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The Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED).

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

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

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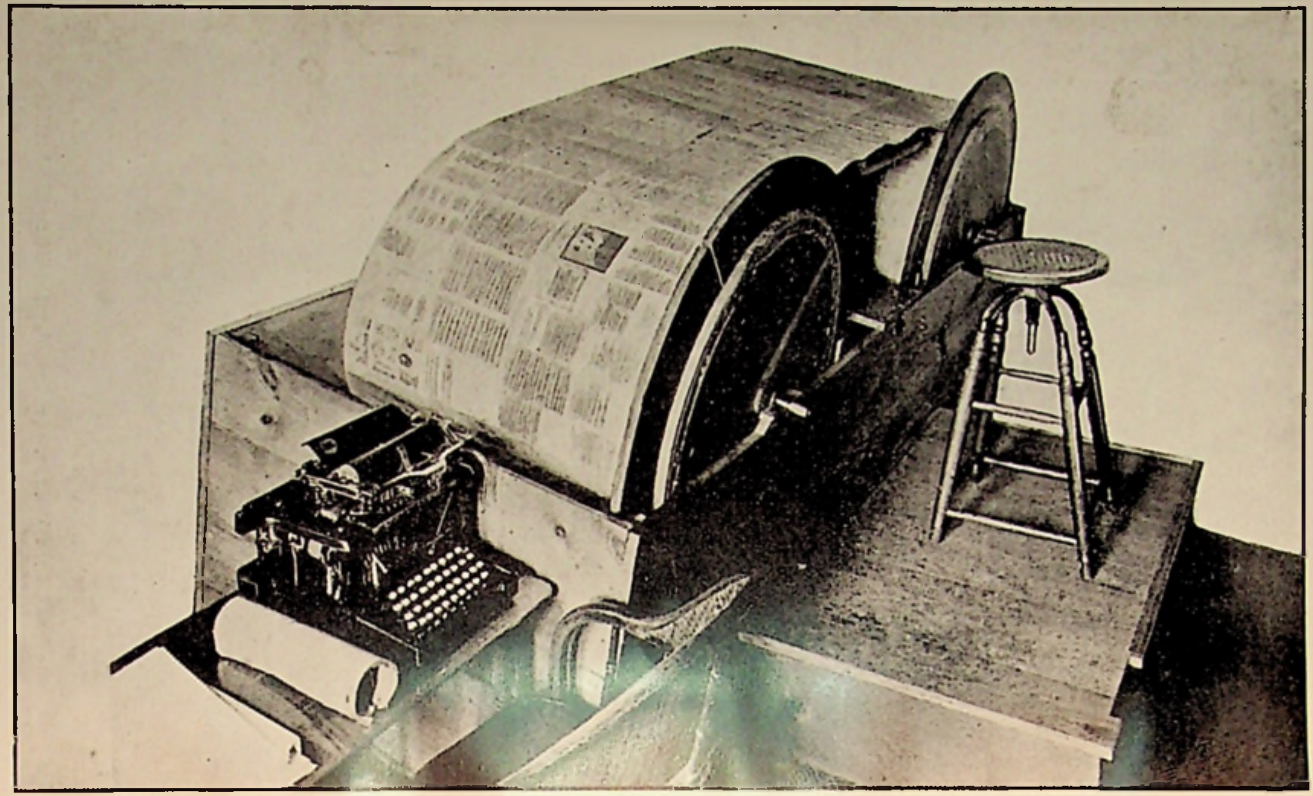
AN APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

The collection of Elizabethan literature which the Society now possesses is unique. This is mainly due to gifts and bequests of books made to the Society by generous donors in the past. The Society appeals to those who have acquired books relating to the Bacon-Shakespeare problem and the Elizabethan-Jacobean period generally and who would be unwilling that such should be dispersed in the future or remain unappreciated. Bequests of collections, large or small, or gifts of books, especially early editions, would greatly benefit the Society and would be gratefully accepted.



The "Wheel" used by Dr. Owen in deciphering Bacon's WORD Cipher, where 1,000 ft. of canvas was covered by the original works used, and pasted in duplicate. (See page 42).

BACONIANA

VOL. XXVIII. No. III. APRIL, 1944.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORD CYPHER.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT.

AT various times articles have appeared in BACONIANA relative to the late Dr. Orville Ward Owen's fruitless searches for the long-lost Bacon relics at Chepstow-on-Wye, that quaint little old-world town snuggling beneath the massive ruins of its historic castle which sits perched on a high rock and at whose broad base timidly scurries by the most beautiful and rapid tidal river in the whole British Isles. These articles to which I refer have rarely been flattering and sometimes even acrimonious towards a brilliant man of whom I saw a good deal in 1911 when he was searching for the sixty-six boxes supposedly concealed in the bed of the Wye by Bacon, according to a cypher Owen claimed to have decoded in Sidney's Arcadia. Whatever virtue there be in that particular cypher, to the Doctor as the discoverer of the Word Cypher, Baconians owe a debt they can never repay, a debt which the world at large will one day realise.

For the last 58 years BACONIANA has shed its lustre, earning its full meed of abuse and contempt in most directions as it has steadily penetrated into the dim recesses of men's minds that Francis Bacon was Shakespeare. It has preached sometimes earnestly, at others wittily, and above all with scholarly appeal to the reason and logic of human intelligence. Not the least of its good works has been the elevation of Elizabethan literature to the great heights it adorns but formerly not so widely appreciated. As an educative influence it has done more for English literature and contemporary history of Bacon's period than many far more pretentious journals.

Yet, having paid homage where due, and after gratefully acknowledging the work of all the erudite men and women who have displayed in a variety of ways, by means of analogy, by anagram, figures, and a host of other examples, that the Plays and other writings were the work of Francis Bacon, there has lingered nevertheless, in many a mind a certain doubt about the Baconian claim. Not in the reader's mind probably who may read this article but in that of a great number, indeed, I would say the generality. We can offer nothing concrete. It is like a trial in which the evidence is almost conclusive but yet there is a tiny little doubt, a possible loophole, and the jury will not pronounce a verdict except the Scots' one of "unproven."

Something therefore is wanting. A motive. True, the Biliteral Cypher of Mrs. Gallup and the Word Cypher of Dr. Owen provide motive enough and to spare. Then we can realise why, when as the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, the legitimate Heir Apparent

to the Tudor throne, Francis was cheated out of his royal birthright and forbidden under pain of death to declare his true rank. What a tragedy in this and what a romance! We can see clearly to-day that to have recognised the rights of Francis as Prince of Wales would have forced into the fiercest limelight all the circumstances of his birth as an adulterine bastard actually born in wedlock, and the ensuing concealment of it as grimly necessitated by the logic of facts. Exposure would have led inevitably to such a scandal in which the ugly word Murder must have emerged and so swept away both the Queen and her Protestant Ministers as by a tidal wave. That at least was their fear. The Puritans were not too popular outside of the city of London. The Catholic faith still had its roots deep in the soil. What greater reason for the suppression of Francis' rights could be conceived, when all the greatest of the land were involved directly or indirectly? It was a question of Elizabeth's throne tottering to collapse or the enforced silence of Francis. So he went to the wall and secretly wrote his life story in cypher, he being a master of cryptology, and in his turn concealed it in his own admitted works, in the Shakespeare Plays and under many masks and devices.

Consequently it has always seemed to me—that is from the moment I learned these astonishing matters—to be a paramount consideration among Baconians to establish beyond cavil the authenticity of the Cyphers. In this article I am especially concerned with the Word Cypher of Owen, for it was Bacon's principal medium, as he says on many occasions in the Biliteral, the latter being more an adjunct or introductory to the great Cypher, which he reasonably supposed would be discovered first, based as it is on two founts of italic type and by no means difficult of decipherment if one possesses an original edition of, say, the 1623 Folio, or, as I happen to have, a facsimile of it. Indeed, except for those who can obliterate by some occult means all recognition of the Biliteral Cypher, as also the Word Cypher, and pursue solely the indirect approach of comparative sayings and other such invaluable processes—please understand I far from disparage these methods—these Cyphers afford proof positive that Bacon was Shakespeare, and, incidentally, the son of Queen Elizabeth born in wedlock. There is even more prejudice against the Word Cypher than the Biliteral. Yet they cannot be divorced. It is both or none. If you accept one you must take the other. As for example this excerpt from the Biliteral, deciphered from the Novum Organum, (1620),

> "This Cyphar will make the Word Cypher more plaine, and it is chiefly in ayding its deciphering that all others that have been found do give some rules. It is our most importa't Cypher, having the complete story told therein, but this also is of much use . . . "*

In another passage Bacon tells of the thirteen plays composing

*Mrs. Gallup: Bi-Literal Cypher, p.111. (3rd. Ed. 1901).

part of his Great Cypher in which he makes the interesting admission. that,

> "The histories are not completed at this writing in their exterior masque (i.e. the plays). All interiour worke, nevertheless is completed, and made ready for th' incorporation into these divers works (i.e. the cypher). Th'titles of these plaies here followe: The Life of Elizabeth; the Life of Essex; the Life and Death of Edward Third; The White Rosse of Brittaine; the Life of King Henry the Sevent; The Earle of Essex (my late brother); Earle of Leicester (our late Sire); the Life of Marlowe; Anne Bullen; Mary Queen o' Scots; Th' Seven Wise Men of the West; Solomon the Second; and The Mouse Trap." *

Thus does Bacon introduce us to "our most important Cypher" which he assumed would not be found until after the more simple Biliteral. As it chanced, Dr. Owen, a busy medical practitioner in Detroit, Mich., stumbled upon the Word Cypher first, and from thenceforward devoted his life to the quest, among his assistants being Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup who under his auspices discovered the Biliteral. Without Owen's determination and relinquishment of a good practice it would be long odds that these two Cyphers would still await their discoverer.

But the point I hope to establish is the importance of the Word Cypher in Bacon's eyes. It was the Alpha and Omega of his main effort on which his eyes were focussed. I suggest that to anyone who considers the deciphered texts of Mrs. Gallup and Dr. Owen the over-riding reason why he asked his friends to keep his identity concealed as the playwright with the same secrecy as his royal birth is because *his life work was not primarily his plays and sonnets but his own history hidden in the Word Cypher*. For the sake of the great Cypher Bacon wrote with such profuseness, and his pen and style advanced gradually in technique so that when he had reached the half century his ripe genius had produced the most wonderful collection of plays the world has ever seen, some as yet being lost to us. His earlier efforts, like the Jew of Malta, were doubtless largely included under his various masks.

Everything in fact scales down to his main objective, namely that Francis Bacon desired above all else to pass down to history as a Tudor (or Tidder), the legitimate Prince of Wales and the rightful King of England after his mother Elizabeth died. That was the logical reason of the Shakespeare mystery kept up for years after the necessity to enshroud himself in a cloak of anonymity. He recognised —and said so—that one day the Shakespeare mask must be torn aside and that he would emerge not only as Shakespeare but as "Francis I., King of England," deprived of his just heritage and position by the cruel conspiracy of a political junta.

Thus the importance of the Word Cypher is manifest. The only

* op. cit. pp. 117-8.

point of difficulty is how far is its correctness ascertainable as deciphered by Dr. Owen and his assistants? The Biliteral can be checked, but the Word Cypher, requiring so elaborate an apparatus, cannot be. As we know, Owen, following the instructions most clearly defined in the full letter to the Decipherer, had to acquire two copies of original editions or facsimile copies of many rare books, some being unprocurable; and then he had to paste these on an immense wheel or drum, where he employed assistants to decipher the contents according to the keys and guide words given.

