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Coat of Arms of Francis Bacon

PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

The Morgan Coleman M.S. Analysed—Bacon Proclaims his Royal Parentage
(*Illustrated with 7 graphs*)
By Edward D. Johnson

The Mystery of a Newly Discovered Portrait of Francis Bacon. (see Frontispiece)
By Ella M. Horsey

Bacon's Bitter Enemy
By W. G. C. Gundry

Editorial **Correspondence**

66 PAGES: BURSTING WITH INTEREST

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.

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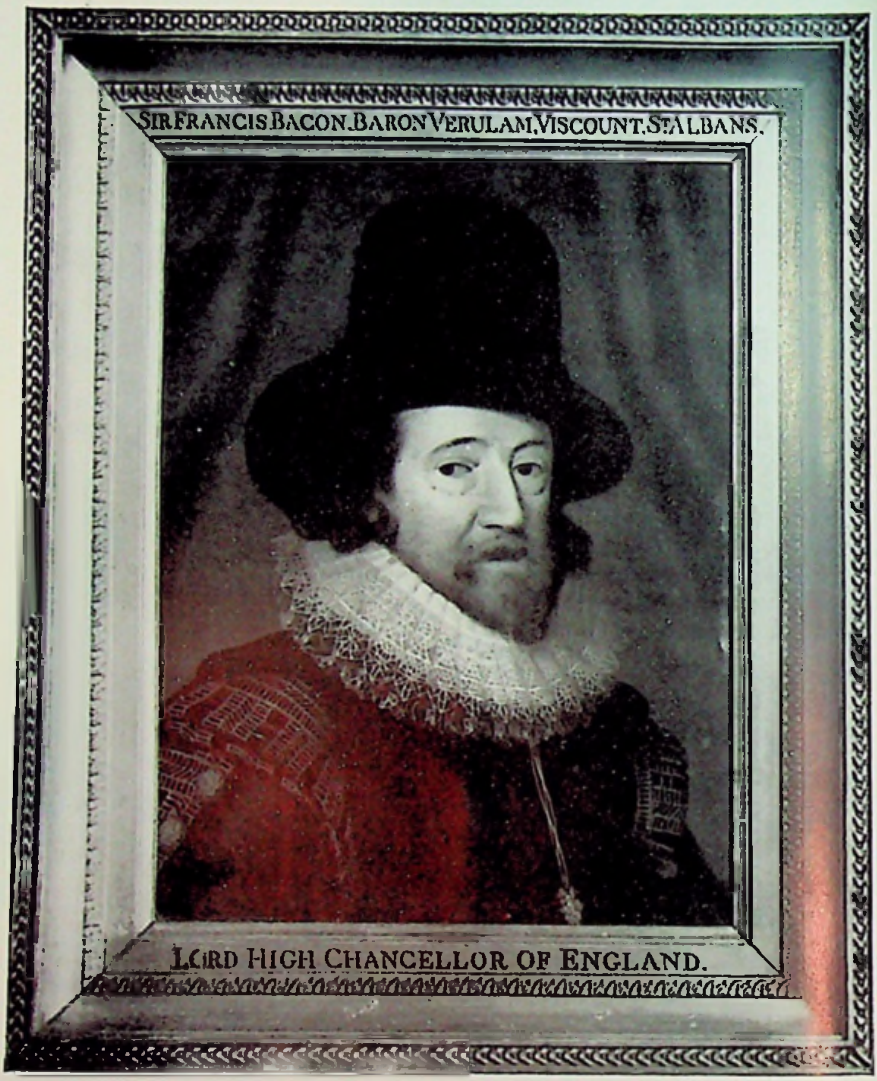

A RECENT CURIOUS DISCOVERY: A PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS BACON, PROBABLY BY VAN SOMER, ACQUIRED BY AN EXTRAORDINARY CONCATENATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES BY MISS ELLA M. HORSEY
(Courtesy of Miss Horsey)

BACONIANA

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COMMENTS

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.
FRANCIS BACON

THE Francis Bacon Society's Luncheon at the Connaught Rooms, London, on Jan. 22, to honour the birthday of the Great Immortal Francis Bacon 388 years ago, was the first of such functions to be held for the last ten years owing to war and its aftermath. The President, Sir Kenneth Murchison, received the guests and took the chair at a gathering about one hundred strong. The luncheon was proounced excellent by all.

* * *

The principal toast to the immortal memory of the great philosopher, poet, and playwright, was proposed by Mr. Comyns Beaumont, followed by Miss Mabel Sennett, Chairman of the Council, who proposed the health of the visitors in an admirable welcoming address, to which Prof. G. Wilson Knight, the well-known Shakespearean scholar and Reader in English literature at Leeds University, responded in a graceful speech which steered its way between many seeming reefs. Mr. Valentine Smith, the Hon. Secretary, who had organised the luncheon so successfully, proposed the Society, to which Mr. Benjamin J. Herrington, O.B.E., made a witty reply all too short.

* * *

If considered from only a publicity point of view the gathering was pronounced a big success and it is hoped will be continued next and subsequent years. The Press from Dundee to Dublin waxed eloquent on it, some being intended to be crushing—though nothing crushes our 65-year-old Society which thrives on abuse—others were facetious, and some few gave a fair summary. Mr. Valentine Smith gave the most popular cue to the Press when he confessed that the Society had changed its name from the Bacon Society to the Francis Bacon Society as housewives in the search for additional bacon rations were calling at the office under the impression that it was something to do with the Bacon Marketing Board. Up and down the country jokes were coined on the subject, across the Atlantic the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Montreal Gazette* actually published

BACONIANA—SPRING No.

VOL. XXXIII 66TH YEAR

CONTENTS PAGE

Frontispiece: A RECENTLY DISCOVERED UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS BACON

EDITORIAL NOTES - - - - - - - - 61

PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS BACON
By Ella M. Horsey - - - - - - - 70

THE MORGAN COLEMAN ILLUSTRATED MANUSCRIPT ANALYSED
By Edward D. Johnson - - - - - - 72

BACON'S BITTER ENEMY
By W. G. C. Gundry - - - - - - 81

THE ELIZABETHANS
Anon. - - - - - - - - - 88

CIPHER AND THE CONCEALED POET
By R. L. Eagle - - - - - - - - 91

QUIZ ON MR. EAGLE'S ATTACK ON MRS. GALLUP
By Comyns Beaumont - - - - - - 99

THE WINTER'S TALE
By R. J. A. Bunnett, F.S.A. - - - - - 104

BACON AND ESSEX (PART 3)
By H. Kendra Baker - - - - - - 108

A FEW 'IFS' ABOUT MR. SHAKSPER
By Edward D. Johnson - - - - - - 115

FRANCIS BACON'S PERSONAL LIFE STORY. By ALFRED DODD
Review by C.B. - - - - - - - - 116

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRANCIS BACON
Review by R. W. J. Gentry - - - - 117

FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY'S A.G.M. - - - 119

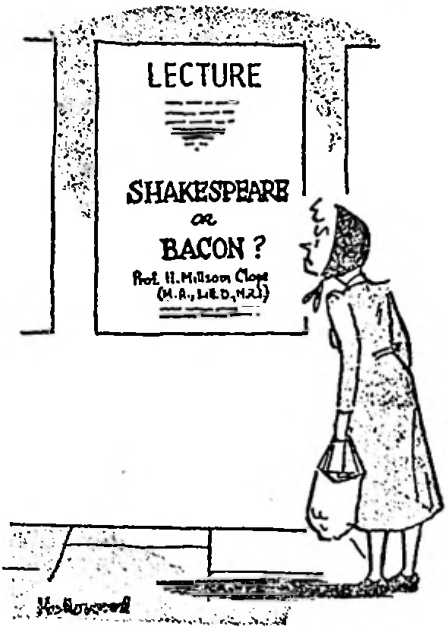
THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF *AS YOU LIKE IT*
Review by Mrs. Beryl C. Pogson - - - 120

CORRESPONDENCE - - - - - - - - 121

leading articles about it, and Mr. *Punch* treated it to a witty drawing which we reproduce with due acknowledgement to our contemporary.

* * *

One rather amusing side-issue of the Luncheon was that it gave a Southampton resident a topical platform from which he indulged in a series of conjectural claims and assumptions on Mr. Will Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon, which would have made even the late Sir Sidney Lee jealous. Prof. Wilson Knight upset the Southampton gentleman by saying "I have often wondered how a young countryman could have written a play like *Love's Labour's Lost*. There was (said he) something funny in it and it was even funnier that a young man's first play should be so extraordinarily learned and able." Our Southampton friend did not find it in the least funny. His explanation was that "Shakespeare" probably obtained his knowledge from the Earl of Southampton. Before touching on what the Stratford virus can do with a man it may not be amiss to glance at Kendra Baker's brilliant pamphlet "Who wrote *Love's Labour's Lost?*" (Price 6d. obtainable at the Society's Centre, 50a Old Brompton Road, S.W.7). Mr. Kendra Baker writes as follows:



[With acknowledgements to *Punch*]

> William of Stratford came to London in or about 1586, and we have it from his biographer Halliwell Phillips that when he left his native town, a quite illiterate one as we now know it to have been, he was "all but destitute of polished accomplishments."

And yet we are asked to believe that this "Stratford Peasant" composed within a year or so after his arrival in London, in such a state of intellectual destitution, a play which for sheer erudition and culture is unique in the history of literature. It has in fact been described as "an indictment of the Aristotelian philosophy as it had been studied by the schoolmen, and as it was still studied and taught in the dramatist's own time." It displays, moreover, an absolute proficiency in the French language, even to its colloquial and

idiomatic use; it contains many Latin, Spanish, and Italian phrases; it reflects so wide a range of scholarship that a certain professor thinks it "encumbered with learning not to say pedantic," while another commentator finds in it "a manifest ostentation of book-learning" . . Figs from thistles would appear almost a normal growth contrasted with *Love's Labour's Lost* from an unlettered rustic."

* * *

Such is an epitome of scholars' views on this play, but our Southampton enthusiastic Will Shaksper fan is in nowise taken aback. His solution is that Mr. Shaksper was a crony of the Earl of Southampton, who visited him in that port, and picked up all the inside knowledge he needed for such a play. Here is the *modus operandi* whereby, hey! presto! he is able to sweep aside all the accumulation of evidence of Shaksper's upbringing and illiteracy, (as so pathetically revealed in the six signatures extant), and proudly to claim the alleged playwright as almost a Southampton worthy. His claims are these:

"Young Shakespeare" was born in a "*well-to-do* commercial family."

His father "was a *not unimportant manufacturer* who did a bit of land speculation on the side."

"Young Shakespeare" was "*sufficiently high up* in the world to spend his time with the Earl of Southampton at Bull House, Bugle Street," Southampton, the family's seat, no longer in existence.

The Southampton family made their fortune as contractors whom Henry VIII appointed to pull down the abbeys, where they had perquisites "to sweeten the trade." "*Probable* that they became connoisseurs of rare works and manuscripts." They "*must have had* the handling of the illuminated and ancient documents held by the abbeys. *Probable* that Bull House was full of them."

"One *can imagine* the young Earl and the young Shakespeare poring over these learned scripts. *May it not be that it was the influence of these documents* (many of which *must* have come from the Continent) that induced Shakespeare to site many of his plots, such as *Love's Labour's Lost*, overseas?"

"It is *believed* that most of the Sonnets were written there," at Bull House, when it existed.

The *Southern Daily Echo* gave nearly half a column to this remarkable effusion. Comment on our part would be superfluous, so all we can do is to congratulate Stratford on such a brilliant opportunist in its ranks. But what the rape of the abbeys had to do with the play about Navarre of Bacon's young day or what documents could be brought from any English abbeys relative to *Love's Labour's Lost* plot is quite beyond our capacity to explain.

* * *

The license Stratfordians give themselves in their efforts to claim

Shaksper as the great poet and playwright is of a nature which would not be tolerated in regard to the life of any other human being, but they blandly keep up the fiction with unblushing effrontery. Mr. E. K. Chambers, for instance, in his book *William Shakespeare?* tries to stifle doubting Thomases with such a comment as this: "One may reasonably assume that at all times Shakespeare read whatever books, original or translated, came his way. It has been asked where he found them in the absence of public libraries. Did he borrow from the Earl of Southampton, or from Jonson, or from Camden, or did he merely turn over their leaves on the stationers' stalls? These are foolish questions to which I propose no answers. We do not know what library he had of his own." We will grant that the questions were ignorant and thus foolish because we have no evidence that Shaksper ever knew Southampton personally (*pace* our Southampton enthusiast), although that peer is believed to have found the thousand pounds which set him up in Stratford as a miller and usurer, for reasons in no way associated with him as the playwright, as Southampton at that time was a close friend of Bacon who had the strongest motive to get Will out of the way. Jonson knew the inside story about the plays and the actor for whom he had small regard and there is not a scintilla of evidence that Camden had ever even heard of him.

* * *

We know with a certainty that the real Shakespeare read with avidity every possible book from the classics onward on which he could lay his hands, as revealed by the internal evidence of his plays, and it does not need to be a Baconian necessarily to realise that. But Will Shaksper—the "Shakespeare" of Mr. Chambers,—is in quite another category. We have no evidence that he could read, let alone write his own signature since those few extant all differ in style and script. As to a library of his own, at his death he did not possess a single book, not even a copy of the plays attributed to him, so Mr. Chambers is not quite sincere when he says that we do not know what library he had of his own. However, this ignoring of difficult questions is typical of the Stratfordian mind and one wonders what the Faithful say in confidence to one another "off the record" so to speak. We do know (let it be admitted) a Stratfordian lady in the sense that her family have been residents of the town for many generations, who confessed to the writer a short time ago that a large number of residents are always wondering when the bubble will burst and are thankful that there is safe employment thanks to Flower's Brewery, a prosperous aluminium works, and a canning factory. It is fair to add that this dame is a bit of a renegade for she reads BACONIANA and seriously contemplates applying for membership of the Francis Bacon Society.

* * *

In our last issue we were privileged to publish Miss Pauline Holmes' important article on the discovery of the Morgan Coleman Heraldic Manuscript, which had been in the possession of the well-known Sebright family, of Beechwood Park, St. Albans, whose

present head, the 13th Baronet, Sir Giles Sebright, disposed of it by private treaty not long since. Sir Giles was expressly invited to the Baconian Birthday Luncheon when it was hoped that he might be good enough to give some private history as to how this most interesting royal heraldic volume came into his family's possession, but unfortunately he was prevented from accepting for reasons of health. All we can assume is that his ancestor and Francis Bacon, who was a near neighbour at Gorhambury, were known to one another. The Manuscript was fully described by Miss Holmes and illustrations were reproduced of the royal family tree from Rollo, Duke of Normandy, to Queen Elizabeth, also a page of that Queen's own coats-of-arms, and at the end a page giving the coat-of-arms of Francis Bacon. The significance of this record in colour, date 1592, was that, although this large folio, 17×11 ins., has altogether 76 pages, four are left blank prior to page 33, which is specially allotted to Elizabeth, while of the remaining 43 pages 19 are devoted to short biographies of monarchs from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth, and a further 7 to the Valois princes (who have no apparent claim for inclusion at all) and another 6 blank pages, until on page 67 appears Bacon's coat-of-arms, the remaining 9 pages all being blanks, 19 blanks altogether.

* * *

The significant waste of 4 pages to Queen Elizabeth is plainly deliberate in order to allot her page 33, which, as Baconian students are aware, is the simple count of BACON (2, 1, 3, 14, 13), and the ensuing wastage of another 6 pages is equally intentional in order to allot to him page 67, which by simple count gives us FRANCIS (6, 17, 1, 13, 3, 9, 18). Had it not been designed for this purpose by the herald the contents of the Folio could have been produced in 56 pages instead of 76, but to give this clue to the subtle aim, Elizabeth is accorded page 33, as the mother of Francis—page 67—her son and legitimately heir to the throne of England. Had such not been the intention why does Francis appear in this *Royal* Heraldic Coats-of-Arms work at all? There would be no possible justification for it, as he was supposedly the son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon, hence a commoner. The clue now appears to have been designed to draw attention specifically to the biography of the Queen given on page 62 of the Manuscript, transcribed recently by Capt. W. Allan Spowers, the present owner of this historic and, it may well prove, priceless document.

* * *

Mr. Edward Johnson, so widely known as a leading authority on cryptograms concealed in many of Bacon's works, studied the biography of Queen Elizabeth directly the article appeared, and with his expert eye at once he sensed a hidden message. The ornate and flowery style Bacon employed in such work stamped it as his own and in addition, a short examination of the spelling and arrangement of words to Mr. Johnson's trained mind indicated a cryptogram. His article appears in this issue with 7 graphs to give the final rendering,

which makes it plain and clear that *Bacon was behind all this clever subterfuge* to convey the claim that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. To obtain the requisite letters for his purpose Bacon had to take liberties with the spelling and arrangement of the text. It should be mentioned that Mr. Johnson has actually worked out 12 variations of this amazing cryptogram but for reasons of space he has cut them down to 7. It is the Society's intention to publish a pamphlet of the complete number on a larger scale. One aspect should be made clear to those who do not grasp the system of Bacon's cryptograms—it is entirely geometrical. Whether the designs are squares, or oblongs, or triangles, they must fit into the system. In the obituary in question, he has taken an oblong of lines of 56 squares of letters and 21 lines down the same, and it will be seen that in this geometrical puzzle Bacon placed the letters he wanted for his purpose all 6 squares apart, whether vertical, horizontal, or slanting, and thus there can be no doubt of its accuracy. If any reader can find a flaw in this decipherment of the cryptogram we shall be pleased to hear from him.

* * *

At the Annual General Meeting of the Francis Bacon Society, held at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria, on March 23rd last, Mr. E. R. Wood moved the following Resolution:

> "That, as Mrs. Gallup's Bi-literal Cipher story is highly controversial, the publication in BACONIANA of Editorial acceptance of it, the undue prominence given to articles in favour of it, and the suppression of articles and arguments against it, are not inaccordance with the objects and interests of the Society."

The mover of the above was supported by Mr. R. L. Eagle and Mr. R. J. W. Gentry, whose contention was that the Editor should accord space to those who dispute the authenticity of Mrs. Gallup's decipherment of Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher. It is unnecessary to give a full report on the arguments these members advanced because they only reflected the views which Mr. Eagle presents elsewhere in this issue, which gentleman has been a pronounced objector to both the Gallup Cipher and to the Royal Birth. The Resolution was opposed by the Editor of BACONIANA, and was heavily defeated, only four members on a vote having supported it. A few observations are, however, advisable on this matter owing to certain misconceptions of the policy which governs the conduct of this journal.

* * *

An overwhelming proportion of members of the Society accept the evidence of the Royal Birth of Francis Bacon and also the authority of the Bi-literal Cipher which they consider is proved genuine and accurate. They believe it to be the true reason why Bacon wrote the immortal plays to which he gave the name later of Shake-speare, employed them and other works to conceal the Bi-literal Cipher (and other ciphers also) in which he gave his own secret history and that of Queen Elizabeth and others, and not only concealed his personality

with extreme care during his own lifetime but arranged that it should be continued after his death until such period as either it was discovered by "wittes keener than those of our own times" as he says, or else the Rosicrucians deemed the hour ripe to divulge the full circumstances. The continued secrecy after his death can only logically be explained as governed by the succeeding dynasty of the Stuarts, who, had the facts been revealed in the reign of James I (or his successors), would have stamped them as usurpers with results Bacon could not foresee. The supporters of the Resolution only referred to the Bi-literal Cipher but behind it their real desire was to stifle the Royal Birth although their objection to it is somewhat mysterious. Members of the Society are not compelled to accept the Royal Birth or the Bi-literal Cipher if they do not desire to do so but it affords no reason why a small minority should have the right to dictate to the Editor, who holds the full authority of the Council, as to what he deems right in the interests of the Society to publish and what not. Why there should be an adverse view of Bacon's royal parentage shows an extraordinary bias on the part of a very few.

* * *

In his considered view it is easy to be destructive and to cast doubts upon this or that but to make this journal the battleground of conflicting views—held by the anti-Cipherists in a tiny minority—would be most harmful to the cause we all have at heart and give an entirely wrong impression to the world as well as delight our opponents. The world recognition of Francis Bacon, not only as the great poet and playwright, but also as the supreme patriot and teacher, requires all our united energies especially in these critical times when the whole world, and not only our own beloved country, needs uplift and a fuller appreciation of the wisdom of that mighty genius, an outlook not served by carping criticism of Mrs. Gallup's Cipher. In this journal we should aim at the empyrean heights of his own philosophy and if we devote much space to the Royal Birth it is with this object in view. To put it more practically we need to enlarge our membership very largely, not only here at home but throughout the world. The Francis Bacon Society has existed for sixty-five years and its membership, though steadily increasing, should become far greater than it is. It has been the experience of the Editor and his colleagues that to reach the great public the Royal Birth appeals to the imagination of the public as nothing else does, and that very many who were first attracted by the drama of Bacon's true birth, have been drawn in to appreciate his authorship of the Shakespeare Plays. We are fighting for world recognition and in the end the evidence must be accepted. Mr. Johnson's demonstration of the Morgan Coleman Heraldic Manuscript published in this issue, following on Miss Pauline Holmes' article in our last number, should go far to impress logical minds. We aim at a membership of 10,000, and we shall get it if we stand loyally together. We trust members may pass on a copy of BACONIANA to a friend who may thus become interested in our cause.

