne, to gain a good idea of the extent to which all regions of thought, whether in religion, science, or politics, were influenced by the working of these powerful agencies and brotherhoods, secretly and mysteriously leagued together for the furthering of their various ends and schemes. The times were dark and dangerous; worthy pioneers of any new philosophy or science must work like Hamlet’s mole, underground, unperceived, often changing their local habitations and their names. Without such precautions, liberty, life itself, were in hourly peril. We need only think for an instant of such men as Luther, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Sir Thomas More, Galileo, Bruno, to be penetrated with a sense of the risks and perils which must have been run by all who dared in those days to “loose their long imprisoned thoughts,” or to act upon Bacon’s favourite axiom, “thought is free.” We cannot fail to see that every ardent and original thinker or labourer on behalf of any great movement, whether religious, philanthropic, scientific, or political, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, must have been a member of some one of the Great Secret Societies which then permeated the civilised world. Those who duly weigh and sift all attainable evidence on these matters will probably conclude with Mr. Wigston, that the Society of which Bacon was the centre, and which perhaps he founded for the express purpose of carrying out his own vast schemes, is the mysterious and fascinating fraternity of the Rosie-Cross. For those who have not the time or opportunity for research, it may be useful briefly to summarise the aims of the Rosicrucians and the rules by which they hoped to secure those aims.

We gather from the evidence collected, that the objects of the fraternity were threefold. (1) To purify religion and to stimulate reform in the Church. (2) To promote and advance learning and science. (3) To mitigate the miseries of humanity and to restore man to the original state of purity and happiness from which, by sin, he has fallen.
If we compare the utterances of the supposed authors of the Rosicrucian Manifestoes with Bacon's reiterated statements as to his own views and aspirations, we shall find them to be identical in thought and sentiment, sometimes identical in expression. And here let us draw attention to the eloquent and beautiful chapter with which Mr. Spedding opens his "Letters and Life of Bacon."* After telling of the brilliant career of the youthful Francis at Trinity College, Cambridge, of the disappointment which he experienced in that University where he hoped to have learnt all that men knew, but where, as he declared, they taught words not matter, Mr. Spedding says:—"It was then a thought struck him, the date of which deserves to be recorded, not for anything extraordinary in the thought itself, but for its influence upon his after life. If our study of nature be thus barren, he thought, our method of study must be wrong; might not a better method be found? In him the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be, and ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once imagine like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works. Upon the conviction, This may be done, followed at once the question, How can it be done? Upon that question followed the resolution to try and do it." The writer then describes how the suggestion ripened into a project, the circumstances of Bacon's early life tending to enlist him on the side of reform, religious, studious, and philanthropic, and to nourish in him high and loyal aspirations.

"Assuming then," continues the biographer, "that a deep interest in these three great causes, the cause of reformed religion, of his native country, and of the human race through all their generations—was thus early implanted in that vigorous and virgin soil, we must leave it to struggle up as it may, according to the accidents of time and weather. . . . Of Bacon's life I am persuaded that no man will ever form a correct idea, unless he bear in mind that from very early youth his heart was divided by these three objects, distinct but not discordant."

If we compare these three objects of Bacon and the Rosicrucians, not only in their broad features, but in general detail, we shall find the same ideas throughout, and the same metaphors to express those ideas. Space does not permit of enlarging upon this portion of the subject, but we may point out the endless allusions to God as the great source of Light and Knowledge; to the Clouds, Veils, Mists, or Curtains which

* Vol. i., p. 5.
SYMBOLS AND PARABLES.

are to screen knowledge for awhile from the eyes of the vulgar; to
the gift of tongues as God's great gift to man, without which know-
ledge cannot be imparted, which should be inseparable from thought.
"Language," without which the animal man did gabble "like a beast
most brutish." Again, in the Rosicrucian documents, we see Bacon's
ship, as on the title-page of the De Augmentis, sailing over the seas of
knowledge to all distant provinces, bringing home argoses of knowledge
—the gold, pearls and precious stones of the Rosicrucians. Again we
have Knowledge or Truth figured as the true Touchstone, the Philo-
sopher's Stone, the "Richest Alchemy" by which ignorance is trans-
muted into wisdom, evil into good, and so forth. We have parables
and allegories of man dragged up from Caves, Dens, Pits of ignorance
and depravity by cords, (the efforts of others) or mounting by the
Ladders of their own industry, or soaring, "but these are few," on the
"Wings" of that knowledge and genius "wherewith we fly to
heaven."*

There is also, in the R. C. documents, frequent reference to the
Signatura rerum, which although of Paracelsian origin, seems to have
a secondary and covert reference to some secret "internal and interior
writing," possibly to the wonderful and elaborate word-cipher which
Mr. Donnelly believes he has discovered, and to other wheel, letter, and
figure ciphers, of which Bacon speaks, and which ingenious and per-
sisting minds, working upon Mr. Donnelly's original suggestion,
believe that they are producing and will be able to perfect.

Nearly all the subjects lightly touched upon here, and many others
which we are forced to pass over, are treated of and similarly handled
by the Rosicrucian writers, and in the, "Anatomy of Melancholy."

We find the Rosie-Cross brethren speaking of the Great Book of
Nature which contains the Secrets of God, "Nature's infinite book of
secrecy," in which, says the soothsayer in Anthony and Cleopatra, "a
little I can read." We know how profoundly Bacon had studied in
that same book. Many times we find him referring to it, but none
who have read can forget the beautiful prayer of his old age, in which
he says, "Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much
more; I have sought Thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have
found Thee in Thy temples." So the contemplative philosopher in
As You Like It.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good (or God) in everything."

* 2 Hen. VI. IV. vii. 79.
So too we find the Rosicrucians adopting and shaping to their own use the doctrine of man as the Microcosm or complete compendium of the world; we read of the Workshop which every man has, both visibly and invisibly, in mind and body, (the Promus and Condus of which Bacon speaks in the De Augmentis, and which give the name to one of his collections of notes). The Paracelsian theory of spirits in nature, and of the elementals, nymphs, genii, or spirits, even in things inanimate, is reproduced almost in the words of the "Anatomy." The study of these works is of surpassing interest and profit, when taken in connection with the same ideas in Midsummer Night's Dream, Macbeth, and the Tempest, in all of which the graceful and poetical fancies of the Rosicrucians reappear with startling vividness. One writer (not a Baconian) cites Ariel as a perfect impersonation of a Rosicrucian nymph such as the Count de Gabalis describes:—"The air is replete with an innumerable multitude of creatures having numerous shapes, but of no sex. They are not spirits, for they act and eat, talk and sleep. Somewhat fierce in appearance but docile in reality; great lovers of the sciences, subtle, serviceable to the sages, and enemies of the foolish and ignorant."*

We cannot now discuss the question of authorship, but since Mr. Donnelly has drawn attention to it there need be no hesitation in stating a theory which rests on no unsubstantial foundations. There are some of us who believe that Robert Burton, whose name is not in the early editions of the Anatomy of Melancholy, was, like many others, merely a "brother" or apprentice of Bacon's secret society; an instrument for the production, in due season, of certain MSS. alluded to in the first copy of Bacon's will, wherein he leaves the contents of his "cabinet and presses full" of papers to three trustees, to be by them published or suppressed, at their discretion.

The first pages of the "Anatomy," in words which at every breath ring with the familiar sound of lines in "Shakespeare," as in other portions of Bacon's writings, echo the utterances of the Rosicrucians as to man's excellency, his fall and miseries, his infirmities, and the causes of them.

"Man, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature, ... the abridgment and epitome of the world, sovereign Lord of the earth; viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to

* Heckethorn's Secret Societies of the Middle Ages.
AIMS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS.

whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; far surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul; *Imaginis imago*, created to God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it; was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy. . . *Deo congruens*, free from all manner of infirmities, and put into paradise to know God, to praise and glorify Him, to do His will. . . to propagate the Church.

"But this most noble creature, *Heu tristis et lachrymosa commutatio*, O pitiful change! is fallen from that he was, and forfeited his estate, become *miserabilis homuncio*, a cast-away, a caitiff, one of the most miserable creatures of the world, if he be considered in his own nature . . . so much obscured by his fall that (some few reliques excepted) he is inferior to a beast—a monster by stupend metamorphosis, a fox, a dog, a hog, what not? *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* How much altered from that he was! . . . He must eat his meat in sorrow, subject to death, and all manner of infirmities, all kinds of calamities:"—or, as Hamlet says, "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and all "that makes calamity of so long life." No words can better express the Rosicrucian doctrines on these points,* or the whole tone of Bacon's mind as manifested in his acknowledged works,—his admiration for the divine attributes and noble faculties of man as God made him; his commiseration for man's pitiful degradation—once God-like, angelic in faculty and action, the Beauty of the World, now a very beast, a monster, devilish.

To raise men from their miseries, to improve them morally, intellectually, physically; to make them happier as well as better, to restore them to their pristine purity and nobility, these were the objects and absorbing aims of his existence, and finding himself unequal, single-handed, to such a work, he seems to have endeavoured to form a league amongst the learned and powerful of his acquaintance, who might aid in the propagation of his doctrines and reforms. Bacon, as we have seen, was only fifteen years old when he conceived the thought of founding a new system for the advancement of knowledge and the benefit of humanity. The R.C. manifestoes inform us that the founder of the Society and the writer of one of the most important documents, "The Chymical Marriage," was a boy of fifteen. Mr. Waite observes, naturally enough, that the knowledge evidenced

*See the Confession of the R.C. Fraternity, &c. "Real History of the Rosicrucians" chap. vii.
by the paper in question of the practices and purposes of alchemy, was impossible to the most precocious lad. But in mind Francis Bacon never was a lad, and the fact remains that at the age of fifteen he had practically taken the degree of Master of Arts, and that he left Cambridge in disgust at finding nothing more to learn there.

In another R.C. document, the Fama Fraternitatis, full (as all these writings are) of Bacon's ideas and peculiarities of expression, we read that the high and noble spirit of one of the fraternity was stirred up to enter into the scheme for a general reformation, and to travel away to the wise men of Arabia. This may be interpreted to mean that he commenced his study of Rhasis, and of other Hermetic writers from whom we find Bacon quoting. At this time, the document informs us, this young member was sixteen years old, and for one year he had pursued his course alone. Then, seeing the impossibility of completing his self-imposed labours, he besought help from others; and we learn from yet another document that a society was formed, of which the members were not to exceed sixty-three in number. Here we cannot but call to mind the numerous curious entries in the Commutarius or Transportata,* Bacon's note-book, where we find him maturing schemes for depreciating "the philosophy of the Grecians with some better respect to ye Ægiptians, Persians, Chaldees, and the utmost antiquity, and the mysteries of the poets." "To consyder what oppinions are fitt to nourish Tanquam Anse, and so to grift the new upon the old, ut religiones solent;" of the "ordinary cours of Incompetency of reason for natural philosophy and invention of woorks," and of means to procure "histories" of all things natural, and mechanical lists of errors, observations, axioms, &c. Then follow entries from which we abridge.

"Layeing for a place to command wytts and pennes, Westminster, Eton, Winchester, Spec(ially) Trinity Coll: Cam: St. John's Cam: Maudlin Coll: Oxford." "Qu. Of young schollars in ye Universities. It must be the post nati." "Giving pensions to four to search and compile the two histories ut supra. Foundae: of a College for inventors. . . . Library. . . . Inginary. Qu. Of the order and discipline the rules and precripts of their studyes and inqyrries, allowances for travailing. Intelligence and correspondence with ye Universities abroad. Qu. Of the maner and precripts touching secresy, tradition, and publication."

*See Spedding L.L. iv. 3.
Here we seem to gain glimpses of the "seeds and weak beginnings," which time was to bring to ripeness. The first plans for collecting a mass of materials by means of "young schollars" of the new school, the "new birth" and "after birth" of philosophy the Temporis Partus Masculus, and Partis Secundae Delineatio of which Bacon thought and wrote so much.

It would seem that the wits and pens of the sixty-three "young schollars" were chartered, and secured under the seal of the Rosie-Cross Imperator. The last of the manifestoes in Mr. Waite's book contains this passage, in which, probably, few students will fail to recognise the sentiments, the intentions, nay, the very words of Bacon.

"I was twenty when this book was finished, but methinks I have outlived myself, I begin to be weary of the sun. . . I have shaken hands with delight, and know all is vanity, and I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice. Yet for my part I would not live over my hours past,* or begin again the minutes of my days, not because I have lived well, but for fear that I should live them worse. At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for the burthen of a tombstone and epitaph, nor so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal Register of God. I fix my contemplations on Heaven. I writ the Rosicrucian 'Infallible Axiomata' in four books, and study, not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. In the law I began to be a perfect clerk; I writ the "Idea of the Law,"† &c., for the benefit of my friends, and practice in King's Bench. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. . . . Now in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied amongst my dearly beloved and honoured friends."

As we wend our way through the Rosicrucian documents, noting the abundant and conspicuous traces of Bacon's mind and pen, we find ourselves suddenly confronted with "John Heydon's" Voyage to the Land of the Rosicruians, which is, as Mr. Wigston shows, nothing more or less than the whole of Bacon's New Atlantis. The only differences which appear are in changes of names, and in the improve-

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* Comp. Posthumous Ess. of Death.
† Comp. Bacon's Maxims of the Law, &c.
ment in the *New Atlantis* of a few expressions and sentences. It is significant of the prevailing ignorance as to Bacon's writings, that no critic or reviewer of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians" (or indeed anyone so far as we know outside the pale of the Bacon Society) should have noticed this curious fact. The rules of the R.C. Fraternity are sufficient to explain the probable cause of this effect. Let us now glance at those rules; they were 52 in number but we can only note the leading features, placing numbers against them for the sake of brevity in reference.

1. The Society was to consist of 63 members, of various grades of initiation, Apprentices, Brethren and an "Imperator."
2. These were all sworn to secrecy for a period of 100 years.
3. They were to have secret names, but to pass in public by their own names.
4. To wear the dress of the country in which they resided.
5. *To profess ignorance* (if interrogated) on all subjects connected with the Society, excepting the Art of Healing.
6. To cure the sick gratis ("Sickness and Healing" seem to have been terms used metaphorically for ignorance and instruction.)
7. In all ways and places to oppose the aggressions and to unmask the impositions of the Romish Church.
8. To aid in the dissemination of knowledge throughout all lands.
9. Writings if carried about, to be written in *ambiguous language* or in "Secret Writing" (? Cypher).
10. R.C. Works not to be published with the names of their author. Pseudonyms, Mottoes, or initials (not the writer's own) to be adopted.
11. These feigned names and signatures to be frequently changed. The "Imperator" to change his name not less frequently than once in ten years.
12. The places also of publication for the "secret writings," to be changed.
13. Each member to choose an "apprentice" to succeed him, and to take over his work. (In this manner apparently, the secret writings were to be handed down until the time was ripe for their disclosure).
14. The brethren must suffer all punishment, death itself, sooner than disclose the secrets specially confided them.
15. They must try by all means to make friendships with the powerful and the learned in all countries.
16. They must strive to become rich, not for the sake of money.
itself, for they must spend it, but for the means afforded by wealth
and position for benefiting mankind, and for pushing forward the
work of the Society.

17. They were to promote the building of fair houses for the
advancement of learning, and the relief of poverty.

We see in short that the whole drift and scope of this fraternity
was to enable some person or persons unknown, to produce, disseminate
and publish throughout the civilised world, works with certain great,
definite, objects, dangerously in advance of the times.

It is needless to show what an engine such a society would have
been, driven by such a dynamo as Bacon. One original mind of
Herculean powers and with eagle-sighted faculties of imagination,
keen to perceive, subtle to devise, prompt to execute; what could he
not have done, backed up by 63 skilled and trusty helpers, to transcribe
for him, collate, translate, disseminate, preserve, or publish, whilst he
was cogitating, revolting, inventing, in the quiet of his library!

Rules 1, 2, 10—14 would alone suffice to answer the oft-repeated query
why did not Bacon acknowledge his own works, or why did not friends
acknowledge them at his death? Rules 3, 10, 11, would reconcile
many difficulties as to the authorship of certain works. For instance,
in the Anthology entitled "England's Helicon," there are poems
which have by turn borne two, three, or even four different signatures.
These Rules, taken together with 8 and 13, would throw light on the
publication of such works as "Montaigne's Essays" in France, its
supposed translation from French into English by the Italian Florio in
1603, and the vast additions and alterations which occur in the much
later edition published by Cotton 1685—6. Rule 5 hints the reason
why Bacon should not profess to be a poet; why "Burton" does not
profess to be a theologian, or "Montaigne" to be a philosopher.

Evidently in the history of Bacon there is a great holding-back as
to his works and his real opinions; every day makes us more fully
aware of our abundant lack of positive information on such subjects
as are touched upon in this brief and imperfect paper. Seeing, then,
how great are the deficiencies in this part of knowledge, we shall
best remedy them by suggesting a few lines of research and inquiry
which may help to throw light into obscure corners.

1. Where is Bacon's library? The books surely must be recognisable
by his marginal notes or marks for "transportation" into note-books.
(Yet these marks, if in pencil, may have been effaced.) These books
were not willed away, they were not sold. If annotated for secret
purposes he would not have wished them to attract public notice. Yet he would wish them to be preserved. May he not have left them as gifts, not included in his will, to his three colleagues, Herbert, Selden, and Sir John Constable? The Earl of Pembroke’s and Selden’s libraries were added to the Bodleian. Sir J. Constable consigned some of Bacon’s MSS. to Lambeth. How about books? Bacon had a great interest in Eton, and (we think) in Dulwich College. Mr. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Arundel, Sir Thos Bodley, Sir Kenelm Digby, Camden, the Cottons, and many more such men, were friends of Bacon. Their books should be examined in this respect. As a writer on Rosicrucian matters it is probable that many of Bacon’s books would not contain his name. Rather, we should look for initials, not his own, or a motto, or an enigmatic inscription.

2. Inquire about the tombs of supposed Authors, Founders of Libraries, Schools, Hospitals &c., later than 1576. If R.C. they will probably bear Rosy-cross symbols or horoscopes, be painted gold upon black (light on darkness) and bear ambiguous inscriptions (such are the tombs of Drayton in Westminster Abbey, and of “Democritus Junior” in Ch: Ch: Oxford). Or they would be blank slabs as were those of Ben Jonson and Beaumont in Westminster Abbey, Alleyne’s at Dulwich, Fletcher’s and Massinger’s in St. Saviour’s, Southwark, and as the grave still remains of Bacon’s youthful friend, George Herbert, the beloved pastor of Bemerton, where he lies buried before the altar of his own church. Or the Rosicrucian tombs may be found with dates of birth and death, but with no allusion to any works attempted or performed by them. Such are the tombs of Cowley, Marlowe, Middleton and most of the “Elizabethan Dramatists.” The more “shadowy” authors, such as Webster, and Thomas Heywood, who is accredited with 220 plays, seem to have left not a wrack behind, the dates of their birth and death even being unknown.

3. Examine the many and various portraits of Bacon, and compare them with the portraits in the first folios or editions of works of the period. Many of these are thought to resemble each other in the chief particulars. Setting aside the cut of hair and the style of collar and dress, the same countenance, with some points varied or caricatured by turn, seems frequently to reappear. The characteristics are (a) lofty brow, (b) side-long look, (c) strong facial lines, (d) long straight nose, (e) smooth sides to the face, with small moustache and beard inclined to curl, (f) hair usually, but not invariably, to the ruff or collar, curling in a bunch at the ends.
4. Examine the illustrated title-pages of works of this period. Note the many R.C. symbols, at the beginning of the 1st editions of the *Sylva Sylvarum*, the *New Atlantis*, the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Instauratio Magna*. Observe how Bacon calls himself, in the title-page of the *Advancement of Learning, Architectura Scientiarum*, and that the 4th brother of the Rosicrucians signs himself Fra. F.B.M.P.A., *Magister, Pictor et Architectus*. Notice the signs of God and Light, of Heaven and Earth mingled, of Man as the Microcosm, the Intellectual Globe of the Understanding. Veils, Curtains, Clouds, inverted Torches:—Veils, Curtains, &c., symbols of Ignorance, *Impedimenta* to learning. The Pillars of Hercules, beyond which in the earliest of these works men had not ventured; then Bacon's Ship of Knowledge, sailing with a favourable wind, and the Pillars of Hercules changed into the Egyptian Phalli, Spires, emblems of light and aspiration, with Philosophy rising through a pyramid of Reason, Memory, History, and Imagination to *Poetry* on the one side, and Divinity ending, on the corresponding pyramid, *in the Knowledge of human nature*. Compare the title-page of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" with the sitting statue of Bacon. Note both vignettes, representing the sitting figure with the chin supported by the left hand even where the arm is without support. In this case the natural philosopher is in the garden, and in the distance is the top of a tower or campanile. *Compare this with Bacon's tower or observatory* in the drawing given in the "Great Cryptogram," vol. i., facing p. 160. The philosopher in his cell (in the Anatomy) is arrayed in Bacon's furred robe, with stockings and with large rosettes, or Hamlet's "Two Provençal Roses on his razed shoes." He is seated in a chair precisely like the one which may be seen in the statue at St. Albans, or in the gallery at South Kensington. Note the turned ends to the arms, the straight seat, legs, and bottom rail, and the nails studding the back.

5. Examine specially, with a view to R.C. symbols, such as the roses on Bacon's shoes, his many portraits, and the accessories appended to them in old editions of his works. Note in both the large paintings of him by Van Somers (at Gorhambury), that the dress is embroidered with roses. In some the pattern of the lace ruffles is roses. In others the buttons, bosses, or ouches, are roses. The design which frames one printed portrait in my possession consists of roses between spires or phalli. Another printed in red, is surmounted by a Sun pouring down beams on the head of Bacon.
beneath whose portrait clouds of incense are rising; and again the symbolic pillars, or phalli of aspiration, frame in the sides of the picture from top to bottom.

6. Inquire how it came to pass that nearly all the names of the Shakespeare Theatres are connected with Rosicrucian symbols or with the symbols on the title-pages of Bacon's great works. The Rose, the Swan (S. S., Silver Swan), the Phœnix, the Curtain (or Veil to be uplifted, see title-page of De Aug.), the Globe. The "Hope" has its symbol on the title page of the "New Atlantis," and we do not despair of finding "Fortune" turning her wheel in some other frontispiece.

7. This article is already too long, or we should like to suggest several more inquiries concerning Andrew Marvel and his verses in the Sylva of 1627 on "Dew or Ros." The latter is a word from which Mosheim deduces the name of Rosicrucian, and in the poem the soul is compared to a drop of dew reflecting everything like a microcosmic world; and with the sun exhaled (like the soul in death) into the heavens whence it came. We would also inquire further of William Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson's friend, and said to have been a Rosicrucian, of Taylor the "water-poet," and many more. We must stop: yet let these and kindred subjects be duly inquired. We shall then be better prepared to appreciate Mr. Wigston's book, and to grapple with the many difficult problems which hinder us in our way through the wood, and which indeed scare many from the attempt to pursue the thorny path upon which we have entered.

Constance M. Pott.

THE SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

"Their depth is so extraordinary, that we must not be surprised to find that they embrace creative principles which are hugely philosophic, as profound as nature itself. The time will come, when all the world will marvel at the 'composed wonder' of their frame, when libraries will be filled with lexicons to illustrate lines even in these plays; when the great interpreter of Nature's secrets, her great commentator, will be the 'philosophic play-systems' of Lord Bacon; and when the New World will look back upon the hitherto critics and commentators with the pitying good-natured smile that we bestow upon Bottom in the Dream, or his bush of thorns to present the woods or Sylva of Nature."—Wigston on Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians.
In tracing the history of the plays attributed to Shakspere, we cease to wonder that more than a century elapsed before they were appreciated at anything like their true value by the British public. The reputed author and his course of life gave them small impulse. And how they were appreciated in the highest literary circles abroad may be understood by Voltaire's denunciation of Hamlet (in his Dissertations sur la Tragedie, &c., addressed to Cardinal Querini), as the work of a drunken savage! It is interesting to contrast this estimate with recent magnificent presentations of the play before a Parisian audience.

It is now three hundred years and more since Hamlet, of the series of plays called Shakespearian, was first, in some form, known to the British public. According to the best authorities, Shakspere came to London not earlier than the year 1585; and we hope to demonstrate that it was in that year the play Hamlet was brought to distinct public notice. This concurrence of dates is unfortunate if the lovers of tradition would secure for William Shakspere the honour they covet: unless, indeed, they should adopt as a part of the man's biography the suggestion of Mr. Richard Grant White in another matter, namely, that Shakspere brought the play, as he is supposed to have brought the famous poem of Venus and Adonis, "in his pocket," when he came to London! But this is an American addition to his early history not yet fully accepted by British critics, and unsustained by convenient diaries, by discoveries in museums and libraries, or by mysterious entries (in other words forgeries), in books of Court Revels, and as yet, so far as we have noticed, has found beside the inventor, only one believer in any quarter, the Rev. H. N. Hudson, editor of the "Cambridge" edition of the plays.

We are thus compelled to look outside these traditions or inven-

tions for a history of the famous drama. And here the record, though plain to eyes not deceived by refracted light, is so over-loaded with curious and unnatural conceptions, that it needs careful scrutiny to reach a satisfactory conclusion. In the modified, or, rather, modernized, history of the play, its early existence is lightly passed over or wholly ignored. Mr. Hudson (following his English exemplars), blandly says,—"The subject was done into a play some years before Shakspere took it in hand, as we have notices to that effect reaching as far back as 1589." It clearly would have helped the uncritical reader had he stopped long enough to give the sense and spirit of these "notices." He adds, consolingly, "That play, however, is lost, and our notices of it give no clue to the authorship." Here is evidence of deflected vision at the outset. Was the object and purpose of the play commercial," as Mr. White maintains, or had it a higher aim? If the latter—possibly a political object—the "notices" might have disclosed something of the purpose of the author, they might have given some hints as to the relation between the earlier lost play, and the versions which have survived. Evidently Mr. Hudson's data do not admit his conclusion that the authors are different. Mr. Rolfe, in his expurgated edition, would seem to ignore the early history of the play entirely. He tells us that "the earliest known edition of Hamlet appeared in quarto, in 1603, with the name of William Shake-speare, as author," on the title-page, with the further intimation that it had been "acted in the City of London, and in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere." But our author is apparently unable to inform us when it was acted at the two Universities, nor does he mention where else it was acted. The phrase "earliest known edition" certainly implies that 1603 is not any limiting date for the early history of the play. Doubtless no edition, in the publishers' sense of the term, was thrown upon the market previous to 1603; but the play must nevertheless have been either printed, or in some sense published, when we reflect that it had been acted at "the Universities, in the City of London, and elsewhere." Moreover, when we consider the various uses made of the play in England and the Netherlands, and the attacks made upon it by Nash and other early play-wrights, as will hereafter appear, it must have had a tangible existence for a considerable time.

The speculations of Collier, Caldecott, Knight, Staunton, touching the relation of the 1603 quarto to the perfected edition of 1604, add nothing to the early history of the play. They may all be summed up in what Mr. Dyce, the ablest of them all, says: "It seems certain
that in the quarto of 1603 we have Shakspere's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps founded on the notes of some shorthand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation."

The conclusion of the editors of the "Clarendon Press" edition opens like a nursery tale, and is worthy of special note: "That there was an old play on the story of Hamlet, some portions of which are still preserved in the quarto of 1603; that about the year 1602, Shakspere took this and began to remodel it for the stage, as he had done other plays; that the quarto of 1603 represents the play after it had been re-touched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were completed; and that in the quarto of 1604 we have, for the first time, the Hamlet of Shakspere.

It is only fair to state that this "conclusion" is given by the Clarendon editors, "with some diffidence,"—a rare quality in Shakespeare critics—inasmuch as it is conjectural, and based to a large extent upon subjective considerations. The theory is indeed purely imaginary, as are all theories that ignore or distort the early known history of the play. The clear evidence of the existence of an early play cannot be ignored, but its significance is entirely evaded. It is admitted that there are indications that the early play was used by Shakspere as a ground-work. It is also expressly stated that the 1603 edition contains work that the critic will not admit to be Shakspere's at all—a piece of self-willed criticism which quite ignores stages of growth and development. Yet because a crude tradition quotes the phrase Hamlet, Revenge! from the old play, which is not to be found in so many words in the authorized edition, these resolute critics arrive at once at the much-desired but only too enormous conclusion that this quotation is "alone sufficient to prove that the play in question was not the Hamlet of Shakspere." The reasoning of these Clarendon editors proves that the 1603 edition is as far removed from the perfected Hamlet as any earlier edition can be; and why Shakspere's work, "to a certain extent," should be admitted in one case and peremptorily denied in the other, is an enigma which we are quite unable to solve.

Resuming our story, we may safely suppose that the curious reader will be inclined to ask how it was that Shakspere, a wary and worldly-wise man, could let a play that he had just begun to re-model—and which, from its character (supposing him capable of such work), must have engrossed his whole soul—slip from under his fingers before
he had half finished his work! And the strangest part of the story is that Shakspere, with a name on the cover that may pass as his, should have allowed the corrupt and partly supposititious play to be acted at the two Universities, in London, and elsewhere, and then to be published as his own, himself, it would seem, participating! And yet the Clarendon editors force this absurdity upon us.

Mr. Dyce's supposition that the edition of 1603 was printed from "notes of some shorthand writer who had imperfectly taken it down during representation," will not help out the Clarendon editors—for this 1603 edition was only about two-thirds the length of the edition of the following year. No shorthand writer could omit nearly half his work, and still produce a consistent whole, "mangled and corrupted" though it might be.

In this perplexity, Mr. Collier comes forward, as usual, to the relief of his brother editors and commentators. He thinks that "if the Hamlet in the first folio (1623) were not composed from some hitherto unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre." The suggestion is original, but we can find in it no relief for his blundering fellow-critics.

Here, it will be seen, is much diversity and many bold assumptions, indicating clearly that one dominating idea was firmly fixed in the minds of the writers, namely, that Shakspere somehow did write the Hamlet of 1604, proof or no proof, and that all the resources of speculation and criticism must be employed to exclude Shakspere from any earlier editions.

The critical reader will have noticed what has been said by editors and commentators about this 1603 quarto: It was "Shakspere's first conception of the play," says one. But when was the conception conceived? The Clarendon editors say, "about 1602, when Shakspere took an old play on the story of Hamlet, and began to re-model it; and that the quarto of 1603 represents the old play after it had been re-touched; but before it was completed"—"it was "surreptitiously" obtained either from shorthand writers, or from the actors. To make a connected story, this stolen half-finished play was patched-up and printed—setting forth on the title-page "As it hath beene divers times acted by his Highnesse's servants in the citty of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere;"—thus giving it a pretty wide range (apparently through the provinces), in the short space of one year (1602-3), before the appearance of the 1603 copy—only to be then unceremoniously repudiated as a sham!—when it was
superseded in 1604. This is also Mr. White's notion, but somehow he finds out that there is here a weak spot! For in his "Two Hamlets," he goes back "to 1599 or 1600" for—not the "conception" alone, but for the full execution of the work, as we have it in the quarto of 1604: a bold stroke, but a sad failure! More of this hereafter: remarking in passing, that there must have been hurrying times with "his Highness's servants" in this year of grace between 1602 and 1603—during which, according to the Clarendon editors, the 1603 actors managed to bring work before the congregated wisdom and scholarship of Cambridge and Oxford—an honour to which, we are to understand (as no similar claim is set up on the 1604 title-page) the genuine 1604 Hamlet never attained!

As a Shaksperewas a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company when it was obliged on occasion to visit the outlying boroughs or "provinces" in search of "business," it would have been a very trying situation had he been called upon to play the ghost ("the top of his performance" according to Rowe), in the corrupt and stolen copy of his own Hamlet, before he could get the genuine copy ready! With becoming seriousness we would ask, how are we to reconcile these improbable and contradictory stories with any consistent theory of authorship in Shakspeare?

Again the critical reader presents himself, this time with the query: Why, if the real Hamlet did not exist before 1604, and consequently had never, previous to 1603, been acted before the Universities, should the publishers of the stolen copy make the bold claim on the title-page that it had been so acted? [We interpose here to say that a play called Hamlet had been enacted before the Universities as early as 1585—about which, more anon.] And this makes room for the assumption—(1st) that the play printed in 1603 was a revival in substance of the one so exhibited, or (2nd) that the publishers wished to have it so understood, for no date or time is mentioned. It can make no difference which position is assumed: either concedes the fact that a play called Hamlet—though it might have been the "old play" which according to the Clarendon editors, Shakspeare remodelled—was played before the Universities previous to 1602, when Shakspeare took the old play "and began to remodel it." Otherwise the publishers of the troublesome quarto would not have ventured on the claim.

As a relief from this imbroglio let us now turn to another view of the question, giving to the whole subject a different aspect.
A work made its appearance in 1880, at Melbourne, Victoria, in Australia, written by William Thomson, F.R.C.S., F.L.S., entitled "Renascence Drama; or, History Made Visible." The work is able, evincing familiarity with both English literature and English history. With fine insight, and an appreciative estimate of Lord Bacon’s powers in prose, poetry, and philosophy, the author unfolds in clear statement the origin and object of this play of Hamlet, lifting it out of the stifling atmosphere of the playhouse of the Renaissance period, and the "re-modelling" process attendant on the first quarto—placing it where it clearly belongs, among the incidents of social and political life, growing out of the conflict engendered by the new spirit imparted to religious and civil domination under the Tudor regime. The old religion has been rudely jostled, nay, in its turn trampled upon; and its votaries were all too willing to employ any means within reach to regain their lost position, such as:—wars in the Netherlands: attempted invasion of England by Spain through the famous Armada: poisoning the Queen by corrupting court physicians: plotting rebellion:—all, in that age of easy political conscience, deemed legitimate when practiced under ecclesiastical and royal patronage, which, without scruple, were freely extended.

With a cleared vision we may consider this play of Hamlet a legitimate product of the time. Treason had crept into the Queen's household. Before the year 1594 her physician had been corrupted, and was prepared to administer to her the fatal draught. Bacon was a habitué of the court. His studies of the natural sciences had made him familiar with medicine and the natural history of poisons. Taking in the position of things he anxiously addressed a letter to the Queen. This was in 1584.* Three several plots had then been

* The epistle commences as follows:—"Most Gracious Sovereign, and most worthy to be a Sovereign;—Care, one of the natural and true-bred children of unfeigned affection, awaked with these late wicked and barbarous attempts, would needs exercise my pen to your sacred Majesty. . . . The happiness of your present state can be no way encumbered but by your strong factious subjects and your foreign enemies. . . . To suffer them to be strong, with hope that with reason they will be contented, carries with it but a fair enamelling of a terrible danger."—Spedding's Life, I. 47. This was first published in 1651.

[As we think it right to neglect no opportunity of pointing out such parallels between Bacon and Shakespeare as elucidate the sense of either, it is in order here to point out that if we wish to know the exact and complete import of this striking expression, “a fair enamelling of a terrible danger,” we must consult Shakespeare. Danger, which presents a fair, enamelled outward appearance, is symbolised by a deadly snake, with a shining, beautiful
detected. Now it was that the play was written, assuming a form—however imperfect as a hasty production—that satisfied expectation at the time. The object was to arouse public attention to the danger impending from these hidden enemies. There was in the play a royal murder for the succession, and a usurpation. Temporary in its origin and original purpose, it does not appear that the play was widely used at home. It was played before the court to attract attention in high quarters, and before the Universities, as will be seen; doubtless, in the latter case, as a warning to students and graduates against the sinister approaches of former graduates in league with conspirators. By the action of the play the hidden conspirators were informed that their schemes were known, and their "starting holes" betrayed.

In further pursuance of this apparently determinate policy, early in the Spring of 1585, Earl Leicester, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, gave to his royal mistress a grand fête, with entertainments appropriate to the character of the University City. During the gala season at Oxford, characteristic of the times in any affair of royal compliment and feasting, Corpus Christi and All-Soul's Colleges were from day to day the theatre of "fêtes savantes," during one of which a piece called *Hamlet* was performed by the Chancellor's company of players. Still carrying out the same policy, in order to give these hints where they were most required, in August following, Earl Leicester went over to the Netherlands as Commander of the Queen's forces, taking with him the Oxford players; *and there they acted "Hamlet" in English!* There would seem to be no room to doubt that the play produced in Germany in 1585, under the title of "*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark,!*" was the same in substance with that played at Oxford by the same company. Its production in the Netherlands was intended, doubtless, to serve the purpose indicated by Bacon, writing in 1594 touching the Queen's skin: and that this symbol was in Bacon's mind, is indicated by such passages as the following, from his other self:

"And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in." *Mid. N. D.*, II. i. 255.

"Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining, checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for its beauty thinks it excellent." *2 Hen. VI.*, III. i. 228.

"I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts."

*2 Hen. VI.*, III. i. 343.

The checker'd slough is evidently an alias for an enamelled skin, and here we have a finished picture of what was in Bacon's eye when he spoke of a "fair enamelling of a terrible danger."—Ed.]
safety: "If (he writes) there be sown an opinion abroad that Her Majesty hath much secret intelligence, and that all is full of spies and false brethren, the fugitives will grow into such a mutual jealousy and suspicion one of another as they will not have the confidence to conspire together."—I. 305.

There was, it seems, a German version of *Hamlet*, which, in 1586, when the King of Denmark entertained at Antwerp the Cardinal Alphonsus and the Infanta of Spain, was performed before them. There doubtless was a purpose in this also, as the poisoners and plotters received their principal countenance from Spain. We may here note that it is said, by what is deemed competent authority, that the German version, when re-translated into English, presents a near approach to the form of the quarto of 1603. If this be so, is not the question, as to the source of the 1603 play, in a great degree answered? May we not infer that the original old play, which was acted in 1585, was used in producing the 1603 edition, instead of the supposititious "old play" so needlessly imported by the Clarendon editors, or the "shorthand writers" of Mr. Dyce? and this, too, without straining the "probabilities" to half the tension so fully practiced by the traditionists in the gratuitous guesses which they substitute for facts?

We have gone far enough in our condensed history, availing ourselves of the ready aid of Dr. Thomson, to give the honest searcher to understand that not half the story belonging to this wonderful production is told in the current traditions. And here we might rest, leaving the curious inquirer and scientific investigator to trace out for himself, as a separate exercise, the singular knowledge of physiology and the natural sciences visible throughout; to mark the course and current of the blood (not then taught in the schools), as discoursed of by the Ghost—all showing that no untaught Stratford boy could have written *Hamlet*. We might, we repeat, have here left our story, were it not for the gratuitous and uncritical attempts persistently put forth by strangely blinded or interested parties intended to divert attention from the true origin and history of the play.

We use the term "uncritical attempts" in its literal sense. For we deem it uncritical to turn a blind eye upon such fair inferences as grow naturally out of known facts, and to substitute therefor (using the mildest phrase), statements and inferences purely imaginary, evidently invented in support of a foregone conclusion. Of the latter class is Mr. White's theory of the make-up of the *Hamlet* of 1603, by
R. G. WHITE'S "TWO HAMLETS."  133

the help of a "treacherous actor"—elaborately worked out in an article entitled, "The Two Hamlets," published in The Atlantic Monthly for October, 1881. Mr. White has made for himself a fair reputation as a grammarian, in tracing the history and use of words. And as a commentator on the text of these plays, he stands on a level with the rest—namely, with critics who, wasting time on clerical errors, build up an inner history for these masterly dramas from unsupported "tradition,"—sinking the critic in the advocate, in an attempt to sustain a baseless position.

We made mental note of the article in the Atlantic at the time of its appearance, but did not comprehend its purpose until, in December following, we received our copy of Dr. Thomson's "History Made Visible," published in 1880. We then discovered that Mr. White's Dromio Hamlets was (without mentioning his design, or once naming Dr. Thomson or his work) a covert attempt to turn or anticipate the points plainly made "visible" in the Doctor's history.

Mr. White opens his article by telling us that by the "Two Hamlets" he does not mean "the Hamlets, father and son," but the "two editions of the great tragedy which were published respectively in the years 1603 and 1604." In regard to these editions, he thinks, "some notions have been adopted and painfully advocated which seem little more than fanciful conjectures, without any foundation in fact and reason." This would seem a brave start. But there he stops—at least, as regards telling us what and whose these "notions" were, and boldly taking issue with them. Instead of doing so he proceeds to substitute his own "fanciful conjectures," which he asks us to accept them in their place. This is not criticism, nor is it history, it is absolutism and dictatorship—the rule of self-will, which, if sometimes tolerable in politics, is always detestable in literature.

Mr. White recognises an older play than that given in the two varying editions, but pleads ignorance of its history—in fact, treats it as an irrelevant waif, a sort of lay-figure, rather as a motive for the production of the genuine article; and in addition, in the sequel, it would seem, furnishing a framework for the pirated Hamlet of 1603, which made so bold a push on its title-page for first honours. Both the "old play" and the 1603 edition must be sacrificed in order to bring Hamlet safely within the line of Shakspeare's life. Mr. White gives the following version of this unfortunate collision between the "Two Hamlets":—

"But in the present instance the remnants of the old play, upon
whose outlines and foundation, and with whose ruins he [Shakspere] built, have been preserved to us by accident, through the greed—or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the enterprise—of a London bookseller of his day, and by the treachery of an actor in his company. The latter undertook * to furnish the former surreptitiously with Shakspere's version of the tragedy; but not being able to get a copy of the whole, he attempted to give some parts of it from memory, and in other passages, which he could not recollect at all, he used the old play, which had been made worthless by the success of Shakspere's, if, indeed, he did not find the patching done to his hand in the stage copy" (!!).

This is lame and impotent. Compare this with preceding attempts to account for the differing versions following each other in hasty succession. Note (1) the way in which the London bookseller comes into possession of his 1603 copy. Then (2), failing a perfect text, the "treacherous actor," who patched up his work from memory, and where memory failed, used the old play, now of no value, having "been made worthless by the success of Shakspere's," which, according to Mr. White and the Clarendon editors, was stolen before it was finished! And (3), worse than all, the "treacherous actor" is supposed to have found his "patching" done to his hand in the stage copy (which he couldn't steal) ready for use! all resulting in saving the remnant of an old play which had become worthless by the success of a new version, never known to history until a year later! In consistency and unity this resembles the answer of Sawney, who, when caught crawling through the fence into his neighbour's enclosure, said he was "ganging bock again."

The main portion of the twelve pages in the Atlantic Monthly is made up of extracts and comparisons of the two plays, in which our critic succeeds in convincing himself, and it may be presumed his readers also, that the 1604 edition is superior to that of 1603. This might have been conceded on the bare asking, and thus much useless labour and valuable space saved. But if we read our critic aright this points is secondary. He was by indirection doing that which he did not presume to attempt directly, combating an opponent he did not venture to name, by propping up old inventions with fresh platitudes. Where facts are lacking they are invented. Those that make against him are turned aside, or converted by new interpretation

* It would afford satisfaction to know how Mr. White found this out.
to his own use. As an instance: the title-page of the 1603 quarto set forth that it had been played before the great Universities, also in London and elsewhere. The 1604 copy did not set up this claim, for a reason which will appear. But our critic says:

“This title [the one prefixed to the 1603 quarto] is evidence of the public favour which the tragedy quickly attained, and it also bears upon the date of the composition and production. Written for Shakspere's company in London, in the year 1603, and probably in 1602, it had had the honour of being selected for performance at the two great Universities, and had made its way elsewhere.”

Mr. White here claims for the perfected play (the 1603 copy being declared a patched-up and fraudulent concern) what the 1604 copy does not claim for itself, namely, the distinction of having been played before the Universities, etc., thereby forcing the inference that the perfected *Hamlet* had attained this distinction before the year 1603, *i.e.*, at a time anterior to its visible existence. “The time was short” for this work, as is naively admitted by the revising critic. And when we come to the plain facts there is no evidence that either of the plays, as printed in 1603 and 1604, had, between 1599 and 1604, been played at all as claimed; and further, it would seem an admitted fact that there was no available copy until the 1603 quarto had been “patched up,” with Shakspere's name prefixed as author by a “treacherous actor,” just as it had been prefixed to dozens of other plays which are now repudiated, having no posthumous reputation.

On examination it will be found that no earlier date than 1589 is given by the “traditionists” to the old and forgotten *Hamlet*, (forgotten in purpose as well as text), save such portions as had been “preserved through the greed of a London bookseller.” By inference then we are to understand that no *Hamlet* was played by Leicester's company at the Universities, and then taken to the Netherlands and played there by the same company in 1585—translated and played at Antwerp in 1586. This is not “History made visible,” but history made invisible.

The question of date, it will be seen, becomes quite unimportant to the inventors of theories. They would ignore the existence of a play called *Hamlet* of a date farther back than the quartos of 1603 and 1604, if they could blot out the historic evidence of a previous existence. Dr. Thomson refers to a well-known incident which serves to carry the history back to its University days of 1585.

In 1587, Nash wrote an epistle to the gentlemen-students of both
Universities as a preface to Green's Menaphon, in which he refers to "makers of plays and trivial translators," adding, "It is a common practice now-a-days amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of Noverint, [attorney or scrivener] where to they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verses* if they should have need." And a little farther on allusion is made to "whole Hamlets," and "handfuls of tragical speeches."

The date (1587) of this epistle carries back the outside mention of the play two years anterior to the extreme date allowed by the traditionists. But when we reflect that the only possible publication the play could have had at that time was its presentation before the two Universities "and other places" in 1585, the question ceases to be an open one. It was to the students of these Universities, who listened to it, and to them only, that Nash made his address. That fixes the date beyond further cavil.†

In order to a full understanding of the point involved in these assaults on the early Hamlet, (for this epistle of Nash's was not the only attack, as may be seen by reference to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' Illustrative Notes, Note 157, 6th edition, vol. ii., 311), it should be mentioned that Nash, Peele, Greene, Heywood, Decker, Lodge, and others, had embraced the notion that they as University men, in virtual possession of the field, were entitled to hold a monopoly in play-making for trading managers, and quite naturally were jealous of any intermeddling by others not of their guild. Nash and his associates, from the text of the epistle, may have supposed that Bacon (as he had never graduated and was a writer of masques) was the born "Noverint" and new writer of plays. Greene, over whose shoulder this first shot was fired at the new and unknown play-writer, is the same Greene who, in his own behalf and that of his fellows, discharged the last shot aimed, for want of a more tangible mark, at innocent Shakspeare, in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," etc.

