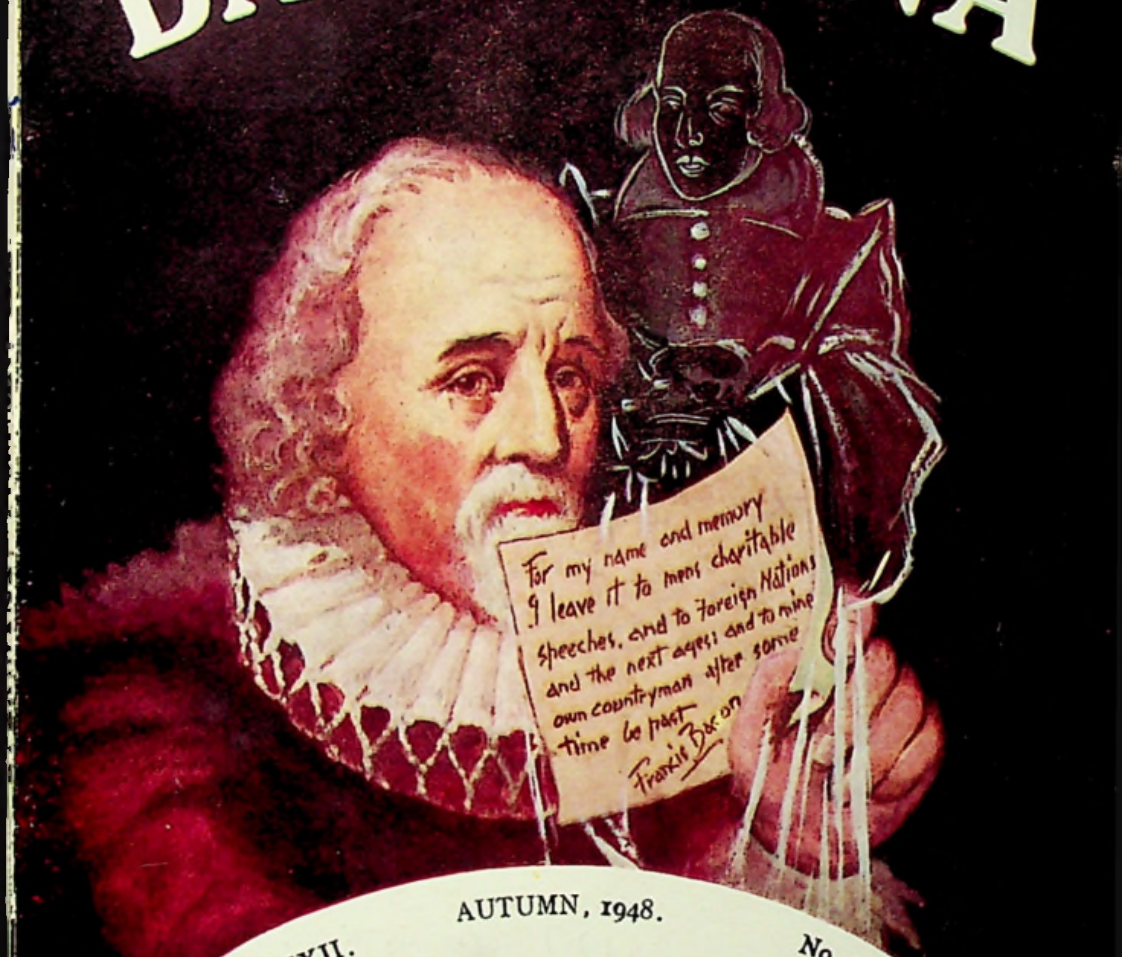
THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

BACONIANA



AUTUMN, 1948.

Vol. XXXII. No. 129.

LEADING FEATURES

The Royal Birth Theme. By JAMES ARTHER
Esoteric Significance of "Cymbeline." By BERYL C. POGSON
Ben Jonson and Bacon. By EDWARD D. JOHNSON
Bacon and Essex. By H. KENDRA BAKER
Francis and Roger Bacon. By W. G. C. GUNDRY
Francis Bacon and Religion. By R. J. W. GENTRY
Editorial Comments - Correspondence

56 Pages. 2/6 net.

The Francis Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED.)

PRESIDENT:
SIR KENNETH MURCHISON

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

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

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

Annual Subscription: By members who receive, without further payment, two copies of BACONIANA (the Society's quarterly Magazine) and are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meeting, one guinea; By Associates, who receive one copy, half-a-guinea per annum. Those serving in the United Nations Forces, 5/-. All subscriptions payable on January 1st.

Subscriptions for 1948, now due, should be sent to the
Hon. Treasurer, L. Biddulph, Esq.,
32, Hatherley Road, Sidcup, Kent.

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All applications for Membership should be addressed to the
Hon. Sec.: Valentine Smith,
Thatched Cottage, Knowle Hill, Virginia Water, Surrey.

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.

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From a Painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

BEN JONSON

See the Article Ben Jonson and Bacon, pp. 199—201.

BACONIANA

VOL. XXXII. (63rd Year) No. 129. October, 1948

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

"It is a poor mind that will think with the multitude because it is a multitude; truth is not altered by the opinions of the vulgar or the confirmation of the many."

GIORDANO BRUNO.

THE Francis Bacon Society has recently benefited by a legacy amounting to £421 19s. 4d., amounting to one-fifth of the value of a property belonging to the late Mr. Alfred Mudie, of Hove, Sussex. Mr. Mudie, a heart and soul Baconian, passed away full of years, devoted much of his time to an incisive study of Bacon's works especially in regard to the ciphers. In 1929 he published a work whose title-page, apart from all else, should be a record for length. It was as follows: "The Self-Named William Shake-speare, The Prince of Wales, Born Legitimate but unacknowledged Son of H.M. Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester: Baptised in the False Name of Francis Bacon: Philosopher, Dramatist, Poet and Arch-Martyr. Thereafter named Viscount St. Albans." It was published by Cecil Palmer, at 5s. net.

* * *

Mr. Mudie tells us in this work that he possessed occult gifts and at seances, of which he gives details, was able to form a contact with Bacon himself by means of the planchette. His object, however, was to claim that the Master had signed his name over and over again as "Bacon," "Francis Bacon," later as "Verulam" and finally as "Saint Albans," concealed in his poems and Sonnets which appear in the Shakespeare Plays and in his admitted works. His method was to seek for the signature under one name or another, and select the letters from the text giving it. Admittedly such a selective method might be applicable to many names. Bernard Shaw for instance took a number of the Shakespeare Plays and by selection, taking the fourth letter from the end thus contrived to obtain his own name. On the other hand Mr. Mudie showed that these signatures always ended with the piece of verse employed. Admittedly if one can pick and choose letters, without a definite system (such as Mr. Edward Johnson has discovered in his decipherments), the letters forming Francis Bacon are all in frequent use except the letter 'B', which also applies to Verulam, except the 'V', and to Saint Albans, except again the 'B'. One can repeat names like S.M.I.T.H.

frequently but nevertheless a study of Mr. Mudie's work may be said to provide at least a conjectural and definite objective.

* * *

As this work has long been out of print it may interest our readers if we give an extract or two of these claims. The first is the wording of the Stratford monument to Shakespeare. The letters spelling "Francis Bacon" are shown in italic letters.

> Stay passenger why goest thou by so *f*ast?
> *Rea*d, if thou ca*n*st, whom envious death had plast
> Within this monument; Shaks-peare with whome
> Quick nature d*i*de; whose name doth deck ye tom*b*e
> F*a*r more than *co*st; sith all yt he hath writt
> Leaves livi*n*g art but page to serve his witt.

Another example is culled from *Cymbeline*, of additional interest since Mrs. Beryl Pogson has written an article in this issue of BACONIANA, on the occult allusions in this particular play. At the end of *Cymbeline* is a repetition of the Cryptic Scroll which Jupiter ordered to be placed on the breast of the sleeping Posthumus who pleaded for its interpretation by a soothsayer. Posthumus declares, "Your servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome, call forth your soothsayer . . . Let him shew his skill in the *construction*." Mr. Mudie claimed to have solved the cryptic words by discovering the hidden signature of Bacon as Francis Saint Albans, and, again as Saint Albans, once repeated as in other examples. We give the first rendering here of Jupiter's "Label" with the signature in italics:

> 'When as a Lyons whelpe shall to himsel*f*e unknown, without seeking find, and he emb*ra*c'd by a peece of te*n*der Ayre: And when from a stately *C*edar shall be lopt branches, wh*i*ch being dead many yeares, *sh*all after revi*v*e, bee joy*n*ted to the old Stocke, *a*nd fresh*l*y grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, *B*rita*i*ne, be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.'

So the answer to the cryptogram by the Mudie interpretation is "Saint Albans," who had been created Viscount St. Albans before he compiled *Cymbeline*. It might be added that if understood from that standpoint to the stately cedar, with its branches lopped (his rightful claim to the throne) after having lain in the tomb for many years shall eventually be recognised for what he was—the poet Shakespeare and that Britain at this time shall be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty. We should like to be able to apply this devout prophecy to our generation but we fear the world needs education in more senses than one before that can come about!

* * *

Never, perhaps, in the history of the civilised world has mankind prated more about freedom and independence and never have these two desirable qualities—if taken at their proper value—been less in evidence actually than to-day. The world in its search for these two incomparable gifts, for such they are and not to be accorded as a right,

has only riveted more chains about its neck. Apart from such fantastic claims as Russian imperialism, which masquerades under the false guise of "democracy" and yet dare not let its citizens know anything of the outer world except what it invents or sees fit to allow, we see elsewhere less and less freedom to live or act as one may wish because of the interference of the State through venal politicians. The word "freedom" seems to-day to be interpreted as the right to shove aside, rob, or bully everyone who is not able to withstand the tyranny of trade unionism run amuck, and to demand the highest wages for doing as little work as possible. There are, apparently multitudes of Calibans at large to-day. Shakespeare shows with his infinite genius how he measured such "freedom" in *The Tempest*:

Caliban: (sings drunkenly) Farewell Master, farewell; farewell!
Trinculo: A howling Monster; a drunken Monster.
Caliban: No more darns I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new Master, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! freedom! freedom! hey-day freedom.
Stephano: O brave Monster! Lead the way.

Caliban might be described as the figurative General Strike, which lurks always threatening in the background.

* * *

We had hoped to be able to publish in this issue a very interesting article by Miss Pauline Holmes, of Watertown, Mass., on the discovery of a Bacon relic in the form of an illuminated manuscript made to Bacon's order of the arms of the Sovereigns of England to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Following the red Tudor Rose of Elizabeth, there appears, we understand, the "Hang-Hog" or boar of Bacon's Arms, seen in many Baconian emblems and title-pages. Its presence offers testimony that he regarded himself as of royal Tudor birth. It is said that this manuscript has lain untouched for over three centuries at St. Albans, at Beechwood Park, an old mansion originally built in the 16th century by an ancestor of the Sebright family. The baronetcy was created in 1626 and Sir Giles Sebright, J.P., the present holder of the title is the 13th Baronet. He was an equerry to our present King when he was Duke of York. Sir Giles, it would appear, sold the manuscript not long ago to a London collector who in turn sold it to an Australian Army officer, where it seems to be at the present time. According to the London purchaser this valuable manuscript has not been seen by any English or American experts, but it was taken to American in 1941, and offered for sale to Harvard University for $20,000, but Harvard did not purchase it.

* * *

Miss Holmes has been able to get in touch with the Australian

owner of this heraldic manuscript and is obtaining photographs of the designs which we hope to be able to publish in the January issue of BACONIANA. She contends that it helps to substantiate Francis Bacon's claim to royal birth and in her opinion will make further attempts of the Stratfordian school to ridicule the royal birth theme inappropriate, but although she is entitled to her view, it shows more confidence in the average critic than we can feel. Miss Holmes, it may be added, is at present occupied in deciphering hitherto unknown chapters of the Word Cipher of Dr. Owen, which we look forward to receiving in due course.

* * *

In the last number of BACONIANA in these Comments some remarks were made about the activities of Prof. Dover Wilson, the challenge issued to him by William Kent, for a public debate, and twenty questions he put to him. These questions are so appropriate that, considered in the lump, they make the Stratford Idol look pretty shoddy. These are they:

Mr. William Kent's Twenty Questions (unanswered) to Prof. Dover Wilson.

1. How is it explained that there is no record of a single play being performed in Stratford-on-Avon in the lifetime of William Shaksper?
2. How is it explained that when for the first time, six years after his death, his company of players visited the town but were not allowed to perform?
3. How was it that Shaksper had not induced them to go there to perform one of his plays?
4. How is it that no relative of Shaksper seems to have been aware that he was anything but an ordinary man? (See *The Shakespeare Circle* by C. Martin Mitchell, in which, referring to his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, he says "at home in Stratford Dr. Hall bulks as far the bigger of the two.")
5. How is it that although Dr. Hall left notes of some of his cases it never occurred to him that anyone would be interested in his father-in-law's complaints?
6. How is it explained that although in 1605 in his *Remains* William Camden mentions Shakespeare amongst the great writers of his day, in *Britannia*, whilst mentioning Stratford worthies there is no reference to Shakespeare?
7. How is it that in his *Annals*, whilst giving 7,000 words to the year 1616 Camden makes no mention of the death of Shaksper?
8. How is it that nobody else mentioned it?
9. How is it that whilst a small volume of eulogies was issued when Ben Jonson died, nothing similar was published about Shakespeare until seven years after his death?
10. How is it that nobody mentioned him in a letter?
11. How is it to be explained that there is no record of any payment to him for his plays, and no allusion whatever in Henslowe's journal?

12. Is it suggested that the Stratford gentleman wrote plays for nothing?
13. How is it explained that the monument at Stratford differs from that drawn by Sir William Dugdale for his *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (in 1656)?
14. Is it seriously suggested that Dugdale, "greatest of antiquaries" according to a recent broadcast talk, went into the church at Stratford, saw the effigy of a man holding a pen (to be expected in the case of a literary man as for instance John Stow in the Church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, London), and then drew a man with his hand on a cushion or sack?
15. If Dugdale blundered how was it that no Warwickshire litterateur pointed out the error but that it was repeated in two editions of Rowe's Shakespeare?
16. How is it that nobody left any impression of Shakespeare's personality?
17. How is it that John Stow never mentions him?
18. Why is it that the Trustees of the "Birthplace House" at Stratford-on-Avon dare not issue a writ when publicly accused by Mr. Edward Johnson of obtaining money under false pretences?
19. Why is it that no book in defence of the Stratfordian authorship has been written for many years?
20. Why do the Orthodox get "windy" at the suggestion that they should defend the Stratfordian faith against oppugners?

* * *

The romance of the alleged discovery of an "authentic" portrait of Shakespeare, and now in the possession of Mr. Clifford Bax, the novelist, was described in the *Evening News* of Sept. 9th. This picture, it appears, was sent to England from Rome in 1932 and was until recently in the possession of Father Toucher, an Italian priest living in London. The reverend Father met Mr. Harry Jonas, an artist with a studio near his church, and who is a friend of Mr. Bax, and told him that it was believed to be a portrait of Shakespeare. Hearing of this Mr. Bax purchased the picture for £80 and to-day enjoys the position of honour in the sitting-room of his flat in the Albany. The grounds for claiming it to be Shakespeare is that on the back, an inscription in 18th century Italian, records the following: "This portrait represents the great English poet Gugliemo Scespirio. It was painted by Frans Hals. The Earl of Nithdale, William Maxwell, brought it to Rome and presented it to the monastery of Saint Gregorio in Monte Celso." Despite this claim the 11th century monastry knows nothing about it, which is peculiar in view of the claim on the inscription.

* * *

Mr. Clifford Bax's interest in it is apparently partly related to the fifth Earl of Nithdale, a Scottish Jacobite peer sentenced to death in 1715 and who escaped to Italy, his wife later managing to collect valuables and possessions including this alleged Shakespeare

portrait. Now the inscription is agreed as 18th century, as also the picture's appearance in Rome in or about 1715, practically a century after William Shaksper of Stratford died. It will probably turn out to be an early 18th century portrait of some one. It represents an austere, ascetic-looking man in his late fifties or middle sixties, with a long nose, apparently grey hair and imperial (as shown in the reproduction), wearing a dark gown with a soft collar more of the 18th century period, and holding a quill pen in his right hand. Mr. Felix Barker, who wrote up the story for the *Evening News* says there are "several points of similarity with the most authentic picture we have of Shakespeare—the engraving made by Martin Droeshout for the First Folio." We beg to differ. Nothing could be more unlike. If Mr. Barker had ever read any of the Baconian literature on the subject he would be aware that the Droeshout engraving was a mask and intended to be such. The dead eyes and the actual mask can be traced, the figure is a fake, and in any case there is nothing austure or ascetic about it. The other supposed representation of Shakespeare in the Parish Church of Stratford shows a podgy-faced, smug individual, totally unlike the Droeshout "portrait" and certainly utterly contradictory to Mr. Clifford Bax's portrait of an unknown. Is it certain, after all, that "Scespiro" meant Shakespeare?

