Vol. XIX.
No. 74 (Third Series.) Price 2/6 net.

BACONIANA

JUNE, 1928.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Kimbolton Castle Chronicles. By the Hon Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D.	169
Extracts and Parallels from the Parnassus Plays, "Don Quixote" and "As You Like It." By Brig. General S. A. E. Hickson	175
"The Day-Star of the Muses" in Italy. By Alicia Amy Leith	186
Pierre Amboise and Gilbert Wats. By Bertram G. Theobald, B.A.	199
The Hidden Hand. By "Veritas."	205
A Literary Bombshell.	209
Identification of Authorship. By Howard Bridgewater (Barrister-at-Law).	213
A Word for Shakspere of Stratford. By Parker Woodward	216
Significant Comparisons. By M. F. Bayley	217
The Annual Dinner	219
Obituary	226
Book Notices	228
Correspondence	231
Answers to Queries	234
Bacon Society Lectures	235
Notes and Notices	236

LONDON:

GAY & HANCOCK, LTD.

12, HENRIETTA STREET, STRAND, W.C.

The Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED).

CANONBURY TOWER, CANONBURY SQUARE, LONDON, N.1.

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

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.

2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of his authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakspere, and to investigate his connection with other works of the period.

Annual Subscription. For Members who receive, without further payment, two copies of BACONIANA (the Society's Magazine) and are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meeting, one guinea. For Associates, who receive one copy, half-a-guinea.

For further particulars apply to Mr. Henry Seymour, Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society, Canonbury Tower, N.1.

Single copies of BACONIANA from Gay and Hancock, Ltd., 12, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.1.. 2*s.* 6*d.*, plus postage. To Members and Associates, 1*s.* plus postage.

Officers of the Society: The President, The Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D.; Vice-Presidents, Lady Sydenham, Princess Karadja, Miss Alicia A. Leith, Basil E. Lawrence, LL.D.; Mr, Parker Woodward and Mr. Harold Bayley. Chairman of Council, Mr. Horace Nickson; Vice-Chairman, Mr. W. G. C. Gundry; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Marion Plarr, 7, Laurel Road, Wimbledon, S.W.; Auditor, Mr. G. L. Emmerson, A.C.I.S., F.L.A.A.

BACONIANA

VOL. XIX, *Third Series* JUNE, 1928. No. 74.

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

KIMBOLTON CASTLE CHRONICLES.

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

A BOOK entitled the "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," written by the Duke of Manchester, and published in 1864, contains many references to Francis Bacon, in which the high appreciation of the character and life of the greatest of Englishmen presents a pleasing contrast to the vituperation of the servile crew who swallow Macaulay's absurd effusions. In the preface the Duke states that the "chapters are based on papers of which nearly all the originals are at Kimbolton Castle."

In alluding to historical events His Grace in several places couples the name of Shakespeare with that of Bacon, as if the mention of the one inevitably called to mind the other. Kimbolton Castle abounds in memories of Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., whose sad story the author reminds us "has been told by Shakespeare in imperishable verse, and by Bacon in no less imperishable prose." In describing her character he goes on to say that "so far as concerns all popular ideas of her, Catherine

is a creature of the mist. Shakespeare and Bacon, the highest judges and firmest painters of character, have, it is true, described her, if only lightly and by the way, as a woman of flesh and blood;" but "had the portraits of Shakespeare and Bacon been painted in full, they would have been all that we could hope or wish."

Much space is allotted to occurrencies in the reign of Henry VII., but no parallels can be drawn between Shakespeare and Bacon in regard to that epoch, because although Bacon wrote a history of Henry VII., the name of that monarch is conspicuously absent from the list of historical plays.

Three chapters are devoted to the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth. Henry VIII. had left her ten thousand pounds as a marriage-portion, conditional on her not marrying in opposition to the advice of the Privy Council. Sir Thomas Seymour came first into the field of her affection, even while his wife Catherine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII., was still alive. Elizabeth, when she became Queen, rewarded the faithful servants who maintained that there was no harm in what had taken place between her and her suitor.

A long list of aspirants to the hand of Elizabeth, including English noblemen and foreign royalties, followed. Even Philip, King of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary, made love to his deceased wife's sister. Yet, until we come in the procession to Robert Dudley, there appears to have been no inclination to matrimony on the part of the Virgin Queen. In his case, however, despite appearances and behaviour "people would not believe that Elizabeth would ever give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley, noble only in two descents, and in both of them stained with the block. This judgment was correctly formed, as the event proved; but Elizabeth's coquetry, and something more, furnished an abundant store of scandalous gossip for tables and bowers, at home and abroad." When Dudley was made Earl of Leicester and was on his knees before the Queen she "amused herself by putting her fingers into his neck, and tickling him to make him laugh."

Leicester's amours were scandalous. At his death two ladies laid claim to being his widow. They were called at Court Leicester's Old and New Testament. One of these was Lettice Knollys, the widow of Walter, the first Earl of Essex. She was the mother of Robert Dévereux and the notorious Penelope who married Lord Rich. With regard to Robert the author remarks that "the splendour, grace, success, discomfiture, ingratitude and treason of the Earl of Essex are but too well known." He was immensely popular and was regarded by the common people as a Prince. "He was descended through his father from Edward III, and through his mother was the immediate kinsman of Elizabeth. Many persons, most absurdly, imagined his title to the throne a better one than the queen's."

There can be no doubt that Essex aimed at the Crown. In view of the fact that his deliberately planned insurrection had for its object the seizure of the person of Elizabeth it is difficult to exaggerate the absurdity of Macaulay's statement that Bacon's speech at the trial of Essex had anything to do with bringing him to the scaffold. Macaulay admits that on the evidence conviction was a foregone conclusion. Knowing this Bacon acted as a true friend in endeavouring to persuade Essex to abandon an untenable defence and to throw himself on the Queen's mercy as the only chance of saving his head. Penelope Rich, in the midst of many conjugal infidelities, ever remained true to her brother Robert yet "when the traitor was crushed and condemned, he had the unparalleled meanness and baseness to accuse her of having instigated him to those proceedings against Elizabeth for which his own life was to be forfeited. If it had been true, it would have been infamous to charge her with it. But it does not seem to be true. . . . . Penelope's life was never for an hour in danger, and thanks to Bacon's humanity, a batch of the prisoners were snatched from death."

Lady Rich had no regard for conventional morality. Her charm appears to have been irresistible. Even so good a man as Lord Mountjoy became her paramour. Gerald Massey regards her as the dark lady of Shakespeare's

sonnets, who, lured the poet, despite his better judgment, to betray his "nobler part" to his "gross body's treason."

Anticipating several more recent writers the Duke of Manchester traces in some of Shakespeare's characters a likeness to contemporary personages. Among other instances he sees traits of Essex in Hamlet and of Southampton in Horatio.

In dealing with history the Duke necessarily makes frequent mention of the founders of his own illustrious house. He tells us that Sir Henry Montagu, newly made Chief Justice, had "to award execution of sentence" against Sir Walter Raleigh, but "unlike Coke and Popham, who insulted their prisoners while in the act of passing sentence, Montagu performed his painful duty with grace and feeling. He had espoused the spirit of his friend Bacon's practice. It may be said that from his time it has been a rule of our courts that a prisoner was not to be cruelly used by his judge before being tossed from the dock to the executioner."

A lurid light is thrown on the corrupt practices of those days. Courtiers took bribes for using their influence on behalf of condemned prisoners. "Lady Suffolk, the mother of the Countess of Somerset, kept a regular office for the sale of pardons. . . . Sir John Popham is said to have obtained the fine estate of Littlecote in return for using his influence in behalf of the condemned murderer, Darrell." When the Earl of Suffolk was convicted in 1619 of having trafficked in public money, his staff of office as Treasurer was immediately put up for sale by Buckingham. Montagu was among the applicants. On his way to the King at Newmarket in reference to the vacancy "he visited Bacon to whom he confided his expectation of returning with the coveted staff." The Chancellor, with his irresistible humour, bade him take heed "for wood is dearer at Newmarket than at any place in England." A score of thousand pounds was the price of an office which, as Lord Mandeville, Montagu was not permitted to enjoy for one whole year.

"Mandeville, like Bacon, stood in the way of that hungry group of Lady Buckingham's fellows and followers,

the Cranfields, Leys, Heaths and Williamses; and he suffered in the same storm which wrecked Bacon's fortune. At first the conspirators had meant to include the two illustrious friends in the same charge at the same time," but when the House of Commons refused "to send up the accusation against Bacon as an impeachment or indeed in any other form than as a mere resolution 'without prejudice or opinion' it was decided not to tempt fortune too far. . . . No man was in those times safe who could not secure Lady Buckingham's favour. Those whom she smiled on prospered, those whom she frowned on fell." Mandeville managed to obtain her good will through a marriage between her niece, Susannah Hill, and his son Edward Montagu, who was thereupon chosen by Buckingham to attend on Prince Charles in his romantic journey into Spain.

When Mandeville's fortunes improved, those of Bacon began to brighten. "The first arrangement seems to have been that on the nuptials of Edward Montagu and Susannah Hill taking place, Mandeville was to become Lord Chancellor and Bacon Lord President; but the great Chancellor's resolution not to be robbed of York House, on the site of which Buckingham wanted to build a palace, frustrated all these plans. Bacon would not yet yield York House, saying in answer to the duke's messenger, York House is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed, and there will I yield my breath, if it so please God."

It is well known that King James longed to have his old Chancellor by his side again, but the malefactors who conspired against Bacon dreaded his return to office, for they well knew that if once again in power his great ability would soon set him above them. Probably Buckingham could have carried out his plan of restoration but Bacon's obstinacy appears to have turned him from his purpose. The episode affords a striking refutation to the opinion of those who maintain that Bacon was weak and servile. He was in reality just the opposite. No man was ever more tenacious and resolute in adhering to what he thought was just and right and to the great projects he had formed for the benefit of mankind.

The Duke of Manchester, having in his possession original papers dealing with the events of which he writes, was in an exceptionally favourable position for forming a just estimate of the characters he mentions. It is astonishing that so many men, who are otherwise well meaning and intelligent, should prefer to take their views of history from the garbled and party coloured versions of such a master of fiction as Macaulay rather than from the reliable sources of original documents.

EXTRACTS AND PARALLELS FROM THE PARNASSUS PLAYS, DON QUIXOTE AND AS YOU LIKE IT.

By Brig.-General S. A. E. Hickson.

(Author of *The Prince of Poets.*)

(In compiling the following I am much indebted to Mr. Eagle and Mr. Hutchinson.—S. A. E. H.)

The Parnassus Plays are three in number,* "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus," "The Return from Parnassus," Pts. I. and II. They are said to have been "Christmas Toys" played at Cambridge between 1597 and 1601,—perhaps earlier. Part II. of the "Return" was twice printed in 1606. They contain almost all the pseudonyms attributed to Bacon; and out of a total of 29 characters no fewer than 14 have the *Spanish* final *o*. The most conspicuous of these are:—

INGENIOSO—Cervantes—Bacon,
GULLIO—Gulielmus Shagsper (as baptised),
IMMERITO—Spenser—Bacon.

Amongst the characters not having the final *o*, the most striking is *Jaques*, the Spanish *Diego*, which is curiously linked with *Studioso*, who seems to represent Bacon. The part of Jaques is a very minor one, but the name at once suggests *As you Like It.*

In the September *glosse* of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, *Philomusus* is said to be a counterfeit of Gabriel Harvey* *Gullio* is another Falstaff, *i.e.*, a base broker's post†. . .

* Also Samuel Daniel uses the name *Musophilus*, which is much the same. There are also *A Spanish Viagio del Parnasso* and an *Italian Viaggio in Parnasso*, probably both of Baconian inceptions.

† *Ret.* from *Parnassus*, Act V., S. 1. 1479.

"'a post put into a satin sute, this haberdasher of lyes, this bracchidocchio, this ladye-monger, this mere rapier and dagger, this cringer.'" *

The Felton portrait in the collection of the late Mr. Burdett-Coutts is said to be inscribed

"Gul. Shakspear, 1597. R.B.†

This is the period of the Parnassus plays and R.B. indicates the initials of Richard Burbage, at this time a partner of Shakspere the actor.

The epitaph referred to as by "one weaver fellow," a Cambridge man, is no doubt an allusion to John Weaver's epigram,—*in obitum sepulcrum Gullionis*, which begins: "Here lies fat Gullio."(‡) In Hall's *Satires*, also, there are lines in ridicule of a "thirstie Gullion," beginning:—

"When Gullion dy'd
(Who knows not Gullion?)"§

Shakspere the actor was, in fact, the *Great Gull* of his time.

The following extracts seem to prove the hand of Bacon, not only in "Shakespeare," but in the widest possible range of European literature, including *The Shepherd's Calendar*, the *Galatea*, and *Don Quixote*, which latter is inseparable from *Jaques* in "As you Like It." Particularly interesting is the last line of Marlowe's epigram, *Ad Musam.* ‖

"A gull is he which seems but is not one."

That is, *seems* a poet but is not such.

Shakspere and Burbage were at this time (1597) acting at "The Theatre" in Shoreditch and the play informs us

---

* *Ret.* from *Parnassus*, Act IV., S. 1, 1234.
† *Times* newspaper, Sept. 17, 1921.
‡ Notes to Oxford and Clarendon Press edition of the Parnassus Plays, 1886.
§ Ibid.
‖ Marlowe's first Epigram *Ad Musam* has—

"Oft in my laughing time I name a gull
But this new name will many questions breed.
. . . . . .
But to define a gull in terms precise,
A gull is he which seems but is not one."

PLATE I.

FROM THE "GALATEA" OF CERVANTES, 1611.*

* This medallion was discovered by Herr Weber, of Austria, and it symbolizes the "fall" of Essex. When, in disgrace, Bacon wrote to him on July 26th, 1600, saying:—"I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus." The Earl replied:—"I am a stranger to all poetical conceits, or else I should have something to say of your *poetical example*. But this, I must say, that I never flew with other wings than desire to merit confidence in my sovereign's favour." The Medallion is here seen much enlarged by hand.

that *Studioso* and *Philomusus* (Bacon and Harvey) had appointed to call on *Ingenioso* at *Gullio's* chambers in Shoreditch.* Whilst the final *o* alone indicates Spanish, *Ingenioso* particularly suggests *Il Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote*, that is, the ingenious nobleman of that name, one of Bacon's many motleys, so eloquently referred to by *Jaques* in "As You Like It"; and it is of special note that Bacon, in reporting his submission to the King on his fall, writes that the Upper House "seemed to take me in their arms, finding in me Ingenuity which they took to be the true streight line to Noblemen."† So again we find the motto—

"*Vivitur Ingenio, Caetera mortis erunt*"‡ both on the *Minerva Britanna* of Henry Peacham and the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres.

EXTRACT FROM THE "RETURN FROM PARNASSUS," PART I.

Act I., S. i. 245.

Serving Man: Fellow, you're too saucy . . . .

Ingenioso: Saucy? No my good friend unless thou takest hunger to be a sauce . . . answer not a man of art so churleshlye again while thou livest. Why, man, *I am able to make a pamphlet* of thy blew coate, and the button in thy capp, to rime thy bearde off thy face, to make thee a ridiculous blew-sleeved creature while thou livest. *I have immortalitie in my pen and bestowe it on whom I will.* Well, help me to the speache of thy maister quickly and I'le make *that obscure name of thyne*, which is known amongst none but hindes and milkmaids, ere long to florishe in the press and the printer's stall. . . .

Patron: How now, felowe, have you anything to saye to me?

Ingenioso: Pardon, sir, the presumption of a poor scholar whose humble, devoted ears being familiar with the commendacions that impartial fame bestoweth," etc. (And much more reminding us of Bacon's constant suits to Burleigh for place and help.)

* *Return from Parnassus*, I., Act V., S. i. 1495.
† Letter of Bacon, R. Stephens, p. 267.
‡ See Pl. 2.

EXTRACT FROM THE "RETURN FROM PARNASSUS," PART II.

Act I., S. ii. 172.

Judicio . . . . but now the world is come to that passe, that there starts up everyday an old goose that sits *hatching up those eggs which have been filched from the nests of Crowes* and Kestrells: here is a book, Ingenioso, why to condemn it to Cloaca (the sewer) the usual Tiburne of all misliving papers were too fair a death for so foule an offender.

Ingenioso: What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio?

Judicio: Look! heere it's called Belvedere.

Ingenioso . . . . what is the rest of the title?