In tracing the history of the play it has been found that Hamlet was acted at Newington Butts in 1594, and this is supposed to be the

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* The "neck verse" is the beginning of the fifty-first Psalm, "Miserere Mei," etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

† This epistle by Nash is quoted by most of the critics, great and small and smallest, as a proof that Shakspeare was popular in 1587; while the one thing which it does prove, viz., the early existence of Hamlet, is obstinately ignored or confidently denied.—Ed.
REASONS FOR ACTING HAMLET.

first time it was ever played at a public theatre. The fact (of its being so acted) is established by an entry in Henslowe's diary of that date. The occasion was the setting on foot a new inquiry about fresh conspiracies to poison the Queen, carried on by a new set of conspirators, who renewed the plottings after Lopez and his confederates were executed. Bacon was engaged in this new inquiry. That the play thus performed was connected in some form with the present Hamlet is believed by such judges as Knight, Gervinus, Fleahy, and others cited by Thomson. To what extent they were connected may in good part be inferred by the varying editions of 1603-4. In 1596 Hamlet was satirized in Lodge's Wit's Miserie, in which he alludes to the Ghost "which cries so miserably at the theatre, like an oyster-wife, Hamlet, Revenge!" So that beyond question, the play before that time must have been well known on a public or private stage. The Clarendon editors assume that if the expression was once in the play it could never have been expunged; consequently the identity between the old play and Shakespeare's Hamlet is disproved by this one circumstance!

Hamlet was acted on a third occasion in 1598, this time in London, on a fresh attempt by Spanish hirelings to get rid of the hated Queen. The meaning of the ambiguous allegory began to dawn on matter-of-fact minds; and, gaining a popularity not aimed at in its inception, the text was seized by an adventurous stationer in a way made easy by the custom of the time. The garbled version was thus produced as a "surreptitious" commodity. As with his Essays (says Thomson) the author, unwilling to see his Hamlet thrust forth as it appeared in the vagrant quarto of 1603, played his own inquisitor, and, "in the perfected volume of 1604, gave to literature its grandest study, to humanity its best lesson, and to pagan Nemesis her clearest allegory."

Mr. White quotes Francis Meres, who kept a convenient list of Shakspere's tragedies played in London, to prove that up to 1598 no play called Hamlet had been played in London. And with safety it might be said that no play of Shakspere's of that name had been so played, for Shakspere had had nothing to do with Hamlet (unless as an actor) until it was made "merchandize" of by the patched-up play of 1603, in which a speculative manager as well as a "treacherous actor" might have had a part.

This is a clear and consistent solution of the mystery thrown around this unmatched production. By critics who, like Mr. White, assume the office of interpreter, for "reasons purely commercial" as he
admits, its history is made to assume quite a different aspect. "I
give my readers, to a certain degree, what I think they want," he
said, instead of giving the true meaning and spirit of these deep
utterances. This is frank, not to say cynical.

Some of the claimants of "all knowledge" for Shakspere have
discovered that they must find out some new and possible source
whence the great and varied learning of their hero might have been
drawn (not always at second-hand), deeper than any they had yet
sounded. Heretofore old chronicles and translations had been their
main reliance. But now they would bring him in loving and familiar
contact with the great philosopher and original thinker, Giordano
Bruno, who flourished in the latter half of the 16th century. Bruno
was of Italian birth, and was distinguished for the originality and
poetical boldness of his speculations, adverse to the religious dogmas
and current philosophies of the day, bringing him under censure of
both Rome and Geneva. Forced to leave Italy, he was in Paris in
1583, where we find him engaged in a course of lectures antagonistic
to the Aristotelian philosophy. And while in Paris he wrote a play,
presumably (from its title, Il Candelajo) in Italian, as he used that
language and the Latin in his principal works. We next hear of him
in London. His stay in the latter city is variously stated at two and
at three years. Then in 1586, after a short stay in Paris, we find him
at Wittenberg, spreading his "heresies," as they were called, moving
the minds of men variously, in philosophy advocating the system of
Copernicus,—which Bacon did not in the earlier part of his life accept,
but afterwards regarded more favourably,—and followed in order by
Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, and by their successors.

This Bruno movement is the strangest and the weakest prop,
(excepting the forged entries in the book of Court Revels) that has
been brought forward to sustain the Shakspere authorship. Linking
Shakspere to Bruno, the great philosopher and reformer, who had the
courage to die for his opinions, a sympathetic connexion, to be enforced
by and through Hamlet, looks like moon-madness, and is of the order
of Polonius's cloud-camel. We can forgive German scholars for
crediting these Bruno parallelisms to the name of Shakspere. They
know English literature and honour it by the text, and not by the
name of the author, taking the latter as assigned or claimed. But
that English or American writers, claiming to be critics, should
presume, with the history (as far as known) of the man before them,
to draw the crude unschooled mind of Shakspere just come from his
poaching escapades and "drinking bouts" with "the sippers of Bidford," into loving interchange of views through sympathy of thought and tastes with the great Italian on the new philosophy, is passing strange! The bare suggestion staggers credulity, and shows how blinding is this "tradition" of authorship both to teacher and follower.*

Bruno was at Oxford, and spoke there in 1585, on the occasion of Earl Leicester's grand fête to the Queen, when Hamlet was first performed. Bruno's peculiar (and then strange) views on philosophy and dogma, as exhibited on that and other occasions, were not acceptable to University authorities, and he soon after retired to the Continent. When in London he had been received at Court, where he may easily have met Bacon; for we learn that during his stay "he gained the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney and other eminent persons, with whom he had frequent meetings, to which only congenial spirits were admitted." And among these "congenial spirits" we are asked to reckon the unlettered, unknown, probably half-civilized stripling Shakspere (then twenty-one years old, according to his best biographer, Halliwell-Phillipps), just arrived in London from his wild country junketings. The conjunction seems odd, certainly. We will temporarily (with the approbation of all common-sense people) withdraw William Shakspere and substitute in his stead Francis Bacon as we all know him, leaving Shakspere to win his way in quite another atmosphere. The change is clearly an improvement.

Bacon was three years the senior of Shakspere. He entered the University of Cambridge in his thirteenth year, and left in his sixteenth, having mastered "all the sciences there taught" (such is the record), and distinguished himself by writing against the Aristotelian philosophy, as did Bruno, forming a bond of common sympathy. As the result of his residence and travel on the continent, Bacon wrote a paper "On the State of Europe." This was in 1580, when he was

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* A curious illustration of the exigencies of Shakspere biography, is afforded in connexion with this Bruno speculation, by Mr. Samuel Neil, in his edition of Romeo and Juliet (Collins' Series p. 24). He refers to the fact that Bruno was in England in 1583-85, and received love-exciting hospitality from (among others) Sir Fulke Greville. "Greville was the possessor of Warwick Castle, M.P. for Warwickshire along with Sir Thomas Lucy, and was a very frequent visitor at Stratford-on-Avon. What if the philosophical poet (Greville) felt an early sympathy with the young singer of Avon, and brought the most wonderful Italian thinker of the age into living connection with the most pregnant of the Wits of England, by an invitation to Warwick Castle given to William Shakspere while Bruno was there as a guest?" If this is not literary motley, we know not the garb.—Ed.
nineteen years old, and at least three years before Bruno’s arrival in London. And when Bruno did arrive, may we not reasonably suppose that Bacon instead of Shakspere was one of the “congenial spirits with whom he had frequent meetings”? And if any of the spirit of Bruno was injected into the character of Hamlet, this was the offspring of their conjunction! And see where this leaves the “traditionists”! Bruno had come and gone before Shakspere could have made even a stage acquaintance with him!

We cannot well dismiss this attempt to force Shakspere, in violation of all fitness and of all chronological order, into association with the philosopher Bruno, without a passing notice of a remark we find in a Review in Shakespeariana.

“It would be easy (says the Reviewer) to prepare a list of resemblances between Bruno and almost any of Shakspere’s dramatic contemporaries; and not Hamlet alone, but the majority of Shakspere’s own works would reveal, if scrutinized for the purpose, affinities with the heresies of Bruno” (Shakespeariana, Vol. I., p. 31).

If this be so, and we do not propose to take issue on the point raised, what does it prove? Clearly, upon the facts as we have stated them (and until they can be disproved) that all the Bruno heresies injected into Hamlet, and all the other plays, must have been put there by somebody beside Shakspere. That should end the matter. But no! like Goldsmith’s schoolmaster, “though vanquished, they can argue still.” They see, as with Hamlet, so it would be with the rest.

As to Hamlet: They perceive the danger attending the admitted existence of the old play in some form. Shakspere’s Hamlet was played before the Universities. The 1603 title-page proves this. No specific date or occasion is mentioned. Other evidence proves that “Hamlet” was played before the Universities in 1585. And yet they would force upon us the knavish card which alleges that nothing was known of the real Hamlet until Shakspere began to work on the skeleton, and was intercepted, as we have seen, by that “treacherous actor.” They find strange philosophies in the play, and they fall back on the pretty theory that great ideas are not developed and elaborated by hard study and deep thinking: but somehow germinate in the air, and that “the monumental writers only gather up, arrange, develop and enforce those ideas that were already substantially in the air and floating in the minds of men.” (See Shakespeariana, already quoted).

How fortunate for the fame of Copernicus, Bruno, Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, that some “monumental writers” (there
PARALLELS.

were one hundred and seventy years between Copernicus and Newton), some mental pirate, did not gather up their "floating" ideas and rob these men of their life-work!

And so they will have it that Shakspere, fresh from the toil and privations of a hard country life, without drill or books, or high converse, catches up the ideas floating in the minds of students and philosophers, weaving them into plays, sonnets, and pretty conceits, at his sweet will!

Sandusky, Ohio, U.S.

O. Follett.

PARALLELS.

"I know of but two forts in this house which the king ever hath; the fort of affection, and the fort of reason; the one commands the hearts, and the other commands the heads."

Speech of Undertakers, Life and L. v. 43:

"The o'ergrowth of some complexion, Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason."

Ham. I. iv. 27.

"Sure I am there were never times which did more require a king's attorney to be well armed, and (as I said once to you) to wear a gauntlet and not a glove."—Bacon's Letter to Williers, Feb., 1615. Life V. 260.

"Hence therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand." 2 Hen. IV., I. i. 145.

"The laws are rather figura reipublica than forma; and rather bonds of perfection than bonds of entireness."—Speech for Naturalisation, Life III., 314.

"He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend."

I Hen. IV., I. iii. 209.

"A foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motives, revolutions."—Love's L. L., IV., ii. 68.

"But this work, shining in itself, needs no taper."

On Amendment of Laws. Life and L. v. 64.

"With taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

R. M. T.
The following has appeared, with some inaccuracies, in *Shakespeariana* for September, 1888.

Bacon's *Essay of Adversity* was not published till the last complete edition of the essays appeared in 1625. It is one most often quoted as a specimen of his richest and most poetic style. Macaulay uses it to justify his criticism that Bacon's poetic fancies became more ample and exuberant as he grew older. The following passage occurs in it:—"Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity:"—a short sentence, but one full of condensed wisdom. Notice in it two things:—

1. Bacon's definition of a miracle: the command over nature.

2. Bacon's philosophy of adversity:—it gives opportunity for such self-denial and self-control as are equivalent to miracle, by the command over nature thus displayed.

Here we find the philosophical or abstract sentiment. For a concrete illustration of the same we may turn to *King Lear*. In the second scene of the second act, Kent appears before Gloster's Castle. It is night. He has beaten the steward who had been insolent to the king. Regan and Cornwall appear. They overpower him and put him in the stocks, and leave him there for the night. He is now in the deepest pit of adversity; far from his friends; in the power of his enemies, who are likely to torture or kill him as soon as morning comes, and he is taken out of the stocks. The situation would seem to justify the most utter despondency. But Kent rises above the situation. He had before said to the steward: "Though it be night, yet the moon shines;" and now by its light, which he calmly salutes as "comfortable beams," he reads a letter. He is astonished at his own almost miraculous composure, and soon after falls asleep. It is a miracle of command over nature; and so he regards it; for he meditatively exclaims:—

"Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery."
Showing that (1) Bacon's definition of a miracle and (2) Bacon's philosophy of adversity, were both in his mind, although he does not expressly formulate them. The sentence as it stands is sybilline, and somewhat obscure. We cannot find a complete clue to Kent's meaning till we bring Bacon's Essay to help out the significance of it. And the reflection is so subtle and original that it must have come from the same mind that wrote the Essay; which, observe, was published 17 years after the 4to. edition of the play, and 9 years after Shakspere's death.

But this does not complete the curious significance of this passage. *King Lear* was published in 4to. in 1608. In the early edition the same passage occurs, but in such a mutilated form that no conjecture, however sagacious, could ever have extracted the right reading from words which, even when amended, are rather enigmatical. The 4to. has:

"Nothing almost sees my wracke
But misery."

This is almost nonsense. If "my wracke" is taken as the nominative to the verb *sees* in an inverted sentence—*my wrecked state sees only misery before it*—this is exactly what Kent does not wish to express. For his whole behaviour, his sense of the "comfortable" quality of the moonlight, his reading the letter by its imperfect light, and then going to sleep, shows that his mind is not occupied by his misery, but by the strange faculty of ignoring it which possesses him. *My wracke* is evidently a corruption of *miracle*. Who but the author could have supplied the emendation? At no time could a transcendentalism of this character—a piece of mystic philosophy—have been "floating in the air."

The ready explanation of this will be that the 4to. was a surreptitious copy obtained from a shorthand-writer's notes, and that the 1623 folio was printed from the author's own MS. Those who can be satisfied with this account of the genesis of the 4to. are welcome to their theory. To me it appears in the highest degree artificial and improbable. We know, however, from the peculiarities of the Northumberland House MS., that Bacon was in the habit of dictating to an amanuensis. It is certainly possible that *Lear* was so dictated for the 4to. edition. The mechanical clerk heard the word *miracle*, and did not rightly catch the word. The error was not detected, and remained uncorrected till the 1623 edition was published.

The interpretation of this passage, which is suggested by the passage
from Bacon's Essay, will, I think, commend itself to every thoughtful reader. It is obviously right. But it is not the interpretation which commentators suggest. One of them paraphrases the passage thus: "It is only when things are at their worst that Providence interposes with a miracle;" a far more common-place sentiment, and one also which does not exactly fit the words. For there is in them a profound reference to the vision which adversity sees, and which remains as a secret to itself. The rescue by miracle would be seen by others: the miracle here referred to is seen only by the subject of it.

I may give another brief illustration of interpretation derived from Bacon, which could not easily come from any other source. In Othello, Iago gives a cynical definition of love (Othello, I., iii., 339). He calls it "merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will." I have seen no satisfactory explanation of permission of the will. It is evidently an echo of Bacon's Latin. He constantly speaks of intellectus sibi permissus: the mind left to itself, uncontrolled, free to work out its own cobweb theories without the restraint of facts. So Iago says love is voluntas sibi permissa: the will run wild, left to its own ungoverned impulses without the restraint of any regulative forces. Commentators have usually passed by these words without explanation. One accomplished Shakespeare student however writes to me as follows:—"Iago's description of love in this passage does not appear to me either obscure, or surprising, in his mouth. It is, he says, only a surging of the blood, permitted (or coloured) by the will." This explanation, besides being very forced, appears to me psychologically mistaken. The two clauses—it is a lust of the blood; it is a permission of the will—do not modify one another; the second is not a limitation of the first. On the contrary they are in apposition, and the idea of lawlessness which is implied in the first clause is expressly added with heightened emphasis in the second. When the blood is on fire, the will is not standing by giving its passive consent or formal approval. Both are equally unrestrained, and the function of the will, to put limits on natural impulse, is abandoned. Voluntas sibi permissa: the will is let loose, and the "child of wrath" (or, ὀργή impulse) acknowledges no master, but rushes madly in pursuit of its object. There is a technical use of the Latin word permissio, found in Quintilian, and referred to in White and Riddle's large dictionary, implying a condition "by which a thing is committed to the decision of one's opponent." This is exactly the sense that may be intended in Iago's cynical discourse.
It is to be noted also that in the previous speech Iago speaks of the will as a "corrigible authority"; and of passion as "unbitted lusts." The same psychologic idea remains when the unbitten or unbridled state of the lust of the blood is associated with a permission or entire abandonment of the "corrigible authority" of the will.

The same speech contains another Anglicised Latin word of analogous formation, *perdurable*. In both cases the particle *per* is intensive. *Per-durable* is exceedingly durable. *Permission* implies that the subject of the word is not only *missus*, sent off; but *per-missus*, exceedingly sent off.

Whether this passage is a reflection of Bacon's Latin phrase or not it certainly illustrates the fact that the poet had Latin phrases at easy command. The Latin word *permissio*, meaning complete surrender, could not easily be thus used except by one accustomed to think and write in Latin. The cognate word *permit* is sometimes used by later writers in a somewhat similar way; but I have found no such use of the word *permission* as equivalent to abnegation, surrender.

The following passage from a letter written by Bacon to Tobie Matthew, February 28, 1621, soon after his fall, has singular affinities with passages in Shakespeare:—

"In this solitude of friends, which is the (1) base-court of adversity, where almost nobody will be seen stirring, I have often remembered a saying of my Lord Ambassador of Spain, (2) *Amor san fin, no tienne fin.* [Love without end has no end].—*Life VII.*, 335.

(1.) *Northumberland.*

My Lord, in the *base-court* he doth attend.
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

*King* * * *

In the *base-court*? *Base-court*, where kings grow base,
To come at traitor's calls, and do them grace.
In the *base-court*? Come down? *Down court! Down king!*

*Richard II.* III. iii. 176.

(2.)

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason.—*Cymb. IV.*, ii. 20.

This is evidently a variation on the Spanish proverb. In logical language, *end* and *reason* are identical, and it is easy to understand how Bacon's "nimble mind" effected the transformation.

R. M. T.
FIGURES, SIMILES AND METAPHORS, FROM BACON’S PROSE AND SCIENTIFIC WORKS, AND FROM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH REGARD TO MATTERS CONNECTED WITH STATE-GOVERNMENT, LAW, THE BODY POLITIC, KING, COURT, WAR, &c.

BY MRS. HENRY POTTER.

(Continued from page 84).

Game (in hunting).

I am so far from thinking to retrieve a fortune, that I did not mark where the game fell. (To the Lord Treasurer).

He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind. . . . (3 Hen. VI. III. ii. 8, 14).

This way lies the game, (Ib. IV. v. 14).

Game (see Cards).

The usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game, most of the money will be in the box. (Of Usury).

Now whether he do kill Cassio, or Cassio him, Every way makes my game. (Oth. V. i. 12).

Gamester (money in the purse).

Tyrone is more like a gamester that will give o’er because he is a winner, than because he hath no more money in his purse. (Advice to Essex, Life, II. 98).

Yelverton is won. . . Neville hath his hopes; Martin hath money in his purse. . . . (Advice to the King touching the calling of Parliament, Life, IV. 365, 370).

When levity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentle gamester is the soonest winner. (Hen. V., III. vi. 118).

O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse. (Lear, IV. vi. 148).

Put money in thy purse (six times). (Oth., I. iii. 345, &c.)

There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. (M. Wives, II. i. 197).
STATE METAPHORS.

Gangrene.

Above all things a gangrene in our laws is to be avoided.

(Touching the clothing business, this gangrene goeth on.)

(De Aug., viii. 3, Aphorism, 57).

The service of the foot

Being once gangrened, is not then respected

For what before it was.

(Cor., III., i. 306).

Gate of Mercy.

That frank and clear confession might open the gate of mercy;
we wished not to shut the gate of your Majesty's mercy against yourself.

(To the King by Somerset).

Open thy gate of mercy: (3 Hen. VI., VII. iv. 177).

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.

(Hen. V., iii. 10).

Glass: Mirror.

Give me leave to set before you two glasses, such as certainly the like never met in one age: the glass of France and the glass of England.

(Gesta Grayorum, Life, I. 334).

Be not as a lamp that shineth to others, and yet seeth not itself, but as the eye of the world, that both carrieth and useth light.

(Ch. against Talbot).

The government of the world, a mirror for the Government of the State.

(Discourse on the Union).

He hath given them mirrors of himself. (Mem. for King's Speech).

The divine glass is the Word of God, so the politic glass is the state of the world, or times wherein we live; in the which we are to behold ourselves.

(Advt. L., ii. 1, ref.).

If there be a mirror in the world, worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country.

(New Atlantis).

It is the best wisdom in any man, in his own matters, to rest in the wisdom of a friend; for who can by often looking in the glass discern and judge so well of his own favour, as another with whom he converseth? (Letter to Essex, 1583, Life, I. 235).

"As the face is reflected in the water, so is the heart of man manifest to the wise" (Pro. xxvii. 19).

Here is distinguished between the mind of a wise man and that of others; the former being compared to water, or a glass which represents the forms and images of things; the other to the earth, or an unpolished stone which gives no reflection. And this comparison of the mind of a wise man to the glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image together with the images of others, which the eye itself without a glass cannot do.

(Works, V. 55).
Since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle. (Tro. Or., II. iii. 164).

[The sentiment of these two passages exactly correspond with the offices of a friend, described in the Essay of Friendship. Both the glass and cor ne edito come into evidence].

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed,
Salute each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not on itself
Till it has travelled and is mirrored there
Where it may see itself. (Tro. Cr., III., iii. 103).

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.
(2 Hen. IV., II. iii. 21).

The glass of fashion. (Ham. III., i. 161).

You go not till I have set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
(Ham. III. iv. 19).

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them. (Cymb., I., 1. 48).
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows mine own changed too.
(Wint. Tale, I., ii. 381).

'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
(As You L., III. iv. 54).

The mirror of all Christian kings. (Hen. V., II. chorus).
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest. (3 Hen. VI., III. iii. 84).

Two mirrors of his princely semblance.
(Rich. III. II. ii. 51).

N.B.—Mr. Richard Grant White shews that the Shaksperean use of the glass metaphor is taken from Plato's First Alcibiades. He gives the following translation of the passage:—"We may take the analogy of the eye. The eye sees not itself but from some other things, for instance a mirror. But the eye
can see itself also by reflection in another eye, not by looking at any other part of a man, but at the eye only."

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**Gods. (Kings, so-called).**

All kings, though they be gods on earth, yet they are gods of earth; frail as other men. (Of King's Messages).

Kings are styled Gods on earth, not absolute, but Dixi dixi estis. (Advice to Buckingham).

A king is a mortal God on earth. (Of a King).

Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest. All precepts concerning kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances:—*Memento quod es homo,* and *Memento quod es Deus,* or vice Dei: remember you are a man; and, remember that you are a god, or God's lieutenant. The one bridleth the power, and the other the will. (Essay of Empire).

Man may be said to be a god to man. (Nov. Org., i. 129, and ib. ii. 26).

It is owing to justice that man is a God to man. (De Aug., vi. 3; Antitheta, 20).

A God on earth thou art. (Rich. II., V. iii., 186).

Kings are earth’s Gods. (Per. I., i. 103, and v. 1).

Immortality attends (virtue and cunning).

Making a man a God. (ib. III., ii. 30).

He is a God, and knows what is most right. (Ant. Cl., III., xiii. 60).

This man is now become a God... 'Tis true this God did shake. (Jul. Cæs. I., ii. 115, 121).

This old man... godded me indeed. (Cor. V., iii. 11).

There is a mystery (with whom relation Doth never meddle) in the soul of state Which hath an operation more divine Than breath or pen can give expression to. (Tro. Cr. III., iii. 201),

This last passage is a reflection of Bacon’s oft-repeated axiom that the heart of kings is inscrutable, and that it is a sort of profanation to look too deeply into them, to fathom their nature and motives.

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**Graft.**

After the graft is put into the stock and bound, it must be left to Nature and Time to make that *continuum* which was at first *continguum*. And it is not continual pressing or thrusting together that will prevent Nature's season, but rather hinder it. (On Union of Laws).
The Decemvir's grafted laws of Grecia upon Roman stock of laws and customs.  
(Of a Digest of Laws).
Our laws are by mixture more complete... for no tree is so good at first set, as by transplanting and grafting.  (ib.)
(Sects) newly grafted into Christianity.  (Of Union of Laws).
Noble stock was graft with crab-tree slip, etc.
(2 Hen. VI., III., ii. 213).
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, etc.
Could such inordinate and low desires...  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood?
(1 Hen. IV., III., ii. 12).
His plausive words  
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them.  (A. W. T., ii. 58).
To grow them and to bear  
A servant grafted in my serious trust.  (W. T., I., ii. 246, etc.)

Green.
She was green in authority.  (Praise of the Queen).
Yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe.
That greenness of the House leaseth the modesty and gravity by which matters have passage.  (Of Parliament).
The seed of this mischief is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits).  (Touching Duels).
How much the estate is green and yet ungoverned.
(Rich. III. II., ii. 127).
(They are) green in judgment.  (Ant. Cl. I., v. 74).
(Matters which) folly and green minds seek after, etc.
(Oth. II., i. 251).
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  (John ii. 2).

Ground.
Princes and States have always a good ground of war... upon just fear.  (Of War with Spain).
A just ground of deliberation... Grounds of justice...
Divine grounds, which look chiefly on unity.
(Pacification of the Church.)
The conspiracy is grounded upon motives of religion.
(Charge Against Owen.)
Grounding mortal quarrels upon uncivil words.
(Decree against Duelling.)
On good ground we fear.
(Cymb. IV. ii. 143.)
Grounds Christian and Heathen.
(Oth., I. i. 28.)
I did proceed upon just grounds.
(Ib. V. ii. 188.)
Dare you . . . maintain such quarrel openly? 
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge. 

(Tit. And., II. i. 48.) 

(Etc. Frequent in the Prose Works.)

Hammer: of Treachery, &c.
The treaty stayed for a better hour, till the hammer had wrought 
and beat the party of Brittain more pliant. 

(Hist. Henry VII.) 

If we should be so happy as to take the axe to hew and the 
hammer to frame in this case, we know it cannot be without 
time. 

(Petition of Tenures.) 

Wilt thou still be hammering treachery? 

(2 Henry VI., I. ii. 47.) 

Art thou more stubborn-hard than hammered iron? 

(John IV., i. 67.) 

The Queen, 
Who but to-day hammered of this design. 

(W. T., II. ii. 49.)

Hand-in-hand.
This union of laws should go on parri passu, hand-in-hand, &c. 

(Of Union.) 

Thou good old chronicle 
Thou hast walk'd so long hand-in-hand with Time. 

(Tr. Cr., IV. v. 203.)

Handle.
Occasion . . . turneth the handle of the bottle first to be 
received; after the belly, which is hard to clasp. 

(Essay of Delays—and Antitheta.) 

The argument he handles. 

(Advice to Sir F. Greville.) 

The matter he handles from memory. 

(Controversies of the Ch.) 

The causes of Ireland (would advance) if taken by the right 
handle. 

(To Cecil.) 

I have given a handle to contradiction. 

(De Aug., iii. 6.) 

O handle not that theme. 

(Tit. And., III. ii. 29.) 

(A matter) slightly handled in discourse. 

(Rich. III., III. vii. 19.) 

A rotten case abides no handling. 

(2 Henry IV., IV. i. 161.) 

Bacon’s use of the handle metaphor, in the Essay of Delays, 
gives double significance to Macbeth’s Spectral Dagger:— 

Is this a dagger that I see before me, 

The handle toward my hand? 

(Macbeth, II. i. 33.)

Harvest.
There hath been a great loss in the inning of your Majesty’s
harvest, whereof I see no cause, except it stay for fowler weather.  
(For Appointing Lord Treasurer.)
His men had but a catching harvest of their spoils.  
(Hist. Henry VII.)

I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps.

(A. Y. L., III. v. 101.)
There if I grow,
The harvest is your own. (Macbeth I., iv. 42).
Thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.  
(Per., IV. ii. 152).

Health, Sound.
There remains but one course for the recovery of a sound and healthy condition, namely, that the entire work be commenced afresh.  
(Nov. Org., Pref.)
If this part of the Constitution be sound and healthy, the laws will be of good effect.  
(De Aug., viii. 3.)

Find (my land's) disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.  
(Macbeth, V. iii. 51).
This act makes sound opinion sick.  
(John, IV. ii. 26).

Heave at Authority.
To see if he could heave at his lordship's authority.  
(Observations on a Libel).

I'll venture one heave at him.  
(Suffolk Against Wolsey. Hen. VIII., II. ii. 85).
I'd as lief have a reed that could do me no service as a partizan I could not heave.  
(Ant. Cl., II. vii. 14).

Heavenly Bodies, Princes like to.
Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.  
(Ess. Empire).

O ! now who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head . . . .
A largess liberal as the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one.  

Hedge.
This writ is as a hedge about the King's vineyard . . . . I
littledoubtby the help of this court that this hedge and fence
will continue in full repair. (Case de Rege).

There's such divinity doth hedge a king. (Ham., IV. v. 123).

England hedged in by the main. (John, II. i. 26).

The king in this perceives him how he coasts
And hedges his own way. (Hen. VIII., III. ii. 39).

Horse-leeches.

Empson and Dudley, whom the people esteemed as the king's
horse-leeches and shearers. (Hist. Hen. VII.).

Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck. (Hen. V., II. iii. 58).

Horses—Subjects, paced like.

It will be both spur and bridle to (recusant subjects), to make
thempace aright to your Majesty's end.

(To the King, 1615).

Those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. (Hen. VIII., V. iii. 21).

The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy. (Ant. Cl., II. ii. 63).

Hot, Cold, Cool in business.

That the course be now at the first hotly followed and not
suffered to cool. (Of Benevolences).

He knew his people were hot upon the business. (Hist. Hen. VII.).

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool. (Macb., IV. i. 154).

I would not have things cool. (Merry Wives, IV. ii., last line).

Humours.

As for discontentments, they are, in the body politic, like to
humours in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural

In the natural body of men, if there be any weak or affected part
it is enough to draw rheums or malign humours unto it, to
the interruption of the health of the whole body. . . . The in-
disposition of that kingdom hath been a continual attractive of
troubles upon this estate. (Of Plantations in Ireland).
The King would not stir too many humours at once. (Hist. Hen. VII.).
The two parties in the Church are the contrary humours in the strength or predominancy whereof the health or disease of the body doth consist. (Advice to Rutland, 2).

And all the unsettled humours of the land, &c. (John II., i. 66).

Stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd,
Our discontented counties do revolt. . . .
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified. (ib. V., i. 7).

The same figure in "Praise of the Queen," "Observations on a Libel," "Gesta Grayorum," "War with Spain," "Advance-
m ent of Learning," i. 1, and in other places in the prose and in "Shakespeare."

Husbandry.

A good husbandman is ever proying and stirring in his own vine-
yard or field; not unseasonably indeed, nor unskilfully. But lightly he findeth ever somewhat to do. (Controversies of the Ch.).

The concurrence is as well in the nature of the seed as in the travail of tilling and dressing, yea, and in the fitness of the season for the bringing up of these infectious weeds. (Obs. on a Libel).

And as our vineyards. . . .
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
But grow like savages. (see Hen. V., V. ii. 36—59).
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry, &c. (2 Hen. VI., III. i. 31).

Hydra.

In those tedious wars. . . . he hath to do with a Hydra, or monster with many heads. (Praise of the Queen).

Thus did the king secretly sow Hydra's teeth, whereupon. . . .
should rise of armed men for the service of the kingdom. (Hist. Hen. VII.)

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
The parcels and particulars of our grief. . . .
Whereon this Hydra, son of war is born. (2 Hen. IV., IV. 38).

Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful
were to make a monster of the multitude. . . .
He himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude. (Cor. II. iii. 10).
STATE METAPHORS.

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra hernto choose an officer,
That with his prepotent "shall," being but
The horn and noise of the monsters, want not spirit
To. . . . make your channel his. (Cor. III. i. 92).
The beast with many heads butts me away. (ib. IV. i. 1).

Icarus.

I was ever sorry that your lordship would fly with waxen wings,
   doubting Icarus' fortune. (To Essex. 1600).
   (Also De Sap. Vet. 27).

   Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete
   Who taught his son the office of a fowl,
   And yet with all his wings the fool was drowned.
I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus,
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course, &c.
(3 Hen. VI., V. vi. 18, and same figure in Hen. VI.,
   IV. vi. 24, and IV. vii. 14).

Illustrate with Honour.

When your majesty could raise me no higher, it was your grace
   to illustrate me with beams of honours. (To the King).
The magnanimous and most illustrate King.
   (L. L. L., IV. i. 65 Letter).
This most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman.
   (ib. V. i. 128).

Imposthumations and Inward Bleeding.

To give moderate liberty for griefs is a safe way, for he that
maketh the wound to bleed inwardly, endangereth malign
ulcers, and pernicious imposthumations. (Ess. of Sedition).
The imposthume of the office. (To the Ld. Keeper, 1597).
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. (Ham. IV. iv. 27).

Infection (of Sedition, etc.)

Sedition is a disease like to infection, for as infection spreadeth
upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is
gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions
thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour. (Ess. Envy).
Such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
   (John V. ii. 20).
The sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
(1 Hen. IV. IV. i. 28).

As for my country, I have shed my blood... So shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay, against those measles
Which we disdain shall tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them... (Cor. III. i. 76).

Leave us to cure this cause. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself... (ib. 235)
We'll hear no more.
Lest his infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further. (ib. 308).

Intestine Troubles.

Intestine troubles, whereunto that nation had ever been subject.
(Obs. on a Libel).

Intestine troubles break out. (Of War in Spain).
A kingdom labouring with intestine faction.
(Of Elizabeth).

The intestine shock,
And furious close of civil butchery.
(1 Hen. IV., I. i. 12).

Inundation.
The inundation of barbarians into the Roman Empire.
(Nov. Org. i. 77).

Inundations of people.
This inundation of mistempered humour.
(Ess. Vicissitude).
(John V. i. 12, also see V. ii. 48).

Iron better than gold.
The best iron in the world, that is, the best soldiers... all
which examples do well prove Solon's opinion of the
authority and mastery that iron hath over gold.
(Speech of Naturalisation).

Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt.

Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
(3 Hen. VI. II. ii. 139).

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back!
(Tit. And. IV. iii. 47).

O God of battles! Steel my soldiers' hearts.
(Hen. V. IV. i. 306).

To be continued).
As long as the Baconian theory has been in existence, it has been associated with the name of Delia Bacon, who was the first to announce it in an effective and unhesitating way to the world. We say this without stopping to supply the qualifications which might be added if the history of this theory were our topic. Undoubtedly Miss Bacon was the first to demand, in strong, unequivocal terms, that the current theory of authorship should be entirely abandoned. But, so far as propagandism is concerned, the chief result of her life was to state the case, leaving it for others to develop the argument. Her own contributions consisted in one paper, published in Putnam's Magazine, and a large 8vo. volume on the "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays." The magazine article is now republished, as one of the chapters, in the Biography of Delia Bacon, now before us;* and this is unquestionably the most important chapter of the book. The paper itself is a powerful indictment of the accepted theory, full of eloquent and powerful reasoning. The positive side of the theory is scarcely touched, and it is a curious fact that in the first Baconian manifesto the name of Lord Bacon is not once mentioned. The 8vo. volume is also full of earnest declamation and subtle criticism; but any one who looks for a conclusive statement of the positive argu-

ment from the historical side, will look in vain. Direct proof she
reserved for a separate volume, and she constantly speaks of this as a
completed work, ready for publication. But the biography gives us
no information about the missing history, and it is plain that the
custodians of her MSS. do not look with very friendly eyes either
upon the theory itself or her exposition of it. The letters which are
published are so interesting, they contain such clear indications of a
well stored, reflective mind, full of knowledge and speculation, kindled
into prophetic rapture by a most burning, indeed we may say, con-
suming enthusiasm, that we could wish those that are reserved had
fallen into more sympathetic hands, ready to publish too much rather
than too little. The biography itself is, indeed, very fragmentary,—
there must be plenty of material for more detail than is here supplied.
Mr. Donnelly, in the concluding part of his "Great Cryptogram,"
gives a very interesting sketch of her life, containing some particulars
respecting a tragic love passage which are merely alluded to in the
biography, and which are exceedingly important in helping us to
understand the disastrous eclipse which closed her career.

Delia Bacon was born in a log cabin at Talmadge, Ohio, Feb. 2,
1811, her father, David Bacon, being then engaged in missionary
work among the Indians in that remote region. Till her father's
death, in 1817, she lived chiefly at Litchfield, in old Connecticut. The
father was a stern, earnest man; the mother, a devout, self-reliant
woman, who managed so to bring up her six children as to supply
them with sound culture as well as instil into their minds high prin-
ciples. The little Delia was, however, adopted by Mrs. Williams, of
Hartford, and received her education in a school presided over by
Catherine Beecher, an elder sister of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Rev.
Ward Beecher. Harriet Beecher was fellow pupil of Delia Bacon's,
and her friendship with both the sisters (Catherine and Harriet)
lasted during her life. Catherine Beecher describes the young girl
with her "pleasing and intelligent countenance," "melodious voice,"
"fervid imagination," with the early signs of rare gifts of eloquence
in thought and expression, keen and witty, a genius, sensitive, impul-
sive, transparent, truthful, honest, free from all art, capable on easy
terms of enthusiastic attachment or uncompromising antagonism.
Then we see the sensitive nature under the spell of religious awaken-
ing, ensnared by the doctrinal teaching of her ecclesiastical surround-
ings, thinking herself guilty of the unpardonable sin, struggling with
agonising doubts, which, however, she must to a great extent have
overcome when she made her formal profession of faith some time before her fifteenth birthday. Obliged to support herself by teaching, she and her sister started school keeping, the result of these experiments being “blasted hopes, realised fears, and unlooked-for sorrows.” In 1831, she tried authorship, publishing a volume of “Tales of the Puritans.” “A Dramatic Story” appeared in 1839. The result was much credit and little gain, and if we are to accept the biographer’s judgment, the last venture was “a failure every way,” bringing no money or renown, only debt. With all this she continued her self-education, studying vegetable physiology, political economy, ideology, Latin and Greek, and qualifying herself for a mode of instruction which she seems to have pursued with singular success, and by which, if persevered in, she might have secured a comfortable maintenance and access to cultured circles. This was giving lessons—rather lectures or prelections—in literature and history. In this work her rare powers and singular genius were clearly shown. Mrs. Henshaw says, “The most ordinary topic became fascinating when she dealt with it; for whatever subject she touched she invested with her own wonderful wealth of thought, and illustration, and association, and imagery, until all else was forgotten in her magical converse.” Those who heard her considered her the most highly endowed woman they ever met or heard of, equally at home in the high abstractions of philosophical speculation, in the details of historical study, chronological, geographical, and narrative, and still more in the philosophical deductions derived from these details, also in poetry and art. And a deep religious earnestness suffused all her teaching with a glow of celestial light. She spoke like an oracle, or a sybil, bearing a vocation, delivering a message. Thus was her bent towards literature and philosophical criticism shaped and confirmed, while at the same time the constant struggle with poverty, the frequent attacks of nervous prostration, the constant application to study, the life of solitude, the absence of sympathy, produced a condition of nervous tension which contributes much to the interpretation of later and more disastrous developments.

Of course, these studies and prelections led her in time to Shakespeare; and as early as 1852 her doubts as to the authorship of these poems took definite shape, and so her strife with circumstances culminated; for we are told that her intimations of doubt on this question met “only compassionate discouragement,” suspicions of monomaniacal, and “sedulous avoidance of all speech” on the tabooed topic. In
June, 1852, she opened communications with Emerson, whose literary co-operation was always most generous, though he maintained a cautious reserve in reference to her belief. We are told that her oldest brother, Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, was always "her most helpful, judicious and affectionate friend." To us his conduct appears throughout to have been marked by a singular want of judgment and still more of tact, and by entire lack of sympathy for the sensitive nature whose ruling literary enthusiasm he so ruthlessly trampled upon. Surely her own friends, who knew her marvellous intellectual powers and endowments, her life-long devotion to study and literature, her keen philosophical insight, her original and daring poetic genius, might have hesitated before coming to the conclusion that, on a subject about which they knew nothing, she was the victim of delusions and delirious fancies. This grave elder brother, with his cool judgment, showed his "judicious, affectionate, and helpful" disposition by endeavouring to dissuade her from cherishing those "delirious fancies." He writes to a lady, possessed of one of the most splendid intellects of her time, as if she was a hysterical girl without knowledge or judgment. "Indeed, my dear sister," writes the wonderfully kind brother, "if you will but have the courage to fall back on your natural good sense, you will find your way out of 'the enchanted wood' into which you have been led. Misguided by your imagination you have yielded yourself to a delusion which, if you do not resist it and escape from it as for your life, will be fatal to you. . . . And, O my dear sister, can you not, in God's name, and in the strength which He will give you, break the spell and escape from the delusion?"

And then he advises her to capitalize her theory by embodying it in a work of fiction, which will gratify and amuse those who, "if the same things are brought forward with grave argument, as facts to be believed, will reject the whole work with contempt!"

It seems never to have occurred either to Dr. Leonard Bacon, or to Mr. Theodore Bacon, the biographer, that the bare suggestion of using the most sacred beliefs and purposes of her life—for which she was willing to endure, and did endure, pains and privations worse than martyrdom—as stage puppets or marionettes to "gratify and amuse" a scoffing public, must have been to her nothing less than outrage and profanation, to be rejected with all the force and passion of her deep and fervent nature. Such letters as these are to be reckoned among the elements that must be studied in looking at her "case" from a purely medical point of view. The shock of such
blows must have left indelible traces in the very substance of her brain.

The biographer gravely asks us to look upon this and other letters of the same description as a "wise and solemnly tender remonstrance," a "considerate and affectionate" epistle: one of the marks of wisdom to be found in it being a highly sympathetic reference to the "great world [which] does not care a sixpence who wrote Hamlet," a sentence which shows how utterly incapable the writer was of understanding even the moral earnestness of the inspired and prophetic priestess of literature who had the misfortune to be his sister. To us it appears that her resentment of this letter was more than excusable, it was natural and inevitable, and strictly just.

In 1853, Delia Bacon came to London, and from that time till her melancholy collapse, pursued the work to which her life was devoted. We need not follow all the details of her stay in England; her correspondence with Carlyle and Hawthorne was one of the most important results of it. The story is one of the most pathetic ever told. All the conditions required to produce the absolute nervous collapse which ensued were combined: circumstances nursed her into a state of cerebral ramollissement, and this is the entire story of her so-called insanity: absolute want of food and fuel, sometimes sitting in bed writing all day, because she could not get coals for her fire: months of absolute solitude, shut up with one set of thoughts and the resulting dreams and fancies which came to people her solitude: disappointment in her schemes for publication: the complete loss of several chapters of her MS. by a miserable accident, the particulars of which are narrated by Emerson in a letter which must have well nigh broken her heart: the consciousness that she, a frail woman, was living in the world in a minority of one, in the midst of unsympathising friends, neighbours, relatives, and publishers. What more can we ask to explain her disaster? There is no hint in all this volume that she ever made a convert; so that her isolation was the more emphatic because nearly all the kindnesses she received came like gifts to a prisoner in a dark cell handed over a wall of separation. Hawthorne and his admirable wife and her sister were the most genial friends she had, and when the morbid action of encroaching disease made her unjust to him, he had the good sense to accept the petulant irritation as a symptom to be pitied and treated, not an affront to be resented. He knew that normal behaviour could not possibly be expected from the forsaken inhabitant of a dark, solitary
Such a letter as the following is like a dark lantern letting light into this deep cavern: "The reason I shrink from seeing anyone now is, that I used to be somebody, and whenever I meet a stranger I am troubled with a dim reminiscence of the fact: whereas now I am nothing but this work, and don't wish to be. I would rather be this than anything else. I have lived for three years as much alive with God and the dead as if I had been a departed spirit. And I don't wish to return to the world. I shrink with horror from the thought of it. This is an abnormal state, but I am perfectly harmless, and if you will let me know when you are coming, I will put on one of the dresses I used to wear the last time I made my appearance in the world, and try to look as much like a survivor as the circumstances will permit."

The "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays" was published in 1856. Hawthorne, speaking of its reception, tells of "hack critics of the minor periodical press," "excellent fellows in their way!" but quite insensible of "any sanctity in a book," quite unable to "recognize an author's heart in it," "careless about bruising, if they do not recognize it;" and he speaks of American journalists who "repub\-lished some of the most brutal vituperations of the English press." This is a fair description of literary criticism still, except that it is not confined to the "minor periodical press."

Miss Bacon continued to reside at Stratford-on-Avon till her increasing disorder rendered her removal necessary. For a short time she was taken care of in "an excellent private asylum" at Henley-in-Arden. In April, 1858, she returned to her native land, where she died September 2, 1859.

Delia Bacon was the pioneer in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and her work belonged to the most elementary stage in its presentation. Her biographer says that she retained to the last an impression that the plays were the product of a syndicate of literary workers, Bacon and Raleigh being the chief. Our own belief is that her mind was not completely settled on this point, and that there are clear indications that the theory of multiple or dual authorship became less pronounced as she proceeded in her task. The "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays" opens with a chapter referring to Raleigh; but when she is fairly launched on the subject we hear no more of Raleigh: all her allusions and comparisons refer to Bacon, his personality, his circumstances, his perils, his devices for self-expression, his philosophical designs, his published works; Raleigh
drops entirely out of view, and one of the most prominent sections of her thesis is that the plays must be regarded, among other things, as intended to supply one of the missing developments of Bacon's great philosophical system. "Where is the Fourth Part of the great Instauration?" she asks with earnest iteration.

This part of her theory is not entirely abandoned by Baconians, though it seems to us one that can with difficulty be sustained. We believe that the deficiencies in Bacon's Philosophy—both in its design and its accomplishment—may be, to a great extent, explained by the light thrown on the characteristics of his mind, its supremacy in poetry, its limitations in science, by the Shakespeare plays. It is not, however, necessary to suppose that he himself intended the plays to be any part of his Philosophical system. There is nothing in them that can enter into such a scheme of science as he lays down in the Distributio Operis. The fourth part of the scheme was intended "to set forth examples of enquiry and invention according to my method, exhibited by anticipation in some particular subjects." He intends to select subjects "the most noble in themselves among those under enquiry, and the most different from one another." Miss Bacon fixes her mind especially on these vague intimations of enquiry into the "most noble subjects," and believes that in the Shakespeare plays this promise is fulfilled. We cannot think so.