* * *

Baconians were faintly amused to read some little time ago from America that a Mr. Charles Wisner Barrell, of New York, had entered an action in the Washington Courts again Dr. Giles E. Dawson, of the Folger Library for libel. As far as we understand from the brief details our press publishes on such subjects, owing perhaps to the paper shortage, it seems that Mr. Barrell took some X-ray and infra-red photographs of a supposed portrait of Shakespeare in the Folger Library which he claimed was a picture of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Dr. Dawson's cause of offense apparently was that whatever Mr. Barrell saw in his photographs it was something nobody else could see in them, and what—not to put to fine a point on it—he said was actually not there. This is what the plaintiff claims is libel, although it remains obscure whether Dr. Dawson's fault was his and other defect in eyesight or whether the plaintiff consideres it a reflection on his results of X-ray and infra-red photographs. Anyhow he evidently felt so sore about it all that he claims $50,000 dollars to salve his wounded feelings. The action has not yet been tried—if it ever gets into court—but the American press has found it a chance of relief from such worrying topics as Russia, the Presidential Election, and, as the *Washington Post* declaims of rape, murder, and suicide. The shade of Oxford seemed to be fated to be pursued by occult shadows! It is not long since that we were titivated by a solemn tome purporting to record spiritual conversations with Oxford, in which Bacon also played a minor part in a sort of advisory capacity to de Vere, whose advice if we recall it correctly was not accepted. It seemed a pity when such a research into the occult was followed that steps were not taken to discover what were the personal

relations between Queen Elizabeth and the eccentric Oxford, and why she banished him if it were not through resentment because she considered he had played her false. Not very long ago at another spiritualistic seance it was declared that Elizabeth herself was reborn and living in England at the present time in great poverty and misery as part retribution for her sins of the past. It was at least more plausible than some.

* * *

The last of James Agate's "Ego" series was recently published by Harrap. His friend Alan Dent pays his memory a tributes as "a great dramatic critic and possibly a great diarist." Well, apart from *de mortuis*. . . if the truth were told Jimmy Agate was a slick journalistic tradesman to whom everything was grist to his mill. Such things as justice to his subject, whether it were a play, an actor, or an author, apparently never crossed his mind. With a mocking malignity he set to work to ridicule and damage reputations whenever they gave him the opportunity to display his mordant wit. His egotism was so intense that he would seize on any subject for his pen in order to foist his own views about himself upon them. With few exceptions actors and actresses detested him but they were afraid to antagonise him since he had all the force of the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Times* circulations behind him. Born of poor parents and with a scrappy education there is little doubt much of his malignity and pose came from an inner inferiority complex. It is quite in accordance with this mentality that in "Ego 9" he sneers at Baconians and says that "if they could force on the world recognition of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's plays they wouldn't mind if the works disappeared to-morrow, whereas Shakespearians love the plays for their own sake and take no more than an amused interest in those who wrote them." It would be a waste of space to refute such utter nonsense, seeing how very closely the plays and sonnets are examined and analysed by Baconians, but the fact is that some little time ago one or two of our members were in direct personal touch with Agate, entertained him and were given by him a direct suggestion that he was a Baconian at heart but could not say so.

* * *

The Francis Bacon Discussion Group meetings are growing more and more in popularity, held one evening every month, on the first Tuesday at 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. Usually a member reads a paper on some aspect of Bacon or Shakespeare or the Tudor period and the audience ask questions or speak their thoughts as the mood takes them. There are often quips and friendly disagreements and in fact it is much like a family party, in which those present, usually some thiry or more, speak or remain silent. Miss Mabel Sennett, Chairman of the Council takes the chair and brightens the proceedings with her own sage remarks. At the last Discussion Mrs. Beryl Pogson read a paper on the Esoteric significance of *Cymbeline*, which is published in this issue of BACONIANA. At the next meeting on Tuesday, October 5th, at 6 p.m., Mr. R. J. W. Gentry, is reading a paper which will be

illustrated with lantern slides. On November 2nd, Mrs. Boris Birin (Assistant Secretary of the Society) will discourse on Bacon's "method," the subject of some speculation and suggestions relating to his more extraordinary inquiry into the nature of "spirits." On December 7th, Mrs. Beryl Pogson will read a paper as yet undecided. It needs only to add that the proceedings are open to all members and associates, that they may bring a friend who is a non-member and that there is no charge for admission.

* * *

An interesting aspect of the attitude of some publishers has been the subject of correspondence between Mr. T. Wright, a member of the Society and Messrs. Thos. Nelson and Sons, the well-known publishing firm. Mr. Wright purchased a copy of "The Essays of Francis Bacon," with an introduction by Sir Henry Newbolt, published by Nelson's at 1*s.* 6*d*, and (as he wrote to the Editor-in-Chief), he got no further than the fifteenth line when, as he says, "I was startingly pulled up by the sentence, "He degrades human nature as much as he illustrates it and seasons his dish with shrewdness and commonplace as well as with magnanimity and eloquence"." Thereupon he complained that Sir Henry Newbolt's opinion was formed solely from the influence of Macaulay's infamous rhetorical essay of 1837 for the untruthfulness and malice of which he has been pilloried and exposed by a number of well-known scholars ever since. Mr. Wright suggested that Nelson's should right this wrong to the greatest of Englishmen. In a terse reply he was told that the writer could "quite understand that Sir Henry's observations are only too liable to offend a member of the Bacon Society." To this Mr. Wright replied that he did not write as a member of the Bacon Society but as a seeker after truth and said bluntly that "honour demands that you should not be found willing to vilify a dead man until you have satisfied yourself that what you publish is true." In a further letter he suggested that the firm of Messrs. Nelson and Sons Ltd., should read Mr. Alfred Dodd's book, "The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon" before allowing Sir Henry Newbolt or anyone else to write malignant untruths under their auspices. It is good when one of our members protests against false claims and statements issued by publishers or editors and we thank Mr. Wright.

CHOICE GIFT :—Plaster Casts of the Roubillac bust of Francis Bacon (from the original in Cambridge University Library) by Tiranti are now on sale, price 10s. 6d., obtainable at the Francis Bacon Society, 50a, Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Postage 1s. extra.

THE ROYAL BIRTH THEME

By James Arther

In continuing his analysis of evidence relating to the royal birth of Francis Bacon, the author is concerned with various factors and inferences all pointing as he alleges to his true origin.—Editor.

IV. THE BIRTH MARKS

MY next task is to marshal all the evidence, so far as known to me, in favour of the Royal Birth theory. To be quite impartial, this should be accompanied by a collection of all the material contradictory to the theory, or at least making it seem improbable. But to tell the truth, I know of no such evidence.

(1) We start then with the rumours about the children borne by the Queen to the Earl of Leicester. It is of course not difficult simply to discard these as merely parlour and kitchen gossip. But this is not the way of objective historical research, if the rumour is persistent, and attested to by a crowd of witnesses, both from the palace and the market-place. Statesmen, churchmen, historians, pamphleteers—all alike voice the suspicion. Official and private papers of the time are full of it. Letters, diaries, reports, pamphlets, books, writings of any kind in fact, spread the rumour, or contradicted it, as the case of the writer might demand. For prison, the rack, mutilation, death awaited him who durst throw aspersion on the Queen's virginity, or wound her vanity, in spite of the "continual scandal" her private life provoked, or hazard her hypocritical politico-matrimonial negotiations. Volumes could be filled with all this notoriety, but it is of course out of the question and unnecessary to deal with it in this paper with any detail. I refer the reader to Alfred Dodd's *The Marriage of Elizabeth Tudor*. Only two or three utterances of contemporaries I select for insertion here.

Sir Henry Sidney, the Earl of Leicester's brother in law, to the Bishop of Aquila:—"The Queen and Lord Robert were lovers: but they intended honest marriage." To which the Bishop replies, not contradicting the statement, but only denying as his personal belief the further consequences:—"Some say she is a mother already, but this I do not believe."

When Cecil was accused of having informed King Philip of Spain, "that the Queen had previously married Lord Robert in the Earl of Pembroke's house," his defence was:—

> I wrote *what I said to the Queen herself*, that it was reported all over London that the marriage had taken place. *She betrayed neither surprise nor displeasure at my words*. Had I so pleased I might have written all this to his Majesty; nor do I think I should have done wrong had I told him *the World's belief that she was married already*.

In 1571, twelve years after her accession, Parliament was invoked to make it a penal offence to speak of any other successor to the

Crown of England than the *natural* issue of the Queen. The popular feeling with regard to Elizabeth's connection is well expressed by the historian Camden:—

> I myself have heard some oftentimes say, that the word was inserted into the Act of purpose by Leicester, that it might one day obtrude upon the English some Bastard son of his for the Queen's *natural* issue.

(2) Next come the life-stories of the two supposed children, Bacon and Essex, and their relations with their putative fathers as well as with the Queen. Francis found himself unprovided for at the death of Sir Nicholas, the only one of the latter's eight children thus left destitute. Robert was the only one of Sir Walter's issue not registered at birth, and though the eldest, not honoured with the Christian name of his putative father, who Sir Henry Wotton informs us, "died with a very cold conceit of him, some say through the affection of his second son Walter." Francis, the youngest of Sir Nicholas' issue, was at the age of sixteen sent to France, an expedient not resorted to for any of his brothers or sisters; and returned from there he was in spite of his evident genius never preferred by the Queen to public honours in her service. Robert on the other hand, bearing the Earl of Leicester's first name, was distinguished as Elizabeth's most spoiled favourite, next to his rumoured father, till his presumption on this royal partiality brought him to the block. Again I must refer the reader to the historical works for greater detail, and for the further unravelling of these entangled lives.

(3) The Birthplace. In his *Life* Rawley writes:—"Francis Bacon was born in York-House or York-Place in the Strand." York House was Sir Nicholas' residence; York Place was the Queen's palace. The two houses stood next to each other on the bank of the Thames, only "parted by lanes and fields."[1] How came Rawley to mix up the two places? Though a change of names had occurred with regard to the royal residence, which was rebaptized Whitehall, Rawley could hardly pretend ignorance of the old name. For Holinshed had recorded:—"Yorke place or white Hall, now the palace of Westminster, S. James." And Shakespeare had published even more widely, *Henry VIII* (4.1.95):—

> *Third Gent.* So she (Anne Bullen) parted
> And with the same full state paced back again
> To York-place, where the feast is held.
> *First Gent.*: Sir,
> You must no more call it York-place; that's past;
> 'Tis now the king's, and called Whitehall.
> *Third Gent.*: I know it;
> But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
> Is fresh about me.

I see no other conclusion possible than that to all appearance Rawley is confusing the two on purpose.

What were Bacon's connections with York House throughout

[1]Dixon, II.14.

his life? Here again there seems a mystery hidden somewhere. The house and park were crown property, come down to the Tudors from Plantagenet times. It had been leased to Sir Nicholas Bacon when he was appointed Lord Keeper of the Great Seal (1558). It had been Francis' home till his sixteenth year. "On going into France he left it a lively and splendid home; on his return from that country he found it a house of misery and death. From its gates he wandered forth with his widowed mother into the world."[1] The lease passed into other hands. It was not until forty years later that Bacon occupied it again, when in his turn he had succeeded to the Office of the Great Seal (1619). In a letter to the Archbishop of York, the father of his young friend Tobie Matthews, he asked that the house be leased to him for twenty-one years, giving as his reason for this term, that it was "the number of years which my father and my predecessors fulfilled in it;"[2] and as the grounds for his wish to have the house:— "I was born there and am like to end my days there." His hope was not to be realized. After four years of occupation he had with the greatest reluctance to give in to the importunities of the Marquis of Buckingham, who wished to acquire the house for himself. His reply to the royal favourite is important. The attempt was made after his fall and the sentence pronounced by the House of Lords, which stripped Bacon of everything that is held dear in public opinion—wealth, state, power, public honour. One thing only had been spared him. The motion to deprive him also of his titles of nobility was rejected by his Peers. He remained Baron Verulam and Viscount Saint Alban, a strong testimony that at least his private honour was untouched. His curt refusal to Buckingham refers to this incident:—

> If your Lordship take any satisfaction touching York House, I pray think better of it. For that motion to me was a second sentence more grievous than the first; for it sentenced me to have lost, both in my own opinion and much more in the opinion of others, that which was saved to me only in the former sentence.[3]

And the Duke of Lennox who came with a similar request, received the answer:—

> York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there will I yield my last breath, if it so please God, and the King will give me leave; though I be now in the house (as the old proverb is) like a bear in a monk's hood. At least no money nor value shall make me part with it.[4]

Yet, he had to pay dearly for the refusal. After his banishment to Gorhambury there was nothing he longed for more than the freedom of the town of London, to pursue his studies, and renew the free intercourse with his friends. York House only stood in the way. If

[1] Dixon, II.15.

[2] I must confess that I do not understand the words "my predecessors" in this connection. So far as I know there were none who lived in York House for 21 years.

[3] Spedding, XIV. 316.

[4] Spedding, XIV. 327.

he could but decide to part with it, all he desired would be his. As Sir Edward Sackville wrote to him:—"If York House were gone, the town were yours, and all your straitest shackles clean off, besides more comfort than the city-air only."[1] And it was to these well-meaning persuasions of his friend that Bacon at last surrendered.

But what is the explanation of his tenacious clinging to the property? The remote reminiscences of early youth, ostensibly put forward by himself, do not seem satisfactory at all. Nor does the vainglory for his lost great state, alleged by his enemies, suit the character of the man. A deeper lying, unspoken cause must be looked for. And it seems to me that it is hidden behind the reason given to the Marquis of Buckingham—that stripping him of York House would be worse than stripping him of his titles of nobility. York House, the "Ancient Pile," in which and of which at his sixtieth birthday he was hailed by Ben Jonson as the "Genius" and "*my King*," was for Bacon the material landmark and token of his royal birth, because of its historical associations with York Place, the royal residence of the Tudors. Through them and their royal "predecessors" of the House of York he traced his descent back to the Plantagenets.[1]

(4) The inverted scribblings, "*Your soveraign Ffrauncis*" in the Northumberland MS. (see also hereafter under No. 10), and the inscription, "*Robart Tidar*," in the Tower, "over the doorway of the small cell, at the foot of the stairs," as the official handbook directs the visitor. Presumably carved by the Earl of Essex before he was beheaded.

(5) Henry Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* (1612), with its identification of Francis Bacon as the author of *The Rape of Lucrece*, and the owner of the heraldic emblem and motto of the Prince of Wales, for which see *In Baconian Light*, Chapter IV.

(6) John Barclay's *Argenis* (1612) and its Key (1629), with its description of the travels of the Queen's son, also said to be her sister's, Lady Anne's son, in foreign countries, and of his love for Marguerite of Navarre. See Cunningham's *Bacon's Secret Disclosed*, Chapter IV and BACONIANA, 1943, p. 179.

A few words about the criticism to which the latter paper has been subjected by Howard Bridgewater in BACONIANA, 1944, p. 35. The critic seems entirely blind to, or deliberately to ignore the particular warning given by the author of the *Argenis*, that he is going to "fold up" and to "mingle together" the varied events of his narrative, which means (for anyone who had some knowledge of this species of allegorical writing, and of the time in which it was written) that the incidents, their interrelations, times, places, the names of the actors and actresses, etc., are generally mixed up; that one and the same person may appear under different names; that vice versa more than one character may represent different aspects of one and the same person; that seeming contradictions and variations in the story of one and the same person serve only to connect different parts of his history

[1]Spedding, XIV, 343.
[2]See the "Note" to the article on Reincarnation in BACONIANA, 1947.

which could not well be told in the same breath without giving the secret too easily away, and as a consequence being sent to the gallows for it. A study of the historical allusions even of such a perfectly harmless work as Spenser's Fairie Queene, would teach one as much. But let us take the critic by the letter of his denunciations. Taking the writer of the article to task on one special point, this is what we are told:—

> He says that Queen Hyanisbe (Elisabeth) bore a son whom she named "Hiempsall." *If this were true, it would indeed be evidence in favour of the royal birth of Francis Bacon, as the accomplishments of Hiempsall (or Archombrotus) do, in many ways, agree with those of Bacon*, though this is quite natural, as Hiempsall is intended to represent the *Ideal* young courtier of those times.