True, several persons have in the past examined the great wheel in operation and all declare it to be a genuine operation. Owen's first volume of the "Cypher Story" appeared in 1893, followed by several others and then a long hiatus . . In 1895 a long article was published in the Detroit *Tribune* under the name of P. J. Sherman, who said that he visited the office where the decipherment was taking place and cast his eyes on two reels of canvas each 1,000 ft. in length, and 2ft. wide on which were pasted the printed pages of all the works of the various authors denoted, including Shakespeare of course, and by a simple device one could turn the wheel in either direction. The various guide words were marked with different coloured pencils, and every sentence was pencilled round containing the guide word thus enclosing the keys as well—Bacon gives the keys and guide words in both the Word and Biliteral Cyphers—and these various sentences were read from the wheel to a typist by the decipherer. At the head of every page was placed the key-word or words of the sentences. The sorting consisted in arranging all typed pages containing the same words in separate piles in accordance with Bacon's own instructions as printed in volume one of Dr. Owen's "Cypher Story." We are told that the Doctor worked and delved for nearly eight years before he discovered how to decipher the hidden stories and other visitors have said that he left the work largely to his assistants once he had unified it.*

Yet it cannot be said that the decipherment was fool-proof. Errors were possible in several directions. Concordant words clung about the keys and sometimes there was a disconnection in the narrative until it fitted in elsewhere. This article cited makes it evident that the Cypher is intricate and the rules flexible and I record these difficulties for a definite purpose. I possess the "Cypher Story" up to Vol. VI, and have read it and tried to reach a derivation of the system many times. It has indeed recently formed the basis of a book I have written, and I have had occasion to compare the information it contains with that of the Biliteral. In all instances they agree, except that of course the Word Cypher is much more voluminous and comprehensive, at times too much so. For much of my life I have been a student of Elizabethan history, a good deal away often from the beaten track, and I contend that, subject to a

*The article was republished in BACONIANA, April, 1895, for the loan of which I have to thank Mr. Valentine Smith, Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society.

few anachronisms and errors probably of extraction, the Cypher is entirely genuine and trustworthy. Dialogue is phrased as no-one other than a contemporary of that age could phrase it. It would be quite impossible to compose by the most learned Elizabethan scholar, and the same applies to situations and descriptions of scenes, let alone composition by an American medical practitioner in Detroit aided by a band of local women assistants. It should be recollected too that Owen produced his "Cypher Story" more than six years before Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup published the Biliteral Cypher, and yet she confirms him in every way where comparison is possible.

At the same time it seems to me that far too many long-winded sentences drag out situations. An angry Elizabeth for example would not have abused a somewhat scared Francis Bacon for over two pages mainly of rhetoric, and this sort of hold-up is frequent, whereas Bacon was extremely practical and would not insert unnecessary passages which delay the action. His Biliteral, though naturally much more abrupt, is a model of perfect phrasing without wasting words. I fancy that guides and keys must have sometimes been extended beyond their limit. It would be an excellent idea if an independent check could be instituted of the Word Cypher, by obtaining if possible, the loan of the late Dr. Owen's apparatus, etc., after the war. Yet all these minor shortcomings and difficulties do not detract from the general effect or undermine the presentation of the facts which Bacon sets out to give.

It is possible that some of the odium attached to the Word Cypher is influenced by the failure of Dr. Owen's efforts at Chepstow over thirty years ago. I was attracted to the scene by chancing one morning to read in the *Daily Express* sometime in February, 1911, that a Dr. Owen, of Detroit, Mich., had gone to Chepstow to search for hidden treasure in the bed of the Wye, treasure said to contain all the missing MSS. of Bacon and Shakespeare and other priceless relics. I was then editing one of the best-known Northcliffe periodicals, and Dr. Owen seemed to offer the possibility of a good newspaper story. I obtained permission to see what it was all about and stayed in Chepstow for several weeks on and off. The Doctor's headquarters were at the Beaufort Arms Hotel, and there other journalists and I stayed also and held periodical press conferences with him. His enthusiasm was contagious and most of us believed in his sincerity. Whenever the tide was well on the ebb we would either cycle or walk to the place where operations were in progress, slide down a steep, muddy bank with the aid of a greasy rope, and stand on duck-boards while a gang of labourers pumped the water out of the area they were working squared up with piles, and then watch each stroke of the pickaxe lest it open up a *cache* containing the treasure.

I should interpose a personal remark here. Although I became a Baconian in the sense of being converted quite young by a literary relative, and had read certain literature on the subject, I was not a member of the Bacon Society, and indeed, not until quite recently.

But in 1911 I had never heard the faintest breath about the existence of the Cyphers, yet Dr. Owen's had been known for eighteen years, and I remember well my utter amazement when I was first told by Mr. Harry Pirie-Gordon that Owen's Cypher proclaimed Bacon, not only as the author of the Shakespeare Plays, and the works of Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, etc., but as the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and that Robert, Earl of Essex, was his younger brother. My brain reeled under it! It was too much at once! Before it I had taken an academic interest in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy although I wondered why Bacon went to such extravagant lengths to conceal his great genius. In a flash I now understood. It entirely changed my outlook.

The Chepstow search was supposed to be based on the decoding by Owen from the Johnstoun Supplement to the 1638 edition of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, another cypher in which Bacon had described the hiding of his treasures and the manuscripts of all his plays and acknowledged works, and much else besides. Mr. Fred Hammond who described the various phases of the Chepstow search a dozen years ago in BACONIANA, gives the alleged decipherment of the code as worked out by Owen. Hammond was the engineer employed by the Duke of Beaufort, who owned the stretch of the Wye, to assist, watch, and report on the proceedings conducted by Owen.

Whether Dr. Owen deciphered the Arcadia Cypher correctly or not he ultimately failed in all his efforts, foiled but still determined that he was right. He was suave and genial and I got along with him very well. Had anything emerged the Northcliffe Press was prepared to make an offer running well into five figures for the Doctor's inside exclusive story, and for my part Owen promised me that I should edit the book to be written on the subject. The relics themselves were to be presented to the nation in the name of the Duke of Beaufort. We were all dividing up the bear's skin before he was caught! When things went badly Owen drew into his shell and became both elusive and uncommunicative. He refused to permit any of the press to test his Arcadia Cypher, and some thought he was just bluffing.

He did, however, show the Cypher to Pirie-Gordon. At that time Mr. Pirie-Gordon was the chief representative of the Duke of Beaufort on the spot, his task being to run the finance, and keep an eye on the Owen family and the Press, all of which he performed with admirable *éclat*. I received from him quite recently an explanation of the system of the Arcadia Cypher. It has BACON as its key and BACK ON as its directive. After describing its method of working in detail whereby the message appears in "pools" to be found here and there in the most surprising fashion, for the letters apparently arbitrarily arranged form connected words if read up and down or "slantindicular," Pirie-Gordon says that he unravelled a "pool" himself and remarks, "even if there was no Treasure—the Great Seal of Francis I, King of England, was listed as one of the items—

the man who could write an introduction which made sense when he re-arranged it in the way described must have been a genius." As my friend held an important position on *The Times* before the war, and is now in a highly responsible war post in the Government, his evidence deserves our consideration.

Returning, however, to Mr. Hammond's version of this Cypher (despite his apparent poor opinion of Dr. Owen), he advances a most interesting simplification of the original Bacon account of the spot where he says that he buried 66 boxes and manuscripts, and one box "which contained a gruesome object" supposed to be Shakespeare's skull. Bacon, who brought these boxes from the Usk in a fisherman's schooner, says that "I had to use pulleys and tackle and the handle of the last box broke, letting it fall and smash, but there was no time to fix it and I pushed or rammed it in as it was and these books etc., will probably be mouldy." Hammond's simplification of the full Cypher is as follows:

(A) "Just above where the Wye joins the Severn there is a hill called Tutshill (Bacon says Wasp Hill), on the top of which are the ruins of a watch-tower and nearby a Castle."*

(B) "There is a clay-pit and near that a Rill" (of water).

(C) "There is a Rift (or cave) east from the Rill, which owing to an out-jutting rock could not be seen except from one place across the river."†

(D) "I had to clear out impedimenta from the court or vestibule" (of the hiding-place)

(E) There are broad arrows cut in the walls and a walnut-tree was planted to mark the spot."

Such is Mr. Hammond's abbreviation or simplification of the fuller Cypher printed in full in his article in BACONIANA, February, 1932. In his opinion these references were to a hiding-place belonging to Chepstow Castle and nowhere else. If we now take the points in order we find the following corroboration: (A) "Tut" signified an ancient watch-tower, and a little above the junction of the Severn and Wye, on the opposite (or left) bank of the Wye to Chepstow Castle is Tutshill, originally an ancient watch-tower, placed at the highest point reached by the Roman road before it descended to the river crossing, and immediately facing the Castle less than half a mile distant. (B) At the bend of the Wye opposite the Castle is a large Clay Pit, now a deep pond. (C) From this point a clear view can be obtained into the Rift under the Castle Cellar, which owing to a huge jutting rock cannot be seen from any other point. Almost opposite this point on the river bank is the side of the Circular Cistern excavated by Dr. Owen, no doubt a notable guide in Bacon's day. The Rill

*Tutshill lies opposite Chepstow Castle on the left bank of the Wye, forming a definite landmark.

†Bacon's words are, "The cliff was a face wall and the cave could not be seen except from one place across the river."

he mentions is a spring of water which flows from the foot of the rock on which the Castle stands perpendicularly, and this Rill originally filled the cistern used by those on sailing boats. (D) The hide-out. A fishing schooner or small sailing vessel could lie in the "Rift" under the Castle Cellar partly concealed by the jutting rock, and "pulleys and tackle" would be needed to hoist the cases 200 ft. or more from the ship to the Cellar above. Hammond says it is evident this place was used for such a purpose. (E) Broad arrows are seen on the walls of the Castle at this point. If, says he, a line be drawn on an ordnance map from the watch-tower on Tutshill to the point on the river bank near the clay-pit, and another at right angle past the Rill and through the Rift, the second line points directly to Marten's Tower.

Thus far, granted that Tutshill or Watch-Tower Hill, was Wasp's Hill, and as we see situated exactly in consonance with the description given by Bacon, we have also traced other of the landmarks, namely the Clay Pit, the Rift opposite, the Rill, the jutting rock, the way to the Hide-Out where pulleys and tackle were needed, and even the broad arrows. To where then does this take us? The angle, says Hammond, points to Marten's Tower, "the largest and most important tower of Chepstow Castle." He then proceeds:

> "An examination of the curtain wall adjoining Marten's Tower shows that a very wide archway has been walled up and on the stonework of this walling is an arrow mark pointing towards a wide doorway which is more than half buried and filled up.
>
> "On the door-jamb of the Oratory in Marten's Tower is another arrow mark pointing in the same direction. On the outside of the curtain wall at the same place are other marks.
>
> "The curtain walk is a very wide one and there can be no doubt whatever that under it was a passage leading towards the tower to which the filled-up doorway gave access. To what did this passage lead?
>
> "If to a chamber in the curtain wall, or the tower, what better or more ideal hiding place for MSS? At any rate, preferable to a hidden cave, a rift in a river bed, or the bottom of a well."

Such then is Mr. Hammond's version of the Arcadia Cypher, so that we may perceive that, critic as he was of Dr. Owen, he was himself ready to hand with an interpretation which might prove to be the right one.

I could proceed at this point to dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's,' to perhaps a nearer point of approximation. But would it be wise to disclose too much at this not too propitious a moment for excavation of ancient sites even if the consent of the owner were obtainable? I am prepared to place such further particulars in my possession before the Council of the Bacon Society if they would care to receive

them, although of course I cannot accept personal responsibility for the statements made by Mr. Hammond. It may be another false trail, but alternatively here may lie the Aladdin's Cave of our fancy.

But unfortunately there is no genius of the Lamp to resolve our difficulties. Its owner, a distinguished gentleman, former Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, now in his eighties, has never forgiven the damage done by Dr. Owen and other American investigators and definitely refused to allow the Castle to be the object of any further search. That was several years ago, and perhaps it is a rare case where the English *may* apply! It seems an exquisite form of mental torture to reflect that perhaps lying deep in dust in a dark place within this area there may be slowly rotting the most priceless literary treasures in the world's history, and that there the entire Bacon-Shakespeare problem might be resolved *ad unguem* if an elderly gentleman would remove for a short while the ban he placed formerly on American manoeuvres.

Meanwhile, unless the unexpected should happen, I appeal once more to those who exercise another ban—the banning of the Word Cypher—to take fresh stock and reflect that the secret of Bacon's royal birth is the underlying secret of the mystery of the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays.