Bacon announces a strictly scientific and philosophic scheme; the topics of enquiry with which the fourth book was to occupy itself are expressly stated to be "an application of the second part, in detail and at large." Any such application must rest on the basis of a Natural and Experimental History," and must contain "Tables and Arrangements of Instances" (Nov. Org. ii. 10). No poetic or dramatic creation could satisfy these conditions, even if they might, under certain circumstances, take their place in some Table of Instances, in which the nature and functions of poetic art might be the topic for enquiry. For Bacon's scheme of science and philosophy comprehends everything. "Art itself is nature," and all the products of art, including poetry and the drama, as they form part of the "globe of matter," must enter likewise into the "globe of crystal;" "that is," he explains, "that there be not anything in being and action which should not be drawn and collected into contemplation and doctrine."

Evidently, then, the scientific and philosophic department, even if it concerns itself with poetry, is devoted to "contemplation and
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doctrine," and its outcome may be expressed in aphorisms and formulæ. All the divisions of Bacon's philosophical system satisfy this condition; he is seeking for the laws and secrets of Nature, and by this quest he hopes to conquer Nature, and relieve the miseries of humanity.

While, however, we fail to identify Bacon's dramatic works with any uncompleted sections of his Instauration, we think the fact that Bacon's mind achieved its noblest results by these matchless creations, explains the reason why his philosophical system was so large, so massive, so comprehensive in its design, and so imperfect in its fulfilment. He could not be at once the greatest natural, experimental, and philosophical teacher the world has ever seen, and the most perfect poet. As a philosophical teacher he is limited, he fails to realise the significance of his own scheme, and he is unable to supply even specimens of the work he announces. His mind gravitates to those studies which belong to the moralist, statesman, or poet—those which are especially characteristic of "Shakespeare,"—and the large vacuum left in his philosophy is filled, though not as he wished and promised, by the infinite Compensations of the Renascence Drama.

But though we cannot find in the dramas the scientific and philosophic ideals which Miss Delia Bacon claims for them, we think she has most conclusively shewn that they belong to Bacon's work as a statesman, a social reformer, a moral and ethical teacher, and that under this disguise he instilled poetical ideas, which he could not have safely expounded in any other form.

The Second Book in Miss Bacon's volume, in which she shows the political significance of Lear, Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, and portions of other plays, contains some of the most subtle and suggestive Shakespearian criticism ever written. The obscurity which certainly overshadows some parts of her book does not much trouble us here, and any careful student may ponder these chapters with edification and delight. Her work is a splendid torso; it has both the grandeur and the imperfection of a noble but mutilated work of art. She writes with perpetual reference to unpublished elucidations, and part of her obscurity arises from this—she writes allusively, but all the terms of the allusions are unsupplied. But she has written enough, and well enough, to take her place among the ruling intellects of the Nineteenth Century. We can safely say that we never met with any writings in which rational conviction, intense earnestness, and absolute mental, moral, and spiritual concentration in the pursuit of reality, with
uncompromising hatred of phantoms and fictions, are so unmistakably shewn as in the literary works of Delia Bacon.

We may add that Mr. Donnelly has written a criticism on Miss Bacon's Biography for the March number of the North American Review, a powerful and eloquent paper, valuable not only for its estimate of the book, but for many new and striking side-lights cast on the general question of the Baconian controversy.

MR. APPLETON MORGAN AND HIS SHAKESPEARE STUDIES.

Mr. Appleton Morgan's "Shakespeare in Fact and Criticism," is a republication of scattered papers bearing on Shakespeare criticism which have appeared since the publication of his "Shakespearian Myth." The book as a whole is for us an insoluble problem. Some of the papers contain valuable additions to the arguments already so forcibly set forth in the "Myth." Mr. Morgan has demonstrated with admirable cogency of reasoning, sustained by all the resources of wit, sarcasm, and analogy which a skilful advocate can employ in marshalling the facts and inferences of a perfectly conclusive circumstantial argument, that William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, was not the author of the Shakespearian poems and dramas. No one can read his book without being convinced that the author is quite sure that the playwright never wrote a line, for instance, of Venus and Adonis, and that if his hand is to be detected anywhere in the plays it must be in the tags or in fragments of vulgar, comic scenes, or in quite incidental stage accommodations, which are the least valuable parts of the dramas. Of this there can be no doubt—Shakspere is completely extinguished by Mr. Morgan's dissection of the evidence for his claim, and by all the logical pleadings in which this evidence is driven home to a perfectly irresistible conclusion.

For reasons of his own, quite impenetrable to us, Mr. Morgan now claims that his arguments do not prove his case. We may still speak of William Shakspere as the author. At least this is our impression, from the singularly ambiguous style in which he speaks of the manager, of his skillfulness in adopting and adapting the ideas and fancies, and scraps of classic or scientific learning which vagabond scholars might drop at the theatre doors, of the interest attaching to him personally, his family, his descendants. Idle guesses and flimsy speculations of this type are to dispose of all the massive arguments that prove that the plays never came out of the purlieus of a theatre at
all, but from some aristocratic and cultivated scholar who chose to masquerade in theatre costume. We are asked to believe that "these Shakespeare plays came from and lived in the theatre." We can only say that if Mr. Morgan chooses to play fast and loose with honest argument and common sense, that is no reason why we should do the same, and that we refuse to attach the smallest importance to these fantastic and histrionic recantations.

If Mr. Morgan simply refrained from definite allegiance to the Baconian theory, we should have nothing to say against his candour and fairness. Let him accept or reject this as he pleases. But having smashed up Shakspere, he is bound either to find a substitute, or at any rate to treat with something like civility and fairness the only substitute that has been named. His entire treatment of the case simply reduces the whole thing to chaos, and leaves every Shakespearian fact, argument, and surmise tumbling about our ears in most admired disorder. At this present moment he appears more anxious to detach himself from the Baconian theory than to endorse any other solution of the difficulties he has done so much to raise and confirm. Even here, however, he is not consistent. In one of the letters published to justify his volte face attitudinising, he speaks of

"The Shakespeare and Bacon style (or rather, I should say, of the dozen or so Shakespeare styles, and the one rigid Bacon style.")

We indulge in small capitals to emphasize one of the most flagrant pieces of self-contradiction it has ever been our ill-fortune to observe. In a criticism by Mr. Morgan himself on this very point we find the following perfectly unanswerable bit of reasoning, in reply to a foolish critic whose fallacies are up for refutation:

In other words [we are assured], that a man to whom, from the records, not a day's schooling can be assigned, and whom the highest heights of Shakespearian fancy have never credited with more than one or two terms spent in childhood at a provincial grammar-school of the sixteenth century, could write in a score of different literary styles, while Francis Bacon, foremost classical and contemporary scholar of his time, author of the "Essays" and the "Novum Organum," could only have had one literary style, and therefore could not have had anything to do with aught that was not frozen into the sententious mold of his acknowledged works (pp. 20, 21).

And so he himself uses the very same argument which he had before held up to scorn as being at least as valid a proof of lunacy—at least, as deserving of "the rod and the dark room."—as the Baconian
arguments which the Shakesperian apologist considered for the self-same reason to be deserving of this sort of treatment. Clearly Mr. Morgan’s inconsistencies and eccentricities in his present mood concern himself alone. Our only interest is in watching the next figure that may emerge when the kaleidoscope has taken another twist. In reading such a book as this one may skip all expressions of individual opinion as utterly meaningless, and simply take the Shakesperian discussions on their merits. And so treated, the essay on the law and medicine in the plays, especially that part referring to law, is one of the cleverest bits of Shakespeare criticism we ever read. The law in the Merchant of Venice is most delightfully contrasted with the legal maxims and principles that would be applicable in an English or American Court of Justice. As the writer is admitted to be a lawyer, the fact that he puts all sorts of legal anomalies into his “merry tales,” does not trouble us in the least, especially as we know from other sources that he could have given good law just as easily as bad if he had chosen. Mr. Morgan chooses to produce this charming bit of legal frolic—what Bacon would call dancing in leaden shoes—as a proof that the Merchant of Venice was not written by an English lawyer. We shall be surprised if this argument carries the least atom of conviction, even to the most resolute anti-Baconian who is ready to swallow facts, fancies, and fallacies alike in sustaining his thesis.

We will not undertake to say what exactly is Mr. Appleton Morgan’s present conviction about William Shakspere. We may only remark that one of his papers is entitled “Have we a Shakspere among us?” and that the main drift of this paper is the momentous question whether some lineal descendants of the Stratford playwright may not be now resident in America. A most profitable speculation indeed! We expect soon to hear of Mr. Morgan, arm-in-arm with Mr. Furnivall, mooning amongst the Stratford and Charlecote meadows, trying to study Shakespeare by watching the cows “whisking their tails” in those consecrated pastures. We leave Mr. Morgan in the custody of his masters, bowing his manly front in the House of Rimmon. Whatever genuflexions and incense he may choose to offer at this discredited shrine does not, in the least, concern us.

We observe that Mr. Morgan is now taking an active part in the management of Shakesperiana. The last number that has reached us opens with a silly piece of harlequinade entitled, “Did Ben Jonson write Bacon’s Works?” As we have no taste for motley, we cannot profess to have read with any attention this paper, which is
to be continued in a subsequent number of the Journal. We only refer to it as an indication of the queer company with which Mr. Morgan has associated himself.

DR. CREIGHTON ON FALSTAFF'S DEATH-BED.

In the March number of Blackwood, Dr. C. Creighton gives an interesting discussion on Falstaff's death-bed, as described in Henry V. It will be remembered that this passage has occasioned what has been termed "the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text," that by Theobald in the early part of the 18th century. The Folio of 1623 has, "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields." Theobald suggested the amendment, "and a babble of green fields." This has been accepted by all the Editors, evidently because of its pathetic and poetic merits, quite apart from the question whether this is what Shakespeare actually wrote. Dr. Creighton discusses the question in a most interesting style at considerable length, and finds that the entire description of Falstaff's disease, including the hint in the epilogue to 2 Henry IV. that he might be expected to die of a sweat, is so true to the descriptions of the terrible sweating sickness which had appeared in the 16th century (the last epidemic was in 1551), and to the presages of death given by Hippocrates, that it is not safe to accept any emendation which is inconsistent with these scientific guides. A certain Dr. Caius wrote a small duodecimo of 80 pages in 1532 describing the sweating sickness, and this was the only treatise written upon it. "Dr. Caius," it will be remembered, is the doctor in the Merry Wives.

But as to the presages of Falstaff's death, spoken by Mistress Quickly, Dr. Caius was no guide. These are proved to be the same as those noted by Hippocrates. For his knowledge of these, critics refer to some popular compendiums, which Dr. Creighton shows were not sufficient to supply the copious and accurate knowledge which Shakespeare displays. Not even Peter Lowe's translation of the French version of the Presages of Hippocrates (1597) can be fixed upon as Shakespeare's authority. The Latin text by Copus (1532) really gives the symptoms which Shakespeare reproduces in so striking a way that Dr. Creighton thinks he must have used this book. The words are very interesting and worth quoting here. The "Præsagia a gesticulatione manuum" are as follows: "In acutis febris, si quis
Then came the "Notaæ faciei," and we have

"Nares acuti, oculi concavi; collapsa tempora, frigidae contractæ aures, et imis partibus leniter versus; cutis circa frontem dura, intenta et arida; totius faciei color, aut niger, aut pallidus [the original Greek χλωρός is given on the margin], aut livens, aut plumbeus."

The χλωρός is given as jaune in the French version, while Francis Adams makes it green; and the other Renaissance editor (Laurentianus) makes it viridis. Here, then, is the "green" of the passage in Hen. V., and the other points are pretty accurately represented by Dame Quickly. Referring to her words, "I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger ends," Dr. Creighton remarks:

"It would perhaps be impossible to find in the whole range of medical literature, ancient or modern, another phrase that would suggest to a poet 'and smile upon his finger ends,' so certainly as si quis manus faciei admoveit, ut inde quodpiam supervacue venetur, 'while the 'fes
tuccas carpat,' and 'a veste floccos avellat' are just as nearly cognate to 'play with flowers' and 'fumble with the sheets,' although the latter cannot compare with the former in unique verisimilitude. If that section were the source of the pressages from the hands, the other and more famous section must have been the source of the pressages from the face; and if we take the first and the last clauses of it, and blend them into a concrete picture, as by a poetic imagination they would be so blended, we shall get 'his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green [frieze];' that and nothing else. . . To figure the nose sharp as a pen against a green background, is to produce by one master-stroke the dominant impression of the classical Hippocratic facies."

For a fuller discussion we must refer to the article itself. Our own moral is obvious. All this careful reference to worm-eaten medical books and Latin (or perhaps Greek) texts of Hippocrates points to the writer of Hen. V. as a scholar, a student, a man thinking rather how to represent the facts of nature than to tickle the ears of the groundlings (and such groundlings as the theatres of that time produced), and make his plays popular. And when we turn to Bacon's "History of Life and Death," we find that, as Mr. Ellis points out in his note (Vol. II., page 208), he has taken his facts from the Præmotions of
Hippocrates, and in Spedding's translation we find among the "immediate signs which precede death," "fumbling of the hands. . . alteration of the whole countenance (as the nose becoming sharp, the eyes hollow, and the cheeks sinking in). . . coldness of the extremities," &c. In fact, Bacon had made a careful study of exactly those scientific observations which were required in order to produce the dramatic picture of Falstaff's death.

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**PARALLELISMS.**

I.—"It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to imprison, began to stir. For deceiving his keepers, he took to his heels, and made speed to the sea-coast."—Bacon, *Hen. VII.*, Op. VI. 201.

A similar escape is described in 2 *Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 247.

"A rascal-bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver."

It is curious that one of Bacon's references to Quicksilver is in discussing the "Motion of Flight" in bodies; see *Nov. Org.*, II. 48, Op. IV. 223. He also speaks of it as containing "a flatulent and expansive spirit, so that it resembles gunpowder"—shewing its force, especially when it is "vexed by fire and prevented from escaping."—Op. V. 196, 437. Here surely is raw material for plenty of Shakespearian metaphor.

II.—"In this third part of learning, which is poesy, I can report no deficiency. For being a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind."—Adv. II. iv. 5. *De Aug.* II. xiii.

This very characteristic description of poetry is exactly reproduced in Shakespeare. The poet, in *Timon*, thus speaks:—

*A thing slipped idly from me.*

Our poesy is a gum, which oozes
From whence tis nourished; the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes.—*Timon* I. i. 20.

It is interesting to observe how the metaphor is varied; the "plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed," appears in the poetry as "a gum which oozes from whence 'tis nourished." The gentle flame, which provokes itself; the current flowing with restless impatience, are reduplications of the idea under new images. The pains taken to avoid too striking identity of expression, while the idea expressed is the same, is very remarkable. The primary mode of representation is that in the prose, and it is evident that the poet had this in his mind when he composed these variations on the original theme.
MR. DONNELLY ON BACON'S CENSURE OF DEPOPULATION.


To the "Bacon Journal."

It seems to me that it is the duty of every student of Shakespeare and Bacon to note down any parallelisms which he may observe in reading and publish them; in this way we will gradually accumulate such a mass of identities as will overwhelm the most determined scepticism. I have just found one which I would contribute to the general stock. It is a parallelism not only of thought but expression.

In 1597, Francis Bacon, then a Member of Parliament, made a speech against Enclosures, which is thus reported:—

Mr. Bacon made a motion against depopulation of towns and houses of husbandry, and for the maintenance of husbandry and tillage. And to this purpose he brought in two bills, as he termed it, not drawn with a polished pen, but with a polished heart. . . . And though it may be thought ill and very prejudicial to lords that have enclosed great grounds, and pulled down even whole towns, and converted them to sheep pastures, yet, considering the increase of the people, and the benefit of the commonwealth, I doubt not but every man will deem the revival of former moth-eaten laws in this point a praiseworthy thing. For in matters of policy ill is not to be thought ill, which bringeth forth good. For enclosure of grounds brings depopulation, which brings forth first, idleness; secondly, decay of tillage; thirdly, subversion of homes, and decrease of charity and charge to the poor's maintenance; fourthly, the impoverishing the state of the realm. . . . And I should be sorry to see within this kingdom that piece of Ovid's verse prove true, Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit; so in England, instead of a whole town full of people, none but green fields, but a shepherd and a dog. The eye of experience is the sure eye, but the eye of wisdom is the quick-sighted eye; and by experience we daily see, Nemo putat illud videri turpe quod sibi sit quaestuosum. And therefore almost there is no conscience made in destroying the savour of our life, bread I mean, for Panis sapor vitae. And therefore a sharp and vigorous law had need be
made against these *viperous* natures who fulfil the proverb, *Si non posse quod vult, velle tamen quod potest*.—(Spedding's Life, II. 82.)

We turn to *Coriolanus* (Act. III. i. 263); and we find Sicinius saying of Coriolanus:—

"Where is this *viper*
That would *depopulate* the city, and
Be every man himself?"

And again, Sicinius says: (line 288).

"Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to despatch
This *viperous* traitor."

Here we have not only the same thought, the wrong of sacrificing the many for the benefit of the few or the one—but the same words employed in expressing it, to wit:—*depopulation* and *viperous*. The mere use of the words *depopulation* and *viperous* would not in itself signify much, for it is the privilege of all persons to use the common language; yet it is to be remarked that the word *depopulate* and its cognates occur only once in Shakespeare, and it is not a little remarkable that in this one passage the crime of depopulating is attributed to *viperous* natures. Unique instances of this kind gather force from this circumstance which would not otherwise belong to them. If these sentences came from two different persons, it is not a little curious that they should hold the same view as to the evil of *depopulation*, and should regard any person who caused such depopulation as a *viper*. There are a thousand ways in which disapprobation of the selfish monopolist can be expressed besides comparing him to a certain poisonous snake. Is it not remarkable, therefore, that two individuals, if they were two, should (1) reach the same conclusion about the evils of driving the people out of the "town" or "city;" (2) should employ the same word "*depopulation*" to express the result (3); should feel not dispassionately, but fiercely, upon the subject (4); should in their philanthropic indignation fall on the not very obvious comparison of a snake, to express the character of the wrong-doer, and (5) should, out of the different snakes, select, to express his wrath, the *viper*, so called because it was supposed to be the only serpent that brought forth its young alive?

Let the mathematicians apply their doctrine of "the law of probabilities" to this five-fold identity, with its unique conditions.

*IGNATIUS DONNELLY.*
BACON'S ENVENOMED SERPENTS.

Note.—Many other passages may be brought to illustrate the point which Mr. Donnelly notes: the connection of ideas between the depopulation or depoverishing the state of the realm, and the viperous nature of those persons who would rather promote sedition and rebellion than give up their own way. In 1 Henry VI. III. i. 72, the King remonstrates with his overbearing lords, each striving for his own ends, and disregarding the public welfare.

"Civil discussion is like a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
We charge you, on allegiance to ourself
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace."

Injury to the commonwealth, the poorer sort of people, is here the question. But in 2 Hen. VI. III. ii. 266 viperous treason aims not against the masses but against the individual. Salisbury says that he will defend the King

"From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
(Gloucester) is shamefully bereft of life."

The figure is fully worked out in the Wisdom of the Ancients, where (Essay of Typhon explained of Rebellion) we read, "Such designs are generally set on foot by the secret notion and instigation of the peers and nobles under whose connivance the common sort are prepared for rising; whence proceeds a swell in the state, which is appositely denoted by the nursing of Typhon. This growing posture of affairs is fed by the natural depravity and malignancy of the vulgar which to Kings is an envenomed serpent." The disaffected breaking into open rebellion which produces "infinite mischief both to prince and people," is represented by the horrid and multiplied deformity of "Typhon with his hundred heads denoting the divided powers." Even in this further development of the metaphor the philosopher is followed by the poet. When Demetrius and Chiron rebel against their hated stepfather Aaron, and threaten to destroy his new-born infant, Aaron compares them to "the threatening band of Typhon's brood." Tit. And. iv. 2. When Coriolanus resists the will of the citizens and "they stand up, about the corn," the 1st citizen says, "He stuck not to call us the many headed (Cor. ii. 3), and when they banished him, Coriolanus in taking leave of his mother tells her, "The beast with many heads butts me away" (ib. rom. 1). Clearly Aaron and Coriolanus knew not only the mythical story about Typhon, but they
interpreted it according to Bacon’s interpretation, which he claims as new and original. The intermingling of the ideas of injury to the state, the people, or the person of the Sovereign, and the viperous, serpent-like, or Typhon-like nature of the men who could encourage sedition, rebellion, treachery, are so frequent in Shakespeare, that our note would extend to the proportions of an essay were we to mention them all. (See page 130, note).

We do not, of course, ignore the fact that the expressions, “many-headed,” “the beast with many heads,” are directly taken from Horace’s *Bellum multorum es caputum*. It is quite in “Shakespeare’s” manner to enrich his diction by the use of metaphorical language equally applicable to more than one antetype.

BACON ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF MONEY.

“Above all things, good policy is to be used, that the treasures and moneys in a State be not gathered into few hands. For otherwise a State may have a great stock, and yet starve; and money is like muck, not good except it be spread.” (Essay XV. of Seditions).

This saying is attributed by Bacon to Mr. Bettenham (Apophthegms, 252; Op. VII., 160). In Bacon’s Paper of Advice to the King, “On Sutton’s Estate,” the same maxim is again referred to: “Thus have I briefly delivered unto your Majesty my opinion touching the employment of this charity, whereby that mass of wealth, that was in the owner little better than a stack or heap of muck, may be spread over your kingdom to many fruitful purposes.” (Op., Vol. IV., page 254).

These passages throw some light on the eulogy which Cominius passed on Coriolanus:—

“Our spoils he kicked at,
And looked upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world.”—Cor. II. ii. 129.

The passage itself only expresses a conventional contempt for riches, which may be either noble, or morbid, or insincere and fantastic. Bacon’s use of the same metaphor in his prose shows that he intended to represent Coriolanus as refusing to accumulate treasure for himself, because he looked on wealth as good only when it is “spread over the kingdom to many fruitful purposes;” and in this sense becomes “the common muck of the world,” that “when it lay upon a heap, it gave but a stench and an ill odour: but when it was spread upon the ground then it was cause of much fruit.” (Apophthegm). In this, as in numerous other instances, Shakespeare’s interior or between-the-lines meaning is not easily discovered till Baconian light is brought to bear on it. The annotators of *Coriolanus* have not yet found out what “Shakespeare” meant by “the common muck of the world.”
BACON AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The object of this article is to re-examine the question, as to the real founder of the Society of Rosicrucians, at the commencement of the 17th century. The only writer who has ever attempted the subject in any way worthy of the problem has been De Quincey. But it cannot be said that he has treated it in an exhaustive or adequate manner, seeing he concludes John Valentine Andreas to have been the real author of the manifestoes, although Andreas distinctly denied the charge in his own day. Briefly summed up, De Quincey arrives at the following conclusions:—That the mythical story of Father Rosy Cross, and the antedating of the Society was a fiction.

"Here then the question arises—Was the brotherhood of Rosicrucians, as described in these books, an historical matter of fact or a romance? That it was a pure romantic fiction, might be shown by arguments far more than I can admit. The Universal Reformation (the first of the three works) was borrowed from the 'Generale Riforma dell' Universo dai sette Savii della Grecia e da altri Litterati, publicata di ordine di Apollo,' which occurs in the Raguaglio di Parnasso of Boccalini. It is true that the earliest edition of the Raguaglio, which I have seen, bears the date of 1615 (in Milano); but there was an edition of the first Centuria in 1612. Indeed Boccalini himself was cudgelled to death in 1613 (see Mazzuchelli—Scrittori d'Italia, vol. ii., p. iii., p. 1378). As to the Fama, which properly contains the pretended history of the order, it teems with internal arguments against itself. The House of the Holy Ghost exists for two centuries, and is seen by nobody. Father Rosycross dies, and none of the order even knew where he is buried; and yet afterwards it appears that eight brothers witnessed his death and his burial. He builds himself a magnificent sepulchre, with elaborate symbolic decorations; and yet for 120 years it remains undiscovered. The society offers its treasures and its mysteries to the world; and yet no reference to place or person is assigned to direct the inquiries of
applicants. Finally, to say nothing of the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, which must have been put into the grave before it existed, the Rosicrucians are said to be Protestants—though founded upwards of a century before the Reformation. In short, the fiction is monstrous, and betrays itself in every circumstance. Whosoever was its author must be looked upon as the founder in effect of the Rosicrucian order, inasmuch as this fiction was the accidental occasion of such an order's being really founded. That Andreä was that author, I shall now prove by one final argument: it is a presumptive argument, but in my opinion conclusive: *The armorial bearings of Andrea's family were a St. Andrew's cross and four roses. By the order of the Rosycross, he means therefore an order founded by himself.*

Mr. Waite, in his "Real History of the Rosicrucians," agrees with De Quincey as to the fabulous character of the origin of the society. But he shows, by a series of irrefutable arguments, that Andreas could not have been the founder, for Andreas denied it, with the words "Nihil cum hac fraternitate commune habeo," in his "Mythologia Christiana." It is evident also on other grounds, which the reader may study with advantage in Mr. Waite's able work. Evidence shows that about A.D. 1600, a society, terming themselves "Brothers of the Meritorious Order of the Rosy Cross," appeared on the horizon of Europe, with an invented story of an earlier origin, carrying on its face the mark of its mythical character. *The real founder was then living.* Robert Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), tells us that the founder of the order of the Rosie Cross "now living" is a "grand signior," "antistes sapientiae," "an oracle of wisdom," or "a great and learned lawyer" (antistes). He describes him in Latin and English, and in words which can only fitly be applied to Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, as "*Omnium Artium et Scientiarum Instaurator,*" the "Renewer of all Arts and Sciences." Anyone moderately acquainted with Bacon's works will in a moment recognise the Instaurator of the "Instauratio Magna" not in this one point only, but in the coupling of "arts and sciences." Burton further writes that this founder is "a most divine man" and "the quintessence of wisdom," and quotes Dousa with these lines:—

"A sole exoriente, Macotidas usque paludes,
Nemo est, qui justo se æquiparare queat."—*Anat.*, p. 71.

Bacon wrote (1624) a short work which has been hitherto considered little better than a romance or fanciful vision of an Utopia,
the story of the New Atlantis. In it there are evident signs of a real society, of an existing order, and we cannot overlook the fact that Bacon makes King Solomon the founder of his college of the six days; Solomon being also the historic founder, or Biblical Master of the Rosicrucians.

In 1623 Campanella published a work, entitled the "City of the Sun" (Civitas Solis), an account of a philosophical Republic, which strangely parallels in object and style this New Atlantis. Campanella, we assert, upon the authority of the learned Nimrod, was a Rosicrucian, as was also Tobias Adami, who acted as his amanuensis and editor. Now in a series of encomiums passed upon Bacon, prefacing the "Advancement of Learning," this same Tobias Adami is quoted as declaring, "that we tread the same footsteps and that we pursue the same ends" as Francis Bacon.

"Tob. Adami, in his Preface to the Realis Philosophia, of that excellent Philosopher Campanella (who lives to enjoy that Fame, which many eminent for their learning, rarely possess after death) speaks his opinion thus:—

"We erect no sect, establish no Placits of Eresie, but endeavour to transcribe universale and ever-veritable Philosophy out of the Ancient Originall Copy of the world; not according to variable and disputable speculations, but according to the conducture of sense and irrefragable depositions of the Architect himselfe, whose hand in works, dissents not from his word in writing. And if the Great Instauration of the deep-mining Philosopher, Fra. Bacon Lo. Verulam Chancellor of England, a work of high expectation, and most worthy, as of Consideration, so of assistance, be brought to perfection, it will perchance appeare, that we pursue the same ends, seeing we tread the same footsteps in tracing, and as it were hounding nature, by Sense and Experience," &c.

Why has it been thought fit to attach these words to this 1640 Oxford edition of the "Advancement of Learning"?

Another author, quoted in the same place, is Mersenne, who writes:—

Verulam seems to have no other intention in his New Method, than to establish the Verity of Sciences, wherefore you must not anticipate as granted that he makes for you, or that he is of your opinion; he confesses we know little, but he subverts not the Authority of Sense and Reason; no, he labours to find out proper and proportionable instruments, whereby to conduct the understanding to the knowledge of Nature and her effects.

* Nimrod, iv., 517.
Wherever we come upon the subject of the Rosicrucians, we find ourselves in some mysterious way, in touch with Bacon, and also with Free-masonry. De Quincey declares that “the object of the elder Free-masons was not to build Lord Bacon’s imaginary Temple of Solomon,” which he calls one of the hypotheses of Nicolai. But it was also one of the hypotheses of Murr, and both of these men lived very much nearer to the origin of this problem than did De Quincey. The latter concludes that modern Free-masonry was nothing but modified Rosicrucianism.

“Whoever has read the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, and is otherwise acquainted with the relations in which this great man stood to the literature of his own times, will discover in this romance a gigantic sketch from the hand of a mighty scientific intellect, that had soared far above his age, and sometimes on the heights to which he had attained, indulged in a dream of what might be accomplished by a rich state under a wise governor for the advancement of the arts and sciences. This sketch, agreeably to the taste of his century, he delivered in the form of an allegory, and feigned an island of Ben-salem, upon which a society, composed on his model, had existed for a thousand years under the name of Solomon’s house; for the law-giver of this island, who was also the founder of the society, had been indebted to Solomon for his wisdom. The object of this society was the extension of physical science; on which account it was called the College of the Work of Six Days. Romance as all this was, it led to very beneficial results; for it occasioned in the end the establishment of the Royal Society of London, which for nearly two centuries has continued to merit immortal honour in the department of physics. Allegory, however, it contains none, except in its idea and name. The house of Solomon is neither more nor less than a great academy of learned men, authorised and supported by the state, and endowed with a liberality approaching to profusion for all purposes of experiment and research. Beneficence, education of the young, support of the sick, cosmopolitism, are not the objects of this institution.”

If De Quincey had been better acquainted with the Rosicrucian manifestoes, he would have discovered that the chief point to which he calls attention in Bacon’s work, “The Extension of Physical Science,” was the prominent feature of the Rosicrucian confessions.

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* * Über den wahren Ursprung der Rosenkreutzers. 2 c Sulzbach, 1803, p. 23, Chris. Murr.*
AIMS OF THE R. C. FRATERNITY.

We quote from the *Fama Fraternitatis* of 1614, in which it will be seen that some of the objects of the brotherhood were to examine "how far his (man's) knowledge extendeth in nature," to make a collection of Natural History, or a "perfect method of all arts," to overthrow Aristotle and Galen, and to parallel with new discoveries in the realms of nature and art, the discovery by Columbus of the other half of the world. Every one of these objects is Bacon's philosophy writ large. The simile is his, the attack upon Aristotle began with his freshmanship at Cambridge, the making of a book of nature was throughout his life his most cherished object, it was his chief effort during the last five years of his life. De Quincey has fallen into the easy fallacy, that the Rosicrucians were gold-seekers or alchemists; but of the Atlantis he writes: "The house of Solomon is neither more nor less than a great academy of learned men," and "for the advancement of arts and sciences." So with the Rosicrucians. All their addresses are to the Erudite of Europe, their president is Apollo (represented in George Withers' "Great Assizes held at Parnassus," by the Lord Verulam), their seat is Parnassus, their fountain, Helicon, their steed, Pegasus. They term themselves in their first manifesto or pamphlet, "the Litterati of Apollo" (see the "Universal Reformation," 1614). Burton similarly describes the Founder of the Rosicrucians "now living" as "Artium et Scientiarum Instaurator," the Restorer of Arts and Sciences.

We read in the R. C. Confession (chap. ii.): "Concerning the amendment of philosophy, we have (as much as at this present is needful) declared that the same is altogether weak and faulty; nay, whilst many (I know not how) allege that she is sound and strong, to us it is certain she fetches her last breath." This strikingly Baconian language expresses the Baconian aim of these Rosicrucian manifestoes. In chap. xi. we read: "It is right that we be rather earnest to attain to the knowledge of philosophy, nor tempt excellent wits to the tincture of metals, sooner than to the observation of nature." The object of the Rosicrucians, then, was not gold-seeking; but the observation of Nature, overthrow of the old philosophy of Aristotle, and to see "how far man's knowledge extendeth in Nature;" their purpose was to make a Collection of Natural History, copied from Solomon's example, and entitled a "Book of Nature," as a base to work upon.

* The Confession of the Rosicrucian Fraternity of 1615 runs, "Confessio Fraternitatis R.C. ad Eruditos Europae."
We will now present the passage with which the celebrated *Fama Fraternitatis* opens, in which Bacon's philosophical ends, his similes, and his particular ideas, are to be re-read by students of his works, in almost every word, and certainly in each line. This manifesto was given to the world about 1614; the "Confession of the Rosicrucian Fraternity" in 1615; the "Universal Reformation" about 1614. These are the three great manifestoes by which the society first made itself known to the public in Europe. Those who lack access to the original copies will find them reproduced (in English) in Mr. Waite's recent work, "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," from which we take the liberty to quote.

"*Fama Fraternitatis; or, a Discovery of the Fraternity of the most Laudable Order of the Rosy Cross.*

"Seeing the only wise and merciful God in these latter days hath poured out so richly His mercy and goodness to mankind, whereby we do attain more and more to the perfect knowledge of His Son Jesus Christ and of Nature, that justly we may boast of the happy time wherein there is not only discovered *unto us the half part of the world, which was heretofore unknown and hidden, but He hath also made manifest unto us many wonderful and never-heretofore seen works and creatures of Nature, and, moreover, hath raised men, indued with great wisdom, which might partly *renew and reduce all arts* (in this our spotted and imperfect age) to perfection, so that finally man might thereby understand his own nobleness and worth, and why he is called *Microcosmus, and how far his knowledge extendeth in Nature.*

"Although the rude world herewith will be but little pleased, but rather smile and scoff thereat; also the pride and covetousness of the learned is so great, it will not suffer them to agree together; but were they united, they might, out of all those things which in this our age God doth so richly bestow on us, collect *Librum Nature*, or, *a Perfect Method of all Arts*. But such is their opposition that they still keep, and are loth to leave, the old course, esteeming Porphyry, *Aristotle, and Galen*, yea, and that which hath but a meer show of learning, more than the clear and manifested Light and Truth."

Bacon's hand is distinctly visible in this passage. He writes: "For this I find done, not only by Plato who anchors upon that shore; but also by *Aristotle, Galen, and others.*" Notice, "*Aristotle and Galen*"
brought in in the same order. Bacon writes: "For how long shall we let a few received authors stand up like Hercules' columns, beyond which there shall be no sailing or discovery in science, when we have so bright and benignant a star as your Majesty to conduct and prosper us."

This is Bacon's master simile, to go "plus ultra," to imitate Columbus, in the circumnavigation of the Intellectual Globe. He writes:—(Gt. Instn. Pref.) "Sciences also have, as it were their fatal columns." Or, inasmuch, as by voyages made, beyond the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic, a new world had been discovered, so should man's mind extend knowledge and discover a new world of thought. Bacon claimed this as a prerogative of his own philosophic system. He made the voyage and adopted the simile; from no other mind could this idea have thus expressed itself.

In the De Aug. Lib. ii. ch. 10, he writes: "But for some small keel to emulate heaven itself; and to circle the whole globe of the earth with more oblique and winding course than the heavens do, this is the glory and prerogative of our age. So that these times may justly bear in their word, not only plus ultra; and also imitabile fulmen, for the Ancients non imitabile fulmen." This daring and aspiring thought is repeated in the Fama. It is Bacon's peculiar property, the product of his own master-mind, and of no other. But it is perhaps in the Librum Naturæ, or Book of Nature, that we most distinctly recognize Bacon's individuality. This collection of Nature may be re-found in the sketch of his own Natural History, or Sylva Sylvarum. And it is not lightly to be passed over, that we find this work bound up in the same volume with the New Atlantis, in which it is again shadowed forth under the scheme of a Society, the College of the six days. Now observe—we are confronted by Bacon's New Atlantis, reproduced word for word, under the title of "John Heydon's Land of the Rosicrucians." This is corroborative evidence! Whatever the critic may think of Heydon's narrative as a fraud or plagiarism, the fact remains that the Atlantis, treating of a secret Society or Order, proposes the same ends, in the same words, as this genuine Rosicrucian manifesto! In the same volume we find Bacon, in his Natural History, attempting to fulfill the pledge. He also writes to Father Fulgentio, "As for the third part" (the Natural History), "that is plainly a work for a King or Pope, or some college or order, and cannot be done as it should be by a private man's industry:"—thus associating the "Librum Naturæ," with a College or order, such as the Rosicrucians termed themselves.
That Bacon was founder of the Society of the Rosicrucians, or at least at its head in England, is in short fast passing from the realm of theory to the region of undoubted fact. The evidence afforded by the identity of John Heydon's Land of the Rosicrucians, with Bacon's New Atlantis, receives startling confirmation from the Anatomy of Melancholy (1621). In this work the subject of "the Rosie-Cross men," is found brought into context with the New Atlantis of Bacon, with John Val Andreas' "Resp. Christianopolitana," and with Campanella's "City of the Sun." A footnote to the former couples Bacon's name with that of Andreas thus:

John Valent Andreas, Lord Verulam.

There is not even a full-stop between the two names, but they are left as if they were masks for each other! This is the passage to which this note is attached:

"Utopian parity is a kind of government, to be wished for, rather than effected, Resp. Christianopolitana, Campanella's 'City of the Sun,' and that New Atlantis," (page 60 Anatomy of Melancholy, xvi. edit). Now how is it that the Rosicrucian protagonist (up to date), John Val Andreas, is found thus in context with Bacon? The reply that they both drew imaginary pictures of a Republic, Commonwealth or Utopia, proves that Bacon was treading in the actual footsteps of the Rosicrucians, and that the ideal commonwealth pictured in the New Atlantis was also a Rosicrucian dream.

That Robert Burton was perfectly acquainted with the fact that Bacon was the Founder of the Fraternity of the Rosie-Cross, is proved not only by his expression—"the Renewer of all Arts and Sciences (Omnium Artium et Scientiarum Instaurator), Reformer of the World, and now living," but by what he says elsewhere in The Anatomy (p. 357). We find, "Solomon's Temple,"—"the Rosie-Cross men," and Bacon's name, (under cover of his great predecessor, Roger Bacon) introduced four times, with reference to the same scientific discoveries that are in Bacon's New Atlantis! "With many such experiments intimated long since by Roger Bacon in his tract, de Secretis artis et naturæ, as to make a chariot to move sine animali (without animals), diving boats, to walk on the water by art, and to fly in the air;" Comp. N. A.:—"We have some degrees of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water." Burton continues:

"And Bacon writ of old, burning glasses, multiplying glasses, perspectives, ut unus homo appareat exercitus, to see afar off," comp. N. A.:—"We have also Perspective Houses. We procure means of seeing
objects afar off; as in the heaven and remote places;" comp. Burton, "Marcellus Vrencken makes mention of a friend of his that is about an instrument quo videbit quae in altero horizonte sint. Otocousticons some speak of, to intend hearing as the other do sight," comp. New A.:—"We have also, Sound Houses where we practice and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have certain helps which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also diverse strange and artificial echoes reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller, some deeper, yea, some rendering the voice." Burton means by "intend hearing as the other do sight," a magnifying of sound, or bringing it close from a great distance, (comp. N. A.). "We have all means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes in strange lines and distances."

A striking instance of Burton's tendency to associate Bacon with the Rosicrucians is seen in his Introduction of Democritus to the Reader. "Much mention is made of anchors, and such like monuments, found about old Verulamium." In a footnote (m) we read—"Near St. Albons." So that this is a reference to Bacon's home. In the next paragraph but one:—

"We had need of some general visitor in our age that should reform what is amiss, a just army of Rosie-Cross men; for they will amend all matters (they say), religion, policy, manners, with arts, sciences, etc." Upon the next page:—"Boccalinus may cite commonwealths to come before Apollo, and seek to reform the world itself by commissioners; but there is no remedy; it may not be redressed." It was from Boccalini's Ragguaglio di Parnasso, that the first Rosicrucian manifesto, or Reformation of the Whole Wide World, was borrowed. Twelve lines lower down, in context with this subject of the ends of the Rosicrucians to effect a Reformation of Society, Burton introduces again Bacon's New Atlantis: "I will yet, to satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own, a New Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not?—pictoribus atque poetis, etc. You know what liberty poets ever had!" This seems to suggest that Burton considered the author of the New Atlantis a poet! "For the site, if you will needs urge me to it, I am not fully resolved: it may be in Terra Australis Incognita; there is room enough, (for, of my knowledge, neither that hungry Spaniard, nor Mercurius Britannicus, have yet discovered half of it),
or else one of those floating islands in *Mare del Zur*, which like the Cyanean isles in the Euxine Sea, alter their place and are accessible only at set times, and to some few persons; or one of the *Fortunate Isles*, for who knows yet where, or which they are?"

In the *Aphorisms of the Parasceve*, Bacon separates Nature into three divisions corresponding to the History of Generations, Præter-generations, and *Arts.*—He does not confound them, but he is very careful to bring things artificial under the classification of nature, and undoubtedly he would have included the plays known as Shakespeare's as works of Art, under the heading of nature, or as a book of nature. The reader has seen how, in a couple of Rosicrucian paragraphs, we have found disclosed the entire Baconian mind and philosophy. For "*how far his (man's) knowledge extendeth in Nature*" is the marrow and soul of the Baconian system, whose end is to attain knowledge and command over Nature. To better man's estate, to seek new intellectual worlds, (to parallel the discovery of Columbus) and to overthrow *Aristotle and Galen*, this philosophy stands as unique, and original, as Mont Blanc over the chain it dominates.

The ship, simile of sailing on intellectual voyages of research, is prominent from first to last in Bacon's writings. His "*bark of philosophy*" may be seen on the frontispiece engraving of the 1620 *Novum Organum*, sailing between the two pillars of Hercules. So that this is no accidental metaphor, but a master-thought dominating his works, in a downright fashion of completeness, and is applied to the extending of man's knowledge in nature, just as it is to be found in this passage quoted from the *Fama Fraternitatis*. All this was coupled in Bacon's mind with the overthrow of Aristotle. If science was to be reconstructed, the old edifice must be first pulled down. So that the idea of first demolishing and then reconstructing upon solid foundations, is Baconian from beginning to end. Does not Bacon stand out as the protagonist of this philosophical reform and reconstruction during his age? Where else are we to look for a mind with schemes of equal grandeur, or of such daring comprehensive power?

In Spedding's critical and historical Preface to the *Parasceve*, he writes:—"*He might still indeed have hoped to arrive ultimately at an alphabet of Nature* (her principles being probably few and simple,

though her phenomena be enormously complex); but he would have found that a dictionary or index of Nature (and such was to be the office of the Natural History) to be complete enough for the purposes of the Novum Organum, must be nearly as voluminous as Nature herself" (Phil. Wks., vol. i., p. 385).

We read in the Fama: "After this manner began the Fraternity of the Rosie Cross—first, by four persons only, and by them was made the magical language and writing, with a large dictionary."

This idea of making a "Book of Nature," or Librum Naturae, may be claimed as entirely peculiar to Bacon. Hear him upon this point: "Atque posterius hoc nunc agitur; nunc inquam; neque unquam ante hanc. Neque enim Aristoteles, aut Theophrastus, aut Dioscorides, aut Caius Plinius, multo minus moderni, hunc finem (de quo loquimur) historiae naturalis unquam sibi proposuerunt." If Bacon had read the Fama we quote from, he would have recognised either himself or a mind exactly his counterpart! It is this work which Mr. Spedding considers Bacon's alphabet of Nature, as a dictionary or index ("and such was to be the office of the Natural History," 385) of phenomena. This is the "Historiam naturalem et experimentalem quaerit in ordine ad condendam philosophiam" which Bacon places in the very front and entrance of his design (Preface to Parasceve, Spedding, Philo. Wks., vol. i., 376). In the discussion (as to Bacon's merits as founder of a new philosophical method) between Spedding and Ellis (Preface to Parasceve), we find Spedding writing: "You think that the difference between what Galileo did and what Bacon wanted to be done, lay in this, that Bacon's plan presupposed a history (or dictionary, as you call it) of Universal Nature, as a store-house of facts to work on."

Mr. Ellis replies to this: "Bacon wanted a collection large enough to give him the command of all the avenues to the secrets of Nature" (Ibid). Almost a repetition of the enunciations in the Fama of the Rosicrucians!

We have said that the Rosicrucians were not, as is generally understood, pretenders of the art of making gold, but Philosophers, Litterati, aiming at the overthrow of the authority of Aristotle and Galen, seeking to extend man's knowledge in Nature. They were, moreover, bent upon an entire reformation of society, for which the age was crying. If we had been describing Bacon's philosophical ends, we could only use the same words. Take this account of the objects that the mythical Father Rosy-Cross had in view, from the Fama: "He
showed them *new growths, new fruits, and beasts which did concord with old philosophy*, and prescribed them new *Axiomata*, whereby all things might fully be restored.*

One of the features of Bacon’s mind was a grafting on of antiquity with novelty. In his note-book is this entry: “To consider what opinions are fit to nourish *Tanquam Ansa*, and so to graft (graft) the *new upon the old, ut religiones solent*.” * In his Proæmium he asks the question whether knowledge might at any time be “restored to its perfect and original condition?” As for the *Axiomata*, it is a striking point that Bacon’s great instrument, or engine of discovery, the *Novum Organum*, is written entirely in axioms! The expressions, “new discoveries,” “new fruits” (*fructifera*) is entirely Baconian.†

**THE FOUNDER OF ROSICRUCIANISM LIVING IN 1621.**

De Quincey’s opinion that the antedating of the origin of the Rosicrucians, with the story of Christian Rosy-cross, published in the *Fama Fraternitatis*, 1614, was a pure invention, receives startling confirmation from an extract we make from Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” published in 1621. By this it will be seen that Burton states that some people believed the founder of the Society of Rosicrucians to be still living whilst he wrote. But this is not all. He describes this founder, in both English and Latin, “*Omnium artium et scientiarum Instaurator*”—“The renewer of all arts and sciences.” Bacon’s name for his new system of philosophy was *Instauratio Magna*. It may be questioned if Bacon regarded his *Instauratio* in the light of a *restoration*, yet we have his words to that effect. These are his important cogitations prefacing the *Instauratio*:

Francis of Verulam . . . being convinced that the human intellect makes its own difficulties, not using the true helps which are at man’s disposal soberly and judiciously; . . . thought all trial should be made, whether that commerce between the mind of man and the nature of things, which is more precious than anything on earth, or at least than

* “But to me on the other side that do desire as much as lieth in my pen to ground a sociable intercourse between antiquity and proficience, it seemeth best to keep way with antiquity usque ad aras” (Adv. Lib. II. vii. 2, Op. III, 353, De Aug. III. iv.)