Let us gratefully acknowledge the critic's candid confession of the similarity in character between Hiempsall-Archombrotus and Francis Bacon. But what to say of his attempt to change the avowedly *historical* character of the narrative into a purely *ideal* one, when the former does not suit him in a particular case? And worse, what to say when he throws at the writer of the article the odium of "perverting the truth?" For he immediately follows up the above passage with the words:—

> But this (that is to say, that the Queen bore Hiempsall and named him so) is a perversion of the truth, for Hyanisbe did *not* bear this son, nor did she give Hiempsall his name.

Yet on p. 183 of the 1636 edition of the *Argenis* we read:—

> Before she was Queene, she was married to one Syphax (Leicester), the chiefe man in Mauretania (England) next to the King, who dying of a sicknesse, when King Juba (Edward VI) dyed, had left her with childe: that *the Queene not long after was delivered of a Sonne, whom she called Hyempsall.*

The mixing up of Juba's and Syphax's death is of course a striking illustration of the author's declared intention of "folding up" and "mingling together" the events narrated. In any case, the statement that the Queen indeed bore and named Hyempsall is quite positive and unequivocal. As for its seeming denial in the sequence, of which the critic makes so much to the detriment of the writer of the article, thereby only exposing his utter inability to see its pregnant implications—this is what he writes about it:—

> The climax (?) of the story is in the letter printed on pages 708-11. Here Hyanisbe declares to Meleander (Henry II of France), that she was *not the mother*, as had been supposed, but the *foster-mother*. Further that Hyempsall was the son of her sister *Anna*, and of Meleander, to whom Anna had been *secretly married* before her 'departure into Sicily' (France). For various reasons, we are told, *the marriage had been kept secret*. Anna

died in giving birth to Hiempsall, but not before she had named him 'Hiempsall' in the presence of Hyanisbe. *She brought up the boy, passing him off as her own son* by her late husband, Syphax who had died about the same time. The boy was known to Meleander as Archombrotus—though *he did not suspect him to be his own son.*

It is indeed to a "climax" of revelations that we have come here, towards the end of the story. But how the critic could call it the climax "of the story" is inexplicable to me, except from his being carried away by his anti-royalist bias, which made him rejoice in the fact that the hero of the story, whom for 600 long pages we have held to be the son of the Queen, is at last dethroned, and shown up as but a changeling.

What on the other hand does the objective student, who is not swayed by his passions, learn from the narrative? That Hiempsall was the son of a "secret" marriage; that the Queen denies him to be her son; that she imputes him to be the son of a Lady Anne; that he was not brought up by his own mother, but by a foster-mother, who passes him off as her own son; finally that his reputed father also knew him not to be his son;—all of which fits Bacon's secret story as a glove the human hand. That is the way to read such an allegorical and mixed-up story. But the critic avers:—"Queen Elizabeth had no sister corresponding to Anna." Well, that should have made him only the more cautious not to take the statements at their face-value, and not to expect the *literal* narrative to "fit with historical fact," but to heed seriously the author's warning against such a way of interpreting his story. It is this warning which completely exonerates R. J. A. Bunnett from the scandalous charge of being a perverter of truth, and gives him the right to explain that "no doubt the early death of Leicester is purposely falsified," as is the existence of the Queen's "sister Anna!"

Finally, one last sentence from the critic's observations:—"Almost any desired story can be made from the *Argenis*." Indeed? We have met such *a priori* statements before—"airy nothings" I called them. They are the last refuge of the anti-royalists and the anti-Baconians in general. But before it can be accepted, the statement should be made good. That is, not by inventing a purely fictitious story without more ado, but one supported by a mass of circumstantial evidence, as we are trying to here do with regard to the story of Bacon's royal birth. With expectant curiosity we await the critic's efforts to achieve this feat of imagination. Who knows but what illuminating revelations, revolutionising hitherto accepted historical data, are in store for us?

(7) "The Great Proclamation," and the light this scene throws upon Bacon's royal ancestry. Again I have to refer the reader shortly to *In Baconian Light*, Chapter X, and to BACONIANA, 1947, p. 187[1]

[1]Note to the article on Reincarnation.

(8) The "princely secrets" of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* in Latin, and the "reason for concealment," dealt with in the two preceding sections of this paper.

(9) The "Lion-Bear-Boar" signatures, on the title-page of the 1611 Spenser Folio, in the *Venus and Adonis*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Henry V*, and many another Play, in Spenser's Poems, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, etc.

It has been objected that the middle figure on the Spenser title-page is not that of a Boar, but of a Porcupine. One authority remarks that it has been "ascertained almost certainly" (is this meant as a paradox or a tautology?) that the crest at the head of the page "is intended for that of Sidney (a porcupine *azure*, quills, collar or chain *or*)."[1] I like that—to be able from a black and white drawing to distinguish the blue and gold colours of Sidney's crest from the *gules* and *argent* (red and silver) of Bacon's Arms. Of the "plant figuring in the oval below," it is said that "it would need a botanist to identify it." I like this still better for its human confession of uncertainty. But best of all I would like to see the upper picture treated with the same humility. For in my opinion it would need a zoologist to decide its true nature, whether meant for a Boar or a Porcupine, or as R. L. Eagle holds, for "a compromise between the porcupine and a boar."[2] In truth it does not matter much, for the *Porkes*- pick, the Hedge-*pig*, or the Hedge-*hog*, are as surely symbols of Bacon's name as the *Boar* and his nearer "Kindred."

There is no doubt, the most authoritative study on our title-page is that by R. L. Eagle referred to above. He has established on a sure basis, that the supposed rosebush at the bottom is really the marjoram plant. Only his last conclusion, that "what has been *mis*taken for Leicester and Elizabeth are Musidorus and Pyrocles," seems defective. I could agree with it if the syllable *mis* were deleted. For to me the Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess are meant for no one else than the same Elizabeth and Leicester. One would expect as much indeed if "Bacon had much to do with the authorship of the *Arcadia* in its augmented form," as the author declares, and we may add, "as well as with the first edition." There is no earthly reason to suppose the one, and not the other. I for one cannot imagine that Bacon would meddle with his kinsman's work seven years after the latter's death, if he had not been private to it from the very first. It would perhaps explain also Sidney's reported reluctance to have the work published at all,[3] meaning presumably, of having it printed under his own name.

This subject of the Lion-Bear-Boar signatures will be fully dealt with in a separate paper. Meanwhile I refer the reader to the preliminary streatment in *A Royal Romance*, Chapter 7, and Addendum 9

[1] BACONIANA, 1944, p.77. [2] BACONIANA, 1945, p.99. [3] BACONIANA, 1945, p.86.

(*Concluded on page* 208.)

THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF *CYMBELINE*

By Beryl C. Pogson

> "In these days also, he that would illuminate men's minds anew in any old matter, and that not with disprofit and harshness, must . . use the help of similes."
>
> —(Bacon: Preface to *De Sapientia Veterum*.)

CYMBELINE is a play which has received much adverse criticism because of the improbability of its plot and characters (notably what is termed 'the monstrous conduct of Posthumus') and because of the alleged anachronisms in its historical background. A strange plot and unusual behaviour on the part of some of the characters at once suggests an allegory, such as is often found in Greek Drama, for an allegory or parable is only explicable by virtue of the meaning behind it, being forced into a certain shape to fit the message which it is intended to enfold. In the words of Bacon:

> "For such tales as are probable, they may seem to be invented for delight, and in imitation of history. And as for such as no man would so much as imagine or relate, they seem to be sought out for other ends."
>
> (Preface to *De Sapientia Veterum*)

As for the historical background in this play, it too has a special significance, which is worthy of examination.

In these later plays, *The Tempest*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*, the author has two themes, which he works out in different ways. His main theme is the possible spiritual development of Man. And this is the 'old matter' with which he sets out to 'illuminate men's minds anew.' His secondary theme is personal—the theme of the *missing heirs* who must be found so that they may come into their rightful inheritance. This also has an inner meaning.

Consider first the main theme of *Cymbeline*. Certain clues are at once apparent in the text—for instance, the name of Posthumus Leonatus, the part played by Jupiter and the words spoken by him, and the oracular message of divine prophecy in the last act. Now the name *Posthumus* is derived from the Latin *postumus* which means *final* or *ultimate*. (The *h* in the spelling, by the way, has crept in accidentally through a misunderstanding of the derivation.) Thus Posthumus stands for the 'ultimate Man'—that is, the fully developed Man, Man as he might become if he developed spiritually. Then the secondary meaning of the name is equally significant—*born after the father's death*. Posthumus is therefore *a Widow's Son*, a recognized term for an Initiate, or one who has undergone spiritual re-birth. Thus he follows in the train of Perceval and a long line of Initiates in Esoteric Legend in the tradition of the Son of Isis. The surname *Leo-natus* suggests that his father had reached the Lion Degree of Mithraism—and this fits in with the traces of Mithraism

which are to be found in the background of the play. After the Roman occupation there were centres of Mithraic worship in Britain.

Let us consider the story of Posthumus as it is presented in the play. He has been brought up at the court of the King, and, like Arthur's knights, he has been ennobled with all the culture of the age. We are told that the King, his guardian,

> "Puts to him all the learnings that his time
> Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
> As we do air, as fast as 'twas ministered,
> And in's spring became a harvest."
>
> (I, i 43-47)

He has married Imogen, the King's daughter. Now Imogen would appear to stand for the Divine Spirit attainable by Man, for she is flawless. Listen to the words of the Soothsayer, the Truth Teller, interpreting the Oracle to Cymbeline at the end of the play:

> "The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
> Which we call *mollis aer*; and mollis aer
> We term is *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
> Is this most constant wife."
>
> (V. v. 446-449)

Imogen is called *mollis aer*, tender air, the Divine I, the Holy Spirit. It is significant that the marriage has already taken place, but after the first union, very brief, Posthumus has to go through a long initiation before he can win her. It is as though the first recognition of the Divine in oneself comes gently, with joy and ease, but for it to be prized at its true worth it must be lost and sought for on a long quest, like the Quest of the Holy Grail, and paid for by suffering, and at last found again.

Posthumous has to be proved, tempted, like the Grail Knights, but instead of having to fight dragons and giants, he has the psychological experiences which these adventures represent allegorically in the Grail Romances. The play is a story of temptation, although it has not always been recognized as such. The clue to this is given in the words of Jupiter when he descends on the royal eagle, like the *deus ex machina* of Euripides, to the sleeping Posthumus and says, speaking to the ghosts of his parents:

> "Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift
> The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
> Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift."
>
> (V. iv. 101-3)

Posthumus has to be *laid low* in order to be *lifted up*. These words of Jupiter are surely meant to shew that all that happens to him is ordained. It is not a haphazard story. All trials offered to Initiates are pre-arranged. In the Grail Quest, certain dangers and difficulties are placed in the paths that the knights have to follow—varying according to type. Perceval, Lancelot, Gawain and Galahad each had different adventures, different obstacles to overcome. Posthumous is tempted through his spiritual pride. After his banishment he boasts about the Lady Imogen to his friends in Italy. It is

as though he were boasting about his attainment of the Divine Spirit, although he admits that this is "not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods." (I. iv. 92). The incident of the temptation of Posthumus is taken from one of the Decameron Tales but the ending is changed for a particular reason. Now it is very interesting to study the form of the temptation and the tempter. First of all it is important to remember that the tempter comes from God. Jupiter's words, already quoted, "Whom best I love I cross," shew that he was responsible for this trial of one of whom he says "Our jovial star reigned at his birth," and whom he wants to bring to his real destiny. Likewise in the Book of Job God allows Satan to tempt Job in order to prove him, and in the Book of Genesis, the Serpent, symbol of Divine Wisdom, is understood esoterically as a form of God Himself. In the play *Cymbeline* the devil is represented as having charm and culture and wit. He is a poet. What masterly cunning he displays in the scene where he gradually leads Posthumus on to wager his diamond ring against his wife's virtue. Imogen, being wholly divine, withstands all temptation. Iachimo recognizes that she is unassailable. He plays his part as διάβολος, the slanderer, with singular lack of success. Whereas Posthumus reasons with evil on the level of the ordinary mind, διανοία, Imogen, the higher part of the Soul, the Spirit, has immediate intuition of its presence. Iachimo has to change his tactics. What magic is in the scene in which he hides in the trunk in Imogen's bedchamber and creeps out when Imogen sleeps. The meaning of the scene is indicated in the last line: "Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here." (II. ii. 50.) There is an ironical touch in the hint that she is reading an old Greek tale of rape and cruelty. Iachimo says: "She hath been reading late the tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down where Philomel gave up." (II. ii. 44-46) This allusion to Ovid's tale of the cruel king who seduced his wife's sister and afterwards cut out her tongue, would suggest to anyone who recognized it that Imogen was in the presence of danger. With Italianate cunning, Iachimo takes back circumstantial evidence of Imogen's seduction and Posthumus falls an easy prey to his lies. It is not difficult for him to be persuaded that what he valued most is no good, because he *reasons*, and truth cannot be apprehended by the logical mind. And now Posthumus falls into the other extreme and seeks to destroy what he formerly prized. One moment Imogen was perfect, the next he longs to tear her "limbmeal" This is characteristic of a man based on logical truth, who cannot understand that "a thing is neither good nor bad." A man who has had a glimpse of heaven may fall into a hell of doubt and be ready to deny God all in a moment. If this were a Grail Romance, Posthumus would be represented as crossing the Waste Land, or in some such imagery, but here he meets two stages of hell in himself psychologically—first the hell of doubt, and then the hell of remorse. This is all in the path of self-development. He has to see the possibilities of evil in himself before he can rise above them. It is a fundamental law that the way to heaven lies through hell.

In the first stage of his despair Posthumus gives orders to his servant Pisanio to murder Imogen. The servant plays an important part in esoteric tales. In this instance he protects his master against himself. It is as though he signifies something real, his conscience perhaps, that watches over him and is able to distinguish between right and wrong, being in touch with the divine part of him. Indeed, it is possible that Imogen's exclamation: "I false! thy conscience witness!" (III. iv. 47.) refers to Pisanio, who has just given her the accusing letter from her husband to read. It is noteworthy, if Pisanio really stands for the conscience, that *Posthumus tries to command him, but Imogen obeys him*. The Ancients recognized in the conscience a daemon, a guide, and Pisanio certainly acts as a guide in this play.

In the second stage of his despair Posthumus is overcome with remorse, filled with horror at the discovery of the depths to which he has fallen. There is now a complete reversal. We can recall how Lancelot had to approach the Castle of the Queen, in the Cart used to convey prisoners to the gallows, than which there could be no greater disgrace. Likewise Posthumus has been laid low and has overcome his pride. He who had wanted to destroy Imogen now says:

> "I'll fight
> Against the part I come with, so I'll die
> For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
> Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
> Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
> Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
> More valour in me than my habits shew.
> Gods! put the strength o' the Leonati in me.
> To shame the guise of the world I will begin
> The fashion, less without and more within."
>
> (v. i. 24-33)

This is the reversal of the Prodigal Son, the turning round, that must take place before any spiritual re-birth is possible. "I'll fight against the part I come with" signifies that he turns round. He calls on the strength of the Leonati, not only for physical prowess, as might appear on the surface, but for the power to "shame the guise of the world"—by having "less without and more within." He has reached the stage where his inner life is more important than his outer life.

Dressed as a poor soldier, Posthumous fights bravely for Britain, and when taken prisoner he welcomes his bonds, saying that he will die for Imogen. When he at last falls asleep in the prison, prepared for death, always the last stage of initiation, he has the vision of Jupiter, who speaks words of divine comfort and promise, and he awakens to find the tablet with its oracular message lying "on his breast." "And so I am awake," he says. He is now the awakened Man, what St. Paul would call the new Man, or the pneumatic, the spiritual Man. At the *eleventh hour* the messenger arrives saying: "Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king." (v. iv. 200). This is in the true tradition of Mithraic and other

initiations. The candidate was brought to the point of being ready to die, but in the end his life was spared. Posthumous' union with Imogen is now imminent.