Judicio: The Garden of the Muses. *

Ingenioso: What have we here?—the poet garish, gayly bedeckt like horses of the parish . . . . . But *what's his device*? Parnassus *with the sunne and the laurel*: *I wonder this owle* (Bacon) *dares looke on the sunne and I marvel this goose* (Essex) *flies not*; *the laurel*? (†) His device might have bene better a foole going into the market place to be seen with this motto, *scribinnus Indocti*, or a poor beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest with this word, *sua ciuque gloria.*

Judicio: Turn over the leafe, Ingenioso, and thou shalt see the paynes of this worthy gentleman, *sentences gathered out of all kinds of poets*, referred to certain methodical heads, profitable for the use of these times, *to rime upon any occasion at a little warning.*

Ingenioso: So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them.

Edmund Spenser.	Michael Drayton.
Henry Constable.	John Davis.
Thomas Lodge.	John Marston.
Samuel Daniel.	Kit Marlowe.
Thomas Watson.	

It has been shewn by various members of the Bacon

* See Plate 2, which is the frontispiece of the "Garden of Heroical *Devices*," also called the *Minerva Britanna.*

† The punctuation is as in the MS., says the Oxford and Clarendon Press edition of 1886. The meaning is clear, see Plate I., where there is *no laurel* round Parnassus and the Sun. On the other hand, in Plate 2, Parnassus is surrounded by laurel only. The Owl is the emblem of Minerva.

Society in *Baconiana* from time to time that Bacon's handiwork is to be traced in the works of all of those named, to which are added in the text farther on, Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare, and Thomas Nash; and the Act ends by *Ingenioso* stating—"I have some traffique this day with Danter about a little book which I have made, the name of it is a "Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds."

The names given above seem to include most of those who might be called "Bacon's School," in England. Like the great painters, he probably employed them "on any occasion at a little warning," to complete works which he had sketched; or he may have touched up or even written the chief parts of works of which they had laid the foundation; and some entirely.

Thus they are the "Scribinius Indocti* who glean what they can from another and each reaps his own reward. *Sua cinque gloria.* "Some have honours thrust upon them," etc.

EXTRACT FROM THE "HISTORY OF IL INGENIOSO HILDAGO—DON QUIXOTE.

In the Preface Cervantes states: "I am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote." Then turning to the reader he observes: "Thou are neither its father nor kinsman; hast thy own *soul in thy body, and a will as free as the finest*; thou art in thy own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the King of his revenue, and thou knowest the common saying:—

"Under my cloak a fig for the King," thus intimating that one concealed from view, or under a motley cloak, is free to speak his mind.

In Book I, part ii, Don Quixote explains that in the name of Cid Hamet Benengeli,—whom Cervantes has discovered to be the real or concealed author,—"Cid" is the Arabic for *Signor, i.e., Mr.* or *Lord.* The rest is easy.

Cid=Mr. or Lord.
Ham=Bacon.
et=and
Ben=Son of
engeli=England.

*See *ante.*

Thus the real author is Mr. Bacon, a son of England. Anyone who has lived in Hindustan will readily follow this interpretation.

In the following, we seem to have a very clear and distinct clue to the true authorship of this very remarkable work.

In Part II. Don Quixote says: "I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, *bid adieu to ease and pleasure*, and cast myself upon fortune to dispose of me as she shall think proper. Further on, Lorenzo and his father comment on the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse who were astonished "*at the wilfulness and obstinacy* with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of misadventurous adventures."*

Lorenzo is a poet, concerning whom his father relates: "I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which is what I wanted him to do."

It is well known how Bacon wished to devote himself to "other studies of more delight" than the law,† and all Lorenzo's sage remarks savour strongly of Bacon. It may be noted, also, that the first translation of Don Quixote into Italian was made by "Lorenzo Franciosisi."

Now turn to "As you like It."

Act II., Sc. v., l. 46.

Jacques: I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens: And I'll sing it.

Jacques: Thus it goes. (Compare foregoing).

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please.
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amiens: What's that "ducdame?"

Jacques: Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.

* Smollet's translation.
† See Spedding, Vol. I., p. 13, Letter to Burghley.

Not Greek, but some foreign language is indicated, and the Spanish Don Quixote answers in every respect.

Act II., Scene vii., 12.

Jacques: A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest.
A motley fool; a miserable world:
. . . . . .
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
. . . . . .
O that I wear a fool
I am ambitious for a motley coat
It is my only suit.
I must have liberty.
Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have
And they that are most galled with my folly
They most must laugh. . . .
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Is not this plainly to say that the concealed author hid himself behind a motley cloak,—"under my cloak a fig for the king." Thus hidden, a man in those days could alone feel free to speak; and at this time freedom of conscience and civil liberty were the common topic in the struggle between Royal Prerogative and Parliamentary privilege.

DON QUIXOTE (SHELTON TRANSLATION).

The Last Scene.

In the meantime, the wise and prudent Cid Hamet Benengeli addressed this speech unto his writing pen.

. . . . . .

Away, pack hence, stand afar off you wicked botchers and ungracious scouters, and touch me not, since to me only it belongs to cause to be imprinted, *Cum bono privelegio Regina Majestalis.*

Don Quixote was borne for me alone, and I had my birth only for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to compile them. To be brief: *He and I are but one and the self-same thing.*

That is, Bacon, Don Quixote, with his shaky spear, and Shakespeare are all one.

EXTRACT FROM THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS, PART I.

Act III., Sc. i.

Ingenioso. Nowe gentlemen, you may laughe if you will, for *here comes a gull.*

Gullio. This rapier I brought when I sojourned in the University of Padua. By the heavens, it is a pure Toledo. It was the death of a Pollonian, a Germaine and a Dutchman, because they would not pledge the health of England.

Ingenioso. He was never any further than Flushing, and then became homesick of the scurvey.

. . . . . .

Ingenioso. I dare sweare youre worship scapt Knightinge very hardly.

Gullio. That's but a pettie requitall to good deserts! He that esteems mee of less worth than a knight is peasande and a gull. . . . I am saluted every morning by the name of "Good Morrow, Captaine, my sworde is at youre Service."

Act III. Sc. i, 957.

Gullio. I had in my days not unfitly been likened to Sir Phillip Sidney, only with this difference, that I had the better leg, and more amiable face: his *Arcadia* was prettie, so are my sonnets: he had bene at Paris, I at Padua: he fought, and so dare I; he dyed in the low countries, soe I think shall I: he loved a scholler, I maintain them—*witness thyself now.* Because I saw thee have the wit to acknowledge those virtues to be mine which indeed are. . . . .

. . . . . .

Nay, I have not only recreated thy cold state with the warmth of my bountie, but also maintain other poetical spirits. . . . I reward the poore *ergoes* most bountifully, and send them away. *I am very lately registered in the rules of fame in an Epigram* made by *a Cambridge man,* one weaver fellow.*

*One of John Weaver's epigrams is *Mobilum sepulitum Gullionis* and begins: "Here lies fat Gullio."

RETURN FROM PARNASSUS, I.

Act V., Sc. i., l 1416.

Ingenioso. I gave you as sweet a report as was possible. I sayde there is not a more compleat gentleman on the earth. . . She gave you a nescio, and your letter a scornful smile.

Gullio. . . . and yet I adorned your seely invention with a prettie *wittie Latin sentence.* . . .

Ingenioso: Sir, it was not my lines but your Lattin that spoyled your love-market.

Gullio: I would prove it upon that carrion wit of thine that *my Latin is pure Lattin,* and such as they speak in Rheims and Padua. . . . We of the better sort have a priveledge *to create Lattin* like knights. . . . . *Exit.*

Ingenioso: Farewell, base carte clothed in a satin sute. Farewell, quilte ass, farewell, *base broker's poste.**

Attend henceforth on Gulls, for mee who list,
For Gullio's sake I'll prove a satyrist.

. . . . I heard that Studioso and Philomusus, discontented with their fortune mean to trye another ayre; they appointed to call on me at *Gullio's Chamber in Shoreditch.*

*Act III., Sc. i. l.*998.

Gullio: Suppose also that thou wert my mistris,—as sometimes wooden statues represent the Godesses; thus would I look amourously, thus would I salute thee.

. . . . .

Ingenioso: We shall have nothing but pure Shakespeare and shreds of poetrie that he hath gathered *at the theatres.*

Gullio: Pardon me, moy mittressa, in comparison of thy bright hue a mere slut,—Anthonie's Cleopatra, a black-browde milke-maid, Helen a dowdie.

Ingenioso: Marke! Romeo and Juliet! *O monstrous theft* I think he will run through a whole book of Samuel Daniell's.

Gullio: Thrise fairer than myself (thus I began):
The gods faire riches, sweet above compare,
Staine to all nimphes, more lovely than a man
More white and red than doves and roses are!

*Base broker's post=Falstaff.

Nature that made thee with herself had strife
*Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.**

RETURN FROM PARNASSUS, II.

Kemp: Vertue is the shooing horne of Justice, that is, vertue is the shooing horne of doing well, that is, vertue is the shooing horne of doing justly,—it behoveth me and is my part to commend this shooing horne unto you. I hope this word shooing horne doth not offend any of you my worshipful brethren, for you being the worshipful headsmen of the house, know well what the horne meaneth.

To con: is to know, to make oneself master of, says Webster, and quotes Shakespeare. To con thanks, to be pleased. Thus Vertue is to con justice, vertue is to con doing well, vertue is to con doing justly.

And con was of old written with a shooing horne as a symbol. Thus, A. B. spelt backward is BA (see *Love's Labour Lost*), and BA with a horne added is BA' or BACON, as interpreted by the late Mr. Granville Cunningham.

Whichever way we turn down these bypaths of Baconian literature we seem constantly to find this comparison with Apollo, either by name, or by his emblems the Sun and Parnassus; and in the "Return from Parnassus," part 2, these startling lines occur by Furor (Bacon?)

Furor: I am the bastard of great Mercury
Got on Thalia when she was asleep.
My Gawdie Grandsire great Apollo high,
Borne was I heare (heire?), but that my luck was ill
To all the land upon the forked hill.

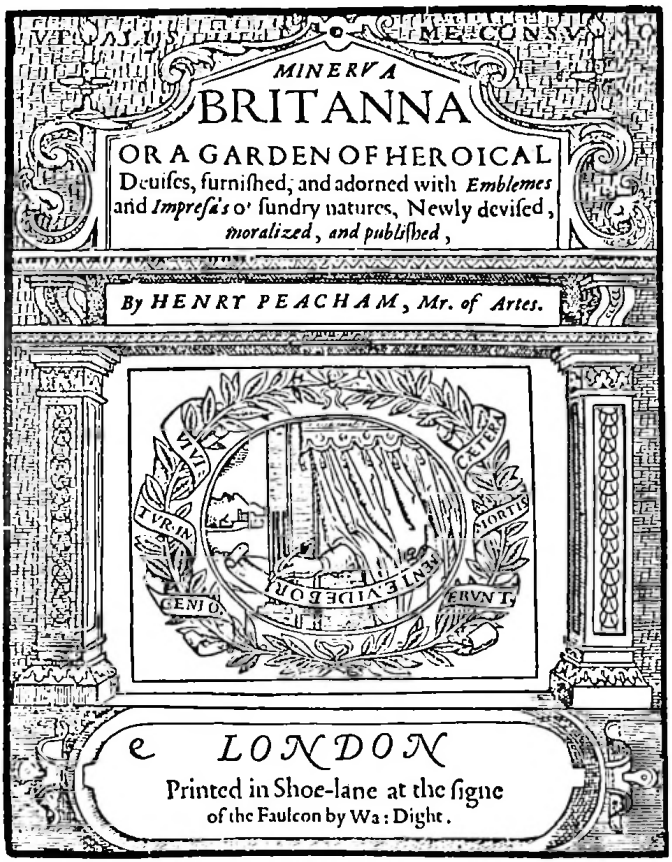
And earlier:

Furor: Now by the wing of nimble Mercury
By my Thalia's silver sounding harpe,
By that celestial fier within my brayne
That gives a living genius to my lines.

* The last two lines of the second verse of *Venus and Adonis* are the same two that have been varied in connection with the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, 1623, folio:

"Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life."

PLATE 2.



"THE HAND OF D'UN QUIS'OTE."
(i.e., of one concealed).

Is "Furor" a satire on Bacon's muse? This certainly seems to be the case, for we read further:

Furor: The *gods above that know* great Furor's fame,
And do adore grand poet Furor's name,
Granted long since at heaven's high parliament,
That whoso Furor shall immortalize,
No yauning goblins shall frequent his grave.

It will be seen that if Bacon be read for Furor, the above lines form a very striking tribute to Bacon and confirms the earlier lines:

"I have Immortality in my pen and bestow it on whom I will."

There is, indeed, to my mind small doubt that "Gul" Shakspere was the "gull" of his day, and *Don Quixote* largely a satire on those who believed he could be "Shake-speare." Sancho Panza, like Shakspere, could just scrawl his name.

It will be seen that the frontispiece of the Minerva Britanna shows the hand of one concealed, that is, D'un Qui s'ote, which strangely resembles Don Quixote.

"THE DAY-STAR OF THE MUSES"* IN ITALY.

By Alicia Amy Leith.

THE Immortal Plays are full to the brim of the lovely land of Italy! Shake-Speare knew and loved it well. The world today is asking how it comes that an untravelled peasant from Stratford (a small merkat town, as a contemporary of his calls it), knows so much about Italy, the *personae* of Italy, the topographical details of Italy. Not only does George Moore in *The Making of an Immortal* make Elizabeth throw contempt on Stratford and its village school, but Colonel Drury in his "Heresy," *The Playwright*, makes Elizabeth's eagle eye pierce Francis Bacon while she says to Shaxpur:

> "Try me not too far, fool! Hast ever been in Italy? Or for that matter a single furlong from thy native shores?"

Elizabeth was very well aware that Francis Bacon knew Italy in and out.

The late Mr. Horatio Brown, a resident in Venice, and first authority on things Venetian, in his *Studies of the History of Venice*, devoted twenty-two pages to Shakespeare and Venice. He writes: "We are startled every now and then by a touch of topographical accuracy so just as almost to persuade us that Shakespeare must have seen with outward eye the country which his fancy pictures, must have travelled there, and carried thence recollections of its bearings." Valuable evidence. And again: "Collected allusions scattered in the Plays prove an intimacy with Venice surprising in a man who probably was never out of England."

How true of the Italian proverb spoken in the old dialect of Lombardy by Holofernes in *Love's Labours Lost.* How

* "*Manes Verulamiani.*"

comes *that* into the more than limited knowledge of Shaxpur?

. . . *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te Vede, ei non te pregia.

"Venice, Venice, who sees thee not, he prizes thee not." *Our* Shakespeare does not think *genius* can do everything.

"Shakespeare is a mystery! Shakespeare is Italian!" cried an Italian gentle to me in Venice.

"Shakespeare writes of Italy from *within*," said a resident of Rome to me. The translator of the Plays, the Italian editor, in his Preface to *Romeo and Juliet*, writes:

"Shakespeare knew and appreciated the splendid form of Italian fancy. He read our novelists and poets, and has taken not a few of his best works from our stories. Every scene, every page of *Romeo and Juliet* exhibits purity of the affections, delicacy of heart, with ardour of passion and impetuous imagination, and a love purely Italian, inspired by our lovely sky; a noble ecstasy induced by the perfumed air of our open plains in the spring time of life." *Our* Shakespeare did indeed visit fair Italy in the spring time of life. Samuel Coleridge, the best critic of Shakespeare we have, says *Love's Labours Lost* is written by a boy fresh from school who tells us his latest experiences. France, its Princes, and their affairs, are the subject of that mystic play, while Italy's princes and their affairs are the subject of ten others.

George Brandes, the famous Danish Shakespearean critic, writes: "In *The Taming of the Shrew* we notice with surprise not only the correctness of the Italian names, but the remarkable way in which, at the very beginning of the play, several Italian cities and districts are characterised in a single phrase. Lombardy is the pleasant garden of great Italy; Pisa is renowned for grave citizens," and here the epithet "grave" is especially noteworthy since many testimonies concur to show that it was particularly characteristic of the inhabitants of Pisa. C. A. Brown in *Shakespeare's Autographical Poems* has pointed out the remarkable form of the betrothal of Petruchio and Katherina (namely, that her father joins their hands in the presence of two witnesses), and observes that this form was not

English, but peculiarly Italian. It is not found in the older play the scene of which is laid in Athens.