BACON'S POETICAL PROSE.

In The Advancement of Learning there is the following passage:

"Who taught the Raven in a drouth to throw pebbles into an hollow tree, where she spied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a sea of air and to find the way from a field in flower, a great way off, to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?"

This is easily coaxed into verse, as follows:

Who taught the Thirsty raven in a drought,
Espying water in a hollow tree,
To throw in pebbles till it reached her beak?
Who taught the bee to sail through seas of air,
And find her far off hive from fields in flower?
Who taught the ant to bite each grain of corn,
She buried in her hill lest it take root?

(A. A. Watts, Bacon Journal, No. V, page 137.).

SOME SHAKESPEARE DOUBTS.

By J. S. L. MILLAR, W.S.

IT is certainly a relief in wartime to turn for a space, however brief, to matters Shakespearean and no one is better fitted to act as guide, philosopher and friend in such an excursion than the present distinguished occupant of the Chair of English Literature and Rhetoric at Edinburgh University, Professor J. Dover Wilson, C.H., who has taken all Shakespeare for his province and with regard, in particular, to the Tragedy of Hamlet he is perhaps our greatest living authority

It is therefore with feelings akin to dismay at my own audacity that I venture to make a few comments upon an article by him which appeared recently in the Edinburgh *Evening News* entitled "Treasure in an old Book."

The "Treasure" in question is contained in William Lambarde's "Archaionomia" being a quarto volume printed in 1568, a legal work written in Anglo Saxon with—so it is stated—the Laws of the pre-Norman Kings on one page and a Latin translation by Lambarde opposite.

Upon the inside of the cover there is a note in a presumed 17th century hand which gives a hitherto unknown address for "Shakespeare," namely No. 1 Little Crown Street, Westminster, but how came a 17th century writer to refer to the address as "No. 1" when the numbering of houses was not introduced until the year 1708 and then only in one small street as an experiment for houses previous thereto—and certainly in Shakespeare's time—were distinguished by signboards and signposts which became so numerous as to become a nuisance.

The note cannot be earlier than the 18th century and ceases therefore to have any value as contemporary evidence.

There is another marvel to unfold, however, for upon the title page is faintly written the words "Wm. Shakspere"—the signature bearing, so we are informed, every indication of being authentic, but how and by whom in particular it has been authenticated is not stated.

Upon this precarious and insecure foundation, for if the note is, as it would appear, a fabrication, the signature is likely to be so also, Professor Dover Wilson, with an enthusiasm which is much to be admired, proceeds to build.

This book must, he states, be considered the first from Shakespeare's Library and one can only ask in surprise where are the others, for endless are the works, it is generally conceded, which he must have read—his youth like that of Scott and Napoleon must have been an orgy of books, and he who would write books, as the late Dr. John Semple Smart put it, must begin by reading them.

The number of signatures is now raised, upon the above presumption, to the impressive total of seven and these seven are, alas, all the handwriting we possess of the assumed author, for the ascription to him of the 147 lines in the Manuscript of Sir Thomas More is at the best a doubtful matter, being affirmed by some scholars but denied by others.

Professor Dover Wilson, being quite sure of his ground however, proceeds to lay about him. There, he writes, "is a nut for our Baconians, Oxfordians and the lesser breeds without the law to crack."

But the game of presenting nuts to crack is one that two can play at, a little rally of this kind is surely permissible if played in good part and I shall now present the learned Professor with three in exchange for his one, observing by the way that whatever law it is assumed that we are supposed to be "without" it cannot be the law of argument and evidence:

I may as well commence by stating that I am completely "unorthodox" so far as the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Plays and Poems is concerned, and decline to believe (in common, I find, with many others) that he who penned them was the Shakspere or Shackspur of Stratford-on-Avon, who, at the mature age of 26 or thereby and in impoverished circumstances, left his native Town for the City of London.

The author of the Plays and Poems was "great" in every sense of the word morally and intellectually and so far as his poetic equipment was concerned he had a command over his resources of language that had not been bestowed, before his time or has been bestowed since, upon any human creature, for he was a living, and apparently inexhaustible, fountain of words whose mind teemed not only as regards Poetry and Drama but in every other direction as well.

It is quite impossible to discover any trace of this teeming brain in actor Shakspere, he stands or falls by his name, or rather an adaption of it (Shakespeare upon occasion) on the Plays and Poems, and we are led, inevitably, to consider that the ascription to him of these was merely a marvellous piece of bluff carried out with such skill and cunning that generations of commentators have been coney-catched in the business for they have taken everything at its face value and have put the seal of permanency upon what was intended to be merely temporary.

Who then was the real author? a man of culture certainly,—not necessarily a Hamlet but inclined to Hamlet's pained and lofty way of thinking, one who was quite familiar with the Inns of Court and with the details of Court etiquette, for was he not in the words of Professor Herford "the first master of learned and astute debate of high bred conversation, of courtly ceremony" and who finally, as author, kept so far in the background as to appear at first sight to be almost invisible, but nevertheless not quite, for he is recognisable in his poetic mantle to those who know how and where to look for him.

And now for the nuts:—

I. "The 1594 Skit on the First Shakespeare Poem."

In 1594, that is to say in the year following the publication of Venus and Adonis, there appeared an obvious skit upon that Poem to which far too little attention has been given, for we have here not only a parody of the Poem itself but also of the Dedication.

The skit in question is entitled "Oenone & Paris" by T.H.—who may have been Thomas Haywood. The sole surviving copy of which was sold in 1833 for 16/- and was, in 1925, disposed of to a United States bidder for £3,800, but no copy of which is now procurable in this country.

It is inconceivable that a poem written by an obscure actor in 1593 should have been considered important enough for an obvious travesty of it to have been written in the year following its publication and, moreover, the central theme of the Dedication parody was the author's intimation that, like Apelles, he was *hiding himself closely* in the corner of his worke-house, an obvious hint that the author of "Venus and Adonis" was doing the same.

T.H. began the text of "Oenone & Paris" in the following fashion—

> "When sun-bright Phoebus in his fierie carre
> Ended his passage through the vernall signes."

whereas "Venus and Adonis" begins—

> "Even as the sun with purple-coloured face
> Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn."

Line after line of "Venus and Adonis" is in "Oenone & Paris" similarly parodied, so that the latter poem was, in plot and description alike, a most obvious travesty of the Shakespeare Poem.

The "parody" aspect of this Poem has to all intents and purposes been ignored by Shakespearean scholars, will Professor Dover Wilson please say why?

II. The date of Hamlet and the working Dramatist theory of its authorship.

In the year 1936 was published a Book by Professor A. S. Cairncross, M.A., D.Litt., entitled "The Problem of Hamlet, a Solution" which in the words of one reviewer constitutes "a challenge so well mounted and formidable that the authoritarian captains will have to man their ramparts and call up their reserves, for unless the hypothesis advanced is confounded the entire structure of accepted Shakespearean chronology must crumble to pieces with the most disconcerting consequences for comfortably settled beliefs."

It had up to 1936 been considered that Shakespeare's Hamlet was founded upon a Hamlet by an earlier Dramatist probably Kyd, but Professor Cairncross's argument is that there is no "earlier" Hamlet, that the first Hamlet therefore was Shakespeare's and the date 1588-89 or in other words shortly after the Actor had left Stratford-on-Avon which involves, as Sir Kenneth Murchison has recently pointed out, our being asked to believe that while the actor was bold-

ing horses *outside* the Theatre his Tragedy of Hamlet was being performed *inside*.

I have been waiting ever since 1936 for some pronouncement from the authoritarian captains upon Professor Cairncross's conclusions but "the rest is silence" so far as they are concerned.

Basing his whole case as critic and commentor upon the assumed certainty that the Actor was the Author, Professor Dover Wilson is compelled to believe that "Shakespeare" was in the Professor's own words

"A working Dramatist who always thought in terms of the stage and never, so far as we know, contemplated any other kind of publication for his Plays than that which stage performance gives" but the facts so far as the text alone of Hamlet is concerned, and which text he has done so much to elucidate, are surely against him.

The First Quarto of that Tragedy which appeared in 1603 is admittedly a crude transcript made, so the experts are agreed, mostly from memory and from a prompt copy, but imperfect as it is, this Quarto must, as Professor Cairncross has demonstrated, have been based upon the Author's own manuscript written in 1588-89, which is in any case an improbable, in fact an impossible, date so far as the Actor is concerned.

The improbability increases when we come to consider the Second Quarto which was published in 1604, for these are the astonishing facts about it, namely—

(1) That it is of such length that if played *in extenso* the Tragedy would take five hours to perform.
(2) That it makes no mention, as does the First Quarto, of actors on its title page, and
(3) That it is far more literary, both in language and in stage directions, than any other version of the play. These facts are incompatible with any theory of authorship by a Man-of-the-Theatre who was careless of and indifferent to, the printed words.

What other intelligent inference, writes Mr. Percy Allen, can possibly be drawn excepting the inescapable one that the second Hamlet Quarto was written *not* for the stage but for the press as a counterblast to the spurious First Quarto.

III. The Northumberland Manuscript.

In the year 1867 there was discovered at old Northumberland House in the Strand an Elizabethan Manuscript Volume which contained the transcripts of certain compositions admittedly the work of Francis Bacon.

On the outside page or cover was a table of the contents of the volume, as, presumably, it originally existed, 12 items in all.

No. 9 being "Rychard the Second"
No. 10 "Rychard the Third"

but these two manuscripts and six others—eight in all—were no

longer in the volume, as discovered, there being upon the other hand therein four transcripts which were not mentioned upon the original outside list.

The interesting point is, however, that what leads one to suppose that "Rychard the Second" and "Rychard the Third" were the manuscripts of the Shakespeare Plays, so named, is the fact that a second writer had put curious scribblings upon the outer cover "William Shakespeare" being written eight or nine times for no reason that can be discerned and the name "Mr. ffrauncis Bacon" being also written several times in juxtaposition with significant additions such as "you" "yourself" associated with abbreviations such as "Shak," "sh," "Will" and "Wlm" and most significant of all above the words "Rychard the Second" there is written "By Mr. ffrauncis William Shakespeare" "ffrauncis" being written twice, once upside down.

Altogether it is a most remarkable piece of contemporary evidence, the handwriting having been pronounced by experts to be not later than the era of Queen Elizabeth, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there were at one time among Francis Bacon's papers two manuscripts of "Shakespeare" Plays, and further, that the writer of the scribble—whoever he was—believed that "William Shakespeare" was a pseudonym for Bacon.

Professor Dover Wilson's views upon "The Northumberland Manuscript" would interest me very much and I would recommend for his perusal Mr. R. L. Eagle's "Shakespeare: New Views for Old," recently published by Rider & Co., London, and which contains a facsimile of the outside page of the Northumberland manuscript above referred to.

To sum up I would, with all respect, suggest to Professor Dover Wilson for his consideration:—

1. That the man-of-the-theatre idea is unworkable and that some other theory of authorship is necessary and essential in order to account for all the data which the idea first mentioned does not do.
2. That the only rational explanation of the present confusion and contradiction in Shakespeare studies is that the real author remained in the background (like Hamlet in his adaptation and presentation of the Murder of Gonzago) and concealed not only the fact of such authorship but the full extent of his knowledge and experience as well so that commentators arrive at conclusions which are completely at variance regarding for instance his knowledge of Law, the Classics and his learning generally.
3. That the "improbability" of the Actor's authorship extends not only to the Tragedy of Hamlet and the Plays as a whole but markedly so to Love's Labour's Lost, the earliest comedy, and also to the Sonnets.

In "Love's Labour's Lost" for instance, if we assume that it was written in the year in which it first appeared in print, namely

1598, we have to consider the curious fact that for some reason which has never been explained the author "harked back" to the euphemistic style of Lyly, the vogue for which was at its height in 1578 when the actor was then a boy of fourteen. Moreover it abounds with topical allusions to events which occured not only in London but in the Court of France about the same year.

4. That whatever is revealed by the Sonnets, they certainly indicate a social atmosphere far removed from that in which the actor was born.