Let us return for a moment to Imogen. Pisanio calls her "goddess-like;" the Second Lord at the Court speaks of her as "Divine Imogen;" to Iachimo she appears "a heavenly angel." When Belarius first sees her he says: "Behold Divineness, an angel." Arviragus exclaims: "How angel-like she sings." She has the power to discriminate between Good and Evil. She knows, for instance, that Cloten is worthless, Iachimo false. No derivation has been found for the name Imogen. Spelt *Innogen* it appears in another of the plays, but in its present form it is an anagram of *i-gnome*, which suggests a Greek equivalent of *without name*. This is interesting, because Imogen is described by the Soothsayer as *unknown* to Posthumous. A man's spiritual being is unknown to him at first. Her new name, Fidele, denotes the enduring love which can exist in this part of the Soul and her change into man's apparel marks a higher stage in spiritual growth. In the preface to the Gollancz edition of the play the Editor points out that Imogen corresponds to the Snow-White of the old esoteric fairy-tale, whom the evil plots of her wicked stepmother cannot destroy. Imogen is sheltered by her brothers, not by dwarfs, yet the scenes in the Cave of Belarius are comparable with those in the fairy-tale. Like Snow-White, Imogen enters the empty dwelling and is found there by the occupants on their return home, and cared for by them. Like Snow-White she falls into a deathlike sleep through taking the drug of her stepmother and is mourned for by her companions who deck her grave with flowers and sing a dirge for her. Like Snow-White she symbolizes the higher part of the Soul, the spiritual part of us, which is always attacked by Evil and yet protected by a higher power. The physician, Cornelius, who gives the Queen a harmless substitute for the poison that she requires, may represent the Wisdom that is aware of Evil and limits its activity. The brothers here would seem to signify the purest Essence of the Soul which can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. These *golden lads* and their sister do indeed seem to belong to another world remote from this. Perhaps the author is here depicting the spiritual world where like is drawn to like, and truth and affection produce harmony. The divinity in Fidele is instantly aware of the divinity in the brothers.

The secondary theme of the play, the story of the missing heirs and their reinstatement, is a most significant invention, incorporated into the historical part of the plot. An urgent personal note is sounded by the author when this subject is touched upon:

> "He had two sons; *if this be worth your hearing,*
> *Mark it*; the eldest of them at three years old.
> I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
> Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
> Which way they went."
>
> (I. i. 57-61)

"That a king's children should be so conveyed,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!"

(I. i. 63-65)

In relating how these young princes were brought up by foster-parents in ignorance of their royal birth, Bacon is surely describing the experiences of himself and his younger brother Essex. These boys are portrayed with a wealth of tender affection, and in particular their royalty of nature is stressed.

"How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys little know they are sons to the king . . .
. . . And though trained up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of other . . ."

(III. iii. 79-86)

Belarius distinguishes between the boys. The younger, like Essex, is the more original and acts more on his own initiative, shewing "much more his own conceiving." The elder, Guiderius, has been named *Polydore*, meaning 'richly-dowered.'

The theme of foster-parentage recurs in legend. How many princes and heroes of mythology have been stolen or hidden away and brought up by foster-parents in ignorance of their true birth—Zeus, Oedipus, Jason, Theseus, our own King Arthur, and many more. These princes of Britain, Cymbeline's sons, are nurtured in a cave. A cave at once suggests an age-old tradition. In Cheiron's Cave the sons of heroes were trained; in a cave Elijah hid before he heard the still, small voice; David hid in a cave before the prophet Samuel came to him; Mithra was born in a cave. A cave is a place of preparation for Initiates in the Mithraic and other Mysteries. Listen to the words of Belarius when he leads the boys out of the cave to greet the morning Sun, the first act of the day. He says:

"Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office . . ."

(III. iii. 2-4)

And again he says: "Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heaven! We house in the rock . . ." (III. iii. 6-7). The rock, the Sun worship at dawn, the feast that is shared in the Cave (the Mystic Meal) before the supposed death of the beautiful youth, Fidele, the mourning with flowers and song, are all suggestive of Mithraic-ritual —the ritual that precedes spiritual re-birth.

The events of the play work up to a conclusion in which all the threads of the plot are drawn together and all differences are harmonized according to the words of the Oracle. Iachimo's repentance and forgiveness may seem at first sight out of character and yet it is here that the author has deliberately altered the ending of the Decameron story. In the original the deceiver suffered a horrible

punishment, being made to die a lingering death. In *Cymbeline*, however, there is no question of punishment for Iachimo who has played his part by divine command. Notice that the author loved Iachimo and gave him lines to speak of enchanting beauty. Thus Iachimo's forgiveness fits in with the general harmony.

Consider now the text of the Oracle which is fulfilled:

> "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumous end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."
>
> (v. v. 436-442)

That Posthumous Leonatus, the Lion's Whelp, shall end his miseries is equivalent to the 'living happily ever after' of the fairy tales, an esoteric phrase of very deep meaning. When the Prince in the Fairy Tale, after many adventures, at last wins the Princess, he comes into his spiritual being and thereafter he can no longer be dragged down into the sorrows and cares of ordinary life, because *he has a world within him to which he can withdraw*. It is to this world that Imogen alludes when, in answer to her father's remark that by the discovery of her brothers she has lost a kingdom, she replies "No, my lord; I have got two worlds by't." (v. v. 374). It is in this way that Posthumous will end his miseries and there is an echo of the same mystery in the Ritual Dirge sung at Fidele's grave, which implies that there is a way of release from the slander, censure, tyranny, and dangers of this life on earth.

Thus the Oracle is fulfilled: in the union of Posthumous Leonatus and Imogen, the unknown part of the Soul, the tender air, or Spirit, and also in the union of the royal house of Britain, represented by the stately cedar, which shall flourish when the princes take their rightful place as heirs to the kingdom. The Cedar in the Bible often stands for Truth; the branches are branches of Truth, which have been hidden. Thus secret history must be revealed before Britain can come into her propserity.

The historical background of this play, with its so-called anachronisms, has also an inner meaning. The mingling of ancient Romans and Sixteenth Century Italians appears to be not fortuitous but deliberate. The historical background is surely an allegory representing Britain's debt to Renaissance Italy and Classical Rome, which cannot be separated because one is the complement of the other. Perhaps too the author is here acknowledging his own debt to Latin and Italian Literature. The incident of the tribute-money suggests this interpretation. Consider Cymbeline as standing for Britain. Prompted by his evil Queen and her son, he at first refuses to admit the necessity of continuing to pay the annual tribute to Rome, although he recognizes what he owed to Julius Caesar personally who knighted him. Cloten in this scene seems to represent the ignorant man in the street who is self-complacent and insular, saying: "Britain

(*continued on page* 228)

BEN JONSON AND BACON

By EDWARD D. JOHNSON

THE exact date when Ben Jonson went to live with Francis Bacon at Gorhambury is not known, but in the list of Bacon's household in 1618 Mr. Johnson is mentioned as Chief Gentleman Usher.

In an account of Bacon's receipts and payments from 24th June to 29th September 1618 is this item, "July 27th to Mr. Johnson by your Lordship's order for his son and his son's tutor at Eton £4 8 0." Jonson had a son but the date of his birth is not known for certain—neither is there any evidence that this son was at Eton in 1618.

There is no doubt that Ben Jonson assisted Bacon in translating the books he had written in English into Latin because in BACONIANA 1679, on page 60 of the Introduction, the Editor referring to Bacon's books writes, "His lordship wrote them in the English tongue and enlarged them as occasion served. The Latin translation of them was a work performed by divers hands: by those of Doctor Hackett (late Bishop of Lichfield), Mr. Benjamin Johnson (the learned and judicious Poet) and some others whose names I once heard from Dr. Rawley, but I cannot now recall them."

Ben Jonson had almost as great a sense of humour as Francis Bacon. People read his address "To the Reader" on the first page of the First Folio without apparently realising how inconsistent it is with common sense. Jonson says that the Graver (Engraver) had a strife with nature to out doo (efface) the life. Surely an engraver is employed to represent and make the portrait as life like as possible, not to strive to take away any life like characteristics.

It seems impossible that Ben Jonson really meant that Droeshout the engraver really had a struggle with nature in representing the features of the author. The third line of the address is "It was *for* gentle Shakespeare cut." In Dictionaries, the meaning of FOR is given as "in place of"—so the line may well read, "It was *in place of* gentle Shakespeare cut."

At the end of the verse Jonson tells the reader to take no notice of the portrait but to look at the book instead. Why trouble to insert a supposed portrait of the author and then tell the reader not to look at it? If it was a real portrait of Shakespeare, then it should be worth looking at, as it is the only portrait in existence of the great poet.

Ben Jonson in his lines prefaced to the First Folio of The "Shakespeare" Plays referring to the Author wrote, "But stay! I see thee in the Hemisphere advanc'd, and made a *constellation*. Shine forth, thou starre of poets." At the time that the "Shakespeare"

plays were being written, there were seven young men in France who were the backbone of the French Renaissance and who were known as "The Pleiade," "the Pleiade" being the name of a group of seven stars in *the constellation* of Taurus. Francis Bacon when in France met these seven young men and was much struck with the work that they were doing, so he decided to start a similar renaissance in England, which he did the moment that he returned home bringing into existence the foundations of a new literature and publishing his works under other names. Jonson clearly foresaw the result of Bacon's work so in his verses he refers to the author as a *constellation*, "Shakespeare" being only one but the most brilliant of the stars in Bacon's constellation.

The Stratfordians say that Ben Jonson in his Epigram "On Poet Ape" was not referring to Shakespeare. Yet we find that long before the Bacon theory was started, W. Gifford in his edition of Ben Jonson's works writes that "Mr. Chalmers (an Editor of the Plays) will take it on his death that the person here meant is Shakespeare."

Ben Jonson in his play "Every man out of his humour" which was first produced in 1599 (three years after Shaksper had applied to the College of Heralds for a grant of arms and the same year that Shaksper had applied again—his first application being unsuccessful) clearly refers to this incident, where the character Sogliardo (Shaksper) says that he has been toiling among the Heralds who give a man the hardest terms for his money and that he has at last obtained his patent which had cost him £30. He asks another character Puntavolo (Bacon) how he likes the crest and Puntavolo asks Sogliardo what it is. Sogliardo says, "Marry, sir, it is your Bore without a head rampant" Carolo Buffone (another character) then says, "Aye and rampant too: troth I commend the Herald's wit; he has deciphered him well, a swine without a head, without braine, wit, anything indeed. Ramping to gentility." Puntavolo then says, "Let the word be, *not without mustard*, your crest is very rare sir." In the above scene we are told that Puntavolo's (Bacon's) crest was a Bore and Bacon's crest was a wild Boar. When Sogliardo says that his crest is a bore without a head he clearly infers that he is being used as a pseudonym by Bacon. Puntavolo (Bacon) confirms Sogliardo's identity with Shaksper when he says, "let his motto be 'not without mustard'," Shaksper's motto being "*non sang droit*"—"not without right."

Ben Jonson in his book entitled "Timber or Discoveries" discusses and highly praises Francis Bacon as an orator. He also values his work *as a poet* and places him at the top of the literary men of all ages *entirely ignoring William Shakespeare*. He also discusses Bacon as an educationalist and the words he uses show that he had intense personal esteem and veneration for his old master Francis Bacon, with whom he had been living at Gorhambury in charge of Bacon's literary workshop for some years prior to the publication of the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" Plays.

In a book entitled "The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus by Apollo" published anonymously in 1645, Lord Verulam (Francis Bacon) is put as "Chancellor of Parnassus (*i.e.* the greatest of all the poets), Shaksper is put as "the writer of weekly accounts" which tells us that he was only a tradesman; and Ben Jonson is put as "The Keeper of the Trophonian Denne" (*i.e.* as the head of Francis Bacon's literary workshop).

The writer is not aware that any Stratfordian has offered any explanation for the reason that William Shaksper is only mentioned as the writer of weekly accounts when, according to their theory that he wrote the Plays, he should have taken the place assigned to Francis Bacon as "Chancellor of Parnassus."

In Elizabethan days, south of Canonbury lay the Priory of St. John's Clerken-well where the Master of the Court Revels lived. In Tylney's official book of the revels now in the British Museum we are told that rehearsals were made in St. John's Hall, a convenient place for Rehearsals and setting forth of Plays and other shows. When Edmund Tylney in 1621 ceased to be Master of the Court Revels and licenser of plays, the post was given to Ben Jonson who was then Francis Bacon's secretary.

It seems quite likely that Bacon told Johnson that it was his wish that the facts of his life and concealed authorship should be left to be proved by future investigators and that he left this problem to another age because he believed that it would ultimately be solved by inductive reasoning, and this wish would explain the silence of Jonson who was in the secret but carried out his master's instructions.

The above would appear to be one of the motives which induced Bacon to refrain from acknowledging the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Plays. There is a mass of contemporary evidence to prove that stage players were used as covers for authors of high rank and we know that Bacon described himself as a concealed poet. Other reasons for concealment may have been the fact that dramatic poets enjoyed small respect, so that the writing of stage plays was prejudicial to any statesman, and Bacon's confidence that he would be ultimately recognised as the personality behind the plays.

Bacon by means of his bi-literal cipher devised the revelation and proof of his life story to the next ages and the vindication of the value of his inductive reasoning.

BACON AND ESSEX

A Vindication of Bacon Based on Historical Records

By H. KENDRA BAKER

PART I

THERE are some people—many it is to be feared—who refuse to hear a good word spoken of Francis Bacon on the ground of his "shameful betrayal of Essex."

To such the assertion that Bacon was the best and truest friend Essex ever had; that it was not Essex's friendship but Bacon's that was betrayed, may sound ridiculous and incredible. None the less it is true as the facts prove.

Things are not always as incredible as they seem. One is reminded of the memorable interview between the White Queen and Alice when the subject of credibility was in question.

"I can't believe that," said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said: "one can't believe impossible things."

"I dare say you haven't had much practice," said the Queen: "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Now, if such gratifying results can be achieved with the "impossible," how much more may we hope to accomplish when merely the "seemingly-incredible" is in question! So, would sceptics be so good as to "draw a long breath and shut their eyes," while we disclose, as briefly as possible, a few facts concerning the Bacon-Essex friendship?

They had been friends from boyhood, but whereas Essex was completely "spoilt" by the Queen, Bacon was rather cold-shouldered (except, of course, where he could be useful to her—which was typical of the lady!). Essex was the vivacious, irresponsible courtier; Bacon the sober scholar and student. For a time Essex was wont to lean on Bacon for advice and counsel. He would come to him in his scrapes, as might any young scapegrace to his elder brother, and from many a tight corner did Francis extricate him. But Robert's vanity and conceit grew with his years until he became impossible.

Rawley tells us that Bacon "in his younger years studied the service and fortune (as they call them) of that noble, but unfortunate Earl, the Earl of Essex; unto whom he was, in a sort, a private and free counsellor, and gave him safe and honourable advice, till in the end, the Earl inclined too much to the violent and precipitate counsel of others, his adherents and followers, which was his fate and ruin."[1]

[1]Rev. Dr. Wm. Rawley, *Resusitatio*.

Bacon had warned him times out of number that "the Queen could be led but not driven." Robert demurred: *he* could drive her all right! See that you drive her not to desperation was Bacon's advice. Robert's very devotion to Bacon—while it lasted—was Bacon's undoing. His masterful methods with the Queen were a hindrance rather than a help to his friend's advancement. For instance, he was determined that Francis should have the office of Solicitor-General—then vacant—and although Bacon implored him to let Burghley approach the Queen on his behalf, Essex ruined everything by pestering Elizabeth to such a pitch that, presumably getting sick to death of the very name of Bacon, and of being told what she *ought* to do, she appointed Fleming to the post.

Well might Lady Anne Bacon write to Anthony, "Yet, though the Earl showed great affection, he marred all with violent courses." Yes, that was his trouble, "violent courses," which at length constrained his indulgent monarch to complain to Sir John Harington in her customary forceful style, "By God's Son, I am no Queen; that man is above me!" And then he comes weeping and wailing to Francis, cursing the Queen for her ingratitude, when it was he himself who had brought this humiliation and loss upon his friend by his arrogance and folly.

Let us take the Cadiz Expedition. Francis most solemnly warned him to leave it to Lord Howard of Effingham and Sir Walter Raleigh, and to stay at home with the Queen. He knew only too well that the Cecils were anxious to get rid of Essex: they were going to watch it that absence did not make the heart grow fonder, but the reverse, for Robert Cecil wanted Walsingham's place as the Queen's Secretary and Essex was irrevocably opposed to him. Essex was no military leader—and everybody knew it—but he was not going to be out of the limelight; so he went.

The brilliant success of the Expedition is one of those things that "every schoolboy knows." What, perhaps, he does not know is that on its return, Essex completely lost his head. "Much of the glory," says a well-known commentator, "was his own, but he insisted that it was *all* his own."[1] He—not Raleigh and Effingham and Vere and Mountjoy, old and tried leaders—had done it! He was furious that neither the Queen nor the Country would admit it: indeed he went so far in his vain-glorious arrogance as publicly to disparage Raleigh and Effingham.

But what infuriated him even more was the discovery that what Bacon had warned him of had truly come to pass: Robert Cecil had been given Walsingham's place as First Secretary of State. Then he let himself go. His rage and fury knew no bounds. He stormed, he raved, he swore, he even told the Queen he would not stay at Court to be mocked! Having done all these silly things he retired in high dudgeon to his house at Wanstead and would see nobody—just like the spoilt-child he was. He did not fail, however, to breathe out

[1] W. Hepworth Dixon, *The Personal History of Lord Bacon*.

threatenings and slaughter on his "enemies," as he called them; which, so far from improving his position, only made it worse.