† “Our experiments we take care to be (as we have often said) either *Experimenta Fructifera, or Lucifera*—either of use, or of discovery” (Nat History, 500). These are the *exact* Latin words of the R.C.—viz., experiments of growth (light) and *fruits.*
anything that is of the earth, might by any means be restored to its perfect and original condition.

The Latin words are "restituisset in integrum," which cannot be rendered apart from the sense of restoration. Spedding confesses that Bacon believed in some great prehistoric age of knowledge. And whilst selecting Plato's Atlantis for the subject of his romance, he gives just such reasons of a belief in the tale of the Egyptian priests to Solon as might be expected from the scornful way in which he speaks of "the philosophy of the Græcians with some better respect to the Egyptians, Persians, Chaldees, and the utmost antiquity, and the mysteries of the poets" (Commentarius Solutus, or Note-book; see Spedding, L. L. iv. 3).

One object of the Rosicrucian brotherhood was to restore knowledge to its original and pristine condition. We are accustomed to translate Instauratio Magna as the Great Instauration, but the Latin word Instaurator means a Reneyer, or Repairer, or Restorer. Instauratio means not only "a setting forth," but "a renewal" also. How are we to understand all this? Our reply is that we must cast aside all our preconceived ideas as to the Baconian simplicity of style in writing. We have neglected such hints as Bacon gives us in his note-book, and in his "Praise of Knowledge," such words as:

"The Græcians were, as one of themselves sayeth, you Græcians ever children! They knew little antiquity; they knew, except fables, not much above five hundred years before themselves. They knew but a small portion of the world" (Discourse in Praise of Knowledge).

According to Nimrod the Rosicrucians aimed at restoring or rebuilding the Old Templar knowledge (the Temple) which had been never really lost but obscured only. "Our philosophy also is not a new invention, but as Adam after his fall hath received it, and as Moses and Solomon used it" (Fama Fraternitis).

This, also was their declaration, "That they are destined to

* "This one way, therefore," he concludes, "remaineth, that the whole business be attempted anew with better preparations, or defences against error; and that there be a universal Instauration, or reconstruction, of the arts and sciences, and of all human learning, upon a due basis." That is the meaning of the word Instauration: it was used by the Romans for the repetition of anything, and generally with a special view to correctness or completeness of performance, as for instance, of games or sacrifices of which the first performance had been unsatisfactory. It is properly a building up, and is nearly the same thing with a restoration (Craiks' Bacon, p. ii., 2nd part).
accomplish the approaching restoration of all things to an improved condition before the end arrives” (Gabriel Naudé). Compare this with Bacon’s, “Whether that commerce between the mind of man and the nature of things, . . . might by any means be restored to its perfect and original condition.” That Bacon was active in getting members for some society “beyond the seas” may be read in the following extract. Among Bacon’s memoranda of the 26th July, 1608, one runs thus:—“Q. of learned men beyond the seas to be made, and hearkening who they be that may be so inclined.” “To be made” what? How is it we can gather nothing more of these learned men? Why is the subject shrouded in mystery? The fact that Bacon was a propagandist on the continent “beyond the seas” is a remarkably strong point in favour of the theory of a brotherhood or some secret society, which he was promoting. If his object had only been scientific, we should have heard more on the subject. But here is proof that Bacon was enlisting abroad the talents of learned men, in some scheme of great universality and secrecy. Moreover, “to be made” suggests membership, brotherhood, and is thoroughly masonic in sound. Considering St. Albans was in Bacon’s time, and still is, a very little place, how is it we find Burton writing of it during Bacon’s lifetime: “Near St. Albans, which must not now be whispered in the ear.”

But the mystery is not only around St. Albans, it is around Bacon also. Ben Jonson, in a poem addressed to Bacon on his birthday, writes:—

“In the midst
Thou stand’st as though a mystery thou didst.”

Ben Jonson was well acquainted with Bacon and his life, and the mystery must indeed have been profound to draw forth such lines as these! The most sceptical of critics must be forced to confess that there was a mystery round both the home of Bacon and Bacon himself, for it is thus testified to, by two independent, learned, and prominent men who were his contemporaries. In the “Anatomy” (to Democritus junior) is a passage too long for insertion here, but to which we wish to draw especial attention. It describes “the omniscious only wise fraternity of the Rosie Cross of these times” as “all betrothed to wisdom;” “their Theophrastian master as the renewer of all arts and sciences, reformer of the world, and now living.” This description of the founder and his disciples agrees with what we learn from the
pen of the author of "John Val. Andreas und Sein Zeitalter" (Berlin, 1819).

Quid vis? Collegium nostrum est Academia quaedam
Doctrina studio cum pietate sacra,
showing that it was a philosophical Academy. Compare the opening of Love's Labour Lost, one of the earliest of the plays.

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.


In the 1640 Translation of Preface to the Advancement, by Gilbert Wats, we read:—"This one way remaineth that the business be wholly re-attempted with better preparations, and that there be throughout An Instauration of Sciences and Arts, and of all Human Learning raised from solid foundations." Here are the same words used by Burton. In Advt. L. ii., 78, 79, Bacon again introduces the subject of Arts and Sciences in connection with foundations and colleges, as we have seen. The Rosicrucians called themselves a college, and the wise men of the New Atlantis had their college of the six days.

All De Quincey remarks, about Bacon's objects in writing the New Atlantis with regard to the Advancement of Science and the founding of a Royal Society (so to speak), is no doubt perfectly true; but the strange point is that the Rosicrucians joined hands with Bacon upon this actual point. De Quincey does not attempt to explain why King Solomon is introduced upon the scene, or what the attraction was that brought a meeting of Freemasons in 1646 to Warrington, to discuss Bacon's Atlantis, adopt his ideas, and introduce his pillars into the Lodge!

In Advt. L. i. and ii., 1605, there are about fifty quotations from Solomon. In Book II., Bacon quotes twenty-four aphorisms in succession from Solomon alone. Describing the founding of Solomon's College of six days, he writes:—"Amongst the excellent acts of that king (Solomon) one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection or institution of an order or society, which we call Solo-
mon's House." So in Rosicrucian manifestoes we read:—"Our philosophy also is not a new invention, but as Adam after his fall hath received it, and as Moses and Solomon used it." In the Advt. (L.i.), Bacon introduces Moses and Solomon in succession, giving a paragraph to both. Robert Fludd, the famous English Rosicrucian, entitles one of his works "Philosophia Mosaica." (Goudæ, 1638). He quotes Solomon in exactly the same language as Bacon does with regard to a Natural History in the New Atlantis. The question at stake is whether the New Atlantis is merely a philosophical dream or a real society or order? Now the Rosicrucians distinguished themselves by a red cross. We read in the marriage of Christian Rosen-cross: "We were all distributed among the Lords, but our old Lord and I, most unworthy, were to ride even with the King, each of us bearing a snow-white ensign with a red cross" (Waites Real History of the Rosicrucians). In the New Atlantis we read: "The morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man that we had not seen before, clothed in blue as the former was, save that his turban was white with a small red cross on the top." John Val. Andreas declared that the Genuine Illuminati of "St. Christopher Rosy-Cross were a society formed by one faithful brother out of the ruins of the Knights Templars" (Myth. Christ., p. 305, 306). Hence the Templar red cross. Sir Walter Scott frequently introduces it:—

Lo, warrior! Now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead.

It is very curious to find Bacon's mind in almost every line of these Rosicrucian manifestoes. In chapter xiii. of the Confession of the Rosicrucian Fraternity (p. 97, Waites Real Hist. of Rosicrucians), we read: "Then shall you be able to expel from the world all those things which darken human knowledge and hinder action, such as the vain (astronomical) epicycles and eccentrics circles." Compare, "And to this day the motions of the heavens are, by fabulous astronomers, perplexed with eccentrics and epicycles" (Posth. Wks. Gruter, Vol. II., p. 58, Shaw's Edition, 1733).

In chapter xii. of the Confession of the R.C., already quoted from, we read: "Our age doth produce many such (impostors), one of the greatest being a stage-player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition" (1615). This is very curious. Because, what possibly could have been the imposition of this stage-player, and why is he introduced into this manifesto at all, unless there was some particular connection or reason for alluding to him? This passage seems to
SECRET CONCLAVES, BACONIAN AND ROSICRUCIAN.

point to Shakspere, whose name stands first on a list of twenty-six actors in the 1623 Folio. If not Shakspere, who is it? And how curiously Ben Jonson re-echoes the same charge against some chief dramatist in these lines:—

ON POET APE.

Poor Poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage has become so bold a thief,
That we the robb'd have rage and pity it.
At first he makes low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays.

In Ben Jonson's Fortunate Isles, a masque dated 1626 (the year Bacon died) there are allusions to the play of The Tempest, and the Rosicrucians. Bacon writes: "For 'tis an immense ocean that surrounds the island of truth" (Vol. II., p. 58, Shaw's Edit., 1733). The New Atlantis is the picture of an ideal commonwealth, seated on an island, Gonzalo picturing such a commonwealth. Much of the Rosicrucian mise en scene is in mid-ocean. And in the enchanted island of the "Tempest," we find literature is, as we have seen, distinguished by the prominence of Utopias, or ideal Republics.

Among the philosophical works by Bacon are certain pieces written in a peculiar style and addressed to his sons. One of these addresses is to be found in the Redargutio Philosophiarum, and the scene is laid at Paris. Another is the Advertisement of a holy war. This again is laid at Paris. In the former we are presented with a description of fifty persons, who are the auditors of Bacon's philosophical discourses, given in the guise of a third person. It is open to conjecture whether they are an imaginary audience or real people? But it is worthy of note that Paris was one of the centres where the Rosicrucians held their secret conclaves, or meetings. We read of a great meeting of thirty-six Rosicrucians in Paris in 1623. One of the synonyms by which the Rosicrucian Fraternity was known was the name of the "Valley of Peace." We read in the Fama Fraternitatis of 1614: "The truth is peaceable, brief, and always like herself in all things," etc. In the Redargutio, Bacon introduces the following: "And as Alexander Borgia was wont to say of the expedition of the French for Naples, that they came with chalk in their hands to mark up their lodgings, and not with weapons to fight; so I like better that entry of truth which cometh peaceably with chalk to mark up those
minds which are capable to lodge and harbor it, than that which cometh with pugnacity and contention."* The force of our suggestions only appears when we reflect that the Rosicrucians entitled themselves Militia Crucifera Evangelica, or soldiers of the cross. In 1598 we hear of an assembly of them at Lunenburg. Bacon's proposition for a crusade, or holy war, should be read with an eye on this; because the idea of reviving the crusades recalls the Templars, and suggests that Bacon is giving us an indirect or side hint to his connection with some peaceable crusade for the reformation of Church and society. The passage quoted above from the Redargutio suggests a militia of truth, and finds support in the Rosicrucian or Templar motto introduced in the Holy War: "In hoc signo vinces."

This motto is repeated in the chemical marriage of Christian Rosy-Cross. It is the Red Cross emblem. Yarker, writing of the progress of the Templars says: "Six millions of people of different nations united and vowed to conquer Jerusalem. They wore the Calvary Cross on the shoulder, and as the Emperor Constantine the Great had in A.D. 313 seen the Red Cross in the air with 'In hoc signo vinces,' they took that motto" (Mysteries of Antiquity).

The subject of Rosicrucian emblems is beguiling, but we cannot enter upon it here excepting to draw attention to the remarkable symbol of the Rose of which we append a fac simile,† and which re-appears strangely and in various ways in the group of works of which we have been treating. This emblem is taken from Bacon's "Advertisement of a Hely War," published in 1638, by William Rawley, and printed by John Haviland, collected together with other of Bacon's pieces into one volume. As may be seen it represents a burning heart, placed in the centre of a rose. This emblem is to be found also on the title-page of the New Atlantis, in the volume entitled "Operum Moralium et Civilium." If it is compared with the genuine Rosicrucian emblem below, which is copied from Hartmann's "Rosicrucian Symbols," and also from Mr. Waite's engraving, given on page 243 of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," the likeness will be found striking. In both the chief features are identical—viz., a heart within a rose. The idea of the crucified heart (and cross) is repeated in this emblem by the symbol of fire or burning. It is necessary to state it is not a printer's device, or publisher's emblem. Haviland was one of Bacon's chief printers, and he issued the De

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* In a letter to Sir Thomas Bodley, Bacon writes:—"If you be not of the lodgings chalked up, etc."  † See page 199.

Lutheran Seal of the Rosicrucians.
Augmentis (1st edition) of 1623, the Historia Vita et Mortis, 1623, and other of his works. On no other work of his have we discovered this emblem. And it is worthy of note that it is found upon the title-pages of the New Atlantis, which Heydon has identified with the "Land of the Rosicrucians," and which, as an ideal Utopia or Commonwealth, is a prominent feature in Rosicrucian literature.

Mr. Waite writes as to this device: "I am in a position to maintain that this was the true and esoteric symbol of the society, as the crucified rose was the avowed exoteric emblem, because in a professedly authoritative work on the secret figure of the order, 'Geheime Figuren der Rosenkreuzer aus dem 16ten und 17ten Jahrhundert,' I find the following remarkable elaboration of the Lutheran seal, which practically decides the question" (see above emblem). So that practically we have two perfectly independent original Rosicrucian sources for this symbol. We take ours from the copy and translation of the "Aureum Seculum Redivivum, of Henricus Madathanus Theosophus, by Franz Hartmann (Boston Occult Publishing Company). This work is sold by Messrs. George Redway, of 15, York-street, Covent-garden. Round the emblem is this motto:

"Mea Victoria in Cruce Roseae."

Mr. Waite tells us this is Luther's seal, and as the Rosicrucians were for a reformation of the Church and for re-building the Temple, their silence (Rose), secrecy, zeal, and sacrifice to the cause, are well typified by this beautiful symbol. In Bacon's emblem there is no cross. But we must expect to find some slight deviation from the original for the sake of disguise. The ideas of secrecy and sacrifice are equally expressed in each. In our opinion Bacon, in touching the subject of a Holy War or Crusade, is touching the subject of the origin of the fraternity, in the Templars. They were the famous Red-cross Knights, whom Spenser has taken in his Faery Queen to typify perfect holiness or the Church.

It is most important for the reader to understand that the Rosicrucians were, as Mr. Waite writes, "Pre-eminently a learned society, and they were also a Christian sect," "Real Hist. Rosicn.," page 216. Robert Fludd, in his reply to Gassendi (published 1633), formally withdraws the title of Rosicrucians, saying, "Fratres R. C. olim sic dicti, quos nos hodie Sapientes (Sophos) vocamus." Nor were they gold-seekers, as is often imagined. In the 1614 Fama Fraternitatis we read:—"But now concerning, and chiefly in this our age, the ungodly and accursed gold-making, which
hath gotten so much the upper hand; . . . but we by these presents publicly testify that the true philosophers are far of another mind, esteeming little the making of gold, which is but a paragon, besides that they have a thousand better things.” They agreed in this with Arviragus:

“All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
Who worship dirty gods.”—(Cymbeline III. vi. 53.)

The governor of the New Atlantis says: “We maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels; nor for silks, nor for spices, nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God’s first creature, which was light.”

De Quincey writes (quoting Fludd): “Nos docet Apostolus ad mysterii perfectionem vel sub Agricola, vel Architecti, typo pertingere”—

“either under the image of a husbandman who cultivates a field, or of an architect who builds a house; and had the former type been adopted, we should have had free-husbandmen instead of Freemasons” (“De Quincey Inquiry into the origin of the R. C. and Free-masons,” Wks. vol. xvi., p. 410). Again, Fludd writes, “Atque sub istiusmodi architecti typo nos monet propheta ut edificemus domum Sapientiae.”

This “House of Wisdom,” which the Rosicrucians considered themselves bound to build, was King Solomon’s Temple. And here we are once more in touch with Bacon’s New Atlantis, or college of the six days, the foundation of which he ascribes to Solomon. Note also that Tenison twice refers to Bacon’s Instauration as the House of Wisdom (Baconiana). He does not speak of the New Atlantis. His words are: “The work therefore of the Instauration was an original, and a work so vast and comprehensive in its design, that though others in that age might hew out this or the other pillar, yet of him alone it seemeth true that he framed the whole model of the House of Wisdom.”

With regard to the Rosicrucian type applied to themselves as architects, Bacon, on his title-page to the Instauration, terms himself Architectura Scientiarum or architect of the sciences, and everywhere speaks in masonic language of building on solid foundations. Amongst the founders of the R. C. Society we find the initials F. B., who is described as brother B., a skilful painter. To this name are attached the words pictor et architectus, or painter and architect, which leaves the impression that these letters, F. B. M. Pictor et architectus (Fama Fraternitatis, 1614), stand for Francis Bacon, Magister, Pictor et Architectus. With regard to the Rosicrucian type of husbandmen, it
ALLUSIONS TO BEES AND HONEY.

is one of Bacon's favourite similes. In fact he closes the De Augmentis with these words:—

"But as the greatest things are owing to their beginnings, it will be enough for me to have sown a seed for posterity and the immortal God, whose Majesty I humbly implore, through His Son, our Saviour, favourably to accept these and the like sacrifices of the human understanding, seasoned with religion, as with salt, and offered up to His glory" (end of De Augmentis).

The Rosicrucian ideas are, according to the best authorities, traced to the Essenes and the Therapeute. Now the priests of Artemis (or the Great Diana of the Ephesians) were termed Essenes, which means properly the King or Queen Bees (Greek Lexicon). In the R. C. publications we find curious allusions to bees and honey, which is repeated by Bacon, in his address to his sons of Sapience at Paris, in the Redargutio of 1608. On the title-page of the "Summum Bonum," by the great English Rosicrucian Fludd, there is a large rose depicted, on which two bees have alighted, with the motto:—

"Dat Rosa mel apibus."*

This work identifies the palace or home of the R. C. fraternity with the scriptural House of Wisdom, as in the New Atlantis. Bacon, in describing foundations of colleges (Adv. ii.) says:—

"The works which concern the seats and places of learning are four; foundations and buildings, endowments with revenues, endowments

* In an address to the Rosicrucians by E. S., and prefacing Thomas Vaughan's "Anthroposophia Theomagica," entitled—"To the most illustrious and truly regenerated brethren R. C., to the peace-loving apostles of the Church in this contentious age,

"'Salutation from the centre of peace'"—

we read. "I have wandered like the bees (not those of Quintillian in poisoned gardens), touching lightly the celestial flowers, which derive their scents from the aromatic mountains. If there be aught of honey I offer unto you this honey-comb and bee-hive. Roses, however, are wont to be soiled upon the breasts of most persons." Upon the next page but one, in the preface of the author to the reader, Lord Verulam is quoted in the margin, in context with Friar Bacon. This quotation stands by itself, the only one to be found. Upon the title-page of this "Anthroposophia Theomagica," by Eugenius Philalethes (Thomas Vaughan), we find at the bottom Bacon's motto in chief, which is attached to the title-page of the 1620 Novum Organum:—

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased,
Multae per transibunt et augebitur scientia."—Daniel,

—Waite's Translation of Vaughan,
with franchises and privileges, institutions and ordinances of government; all tending to quietness and privateness of life, and discharge of care and troubles; much like the stations which Virgil prescribeth for the hiving of bees:

"Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda
Quo neque sit ventis aditus etc."—(Adv., II. i. 3.)
"First for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind."—


It is striking how Bacon repeats this simile in other allied ways:

For he that shall attentively observe how the mind doth gather this excellent *dew of knowledge*, like unto that which the poet speaketh of, *Aërei melis caelestia dona*, distilling and contriving it out of particulars natural and artificial, as the flowers of the field and garden, shall find that the mind of herself by nature doth manage and act an induction much better than they describe it.—*Adv. of Learn.*, Bk. II.

In his address to his fifty sons at Paris, Bacon again introduces the bee as the type of his philosophical method (see "Redargutio," Phi. Wks. Spedding, vol. iii., p. 583). He repeats this simile frequently. In the first of the "Apophthegms," published by Tenison in Baconiana, 1679, we read: "Plutarch said well, It is otherwise in a common wealth of men than of bees. The hive of a city or kingdom is in best condition when there is least of noise or buzz in it" (Op. VII., p. 174). Now this touches the *New Atlantis*. Because Rawley writes in his preface to it: "His lordship thought also in this fable to have composed a frame of laws, or of the best state or mould of a commonwealth."

In describing foundation of Colleges Bacon writes:—"For as water, whether it be the *Dew of Heaven*, or the Springs of the Earth, doth scatter and leese itself in the ground, unless it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself; and for that cause the industry of man hath made and framed Spring-heads, Conduits, Cisterns and Pools, which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity: so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from Divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed as Universities, Colleges, and Schools." — Adv. II., i. 3.
In the first edition of the Sylva Sylvarum (which may be seen in the British Museum), in which the New Atlantis is inserted (1627), there is a poem entitled "Ros, or Dew," by one Andrew Marvel. The Rosicrucians are described by both Mosheim and Rees (Encyclopaedia) as deriving their name from Ros or Dew. So that there is significance in the fact that bound up in the same volume, with the Land of Rosicrucians, or New Atlantis, we find Masonic poems, the first of which is upon Ros in Latin and English. It is worthy attention to note Bacon introducing the simile of the "Dew of Heaven," to describe the foundation of Colleges.

That the New Atlantis is connected with a real and secret Society, and with some Truth which time is to surrender, may be further proved or suggested by the mottoes and emblems attached to the different editions. One edition has on the title-page a lily, which is a well authenticated Rosicrucian emblem (Vide the Rosicrucians, Their Rites and Mysteries, by Hargreave Jennings).

On another we find the motto:

Tempore patet occulta veritas.

Another edition has:

Veritas filia Temporis.

Both of these mottoes encircle an emblem of Time, figured as an old man, with scythe and hour-glass, dragging a naked woman out of a cave, or pursuing her as she flies from him. So that the idea is suggested, that there is some veritable secret or Truth connected with this romance, and Time.

Bound up with the New Atlantis are to be found the works of the Natural History, and the History of Life and Death. Both contain a large array of Rosicrucian ideas, borrowed from Paracelsus, and other writers. Bailey writes of the Rosicrucians:—"They pretended to protract the period of human life, by means of certain nostrums, and even to restore youth." It is very curious to find Bacon, in a paper, following directly on the heels of the New Atlantis, giving us a schedule of things useful to the human race. The first four entries are:

The Prolongation of life.
The Restitution of youth in some degree.
The Retardation of age.
The Curing of diseases counted incurable.

And says Bailey, "they pretended to know all sciences, and especially
medicine, of which they published themselves the restorers” (Dict. in Voce). The “History of Life and Death” follows this loose sheet of the Magnalia Nature, in the Sylva Sylvarum. It opens with a singular address to posterity. In it Bacon claims the discovery of means to prolong and renew the life of man. Spedding is thoroughly perplexed over this treatise. And so he well might be. For its contents are not only extraordinary, but are quite contrary to Bacon’s scientific spirit and utterances, upon impossible and extra-human pretensions. The work opens with the highly suspicious remark that “Life is short, Art long.” In this work there is a decided under-currency of the marvellous and of things seemingly beyond human ability even to entertain in thought. Both the History of Life and Death and the Natural History, are not compiled scientifically, like many of Bacon’s other works. They contain a multiplicity of curiosities, and of such Rosicrucian marvels as the following:—Everlasting Lamps. “There is a tradition that lamps set in sepulchres will last an incredible time” (Hist. Life and Death, Ex. 24, p. 6). “And there are traditions of lamps, and candles, that have burnt a very long time in caves and tombs” (Nat. Hist. Ex. 374). “We see how flies and spiders, and the like, get a sepulchre in amber, more durable than the monument and embalming of any King” (ib. 100).

Again (page 22). “Also the exudation of rock-diamonds and crystals which harden with time: also the induration of bead-amber, which at first is a soft substance, as appeareth by the flies and spiders which are found in it; and many more, but we will speak of them distinctly.” “It is manifest that flies, spiders, ants, or the like small creatures falling by chance into amber or the gum of trees, and so finding a burial in them, do never after corrupt or rot, although they be soft and tender bodies” (Ex. 21, p. 6, Hist. Life and Death).

No doubt Bacon was acquainted with the ancient system of human remains, being preserved in crystal columns. We find him in Experiment 771 describing the preservation of the body of Numa, four hundred years after his death.

Compare the preservation of the body of Christian Rosy-Cross. “Under the altar upon raising the brazen tablet, the brothers found the body of Rosy-Cross, without taint or corruption. The right hand held a book written upon vellum with golden letters. This book, which is called a T., has since become the most precious jewel of the
society next after the Bible" (vide De Quincey, or Waite's Real Hist. Rosi.). Herodotus (liii. 24) writes, "The Macrobians or Immortal Ethiopians used to enclose their great men in columns of crystal, being first duly embalmed, and by that means the body stood upright and perfectly conspicuous without any offensive odour." To those who regard Bacon's Natural History as merely a collection of facts on a scientific basis, it may be as well to quote Bacon's caution on this point:—

"For this writing of our Sylva Sylvarum is (to speak properly) not Natural History, but a high kind of Natural Magic. For it is not a description only of Nature, but a breaking of Nature into Great and Strange Works" (Ex. 93).

Bacon spent the last five years of his life in compiling this Natural History, to the apparent neglect of the rest of the scheme of the Instauration. That he should have given so much attention to this remarkable collection is worthy of deep reflection.

In his Preface to the Reader, Rawley writes:—"I will conclude with an usual speech of his lordship's, that this work of his Natural History is the World as God made it, and not as men have made it; for it hath nothing of imagination."

W. F. C. WIGSTON.
BACON ON WONDER AND KNOWLEDGE.

One of the postulates of Bacon's philosophy is, that "all knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action" (Val. Ter., Interpretation of Nature, Works III. 218). The truths of religion, like the facts of nature, are objects for contemplation; but they are not like them, objects of knowledge. The result of the contemplation of the nature of God is "not knowledge, but wonder, which is nothing else but contemplation broken off and losing itself." Wonder, therefore, is contemplation, which does not issue in knowledge. But it is, in all enquiry, the first step towards knowledge. And here another maxim comes in, Super mirari cœperunt philosophari. "When wonder ceases, philosophy begins." See Promus 227. In a letter to Mr. Cawfeilde, this maxim is humorously quoted in reference to his "wonder" that his correspondent had not come himself nor sent certain documents which were expected: and he adds, "The redemption of both these [i.e., the wonder and its resolution by philosophy or knowledge] consisteth in the vouchsafing of your coming up now as soon as you conveniently can." Life II. 373.

The only passage which I can find in Shakespeare, in which this idea is reflected, is the following:—

Gentles! perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on till truth makes all things plain.  
(Mid. N. D., V. i. 126.)

The "Gentle" witnesses of the fantastic show are bidden not to cease their contemplation till its wonder is completed, and conducts them to knowledge and truth.

There is another point of view in which Bacon regards wonder, which is copiously and strikingly reflected in his poetry. And that is that wonder is excited not necessarily by what is grand and imposing but simply by what is rare. We do not wonder at anything that is familiar to us, however grand and mysterious it may be. "Wonder" he says, "is the child of rarity; admiratio proles est raritatis, and if a thing be rare, though in kind it be no way ex-
traordinary, yet it is wondered at. While on the other hand things which really call for wonder on account of the difference in species which they exhibit as compared with other species, yet if we have them by us in common use, are but slightly noticed.” In illustration of this, he refers to “Singularities of Nature,” “things in fact most familiar, but in nature almost unique,” such as the sun, the moon, the magnet. These do not excite wonder because they are not rare, but familiar.

In Shakespeare, wonder and rarity are constantly associated, and the poet’s mind dwells on the subtle observation that rarity provokes wonder, and not mystery or splendour. Bacon’s illustration of the sun is even reproduced. Prince Henry, in his interlude of wildness, looks forward to the surprise which will follow when he throws off his familiarity, and when wonder will follow in the wake of rarity:

I will imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at.
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

(1 Hen. IV., I. ii. 221, &c.)

In All’s Well an extraordinary cure of hopeless disease is spoken of is “the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.” Act II. iii. 7. Nothing could illustrate Bacon’s account of Wonder better than the Phoenix; accordingly we find the two in truly Baconian Opposition:

As when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phænix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself.—(Hen. VIII., V. v. 40.)

We have seen that admiratio is the word for wonder in Bacon’s Latin. Similarly, we find wonder excited by what is unique in nature,

Guiderius had

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.—Cymb., V. v. 363.

Always wonder and rarity are conjoined,

And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock’d and wondered at.

(3 Hen. VI., V. iv. 55.)
When Cleon describes the glories of Tarsus he speaks of it as a city,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at.—(Per., I. iv. 24.)

If we would however see Bacon's philosophy of wonder most luminously expressed, we must refer to Henry IV.'s remonstrance with his young son for making himself so cheap, and sacrificing the wonder and admiration which is only given to rarity. The whole speech is too long for quotation, but the salient lines are as follows:

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession. . . . .
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wondered at. . . . .
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And win by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity. . . . .
So when he had occasion to be seen
He was but as the cuckoo is in June
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes.

(See 1 Hen. IV., III. ii. 29—91.)

It should be remembered that Bacon's most distinct exposition of the connexion between wonder and rarity was not published till 1620. The first part of King Henry IV. was published in 1598. Those who have a difficulty in finding Bacon's mind in Shakespeare may profitably set themselves to solve the problem where but in Bacon's brain, this very characteristic Baconian "stuff" can have originated.

R. M. T.
THE STATE METAPHORS OF BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

BY MRS. HENRY POTT.

(Continued from page 150.)

Joint, out of.

We do plainly see the most countries of Christendom so unsound and shaken an estate, as desireth the help of some great person to set together and join again the pieces asunder and out of joint. (Controversies of the Church, 1582.)

It has been the general practice... to abuse the foreign states by making them believe that all is ruinous and out of joint here in England. (Observations on a Libel, 1592).

Neither let this anyways disjoint your other business.

(To the King).

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite.
That ever I was born to set it right.

(Ham., I. v. 188.)

Young Fortinbras

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame.

(Ham., I. ii. 17).

The imperial jointress to this warlike state.

(Ib. 9).

(There is, apparently, a double meaning here—according to Bacon's well-known habit.)

He hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use.

(Tro. Cr., I. ii. 28).

Let the frame of things disjoint.

(Macb., III. ii. 16).

We... can push against the kingdom...

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

(1 Hen. IV., IV. i. 80).

When the lopped branches shall be jointed to the old stock, then shall Posthumus end his miseries and Britain be fortunate.

(Cymb., V. iv. 140).

Jump, an Illness by a Strong or Dangerous Physic.

Upon this subject of the repair of your Majesty's means, I beseech your Majesty to give me leave to make this judgment; that your
Majesty's recovery must be by the medicines of the Galenists and Arabians, and not of the chemists or Paracelsians. For it will not be brought by any one fine extract or strong water, but by a skilful compound of a number of ingredients, and those by just weight and proportion, and that some simples which, perhaps, of themselves or in over-great quantity, were little better than poisons, but mixed, and broken, and in just quantity, are full of virtue. And secondly, that as your Majesty's growing behind-hand hath been the work of time, so must likewise your Majesty's coming forth. . . and I foresee that if your Majesty shall propound to yourself to do it per saltum, it can hardly be without accidents of prejudice to your honour, safety, or profit.

(Draft of letter to the King, 1612).

Therefore, beseech you—
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change o't, that prefer
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it—let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison.  (Cor., III. i. 149).

Kernels, Bringing Kingdoms from.

The kingdoms here on earth have a resemblance with the Kingdom of Heaven, which our Saviour compareth not to any great kernel or nut, but to a very small grain; yet such a one as is apt to grow and spread. (Speech of Naturalization, 1606–7).

Kernel, of great questions, thoughts, minds, &c. (Adv. L. I. i., II. i., VI. i. & ii.).

Notes on Goodwin's Case, 1604. Sir J. Wentworth's, 1615, &c. He will carry this Island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea bring forth more islands. (Temp. II. i. 90).

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence. (A. W. II. v. 47, & II. iii. 276).

Your brains. . . a dusty nut with no kernel.  (Tr. Cr. II. i. 111, & Tam. Sh. II. i. 257.

Keys.

Where claves regni, the keys of the kingdom are turned to let in from foreign ports, &c. . . The King hath claves regni. (Of the King's rights to impose).

The King hath clavis maris not clavis terræ. (Touching Customs).

The King hath the key of the back door that was opened to our enemies. (Short view of England and Spain, 1619).

Ludovica Sforza was the man that carried the keys that brought him in and shut him out. (Hist. Hen. VII.).
STATE METAPHORS.

These counties are the keys of Normandy. (2 Hen. VI., I. i. 114).

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? Thou that didst bear the keys of all my counsels. (Hen. V. II. ii. 94).

The Duke. . . having both the key of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state To what time pleased his ear. (Temp. I. ii. 83. A quibble on the key of a lock and the key of an air in music seems to be perpetrated here).

Kindling Troubles in the State.

The trouble of those kingdoms were chiefly kindled by one and the same family . . . seeking to kindle new troubles. (Observations on a Libel. The same figure in Let: D. D. Playfer, 1606-7. Speech for Supply, 1614, and Hist. of Hen. VII., &c., &c.

Ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world. (John, I. i. 32).

His soaring insolence . . . shall reach the people, And kindle their dry stubble, &c. (Cor., II. i. 270).

Kings: Gods on Earth.

All kings, though they be gods on earth, yet they are gods of earth, frail as other men. (Of Kings' Messages, 1610).

Kings are stiled gods upon earth, not absolute, but dixi dixi est is. (Advice to Buckingham).

A king is a mortal god upon earth. (Essay of a King).

A god on earth thou art. (R. II., V. iii. 136).

Cæsar . . . is now become a god. 'Tis true this god did shake. (J. Cæs. I. ii. 116, 121).

Cæsar . . . is a god, and knows what is most right. (Ant. Cl. III. xiii. 60).

Kings are earth's gods. (Per. I. i. 103).

Kings are like Heavenly Bodies.

Kings are not as men, but as the stars for they have great influence, both on individuals and on the times themselves. . . Kings are like the heavenly bodies, which have much veneration, but no rest. (De Aug. VI. 3 Antitulia 8.)

By being seldom seen I could not stir, But like a comet I was wondered at, That men should tell their children, "This is he."

* * * * * * * *

The skipping king . . . (was) seen but with such eyes As sick and blunted with community Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sunlight like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes.

1 Hen. IV., III. ii. 46—80.

Kiss, Betraying with a.
To flatter in this were to betray his Majesty with a kiss.

(To Buckm., 1620).

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

(Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

(Per. I. ii. 79).

Knee, Tribute of the Heart and.
As his victory gave him the knee, so his purpose of marriage with the Lady Elizabeth gave him the heart; so that both knee and heart did truly bow before him.

(First. Hen. VII.).

He had the tribute of his supplie knee, (Rich. II. I. iv. 33).

Show me thy humble heart and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and base, &c. (ib. II. iii. 83).

Knit for Resistance, Sedition, &c.
The causes of seditions are . . . whatsoever knitteth people in a common cause.

(Ess. Seditions).
The people's hearts are knit to him, &c.

(Sp. of Undertakers, 1614. Same figure Charge against St. John, 1615)

France . . . shall we knit our powers, &c.

(John, II. i. 398 & Hen. IV. V. i. 15).

Mine enemies are all knit up in their distractions.

(Temp. III. iii. 89).

(And other passages:—very common in both groups.)

Knots in the State Laws, &c.
I have endeavoured to undo every knot and to make plain every difficulty.

(Fee-Farming the King's Land, 1612).
The great and solemn oath of his coronation . . . the knot of the diadem.

(Ch. against St. John, 1615).
The knots and difficulties in your business.

(To the King, Sept. 18, 1616).
The knot to be tied for his reputation . . . You have now tied a knot, a jolly one.

(No's for Conference, 1623).
The party of the Papists are knotted (Of a war with Spain, 1624), &c.

I would he had continued to his country,

As he began: and not unknit himself,

The Noble Knot he made. (Cor. IV. ii. 30).

Knot of Conspirators.
His purpose was to break the knot of the conspirators.

There's a knot, a gin, a pack, a conspiracy, against me.  
(M. Wives, IV. ii. 123).

This ancient knot of dangerous adversaries.  
(Rich. III., III. i. 182.)

A knot of damned blood-suckers.  
(ib. III. iii. 6).

So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty, &c.  
(Jul. Cæs. III. i. 116),

Knot—Gordian.  
Better it were to cut twenty ends of Gordia's knot together,  
though with great difficulty at the first, than to seek to wind  
the ends out with an endless trouble.  
(For appointing the Ld. Treasurer, 1620. Life VII. 89).  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.  
(Hen. V., I. i. 45, and see Cymb. II. ii. 34).

Lame.  
I shall be a lame man to do your service.  
(To the King, 1605—6).  
I lame the foot of our design.  
(Cor. IV., vii. 7).  
Cripple our senators that their limbs may halt,  
As lamely as their manners.  
(Tim. Ath. IV., i. 23).  
I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite.  
Son. 37 (see also Son. 89).  

Lap.  
His Majesty will be pleased to open to us the lap of his bounty.  
(Speech on Tenures).  
Fortunes. . . come tumbling into some men's laps.  
(De. Aug., viii. 2).  
The lap and bosom of their high countries.  
(Sp. on Subsidy).  
All things fell into his lap as he desired.  
(Hist. Hen. VII.).  
They. . . pour our treasures into foreign laps.  
(Oth. IV., iii. 89).  
The fresh, green lap of fair King Richard's land.  
(Rich. II., III., iii. 47).  
(Now) France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
(1 Hen. VI., V., iii. 25).

Lethargy and Dullness in the Age.  
There is a kind of dullness and almost a lethargy in this age.  
(Ch. against Talbot, Jan. 22, 1613—14).  
Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mulled, deaf, insensible.  
(Cor. IV., v. 238).  
This time of lethargy.  
(W. Tale IV., iv. 626, etc.).
Level at Preferment in the State, etc.
Some preferment is in sight at which they level. (Obs. on a Libel).
My counsels bear not so high an elevation as to have for their mark business of estate. That which I level at is your standing and greatness.
(Notes for Conference Nov., 1623, and same to Buckingham, Jan., 1624).
Dogged York... did level at my life. (2 Hen. VI., III., i. 60).
Ambitious York did level at thy crown. (3 Hen. VI., II., ii. 19).
That's the mark I know you level at. (Per. II., iii. 114).

Limed Twigs.
I have a hard condition to stand, so that whatsoever service I do to her Majesty, it shall be thought but *lime twigs* and fetches to place myself. (To Foulke Greville, 1595).
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest, have all *limed bushes* to betray thy wings, and fly thou how thou canst they'll tangle thee.
(2 Hen. VI., II., iv., 54, and comp.).
*Myself have limed a bush.* (ib. I., iii. 91).
The bird that hath been *limed in a bush*, with trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.
(3 Hen. VI., V., vi. 13, etc.).

Loads of Envy in High Places.
He turned the whole load of envy upon the opposite party, and appeared to take arms of necessity for his own preservation and safety. (Essay Jul. Caesar).
And though we lay these honours on this man, to ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, he shall but bear them as the Ass bears gold, etc.
(Ju. Cas., IV., ii. 19).

Look (see key).
The king's house... ought to be kept safe by law, and not by lock. (Charge to the Court of the Verge, 1611).
The Spaniards have kept the West Indies under lock and key. (Of war with Spain).
*A closet lock and key* of villainous secrets. (Oth. IV., ii. 22).
The keys that lock up restraint. (Cymb. I., i. 73).
Death who is the key to unbar these locks. (ib. V., iv. 7.)

Lump.
The *lump* of all Papists. (Ch. against Owen, 2nd copy, 1615).
The whole *lump* of Catholics. (Of Elizabeth).
His honours lie in one lump. (Hen. VIII., II. ii. 48).
*Lump* of foul deformity. (Rich. III., I. ii. 57).
RECENT BACONIAN LITERATURE.

In the Westminster Review for May there is an article of 14 pages on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, by Mr. Randolph Lee. The writer talks a good deal about it, but seems to know nothing or next to nothing of the real arguments pro and con. His ignorance is so complete that we find it quite unnecessary to offer any reply. He knows nothing of Bacon's writings: we doubt whether he has read even his Essays, for this is the style in which he compares Bacon's style with Shakespeare's:—

Compare sentences from the Essays, which perhaps furnish the purest specimens of his English, with sentences from the plays of Shakespeare, and you will be struck with the mellifluous and simple, easy flow of the latter, as contrasted with citations from the Essays of Bacon. Take one illustration alone from the well-known Essay "Of Discourse,"—"It is well to give the occasion, moderate, and pass on,"—with Shakespeare's

"Give every man thine ear
And few thy tongue."

How forcibly simple the Saxon English of the one beside the, it may be, more scholastic English of the other!

On reading this we could scarcely believe that a respectable writer could betray such portentous ignorance of both Shakespeare and Bacon. The quotation from Shakespeare contains three mistakes. The so-called quotation from Bacon is not Bacon's at all—it is Mr. Randolph Lee's, and it is brazed impudence to present this blundering...
jumble of words as a specimen of Bacon's style. We presume that the passage which had somehow haunted what we suppose may represent his memory is as follows,—

"The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate, and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance."

The oracular judgment on the "Scholastic English" which poor Mr. Lee finds in this passage is exquisitely comic.

The critic has a dim apprehension that there are parallel passages between Shakespeare and Bacon, and that this is an argument worth refuting. Accordingly he quotes seven—evidently selecting the weakest and most inconclusive out of the thousand or more that were open for his selection in the two hundred pages of Mr. Donnelly's book which are devoted to the collection of parallels—and even about these he manages to make a false statement, viz., that they are "Culled mainly from the Promus." The fact is that only about a dozen out of all this multitude are taken from the Promus, and in every case the source is acknowledged. Whether the quotations are accurate we do not think it worth while to investigate—but judging from the specimen already given we think it not unlikely that there is some garbling—or such infirmities as may be explained by trusting to an imperfect memory and invincible prejudice.

As to Mr. Randolph Lee, to adopt the words of a distinguished controversialist, we may say—"Away with you Mr. Lee, and fly into space!"—We have something better to occupy our pages than the preposterous absurdities which you manage to construct by blending together inconceivable ignorance and most distorted perceptions. Why does the Westminster Editor allow a motley-wearing scribbler thus to attitudinize in his pages?

Mr. H. A. Kennedy contributes to the October Contemporary, a paper entitled "Small Latin and less Greek." It is of course intended to meet the Baconian argument derived from the classical scholarship of Shakespeare. This being the case, it is scarcely prudent to speak of the Baconian case as "a recent and happily defunct controversy;"—a silly manifestation of the vulgar scorn so often shewn by the advocates of Shakespeare's claims. Mr. Kennedy probably knows that this is entirely untrue: the Baconian controversy is growing every day, as his own paper indicate; if it were defunct the reason for Mr. Kennedy's paper would not exist.

Classic learning pervades Shakespeare—no careful reader, few
even careless readers can miss it. There can be no mistake about it, any more than about the University cadence that rings in the voice of an Oxford or Cambridge graduate. It is just as easy to recognize University tones in Shakespeare's verse as in the Rev. Robert Spalding's talk. It is an atmosphere which only refined and cultivated scholarship can create. The only possible reason for explaining away the clear indications of classic culture in Shakespeare is the necessity of vindicating the authorship for a man for whom such learning was impossible,—who for this, among a hundred other reasons, cannot have been the real author. If the case were a simple one—that is, if this great blockade of rusticity were out of the way,—no one would dispute the learning of Shakespeare. To talk about this large and comprehensive classic culture as "probably acquired in conversation,"—as the result of "good listening," is really quite shocking nonsense, even when buttressed by the speculative addition of a circulating library of manuscript translations.

Mr. Kennedy is not quite so fair in his facts as he ought to be. To his fancies he is heartily welcome; he may, if it amuses him, imagine some "learned Theban" coaching Shakespeare in Virgil, he may watch the astral double of the poet in his study and observe that "he shows no sign of pleasure in the perusal of the Latin poets;" just as he may tell his dreams at breakfast-time. But we protest against the following,—

"The earliest Shakespearian play on a classical subject is the Comedy of Errors, the plot of which is founded on Plautus, and it is probably not merely a coincidence that there existed in print a translation of this one Comedy of the Roman poet's."

The Comedy of Errors was performed at Gray's Inn in 1594, probably under Bacon's auspices: the translation did not appear till 1595. Mr. Kennedy's statement, notwithstanding the ambiguous qualification which follows, is a suggestio falsi—unjustifiable and misleading.

Mr. Kennedy tells us that a satisfactory conclusion on a subject of this nature can only be obtained by a series of inventories. 1. The general bulk of classic legend and history. 2. The portion of that bulk with which Shakespeare was acquainted. 3. The amount of antique legend and history that was translated and published at the time. 4. That portion of it to which, as far as we can tell, he would only have had access by reading it in the tongues in which it was written. And this last can be belittled to any convenient extent by vague appeals to the scholarship of the age, and manuscript translations.
All this is very plausible; but it is really very sophistical. It is not necessary to undertake this elaborate statistical enquiry to know whether the culture characteristic of any given author is classical. The presence of classic allusions—the way in which they are introduced, whether so as to indicate cram, or spontaneous use of mental stock,—the general tone of culture which no one need mistake,—the structure of the writer's sentences, the mode in which he uses classic words and classic constructions—all these can be easily investigated without the ponderous and really darkening enquiry which Mr. Kennedy suggests.

Mr. Kennedy's most original argument is a negative one. He considers himself entitled to say that if the poet had known the story of Orestes he would have used it in writing Hamlet. We take the liberty of believing that Shakespeare was not the pedant that Mr. Kennedy supposes him to have been, and that he could use his scholarship, if he chose to use it all, without making an ostentatious parade of it. The egotistic pedagogue which is apparently Mr. Kennedy's ideal of the poet of Hamlet, might have appreciated the classic embellishments suggested, and used them to put an academic colouring on his masterpiece. Being simply "Shakespeare," with the greatest capacity for self-suppression of any artist in the world's literature, he had enough modesty and good taste to dispense with Mycenae, and Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra, and all the rest of it.