The learned Dr. Rendall, a former headmaster, by the way, of Charterhouse School, writes as follows:—

"There are certain general and distinctive traits which characterise the Sonnets as a whole. The first and perhaps most palpable is the aristocratic cast and complexion which everywhere prevails. To a large extent that is true also of the Plays; though there it may be partly discounted by the conventions and exigencies of the stage. But in the Sonnets, where no such plea avails, it is all-pervading, an atmosphere—domestic, social, moral, and personal—in which the writer and recipient move and breathe, and have touch with one another. It is voiced by the writer, but it is equally assumed of and in the recipient, as the natural idiom which he will understand and reciprocate.

"To begin with externals. The setting of life is that enjoyed only by the privileged few, those of noble birth and estate. The scenery is that of the Elizabethan mansion, as revealed to us in the royal progress of the Virgin Queen, and reflected still in mellowed survivals from the past. Surrounded by its pleasure-grounds and parks, the ancestral hall is replete with the appurtenances of elegance and state. The sun-dial is on the terrace, mirrors adorn the walls or dressing table.

"The library is furnished with books, and on the table lies the album for choice extracts, or dedicatory verses; the virginal has its place in the boudoir, and music and madrigal add charm and refinement to family life.

"To turn to outdoor surroundings and interests is to find the same impression confirmed, and indeed accentuated. At these outgoings of the feudal life, the cleavage between social grades—the territorial magnate, the peasantry, and the rising bourgeois of the towns—was marked and unmistakable, above all in the administrative functions, the pastimes and pursuits, which absorbed the energies and fortunes of the hereditary lord. And here there is no mistaking the milieu in which the Sonnets move. The scenery belongs not to the town, or even to the countryside, but to the domain, the garden, and the park."

The man-of-the-theatre notion cannot be brought into any sort of relation with the Sonnets and I assume that it is not a matter concerning which there can be much dispute that he who penned them was also the master-poet of the Plays.

And finally

5. That if in the year 1623 when the First Folio of the Plays was published it had been a hanging matter to have introduced either cipher or code into any printed book, for however innocent a purpose, the sponsors of that immortal Volume would have been hung beyond a doubt for their activities in this direction if discovered, could have been proved almost to mathematical demonstration.

There are definite cipher indications in the Verse "To the Reader" in the addresses "To the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery" and "To The Great Variety of Readers" also in the commendatory verses with which the prefatory matter concludes and in various places in the text of certain Plays and finally the last page of all which should have been numbered 399" and has been reversed to "993" purely for cipher purposes.

If I was asked to choose for demonstration three convincing examples from among all these I would select (1) from the First Folio Preface the highly ingenious "F.B." cryptogram elucidated by the late Mr. J. Denham Parsons from the little 8 line Poem entitled

"To the Memorie of M. W. Shake-speare"

and signed "IM," the last line of which significantly reads

"This a re-entrance to a Plaudite":

(2) The Prologue to that most remarkable Play "Troylus and Cressida" in which an unmistakable Bacon signature was found by Mr. Edward D. Johnson who, in the course of his investigations, made the discovery that the fourth line from the end

"Beginning in the middle starting thence away"

is not only part of the argument of the Play which it is the purpose of the Prologue to set forth but is also a subtle direction to the decipherer how to proceed and (3) the equally unmistakable signal exhibited in the First Folio last page reversed number "993":—

Like Sir Walter Scott, the Author of the "Shakespeare" Plays obviously loved the game of mystification for its own sake and it should be understood that if it was "not quite decorous" as Scott himself put it, for an Advocate and Clerk of Session in 1814,—who might some day become a Judge,—to be writing novels it was still more indecorous in 1588 for a law student of Gray's Inn who in fact became "England's High Chancellor" to be writing or re-fashioning Plays for the Common Players or for any Players indeed.

Scott toyed merely with the idea of anonymity; when "Waverley" appeared there was no author's name upon the title page; and as John Buchan has written it amused Scott enormously to see sapient critics hallooing on a false scent and he was quite ready to encourage their vagaries:—Francis Bacon would be equally amused,—were his shade to revisit the glimpses of the moon,—at the amazing and indeed incredible success of his scheme of anonymity for the "concealed" Poet was careful when he took his poetic way,

"Each trifle under truest bars to thrust"

and every device that skill and subtlety could suggest including the introduction of a living man as a literary stalking horse was employed

in laying false trails and constructing blind alleys to the great confusion, be it said, of learned commentators in centuries to come.

His method had this advantage that under so complete a mask he could let himself go and was thereby enabled to release what he could never have done in his own person, the "antic" disposition which was so essential a part of his miraculous equipment and much else that was in him besides; one of his reasons, had he been asked, would no doubt have been the same as that given by Scott in a letter to J. B. S. Morrit when defending his anonymity namely "the freedom of writing trifles with less personal responsibility."

Stage Plays were "trifles" in Elizabethan London in 1588 and Sir Thomas Bodley when giving directions to his Secretary with reference to the formation of his famous Library wrote "You shall include no Plays or interludes or any such riffe-raffe stuff."

"Shakespeare" wrote with no other intention than to please and to fulfil the essential function of the Poet which is to enchant.

The plays are primarily therefore works of art and cannot be treated as historical or legal documents or as tracts for the times but in considering a great picture or series of pictures one is entitled to analyse the quality of the artist's paint and Shakespeare's dramatic paint is obviously exceedingly rich in personal experience derived from his many travels, his philosophic musings, what he called "looking abroad into universality," his profound interest in nature, his intimate acquaintance with the Courts of Kings and Queens and with Law and Politics and above all with intrigue.

Professor Dover Wilson is requested in all sincerity therefore to delve still deeper into the mine of Shakespearean truth and reference is made to a recent pronouncement of Mr. James Agate upon the authorship problem, namely, "that since all the argument is for Bacon and all belief for Shakespeare (meaning the Actor) to combine the two can't do much harm," but the eminent critic does not perceive that, logically, if all argument is for Bacon, belief for the actor, as author, ceases to have any justification, and so far as combination or understanding between them is concerned, if that is what he means, while such must have existed, undoubtedly, the relation can only have been, in this case, as between employer and employee and it was Bacon himself who wrote "Use as instruments those who affect the business wherein they are employed."

"Shakespeare's" farewell to his audiences as spoken by Prospero:—

"Gentle breath of yours, my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails
Which was to *please*: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, Art to *enchant*,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults."

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

By ALFRED HADMAN.

What an abnormal state of mind they reveal who say that it doesn't matter who wrote the Plays so long as we've got them! It looks to me very much like mental lassitude, or prejudice, or aversion to being disturbed and having to think again. And how would this flabby attitude work out applied to historical events? It doesn't matter who won the battle of Waterloo so long as it *was* won, or who sealed Magna Carta so long as it *was* sealed! Such talk would not be tolerated for a moment, because it would make history a farce. But then, the writing of the Plays *was* a most important event in social history and Christian civilization; and surely we ought to know the particulars of a comparatively recent event, and even the most intimate details. We know Cædmon the monk of Whitby and the Venerable Bede of a thousand years ago, but of "Shakespeare" practically nothing! which is absurd. I pointed out this historical aspect to a friend the other day, suggesting that it was as ridiculous to erect statues to "Shakespeare" as it would be to erect statues to "Bill Adams" as the Winner of Waterloo, or to Captain Fluellen as the hero of Agincourt! . . . . But if it is mental languor to say "it doesn't matter," so it is to say it is impossible to find out. The Tudor period was not so long ago as all that!—and the scientists are writing popular social histories of the Cave Man! , . . . And to my way of thinking this "doesn't matter" attitude becomes still more culpable when we consider the subjects of biography and psychology. For after reading the "Ancient Mariner," or what not, one sooner or later wants to know more about the writer, and biography inevitably follows on the heels of what's been said or accomplished. But of the writer of Lear and Hamlet we are supposed to know next to nothing, and to be content with that . . . . It is curious, too, that people get "touchy" on this matter of the authorship of the Plays and Sonnets: more so than on others. But it seems to me that this is traceable to, and is in fact part and parcel of, the very controversial Tudor times. To disturb the official superstitions of that awful period is annoying. It is like turning over a great moss-covered stone which has lain undisturbed for many years and revealing all kinds of abominable creatures! The Stratford myth is one of them . . .For it must be admitted that whatever else Francis Bacon was, he was in truth a product of all that had gone before, that is to say, he was a product of the ancient Greek and Latin culture. In fact it was from that culture that he developed the magnificent idea of teaching the humanities and moralities from plays. This is quite indisputable. They replaced Punch and Judy, and the Miracle and Moral plays of the Middle Ages. These things were condemned by the so-called "reformers," not because they were wrong but

because they were intensely Catholic; and later by the Puritans, not because they were wicked but because people enjoyed going to see them, or taking part in them.

This is my invariable answer to such questions that have been put to me: e.g. 1. Why, assuming that Francis Bacon wrote the plays, did he write them under a disguise? 2. If playwriting was objectionable why did he not choose some other medium? 3. In any case, *why* were plays considered objectionable? 4. Were the plays popular with the masses, or too "high-brow," as they are undoubtedly to-day? 5. Should "Shakespeare" be taught at school?

WHY *PLAYS*?

As to why Bacon chose play-writing as his medium in preference to epic or narrative, he knew it was the best and only way to answer his purpose. It was the old way, the way the ancients had by inspiration adopted. He brought this way of teaching to perfection. It should never have been dropped. The Plays, along with the A.V. of the Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer were the last great gifts of the Church to this country; though of the last mentioned, Cranmer's work, it may with exact truth be said: the hands were the hands of Esau, but the voice was the voice of Jacob.

The ignominious failure of the *compulsory*, *professional*, *state*, *system* of education—(each descriptive term makes nonsense of the thing itself!)—is traceable to the utter neglect of, or to the completest misconception of the use of drama. It is the primary *element* of teaching, and of education, and this Francis Bacon fully realised. It provides the reason for the plays. If his essays "come home to men's business and bosoms," how much more do the plays? "We are different for ever" after having read them, as Dr. Temple has recently said.

But there is confusion in these days in educational circles as to the nature of the *elements* of teaching. An elementary school is, for instance, described as one where the *elements* are *taught*; but this is the wildest nonsense. The elements cannot be taught nor created. They already exist and can only be utilised. The wind-mill doesn't cause the wind to blow! The elements of teaching are absolutely immaterial. They are not pens, ink, and printed matter: they are therefore not reading, writing and arithmetic. These have to do with instruction, but instruction is not education. The outward and visible tokens of the elements of teaching are to be seen in the natural cravings and instincts and activities of infancy. Now children from their earliest years delight in speech, singing, dancing and pretending, and so forth; and all these are included under the one word drama. These activities reveal the true nature of man, and are the seedlings of all the Arts. They are without question the *elements* of teaching, and the inspired teacher turns them all to good account. He uses and develops them and teaches by their means. Francis Bacon did all this—to reach men's business and bosoms: to sweeten their lives and

touch and cultivate their souls. Bacon knew better than anyone else the true nature of man. We are all born artists and metaphysicians. We are all Hamlets. Born in the image and likeness of the Creator we are all born poets and makers and creatures, and nothing like what the "modern," that is, fashionable, materialists have made us out to be. We are not naturally political, nor economic, nor scientific creatures. We are not seekers after knowledge, but seekers after Wisdom, a vastly different and much more magnificient thing. Mr. H. G. Wells' "Man" does not exist, nor, it is devoutly to be wished, do his Joans and Peters. (I read somewhere that H.G.W. sneeringly asked: "Who *was* Shakespeare anyway?" The answer is, of course, "Francis Bacon!" though not the one he was searching).

"UNCONSCIOUS" TEACHING.