In *The Merchant of Venice our* Shake-speare is closely in touch with the country he treats of. Sydney Lee says the plot is taken from *Il Pecaroni* and honestly confesses the Tale was not translated in Shakespeare's day. Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio likewise were not translated; then how comes it that wild Will Shaxpur, tramping up from Stratford, holding horses with other ostlers outside Burbage's Tavern, read and enjoyed those great authors, and borrowed the form of Italy's most exquisite Sonnets, writ in the choicest Italian? That nut is so exceedingly hard to crack that Stratfordians now deny their Idol of the *Market Place* any education, and pretty little intelligence.

At a fairly recent Bacon-Shakespeare debate opened by our Mr. Wilfrid Gundry, the Respondent, a venerable Professor of English Literature, held Portia up to scorn as an impossible character, never conceived by a Lord Chancellor. As a fact, Portia was already on the Stage in 1598, and had been probably conceived of long before that, by one who took all knowledge for his Province, and who was well versed in Italian History. No Italian Professor of History, or Law, or Literature would find any fault with Portia, whatever any Stratfordian English one may do. During the debate alluded to, and while the Lecturer was making his puerile defence of his illiterate author, my eyes rested on a bust of Dame Ellen Terry in her Doctor's cap and gown, the inimitable Portia of my youth: my spirit waxing hot and ever hotter I cried: "Shame! It is great wonder that those stone lips do not open and cry Shame too!" Italian History comes to Portia's rescue with the fact that in the famous *Università* of Bologna, from time immemorial, as many women law students as men attended its Law Lectures; while two beautiful sisters are famous there as Doctors of Law who took their Barrister husbands' place in Court when they were on circuit. During their Law Lectures these lovely sisters wore veils, so that their beauty might not prove too distracting for their male students. In the *Bibliothek* of the old University hangs a portrait of a girl Law-Doctor

so like Portia that I made a sketch of her in the act of pleading. Our great Author took all knowledge for his own, and was quite within his rights when he painted Portia.

She was drawn, as I believe, from the beautiful intellectual Mother of Torquato Tasso, the great Italian Poet. She was *Portia*, of the Gambicorte family, an heiress; who inherited fortune and estate from a dead father; and for her husband chose Bernardo Tasso, scholar and soldier of Venice, more or less in money difficulties, but a gallant who loved his Portia ardently. Portia Tasso in nervous syllables,—extraordinarily suggestive of her namesake in *The Merchant*,—writes to her Bernardo when absent from her:

"I would be with you even in hell!"

"Though yours, not yours, let fortune go to hell for it, not I," says Shake-speare's Portia to her Bassanio.

Tasso's devotion to his parents is historical. That he told our Traveller Dramatist the romantic story of their love when they met in the Hospital of St. Anna at Ferrara, I believe. Did they so meet? Montaigne's *Essay* tells us of his visit there to poor languishing Tasso. That visit I have every reason to believe was shared by Francis Bacon in 1580.

Sir Sydney Lee in *French Renaissance in England*, Chap: X, p. 43, says: "Throughout the century (16th) young Englishmen of good family invariably completed their education in foreign travel. . . . The young Englishman's educational tour often extended to Italy and Germany as well as to France. . . . Neither Francis Bacon nor his brother Anthony passed in their *Wanderjahre* beyond French bounds." Not content with this nonsense, next comes the crowning absurdity: "As far as we know, Francis went no further afield than Paris."

Francis Bacon's first Biographer Pierre Amboise, in his translation of *La Vie Naturelle*, states the author, Bacon, travelled in France, Italy and Spain; while Sir Thomas Bodley in a letter to Francis then in Orleans, October 1577, advises him to study people as well as the country he travels through, and while studying their

language to seek acquaintance with the best sort of strangers, etc. Francis Bacon had already then the intention to travel, but in 1579 the sudden death of Sir Nicholas Bacon brought him back to England. In 1580 he returned abroad where he remained till about 1582. That at least is what I believe. Sir Thomas Bodley's letter is not mentioned by Mallet, Basil Montague, Hepworth Dixon, or Spedding. It is found in *Reliquae Bodliana*, No. CCXXXII. and in *Baconiana*, Vol. VI, p. 40. Francis Bacon's Travels are proved in his *Tract Political of The State of Europe, about the year* 1580 (Works of Lord Bacon, William Ball, 1837).

In this Tract Bacon's intimate acquaintance is to be seen with Italy and its affairs, its History, its Princes, and its people. Running parallel to it is another *Tract* or rather *Diary* only found one hundred and eighty years after it was written. It was discovered in a cypress chest at Montaigne, the Estate of Michel D'Eyquiem, Mayor of Bordeaux, the friend of Anthony Bacon, Francis Bacon's elder brother. It deals with a Journey made through Italy, and treats of the same cities, Princes, and affairs of Italy, as does the *Tract Political*. It purposes to be written by Michel D'Eyquiem, though his pen only takes up the theme near Lucca. Before that, his Secretary, M. Cazelis, is said to have taken it down by dictation. The Journal begins with the addition to Montaigne's party of a youth and his suite of five persons, Monsieur D'Estissac, at Beaumont-sur-oise. The Editor of the Italian edition, shown me first in the Barberini Library, Vatican, Rome, confesses he has not been able to trace this M. D'Estissac who paid half of the whole expense of the Journey, and was evidently a person of some importance, for he carried letters of introduction from the Queen Mother of France, Catherine de' Medici, and from King Henri III. to their Italian kinsmen, The Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke Alfonso D'Este of Ferrara. The latter remained unbonneted during the visit of our Traveller. When I told the Editor, Signor D'Ancona, in the interview I had with him, that I had reason to believe the important youth was Francis Bacon, messenger to Italy of Queen Elizabeth,

travelling incognito by her orders under the protection of the Mayor of Bordeaux, he bowed low and said: "There are many mysteries in the world and this is one," which I took to mean that "Silence gives consent." The private Diary of Francis Bacon in Italy may have been buried out of sight, to please Elizabeth, as in a way interfering with her Political Tract. Francis always stood in awe and a little in fear of Elizabeth. Though brave to counsel her where matters of State were in question, he never knew to what lengths her personal antagonism, ever alternating with sweet affection, might go. Any way, *The Diary* was buried out of sight, and the latest and best Editors of Montaigne question its authenticity.* Bacon tells us that when the budding Statesmen of Elizabeth's reign travelled abroad they went incognito, under the care of an older man. We believe Francis Bacon did this, for he says he went abroad from his Sovereign's hand, and history tells that he accomplished satisfactorily secret political tasks given him by his Queen. Elizabeth chose her servants prudently, and if she sent Bacon, young and debonnair in outward man, to secretly assure the States of Italy of her dangerous hostility should they continue to encourage the rapacious activities of Spain, she did well. It has been said that Queen Elizabeth did more than any one else to curb the iron grip of Philip II. upon Italy.

In both the *Tract* and the *Diary* the Princes of Italy, Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany; Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara; Gregory III, Pope of Rome, "supreme of the Princes Catholic," are all described as by one who knew them personally. His Holiness of Rome is specially mentioned in the *Tract* as being "in certain subjection to the King of Spain, Philip II." Gregory XIII came of an old Bologna family, the Buoncompagni; he collected at the age of seventy the Bulls of Pope Gregory 7th, under the title *Bullario*, and gained honour in his University as Law Lecturer. In the *Diary* he is said to have spoken kind words of encouragement to our young traveller, with regard to his studies and his virtue. He then had a long flowing beard, and approaching the eighties, was "*Old*

Encyclopedia Britt: Montaigne.

Bellario," whom, with little doubt our Shakespeare immortalised as Portia's Law Senior. Rome, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Siena, Pisa, Verona, Lucca, Milan, receive their share of attention in *Diary* and *Tract*, and provide the true solution to the problem, "how comes it the Shakespeare Plays are so full of Italy, and show so intimate a knowledge of its Princes, and great writers?" Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio were teachers if they were anything, and from them Francis Bacon derived inspiration when about to make the world of Man better than he found it. In the Jesuit *Casanatense* Library in Rome, in a Biographical Dictionary, I read that *Anna Bacone* translated twenty-five sermons by Bernardino Ochin from Italian into English. So we may take it that her pupil Francis was already a good Italian scholar before he at twelve entered Cambridge. What with his secret diplomatic work for the "Arbitress of Nations" Elizabeth; his secret Rosicrucian work for Sydney, following in his steps and making friends with the all great and good Art Masters of Italy, Tintoretto among the number; what with his wide brow and great heart already busy over plans for the Reformation of the whole world by means of the Theatre, Francis Bacon, at nineteen, had indeed "so young a body with so wise a head." Words of praise I like to think may have been spoken by "Old Bellario" of ***him*** though set down in *The Merchant* as of Portia. Portia's suitor, the Prince of Arragon, who was he? A Spaniard? No, *our* Shake-Speare knew better than that. Over the Arched entrance to the *Archivio di Stato*, Siena, once his Palace, is carved the name of Silvio Piccolomini, Prince of Arragon. Shakespeare's self-sufficient Prince of Arragon drew from Portia's casket of silver, a "blinking idiot's head," "silvered o'er." Ben Jonson tells us Francis could never resist a pun, and this is a good one on Silvio. Prince Silvio Piccolomini was Military Instructor to Don Cosimo de' Medici, son of Francis Bacon's good friend Duke Ferdinand, the best of his race. He was a worthy and beloved Cardinal before he succeeded his brother Duke Francesco to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Duke Francesco is fully described in both *Diary* and *Tract*.

Our Traveller dined with him in Florence in the Pitti Palace. Duke Francesco was kind to Silvio as a boy, who was early trained to arms and to its shibboleth at the French Court of Henry III, who knew and loved his father. We have a picture of Silvio as *Osric* in *Hamlet*, where he is said to be "spacious in the possession of dirt," and the possessor of "much land and fertile." He is also said to be "spiced," and to smell "like a fool." All of which things answer to Silvio Piccolomini, who was one of the rich Merchant Princes of Italy who traded in spices. He owned a thousand square miles of Sienese Maremma, well named fertile "dirt" by *our* Shakespeare. Osric the "water fly" thirsting for blood, had in real life the appropriate title of Piccolomini or *Picca-l'uomini*, the magpie-chatterer.

Our Shake-Speare here is punning again. Among the Works of Francis Bacon in the Vatican Barberini Library, I saw *Saggi Morale del Cavaliere Inglese, Signor Francesco Bacono, Tradatti in Italiano, in Londra.* 1618. The dedicatory letter of which, by Tobie Mathews, (Bacon's *Alter Ego*) asks for *Don Cosimo, Gran' Duca di Toscana's* protection for the Work, "more because the author cherishes and honours the memory of the happy progenitors of the Grand Dukes Ferdinando and Cosimo, with affection and particular admiration." Duke Ferdinand was an enlightened patron of Art, and was *secretly* associated with England in Commerce.

It is perhaps as well to say that Francis Bacon in his tour spent some days in Augsburg, in a House adjoining the Palace of the Fugger Merchant Princes. No doubt he formed then secret and interesting relations with them. Before leaving the subject of the *Merchant of Venice* I would notice a striking peculiarity of Shake-Speare. It is the mention of some one who takes no part whatever in the action of the Play. Nerissa in the *Merchant*, in announcing Bassanio to Portia, says: "Do you not remember, Lady, a Venitian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?" We neither see Montferrat, nor ever hear of him again. Who is this Marquis of Montferrat? Francis Bacon tells us in

his *State of Europe* that "Montferrat appertaineth to the Duke of Mantua." A Marquis of Montferrat, history says, was King of Jerusalem. "*Jerusalem Delivered*" was writ by Torquato Tasso, whose father, Bernardo, was the gallant original of Bassanio, Montferrat's companion in the Play. The Poem was translated shortly after the year 1580, the year that we believe Francis Bacon was abroad. It was the great favourite of Elizabeth and James, and its author receives a pointed compliment in the *Merchant* in the person of the Marquis of Montferrat.

Our Shake-Speare was more greatly desirous to do him honour because the Marquesses of Montferrat had been foremost in aid of the Templars, whose tenets Bacon had so much at heart. In 1535 the Marquisate passed into the hands of Gonzago, Duke of Mantua; in 1574 it became a Duchy, as Mantua was already. William Palaeologo, Marquis of Montferrat, was a great friend of deeply learned Cornelius Agrippa; mystic, brave soldier, diplomat, occultist, and secret counsellor of Maximilian. William, Marquis of Montferrat, was a soldier of good will, who cared for higher things. He protected Agrippa and helped him wonderfully both at Pavia and Milan. His date would have made him, as far as that goes, a friend of Bernardo Tasso, born 1493. Bacon in his *Essay of Travel*, bids us not go abroad "hooded," nor "look abroad little," nor "leave countries" where we travel altogether behind us, but rather maintain a correspondence by letters with those of most worth in them. Father Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet* is a fine picture of learned Father Paul, as Bacon calls *Fra Paolo Sarpi*, the Philosopher monk, with whom he corresponded on his return from Italy. Bacon never tells us what to do without having first done it himself. He bids us not neglect to visit *Masks*, and *Comedies* abroad. And to be sure and visit the Courts of Princes. Certainly there he would have seen marvellous Scene-painting, and more, wonderful acting of the famous Italian Companies, containing very talented women as well as men actors. He bids travellers to also visit Courts of Justice, *sitting*; which throws considerable first hand light on the Court Scene in the *Merchant*.

The great Poets of Italy, Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio, were great Masters of Arts in Italy, and from them Bacon, *our* Shake-Speare, derived inspiration. In *The Winter's Tale*, he praises that "rare Italian Master," Julio Romano, "who had himself eternity, and could breathe into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly is he her ape." Detractors of *our* Shake-Speare, find that their Dramatist ignorantly pourtrayed Romano as a sculptor; offering that in favour of their illiterate Will Shaxpur. They are not aware as Bacon was aware that Romano made a particular study of Greek scuplture, and that early paintings of his in Tours, where Francis Bacon was so long, are Classic figures of Art, and that he adorned his architectural achievement at Mantua and at *Madama Villa*, Rome, (mentioned in the *Diary*) with figures moulded as from life.

Verona was one of the *first* Italian cities visited by *our* Shake-Speare, in it are abundant traces of both Traveller and Playwright. In Act I, Sc. i, of *Romeo and Juliet* Prince Escalus says:

> "You Capulet shall go along with me;
> And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
> .....
> To old Free-town, our common judgement place."

In the *Piazza delle Erbe*, the Freedom of "Old Verona" was in 1183 inscribed; while the old Roman "Judgement Place" in the form of a little Temple still stands there. Learned in Verona is *our* Playwright!

The Seigneur of Verona, named in the Diary "*De L'Escale*," is in the Play *Escalus*; while *Scaliger* is the form we English use. He is drawn, it is generally admitted, from Prince *Bartolemeo della Scala*, the literary, peace-loving friend and host of Dante, who became his guest when exiled from Florence. Dante, in Canto 17 of his *Paradiso*, puts a prophesy into the mouth of his ancestor; of his future entrance into Verona which adapts itself also to *Our* Great Poet's entrance there.

> "Thy first refuge and first hostelry shall be the courtesy of the great Lombard, who on the ladder beareth the sacred bird."
>
> "With him shalt thou see the one who so at his birth was stamped by this strong star, that notable shall be his deeds."
>
> "Not yet have folk taken due note of him, because of his young age."

196 "The Day-Star of the Muses"

Our young Traveller entered Verona by the Scaliger's Bridge, and drew rein before the old Palace of the Scaligers. His first refuge and hostelry was certainly the courtesy of one who on the ladder bore the sacred bird, for he says his host owned one of the Tombs close by. That argues him one of the great Lombard Scaligers whose arms are the ladder (*Scala*) and the eagle. Possibly it was Joseph Scaliger, Italy's philosopher Poet, who may have had a Lodgement there, and so made Francis Bacon welcome. He was a foremost Protestant in Geneva at the time when Anthony Bacon was living there. The *Cavalletto Viccolo* was close by the old Scaliger Palace when I was in Verona. Some of the rooms now used by the *Hotel de Londres*, I was told, once echoed to the hoofs of the horses of those that visited the Palace. The Tomb of *Bartolomeo della Scala*, the hero of our Shake-Speare, has just above it, adorning another of the Tombs, a statue of *St. Quirinus* the Spear-Shaker; St. George stands a few inches off. Both guard the *Seigneur de L'Escale's* monument. A curious coincidence, if nothing else. An old Monastery Garden in Verona contains a stone trough into which sentimental worshippers cast visiting cards, where they lie mouldering. They like to call it Juliet's tomb, but the Sculpture Room of the Victoria and Albert Museum has a better model of the Tomb that I firmly believe inspired *our* Shake-Speare to lay his Juliet in her wedding gown asleep upon her Monument.