"In one of the wisest letters ever penned to a favourite," says Hepworth-Dixon, "Bacon warned the Earl against acts and speeches which he foresaw would prove his ruin." But Essex was beyond advice; he openly harboured revenge; the Queen must be forced to do him justice! Bacon reasoned with him, warning him to be "gentle and humble with his Sovereign, to abstain from offending her by his petulance, by his importunity, and by his greed." But it was all of no avail: Essex threw himself with headstrong abandon into evil courses and among evil companions—destined to bring upon him his downfall. He slighted and ignored all Bacon's sound advice: he made friends of characters whom no loyal and decent subject could approve, least of all Francis and Anthony Bacon; he threw circumspection to the winds; he even openly flouted the Queen.

But such was the Queen's unparalleled forbearance towards this graceless favourite—in whom forbearance was rare indeed—that, before long, he had become reinstated once more at Court. As was to be expected, however, the reconciliation was of short duration.

Philip of Spain, enraged at the loss of Cadiz, had sent another Armada to invade the English and Irish coasts, but like its predecessor of 1588 it was shattered by storms. Essex was for retaliation, but Raleigh and Effingham (now the Earl of Nottingham) were dead against it for strategic reasons. Essex, who thought he knew better than anybody else, insisted; and Raleigh, against his own convictions, at length gave way to the more warlike section of the Council and consented to accompany Essex. The expedition was a dismal failure. Bacon had again warned Essex of his folly and the dangers to which he was exposing himself by his absence from the Court; but again his advice was ignored, and again its soundness was exemplified. For during Essex's absence, Effingham, the Lord Admiral, was created Earl of Nottingham, to make matters worse, his patent recited the conquest of Cadiz as the source of his new honour. To say that Essex raged furiously at this fresh "indignity" would be to express his sentiments very mildly. We are told that "he quitted his command without leave, hurried up to town, and, finding the act done, insulted the Queen, and spurred away to Wanstead, where he defied the entreaties of the Council to return, and the advice of his best friends to submit."

Raleigh magnanimously interceded for him: Bacon did his utmost with the Queen on his behalf, but Essex remained obdurate. "It comes from his mother," somewhat enigmatically observed the hurt and irate Queen.

Then he made the fatal mistake of throwing in his lot with Sir Christopher Blount, who had married—and robbed—the Countess of Leicester, and was hand-in-glove with every disaffected person in the country. A great deal might be said about this man—but little to his credit. His influence over Essex was the very antithesis of Bacon's; in point of fact he was Essex's evil genius, and that the

latter could have been mad enough to associate with such a character show the depths of folly of which he was capable. Francis and Anthony Bacon were disgusted with him—as any decent person well might be—for they realised that if he followed the courses he was bent upon, his ruin was inevitable. And so matters drifted on, the Queen presumably turning a blind eye to her beloved Robert's delinquencies in the hope that he might in time come to see the error of his ways and "be her good-boy again!"

Will it be believed—probably *not*, at any rate by those who can credit nothing but evil concerning Francis Bacon—that this "faithless friend," this "betrayer" of friendships—still continued to intercede with Elizabeth on behalf of her erring favourite? With what success can only be surmised from the fact that he was shortly created Earl Marshal with precedence over the Earl of Nottingham! So once more Essex triumphed over his enemies. Far, however, from showing the very slightest gratitude to Bacon for his support, the first thing Essex did on emerging from his seclusion at Wanstead was to spur to London in order to oppose Bacon's patriotic bills when they came up before the Peers; he even went so far as to beg that his name might be added to the hostile committee of the Lords. A Conference being arranged between the two Houses, Bacon was employed as champion for the Commons, the Bills were passed, and are known as 39 *Elizabethae, Chapters* 1 *and* 2. It is hardly surprising that after this, "the intercourse between Essex and Bacon dropped," as we are informed by Hepworth Dixon: "Bacon's service had been ill paid; and he was now relieved of a disastrous patronage." Will anyone assert that, after the treatment he had received from Essex in the discharge of his duties both as a friend and a public servant, he remained under the smallest obligation to one who had proved himself grossly ungrateful, as well as an obstructor of the public weal?

With the falling away of Essex, Robert Cecil evinced more cordial feelings towards Francis and Anthony Bacon. He seems to have made use of the former's rich endowments, just as Essex had done; but Anthony, now forty years of age and always in poor health, was unfit for any fresh service. He had spent the best years of his life and his strength in the service of Essex, who not only owed him a deep debt of gratitude for all he had done for him at home and abroad as his secret service agent, but two thousand pounds arrears of pay, neither of which did he show any signs of acknowledging.

With the restraining influence of Anthony and Francis removed he became more and more the tool of Christopher Blount, whose intrigues with the disaffected Papists were becoming notorious. Essex abused his power as a Privy Councillor to further schemes of which he should have been the first to disapprove. He actually had Sir John Smyth—who was in prison for treason and sedition—liberated on his security. He was accused of carrying on a secret correspondence with James VI of Scotland, whom the plotters designed to use and to deceive for their own purpose, which were to surprise the Queen by means of an armed force; to "liquidate" Raleigh and

Cecil, and to vest the power in Essex. The details of the plot, too lengthy to go into here, came to light on the subsequent examination of Thomas Wright, the Jesuit, who, though confined in the Bridewell for his seditious activities was accustomed to be brought to Essex House after dark, on the warrant of Essex himself, for secret interviews with the Earl and Blount.

But the difficulties in the way of gaining for Essex the command of a force large enough for their purpose were great: his recent failures at sea and his subsequent foolish behaviour were against him. The Council was divided. The French had made a separate peace with Spain and the war-party was discouraged. The latter, headed by Essex for his own purposes, were for continuing the campaign, Burghley and the peace-party for coming to terms. Their debates became stormy. It is said that Essex stormed at the old man, as he raged at the Queen, denouncing the cravens who talked of peace. The venerable minister, rising from his seat, was said to have taken from his girdle the Book of Psalms, and handed it to the Speaker, with the page turned down on this passage—"Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days."

Then came the memorable scene at the Council over Tyrone's Rebellion in Ireland. The Queen wished to send her kinsman Sir William Knollys, a staid and able man, to quell it, but Essex would not agree. He proposed his uncle Sir George Carew. The Queen, with rising temper, "put aside this foolish nomination," at which Essex "turned his back upon her with a petulant and insulting gesture." The Queen walked straight up to him and giving him a sound box on the ear, bade him go and be hanged.

Anyone but this spoilt favourite would have "gone and be hanged!" but it is recorded that the silly young fellow put his hand to his sword, and, when Nottingham strode between them, he bounced from the room, swearing that he neither could nor would endure this blow—that he would not have borne it even from her father. His reply to "a wise and kindly letter, full of respect and courtesy written him by Sir Thomas Egerton, Her Majesty's Lord Keeper and peace-maker, warning him against behaviour which could only end in his ruin, was in its terms "bold and presumptuous, and derogatory to her Majesty," as Bacon in his correspondence is constrained to admit.

Meanwhile things were going from bad to worse in Ireland. A strong force and a strong leader were needed: the general opinion was that Raleigh or Sir Henry Sidney or Mountjoy should be sent; but the party of Essex, seeing in the situation vast possibilities as regarded their own designs, pressed his claim to lead the expedition. But the Queen, who had not yet got over his recent insolence towards her, was adamant; and so she might have continued had not something quite unforeseen, and equally unfortunate, happened, an event destined to produce the most far-reaching reactions. Lord Burghley died.

Here was the Queen, not only deprived of her chief and trusted

adviser, but with two great offices on her hands, the Treasury and the Court of Wards, for both of which there would, of course, be Essex candidates and Cecil candidates. Now, it is a significant fact that, though up to this time, Robert Cecil had been strongly opposed to Essex's command of the Irish Expeditionary Force, the death of his father seemed to produce a remarkable change in his views! His critics have even gone so far as to suggest that with Essex among the bogs and rebels in Ireland, not only would his influence in Court intrigues be negligibe, but that he might confidently be trusted to do something that would render his influence at Court nugatory. This, of course, would strengthen Robert Cecil's political position enormously.

Be this as it may, we find strangely enough, Cecil, backed by Buckhurst, Nottingham, Raleigh and Knollys, all trying to persuade the Queen that Essex was the ideal person for the job! It would take too long to detail the intrigues by which the Queen was at length talked over and Essex's appointment as Lieutenant of Ireland achieved.

Bacon had had nothing to do with Essex for more than eighteen months, except on such occasions as they may have had to meet on public affairs. That he had no desire to have anything more to do with him, has been already indicated. Both he and Anthony (who, by the way, had succeeded in getting a charge on Essex House to secure his £2,000 debt) had come to regard him as an exceedingly dangerous friend. Judge then of Francis Bacon's surprise when the nobleman in question, on the very eve of his departure for Dublin, presented himself at Bacon's lodgings and desired to see him. Bacon's views on the Irish Question are well known: "his hope for Ireland lay in the plough, not in the sword." So, obviously, it was not to discuss Irish policy that Essex had come to see him.

He was received courteously, with some of the old kindly affection of their earlier days, and Bacon, even at this eleventh hour, urged Essex to give up "the Command of an enterprise which would be bad for himself, bad for her Majesty, and bad for the State." He knew Robert better than Robert knew himself; he knew that a man such as he, "living only in the air of courts, and the light of camps, had neither temper, hardihood, nor patience for such a work." He probably reiterated his former friendly advice that he should remain with the Queen and be to her another Leicester. Essex listened, bade him 'Good-bye,' turned his back and went his way.

So off went Essex with a force of 20,000 men. As though to give him ample rope to hang himself with, Cecil had even consented to the appointment of Blount as Marshal of the Camp, Essex's second in command. No sooner had Essex landed at Dublin on April 14th, 1599, than he did the one thing that he might have known would infuriate Elizabeth beyond measure—he appointed the Earl of Southampton, Master of the Horse. Southampton, though a Court favourite, had annoyed the Queen intensely by falling in love with one of her Maids of Honour, Elizabeth Vernon, and "filling her court with the fame of his amours," in which, by the way, he had been

abetted by Essex himself. He had been sent away from London but, returning in secret to marry the lady without the Queen's knowledge or consent, he was ordered into free custody. When Essex left, he broke his parole and followed him to Dublin where, instead of sending him back with a flea in his ear, Robert received him with open arms and made him his Master of Horse! There have been many fools in history, but it is doubtful if there ever was a bigger fool than Robert Devereux!

But he proved himself, on this occasion, not only a fool but a knave, for—so far from subduing Tyrone, he shook hands with him on the terms of a secret truce.

(*To be continued*)

THE ROYAL BIRTH THEME (*continued from page* 191)

(10) The "French Crown" and "your sovereign Francis" signatures, about which also a separate paper is in the making. A hint was thrown out in a former BACONIANA.

V. CONCLUSION

The above list of material in favour of the royal birth theme is of course incomplete. For one reason, it is only a selection of such evidence as I thought most striking, convincing, and worthy of consideration. It was put together for one special reason with a double hope. The reason is that I think it were time to submit our Baconian research to a stricter scientific discipline; to a methodical classification under specific heads of the enormous mass of material that has been accumulated since our movement started; to a critical weighing of the pros and cons of each single proposition or discovery. It seems to me that there is a great deal of unwarranted and extravagant speculation going on among us (I do of course not *a priori* exclude myself), which should be carefully sorted out. This would raise our standard of authority in soberly critical circles, secure us a wider hearing, and so greatly benefit our cause. The next step would be the compilation of a "Handbook of Baconianism," to which only the sifted and well documented material were to be admitted. What I have tried to do here is but a first attempt in this direction with regard to one particular subject, and it is necessarily imperfect, for it should be a work done in collaboration, instead of by a single individual. My double hope therefore is that in the first place some pro-royalists, who are in a more fortunate position for consulting books and libraries, will find occasion to supplement the list and add to the arguments in favour of the thesis; in the second place that the anti-royalists will find it worth while to raise their objections against it, put forward contrary evidence, and refute the argumentation where it is deemed defective, not however by such gratuitous *a priori* statements as we have met in the course of our investigations, but "point counter point." From this shock of opinions truth may flare forth.

[1]The article "Guided by a Whisper."

THE PHOENIX SYMBOL IN "SHAKESPEARE"

by JULIA C. BIRIN

THE Phoenix symbol is used by "Shakespeare" in several of his Plays, *viz.*—in *Twelfth Night* (Act v. Sc. 1) ". . . this is that Anthonio that took the Phoenix. .;" in the *Tempest* (Act III, sc. 3) ". . . now I will believe that there are Unicorns: that in Arabia, There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix at this hour reigning there . . .;" in *As You Like It* (Act IV. sc. 3) ". . . were man as rare as Phoenix . . ;" in *All's Well* (Act I. sc. 1) ". . . a Phoenix, a captain and an enemy . . .;;" in *Comedy of Errors* ". . . my charge was but to fetch you fro the Mart, Home to your house, the phoenix sir, to dinner . . .;;" and again ". . . Your Worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phoenix . . .;" also in *Henry IV* Part 1 and Part 3; and in *Timon of Athens*, ". . which flashes now a Phoenix . . ."

Added to this is the Poem: "The Phoenix and the Turtle," said by scholars to be in "Shakespeare's" vein, which was found in "Love's Martyr, or, Rosalin's Complaint" published in 1601, but perhaps the most interesting use "Shakespeare" put it to, was in Cranmer's prophetic speech, in *Henry VIII* (Act v. sc. 4)—

". . . . . but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself

. . . . . .

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star like rise, as great in fame as she was
And so stand fix'd."

Now, all students of the hidden content of the Plays, particularly those students who have noted the references to the Ancient Wisdom in them, would probably be interested to know what this symbol meant to the Ancient Egyptians, and to obtain our information we must turn to a work by Horapollo of the Nile, an Egyptian Scribe who wanted to preserve for posterity the knowledge of the symbols inscribed upon their monuments.[1]

This interesting work was translated into Greek, then into Latin and appeared in Paris, first in 1543 and again in 1551, as: "Ori Apollinis Niliaci," in which we find this most interesting explanation of the Phoenix device—

"How," he asks, "do the Egyptians represent a soul passing a long time here?"

"They paint a bird—the Phoenix, for of all creatures in the world this bird has by far *the longest life*."

[1]This work of Horapollo was considered the greatest authoritative work on Ancient Emblems, prior and during "Shakespeare's" life, proof of which is that five editions were printed during that period, 1543—1626.

"How do they denote the man who after long absence will return to his friends from abroad?"

"By the Phoenix: for this bird, after *five hundred* years, when the death hour is about to seize it, returns to Egypt and in Egypt, paying the debt of Nature, is burned with great solemnity. And what ever sacred rites the Egyptians observe towards their other sacred animals, these they observe towards the Phoenix."

Further on we find this:—

"The lasting *restoration* which shall take place after long ages, when they wish to signify it, they paint the bird Phoenix; for when it is born, this bird obtains the restoration of its properties. And its birth is in this manner: the Phoenix being about to die, dashes itself upon the ground and receiving a wound, ichor flows from it, and through the opening another Phoenix is born. And when its wings are fledged, this other sets out with its father to Heliopolis, the City of the Sun (ON) in Egypt and on arriving there, at the rising of the Sun, the parent dies; and after the death of the father, the young one sets out again for its own country. And the dead Phoenix, do the priests of Egypt bury."

I have no intention of labouring the point; the intelligent and *altruistic* searcher for the truth will no doubt see the connection. However, I feel the irresistible impulse to comment on the all-purpose name: BACON. How useful "Shakespeare" found it can be surmised when one notes that its first three letters consist of the ABC and that the last two, represent the Sun symbol—"ON."

"Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest
Leaving no posterity;
. . . . . .
To this Urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer."

AMEN!

FRANCIS AND ROGER BACON

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

"Then said they one to another, 'Let us show to the Pilgrims the Gate *of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our* perspective glass,' *so they had them up to a high hill called Clear and gave them this* glass *to look . . . but they could not look steadily through the* glass, *yet they thought they saw something like the* Gate, *and something of the glory of the place."*

—BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*

IF the name Bacon had been borne by only one man as eminent as either Roger Bacon, or Francis Bacon, it would be illustrious in the annals of human progress: these two names give it a double lustre, so that the name Bacon shines like a twin star of the first magnitude in the Constellation of Knowledge.

The first, who was born about 1214 at Ilchester in Somerset, belongs to the Thirteenth Century. He has been called the "Father of modern experimental science."