The fact that the poet made use of translations is no proof that he was unacquainted with the classics, or unable to use untranslated works. It is antecedently probable that the influence of translations will be most seen in such plays as are classic in their subjects and structure—such as Troilus, and the Roman historical plays. Why should he not use these short cuts to a plot or a history even though he was capable of drawing from original sources? It was simply a matter of convenience and detail, and all the laborious comparisons with North's Plutarch, and Lydgate's Dares and Dictys, have very little bearing on the real question. All these obligations to translators may be conceded very comfortably, and yet the traces of competent scholarship remain unaffected. For the real test is the spontaneous use of classic knowledge in non-classical plays, and in places where no coaching or priming can be supposed to have supplied the learning. There is enough classic allusion in the Merchant of Venice to settle the whole question, and to prove that the poet was saturated with classic lore. Richard Grant White—who freely combated the Baconian
theory,—says that the poet in *Troilus* uses Plato's First Alcibiades in such a way as to be “inexplicable except on the supposition that Shakespeare was acquainted with what Plato wrote.” Mr. Kennedy says that “no passage in his works gives a hint that he knew even the names of the great Athenian tragedians.” Theobald has a note on a passage in *Tit. And.* I. i. 136—138, referring to the revenge of the Queen of Troy upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent—“*i.e.* in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept, for thither Hecuba, by a wile, had decoyed Polymnestor in order to perpetrate her revenge, This we may learn from the Hecuba of Euripides, the only author that I can at present remember from whom our writer would have gleaned this circumstance!” And another passage in the same play, I. i. 379, is derived from the Ajax of Sophocles. One specimen is enough to refute such an extravagant assertion as Mr. Kennedy makes: but it is well known that other critics find traces of so many classic writers, both Greek and Latin, as to cover nearly the whole of the classic region. It is demonstrable that the poet was familiar with Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Ovid, and other Latin poets; and indications are not wanting of a scholarly use of Anacreon, Cicero, Claudian, Ennius, Juvenal, Lucretius, Perseus, Philemon, Seneca, Statius, Tibullus, Velleius, Paterculus. If he shews a preference for Latin rather than Greek authors, so did Bacon. But he evidently was at home in both literatures.

His vocabulary is so extraordinarily classic that it is fair to suppose that he had been accustomed to write in Latin, as he evidently thought in Latin. It would be easy to refer to some hundreds of passages in which words are used in a classic sense, only fully intelligible to those who are fairly skilled in the ancient languages. His learning may not have been of that critical, scientific kind that would qualify him for a modern professorship of Greek or Latin. But no unprejudiced reader of Shakespeare can fail to see that the poet had the franchise of the world’s literature, as he had “made all knowledge his province.”

*Mr. Donnelly’s Reviewers,* by William D. O'Connor, is a little book much resembling in its extent and general appearance, “*Hamlet’s Note Book,*” which was reviewed in an early number of this Journal (Vol. I., p. 68). It is written by one of our own members; but alas! before the book could be published, the brilliant and genial writer died. Mr. O'Connor was one of the most striking and interesting personalities that has been associated with our cause. A slight notice
of him and a portrait is given in Mr. Donnelly's Cryptogram. He was born early in 1832, and died May 9, 1889. We would gladly reproduce in our pages the short sketch of his career which is prefixed to the volume before us, but space forbids. It must suffice to say that he had considerable literary experience, as editor, poet, writer of magazine articles and stories, and of an anti-slavery novel. He was a brave defender of the Baconian theory—a staunch vindicator of the noble and much maligned Delia Bacon. His pen seemed to take naturally to literary warfare—especially in conflict with that wanton and injurious criticism which seems to spring up with the noisome exuberance of poisonous fungi whenever the Baconian case finds its way into periodical literature. This inspired his noble defence of Mrs. Pott's Promus, in his Hamlet's Note Book; and this was the impelling motive that led him to write this last, posthumous book. It is characteristic of Mr. O'Connor's polemic, that it is not simply negative—he is not content with a vigorous rejoinder to an unsound or unfair criticism; he invariably throws new and brilliant light on the case which he defends. His style is infinitely picturesque and lively—sometimes so audacious in the use of homespun vernacular as to become somewhat risqué; but his intense earnestness, the clearness of his insight, the strength of his logic, completely reconciles his readers to the bold license of unvarnished expression in which he permits himself to indulge.

In this, which is, alas! the last piece of polemic we shall have from his pen, his primary aim is to defend Mr. Donnelly's wonderful and masterly volumes from the false and malicious censures which were so plentifully circulated in the periodical press when it was published. Probably Mr. O'Connor's refutations will give more endurance to most of these scribblings than they deserve. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of posterity on Mr. Donnelly's entire work, there can be no doubt that most of his critics rushed to their adverse conclusions with most indecent celerity; and in their blind fury, not only assailed those parts of his work which are vulnerable and open to free criticism, but they ruthlessly and savagely trampled on what must always be recognised as the ablest and most irrefutable exposition of the Baconian theory that has been hitherto produced. And Mr. O'Connor's rebutting arguments accordingly involve a restatement of much of the Baconian reasoning, which will retain its value after the ridiculous and disingenuous cavillings of Mr. Appleton Morgan and the inglorious crew of hostile reviewers, whose rancour is on a level with their ignorance.
are forgotten or despised. Mr. O'Connor shews amusing nimbleness, and marvellous dexterity in hitting on the essential fallacy of any argument he takes in hand, and exposes it with absolutely conclusive reasoning, as solid as it is sparkling and witty. As a specimen of his more serious vein, we may quote the following eloquent passage on Bacon's supposed want of heart or sympathy:

To re-enforce heavy artillery with small musketry seems a useless expenditure of ammunition, but this the reviewer does, by here bringing in Richard Grant White to corroborate Dr. Ingleby as to Bacon's want of "human sympathies;"—a man who, as I have said, was a secret Baconian, and secret only because a frank avowal of his disbelief in Shakespeare would have made his editions waste paper. O these Shakespeareans! This is the way they can estimate the man who declared his own nature when he wrote in his essay on Friendship, "For a crowd is not company, and men's faces are but like pictures in a gallery, and talk only a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Here is their latest fetch—to pronounce "deficient in human sympathies" that all-compassionate Bacon whose paramount interest was in humanity; whose deepest intuitions and divinations, as his Essays show, are when he comes into relation with his fellows; whose whole life was avowedly and admittedly devoted, in his own sublime words, to "the relief of the human estate;" he, the knight-errant, solitary and colossal, of the human adventure; he, the very Cid Campeador of the vast scientific battle, still raging, for the victory of the human kind! The world has long agreed with Vanvenarges that "great thoughts come from the heart," and to think that there should be men so dull as to set up that the great thoughts of Bacon—none greater—had no heart to come from! The theme is too much to handle here, but the student of his life can not but at once remember some of its salient points, and marvel that he should be taxed with the lack of all that makes a man most a man. To think of his fond and deep rapport with his great brother, Anthony:—"my comfort," he sweetly calls him: and later in life, denotes him with rapt feeling as "my dear brother, who is now with God." To think of his unfailing, his tender and anxious efforts to protect, to succour and save his poor young Catholic friend, the son of the Bishop of Durham, Sir Tobie Mathew; how, when all faces lowered around the young man in his prison, when even his father and mother forsook him as "a pervert," he would not cast him out; how from the jail in which his conscience cast him, he took him to his own house and cherished him; how when in gathering danger, though innocent, from suspicion of complicity with the frightful plot of Catesby and Guy Fawkes, he aided his escape abroad; how he maintained a faithful and consoling friendship with the poor outlaw through
all the years of that sorrowful foreign sojourn; and how, at length, through loyal and untiring endeavour, he procured for him permission to return to his own England, and eat no more that bread of exile Dante found so bitter. And at last, when all was ending, to think how that high heart turned from the many-passioned pageant of service and struggle and glory and noble anguish, which had been his life on earth, from all the airy vision of his immeasurable coming fame and the hopes of heaven, to humbly and with touching pathos leave on record his wish to be buried in the old church at St. Albans, for “there,” he says, “was my mother buried,” and there he lies close by his mother’s grave. O poor, great man, so wanting in “human sympathies!” p. 86-88.

As a fitting sequel to this enthusiastic vindication of Bacon, we may here reproduce the following extract from Sir Henry Taylor’s Autobiography: which gives us an interesting glimpse into Spedding’s character, as well as a noble protest in favour of Bacon. Sir Henry Taylor writes,—

“In Spedding, who seemed to us, at the Colonial Office, the most mild and imperturbable of men, the detractors of Lord Bacon had awakened a passion of indignation, the capability for which even those who knew him more than superficially, could scarcely have believed to be lying hidden in his heart.

“In the course of a search amongst old papers, I have come upon a sonnet and a letter, in which the passion finds a language to express itself, both in prose and verse. The letter speaks of the sonnet:—

‘It sprang out of a very strong emotion that used to visit me from time to time, and from the occasional agitation of which I am not yet secure. And the emotion is roused as often as I consider what kind of creatures they are who so complacently take it for granted that they are nobler beings than Bacon; being, as I believe, the beggarliest souls that have been gifted with the faculty of expressing themselves; insomuch that if the administration of the divine judgments were deputed to me for half an hour, I think I would employ it in making the scales fall from their eyes, and letting them see and understand Bacon as he was, and themselves as they are. The contemplation of the two for half an hour would at least leave them speechless. My only doubt is whether any power whatever could enable them to understand either his greatness or their own littleness without making them over again, which would be more trouble than they are worth.
"Well, then, if this ought to be done, why is it not done! Why are these people permitted to go on strutting and moralising and making the angels weep, when a sudden gift of insight into themselves would make them go and hide out of the way?

"I can think of no likelier reason than that Bacon himself would be sorry that any of those who were once his fellow creatures should suffer such a punishment on his account. And it was to relieve myself from the pressure of this thought (which as you may see is apt to put me out of my proprieties) by shutting it up in a sonnet, that I began" . . . . And then he (Spedding) proceeds to say how he conceives that he had ended in a failure. But the truth is that from beginning to end the sonnet is one of Miltonic force and fervour, and here it is:—

SONNET.

"When I have heard sleek worldlings quote thy name,
And sigh o'er great parts gone in evil ways,
And thank the God they serve on Sabbath days,
That they are not as thou, great Verulam,
Then have I marvelled that the searching flame
Lingered in God's uplifted hand, which lays
The filmed bosom bare to its own gaze,
And makes men die with horror of their shame.
But when I thought how humbly thou didst walk
On earth—how kiss that merciless rod—I said,
Surely 'twas thy prevailing voice that prayed
For patience with those men and their rash talk,
Because they knew thy deeds but not thy heart,
And who knows partly can but judge in part."

Sir Henry Taylor adds,—

". . . . Lord Bacon will become known to posterity gradually perhaps, but surely, as the man that he truly was,—illustrious beyond all others except Shakespeare in his intellect, and, with whatever infirmities, still not less than noble in his moral mind. "
M O R E P A R A L L E L S.

1. "There is no man of judgment that looketh into the nature of these times, but will easily descry that the wits of these days are too much refined for any man to walk invisible." Obs. on a Libel

"We steal as in a castle, cocksure: we have the receipt of fernseed: we walk invisible." 1 Hen. IV. II. i. 95.

2. "And knowing for the other point that envy ever accompanieth greatness, though never so well deserved.”

"As full of envy at his greatness.”  Troil. II. i. 36.

3. "The moon so constant in inconstancy."—(Trans. 104th Psalm.)

"I will preserve, therefore, even as the heavenly bodies themselves do, a variable constancy.” Thema Celi.

"Oh swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.”


4. For I did play a lamentable part:
   Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning,
   For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.

Tw. G. IV. iv. 172.

Bacon describing Dionysius writes:

"He took to wife Ariadne, forsaken and left by Theseus.”


5. “Now for the evidence against this Lady, I am sorry I must rip up. I shall first show you the purveyance or provision of the poisons; that they were 7 in number, brought to this Lady and by her billetted and laid up till they might be used; and this done with an oath or vow of secrecy which is like the Egyptian darkness, a gross and palpable darkness that may be felt.” Speech against Somerset, 1616.

"There is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzl'd than the Egyptians in their fog.”  Tw. N. IV. ii. 46.

6. “But it was ordained that this winding ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the tree itself.”—(History of Henry VII.)
MORE PARALLELS. 219

That now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Temp. I. ii. 86.

7. "It is certain that the best governments, yea, and the best men, are like the best precious stones, wherein every flaw or icicle or grain are seen and noted more than those that are generally foul and corrupted." Address to the Speaker, 1621.
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. Son, 94.
See Promus Notes 89, 63, 1331.

8. "The Muses are seen in the company of Passion: and there is almost no affection so depraved and vile which is not soothed by some kind of learning." De Aug. II. xiii. Wisd. A. 24.
In Law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text.
M. Ven. III. ii, 75.

9. There do the stately ships plough up the floods,
The Greater Navies look like walking woods. Psalm 104.
"Our great navy's rigged." Ant. Cleop. III. v. 20.
The two lines from the Psalm reveal the hand that wrote Macbeth.
The "walking woods" remind us of "Great Birnam wood that moves to Dunsinane." In the plays we repeatedly find use of the word "floods" in context with "ships":—
Rich burghers of the flood. Mer. V. i. i. 10.
The embarked traders on the flood. M. N. D. II. i. 127.

10. Periander being consulted with how to preserve a tyranny, bid the messenger stand still, and he walking in a garden topp'd all the highest flowers, signifying the cutting off and the keeping low of the nobility. De Aug. VI. i.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth;
All must be even in our government.
Rich. II. III. iv. 33.
11. "And whereas Pan is reported to have called the Moon aside into a high shadowed wood seems to appertain to the convention between sense and heavenly or divine things. For the case of Endymion and Pan are different; the moon of her own accord came to Endymion as he was asleep." *De Aug.* II. xiii.

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awakened. *Mer.* V. V. i. 109.
The moon sleeps with Endymion every day.

Marlowe's *Ovid*, I. xiii. 48.

12. "For marigolds, tulips, pimpernels, and indeed most flowers, do open or spread their leaves abroad, when the sun shineth serene and fair: and again in some part close them, or gather them inwards, either towards night, or when the sky is overcast." *Syl. Syl.* 493.
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
Great princes, favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye. *Son.* 25.

13. "There is a cherry tree that hath double blossoms." *Syl. Syl.* 513.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 208.

14. "Of this sort is the Blossom of March, whereof the French proverb goes,—

Burgeon de Mars, Enfans de Paris,
Si un eschappe bien vaut dix.

So that the Blossom of May generally is better than the Blossom of March, and yet in particular the best Blossom of March is better than the best Blossom of May." *Colours of Good and Evil*, No. 2.

See *Promus* Note, No. 1314.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May. *Son.* 18.
mong nine bad, if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten." *All's Well* iii. 81.

15. "The Colours that shew best by candle light are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green, and oes or spangs."

*(Essay of Masques).*

*Don A.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green. . . .

Your face is . . . full of oes.

*L. L. Lost*, I. ii. 82.
MORE PARALLELS.

This passage is closely connected with a Masque. Compare

"The eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

M. N. D., III. ii. 391.

Here also salt-green is a colour seen by night.

16. "A Chameleon is a creature about the bigness of an ordinary lizard, his head unproportionately big, his eyes great. He moveth his head without the writhing of his neck (which is inflexible), as a Hog doth" Syl. Syl. 360.

No better example could be found for an author disguising his true colours under another's than this animal, which Bacon compares to a Hog, because, as he goes on to tell us, the chameleon changes its colours: "If he be laid upon green, the green predominates; if upon yellow, the yellow; laid upon black, he looketh all black. He feedeth not only upon air (though that be his principal sustenance); for sometimes he taketh flies, as was said. Yet some that have kept chameleons a whole year together could never perceive that they fed upon anything but air."

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Hamlet. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish; I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

Ham. III., ii. 97.

Though the Chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished on my victuals. Tw. G. V. II. i. 178.

I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages.

3 Hen. VI. III. ii. 191.

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Tw. G, V. II. iv. 23.

Now, the reader may see that the author of the plays employs the chameleon as an image of Proteus, as a changer of shapes, and as living upon air, thus reproducing the Statements of Bacon's Syl. Syl.

17. "It is true, nevertheless, that a great light drowneth a smaller, that it cannot be seen; as the sun that of a glow-worm; as well as a great sound drowneth the lesser" Syl Syl. 224.
Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall,
   How far that little candle throws his beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less. Mer. V., V. i. 89.

A few lines further on, Bacon introduces candles, showing the identity of thought in both passages:—

"And two candles of like light will not make things seem twice as far off as one." Syl. Syl. 224.

18. "It is first to be considered what great motions there are in nature, which pass without sound or noise. The heavens turn about in a most rapid motion, without noise to us perceived; though in some dreams they have been said to make an excellent music." Syl. Syl. 115.

Soft stillness, and the night,
   Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. Mer. V. i. 56.

Bacon also writes, "The winds in the upper regions, which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise. The lower winds in a plain, except they be strong, make no noise." Syl. Syl. 115.

The moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise. Mer. V. i. 1.

19. (Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; Musicians attending.)

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.
   Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again!—It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Tw. N. I. i. 1.
It is to be noted in this passage that *taste, sound, and smell* (the ear, the nose and the palate) are brought in to illustrate each other. Let it be noted that Bacon, in his Natural History, writes thus:—

"Nevertheless, we have some *slides and relishes* of the voice or strings, as it were tuned without notes, from one tone to another, rising or falling, which are delightful." No. 110.

"Again, the *falling* from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetness in music, hath an *agreement with the affections.*" *ib.*

Now, in the opening passage of the play quoted above, we have music compared to the *food* of love, and to the *odour* of violets, so that the senses of taste and smell are here brought in with the sense of *hearing*, in a remarkable manner, as profound as it is philosophical. Nobody but a philosopher who had long reflected upon the intimacy of the senses to each other, would have brought them in, in this extraordinary way by chance. Now, the reader will find Bacon illustrating the sense of hearing (music) with the other senses of taste, smell, and feelings (love), in exactly the same order as in the passage of the play:—"And as for the *smelling* (which, indeed, worketh also immediately upon the *spirits*, and is forcible while the object remaineth) it is with a communication of the breath or vapour of the *object odorate*; but *harmony*, entering easily, and mingling not at all, and coming with a manifest motion, doth by custom of often affecting the *spirits*, and putting them into one kind of posture, alter not a little the nature of the *spirits*, even when the object is removed." *ib.* 114.

The reader will see that Bacon, in this passage, connotes or compares the sense of smell with music. Indeed, he uses the word "*odorate,*" and in the play we have the word "*odours.*" But the parallel continues. Bacon describes the effect of music (harmony) upon the *spirits and affections.* "And therefore we see that tunes or airs, even in their own nature, have in themselves some affinity with the affections. *Syl. Syl., 114.*"

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical. *Tw. N. I. i. 9.*
20. It will be, no doubt, readily granted that the introduction and magic performed by Oberon and Titania, and Puck in the Dream, are a sort of Natural Magic, because we find Oberon and Titania connoted with nature in unmistakable terms, as "parents and originals," and out of their mutual quarrels arise alterations in the seasons.

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By pav'd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport,
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; . . . .
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original. M. N. D., II. 81.

Now, the characters of this fairymythology are borrowed from Hugh of Bordeaux (Huon de Bourdeaux), and are given in Hazlitt's Shakespeare library, under the title of "The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare." We find King Arthur also mixed up with Oberon, in Chapter 146, which has for title:—

"How the noble kinge Oberon crowned Huon and Escleremond,
and gave them all his realme and dignitie that he hadde in the land of the fayrie, and made the peace betweene Huon and king Arthur."

Puck is taken from Robin Goodfellow, also by Huon de Bordeaux.
This most important, indeed the most valuable illustration we have of The Midsummer's Night's Dream is reprinted from a black-letter tract of the utmost rarity, published in London in 1628, under the title of "Robin Goodfellow, his mad pranks, and merry Jests, full of honest mirth, and is a fit medicine for melancholy."

Shakespeare probably took the name of Oberon from this early French Romance, which was translated into English about 1540 by Lord Berners, at the request of the Earl of Huntingdon. It is mentioned among Captain Cox's books, Laneham's Letter, 1575, and in Markham's "Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-men," 1598; but the earliest edition of the English translation now known to exist in a perfect state bears date in 1601, "being now
the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended." From this edition the above extracts are made, which are curious as being probably the work in which Shakespeare had read of Oberon and fairy-land, and reconciled him to transporting his native fairy creed so far towards the magic regions of the East.

Now, how is it that we find Bacon (De Aug. III. v.) bringing in *Natural Magic* in context with the Book of Huon, or Hugh (as he called it), of Bordeaux? "As for the Natural Magic (which flies abroad in many men's books) containing certain credulous and superstitious traditions and observations of sympathies and antipathies, and of hidden and specific properties, with some experiments commonly frivolous,—strange, rather, for the art of conveyance and disprisement than the thing itself; surely he shall not much err who shall say that this sort of magic is as far differing in truth of nature from such a knowledge as we require, as the Books of the Jests of *Arthur of Britain* or of *Huon of Bordeaux* differ from Cæsar's commentaries, in truth of story."

Here then we have proof positive that Bacon was acquainted with the source from which Oberon and Puck are drawn. It is another link in the interminable chain of evidence to find him familiar with this poetical and magical class of literature, belonging to the Arthurian romance cycle. It is just in the character of *Natural Magic* that Puck, Oberon, and Titania are introduced, and though Bacon condemns this class of fable, he only does so as belonging to metaphysical, speculative, or magical knowledge, in contradistinction to his inductive system. Besides, does he not give us a profound hint that this class of fable is "rather for the art of conveyance and disprisement," in which manner they are evidently introduced in the Dream. Bacon then goes on to say "the operation of this superficial and degenerate *Natural Magic* upon men is like some soporiferous drugs, which procure sleep, and withhold exhaled into the fancy, merry, and *pleasant dreams in sleep*." Observe that the title of the play in which Oberon and Puck are introduced is *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which concludes with these words,—

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.

So that we have the reprehension of the play as *merely a dream* insisted upon in the same way by Shakespeare.

W. F. C. WIGSTON.
THE extraordinary affinity between Marlowe and Shakespeare has been repeatedly noticed by critics and historians of the Elizabethan drama. Marlowe is always referred to as the precursor of Shakespeare, the inaugurat or of the art which he perfected. So close is the relation between them that the lines of continuity are unbroken, or, as Mr. Bullen says, "it is hard to distinguish between master and man." In fact, they are represented as overlapping and interpenetrating in a most anomalous style. In the King Henry VI. plays we are invited to look on a perplexing mosaic; we skip backwards and forwards between the two writers in a very uncritical and unnatural way. Such a co-partnership certainly never existed in nature or art. The relationship between Shakespeare and Marlowe is not likely to be such as may be symbolised by a patchwork quilt or a mosaic box. My present object is to shew, so far as the play of Edward II. is concerned, that the poet of "Marlowe" and the poet of "Shakespeare" are one and the same person.

In the argument immediately under consideration I do not attach much importance to the very few known facts of Marlowe's life. It may be allowed that so far as they are accurately known, they are but faintly or dubiously significant one way or another. That an educated University man should have become an actor—that is, in those days, a vagabond and an outcast—gives colour to the suspicion that he had somehow lost caste, and sunk to a lower social level. If, in addition to this, he was apt to be rash, unguarded, or profane in speech, we can understand how easily he might be accused of Atheism and blasphemy, expressed in obscene and revolting terms. Such a charge could not be constructed out of his poetry, even admitting that the audacity of Faustus might lay him open to suspicion. The circumstances of his death are not accurately known; but it is difficult to believe that a man who was stabbed to death in a horrid quarrel over a girl in a Deptford public-house, could have been capable of the "mighty lines," and the mightier bursts of poetic eloquence that abound in all the poems attributed to him.
These are facts which need not be pressed very far; but they certainly lend antecedent probability to the supposition that he was not the true founder of the Elizabethan drama, the literary progenitor of Shakespeare.

What concerns us more is the unvarying mystery that shrouds the origin and production of every one of the Marlowe plays and poems. In no single case is there a simple and straightforward history attached to them. There is about them precisely the same kind of anomaly as that which surrounds the Shakespeare Folio of 1623—which is really one of the greatest paradoxes of literature. Marlowe's reputation is absolutely and entirely posthumous. During his lifetime only two of the plays which have been since assigned to him were published, or can be proved to have existed: those two are the two parts of Tamburlaine, and they were published anonymously. There is no reason for believing them to be his, which is not open to dispute. Mr. Bullen's belief rests almost exclusively on internal evidence. He says, "From internal evidence there can be no doubt that Tamburlaine was written wholly by Marlowe; but on the title pages of the early editions there is no author's name, and we have no decisive piece of external evidence to fix the authorship on Marlowe." This, of course, leaves the matter absolutely open, and if internal evidence is to help us to a decision, then there is room for the Baconian case, which arises as soon as the "previous question" is moved. By internal evidence the critics appear to mean qualities of style and expression and thought, positive and negative,—i.e., attributes both possessed and absent, both powers and limitations,—belonging to a particular mind; and it is really difficult to say how internal evidence of this kind is to be applied in the case of a writer whose mental characteristics, except as portrayed in the writings in dispute, are entirely unknown. This difficulty is quietly ignored by all the critics.

Internal evidence, says Mr. Charles Knight—and his argument is copious, and, I think, complete—proves that the Henry VI. plays are entirely the work of the young Shakespeare. Internal evidence, say other critics, proves that Henry VI. was partly or entirely Marlowe's. Therefore internal evidence, even under the handling of orthodox Shakespeare critics, has something to say for the identity of Shakespeare and Marlowe. Again, Mr Knight speaks of Tamburlaine as "a play which Mr. Collier holds to be Marlowe's work;" and again, "Mr. Collier has proved, very conclusively we think, that Marlowe was the author of Tamburlaine." But Marlowe is not the only candidate for this
authorship. Malone found reason for thinking that Nash was partly or entirely the author of Tamburlaine. Whether the proofs that Mr. Knight thought conclusive are so or not, is evidently open to discussion—some of Mr. Collier's "proofs" seem to have been invented for the occasion—the point that concerns us is that such proof is required at all, and that Tamburlaine may be therefore regarded as a waif and stray in search of an owner.

It seems then that the authorship of Tamburlaine is still an open question. Its inclusion in "Marlowe's Works" goes for nothing. No collected edition of Marlowe was made till Robinson's was published in 1826, and no authority can be attached to any collection made so late. Mr. Robinson, in the preface to this earliest edition of Marlowe, says, "It may be inferred from the prologue to The troublesome Reign of John, King of England, that Tamburlaine was written by the author of that play, which has never been assigned to Marlowe:—

You that with friendly grace and smoothed brow,
Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And given applause unto an infidel,
Vouchsafe to welcome with like courtesy,
A warlike Christian and your countryman."

Inasmuch as the Troublesome Reign is most probably Bacon's early draft of King John, this conjecture is likely to be not very wide of the mark, although the words quoted do not necessarily bear this meaning.

With reference to Faustus the difficulties are much greater. Faustus is not known to have existed before 1594, and the only allusion known of this early date is to be found in the much-tampered-with Diary of Henslowe, which supplied so many "new facts" to Mr. Collier. Mr. Bullen says "It was entered in the Stationers' books on January 7, 1601; but the earliest extant edition is the quarto of 1604, which was reprinted with very slight additions in 1609. An edition with very numerous additions and alterations appeared in 1616," i.e., it was enlarged to half as much again, and a good many of the earlier scenes were re-cast and rewritten. These 1616 additions are a great puzzle. They are not to be distinguished in manner or value from the rest of the poem, and are evidently by the same author. There is no patchwork in the revised form of Faustus. No one would ever have dreamed of a second author, if the original authorship had not been fastened upon a man who died 23 years before these additions were published, and they alone are sufficient to justify wholesome scepticism and rigorous enquiry into
the whole question. Moreover, even in the earliest edition, there is an allusion to Dr. Lopez, whose name did not come into public notice till 1594. Another passage, referring to the comparative value of French and English money, it is supposed could not have been written before 1597, and by 1616 it had become antiquated and was omitted.* The 1616 ed. introduces “Bruno, led in chains.” Bruno’s persecutions and ultimate martyrdom did not begin till many years after Marlowe’s death. It seems almost as if the poet, when he revised his work in 1616, purposely inserted allusions and anachronisms which would necessarily lead the critical reader, whenever he might appear, to reconsider the question of authorship. And this is surely a more reasonable explanation of these anomalies, than to gloss them over or explain them away by all sorts of adventurous and question-begging speculations.

Of course, critics are obliged to say that the scenes in which these anachronisms occur are interpolations, but the only reason for so regarding them is the awkward fact that the supposed author died in 1593. Mr. Collier produced an entry from Henslowe’s Diary (perhaps a forgery—who knows which of Mr. Collier’s facts are forgeries, and which are not?) referring to four pounds paid to William Bird and Samuel Rowley for additions to Faustus. But as this entry is dated 1602, the additions, if they exist at all, may just as well have appeared in the 1604 edition as at any other time, and certainly do not account for the large and important alterations produced in 1616, which it is allowed, are such as neither of these hack writers could have made. The entry is so vague that no valuable inference can be drawn from it. If Bird and Rowley really wrote any additions to Faustus, they were probably only the same sort of “fond and frivolous gestures . . . . of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at,” which had at one time disfigured Tamburlaine, as we are told in the “printer’s” address, prefixed to that play, and which were judiciously omitted in publication.

The Jew of Malta is mentioned in the Stationers’ books in 1594; but the earliest known edition is that of 1633. Edward II. was entered at Stationers’ Hall in July 1593, but not published, so far as is known, till 1598. Dido was published in 1594. Hero and Leander, entered at Stationers’ Hall in September 1593, was published in 1598. The original poem consisted of two Cantos, or, as they are called,

*See Ward’s Introduction to Faustus, p. xcix., note 3.
Sestiads. Four more were added the same year under the name of George Chapman. This continuation is also a great puzzle to all the critics. It is obviously written by the same poet who penned the first two Sestiads, although there is a falling off in poetic merit—a heaviness and occasional obscurity, which we do not find in the earlier portion. There is, however, much the same contrast, only more marked, between the first two acts of the Jew of Malta and the rest of the play. The Poem is full of Shakespearian touches, and no one who reads Chapman's acknowledged plays—such as the Blind Beggar of Alexandria, All Fools, &c.—will find in these plays the least indication of the poet who wrote any part of Hero and Leander. A passage in the third Sestiad, in which the poet makes a dark reference to "his free soul who drank to me half this Musæan Story," and professes to "tender his late desires" (i.e., to carry out the testamentary or death-bed wishes of a dissipated young man who met with a sudden and violent death), is so evidently a piece of masquerade that it rather confirms than confutes the surmise that there is a veil over the real author's face, and that this veil had to be doubled when the continuation of Hero and Leander was published. It may be noted also that Lieutenant Cunningham, commenting in his edition of Marlowe, on a passage in the last Sestiad, is daring enough to lift the Chapman mask; he remarks "Surely this was written by the author of Dr. Faustus."

My present object is to produce, in some detail, the very strong internal evidence that connects Edward II. with the Shakespeare poems. But let it be noted that there are two kinds of internal evidence. Both have their value, but both are not equally available for argument in a matter that is keenly and even hotly disputed. I do not intend to bring forward that kind of internal evidence which arises when some impassioned critic reads out passages from the disputed pieces, puts into them all the fervour and passion which his voice can command, and then exclaims—as if no other evidence were required—"There! is not that Shakespeare's?" I have nothing at present to do with the general impression of individuality which a capable reader feels in perusing the poems. This, which is the vaguest of all tests—not capable indeed of being formulated at all—is the one which is most vehemently and even defiantly produced in this discussion, and those who cannot assent to conclusions so penned, are condemned as of doubtful sanity, or as "earless and unabashed" (Bullen), or as "characteristic-blind" (Furnivall &c.).
In truth nothing can be more "uncritical" and unscientific than the confident application of this test to a poet's earliest writings. The reasons which oblige a naturalist to see in an unlicked cub, or an unfledged, featureless nestling, the essential structure of the full-grown animal, are not on the surface, immediately perceptible to the eye or the ear. There are cases in which the pre-conceptions of the eye and ear must be put aside, and laws of evolution allowed to speak.

And yet on this evidence it is affirmed that every "sane critic" admits that Marlowe was destitute of humour, and incapable of writing the comic scenes in his plays. For the same reason we are required to believe that Marlowe could not develop a plot, and that he was destitute of sympathy with all the phases of humanity. The "Ercles vein"—grandiloquent, bombastic, fantastic, extravagant—which is present in Tamburlaine (although it is almost entirely absent in Edward II., and is very much restrained in Hero and Leander), is supposed to be Marlowe's especial note. This test is ridiculously easy of application, and on that account, one would think rather suspicious when applied to the early unripe works of a great dramatic genius. This little toy-test, however, is employed to select those parts of Henry VI. which are to be handed over to him; and with this clue the whole of Tit. And., and a good deal of the Taming of the Shrew is made over to his custody.

All these judgments appear to me entirely arbitrary, and somewhat trifling. If we are to determine what kind of poet Marlowe was, it is safest to go to the record itself, instead of consulting one's inner consciousness. So looking, we cannot fail to recognise at least four different styles in these writings; typified by 1: The pomposity and turgescence of Tamburlaine, and, in less degree, of Dido; 2: The comic scenes in Faustus; 3: The lyrical sweetness and exuberant fancy of Hero and Leander, and Come live with me; 4: The character-painting and dramatic-sobriety of Edward II., in which we see the germ, or rather the first start, of the Shakespeare series of historic plays. All these characteristics are reproduced, most exactly, in Shakespeare. Not to adduce the disputed Tit. And., in which the extravagance of Tamburlaine and the horrors of the Jew of Malta are present in an augmented degree—or the passages in Henry VI., which are so obviously Marlowesque, that their origin is brought into question—let anyone read the interior play in Hamlet, where the poet suddenly adopts an entirely different style, and then compare it with some parts of Dido; the resemblance is strange, startling, obvious to
the most uncritical reader; while, to a critical student, most urgent and clamorous questions of origin instantly present themselves. Mr. Bullen notes that "a few years ago a theory was gravely propounded that the player's speech in *Hamlet* was "written originally by Shakespeare to complete Marlowe's play."" Mr. Bullen's comment is almost hysterical in its revulsion from this bold, bad speculation. "This Titanic absurdity," he adds, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable, was received with much applause in certain quarters." Doubtless the suggestion, in the form stated, is unreasonable; but it appears as if Mr. Bullen's fierce denunciation is intended to smother his own unwilling conviction that there is something in it. It is plain that when Bacon wrote the player's speeches in *Hamlet*, he drew upon what may have been his own earlier style; perhaps he used some rejected MSS. which had survived from the Marlowe period of his career. At any rate the "internal evidence" that Marlowe wrote this interior play in *Hamlet* is quite as strong as that he wrote *Tamburlaine* or *Dido*. And there is nothing more characteristic of Marlowe than *Hamlet*'s ranting speech when he leaps into Ophelia's grave (Act V., sc. i. 297—306), which Miss Lee and her followers would of course hand over to Marlowe. These curious survivals of the Marlowe style shew that the poet had repented his youthful extravagances—as he uses the style to represent assumed madness or ranting stage situations—but was quite capable of repeating it if the dramatic opportunity presented itself.*

It seems then that the Marlowe poems fill up the vacuum left by the Shakespeare series. In them we see the poet, in his early but Titanic maturity, with the faults of youth allied to the exuberance of genius; before his dramatic powers had developed; when, as Mr. Bullen very truly points out, the construction of plot had not entered into his ideal; when his experience of life, and that large sympathy with all phases of human existence which is so wonderful in Shakespeare, has not out-grown its early limitations; when the gift of humour had not been evoked by the friction of experience, by the sorrows and struggles of his own life. No considerate student can possibly affirm that the genius which blossomed so magnificently and yet developed so imperfectly in these few poems, had then displayed all its

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*The comparison between *Dido*, and the player's speeches in *Hamlet*, has been worked out in detail by Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy, in the *Contemporary Review*, Oct. 1889, Vol. LVI., p. 583.*
latent possibilities, so that we are entitled to say exactly not only what powers he had, but what he had not, and never could have. It was mad Ophelia who, "with a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of," exclaimed, "Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be:" and it seems to me that there is more of madness in the converse affirmation, and that for any one to say of Marlowe that he had no humour and never could develop it, is the wildest possible license of self-willed and arbitrary criticism. "No sane critic," to adopt Mr. Bullen's rather dragooning and intolerant expression, will venture upon such very disputable gustation.

The internal evidence which I have to produce consists of such identity (not merely similarity) of expression or idea as is distinctly demonstrative of identical authorship, if it can be shewn to be so extended, so subtle, so spontaneous, as to exclude the alternative explanation of accidental coincidence, or conscious plagiarism or appropriation. That this kind of evidence can be appreciated and employed by Shakespearian scholars, when it helps to maintain any theory which they favour, is proved by many instances. Thus Mr. Gerald Massey finds in this sort of evidence proof that Shakespeare wrote one of the poems in England's Helicon. (See Parallel No. 83 post.) Mr. Charles Knight uses it most successfully in his argument for the Shakespearian origin of the Hen. VI. plays. And, to come within speaking distance of the case before us, Mr. Fleay proves to his own satisfaction in this way that Henry VI. was, to a great extent, written by Marlowe. He adduces 12 words which he finds in Edward II. and Henry VI., or Tam. Sh., but "in no undoubted plays of Shakespeare." These words are Exequies, shipwreck, (as a noun) buckler (as a verb), embroider, Tully, serge, verb, foreslow, magnanimity, preachment, Atlas and impale. He then quotes 11 parallel passages from the plays, "a few (he says) selected out of many" (but the many are not published anywhere, so far as my searching extends); and he adds,—"These similarities are sufficient, in my mind, to prove "identity of authorship in a large portion of these plays." Now if this not very unreasonable conclusion of Mr. Fleay's, so far as identity of authorship is concerned, is linked on to Mr. Knight's much more reasonable conclusion, inasmuch as it is supported by a much larger induction of instances, that Henry VI. was written entirely by Shakespeare, we arrive at the exact conclusion which it is our object to establish—viz., that Marlowe and Shakespeare are two different
masks for one concealed poet; and as soon as this point is reached it will not be difficult to shew who this hidden writer is. Before leaving Mr. Fleay's argument, it may be remarked that every play has words which occur in no other play, and that these \( \text{ἀναλεγόμενα} \) are quite as likely to differentiate dates as pens.* Like all negative arguments the significance of this is very uncertain. Any conclusion so suggested must be cautiously tested by other methods of investigation and be always treated as a provisional or working hypothesis until it is established by more direct and positive proofs. Such proofs indeed Mr. Fleay produces, but it appears to me that the foundation is rather frail and shallow for the large negative conclusion that he builds upon it. Certainly Baconians do not feel themselves entitled to construct such inverted pyramids.

The play of Edward the Second marks the transition between the early "Ercles Vein" and the genuine Shakespeare drama. It is exactly the required connecting link that bridges over the vast chasm between these styles, and warns us not to attach too much importance to similar chasms existing elsewhere. Mr. Knight thinks that there is no passage across this gulf, and that the bombastic writer of Tamburlaine could not have written the early drafts of Henry VI. His language is very instructive:—

"The theory that Marlowe wrote one or both parts of the Contention must begin by assuming that his mind was so thoroughly disciplined at the period when he produced Tamburlaine and Faustus and the Jew of Malta, that he was able to lay aside every element, whether of thought or expression, by which those plays are characterized; adopt essentially different principles for the dramatic conduct of a story; copy his characters from living and breathing models of actual men; come down from his pomp and extravagance of language, not to reject poetry, but to ally poetry with familiar and natural thoughts."

Now this impossible evolution is exactly what we find in Edw. II. This strange transformation has been effected, and may be described most fitly in Mr. Knight's own language. To this Mr. Dyce (among many others) testifies. He says of Edw. II.,—"Taken as a whole "it is the most perfect of his plays; there is no overdoing of character, no turgescence of language." Mr. Knight is evidently conscious that Edw. II. may be brought in evidence against him, and he avoids this difficulty by representing that "in Edw. II. the author, possessing the

* On a rough computation I find that there are more than 2,000 words in Shakespeare which are used only once.
power of adaptation, to ascertain extent, which always belongs to
genius, was still pursued by his original faults of exaggeration and
inflation of language." He justifies this allegation by a few quo-
tations: the passages he quotes are the following: I. iv. 170-179—

Any one referring to these passages will at once see that they are
exactly such lines as the author of Hen. VI. might have written,—
exactly of the same type as the many passages which are selected by
critics to prove that Marlowe wrote Hen. VI. No one will contend
that Edw. II. contains no traces of the old style; but assuredly the
traces are only just sufficient to link the two together, and to cancel
any antecedent probability that the poet of Tamburlaine, when ripened,
might develop into the poet of Henry IV. or Lear.

Three early quarto editions of Edw. II. are known: 1598, 1612,
and 1622. There is no very essential difference between them,* but
anyone comparing them will find a few minute changes of precisely
such a character as the author himself would make—and for the most
part such as would have occurred to no other reviser. The following
specimens may suffice.

1. And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston
   Have drawn thy treasure dry. 1598.
   Have drawn thy treasury dry. 1612. II. ii. 154.

*Mr. Tancock describes the 1598 edition as "a somewhat carelessly
printed quarto, probably from a prompter's copy." I cannot account
for this estimate of the 1598 ed. From personal inspection of the three
early quartos, I am persuaded that it was very carefully printed, and is
just as authentic as the subsequent editions. The fashion of gratui-
tously conjuring up prompter's copies, acting MSS., playhouse ver-
sions, shorthand reports, reproductions from memory, &c., has muddled
all modern critical accounts of these early plays, and made natural
causes invisible. In this case anyone can ascertain how far the 1598
ed. deserves Mr. Tancock's depreciation by consulting Mr. Fleay's
edition, which points out in detail all the changes made in 1612 and
1622. That they are very insignificant, the few specimens given in the
text will sufficiently indicate. There are not thirty such alterations in
the whole play, and not one of them is of a nature to reflect injuriously
on the first edition. In fact, it was with some hesitation that I pro-
duced these at all (before observing Mr. Tancock's note), fearing lest I
might incur censure for using slight or strained arguments.
2. They bark'd apace a month ago. 1598.
   They bark'd apace not long ago. 1612. IV. iii. 12.
3. Come, Leister, then, in Isabella's name! 1598.
   Comes Leister? &c. 1612. V. vi. 64.
4. In which extreme my mind here murthered is. 1598.
   In which extremes, &c. 1612. V. i. 55.
5. To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat. 1598.
   Thrust down the throat. 1612. IV. iv. 31.
6. Let me not die; yet stay, oh, stay awhile. 1598, 1612.
   Let me not die yet; stay, &c. 1622. IV. v. 98.

By these simple changes, even in punctuation, the whole colour of
a passage is often altered, and almost always these small corrections
tend to clear and modernize the construction.

I will now refer to some of the resemblances between Edw. II. and
passages in Shakespeare. The references to acts, scenes, and lines are
made to the very excellent Clarendon edition, edited by Mr. Tancock.
The numbers in Mr. Fleay's and Mr. Bullen's editions are in most
cases the same. Certainly the variation of a few lines need not create
any difficulty in verifying the quotations.

[Note.—Some of these resemblances have been more or less com-
pletely pointed out, by Dyce, Fleay, Tancock, Verity, and others. The
passages are indicated by the initials (D. F. T. V.) of these four. Mrs.
Pott has supplied me with some which I had not observed, and with a
good many that I had. If her notes were published, this paper would
probably be entirely superseded. It will be seen that 33 out of the 103
have been anticipated: but in many of these cases the comparison stops
short at the Henry VI. plays; the very important comparisons that run
through all the Shakespearian plays have been scarcely touched upon.
Mr. Tancock has pointed out more of these than any previous writer,
but even he has given only a few out of the large store that are to be
found.]

1. Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight. I. i. 3.
   Henry ... surfeiting in joys of love. 2 Hen. VI., I. i. 251.
Sweets, Delights, and Surfeits seem much associated in the poet's
mind: thus—
   Sweets grown common lose their dear delights. Son. 102.
   You speak like one besotted on your sweet delights. Troilus, II.
   ii. 142.
A surfeit of the sweetest things,
   The deepest loathing to the stomach brings. M. A. 6., II., ii. 187.
2. (Enter three poor men.)

Gaveston. But how now! What are these?

Poor Men: Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. : What canst thou do?

First P. M.: I can ride.

Gav. : But I have no horse. What art thou?

Second P. M.: A traveller.

Gav. : Let me see: thou wouldest do well

To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time.

And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you. I. i. 24.

Mr. Tancock notes, "Compare Lear I. iv. 10-47," where it is curiously expanded; the identity is very striking (T.)

Cf. also,—A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner. All's W. II. v. 30.

Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess,

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth and catechize,

My picked man of countries. John I. i. 189.

3. I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. I. i. 43.

Cozening hope! He is a flatterer. Rich. II. ii. 69.

See also 2 Hen. IV. i. iii. 27-62. Evidently there is a cozening quality in Gaveston's flattery. The flattery of hope is a frequent theme in Bacon's prose. See Med. Sac. Op. VII., 247; Apophthegms, No. 36; Hist. Life and D. V. 279, 280; Hist Symp. and Antip., V. 203; Essay of Truth; of Seditions, &c.

4. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,

Musicians, that with touching of a string,

May draw the pliant king which way I please:

. . . I'll have Italian masques by night, &c. I. i. 52-73.

His ear . . . is stopped with other flattering sounds:

. . . Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound,

The open ear of youth doth always listen.

Report of fashions in proud Italy. Rich. II., II. i. 17-23 (T)

Mr. Tancock calls attention to the fact that the characterization and dramatic situation are precisely the same in these two passages.

5. Dance the antic hay. I. i. 61.

Let them dance the hay. L. L. L., V. i. 161 (T.)
6. With hair that gilds the water as it glides. I. i. 63.
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hair. Com. Er., III. ii. 48.

7. This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need:
And underneath thy banner march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up. I. i. 87.
Steel! if thou turn the edge... 'ere thou sleep in thy sheath, &c.
2 Hen. VI. IV. x. 61.

Bacon often speaks of obsolete laws as sleeping (Aphorisms of the Law, 58); so does Shakespeare. See M. M., I. ii. 169-175; II. ii. 90; Hen. V., III. vi. 127. In the following passage a sleeping function and armour hanging by the wall are connected, as in Edw. II., while the phraseology is varied:—

This new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unsoured armour, hung by the wall...
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. M.M., I. ii. 169.


8. This sword shall... hew the knees that now are grown so stiff.
I. i. 95.
Stiff, unbowed knee... disdaining duty. 3 Hen. VI., III. i. 16.

9. Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules. I. i. 144.