The lovely original stands in Lucca Cathedral, sculptured for a sorrowing young husband by Quercia, whom our Traveller admires for his beautiful Fountain in Siena. *Illaria di Caretta* is the name of the beautiful dead bride, whose most exquisite tomb Ruskin has immortalised in a sketch that hangs in his Museum at Coniston.

Lucca, you remember, was visited by our Traveller, indeed he made a long stay there. The story of *Romeo and Juliet* is not indigenous to Verona. It is found not only in Italian literature but also in Greek. The cities our Traveller visited were torn asunder with discord and strife, and among the eleven Books of Plays written in

the choicest Italian which he says he bought there, the old story was probably oft-times repeated. He had plenty of experiences and memories to help him in writing his Italian Plays. What was pricking at his heart then was his own love story, his boyish passion for corrupt and worthless Marguerite of Valois. Morally worthless, though not mentally so, for she was accomplished, as far as that goes, in every Art, including that of dissimulation. A fact he found to his cost.

Before bringing to a close my views with regard to Bacon in Italy I would like to notice a most interesting book by Miss Lilian Winstanley, published 1924. It claims the play of *Othello* to be the *Tragedy* of *Italy*. "Showing that Shakespeare's Italian contemporaries interpreted the story of the Moor and the Lady of Venice as symbolising the tragedy of their country in the grip of Spain."

Miss Winstanley, Lecturer in English at the University College of Wales, finds in Othello the likeness of Philip II. of Spain. His friend, and then his enemy, Antonio Perez, escaped from Spain a disgraced man. Taking refuge in England, he told the tale there how Philip had poisoned his beautiful and virtuous wife Elizabeth of Valois, in her bed, out of jealousy. So says Miss Winstanley, adding that possibly Shakespeare was one of his auditors, and wrote his Tragedy upon the gruesome tale. What has much interest for us is that Perez was a visitor to Francis Bacon in York House when he escaped from Spain. But young Bacon was at the Court of France just a few years after the death of the Queen of Spain; and he has not said he heard any such terrible news as the murder of Marguerite de Valois' sister. And further, the *Fugger News Letters* of that time, describe the death of Philip's wife as due to perfectly natural causes. Perez seems to have added lying to his other sins. Miss Winstanley suggests further what is still more interesting to us that in the marriage at Cyprus of Othello and Desdemona, is seen the alliance made at Cyprus between Philip and fair Venice; while the murder of Desdemona was subtly meant to present before James Stuart the iniquitous grip of Philip

on Venice. When James saw the Tragedy of *Othello* acted in the old Banquetting Hall of his Palace he was actually, says Miss Winstanley, negotiating a peace with Spain; a peace which England bitterly disliked. Spain, she adds, has been commonly personified as a Moor.

"Himself," she says, "was possessed of more than Moorish Jealousy." In outward semblance he was far from possessing any likeness to a Moor. His portrait in the *Fugger News Letters* is that of a fair, and remarkably agreeable and handsome man. Henry Irving when making up as Philip in Tennyson's Play of *Queen Mary*, was, as I remember him, an exceedingly fair Spaniard. Alessandro Tassoni, 1615, according to Miss Winstanley, in his "*Fillippiche*" tells a story very like that of Shakespeare's Desdemona and Othello, while explaining that the Moor is Spain, and the Lady Venice; so much so, that Miss Winstanley believes he has drawn his characters from Shakespeare. But I wonder whether it is *our* Shakespeare himself who has written under the pseudonym of Tassoni, to give us a look into the real meaning of his Tragedy of *Othello*?

Bacon was personally immensely interested in Venice (his cousin Sir Henry Wotton was Ambassador there for eleven years), and if our surmise is true, he himself as a boy was used by Elizabeth to promote the liberties and good of Italy, fair Venice included. That he, like Sir Philip Sydney, was the friend of its Master Painters I have no doubt whatever, especially of learned Tintoretto the Philosopher. When Francis Bacon returned to England from his travels the Theatre of England was born. In which new Art he now led the Dance of the Muses, our Apollo, our Orpheus playing on his Magic Lyre to bring the insane world into harmony, and right thought.

"Apollo yes! the learned Bacon, the darling of thy Fatherland, What could Nature more or virtue?" *

---

* "*Manes Verulamiani.*"

PIERRE AMBOISE AND GILBERT WATS.

By Bertram G. Theobald, B.A.

THOSE who have read Walter Begley's description of the "Histoire Naturelle" published in Paris in 1631 ("Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," Vol. 3.) and Granville Cuningham's further discussion of it ("Bacon's Secret Disclosed," Chap. II) will remember that this little work is not, as might be supposed, merely a French translation of the "Sylva Sylvarum" which Rawley published in 1627, but a similar, though independent collection of Natural History material, together with a short sketch of Bacon's life. This latter is of great interest, not only as being the first known, but also because it differs in many ways from Rawley's biography in the "Resuscitatio" 1671. The title page of the "Histoire Naturelle" is anonymous, the dedication to Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf is by "D.M." and the translator and publisher is Pierre Amboise.

Nothing whatever can be ascertained as to the identity of D.M., but we learn that de Chasteau-neuf was a French Ambassador who came to England in 1629 and visited both Oxford and Cambridge. Pierre Amboise is likewise an unknown quanity. D.M. professes to be a devoted friend of de Chasteau-neuf and says that he acquired the manuscript for the "Histoire Naturelle" during the embassy of de Chasteau-neuf. (He does not actually say it was while he was in England with him, as Mr. Begley states (op. cit. p. 10).) But the most remarkable thing about him is the confident air with which he refers to a number of intimate details connected with Bacon and his doings. Mr. Cuningham (op. cit. p. 40) seemed to infer that because this biographical sketch is not signed, even by initials, therefore the writer is unknown, i.e. that Amboise is not the writer. It is true that the phrase

"Composee par ledit exposant" should not be translated "Composed (or written) by the said applicant," but rather "Put together," or, as Mr. Cuningham himself renders it, "prepared." But even so, it hardly suggests that Amboise was merely translating from an English manuscript. Does it not mean that he "put together" a sketch, either from his personal acquaintance with Bacon or from information collected from various sources? Amboise also points out that he has deliberately departed in some cases from the original English of the "Histoire" because he considers that Rawley had printed many things in a confused manner, whereas he (Amboise) had had the assistance of the author's own manuscripts.

The only other reference to D.M. is in an ode at the end by a certain M. Auvray to Bacon, where D.M. is mentioned as deserving of glory for having brought this work of Bacon's to light, and his name is even coupled with that of Bacon, where they are both described as "Immortals enfans du Parnasse," which seems rather a high compliment for a translator. For M. Auvray speaks of D.M. as such. But the "Privilege du Roy" distinctly names Amboise as translator, and one would think this should carry authority. Both Mr. Begley and Mr. Cuningham seem to assume that it was Amboise who obtained and translated this manuscript, and so they put D.M. on one side as being of no importance in this problem. But I may point out that it was D.M., and not Amboise, who acquired the manuscript during de Chasteau-neuf's embassy, whether in England, Holland, or elsewhere. One would therefore expect D.M. to be the person possessing authoritative information; and yet it is Amboise who assumes this role. Which again indicates that he was more than a mere translator.

Curiously enough one of the index volumes in the British Museum describes this work as being "translated by D.M. i.e. Pierre Amboise," thus identifying the two. I therefore wrote enquiring upon what authority this statement rested, and also asking whether any further information could be obtained about Amboise. The Keeper of Books courteously replied, regretting that he could say nothing

more "about Pierre Amboise (translator of Bacon)"; but he did not actually say that the index was in error!

And now for a little discovery of my own. It was while pondering over the elusive personality of Pierre Amboise that the idea occurred to me to test this book by cipher methods. But an examination did not yield results of sufficient importance to carry much weight. It then struck me that the name Amboise itself might provide a clue; and to my great surprise the remarkable fact was revealed that in *both* the simple *and* the K counts, the equivalent for Pierre Amboise is "Francis Bacon Kt." But what value is to be placed on this curious fact? The "Privilege du Roy" which speaks of "nostre cher and bien amé Pierre Amboise, sieur de la Magdelaine," seems to indicate the existence of a real person. If so, the fact of this unknown Frenchman, who appears to have been so intimate with Bacon's life, possessing a name whose exact equivalent in two ciphers in "Francis Bacon Kt.", would be a most extraordinary coincidence. Mr. F. Woodward tells me he has so far only found one personal name which gives the same Bacon signature in both ciphers, namely Panca in "Don Quixote"; though it has since been pointed out to me that "Labeo" is another instance. But what if Pierre Amboise be an entirely fictitious name? One must bear in mind that the fact of a cipher signature appearing in a book does not necessarily imply that Bacon was living at the date of that publication, since such ciphers are to be seen so late as 1679 in Tenison's "Baconiana." On the other hand I had not hitherto come across any signature concealed in this particular way. If Bacon were actually responsible for this little biographical sketch, one can more readily understand Mr. Cuningham's remark (op. cit. p. 58) "Parts of the work are so intimate and so introspective that the thought has come to me that I was dealing not with Pierre Amboise or with D.M. but with Bacon's own 'Apologia pro Vita Sua'." But perhaps D.M. may be the real translator, masquerading as Pierre Amboise, a name chosen by himself for cipher reasons. If so, Maitre Auvray would be right after all—and also that British Museum

index! But then the interest is only shifted from Amboise and we still enquire, "Who was D.M.?" In any case I think we may fairly conclude that if Amboise be a fictitious person and the cipher a deliberately planned thing, this certainly invests the whole volume with greater authority. But if Amboise were a real man, this close association with Francis Bacon of a man whose name gives two Bacon signatures can only be regarded as singularly felicitous!

I now come to Gilbert Wats. His association with Bacon seems to have been as follows. The "Advancement of Learning" was first published in 1605 in English. The "De Augmentis" of 1623 (which is little more than an extension of the two books of the A.L. into nine books) was in Latin. But that the original of this was English appears from a letter of Bacon's dated 30. June, 1622, where he speaks of the "De Augmentis" as being in the hands of the translators (Spedding, Vol. I. p. 415). Tenison says that George Herbert was one of these translators. The Dictionary of National Biography mentions Wats; upon what authority I do not know. Also, as Spedding says (p. 420), Bacon himself took a great deal of pains with it himself. In 1640 we have what is described on the title page as, "Of the Advancement and Proficiency of Learning. . . IX Bookes, written in Latin by the most Eminent . . . . Lord Francis Bacon, Interpreted by Gilbert Wats." But the puzzle is, why does Wats say it was written in Latin? Both Mr. G. W. Steeves ("Francis Bacon," p. 58) and Mr. Cuningham (op. cit. p. 64) assume that the 1640 A.L. was substantially if not literally a translation of the 1623 "De Augmentis", though Mr. Cuningham apparently did not realise that the latter certainly *was* written in English by Bacon. There does therefore seem to be reasonable ground for believing that Gilbert Wats was simply giving forth Bacon's original English of the "De Augmentis." If so, he is dissembling by stating that this work was written by Bacon in Latin.

It should also be noted that in his "Address" Wats expresses himself somewhat cryptically as follows: "Trans-

lation (sic) commonly take wind in the effusion; and for strength fall short of their originals; as reflexed beams are weaker than direct; but then it must be understood of Originals, truly so. For if a Writer deliver himselfe out of his Native language, I see not why a Translator rendering him in it, may not come neare him: and in this case the Author himselfe is the Interpreter, being (sic) he translates his own thoughts, which originally speak his mother tongue." Seeing that on the title page Wats describes himself as the Interpreter, possibly there may be hidden meaning in the above phrase, "and in this case the Author himselfe is the Interpreter." Another curious fact has been pointed out, namely that Wats was acquainted with the "Histoire Naturelle" and speaks very highly of it, mentioning the "just and elegant discourse" of Amboise, i.e. the biographical part of the book.

The question now arises, "Who was Gilbert Wats?" Reference to the Dictionary of N.B. shows that he studied for a few terms at Cambridge, then passed to Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1614, became a Fellow in 1621, took his B D. in 1623 and D.D. in 1642. He is described as a divine, to whom the rectory of Willingdale Doe in Essex was presented in 1642. He was a good preacher and an excellent linguist. Date of birth not given, date of death 1657. Here comes in the second part of my little discovery. The Dictionary of N.B. distinctly gives his name as Watts. Why does it appear as Wats on the title page of the A.L. 1640? I hazard the opinion that this alteration was intentional; the reason being that "Gilbert Wats" is "Francis Bacon Kt." both in simple cipher; while in K cipher "Gilbert Wats" is "Shakespeare"! It would indeed be miraculous if all this were merely coincidence.

What, then, are we to think? Here is a second case of a Bacon signature, not from the words or letters forming a title page but from the name of the ostensible writer of the book. Is it a hint that Bacon was alive not only in 1631 but also in 1640? Or was it just a happy inspiration of one of his literary successors, or of Watts himself, to convey a hint that this 1640 A.L. was really Bacon's own

English? And was Watts in the secret? And did he know of the true "Shakespeare"? As to this latter point I may perhaps refer to a passage in the preface where he remarks in parenthesis ("the author now dead, and alive mihi nec injuriis nec beneficiis notus"). Here we certainly have a direct statement for what it is worth that the author was actually dead. But the Latin phrase seems to imply that the connection between Bacon and Watts had only been of the slightest. As regards the connection between Watts and Amboise, it is conceivable that the latter obtained his manuscript or information when de Chasteau-neuf was visiting Oxford in 1629.

In any event I think we may conclude here, as with the "Histoire Naturelle," that if this double Bacon signature on the Wats production of 1640 were deliberately planned, it gives added interest to a work which already bears what is supposed to be the Rosicrucian seal of 287 on four separate pages. If not, we have a second instance of a man connected with Bacon whose name, this time apparently by a printer's error, gives this signature; again a most felicitous coincidence!

Finally, may I remark that this incident is an illustration of the value of some knowledge of cipher systems, even to those of us who do not make a special study of them. This particular system, discovered by Messrs. Parker and Frank Woodward, first shown in their book, "Secret Shakespearean Seals" and more fully developed by Mr. Frank Woodward in his "Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures," is not only extremely simple, but is a good example of sane, careful cryptography. Both books are of great interest and will repay close study.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

By "Veritas."

THE more the mystery of the Bacon question is probed the clearer one fact stands out, that some great unseen force is keeping back the truth.

The great secret society which he founded, and which emerged in 1726 as Grand Lodge, was by many thought to be the culprit. Though they may have worked hard to keep the secret intrusted to them, as Masons, there is something behind, far deeper and stronger; a great racial hatred and a deep sense of injury.

Having for years sought for the fundamental origin of this extraordinary under-current of vituperation and distorting of truth, I think it can be assigned to the great, scattered nation which is to be found in all countries but which is only one Race.

Francis Bacon knew Hebrew and Chaldean and undoubtedly tried to weld all scholars and thinkers of the world into one solid mass to work for the reformation of the whole world, as spoken of by Boccolini. He wished to use the best of all the religious thought of the world and must have discovered the secrets of the Cabala and the most sacred beliefs of the Jews. Their most sacred symbols were used by him in his 1611 *Spenser*, and in the secret presses of the day they appear in the woodcuts. In these the ineffable name "Jah" is used in the 1611 titles.

General Hickson, in his illuminating articles in the "Librarian" for February and March, shows how common these Jewish emblems were in the literature of the day. The Rosicrucians concealing themselves "*Sub umbra alarum tuarum Jehovah.*"

These Jewish emblems used in the 1611 Bible are found in many other books of the period and show that the users of them must have been adepts of the Jewish mysteries. Now the Jews in those days were a very scattered

people, existing precarious lives, depending on the good-will of the nations that harboured them, such good-will being often turned into persecution; and acts of hatred are to us common history. They have always been obsequious, and no doubt at first acquiesced in this exploitation of their most secret religious tenets.

The tables have turned and today the Jew is the "top dog" in matters of finance and power in all the countries of the earth. Disraeli lifted the veil and showed us how they have secretly been the power behind the great wars and revolutions of the past two or three centuries, and Mrs. Nesta Webster's books are even more wonderful in showing how they work behind the scenes.