Roger Bacon (*Doctor Admirabilis*) kindled a torch in the Dark Ages when there were few burning, with the exception of his versatile contemporary the Emperor Frederick II (*Stupor Mundi*), the last of the Hohenstaufens, called "the first of the Moderns." Like the two Bacons, Frederick insisted on *observation* as the basis of true knowledge, and like Roger he borrowed much from the knowledge of the Arabians: through him the Arabic numerals and algebra were introduced to Christian students. He left a book on hawking and was one of the first Italians to write Italian verse.

When Francis Bacon was born in 1560, the Renaissance was in full flower and was, or had been, adorned by such men as Leonardo da Vinci,[1] Benvenuto Cellini and Nicolaus Copernicus.

Both Bacons endeavoured to introduce a new method into philosophy, and both insisted on the uselessness of mere speculation, unless brought into line with experience—a philosophy of works rather than words.

Both enumerated the obstructions which stood in the way of progress: both advocated the Inductive Method: both revolted against the scholastic reverence for Aristotle: both looked forward with prophetic vision to the inventions which would be evolved in

[1]It may be noted that Leonardo da Vinci left 5,000 pages of notes in mirror-writing, which reads from right to left, because he was left-handed. From 1483 to 1519 he invented, among other things, the life-belt, diving-suit, many-sided fortresses, dredgers, chimney cowls, rope-making, silk-winding and wool-spinning machines, and metal rolling presses; also, the parachute, ornithopter, and left useful data on flight.

the course of the coming centuries when science had shaken off the cobwebs of scholasticism.

Both are alleged to have used cyphers: both were misunderstood: both were imprisoned, Roger for a fourth part of his life, Francis for a few days: both were in advance of the age in which they lived. There are, no doubt, other parallels;[1] but these are sufficiently remarkable instances, especially in men bearing the same surname.[2]

It may be that they were akin in blood and that Francis inherited the genius which illumined his great namesake: it is believed, however, that the later Bacon did not claim such relationship, at least in his written records.

Let us begin with the obstructions to knowledge. Mediaeval, or scholastic philosophy, depended upon precedent like Case Law: the truth was already assumed to be known, and it was supposed that only further sophistication and refinement was necessary to obtain more and finer distillations of truth.

Roger Bacon rejected this philosophy as composed of four prime errors:—

(1) Obsequiousness to authority.
(2) Ingrained habits of conventional thought.
(3) Deference to the illiterate or herd mind.
(4) Empty ostentation of knowledge.

Compare these with the *Idola* of Francis Bacon:—

(a) Idols of the Tribe which arise from the incompetency of the senses.
(b) Idols of the Cave which take their rise from the mental habit of the individual, from education, habit, or accident.
(c) Idols of the Market Place: idols which have crept into the understanding through the alliances of words and names:

> "For the third vice or disease of learning which concerneth deceit or untruth, it is of all the rest the foulest, as that which doth destroy the essential form of knowledge; which is nothing but a representation of truth, differing no more than the direct *beam*, and the *beam* reflected."
>
> —*The Advancement of Learning*

(d) Idols of the Theatre, such "are not innate, nor do they steal into the understanding secretly, but are plainly impressed and received into the mind from the play books of philosophical systems and the perverted rules of demonstration . . . . And in the plays of this philosophical theatre you may observe the same thing which is found in the theatre of the poets that stories invented for the stage are more compact and elegant, and more as one would wish them to be, than true stories out of history."

Roger Bacon laid it down:—

[1] A list of parallels is given between the two Bacons in Forster's *Mohammedism Unveiled*.

[2] Hallam notes that the resemblance between them is most remarkable.

"There are two modes in which we acquire knowledge, argument and experiment. If any man who had never seen fire were to hear proved by satisfactory argument that fire burns and destroys things, his mind would not rest satisfied, nor would he avoid fire, until by putting his hand or some combustible thing into it, he proved by actual experiment what the argument laid down; but after the experiment has been made, his mind receives certainty and rests in the possession of truth."

This is but a statement of the Inductive Method, later advocated by Francis Bacon. Roger had not acquired the art of suffering fools gladly: he was probably less tactful than his namesake, for he wrote acidly of the work of a learned rival—probably one of the conventional schoolmen:—

"His work has four faults:—
The first is boundless puerile vanity.
The second is ineffable falsity.
The third is superfluity of bulk.
And the fourth is ignorance of the most useful and most beautiful parts of philosophy."

Francis manifested his distaste for fruitless verbal quibbles when he was but a youth at Cambridge. Later in *The Advancement of Learning* he wrote:—

"As water ascends no higher than the level of the first spring, so knowledge derived from Aristotle will at most rise no higher than the Knowledge of Aristotle."

Another observation of Francis' emphasizes his revolutionary attitude to Mediaeval Scholasticism:—

"Our one hope is to begin the whole labour of the mind again."

The ideals of the schoolmen had become their idols! What a pity the two Bacons couldn't have met on Earth! It is an interesting speculation as to how they would have agreed: what would they have thought of one another?

Roger Bacon prophesied and visualised as inventions which would be realised in the future, boats and ships which shall be driven without oars, bridges which shall stand without supporting piers, self-propelled carriages, flying machines. He experimented with the lifting power of cylinders (or globes) filled with hot air: a practical dreamer in this last invention with Albert of Saxony in the fourteenth century, and Leonardo da Vinci of Renaissance Italy, sketching in his note book a design for ornithopteral wings, and the poet Cyrano de Bergerac who dreamed of being carried into the air by means of globes filled with morning dew, floating like spiders' gossamers, ideas which have borne fruit (or some of them) in the present devastating century, when the atom threatens us, like the sword of Damocles.

If we turn to Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, we find the following:

"We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions: there we imitate and

practice to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets, or any engine that you have; and to make them and multiply them more easily, and with small force, by wheels and other means: and to make them stronger and more violent than yours are, exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks.

"We represent also ordnance and instruments of war, and engines of all kinds: and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gun-powder, wild fires burning in water, and unquenchable. Also fire-works of all variety, both for pleasure and use.

"We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degree of flying in the air; we have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking the seas: also swimming girdles and supporters.

"We have divers curious clocks and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures, by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents; we have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness, and subtilty."

While both the Bacons looked forward with prophetic vision into future ages, they both alike held the same views on the succession of times and their proper categorical chronology. Roger delivers himself thus:—

"The most recent ages are always the most enlightened; therefore let not man boast or extol his knowledge. What he knows is little to what he takes on credit, less to that of which he is ignorant. He is mad who thinks highly of his wisdom; most mad who vaunts it as a wonder."

And Francis:—

"And to speak truly, *Antiquitas saeculi juventus mundi*. These are the ancient times, and not those we account ancient, *Ordine retrograde*, by computation backward from ourselves."

And Roger, again:—

"No doubt the Ancients are worthy of all respect and gratitude for having opened the way to us, but after all, the Ancients were men, and have often been mistaken, indeed, they have committed all the more errors just because they are Ancients, for in matters of learning the youngest are really the oldest."

We pass on now to the mutual interest, and probable use of cyphers, by both the Bacons.

In 1912 Dr. Wilfrid Voynich,[1] the New York bibliophile, bought in Italy a chest full of ancient manuscripts: one was a volume about eight by six inches, being bound in with a later, but very old dedications sheet, which stated the volume to be the work of Roger Bacon. Investigation proved with practical certainty that this was his work. The language employed was not Latin, nor any other of the six

[1]The following particulars of Roger Bacon's Cypher are taken from Fletcher Pratt's *Secret and Urgent*, p.30 *et seq*: this book is a comprehensive and valuable contribution to the science of cryptography.—W.G.C.G.

languages with which Roger Bacon was familiar: it was a cypher making use of arbitrary signs.

The work was submitted to able cryptographers who, although they had been able to read messages which had first been translated into Chinese and then thrown into a complex cypher, failed to extract any sensible reading: this was astonishing as in the case just cited they had no previous knowledge of Chinese.

Drawings accompanying the text were partly of plants, roots, seeds, and the process of germination; also, there were astrological symbols, and drawings of stars, among which *Aldebaran* and the group *Hyades* were easily recognizable: the manuscripts were accordingly submitted to eminent botanists and astronomers, as well as to experts in ancient languages for attack along the lines used by Grotefend and Champollion—the one in deciphering ancient Persian, and the latter in doing the same with the Rosetta Stone. None of them were successful, though they put several years into the work.

In desperation Dr. Voynich turned it over to Dr. William E. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the greatest authorities on Mediaeval Philosophy and Science.

The last page of the manuscript held a single sentence, and this was the only sentence in the whole manuscript written in Latin characters, instead of the peculiar letters or symbols of the rest of the text: the sentence read:—

"MICHITON OLADABAS MULTOS TE FECR CERC PORTAS."

By supposing the presence of a large number of nulls and assuming the presence of a preposition where a corner was missing from the page of the manuscript, the sentence was deciphered as:—

"A MIHI DABAS MULTOS PORTAS."

(with an error in agreement between adjective and noun)

"Thou wast giving me many *gates*."

In his work *Epistle on the Nullity of Magic*, Roger Bacon described seven systems of secret writing: one of them consisted in a system using a large number of nulls in an ordinary text.

In Cabalistic lore the key to a secret, in writing particularly, is always called a "*gate*."

A reasonable inference was that Bacon meant to convey the information that the manuscript had been written in a secret method with several keys; that is, that it was a cypher of more than one step.

An examination of the manuscript appeared to indicate by reason of the botanical, biological, and astronomical drawings in it that Bacon must have used a microscope and telescope long before the time of Galileo.

By an anagramming process Dr. Newbold finally extracted the following enciphered message:—

"February 26th 1273. King Edward ordered the clergy to undertake a systematic inquisition into crime. They began it, but owing to the antagonism of the nobility soon desisted. At Oxford the Knights besieged the friars; long speeches were

exchanged: Bacon exploded gunpowder[1] to scare the assailants with the belief that hell was opening and the devils coming out." Historical research confirmed the truth of this statement and indicated that such a commission had been ordered in 1273, and that afterwards there had been a state trial of rebellious nobles.

Dr. Newbold read a paper on his deciphering before the American Philosophical Society in 1921. A great deal of controversy followed, and as no one using his system of decipherment was able to get a sensible reading from the pages of the manuscript, which had no drawings, there still remains an element of doubt as to whether Dr. Newbold was correct in his decipherment. The case of Roger Bacon's alleged cypher thus presents a parallel with the *Bi-literal Cypher* of Francis Bacon, though the present writer has no intention of entering on this still vexed question in the present article.

Roger Bacon lived before the time of the Renaissance, and was persecuted and misunderstood to a greater degree, perhaps, in the latter respect than Francis Bacon, who lived in an age of greater enlightenment. Even the latter's *New Method* has been decried, and is not even now fully comprehended, perhaps for the reason that part of the key (or *gate*) is, as he writes, reserved for a private succession.

Roger Bacon endured his first period of imprisonment from about 1257 to 1267, during which period of enforced leisure he employed his time writing books. Reports reached the ears of Pope Urban IV concerning the alleged heretical nature of his work, and one of the former's chaplains, Gui Fulcodi, afterwards Clement IV, was ordered to inquire into the matter. Several writers are of opinion that he was favourably disposed to Bacon. After his election as Pope he ordered Bacon to supply him with a fair copy of all his writings. This would cost about £60: the Pope had sent nothing and Bacon was penniless. The influence of the Franciscan Order prevented him from obtaining help from people of wealth, who could easily have helped him. He plaintively laments:—

> "How often was I looked upon as a shameless beggar! How often was I repulsed! Distressed above all that can be imagined I compelled my friends, even those that were in necessitous circumstances, to contribute what they had to raise money at interest, to sell much of their property, to pawn the rest."

In eighteen months he wrote three treatises:—*Opus Magus*, *Opus Minus*, *Opus Tertium*, wherein he pointed out the proper course for a scientist to study nature. At a time when the introduction of mathematics into Physics was being protested against by Albertus Magnus, the "Ape of Aristotle," Bacon wrote:—

> "Physics ought to know that their science is powerless unless they apply to it the power of *mathematics*, without which observation languishes and is incapable of certitude."

[1]It should be noted in confirmation of Roger Bacon's claim, or the claim made on his behalf, to the invention of gunpowder, that Edward I used this explosive in his Scottish campaigns—the first English King to do so.—W.G.C.G.

In 1278 Jerome of Ascoli, General of the Order of Franciscans, held a Chapter for the purpose of considering the various heresies that were troubling the Church. Roger Bacon was cited to appear on the general charge of holding and teaching suspected doctrines. He was imprisoned probably for about fourteen years, and was engaged on a great work which was interrupted by death: this took place in 1293 or 1294: only fragments of this work remain.[1]

He plaintively writes:—

"It is on account of the ignorance of those with whom I have to deal that I have not been able to accomplish more."

Just let the reader think of what advances science might have made in the century in which Roger Bacon lived if he had been allowed to live in peace and been assisted in his studies, instead of being harried and persecuted—"afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy)."[2]

In his *Perspectiva*,[3] which deals with Optics, Roger laid down the principles governing this science, and laid a foundation for Galileo's telescope, even if he did not actually invent this instrument, and also the microscope, as has been suggested in view of the drawing in the manuscript noted above: the latter was not invented (or re-invented) until the seventeenth century. At the end of this book he likens vision by *direct* light to Divine Knowledge, by *refracted* light to angelic knowledge, and by *reflected* to human knowledge.[4]

"*Videmus nunc per speculum in aegnimate.*"

And how aptly this applies to the Drama—to the Shakespeare Plays in particular!

The great dramatic poet who uses the stage educationally is not able (is not *yet* able) to express successfully by means of the drama the underlying lessons of his art in its philosophical and ethical implications, without first demanding from his audience an intelligent and discerning use of their imaginations, by means of which the play represented may be divested of its outer husk, or garments of clay, to reveal its esoteric content to those having the necessary sharpness of wit to pierce within the objective veil, and thus to realise the spiritual significance of the dramatist's work; he has to rely upon his audience, and the histrionic capacity of the actors and actresses, who are the media by means of which he conveys his ideas. The dramatic art is therefore threefold in operation: firstly comes the dramatic form of

[1]It was not until nearly 450 years later that his *Opus Magus* was translated into English by Dr. Samuel Jebb, and not until 1859 that his *Opus Minus* appeared in the same language.

[2]Hebrews, Chapt. x, parts of vv. 37 and 38.

[3]Other writers on Optics were Alhazen, the Arabian, Vitellio, Baptista Porta, the cryptographer, Guidus Ubaldus, Aquilonius, etc.

[4]For a parallel with respect to *Radius Reflexus*, see Plutarch's *De Curiositate*, c.3.

Also, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, Book III: "The object of philosophy is threefold—God, Nature, and Man; as there are likewise three kinds of ray—*direct*, *refracted*, and *reflected*."

the play, with outward and inward forms—the *direct beam*. Secondly, the co-operation of the actors—the *refracted beam*; and lastly the sympathetic and imaginative reception of the scenes and dialogue of the play by the audience itself—the *reflected beam*—all three vital to the intention of the author, and without which the purpose of the representation will fail, or be grossly misunderstood: an *ad literam* attitude in criticising Shakespeare's plays results in the critic misleading those who read him.

> "Here the mind of a wise man is compared to a *glass* wherein the images of all diversity of nature and customs are represented; from which representation proceedeth that application:—
>
> *'Quis sapit, innumeris moribus aptus erit'.*"
>
> (A wise man will know how to apply himself to all sorts of characters)

The themes of many of the Shakespeare Plays are occupied with the idea of *shadow* and *substance*—appearance and reality—disguise: this may be symbolised in the light and dark A's which decorate Shakespearean and Baconian publications: we will mention some:—

The Comedy of Errors, which deals with mistaken identity and two pairs of twin brothers.

The Merchant of Venice, the caskets.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Bottom in the head of an ass.

Twelfth Night, Viola, disguised.

Measure for Measure, the disguised Duke.

The Winter's Tale, Hermione as a statue.

The Tempest, Prospero and Ariel at times invisible, or in disguise.

As You Like It, Rosalind in disguise.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff in disguise in Windsor Forest, also Sir Hugh Evans, Anne Page, and others.[1]

[1] "For Nature is the *Mirror* of Art."—*A.o.L.* (1674), p. 148.

"The reflection from *glasses*, so resembled to the imagery of the mind, every man knoweth to receive error and variety both in colour and magnitude, and shape according to the quality of the *glass*."—*The Interpretation of Nature* (1603).

"Do you suppose that when entrances to men's minds are obstructed by the darkest errors, smooth, even spaces can be found in these minds so that the light of truth can be *accurately reflected* from them."—*Temporis Partus Masculus* (c. 1605).

