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THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED)

Among the Objects for which the Society is established, as expressed in the Memorandum of Association, are the following:

1. To encourage for the benefit of the public, the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, statesman and poet; also his character, genius and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writing.
2. To encourage for the benefit of the public, the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

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The subscription for membership is two guineas payable on election and on the first day of each succeeding January. Members receive a copy of each issue of BACONIANA, without further payment, and are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meetings.

Members would assist the Society greatly by forwarding additional donations when possible, and by recommending friends for election. Those members who prefer to remit their subscriptions in American currency, are requested to send $6.

and we would draw special attenton to *Manes Verulamiani*. This is a facsimile edition of a very rare work, with notes and illustrations by its editor, Mr. Gundry. Like the Burgoyne facsimile of the Northumberland MS., it is becoming scarce and is most unlikely to be reproduced in facsimile again. If possible we would like the few remaining copies to find a place in the libraries of our members, or in the libraries and universities of the English-speaking world, where the works of Francis Bacon are studied; and on behalf of our members we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gundry for his outstanding contributions to *Baconiana* over a period of many years.

* * * * *

As we had expected, the quatercentenary celebrations of "William Shake-speare" have already inspired an exceptional amount of correspondence in the national Press. As this is still continuing, it is impossible to condense it into our correspondence columns. At a later date, however, we hope to publish much of it in *Baconiana*, or perhaps in a separate pamphlet. For the present a small selection of letters must suffice.

First in the field was *The Observer*, in which *Pendennis* gave us some welcome publicity after a photographer and Miss Carol Cattley had visited Canonbury Tower and talked to our President and Secretary. On the Sunday following our President was interviewed at his home by Timothy Mathews of the B.B.C., and a recording of their conversation was broadcast by the Home Service in the programme "Today" and repeated later on overseas transmissions. This naturally brought us increased correspondence. An article *Who was Shakespeare*? by our President appeared in the February issue of the *Law Society's Gazette*, and later our President was invited to a meeting of the United Law Debating Society, to oppose the motion "That this house does not care who Shakespeare was". Several of our members took part in this debate, also opposing the motion. This was moved by a leading Counsel, Mr. G. H. Hames, whose eloquence and forensic skill would have been hard to counter in a straight debate on the Shakespeare controversy. However Mr. Hames was faced with the difficult task of persuading lawyers that they "did not care" who was the author of our national drama or, as our President put it, were not interested in one of the greatest "Whodunits" in our literature. Reluctantly, therefore, most of the lawyers present gave their votes to Cdr. Pares in opposing the motion

while emphatically dissociating themselves from any particular rival theory of the authorship. As the debate took place in the Common Room in Gray's Inn, it was a little sad perhaps that no one, apart from our own members, was prepared to say a word for Francis Bacon, perhaps the greatest of the sons of the Inn.

* * * * *

Last year our Chairman, Mr. Fermor, was deeply engaged with the Charity Commissioners, and the result has been that our Society is now accepted and officially registered as an educational charity. Not only does this exempt the Society *ipso facto* from payment of income-tax on its own investment income in future, but some of our members have already been able to cover their annual subscriptions by Deed of Covenant, thus making recovery of income-tax possible also on a proportion of these. The Stuart-Francis Bacon Endowment Fund has also been registered as an educational charity and will be exempt from income tax on its investment income.

* * * * *

In this issue we print an article by M. P. on *Othello.* In some vital respects this play is a key to our controversy, since it was first printed six years after Will Shakspere's death and was then completely revised in the following year in the Folio. The orthodox argument is that all the Folio additions were either to restore "cuts" made for the stage, or to correct mistakes made in the quarto by printing from an imperfect copy. M. P. has analysed Folio additions and interpolations, and although he agrees that cuts for the stage were probably made and later restored, offers valid evidence that the Folio version of *Othello* is a complete revision of the play, and that it introduces many fine passages in Shake-speare's later style. However, towards the end of this article, the writer seems to grow tired of textual criticism and turns to the subject of imaginative interpretation, drawing attention in particular to Mrs. Pogson's book *In The East My Pleasure Lies,* which we strongly recommend and which we now understand is to be re-published in a second edition. It is intriguing to note that the popular theatre critic, Mr. W. A. Darlington, writing in the *Daily Telegraph* on the 27th July last, dismisses the belief, shared by Sir Laurence Olivier in his current characterisation, that Othello has strong negroid (or

Moorish) traits. We believe with M.P. that Shakespeare's men and women are *a priori* imaginative creations.