It is a curious fact that in England the Shakespeare question is entirely in the hands of the Jews. Sir Israel Gollanz and the late Sir Sydney Lee (Solomon Lazarus Levi was his real name) were the principals in the great Shakespeare Cult. The Press is controlled mostly by the money power of the Jews, who are dictators of its policy. The press of Britain loses no chance of running down Francis Bacon although he has been dead 300 years. It will not publish anything that tries to bring the facts of his terrible martyrdom at the hands of James and Buckingham. It talks of his trial; he had no trial, only two interrogations before the House of Commons and the House of Lords to which he pleaded guilty at the King's evident demand. The fact that the *Manes Verulamiani* were published to show he was a poet is ignored by the Press, yet every bit of garbage found that might relate to Shakespeare is announced in head lines by the Jewish-run Press.

The wonderful works of Francis Bacon are hardly even spoken of in the press (though they are often quoted from *without acknowledgment*), and articles written on Bacon are either put into the waste-paper basket or returned at once.

Possibly the Free-masons at first tried to preserve the secret by alluring detractors to vilify Bacon, but it has now passed all bounds and must be due to some deep resentment and hatred. Probably if we traced the conspiracy that worked Bacon's overthrow on which Buckingham, his wicked old mother, Secretary Williams and

Winwood were chief conspirators, it will be found a Jew was implicated. The Cecils were of Jewish origin and William Cecil, his foster uncle, was always a detractor of Bacon's ability.

To give a deeper significance to this campaign against Francis Bacon, by maligning the author, it has obscured his message; and his suberb Philosophy which should have cleansed "this infected world" has been neglected and his wonderful scheme deflected that should have reformed the world. And the world is the poorer for it. Undoubtedly, some great secret society has endeavoured to follow Francis Bacon's teaching, or we should not be the great nation we are today, but the enemy has sown tares, and those tares are the continued and subtle obliquy continually employed against Francis Bacon.

There is something so foreign to the British love of fair play in all this that one feels it must be of alien origin, and it can only come from deeply rooted hatred and only outraged religious feeling could supply this motive.

If only the British nation could realise their incomparable heritage in the philosophy left by Francis Bacon, which was left by him to tide over difficulties even after his death, and by following his scheme set their house in order, we might some day see proper homage paid to the Great Provider.

Francis Bacon took all knowledge to be his providence, from Pro-video, prevision.

This wonderful word is now used as an attribute of the Deity, and the word itself has been by ignorant people altered to "province," which is meaningless.

His fore-seeing vision planned a wonderful future for the country he loved, and we are still floundering in a morass because we rejected it, and Francis Bacon himself.

We should try as Baconians to follow the tenets of our Society and make his marvellous thoughts, works and *life* known to the public.

But we cannot do this while an alien press boycotts entirely all that deals with him, even to correcting errors.

This was noticeable in the press reports of George Moore's play "The Making of an Immortal" where every

trivial incident was enlarged on to detract attention from the main thesis of the plot, the foisting on an ignorant actor the greatest literature in the world.

So easy are men to be turned from what would do them good, and the greatest play-wright in the world also knew that they can be taught great truths veiled in the form of "comedies and tragedies."

Grand Orient has been active in the past in the Bacon Society suppressing the truth and conducting the Society on lines of thought leading no-where.

The Bacon Society of France was nearly turned into a Shakespearean Research Society! and quite recently the Bacon Society was very nearly turned into one Society with the Shakespeare Fellowship Society! Excellent, no doubt, but the Bacon Society exists to further the name and fame of Francis Bacon, and if all the members of the Society worked with that simple object in view it would work wonders.

Francis Bacon was given almost superhuman love and reverence by his friends in his life-time, as Ben Jonson, Aubrey, Toby Mathews and others show. Let us try and give him our love and allegiance and always work for his rise again to the recognition and homage of the world.

A LITERARY BOMBSHELL.

[The following important communication has been addressed to *The Transcript* of Boston, Mass., by the President of the American Shakespeare Society (New York), Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.D.]

THERE comes to the Library of The New York Shakespeare Society, a compact volume—"The Yale Shakespeare: Shakespeare of Stratford: Edited by Tucker Brooke. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1926."

It is hard to escape the suspicion that this unnecessary multiplication of Guides to Shakespeare—more re-arrangements of familiar and easily accessible data—are attempts to camouflage or divert the quiet and persistent question: Who wrote the Plays, Poems and Sonnets we called Shakespeare's?

When Dryden said—

> "But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be
> Within that circle none durst walk but he,"

And Dr. Johnson said—

> "And panting Time toils after him in vain,"

did Dryden and Dr. Johnson have in mind a letterless village yokel speaking Warwickshire dialect in a bookless neighbourhood in the middle years of the seventeenth century?—the William Shakespeare of the biographies (from Rowe to Halliwell Phillips and Sidney Lee and Professor Joseph Quincy Adams) whose name has without discoverable option or effort on his part somehow or other hitched itself to this matchless literature?

Our great American Universities—Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton and Johns Hopkins—go right on teaching generation after generation of youth that the village yokel aforesaid was the demigod within whose circle none but

himself durst walk—and after him panting Time toils in vain. Can any one of the thousands of graduates of these Universities discover in any biography of Shakespeare that ever was written, a remotest suggestion of an authorship of these Plays, Poems and Sonnets? or even a partial and not an exclusive authorship? Or would any student of the Plays, coming with an open and an enquiring mind, candidly searching in English biography for an author of this immortal literature, discover in any biography of Shakespeare that was ever written, the author he was searching for?

For, be it remembered, all the mass of data that such biographies supply to the meticulous hand-books of Mr. Tucker Brookes and his predecessors is testimony to the fact that there was a William Shakespeare,—not to the fact that that William Shakespeare was ever known to ever put a pen to paper, or read a book, or enter a library, or to write a line of English (let alone the foremost literature of mankind)! And, not even testimony, either. But just hearsay. Not even that which lawyers call "a conclusion." Not evidence at all. For testimony—whether hearsay or romance, or gossip of the vicinage, or common report—cannot rise to the dignity of evidence until scrutinized, sifted and, above all, subjected to that invaluable test—cross-examination—upon which every court in Christendom relies.

Naturally, in the nature of things, Shakespeare's contemporaries tell us that William Shakespeare wrote the Plays, Poems and Sonnets. Naturally so, because they when called as witnesses testifying in the reign of Elizabeth and James I, testify just what they then believed—that Shakespeare of Stratford wrote the Plays. How could they testify otherwise? The Plays were called his, nobody ever suggested that they were not his. The question was never raised. There was nobody to raise such a question. No occasion to raise the question or to suggest or agitate a doubt on the subject. No doubt it is difficult for us in the twentieth century, when "Shakespeare" is on every tongue, the name in every newspaper, magazine or book, —at each recurrent anniversary of a conceded Shake-

speare his birthday celebrated—and a two million dollar memorial erected to "Shakespeare"—to conceive of a world that knew little and cared less about Shakespeare or his works than it did about the last year's birds' nests! But such was the world (it mostly consisted geographically of London, Cambridge and Oxford) of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Why should a question of who wrote "Shakespeare" have occurred to anybody as worth discussion in such a world as that?

And so all this testimony as to the Shakespeare authorship which Mr. Tucker Brooke or anybody else is able to marshall, is just what it has always been for three hundred years—not evidence but just hearsay. Hearsay. The wonder is not that everybody believed in Shakespeare's authorship in those ancient days, but why anybody believes in it today, in the twentieth century—unless, indeed, abundant record that a village youngster's name was "Shakespeare," and that in his later days he became prosperous, purchased houses and lands, a coat-of-arms for his father which gave himself a whole generation of ancestry—a moiety of the tithes of his native town, houses, lands, tenements—is evidence that this same lad whose name was Shakespeare, wrote the Plays, Poems and Sonnets to which we attach the name "Shakespeare" today. Unless, that is to say, an error becomes a truth because of the multitude of persons who happen to have been misled by that error. Had it been possible to have cross-examined those witnesses (Mr. Brooke estimates that there are seventy-four of them—but we might as well have seventy-four hundred or seventy-four thousand) it might, to be sure, have developed (which would have given the belief a sort of Pragmatic Sanction) that this village lad was not only the foremost poet of mankind and the most successful dramatist in London—but a pathologist who had discovered the circulation of the blood—a philosopher who had interpreted the law of gravitation—a marine cartographer who had found that the current of the Pontic Sea "knew no retiring ebb but kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont"—a Neolist and lexicographer who had actually enriched his mother English

tongue by adding to it six thousand words coined from classic roots, but whose own vocabulary was so exuberant that he had needed himself but to use each one of them once!

Has anybody given this twentieth century (when we grind finer glasses than the Elizabethans and the Jabobeans and know no reason why we should not use the glasses we grind) any reasons for believing that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon wrote those Plays, Poems and Sonnets except the one peremptory reason that his contemporaries believed that he wrote them and never heard his authorship of them questioned?

The New York Shakespeare Society, for the full forty-three years of its active chartered existence, has been hunting for an answer to this question, and is still hunting.

The alibi established by William Shakespeare himself in his deposition in Belôt v. Mountjoie in the London Court of Requests in May, 1612, has relieved our friends the Baconians from pressing some of their most drastic contentions. But the above enumerated basic considerations still remain to the fore for them and for us.

APPLETON MORGAN,
(President of The New York Shakespeare Society.)

IDENTIFICATION OF AUTHORSHIP.

By Howard Bridgewater (Barrister-at-Law).

THE natural indignation which Baconians feel at the amazing lengths to which the Stratfordians sometimes go in order to bolster up the Shakespeare myth should be tempered by recognition of the wonderful work which the orthodox have done—albeit unwittingly—for the Baconian cause. It is probably true to say that they have done as much, if not more, to prove the Baconian case than those who have spent their life's studies therein.

As an example of the many instances which could be cited of the splendid work unconsciously rendered to the cause by the painstaking researches of the orthodox, reference may be made to the discoveries of Dr. Charles Creighton. These appear in the course of a remarkable book published* in 1912, entitled "An Allegory of Othello." Although, apparently, still clinging to the belief that the "gentleman" of Stratford really wrote the Immortal plays, constant reference is made to the influence of Bacon's writing on Shakespeare's work. The climax from the point of view of those who recognise that Shakespeare was merely one of the pen-names of the greatest philosopher of his time, is reached when Dr. Creighton points to the following extraordinary resemblance of thought and expression that characterises Bacon's Essay "Of Cunning" and the methods and speech employed by Iago to plant the seed of suspicion in Othello's breast:—

Essay "Of Cunning."	*"Othello."*
It is a point of cunning to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits give it, in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances: yet this would be done with a demure debasing of your eyes sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.	*Iago.* Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor severe. (Showing him how.)

* By Arthur L. Humphreys, of 187, Piccadilly.

The *breaking off* in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer, to know more.

Oth. And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath.
Therefore, *these steps of thine* fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave are tricks of custom.

I knew another, that when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most; and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as a thing that he had almost forgot.

Oth. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Iago (returning). My lord, I would I might entreat your honour to scan this thing no further . . . .
Note if your lady strains his (Cassio's) entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity; Much will be seen in that.

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives, as to say, 'This I do not.'

Iago. It were not for your quiet nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty or wisdom, To let you know my thoughts.
(And many other speeches.)

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man, and lay him open.

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Some persons procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party they work upon will suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end that they may be opposed of (i.e. questioned upon) those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

This (says Dr. Creighton) is literally and exactly the artifice of Edmund in "King Lear."

It happens, curiously enough, that Bacon's Essay "Of Cunning," containing these artifices, was not published until 1625. This is unfortunate for Dr. Creighton, as by that date both "Othello" and "King Lear" had appeared. Instead of seeing what should have been obvious to so scholarly a student as, in other respects, he shows himself to be, Dr. Creighton has to take refuge in the suggestion that Shakespeare must have had access to some manuscript copy of the essay, which he assumes was written some years before it was published! Nevertheless we are greatly obliged to him for the further proof of identity between the work of Bacon and "Shakespeare" which he furnishes.

A WORD FOR SHAKSPERE OF STRATFORD.

By Parker Woodward.

WE are told in biliteral cipher that Francis "Bacon" (to use his expressed surname although he was an unacknowledged son of Queen Elizabeth) bought from an actor in the Queen's company of players named Shakspere the right to use his name as supposed author of stage plays and certain poems which Francis was producing and publishing. Francis was prevented by the circumstance of his royal kinship from using his own name as author.

He was a prolific writer and had previously bought the use of the names of Greene, Peele, Spencer and Marlowe as pseudo authors of certain other publications.

This practice was quite reasonable and innocent and did no harm.

From the date of "Venus and Adonis" the name of "Shakespeare" as author appeared on certain poems and plays. But in 1598 the actor had to make a gateway to Stratford to avoid the Queen's anger. His name had been placed as author upon a reprint of the stage play of "Richard II." which Francis had written and published anonymously the previous year. The Queen thought the play a libel upon herself and had sent a warrant for the supposed author's arrest. The actor did not return to London until after the Queen's death in 1603.

The actor died in 1616. In 1623, about seven years after the actor's death, Francis and his friends being desirous to publish a selection of his plays printed them in folio entitled to William Shakespeare. To make the illusion more effective they employed one Droeshout to make a woodcut for the title page of the 1623 Folio representing

this "Shakespeare." As a lie circumstantial it had great influence on the minds of the Stratford inhabitants and of the literati of subsequent periods.

At the same date they employed a London tombmaker to make a bust designed to represent the deceased actor. This was fixed in a wall of the Chancel of the parish Church at Stratford. About thirty feet below this bust will probably be found some MSS. buried by Francis and his brethren of the secret literary fraternity of the Rosicrosse of which Francis was founder and head. The difficulty that the actor's Will, deposited at Doctors Commons, had no references to authorship seems to have been overcome by certain erasures and interlineations afterwards made in the document.

Alexander Pope, a prominent member of the Rosicrosse Society of his day made an amusing verse about "Shakespeare" in which he said of him that he:—

> For gain not glory winged his roving flight
> And grew immortal in his own despite.

So it is not fair to allude to Wm. Shakspere of Stratford as an Imposter. The imposture was the work entirely of Francis Bacon and his members then and afterwards of the Rosicrosse Secret Literary Society.

SIGNIFICANT COMPARISONS.

By M. F. Bayley.

IT is curious that in the course of lectures given by Professor Foster Watson at the Gresham College last year, one of the lectures should have compared Cervantes with Shakespeare. Outwardly there seems little to connect the two writers.

The author of *Don Quixote* is given as "Cid Hamet Ben Engli" and the *translator* as "Cervantes."

Modern editions seem to foster the idea that Cervantes was the author of the work!

Baconians have long found out that Francis Bacon is

veiled behind the cryptic author's name. This year sees the ter-centenary of John Bunyan.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a book that ranks third with the 1611 Bible, and Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. E. P. Roe in his Defoe Period has shown the saturation with Baconian thought and philosophy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. At first this book was thought to have been written by Lord Harley, and others. The whole book teems with allusions, thoughts, words and beliefs of Francis Bacon.

In the Christmas number of the *Bookman* is a reprint of an article by George Bernard Shaw showing Bunyan to be cleverer than Shakespeare and comparing the two *writers*, which is curious as there seems a great gulf between the two.

Is it the beginning of the end? And will the veil that has hung before our Columbus of Literature be torn asunder and the whole garments and scope of his gigantic activities be revealed?

Francis Bacon's marvellous intellect, "the most exquisite ever bestowed on the children of men,"* conceived, when in Paris, a Renaissance for England. He had, as he tells us, to be a "hod-man" and carry bricks; he had foregone his name, "if needs be," to make this literature, and as Mr. Harold Bayley points out in the *Shakespeare Symphony*, he moved his printing and scrivenry to Twickenham, so as to be free of the City "Officials" jurisdiction over printed books.

The extraordinary prolific Tudor and Jacobean Period more or less came to an end with Viscount St. Alban's death, as Ben Jonson said. But the presses and cabinets mentioned in *Baconiana*, 1679, contained much that found its way into the literature of the later periods.

It would repay Baconians to study Mr. E. P. Roe's "Defoe Period" work in that wonderful mine of what he calls the Defoe or Second Period.

---

* Macaulay.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

A most successful Dinner of the Bacon Society took place on January 23rd last, in the Crown Room, at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly, W.1, which was well attended. The guest of the evening was Mr. George Moore, whose comedy, "The Making of an Immortal," had just aroused such widespread interest in Baconian circles and spread dismay in the Stratford dovecot. Owing, however, to his serious illness, Mr. Moore was unable to be present, and the Hon. Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D., who presided, read a sympathetic letter from him, which concluded with a complimentary expression to the Bacon Society concerning the question of the "Shakespeare" authorship, which, the writer said "that, thanks to our labors has become one of European importance."