"That as an uneven *mirror* distorts the rays of objects according to its own figure and section, so the mind, when it receives impressions of objects through the senses, cannot be trusted to report them truly, but in forming its notions mixes up its own nature with the nature of things."—Plan of *The Great Instauration*.

"And in the plays of this philosophical theatre you may observe the same thing which is found in the theatre of the poets, that stories invented for the stage are more compact and elegant, and more as one would wish them to be, than true stories out of history." Quoted in text *supra*—*Novum Organum*. Aphorism LXII.

"God hath framed the mind of man as a *mirror* or *glass* capable of the image of the universal world."—*A.o.L.*, Book I.

"To hold, as 'twere, the *mirror* up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."—*Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

And so we take leave in this short and inadequate sketch of these two great men—both beacon *lights* of science, and of the same name; separated by about two and a half centuries, and yet presenting strange parallels in their mental outlook and work for Humanity: both misunderstood by the majority of their contemporaries; both far in advance of their age; both labouring ceaselessly for the relief of the human estate: the monk passing a quarter of his life in prison and constrained to cry in the bitterness of his heart:—

"I repent that I have given myself so much trouble for the good of mankind."

He died, as has been already said, in 1293 or 1294 and was buried in The Grey Friars Church in Oxford. Roger, however, in spite of his bitter cry, was engaged in further philosophic work which, no doubt, was for the benefit of the human race.

Francis too was labouring with the same object and, indeed, lost his life in consequence of an experiment in refrigeration; he writes:—

"This it is then which I have in hand, and am labouring with a mighty effort to accomplish—namely to make the mind of man by help of art a match for the nature of things, to discover an art of Indication and Direction whereby all other arts with their axioms and works may be detected and brought to light."

—*A.o.L.*

Francis Bacon's *Instauratio Magna* is a chronicle of selfless compassion, and prophetic altruism. To quote him again:—

"I have raised up a *light* in the obscurity of philosophy which will be seen centuries after I am dead."

Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon are both immortal in the chronicles of scientific progress. This, our present age (posterity to them), owes them amends for the treatment which they received at the hands of their contemporaries. If a time should ever arrive when Science and the world, and England in particular, shall have forgotten them and their labours for future ages, though we send rockets to the Moon and navigate Solar space, yet we would merit an eclipse of knowledge, and risk the descent of a second Dark Age upon the face of the Earth.

"But Wisdom is justified of all her children."

St. Luke, Chap. VII, verse 35.

FRANCIS BACON AND RELIGION

By R. J. W GENTRY

"IT is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

This striking sentence of Bacon's Essay *Of Atheism* gives immediate assurance that his great mind, undoubtedly one of the most deeply versed in philosophy of his own and previous times, was yet humbly and reverentially disposed towards religion.

"I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran," he says, "than that this universal frame is without a mind."

He has, indeed, strong words for those that profess atheism: "They that deny a God destroy man's nobility: for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature. . . So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith, which human nature in itself could not obtain: therefore as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty."

This, one would say, is a forthright declaration of Bacon's standpoint; yet the accusation has actually been levelled at him that he was like Epicurus, who was charged "that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake," and "did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God."

Such a claim is made against Bacon, for instance, by Joseph de Maistre in his *Examen de la philosophie de Bacon*, published in 1836. But he was not the first to entertain suspicions of Bacon's conspicuous moderation in a most intolerant age. Begley says, "young Francis belonged to Sidney's set, and knew Bruno, and had, I am afraid, the reputation in his early days of being a 'conjurer' and somewhat unsound in theology." (*Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio*). Another biographer, Sortain, ascribes to Bacon a want of sincere religious faith, yet in the same book admits that "his was not the latitudinarianism of indifference." Fowler holds that Bacon's zeal against persecution and intolerance probably arose in no small measure from "vagueness, uncertainty or indifference in his religious beliefs." (*Bacon*). And Abbott thinks "it is science that makes him in any sense a religious man."

Such views as these can only be explained as the outcome of misunderstanding. Bacon's breadth of intellect would place him naturally above 'sects and schisms;' fanatical allegiance to any narrow concept of God, the universe, and the destiny of man, and partisan

adherence to mere outward forms, were foreign to his temperament. His was a truly religious mind, able to embrace the highest human aspirations and visions, yet look with compassion on error and ignorance. Like the father of Salomon's House, in the *New Atlantis*, he "had an aspect as if he pitied men." Although rigorous in his scientific investigation and bold in speculation, nevertheless he was humble in the face of the ultimates of existence, and gave a public example of his humility in a willing acceptance of the Christian mode of worship.

What actual evidence is there to support the contention that Bacon was a sincere and orthodox Christian?

In the first place, we fortunately have the *Confession of Faith*, written, according to the *Remains*, when Bacon was Solicitor-General (1607-1612) and first published as a twelve-page quarto pamphlet in 1641. The manuscript copy in the British Museum (Birch MS. 4263) is, in Montague's opinion, written in Bacon's own hand. This is one of his most luminous and stately compositions, wonderfully concise and powerfully direct in its expression. G. L. Craik says: "It is admitted to be a perfectly orthodox exposition of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, as held by the Church of England."

The *Confession* opens thus: "I believe that nothing is without beginning but God; no nature, no matter, no spirit, but one only, and the same God. That God, as he is eternally almighty, only wise, only good in his nature; so he is eternally Father, Son, and Spirit, in persons. I believe that God is so holy, pure, and jealous, as it is impossible for him to be pleased in any creature, though the work of his own hfinds; so that neither angel, man, nor world, would stand, or can stand, one moment in his eyes, without beholding the same in the face of a Mediator. . . ."

He has this view of the soul of man, that it was "not produced by heaven or earth, but was breathed immediately from God: so that the ways and proceedings of God with spirits are not included in nature, that is, in the laws of heaven and earth, but are reserved to the law of his secret will and grace: wherein God worketh still, and resteth not from the work of redemption, as he rested from the work of creation; but continueth working until the end of the world: what time that work also shall be accomplished, and an eternal sabbath shall ensue."

Although man was created in the divine image, he made a "total defection from God, presuming to imagine that the commandments and prohibitions of God were not the rules of good and evil, but that good and evil had their own principles and beginnings." Man unhappily "lusted after the knowledge of those imagined beginnings; to the end, to depend no more upon God's will revealed, but upon himself and his own light, as a God; than the which there could not be a sin more opposite to the whole law of God."

Another interesting statement concerns the right of the Church to the interpretation of the Scriptures: ". . . the church hath no power over the Scriptures to teach anything contrary to the written word, but is as the ark, wherein the tables of the first testament were kept

and preserved: that is to say, the church hath only the custody and delivery over the Scriptures committed unto the same; together with the interpretation of them, but such only as is conceived from themselves."

The final articles are couched in a noble grandeur of language: "I believe, that the souls of such as die in the Lord are blessed, and rest from their labours, and enjoy the sight of God, yet so, as they are in expectation of a farther revelation of their glory in the last day. At which time all flesh of man shall arise and be changed, and shall appear and receive from Jesus Christ his eternal judgement; and the glory of the saints shall then be full: and the kingdom shall be given up to God the Father: from which time all things shall continue for ever in that being and state, which then they shall receive. So as there are three times, if times they may be called, or parts of eternity: The first, the time before beginnings, when the Godhead was only, without the being of any creature: the second, the time of the mystery, which continueth from the creation to the dissolution of the world: and the third, the time of the revelation of the sons of God; which time is the last, and is everlasting without change."

Spedding remarks of this *Confession*, "If any one wishes to read a *summa theologiae* digested into seven pages of the finest English in days when its tones were finest, he may read it here." (VII, 215).

Another remarkable tribute, quoted by Begley (*Is It Shakespeare?*), comes from Abbas Jac. Andr. Emery, Congreg. St. Sulpicii generalis superior. This dignitary of the famous theological school states: "Cette confession met dans la plus parfaite évidence la religion de Bacon, elle donne encore la mesure de l'élévation de son génie, elle abonde en idées véritablement sublimes; et ce qui est encore singulier dans cette pièce c'est que quoique l'auteur récût dans la communion de l'Eglise protestante, il serait difficile d'y trouver quelque article qui ne pût être avoué par un théologien de l'Eglise Romaine."

Begley adds that "this agrees wonderfully with a similar fact that exists in connection with the immortal Shakespeare Plays. No one seems able to state clearly or positively whether the author of these Plays was a Puritan or an Anglican or a Catholic. Both in the Confession of Faith and in the Plays, the infused religious element is so lofty and so comprehensive that it seems to include both the opposing sections of the Church, as they then were. Bacon was as universal a genius in religion as in other provinces of the human intellect."

Also included in the collection known as the *Remains* is a series of thirty-four "paradoxes and seeming contradictions," which ingeniously display the *Characters of a Believing Christian*. They are typical of the antithetical and refining mode of thought in which Bacon delighted. Here are two or three examples: "The more injuries his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them. The more he forsakes wordly things, the more he enjoys them"; "He desires to have more grace than any man hath in the world, yet is truly sorrowful when he seeth any man have less than himself; he knoweth no man after the flesh, yet gives all men their due respects;

he knoweth if he please man he cannot be the servant of Christ; yet for Christ's sake he pleaseth all men in all things;" "His advocate, his Surety shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortal; and what was sown in corruption and defilement shall be raised in incorruption and glory; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness. Glory be to God."

When we turn to Bacon's more weighty contributions to the theological thought of his time, we find in them the outstanding marks of his fine juridical intelligence and his gift for diplomatic exposition of problems and expert counsel regarding them. In the *Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England* he deplores the misguidedness of those antagonists who had, in times recent, exhibited more spleen and division over dogma than were becoming to Christians. "It is more than time," he admonishes them, "that there were an end and surcease made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage." This was a reference to the Martin Marprelate controversy that raged around the year 1589. The bitterness of the writing was excusable to some extent, he grants, "for men cannot contend coldly and without affection about things they hold dear and precious." But it is unseemly to indulge in hateful polemics over minor points of doctrine and personal feud, "intermixing scripture and scurrility" and meanwhile to leave aside real concern over genuine evils.

"Two principal causes have I ever known of atheism," says Bacon, "curious controversies, and profane scoffing."

After this salutary reproval, he turns to a "sincere view and consideration of the accidents and circumstances of these controversies." He recalls that unworthiness or maladroitness in ecclesiastical rulers had, at times, disfigured the noble aspect of Christ's ministry. Worldliness and truckling to potentates on the part of many clerics had disedified their people. "No contradiction," says Bacon, however, "hath supplanted in me the reverence that I owe to their calling; neither hath any detraction or calumny imbased my opinion of their persons;" a generous testimonial of a man of really Christian charitableness. The sin is great, but those that enlarge upon the failings of God's servants do Him a grave disservice.

Another source of dissension, to be found chiefly in the universities, is the self-magnification of certain young men, whose superficial and immature opinions of their own intellectual standing lead them to assume the role of masters, and to seek reputation for itself alone. What they really love is not to exemplify godliness, but to be singular, and to precipitate change merely for the sake of change.

When Bacon comes to consider the third cause of internecine strife among members of the Church, he gives eminent proof of his own broadminded tolerance and wisdom. It must have taken extraordinary courage at that time to criticize those zealots who made a great show of their rejection of the Church of Rome. What he condemns is the occasion given to discord by "an extreme and unlimited detestation of some former heresy or corruption of the Church already

acknowledged and convicted." He denounces, also, the misjudgment of those who seek truth simply in fanatical retreat to the farthest position from the last one to be abandoned as false. Such tactics, he warns, are a "subtile and dangerous conceit for men to entertain; apt to delude themselves, more apt to delude the people, and most apt of all to calumniate their adversaries." Particularly was this the case in the antagonism shown to the Church of Rome in matters of ceremony, policy, government. Extremists were ever prone to cast out good with the bad. To "purge the Church, as they pretend, every day anew. . . is the way to make a wound in the bowels."

In the Essay *Of Unity in Religion*, Bacon declares himself against coercion of any kind to enforce conformity in religion. ". . . Men must beware that in the procuring or muniting of religious unity, they do not dissolve and deface the laws of charity, and of human society . . . We may not take up . . . Mahomet's sword . . that is, to propagate religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecution to force consciences." Once again we must betake ourselves to the Shakespearean Plays to find such unprecedented liberality of outlook, a gentleness that contradistinguishes the writer from the fierce bigots around him. Does not Paulina say, in *The Winter's Tale* (ii, 3):

"It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't?"

But Bacon did not simply pay lip-service to fair play and forbearance; he carried out his principles in his life. Among the friendships that he especially cherished were those he long maintained with several Roman Catholics, notably his 'alter ego,' Sir Tobie Matthew, and two priests, Father Fulgentius and Father Baranzan. When every hand was against Matthew, Bacon "comforts him when in jail, procures leave for him to return from exile, softens towards him the heart of his father, and obtains for him indulgences which probably save his life." (Hepworth Dixon, *Personal History of Lord Bacon*.) In a letter to Father Baranzan, in 1622, he signs himself "*tui amantissimus*." In his enthusiasm for charity, he fully concurs with St. John's dictum, that "a man doth vainly boast of loving God whom he never saw, if he love not his brother whom he hath seen."

Another discourse, rather more elaborate than the *Advertisement*, is Bacon's *Certain Considerations touching the better Pacification and Edification of the Church of England*. In this, he goes into greater detail in his examination of the then state of the Church. The *Considerations* cover several important matters: the Government of Bishops; the Liturgy, Ceremonies and Subscription; the demand for a Preaching Ministry; the alleged abuse of Excommunication; Non-Residents and Pluralities; the sufficient maintenance of the Clergy.

His call for a return to the invigorating practice formerly in vogue to train preachers, known as 'prophesying' is worth quoting: ". . the ministers within a precinct did meet upon a week day in some principal town, where there was some ancient grave minister that was president, and an auditory admitted of gentlemen, or other persons of leisure. Then every minister successively, beginning with the

youngest, did handle one and the same part of Scripture, spending severally some quarter of an hour or better, and in the whole some two hours: and so the exercise being begun and concluded with prayer, and the president giving a text for the next meeting, the assembly was dissolved. And this was, as I take it, a fortnight's exercise; which, in my opinion, was the best way to frame and train up preachers."

Bacon's translations of some of the Psalms, done in his old age and on a bed of sickness, are nevertheless not so deserving of the adverse criticism meted out to them as some opponents of the Baconian theory would have us believe. Spedding says that from these samples of a difficult and exacting literary test, he could infer that Bacon "had all the natural faculties which a poet wants" and that "there is a tenderness of expression which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature." (VII, 269). W. F. C. Wigston writes: "The entire style of Bacon's literary works is highly coloured by divinity." (*The Columbus of Literature*). Craik also says: "The whole strain of what Bacon has written, it may be safely affirmed, without the exception of a single sentence, testifies to his mind being made up in favour of the truth of Revelation." (*Bacon and His Writings*).

The known facts of Bacon's public life establish him as a man of consistent high principle, ever ready to fight for right against wrong, ever on the side of justice against oppression, even to the point of standing out against the Queen herself, and thereby sacrificing his chances of early advancement. No one can read the beautiful account of his personal life written by his chaplain, William Rawley, without completely agreeing with the words of this most important biographer: "This lord was religious . . he was able to render a reason of the hope that was in him, which that writing of his of the Confession of Faith doth abundantly testify. He repaired frequently, when his health would permit, to the services of the church, to hear sermons, to the administration of the sacrament of the blessed Body and Blood of Christ; and died in the true faith, established in the Church of England."

Let us conclude with the Prayer made by Bacon when he was Lord Chancellor of England: ". . . Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee: remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies: I have mourned for the divisions of thy church: I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary . . . The state and bread of the poor have been precious in mine eyes: I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart: I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure . . . Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more . . Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

Truly a wonderful prayer, that could only have breathed from the heart of a great and good man, a man of Christ-like beauty of soul.

THE HIDDEN CIPHER IN THE PORTER'S SOLILOQUY IN *MACBETH*.

By P. V. Mataraly

THE Porter's soliloquy in Act 2, scene 3, of *Macbeth* provides a rich quarry for those interested in Bacon's cipher signatures and fingerprints.

The scene is as follows, and the words underlined are italicised in the 1623 Folio. The lines are numbered for easy reference. It occurs on the page of the Tragedies numbered 137. The true number of the page is 129 (see below).

Enter a Porter

Knocking within.

1. *Porter*. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
2. Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
3. Key. *Knock*. Knock. Knock. Knock. Who's there
4. i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer that hang'd
5. himselfe on the' expectation of Plentie: Come in time have
6. Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweet for't. *Knock*,
7. Knock. Knock. Who's there in th' other Devils Name?
8. Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both
9. The Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
10. enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Hea-
11. ven: oh come in Equivocator. *Knock*. Knock,
12. Knock, knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English
13. Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:
14. Come in Taylor, here you may rost your goose. *Knock*,
15. Knock. Knock. Never art quiet: What are you? but this
16. place is too cold for Hell. The Devill. Porter it no further:
17. I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that
18. goe the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock*.
19. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

There are a number of words repeated, *e.g.* knock, scale, Taylor, Porter, equivocator, each of which plays a part in the signatures, for we are told to be on the look out for iterations. Hang'd is also an important finger-print, remembering the line "Hang-hog is Latin for Bacon."