Another thing Francis Bacon plainly saw was this: that teaching must be unconscious or unfelt. The present systems are nothing else but an appalling series of conscious physical and mental jerks! Education or culture, like mercy, is not strained, coerced or compelled. "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the souls beneath! It is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:" teacher and taught. Education is as mystical as growth. We grow in wisdom and virtue as we grow in stature, without awareness. Children learn through *play*: it is their *work*. So soon as they become *conscious* of learning or swatting so-called subjects they cease to be educated in the true sense, and their spiritual growth is accordingly frustrated . . . . And that is what is the matter with us in this century. There has been no pure education since Bacon's time. Our mass culture has obviously degenerated precisely since then, and we have achieved (what Howard Marshall called in a review) "a gimcrack civilization." We have not progressed spiritually, but only materially, and that is a "Rake's Progress." Our knowledge (science) has failed us because it has made "no provision for the soul." Unless our knowledge is "the wing wherewith we fly to heaven" as Bacon says, it is a leaden weight dragging us downwards. Science is a good servant but a bad master. If humility and piety do not arise from it, then pride and arrogance will, and in the end not paganism, but satanism. The devil is a materialist, as he revealed on the mount when he said, "*all these things*." All our present day policies, and politics and economies and plannings are materialistic and scientific; so is our system of education, and that is why it has failed. Culture is an art like gardening: it is not a science, like botany, and teachers are gardeners, not professors. The arts transcend the sciences, and *move* the soul. They are the "sweeteners of the vessels" (Horace). The sciences have given us greater comforts, but these ultimately have nothing to do with culture or education. Fine buildings are not essential to education any more than are green-houses essential to the cultivation of cabbages.

Bacon saw clearly that teaching is an Art. The art lies in moving

and affecting for good the life of the soul for ever, and yet without growing pains. There is no ordered method or system of teaching, or education. There is only the "Way" or play of the teachers, and as no two artists are alike, so no two teachers are alike. The "Way" of the teacher, is the Way of the violinist with his bow, the Way of the blacksmith with his hammer, the Way of the artist with his brush, the Way of the herdsman with his goad, the Way of the sculptor with his chisel, and of the potter with his clay. The true teacher is not concerned about *what* he shall teach but *how*,—for him there is only one cosmos, and no essential difference between the wild flowers in the woods, and the stars in the Milky Way: *how* he shall instil those human, eternal verities and sanctities which affect king and peasant, saint and sinner alike, so that they may have life, and live more abundantly. In other words he seeks first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, with the absolute certainly that the "other things" will be added—things appertaining to the body. He gives his attention first to the jewel in the casket knowing that it will beautify the casket itself. He takes no thought for the body, for it is the mind that adorns the body.* Just as the lily increases mystically in stature and beauty and favour at her same moment, so the true teacher knows the child and man increases in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man. He does not speak of progress, but of increase,—that is growth, and growth is mystical,—and the only word that makes sense of culture or education. He tends his children as the gardener tends his flowers. He "considers the lilies" but does not cut them up and kill them in order to understand them. Both teachers and gardeners are artists, not biologists: culturists, not professors: workers in the open air and light and sunshine, and relying on *them* for "increase," not in the darkness and stinks of the laboratory, amongst the "sticks and straws" of dead matter. The analogy is too near, too obvious, to be disregarded. Both are concerned with Life, and the fulfilling of it, its beauty and its usefulness. So far from studying dead guinea-pigs, and the insides of rabbits, the teacher restores life to dead bones. He touches the hills and they smoke. But only the poet and artist can do that. History for example must be brought to life: it cannot possibly be understood from dead printed matter. It must be lived over again. Only by doing so can we achieve the "spirit" of history which defies examination. That is why Bacon wrote the Histories.† That is why the church instituted the "Seasons," and for six months of the year, from Advent to Pentecost, revives dramatically the human life of Christ. It is of little use telling people to be good: it is the business

*"It is the mind that makes the body rich." *Taming of the Shrew*. iv. 3. (EDITOR).

† Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped and let them forth
By my so potent art.
Tempest (v)—1. (EDITOR).

of the teacher to "provide examples" of badness and goodness, and let them *be* good or vicious. That is why the other plays were written. Bacon knew his Horace as well as he knew "Everyman." In Ep. II. 1. we read: "The tender lisping mouth of a child the poet forms: even in their early days he turns the ears of the young from evil words;" presently he fashions the heart by kindly precepts; he is the corrector of roughness, of malice, of anger; he tells of virtuous deeds, *the dawn of life he furnishes with illustrious examples*: the helpless and sad of soul he comforts. Whence could the pious boys and virgins learn their hymns of prayer, had not the Muse granted us a bard?"

THE MYSTERY OF PLAY.

Francis Bacon, by writing the Plays, has revealed himself as our greatest Teacher. He was not only a student of matter but of the immaterial, not only of physics, but of metaphysics. To him Theology was the Queen of Sciences, She is Wisdom, "the king's daughter, in a vesture of gold, wrought about in divers colours." If it were not so, the Plays would not have been written. They *crown* the great work he gave to the world. Nothing has ever been written so full of purpose, but one must add that that purpose is completely hidden from the materialists, and specially from the modern so-called educationists. Bacon employed mystical means for teaching a mystery, and our inner life is mystical. Our "biological" life, so to speak, is not. So it was he adopted the mystery of *Play*, a word grossly misunderstood, misapplied and misused in our dispensation. For it is miserably confounded with sport and game, or a pastime, and this is an awful "educational" solecism, and has proved fatal in the schools, and to teaching, and hence to our general culture. Play is not gammon: it is the pure and only *element* of teaching. Play is *orderly* game. It is the second part of trinity. The seemingly purposeless *games* of infancy merge into the orderly *play* of childhood and youth, and this merges into the *work* of the man. And these transformations should not, and need not be *felt*. They *are* in our times, and have given rise to endless "problems." It is because "the ungodly have digged pits, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves." They have removed nature's nuances, severed body from soul, Sunday from Monday, economics and politics from religion. . . . The word "*game*" derives from "*gammon*," defined in the lexicon as "humbug," and so called undoubtedly because it has only to do with the body,—with the limbs, muscles and vertebrae. Play differs from it inasmuch as *mind* enters into it. Work differs from play inasmuch as body, mind, soul and *all* the faculties enter into it. The untidy romps of infancy are transmuted by the teacher into the orderly dancing of childhood: the cacophonies of the nursery into controlled speech and singing. Thus the mind is set to work. Dances in fact, the working out of patterns and problems as in the folk dances,—not the jungle-jazz idiocies of the present graceless century, —are pure mathematics. No conscious, artificial physical jerks

should ever have been introduced into what we call the "schools," for every physical need is provided by nature herself in dancing and singing. Singing is the perfect deep-breathing excercise, as William Byrd pointed out, a contemporary of Francis Bacon. The human voice is nature's only musical instrument, and singing is beautified speech. *Speech transcends every other activity in schools*, in *real* schools, *and is the one most neglected in our time*. Reading is said, by the Blimpers, to be the primary subject, but it is a terrible mistake. Thus we perceive another reason for Bacon's *Plays*, and incidentally for Hamlet's exquisite advice to the Players! For speech, singing, and dancing are all play, physical and mental at the same moment, all cultural and educational, all growth in stature and grace of body and soul.

When we consider even the etymology of the words we should at once perceive the inanity of such expressions as "organised games," and "playing the game,"—*game* defined as gammon or humbug and nonsense, and the word 'organised' deriving from the Greek 'ergo,' to work,—yet they are in common use by the "modern" educationist and psychologist, and in every educational establishment in the realm. Are we to suppose for one moment that Francis Bacon was not aware, not only of the etymology, but of the philosophy and psychology underlying them? But he would not see the necessity for speaking or writing of such simplicities, for such things were known and "taken for granted" in his highly cultured times.

If we consider for a moment the extreme paucity of ascertained truths 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.

(G. H. Lewes, A Biographical history of Philosophy. Vol. II, page 78.).

DID "SHAKESPEARE" DIE IN 1616?

THE EVIDENCE OF THE RICHARD PLAYS.

PRIOR to the publication of the First Folio in 1623, there were six quarto editions of *Richard III*—1597, 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612 and 1622. The first was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise, and no author's name appeared. The second was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise with the name of William Shake-speare as author. Creede printed the next three quartos all stated to be "newly augmented by William Shake-speare," except on the 1602 quarto where the hyphen was dropped. The 1622 edition was printed by Thomas Purfoot for Matthew Law and was also stated to be "newly augmented by William Shake-speare."

The Folio text of 1623 has many and important variations in relation to the 1622 and previous quartos. There are 196 new lines, 15 short lines, and 17 half-lines or parts of lines. Among the new lines to be found in the Folio are:

I, 2—155-166.
II, 2— 89-100
III, 7—144-153.
IV, 1— 97-103.
IV, 4—222-235, 291-345.

Such passages could not have been overlooked accidentally by the Quarto printers or editors, if those passages had existed. They must, therefore, be late additions after the 1622 quarto. Many of the revisions, too, are minute, such as "which" becoming "that," and "betwixt" being altered to "between." In the Folio we find greater metrical consistency throughout. The passage at I, 4—84-159 is printed in the 1622 Quarto in a kind of spurious verse, but is arranged in the Folio as prose. This is the dialogue between the two murderers. The Folio also avoids repetitions, which occur in the Quarto, of the same word in a few lines. This is the kind of improvement which any author would carry out in preparing a new edition of his work. The stage directions in the Folio are fuller and more perfect, and some minor parts appear for the first time in the Folio.

Certain errors appearing in Quarto 6 (1622) were overlooked by the Folio printer or editor, and reappear, proving that the additions and emendations were made over a copy of the Quarto. That is also the natural procedure adopted by every author who edits his own work.

As examples of these misprints carried forward from the 1622 Quarto, two occur in consecutive lines in IV, 4—340/1:

Advantaging their Love, with interest
Often-times double gaine in happinesse.

Here "Love" should read "Lone,"* and "Often-times" is a misprint for "Of ten times."

It is curious that the words "Newly augmented" should have been retained in 1622, especially as there was a change of printer. If the Stratford player had been the author, surely it must have been known that he had *retired* some ten years ago, and had *been dead six* years. He certainly would not have augmented the play between 1612 and 1622, and "*newly* augmented" must refer to a period shortly before the publication.

Some items of history, which are incorrect in the Quartos, are put right in the Folio. Nobody but the author would be likely to know, or trouble about, such matters as that in the Stage Direction at the opening of II, 4, where the Quarto of 1622 reads "Enter Cardinall." In the Folio this is altered to the Archbishop of York, for it was, indeed, Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, who delivered up the great seal to the queen-dowager, and not a cardinal. Heminge and Condell would certainly not have known this, nor would the long-dead player. Another correction of the Quarto history occurs in the same scene, where the Quarto reads:

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northampton.
At Stonistratford will they be to-night.

The Folio emendation reads:

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest tonight.

The Folio, therefore, not only improves the defective metre, but puts history right. Edward V, after sleeping a night at Stony-Stratford, was actually taken back by Richard's orders to Northampton.

No doubt the orthodox would argue that two manuscripts were left behind on the retirement of Shakspere and, unfortunately, the inferior one was published up to, and including, 1622. *This*, however, will not explain away the repetition of some printers' errors in 1623. There were, too, certain other plays which were subjected to similar amendments and enlargements after the player's death.

*The old spelling of "loan" was "lone." It is curious to find that the printer of the second quarto of *Hamlet* (a completely revised and enormously enlarged version, probably set up from the author's manuscript) also misprinted "loue" for "lone:"

For loue oft loses both it selfe and friend.

The inference is that the handwriting was difficult to distinguish as between "n" and "u." In this *Hamlet* quarto I find other words where the two letters are confused, *viz.*, "lining" for "liuing" and "Fankners" for "Faukners" (both Act I, Sc.2), "cuoculat" for "cnoculate" (III,I) and "ribaud" for "riband" (IV—7).

The association of happiness with usury at 10% is peculiar, but this striking parallel with the *Richard* III passage occurs in Sonnet VI:

That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing lone
That's for thy selfe to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one.

These include *The Merry Wives* (1619) to which were added 1081 lines, and *Othello* (1622) which appeared in 1623 with 160 new lines. Both plays were subjected to many minor alterations and improvements.