THE EDITOR

A LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS BACON

By Ella M. Horsey

An oil painting of Sir Francis Bacon has just come into my possession in a rather curious way.

Readers of Mr. Alfred Dodd's enthralling book, *The Immortal Master*, will remember that in it he claims to have received several communications from Bacon through various channels. In some of them he was told that a link forged in a previous life on earth had facilitated the present contact. I am well aware of the hostility aroused in many minds both by the idea of repeated earth lives and also of communication with the discarnate, nevertheless I am prepared to make a similar claim.

Until I learnt of my earthly association with him three hundred odd years ago, I hesitated to believe that so great a mind and soul as Francis Bacon's would stoop to concern himself with anyone so insignificant as I am. It seemed rather less incredible that he should still retain an interest in a person he had known intimately during a former life on earth. The cumulative evidence of the last five years has convinced me that, within the limits of the physical instruments he is bound to employ, he is able to communicate some of his simpler thoughts to me as well as to others with whom he has had links in the past.

It would be too long a story to describe how the association began; it is enough to say that, since he first made his presence known to me, Francis has attempted, with varying degrees of success, to give me verifiable evidence of his identity through nearly every sensitive (professional or amateur) with whom I have sat.

The two sittings with which the portrait is concerned took place in London last year, the first in October, the second on November 4th. They were held at the homes of two sensitives who have neither met nor corresponded; it will suffice to quote an extract from my notes taken during the November sitting. After saying that Bacon had written through my brain and hand, the sensitive continued:

"He says there is more of this to do. He has spoken through someone else—not here—about your work, about the things he has to do with you."

"Yes."

"Did he say anything at the same time about a picture of himself?"

"Yes, a short time ago."

"He thinks there is a picture of himself you haven't seen yet, he told you this before, he says. He is trying to bring it about that you shall see it."

"That is exactly what he told me before."

A great deal more was passed on from him at this time and the previous sitting, but the above is all that concerns us here. About seven weeks later I received a letter from a fellow-member of the Francis Bacon Society, it ran as follows: ". . . I am writing because I want to tell you of something I have intended passing on for some time but forgot. I was waiting in the shop of Mr. Jarman, the photographer in Abbeygate Street, Bury, when I noticed three old oil paintings hanging on the wall. I immediately recognised one as F.B. Looking closer I thought it looked really good and I questioned Mr. Jarman about it . . . It had belonged to a well-known antiquary, and Mr. Jarman picked it up at the sale after his death . . . You *must* go and see it when next in Bury."

I was unable to visit Bury St. Edmunds until January 14th, when I was delighted to find that the picture was still in its place. The previous evening, while I was writing impressionally, F.B. had expressed a wish that I should possess it if my purse would stretch far enough. I hastily assured him that,

unless he could help in the matter, it most certainly would not. He promised to come to my assistance, but in spite of my faith in him, when I saw the portrait I despaired. I am no judge of art, but even my untrained eye could see that the painting was good and I wanted it desperately. I asked the price with little hope of its being within my reach, but F.B. or the friends and helpers he probably employs now (as he did his "good pens" in his earth days) had been equal to the occasion, and the purchase was concluded.

A letter pasted to the back of the picture gives the information that it was purchased by the writer at Spixworth "Hall" near Norwich. It is signed Wm. M. Soffard. With a copy of this letter and a photograph of the picture I went to the National Portrait Gallery, where the Assistant Keeper kindly looked up a description of my portrait in a book by Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, published in 1912. Under the heading "Spixworth Park, Sale 19th—22nd March, 1912" the following description is given:

"No 3 Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans.

H & S. Body and face turned to sinister, brown eyes in an opposite direction, wavy brown hair to collar, pointed fair beard and moustache, tall black hat on head. *Dress*: Brown doublet, the sleeves of which are visible from beneath the black and gold Chancellor's gown which is over all, outstanding pleated laced-edged all round ruff, with long strings and tassel. Red curtain behind. Age about 50. By Cornelius Jannsens (?) Inscribed on frame "Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England." It came from Shrubland Old Hall to Coddenham Vicarage, and was at More Park in 1730. No. 202, Smith, £72. Now the property of the Secretary of the Bacon Society."

The Assistant Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery gave it as his opinion that the portrait is almost certainly not by Jannsens, but is most probably by Van Somer.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Miss Horsey recounts the remarkable manner in which she was, as she says, influenced by Francis Bacon himself to discover and ultimately purchase the portrait of him then in a shop in Bury St. Edmunds. The series of strange coincidences which have led to her being able to acquire this picture—our frontispiece in this number—are indeed amazing in the records of psychic contact, especially the two messages given to her, "He is trying to bring it about that you shall see it," and the second that she should acquire it if possible.

The picture is believed to be a Van Somer. A member of the Baconian Society, and an authority on ancient works of art has recently examined the portrait and believes it to be absolutely genuine, probably a Van Somer, and certainly not a copy. It has been a little over-restored and the expression from the setting of the eyes gives it somewhat an enigmatical expression. There is a note on the back to the effect that it came from Spixworth Hall, signed Safford. Mr. Safford, a well-known antiquary and collector, who was some forty years ago Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society, was obviously its owner. Mr. Alfred Dodd, who has seen a photograph of the portrait, says that it is unlike the Van Somer of 1616, and thinks it must have been painted about 1621, as Bacon was only created a Viscount in that year. He appears to assume the Viscountcy from the frame but that cannot be very ancient, as its design and lettering are quite modern. It seems more likely that the picture was painted at the end of the 16th or early in the 17th century when he was probably in his early forties.)

THE MORGAN COLEMAN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT IDENTIFIED AS BACON'S WORK

By EDWARD D. JOHNSON

THERE can be no possible doubt that this manuscript was produced by Francis Bacon although supposed to have been written by Morgan Coleman, the former Secretary of Sir John Pickering the Lord Keeper.

We get the following so-called coincidences:

(1) The Queen Elizabeth Page (illustrated in BACONIANA, January 1949) is numbered 33 and 33 is the simple seal or count of the word Bacon.

(2) Francis Bacon's motto and coat of arms is found on the page which is numbered 67, and 67 is the simple seal or count of the word Francis.

(3) This page numbered 67 containing Francis Bacon's coat of arms follows the page numbered 62 which contains a short biography of Queen Elizabeth.

One of these three might possibly be a coincidence but it is impossible that all three should be coincidences.

When we look at the page numbered 52 headed Queen Elizabeth we get a number of surprises, as follows:—

(1) The first letter on the first full line is a capital C. The letter C is the roman numeral for 100 and as most readers probably know the number 100 is the simple seal or count of Francis Bacon.

(2) This first line starting with the capital C. contains exactly 66 letters. The number 66 is a favourite number of Bacon's because it is double 33 and 33 is the simple seal or count of Bacon. In the first Folio of the "Shakespeare" Plays 1623 each full column contains exactly 66 lines.

(3) The text on this page is full of abbreviations and the most glaring spelling mistakes. For instance, the 4th word on the 11th line counting down from comforter should of course be STRENGTH. Look at this word: not only does it contain a superfluous letter I but the last two letters are reversed.

The following is a list of the spelling and other mistakes in the Text on the Queen Elizabeth Page.

1. The 3rd word on the 1st line is THIS—it should be THESE and the word PRESERVED in the 1st line is spelt PRESSERVED with a superfluous S.
2. The 2nd word on the third line is ONE—it should be ON.
3. In the 4th line the word MAJESTYS is abbreviated to MTIES; if it was not for the rest of the text it would be impossible to know what MTIES stood for.

4. In the 5th line the 3rd word is PEARABLE which seems meaningless and the word GOODNESS is spelt GOODNES without a final S.
5. In the 6th line the word PRESERVING is splent PRESSERVINGE with a superfluous S and a final E. and the word THRICE is spelt THRISE.
6. In the 8th line WHEREWITH is abbreviated to WHERWTH, GRIEVOUSLY is spelt GREVOUSLIE and BEEN is spelt BINE.
7. In the 9th line SATAN is spelt SATHAN.
8. In the 10th line PREPARATIONS is spelt PREPERAIONS with the T. missing.
9. In the 11th line the 4th word which should be STRENGTH is spelt STREINGHT, with a superfluous I, and the last two letters reversed.
10. In the 12th line RETURNED is spelt RETOURNED.
11. In the 13th line HIGHNESS is spelt HIGHNES, without a final S.
12. In the 14th line COMFORT is spelt COMFORTH with a superfluous H at the end.
13. In the 15th line WHICH is abbreviated to WCH.
14. In the 17th line MAJESTY is abbreviated to MATIE, WAY is spelt WAIE, and HEART is spelt HARTE.
15. In the 18th line ACTIONS is spelt ACIONS, with the T. missing. WITH is abbreviated to WTH and CHEERFUL is spelt CHEREFULL.
16. In the 19th line COUNTENANCE is spelt COUNTENAUNCE, THANKFULL, THANKFUL and LAYING, LAYNGE.
17. In the 20th line MIGHTY is spelt MIGHTIE, QUIET, QUIETT and SOUL, SOWLE.

The Morgan Coleman illuminated manuscript is a very beautiful piece of work, as the reader can see from the three pages illustrated in BACONIANA, January 1949, yet when we look at this Queen Elizabeth page, we find it is full of glaring errors of spelling, showing apparently that no trouble had been taken over this page. Here in 21 lines of text we find 30 spelling and other mistakes. Does not the anomaly between the careful lettering on all the pages *except on the Queen Elizabeth page* and the slovenly editorship of this page suggest the possibility that this seemingly culpable carelessness was actually deliberate and intentional? And does not this possibility provoke an *inquiry* as to the probable intention?

No attempt has been made to correct these mistakes, and as the rest of the manuscript is most beautifully and carefully written, it can be presumed that these mistakes are intentional—the reason for this being hereafter demonstrated. The whole manuscript deserves a most careful investigation and it appears to the writer that this page in question was probably written by Francis Bacon in his own handwriting, because if he had given it to some other person to copy, that person would most probably have made an attempt to correct these mistakes and thus destroy the messages which this page contains.

It is hoped that the demonstration which here follows shows quite clearly that this Queen Elizabeth page was written by Francis Bacon and was used by him as a vehicle to convey messages that he was a son of Queen Elizabeth.

If the reader has seen the writer's *Don Adriana's Letter* he will know the method that Francis Bacon employed to show his signatures, and it will be found that this Queen Elizabeth page is used by Francis Bacon in exactly the same way.

The first thing to do is to make a Table containing the letters in the text. As a general rule Bacon used only the first 33 letters in each line but here the lines are long so he uses instead the first 56 letters in the lines—no doubt choosing the number 56 because this number is the simple seal or count of FR BACON.

THE DECIPHERER IS GIVEN A HINT AS TO THIS NUMBER 56 BECAUSE THE LINE STARTING WITH LETT HAS EXACTLY 56 LETTERS IN IT.

TABLE 1.—This Table shows the first 56 letters in the 21 lines.

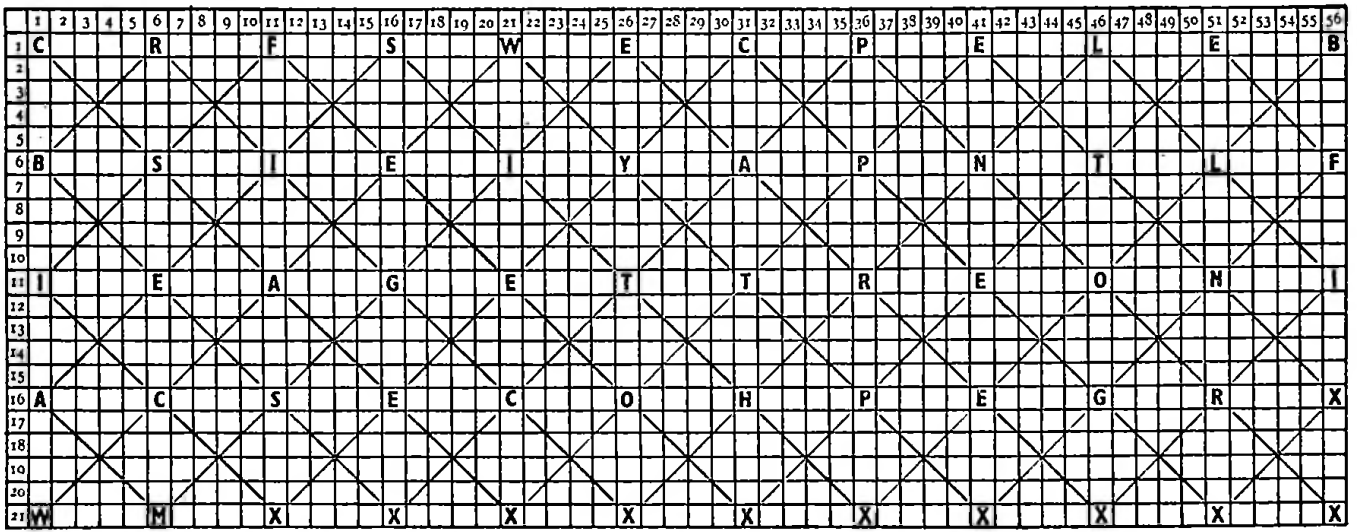
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
1	C	O	M	F	O	R	T	E	R	O	F	T	H	I	S	S	O	R	R	O	W	E	S	T	H	E	M	I	R	A	C	U	L	U	S	P	R	E	S	S	E	R	V	E	D	L	A	D	I	E	E	L	I	Z	A	B
2	D	R	E	A	D	S	O	V	E	R	A	I	G	N	E	G	O	D	I	N	H	E	R	H	A	T	H	R	E	M	E	M	B	E	R	E	D	H	I	S	H	O	N	O	U	R	A	N	D	T	A	K	E	N	C	O
3	P	A	S	S	I	O	N	O	N	E	T	H	E	C	A	L	A	M	I	T	I	E	S	O	F	H	I	S	C	H	U	R	C	H	A	N	O	B	Y	H	E	E	U	A	T	H	R	E	S	T	O	R	E	D	O	R
4	H	I	S	H	E	A	V	E	N	L	I	E	B	L	E	S	S	I	N	G	E	S	A	M	O	N	G	E	S	T	U	S	I	N	A	L	L	T	H	E	T	I	M	E	O	F	H	E	R	M	T	I	E	S	M	O
5	F	L	O	R	I	S	H	I	N	G	E	A	N	D	P	E	A	R	A	B	L	E	R	A	I	G	N	E	H	I	S	M	E	R	C	I	F	U	L	L	G	O	O	D	N	E	S	S	H	A	T	H	M	I	G	H	T
6	B	Y	P	R	E	S	S	E	R	V	I	N	G	E	H	E	R	T	H	R	I	S	E	R	O	Y	A	L	L	S	A	C	R	E	D	P	E	R	S	O	N	F	R	O	M	T	H	E	M	A	L	I	C	E	O	F
7	A	N	D	B	Y	P	R	O	T	E	C	T	I	N	G	E	A	N	D	D	E	F	E	N	D	I	N	G	E	H	E	R	W	H	O	L	E	N	A	T	I	O	N	F	R	O	M	A	L	L	T	H	O	S	E	C
8	W	H	E	R	W	T	H	T	H	E	C	O	U	N	T	R	I	E	S	R	O	U	N	D	A	B	O	U	T	E	H	A	V	E	G	R	E	V	O	U	S	L	I	E	B	I	N	E	A	F	F	L	I	C	T	E
9	R	O	M	I	S	H	E	R	A	G	E	I	N	G	E	A	N	D	H	E	L	L	I	S	H	P	R	A	C	T	I	S	E	S	O	F	S	A	T	H	A	N	H	A	T	H	H	E	B	R	O	K	E	N	A	N
10	M	I	G	H	T	I	E	A	N	D	N	E	V	E	R	S	O	G	R	E	A	T	E	B	E	F	O	R	E	S	E	E	N	E	P	R	E	P	E	R	A	I	O	N	S	O	F	H	E	R	M	A	L	I	C	I
11	I	N	H	I	S	E	V	E	R	L	A	S	T	I	N	G	E	S	T	R	E	I	N	G	H	T	H	A	T	H	T	H	E	L	O	R	D	E	O	V	E	R	T	H	R	O	W	N	E	A	N	D	M	A	D	E
12	I	N	T	H	E	I	R	E	S	H	A	M	E	A	N	D	T	O	T	H	E	I	R	O	W	N	E	D	I	S	T	R	U	C	T	I	O	N	R	E	T	O	U	R	N	E	D	T	H	E	M	H	O	M	E	W
13	C	H	E	I	F	E	U	P	O	N	T	H	E	M	S	E	L	V	E	S	H	E	E	H	I	G	H	N	E	S	L	I	K	E	A	C	A	R	E	F	U	L	L	M	O	T	H	E	R	I	N	G	R	E	A	T
14	C	O	M	F	O	R	T	H	G	O	V	E	R	N	E	T	H	A	N	D	G	U	I	D	E	I	H	H	E	R	P	E	O	P	L	E	A	N	D	W	T	H	T	H	O	S	E	B	L	E	S	S	E	D	M	E
15	W	C	H	G	O	D	H	A	T	H	G	I	V	E	N	H	E	R	S	H	E	M	O	S	T	B	O	U	N	T	I	F	U	L	L	I	E	S	U	C	C	O	R	E	T	H	A	N	D	R	E	L	E	I	V	E
16	A	F	F	L	I	C	T	I	O	N	S	O	F	T	H	E	C	H	U	R	C	H	A	N	D	O	F	A	L	L	H	E	R	O	P	P	R	E	S	S	E	D	N	E	I	G	H	B	O	U	R	S	H	E	R	
17	M	A	T	I	E	F	O	L	L	O	W	T	H	T	H	E	R	I	G	H	T	W	A	I	E	A	N	D	I	N	T	H	E	S	I	M	P	L	I	C	I	T	I	E	O	F	H	A	R	T	E	S	E	R	V	E
18	T	H	E	T	R	U	E	L	O	R	D	A	N	D	D	I	R	E	C	T	E	T	H	H	E	R	A	C	I	O	N	S	A	C	C	O	R	D	I	N	G	L	I	E	A	N	D	W	T	H	A	C	H	E	R	E
19	C	O	U	N	T	E	N	A	U	N	C	E	C	E	A	S	E	T	H	N	O	T	T	O	B	E	T	H	A	N	K	F	U	L	A	N	D	L	A	Y	N	G	E	H	E	R	H	E	A	D	E	U	N	D	E	R
20	H	I	S	M	I	G	H	T	I	E	P	R	O	T	E	C	T	I	O	N	G	I	V	E	T	H	O	U	I	E	T	T	R	E	S	T	T	O	H	E	R	S	O	W	L	E	B	E	C	A	U	S	E	H	E	I
21	W	A	T	C	H	M	A	N																																																	

This Table shows the first 56 letters on each of the lines from Comforter to Watchman.
The line following the line containing the word WATCHMAN starts with the word LETT in large letters and underlined in red ink, apparently to cut off the last 4 lines, thus leaving 21 lines of Text from Comforter to Watchman. If the reader will look at Table 1, he will notice the following:

(1) The last letter in the 1st line is B.
(2) The last letter in the 6*th* line is F—these letters B and F being 6 squares apart from each other.
(3) The first letter on the 6*th* line is B. 6 squares up from this B is R (the 6*th* letter in the 1st line) and 6 squares from this is F in the 11th (double 6) square in the first full line thus showing F R B . F B.

Here we get a strong hint that something will be found in the letters in the Table which are all 6 squares apart from each other.