After Sir John Cockburn had proposed the toast "The King," he spoke at length to "The Immortal Memory of Francis Bacon." He recalled the fact that at the previous year's banquet the toast of "The Immortal Memory" had been proposed by Sir Frederick Pollock, whose name was known throughout the world as one of the greatest of those who had exposed the lies against Bacon. The one which lingered most in the British mind, said Sir John, was infidelity to friendship. People would forgive Bacon anything else,—but he had done nothing that wanted forgiveness. As to the charge of bribery, why, he was the only exception to it. He never ceased to plead for Essex's reprieve, and had Essex taken Bacon's advice he would not have gone to the scaffold. The treason of Essex, he said, was manifest. He had risen in open rebellion under arms against the Queen with the object of seizing the person of the sovereign. There was only one possible ending to the trial. He was bound to be sentenced to be beheaded, and his only chance was to throw himself on the mercy of the Queen. He attempted to raise all sorts of excuses. Bacon tried to persuade him to adopt the only course, to throw himself on the Queen's mercy, but Essex would not adopt it. Had he done so, his life would have been saved. Elizabeth undoubtedly died of grief for Essex. Essex did send her the ring—the token of her protection—and had it reached her, no doubt, in spite of all that had gone before, she would not have executed him. The ring never reached her, so she supposed that Essex had hardened his heart and she would never forgive him. When she afterwards discovered the truth, she died of a broken heart.

Last week there had been a great pilgrimage to that Valhalla of the great men of the nation and the Empire where the remains of one of our great poets and authors was decorated with the Order of Merit were being laid to rest. Of the many hundreds and thousands of tombs there and tablets to the memory of those who have done great service to the nation, he wondered how many of the names of those who had lately been deposited in Westminster Abbey would ever be mentioned three or four hundred years from now, except by those who happened to pass their tombs and ask "Who was he?" He thought there ought to be a tablet in the Abbey to the man who had done so much for his country, his fellow-men, and the world. There was no name so honoured throughout the world as that of Francis Bacon. You could not take up a book of any real merit without finding Bacon's name quoted in it. Not only was he a great philosopher, but his genius for practical affairs was equally extraordinary. You could find the leading articles of the papers in all difficult questions appeal to Bacon's memory. It did not matter what the trouble, whether a question of command at sea or the safeguarding of British industries, or the slogan "Buy British Goods;" and if you wanted to do that you could not do better than take a few sentences out of Bacon's works in which he shewed the advantage of employing our own men instead of foreigners. And it had become customary for the hacks of science to belittle the work which Francis Bacon did for Science. Yet he was a man who made a flying survey over the whole field of Science, and all those who had followed in the steps of Science had been only following in the steps he indicated.

Referring to the Translator's Address to the Reader in the English authorized version of the Bible, Sir John said they would find writing which could only have been written by Bacon, interspersed between the dry-as-dust paragraphs of the University professors. This added to our debt of gratitude. We knew that James I. called a convocation of divines at Hampton Court, and read out the resolutions which were carried. The Privy Council then had the Bible, and it was lost sight of for 18 months. There was one man living at that time whom Ben Jonson described as "the acme of our language." You can gather that the manuscripts were in the hands of Bacon all that time. There were translations in Holy Writ which were not quite in accordance with the original. Take that wonderful verse in Job describing the war-horse with his neck clothed in thunder. In the original it was his neck clothed with nails. What other mind could have conceived that slight alteration?

Sir John concluded: "I propose the immortal memory of the man who expanded and analysed all knowledge, and may be said to have set the machinery of the modern world in motion, who

practically was the founder of the Empire because but for Bacon our American colonies would have been lost; the pioneer of Empire who shewed how the greatness of the Empire might be achieved, and the greatest of all Englishmen."

The toast to "The Bacon Society" was proposed by Lord Sydenham of Combe, whose speech was read by Lady Sydenham, his lordship being unavoidably prevented from attending. He wrote: "Mr. President and Fellow Baconians, I greatly regret that I am unable, personally, to propose the toast of the evening. That is a penalty of old age, but I am sending the best possible deputy to convey to you what I would have said. The society is working for two great objects; one, to redeem our noble literature from a shocking blot and our people from a most degrading superstition: two, to give tardy justice to the greatest genius our race has ever produced, and, as I beg you always to remember, the one Englishman whose life-work after three hundred years is unchallengeable by foreigners. Of course, these two objects are in closest connection, but I want to beg you, for certain purposes, to keep them distinct. There is nothing more to be learned about the Stratford actor, who is credibly reported to have specialized as the ghost in 'his own hamlet.' There is far more to be discovered about Bacon's life and works, and the more research you can carry on in these directions the better. For example, Rawley, in his preface to the *Manes*, tells us that he omitted some of the best in his possession. They, or copies of them, may still exist, and Rawley may have excluded them because they revealed too much. But, while all Baconian research is of great importance for your second object, I am doubtful if it will assist the first at the present time. Yet, if you accomplish the first, the second will accomplish itself automatically. Why the most wildly improbable of all ridiculous hypotheses still persists in these days is an interesting question for reflection. But the truth will never prevail so long as the directors of the greater part of the Press will not permit it to be freely stated, and I have had curious experience of this inexcusable obscurantism. On the other hand, any great group of papers like the *Daily Mail* and its associated organs could destroy the great imposture with ease if it were decided to publish a few facts. I suggest, therefore, that the Society should get out a statement with dates of what is known from documentary evidence about the proceedings of the imposter. A two-page leaflet would contain everything and I would preface it by a brief statement of what the Plays attributed to the Stratford actor are, and head it 'Look on this picture and on that!' I would keep this leaflet, if possible, with half-a-dozen good signatures, always on tap, and feed it out continuously, paying special attention to the provincial papers which are not committed to a monstrous fraud on the public.

"For a large class of not very enlightened persons an abrupt change of hereditary ideas from Shakspere to Bacon is difficult, and Cyphers are peculiarly distasteful and even repulsive to such people. If, however, the indisputable facts about the sordid proceedings of Shakspere at Stratford in the prime of his intellectual life,—for which we are deeply indebted to the Stratford archives,—can be made to permeate the mind of the deluded public, all that we desire will quickly be attained.

"Two recent developments are of much interest. An agricultural labourer has received twelve months' imprisonment for selling sham relics to an expert Stratfordian, thus giving a delightful example of the boundless gullibility of these pundits. Then there is to be another Memorial Theatre,—erected mainly by American funds, to re-consecrate the most baseless illusion that ever deceived an educated world.

"As the author of the Plays made, I believe, no reference to Stratford—the only place except London with which the actor could have been quite familiar—inappropriateness of this performance is the more obvious.

"One of the critics of the dreadful design accepted said it was only fit for 'a large family Mausoleum.' We may hope that it may some day be regarded as the Mausoleum of the great illusion and the mass of legends which have accumulated around it. We must all cherish the belief that the truth will prevail, even, as Bacon wrote, 'after some time be past.' I propose (by deputy) prosperity, success, and final triumph to this Society which, above all things, stands fearlessly for the truth."

Mr. Parker Woodward (Vice-President) responded to the toast and said he did not think there was any fault to find with Shakspere. He never claimed any authorship, he did his little duty or his little job, and he died and was buried, and there was an end of it. It became necessary for Bacon to publish the poems and plays in the name of some other person.

The toast which followed was to "The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban," proposed by Mr. Henry Seymour, who, in congratulating "our Sister Society" warmly eulogized the ungrudging labours and propagandist activity so constantly engaged in by its moving spirit, Miss Alicia A. Leith, instancing numerous of her exploits in lecturing, not only in various parts of the country and even permeating the confines of His Majesty's prisons to give change and enlightenment to the abandoned convicts there on our great subject, but in carrying the truth abroad, in France and Italy, and in notable public institutions, where by reason of her invincible logic and personal charm she had made Baconian friends in so many directions.

Miss A. A. Leith, in responding to the toast, said: Sir John Cockburn, fellow members of the Bacon Society, and welcomed visitors. In the absence of Lady Durning-Lawrence, the President of our Guild, I return you the warm gratitude of our Ladies' Guild for all the kind things said of it and me by Mr. Seymour, and also for the hearty manner in which you have drunk the health of our Society. We are all gathered here to-night to express something of the ardour of our souls for Francis, Viscount St. Alban, his thoughts, his words, his deeds. Among these is a special thought of his which I feel needs most important recognition, more perhaps, than it has yet received. It has fallen to the lot of our St. Alban's Guild to bring into somewhat garish day the more shadowed side of Elizabeth Tudor's life history. That Francis St. Alban was her unacknowledged son *Fly Leaves* (the organ of the Guild) has always done its best to prove since the cypher revelations came to light. I feel I have a task to-night which I must ask you to give me leave to voice briefly. Francis St. Alban never wrote with more authoritative pen or with more fervour than when he told us of what his "Elizabeth of England" did for his dear, dear England. "I ever held my country dear," he said, and because it was to him so dear, he poured forth, in no faltering strain, his glad plan to the great sovereign to whom it owed so much. He was the singer of courageous, magnanimous, incomparable Elizabeth; upholding at all risk and cost, the prestige and honour of "the Lady of the Sea."

"How persistent is our Saint George! And can we doubt that it was he who so inspired his country to the right defence of our shores and the so wise preparation against an insensate foe; can we doubt that he is our saintly watcher now and bidding us do to-day what he bade Essex and George Villiers do in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? And can we doubt but that his blessing goes forth upon the shores of Vigo to-day and that his lance is poised as it ever was to pierce the ugly jowl of the monster, Tyranny and Aggression? The valor of England, the valor of our Fleet is surely his joy to-day as it ever was. This blazing star of England sheds its radiance down on our Renown, our Repulse, and our Hood to-day. 'Gross brain little wots what watch our King (Francis) keeps to-day to maintain the Peace,' only to be won, as he again and again declares, by 'Providence for war is the best protection for it from abroad.'

Miss Leith regretted the absence of "our Baconian Flag-lieutenant Major Drury," whom Mr. Seymour referred to as the author of the Baconian play, "The Playwright," which had been produced by Miss Leith last year at Hampstead. Her regret, she said, was only equalled by his own. She had received a letter from him saying how much he was trying to be with us on this occasion, but was in

the West of England and the haste urged on him to finish a new play were the only reasons which overrode his wish, and she was sure we were all united in expressing our great regret for his absence. "The love for the bulwarks of England is admirably expressed in his work, and the man who stands by while another takes the credit of his noble and valorous action presents before eyes, impervious to any other means of education, the Divine law of Self-Sacrifice, so plainly and simply shewn to us in the person of our Master whom we are honoring here to-night."

Mr. Horace Nickson (Chairman of Council) proposed the usual toast to "The Visitors" and said that we could not well appreciate Shakespeare without the knowledge of the Baconian influence and mentality at the back of the plays. Who could understand Hamlet, the poet-prince, trying to obtain his rights? Who could understand the association of Bacon and Essex without the unambiguous knowledge derived from the much-discredited cyphers? In the light of this, everything of importance became as simple as truth itself. That most of the Sonnets were addressed to Bacon's future decypherer admitted of small doubt. He thought the lady who designed the new Memorial Theatre was playing a joke, for she had made it represent a fort, so that the future battalions of the Baconians might be kept at bay.

Professor Margoliouth (of Oxford), in responding, said there were two points of sympathy between the Bacon Society and himself. One was that when they pursued an enquiry, the only thing they concerned themselves about was being in the right. And when they ascertained the facts correctly and stated them correctly and reasoned upon them correctly and so obtained their conclusions, it did not matter to them in the least how many votes were secured thereby. The one point was to be in the right, and if one happened to be the sole possessor of truth it made one prize it all the more and proud for its possession. Another point which created a bond of sympathy was less general in character—this question of the cyphers. They were agreed that when an author could not, for some good reason or other, speak in the first person; whether from the nature of the work he was composing, such as a tragedy, or for some other reason, there was nothing surprising, there was nothing to ridicule, in the supposition that he should secure copyright in some way, and that that was by using some kind of cypher,—leaving in some part of his work something to enable posterity to recognise him.

Referring to the "mark of the Beast," he said he had heard it argued that whatever name the Pope might take he could not avoid the number 666 getting into it, and he found there was that peculiarity, not only about the Pope, but about anyone whom any considerable number of people had some ground for detesting.

Until quite recently people always supposed the number mentioned in the Apocalypse must mean the sum of the numerical value of the letters of a name. In certain languages, letters had a numercial value. Discoveries in Pompeii gave the names of people and also their numbers and showed that there was no obvious relation between the number and the name; so people who had been working on the theory of numerical values were not altogether right.

A very simple case of cypher occurred in a poem by Poe consisting of 20 lines into which he worked three names. There was a difference between accident and design in cyphers. Accident made something which was approximately right, but never anything which was completely right. The latter meant design. One of the most famous anagrams was that which arranged the words "Revolution Francaise," giving the words, "A Corsican will end it." (Un Corse le finero.) Only four letters remained, and it was very difficult to work them in without spoiling the sense.

The Rev. E. F. Udny, M.A., proposed the toast, "The Officers of the Society," in a few but felicitous words, while Mr. W. G. C. Gundry (Vice-Chairman of Council) responded briefly (the hour being late) and concluding his speech by a quotation from a letter of Sir Tobie Mathew addressed to Francis Bacon in 1620: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, *though he be known by another.*"

"If we consider for a moment the extreme paucity of ascertained truth in science at the time Bacon wrote, it will enhance our admiration of his marvellous sagacity, to see him do so much with such poor materials; as Playfair says, 'the history of human knowledge points out nobody of whom it can be said that, placed in the situation of Bacon, he would have done what Bacon did—no man whose prophetic genius would enable him to delineate a system of science which had not yet begun to exist'."—*George Henry Lewes.*

OBITUARY.

All readers of *Baconiana* will learn, with deep sorrow, of the decease, since the last issue, of our most erudite and valued Vice-President, Mr. Granville C. Cuningham. At the January Council meeting a resolution was carried unanimously, expressing sympathy with Mr. Cuningham's widow and only son, in their common bereavement; and in token of the respect in which Mr. Cuningham was held the members stood in reverent silence for some moments. By this loss, we are deprived of one of our most active and disinterested members, who continued a keen researcher till the last, in his 80th year.

Mr. Granville Carlyle Cuningham was a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and a Can. Soc. C. E., as well as acting as a Consulting Engineer. He was born at Edinburgh on 27 April, 1847; was the 5th son of the late Alexander Cuningham, W.S., Sec. to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses (the body of which his father and godfather were secretaries and which performs the same functions for Scotland as "Trinity" does for England), and Caroline, daugher of Gen. Alured D. Faunce, C.B. He married in 1873 Frances Bethune, third daughter of the late Robert Pilkinton Crooks, barrister, of Toronto, Canada. He had one son, Alured A. Cuningham. He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy and University.

In 1870—1 he was appointed surveyor for Railways in Honduras, Central America and acted in a similar capacity for various railway works in Ontario till 1874, in which year he was further appointed to make the preliminary surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway. From 1875 to 1879 he was appointed Engineer-in-Charge of Prince Edward Island Railway and of Harbours in the Island. From 1879 he was in charge of the Canada Southern Railway, and was Chief Engineer till 1883. After that

date he was appointed assistant general Manager of the Construction of the Rocky Mountain Div. Canadian Pacific Railways until 1886. He became a Railway Contractor in Lower Canada in 1886 and retired from that enterprise in 1889, afterwards accepting an appointment of Assistant City Engineer and City Engineer respectively of Toronto until 1892. He became the General Manager and Chief Engineer of the Montreal (Electric) Street Railway from 1892 to 1897. Returning to England, he was appointed Managing Director of the City of Birmingham Tramways until 1899, until he took up the more important position of General Manager of the Central London (Tube) Railway from that year until his final retirement from an active business life in 1911.

He was the author of several books, notably "Imperial Federation," issued in 1895; Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books," in 1911; and "Wake-Up, England!" in 1919.

Requiescat in pace.

SIDE LIGHTS ON BACON'S FALL.

"Within less than five years Buckingham succeeded in ruining Cranfield (The Earl of Middlesex) and securing the Chelsea House (Sir Thomas More's Great House) for himself. Indeed, there is some ground for suspecting that had the house been offered to him at the outset, no more would have been heard of the delinquencies imputed to the unfortunate Treasurer. For of several theories advanced as to the reason for his impeachment (no one, of course, supposing that speculation was the real one) none is quite adequate to explain the extraordinary virulence of Buckingham's attack; and the methods by which Buckingham had succeeded in obtaining York House from Bacon after his disgrace, a couple of years earlier, give additional colour to several passages relating to Chelsey House in the correspondence which I shall mention presently."
—An extract from "The Greatest House at Chelsey," by Randall Davies, pp. 96-97.