10. King Edw.: Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.
Bishop: True, true. I. i. 200.
Boling.: Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich.: O, good! Convey? Conveyors are you all.
Rich. II. IV., i. 316.

Mr. Tancock uses this passage to explain the "True! true!" in Edw. II. Surely enigma and solution have the same origin. (T.)

11. How now! Why droops the Earl? I. ii. 9. (also IV. vi. 60.)

12 (a) Swollen with (b) venom of (c) ambitious (d) pride. I. ii. 31.
a. c. Caesar's ambition which swelled so much. Cymb., III. i. 49.
a. c. Blown ambition. Lear, IV. iv. 27.
a. c. I have seen th' ambitious ocean swell. Jul. C., I. iii. 6.
a. d. The swelling pride of the See of Rome.
   Bacon's Talbot Charge, Life, V. 5.

a. b. d. It is accounted an evident sign of poison, especially
   of that kind which operates by malignancy, not by corrosion,
   if the face or the body be swollen...A sudden burst of anger
   in some inflates the cheeks, as likewise does pride.
   Hist. Dense and Rare, Works, V. 358.

a. b. Knowledge...hath in it some nature of venom or malignity,
   and some effects of that malignity, which is ventosity
   or swelling.
   Adv. L., I. i. 3.

a c. Bacon advises Cecil a course to secure “honour and merit
   of her Majesty...without ventosity or popularity.”
   Life, III. 45.

See also No. 43.

   When the lion fawns upon the lamb. 3 Hen. VI., IV. viii. 49.
   As the grim lion fawns upon his prey. Lucrece, 421.

14. Ignoble vassal! that like Phaeton,
   Aspirs't unto the guidance of the sun.
   Phaeton!...Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car?
   T. G. V., III. i. 153.

Bacon and Shakespeare often refer to the fable of Phaeton, and
always in the same way. See Letter to Essex, II. 191; Wisd. An. Chap.
27, &c.

15. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech. I. iv. 42.
   Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep.
   1 Hen. VI., IV. iii. 28.

   Boiling choler chokes
   The hollow passage of my prisoned voice. ib. V. iv. 120.
   O, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
   T. A., V. iii. 184.

16. Are you content to banish him the realm? I. iv. 84.
   Are you contented to resign the crown?
   Rich. II., IV. i. 20 (T.).

   See also Tw. G. V., IV. i. 61.

17.
   I'll enforce
   The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground. I. iv. 101.
   Let heaven kiss earth. 2 Hen. IV., II. iv. 101.
   The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys.
   Cymb., V. i. 206. See No. 21.
18. *Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.* 1. iv. 118.
   To die is to be banished from myself,
   And Sylvia is myself. *Tw. G. V.*, III. i. 170.
   Banished am I, if but from thee. *2 Hen. VI.*, III. ii. 351.

19. *That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape.* 1. iv. 172.
   I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. *Com. Er.*, V. i. 270.
   As if with Circe she would change my shape.
   *1 Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 35.

20. *Ungentle Queen! I say no more.* 1. iv. 147.
   Ungentle Queen! to call him gentle Suffolk. *2 Hen. VI.*, III. ii. 290.

21. *'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride.* 1. iv. 276.
   Vail'd is your pride. III. iii. 38.
   France must vail her lofty plumed crest.
   *1 Hen. VI.*  V. iii. 25.
   Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.
   To kiss her burial. *Mer. V.*, I. i. 28.
   Thus vail your stomachs [*i.e. pride.*]

22. *The people...lean to the King.* 1. iv. 283.
   Northumberland did lean to him. 1 Hen. IV., IV. iii. 67.
   Afterwards instead of lean to we have incline to. See, for instance,

23. *Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way.* 1. iv. 299.
   *Bear thee on they way.* 1. iv. 140; V. ii. 155.
   How far brought you high Hereford on his way? *Rich. II.*, I. iii. 304; See *M. M.* I. i. 62., *L. L. L.* V. ii. 883., *M. Ado* III. ii. 3.,

24. *Hark! how he harps upon his minion.* 1. iv. 310.
   See also *M. M.*, *Coriol., Macb.*, *Ant. Cl.*, *Hamlet,*
   This string you cannot...harp upon too much.  *Life* II. 42.

25. *My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,*
   *Which beats upon it like the Cyclops hammer.* 1. iv. 311.
   And never did the Cyclops hammer fall, &c. *Ham. II.* ii. 511.
   Between the hammer and the anvil. *Promus* 741.
   Though it be my fortune to be the anvil whereupon those good
   effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort.
26. *I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck.* I. iv. 327.
   *Golden* is a favourite epithet with Shakespeare.

27. *And as gross vapours perish by the sun*
   *Even so let hatred with thy Sovereign's smile.* I. iv. 340.
   The very beams will dry those vapours up. *3 Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 12.
   See also *1 Hen. IV.*, I. ii. 221-227. *L.L.L.* IV. iii. 68-70.

28. *These silver hairs will more adorn my court*
   *Than gaudy silks or rich embroideries.* I. iv. 345.
   His silver hairs
   Will purchase us a good opinion. *Jul. C.* II. i. 144.
   *Silver hair* also in *2 Hen. VI.* and *T.A.* (T.)

29. *Fly! as swift as (a) Iris or (b) Jove's Mercury.* I. iv. 369.
   (a) *Whereso'er thou art in this world's globe*
   *I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.*
   *2 Hen. VI.*, III. iii. 406.
   (b) *Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,*
   *And fly like thought from them to me again.*
   *John IV.* ii. 174.

Mr. Fleay wishing to show that this passage is only paralleled in
what he considers doubtful plays, says, in his glossary to *Edw. II.*
"*Iris*; messenger of the gods: so in *2 Hen. VI.* III. iii. 407, Iris
is used for a messenger. In Shakespeare's undoubted plays Iris always
means the rainbow. See *Temp. IV.* i, 160. *All's W.* I. iii. 158. *Troilus*
I. iii. 380."

This is strangely inaccurate. In the *Tempest* Ceres addresses Iris
thus,—

    *Hail! many coloured messenger that ne'er*
    *Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter.*

In this play the name *Iris* only occurs in the stage directions, not
in the text. But it occurs thus: "*Juno and Ceres whisper and send*
*Iris on employment.*" And in the *All's W.* passage Iris is called "*This*
distempered messenger of wet," shewing that the poet, in his wonted
way, saw double when looking at Iris,—saw her as both rainbow and
messenger. The Marlowe allusion is certainly reproduced in these
passages, as Mr. Fleay, if he had been free from bias, would surely
have observed and acknowledged, and not ambiguously denied.
The mightiest kings have had their minions.
Great Alexander loved Hephæstion.
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men.
The Roman Tully loved Octavius,
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades. I. iv. 390.

This passage invites much comment, some hints for which may be found in Bacon Journal, vol. I., p. 97. It was Bacon's habit to minimize misfortune by a string of historical examples. Of this there are many typical illustrations, singularly resembling one another, both in the prose and poetry. "Peruse the Catalogue" he exclaims, referring to the childless state of the Queen; and instances are given of childless monarchs (Life I. 140). Utar magnis exemplis, he writes to the King after his condemnation; and cites precedents of the impeachment of great men similar to his own (ib. VII. 297.) In Shakespeare the same habit often shews itself: thus Suffolk finds some consolation, in being assassinated, by the reflection,—

Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully. Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
•Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

2 Hen. VI., IV. i. 134.

The general principle is stated, in curiously equivalent terms, by Bacon in his letter to Bishop Andrews (Works, VII. ii.), and by Shakespeare, in Lear III. vi. 102-110. See also W. Tale IV. iii. 25-31. This comparison is as profound as it is interesting.

The passage in Marlowe is accurately reflected in Bacon's Essay of Friendship. He speaks of the habit of princes to "raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals of themselves. . . . . And we see plainly that this hath been done not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned." Bacon does not give instances; he knew that he had already given them in Marlowe's Edw. II.

31. He wears a lord's revenue on his back. I. iv. 406.
She bears a duke's revenue on her back.

2 Hen. VI., I. iii. 83. (D.F.V.).

Bearing their birth rights proudly on their backs. John II. i. 70.
As a later development of the same we have,—

The city woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders. A.Y.L. III. vi. 75.

32. _Midas-like, he jets it in the Court._ I. iv. 407.

Thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee. M.V. III. ii. 101.

How he jets it under his advanced plumes.

_Tw. N._ II. v. 28 (T.).

33. _As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared._ I. iv. 410.

I can...change shapes with Proteus. 3 Hen. VI., III. ii. 192.

34. _He would have preferred me to the King._ II. i. 14.

Because my book preferred me to the King.

2 Hen. VI., IV. vi. 77.

35. _Cast the scholar off._ II. i. 31.

Cast thy humble slough. _Tw. N._ II. v. 161.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

_R. and J._ II. ii. 9.

36. _Making low legs to a nobleman._ II. i. 38.

You make a leg and Bolingbroke says Ay.

_Rich. II._ III. iii. 175. (T.)

He that cannot make a leg...were not for the Court.

_All's W._ II. ii. 10.

Let them court'sy with their left legs. _Tam. Sh._ IV. i. 95.

Well, here is my leg. 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 427.

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums that are given for them _Timon_ I. ii. 238.

37. _A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,_

_On whose top branches kingly eagles perch._ II. ii. 16.

This yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.

3 Hen. VI. V. ii. 11. (D. F. T.).

I was born so high

Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top. _Rich. III._ I. iii. 263.

Our princely Eagle. _Cymb._ V. v. 473—See 3 Hen. VI. II. i. 91.

38. _The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,_

_Frolics not more to see the painted spring_ 

_Than I do to behold your Majesty._ II. ii. 61.
Welcome hither as in the spring to the earth. *W. Tale.* V. i. 151.
And Lady-smocks, all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight. *L. L. L.* V. ii. 905.

*Painted* is a favourite epithet in Shakespeare. It is as Mr. Tancock points out, an adaptation of Latin phraseology,—*picta prata*, &c., and is one of the many indications that "Shakespeare" had been accustomed to write and think in Latin. We find the epithet *painted*, applied to flourish, rhetoric, pomp, devil, clay, queen, peace, imagery, gloss, hope, word, butterflies, &c.

39. *Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.*

II. ii. 119; also II. i. 74.

Will not your honours bear me company?

*1 Hen. VI.*, II. i. 58.

Also 2 *Hen. VI.*, I. iii. 6; *Rich. III.*, II. iii. 47; *Hen. VIII.*

I. i. 211; *Tw. G. V.*, IV. iii. 34.

40. *If he will not ransom him,*

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto a king. II. ii. 125.

He said he would not ransom Mortimer......
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ears I'll holla 'Mortimer.'

*1 Hen. IV.*, I. iii. 219.

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy trecherous ear,

Comparison between the voice and thunder is frequent. See *John III.* iv. 38; *Rich. III.*, I. iv. 173; *L. L. L.*, IV. ii. 119; Bacon's *Hen. VII.*, &c.

41. *The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish Kernes,*

*Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.* II. ii. 160.

The wild O'Neil, my lords, is up in arms,
With troops of Irish kernes, that uncontrolled
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.

*Contention* III. i. 282 (altered in 2 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 282).

(D. F. T. V.)

42. *The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.* II. ii. 164.

Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas.

*3 Hen. VI.*, I. i. 239 (D. F. T. V.).

A ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas.

*Mer. V.*, III. i. 3.
43. **My swelling heart for very anger breaks.** II. ii. 196.
My heart for anger breaks; I cannot speak.

*True Trag., I. i. 55.* Slightly altered in *3 Hen. VI.*, I. i. 60. (T.)
The broken rancour of your high-swol’n hates.

*Rich. III.*, II. ii. 117.

Compare Nos. 12 and 15.

44. **My Lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.** II. ii. 164.
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair. I. iv. 188.

[Also I. i. 42; II. iv. 27; V. i. 91.]
My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

*2 Hen. VI.* IV. ii. 120, (F.).
I’ll write unto them and entreat them fair.

*3 Hen. VI.*, I. i. 271.
You must speak Sir John Falstaff fair. *2 Hen. IV.*, V. ii. 38.
Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

*M. N. D.*, II. i. 199.

45. **Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,**
And body with continual mourning wasted. II. iv. 23.

Let Benedick......consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.

*M. Ado*, III. i. 77.

Blood-consuming sighs, blood-drinking, and blood-sucking sighs, are well-known Shakespearian phrases.

(See a similar passage, No. 83.)

46. **Madam, I cannot stay to answer you.** II. iv. 56,
I cannot stay to speak. *2 Hen. VI.*, II. iv. 86.
I cannot stay to hear these articles. *3 Hen. VI.*, I. i. 180.
I will not stay thy questions; let me go.

*M. N. D.*, II. i. 235 (F.).

47. **Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands.** II. v. i.
I wonder how he ’scaped? II. iv. 21.
I wonder how the king escaped our hands?

*3 Hen. VI.*, I. i. 1, (F. V.)

48. **When! Can you tell?** II. v. 57.
A slang expression, equivalent to “Don’t you wish you may get it?” It occurs in the 1616 edition of *Faustus*, Sc. ix.; and is found also in *Com. Er.* II. i. 53; and *1 Hen. IV.*, II. i. 48. See also *Tit. A.*, I. ii. 202.

49. **Treacherous Earl! Shall I not see the king?**
The king of heaven, perhaps; no other king. III. i. 15.
A similar profane retort occurs in Rich. III., III., ii. 105:—

The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.

50. As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and govern'd like a child. III, i. 30.
I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

2 Hen. VI., II. iii. 28, (F.).

Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself. ib., I. i. 165.

51. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not marked to many days on earth. III. ii. 79.
So wise, so young, they say do never live long......
Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Rich. III., III. i. 79; 94.

52. Heaven's great beams
On Atlas's shoulders shall not be more safe. III. ii. 76.
Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight. 3 Hen. VI., V. i. 36.
Never did Atlas such a burden wear,
As she in holding up the world oppressed.

Bacon's Device.

Your lordship, being the Atlas of the Common-wealth.

Letter to Burghley.

53. And march to fire them from their starting holes. III. ii. 127.
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Lear, V. iii. 22, (T.).
What starting-hole canst thou now find?

1 Hen. IV., II. iv. 290.

For starting-hole see also Bacon's Syl. Syl., 998.

54. I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers. III, ii. 132.
Plantagenet, of thee and of thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends. I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

3 Hen. VI., I. i. 95.

55. It is but temporal that thou canst inflict:
The worst is death. III. iii. 57. (See also 88.)
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold......
The worst is death, and death will have its day.

Rich. II., III. ii. 94, 108.
56. Better die to live,
    Than live in infamy under such a king. III. iii. 58.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
    Rather than live preserved with infamy.
    1 Hen. VI., IV. v. 21.

57. Can ragged, stony walls,
    Immure thy virtue that aspired to heaven? III. iii. 71.
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
    Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
    Rom. J., III. i. 122.

The ragged stones. T. A., V. iii. 133.
This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone. Hen. IV. Induct. 35.
Rocks.....would not dash me with their ragged sides.
    2 Hen. VI., III. ii. 98.

(See also Nos. 75 and 101.)

58. A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends. IV. i. 4.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.
    Jul. C., II. i. 166.

59. Stay time's advantage with your son. IV. ii. 18.
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud.
    Troil., III. iii. 2.

Beyond him in the advantage of the time. Cymb. IV. i. 12.

In Bacon's letter to Villiers, July 5, 1616, he asks, "For if time
give his majesty the advantage, what needeth precipitation to extreme
measures?" Life, V. 379. In other words, "Advantage is a better
soldier than rashness." Hen. V., III. vi. 128. This almost technical
use of the phrase advantage, as applied to time, is distinctly Baconian.

60. Would cast up caps and clap their hands for joy. IV. ii. 55.
The rabblement howled, and clapped their chopt hands, and threw
up their sweaty night-caps. Jul. Cæs., I. i. 243. See also Coriol,
IV. vi. 130-133.

61. To bid the English king a base. IV. ii. 66.
To bid the wind a base he now prepares. V. and A., 303.
    Tw. G. V., I, ii. 97. (T.).

62. What now remains? IV. iii. 17.
[Also in Rich. II., IV. i. 222; 3 Hen. VI., IV. iii. 60, vii. 7.]
63. Galop apace, bright Phæbus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray
That I may see the most desired day. IV. iii. 44.

It is generally agreed that this passage (1598) suggested the celebrated passage in Romeo and J. (1597), III., ii. 1-4! (D. T.).

64. Let us......in this bed of honour die with fame. IV. v. 7.
Triumphs over chance in honour's bed. T.A., I. i. 178.
They died in honour's lofty bed. ib., III. i. 11.

65. Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe. IV. v. 3.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
Lear, I. i. 190.

66. Away! we are pursued. IV. v. 9.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
3 Hen. VI., II. v. 127.

67. Make trial now of that philosophy
That in the famous nursery of arts
Thou sucked'st from Plato and Aristotle. IV. vi. 17.
Fair Padua, nursery of arts......
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Tam. Sh., I. i. 1-40.

Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils. Jul. Cas., IV. iii. 145.
Even by the rule of that philosophy, &c. ib., V. i. 101.

Bacon speaks of the Universities as "those nurseries and gardens of learning."—Life, V. 143.

68. Father, this life contemplative is heaven. IV. vi. 20.
Our court shall be a little Academe
Still and contemplative in living art. L.L.L., I. i. 13.

69. With awkward winds and sore tempests driven. IV. vi. 34.
Twice by awkward winds......drove back.
2 Hen. VI., III. ii. 83.
We see the wind set sore upon our sails. Rich. II., II. iv. 265.
This sore night (i.e., stormy). Macb., II. iv. 3.

70. We shall see them shorter by the heads. IV. vi. 93.
The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been as brief with you, to shorten
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Rich. II., III. iii. 10. (T.).

71. Hence, feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes!
(Throwing off his disguise). IV. vi. 96.

Every word here is equally Shakespearian and Baconian: so also is
the antithesis. The dramatic situation recalls that in Lear, when the
king throws off his garments, exclaiming, "Off! Off! ye lendings! Come, unbutton here."—Lear, III. iv. 113.

72. Cease to lament. V. i. 1; also II. iv. 29.

Cease to lament. Two G. V., III. i. 241.

73. Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity. V. i. 2.

The same idea, with large and most poetic amplification, is in Rich.
II., I. iii. 262-303, where Bolingbroke, being banished, is urged by
Gaunt to imagine that his banishment is only a "travel that thou
takest for pleasure,"—

Look! what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.

74. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wound. V. i. 9.

Mr. Tancock (Clarendon edition) asks, "Is it likely that Marlowe
had in mind Virgil?"—Aeneid, XII. 412-415:—

Dictamnum genetrix Creteae carpit ab Ida
Puberibus caulem foliis, et flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hasere sagittae."
The reply is,—Certainly; this passage was in the poet's mind. Bacon
quotes the passage to illustrate the same idea, and the poetic fancy in
Marlowe's verse finds scientific expression in Bacon's prose.—See
Adv. of L., II. xiii. 2 (p. 150, Clar.); De Aug., V. ii.

75. But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And, highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air. V. i. 11.
Aspiring Lancaster, I. i. 92.

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink to the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

3 Hen. VI., V. vi. 61. (D. F. V.).

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowed. Rich. II., V. 1. 29.

The same idea, seen also in No. 57, namely, mounting to the clouds, and scorning the lower levels left behind,—is seen in another guise, in the following passage:—

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber-upwards turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. Jul. C., II. i. 22.

76. Whose dauntless mind. V. i. 15.

Thy dauntless mind. 3 Hen. VI., III. iii. 16.

77. Thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison. V. i. 18.

Pent occurs in Coriol.; excepting this, pent and mewed are words which are only found, in this sense, in the early historical plays, and in those written about the same period—i.e., Tam. Sh.; Rom. Jul., M.N.D.: Ex. gr., "In shady cloister mewed": "being pent from liberty."

78. (a) I am lodge within this cave of care,
(b) Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
(c) To company my heart with sad laments. V. i. 32.

Promus note, 1203: "Lodged next" (one of a Group of R. and J. notes).

(b) Conscience is......ever at my elbow. Rich. III., I. iv. 150.

The fiend is at mine elbow. Mer. V., II. ii. 3.
(c) For company, as a verb, see Cymb., V. v. 408.

79. My heart......bleeds within me for this sad exchange. V. i. 35.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape, &c.

2 Hen. IV., IV. iv. 58.

My heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick.

ib., II. ii. 51.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. Timon, I. ii. 211.

80. *For he’s a lamb, encompassed by wolves.*  V. i. 41.

Such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed by wolves.

3 *Hen. VI.*, I. i. 242. (V.)

81. *But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,*

*Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire.*  V. i. 48.

O would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow

Were red hot steel, to scar me to the brain.

*Rich. III.*, IV. i. 59.

For *quenchless*, see 3 *Hen. VI.*, I. iv. 28; *Lucrece*, 1554.

82. *Inhuman creatures, nursed with tiger’s milk!*  V. i. 71.

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger. *Coriol.*, V. iv. 29.

83. *Bear this to the queen,*

*Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:*  (Gives a

*If with the sight thereof she be not moved,*  [handkerchief.]

*Return it back and dip it in my blood.*  V. i. 117.

She with her tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks,

Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,

To fan and blow them dry again she seeks. *Ven. A.*, 49.

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again. *ib.*, 966.

Sorrow’s wind and rain. *A Lover’s Lament.*

Gerald Massey, (*Sonnets*, pp. 465-468), comments on the following lines from *England’s Helicon*, which he claims for Shakespeare:—

*With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,*

*Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain.*

The same use of a blood-stained napkin is in 3 *Hen. VI.*, II. i. 60. (see also No. 45).

84. *And thus most humbly do we take our leave.*  V. i. 124.

*Here humbly of your grace we take our leave.*  IV. vi. 77.

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

3 *Hen. VI.*, I. ii. 61, F.

And so, I take my leave. 3 *Hen. VI.*, IV. viii. 28.

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Rich. III.*, III. vii. 244.
85. *To wretched men, death is felicity.*

The word *felicity* occurs only twice in Shakespeare, and, in one of these cases, it is applied to death, as a release from trouble:

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world, draw thy breath in pain.

*Ham., V. ii. 358.*

86. *Well may I rent his name that rends my heart.*

*(Tears the paper.) V. i. 140.*

“This passion, shewn in the unavailing tearing of the writ, may be compared with passion of Rich. II., as he dashes the looking glass to pieces. *Cf. Rich. II., IV. i. 228.*” *(Tancock.)*

87. *Even so betide my soul as I use him.*

And so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of your’s. *Rich. III., II. iv. 71.*

88. *Of this I am assured*

*That death ends all, and I can die but once.*

The valiant never taste of death but once……

Death, a necessary evil,

Will come when it will come. *Jul. Ces., II. ii. 32-37.*

[See also No. 55.] *(T.)*

89. *For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,*

*More safety there is in a tiger’s jaws,*

*Than his embraces.*

V. i. 116.

See *Promus note* 829—“To hold a wolf by the ears.”

In Shakespeare, as in Marlowe, this note suggests variations on the original metaphor: the exact counterpart of Bacon’s memorandum is only in Marlowe.

France, thou may’st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion, by the mortal paw,
A fasting lion, safer by the tooth

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*John, III. iii. 258.*

90. *No more but so.*

V. ii. 33.

No more but so. *Ham., I. iii. 10.*

91. *Art thou so resolute as thou wast?*

*What else, my lord? and far more resolute.*

V. iv. 23.

(Also IV. vi. 117; V. v. 25 and 32.)

*What else?* is a turn of expression noted in the *Promus*, and so registered for use: see Nos. 307; 1400. It has the special meaning
of—"Of course!" or "Why certainly!" It is frequent in Shakespeare, as in 2 and 3 Hen. VI.; Tam. Sh.; Pericles; Coriol; Ant. Cl., &c. In Tw. N., I. iii. 146, it is expanded into, "What shall we do else?"

92. I learned in Naples how to poison flowers.......

Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears. V. iv. 31.

This method of poisoning reminds one of the murder of the elder Hamlet. Bacon characteristically associates poisoning with Italy. Thus in his charge against Wentworth: "It is an offence that I may truly say of it, non est nostri generis, nec sanguinis. It is, thanks be to God, rare in this island of Brittany......You may find it in Rome and Italy. There is a religion for it," Life, V. 215. In Cymbeline, we find "drug-damned Italy;" and "false Italian, (as poison-tongued)."

93. Feared am I more than loved; let me be feared. V. iv. 51.

Would'st thou be loved and feared? I. i. 168.

She shall be loved and feared. Hen. VIII., V. i. 31.

That noble honoured lord is feared and loved.

W. T., V. i. 158.

Never was monarch better feared and loved than is your majesty. Hen. V., II. ii. 25.

94. Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy. V. iv. 54.

I am no breechingscholar in the schools. Tam. Sh., III. i. 18.

None do you like but an effeminate prince
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

1 Hen. VI., I. i. 35.

95. The Queen and Mortimer

Shall rule the realm, the King; and none rules us. V. iv. 64.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm.

1 Hen. VI., V. v. 107. (F. V.).

96. Who's there? What light is that? Wherefore com'st thou?

V. v. 41.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life.

3 Hen. VI., V. vi. 29. (V.)

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?


The murder scenes in 3 Hen. VI. and Rich. III. have precisely similar expressions to those in Edw. II.
97. Tell Isabel the queen, I looked not thus,
    When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
    And there unhorsed the duke of Cleremont. V. v. 65.
    I tell thee, Pole, when thou did'st run at tilt,
    And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
    I thought king Henry had been like to thee.

Contention, I. iii.; almost reproduced in 2 Hen. VI., I. iii. 53.

(D. F. T. V.)

98. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
    Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone. V. vi. 1.

This takes suggestion from two Promus notes, "Things done,
cannot be undone, (Factum infectum fieri non potest)," No. 951; and
"Odere reges dicta que dici jubent," No. 367. The dramatic situation
in the text, repentance after execution, is curiously frequent in
Shakespeare, see instances in John, IV. ii. 203-242; Rich. II., V. vi.
III. ii. 12; Pericles, IV. iii. 1-20.

99. As for myself I stand as Jove's huge tree,
    And others are but shrubs compared to me. V. vi. 10.
    Whose top-branch over-peered Jove's spreading tree,
    And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.


Jove's tree is also referred to in As Y. L. III. ii. 249. (T).

100. Base Fortune; now I see that in thy wheel
    There is a point, to which when men aspire
    They tumble headlong down. V. vi. 57.

For similar references to the Wheel of Fortune see Hen. V., III. vi.
27-40; Ham. III., iii. 17-23. For the sentiment, apart from the
metaphor, see Essay of Great Place, first paragraph; and its striking
parallels in John III. iv. 137-8; Rich. III. I. iii. 259; Troilus III.
iii. 75-87; Cymb. III. iii. 45-55. In the Cymbeline passage, written
in later life, Bacon seems to draw upon his own experience; but
during the whole of his life the sentiment was often suggested.

101. Mortimer (a) scorns the world, and (b), as a traveller,
    Goes to discover countries yet unknown. V. vi. 62.

(a). That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds
    Which too untimely here did scorn the earth,

R. & J. III. i. 122.

[See also No. 57.]
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns. *Ham.* III., i. 79.

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*Too long have I lived*
*Whenas my son thinksto abridge my days.* V. vi. 81.

*Which in a moment will abridge his life.* *ib.* i. 41.

*Thy staying will abridge thy life.* *Tw. G. V.* III. i. 245.

Death rock me asleep; abridge my doleful days.

2. *Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 211.

103. *These tears, distilling from mine eyes.* V. vi. 99.

*O Earth, I will befriending thee with more rain*
*That shall distil from these two ancient urns [i.e. his eyes.]*
*T.A.* III. i. 14.

Tears distilled by moans. *R. & J. V.* iii. 15.

Besides these parallel passages there are numerous cases in which
the peculiar use of single words or short terms of expression brings
to mind analogous use of language in Shakespeare. The only critic
who has given any special attention to these single words and small
phrases is Mr. Tancock, in the Clarendon Edition. What little use
Mr. Fleay makes of them I have already indicated. I would gladly
give all these words and phrases, with detailed references to the pas-
sages, and to the corresponding words in Shakespeare; but space
limitations forbid. I must be content with a simple enumeration,
followed by a few supplementary comments. The words are:

Adamant; Argues; Avouch; Bandy; It boots not; Brainsick;
Braved; Brown-bills; Buckler; Canker; Caucasus; Centre; Civil;
Cockerel; Colour; Controlment; Crownet; Cullions; Curstly;
Dash; Drift; Decline; Elysium; Empale; Empery; Entertain;
Ezequies; Exigents; Extremes; Foreslow; Garish; Gather head;
This gear; Gentle heavens; Gored; Greekish; Hatch; Haught;
Have at; Hearten; A hell of grief; High disgrace; Incense; In-
fortunate; Jack; Jesses; Jets it; Larded with; Leander; Level at;
Long of; Love-sick; Magnanimity; Minion; Mort-dieu; Mounting;
Pass not; Pay them home; Peevish; Plain; Prate, Preachment;
Purge the realm; Reduce; Repeal; What resteth?; Runagates;
Sophister; Sort of; Sort out; Speed; Stir; Stomach; Store of;
Tender; Timeless; Trotter'd; Toys; Tully; Vail; Yearns.
Bacon uses many of these words. I may refer to the following passages as specimens:

_Bandy._ See Promus note 1421, and references.
_A mutinous brain-sick soldier._ *Life I.* 378.
_Colour,* i.e., plausible show of reason: a sense which has acquired currency from Bacon's "Colours of Good and Evil."
_No coldness in foreslowing, but wisdom in choosing his time._ *Hen. VII.* Op. vi. 179.
_In her chamber the conspiracy had been hatched._ *Ib.* p. 46.
_Infortunate._ *Essays* 4 and 40.

If the king did no greater matters, it was long of himself.* Hen. VII.* Op. vi. 244.
_Pay home resembles Bacon's,—he could dissemble home._ *Ib.* 71.
_Perkin would prove but a runagate._ *Ib.* 172.
_I will add the following notes on some other peculiarities in the phraseology of *Edw. II.*

1. We find a number of_over_words—over-base, over-bear, over-daring, over-peered, over-ruled, over-stretched, over-strong, over-watched, over-woo._ Shakespeare is very fond of these "over" adjectives and verbs, and the use of them is very characteristic. There are about 129 different compounds of this type, made by over or o'er. Five out of the nine used in *Edw. II.* are also in Shakespeare, viz., over-bear, -daring, -peered, -ruled, -watched.

2. Marlowe's use of the word strange is remarkable,—*_If he be strange, and not regard my words._* Strange here means distant, unfriendly, what we should call stand-offish. So 2 *Hen. VI.* III. i. 5; *Troilus* III. iii. 51, "a form of strangeness." There is another use of the word, as in _Is it not strange,* I. ii. 55, in which the word has no unusual sense, but the phrase is so frequent, both in B. and Sh. as to be noteworthy as a perpetual trick of speech. In the _Promus_ we find this anticipated by the note _I find that strange,* No. 302, and this occurs, with slight variations, in many well-known passages in *Ham., Jul. C., Troilus, Temp.,* &c. It is found in *Essays* 10, 18, 22, 27, 44, 56; also in the _Adv.,_ and elsewhere. It is an expression which would pass unnoticed but for the singular frequency of its recurrence, and its insertion in the _Promus._

3. The word *suck* (see parallel 67) belongs to a class of words which are promoted, so to speak, from the ranks, and ennobled for poetic service. In Shakespeare such words are boil, bulk, crack, fust,
jump, prate, shop, spit, suck, top, tnb, wink, &c. Bacon has the same habit: he also uses jump, suck, shop, top. A crowd of specimens may be picked out by looking over the terminology of his tables of instances, in Nov. Org. II. where poetry and science are curiously blended. Suck is a very characteristic specimen. Shakespeare has suck melancholy, suck the sweets of philosophy, suck wisdom, suck the honey of music vows, suck the sense of fear. Bacon has suck suspicion, suck experience, &c. Ex. gr. “If a man be thought secret it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open.” See Essays Of Dissimulation, Of Travel, Hen. VII.

4. Marlowe has thrice welcome, treble-blest. Shakespeare is very partial to this method of augmenting the import of his words. He has thrice fair, crowned, famed, gentle, noble; thrice double ass; twice treble shame; double and treble admonition. Bacon had the same habit, ex. gr., Thrice loving friend, Life, VII. 280. The Promus has a Note, 197a, Bis ac ter pulchra.

Besides these resemblances in thought and language, there are other points of similarity in style, or tricks of speech which deserve notice.

1. The frequent use of echoing retort or repartee. Ex.gr.:

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

Repartee. Let him complain unto the see of hell. I. i. 190.

Is this the duty that you owe your king?

Rep.: We know our duty; let him know his peers. I. iv. 22.

You that be noble-born should pity him.

Rep.: You that are princely-born should cast him off. ib. 80.

See also I. iv. 20; 160; II. ii. 85; 93; V. iv. 14; 87; 89; vi. 76.

Repartees formed on this model are frequent in Shakespeare. Ex.gr.:

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Rep.: Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Jul. Caes. V. i. 65.

Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

Rep.: Take not, good cousin, farther than you should.

Lest you mistake. Rich II. III. iii. 15.

There is a large collection of these in Rich. II. I. ii.

Typical specimens of this are given rather plentifully in the Promus, shewing that Bacon had made a careful study of this rhetorical and dramatic artifice; which however is not found in his acknowledged works. Ex.gr.:
A merry world when such fellows must correct.

_rep._: A merry world when the simplest must correct. No. 1384.

It is not the first untruth I have heard reported.

_rep._: It is not the first truth I have heard denied. No. 1401.

See also Nos. 194, 199, 200, 201, 204-9, &c.

2. Frequent recurrence of the vivid, rhetorical use of this, these; the speaker referring to something of his own, generally his bodily organs of expression, action, or emotion. _Ex. gr._:

_Witness this heart that sighing for thee breaks._ I. iv. 165.

_These tears that drizzle from mine eyes._ II. iv. 18.

Also _These hands; these eyes; this breast; these eyelids, this life, &c.;_ and some of these occur several times.

The same habit is observable in Shakespeare: _Ex. gr._:

_This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings._ . .

_These cheeks are pale for watching for your good._ . .

_These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,_

_This breast from harbouring foul, deceitful thoughts._

2 _Hen VI._ IV. vii.

3. The habit of beginning a scene by an abrupt question. Thus,—

_O tell me Spencer where is Gaveston?_ II. iv. Similarly in II. i.; iv.; III: ii; V. vi: Five instances in this play.

So in Shakespeare we have:—

_Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?_ Rich. II. V, iii. i.

_Wilt thou be gone?_ It is not yet near day. _Rom. J._ III. v. i.

This habit is chiefly characteristic of the early plays, Rich. II, and III., I & 2 & 3 _Hen. VI._, but it is also frequent in other plays.

4. Either a new scene, or an entering speaker in a new section—and as the early quartos are not always divided into acts and scenes, these new sections might be intended for new scenes—begins with some expression of wonder.

_I wonder how he 'scaped._ II. iv. 30.

_The wind is good._ _I wonder why he stays._ II. ii. 1.

_Gurney, I wonder the king dies not._ V. v. i.

The first of these is almost identical with 3 _Hen. VI._, I. i.; II. i.

It is slightly varied in:—

_I muse my lord of Gloucester is not come._

2 _Hen. VI._ III. i. 1.

Also in _M.N.D._ III. ii. 1: _I wonder if Titania be awaked._
5. There is another curious trick of beginning a scene (or a section of a scene) by a reference to the winds.

The wind is good; I wonder why he stays. II. ii.
Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale. IV. i.
Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all with prosperous winds. IV. iv.

In Shakespeare we meet with similar cases:

My necessaries are embarked: farewell,
And, sister, as the winds give benefit, &c. Ham. I. iii.
Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. Hen. V. II. ii. 12.
The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland.

Rich II. II. ii. 123.

6. The dramatic situation in Edward II. in many cases anticipates similar scenes in Shakespeare. Many of these have been already noticed in the parallel passages. See Nos. 2, 4, 10, 30, 40, 63, 71, 73, 83, 86, 92, 96, 97, 98. The following may be added. It will be seen that there are at least 20 passages in Edw. II. anticipating dramatic situations to be found in Shakespeare.

a. "The whole story of the elder Mortimer being taken prisoner and the king's refusal to ransom him, is very like the story of Sir Edmund Mortimer in Wales, in the reign of Hen. IV. who refused to ransom him, or allow of his ransom" (Tancock). Not only is the situation the same, but the indignation of Young Mortimer in Edu. II., and of Hotspur in 1 Hen. IV., is expressed in almost identical and those very whimsical terms. See parallel 40.

b. The Queen, in Edw. II. I. iv. 160, complains that Gaveston has "robbed her of her lord"; so Bolingbroke in Rich. II. complains of Bushey and Green that they had made a divorce between the Queen and King. Rich. II. III. i. 111. (T).

c. The reproaches for misrule uttered in a sort of antiphonal style by Lancaster and the younger Mortimer (II, ii. 153-195,) are much like the reproaches uttered in succession, in the same antiphonal style, by Suffolk, Beaufort, &c. against Duke Humphrey, in 2 Hen. VI. I. iii. 127-140. A similar string of accusations is similarly recited in Rich. II. II. i. 241-261.

d. In IV. v. Kent speaks of the fallen king as "Edward" and is rebuked by the young prince for omitting the royal title.

So in Rich. II. III. i. 10, York administers a similar rebuke to
Northumberland for calling the fallen monarch simply "R'chard." See parallel 10, in which the passage in Rich. II. finds another use.

e. The resemblances between Edw. II. V. v. 41, and the murder scenes in 3 Hen. VI. and Rich. III., and the similar exclamations of apprehension, are referred to in No. 96. Mr. Tancock refers to other points of comparison which I need not specify.

f. In V. iv. and elsewhere the younger Mortimer has many of the characteristics of Rich. III. The most curious is that in both cases a hypocritical profession of reluctance to take the protectorate, or the crown, is pictured in precisely similar outlines. Thus:

They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
While, at the Council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan;
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is onus quam gravissimum;
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that provinciam, as they term it;
And, to conclude, I am protector now. V. iv, 55-63.

This recalls most forcibly the scene in which Richard is found between two Bishops, when the Mayor and Citizens seek to overcome his affected resistance to accept the dignity which they "thrust upon" him. The lines quoted evidently give the first sketch, or crude outline, of the scene so elaborately worked out in Rich. III. III. vii. The "bashful puritan" becomes the protector at his devotions. The "imbecility" reappears as fear lest the citizens have come to "reprehend his ignorance," and in unctuous professions of poverty of spirit, and of defects which he wishes to hide. The friend who interrupts is Buckingham, the spokesman of the citizens, and at the same time Richard's accomplice in the solemn mockery. The onus quam gravissimum becomes "the golden yoke of Sovereignty." The repeated entreaties, reinforced by threats, break down resistance, till "Suscepi that provincium" finds expression in,—

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul;—
and at last he coyly consents to be crowned.

I have now given such a collection of similarities between Marlowe's
Edw. II., and the Shakespeare plays and poems, as suffice, in my view, to prove identity of authorship. I have by no means exhausted the list; any careful investigator may find others which I have omitted. I have given those which seem to me unequivocal, and left out many which may be real resemblances, but which I prefer to omit rather than expose them as weak points to hostile criticism. The conclusion appears to be—that if we had to decide upon the authorship of Edw. II. from internal evidence alone, no one would hesitate for a moment to assign it to Shakespeare. The chief reason for admitting Marlowe is that his name appears on the title pages of the early quartos: a reason strong, if taken alone, but quite capable of being overruled if all the circumstances of the case are duly estimated. I may even claim that the appearance of another name on a composition so evidently Shakespearian, and on other works, as for instance the 1616 Edition of Faustus, in which Christopher Marlowe's authorship is historically impossible, casts a shade of suspicion on all the other Shakespearian title pages, and sets speculation as to authorship absolutely free.

Doubtless a large proportion of these similarities is derived from the Hen. VI. plays, which some critics regard as non-Shakespearian. But they are not confined to these plays—the aggregate of these is not even a majority of the parallels. If all the similarities derived from 1, 2 and 3 Hen. VI. were left out, I hardly think the case would be materially weakened. The case is, I believe, proved without them, and we may use these parallels in a sort of alternative way to prove identity of authorship for the disputed play, whichever it may be. Only about one-fifth of the entire collection is from these three plays, and of these only one in seven is from 1 Hen. VI.; the rest are from the 2nd and 3rd parts: i.e., the passages taken from 1 Hen. VI. are about one-third the number of those taken from either 2nd or 3rd; the numbers may be roughly taken as 12, 36 and 36. Looking at the whole collection, it will be found that the number taken from 1 Hen. VI. is about half the number taken from either Rich. II. or Rich. III., and about the same as those from Tw. G. V.; Cymb.; Troilus; Tit. A.; Rom. J.; and Hamlet. Next to these in rank come John; 1 and 2 Hen. IV.; Hen. V.; L. L. L.; Tam. Sh.; Jul. C., and Lear. The rest of the resemblances are pretty equally distributed among the other plays and poems, the lowest rank being assigned to Mer. W., Timon, Oth., and the Sonnets.

It is not surprising that the preponderance of evidence should be
drawn from the Historical plays, and, out of these, from those that were written first. There is a marked difference between Shakespeare's early, middle and latest styles, and of course *Edw. II.* belongs to the earliest—to the period when those plays were written which, because they possess the characteristics of the early, i.e., the Marlowe period, have been attributed to Marlowe. And it is remarkable that of the three parts of *Hen. VI.*, the resemblances are most numerous in those which are most characteristically Shakespearian, and less numerous in the first and feeblest member of the Group. It seems to me, on reviewing the whole case, that *Edw. II.* is far more Shakespearian than *1 Hen. VI.*, and the evidence for Shakespeare's authorship much stronger, apart from its inclusion in the 1623 Folio.

If one of the Marlowe plays can be satisfactorily proved to be Shakespearian, all may be equally so. Consequently, all the reasoning that has been expended on the proof that certain plays in the Folio are Marlowe's is disposed of, with the result of handing over these proofs and arguments to the support of our case. To my mind the elaborate dissection of *2 and 3 Hen. VI.*, in which about one-third part of the whole is given to Marlowe, and the rest to Shakspere—with a few pickings left for Peele, Nash, Greene, and others—confutes itself. It is antecedently most unlikely that the Shakespearian poet would condescend to dress up old plays and publish them as his own—or to run in harness with a miscellaneous company of hack writers, or dramatists of immensely inferior rank. The existence of a variety of styles in such a master of dramatic and literary art is surely not surprising, and the Marlowe style is so decidedly present in Shakespeare that it is just as logical to use its evidence for purposes of inclusion as for exclusion, i.e., to prove that the poet of Shakespeare is the poet of Marlowe, as that Marlowe wrote Shakespeare. And if Mr. Fleay's criterion of identical authorship may be accepted as sufficient to identify the author of *Edw. II.* with that of *Hen. VI.*, evidently the much larger extension of the same argument, which I have now presented, reverses the direction of the logical current, and brings *Edw. II.* into the Shakespeare enclosure, instead of thrusting *Hen. VI.* outside.

I have said that I do not attach much importance for argumentative purposes to the sipping, tasting, lip-smacking process which is so freely used in the valuation of these early plays. It might appear about as reasonable to study anatomy by the taste, as to dissect a play by the use simply of literary sensation or sentiment. However
this may be, I can in this case very confidently appeal to what, in humble imitation of Bacon, I may call the logic of the palate, as a matter of incommunicable individual perception. I would challenge anyone who has made Shakespeare a study and a companion, who knows his voice, recognises his features, feels his presence—to listen to the tones, look at the features, weigh the pressure of the touch—as these indescribable personal characteristics manifest themselves in _Edw. II._, and to say whether here also we have not the tones, the features, the hand-pressure, the personal sphere of Shakespeare himself.

At the same time it appears to me that in some respects this drama has been overpraised, and its Shakespearian eminence overstated. It is said that _Edw. II._ is equal or even superior to _Rich. II._, which it most resembles, and superior in merit to the general level of the _Hen. VI._ plays. Now, while I am willing to admit that, in general scenic effect, in the management of dialogue, in discrimination of character, in the use of blank verse, it may hold its own with any of the historical plays, it seems to me decidedly inferior to all of them (except perhaps _1 Hen. VI._), in richness of imagination, in splendour of eloquence, in the freedom and abandon of inexhaustible mental and imaginative _wealth_, and in general wisdom and sagacity as an embodiment of social, political and psychologic philosophy. There are flashes of all these qualities; but there are no passages in which they are so strong, so sustained, so triumphant, as in the later historic plays. For example, there is nothing in _Edw. II._ comparable to the poetic and patriotic laments of York and Gaunt over the disgraces brought upon their country by the levity and weakness of the king ( _Rich. II._, II.i. 138). The judgment of Charles Lamb, that “the death scene of Marlowe’s king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted,” is quoted by all the critics; and it is on the whole a just and a discerning criticism. Yet, to my mind, there is nothing in _Edw. II._, quite so thrilling in its pathetic dignity as the mighty speech in which Richard II, pronounces his own abdication, containing such lines as these:

> With mine own tears I wash away my balm;  
> With mine own hands I give away my crown;  
> With mine own tongue deny my sacred state;  
> With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;  
> All pomp and majesty, I do forswear, &c. &c.
And, in nearly every scene of Rich. II., there are passages of exuberant poetic meditation not to be matched in Edw. II. There is a lavish eloquence in a crowd of speeches in Rich. II. only faintly adumbrated in Edw. II., speeches which one may almost pick out at random by selecting those which contain over twenty or thirty lines. There are not many such speeches in Edw. II. In the whole play there are only eight speeches of more than twenty lines in length, and only two of 33 lines each, and these two follow one another, and with a shorter intermediate speech may be taken as one of 75 lines (v. i. 5-83). If we add together all the speeches through the whole play, which contain ten lines or more, they only amount to just under 500 lines, whilst the 3rd Act of Rich. II., which is equal to about a quarter of Edw. II. (i.e., 675 lines, against 2,606), alone contains 342 such lines. As a test, this is doubtless too mechanical to be in itself sufficient; but it really does put in visible and numerical shape the fact that Edw. II. lacks the luxuriance of imaginative musing that belongs so abundantly to Rich. II. Its dialogue is vivid and interesting, without being rhetorical or philosophical, the speeches are short, there is little monologue, and scarcely any soliloquy; perhaps it is on this account better adapted to scenic representation than Rich. II., which would require much more curtailment before it could be presented on the boards. The generous affluence that seems as though it could not restrain itself, but must pour forth, in copious discourse, its limitless treasures of thought and fancy and imagery does not exist in Edw. II. to the same extent as in nearly all the subsequent Shakespearian plays and poems. The musing soliloquy of Richard in Pomfret Castle (V. v. 1-65) is twice as long as the longest speech in Edw. II. And yet, in admitting this, I do not feel that any shadow of doubt is cast upon its genuine Shakespearian origin. It is the early production of a strong but untutored mind, full of large promise; but the master is not yet conscious of his powers. The play is tentative, sketchy, fragmentary. No one but the poet of Rich. II. could have written it; but such a poet, in collecting his works, would be likely to cast it aside after the mightier achievements of ripier years had made its deficiencies too conspicuous. Here the poet is fettered; he has not quite escaped from the sphere of Tamburlaine and the Jew of Malta; he is evidently trying to abandon their crudities, and emancipate himself from their bombast and extravagance, and the effort to do so makes him at times somewhat tame. For, as Mr. C. Knight—for his own purposes—shews, he cannot quite put aside those tawdry robes; they cling to
him still, reappearing in detached fragments, a few lines at a time—

enough to link his personal identity to that manifested in the earlier plays, but enough, also, to show that he was approaching a new era, and was about to develop another type of art.