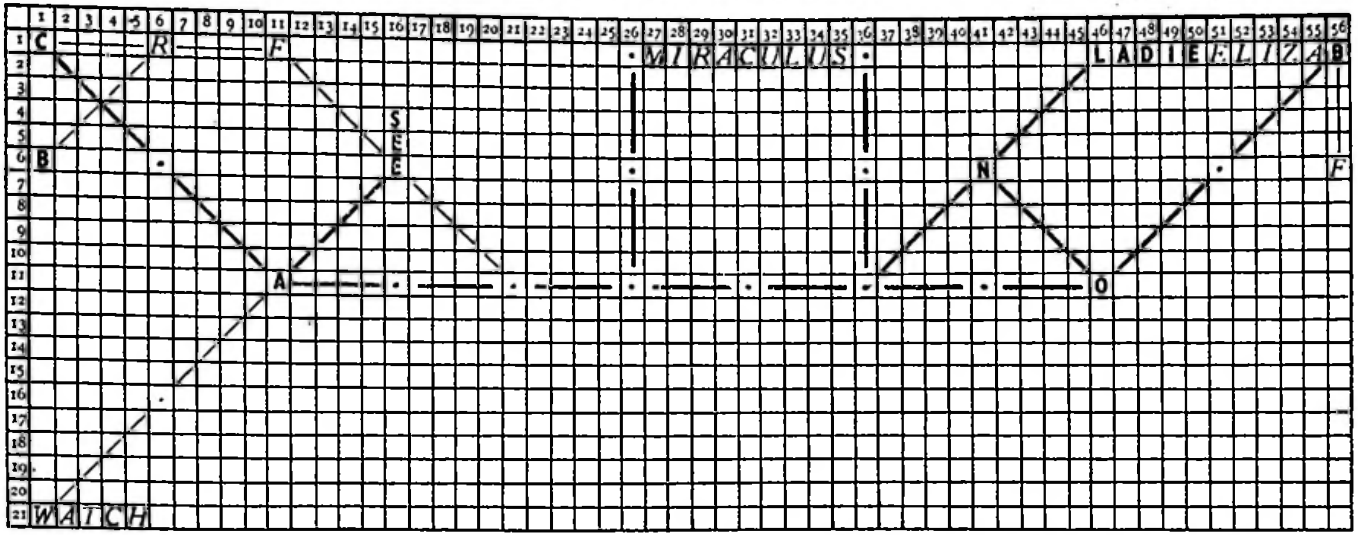
TABLE 2.—This Table shows all the letters in the 1st 6th 11th 16th and 21st lines which are 6 squares apart from each other. There are no letters in the squares marked with a X.



It will be seen that there are in TABLE 1, 1128 letters and in TABLE 2, 145 letters.

In TABLE I there are 40 D's but none in Table 2. In TABLE 1 there are 20 M's but in Table 2 one M only. It is absolutely impossible that Table 2 should not contain a single letter D and only one M, unless these letters had been deliberately excluded from Table 2. These were deliberately excluded by Francis Bacon because if they had appeared in Table 2, he would not have been able to insert his cipher messages as hereafter demonstrated.

TABLE 3.—Showing F BACON R B SEE



The first thing that strikes us on looking at Table 2 is that the last letter in line 1 is B and the last letter 6 squares below in line 6 is F, also that the 1st letter on line 6 is B. Using this as a guide this Table 3 shows a pattern with the word Miraculus in the centre of the 1st line and the letters B O N A C all 6 or a multiple of 6 squares apart, with the B the 1st letter on the 6th line connected with F R in the first line and the B of BACON being one of the letters in Elizabeth with the letters F and A connected with a word SEE set horizontally in the Text. How did Bacon manage to get the word Miraculus in the centre of the first line? It will be seen that the third and fourth words on the first line are THIS SORROWES—this singular and *sorrowes* plural. It should of course be *these* sorrowes but to get rid of a letter Bacon put *this* instead of *these*, dropping one letter which enabled him to get the word Miraculus in the centre of this first line.

How did Bacon manage to get the last letter in the first line of the Text to be the letter B? By putting an additional letter S in the word Preserved. Those two examples explain why there are a lot of spelling mistakes in the text.

Table 3 shows his signature running across the page in a symmetrical pattern connected with a word SEE set vertically in the text. The B and C of this signature are connected with the letters F and B at the end and beginning of the 6th line. It will be observed:

(1) that B is the *first* letter in the 6*th* line and 6 squares from this B is C. the *first* letter in the first line.
(2) that this C is 11 (double 6) squares from the A.
(3) that the A is 6 squares from the final E of the word SEE.
(4) that the A is 36 (7 times 6) squares from the O.
(5) that the O is 6 squares from the N.
(6) that the O is 11 (double 6) squares from the B the last letter in the first line.
(7) that this B is 6 squares from F the last letter in the 6*th* line.

This shows a deliberate design and if any letter different from the F B BACON E. had been allowed to appear in any of the 8 squares used, the signature would not have appeared. It will be seen that the letter W of WATCH at the beginning of the 21st line is connected with the A of BACON and the E of the word SEE. It will also be seen that the B of BACON is *taken out* of the word ELIZABETH, thus suggesting in a subtle way that Bacon was derived from Queen Elizabeth, thus confirming the Biliteral cipher story deciphered by Mrs. Gallup that Francis Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth.

TABLE 4.—Showing F.R.B., SEE, IS, A, ROYAL PERSON I SEE CONNECTED WITH LADIE ELIZA AND F.B.

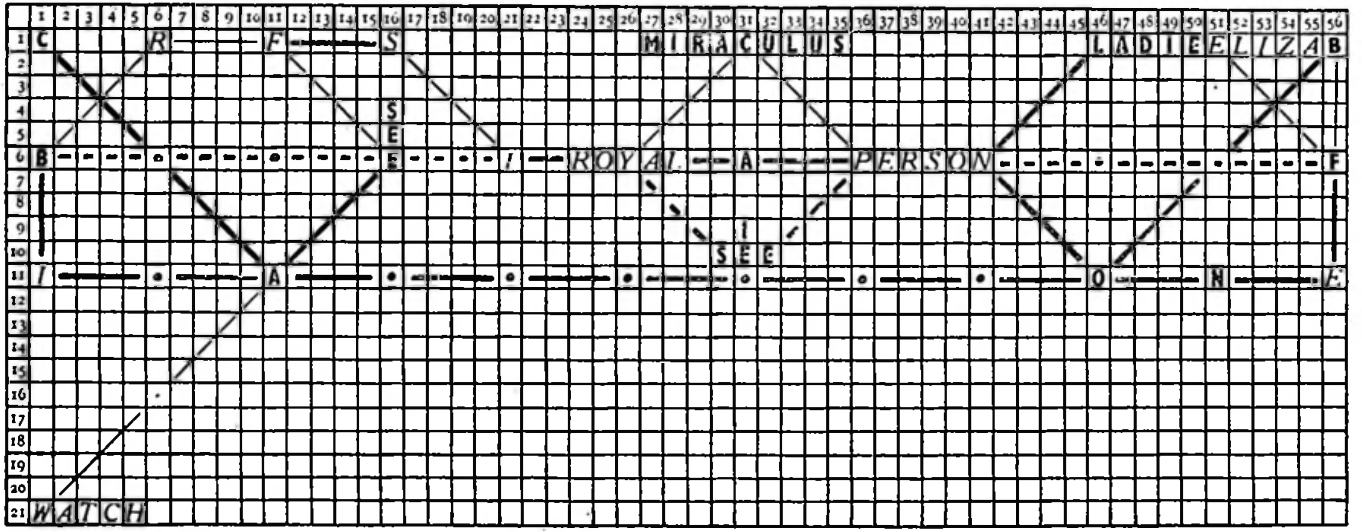


TABLE 4 continues the demonstration. On the 6*th* line we see the words a ROYAL PERSON the N of the word PERSON being 6 squares from the O of BACON and also 6 squares from the L of LADIE in the first line, again suggesting that Bacon was a royal blood.

The Y of the word ROYAL and the P of the word PERSON are both 6 squares from the C, the middle letter of the word MIRACULUS in the first line. Note also that 6 squares down from the B the first letter on the 6th line is I (the first letter on the 11th line) and 6 squares down from the F (the last letter on the 6th line) is E. which gives I. E. Latin—id est—that is.

Note also that 6 squares up from B (the first letter on the 6*th* line) is R (the 6*th* letter on the first line) and 6 squares from this R is F (the 11th letter in the first line) and that this letter F is 6 squares from the final E of the word SEE—thus giving us SEE F R. B. 6 squares from F (the 11th letter in the 1st line) is S, the 16th letter in the first line 6 squares from this S is I the 21st letteron the 6th line and this I is 6 squares from the Y of the word ROYAL.

The Y of Royal and the P of Person are connected with a word SEE in the text so Table 4 shows F R B. SEE. Is A Royal Person I SEE LADIE ELIZA F.B.

TABLE 5.—This Table shows SEE, FRB, IS, HER, SON, LADIE ELIZA FB.

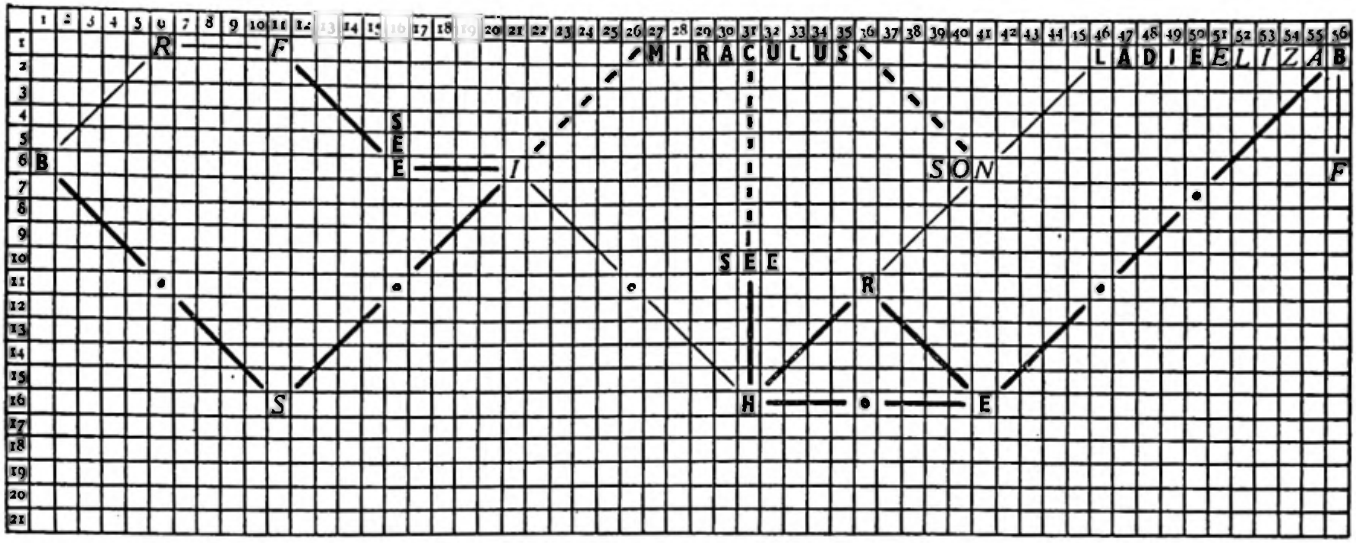


TABLE 5 gives us the message SEE F R B. IS HER SON LADIE ELIZA. F. B. the letters being all 6 or a multiple of 6 squares apart as follows:

line 6 col. 16 E of the word	SEE
line 1 col. 11—6 squares from E	F
line 1 col. 6—6 squares from F	R
line 6 col. 1—6 squares from R.	B
line 10 col. 11—11 (double 6) squares from B	S
line 6 col. 21—11 (double 6) squares from S.	I
line 16 col. 31—11 (double 6) squares from I	H
line 16 col. 40—11 (double 6) squares from H	E
line 11 col. 36—6 squares from H and E	R
line 6 col. 41—6 squares from R, N of	SON
line 1 col. 46—6 squares from N, L of	LADIE ELIZA
line 1 col 56—16 (thrice 6) squares from E of HER	B
line 6 col. 56—6 squares from B	F.

TABLE 6.—This Table shows a confirmation of the message shown in Table 5—the words IS and HER being taken from the text.

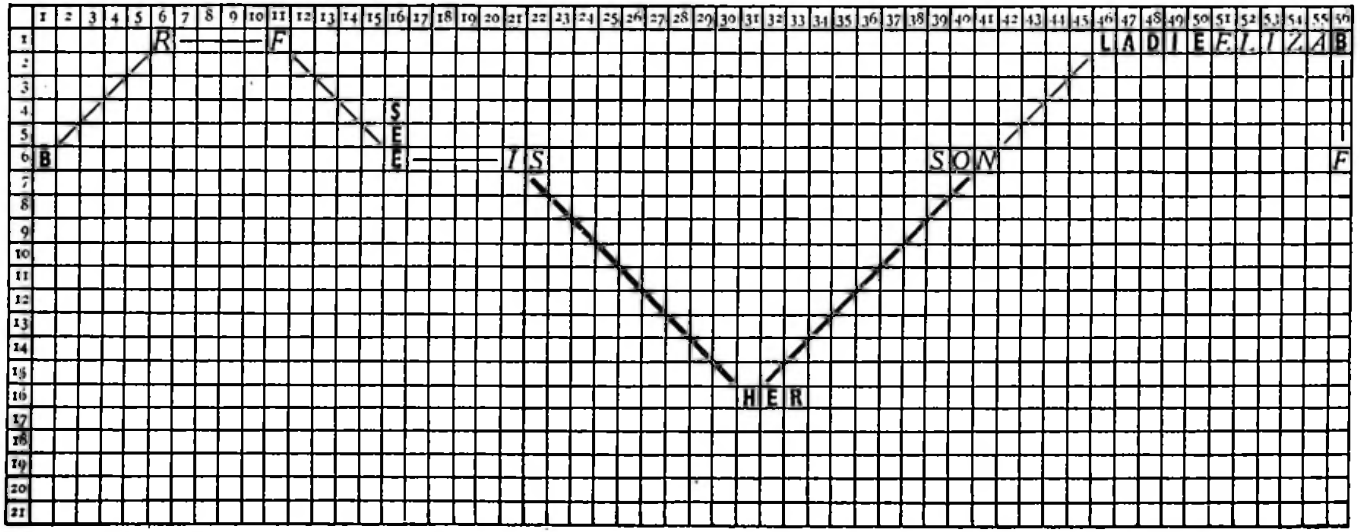


TABLE 6 shows a variation of Table 5 but a confirmation of the same message. Here the words IS and HER in the text are used as follows:

line 6 col. 1	B
line 1 col. 6—6 squares from B	R
line 1 col. 11—6 squares from R	F
line 6 col. 16—6 squares from F, E of	SEE
line 6 col. 21—6 squares from E, I of	IS
line 16 col. 31—11 (double 6) squares from I, H of	HER
line 6 col. 41—11 (double 6) squares from H of HER, N of	SON
line 1 col. 46—6 squares from N, L of	LADIE ELIZA

TABLE 7.—This Table shows, LADIE ELIZA F BACON THY PRINCE connected with SEE, A ROYAL, PERSON

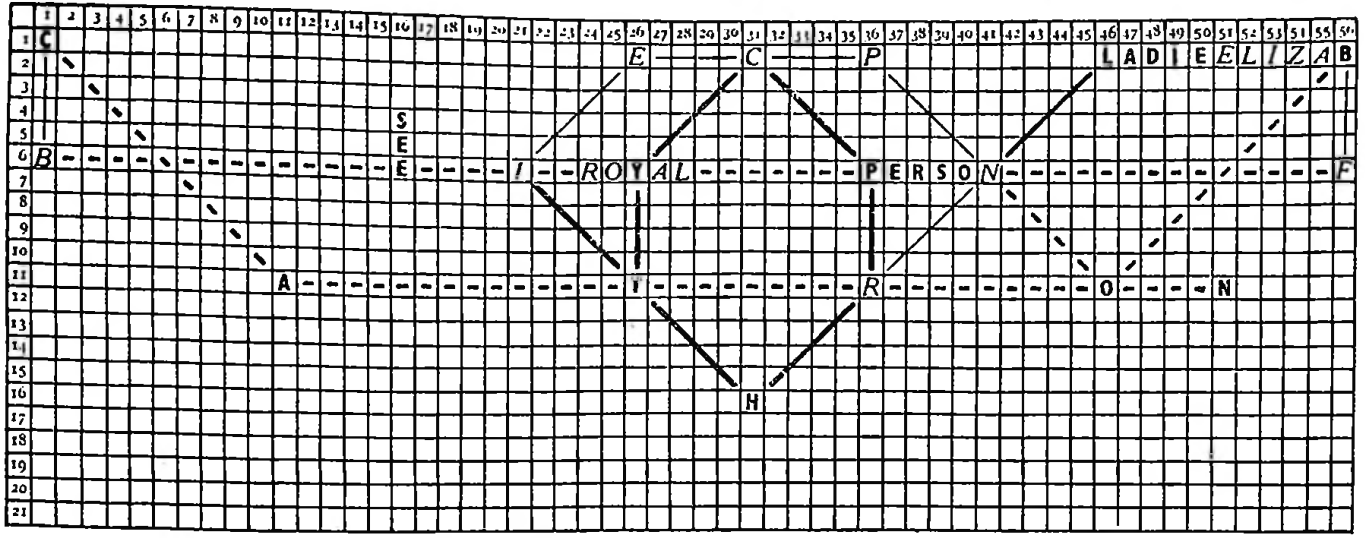


TABLE 7 shows LADIE ELIZA F BACON THY PRINCE connected with SEE A ROYAL PERSON. Here we see in the centre of the Table

line 11 col. 26	T
line 16 col. 31—6 squares from T.	H
line 6 col. 31—6 squares from T.	Y
line 1 col. 26—6 squares from Y	E
line 1 col. 31—6 squares from E.	C
line 6 col. 41—11 double 6 squares from H.	N
line 6 col. 21—6 squares from T and Y	I
line 11 col. 36—16 squares from N	R
line 1 col. 36—6 squares from C and N	P

The N of PRINCE is 6 squares from the L of LADIE and 6 squares from the O of BACON.

FRANCIS BACON'S BITTER ENEMY

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

"*Silent discoverers, lonely pioneers*
Prisoners and exiles, martyrs of the truth
Who handed on the fire, from age to age;
Of those who, step by step, drove back the night
And struggled, year on year, for one more glimpse
Among the stars, of sovran law, their guide".

—Prologue to *The Torch-Bearers*
ALFRED NOYES

THE characters of Francis Bacon and his bitter enemy, Edward Coke are poles apart and the very antithesis of one another: both were eminent lawyers; the first had not only the finest intellectual qualities, but a heart as well to guide him: the other had a fine brain but possessed no heart: he lacked the charity (*caritas*[1]) without which neither the eloquence of men nor of angels, nor the wisdom to understand all mysteries profits aught.

Bacon belonged to the Contemplative type and Coke to the Active, which are typified in Humanity by Abel and Cain: we learn in the Bible whose oblation was acceptable to God.

One has only to look at the Hilyard miniature of him as a youth, and his mature portrait by Van Somer to realise that love and charity were his guiding principles; as Meredith writes:—

> "Those who live much by their heart in their youth have sharp foretastes of the issues imaged for the soul."

Yet, in spite of this distinction between the two men, it is Francis Bacon rather than the other who has been vilified and traduced by many historians and biographers (with notable exceptions).

The pseudo-historian Macaulay wrote an essay on Bacon, which he is said to have regretted: his rags of historical rhetoric have done great harm to the memory of a great and good man. The pedantic Coke is rightly esteemed by the Bench and Bar to-day as a great lawyer, but his ruffianly conduct as a judge (notably in the trial of Ralegh) is apt to be forgotten, or glossed over.

Yet this man has been described by Dean Church as "one of the most truculent and unscrupulous of English lawyers. He was a potent element in Bacon's ruin."

Coke was born in 1549 at Mileham in Norfolk, and he was educated at Norwich Free School and Trinity College, Cambridge, he received his legal training at Clifford's Inn and the Inner Temple.

[1] "Charity is excellently called 'the Bond of Perfection' because it comprehends and fastens all virtues together. If a man's mind be truly inflamed with Charity, it raises him to greater Perfection than all the doctrines of Morality can do."

His first cause was pleaded in 1578, while Francis Bacon was still a youth in the train of Sir Amice Paulet.

Bacon was born on 22nd January, 1560, at York Place (or York House), and was therefore about eleven years the junior of his future rival. Strangely enough, Bacon also was educated at Trinity College, though he received his legal equipment at Gray's Inn—an Inn celebrated for its masques. An early clash occurred between the two in 1593-4, when the Earl of Essex tried to obtain the Attorney-General's office for Bacon: even the credit of Essex with the Queen failed to effect this.

Coke himself was amazed that one so much his junior at the Bar could be a competitor for this high office which as Solicitor-General he considered to be his by right on remove: he could not forgive "the pretender to the law who had dared to dispute his claim."

It was not only in their professional concerns that these two men jarred—the rivalry was carried into their private lives as well.