BOOK NOTICES.

LATER INCARNATIONS OF FRANCIS BACON,* by E. Francis Udny, M.A., 1s. 6d.

We certainly do not share the author's belief in reincarnation, but he is an old friend and member of our Society, and we believe in showing the same tolerance to other's points of view that we ourselves expect from the public that know not the true Francis Bacon. Mr. Udny, we think, makes his somewhat individual point of view as attractive as possible, and there may well be among our readers some for whom it will not be entirely devoid of interest.

His little book consists of three chapters—extracted from a larger work on a different subject entitled "The Original Christianity." The first chapter deals with the old charge of bribery and quotes a piece of evidence which absolutely refutes it, namely, the pathetic confession of Sir Thomas Bushell in a letter printed in 1628 (only 7 years after the event) in a book called "Youth's Errors," that it was not Lord St. Alban who took the bribes, but himself and others un-named who laid upon his shoulders their "base and execrable deeds."

The second chapter—on "Deaths feigned or otherwise mysterious"—contains quotations of some interest on that subject from an old book "The Count de Gabalis" first published anonymously in 1670. Later editions appeared with additions in 1715 and 1742, and the latter bore for the first time on its title-page the name of the Abbé Monfaucon de Villars as the author.

The latest edition, published by Wm. Rider & Sons about 1910, contained the original five Discourses on the Spirits of the Elements —the Gnomes, Sylphs, Nymphs and Salamanders—without the additions of 1715 and 1742, but with the addition of a "Life" of the Abbé and a Commentary. Mr. Udny believes that all three—the original book, the "Life," and the Commentary—are the work of Francis Bacon in different incarnations. According to him, Lord St. Alban did not really die as commonly supposed in 1626, but only feigned death and continued to live in seclusion for many years afterwards, dying at the age of over 100 in 1668. The same great soul, he thinks, was reborn in 1676 in the royal family of Transylvania (the North Eastern part of Hungary beyond the Carpathian Mountains) as the Prince Francis Rakoczi, afterwards crowned King as Francis Rakoczi the Second. (The accent in pronouncing this name is on the first syllable, and the cz is like ch in church). This King warred against the Emperor of Austria who had conquered and annexed his country, but finally, to give his country peace, gave up the struggle and left his native land for good in 1711, going first to France and later to Turkey, where he died at Rodosto, a port on the Sea of Marmora, in 1735. Mr. Udny believes that he quitted the body of his own accord and immediately entered another body, previously prepared for his use, in which he became known as the Count St. Germain, that mysterious personage of the 18th century. The Count is supposed to have died in 1784, but Mr. Udny finds reason to think that again the death was feigned, and that he is still living in seclusion in the same body, in spite of the fact that he must have far passed the ordinary span of mortal life.

* To be had from the C. W. Daniel Co., 3, Tudor St., E.C.4.

The third chapter deals chiefly with Francis II., who is described in a book published in Paris in 1906* as "a very genuine man, straight, true, extremely brave, strong, fearing God without either displaying or concealing it, of great simplicity. In secret he gave much to the poor and spent a considerable time in prayer." And again as "a splendid man and intellectual; he has read much and has knowledge on all subjects." The latter description reminds us of Francis Bacon who even in his youth had "taken all knowledge for his province."

The book contains seven good photographs—(including one of the author). One is of a portrait of Lord St. Alban, one of the beautiful statue of him in St. Michael's church, Gorhambury, near St. Albans, two are of Count Hompeach, last Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and two of Francis Rakoczi II.

SHAKE-SPEARE'S HERALDIC EMBLEMS; their origin and meaning. *By W. Lansdown Goldsworthy*, with numerous reproductions from old Plates and Figures. H. F. and G. Witherby, 326, High Holborn, W.C. Cloth gilt, 237 pp. 15s. net.

This is one of the most important books having reference to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy that has appeared of late. The author dedicates the book to "the honourable and learned Society of Gray's Inn. . . as a humble tribute to the memory of an illustrious member who, though sleeping, ever liveth, Francis Bacon." He describes with much detail, showing a wide range of reading, a remarkable series of Devices used at the close of the 16th and the commencement of the 17th Centuries, which throws much new light on "Shakespeare"; yet, as the author contends, there is much reason for believing that whilst Queen Elizabeth was still living, they were fairly well known amongst literary men and became exposed to very keen and clever satire at the hands of Ben Jonson, John Marston and other contemporary writers. These Devices formed, it is suggested, the allegorical representations into which Bacon metamorphosed his highly imaginative ideas for the purpose of enlightening future generations as to his claims to his numerous anonymous literary works. He sets out to show the origin and meaning of the *nom-de-plume* "Shake-speare"; of the Arms, Crest and Motto given to the player Shakspere of Stratford; and of the epithet "Sweet Swan of Avon," applied to "Shake-speare" by Jonson.

These literary Devices seem, says the author, to throw a remarkable light on Ben Jonson's meaning when he referred to Bacon's great propensity for jesting. Through these Devices (mostly designed by Bacon when a youth under eighteen) we are, on the one hand, enabled to trace and appreciate many of his merry jests—including that supreme jest, the bestowal of Arms upon the Shaksperes in 1596, and by their means to follow him, if only to some slight extent, in those soaring flights of imagination, apparently winging their way to the loftiest heights to which the mind of man has ever attained; and to this double side of Bacon it doubtless was that Jonson alluded.

Regarding the "A.A." device, which appeared first in Alciat's *Emblemata* in 1577, the earliest book in English to bear it was

* By Raoul Chelard, Paris, Librarie H. Le Sourdier.

The Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie of King James of Scotland, 1585. Some interesting and curious particulars are given concerning the publication of this book, which was printed, not in Scotland, but in London. The Rev. Walter Begley first pointed out that Bacon had been in Scotland whilst Elizabeth was living and suggested that he had gone on a secret State mission; and the author here suggests that he probably visited Edinburgh in 1584 in the train of Sir Edward Wotton, who was sent by the Queen to King James to try and induce that monarch to join in a League of Protestant Sovereigns for mutual defence against the Pope. It is impossible to convey to the reader a tittle of the deep research and new material contained in this handsomely printed work. It should be read diligently by every serious student of the question and find a permanent place on the library shelf as a veritable encyclopaedia of reference.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND HIS THREE FRIENDS, BEN, ANTHONIE, AND FRANCIS. *By Frank A. Kendall.* W. A. Butterfield, Boston, U.S.A.

This is an interesting contribution to the subject of anagrams and acrostics, illustrating the experimental methods by which they are to be traced in rare books; and the author, in the present essay, concentrates his attention upon the first printed page of *Love's Labours Lost*, of which a *facsimile* text is supplied from the Duke of Devonshire's copy. The author has some comments on the work, *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon*, by Mr. William Stone Booth, and says that his object is to develop his method. He considers that neither Mr. Booth nor his critics have directed enough attention to two very important phases of the subject; first,—the method itself apart from the application; secondly,—the discovery of significant acrostics in significant places, even if these may not be repeated in series. For example, the "Donna Leonora" acrostics in the Milton poems. From the first page of *Love's Labours Lost* the author extracts, by the string acrostic rule, the following sentence: "Antonius Baconus et Ben Jonsonus et Franciscus Baconus scripserunt." Substantially, every expression of address, says the author, by Ferdinand to Berowne, Dumane and Longavill}* also appears as if applied in acrostic to Antonie Bacon, Ben Jonson, and Francis Bacon; and the only time that Ferdinand refers to himself alone (in the words, "with me") a curious acrostic reveals the name William Shakespeare, and he asks: Do the exposed words of the text suggest a secret pact on the part of the "interior" or acrostic characters as well as on the part of the external characters?

H.S.

* In the play these three scholars make "deep oathes" to live together without the company of ladies for "a terme of three years" for purposes of study, whose "little Academy" of "living Art" was predicted to become "the wonder of the worlde." It is known that Anthony, Ben and Francis lived together at Gorhambury, although no date can be fixed; and it may have been about the time of that momentous year 1598 (of the *Richard II.* commotion) which is curiously the same year in which *Love's Labours Lost* was first printed, as well as the time that the name Shakespeare first figured as the author of plays.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Baconiana.

CABALA INTERPRETATIONS.

Sirs,—In your last issue Dr. Lawrence has given some excellent examples of the use of the numerical ciphers.

Applying these cabalas to some cryptic initials we obtain the following results.

1. *The Latin Inscription of the Stratford Monument.*

The numerical value of the six capital initials IPSMTO, reading 5 to right in the secret English cabala, is 11+5+2+8+1+6=33= Bacon, in the simple English cabala.

The late Dr. H. A. W. Speckman pointed out in a printed pamphlet many other indications to Bacon in both the Latin and English Inscriptions of the Monument.

2. *Preface to the First Folio of* 1623.

Lines "To the Reader," signed B.I.

The numerical value of BI in the secret English cabala is 23+16=39=6+33=F. Bacon.

Lines "To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare," signed I.M. The numerical value of IM in the Trithemius cabala, reading 6 to right, is 15+18=33=Bacon.

M W, in the simple English cabala, is also 33.

3. *Preface to the Second Folio of* 1632.

Lines, laudatory of Shake-speare, signed I.M.S. The numerical value of IMS in the simple English cabala is 9+12+18=39=6+33 =F. Bacon.

4. *Shake-speare's Sonnets of* 1609.

Dedication to the "Onlie Begetter" Mr. W. H. The numerical value of MRWH in the Trithemius cabala is 12+17+20+8=57= 24+33=Fra. Bacon.

The edition of Bacon's "New Atlantis," published in 1660,

has a Continuation by "R. H. Esquire," whose identity is unknown. To test a conjecture that the signature was an artificial one, framed to cover an allusion to Bacon's Stratford Mask, the numerical ciphers were applied.

The numerical value of the letters in 'R. H. Esquire' in the Simple English cabala is $115=12+103=M.$ *Shakespeare*, and in the Kay cabala $219=24+33+18+41+103$
$=$ *Fra Bacon's Mask Shakespeare.*

It was customary to use the Trithemius cabala by reading 5 to right and 6 to left.

In this cabala the numerical value of the letters are, reading 5 to right, 116, and 6 to left, 105; total, $221=177+44=$ *William Shakespeare, Gent.*

These results are not advanced as proofs, but they are strange if undesigned, and they appear to confirm my conjecture.

Yours truly,

Torquay, April, 1928. R. L. HEINIG.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Dear Sirs,

Perusing the fourth volume of a quaint old work entitled "Anecdotes of Some Distinguished Persons Chiefly of The Present And Two Preceding Centuries," and published by "T. Cadell, Jun., and W. Davies, Successors to Mr. Cadell, in The Strand," in 1796, I came across the following tributes to Bacon which I have much pleasure in appending and submitting to you.

Yours sincerely,

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

"LORD BACON."

"Dr. Tatam says finely of Lord Bacon:

"Aristotle locked up the Temple of Knowledge, and threw away the Key, which in the absurd and superstitious veneration of his authority was lost for ages. It was found at last by a native of our own country, whose name as a philosopher, and particularly as a logician (*Illud vero* monendum nos in hoc nostro Organo tractare Logicam, non Philosophiam.—*Nov. Organ.* Lib. II. Aphorism 52), does more honour to England than his did to Stagyra; who threw open the prison in which science had been held captive, and once more set her free; and who with a bold and virtuous sacrilege tore the laurel from that dark and deified philosopher, which he had so long and so injuriously worn."—"*The Chart and Scale of Truth*," Vol. I., p. 353.

According to Mr. Aubrey, Cardinal Richelieu was a great admirer of Lord Bacon. Balzac says of him respecting his character of the Ancients, "Croyons donc pour l'amour du Chancelier Bacon, que toutes les folies des Anciens sont sages et tous leur songes mysteres."

To the Editors of Baconiana.

THE SATYRICON OF "PETRONIUS ARBITER."

Sirs.—I have just come across "The Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter." No doubt it is well known to some Baconians, but to me it is entirely new as one of the possible *falsified date and name* works of "our great poet" (as General Baden-Powell calls Bacon).

The copy of the book which I have come across is published by Boni & Liveright, New York, and adapted from the translation of W. C. Firebaugh. In the prefatory Essay on Petronius by Charles Whibley I find these words on page xxi: "Petronius is as secret as Shakespeare, as impersonal as Flaubert." On page xxiii Mr. Whibley asks, "Who was he? What was he? Whence came he? These questions must remain forever without an answer. One thing only is certain, he was a gentleman, and incomparably aristocratic. He stood a creator, high above the puppets of his creation, and in nothing does he show his greatness so admirably as in the serene aloofness of his temperament. We are never likely to pierce the mystery of his being. But we are content to look upon him as a great gentleman, and to acknowledge that under his auspices we would rather dine with Trimalchio and his rapscallions than with Lucullus himself."

Mr. Firebaugh in the introduction says, "Petronius is as genial as Rabelais; an enigmatic genius whose secret will never be laid bare with the resources at our present command." That statement seems to be more reasonable than Mr. Whibley's very pessimistic statement that "These questions must remain forever without an answer."

I find in the fourth chapter of this book, which I think is very likely of Bacon's composition, these words: ". . . no one, in his old age, will confess the errors he was taught in his school-days." How THAT applies to our friends the Stratfordians!

In "Shakespeare," Bacon refers to "Proteus" several times. I find that in the 134th chapter of the Satyricon he says in verse:—

". . . . the sun's daughter Circe
Changed and transfigured the crew of the wily Ulysses.
Proteus changes his form when his good pleasure dictates;
I, who am skilled in these arts can the shrubs of Mount Ida
Plant in the ocean; turn rivers to flow up the mountains."

George Hookham, in his book "*Will O' The Wisp*," says that Bacon had that kind of wild humour that led him to joke about his troubles, especially his gout. In chapter 132 of the Satyricon I find the author says: "Gouty patients swear at their feet." All through the book there are evidences of Bacon's wit and humour. That is why I am sending this letter for your consideration.

HAROLD SHAFTER HOWARD.

Princeton, N.J., U.S.A.
February 3, 1928.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

J. MASON.—Jan. 22, 1860, occurred on a Sunday.

"QUILL PEN."—In the *Fugger News Letters* (2nd series) dated April 9, 1587, it is said that "General Davison has been in danger of his life because, without the knowledge and consent of the Queen of England he dispatched the sentence of death of the Queen of Scots, and affixed the Great Seal to it. Her Majesty is greatly displeased because he did not consult her beforehand and because the Queen of Scots was executed by the common headsman in derogation of her royal blood."

"DAYLEY MAIL."—We have reason for believing that the increase in the number of members from 9 to 33 in the 33rd degree of Masonry took place about 1910.

MAURICE.—In a communication dated from Venice, March 16th, 1601, having reference to the Essex rebellion, it is stated that Queen Elizabeth was contemplating marrying Arabella Stuart to the Prince of Condé, and to proclaim him King.

"FREE LANCE."—Thomas Bushell published a confession of his own guilt and of the innocence of Bacon in the matter of the charges of corruption which brought about the latter's fall. It is both curious and noteworthy that Bushell was appointed by Charles I. a master of the Mint at Shrewsbury, Aberystwith and other places.

H. BAINES.—You are in error about Robert Burton being the author, or reputed author, of only one work, viz., the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The *Philosophaster*, a Latin comedy, by him, was acted at Christ Church in 1617, but was not printed till much later. The presentation copy of the MS. to his brother, William Burton is, we believe, in Lord Mostyn's library.

"False Dating."—In a publication by the Bodleian Library it is said that the Library possesses two supposed original copies of the *Merchant of Venice*, one of which bears a false date, in spite of the fact that certain water-mark indications shew that they must have been printed at the same time, although there is a difference of 19 years between their respective dates.

F. JONES.—The *Art of Decyphering*, by John Davys, M.A., Rector of Castle Abbey, was published in 1737. It also contained a Discourse of Dr. Wallis, published for the first time from his original manuscript in the Public Library at Oxford.

J. VINCENT.—The letter from "T. Moresin" in French to Anthony Bacon containing cypher was evidently written by Francis from abroad. Reference—No. 649. Tenison MSS. Lambeth Palace Library. Mrs. C. M. Pott deciphered and translated this letter in 1896, and her MS. is in our possession.