One of the indications that the poet of *Edw. II.* (i.e., Bacon) had not attained his poetic majority, is the absence of those legalisms which afterwards became so abundant and characteristic. The poet of *Tamburlaine* is still cloistered in his ethereal *Parnassus*; he has not come completely into contact, as a poet, with the ordinary life around him; the pursuits and interests of his own life have not yet been drawn into the poetic sphere of his activity, so as to manifest themselves in the creations of his art.

I find it difficult to understand how any reasonable and candid student can resist the force of the arguments now produced to prove identity of authorship for Marlowe's *Edw. II.*, and the Shakespeare plays. The argument is, I submit, definite, restricted, textual; and it is no answer to say that the same results might be obtained if a similar analysis were employed for any other Elizabethan play. This is certainly not the case. Any one who brings forward this objection is bound to substantiate it in detail, and not content himself with vague generalities. There is, however, little chance that the argument for *Edw. II.* can be thus discredited. For it is already admitted that the play has an exceptional position, and in making the claim for it which I have now presented, nothing more is really attempted than to give an intelligible interpretation and explanation of the doubts, difficulties, and speculations which it has already started, and to suggest a solution which would probably have been adopted long ago, if these not very recondite facts had been allowed to speak for themselves. This they can never do while the current unrevised theory of the authorship of Shakespeare is not only allowed to pass unchallenged, but is raised to an unassailable eminence which no one may dispute without manifold pains and penalties. The Baconian theory alone gives a clear and comprehensive explanation of the many anomalies connected with the publication and the interior characteristics of all these poems, and in this respect it holds the field without a rival.

It is a small demand that we make on Elizabethan students that they should use the Baconian theory as a working hypothesis to unlock all these mysteries and reduce the chaos of criticism to law and order. This is the recognised method of scientific investigation and discovery. If this explanation does not fit the phenomena, let it be abandoned;
but if it throws light upon dark places; if it solves difficult problems which resist all other methods of solution; if it harmonises contradictory and perplexing facts; if it supersedes strained arguments, and fantastic guesses or speculations, and weeds out all the *perhapses* which inflated Shakespearian biography, and despairing Shakespearian criticism, so urgently require, and so copiously employ; if it connects these marvellous creations of genius with the best culture of their own time, instead of leaving them detached, in solitary miraculous isolation, to be worshipped blindly, like the image which fell from Jupiter,—then let it be welcomed as it deserves, and let the fruitful field of criticism, illustration, and illumination which it opens be diligently explored and faithfully cultivated.

R. M. Theobald.

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**Bacon's Story of Philip of Macedon Shadowed in Shakespeare.**

**Adrian,** his successor, was the most curious man that ever lived, and the most universal enquirer, in so much as it was noted for an error in his mind that he desired to comprehend all things, and not to reserve himself for the worthiest things. Falling into the like humour that was long before noted in Philip of Macedon, who, when he would needs over-rule and put down an excellent musician in an argument touching music, was well answered by him again. “God forbid, sir,” saith he, “that your fortune should be so bad as to know these things better than I.”—*Adv. I. vii. 6. Apophthegms, 159,* &c.

With this story in mind, it is not difficult to see what the writer of *L. L. Lost* was thinking of when he makes a clown (*Costard*) argue with a courtier (*Biron*) in this style; they are disputing about the number of actors in a marquee:—

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Costard.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.—See *L. L. L.* v. 487-496.

“Reckoning” is constantly associated in Shakespeare with the trade of a tapster.

R. M. T.
Masculine and Feminine.

Seditions and tumults and seditious fames differ no more but as brother and sister, masculine and feminine. (Ess. Sedition.) Libels . . . which are the females of sedition. (Hist. Henry VII.)

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds
By unions married do offend thine ear . . .
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother. (Sonnet VIII.)

(Compare the Fable of Orpheus "Subduing and drawing all things after him in sweet and gentle methods and modulation." This Fable, although "Explained of Natural and Moral Philosophy," is shown by Bacon to have regard equally to civil affairs, and to the disturbances caused by men's ungoverned passions and appetites. "Discords" are in the Essay of Sedition, said to be one of the worst signs in a State.)

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
For no thought is contented . . .

Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time! How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives, &c. (R. II. V. v. 6.)

Members disjoined.

Spain and France . . . reunited in the several members of those kingdoms formerly disjoined. (Draft of Proclamation.)

As festered members rot but by degree
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews fall away,
So shall this base and envious discord breed.

(1 Henry VI. III. i. 192.)
Mist.

The shining of the sun fair upon the ground . . . is hindered by clouds above and mists below. (Reply to the Speaker.) These and the like conceits, when men have cleared their understanding by the light of experience, will scatter and break up like a mist. (Sylv. Sylv. ii. 124.)

(See also Apologia; Mem. for King's Sp. 1613; and Letter to Visc. Rochester.)

Yet herein will I imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base, contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wondered at By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

(I Henry IV. I. ii. 221.)

Model of Government.

The fundamental laws of nature . . . a first model whence to take a copy and imitation for government. (On the Union.)

Why should we in the compass of a pale Keep law, and form, and due proportion, Showing, as in a model, our firm estate, When our sea-walled garden, the whole land, Is full of weeds, &c.

(See Richard II. III. iv. 40-66)

No man can by care-taking (as the Scripture saith) add a cubit to his stature in this little model of a man's body; but in the great frame of kingdoms and commonwealths, it is in the power of princes . . . to add greatness to their kingdoms. (Ess. of Greatness of Kingdoms.)

O England! model to thy outward greatness, Like little body with a mighty heart. (Henry V., II. Chorus 16.)

Princes are a model which! Heaven makes like to itself. (Per., II., ii. 10.)

I pray that your Majesty may have twenty no worse years in your greatness than Queen Elizabeth had in her model. (To the King, 1616.)

Thy wretched brother, Who was the model of thy father's life. (Richard II. I. ii. 28.)

(And see 2 Henry IV. I. iii. 41-62.)
Olive Branch, Laurel, in war.

He did make that war rather with an olive-branch than a laurel-branch in his hand; more desiring peace than victory.

\[Hist: Hen. VII.\]

Warwick......to whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudged an olive-branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war.

\[3 Hen. VI., IV. vi. 33.\]

I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war.

\[Tim. Ath., V. iv. 82.\]

Oracle.

The oracle of her Majesty's direction. \[Let: for Essex.\]
You may be enabled to give impartial judgment, like an oracle. \[Advice to Buckm.: 2.\]
Law, as an oracle, is affixed to a place. \[Of the Marches.\]
Cranmer......Hath crawled into the favour of the king
And is his oracle. \[Hen. VIII., III. ii. 102.\]
Ajax......rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, &c. \[Tr. Cr., I. iii. 191.\]

Orb, Sphere, Primum Mobile.

The motions of the greatest persons in a government ought to be as the motions of the planets and primum mobile; according to the old opinion, &c. Therefore when great ones move violently it is a sign the orbs are out of frame.

\[Ess. Seditions. The same figure in Report June 17, 1606-7, and in Letter to Buckingham, January 20, 1619-20.\]

Although my lady should have put on a mind to continue her loyalty; yet when she was in another sphere, she must have moved in the motion of that orb, and not of the planet itself.

\[Ch. Against Countess of Shrewsbury.\]

There are many courts, some superior, some of a lower orb; it is fit that every one of them keep themselves within their proper spheres.

\[Advice to Villiers.\]

If the King ...... and the Prince be resolved to have it go on, then you move in their orb.

\[To Buckingham.\]

Now, now, yon stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

\[John V. vii. 74.\]
He makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do it,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell.  

(\textit{Ant. Cl. III. xiii. 141.})  

Will you . .  
Move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
A prodigy of fear and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?  

\textit{1 Henry IV. V. i. 15.)}  

Blest pray you be,  
That after this strange starting from your orbs  
You may reign in them now!  

(\textit{Cymb. V. v. 370.)}  

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe, . .  
Thou should'st a subject shine, \textit{I a true prince.}  

(\textit{Per. I. ii. 122.)}  

\&c.  

\textbf{Organ.}  

Law is the great organ by which the sovereign power doth move.  

\textit{(Case of Post Nati.)}  

The organs of our own power.  

(\textit{M. M., I. i. 21.)}  

\textbf{Pack-horse in Affairs.}  

I have laboured like a pack-horse in your business.  

\textit{(To W. J. Murray: 1611.)}  

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs.  

\textit{(Rich. III., I. iii. 122.)}  

Opportunity......Sin's pack-horse.  

\textit{Lucrece, 928.)}  

\textbf{Painted, Shadow of Royalty, \&c.}  

This unfortunate prince ... was at last distressed by them to shadow their rebellion, and to be the titular and painted head of those arms.  

\textit{(Hist.: Hen. VIII.)}  

You are the king's shadow.  

\textit{(Advice to Buckm.)}  

Poor, painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!  

\textit{(Rich. III., I. iii. 241.)}  

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen.  

The presentation of but what I was.  

\textit{(ib., IV. iv. 83.)}  

The shadow of your power.  

\textit{(Tim. Ath., V. v. 6.)}  

I am your shadow my lord.  

\textit{(2 Hen. IV., II. ii. 174.)}
STATE METAPHORS.

The man that sits......in shadow of such greatness.

*ib.*, IV. ii. 15.

He is the true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

(3 Hen. VI., IV. iii. 50.)

Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear’s shadow.

*(Lear., I. iv. 250.)*

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham.

*(Hen. VIII., I. i. 224.)*

Parent: Father, Mother, &c.

(He is) a natural parent to your state. *(Gesta Grayorum.)*

Princes ought to be common parents. *(Ess.: Sedition.)*

I see that Time’s the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave.

*(Per., II. iii. 45.)*

Partner in State Matters.

A man who can endure no partner in State matters.

*(Letter drawn up for Essex.)*

My partner in this action
You must report......Now plainly
I have borne this business.

*(Cor., V. iii. 2.)*

I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me......till at the last
I seem’d his follower, not partner.

*(ib., V. vi. 31-41.)*

Physician to the State.

I took you for a physician that desired to cure the diseases of the State; but now I doubt you will be like one of those physicians that can be content to keep their patients low, because they would be always in request.

*(Apologia.)*

The cures of civil disension are *remedium praevieniens*, which is the best physic for a natural body or State. *(Advice to Villiers: 2.)*

The king would not stir too many humours at once, but after the manner of good physicians, purge the head last. *(Of Union.)*

You that will be less fearful than discreet......that prefer
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That’s sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, &c.

*(Cor., III. i. 49.)*

The violent fit o’ the time craves it as physic.
For the whole State.

*(ib., III. ii. 83.)*

Pillar.

The star-chamber wheron his majesty shall erect one of the noblest and durablest pillars for the justice of the kingdom.

*(To Buckingham.)*

The new-placed lord-keeper......one of the chief pillars of this estate.

*(To Essex.)*
So many pillars of the State. (Of the Marches.)
A pillar of support to the crown. (Speech on Tenures.)
The four pillars of government......are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure.
(Ess.; Seditions.)

[The same figure in Petn. of Tenures, Notes for Conference, and of War with Spain.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the State.
(2 Hen. VI., I. i. 75.)

Call them pillars that will stand to us. (3 Hen. VI., ii. 5.)
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed.
(Ant, Cl., I. i. 11.)

Pilot in the Tempest.
The Duke thought the Bishop should have been his chief pilot in
the tempest.
(Hist.: Hen, VII.)
I must ask you whether you will not get a pilot in a strange coast.
(Advice to Rutland: 2.)

Times..... well passed through by the wisdom of the pilot.
(Adviceto L., ii. 1; ref. De Aug., ii. 7.)

Yet lives our pilot, still; is't meet that he
Should leave the helm?......
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge?
(See 3 Hen. VI., V. iv. 1-36.)

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. (W. Tale, I. ii. 44.)

Pitch. Falcon's Flight.
A subject too high for me . . . the King's favour hath brought
you to this high pitch.
(Advice to Buckingham).

No marvel, an it like your Majesty
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
My lord, 'tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
(2 Hen. VI. II. i. 1-14).

How high a pitch his resolution soars!
(R. II. I. i. 109, and 1 Hen. VI. II. iii., 54-56).

This would be too low for your thoughts, who would find enough
to busy you of a higher nature. (Advice to Buckingham).

Fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch. (Tit. And. II. i. 12).
Plaister.

Reason doth dictate (where) the healing and consolidating plaister should be applied. (Touching the Union).

I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. (John, V. ii. 12).

. . . . You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister. (Temp. II. i. 138).

Plant.

Her Majesty will do well to plant a stronger and surer government in Ireland. (Advice to Esser).

It had been the practice of seditious subjects to plant their invectives against such as had authority. (Obs, on a Libel).

The Church is not now to plant. (Church Controversies).

A perpetual policy in the Church . . . must be erected and planted. (ib.)

He goeth about to plant Jesuits.

(1 Hen. VI. II. v. 80).

They laboured to plant the rightful heir.

(3 Hen. VI. I. i. 48).

I'll plant Plantagenet: root him up who dares.

(Ant. Cl. I. iii. 26, and frequent examples).

Play for a Crown.

The House of Guise had . . . wrought a miracle of state to make a king in possession long established to play for his crown. (Praise of the Queen).

Have I not here the best cards for a game
To win this easy match played for a crown? (John, V. ii. 105).

Poise. Scale Measure.

Men have . . . as it were their scale by which to measure the bounds of the most perfect religion. (Controversies of the Church).

Counterpoise . . . or restore to an equilibrium the scales of justice. (De Aug. VIII. 2).

We'll poise the cause in Justice equal scales. (2 Hen. VI. II. i. 204).

We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam. (A. W. II. iii. 161).
Poison.

Fear is the poison of all governments. (To the Queen).

Traitorous subjects, which is the only poison and corruption of all honourable war between subjects. (Of a Libel).

The poison of malignity was dispersed so secretly, as there was no means to stay it. (Let. for Walsingham).

They will poison the king's good intentions. (Report, 1612).

The books of Joanna Mariana are as a poison often distilled and sublimate. &c. (Charge against Owen, 2).

My valour's poisoned. (Cor. I. x 17).

Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words, But look'd not on the poison of their hearts. (R. III. III. i. 13).

All goodness is poison to thy stomach. (Hen. VIII. III. ii. 283).

Poisonous spite and envy. (Tim. Ath. I. ii. 144).

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. (John, I. i. 213)

Purge the State, Law, &c.

Scarcely a year would suffice to purge the statute book. (Obs. on a Libel).

Purge out multiplicity of laws. (Gesta Grayorum).

(It were better) that some good institutions were purged with the bad, rather than to purge the whole which is the way to make a wound in her bowels. (Controversies of the Church).

(Subjects') minds purged of the late ill blood of hostility. (Hist. of Hen. VII.).

(And the same figure in Letters to Walsingham, and to the Lord Keeper, 1597, in the paper of the Pacification of the Church, in a Digest of Laws, &c.).

Ere human statute purg'd the general weal. (Macb. III. iv. 76).

Diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begins to stop
Our very veins of life. (See 2 Hen. IV. IV. i. 53-66).

Quench Sedition, Quarrels, &c.

This matter might have been quenched long ago. (To the Lord Keeper, 1597).

The Cornish men were become like metal often fired and quenched—churlish. All domestic troubles were quenched quenching combustions, &c. (Hist. of Hen. VII.).

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage. (3 Hen. VI. I. iv. 20).

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion. (2 Hen. IV. Indn. 26).

This is the way to kindle, not to quench. (Cor. III. i. 198).
MR. DONNELLY'S CIPHER—A SIMPLE RULE ANNOUNCED.

The following information is from some letters, the earliest date of which is April 7th, 1890. We withheld the publication of the particulars which Mr. Donnelly gave, because an article written by him, and in which he gives a detailed account of his fresh discovery, had been accepted (and purchased) by the Editor of the *North American Review*. The article was expected to be published in May or June at the latest; since, however, seven months have passed, and its appearance is still delayed, we feel no longer bound, even by courtesy, to suppress information which is due to the members of our Society, and which should have been made known long ago.

After explaining that his article may be expected on May 1st, or at the latest on June 1st, Mr. Donnelly says:—“There have been no new developments in the Bacon-Shakespeare matter. I show that the words, ‘Francis Bacon, Sir Nicholas Bacon’s son,’ on three pages in 1 Henry IV., are every one of them the 371st word and the 648th word. There are seven italic words, col. 1 of p. 53:—53 \( \times \) 7 = 371. There are 12 italic words in col. 1 of p. 54:—54 \( \times \) 72 = 648. I am now convinced that every page of the folio, where a scene begins, is the foundation of a cipher, the cipher number of which is obtained by multiplying the page with the number of italic words on the first column of the same. I have worked out, by a regular rule, a long story from p. 53 of 1 Henry IV., *every word of which is the 371st word.*
It contains a wonderfully graphic description of Shakspere's company of actors travelling over the muddy roads of Kent, some of the hangers-on occasionally varying the monotony by robbing travellers, very much as Falstaff, &c., robbed the wayfarers at Gads Hill. The rest of the narrative represents the continual struggle of Bacon to conceal his authorship of the plays, and the machinations of Cecil; with a vivid picture of old Burleigh's last sickness in 1597."

Frequent inquiries as to the cause of delay in the publication of this information in America brings the following answer, in a letter dated October 26th, 1890:—

"I have for a month past been engaged in a campaign for the State Senator, and have been but little at home. Moreover, I was at a loss to know when that article would be published. But yesterday I received a letter from the Editor of the *North American Review*, telling me that it is almost certain to appear in the December number of the Magazine. I suppose it has been delayed by their giving preference to articles of a political character. The election takes place on November 4th. The editor writes me that he submitted my MS. to Mr. W. J. Rolfe, a prominent Shakesperian and Anti-Baconian, and he has found all my "counts" to be correct. The article will, I think, establish the reality of the cipher beyond question, and close the mouths of mockers and slanderers."

[Since the above was sent to press the *North American Review* for December, 1890, which contains Mr. Donnelly's article, has been received. Members of the Bacon Society should procure and study this paper, which contains particulars of great interest.]

We have received another octavo volume from the indefatigable pen of Mr. W. F. C. Wigston (Kegan, Paul, Trübner & Co.).

"Francis Bacon versus Phantom Captain Shakespeare." Why this strange title? There is nothing strange in the book itself, which is a valuable addition to the bibliography of our Baconian literature. It brings together, besides a number of parallels between Bacon and *Shakespeare*, many erudite bits of knowledge; evidence from books generally unknown or very rare; points which connect Bacon with the Rosicrucians and with Rosicrucian literature. It also furnishes fresh evidence as to the existence of cipher in Bacon’s acknowledged works.

If we may venture to suggest an improvement to any future edition of this work, it is that, in order to make its value duly felt, a good
index should be added. The table of contents gives an inadequate notion of the amount of learning and curious information contained within these covers.

**JANUARY 22ND.**

Byron and Bacon, ye have made this day
   Doubly entitled to the thought of time,
Who, though he oft forgets, doth often pay
   Rich prize of fame to works indeed sublime.

"Hamlet" and "Harold," "Juliet," "Juan," "Lear,"
Will surely try to reach the Future's ear,
   Nor do I dream that they shall strive in vain.

O wave-walled England, mistress of the sea!
   Why need'st thou envy haughty Greece or Rome,
When such immortal sons are born to thee?
   In marble whiter than thy surging foam

Thou should'st enshrine them, and each year should'st pay
The homage due to this their natal day.

**TO FRANCIS BACON.**

To Fame's fair future must all souls appeal,
   Who dare the tide of prejudice to breast;
But Bacon, thou a double curse did'st feel,
   Since thou wert forced to give away thy best.

These precious vestments of thy soul were torn
   By force of fate to fit another's fame,
But now, at last, thy lovers may adorn
   In fitting manner thy unsullied name.

Great now in glory as thou wert in grief,
   Thou goest forth unmask'd to coming time,
And if a Shakspere rose beyond belief
   Just by the fame of thee thy plays sublime,
Where canst thou not ascend—since now so high,
   And rising e'en by thy philosophy?

**F. S. RYMAN.**
Bacon, in an essay of three pages, has analysed in detail the character of Julius Cæsar, justifying and illustrating his judgments by reference to some of the most striking events in Cæsar's history. It is at least remarkable how many points of this character are exemplified in the play of Julius Cæsar, and how many parallelisms occur both of thought and expression between Bacon's essay and the tragedy ascribed to Shakspere. We have abundant means of ascertaining the conception entertained of Cæsar's character by the author of the play, from the words and conduct assigned to the great Dictator himself, and by what is said of him both by friends and enemies; and all alike are consonant with the judgment of Bacon.

(1) "He" (Cæsar) says the essayist, "was a man of unruly passions and desires, but extremely clear and settled in his judgment and understanding, as appears by his ready address to extricate himself both in action and discourse, for no man ever resolved quicker or spoke clearer."

In the play, Brutus says:

"To speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason."—II. i. 19.

Cæsar's actions in the drama are comparatively unimportant, but eminently characteristic. His quick resolution and clearness of speech are manifested even in the slight incident with the soothsayer.

Cæsar

"What man is that?"

Brutus—A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs.—Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass.—Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

* For Bacon's Imago Civilis Julii Cæsaris, and Mr. Spedding's translation, see Op. vol. vi., p. 335. Professor Bengough quotes from another version. As the whole translation occupies little more than four pages, and the translations differ considerably, the references are not given to each passage.
JULIUS CAESAR'S CHARACTER.

Caes.—What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer.—Beware the ides of March.

Caes.—He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.”—I. ii, 18.

In another scene Caesar declares of himself:

“Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools...
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.”—III. i. 39.

(2) Bacon continues: “His will and appetite were restless, and ever launched out beyond his acquisitions; yet the transitions of his actions were not rash, but well concerted, for he always brought his undertakings to complete and perfect periods. Thus, after having obtained numerous victories and procured a great degree of security in Spain, he did not slight the remains of the civil war in that country; but having in person seen all things fully composed and settled there, he immediately went upon his expedition against the Parthians.” So ends the first paragraph in the Essay.

Now it so happens that the play opens with a festival in honour of Caesar’s coming “in triumph over Pompey’s blood,” i.e., his victory over Pompey’s son, Cneius, in the battle of Munda in Spain, by which the civil war was terminated.

(3) “He was,” Bacon continues, “without dispute, a man of a great and noble soul; though rather bent upon procuring his own private advantage than good to the public; for he referred all things to himself, and was the truest centre of his own actions.”

Everyone remembers how Antony is made to say:

“Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.”—III. i. 256.

And afterwards:

“Then burst his mighty heart.”—III. ii. 190.

(4) As to Caesar being bent on procuring his private advantage rather than good to the public, it is at least the assertion of Cassius and the other conspirators, in such words as:

“He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.” I. ii. 135.
"When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?"  Ib. 143.

(5.) Then for his referring all things to himself, and being the centre of his own actions, did he not compare himself to the Polar Star?

"I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion. . . .
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus? III. i. 58.

I may notice in passing that Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," employs the same illustration, thus, "The nature of man doth extremely covet to have somewhat in his understanding fixed and unmoveable, and as a rest and support of the mind. And therefore, as Aristotle endeavoureth to prove that in all motion there is some point quiescent; and as he elegantly expoundeth the ancient fable of Atlas, that stood fixed and bare up the heaven from falling, to be meant of the poles or axletree of heaven, whereupon the conversion is accomplished; so assuredly men have a desire to have an Atlas or axletree within to keep them from fluctuation." Adv., II. xiv. 2, p. 158, Clar.

(7) To return to the Essay. "He was led not by any laudable course of discipline, but by a kind of natural impulse to the sovereignty; which he rather affected to desire, than appeared to deserve." Op. vi. 342.

In the play we have:—
“What should be in that ‘Caesar’?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours? I. ii. 142.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Ib. 148.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.” Ib. 128.

(8) It is curious how one sentence after another in the Essay receives the best possible illustration in the tragedy, and yet the parallelisms are of such a kind that it is scarcely credible that Bacon had the play in view; unless, indeed, it were his own composition, and then both alike would proceed from a subtle and profound appreciation of Cæsar’s character.

In the Essay we read, “He was naturally very audacious, and never put on the appearance of modesty but to serve a turn;” and is not Cæsar himself represented as saying:—

“Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter’d in one day,
And I, the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.” II. ii. 44.

(9) Bacon wrote, “He put on the appearance of modesty but to serve a turn,” and Brutus is made to say:—

“But ’tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder.” II. i. 21.

Bacon added in the final sentence of his Essay, “The same thing at last was the means of his fall, which at first was a step to his rise, viz., his affectation of popularity; for nothing is more popular than to forgive our enemies, through which virtue or cunning he lost his life.”

(10) We are further told by the Essayist, “This procedure ingratiated him with the people . . . this daring spirit of his was so tempered that it neither subjected him to the censure of rashness or intolerable haughtiness, nor rendered his nature suspected; but was taken to proceed from a certain simplicity and freedom of behaviour, joined with the nobility of his birth. . . . He had the perfect secret
of extinguishing envy, and thought it proper in his proceedings to secure this effect, though with some diminution of his dignity."

This gives a great interest to Casca's story. "If the tagrag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. . . . Before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. . . . When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity." I. ii. 260.

(11) To proceed: "Being wholly bent upon real power, he almost constantly declined and contentedly postponed all the empty show and gaudy appearance of greatness till, at length, whether satiated with enjoyment, or corrupted by flattery, he affected even the ensigns of royalty, the style and diadem of a king, which proved his ruin."

The scene in the play in which Caesar refuses the crown is familiar to everyone; and Brutus saying:

"He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question."

II. i. 12.

As to his being corrupted with flattery, let Decius speak:—

"He loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, . . .
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered."—II. i. 203.

(12) But again: "He did not stoop to any mean artifices which men unpractised in the world, who depend not on their own strength, but the abilities of others, employ to support their authority: for he was perfectly skilled in all the ways of men, and transacted every-thing of consequence in his own person, without the interposition of others."

When Calpurnia suggests that Caesar should make sickness a pretext for not going to the Senate-House, what is his reply?

"Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?" II. ii. 65.
For his skill in the ways of men, and insight into character, let his comments on the appearance and conduct of Cassius and Antony testify.

(13) Bacon asserts that Caesar was constant, singularly beneficent, and indulgent in his friendships. . . . He made friends of mean and industrious persons, to whom he alone gave law.

What says Antony?

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me." III. ii. 90.

And to the Roman citizens he says:—

"It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad." Ib. 146.

I do not want to attach too much importance to the existence of a score or so of traits of character mentioned by Bacon, and aptly illustrated in the play. Most people, no doubt, would account for this coincidence by dramatist and essayist deriving their information from the same sources. But it is a little remarkable that the coincidences are so many.

I shall now point out a number of parallelisms of thought and expression contained in this same play and Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." At the time that he wrote that work it is evident that he had given much study to the life and character of Caesar.

In Act I. i. 77 the tribune Flavius says to his fellow:—

"These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men, And keep us all in servile fearfulness."

Bacon, in a letter to Essex, uses the following phrase: "So in the growing up of your own feathers no man shall be more glad."

In the "Advancement of Learning" occurs the following sentence: "Pragmatical men may not go away with an opinion that learning is like a lark, that can mount, and sing, and please herself, and nothing else; but may know that she holdeth as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon the prey."—Adv. II. xxiii. 12, p. 228 Clar.

A few verbal changes in the above would turn it into fair blank verse, and not, I think, without a Shakespearean ring about it.
Let not dull plodders in affairs opine
That learning, like the lark, doth mount and sing
Only to please herself and nothing else;
But let them know she holdeth of the hawk,
That not alone can soar aloft, but stoops
From heavenward flight to strike upon the prey."

Brutus' servant, Lucius, asks Portia:—

"Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?"—II. iv. 13.

"Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."—I. ii. 66.

"Advancement of Learning."—"As in water the faces of those
who look therein are clearly seen, so the hearts of men are open to
the prudent." (Proverbs of Solomon). Here the mind of a wise man
is compared to a glass, wherein the images of all diversity of natures
and customs are represented.—II. xxiii. 6; De Aug. viii., ii. prov. 34.

A little further on in the scene just referred to are these lines:—

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."—Ib. 139.

To which we offer as a parallel this of the "Advancement."—II.
xxiii. 12, p. 227, Clar.

"Faber quisque fortunaæ suæ; sapiens dominabitur astra." ("Every-one is the maker of his own fortune; the wise man shall rule
the stars.")

"I am glad," says Cassius, "that my weak words have struck but
thus much show of fire from Brutus."—I. ii. 176.

"Such a light of nature I have observed in your Majesty (says
Bacon to King James), and such a readiness to take flame and blaze
from the least occasion presented, or the least spark of another's know-
ledge delivered."—Adv. I., Ded. 2.

We pass on to Scene III. of the same Act.
"And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep."—I. iii. 103.

"Advancement of Learning."—"As Cato the Censor said that the Romans were like sheep, for that a man might better drive a flock of them than one."—II. xxiii. 1, p. 217, Clar.

"No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed:  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery, &c., &c.—II. i. 114.

The same sentiment is expressed in the "Advancement of Learning," though in a perfectly different form.

"The resolution of men truly moral ought to be such as the same Consalvo said the honour of a soldier should be e telà crassiore (of coarser thread) and not so fine as that everything should catch in it and endanger it."

"These lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn preordination and first decree  
Into the law of children.—III. i. 36.

"Advancement of Learning."—"Not only delighted in beholding the variety of things and vicissitude of times, but raised also to find out and discern the ordinances and decrees, which throughout all these changes are infallibly observed."—I. i. 3, p. 6, Clar.

Octavius says of Lepidus to Antony:

"You may do your will  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier."

Anthony replies:

"So is my horse, Octavius; and for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender;  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion governed by my spirit."—IV. i. 26.

"Advancement of Learning."—"Diogenes' opinion is to be accepted, who commended not them which abstained, but them which sustained, and could refrain their mind in precipitio, and could give unto the
mind, as is used in horsemanship, the shortest stop or turn.”—II. xx 11, p. 192, Clar.

Bacon calls Caesar “the most excellent spirit, his ambition reserved, of the world.”

Brutus says:

“What shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world.”—IV. iii. 21.

In his speech he had said:

“As he was valiant I honour him, but as he was ambitious I slew him.”—III. ii.

“By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you.”—IV. iii. 46.

“Advancement of Learning.”—“It is merely the quality of knowledge . . . hath in it some nature of venom or malignity, and some effects of that venom, which is ventosity or swelling.”—I. i. 3, p. 7. Clar.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”—IV. iii. 218.

“Advancement of Learning.”—“In the third place I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath; which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered, it being extreme hard to play an after-game of reputation.”—II. xxiii. 38, p. 243, Clar.

Bacon remarks that it would be well if Human Nature were made a science by itself, and especially all that concerns the sympathies and concordances between the mind and body, which, being mixed, cannot properly be assigned to the sciences of either. This science, he says, should include physiognomy, which discovereth the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the body, and an exposition of gestures, which are no less comprehensible by art.

Now as the Shakespeare Plays are in themselves almost a text-book of Human Nature, it is likely that they would abound in illustrations of the relation between mind and body and the outward signs of emotion. The tragedy of Julius Caesar is especially rich in these. Examples might be cited from every scene. But they could only
prove how profoundly versed was the author of the play in that science which Bacon outlines, and so strongly recommends.

I have thought it best to confine myself to quotation of parallelisms and passages in a single drama, because that kind of evidence is more striking, and when the attention is confined to one play, coincidences of thought and expression are more readily recognized. But experience disposes me to think that most of the finer Shakespearean Plays might be illustrated from the works of Bacon in the same sort of way. And if this is so it certainly suggests the exceeding probability that the universal genius, enthroned by Ben Jonson and his contemporaries on the summit of Parnassus, and the author of the Plays were one and the same person. And when a number of other lines of evidence—such as the tallying of certain events of Bacon's life with the publication of particular plays, the extensive and accurate legal knowledge displayed in the dramas, the acquaintance with the niceties of courtly life and etiquette, agreement as to opinion and sentiment in matters without number, and finally significant allusions in Bacon's correspondence to a literary secret regarding himself; when, I say, all these lines of evidence converge to one point, the probability of which I spoke becomes almost a certainty.

SAMUEL EDMUND BENGOUGH.

*COURT HOLY WATER.*

Bacon says of Lord Burleigh (1592):—“He was no brewer of holy water in Court, no dallier, no abuser, but ever real and certain.” Life I., 200. And, writing to Salisbury in 1607, he says:—“Your Lordship is no dealer of holy water, but noble and real.” Ib. III., 297. This same very curious phrase occurs in Lear. The Fool says to the old King:—“O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than rain water out o' doors” (III. ii. 10). The phrase is of French origin, Eau benite de Cour. Florio, in his Italian dictionary, uses the phrase as equivalent to “With fair words bring him into a Fool's Paradise,—to make one believe anything.” See Clarendon Note.
"THE BODY IS WITH THE KING."

"The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body."

Hamlet, iv. 3.

That the body-politic is properly and inseparably connected with the person of the Sovereign is a point in law and statesmanship upon which Bacon lays stress. In the Case of the Post-Nati of Scotland, he says:—"The natural body of the King hath an operation and influence into his body-politic, as well as his body-politic hath upon his body natural; and therefore, although his body-politic of King of England, and his body-politic of King of Scotland, be several and distinct, yet nevertheless his natural person, which is one, hath an operation upon both, and createth a privity between them." Op. VII., 665.

Somewhat in the same strain he says:—"Law no doubt is the great organ by which the sovereign power doth move, and may truly be compared to the sinews in a natural body, as the sovereignty may be compared to the sinews: for if the sinews be without the spirits they are dead and without motion; if the spirits move in weak sinews, it causeth trembling: so the laws without the King's power, except the laws be corroborated, will never move constantly, but be full of staggering and trepidation." Ib., p. 646.

It does not appear that the doctrine of the inseparable connection of the body-politic with the person of the King was generally adopted or recognised by the great statesmen of the period. The King adopted it, probably at Bacon's suggestion, in "the gracious and judicious" speech with which he opened Parliament in 1603. James I. said with regard to the union of England and Scotland:—"I am the Head, It is my body . . . I hope that no man will be so unreasonable to think, I, being the head, should have a monstrous and divided body."

If we compare the date of this speech with the date assigned to the publication of Hamlet, 1602-3 (the play was entered at Stationers' Hall two years earlier) we see that the two were almost
coincident. James (and Bacon speaking behind the scenes) wished to show that he was still the Head of the body-politic of Scotland, and consequently that the country of Scotland was inseparably united to him and to England, although, personally, he no longer lived in Scotland but in England.

There was, we think, a little bit of diplomacy in the insertion of this remark into the Speech from the throne, and in the echo of it from the public stage:

"The body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body."

C.

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BACON'S CHARGE AGAINST SOMERSET.

Bacon's charge against the Earl of Somerset, 1616 (Life, vol. v., 307—320), contains many little touches which betray the hand that wrote Shakespeare. Thus he describes the plot to get Overbury into the Tower as a prisoner for contempt—"And then they would look he should be close enough, and death should be his bail." So in the 74th Sonnet we read:

"When that fell arrest [death] Without all bail, shall carry me away."

Again, when Overbury was in the Tower:—"Courses were taken by Somerset . . . to entertain Overbury by continual letters, partly of hopes and projects for his delivery, and partly of other fables and negotiations: somewhat like some kind of persons (which I will not name) which keep men in talk of fortune-telling, while they have a felonious meaning." Mr. Spedding, in a note, gives another report of this passage, by an ear-witness:—"Which were probably the words as really delivered." (My L. of Somerset, you used him as fortune-tellers do poor people in the country, hold them in a tale while they steal their purse.) So Autolycus tells the shepherd a story of his being robbed and beaten, and takes the opportunity to pick his pocket (Winter's Tale, IV. iii.). The dramatic situation is the same in the two cases.

R. M. T.
THE STATE METAPHORS OF BACON AND
SHAKESPEARE.

BY MRS. HENRY POTT.

Continued from page 274.)

Rack.
The worst tyranny is law upon the rack. (Lex in equuleo.)
Antitheta Law, Op. I. 706.)
The Commons hast thou rack'd. (2 Hen. VI. I. iii. 131.)

Reach.
The King is far above the reach of his people.
(Advice to Buckingham.)
To me you cannot reach. (Henry VIII. to Gardiner, Bishop of
Winchester). (Hen. VIII., V. iii. 126.)

Reckonings.
The reckonings of that business are not yet cleared with Spain.
(Holy War.)
If the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning
to make. (Hen. V., IV. i.)
Hanging is the word—a heavy reckoning for you, Sir.

Remedies for Trouble and for Sedition.
It must be the remedy of State and not the remedy of Statute
that must do good in this case. (Report, June 17, 1607.)
Parliament hath been the ordinary remedy to supply the King's
wants; it is a confession of weakness in a body if it cannot
brook the ordinary remedy. (For calling Parl. 1613.)
It is a question . . . whether deferring remedies will not
make the case difficult . . . what needeth precipitation to
extreme remedies? (To Sir J. Villiers.)
Rome shall remedy this. (1 Hen. VI. III. i. 51.)
Suffolk, what remedy?
. . . There is remedy enough, my Lord.
(Ib. V. iii. 132.)
There is no remedy . . .

The violent fit of the State craves it as a physic
For the whole State.  

(Cor. III. ii. 26.)

For the remedies (to Sedition) there may be some general preservatives, whereof we will speak: as for the just cure, it must answer to the particular disease . . . To give moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate . . . is a safe way: for he that turneth the humours back, and maketh the wound bleed inwards, endangereth malignant ulcers, and pernicious imposthumations . . . Let princes . . . hold good correspondence with other great men in the State, or else the remedy is worse than the disease. 

(Ess. of Sedition.)

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me,
Let’s purge the choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget; forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.

(R. II. i. 152.)

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal
And with him pour we in our country’s purge
Each drop of us . . .  

(Macb. V. ii. 27.)

If thou could’st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health
I would applaud thee to the very echo. (Ib. V. iii. 50.)

The King thought it behoved him to apply the remedy where the disease lay.  

(Hist. of Hen. VII.)

Rip up.

Mr. Attorney-General made a history of their lives, and ripped them up from their cradle.  

(Chudleigh’s Case, Holy War and Sp. of Undertakers.)

To know our enemies’ minds we’d rip their hearts.  

(Lear IV. vi. 265.)

I’ll have this secret from thy heart
Or rip thy heart to find it.  

(Cym. III. v. 86.)
Salve.
It is not your interlacing of "God forbid" that will salve these seditious speeches. *(Charge against St. John.)*

Your Majesty is thus put to salve and cure not only accidents of time but errors of servants. *(To the King, 1616.)*

That mistakings and misunderstandings be rather avoided and prevented than salved. *(Reply to Speaker, 1620.)*

The worth of Ireland, where the sore was... being suddenly closed hath continued closed by this salve (of Union). *(Sp. of Naturalization, 1606-7.)*

This in the name of God I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform.
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.

*(1 Hen. IV. III. ii. 153.)*

Let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

*(3 Hen. VI. IV. vi. 87.)*

Speak fair, you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

*(Cor. III ii. 70. See M. Ado, I. i. 316.)*

Scale, Counterpoise.

Counterpoise... or restore to an equilibrium the scales of justice. *(De Aug. VIII. 2.)*

(We'll) poise the cause in Justice' equal scales.

*(2 Hen. VI. II. i. 204.)*

We, poising us in her defective scale
Shall weigh thee to the beam. *(All's W. II. iii. 161.)*

Scarecrows of the Law.
The records, reverent things, but like scarecrows.

*(Notes from Sp. on Penal Laws.)*

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror. *(M. M. II. i. 1.)*
STATE METAPHORS.

Schoolmaster.
This rule that a man's deeds and his words shall be taken strongest against himself . . . is a rule drawn out of the depth of Reason, for first it is a schoolmaster of wisdom in making men watchful.
(Maxims of the Law, &c., and see Antitheta of Nature.)

O sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. (Lear. II. iv. 305.)

Seafaring Men in Storms.
The seafaring man will, in a storm, cast over some of his goods to save and assure the rest.
(Sp. on a Subsidy.)
Such as seafaring men provide for storms. (Com. I. i. 81.)

Sea.
(The ancients compared) the people to the sea and the orators to the winds, &c.
(Adv. L., II. i.)
The sea enraged is not half so deaf. (John II. i. 451.)
High stomached are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. (R. II. I. i. 18.)

Sedition and Disease like Infection.
(Sedition) is a disease like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound and tainteth it, so when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour.
(Essay, Envy)

I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the invetuate canker of one wound
By making many . . . .
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. (John V. ii. 12)
This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
(1 Hen. IV. IV, i. 28.)
As for my country, I have shed my blood. Not fearing outward force. So shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them. . . . (Cor. III. i. 76.)

Leave us to cure this cause. 'Tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. . . . (Ib. 235).
. . . . We'll hear no more,
Lest his infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further. (Ib. 308.)

Shake.
The justice of the land . . . began to shake and sink.
(To Essex.)

The shaking and subversion of the state. (Of Elizabeth.)
If the King's Prerogative . . . be shaken, the council must fall.
(Of the Marches.)

I fear the trust Othello puts in him
. . . . Will shake this island. (Oth. II. iii. 131.)

0 when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick. (Tr. Cr. I. iii. 101.)

Spark to Fuel.
Concerning the materials of sedition . . . if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. (Ess. Sedition.)

Thus was fuel prepared for the spark that afterwards kindled such fire and combustion. (Hist. Hen. VII. and see Ess. Empire.)

This spark will prove a raging fire
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with. (2 Hen. VI. III. i. 302.)

Skin Over.
Having rather smoothed and skinned over than healed the commotion
(Obns. on a Libel.)

We are here to search* the wounds of the realm and not to skin them over. (Sp, on Subsidies.)

(*Compare with passage from Cor. III. i., Anté Sedition.)
STATE METAPHORS.

Sore.
Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul . . .
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place.

(Ham. III. iv. 145.)

Sore Searched.
I have searched the sore, in hope you will discover the medicine

(Sp. of Undertakers.)

Wounds cannot be cured without searching.  (Ess. of Expenses.)

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.  (Tr. Cr. II. ii. 15.)

Steer.
Your Majesty's wisdom must steer and balance the ship.

(To the King, 1613.)

To steer the King's business.  (Of a Parlt., 1613) &c.

You yourself shall steer the happy helm.

(Suffolk to Q. Margaret, 2 Hen. VI., I. iii. 103.)

I did steer towards this remedy.

(Hen. VIII., II. iv. 200.)

Sound the Bottom.
We are not at the bottom, and he that would not use the utmost of his line to sound such a business as this would not have due regard to your Majesty's honour.

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after times.

(2 Hen. IV. IV. ii. 50.)

(I'll) sound the depth of this knavery.

(Tam. Sh., V. i. 141.)

I will look further into it, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff.

(Mer. W., II. i. last sp)

The late demand that you did sound me in.

(R. III., IV. ii. 87) &c.

Taint.
Followers . . . taint business.  (Ess. Followers.)

That taint upon honour.  (Of Essex) &c.
A general taint of the whole state. (Hen. VIII, V. iii. 28.)
We come not to taint that honour. (Ib., III. i. 55.)
What plea, so tainted and corrupt. (Mer. V., III. ii. 75.)

**Tempests.**

Shepherds of people had need to know the calendars of tempests in the State, &c. (See Ess. Sedition.)

This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate. (R. II., I. iii. 187.)

But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm. (Ib., II. i. 263.)

(See also 2 Hen. VI., III. i. 349—354; 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 390—394; and Hen. VIII. I. i. 89—94.

Tempests past are remembered in the calm. (Let. written to Essex.)

It was thought but a tempest of popularity which overthrew him. 
To the Bp. of Winchester.)

Calm this tempest whirling in the court. (Til. And. IV. ii 160.)

**Topping.**

Periander . . . went into his garden and torped all the highest flowers; signifying . . . the cutting off and keeping low of the nobility and gentry. (See Adv. ii 1. and De Aug. vi. 1.)

Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in our government. (R. II. III. iv. 38.)

Foemen mow’d down in tops of all their pride. (3 Hen. VI. V. vii. 3.)

**Torture of the Law.**

Tortura legum pessima, the torturing of laws is worse than the torturing of men. (Ch. against St. John.)

The worst tyranny is the torturing of the law. (De Aug. vi. 3, Antitheta, 46 and ib. viii. 3.)

Comp. the hideous law. (M. M. i. 4, 63-67.)

Rigour and not law. (W. Tale III. ii. 112-115.)
Civil laws are cruel. (Tim. Ath. IV. iii. 60.)

In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed for tyranny. (2 Hen. VI. III. i. 121.)

Wrest once the law to your authority. (Mer. Ven. IV. i, 215.)

Vital Parts.

When you have confirmed the noble and vital parts of your realm of state, proceed to take care of the blood and flesh, and good habit of the body. (Gesta Grayorum)

(Sherris) illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart. &c. (2 Hen. IV. IV. ii. 116.)

Wall.

Never kings of any nation kept the partition wall between Church and State better. (Ch. against Talbot.)

He expressed himself as if he had built a wall of brass about his kingdom. (Hist. Hen. VII)

They of those Marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland. (Hen. V. I. ii. 140.)

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass. (Faustus I. 86.)

Weed.

Weed out the partakers of the former rebellion. . . Bad subjects weed out. (Hist. Hen. VII.