Bacon was a suitor for the hand of Lady Hatton, the young widow of Sir Christopher Hatton, who was rich and the owner of Corfe Castle in Dorset. Coke's wife had recently died and he paid court to this rich heiress, who was related to Robert Cecil. The lady unwisely chose Sir Edward Coke.

On one occasion she entertained the King at her town house, while Coke dined in the Temple: she even refused to take his name, which she contemptuously pronounced "Cook" (as the Earl of Leicester pronounces it to-day).

In 1601, at the Bar, in the Exchequer, there was a "scene" between the two lawyers when Coke was Attorney-General, and Bacon Queen's Counsel. The following dialogue took place:

Coke: "Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.

Bacon: Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not: and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.

Coke: I think scorn to stand on terms of greatness towards you, you that are less than little, less than the least (adding other strange light terms, with that insolence which cannot be expressed.)"

Coke affected to despise Bacon's qualities as a lawyer but the latter was the author of *The History of the Alienation Office*, a composition which has been described as not unworthy of Hale.

Bacon when comparing his legal writing with his rivals writes:—

> "I am in good hope that when Sir Edward Coke's *Reports*, and my *Rules and Decisions* shall come to posterity there will be (whatever is thought now) [no] question who was the greater lawyer."

But Bacon was not only eminent as a lawyer, he soared into the empyrean of philosophy and poetry where his rival could not follow him: even had he written no poetry in the usually accepted sense of

the term, he would still be considered by the critical reader of his prose as a poet—the jewelled phraseology of the *Novum Organum* and *The Advancement of Learning* testify to this: his prose is essentially poetical in form, whatever those who decry him as a poet may think.

Coke's limitations are clearly indicated by the verses he inscribed in a presentation copy of the *Instauratio Magna* with reference to the design of a ship therein:—

"It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the ship of fools."

Coke could not see the *Delectable Mountains* which were constantly glimpsed by Bacon's prophetic and philanthropic vision: the vision of the world as it might become if his great philosophic schemes for the relief of the human estate were pursued and realised in the *Palace Beautiful*. No! Coke was too much engrossed with the *minutiae* of the Law to realise that such a scheme was practicable: he betrayed the myopia that pertains to the busy practical man of one interest and one occupation!

Nor was he alone in this misjudgment: Lord Burghley—the *Wordly-Wiseman* of his day and generation, undervalued and denigrated the ideals of his gifted nephew: he told Queen Elizabeth that *The Greatest Birth of Time*,[1] which Bacon had composed at an early age as the foundation of his schemes of reform, was full of the wildest dreams, and that Bacon was utterly unfitted for business.

Spedding, his biographer, however, writes of him: "He could at once imagine like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works." Indeed, he possessed in an eminent and noteworthy degree the capacity of the practical idealist.

It is the habit of the world to regard an idealist as a visionary, even when this capacity to see visions and dream dreams is combined with the necessary practical attributes: the vulgar world can only see one aspect of such a great man's character: it does not like, or recognise the possibility of combining in one individual such unlike, and to it, antagonistic characteristics. The gold and silver weft and woof of his day dreams were suspect. Coke and Burghley might have said of him:—

"Behold this dreamer cometh"

His brilliant imagery, the shining lineage of his thought, which shows like a golden thread throughout his prose works and elsewhere, were to them, and others of the herd-mind complex, pure moonshine—lunacy.

But such an estimate was due to a lack of understanding of human nature in its wider aspects—the folly of ignorance: the revenues of ignorance are not bliss and no proverbial inversion can make folly wise! This was the limitation, the inhibition, from which both critics suffered: they were more ordinarily endowed men: Francis Bacon an extraordinarily gifted one—the possessor of a gift which no amount of ascetic self-discipline can procure, but which is given

[1] *Temporis Partum Maximum*: Tenison notes, "or Masculum as I find it read elsewhere."

from Above; in short, a genius with the love of his fellow men' his guiding motive in life.

In 1593, when Coke was Speaker of the House of Commons he and Bacon came into conflict again over an attempt by the Crown to encroach on the constitutional power of the Commons relating to finance: indeed, it was Bacon who established the rule that Money Bills can only originate in the Lower House.

It is of interest to note in passing that Bacon might, had he so wished, have occupied the seat of Speaker, as he was offered this honourable position in the first year of King James, but he refused the office, as to accept it would have promoted a conflict with the Crown: the King had nominated Sir Edward Phellipes.

It was Bacon, when Attorney-General in 1613, who advised the King to call a Parliament together when funds were required and to abandon unconstitutional methods of finance. Had the Stuart always followed this advice the tragedy of the *White*[1] King in *White*hall would most probably have been avoided.

Bacon first represented Melcombe (Regis) in Parliament in 1584, and in 1586 was returned for Taunton, probably through the local influence of his patron, Sir Amice Paulet, whose seat was at Hinton Saint George, near the County Town: Queen Elizabeth called him her "faithful servant" and so we may dub him *Faithful* in *Valiant-for-Truth's*[2] Pilgrimage.

Although Sir Edward Coke was a great stickler for the niceties of the Law, this did not prevent him from contravening it by marrying without the publication of Banns, for which he was put to penance.

In 1603 he was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and in 1613 Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a place of greater dignity, but less profit: this did not please the avaricious judge.

This incident is referred to in Bacon's *Apophthegms* (*Resuscitatio* 1661), where the following dialogue is related:

Coke: "Mr. Attorney, this is all your doing. It is you that have made this great stir.

Bacon: (then Attorney-General): Ah, my Lord; your Lordship all this while has grown in breadth; you must needs now grow in height, or else you would be a monster."

Later Coke fell under the King's displeasure for presuming to take judicial cognisance of a case involving the Royal Prerogative

[1]Note the sinister association of the colour *white* with our Royal House: "The *White* Ship" in which the heir of Henry I was lost: "the *White* Tower" in which Henry VI was murdered: "the *White* Rose," finally defeated at Bosworth in 1485: "the *White* Maid" of Britain," wife of Perkin Warbeck: "the *White* King," crowned in "*White*" velvet and beheaded in "*White* Hall": and finally the Duke of Windsor whom an American Ambassador (Mr. Page?) called "the *White* Prince" (the present writer ventured to write a letter of respectful protest to His Excellency pointing out the above facts): he later recalled that H.R.H. was born at "*White* Lodge," Richmond Park.—W.C.G.G.

[2]Bacon's first *Essay* is: "*Of Truth*" and begins with the question: "What is Truth?"

respecting a benefice held *in Commendam*[1], in spite of a direct order made through Bacon, as Attorney-General.

The judges were summoned into the King's presence, and on their knees confessed their fault. Coke, however, when questioned as to his future attitude in cases touching the Royal Prerogative, had the courage and independence to answer that he would do in such circumstances what was befitting a judge.

Bacon was then not only Attorney-General, but also a member of the Privy Council: he argued the case with Coke and the King pronounced against him.

The King ordered the Chief Justice to be suspended and forbidden to go on Circuit, and further to be deprived of his seat in the Privy Council. James also appointed a Crown Commission to read and revise Coke's *Reports*, and Coke was ordered to correct "his extraordinary and extravagant opinions." This must have been a great blow to Coke's pride.

Bacon had the magnanimity to write to the King on the subject of these very *Reports* of Coke:—

> "Had it not been for Sir Edward Coke's *Reports*, which though they may have some errors, some peremptory and extrajudicial resolutions more than are warranted, yet they contain infinite good decisions and ruling over cases—the Law by this time had been almost like a ship without ballast."

Coke only regained his power by marrying his unhappy daughter, Frances, to Sir John Villiers, a younger brother of Buckingham, in spite of her aversion to the match, and Lady Hatton's opposition.

This oracle of the Law behaved so lawlessly in breaking down the door of Sir Edward Withipole's house, whither her mother had taken her, in order to abduct his daughter, that he was called before the Privy Council to answer a charge of breach of the King's Peace. Coke professed contrition.

Sir John Villiers was raised to the peerage as Viscount Purbeck on his marriage to Frances Coke. They led an unhappy married life.

When Coke had come to terms with the Villiers gang, whose habit it was to drive those who had offended them from office and sell their seats or seals to the highest bidder, he obtained the necessary influence which he later used in the infamous plot which ended in Bacon's so-called "fall."

When the House of Commons, on February 28th, 1621, demanded a conference with the Lords on the subject of Monopolies, Sir Edward Coke was the messenger who went to the Upper House, where his hated rival and superior presided on the Woolsack: their encounter must have been a dramatic event, worthy of the pen of Shakespeare!

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod announced:—

> "My Lords, a message from the House of Commons."

[1]*Commendam*: the manner of holding an ecclesiastical benefice until a proper incumbent was provided for it; it was provisionally commended to the care of a Clerk, and was said to be held *in commendam*.

The Lord Chancellor: "Is it your Lordship's pleasure that the messenger be called in?" (Assent is given by the Lords).

The Lord Chancellor leaves the Woolsack and marches to the Bar, holding the Great Seal in his hand, where he sees Sir Edward Coke, who delivers his message and retires.

Bacon then announces from the Woolsack, whither he has returned:—

> "The message from the Commons by Sir Edward Coke is this: that the Commons having entered into due consideration of divers heavy grievances, touching patents and monopolies, do desire conference thereon . . ."

The messenger being again called in, the Lord Chancellor sitting on the Woolsack, covered, announced that their Lordships agreed to the conference. Sir Edward Coke entered into explanations, Bacon assenting on behalf of the Peers to any date suggested by the Commons.[1]

As is well known the proceedings ended in Bacon's "fall"—(*the Slough of Despond*—but Bacon did not despond for long); Sir Edward Coke in the course of the case against Bacon vindictively pressed for the death sentence by hanging: could malignity have gone further?

This *Lord Hate-Good* envied his virtuous rival:—

> "A man that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth virtue in others."

The King (*Mr. Facing-both-Ways*), however, vetoed any such violent course, as indeed, he was bound to do in view of the fact that he had commanded his Chancellor and faithful servant to forsake his defence and to rely on his Royal Clemency: all to save the Crown and his favourite Buckingham! Bacon had warned his Sovereign:—

> "Those who strike at your Chancellor—it is much to be feared, will strike at your Crown."

A prophetic reference to the events of the next reign!

After Bacon's "fall" Sir Edward Coke did not escape scatheless: his arrogant demeanour brought him once more into conflict with the Crown, and he was imprisoned in the Tower for eight months, removed from the Privy Council, banished from the Court, and on his release from the Tower, confined to his house at Stoke Poges where he died in 1634.

His diary contains the following illuminating entries:—

"Profits of my office this half year 1622 (*inter alia*)

My Lord Brook's New Year Gift	£40	0	0
Howard, the Attorney	5	0	0
New Year's gift, Sir R. Vaughan	10	0	0
Of Mr. Turner, the Counsellor	5	0	0"

This is interesting when one recalls his reforming zeal in charging

[1]Lord Campbell, *Life*, pp. 160-1 quoted in *The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon* by Alfred Dodd: the present writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the last-named book and its author: he has used much material therein: it is a most valuable book for all Baconians.—W.G.C.G.

Bacon with bribery: the fact was that the custom then obtained for the judges to receive presents—their official enoluments were small. Mr. Gladstone's comment on Bacon's "fall" is well worth quoting:—

> "Unhappy is he upon whom the world discharges the vials of its outraged virtue; and such, indeed, is commonly the lot of the last and detected usufructuary of a golden abuse: in such a case Posterity may well exercise its Royal Prerogative of mercy."

While Coke was on his death-bed his papers were seized by Sir Francis Windebank, together with his Will: these were not recovered till seven years after, when his son moved for their return in the House of Commons.

Bacon died on 9th April, 1626, still pursuing his quest for the benefit of Mankind: his death occurred as the result of an experiment in refrigeration, the process which has done so much for the food supply of the world: meat is now brought from the Antipodes to feed the thickly populated areas of Europe.

Coke died, as has been said, in retirement. One wonders what his reflections were then, and how he occupied his enforced leisure? Perhaps he repented his malicious treatment of his great contemporary let us hope so! He died repeating *The Lord's Prayer*:—

> "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done."

During life their conduct, both private and professional, was the very opposite: Bacon was magnanimous, Coke malicious. Bacon was generosity personified, Coke parsimonious and miserly; Bacon was a just judge, Coke truculent and overbearing in the seat of Justice.

Bacon typified and practised love toward his neighbours, "all that large heart of his set, as far as possible, upon benefitting the world in which he lives." Coke was cantankerous and combative. Bacon was unalterable to his friends (of whom he had many): had Coke any?

When the truth is fully known and the secrets of all hearts revealed, the personal equation will be found to redound in Francis Bacon's favour:—

> "Some dear cause
> Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
> When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
> Lending me this acquaintance."
>
> —*King Lear*, Act iv, Sc. 3.

When to the winning attributes of the philosopher, Bacon, we add the dramatic and poetic graces of our greatest play-writer (an identity that the coming centuries must surely consummate) a figure will emerge which will dwarf the figure of Coke to the proportions of a pigmy and change the estimate of the overbearing Attorney-General (as Coke then was) from "less than the least" to that of "great among the great;" there can be no comparison between the two.

(*continued on page* 107)

THE ELIZABETHANS

FIRST of all, I should like to start by paying a grateful and sincere tribute to Sir Francis Bacon. I feel that, personally, I owe him a great debt of gratitude for the inspiration he has given me in his wonderful writings.

The Elizabethan age and everything about it fascinates me—its literature, drama, the stirring events of the times, and not least of all, the psychology of the Elizabethan individual. Indeed I should like to say here that I have a definite feeling that I was once an Elizabethan myself in a previous existence.

One can gather from casual reading that they were coarse, brutal, exuberant, full of the joy of living, yet strangely reticent in their writings about their inner feelings and emotions. Milton Waldman in his book "Elizabeth and Leicester" remarks on this fact, and also on the fact that the portraits of the period betray no suggestion of the real person underneath; he says "these sixteenth century faces are curious for what they do not show" This is a strange contradiction of the known facts of their external lives, but it lines up very neatly if one regards them as *enforced* extroverts, afraid to reveal even in their faces the essential and inner thoughts and conflicts of every human being. It is as though they *had* to live exuberant, outward, external lives in order to conceal thoughts which were too dangerous to dwell on.

Milton Waldman says "Either the Elizabethans were almost morbidly chary of giving themselves away on paper or singularly free from the impulse to do so." He goes on to say why he accepts the second theory, which I personally cannot agree with, the freedom from inhibition. To quote again he says" Heaven knows the Elizabethans were little enough inhibited when it comes to saying anything they particularly wanted to say. If they were silent about the secret processes of their souls, it is reasonable to assume that they were not greatly interested in these processes."

Now that is where I disagree entirely. I believe that all writers, especially people such as Bacon and his contemporaries, could not fail to be interested in the mechanics of the human soul—all their writings unconsciously reveal their understanding of the processes of thought and emotion, even if it reveals nothing of their own feelings. Although it is true that the private papers they left behind are confidential rather than intimate, showing little of the writers' true personality, yet I maintain that, no matter how guarded a writer may be, or how cleverly he chooses his words to conceal his real thoughts, the essential personality sometimes breaks through, betraying the true character to the observant and discerning reader.

I remember, some years ago, reading the autobiography of Somerset Maugham, "The Summing Up", and the disappointment I received when it revealed so little of what I had expected to read, the secrets and confidences of his inner and private life. Then I thought again— and I realized that I had read his autobiography over a period of years. It was all set down in his novels, plainly enough again for

the discerning reader to interpret. Perhaps the settings and many details and even the characters were altered; perhaps most were composite characters of various people he had met, as he says they are; yet the main essentials, the real Somerset Maugham and his progress through life is there in these stories, for all to read; I believe, too that the same applies to H. G. Wells.

Now isn't this much more clever and intriguing than the usual frank, outspoken autobiography which the great and famous thrust upon us at regular intervals? And isn't this just what Sir Francis Bacon would do and did do, even to the extent of disguising his identity under a pen-name?

We come to the question—why all this secrecy? Was it really necessary? What were the intellectual, thinking Elizabethans afraid of saying?

I believe that the answer lies in the example they received from their Queen, regarded in those days as a semi-divine being; that from this source sprang their greatness side-by-side with the darker side of the picture, the cause of the inhibitions of the period.

If one accepts the theory of Bacon's parentage—the Queen being his mother and the Earl of Leicester his father—everything falls into place with astounding accuracy.

The scandal of the death of Amy Robsart and the voices of the people and the Church declaiming loudly against the possibility of Elizabeth's marriage with Leicester all took place only few months before the birth of Sir Francis Bacon in 1561. The crisis developed as the months passed but never reached a climax; the urgency of the situation subsided as the years went by, and the position remained as before. What had been a drama petered out into a problem.

But there was a secret to be jealously guarded, if Elizabeth was to retain her power and position as head of the Church and State. The essential feeling in intrigue and mystery cannot fail to have communicated itself to the people—and people will talk! Milton Waldman says that on the 13th of August 1560, just before the death of Amy Robsart, old Annie "Mother" Dowe of Brentford appeared before the magistrates to receive sentence for repeating to her neighbours that the Queen was with child by Lord Robert.

This, I feel, is the secret at the root of the Elizabethan age. Under this influence the young Sir Francis would develop—cultured but cautious—extremely intelligent, but inwardly conscious of a shadow overhanging and marring his inner serenity, outbalancing the advantages and privileges of his position. The discovery of such a dread secret, probably at a very impressionable age in adolescence, would cloud the entire outlook of a brilliant sensitive youth. From this one can satisfactorily explain the mystery of the Sonnets and the suggestion of perversion contained therein, according to some writers of our own times. Alfred Dodd has of course dispelled that contention in his rendering of the Sonnets.

As time went on the young man must have felt his position keenly; having inherited his father's ambition, he must have pressed the Queen

frequently for recognition. For her, however, this was impossible, and she probably resolved to act as ruthlessly with him, in order to preserve her secret, as she had been forced to do by difficult circumstances in the past.

Therefore his only hope and relief of his feelings was the indirect method, which brings us to Richard II. Concerning this play, in which Elizabeth evidently saw something she did not care to be reminded of, she threatened Francis himself that she would take very strong measures to find the true author.

On seeing the play recently, the scene which struck me forcibly as an appeal for recognition addressed to one who would understand was Act 2 scene 3, a speech by Bolingbroke. In this play also one receives the impression that it contains sly digs at a contemporary playwright Roberte Greene, who called Shakespeare "an upstart Crowe" and "a tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide". (Bolingbroke's speech—"As I was banished...")

Then I feel Hamlet is largely autobiographical, being the moving and profound study of the inner conflict of a sensitive young man, bewildered by the revelation of his mother's treachery, almost to the point of unbalance.

Hamlet is in love with Ophelia, but is held back, inhibited by his shattered faith in the love of all women. The soliloquies, carefully read, reveal the writer's true feelings. Examples;—To be or not to be; The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay; get thee to a nunnery; I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourself another: you jig, you amble and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures (reference to Elizabeth's nickname "Robin" for Robert Dudley?) and make your wantonness your ignorance, etc. A later reference to "Robin" by Ophelia in the second mad scene. Ophelia's speech "O, what a noble mind etc." Polonius—"It shall do well: but yet I do believe the origin and commencement of his grief sprung from his neglected love."
Hamlet (to Horatius). For what *advancement* may I hope from thee?
Hamlet. O wonderful son, than can so astonish a mother!
Ham. to Guild. You would pluck the heart out of my mystery...
Ham. to his mother—Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty; calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the *rose** from the fair forehead of an innocent love and sets a blister there; (*and the *crown*!) Confess yourself to heaven; repent what's past; avoid what is to come. Is the play in Hamlet an analogy in effect to Richard II on Queen Elizabeth?

Was Hamlet written over a number of years, and produced as a final effort in 1601, a last desperate attempt for recognition?

The later plays show a mellowing and forgiving note—Pericles, Cymbeline, Winter's Tale, The Tempest. In Pericles and W.T. the sins of the fathers are not inflicted on the children; they have reconciliation scenes with a happy ending. The sins are exposed and not punished, but are forgiven. They show the triumph of reconciliation over revenge.

THE CIPHER AND THE CONCEALED POET

By R. L. Eagle

NOBODY will dispute Mr. James Arther's contention (Baconiana, Summer and Autumn, 1948) that one of the fundamental questions is, "why did Bacon become a concealed poet?" It is quite true, as he mentions, that it would have been detrimental to his career as a public servant of the State. I would go further and say that it would have been *fatal* to his prospects had he put his own name to plays performed in the public playhouses. Mr. Arther, however, does not altogether accept this reason for concealment, and names four examples of eminent men who, he states, were *professed* poets. These are Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Davies and the Earl of Oxford. No verse, so far as I know, was published in Sidney's lifetime, though he was certainly known to have been a poet by his contemporaries. He never mentioned his poems in his correspondence. In his will he is silent about them and on his deathbed expressed a wish that the *Arcadia* should be burnt. Neither Sidney, Raleigh nor Davies wrote *plays*.