The word "Key" (line 3) so ostentatiously by itself at the begining of line 3 (and there is a good space between it and the next word—knock—in the Folio) suggests that information will be forthcoming by a study of the passage. Our expectations are not disappointed since fifteen important cypher numbers are obtainable.

33. BACON in Simple Cipher.

There are 33 italic letters in the soliloquy, *i.e.*, five knocks and Belzebub = 25+8. The last line of the speech contains 33 letters. Hang'd is the 33rd word of the speech. There are

33 words inclusive from Key to the 2nd italic knock (line 6) There are 33 words after Hell (16) to end of speech.

There are 136 Roman words between the 1st italic knock (line 3) and the 5th italic knock (line 18). As there are 169 in the whole scene the balance is 33.

39. F. BACON
39 letters before Hell (line 2).

136. BACON-SHAKESPEARE in Simple Cypher.
Besides the reference immediately above, there are 136 words after hang'd to the end of the speech.
136 is the number of the page of the Comedies on which the long word honorificabilitudinitatibus occurs.

56. FR. BACON in Simple Cypher.
Scales= 56. Scale also occurs in the repetition and the capitalisation in both cases draw attention to it.

57. FRA. BACON in Simple Cypher.
There are 57 words between 'hang'd' and the 3rd italic 'knock' (line 11).

67. FRANCIS in Simple Cypher.
There are 67 words between the four fold 'knock' (line 3) and the four-fold 'knock' (lines 11, 12).
Hell Gate= 67.

85. FR. BACON KT in Simple Cypher.
Taylor=85.

88. FR ST ALBAN in Simple Cypher.
There are 88 words inclusive between 'hang'd' and the 4th italic 'knock' (line 14).

100. FRANCIS BACON in Simple Cypher.
There are 100 words down to 'Taylor' (line 13).
Knock, knock=100. (Knock=*Con* backwards).
1st italic 'knock' to 4th italic 'knock'=100.
*B*onfire (line 18) is 100th word from *F*aith (line 8).

111. BACON in K. Cypher.
F. BACON in Reversed Simple Cypher.
There are 111 letters between 'knock, knock' (line 12) and 'knock, knock' (line 15).
From 2nd italic 'knock' (line 6) to 5th italic 'knock' (line 18) is 111 words inclusive.

92. BACON in Reversed Simple Cypher.
From 'Belzebub' to 4th italic 'knock' (line 14) is 92.

129. FRANCIS BACON KT in Simple Cypher
'Porter' (line 2) to 'Devill-Porter' (line 16) is 129 words.
The solioquy is on the true page 129 of the Tragedies.

132. FRANCIS ST ALBANS in Simple Cypher.
There are 132 letters from the 'E' of 'Equivocator' (line 8) to the 'E' of 'Equivocator' (line 11).

143. F. BACON IN K. Cypher.
From 'Equivocator' (line 8) to 'Equivocator' (line 11) comprises 143 letters in all.
There are 143 words inclusive between 5th italic 'knock' (line 18) and 'Key' (line 3).

160. FR. BACON in K. Cypher.
There are 160 words down to 'knock' (line 18).
From 'Porter' (line 2) to 'Porter' (line 19) is 160.

74. WILLIAM in Simple Cypher.
'K' of 'key' (line 3) is the 74th letter of the speech.

(The Porter's Soliloquy in *Macbeth* is believed to be Masonic—founded on the Ancient Mysteries. The Porter is the doorkeeper of the Lodge. The Initiate knows how to Knock, four Knocks for the cross of matter, three knocks for the Triangle of the Spirit, forming in all the Mystic Seven. Many members of the Bacon Society have found these cipher "signatures" scattered all over the works of that period.—EDITOR.)

THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF *CYMBELINE*—*continued from page* 198.

is a world by itself, and we will nothing pay for wearing our own noses." (III. i. 12). All through our history this type of man has existed, who, being self-satisfied, and not seeing beyond his own immediate environment, fails to realize that the civilization, the culture, the glory of his country wherein he has the privilege to live, owes much to its connection with, first, Rome, and then, the learning of the Renaissance, in the form of French and Italian culture inspired by the philosophy and literature of the Ancients. But the King becomes himself again, when, at the end of the play, his wife dead, her son beheaded, victory against the Romans won, his sons restored to him, he acknowledges the justice of the tribute, admitting that he had only been dissuaded from this by his wicked Queen. This would appear to be equivalent to an acknowledgement of one's own limitations and one's debt to ancient culture and all the riches of the past. Then, when Britain and Rome are united, prosperity is assured to Britain, the allegorical meaning being perhaps that the author deems the *advancement of learning* necessary for his country's welfare.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Francis Bacon Society does not necessarily accept responsibility for any opinion expressed by its contributors.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

MARRIAGE PROPOSALS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

Your correspondent, Mr. R. Nevan, quotes from a letter by Il Schafanoya (the Italian "news-hawk" in London) addressed to the Mantuan Ambassador in Brussels in January 1559, concerning "information" he had picked up as to three possible husbands for the new Queen. Only the Earl of Arundel (Henry Fitzalan, aged 48) is named. He had just completed the palace of Nonsuch. The "handsome youth" of 18 with his passion and skill in dancing, is undoubtedly Christopher Hatton who was born in 1540. The third "individual" (whose name Schifanoya says he forgets) having "until now been in France on account of his religion," and who has "not yet made his appearance," is, I fear, but "the babbling gossip of the air." I have made careful research and "I don't believe there's no sich person!" The only marriage proposal taken seriously at that time was that of the Archduke Charles of Austria, but he does not, in any respect, conform with the mysterious "individual."

Schifanoya was an unreliable news-gatherer, and this is proved by other communications he made. He did, however, give an excellent account of the coronation of Elizabeth which can be read in *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth* by Frank A. Mumby. There were many representatives of foreign countries endeavouring to obtain information about a royal marriage, but in this they were far from successful and their reports are vague. The communications of Michiel Surian to the Doge of Venice on 10th December 1558 is typical:

> "Nothing certain is known about Her Majesty's marriage, but as far as can be elicited from these English lords, she does not seem to have any inclination to marry abroad, and within the realm there is no other subject except one sole young man 22 years of age, and the Queen's kinsman the Duke of Norfolk."

I am inclined to think there was a good deal of "leg-pulling" of these foreign correspondents on the part of the English lords!

Yours faithfully,

LINCEUS

(There was "sich a person," Linceus. The third possible husband for Elizabeth in 1559 was Sir William Pickering, who had fled to France in Mary's reign and when there was said to have entered into treacherous correspondence with the Spanish party to spy upon the actions of the Carews and other Protestant exiles. He returned when Elizabeth succeeded, having first probed the situation from Dunkirk. He was received very well at Court and preceded Dudley in the rooms next to the Queen's. Arundel was terrified lest she should marry Pickering, his enemy, and fled to France. Tiepolo wrote to the Doge of Venice on Feb. 23, 1559, as follows: "Concerning her marriage it still continues to be said she will take that Master Pickering . . . who is about 36 years of age, of tall stature, handsome and very successful with women, for he is said to have enjoyed the intimacy of many and great ones." The Venetians were astute and impartial observers.—EDITOR.)

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

MARLOWE MYSTERIES

I might have added to my observations on the Coroner's report concerning the alleged death of Marlowe (see BACONIANA, January 1948) yet another astonishing, not to say suspicious, omission in this inquest. Mrs. Eleanor Bull,

the owner of the house in which the quarrel and murder were stated to have occurred, was not called by the Coroner. Yet she would have been a most important witness. The "murder" took place at night and it is most unlikely that she would have risked being out after dark in those days, especially in a port like Deptford. Even if she was out, and the four men had the house to themselves, the signs of the struggle and the bloodstains from Marlowe's fatal wound, and the two shallow ones on the head of Frizer, would have been only too apparent. If, as is more likely, she was indoors at the time, surely she heard the argument and struggle, and went to the room after the murder and while Marlowe's body was still warm.

The following letter appeared in *John O' London's Weekly* of 25th June:

> "In 1590, both Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* were published for the first time. One was guilty of copying the other almost verbatim in these lines:
>
> Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
> On top of green Selenis all, alone,
> With blossoms brave bedeckéd daintily;
> Whose tender locks do tremble every one
> At every little breath that under heaven is blowne.
> *F.Q.*, Bk 1. vii. 32
>
> Like to an almond tree ymounted high
> Upon the lofty and celestial mount
> Of ever-green Selinus, quaintly decked
> With blooms more white than Erycina's brows
> Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
> At every little breath that thorough heaven is blown.
> *Tamburlaine*, Pt. II. IV. 4.
>
> It would be interesting to know the opinion of some of your readers as to which of these passages appears to be the original."

This brought two replies in the issue of 28th July. The first was from V. H. Friedlaender (whose address is not given). He writes:

> "Surely there can be little doubt that Spenser was the original writer of the lines quoted. Does not internal evidence prove it? For instance: 'On top of greene Selenis all alone,' has simplicity, directness, vividness—in short, the marks of inspiration. Marlowe's version:
>
> Upon the lofty and celestial mount
> Of ever-green Selinus,
>
> is just such an effort as is achieved at second-hand, by puffing, padding, elaboration, excess of adjectives, lack of clear, pure imagery; in short, the marks of imitation. And so with each of Marlowe's lines in turn, if compared closely with Spenser's. Is not Marlowe convicted by his own pen?"

This is a well-reasoned letter and, in support, I might add that the *Faerie Queen* was probably issued first as it was entered on the Stationers' Register 1st December, 1589, whereas *Tamburlaine* was not entered until 12th August, 1590. On the other hand, *Tamburlaine* was on the stage in 1587 so, if Marlowe was the brorrower, he must have added these lines three years later.

The other letter is from William Ross, 5 Clarendon Place, Dunblane, Perthshire, who writes:

> "In reply to R. L. Eagle, it is usually assumed that Marlowe either saw and made use of the *Faerie Queene* MS. before publication, or lifted and slightly changed a number of passages from the newly published work which he inserted into *Tamburlaine* for publication.
>
> "Another answer, which sidesteps the question of plagiarism is that an anonymous writer, who 'ghosted' for Spenser, also wrote under the name of Marlowe. The suggestion is based in part on the curious scrutiny to which Kit Marlowe's poem, *Hero and Leander*, is subjected in Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe—In Praise of the Red Herring*.
>
> "Nashe's satire is aimed, not at the poem, but at *Hero*, and it is obvious that the poem Nashe had in mind was not the fragment of *Hero*

and Leander which we have to-day. Marlowe was dead five years when this *Hero and Leander* was published in 1598. The poem which Nashe wrote about has evidently disappeared. If Marlowe wrote a complete *Hero and Leander*, why should only a fragment be published and why was it necessary for Chapman to finish a poem already written in its entirety? If Marlowe did not write the fragment, who did?

"As long ago as 1819, an anonymous writer in *The Monthly Review* suggested that the name of 'Christopher Marlowe' was used for a time by Shakespeare! The mystery of Marlowe grows curiouser and curiouser!"

That there was a Marlowe authorship problem before the name of Bacon had been openly mentioned in connection with the Shakespeare plays and poems is certainly a great surprise to me. I wonder if Mr. Ross has formed an opinion as to who was the "anonymous writer who 'ghosted' for Spenser," and "also wrote under the name of Marlowe?"

Yours faithfully,

The Eyrie, Fremington, Barnstaple. R. L. EAGLE

P.S.—Those who wish to study the inquisition, returned by the Coroner of the Household (William Danby) on the death of Marlowe at Deptford, will find it in the Latin with translation in *The Death of Marlowe* by J. Leslie Hotson (Nonesuch Press, 1925).

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

A CRITIC OF THE BILITERAL CYPHER

With reference to "The Royal Birth Theme" by Mr. James Arther, I venture to intervene in this delicate subject with the following observations. If one may make the suggestion that conceivably the Biliteralists are mistaken, and *live*, or at least survive, as a discredited and unworthy supporter of the Baconian theory of authorship; if, I say, one may still survive the contempt and withering scorn that such an independence of judgment seems likely to arouse in the breasts of those who hold a contrary view, I would like to give "in whispering humbleness, and in a bondsman's key" (a bondsman albeit, who prefers truth to a glib acceptance of any theory which may be advocated by the more "advanced" Baconians) a few cogent reasons against the acceptance of Mrs. Gallup's decipherings: I hasten to add that I believe that this lady was thoroughly convinced of the truth of her work of decipherment.

Bacon laid down the *desiderata* of a good cypher as follows:—

(a) Easy to write
(b) Easy to read
(c) If possible without suspicion.

Now manifestly, if these conditions and requirements are examined, the Bi-literal Cypher as presented to us by Bacon, or perhaps I should say rather, by Mrs. Gallup, fails for the following reasons:—

(a) It was not easy to write so it could be deciphered without cavil, particularly at a period when wooden type was in use, and typography had not attained its present accurate standard.
(b) The inverse of (a).
(c) It is so without suspicion that its very existence is in doubt, and very few have been able to decipher it, or *believe* they have deciphered it—it is as much open to doubt as the alleged cypher of Francis Bacon's namesake, Roger Bacon.

As Mr. Fletcher Pratt writes in his comprehensive book on cryptography, *"Secret and Urgent."*

"The first quality of any good cypher is that it must convey its meaning with absolute certainty; that it should have two possible interpretations is absolutely inadmissible: conversely, the first requirement of a decipherment is that it must be the only possible answer."

In the course of his article Mr. Arther in dealing with the reason for Bacon's

concealed authorship lays down the following proposition:—

> "The only solution so far offered to fit the extraordinary case is the Royal Birth. There is no other choice. In a quizzical way we may put it thus: *either Bacon was the Prince of Wales, or he was not Shakespeare.* Only this 'princely secret' coupled with the fact that Bacon had used his poetical works for its special repository, can explain everything."

To me the italicized passage is a complete *non sequitur*, and I do not feel bound to the proposition, or the conclusion which Mr. Arther regards as implicit in its acceptance or rejection.

If Bacon had intended to convey State or other secrets without any doubt by means of a cypher, he would have done so in a manner that would have made it possible for any literate person to confirm, who possessed the key.

It would have been perfectly easy for Bacon to have used a cypher which would be demonstrably clear: indeed, I received recently a communication in an adaptation of his Bi-literal system in type, which could be read without any doubts as to the proper decipherment: this adaptation could also be used for telegrams.

I particularly mention this circumstance in order to dispel a natural inclination on the part of a reader to assume that I am not interested in cyphers: this is far from the case.

Mrs. Gallup's works on the deciphering of the Bi-literal I found of absorbing interest when I first read them.

Another objection is the immense circumlocution and bulk of the deciphered matter, which must have meant a great deal of work for the encipherer. I am aware that it may be urged that Bacon repeated his story again and again in order that it might not be missed in one or other of his works, masked under other names, or under his own.

Mr. Arther amusingly likens the Baconian Camp to Rome "a city of Kites and crows," *Coriolanus* (4.5.45): am I to consider myself a "kite" from now on? (I frequently fly them for my recreation—large and small, though not in the *City*): am I a kite I courteously inquire "ever intent on keeping them (the crows—treble-dated, or otherwise) in their place?" am I to be harassed by the crows? I hope not!

Does Mr. Arther seriously intend to compare the Parallelists to kites? Why not doves? and like doves (in Bacon's words) "free from the superfluity of maliciousness."

> "*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*"—Juvenal.

Must the crows, which prefer crowns and "Royal Births," get away with it, and the poor guileless doves, whose only fault is that they prefer what they believe to be the truth, even if it involves the surrender of a romantic story, be constantly harassed by the corvine coronists? Are the ears of the anti-Royalists to be constantly assailed by the words of doom?

> "*Delenda est Carthago*"

I confess, I repeat, that I do not follow Mr. Arther when he writes, "*either Bacon was Prince of Wales or he was not Shakespeare.*"

> "*A cuspide corona*"

or is it the reverse, "a spear from the crown?"

Yours faithfully,

KITE

BOOKS FOR SALE

	Price including British postage
Francis Bacon's Personal Life-Story. By Alfred Dodd. To be issued shortly	25/-
Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures. 72 Illustrations. By Frank Woodward	21/-
Secret Shakespearean Seals: Revelations of Rosicrucian Arcana. 78 Illustrations. By Fratres Roseæ Crucis	21/-
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