I come now to *Richard II*. This was also first published in 1597 and printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise, without the author's name. As with Richard III the second Quarto in 1598 gave the author as "William Shake-speare." Other quartos appeared in 1608 and 1615. The titles of both plays, together with "Essaies by the same author," with the word "printed" occur in conjunction with the name Francis Bacon on the cover of the Northumberland House MS. All works were printed for the first time in 1597.

The improved Folio text of *Richard II* is based on the 1615 Quarto from which it repeats a number of printer's errors. This is admitted by the authorities including the editors of the Folio reprint edited by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke. In 1615, Shakspere had been at least three years in retirement at Stratford. His will of the following year, drawn up shortly before his death (unless, as seems probable, the will is a forgery) makes no mention of books nor manuscripts, though the will goes into details as to the disposal of various household goods and chattels. We must, therefore, rule him out as having revised "Richard II" in or after 1615, but somebody did so, and that must have been "William Shake-speare"—as the name is printed on the 1615 quarto—and the author, writing under that name, was undoubtedly alive and busy in improving and augmenting the plays even after the ex-player's death.

Most of the alterations as between Quarto and Folio are of a minor nature. For instance, the oath "God" is consistently changed to "Heaven." This is in accordance with the advance of puritanism, and the Act of 1606 which forbade the word "God" being used in plays. Many Quarto misprints are corrected, though, as I have mentioned, some were missed. The emendations were made over a copy of the 1615 Quarto. For instance, the Quarto has:

And long live Henry fourth of that name.

This line, in the Folio, is improved in meter and strength:

And long live Henry, of that name the fourth.

Again, the Quarto we find:

To insinuate, flatter, and bend the limbs.

This is improved in the Folio by altering "limbs" to "knee."

Misprints repeated from the Quarto are of the kind which might easily be overlooked by the author revising the text:

"Teturn'st" for "Return'st"	I—iii—253.
"Anmerle"* for "Aumerle"	LW—i—1.
"Willongby"* for "Willougby"	II—ii—58.
"Bnsh"* for "Bush" (Bushy)	II—ii—70.

*Note the frequent misprinting of "n" for "u".

"Pastors" for "Pastures" III—iii —107.

That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lyest!

This line should read, as in the first Quarto:

That marks thee out for hell. I say thou lyest.

We cannot expect the orthodox commentators to admit that the author was busily engaged on revising his plays, after his retirement to Stratford, in the intervals of his petty trading in corn, malt and moneylending. If the author did not himself make the additions and improvements in the eight years preceding the printing of the Folio, then the only alternative is the supposition of a "double" equal in genius to Shakespeare, and so alike in mind and style that he cannot be distinguished. Such a theory is untenable. Either the "authorities" must abandon their impossible position in the Stratford "pocket," or continue to mislead both themselves and their dwindling number of "yes-men."

R. L. EAGLE.

MARK TWAIN AND SHAKESPEARE

As Mark Twain's book "Is Shakespeare Dead?" may not be familiar to many of our readers, we publish the following Extract from pages 52-53, forwarded to us by Mr. Edward D. Johnson.

It is recorded that Mark Twain, perhaps America's greatest humourist, incurred a considerable amount of ill will from many American Stratfordians on account of this jesting disquisition on the subject of the Stratford Idol. Even his (M.Ts.) world wide popularity did not avail to protect him from adverse and bitter criticism, for attempting to un-mask a popular legend. So Baconians need not mind the attacks of their opponents who have no better weapon of defence or offence than scurrilous abuse, a sure sign of the weakness of their cause. But we must teach the reader to enjoy Mark Twain's humours.

"WE MAY ASSUME."

THE Shakespearite knows that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's Works; the Baconian knows that Francis Bacon wrote them. We all have to do a good deal of assuming, but I am fairly certain that in every case I can call to mind the Baconian assumers have come out ahead of the Shakespearites. Both parties handle the same materials, but the Baconians seem to me to get much more reasonable and rational and persuasive results out of them than is the case with the Shakespearites.

Let me try to illustrate the two systems in a simple and homely way calculated to bring the idea within the grasp of the ignorant and unintelligent. We will suppose a case: take a lap-bred, house-fed, uneducated, inexperienced kitten; take a rugged old Tom that's

scarred from stem to rudder-post with the memorials of strenuous experience, and is so cultured, so educated, so limitlessly erudite that one may say of him "all cat-knowledge is his province;" also, take a mouse. Lock the three up in a holeless, crackless, exitless prison cell. Wait half an hour, then open the cell, introduce a Shakespearite and a Baconian, and let them cipher and assume. The mouse is missing: the question to be decided is, where is it? You can guess both verdicts beforehand. One verdict will say the kitten contains the mouse; the other will as certainly say the mouse is in the tom-cat.

The Shakespearite will Reason like this—(that is not my word, it is his). He will say the kitten *may have been* attending school when nobody was noticing; therefore *we are warranted in assuming* that it did so; also, it *could have been* training in a court-clerk's office when no one was noticing; since that could have happended, *we are justified in assuming* that it did happen; it *could have studied catology in a garret* when no one was noticing—therefore it *did*; it *could have* attended cat-assizes on the shed-roof nights, for recreation, when no one was noticing, and have harvested a knowledge of cat court-forms and cat lawyer-talk in that way: it *could* have done it, therefore without a doubt it *did*; it *could have* gone soldiering with a war-tribe when no one was noticing, and learned soldier-wiles and soldier-ways, and what to do with a mouse when opportunity offers; the plain inference, therefore, is that that is what it *did*. Since all these manifold things *could* have occurred, we have *every right to believe* they did occur. These patiently and painstaking accumulated vast acquirements and competences needed but one thing more—opportunity—to convert themselves into triumphant action. The opportunity came, we have the result; *beyond shadow of question* the mouse is in the kitten.

It is proper to remark that when we plant a "*We think we may assume,*" we expect it, under careful watering and fertilizing and tending, to grow up into a strong and hardy and weather-defying "*there isn't a shadow of a doubt*" at last—and it usually happens.

We know what the Baconian's verdict would be: "There is not a rag of evidence that the kitten has had any training, and education, any experience qualifying it for the present occasion, or is indeed equipped for any achievement above lifting such unclaimed milk as comes its way; but there is abundant evidence—unassailable proof, in fact—that the other animal is equipped, to the last detail, with every qualification necessary for the event. Without shadow of doubt the tom-cat contains the mouse."

"STAGE TECHNIQUE"

IF Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays how could he possibly have obtained his knowledge of the stage?" "Tell me that!" Remarks in this vein have been flung at me again and again.

Most certainly the technique of the stage is a very important factor in all dramatic composition; but, not so important as many would make us believe, expecially those people who argue glibly on the subject yet know very little about it. It is one of the most vexed questions in the "Shakespeare controversy" and is banded about on either side of the argument without logic or sense.

In order that I may not be tarred with my own brush, may I in all modesty present my credentials in entering the controversial ring, bearing in mind that I have no ulterior thoughts of self-aggrandisement or advertisement: those weaknesses have long since passed.

For forty years I have had a varied experience in two hemispheres of play acting and much producing. I have written twenty to thirty plays comprising tragedy, comedy, farce and musical libretto. I have had six or seven West End theatres at different times and run very many touring companies further afield. And all this with a large measure of success. During that period I have discussed plays of all kinds with many of the leading lights in the profession covering the whole business from A to Z., and there are very few technical points which have not been dealt with.

At the age of fifteen I dramatised a story written by the great Charles Dickens which was a few years later produced with marked success. The late Clement Scott, dramatic critic, whom some will remember, apostrophised the author as "the coming dramatist." This I mention solely to show that the technique generally must have been at least acceptable to his practised and critical eye. And I had only previously witnessed four or five plays before starting on the dramatisation, and never been inside a stage door.

Incidentally for an author I consider the technique of the stage to-day far more intricate than the same in Elizabethan times, but that can be left for discussion if so desired.

Many dramatists have sprung from all walks of life, particularly from the legal profession. I can recall the names of many barristers, briefless or otherwise, who have plunged into dramatic writing with much success, and their opportunities for gleaning at first hand a technical experience have been nil. A keen observation and perhaps the divine afflatus have served as their sole tutorage.

Apart from these indisputable facts Francis Bacon was three years older than the man Shakespeare and was busy "experimenting" with masques and such like when the latter was still playing around the mud hovels of Stratford. Later he had a big opportunity of witnessing the performance of plays in France, Italy and Spain (a company of Italian players was in Paris during his visit there) and all this for some years before Shakspere came to London. Even then Sir Francis in his social position, would have seen more plays than the young Shakspere who for some long time must have been struggling for a living in the lowest circle of society. There is no argument on this point whatsoever.

WALTER ELLIS.

EDITORIAL.

NASHE AND SIR NICHOLAS BACON. In *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), Nashe names, in this order, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Nicholas Bacon and Sir Thomas More as "the chief pillers of our English speech." He is discussing poetry in a very learned and elegant piece of writing. Why is Sir Nicholas named in this connection? He certainly had a reputation for oratory and wit, but no books or poems had been published in his name. Nashe was only about ten years of age when Sir Nicholas died, and unpublished parliamentary or legal speeches do not become immortal. It may be that Sir Nicholas was the author of works bearing another name or names, and it would not be surprising if he had contributed to *The Mirrour for Magistrates* under the name of George Ferrers, who was a St. Albans man. Ferrers became M.P. for St. Albans in 1571, and died in 1579—the same year as Sir Nicholas. When Marston is defending the *Mirrour for Magistrates* against the recent attack in Hall's *Satires* he suddenly introduced the line:

What not mediocria firma from thy spite?

It has been taken by some to refer to Francis Bacon, as it contains the family motto, but Francis could have had no hand in the *Mirrour* which was published before his literary activities began.

Dr. Melsome has shown time after time that the disreputable person, Thomas Nashe, did not, by any means, write all the works which bear that name. May not the explanation for the inclusion of Sir Nicholas Bacon in *Pierce Penilesse* be that Francis seized the opportunity to keep his name and memory green?

The author of *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) wrongly gave the Christian name of *Ferrers* as Edward, and Meres followed this mistake in *Palladis Tamia*, (1598.)

INVENTED AUTHORS. The orthodox can never grasp the Elizabethan trick, which extended well into the 17th century, of courtly authors fathering the heirs of their invention on insignificant foster-parents. Failure to do so has misled them and their followers. Professor Georges Connes, who was not a Baconian, states in *The Shakespeare Mystery* (p.61):

> "It was indifferent to these writers whether they used their own names, wrote anonymously, under pseudonyms or under each others' names, or if they used any sort of initials, no matter what. This fact greatly increases the difficulties of the historian of literature. There is no doubt that some of them lent their names at times for a money consideration to gentlemen about the Court."

So long as the literary pundits blindly follow the names on title-pages (many of the names appearing once, and once only) they will never know much about the literature of the period.

SHAKSPERE AND NEW PLACE. What was the reason for Shakspere's temporary retirement to Stratford in 1597, and his purchase of New Place? There is a tradition that Lord Southampton gave him £1000 "to make a purchase that he had a mind to." Henslowe's Diary shows that play-writing was very poorly paid, and most authors lived squalid lives and were mostly in debt. He had achieved no reputation as a player. But it is a mistake to assume that he was able to buy New Place because he had made a pile of money. Sir Sidney Lee says it was "the largest house in the town," but contradicts himself later, stating that the largest house was called The College House, and was owned by Thomas Combe. What are the facts? The house was more than 100 years old and had fallen "into a ruinous condition" (*Lee*). It was bought for £60 with two barns and two gardens thrown in. Even allowing for the difference in present-day money values, it would only have amounted to about the equivalent of £350.

New Place could not have been put into a very sound condition as it was "thoroughly repaired and beautified, and a modern front put to it" (*Wheler's Guide to Stratford*, 1806) prior to 1750. It was finally pulled down in 1759. Wheler is wrong. It was completely rebuilt in 1700.

It is not at all improbable that Shakspere did receive a monetary consideration for the use of his name, and that somebody arranged for him to withdraw to the obscurity of Stratford, thus protecting the personal safety and social security of the real author. It was not until the year after his withdrawal to Stratford that the name of Shakespeare began to appear on the title-pages of plays. Hitherto those published had been anonymous.