Weeding time is not yet come. (Notes for Conference, &c.)

He cannot so precisely weed this land . . .

His foes are so enrooted with his friends. (2 Hen. IV. IV. i. 205.)

He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed chinese.

(L. L. L. I. i. 96.)

The whole land
Is full of weeds . . .

The weeds that his broad spreading roots did shelter
Are pluck'd up root and all. (R. II. IV. iv. 43.)
Whelp.

The nobility of England brought up their sons, but as they entered their whelps, and thought them wise enough if they could chase their deer. *(Advice to Rutland.)*

The young whelp of Talbot.

*(1 Hen. VI. IV. vii. 35.)*

His most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.

*(Hen. V. I. ii. 108, and 1 Hen. IV. III. iii. 166.)*

Windy.

Many of these conceits are windy. *(Of Essex's treasons.)*

Windy attornies to their client woes. *(R. III. IV. iv. 127.)*

Workman.

You are *natus ad ardua*: and the indisposition of the subject may honour the skill of the workmen. *(To Sir R. Cecil.)*

The King's Council are no good workmen.

*(2 Hen. VI. IV. ii. 7th Sp.)*

Wound.

We cannot suffer the prerogative of our crown to be wounded through the sides of a private person . . . Nothing can be done which may wound our prerogative. *(Act of Council.)*

Relief, by law, is due to one whom it has wounded.

*(De Aug. viii. 3.)*

The fatal engine . . .

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.

*(Tit. And. V. iii. 86.)*

Disorder wounds

Where it should guard. *(2 Hen. VI. V. ii. 32.)*

They would with treason wound this fair land's peace.

*(R. III. V. iv. 39.)*

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. *(Macb. IV. iii. 39.)*

*(And see 1 Hen. VI. III. iii. 50-57.)*
STATE METAPHORS.

Wounds green.

It is meet the remedies be applied unto the accidents by opening what it is on either part that keepeth the wounds green.

(Of Controversies in the Church.)

A man that studieth revenge keepeth his wounds green, that would otherwise heal and do well. (Ess. Revenge.)

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime
Before the wound doth grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

(2 Hen. VI. III. i. 285.)

Lest . . . the new-healed wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate is green. (R. III. II. ii. 125.)

Wounds bleed inwardly.

He that turneth the humours back and maketh the wound bleed inwards, engendereth malign ulcers and pernicious imposthumations. (Ess. Seditions.)

The blood weeps from my heart.

(2 Hen. IV. IV. iv. 58.)

My heart bleeds inwardly.

(2 Hen. IV. II. ii. 51.)

I bleed inwardly for my lord. (Tim. Ath. I. ii. 211.)

PARALLEL.

Far be it from us, by any strains of wit or art, to seek to play prizes, or to blazon our names in blood.

(Speech against Somerset, 1616. Life V. 307.)

Who would not be offended at one that comes into the pulpit as if he came upon a stage to play jests or prizes?

(Pacification of the Church. Life III. 119.)

So, Bassianus, you have played your prize. (Tit. And. I. i. 399.) R. M. T.
OUR SEA-GIRT ISLAND.

In days when so much has been said and agitated as to the advantages which England would derive from being joined to the Continent, by a tunnel or some other device, it may interest readers to see the importance which the great Bacon attached to our insular position, and how he recommended to all patriotic Englishmen the care of the Navy Royal and shipping of the kingdom, "our first outwork"—"the walls of this kingdom." Whether in prose or poetry he is equally emphatic; and we observe that whilst disparaging to the utmost the climate of England, "foggy, raw, and dull," "that pale, that white-faced shore," neither the Constable of France, or the Duke of Austria forget to attribute (still disparagingly) the supremacy of England to her "sea-girt" position. Ireland shares the same advantage, and becomes another Britain from the same cause.

"Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal doweries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass: and because the wealth of the Indies seems, in a great part, but an accessory to the command of the seas." (Ess. of True Greatness, &c.)

"In this kingdom the seas are our walls, and the ships our bulwarks. . . . The king cannot enlarge the bounds of these Islands, which make up his Empire, the ocean being the unremovable wall which encloseth them. . . . I shall recommend unto you the care of our first out-work, the Navy Royal, and shipping of the kingdom, which are the walls thereof." (Advice to Buckingham, 1616.)

In the Case against Whitelocke, Bacon speaks of "Matter of State and Martial defence tending to the conservation of the Navy, which is the walls of this island." In the Essay of Kingdoms, of "The sea . . . which is one of the principal doweries of Britain." In the speech on the "Plantation of Ireland," he describes it as "another Britain. . . . endowed with so many doweries of Nature."
In the same strain "Austria," in the play of King John, speaking of England and her bulwarks, says:—

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. (John II. i. 21.)

So Warwick the king-maker describes the safety of the King, circled with loyal friends:—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.

(3 Hen. VI., IV. viii. 19.)

So the Duke of Bourbon threatens if his troops do not beat the English out of France to sell his dukedom.

To buy a slobbery and dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

(Hen. V., III. v. 19.)

The dying Duke of York, lamenting the degradation and misery brought by bad government upon "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England," still brings forward the same reasons why she ought ever to be great and strong.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame.
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameless conquest of itself.

(R. II., II. i. 40).

ANOTHER STRIKING PARALLELISM.

I find in Mr. Wigston's new book, Francis Bacon versus Phantom Captain Shakespeare (p. 234), the following citation from Bacon:—

"Now of all the enemies that have contributed to the divorce between the intellect and the world, authority is the most formidable. Authority has substituted the little world of this or that philosopher for the great and common world; it has encouraged indolence and suppressed inquiry. Authority must first be pulled down from her throne before truth can reign supreme in the realm of philosophy" ("Introd. Essays," lxx., Abbott).

I was reminded in reading this of the expression of Biron in Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, sc. i. Here we have taught the same, then novel, doctrine—to look to nature rather than to books. Biron says:—

"Why all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look."

That is to say, instead of "substituting the little world of this or that philosopher for the great and common world," by "poring upon a book," the product of some other intellect, of some philosopher, the
light should be sought outside of the book where its great glare dazzles the eyesight. And Biron continues:

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books."

"Authority must be pulled down from her throne before truth can reign supreme," says Bacon. One can learn little from books, says Shakespeare, save "base authority."

This revolt against authority, in books, was the very essence of Bacon's philosophy; and Shakespeare expresses the same revolt and designated "authority" as "base." Surely a singular creed to be held, by two distinct men, in that age, when in Church and State and philosophy "authority" ruled supreme.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

BACON ON WAR.

"POLITIC bodies are like our natural bodies, and must as well have some exercise to spend their humours, as to be kept from too violent or continual outrages which spend their best spirits."

(Letter to Rutland, 1595. Life I. 12.)
(See also Essay 29 of the True Greatness of Kingdoms.)

Compare this with the advice given by Hen. IV. to his son:

"I had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days."

(2 Hen. IV., IV. v. 210.)

R. M. T.
Correspondence.

[The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of their correspondents.]

To the Editor of "The Journal of the Bacon Society."

DEAR SIR,—I have often been requested by members of the Bacon Society to furnish some report of the work in which I have been engaged since this journal was published five years ago. I consider that all information which is gathered on the subjects which it is our professed purpose to study should be made public, and help towards further elucidation invited; and therefore propose to sketch, as briefly as possible, an outline of researches made, and of the conclusions arrived at. Since only a few pages can be devoted in this journal to the utterances of one individual, you will not expect me to stop to prove my own statements. I shall attempt no more than a summary of what I have tried to do, giving sufficient hints and data to enable the industriously inclined to assist in correcting errors and in pushing forward inquiries.

Some years ago, being persuaded that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare," but having at the time no means of testing absolutely his style and diction, as well as his opinions, tastes, and knowledge, I thought it well to begin a series of dictionaries or harmonies between acknowledged Baconian works and Shakespeare, taking separately each branch of science (horticulture, natural history, physics, metaphysics, medicine, surgery, &c.), of ethics, history, geography, the arts (music, poetry, the drama, &c.), and philology (words, turns of expression, figurative language, &c.), in short, all that concerns style. Of this latter section the Promus formed part, and a collection of about 40,000 extracts on metaphysics, similes, &c., another part, and one which I have found the most useful. For this collection shows not only Bacon's poetical phraseology, but the ideus of which the words are but the images, and I have been able to use these dictionaries as a means of testing the Baconian origin of a quantity of books not hitherto attributed to Bacon. I will not shock the feelings of some of you by enumerating all these; but you will find food for meditation if you will exhaustively annotate as I myself did some years ago, the works of "Marlowe," "Montaigne," "Robert Burton" (of the "Anatomy of Melancholy"), "Sir Thomas Browne" (of the "Religio Medici"), and "Sir Kenelm Digby." When I find in any given book not only the same set of prevailing ideas, aims, and arguments, but the same subtle thoughts, the same use of peculiar words and turns of speech, together with a great many quotations, proverbs, and other particulars noted in the
Promus, and when the book in which these occur is moreover illustrated (in one edition at least), with certain woodcuts, and printed and paged in a peculiar or "irregular manner," on paper which has one of a certain set of "water-marks—then I am satisfied that that work is Bacon's. If there is an author's name on the title-page, or at the end of the dedicatory letter (a name, by the way, always, I think, printed in two types, or otherwise strangely lettered), I say, "What's in a name?" This "Author" produced, wrote from dictation, or perhaps sustained the expense of publishing; but Bacon devised and originated that book.

When trying to edit the Promus MSS., I took comparatively little heed of works of a later date than the Promus. I thought that if, after Bacon had used and printed certain phrases, they became common with other writers, there was nothing in this to be surprised at, and consequently I failed to examine these books with sufficient minuteness. Later experience made me return to them, and I now conclude, from a collation of many of them, that they are the very early and crude productions of the youthful Francis (some perhaps of Anthony), fathered by others during his lifetime, or published after his death by his faithful followers.

Lately I have found evidence that Anthony Bacon, the only brother of Francis (by Lady Anne, the second wife of Sir Nicholas), and two years his senior, was also a poet of high merit, and apparently a voluminous writer. Anthony is described in Dr. Rawley's life of Bacon, as "a gentleman of as high a wit as his brother, though not of such profound learning." I have already asked the question, "What did Anthony write or do to justify Dr. Rawley's remarks?" and echo answers "What?"

Does no one think that the sudden outburst of learning and science, and of an exceptionally splendid literature in the time of Elizabeth, was a remarkable phenomenon? Read the Advancement of Learning, the Instauratio, or the De Augmentis, and you will find Bacon, in the first decade of the 17th century, and again more emphatically three years before his death, enumerating, under thirty or forty different headings, the "Deficiencies" which he found in learning. These deficiencies include everything necessary for the formation of a fine style. Words were lacking; the language of the time was insufficient to express his own ideas, new words must be coined, and each country, he said, should borrow from the other, until a noble model of language should be formed. Graceful turns of expression, "Elegancies and formularies of discourse," metaphors, similes, allusions (or quotations), antitheta, sophisms, proverbial philosophy, all were wanting. Parabolic poetry, or the art of wrapping up bare facts in ambiguous but instructive fables, was, according to Bacon, a lost art. The theatre, too, was at the lowest ebb. "Of myself," he adds in the Latin work, "I am silent." Pregnant words, and worthy of note.

It was in the year 1623, the year which saw the publication of the first collected edition of the Shakespeare Plays, that Bacon printed
these words for the last time. Before that date, how many editions
had been published of the parabolic poem of the Arcadia, and of the still
more highly parabolic "Faerie Queene?" How many separate editions
of the quartos of Shakspeare and Marlowe, not to mention Ben
Jonson, Chapman, and a score of other poets and dramatists, gray
and gay? And for the use of proverbs in illustration, had Bacon
never seen that most popular and courtly book "Lyly's Euphues," of
which another of the many editions was published in the same year as
his De Augmentis, 1623? And when Bacon remarked upon the want
of "Collections," or as we should now say compendiums, encyclo-
pedias, and books of reference on history, science, and ethics, was he
totally unconscious of the many works of this kind then in process of com-
plementation which appeared immediately after his death, and which form
the basis of the great works of the encyclopedists and the "sterling
literature" of the 17th and 18th centuries? Thoughtful minds will
not cast aside such considerations as unworthy or absurd, although it
is impossible long to indulge in them without being led to inquire
more particularly how much of all this work was performed by Bacon
himself, or through his agency and that of his friends. One thing
is certain. He could not have done and written all that I myself
attribute to him, excepting by the co-operation of a number of willing
hands and heads. Co-operation implies a society. Societies for pur-
poses of re-formation must be secret. I turned to a study of
the secret societies of the Middle Ages, and found, as was said in a
previous number of this journal, that of all the fraternities of which
we read, none so fulfils the purposes and apparent intentions of Bacon
as that which is known as the Rosy-Cross Brotherhood, or the Society
of the Rosicrucians, in which method, poetic imagination, and the
highest aspirations for "mingling earth with heaven," are combined.
I skip over all the stages of inquiry which have led to my present
conclusions. Probably some of these conclusions or conjectures are
erroneous; if so, I beg you to disprove them. By that means fresh
knowledge will be attained, and truth sifted from error. I state those
things which I have found, and "Truth comes out sooner from error
than from confusion."

I find, then, that a secret society, corresponding in aims to the
Rosicrucian fraternity, did exist in the Middle Ages. Its object was
the protection of religion and the diffusion of Christian knowledge.
From information which has been kindly afforded me from abroad, I
learn that the history of these so-called "Rosicrucians" is perfectly
well known in Germany. But, so far as I can discover, this old
institution was a mere smothered fire—comparatively powerless until
Bacon breathed into it with the powerful blast of his genius, setting
in motion the marvellously perfect machinery which was destined to
govern the whole world of thought, and to effect a complete revolu-
tion in education and learning.

Bacon's aim—the aim of the Rosicrucians of the later period—was
threefold—1. To purify religion, and to stimulate reform in the
ROSCRICUANS.

Church; 2. To promote and advance learning and science; 3. To restore man to the state of purity and happiness from which by sin he had fallen. How to set about this? He seems to have been painfully aware that although true religion can alone produce real and lasting good to man, yet that there is nothing about which men quarrel so bitterly as religious subjects, or rather on differences of opinion in matters connected with religion. To produce unity, and to sweep away the corruptions, superstitions, and tyranny which had crept into the Church, were his great objects. Read the history of the reigns of Mary in England, of Philip of Spain, and the history of the Netherlands under Philip, and think what was the state of religion, and consequently of the world, in those days. The barbarities of the Inquisition, moved by the Roman section of the Church, it is difficult to reconcile with any idea of religion whatever; and the Puritans (though they did good work in securing the printing and dissemination of the Bible) also went into extremes, and, mingling with their hatred of "the tricks and trash of Rome" an ignorant antipathy to everything which the Roman, in common with every other branch of Christian Church, had practised from time immemorial, they set to work to deface and dismantle the beautiful buildings reared by the piety and munificence of their forefathers, and in all ways they sought to reduce the universal Church to the level of a narrow sectarian community. Both extremes were equally wrong and foolish, and Bacon saw and lamented it all. "Truth," he said, "is seated in the mean," and if unity is ever to be secured, it must be by drawing together, not by widening the breach. And what is truth, and who shall decide in such matters? They can only be decided by God Himself, and by the two Books which He has specially given for our learning. These books, Bacon says—the Book of the Bible declaring God's will, and the Book of Nature showing forth His works—are mutually dependent, and neither can be understood without a knowledge of the other. To the publication and elucidation of these two Books of God—the Bible and Natural Philosophy—Bacon devoted his whole life. Search for yourselves, and see to whom we owe the immense number of editions, translations, and commentaries on the Bible which were produced during the lifetime of Bacon. I cannot doubt that it was he who, in days when language was defective, directed and incited the publication of the Bibles of 1583, 1594, 1611, 1613, and others, furnishing the revisers with help of all kinds, and bringing his vast learning to bear upon the commentaries, which I find adorned with his own turns of speech, recorded in the Promus, and used throughout his own acknowledged writings. It is startling to find in these old Bibles the same hieroglyphic woodcuts (just sufficiently altered to prove them to be from different blocks, but with the same symbols carefully reproduced in all), the same very peculiar designs which are introduced into Bacon's acknowledged works; and, further, that the very paper upon which these Bibles are printed, bears the secret water-marks or paper-marks which are on Bacon's own
writing paper, on the letters of his most trusted correspondents, and on the paper of every book which is acknowledged to be his. The fact that Bacon's private marks are found equally in the Bibles issued by the Geneva divines, the English Bishops, or the Jesuits of Douai College, led me to an inquiry as to the members of the latter fraternity. It appears that Bacon's early and constant friend, Tobie Matthew (who, whilst living in Italy, to Bacon's great regret, joined the Roman Church), became a Jesuit priest, and I think that he was in Douai College at or about the time when the "Douai Bible" was printed. Afterwards the garbled passages and glosses put upon certain texts by the Papist publishers, were exposed in "Fulke's" Testament, where the Douai (or Rheims) Testament is printed in parallel columns with the English version, and copious notes are added, with examples from the original Greek. This book, in its various editions to 1633, should be closely compared with the former. I have frequently found reason to think that Bacon, with the intention of ventilating a question, himself wrote on opposite sides, raising doubtful points, and then arguing pro and con under different pseudonyms—a practice not unknown in the present day, and almost necessary at a time when new ideas were amongst the "deficients."

It was a great point gained, that the Bible should be introduced into all countries in the vernacular; but Bacon knew that the mere dissemination of Bibles or religious books was not sufficient to produce unity and concord. In the Sixteenth Century comparatively few persons could read, and even the so-called "upper classes" were terribly coarse, ignorant, and narrow minded. He seems to have thought to himself: "Is there no one point upon which all men with one spark of religion can agree?—some neutral ground upon which all can meet in harmony, and begin to rear our new Solomon's House? and he seems to have concluded that men with any minds at all, must agree that there is one God. Upon this lowly platform of faith Freemasonry begins. Freemasons, if they fulfil their professions, are Deists, if nothing more. They rise, with continually renewed vows of secrecy, by gradual stages of instruction, and initiation into various kinds of knowledge, till they reach the 18th Degree, where, in 'Prince Rouge-Croix' they must (in former days at least) swear to their belief in the Trinity. At this stage, therefore, they are (or were) Trinitarian Christians, consequently members of the "Holy Catholic Church," to which all members, whether of the Anglican, or the Roman, or the Greek Church, profess allegiance.

I am not fond of discussing differences of religious opinion, feeling that there may be many divergences in people who are equally good, and "religious" in the true sense of the term, and that it is very difficult to touch upon such matters without running the risk of jarring the feelings of some good person or another. Yet, in order to be clear, I must say a few words on this subject. When the Church people of England realized the extent of the encroachments, and final tyranny and barbarities which were, in the mediaeval times, enacted
under the name and shield of religion, they made, as we all know, a
great effort to rid themselves of their ecclesiastical tyrants, to clear
away all the excrescences and superstitions which had overgrown the
ceremonials and rules of the Church, and to restore it to the primitive
Universal or Catholic spirit which breathes through the teachings of
the Bible. They protested against these errors and tyrannies, and
against the embargoes laid upon the free reading of the Bible, and
they used all their power and wits to get rid of these abuses, and to
repair and re-form the discipline of the Church. Like many other
energetic people, their zeal carried them too far, and with the lady in
Hamlet, they "protested too much." Pro-testation turned to de-test-
ation, and the Protestants, becoming confused in their ideas, rested
not at the point of clearing away errors, superstition and abuses.
They tried to make a clean sweep of all external beauty in matters of
religious ordinance, and, in their detestation of the Pope and all that
concerned him, they gladly dropped their true title of "Catholics,"
and allowed themselves to be known as "Protestants." This suited the
Papal Church well, for it was then able to arrogate to itself the title of
the "Catholic" or Universal Church, whilst the reformed Catholics
were allowing themselves to be classed, as we now class dissenting
communities, who disown the Church, and are in no sense universal.

I have been reading and transcribing letters in a marvellous
collection of Anthony Bacon's correspondence, which lies dusty and
generally unheeded on the shelves of the upper library at Lambeth
Palace. Sixteen folio volumes of these letters! think of that. Many
of them are in cipher, and to some of these a clue has been afforded
by the talent and kindness of Mr. George Bidder. At another time
I hope to lay before you some account of these interesting letters, but
the full exposition of them is a work fit for a Government Historical
Manuscripts Commission, and not for one incompetent woman.

And what do these letters tell us? Well, they declare or hint many
curious matters. First, that Francis Bacon was the head-centre of a
wide-spread religious and literary society, and that his brother
Anthony was, for some years, his propagandist and corresponding
secretary on the Continent. That the brothers were engaged in
collecting information of every description, concerning the political
and religious condition of all states, and that there was no court, or
place of importance, where they had not their "intelligencers" and
friends. Spedding, in his "Life of Bacon," conveys the impression
that Anthony wrote as Secretary to Essex, and this is true so far as it
goes. But the letters concerning Essex are a mere drop in the ocean,
compared with the quantity of those which relate to the state of the
Church, the prospects of obtaining help to carry on the schemes of
the society, or "to keep this fire lighted"; the characters, position in
life, and capabilities, of persons who proposed to join hands in ad-
vancing "the cause," and in re-forming the whole wide world. The
grandeur, liberality, and true Catholicity of that scheme, is continually
apparent in these letters. Good and clever men, desirous of truth,
and of aiding to benefit their fellow creatures, are all welcome and
dear to the brothers Anthony and Francis. "Roman" Catholics, like
Father Fulgentius, "Liberal" Catholics like the Des Moulins, members
of the Jesuit Colleges, and of other learned societies, sisters in
religious houses, as well as ultra-Puritans and "detestants" like
Nicholas Faunt, Genevan divines like Beza, Bible-reading members of
the French Reformed Church, English clergymen as different in
education and ideas as the extreme "high" and the extreme "low"
churchmen of the present day—all correspond in terms of the most
fervent affection and admiration with Anthony, assuring him, with
reiterated vows, of their fidelity to him, and their devotion to the
service of his brother, Le Chef," "Le Maitre," "Monsieur,"
"Monsieur le Grand." The extreme sweetness and heavenly-mindedness
of Francis, is always dwelt upon. Sometimes he is called "Monsieur
le Doux," or "Signor Dolce."

Throughout these letters, certain distinctive, but unobtrusive, and
generally unnoticeable marks are to be found. They are, I think,
marks known only in the highest degrees of Freemasonry, or Rosi-
crucianism. There seems to have been a: some period a rupture in
the Society. The lower orders of Masons, who each had their own
craft secrets—secrets in building, designing, paper-making, printing,
engraving, book-binding—and a secret language, ambiguous in words
metaphors, symbols, &c., unobtrusive in signals and gestures—these
lower grades were not necessarily of any religion. It is true that they
professed to believe that there is a God, but the Bible tells us, that
the devils believe so much, and tremble; yet they remain devils still.
The man who has no aspirations superior to those of the brute to
whom, Bacon says, "he is akin by his body," will never rise to the
image of God to which he is akin by his spirit."

Lamentable accounts have been given me of the degeneracy of the
Freemasons in Germany and France, where the word Freemason
seems to be accounted synonymous with atheist and anarchist. Like
some notorious atheists in our own country (also Freemasons, though
we hope and believe exceptions to the rule), these men seem to have
touched the lowest point of all that might be expected from those
whose intellects have been cultivated and their souls left barren.
A mock humanitarianism, or morality, is the utmost reach of their
higher life, and their professed object, the destruction of religion, the
uprooting of Christianity, and the subverting of

"Degree, priority, and place,
Office, and custom in all line of order."

In short, such a general untuning of the strings as Bacon most
earnestly reprobates, and of which he shows the miserable effects.

It is quite possible that the spirit of conceit which accompanies a
little learning with less religion, may have entered into men intelligent
enough to be admitted to the higher degrees of Masonry, and dis-
agreements may have followed, obliging the true Brothers of the
Rosy Cross (the Heads of the Society, who, as the Freemason encyclopædia admits, were far more literary and highly cultivated than the lower ranks of Masons) to separate themselves from their much more numerous brethren of the arts and crafts degrees. It is sometimes said, that the two communities had no connection, but I cannot believe that this was always so. The rules, aims, publications, and actual members of the two societies are too closely identical to give room for doubt as to their having been, originally, one and the same. The name “Rosicrucian,” seems to have been a nickname, given first by Andreas, in the beginning of the seventeenth century to the churchmen of the higher order of Masons. It is needless to repeat that all the stories told of the Rosicrucians—that they were a very ancient fraternity, alchemists, sorcerers, infidels, and what not, were fictions invented, or allowed to spread, in order to veil the true origin and aims of the society. In the same way the origin of the Freemasons is left in a haze, “like the Egyptians in their fog.”

Their masonic encyclopædias and other instructive treatises offer a good choice of founders from the patriarchs, the Pagans, Solomon, the crusaders, the knights’ templar, &c., to Oliver Cromwell, Prince Charles Stuart, Sir Christopher Wren, and Dr. Desaguliers. I have heard equally hot arguments in favour of most of these claimants. The most interesting statement as to the true founder is, however, to be seen in “Preston’s Masonry,” still a text-book, and which went through nine editions before 1796. Here we are told authoritatively that the arts and sciences in Britain, after the revival of the Romans, remained in a very low state till the time of the Emperor Carausius, by whom masonry was revived or founded in England. Having shaken off the Roman yoke, he won the love of the Britons by encouraging the civil arts; and amongst his prime favourites were the masons for whose tenets he professed the highest admiration, and appointed Albanus, his steward, to be their Grand Master. Albanus was born at Verulam, and there built a splendid palace for Carausius, who in return made him chief ruler of the realm. Albanus, we are assured, was a celebrated architect. In his youth he had travelled to Rome, and served under the Emperor there for seven years. Now, Albanus or St. Alban was beheaded in A.D. 303, and the transparent little fiction seems to tell, in the usual veiled language of masonry, of Bacon’s seven years’ study of the great Roman writers whom he wished to revive, and whom we read of as the kings buried and freshly discovered in the Rosicrucian fables. Albanus of Verulam was, of course, Bacon, and Carausius perhaps a fictitious name for James, who made himself Chancellor, and who valued him for having in his reign reared the splendid palace of wisdom or “Solomon’s House,” of which Bacon indeed most truly was the architect and master builder.

It is only fair to our accurate Freemason historians to say that they are all considerate enough to leave it to the discretion of their readers to decide for themselves as to their own origin.
“It is hardly necessary,” says a recent writer in the Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, “to express any opinion on the point; the fraternity has the advantage of being able to choose for itself”—a liberal arrangement in which we ask leave to share. I think that the true connection between present Freemasons and the Company of Masons still existing (and which boasts of arms granted in 1477) should be inquired into. Charles II. granted this company a charter in 1677, as he also granted a charter to the Royal Society, which Evelyn (himself a president) says that Bacon founded. The Freemason Cyclopædia, whilst recording the popular saying that there is no connection between the Freemasons and the Masons’ Company, adds that “it is still a point to be kept in view.” For my own part, I consider that all the evidence which I have been able to collect, points to the conclusion that Sir Nicholas or others may have “projected,” but that Francis Bacon perfected and carried out the scheme for “the reformation of the whole wide world.” I think that the old guild or Company of Masons with practical trade, or arts-and-crafts’ secrets of their own, were by some means incorporated with the literary and religious guilds which in latter times came to be called Rosicrucian, and that these, the practical handcraftsmen and the cultivated students, inventors, and authors, were ultimately welded together into one great organization for the advancement of learning and science, and for the propagation of truth in every form. The Freemasons were, and I suppose still are, the lower orders of Rosicrucians. They helped, each according to his ability, in the erection of the new Solomon’s House, of which the outward and visible fabric (the printed books, namely, the “fair houses” for charitable and educational purposes, and all external particulars connected with such matters) was, for the most part, due to them. On the other hand, the literary work, the writing of books—of plays by which the ignorant were to be taught through their senses as well as by their intellects, of learned and scientific works for the use of the studious (learned hitherto after the learning of the times in “words and matter”)—the revision, translation, elucidation, and wide dissemination of the Bible—all these things were the work of the retiring, silent, and more highly-cultivated Rosicrucians, over whom was thrown such a veil of mystery as should secure them from the inevitable persecution and destruction, which in those days was sure to befall all who had original ideas, or whose learning led them to differ in opinion with the ruling powers in Church or State.

I have mentioned the private paper-marks found in Bacon’s manuscript writings as well as in his printed books. The investigations of these is extremely interesting and instructive, for these are only some of an immense number of the secret book-marks of a vast society. You may be told that paper-marks are mere trade-marks, the signs of a certain firm. Believe me that this is not true. The marks of which I speak are often used by various and separate manufacturers at the same period, and I could show you the paper-
mark of the 1632 edition of Shakespeare and of certain acknowledged works of Bacon in paper used by a well-known firm of the present day. But the subject is very large, and requires ample illustrations which cannot be given here. I only mention these things to show that the same system which was organised in the days of Bacon exists still, and is intelligently practised by certain persons living not only in England, but wherever Freemasonry in its higher grades prevails. Paper-marks are things plainly to be seen; some of them are five and a-half inches in length. If then, on drawing out and bringing together several hundred of such marks, we find them all to be connected and used in certain definite ways we should indeed be foolish if we were to ascribe such coincidences, and such uniformity of treatment to chance or accident—to anything indeed, except design and intention.

Paper-marks, I am sure, were part of Bacon's "method of tradition" or handing down the lamp of knowledge. A child who cannot read can see the likeness or distinction amongst these paper-marks. The woodcuts are more exciting still, for they tell us much more than the paper-marks; they are infinitely more varied, and their meaning is more extended. In what I call for want of a better name "Baconian" books—books, that is, which, though not necessarily written by Bacon, emanated from him and his teaching, "though they went after in other names," I find a certain set of these woodcuts. Alas that I cannot describe them! But probably many of you know them, and all educated Freemasons I suppose to be more or less initiated into their meaning. I have traced, copied, or caused to be photographed several hundred of these, and have noted three or four times as many in books from the time of Sir Nicholas Bacon. They accord in an astonishing manner in the "Baconian" books—those, namely, where I find Bacon's great fundamental ideas and theories expressed in his own peculiar diction, and illustrated by his own metaphors. "Baconian" books may be traced not only by their paper-marks but by the meaning, if not the actual design, of the woodcuts variously executed. These are the engraver's secret marks. Many of his significant little ornaments are repeated with similar meaning by the binder in his "tooling." By the tooling on the back of a book I have more than once discovered a work of great importance to me in some library where I was unacquainted with the contents. It was thus that I found a perfect signature of Francis Bacon (apparently attached to a bond and attested by two Oxford men) in the University Library at Cambridge.

Besides these secret marks of the paper makers, the engravers, and the binders, there is another class of marks which I know not whether to ascribe to the printers, the binders, or the collectors. They are often as patent to the eye in old books as the paper-marks on the engravings, but in modern times they have been reduced to a minimum both in number and size, and they are so ingeniously done as to escape detection. These marks may be roughly classed as
(1) seals or spots of wax; (2) peculiar folds, double or treble, or in sequence of many pages (usually 3, 5, or 7); (3) circular and horse-shoe shaped tearings, &c.; (4) peculiar and evidently intentional stainings; (5) “sputtering” with very fine lines in red ink; (6) tiny marks, usually mere dots in appearance, but which, under the microscope, reveal distinct forms of roses of four and five petals, Maltese crosses, Fleur de lis Trifoil, &c., wedges, acorns, and a few others. Since I am unable to explain the presence of these marks, and since those whom I should expect to be most capable of giving information “cannot tell,” I should hold them to be unimportant to our present purposes were it not that they are still to be seen in books which I believe to be the legitimate descendants of those which Bacon wrote, revised, or caused to be “collected,” translated, paraphrased, abridged, or otherwise adapted to the use of different countries, and to various classes of readers. It is very significant that no book is to be procured which gives full and accurate accounts of the details of printing after the date when Bacon first began to publish, or in other words that the authors know exactly how to stop at the point when such an investigation becomes most interesting and fruitful.

If what I have said be incorrect, it is easy for those who know the truth to disprove my statements. I lower my colours at once to any one who will better explain these things and prove me wrong. But let no one, after the approved Freemason fashion, throw “puzzling powder” in your eyes, by making you believe without examination, either that these things do not exist, or that “they may be accidents.” No one of any authority on the subject has as yet told me this. I have earnestly entreated those who must know the truth, concerning these technical points, to tell me plainly if I am wrong. (See Sotheby’s Principia Typographica, Samuel Leigh Sotheby, 1853, Vol. iii.) I easily conceive that they might object to answer questions as to the how and why of these things—these “trade-secrets.” But unless there are vows which bind the printers, paper makers, book-binders, and collators, and the heads of the chief and old-established printing-houses to silence, there is neither reason nor common courtesy in evading and wriggling out of giving a straight-forward answer to the question, “Am I wrong?” or “Am I under a delusion in believing these marks to be deliberately put into books of a certain class, after the fashion which I describe?” Failing to obtain any such answer, I draw my own conclusions; and because, although we may not adopt the reasoning of others, we are usually glad to learn the outcome of their researches, I will tell you the conclusions which I have arrived at. I think that the Rosicrucians, the upper section of the Freemasons, are still existing, still carrying on, quietly and unostentatiously, their beneficent work amongst us; that the very same signs, symbols, and secret marks, which were used 300 years ago are being used now, and that not less than three are put into every Bible and Book of Common Prayer which issues from our great presses. Almost every book, however modern, connected either
with Bacon, or with any of his schemes, has one or more of these marks, very distinct. The system seems to me to be (in this country at least) an anachronism, for no danger now accrues to anyone from ventilating his opinions on any subject, so long as they are not injurious to others, and elucidation of "The Two Books of God, the Book of the Bible expressing His will, and the Book of Nature setting forth His works." The great printing houses and the Bible Societies seem (whosoever may have been their immediate author) to have had their origin in the large-hearted "Method" by which Bacon proposed to hand down his "Lamp of Tradition." The Royal Society (of which, as I have said, he was the actual founder, although it first obtained a Charter under Charles II., was, and is, the great vehicle for the "Advancement of Learning," and the many subsidiary societies in science, physic and surgery, botany, antiquities, &c., all spring (so I think) from the same stock.

As to the enigma, "Why all this mystery?" I can only suppose that the vows of secrecy and silence, which were of necessity imposed upon initiates in days of danger, have, by the same unbroken method, descended to the present day. There are some, besides myself, who think that "the time is ripe," and that the veil should be lifted. Bacon could never have intended that in days when the schoolmaster is abroad, the children of each generation should continue to be nurtured upon a mass of fiction, as to the literary history of their own country, the mystery remaining after the cause for mystery has departed. Such things remind us of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," whose body faded away, and only the grin remained behind.

I turn to another branch of the subject. A Secret Society involves two important matters: (1) a secret language; (2) a secret method of writing. These things are hinted at by Bacon in his "Art of Transmission of Discourse."

I have mentioned a Dictionary of Metaphors which I began years ago, for my own edification, and which I continually try to augment and perfect. When I entered upon a comparison of other works besides Bacon and Shakspeare, I was struck by the fact of the universality, in Elizabethan works, of certain of Bacon's greatest thoughts, wrapped up in metaphor or parable, and that, by means of my home-made dictionary, I was able to interpret the hieroglyphic pictures which Bacon includes in the "Art of Tradition," or of conveying secret information. To make a long story short, I satisfied myself that the secret language of the Freemason, and still more of the Rosicrucians, is the metaphorical language of Bacon, worked out in all kinds of ways, in the works of the Emblem writers.* I hope to publish a little book

which will bring into a small compass all that I have gathered in a somewhat keen chase after emblems and symbolic language. Meanwhile, let me say that it is no wonder that the Freemasons lay so much stress upon the necessity of their initiates studying these things; for a due comprehension of them not only gives a strong grasp of the whole subject of Masonry, but it enables the student to trace the connection of books with their authors, and with each other, a connection which is perceptible, not only in the style and subject-matter of the book, but even by its ornaments, its title-page designs, borders, head-lines, and tail-pieces. It also shows how the "New Birth of Time," of which Bacon was the prime mover, the Renaissance as it is usually called, took, as Bacon did, "all knowledge to be its province." The same mystical ideas which are conveyed in the woodcuts, and in the very tooling in the bindings of the old Baconian books, enter also into the designs of the silver and gold smiths, and into the wrought iron work, and other decorations used in buildings reared by the hands, or at the expense, of the Masons and Rosicrucians. People talk of "Renaissance" designs without any idea that the festoons and knots of fruit, flowers, and ribbons, the cornucopias and vases, the obelisks, mirrors, head and horns of Pan, and many other devices have any meaning or purpose beyond that of mere ornament. But this is a mistake. The old "Renaissance" designs, though they may now be ignorantly adopted and copied, were made to convey very deep and important truths; their meaning is best interpreted by a study of Bacon's metaphoric language. The world has become sadly prosaic, and the precious gift of imagination is now at a discount. But Bacon was a poet, and his poetic fancies are to be seen in the symbolism and emblem writings which form so prominent a feature in the Baconian or Rosicrucian scheme.

But a secret society of this kind required a secret writing—a cipher system. In the same year, 1623, when the first complete edition of "The Advancement of Learning" was published in Latin—the same year when the first complete edition of the Shakespeare Plays was published, there also appeared in Holland a large octavo volume of Cryptography, containing at least one hundred different systems of cipher writing, each capable of almost endless development. Mr. Donnelly's wonderful discovery of cipher in the Shakespeare Plays caused me to look up the history of cipher writing, and I soon found occasion to be ashamed of my own ignorance in the matter. The works on this subject, written in or about Bacon's time, are sufficient of themselves to form a bibliography. Those which have interested me the most are the book just mentioned, "Gustavus Selein Cryptographia," and a little anonymous work entitled, "Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger." The first of these is really anonymous, for there does not seem to have been any such person as "Gustavus Silenus," and the pseudonym seems to be ambiguous, alluding to the "August Moon," Gustavus being an anagram for Augustus, and "Moons-man" a term expressing a concealed or mysterious personage.
The book was published under the auspices of that same Duke of Brunswick before whom Shakespeare and his company are said to have performed. This book, illustrated and expensively bound, seems from its "errors" of pagination and typography, and from the strange devices of the tail-pieces, to be itself full of cipher, without which, perhaps, the systems which it professed to explain cannot be properly worked. In fact, the problems given as exercises or specimens do not work out correctly, so that it is manifest that some extra hints beyond those given in the text, are needful to make the book generally useful.

"Mercury" contains, almost verbatim, Bacon's description of his bi-literal cipher, yet with additions, and without alluding to him as the author. It is full of his ideas and language, but later editions were fathered by Bishop Wilkins. Those who earnestly follow such studies can but laugh, whilst at the same time they deplore the silliness, the malice, the marvellously conceited ignorance, with which writers, totally unacquainted with their subject, set to work to howl down Mr. Donnelly's highly ingenious and most laborious efforts to get at the truth. I rejoice to know, and heartily congratulate Mr. Donnelly that his indomitable courage and perseverance have been rewarded, and that he has at length, as a paragraph in this Journal informs you, found the real clue.

Meanwhile, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston has discovered traces of a similar cypher in Bacon's acknowledged works, and I am equally sure of its existence in many of his unacknowledged works. Therefore it is of the greatest consequence that these matters should not only have a fair hearing, but that they should be met with all the respect and encouragement which befits pioneer discoveries of great difficulty:

"O Day and Night, but this is wondrous strange! And therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome."

I should like to tell you a little about the "feigned authorships," "feigned histories" and "feigned or disguised portraits" which form part of the method of the great Secret Society. But I have already taken up too much space, and can only touch upon one more point. Some years ago my kind friend, the late Mr. W. D. O'Connor, of the Treasury, Washington, drew my attention to "Montaigne's Essays." I annotated them after my fashion, and found here another case in which Bacon's diction reappeared, in the English editions, in a very striking manner. In fact "Florio's Translation" (1605) had in it Baconian forms which are untranslatable into French, and this "translation" appeared to be the true original. The "Cotton" translation, published, I think, nearly sixty years after Bacon's death (by a member of that family which was so intimately connected with old Sir Nicholas and his sons) is not only much larger than the original, but the metaphors of Bacon's "first period" are in some cases exchanged for those of his later style, and even it appeared to me, that the opinions expressed had occasionally undergone modification, if not reversal.
Who made these changes? Who was the hardy commentator who ventured to add to or alter, the words and sentiments of his author? It had seemed to me a strange thing that Montaigne, Mayor of Bordeaux, should have sent his Essays to England, to be translated from French into English by the Italian tutor to the Duchess of Bedford; stranger still, that, when this translation was made, it should appear clothed in the purest English of Bacon's early style. Is it not much more probable, that these Essays, published in French at or about the time when the brilliant, observant, Francis Bacon was living in the dissipated Court at Bordeaux—should have been written by him, translated into French by Florio, and published by Montaigne and under the mantle of his age and respectability? I observed that letters indubitably written by Montaigne, are of a most respectable dulness, and have in them not a word, a turn of expression, not a trace of any kind, of Baconian thought or expression.

Now, rummaging among the Pembroke papers, printed by the Historical MSS. Commission (and from which a friend kindly made copies for me), I came upon some documents which indirectly prove that John Florio's business as a translator was to translate, not from French into English, but from English into French or Italian (probably only into Italian). In these documents—two letters and two petitions—Florio, now an old man, appeals pathetically, through a Monsieur Jourdan, to the Duke of Buckingham and to the Earl of Middlesex, to procure for him the payment of arrears of an annuity of £50, granted to him by the King, for that he had translated the King's book, "and all the works of Viscount St. Albans," and had published them beyond the seas. In one petition, the statement is that Florio translated "Arcadia, and all the works of Viscount St. Albans," &c.

I tried to glean more particulars concerning Montaigne, than are given in ordinary biographical sketches, and looking into the famous "Dictionaire Historique et Critique de Pierre Bayle," (a work so voluminous, and so justly praised, as to have become classical), I could hardly believe my eyes when I found the name of Montaigne omitted. Thinking that my edition might be imperfect, with the kind co-operation of friends, I examined every one of the eleven editions which were published between 1690 and 1830. In no one of them is there any mention of the Sieur Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, Essayist, and Philosopher, or writer in any kind. Yet this French biographical dictionary has, in each edition, undergone revision and augmentation. The copy before me (1820) is "Augmentee de Notes, extraites de Chaufepie, Joly, La Monnoie, L.— J.— Le Clerc, Leduchat, Prosper Marchant, etc., etc.," therefore each separate editor or reviser must be held responsible for the very significant omission of the name of Montaigne, from the best "Dictionaire Critique et Historique" published in France.

In the letters to Anthony Bacon, in the great collection at Lambeth before-mentioned, there is one which speaks of the death of Montaigne. The writer deeply regrets the loss of this kindly,
generous, genial man, this excellent patron of men of letters. His name will live in the good works which he has done. But not a word is said of Montaigne as an Author. (The “Voyages de Montaigne” are written in the third person—of him, not by him).

Lastly, I have made inquiries about Montaigne’s place of burial. There is no monument or inscription over his grave, a circumstance which, as I pointed out in a short article in this Journal, would be according to rule, if he were a Rosicrucian. But “a monument without a tomb” was erected to him at Bordeaux, “à la faculté des Sciences et des Lettres. Cours de Victor Hugo.” Two Latin, and one Greek inscription on this monument, restored in 1803 and again in 1835, speak of him in the same strain as that of Anthony Bacon’s correspondent—as a man of sweet and genial disposition, of ready wit; one who watched over, and inspired the labours of youthful students—again, not a word of his having written the Essays or any original work. Many biographies of Montaigne take, as facts concerning him, autobiographical records of the Author of the Essays. Pray, my readers, set aside, for the present, these autobiographical particulars, and see for yourselves if the facts bear out the belief that the cheery, liberal-minded Mayor of Bordeaux wrote the Essays which bear his name. I think that he was one of the earliest and kindest friends and patrons, of Anthony and Francis Bacon, with whom he kept up a warm intimacy, furnishing them with money and other help, whilst they were abroad, and visiting them in England at intervals, until his death in 1592.

This hasty sketch will dissatisfy you all, as it does me; but I hope that it may make some of you reflect how much remains to be done, how little we know, how careful we should be not to jump to hasty conclusions as to facts or impossibilities. There is an old saying, which in my youth I was taught to value: “Affirmative evidence is better than the negative.” If two men of equal probity say, the one, “I have found,” and the other, “You have not found,” the evidence of the former is better than that of the latter. People are apt to forget this. They argue rather in this fashion: “I do not know these things, therefore they are untrue, or they are not worth knowing,” or, “I cannot understand, therefore the thing is impossible or absurd.” We should remember that one great requisite for a good Freemason or Rosicrucian is Humility. He must believe that there are things which he does not know, and yet not be content to sit down in ignorance, but always strive by personal efforts to get at truth. I have no patience with people who go buzzing about, disagreeing with and disparaging the efforts, whilst they do nothing either to test their correctness, or (as some would prefer) to prove them wrong. Think how many different lines of research lie open to us, how many branches of inquiry which must prove fruitful as well as interesting. Of the true history of the Freemasons and their relation to the Rosicrucians, and of their aims, work, and secret means of communication, in paper-marks, pictures, and ciphers, of the origin of the great
printing presses, Plantin, the Stephain, the Elzevirs, and the Aldi; and of our own great University presses, and printing houses, cum privilgio regis. Of the true origin and purposes of the Renaissance, and of the so-called Counter-Reformation; also of the great foundations for purposes educational and charitable, which sprang up in all directions in Bacon's time; of Dulwich College, Gresham College, and Sion College, with their libraries and other endowed charities. Of the Royal Society, and many kindred institutions, I am tired of reading of such places or foundations, that their origin is "veiled in obscurity." Let us try to unveil it. Then I should like systematically to inquire into the known members of the Masons and Rosicrucians, and to compare all that is known or conjectured about them, with all that is known about the Bacons, their relations, friends, correspondents, "intelligencers," "masks," and paid assistants. And further, to examine into the history of the earliest English hymns sung in churches, and of the earliest newspapers, journals, and periodicals, from "Mercurius Britannicus" to the "Gentleman's Magazine."

I am trying to do a little towards filling up some of these blanks or "deficiencies" in knowledge, or at least to sketch out leading particulars which may help others to prosecute, with greater ease, better and more perfect work by-and-bye. Health and publishers permitting, I hope before long to send out a first instalment. Meanwhile, I conjure you not to put your trust in me, or anyone else, but to find out for yourselves, What is truth? Yours faithfully,

Constance M. Pott.

August 16th, 1890.
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