The Earl of Oxford is stated by Meres to have written comedies. If these were ever printed they appeared anonymously, or under another name. The only writings attached to his name are a few slight poems of a pastoral nature, and of no particular merit. Bacon could have put his name to such innocuous verse without prejudicing his prospects or position. Owing to its lascivious subject, and the boldness of some of the descriptions, Bacon could *not* have put his name to *Venus and Adonis* with impunity. At the time the poem was published he was striving for recognition and some office of employment. The puritanical Lady Anne, who was apprehensive lest Francis should "mask, mum or sinfully revel," would have been so scandalized that she would never have forgiven him.

There is considerable proof, from the literature of those times, that to be known as a poet obstructed a man's prospects as lawyer, statesman or other public servant. In the ms. play of *Sir Thomas More* (*ca.* 1600), the Earl of Surrey says:

"Poets were ever thought unfit for state."

In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* (1609) occurs an argument concerning the advisability, or otherwise, of publishing verses under the name of "Sir John Daw" (whom Begley and some others have considered to be a caricature of Francis Bacon). He, too, did not "profess" to be a poet—the very word which Bacon used of himself when he mentioned a sonnet he had written, and presented to the Queen, when pleading for pardon on behalf of Essex. "Clerimont" says that "Sir John Daw has more caution; he'll not hinder his rising in the State."

The author of *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) is only one of many who confirm "the scorn and ordinary disgrace offered unto poets in these days." Mr. Arther should read the chapter headed "The State of Learning" in Harold Bayley's *The Shakespeare Symphony*. When the poets and other writers quoted by Mr. Bayley lament in the same strain, they do not merely allude to poems, but also to verse in the form of drama. In the Dedication of Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, he writes:

> "It being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name that, in fear to be censured for levity and weakness, dares express himself a friend or patron to contemned poetry."

So noxious were plays considered that Sir Thomas Bodley would not admit one into his famous library at Oxford. The evil reputation of the playhouses was, no doubt, the main reason for this prejudice.[1]

The first Shakespeare play to be printed was *Richard II* (1597). It appeared without an author's name; the deposition scene was omitted and was not included until the quarto of 1608 when Elizabeth had been dead five years. We know that Sir John Hayward was brought before the Star Chamber in 1599, and was imprisoned because he described in his book, *The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV* (1599), the deposition of Richard by a subject who happened, like Essex, to be Earl of Hereford. The book was dedicated to the Earl of Essex, thus adding to the suspected treason. We know, too, that the supporters of Essex in his rebellion had the play of Richard II revived in 1601 with the inclusion of the deposition scene, and both book and play were mentioned in the evidence against Essex in his "trial" for High Treason.

In 1597, Nashe was imprisoned for certain matter contained in his lost play *The Ile of Dogs*. The title of this play, and the name of Thomas Nashe, are mentioned in juxtaposition on the Northumberland Manuscript. It was written for the Admiral's Company in 1597.

In 1605, Jonson, Marston and Chapman were imprisoned for alleged reflections on the Scots in *Eastward Ho*! Again, in the same year, Chapman was impeached by the French Ambassador as to *Byron's Conspiracy* in which he introduced the French Queen as giving Mlle de Verneuil a box on the ear. Three actors were also arrested. Expression of opinion which today would be regarded as absolutely harmless, and pass unregarded, could not have been written, or even uttered, without the greatest danger to liberty or life. The fate of the victim condemned for treason was too horrible to describe in detail. Torture and mutilation were ever present dangers threatening authors, publishers and printers. For instance, in September 1579, the Privy Council ordered all persons having copies of Stubbes'

[1]The end of Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla* (1594) has this renunciation of writing for the stage:

> and then by oath he bound me
> To write no more of that whence *shame* doth grow;
> Or tie my pen to Penny-knaves delight,
> And live with fame, and so for fame to write.

Discovery of a Gaping Gulf, whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French Marriage, to take them to the Lord Mayor to be destroyed. The Privy Council declared that "the author had not only very contemptuously intermeddled in matters touching Her Majesty's Person, but had uttered certain things to the dishonour of the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French King." Stubbes (a Lawyer of Lincoln's Inn), William Page (the publisher) and Hugh Singleton (the printer) were arrested. Stubbes and Page had their right hands cut off. Singleton, who in the same year printed Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender*, was pardoned.

Sir Edmund Tilney (Master of the Revels) refused to licence the play of *Sir Thomas More*, and wrote a warning on the manuscript "leave out ye insurrection wholly and the cause thereoff . . at your own perilles." There is no record of the play ever having been performed even without the insurrection scene.

So cautious was Shakespeare that his creed has ever been a sphinx to enquirers. We certainly cannot accuse Bacon of being "faint-hearted" (*pace* Mr. Arther) because he took the very wise and necessary precaution of writing under another name. He could not hope to keep his secret from all his friends, and it was unavoidable that it should leak out and become known or suspected to a few outside that circle. There are several guarded allusions to it in Bacon's correspondence, and by writers of the period. It is not correct to say, as Mr. Arther does, that "Bacon's poetic secret was impenetrably hidden." The miracle is that it did not reach the authorities for there was much dangerous matter especially in the historical plays. When the Dean of Ely delivered the Shakespeare sermon in 1897, he made this memorable statement:

> "There were some things in Shakespeare that the author might have been burnt for had he been a theologian, just as certainly as there were things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or a statesman, would have brought him to the block."

Does not all this explain that "exceptionally thoroughgoing striving after safety first" which Mr. Arther finds an unsatisfactory reason, and prompts him to seek for "a deeper, a more serious, an all-compelling because a deadly cause?" We already have all of these, but Mr. Arther, being a supporter of "the royal birth theme," wants to convince his readers that the reason for concealment lies there. That, he says, is "the only solution to fit the extraordinary case!" The "royal birth," he tells us, "will explain everything!"

When I joined the Society thirty-six years ago, I knew nothing of the biliteral cipher and "the royal birth theme." Had I heard of this, it would not have attracted me. For forty years excellent books had been appearing in support of the claims of Francis Bacon before the publication of Mrs. Gallup's book. The Society's quarterly magazine had been issued over fourteen years before the Gallup controversy arose.

As in the course of Mrs. Gallup's alleged decipherment, Bacon

reveals the royal birth of himself and of Robert, Earl of Essex, as also of his taking the names of Shakespeare, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Spenser, &c., surely, in view of the incredible and (on the face of it) highly improbable stories unfolded, it is essential to put Mrs. Gallup's alleged decipherment to such a test that there can be, as Othello says, "no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on." The cipher is fully explained in Bacon's *De Augmentis*, and *the key is given*. There are many cipher experts who did almost miraculous work in deciphering intricate codes during the war. It was the discovery of the key which required so much skill and patience. Once this was discovered, the rest was easy.

If Mrs. Gallup was able to read the biliteral cipher in printed books, even when her eyesight began to fail, little difficulty should be encountered by the experts—if a cipher is there. Such an expert would have no "axe to grind," nor would he have a preconceived opinion to make the wish father to the thought. If, in the presence of witnesses and a representative of the Press, an expert, or experts, could interpret as little as half-a-dozen lines, without knowing Mrs. Gallup's reading of them, and arrive at substantially the same as she did, then there could be no further question or dispute. The whole civilised world would be staggered. The test would not be difficult to arrange; the cost would be small, and the publicity world-wide.

Looking through back numbers of BACONIANA, I found a letter signed H. P. Dean in the December 1925 issue. He admits that he found different founts of type in the First Folio and the *Shepheardes Calender* (1579)—both works having been used by Mrs. Gallup. Especially does he find them in italic capitals. But so he does in books as late as Clarendon's *Rebellion* (1704). I have found this use of two, and sometimes three, different founts of italic capitals in nearly all books of the period to which I have referred. I turned especially to books with which Bacon could have no possible connection. Mr. Dean suggests that the printers bought type from different manufacturers, perhaps some from the Continent, and that they used them quite indiscriminately. From my own investigations, I had come to the same conclusion. The next suggestion Mr. Dean makes is that Bacon did not intend his biliteral cipher to be used in printed books knowing, as he would have done, of these several founts of type, and that even in type from the same manufacturers, there was an inevitable irregularity in cutting and moulding. There were no precision tools and machinery. It is significant that in *De Augmentis* the biliteral alphabet is printed in *script*. This surely indicates that it was intended for use in *handwriting*. Indeed, he makes this perfectly clear on page 265 of the 1640 Wats' translation:

> "For if Letters Missive fall into their hands, that have some command and authority over those that write, or over those to whom they were written" &c.

A little lower down on the page he refers to this cipher as one which "the *Writer* might *send*, yet without perill." There is not so much as a hint of its use in print.

Apart from the flaws and variations in type due to human infallibility, there is the wearing of the type; the exact alignment in the frame; the varying amount of pressure exerted in a hand-turned press, and the uneven distribution of ink. All these factors render a biliteral cipher useless, unless limited to a few carefully composed lines. It is not impossible for a person having a strong and enthusiastic conviction of the existence of the biliteral cipher to read anything he or she imagined from 16th and early 17th century books. This form of self-delusion is very common. It is far removed from fraud. Excessively religious people of all creeds are particularly subject to it. They are in deadly earnest, and their sublime faith is admirable rather than discreditable.

There is one test which anybody familiar with the words coined and in use, up to the time of Bacon's death, may carry out with patience and industry. I spent several weeks checking the vocabulary of the cipher stories by underlining some 500 words which sounded too modern. On turning each word up in the great Oxford Dictionary, I found that roughly half that number had been used anachronistically. In some cases the word was in use, but not in the sense employed. Some words were as late as 19th century coinage, as, for instance, "hand-loom," which did not come into our language until the invention of the power-loom. Previously, the simple word "loom" was used.

If it can be proved by demonstration that Mrs. Gallup's division into A and B founts was according to rule and method, and not capricious according to the convenience of the moment, or her own imagination; further that the forms of type she interpreted as A and B respectively could not in all, or even some, cases be equally well read *vice versa* by another decipherer;[2] that the selection of A from B is guided by the same rule for the different types used by different printers, even though there are often three or four variations of type in the same book, then the anti-royalist will accept the judgement in her favour with all its astounding implications. The point to be decided is briefly whether the A and B (and other) faces of type were distinguished by "inspiration" or by practical means of rule and method.[3]

If, on the other hand, it is found that the several different forms

[2]Was the method (if any) of selection and division into A or B type ever revealed by Mrs. Gallup? It is important to know this because upon this rule depends the validity of the cipher, and nobody can claim to have proved the cipher without that knowledge. The stories were read from books printed over a period exceeding sixty years. At least thirty different printers and types are concerned. Would not the wiser and safer course have been for Bacon to keep to the same printer as long as possible? The work of inserting such a cipher was unique, intricate, laborious and dangerous (if the secret leaked out). Informers were well rewarded, and here was work of a highly suspicious nature shared between many printers and their staffs.

[3]It is not satisfactory to claim that one has "checked" Mrs. Gallup if a supporter, already convinced in her work, does so with her decipherment before him. This amounts to reading with her rather than checking. Opinion, as Herbert Spencer said, if often guided by the feelings, and not by the intellect.

of type, and irregularities in the cutting and manufacture, have no connection with the insertion of cipher, then those who have devoted so much industry and time to the subject, will be able to concentrate their studies on other matters relating to Francis Bacon.

There are anachronisms in the cipher stories apart from those of vocabulary. For instance, in the Spenser folio of 1611, Bacon is alleged to have inserted in cipher, "the little work stiled The Wisdom of the Ancients." The work, thus entitled, did not appear until Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of *De Sapientia Veterum* in 1619.

Apparently Bacon had no intention of making an English version of this work published in 1609, and he would, therefore, have used the title by which it was known in 1611. In his prose works, Bacon frequently introduced quotations or paraphrases in Latin extracted from the classics. Why are these absent in the voluminous cipher narratives? If Mrs. Gallup had not been a Latin scholar, she could not have inserted them even by "inspiration." On the other hand, if she had not been a Latinist yet had deciphered extracts from Roman authors in the manner of Bacon, then her work would have been impressive.

This brings me to the phraseology, diction and turns of expression found in the cipher stories. It is a mystery to me how anybody familiar with Bacon's work could accept them as his. Is the language "nobly censorious?" Is this "the mark and acme of our language?" Are these anything like what Shelley found to cause him to write, "Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind?"

Bacon and Shakespeare always extolled brevity and deprecated all digression and swelling of style. Yet, in Mrs. Gallup, one has to wade through page after page of superfluous circumstance without coming to any point whatever. He who condemned those who "spend but time to wind about with circumstance" would, least of all, have been tedious and circumstantial when using this ponderous cipher. Is it possible to imagine Bacon writing such stuff as:

> "So excellent, pure, I, lovely, the Divine essence is, with stain must we defile it?"
>
> from *Historia Ventorum*, 1622

or:

> "Such dramatical events may, perchance, do,—at that I marvel not—cause you, my faithful one, surprise ev'n astonish you that any witnesse kept hopes, if so you looke now upon th' paper, and it is for some men mayhap, a desir'd hour th'realme will be free of me. Although, as regardeth this—I shall not til a remote time loose memorie of a day bitter still, but which is past,—it may fully renew spirits when I at last finde that other frends beyond the sea which have long known this case (therefore I hope therein much) doe speak so humbly to mine untiring frend?" &c.
>
> from *Essayes*, 1625

Perhaps Bacon, or the decipherer, was getting tired, but I really

must confess that I fail to grasp the meaning of the passage. It seems to me to be a very bad imitation of period writing, but I may be wrong, and others find it moving and exciting. The most readable lines are those containing paraphrases of Shakespeare or Bacon, or both. Here is an extract which contains obvious reflections from *Hamlet* (iii, 1), and *Henry VIII* (i, 1):—

> "Although he be gone to that indiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,—because our king would be prompt to avenge the insult if his right to reign were challenged; and the sword of a king is long, and where't will not extend thither he darteth it."

If you look at the lines spoken by Norfolk of Wolsey, you will see that this is a mere transposition of words of:

> "You know his Nature,
> That he's revengefull; and I know his Sword
> Hath a sharpe edge. It's long, and't may be saide
> It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
> Thither he darts it."

Some hundreds of similar examples from the cipher narratives could be quoted, and those who are familiar with Shakespeare and Bacon will detect them without difficulty.

Either the historical evidence as to the parentage of Bacon and Robert, Earl of Essex, is reliable, or it is not. If it is not, neither is the mass of correspondence between Anthony and Francis and Lady Anne; nor between the Bacons and Essex; nor, where family relations are concerned, between Francis and the Cecils; nor is it between Essex and Lettice, Countess of Leicester, formerly the widow of Walter, first Earl of Essex. The legal documents and sworn testimonies in which Bacon is stated to be the son of Sir Nicholas are false and perjured. Sir Nicholas who, as Lord Keeper, should have been more scrupulous, always referred to Francis as his son, even up to the time of making his will.

All these great and worthy persons wrote fabrications which, in their private correspondence, could not have been necessary. Why, for instance, should Anthony, writing to his brother (or foster-brother?) in a letter to Lady Anne in 1593, tell her:

> "I assure myself that your Ladyship, as a wise and kind mother to us both . . ."

and her reply:

> ". . for your brotherly care of your brother Francis's estates you are to be well liked, and so I do as a Christian mother that loveth you both . . ."

Bacon, on the death of Lady Anne, writing to Sir Michael Hicks:

> "It is but a wish and not any way to desire it to your trouble. But I heartily wish I had your company here at my Mother's funeral . . Feast make I none. But if I might have your company for two or three days at my house, I should pass over this mournful occasion with more comfort."

Essex usually ended his letters to Anthony, "commend me to

your brother Francis." The tone, too, of Lady Leicester's letters to Robert, Earl of Essex, can scarcely be interpreted as being from any other than the real mother. Would she else have written, "My dear sweet son, how joyful these lines of your hand hath made me?" She addresses him as "Sweet Robin," and ends, "Your mother infinitely loving you."

Other letters exchanged between them have been preserved. They are all in similarly devoted expressions of affection as between mother and son. They were private letters, and there was no need for dissimulation. Essex addresses Francis as "my dear and worthy *friend*."

Finally, we cannot ignore the documents known as the Egerton Papers; the Calendar of State Papers, &c. Here we have records of the plans and discussions drawn up by the Privy Council for the Queen's marriage. The first of these "Considerations" was drawn up by Sir Nicholas Bacon in 1570 setting forth the *pros* and *cons* for her marriage to Anjou. Would he have taken this upon himself had she already been married to Leicester and borne him two sons—one of them known as Francis Bacon? Is it possible to believe that the Privy Council consisting of Burleigh, Sussex, Leicester, Hunsdon and Walsingham could have met, as they did, on several occasions over a number of years, discussing in all seriousness the momentous question? Both Burleigh and Walsingham kept a staff of spies and informers, and would have known as much as Leicester and the Queen.

The object of this article is not merely to parade reasons which, in the absence of better ones to the contrary, prevent some of us from accepting the cipher stories. I have given what seem to be valid and reasonable difficulties and objections with which we are confronted. All we ask is for a considered reply to them. If they can be proved to be baseless, there is nothing which could achieve more to gain respect for, and even general acceptance of, Mrs. Gallup's work.

QUIZ ON MR. EAGLE'S ATTACK ON MRS. GALLUP

By Comyns Beaumont

AFTER a preamble in which he truly shows the dangers of playwriting in Elizabethan days and the prejudice against poets as dreamers, the real aim of Mr. Eagle's article is to seek to disprove the genuineness and accuracy of Mrs. Gallup's decipherment of the personal history of Bacon's life as interpreted in his own Biliteral Cipher. It is my task to provide a "Quiz" to Mr. Eagle's contentions.

He begins by making a personal statement to the effect that when he joined the Bacon Society thirty-six years ago he had heard nothing of the Cipher or the "royal birth theme" and adds, that if he had "it would not have attracted me." I believe him for his opposition to Bacon's royal birth has been evident all the time I have known him. Strangely enough I first heard of it in 1910, two years before Mr. Eagle, when I was sent down to Chepstow, as a reporter for *The Daily Mail*, where Dr. Orville Owen was seeking for the lost manuscripts in the river Wye, and I confess that the effect on my mind was the very opposite of Mr. Eagle's. It explained all the secrecy and mysticism of which the bald fact that Bacon was the "concealed poet", the real Shakespeare, did not sufficiently explain, such as the continued secrecy long after Bacon's death—and still continues.

Mr. Eagle has sought for years to undermine the Biliteral Cipher as rendered by Mrs. Gallup obviously because its acceptance carries with it the recognition of Bacon's royal birth as the unacknowledged elder son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and he does not like the idea. It is curious to hear his arguments and weigh up his reasonings. I will examine them in order.

First: Regarding the "alleged decipherment," the royal birth of Bacon and Essex, and his adoption of, or hiring the names of Shakespeare, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Spenser, he uses the words, "incredible (and on the face of it) highly improbable stories unfolded." Incredible and improbable they may be to the Stratfordians or to a man with a closed mind but Mr. Eagle's objection on these grounds is merely personal opinion or bias. It is not evidence. There are many mysteries we cannot solve but it does not follow that although they may seem incredible and improbable, they are necessarily so. There is for instance the Man in the Iron Mask. There is the mystery of the true birth of James I, as to whether he was the son of the Earl of Mar. But if a man suffers from *l'idee fixe* 'tis useless to try to convince him.

Mr. Eagle detests the idea of the royal birth for reasons best known to himself. On the other hand the critical year of Elizabeth's reign was in 1560, with Leicester her "sweet Robin," the situation developing until she underwent a secret or morganatic marriage with him after the murder of Amy Robsart. The birth of Francis four

months later like her marriage had to be kept a profound secret for the sake of her very throne. Cecil hinted as much to the Spanish Ambassador, just before Amy's tragic death was known to the world, when he said that both the Queen and Dudley might again find themselves in the Tower together. Has Mr. Eagle ever tried to get at the truth of this matter? Can he logically throw aside all evidence that does not happen to please him?

Second: Mr. Eagle's scheme is to put Mrs. Gallup's "alleged decipherment to such a test, that there can be, as Othello says, 'no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on'." What is his idea of a test? He wants to hire "experts." If Mrs. Gallup was able to read the Biliteral Cipher in printed books (says he) why should not an "expert"? What sort of "experts" has he in mind since admittedly the cipher is known and the key is there also? What is wanted is not a cipher expert but someone with the flair and the discerning eye to observe the minor type differences. It would satisfy Mr. Eagle (he says), if an expert or experts could interpret half-a-dozen lines, "in the presence of witnesses and a representative of the Press" when he says there could be no further question or dispute. I really wonder if Mr. Eagle is serious in such a proposal because he should know quite well that there are no professional experts who can be hired to read the Biliteral Cipher off-hand—with or without a pressman by him! It is a special gift and in any case entails long and very hard preliminary study. He has put out this challenge before and I suspect because he has more than a shrewd idea that the conditions he wishes to impose necessarily prevent its acceptance.