SHAKESPEARE'S MANUSCRIPTS. It is not safe to assume that if the manuscripts of a Shakespeare play were discovered, it would prove the authorship. So far as Bacon is concerned, it is known that his usual method was to dictate to a scrivener or secretary. Alterations, if any, might be made in his own hand. But it would not have been humanly possible to dictate the poems and sonnets, and that may account for the fact that the first quartos on *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* are remarkably free from textual corruptions.

In his *Life of Hobbes*, Aubrey records that Hobbes "assisted his Lordship in translating several of his Essays into Latin . . . . . His Lordship was a very contemplative person and was wont to contemplate in his delicious walks at Gorhambury, and *dictate* to Mr. Bushell, or some other of his gentlemen that attended him with ink and paper ready to set down presently his thoughts." Bacon's apothecary, Peter Boener, wrote that he "seldom saw him take up a book. He only ordered his chaplain and me to look in such and such an author for a certain place, and then he *dictated* to us early in the morning what he had invented and composed during the night." Both these extracts allude to the closing years of Bacon's life, but it is established that Bacon kept a staff of scriveners even before the

first Shakespeare play was published. It is mentioned as being in operation at Twickenham in a letter from Francis to Anthony dated 25th January 1594-5.

THE UNITY OF BACON AND SHAKESPEARE. Of those bold and discerning commentators who have proclaimed the harmony of mind between Bacon and Shakespeare, perhaps Morton Luce, in his *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works* (Bell, 1907) is the most emphatic. On page 289, he says:

"Appreciation of these plays (*Hamlet, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida*)—we may add of Shakespeare—is impossible without an acquaintance with the writings of Shakespeare's great contemporary, Bacon."

POPULAR FALLACIES IN BACON AND SHAKESPEARE. In *Notes and Queries* of 1st January, Mr. A.S.E. Ackermann claimed that he had made a study of popular fallacies mentioned in Bacon and Shakespeare and had found several differences of opinion between them, though there were, on the other hand, instances of complete agreement. A reply was sent to the Editor (and appeared on 29th January), pointing out that unless Mr. Ackermann could show that Bacon and Shakespeare differed in their opinion *at the same date*, his deduction that Bacon and Shakespeare were not one and the same was itself a fallacy. Both frequently altered and even reversed their opinions with the advance of time and thought.

BACON AND LORD BUCKHURST. In *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1599) there is a well-known sonnet which is printed in complete editions of Shakespeare beginning:

If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree.

It concludes:

One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves Both, and both in thee remaine.

These lines have been the cause of speculation as to the identity of this knight. Thinking that it might be Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1536-1608), I looked him up in the D.N.B. and found that my suspicions were probably correct. He was a skilled poet in his early years and "music equally attracted him." He was knighted in 1567, becoming 1st Earl of Dorset in 1603.

When Bacon sent him a copy of *The Advancement of Learning* in 1605, he reminded him of his "first love," i.e., Poetry. According to the Short Life of Lord Buckhurst by Reginald Sackville-West, prefixed to the edition of his poems which was published in 1859, he was Grand Master of Freemasonry in 1567. The D.N.B. also mentions this in more detail. Mr. Sackville-West states that Buckhurst was succeeded in that Office by Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford (1527-1585) who was in turn succeeded by Sir Thomas Gresham, the prosperous City merchant and founder of the Royal Exchange, who died in 1579. Unfortunately there is no note as to the authority for

the statement about these alleged early freemasons. The librarian at Freemasons' Hall informs me that nothing is known about Freemasonry as it existed in Elizabethan times.

BACON AND COLD STORAGE. In *The Daily Mirror* of 4th January, a correspondent wrote:

> "Francis Bacon (whom some call Shakespeare), was driving through the snow on one March day in 1626 to see his friend the Earl of Arundel. Suddenly he was seized with the idea of trying whether snow would act as an antiseptic. He stopped his coach at a cottage and purchased a fowl, having had it prepared for cooking in the usual way. Then he himself stuffed the fowl with snow. But he caught a chill in doing so; and at his friend's house he was, unfortunately, put into a damp bed. He died three days later. But before he died he knew that his idea would work, and that frozen meat would keep."

As the date of Bacon's death is understood to be 9th April the correspondent is wrong in his statement about "one March day," and there is no evidence that he was on a visit to the Earl. He might equally have been on his way to Gorhambury. In Dr. Rawley's life of Bacon, prefixed to *Resuscitatio*, 1657, there is no mention about any such experiment leading to the chill which proved fatal. The story is a most improbable one. That cold would help to preserve flesh was already well known to Bacon. It it was still freezing at the time when Bacon is alleged to have stuffed the carcase with snow, the temperature, without the snow, would have proved the hypothesis. As the snow would melt on the temperature rising above freezing-point the experiment would prove abortive. Whoever invented the story gave little thought as to whether it was a sensible one, and a freshly killed fowl would keep for three days at that time of year without refrigeration. In the *New Atlantis* mention is made of the use of caves "being remote alike from the sun and heaven's beams, and from the open air . . . . for all coagulations, indurations, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies." It is certain that no such absurd "experiment" took place at Highgate.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE FRENCH ACADEMIE." In a recently published book, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man* (Cambridge University Press, 1943), Professor Theodore Spencer says, on page 87, "It is tempting to suppose that Shakespeare derived his philosophic King of Navarre from *The French Academie*." He adds, "I believe it has not been noticed by previous students. "If it were not beneath the dignity of orthodox professors to study Baconian literature he would have been wiser on this point. That the King of Navarre and his three fellow-students of contemplative philosophy are derived from a similar quartette assembled for the same purpose in the *French Academie* was first noticed by the late Mr. W. T. Smedley in *The Mystery of Francis Bacon* over 30 years ago. The present

writer mentioned the comparison in *Shakespeare: New Views for Old* (1930), and again in the edition of 1943. However, we will take the professor's word that he came to the same conclusion quite independently.

The French Academy was first printed in France in 1577 and dedicated to Henry III. The author is given as Pierre de la Primaudaye. It was translated into English by some learned stylist using the initials "T.B." in 1586. Other editions followed in 1589, 1594, 1602, 1614 and 1618.

We should like to ask the professor to account for such taste in acadamic literature on the part of a player with little or no education. In the *Gesta Grayorum* the book is mentioned as necessary to be studied by the "Knights of the Helmet" (of which Bacon was one) at Gray's Inn.

CANONBURY TOWER. *The Edinburgh Evening News* of 29th January devoted a whole column to the Youth Centre of which the headquarters are at Canonbury Tower. Most of the space was devoted to the history of Canonbury Tower and its distinguished tenants of the past including Francis Bacon, Goldsmith and Charles Lamb. The last paragraph is headed "The Baconians" and reads as follows:

> "Going over the Tower with my guide I came to a room, over the door of which were the words 'The Baconian Society.' I was told that Bacon had lived here for many years (some say was born here). The worshipful company of Baconians had made it their headquarters, although they left it at the time of the blitz. I noticed on an old panel over the fireplace the names of the sovereigns of England from William the Conqueror to Charles I, but that between Elizabeth and James was a blank space where some name had been erased. My guide told me the missing name is thought to have been Bacon put in by somebody who believed the story that he was an illegitimate son of Elizabeth. It was probably in this room that Bacon wrote plays, sonnets and songs under the name of 'W. Shakespeare;' probably in the evening, for during the day he was writing his philosophic essays, as well as doing the Lord Chancellorship of England. A most industrious man."
>
> WANDERING SCOT.

This Scot is indeed "wandering" and must have been when he was conducted through the Tower. There never has been a "Baconian Society." The inscription of the sovereigns of England is not on a panel over a fireplace but over the entrance to the upper room of the Tower, or what may more properly be described as the top landing of the staircase, but which is enclosed by a door bearing the words "Baconian Room." The missing space was filled by a word of about five letters and began with an F or an E, the remaining letters having been cut away at some unknown period. Finally, we might point out to the "Wandering Scot" that Bacon did not become

Lord Chancellor until 1618 when, with the probable exception of "Timon of Athens" and certainly of revisions of several plays, the Shakespearean work had been completed. The sonnets and Poems had long since been published. Twenty Essays were added in the 1625 edition, but they are short compositions and would take little of Bacon's time.

ANY QUESTIONS? The editor will welcome any questions relating to problems connected with Bacon, Shakespeare and the literature and history of that period. The questions and answers will appear in BACONIANA. Readers who have books to sell, or wish to purchase, may also use the medium of our journal.

"BACONIANA." The Council regret the belated issue of the January number. This was due to the influenza epidemic affecting our printers very severely, and this, together with the war-time shortage of staff, made the delay unavoidable. Contributors are reminded that they must submit manuscripts at least six weeks before the next number. The earlier the better.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY. Members and associates may borrow books free of charge, except for postage, and the list will be forwarded on application to the Hon. Secretary. All the books have been presented by members, and additional volumes will be "thankfully received and faithfully applied."

"OUR ADVANCE CONTINUES." In spite of "infection and the hand of war" the Press has been devoting more space to the Shakespeare authorship than it did in the "piping time of peace." Glancing through an old album of press-cuttings I came across this paragraph signed "Vanoc" in *The Referee* of 1st March 1914:

> "The unrest of the world, the cross-examination of the defenders of accepted beliefs, the introspection of society, and the hungry quest for truth are proofs that the Hound of Heaven is on the trail of humanity. Some things are decaying: bogus aristocracy, which never ought to have existed, and the Party politician pure and simple, who is a public enemy on either side are passing away. The whole tendency of thinking people to-day is to learn the truth. No people can be decadent who seek after truth."

That passage might be applied with even greater relevancy to the present day. The aptly named *Public Opinion* of 11th February gave prominence to Mr. Bridgewater's booklet under the heading "Shakespeare and Bacon:"

> "My purpose is to marshal as far as possible, in order of its merit, the evidence that demonstrably, and not remotely or merely possible, connects Francis Bacon with 'Shakespeare,'" in such short compass that it may be made available to everyone interested in the subject," writes Mr. Howard Bridgewater, Barrister-at-Law, in his booklet, *Evidence Connecting Sir Francis Bacon with "Shakespeare"* (The Bacon Society, 1s.).

"The Plays themselves," adds Mr. Bridgewater, "prove beyond question that the writer of them must have been:

"1. Highly trained in the profession of the Law.

"2. A frequenter of Court circles of the highest social standing.

"3. One who had travelled at least into France, Spain and Italy.

"4. A linguist of no mean order.

"5. A profound philosopher.

"6. One having an unusual knowledge of medicine and botany.

"7. A man of exceptionally fine character, who himself had experienced not only place and power, but 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.'

"As anyone familiar with his best biographies knows, all these qualifications were possessed by Francis Bacon. Pre-eminently the most learned man of his day, his numerous biographers all testify that his attributes of learning and experience were exactly those which one would expect to find in the author of works exhibiting such a fund of knowledge as is displayed in 'Shakespeare.'

"But to say that because the works of 'Shakespeare' called for exactly the calibre of mind that Bacon possessed, *ergo*, he wrote them, is not sufficient for, unlikely as it may seem, it is just possible that there may have been another man capable of producing them; someone who hid his literary light completely under a bushel. Before animadverting further, therefore, upon Bacon's possession of the necessary qualifications above mentioned, I propose to demonstrate—

"1. That the Plays contain references to events and places unlikely to have been referred to by any other writer of his time;

"2. That thoughts and expressions identical with those in the Plays occur throughout his acknowledged works;

"3. That tricks of style are common both to his acknowledged writings and to the Plays; and

"4. That even some errors peculiar to the suggested author are repeated in 'Shakespeare.'"

This is the theme of the author, and both those for and against the Baconian theory will study with interest the case built up by Mr. Bridgewater.