BACON SOCIETY LECTURES.

Since the last issue, the following lectures have taken place at Canonbury Tower. On Dec. 1, last year, Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A., gave a most interesting essay on the "word" cypher play of "Anne Boleyn" by Francis Bacon deciphered by Mrs. E. W. Gallup from the 101 works, including the "Shakespeare" First Folio, from which the elements and framework of this remarkable tragedy—a master-piece of art—were methodically constructed and extracted. A prolonged discussion took place.

On Jan. 5, this year, Mr. Henry Seymour gave a theoretical exposition of Bacon's Biliteral Cypher with numerous lantern-slide illustrations, diagrams, and black-board examples, which aroused keen interest, as many mysteries hitherto obscure were made plain when once the clues were made manifest. In the practical demonstration of the *modus operandi* of the cypher, he prepared a short but enlarged author's manuscript, had it put into large type in *a* fount letters, went through the process of marking certain of the letters to be changed into *b* fount letters to incorporate a hidden text, and then submitted a second proof-sheet containing the cypher, which he thereupon disclosed in a quite mechanical way. One point of interest was the revelation that Bacon frequently "pulled the leg" of his decipherer by introducing subtle difficulties and obstacles by which his capacity for the work might be tested, leaving him to succeed only by his comprehension of the inductive method of reasoning. He said that the value of the symbols were sometimes reversed in different books and often in two sizes of type in the same book. But there was no real difficulty here, for it was always easy to ascertain the distinguishing symbols by referring to the catch-words at the bottom of a page, which, whatever their form, were invariably *b* fount letters. Observation and experiment alone, he said, had led him to this incidental discovery. He further exhibited as a modern example a slide of the "Pallas Athene" frontispiece to the Ter-centenary number of *Baconiana* (1926) and indicated the *a* and *b* symbols in the italic letters of the legend beneath it, mechanically revealing the more correct concealed description of the statue, "Minerva of th' Romans," since the particular picture was a copy of the statue at the Vatican.

The continuing series comprised lectures as follow:—"Bacon as 'Anonymous Sarmatae' and 'Heliocantharus Borealis' in Contemporary Writings," by Miss E. Rosen, on Feb. 2; "Did Bacon write 'Don Quixote'?" by Mr. Horace Nickson, on Mar. 1; "The Shake-Speare Sonnets Interpreted," by Mr. W. G. C. Gundry, on April 5; "New Light on Othello," by Miss A. A. Leith, on May 3; "The Psychology of Francis Bacon," by Mrs. Vernon Bayley, on June 7; and the last remaining lecture of the present session, "Bacon's Reasons for Anonymity," will be given by Mr. Howard Bridgewater (Barrister-at-Law) on July 5. A further series will be given in the Autumn, particulars of which will be sent to members and others interested.

W.L.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

At the Bacon Dinner in the Crown Room at the Criterion Restaurant, an enlarged flash-light photograph of the company was taken, and copies may be obtained from Messrs. Fradelle and Young, photographers, 14 to 18, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1, at 5s. each.

A few months ago *John O'London's Weekly* had a symposium of the question: "Which author of the past would you like to meet in the flesh, were such a meeting possible?" and invited public men to air their views about it. Mr. St. John Ervine said: "I should like to meet Shakespeare, and I should ask him to tell me freely, fully, and frankly, what is his opinion of the imbeciles who think that Bacon wrote the plays."

If Shakespeare were indeed a man of flesh and was brought face to face with Misther St. John Ervine, it is more than likely that the latter would thenceforth become dumb-stricken, so that he would not be able to say another word. It is also a gratuitous assumption to suppose that Shakespeare would condescend to parley freely, fully and frankly with any newspaper interviewer on any question whatever, little less for the asking. To help a lame dog over such a style was not exactly Shakespeare's way.

Our readers should not fail to read the contribution of Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the American Shakespeare Society, which appears on another page, in which he lays the Stratford ghost with deadly effect. Educated Shakespereans are at last beginning to open their eyes to the gigantic national imposture by which such an army of literary mountebanks and journalistic hack-writers have subsisted these two hundred years. When the search-light of *honest* criticism is focussed on the clearly demonstrated fact of the Stratford Shakspere's inability to intelligently scrawl his own name, the question of his being the author of the finest literature in the world becomes a theme only for comic opera.

Apart from the egregious folly of those who swallow the Stratford fiction, as they would a patent pill, what shall be said of the bare-faced confidence-tricksters behind this fiction who have designed,

or who have assisted in the design, to mislead the world by the wholesale forgeries and fakes and manufactured "relics" associated with Stratford-on-Avon, and upon which the Shakespeare sham has been cunningly built up! There is only one thing to be said, and that is that they should be shamed out of public life, if they have such a thing as a scrap of shame or conscience left.

Are the Bacon-Shakespeare manuscripts safely deposited at the British Museum? It is not generally known that the Keeper of MSS. at the Museum is guardian of some of the most sensational family secrets and State affairs of the past. An official at the department recently said that there was a considerable list of persons distinguished in many walks of life whose papers are kept under lock and key and will not be published for 20 to 50 years. They were unable to give even the names.

Mr. William Poel is to be congratulated on his production of "Ben Jonson's" *Sejanus His Fall* on Sunday evening, February 12th last, at the Holborn Empire. As Baconians are well aware, the play was written to show the sudden rise and fall of a people's favourite. Although the character of the play is Roman, the allusions were clearly to events referring to Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, and Jonson and Shakespeare were easily detected in bastard Roman make-up as characters in the play. The performance was in many ways interesting, particularly in the manner of its production, a large platform being constructed over the auditorium level, with dark curtains for background, arched entrances within the architectural sides of the stage and flights of steps to give some realism to the platform level. The whole performance was an unqualified success.

The great event of the season, of course, was the performance at the Arts Club Theatre in April, of Mr. George Moore's comedy, *The Making of an Immortal*.* There were two performances, and the Prince of Wales was present at the first of these. The theatre was packed, and it was only with difficulty that seats could be secured. The production was preceded by a curtain-raiser of exceptional merit, which deserves our meed of praise, entitled *The Cardinal's Collation*, adapted from the Portuguese of Julio Dantas by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, himself playing the Cardinal Gonzaga De Castro, Mr. Oscar Asche playing Cardinal Rufo, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine playing the Cardinal De Montmorency, each part being pourtrayed and sustained with remarkable fidelity and artistic finish, while the scenic effect was gorgeously brilliant. As the *Times* said, the little piece was a smooth and elegant prelude to what was to follow.

"Soon the curtain was up again on Mr. George Moore's Elizabethans, represented now by a company distinguished enough to have

* Published by The Bowling Green Press, New York: Faber and Gwyer, Ltd., London. 3 guineas net.

made Burbage's mouth water. We have already written something of this play on its publication, telling how Mr. Moore has brought to it Queen Elizabeth and Bacon, Jonson and an actor, William Shakspere, and has shewn how (perhaps) Bacon thrust the authorship of the plays on to an unwilling and humble man whose name happened to differ from the Baconian *nom de guerre* only by an 'e' and an 'a.' To read the play had been charming, full of shrewdly humorous sketches of character, decorated with a luminous fancy, enriched with a prose which, even in its lightest uses, belongs to Mr. Moore and to none other. How would it be in performance? Would its delicacy be broken by the roughnesses of the theatre? Would its qualities, as the theatre says, 'come over?'

"There was no need to doubt. The play is not at its best until it is brought to the stage. Here the boy players, who threatened in the library to be a little elusive in their humour, are in their place. Mr. Shine's Jack Thornley was a joke for the gods; Mr. Brian Glennie's Prenny Lister was a Juliet to dream of; and, leaving the players for yet humbler folk, Mr. Hay Petrie, the messenger, a twist of fun that Jonson would have enjoyed. As Jonson himself Mr. Charles Laughton was not at his best, but Mr. Leslie Faber drew a quiet, laughing portrait of Bacon, Mr. Edmund Gwenn's worldly advise to royal litter-bearer's was admirably pointed, and Mr. Charles Carson, as the dull, rather vain man who knew not whether to be more alarmed or pleased to find himself an immortal poet, was an exquisite mingling of vanity and fear, humility and pomposity. And Miss Thorndyke's Elizabeth! She has little to say, but how she says it, and what a superbly smiling majesty is in her eye! A splendid figure she makes, to which we bid farewell sadly when she sweeps from the stage, having listened to the madrigal that Sir Thomas Beecham arranged for her. Did Bacon play on her such a trick as this? Was Jonson his accomplice? Was Shakspere his immortal victim? Never mind. We owe to Mr. Moore's imagining of them all an evening of easy pleasure not soon to be forgotten."—*The Times*, April 2nd, 1928.

In answer to a request to be present as a guest of the Bacon Society Dinner, Général Cartier, of Paris, sent the following, dated January 19th, with greetings:

"Dear Mr. Seymour,—Alas! I cannot accept your kind invitation for Monday next. Of course, I should be very happy to meet there my English fellow Baconians, whose interesting work I follow in your *Baconiana*. Please to present them (especially the Hon. President and Miss A. A. Leith) with my best wishes and my hope that, some day, Francis Bacon will be acknowledged everywhere, as he must be, the greatest literary and scientific genius of his country, and perhaps of all times. Very sincerely yours."

We have received a new double number (255 pp.) of the *American Baconiana*, which is brimful of interesting and instructive material. It is Serial No. 5. Its frontispiece is a portrait of the late Dr. Speckman, of Holland, well known to our own readers. Another

feature is a new interpretation in English verse, by Mr. Willard Parker, of the *Manes Verulamiani*, a praiseworthy endeavour to preserve in part at least the musical rhythm of the Latin originals. In the foreword, Mr. Parker says: "My purpose in this is to render the Manes Verulamiani more attractive and intelligible to the general reader, thus spreading the knowledge and appreciation of the great FRANCIS among the rank and file of the people in whose service he labored and to whom he bequeathed the results of his toil." English Baconians will express their sympathy with Mr. Willard Parker, in the recent loss of his talented and devoted wife, news of which has only just reached us.

The Bacon Society of America, Inc., proposes "an informal symposium on the pros and cons of the great Bacon-Shakespeare question, which recent events as reported in the newspapers indicate is nearer a solution than ever." The questions enumerated are: (1)Where should the New Shakespearean Theatre be Located? (2) Are the Shakespeare Signatures Forged or Real? (3) Was Anyone Buried in Shakespeare's Grave? (4) Why do Publishers Perpetuate the Shakespeare Myth? (5) Is Bacon's "New Atlantis" Realized in the Rise of the United States? (6) Where are the Originals of the Plays?

We regret to learn of the recent death of Mrs. Isabel Brown, of Copake, Col. Co., N.Y. Mrs. Brown was the author of that important book "Law Sports at Gray's Inn, 1594," published in 1921, which attracted wide attention from lawyers and men of letters alike. In a quiet and unostentatious way she launched this valuable research work under the pen-name "Basil Brown," and apparently never sought the least personal recognition over its success until others have now revealed her identity. She leaves her husband and two sons to mourn her loss, to whom we convey our deep sympathy.

The collection of notable expressions of opinion by notable publicists on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy published in our last issue has been reprinted as a four-page propagandist sheet and is available to members or interested friends at 2s. per 100 for distribution, and which will hardly fail to arrest the attention of those who have been misled by the enemy to suppose that Baconians are only cranks. It will at least serve to show that they are in the company of the most distinguished literary and judicial authorities of the times.

The Annual Meeting of the Bacon Society took place at Canonbury Tower on March 1st, 1928. Owing to a previous engagement, the President, the Hon. Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D., was unable to be present, and Mr. H. Nickson (Chairman of Council) presided. After the formal business was dispatched, the Balance Sheet for 1927, duly audited, together with a Report of the Council, was submitted, discussed, and unanimously adopted. The Officers and Council were elected for the ensuing year as follow:—President,

Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D.; Vice-Presidents, Lady Sydenham, Princess Karadja, Miss A. A. Leith, Mr. Basil E. Lawrence, LL.D.;Mr. Parker Woodward (Solicitor); and Mr. Harold Bayley. Chairman of Council, Mr. Horace Nickson; Vice-Chairman, Mr. W. G. C. Gundry; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Marion Plarr; Auditor, Mr. G. L. Emmerson, A.C.I.S., F.L.A.A. Members of Council, Mrs. Vernon Bayley, Miss E. Rosen, Mr. H. Bridgewater, Mr. Gilbert Standen, Rev. E. F. Udny, M.A., Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., Mr. E. Squire, Mr. Walter Gay, Mr. J. W. T. Cremlyn, and Mr. Henry Seymour.

We have to acknowledge the gift of the remainder of the current edition of *Bacon's Secret Disclosed*, by the late Mr. Granville C. Cuningham, from his widow and son, Mr. A. A. Cuningham, with many thanks. A similar gift of half-a-dozen new copies of *Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare*, by the late Mr. Crouch Batchelor, has been made by his widow, for the purpose of assisting the Society's funds, for which we also express our many thanks.

The following back numbers of *Baconiana* to complete a set are wanted by a member: Second Series, Nos. 1, 2, and 12. Third Series, Nos. 6, 62 and 63. Can any reader oblige, and name price?

The Bacon Society begs to thank our devoted member, Mrs. Cohen Stuart, for an unique gift of an enlarged portrait in oils of Francis Bacon at approximately the age of 45, painted by an unknown artist in the 17th century. Perhaps the most striking feature of the portrait is the tablet attached to it describing Bacon as "a Philosopher, essayist, poet, and dramatist."

H.S.

Some Books on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

Anon. Secret Shakespearean Seals. 10s.

Barrister (A). The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. A statement of elementary facts concerning the actor named Shakspere, impugning the commonly accepted opinion that he was the author of the "Shakespeare" plays. 6d.

Batchelor (H. Crouch). Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare. 2s. 6d. net.

Bunten (Mrs. A. Chambers). Twickenham Park and Old Richmond Palace, and Francis Bacon's Connection with Them (1580—1608), 1s. net. Sir Thomas Meautys (Secretary to Ld. Bacon), and His Friends. Illustrated with Portraits. 1918. Price 1s. 6d. Life of Alice Barnham (1592-1650), Wife of Sir Francis Bacon. Mostly gathered from Unpublished Documents. Price 1s. 6d.

Cuningham (Granville C.). Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books. 3s. 6d. net.

Eagle (R. L.) New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets. 2s. 6d. net.

Eagle (R. L.) The Tempest: An Interpretation. 2s. 6d. net.

Gallup (Mrs. E. Wells). Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon. Parts I. and II. in 1 Vol., 10s. net.; Part III., 8s. 6d. net.

Hickson (S. A. E.). The Prince of Poets and Most Illustrious of Philosophers. With an Epilogue by H. S. Howard. 368 pp., 16 plates on art paper. Cloth, gilt, 7s. 6d. net.

Lawrence (Basil, LL.D.). The Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays and Poems. A storehouse of valuable information for students as well as beginners, shewing Bacon's identity with "Shakespeare." 15s. net.

Lawrence (Sir E. Durning, Bart.). Bacon is Shakespeare: With Reprint of Bacon's Promus of Formularies. Copiously illustrated. 6s. net.

Pott (Mrs. Henry). Did Francis Bacon write "Shakespeare"? Parts I. and II. in 1 Vol.; Parts III., IV. and V. in separate Vols. Paper, 1s. per Vol.; Cloth, 2s. 6d.; (also in 1 Vol., entitled "Obiter Dicta of Bacon and Shakespeare." 3s. 6d.).

Reed (Edwin). Noteworthy Opinions. 6s. net.

Reed (Edwin). Bacon and Shakespeare Coincidences. 4s. 6d. net.

Seymour (Henry). A Cypher Within a Cypher. An elementary lesson in the Study of the Bi-literal Cypher, and a disclosure of an anagrammatic signature of "William Shakespeare" in Bacon's original edition of "De Augmentis." 1s. On Biliteral Deciphering. Reprinted from *Baconiana*, 1922, with facsimile illustration and key page. 3d. To Marguerite (a Song attributed to Francis Bacon and set to music by Henry Seymour). In E flat or G. Illustrated Elizabethan cover, designed by the late Chas. E. Dawson, and Hilliard portrait of Bacon, at 18, in colours, 2s. net.

Smedley (William T.). The Mystery of Francis Bacon. Paper, 5s.

Theobald (Robert M.). Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light. 7s. 6d.

Woodward (Frank). Bacon's Cypher Signatures. 21s.

Woodward (Parker). Tudor Problems. 12s. 6d. net.

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

The Rydal Press, Keighley.