Yet, if he is sincere, and I shall be the first to apologise to him, why dares he ignore the severe tests James Finney Baxter, an author of high repute, imposed on Mrs. Gallup, and through which she triumphantly emerged? It is told in the last BACONIANA (pp. 5, 6) as well as how W. H. Mallock, the well-known author, put through another such test fully described, whereby he became her supporter though previously he had been most sceptical. He also is ignored. In the same issue of BACONIANA, the present writer showed how Henry Seymour, taking an original edition of *Henry VII*, of 1622, marked each italic letter throughout of 'B' type, (leaving 'A') unmarked, how he reproduced each *cartouche* or sequence of five on big sheets letter by letter, giving the secret letter which agrees entirely with Mrs. Gallup. Is the testimony of these three distinguished men to be cast aside because they do not see eye to eye with Mr. Eagle? Would Henry Seymour have devoted an entire year of his life to the decipherment of *Henry VII* merely in order to copy Mrs. Gallup and pretend dishonestly to have deciphered the work independently? To any fair-minded individual such evidence as afforded by Baxter, Mallock and Seymour is sufficient guarantee of good faith, honesty and judgment, if not to Mr. Eagle, who would like to impose conditions which could never lead to any conclusion. In fact I am driven to the conviction that nothing will satisfy him except if someone can be conjured up to say Mrs. Gallup is a fraud. This sort of thing is

rather insulting to one's intelligence and savours of impracticability. However, I cannot refrain from a smile when we are told—I suppose seriously—that if he could put up his "expert," who confirmed Mrs. Gallup, that the whole civilised world would be staggered! All I can say is that his idea of press publicity does not accord with mine.

Third: His next objection is that the italic type varies in certain works attributed to Bacon. Mr. Eagle has made prolific search and quotes a Mr. Dean who wrote a letter in BACONIANA in 1925, and claimed variations in type in the First Folio and *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579). Quite likely so. On this subject of varied type Mr. Eagle has indulged in a controversy with Mr. Edward Johnson, and in a letter of September 10th, last year, he wrote, "I am more than ever convinced that Bacon, knowing that mixed type was used indiscriminately by all the printers had no idea in his head that it was suitable for use in the printed book." To this Mr. Johnson retorted, "How do you know this? You were not there at the time and cannot possibly know what was passing in Bacon's mind. If the use of several founts of type had not been common in his day he would never have dared to use two separate types for the Biliteral as attention would have been drawn to the fact that there were two types being used." He added that it was not a question of different founts of type being used indiscriminately but the method of such use.

In a letter addressed to the present writer some little time ago Mr. Eagle said, "I am quite sure that I have devoted as much time and study to cryptography as most of the supporters of Mrs. Gallup." It would be more to the point to learn how much time (if any) he has devoted to a check-up on Mrs. Gallup's work, which is easily undertaken with a facsimile copy of the 1623 Folio. Mr. Johnson, I believe, has tried in vain to get this information out of Mr. Eagle. In any case it depends on the method used. Seymour for example, before working on *Henry VII* had a number of letters enlarged considerably, sometimes two or three of the same letter, and then after a few experiments was able to separate the two founts by checking up on his uncertainties.

Fourth: Mr. Eagle's next point is his argument about the wearing out of type. He talks of the alignment of the frame, the varying pressure used in a hand-operated press, and the uneven distribution of type. Personally I have seen many thousands of galley-proofs in my time pulled on hand-worked presses and the type is often superior to the actual printing. The 1622 printing of *Henry VII* is as sharp and clear as any present-day book. In any case Mr. Eagle gives Bacon little credit for knowing of such matters considering Bacon's great output. Does he imagine that great genius was likely to conceal his life story in his works and not watch the type and the printing?

Fifth: Mr. Dean (whoever he may have been) suggested that as in Bacon's *De Augmentis* the Biliteral was printed in script he only intended it for handwriting ciphers. This is another of those mere presumptions or guesses lacking substance. The answer that occurs to me is to refer to the third Point of Mr. Eagle about the variations in

type of italic letters, for if Bacon had given a one certain specimen of type it is pretty obvious that individuals of Mr. Eagle's mentality would have clung to the one and argued that the others must be repudiated. In any case let us bear in mind that considering the risks Bacon took in giving his Biliteral the publicity of one of his acknowledged works, he could not have been expected to render its decipherment as easy as A, B, C.

Sixth: Mr. Eagle states, "If it can be proved to demonstration that Mrs. Gallup's division into A and B founts was according to rule and method and not capricious . . or her own imagination," and if all sorts of facilities are provided to make the interpretation as easy as pat, "then the anti-royalist will accept the judgment in her favour with all its astounding implications." I very much doubt whether anything we could do would meet Mr. Eagle's demands because his mind is closed completely to it. A few lines on, having connoted the other aspect that is failure on the part of the cipherists to toe the line, he opines that "those who have devoted so much industry and time to the subject will be able to concentrate their studies on other matters relating to Francis Bacon." What he infers, it seems, is that the Bacon Society, with a gesture throwing aside both Royal Birth and the Gallup Cipher, will be able to indulge in friendly essays and persiflage with the dear Stratfordians! This is the sort of stonewall propaganda which has continued lamely for some sixty-five years and has never got the Baconians anywhere. It is a policy which would suit the Stratfordians down to the ground. But let me put the other aspect. The great bulk of our members do not care a tinker's cuss, as the saying is, whether Mr. Eagle approves of the Royal Birth and the Biliteral Cipher or no. As far as we can judge he represents a small handful of persons who represent a disintegrating influence.

Seventh: His next point is an attack on the phraseology, diction and expressions used in the Biliteral Cipher, the veiled insinuation being that they are not Bacon's composition and so invented by Mrs. Gallup. Yet how can Mr. Eagle presume to lay down a rule as to how Bacon should have phrased his cipher story? If he is trying to impugn Mrs. Gallup's work let him explain how she worked out 564 lines in heroic blank verse of Book IV of the *Iliad*, and gave a synopsis of the complete work occupying some 28,000 words, as well as 21 pages of the *Odyssey*, of over 6,500 words. When Mr. Eagle can explain how that American lady, not educated in the classics, could compose 111 pages in all of Homer's great masterpieces, then he can debate the construction and contents of the Biliteral Cipher. Until then he might more wisely hold his tongue.

Eighth: When our friend comes to the historical aspect of Bacon, questioning whether Bacon were the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, or not, he indulges in a rhetorical declamation to the effect that, if it were so, the correspondence between Anthony and Francis and Lady Anne, between Bacon and Essex, and the Cecils and so on, were "perjuries" because they used false relationships, as also the legal documents and sworn testimonials in which Bacon is declared to

be the son of Sir Nicholas, and who referred to him as his son even up to the time of making his will.

Does Mr. Eagle's imagination boggle at the implication that the scandal attaching to the Queen's secret marriage and the unwanted birth of her elder son, as expounded again and again in the Biliteral Cipher and elsewhere (see Mr. Johnson's article on the Morgan-Coleman Manuscripts in this issue) because the alleged circumstances of his birth and upbringing explain everything and why Sir Nicholas significantly left Francis Bacon out of his will? Does it need much imagination to realise that, granted the proviso of his true birth amid such sinister circumstances, compelled to call himself Bacon and be recognised as such, that the Bacon family or Essex or anybody would have been in the utmost danger had they given a suspicion of the truth in letters? In any case Bacon he was named and treated as one of the Bacon family. If the deceit had to be carried out it had to be complete and unquestioned, for the Queen herself and her throne were involved.

Nor need we look farther afield for explanation of the Plans and Considerations drawn up in 1570, when the Queen was toying with Anjou, the year before that give-away Act of Succession which entitled her to nominate her successor, bastard or legitimate. Does Mr. Eagle seriously imagine—if he allows the morganatic marriage as a possibility—that Elizabeth's members of her Privy Council were ignorant of the scandal of her secret marriage. They had to accept the status quo and maintain the pretence that she was in the marriage market partly for reasons of state and partly because her subjects kept pressing for her marriage. She and her ministers could only prevaricate, conduct negotiations which fizzled out always, as Bacon says, "a dying strain." Statesmen in Elizabeth's day were just as venal as in ours but one thing certain was that if they did not stand by the Queen apart from their personal fate it would have meant the overthrow of the Protestant Party and the spoil most of them had acquired from the Abbeys.

I do not imagine for one moment that Mr. Eagle will accept this version of the inner history of Elizabeth or any other that does not tally with his own outlook, but on the other hand who, on summing up the allegations he advances can consider his attempt to impugn the Biliteral Cipher of Mrs. Gallup as an attack having serious weight behind it? His attitude is purely destructive, subversive, and inferential, and his case of bits and pieces conveniently ignores the evidence existing confirmatory of the accuracy of her work which suggests that he is less genuinely interested in ascertaining the truth than as an advocate who wants to destroy the royal birth claim. All I need add is that if he does not wish to believe in the royal birth of Bacon in the words of the old nursery song, "Nobody axed you, sir, she said."

THE WINTER'S TALE

By R. J. A. Bunnett, F.S.A.

THE WINTER'S TALE certainly must strike even a superficial reader as having a deeper significance than being a mere elaboration of Greene's story into a stage-play to tickle the ears of the groundlings. The gods of Greece and Rome appear very frequently in the last plays of 'Shakespeare,' and are without doubt something more than fancy embroidery.

Professor Tillyard wrote—"Apollo is the dominant god in *The Winter's Tale*, and his appearance in Perdita's speech is meant to quicken the reader to apprehend some unusual significance. He appears as the bridegroom, whom the pale primrose never knew, 'that die unmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength'; but who visits other flowers."

Bacon declared, as we know, that he was going "the same road as the ancients," *usque ad aras*, to the very altars of the gods themselves, to the Eleusinian mysteries, the *fons et origo* of the drama he was endeavouring to raise up for "the pleasing of men's minds, and for the bettering of their bread and wine."

And in this play we are "Mock'd with art." It is the story of Demeter and her lost child Persephone, not only in the point of loss and recovery, but with regard to the separation and reconciliation that belonged to her worship at the Eleusinian festival. The myth of Demeter or Ceres, slightly disguised, forms the central plot of *The Winter's Tale*, conclusively proving that the poet's art had a *spiritual side, and promise of rebirth*, as the myth was the ancient emblem of revelation and immortality.

There is no doubt that the 'Mysteries' brought the Athenians near to the great fundamental truths of life and death.

The prominent feature of the play is of course the separation of Leontes and Hermione, and the casting forth of Perdita; then it culminates in the reconciliation of husband and wife, combined with the finding or restoration of their daughter. The coming to life of Hermione, her descent from her pedestal, depends upon this restoration. In the presentation of Hermione as a statue, awaiting the return of her child, we have undoubtedly not only an allegory of the poet's own art, but of Nature, and of the Demeter and Persephone myth, generally known as the wanderings of Ceres in search of her lost daughter. There in the play, disguised, altered, beautified, if you will, "those holy antique hours are seen" of true art, where antiquity has been made "for aye his page." Out of Hermione's sufferings good was to emerge: it was moreover suffering of the kind of which Bacon speaks in the *Advancement of Learning*—"a wise and industrious suffering, which draweth and contriveth use and advantage out of that which seemeth adverse and contrary"—("sweet are the uses of adversity!")

The story of Ceres and Proserpine is a poetical myth of the changing year: a tale of the earth life personified—a Winter and Summer story. For the loss of Proserpine and her restoration is but the history of the Seasons, through which the earth life waxes and wanes, prototypes of life and death. Summer ushered in by Spring, and waning into Autumn, was personified by a beautiful maiden, associated always with flowers. Six months she remained with her mother, the earth, and then is transported by Dis (or Pluto) to the Underworld, where during the Winter she is detained. She is in reality the Earth-Life or Spirit, which revivifies sleeping nature—her mother. Bacon in his *History of Life and Death* speaks of inorganic matter, or of organized forms of plants etc., as having vital spirits, which act somewhat as in the bodies of living creatures. When Pluto summons the maiden away, the mother-earth falls into the icy image of death, or sleep—as Winter.

Whenever the poet introduces Ceres, he thinks of Proserpine, and in *The Tempest* makes her say "Since they (Venus and her son) did plot the means that dusky Dis my daughter got." We find Perdita not only identified with spring and flowers, but also invoking her prototype:—

> "O Proserpina! For the flowers now, that frighted
> thou let'st fall from Dis's wagon!"

Not only is Perdita introduced into the play as a kind of Flora, but exceptional emphasis is given to her speeches, in which she talks of Winter and Summer. Swinburne wrote: "At the sunrise of Perdita beside Florizel it seems as if the snows of the sixteen winters had melted all together into the splendour of one unutterable spring." And of her Florizel cries:—

> "These your unusual weeds to each part of you
> Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
> Peering in April's front."

Note the expression "unusual weeds"; for flowers are the "unusual weeds" that "do give life" to Winter in the Spring. What gives life? Spirit! And it is as Spirit that Bacon interprets the story of Prosperpine in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*. Flora moreover "peering in April's front is Spring itself; " what says Bacon?—"By Proserpine is meant that ethereal Spirit, which, being separated from the upper globe, is shut up and detained under the earth represented by Pluto." Again—"Concerning the six months' custom (the refinding of Ceres and her rape) it is no other than an elegant description of the division of the year, the spirit mixed with the earth appears above ground in vegetable bodies during the summer months, and in the winter sinks down again." Here we have the recurrent theme of rebirth and revelation—a return of the Spirit. And Perdita is a representative Proserpine: She is a queen, as Florizel says:—

> "This your Sheep-shearing
> Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
> And you the queen on't."

and the maiden admits the royal semblance—

"And me, poor lowly maid
Most goddess-like, prank'd up."

There is a distinct echo of Bacon's *Essay of Gardens* in this scene, and it is to be observed that this Essay was not published until the complete quarto edition appeared in 1625. As Perdita assorts her flowers to the various seasons, so, says Bacon, "there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally, things of beauty may be then in season." Of the fifteen flowers of which Perdita speaks, Bacon only omits to mention two—Carnations and Rue, if we may take 'Oxlips' and 'Cowslips' to have an identity, and the Crown-imperial to be included in his "lilies of all natures." It is very strange too that Polixenes and Perdita should have a discussion on so recondite a subject as 'grafting,' in which we know Bacon took a profound interest. He remarks in his *Natural History*: "Of grafting there are many Experiments worth the noting", and then proceeds to give numerous examples.

Florizel speaks of the gods, Jupiter and green Neptune, with himself "poor humble Swain", "the fire-robed god, Golden Apollo", the sun which awakens the spring. When Perdita—a symbol both of the creative powers of nature, fertility, and of healing and recreation of the mind,—returns to her father and thus brings life to her mother, Leontes exclaims:—"Welcome hither as is the spring to the earth." Professor Tillyard wrote: "She is Hermione's true daughter, and prolongs in herself those regenerative processes which in her mother have suffered a temporary eclipse." What a striking parallel there is between the presentation of Hermione as a statue, and the exposition of the Eleusinian goddess, "the priest throwing open the propylae of the Temple at Eleusis, whereupon the statue of the goddess under a burst of light appeared in full splendour, and the gloom and darkness, in which the spectators have been, were dispelled." The name Hermione and the statue's introduction are original—in Greene's tale her prototype is named Bellaria.

Now Hermione was a city on the coast of Argolis, where Ceres had a famous temple and the banquets held were known as "under the earth feasts." At Syracuse Demeter and Kore—the maiden—(Cora-Persephone) were honoured under the name of 'Hermione'. And there is another remarkable similarity, the story of the Rape of Proserpine belongs to Sicily—where Leontes reigned—for it was whilst the maiden was gathering flowers upon the plains of Enna in that island, that Pluto surprised her and bore her off to the world below.

Harmonia, or Harmony, or Hermione, was the daughter of Mars and Venus who jointly represented War and Love, or Strife and Friendship. Out of this union arose the 'harmony' or order of the universe. This is the well-known principle of Empedocles and Heraclitus, out of the Orphic theology. Bacon declared that Strife and Friendship in nature are "the spurs of motions and the keys of works." Harmonia or Hermione married Cadmus; the union of Thought with the orderly material world.

In the tale of "Cinderella," we have another embodied myth of death and rebirth, of Summer and Winter. The very name Cinderella, "the cinder-wench of the ashes," points to a clear connection with earth and with death, and thus with resurrection:—

"Beauty, truth and rarity
Grace in all simplicity
Here enclosed in Cinders lie."

Sir George Cox in his *Mythology of the Aryans* identifies the Cinderella story with the Persephone legend, as both derived from the resurrectionary powers of Nature, typified in the return of Spring and Summer after Winter.

Granville-Barker aptly said: "This art that displays art is a thing very likely to be to the task of the mature and rather wearied artist. When you are exhausted with hammering great tragic themes into shape, it is a relief to find a subject you can play with." And so the repentant Leontes, in peace and harmony, can await his end in course of time.

"A mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *'Nunc Dimittis,'* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: *Extinctus amabitur idem.*" (Bacon, *Essay of Death*).

FRANCIS BACON'S BITTER ENEMY—*continued from page 87*

And so we hopefully await Bacon's "immeasurable coming fame" in the spirit which prompted Dean Church to write of Bacon's closing days:—

"In disgrace, disappointment and neglect, he left in the constant and almost unaccountable faith that it (his life) would be understood and greatly honoured by Posterity."

Bacon declared himself to be Posterity's servant, and this has been no vain boast: his name, and quotations from many of his works, figure in many solid books and sometimes the former is prefixed by the adjective "Great." Sir John Cockburn called him our "Greatest Englishman."

Did not Bacon's pioneer work lead to the Foundation of the Royal Society?

As the centuries unwind their scroll of time, so Bacon's fame will grow secretly like a tree from age to age.

Did he not leave his name and memory "to mens charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages, and to mine own countrymen after some time be past."

And so the *Pilgrim's Progress* of *Valiant-for-Truth* ended, "and the trumpets sounded on the other side."

"*Requiescat in pace*? No,
I do not think that you will rest,
But, swift among the stars will go
Forward with your immortal quest."

BACON AND ESSEX

By H. KENDRA BAKER

PART III

(The following instalment throws a new light on the sacrifices Bacon made in attempting to protect Essex from the Queen's wrath after the imbroglio of the latter's Irish policy.)

NOW we come to a very remarkable passage in Bacon's so called *Apologie*, which, so far from being an apology in its modern sense, is an Apologia in its classical sense, being a "complete refutation of certain imputations concerning the late Earl of Essex," written by Bacon to his estwhile friend the Earl of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and which, as he says, "I protest, as I hope to have any part in God's favour, is true."[1] Those who have never even read it, can form no true estimate of Bacon's conduct in this affair.

The passage to which I have referred is one which many have read, and many have pondered over, but few have attempted to explain. We have been told that it was the Queen's pleasure that "we all should have parts in the business." Bacon then goes on to say, "and the lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me, that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it is termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before mentioned of Henry IV. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships, that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland: and therefore, that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales."

What did he mean by this? Everybody knew that Dr. (later Sir William) Hayward was the author of this pamphlet, and he was thrown in the Tower for it. But the play of *Richard II*, with the same subject, was the other work to which the Queen had taken emphatic exception, and which Bacon in this same *Apologie* had cryptically referred to as "A matter which, *though it grew from me, went after about on others names*."

To what then, was he referring when he spoke of giving in evidence "his own tales?" Such statements—however strange they may seem to us—cannot be ignored, seeing that they form the basis of Bacon's protest, made in all seriousness and urgency, against his employment "in the business."

They must have had some definite significance for the Lords, or Bacon would not have been so foolish as to make use of such an argument. Nor, too, would he have repeated it to the Earl of Devonshire were he not satisfied that its meaning would be equally plain

[1]Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, created Earl of Devonshire for his services in Ireland, was the elder brother of Sir Christopher Blount.

to him. In neither case does he offer the slightest explanation of what—to us—seems a most extraordinary assertion. The only possible inference is that no explanation was offered because none was needed, the circumstances (whatever they may have been) being already well known to the Lords, and also to the Earl.