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHDAY. No doubt we shall be reminded on St. George's day that it is also "Shakespeare's Birthday." In time of peace Stratford indulged in high jinks and junketing and, no doubt, is looking forward to the resumption of the celebrations which bring so much money into the town. Our readers who notice references to 23rd April as the "birthday" should point out that there is no record of the date of birth, but only of the baptism on 26th April 1564, (old style). This was eleven days before the corresponding date in the present or "new style." The date of baptism is, therefore,

represented by 15th April. It is unlikely that John Shakspere's eldest son was born later than 1st April, as Mrs. Shakspere would naturally wish to be present at the baptism, and it would have been highly dangerous to take a newly-born baby to the Church at that time of the year. The "birthday" was conveniently arranged to coincide with St. George's day, and Stratford had to have a "birthday" if only as a money-making occasion.

SHAKESPEARE: NEW VIEWS FOR OLD." The second impression of this book was issued in February. Copies may be obtained through any bookseller, or from The Bacon Society (10s. 6d. plus 6d. postage).

"SOME SHAKESPEARE DOUBTS." We strongly recommend this recent addition to the Society's pamphlets. Written by Mr. J. S. L. Millar, W.S. of Edinburgh, and addressed to Professor J. Dover Wilson, it puts a number of Baconian arguments before him. Though Mr. Millar has made sure that the professor has received a copy, we feel pretty safe in our opinion that no reply will, or can be, made. The silence of the big men of Shakespearean orthodoxy does not arise from contempt of the Baconians, nor from a superiority complex, but from the impossibility of defending so bad a case.

R.L.E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

Sir,

Referring to the article on *The Shepherd's Calendar*, by Mr. E. D. Johnson, and the Editorial Criticism of the same, I would like to point out that there can be no question as regards the asserted paternity of 'Colin,' as the poem and the glosse when read in conjunction clearly state that his father was the Earl of Leicester, and that his mother was hinted to be Queen Elizabeth, being referred to as the one that was "loved best"—It is well authenticated that contempory Statesmen commented on their compromising conduct, and close relations, occupying adjoining appartments, etc., this gave rise to much well founded scandell, and even led to legal actions arising from it.

A large number of Baconians are of the opinion that Colin, Immerito and Edmond Spenser were all masks used by Francis Bacon for his early compositions, this view is founded on evidence direct and indirect which cannot be explained away.

"Hobinoll" (Harvey) complains that Colin has fallen in love, and has given up his songs and tuneful piping, also his close friendship for himself, bringing in the disputed word "frenne" to rhyme with Glenne.

The Century Dictionary states that *frenne* is apparently a poetical perversion of *fremd* which has the meaning of "A stranger, foreigner, of an alien"—quite in accordance with the opinion that Marguerite de Valsis is indicated under the feigned name of Rosalind.

There are many other references to Marguerite in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and the Faerie Queen, such as "the Daughter of the Day" (Daisy), and "the flower that is 'wox a weed'—also being made a fourth Grace and reign with the others in Heaven"—Colin is also described as a poet of genius "such immortal mirror as he admires would raise one mind above the Starry Skies."

All this masking in pastoral guise confirms the deciphered statements discovered by means of the Biliteral Code, emanating from Francis Bacon himself.

Yours faithfully,

P. WALTERS.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your criticism of my article on "The Shepherd's Calendar" in October BACONIANA; whatever the elusive truth may be, I take the line "So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne" to mean that Colin has changed his friend Hobbinal for his new love Rosalind. It does not matter how many dictionaries say that Frenne means stranger—*the author himself takes the trouble to tell us in the October Glosse that here it means "forrenne."* If 'frenne" means foreign than a frenne must mean a foreigner.

You say that Marguerite mentions no such "romance" in her memoirs. It is not every lady who keeps a diary and sets down the names and addresses of all the men who have been infatuated with her. It is agreed that, apart from the cipher story, there is no evidence that Bacon had met Marguerite, but they were both in attendance on the French Court *at the same time*, and it is more than likely that they became acquainted.

You say that the Earl of Leicester cannot be called a "southern nobleman." Why not? There must be thousands of men born in the north of England who come to London, take up permanent residence there, and thereafter quite rightly describe themselves as Londoners. The Glosse does not refer to the nobleman as of Surrey or Kent, but *perhaps* (possibly) of Surrey or Kent, and the exact situation of Leicester's house is not of any importance. Leicester spent the greater part of his life in London in attendance on the Queen. Within one week of the Queen's accession on the 17th November, 1558, she loaded Leicester with honours and appointed him to be her Master of Horse, and her motive for doing so does not appear on the surface of history. You seem to think the exact address of the southern nobleman should have been given, but Francis Bacon was not in the habit of handing everything out on a plate. He naturally expects his readers to think for themselves.

My argument is that we are distinctly told that Colin is the author and that the author is the son of a southern nobleman. Now Edmund Spenser was not the son of a southern nobleman, so that wipes out Spenser. If the son of a southern nobleman *whom we are told is the author* was not Francis Bacon, then perhaps you will offer some suggestions as to the identity.

I am quite aware that there are certain members of the Society who do not believe that Francis Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. Their attention is drawn to the article "The Birth of the name Shake-speare" by Mrs. Vernon Bayley and the frontispiece to Spenser's Works 1611 which appears in the January BACONIANA. To any reasonably minded person it is quite obvious that the man dressed *as a shepherd* on the left hand side of the frontispiece represents the Earl of Leicester, who is referred to in "The Shepherd's Calendar" as "the *Shepherd*" because above his head is his crest, a bear, and the lady dressed as a shepherdess on the right hand side clearly represents Queen Elizabeth because above her head is the Lion of England. Leicester's left hand and Elizabeth's right hand are supporting a shield containing a little Boar (a boar was the crest of Francis Bacon); there is a cord round the little boar's neck, the end of the cord leading towards the Queen. The medallion at the bottom of the frontispiece shows the baby boar now grown up looking wistfully at the bush of Tudor roses, in front of which is a scroll containing the words "Non Tibi Spiro"—I breathe not for thee; in other words, the Tudor succession is not for Francis Bacon. If this is not the correct interpretation of this frontispiece, what is? Why should a frontispiece to a book containing poems supposed to have been written by Edmund Spenser, and obscure Irish official, show a connection between Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, and Francis Bacon—apart from the fact that all the dedications in this book contain Francis Bacon's signatures in exactly the same way as they appear in the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" Plays.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD D. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson rejects the dictionaries both as to "frenne" meaning "stranger" and as to fourteen of the fifteen meanings of "foreign," and any other meaning of "for" than the one he selects. He says that "frenne" must mean a foreigner in the sense of a person living abroad, and not, as the Elizabethens often used it (and as it has been frequently, though less, used almost to the present time, for a stranger).

It was common to speak of a person of another country, and even of a nearby parish as a "foreigner." For instance, the Liverpool Municipal Records of 1565 mention "no foreigner, as men of Bolton, Blackburne or other places."

Mr. Johnson apparently admits that the "country hamlet or borough," said in the April "Glosse" to be the home of Rosalinde, cannot be reconciled with the province of Valois, and he still ignores the "Argument" at the beginning of the Aeglogue which tells us that it was Colin and Hobbinol who had become "alienate," i.e., the friendship had become "frenne."

He admits, moreover, that there is no evidence of Bacon having been infatuated with Marguerite de Valois, and excuses the omission of any such romance from her Memoirs with "not every lady keeps a diary and sets down the names and addresses of all the men who have been infatuated with her." Marguerite was pretty frank and very vain, and, like all fascinating women, delighted in having admirers. Such ladies, who keep diaries or write memoirs do jot down names or initials of those with whom they have "affairs." Detective, police and coroners often find then useful.

Leicester could not be called a southern nobleman merely because he had a London house, and spent much of his time away from his principal seat of Kenilworth. In the Aeglogue, Colin is said to be "the southern shepherd's boy." When Spenser refers to a shepherd in his pastoral allegories, he usually means a poet, but Leicester was essentially a practical man, "of the earth earthy."

The title-page of "The Faerie Queen" (1611) is appropriate to the work itself which concerns Elizabeth and the court; and Leicester was the highest nobleman. The boar does not necessarily signify Francis Bacon. It was also the Earl of Oxford's crest, but that does not mean that Oxford was the son of Elizabeth and Leicester, or that he wrote the Spenser literature. Bacon's claims to the authorship do not depend upon the bi-literal cipher story.

What Mr. Johnson says is "a little Boar" on the shield at the top centre of the title-page may be intended for a porcupine. It resembles that on Sidney's coat-of-arms. Is that bush necessarily one of Tudor roses? Is it a rose-bush at all? I have seen neither rose-bush nor roses to resemble the picture. It may be intended as such, but we must be sure of ourselves before we draw conclusion.

THE EDITOR.

College of Arms,
Queen Victoria Street,
London, E.C.4.

15*th March*, 1944.

Dear Sir,

THE SPENSER (1611) TITLE-PAGE.

As the result of the search which has been carried out, it has been ascertained that the crest represented at the head of the title-page is almost certainly intended for that of Sidney (a porcupine azure, quills, collar and chain or), no doubt in special reference to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom the 1579 edition of The Shepheard's Calendar was dedicated, and with whom the poet was on terms of close friendship.

I do not think that the suggestion made by your friend, that the figures on either side represent the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, is a tenable one. It would appear to me that the boy is merely a shepherd boy, the other figure possibly indicative of the Faerie Queen.

The plant figuring in the oval below does not seem to be a rose. But it would need a botanist to identify it.

I return the facsimile page.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Archibald G. B. Russell,
Lancaster Herald.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE IN A FILM.

Sir,

I am informed that, in a film now being shown in the provinces and entitled "Yellow Canary" (in which Anna Neagle appears) there is an episode on a roof-top in London. Here "fire-watchers" pass the time by debating the Bacon-Shakespeare subject. Unfortunately, I did not see it when it was shown in London, nor do I know where it is possible to see it. Should it be shown in the district of any reader of BACONIANA, it would be interesting to have a report on the argument, the name of the authors of the scenario and script, and that of the producer.

How helpful it would be if members and other readers would send in items of news, or information of interest, which they may encounter in the Press, Books, Sale-catalogues, Films or on the Radio. However keenly one individual may watch out, much is bound to be missed. Cuttings or extracts are very desirable and the source, with date, should be mentioned. They may be sent to me. If the opinions are hostile they will be challenged, and all interesting items will be recorded in BACONIANA.

Yours faithfully,
R. L. EAGLE.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

Sir,

ARGENIS

Mr. Howard Bridgewater, judging from his letter in the January issue of BACONIANA, seems to consider that anyone who may hold opinions contrary to his own, should not be allowed expression thereof, but this should bring the Baconian cause to ridicule, and render it liable to harm.

Far be it from me to be responsible for any such unfortunate occurrence, and though no one has a higher respect for your correspondent's learning and ability, I consider that if the pages of BACONIANA are to be regarded as the exclusive preserve of a very restricted number of writers, however eminent, this should be definitely stated. Mr. Bridgewater deprecates, it appears, curtain articles, the theme of which run counter to his views, and which of late have been given the courtesy of publication.

With regard to my alleged misinterpretation of 'Argenis,' I do not quite gather from your correspondent's letter whether he dissents from the theory of the 'Baconian authorship of the work, or only from the possibility of the writer having been the son of Queen Elizabeth, and which fact I deduced therefrom. The following extract from, 'A Picture of Life 1872-1940," by Viscount Mersey, may not be generally known: "Lady Wakehurst told me of an account of a confinement of Queen Elizabeth being found among the archives at Windsor. It was given to Queen Victoria, who burnt it, saying that it was Queen Elizabeth's private affair." The Viscount was not endeavouring to establish any thesis, but merely recorded the incident of being of historical interest.

With regard to the letter written by Queen Hyanisbe to Meleander, this had not escaped my notice. One would have been rather surprised, however, not to have found somewhere in the work some such denial, (or a quick usual measure of precaution), of previous statement, which interpreted in a certain way, might have resulted in unpleasant consequences for the author. There is no reason for placing necessarily more faith in a later statement than in a prior one. I would rather trust in the first, as the probabilities are that the other was made for a special purpose.

I am, Sir,
Yours etc.,
R. J. A. BUNNETT.

(I see no reason to comment on the above remarks which in no way controvert my criticism.—H.B.)

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