It is true, the first edition of the play was published anonymously in 1597, but it had been reprinted in 1598 in the name of William Shakespeare; and thus, unless the Lords knew a great deal more than we do, the obvious rejoinder one would have expected from them would have been, "what has Shakespeare's play of *Richard II* got to do with you?" But no such rejoinder is recorded, and what heightens the mystery is that, notwithstanding the Queen's extreme disapproval of this play, there is no record whatever of Shakespeare having been summoned before the Council to answer for his hand in it: he appears to have been completely ignored. This in itself is surely an amazing circumstance, seeing that Hayward, for *his* literary effort, was languishing in the Tower and remained there until Elizabeth's death. One must frankly admit that the whole incident is highly mysterious, for there are no "tales" that we know of by Bacon which could have the very slightest bearing on the enquiry. The only two documents involved were the Pamphlet and the Play, and as Dr. Hayward was "doing time" for the former, we are left with the latter. No serious attempt seems ever to have been made by historians or literary critics to find a solution of this mystery, and we are thus left to form our own conclusions—if we can—as to what Bacon meant, and what the Lords understood him to mean, when he spoke of giving in evidence "his own tales."

However, all we are here concerned with is that neither the Queen nor "the Lords" were moved by his protest, or the awkwardness of his predicament. It was a case of "*La Reine le veult*," and when Elizabeth "*le veult*" there was no more to be said!

He goes on to tell the Earl in his *Apologie*:—"It was answered again with good shew, that because it was considered how I stood tyed to my lord of Essex; therefore that part was thought fittest for me, which did him least hurt; for that whereas all the rest was matter of charge and accusation, this only was but matter of caveat and admonition. Wherewith, though I was in mine own mind little satisfied;"—as well he might be—"because I knew well a man were better to be charged with some faults, than admonished with some others; yet the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly, *volens nolens*, I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me; which part, if in the delivery I did handle not tenderly (though no man before me did in so clear terms free my lord from all disloyalty as I did) that your lordship knoweth must be ascribed to the superior duty I did owe to the Queen's fame and honour in a public proceeding, and partly to the intention I had to uphold myself in credit and strength with the Queen, the better to be able to do my lord good offices afterwards."

"Oh," says the sceptic, "that's all very well, and sounds very

pretty; but why did he not at once definitely refuse to have anything to do with it and take the consequences?"

Will the sceptic kindly put himself in Bacon's place for a moment?

So far as can be ascertained Francis Bacon was the only true friend Essex possessed having the slightest influence with the Queen at that time; Essex having hopelessly forfeited the friendship and interest of all those to whom his treasons were as clear as day, and who, so far from interceding for him with the Queen, were mainly bent on his downfall.

Bacon must have realised perfectly well that to cut himself off from the Queen's favour—which would have been the inevitable consequence of his refusal, and in Elizabeth's present humour might have landed him in the Tower—would, so far as Essex was concerned, have made matters fifty times worse. Not one voice would be left to soften the Queen's feelings; none but the bitter enemies of Essex would hold the field, and for aught he knew, by their constant influence cause the Queen to forget her promise to him—a promise which was influencing his every action—that these proceedings were merely "*ad castigationem*" and not "*ad destructionem*"—punishment but not death!

He had it on the word of the Queen that whatever the outcome of the proceedings might be Essex was not to be destroyed—only castigated—but who was to keep her up to that if not he? All the rest were for his "destruction"—he alone held the Queen's pledge, and he alone could keep her in mind of it, by retaining her favour. He saw, inevitably, that *his* ruin meant Essex's ruin also; *his* continued favour might mean Essex's restored favour—even though his own reputation might suffer irretrievably in the public mind. In short, to refuse Elizabeth's command would have been not only Quixotic but idiotic.

He knew only too well what unjust things were being said about him; he knew equally well (as is conclusively shown when later he bared his soul to the Earl of Devonshire) what would be said of him in being associated with the prosecution of his "friend;" he knew that the vilest motives would be attributed to him by those who knew no better; but, above all, he knew that he must sacrifice more than his liberty—his honour and his reputation—if his friend were to be saved from his enemies, and the Queen's promise fulfilled.

Could any sacrifice be greater? Deliberately to "make himself of no reputation" when his whole career depended upon his good name, was a sacrifice, the degree of which can only be judged by the fact that even in this twentieth century there are those who can regard Bacon as a craven and ingrate for his alleged "betrayal" of Essex.

One might, with reason, expect more of the spirit of Him who "turned and looked upon Peter." Especially so when it is considered that Essex, who surely should be the best judge of whether he was "betrayed" or not, in writing to Anthony Bacon after the order of the Chamber that he was to be "detained during her Majesty's

pleasure," used these words, "For Francis, I think no worse of him for what he has done against me than of my Lord Chief Justice."

And well he might so write, for he knew only too well that, as Hepworth Dixon records, "Bacon's speech at York House saved Essex in his fortunes and in his fame."

Essex, at any rate, had the decency to realise that Bacon had been forced into the prosecution against his will, but that being in it he had, to again quote Dixon, "spoken as the Earl's advocate rather than as the Queen's; charging him with hasty expressions, but distinctly freeing him from the charge of disloyalty."

While the *profanum vulgus*—in their ignorance—were charging Francis with ingratitude and malice (perpetuated to this day and under similar conditions.) Robert Devereux from a sick bed was writing the former companion of his boyhood, Francis Bacon, a most friendly letter "indicating that he was virtually giving up the struggle and should retire into private life."

Singular conduct in one who had been "grossly betrayed!"

But we have somewhat anticipated events. It must not be supposed that on the rejection of his protest against his inclusion in the prosecution, Bacon tamely accepted the situation: far from it. He tells the Earl of Devonshire that the very next day he waited on the Queen fully resolved to use his utmost endeavours "to bring my lord again speedily into court and favour" and to induce her, if possible, to leave matters as they were.

He goes on to say, "I remember well I said to her, 'you have now, Madam, obtained victory over two things, which the greatest princes in the world cannot at their wills subdue: the one is fame; the other is over a great mind: for surely the world is now (I hope) reasonably well satisfied; and for my lord, he did shew that humiliation towards your Majesty, as I am persuaded he was never in his lifetime more fit for your Majesty's favour than he is now: therefore if your Majesty will not mar it by lingring, but give over at the best, and now you have made so good a full point, receive him again with tenderness, I shall then think, that all that is past is for the best.' Whereat I remember she took exceeding great contentment, and did often iterate and put me in mind, that she had ever said, that her proceedings should be *ad reparationem* and not *ad ruinam*, as who saith, that now was the time I should well perceive, that that saying of hers should prove true. And further she willed me to set down in writing all that passed that day. I obeyed her commandment, and within some few days after, brought her again the narration, which I did read unto her in her several afternoons: and when I came to that part that set forth my lord's own answer, (which was my principal care) I do well bear in mind, that she was extraordinarily moved with it, in kindness and relenting towards my lord; and told me afterwards (speaking how well I had expressed my lord's part) that she perceived old love would not easily be forgotten: whereunto I answered suddenly, that I hoped she meant that by herself."

By this he presumably meant that he hoped her own love for the Earl was not forgotten.

"But in conclusion I did advise her, that now she had taken a representation of the matter to herself, that she would let it go no farther: for Madam, said I, the fire blazeth well already, what" (why?) "should you tumble it? And besides, it may please you to keep a convenience with yourself in this case: for since your express direction was, there should be no register nor clerk to take this sentence, nor no record or memorial made up of the proceeding, why should you now do that popularly" (query, 'publicly') "which you would not admit to be done judicially? Whereupon she did agree, that that writing should be suppressed; and I think there were not five persons that ever saw it. But from this time forth, during the whole latter end of that summer, while the court was at Nonsuch and Oatlands, I made it my task and scope to take and give occasions for my lord's reintegration in his fortunes: which my intention I did also signify to my lord as soon as ever he was at liberty; whereby I might without peril of the Queen's indignation write to him: and having received from his lordship a courteous and loving acception of my good will and endeavours, I did apply it in all my accesses to the Queen, which were very many at that time; and purposely sought and wrought upon other variable pretences, but only and chiefly for that purpose."

Bacon goes on to relate how at Essex's request he helped him to write some dutiful letters to the Queen owing to Essex being "through his long restraint" almost a stranger to the Queen's present conceits. So well did these succeed that Bacon was confidently looking for Essex's reinstatement at any moment. He says he was "never better welcome to the Queen, nor more made of than when I spake fullest and boldest for him," and he recounts a story concerning a certain apothecary whom the Queen had recommended to Anthony Bacon for his gout. She asked Francis how his cure "went forward," and when told that though at first he seemed the better for it, later he "found himself at a stay, or rather worse," she replied, "I will tell you Bacon, the error of it: the manner of these physicians, and especially these empericks, is to continue one kind of medicine; which at the first is proper, being to draw out the ill humour; but after they have not the discretion to change their medicine, but apply still drawing medicines, when they should rather intend to cure and corroborate the part." He then goes on:—

"Good lord, Madam (said I) how wisely and aptly can you speak and discern of physick ministered to the body, and consider not that there is the like occasion of physick ministered to the mind: as how in the case of my lord of Essex, your princely word ever was, that you intended ever to reform his mind, and not ruin his fortune: I know well you cannot but think that you have drawn the humour sufficiently; and therefore it were more than time, and it were but for doubt of mortifying or exalcerating, that you did apply and minister strength and comfort unto him: for these same gradations of yours

are fitter to corrupt than correct any mind of greatness, and another time I remember she told me for news, that my lord had written unto her some very dutiful letters, and that she had been moved by them; and when she took it to be the abundance of his heart, she found it to be but a preparative to a suit for the renewing of his farm of sweet wines. Whereunto I replied, 'O Madam, how doth your Majesty construe these things, as if these two could not stand well together, which indeed nature hath planted in all creatures: For there are but two sympathies, the one towards perfection, the other towards preservation; that to perfection, as the iron lendeth to the loadstone; that to preservation, as the vine will creep toward a stake or prop that stands by it; not for any love to the stake, but to uphold itself. And therefore, Madam, you must distinguish my lord's desire to do you service, is as to his perfection, that which he thinks himself to be born for; whereas his desire to obtain this thing of you, is but for a sustentation'."

And so, by a soft word he turned away wrath; though we should have thought better of Essex's judgment and common sense had he waited to be duly reinstated before talking about the renewal of his monopoly for sweet wines!

That is the sort of stupid and tactless thing he did, leaving it to poor Bacon to gloss over his stupidities with "wise saws and modern instances." The latter had already a "whole time job" in trying to soften Elizabeth's wounded feelings and then before Essex had even been restored to favour, he starts talking about his "sweet wines!"

Indeed so foolish was he, that it is not surprising Bacon thought it desirable—if all his plans for Essex were not to be wrecked by some act of stupidity—to edit his letters to "offended Majesty." He even went further in his efforts to bring them together, as will be seen from the following passage in the letter to the Earl of Devonshire; from which, also, it will be seen that Essex was idiotic enough to give the whole show away at the trial:—

"And not to trouble your lordship with many other particulars like unto these, it was at the selfsame time that I did draw, with my lord's privity, and by his appointment, two letters, the one written as from my brother, the other as an answer returned from my lord, both to be by me in secret manner shewed to the Queen, *which it pleased my lord very strangely to mention at the bar.*"

Some may think that this "drawing" of letters for other people may have been sailing rather near the wind; but it must be remembered that no one knew the Queen's temper better than Bacon did; and let the censorious kindly remember that he was doing this, not for his own advancement, but for that of this "illused" friend.

Yet he might just as well have spared himself the trouble. It is pathetic to read:—

"The truth is, that the issue of all his dealing grew to this, that the Queen by some slackness of my lord's, as I imagine, liked him worse and worse, and grew more incensed towards him."

(to be concluded)

NOTES AND QUERIES

ORIGIN OF HAMLET.—Scholars have interested themselves in the origins of the play, tracing them in one instance to: "The Annals of Ireland," by the Four Masters, dated 917, in which the name appears in the lament of Queen Gormflaith for the slaying of Niall by Amhlaide; in another instance to: "The Prose Edda" by Snorri Sturlason, in which the name Hamlet appears in connection with a hero—"conceived as a world of influence in league with sea and with land, at the heart of storms and shipwrecks, a force that destroys and as it destroys shapes anew"..Yet again to the story told in Latin in Saxo Grammaticus' "Historia Danica," where in the third and fourth books the story of Amlethus or Hamlet is to be found, but with a very different ending; and lastly to the "Histoires Tragiques" of Francois Belleforest Comingeois, published in French in 1570 (the first English translation of this appearing in 1608, five years after the first publication of *Hamlet* in quarto form.) The second book of, "La Vie Naturelle de Monsieur Francois Bacon," etc., published at Paris 1630 contains the proof that the Lord Bacon was very well acquainted with Saxo Grammaticus' 'History of Denmark' which is of interest to us all. In "Shakespearean Genealogica" attention has been called to the parallel in thought between Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts' and Polonius' speech to Laertes. Some of the other speeches have been traced to the Æneid, to Plutarch's "Life of Pelopidas," whilst lines bear resemblance to some in Montaigne, to Catullus and Senaca and to Marlowe's "Edward II."

* * *

A FIRST FOLIO PUZZLE.—On examining different First Folio facsimiles, some of the mispaginations were corrected before the whole edition was printed. For instance, in *Taming of the Shrew* some copies had page 214 numbered 212. Before correction the pages ran 212, 213, 212, 215.

In *All's Well*, some copies had p. 237 numbered 233 before correction. If Halliwell-Phillipps' reduced facsimile be examined, it will be noticed that p.237 is correct but the ink on that page number and the number 238 of the page backing it, is darker and apparently freshly set up.

In *Richard II*, p. 37 is numbered 39 in most copies. But the original from which Sidney Lee's facsimile was photographed shows the correct number 37.

The views of our readers as to how it happened that only a few of the mispaginations were corrected would be of interest. Did the compositors merely correct such mistakes as and if they noticed them, and that the Folio was printed with such haste that the proofs were never read, or is there reason to believe that they were deliberate for a specific cause?

* * *

"SHAKESPEARE" AT THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.—In the second quarto of *Hamlet* (1604), this passage appeared for the first time:

> "But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever present love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal," &c.

During the course of the Essex trial in 1601, Robert Cecil said:

> "I adjure you, by the duty you owe to God, loyalty and allegiance you owe to your Sovereign, by all tokens of Christianity, and by ancient friendship and acquaintance once between us, that you name the counsellor"

Those words were addressed to the Earl of Southampton. The *Hamlet* passage sounds like a reflection of this speech at the trial. Essex was tried by his peers. The player could not have gained admission, yet Shakespeare could not have imitated a speech at the Trial without having heard Cecil speak. We seem to have tracked the author of *Hamlet* to Westminster Hall on 16th February, 1600/1.

A FEW "IFS" ABOUT MR. SHAKSPER

By Edward D. Johnson

A SURPRISE is something that turns out contrary to expectations and the life of Will Shaksper, as we know it, is full of surprises, which the Stratfordians slur over as being of no importance.

If we read in the newspapers that the comedian George Robey had died and left £5 to Noel Coward whom he referred to as *his fellow*, this would surprise the majority of us but not the Stratfordians who see nothing inconsistent in the fact that the old comedian Augustine Phillips left to *his fellow* William Shaksper "a thirty shilling piece in gould." It is reasonable to assume that Mr. Robey would have left a legacy to *the celebrated playwright* Mr. Coward and that Mr. Phillips would have left a legacy to his friend *the celebrated playwright* Will Shaksper, and that neither of them would have referred to the recipient as "his fellow."

If we read in the newspapers that the theatrical producer Emil Littler, when applying for permission to rebuild the Prince of Wales Theatre in Birmingham which had been destroyed by enemy action, had referred to Mr. W. Somerset Maugham as *a deserving man*, this would surprise most of us but not the Stratfordians who see nothing inconsistent in the fact that the theatrical producers the two Burbages, when writing about their rights in the Globe Theatre, lump Will Shaksper with the other actors and call him *a deserving man* instead of their friend *the celebrated dramatist*.

If, at the present time, there was a celebrated dramatist who never paid his creditors if he could possibly help it and who owed a considerable sum for Schedule A Tax, it would surprise us if the Income Tax Authorities, who as a rule can scent out anything, told us that for three years they had been trying to trace the whereabouts of this gentleman who at the time had half a dozen of his plays being performed in the London Theatres. But not the Stratfordians who see nothing inconsistent in the fact that Will Shaksper never paid the taxes on his house in Bishopsgate and that it took the authorities at that time three years to find him and force him to pay what he owed.

If one day George Bernard Shaw died and we found that the next day, not a single newspaper in this country troubled to mention this important fact, we should be surprised, but not the Stratfordians who see nothing inconsistent in the fact that when Will Shaksper died, no one took any more notice than if he had been a crossing sweeper, that no literary man is known to have referred to his death in any way, and that there was complete silence. If the Stratfordians care to say that Shaksper's genius was not recognised at the time—this is inconsistent with their contention that he made money as an actor and dramatist and therefore must have been well known.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, there was a coterie of literary men in London all known to each other, so most of us are surprised to find that none of those gentlemen had apparently ever heard of Will Shaksper, and no record that any of them had ever had any conversation with him, which accounts for the fact that Dr. C. M. Ingleby, who spent two years looking for any reference to Shaksper by his contemporaries, had to report that "no pains of research scrutiny or study could find the most trivial allusion to the Bard or his works by any one of the great men of his age." The Stratfordians see nothing inconsistent in this.

At the present time, there is an Author's Club in London; if one of the members told us that he had never heard of Mrs. Agatha Christie, we should naturally be surprised, but not the Stratfordians.

These instances can be multiplied indefinitely, but they cause no surprise to the Stratfordians, who refuse to consider anything detrimental to their idol the Stratford Yokel, Will Shaksper.

FRANCIS BACON'S PERSONAL LIFE STORY by ALFRED DODD

As we are closing down for press we have been favoured with an advance copy of Mr. Alfred Dodd's latest work *Francis Bacon's Personal Life Story*, the outer "jacket" having a striking design in lattice-work of red, black and white, diamond-shaped, and in the centre the intriguing portrait of the Master wearing his Lord Chancellor's robes and his high hat, seated at a table writing in a book, while on the wall behind is displayed his coat-of-arms surmounted by a royal crown.

This voluminous work of some 400 pages, containing nearly 50 illustrations, covers the period up to the death of Elizabeth, will be followed by a second volume up to the death of James 1st, measures 9½in. by 6 ins. and contains a full index. It differs from all previous biographies of Bacon inasmuch as the intimate and secret life of the great philosopher and poet is revealed as clearly as his public activities. We are given a vital, picturesque and authoritative portrait in which many unknown facts of his life are revealed. It is generally accepted that Bacon led a retired life in the shadow of his vivid personality, as known only to a few intimates, and it is in the light which Mr. Dodd has been able to cast on this mystic aspect of his wonderful career which makes his searching biography of so great value to the world. What was his association with the Rosicrosse, the secret Elizabethan Masonic Society and his work in connection with the English Renaissance? What more can we learn about the "Shakespeare" Plays and himself? These are but two of many riddles the author sets out to clarify and resolve any doubts. It is basically a factual work and is unquestionably the most complete and searching life of Bacon yet written since Spedding's work nearly a hundred years ago, and will greatly add to the already high reputation of Mr. Dodd. It is unfortunate that the publishers, Messrs. Rider & Co., have been compelled by the greatly increased costs of production (which hit at every writer to-day) to increase the price from 25/- to 30/- but it is full value for money and should find a place on every Baconian's bookcase.

C.B.

BOOK REVIEW

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRANCIS BACON[1]

THE claim that his book is "the first systematic treatment of all Bacon's philosophical works" Professor Anderson well substantiates by a painstaking and compact survey of the thirty-odd pieces in this *genre* that Bacon has bequeathed to the world. He shows most ably the clear outlines and interlocking structure of the great Englishman's edifice of reasoning.

The emphasis in the description of his book is on the word *systematic*. There have been, of course, other assemblages of Bacon's purely philosophical writings, with adequate commentary, notably the edition of Ellis and Spedding (1905), and Professor Fowler's edition of the *Novum Organum*. C. D. Broad made a concise but admirable examination of the leading tenets of Bacon's doctrine in a tercentenary lecture at Cambridge, published in 1926. Professor Fulton Anderson's work, however, is fuller, and exemplary for its reduction of multifarious and rather intractable material to a form assimilable by, and really illuminating to, the general intelligent reader. His publishers are to be congratulated, also, on the excellence of their material setting to this important study.

Mr. Anderson takes his reader confidently and smoothly through the wide range of Bacon's thought, and, as a skilful expositor who has well "chewed and digested" his subject-matter, is able to demonstrate the purposiveness and organic nature of Bacon's system. The result is that Bacon's philosophical writings emerge easily into definite shape, and reflect the power and significance they had, in his own times, as directives of scientific inquiry.

In his preface, Prof. Anderson says:

> The matter contained within the pages which follow was collected and organised initially to satisfy the author's curiosity about the sort of philosopher Francis Bacon was. It is now published to fill partially what is obviously a gap in Baconian exegesis. New ground has been broken, and this, the author believes, will repay further cultivation by those who desire an understanding of seventeenth-century thought.

The twenty-five chapters of Mr. Anderson's treatment evince a care for accuracy and comprehensiveness of investigation. In the works of some two hundred authors of the latter half of the seventeenth century which he brought under review, he found that

> No name is mentioned and no writings are quoted more often than those of Bacon . . . the surprising discovery was made that neither historians nor commentators had included within their published books many of the doctrines which readers in a generation succeeding Bacon's, when his influence became ascendant, had found central to his thought.

[1] *By Fulton H. Anderson. University of Chicago Press.* $4.00.

He argues that Bacon has been left to the mercy of "literary" persons who are

> content to indicate, and do not care to expound, his philosophical terms and tenets; . . . scholars who seem unaware of the history of philosophy with which their author deals in large measure; . . . biographers who consume their pages in an attempt to fit a courtier of the reigns of Elizabeth and James into the pattern required for a modern office-holder in Whitehall and Westminster; and . . . those who compile histories of philosophy. Of these four the last have done least justice to Bacon.

Prof. Anderson leads us in a new way through Bacon's criticism of contemporary learning, his separation of philosophy from various types of theology, and his philosophical materialism which is based on (a) a new logic; (b) a "modern" interpretation of nature; and (c) the identification of metaphysics with generalized physics. A chapter is devoted to Bacon's attitude to Plato, whom he considers a thinker of higher capacity than Aristotle; and two chapters to Bacon's attack on Aristotle, whose judgments had been accepted over a period of centuries, as "unalterable precedents" by his "obedient followers in the Schools." The New Logic is thoroughly examined in four other chapters under the heads: The First Vintage of Discovery, Aids to the Senses, Aids to the Intellect, and Aids to the Furthering of Operation.

In a final chapter Mr. Anderson estimates the influence of Bacon. When regarded as a performance in his own century, what Bacon has done

> towards changing the course of knowledge is indeed great; and when considered as an influence upon the future of British thought in particular and of European thought in general, the importance of his work can hardly be over-estimated.

Referring to Bacon's doctrine of nature, he points out that it was

> . . . thoroughly "modern" and, through the impact made on investigation generally by Baconian virtuosi both within and without the Royal Society, determinative of succeeding thought. What he borrowed from predecessors and contemporaries he transformed. He rescued the forms in Pythagorean doctrine from purely theoretical quantity and rendered the forms of Plato materiate. He multiplied the motions of Democritean atoms and freed the heat and cold of Telesius from the obscurantism of indeterminate matter. He looked for no transcendental factor in nature and refused to inquire even into the nature-as-such of matter itself. He described matter in terms of kinematical design. This is what matter manifests, and therefore, what it is, even as nature is what it does.

Experimental naturalism became

> an elaborated cosmology based on physics and biology or an epistemology which undertakes in many instances a psychological examination of the presuppositions of experience.

Prof. Anderson's book shows that we may well agree with Bacon's own words which open the Proemium to the *Magna Instauratio*: "Francis of Verulam reasoned with himself and judged it to be for the interest of the present and future generations that they should be made acquainted with his thoughts . . ."

R. J. W. GENTRY

THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY'S A.G.M.

The Annual General Meeting of the Francis Bacon Society took place on 23rd of March at the Grosvenor Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, with the President in the Chair. The accounts presented by Mr. Lewis Biddulph, Hon. Treasurer, were approved and the following list of officers were elected:

President: Sir Kenneth Murchison.
Vice-Presidents: Lady Sydenham of Coombe; Mrs. Vernon Bayley; Miss T. Durning Lawrence; Miss C. M. Pott; Mr. Harold Bayley; Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn; and Mr. Alfred Dodd.
Chairman of the Council: Miss M. Sennett
Vice-Chairman: Mr. Comyns Beaumont.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Lewis Biddulph
Hon. Secretary: Mr. Valentine Smith.
Council: Mr. W. Gray Beaumont; Mr. R. J. W. Gentry; Mr. Wilfrid G. C. Gundry; Mr. Edward D. Johnson; Mrs. Beryl Pogson; Miss M. Theobald; Mr. T. Wright; Mr. Sydney Woodward.

* * *

Mrs. B. E. Duke was appointed Assistant Secretary, and is in charge of the Bacon Centre, 50a Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, where books, pamphlets, and copies of BACONIANA can be obtained. The main library of the Society is at present in storage but there is a fair selection at the Centre which members are entitled to borrow without any charge. Office hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays excepted.

* * *

The subscription to the Society is one guinea per annum, which entitles the member to two copies of every issue of BACONIANA post free, there are also Associate members whose subscription of 10s. 6d. per annum entitles them to one copy per issue of BACONIANA, post free, but does not entitle them to a vote at the Annual General Meeting or to be eligible for a seat on the Council.

* * *

Those desirous of joining the Society should apply to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Valentine Smith, The Thatched Cottage, Virginia Water, Surrey, if possible naming an existing member of his or her acquaintance. Application forms may be otained on application to the Asst. Secretary. There is no entrance fee.

* * *

London Discussion Meetings: Will members in and near London please note that there is a meeting on the first Tuesday of each month at the Centre, 50a Old Brompton Road, (1st Floor), London, S.W.7, a minute from South Kensington Tube Station. Members are invited to bring friends who are interested in the discussions.

THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF *AS YOU LIKE IT*[1]

IT is an interesting and rare experience to look at something familiar without its usual veil of associations. The result may be that you see it in a new light and may even perhaps discover in it an inner truth that familiarity has long hidden. "His Erring Pilgrimage," Miss Sennett's interpretation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, might be described as the record of such an experience, which enriches the reader's understanding of the play by revealing its esoteric meaning.

I know no better way of reviewing this book than by describing my own approach to it. At the outset my interest was aroused by reading of the author's intention to interpret *As You Like It* as a Morality Play, setting forth Man's way of return to the Paradise that he has lost. Surely there can be no spiritual adventure nearer to one's heart than just such a journey. Revealed as a Morality in which all the characters are activities within the human Soul, the play offers the diversion of discovering what each represents, the clues being indirectly given in their names. The study of the inner meaning of the play, with the author's aid, proves indeed a most adventurous pilgrimage, from the Orchard to the Court, from the Court to the Forest, and on to the final goal.

One of the most interesting experiences in studying allegory is the delight of the unexpected which is liable to assail you at every turn, for you enter a world where things are not what they seem, and, as Lewis Carroll has so clearly shewn, you cannot expect to understand what you find there with your ordinary everyday 'Alice' mind, which will be only too ready to say "Nonsense". At an early stage in this pilgrimage, the interpretation of the part played by the usurping Duke and his relationship to his banished elder brother will give a shock to any reader who receives it point blank on his logical mind, but such a shock can be so stimulating that it may cause you to leap up beyond reason into your intuitive mind, and recognize with surprise and joy that here at last is the truth, as something that has puzzled you for years now fits into its rightful place.

Other puzzles are likewise solved, such as the sharing of the name Jaques by two characters, and the incongruous relationship of Touchstone and Audrey, and in each case it is possible to accept the inevitability of the author's solution. All the characters in the Forest are observed and reflected on, and the true significance of their actions, words and encounters is suggested. Particularly illuminating is the commentary on the parts played by Touchstone, the Conscience, and Jaques, the Contemplative Mind, both of whom give their wise teaching in parables, illustrating Shakespeare's method in the allegory of the play as a whole. Finally, light is shed on the role of Oliver in this drama, and we begin to grasp who is this "wretched, ragged man" in danger from the serpent and the lioness, who is rescued by his younger brother, and awakened into a new state of himself. The fourfold marriage, the unification of the Soul, at the end of the play, is the sign that Man regenerate can now re-enter Paradise.

This pilgrimage, the author shews, corresponds to the spiritual journey described by many mystics, quotations from whose works make interesting parallels throughout the book.

BERYL C. POGSON

[1]*His Erring Pilgrimage*. By M. Sennett. (6s. Francis Bacon Society).

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor in no way accepts responsibility for opinions stated by his correspondents.

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

THE MORGAN COLEMAN HERALDIC MANUSCRIPT

With reference to the interesting and valuable contribution to the columns of BACONIANA by Miss Pauline Holmes in your last issue on the Morgan Coleman Manuscript, with its excellent photographs, may I be allowed to make a correction of an item the printed transliteration on page 50 (Appendix I—Outline of Contents, 16). The word marked with a query is printed as "sundred"; it should be read as Gundred. I append a few references for which I am indebted to Professor Paul Barbier of Leeds University:

G. A. Mantell, *A few remarks on the discovery* of the remains of William de Warren and *his wife Gundred* in *Archaeologia*, XXI (1845), 430-7; E. Blauuw, *Account of two leaden chests containing the bones and inscribed with the names of William of Warren and his wife Gundrada, founders of Lewes Priory in Sussex*, in *Archaeologia* XXXI (1845) 438-44; Stapleton, *Gundrada de Warrenne, wife of William de Warrenne of Domesday, a critical examination of the received stories of her parentage with proofs that she was neither the daughter nor the stepdaughter of King William the Conqueror*, London, 1884 (*cf* J. H. Round in *Academy*, XXVII (1885), 41).

I could cite other references which would established the certainty that the reading should be as indicated above, but refrain from doing so, as it appears unnecessary.

I thought your contributor might like to have these references, unless, indeed, she is already aware of them, as is quite likely.

Yours faithfully,
W. G. C. GUNDRY.

Hinton St. George, Soms.

Sir,

BACON'S BI-LITERAL CYPHER

I do not intend to reply in detail to Mr. Edward Johnson's long letter, largely because I do not wish to promote further controversy on the subject of the Bi-literal Cypher, about which opinions differ so widely: personally, I am temperamentally prejudiced in its favour; the language of much of the decipherment appears to me to be truly Baconian: I am simply subject to a doubt as to its authenticity.

I cannot say, in answer to Mr. Johnson's question, that I have spent "*many weary hours*" in attempted decipherment, but I have certainly tried to differentiate between the two fonts of type, in *The Advancement of Learning* in the editions both, I think, of 1640 and 1674 and also, if my memory serves me, in a facsimile of the *Shakespeare Folio* of 1623. I have also seen enlargements of the bi-literal letters either by Mrs. Gertrude Fiske or Mr. W. H. Mallock. I can assure Mr. Johnson that "*The Greatest of Literary Problems*" by James Phinney Baxter is a work not unknown to me, indeed, this very comprehensive book was once a valued possession until I *lent* it to a friend—presumably it is equally treasured by him still!

I agree with my esteemed correspondent in your columns, Mr. Editor, that in the Pygmalionesque reference which he adduces, that it is unlikely that the late Mrs. Gallup did all the arduous work for which she was responsible "for the bolstering up of a fraud."

In conclusion may I say that Mr. Johnson's *own* excellent book "*Don Adriana's Letter*" is a most striking and much more easily demonstrable example of Bacon's cryptographic methods than Bacon's own Biliteral Cypher: here he had, of course, to play for safety to avoid premature disclosure: I cannot see how the proof contained in this little book can be explained away: every Baconian should read it: I prize my presentation copy from the author.

Yours faithfully,
KITE

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

KITE AND CROW

As a foreigner, with a very limited mastery of English, I am of course not a match for a Kite's wit How may a Crow's raucous caw ever hope to overreach the Kite's piercing wail? Besides, either is far from melodious. Better then to meet the Kite's cry with the man's voice behind Greene's "Upstart Crow." Said Berowne pleasantly of Boyet, though somewhat enviously too:

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please;
He is wit's pedlar and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

However, wit is not what the Crow is after—but truth, in the Kite's own way, "in whispering humbleness, and in a bondsman's key." What a pity then that this key of carefully argumenting the thesis, *Either Bacon was the Prince of Wales, or he was not Shakespeare*, proved unfit to penetrate the Kite's wit, but forced him to return a *non sequitur*. Now, the "Lie Direct" is the last retort of one in despair of deciding the issue in a rational way. Why not rather start with the first step, the "Retort Courteous," or patient counter-argumentation, which the Crow hoped, in the last sentence of his article, "the anti-royalists would find it worth their while" to offer?

I hold no brief for the unravelling of Bacon's Double-letter device, but was confident that the thesis "may be proved true, *independently* of the Biliteral Cipher as decoded by Elizabeth Gallup," and accordingly have arraigned those independent proofs. What was said therefore, on her score, was said more to implore the spirit of ancient gallantry for the Lady, and of human charity for her good sense (her truthfulness being conceded), as long as her being out of her senses is not attested to. Hypocrisy asserts one's "belief" in her veracity, while in the same breath implying her insanity or delusion. Greater pity it is then that the Kite, in his flight, and his might, could not sight the weak spots in the Crow's fluttering attempts at argumentation of the "independent" thesis, but has to pick out this side-issue for the display of the broad spread of his wings' learning and wit.

Yours faithfully,

The Hague JAMES ARTHER CROW

Sir,

MISS SENNETT EXPLAINS

1. On page 53 of the January issue of BACONIANA, Mr. EARLE CORNWALL writes of the title-page to Bacon's *De Augmentis* of 1645. His suggestion that "the gentleman effigy has caught the thief in the act of stealing" is interesting comment on this well-known emblematic title-page. May I draw the attention of Mr. Earle and other readers to a letter which I sent to the Editor in September 1946 and which shows that the number of "conspicuously prominent dots on the left page," as Mr. Cornwall says, correspond to the number of words in the title of the Second part of *King Henry the Fourth*. If Mr. Cornwall has BACONIANA for January 1947 he will see the latter on page 56.

The connection of the eighteen dots with the eighteen words in the title of the second part of *King Henry IV* was first pointed out by the late Mr. Denning, some twelve or fifteen years ago.

2. I would also like to say, in reply to Mr. Bridgewater's letter re the date of Bacon's death, that the article which I sent for BACONIANA of October 1947 was not of my writing but was an abstract of a manuscript of Mr. B. G. Theobald's, left unfinished at his death, which was in my care and which I thought worth presenting to the attention of our readers. I would add that I see no reason to assume that Dr. Rawley necessarily knew of Lord St. Alban's movements after 1626. *If* he went abroad he went secretly. And *if* Rawley inserted cipher in a later publication he could report only what he knew. *If* and *If*. Your *IF* is your only peacemaker.

Yours truly,

London, W.12. M. SENNETT.

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

IS IT A GAME?

In her witty and informed letter (BACONIANA, Jan., 1949) your American correspondent, Myrl Bristol, asks: "Is it within reason and not without justification to assume that the whole Elizabethan Literary Mystery is a man-made affair, a—shall we say—'controlled experiment?'" She says it is a "tempting thesis" and even, possibly, a "game."

From much well-known evidence, one would say that this Literary Mystery is, indeed, a "game"—one of *hide-and-seek*—deliberately contrived by Francis Bacon and his co-workers to dissociate him from certain dramatic works, and for adequate reasons.

Mrs. Bristol's imputation, however, may possibly be that modern Baconian writers, afflicted with a "solemnity of mind which seeks first causes even in trifles," have beguiled themselves into erecting a structure of mystery, which is indeed merely a phantasmic reflection of their own vain imaginings. It seems that there is a "tendency" to regard *all* errata as intentional! One may wonder how many instances of students regarding *all* errata as intentional Mrs. Bristol has examined to justify her use of the word "tendency."

There is, surely, no case against students preoccupying themselves with what may appear, at first glance, to be trifles. It is precisely with such things that scholars hasten to deal in the hope of sifting out "leads" to important discoveries.

Mr. Johnson and myself are made to emerge as subscribers to the statement that "the beginning of the Renaissance in England waited upon the return of a nineteen-year old boy from France in 1579." What I *did* maintain (in BACONIANA, Spring 1948) was that Francis Bacon, impressed by the achievement of the Plćiade, and the consequent honour paid to Ronsard, came home from France self-dedicated to a similar work for England.

No one forgets that, as early as the middle of the XVth centry, scholars from England had studied at the great universities of Padua, Bologna, and Florence, and returned to teach in their turn at Oxford and Cambridge. No one forgets Linacre, Grocyn, More and Colet, or the increasing diffusion, then, of classical scholarship. The "beginnings" of this scholarship did not, of course, wait upon Bacon; but we may claim that the English Renaissance, in its aspect of a *concerted* (and successful) effort to promote the English language as a worthy vehicle for Renaissance thought, did begin to develop about the time of his return from France. ". . . No dramatic work had (by 1580) yet been written which can be said to have taken its place in our literature, or to have almost any interest for succeeding generations on account of its merits and apart from its mere antiquity. The next ten years disclose a new scene." (Craik, *History of English Literature*, Vol III). The efflux of great vernacular works did commence just about 1580. The evidence of the author of *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) is pertinent to this question of the *general* state of English culture up to his time.

Mr. Johnson admits that, overlooking dates, he wrote (in BACONIANA, Autumn, 1948) that Francis Bacon "met these seven young men" of the Plćiade, when he should have said, "met the young men who were carrying on the work of the Plćiade."

Finally, Mrs. Bristol wags a warning finger and murmurs darkly: ". . . much might be said, positively, as to the traces of Plćiade influence in English literature, but since most of it would tend to play hob with the Baconian theory of multiple authorship, the foxy goose will play safe and stay on the negative team."

The proposed tactics of this wily bird defeat the understanding of one English mind. Perhaps Mrs. Bristol will explain?

London, W.

Yours sincerely,
R. J. W. GENTRY

Sir,

Mr. Myrl Bristol in his (or her?) letter in the January BACONIANA under the above heading accuses Mr. Gentry and myself of adopting the tactics of the Stratfordians and of making suggestions which are not true.

I regret the mistake in my article on "Ben Jonson and Bacon" giving your readers the impression that Bacon had met all the original members of the Pléiade which was of course impossible as Jodelle was dead and Du Bellay dying when Bacon arrived in France in 1576 but it is certain that he met the young men such as De Thou, Du Plessis and others who were then carrying on the work of the original Pléiade at the Literary Salon of Marguerite of Navarre as Bacon on his arrival at once entered the highest circles of French Society at the time when the most important people of influence were Ronsard who admittedly was then an old man and his then confreres of the Pléiade. The fame of the Pléiade was then at its height,—Du Bellay and Jodelle were dead or dying but the fruit of their labours and of those young men who succeeded them was then evolving the admiration of their countrymen. Bacon at once made himself the master of the principals of the movement which had been carried through by the original Pléiade and on his return to England, started a similar movement.

Mr. Bristol states that he was a generation too late.

The Renaissance started in France twenty seven years before Bacon went to France, but there was no sign of any renaissance in England until Bacon returned home in 1579. From this date onwards a period of great literary and dramatic activity was observed to be taking place. Pamphlets, poetry, books and plays began to come forth from the printing presses in a never ending stream during the years 1579 to 1623 title paged to men *who had never been heard of before*, yet these reputed authors all had a similar style and were therefore considered to have borrowed freely from each other.

They were men who were the scum of Society such as Greene, Peele and Marlowe who spent most of their time in drinking and general debauchery. Marlowe who was a drunkard and wanted every penny that he could lay his hands on, so far as is known, never claimed to be an author and was such a fool as to allow the works afterwards attributed to him to be published anonymously, because we find that *no play was printed with the Marlowe ascription until after his death in* 1593.

We find the same thing with regard to Will Shaksper who the Stratfordians admit was avaricious and greedy of fame, yet he is supposed to have allowed all the Shakespeare plays up to the year 1597 to be published anonymously.

All the work of these men in aristocracy of thought and nobility of sentiment are on the same plane as Francis Bacon which is totally inconsistent with what we know of their lives.

Birmingham. Yours faithfully,

EDWARD D. JOHNSON

Dear Sir,

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE SUCCESSION

With reference to the note on page 34 of January's number of BACONIANA quoting from Warner's Albion's England, *i.e.*

> "Hence Englands Heires-apparent have of Wales bin Princes till our Queene deceast concealed her Heire, I wot not for what skill."

it may be interesting to see what Bacon himself has to say upon this matter. In his *The Beginning of the History of Great Britain* practically the whole of this fragment is devoted to the delay on the part of Queen Elizabeth as to the naming of her successor, which she deferred until almost her last breath. He says:—

> "For Queen Elizabeth being a princess of extreme caution, and yet one that loved admiration above safety, and knew that the declaration of a successor might in point of safety be disputable, but in point of admiration and respect assuredly to her disadvantage, has from the beginning set it down for a maxim of estate to impose a silence touching succession. Neither was it only reserved as a secret of estate, but restrained by severe laws, that no name should presume to give opinion or maintain argument touching the same."

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey A. J. BULL

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