* * * * *

To one of our oldest members, Mr. E. D. Johnson, we owe another debt of gratitude. He has revised and re-printed his booklet on the Stratford Monument, and has also borne the expense of sending copies, together with a special re-print of *Baconiana* 163 to all the leading newspapers and journals in the English-speaking world. Copies of this and other booklets re-issued by Mr. Johnson are now available as advertised in our list of publications on the back covers. The Stratford Monument booklet affords ample proof that the Bust has been completely altered since it was first illustrated in Sir William Dugdale's *Warwickshire* in 1656 and in Rowe's *Shakespeare* of 1709. All three illustrations of the Monument are given in the booklet and we hope to print in our next issue an informative letter by Mr. Bokenham, in answer to Dr. H. N. Gibson, on this subject.

* * * * *

The well-known poet and dramatist Ronald Duncan, having joined the Shakespeare Action Committee as one of its Baconian members in 1963, wrote a trenchant article in the *Evening Standard* dated April 17th, 1964. This caused a *furore* of indignant correspondence in which our President and Chairman also joined (see pages 101 and 102). Later Ronald Duncan wrote an even more devastating article in the *Daily Mirror* whose candid editor dared to include an illustration of the Northumberland Manuscript. It is most encouraging to have a writer of this calibre on our side in this controversy, and we feel sure we have not heard the last from this valuable reinforcement to our cause. We realise naturally that the whole weight of orthodox vested interests will be poised against us, but if our message and the truth of which we are the custodians can reach only a small proportion of those who are genuinely interested in this quest, the prolonged effort this year will have been well worth while.

1964 is a year in which we may expect feelings to run high over the question of the Shakespearean authorship. On January 2nd the Stratfordian steam roller, piloted by a team of B.B.C. experts, lumbered heavily into view. The object was to persuade listeners, under the guise of a farce, that there was no such thing

as a Shakespeare problem. Subsequent correspondence inclines us to think that it had the opposite effect.

The programme began with an expression of anxiety at the growing symptoms of mental disorder in our land, as shown by those who actually reject the orthodox Stratfordian theory. It was also considered alarming that a number of intelligent people should refer to the Stratford legend as a mere "theory". It was, of course, admitted that no manuscripts or letters by William of Stratford had ever been found, but this, it was claimed, could easily be accounted for by assuming a bonfire in which Dr. Hall, in a fit of rage, had destroyed all his father-in-law's papers and all evidence of his literacy.

It was not the customary reverence accorded to the Stratford man which surprised us in this broadcast; it was the team's ignorance about the historical Bacon. The latter was portrayed in a sense completely opposite to that shown by his biographers, and without any humour and wit, which was his especial charm. In the same defamatory vein it was claimed that a mere writer of essays could never rise to the level of writing poetry! We began to wonder if the script-writers had ever read the prose works of Coleridge, or Shelley, or Milton.

We received a number of letters expressing disgust at the shabby way in which this particular attack on our Society was conceived. Our President wrote to the Editor of *The Listener* and also to the Director-General of the B.B.C. Their replies were courteous, but no opportunity was granted for correcting their historical mistakes about Francis Bacon. The letters were not published, but with one from Mr. John Farrer, appear in our correspondence columns.

* * * * *

Among the more recent contributions to our journal have been well-informed articles on *Emerson and Bacon*[1] and *Shelley's Admiration For Bacon*[2]. We have thought it well to complete this series with an article on *Pope and Bacon* by the late H. Kendra Baker. This appeared originally in *Baconiana* 85; but since it forms the only complete answer to those of Bacon's detractors who continue to misinterpret Pope's epigram — "The Wisest,

[1] *Baconiana*, No. 159.

[2] *Baconiana*, No. 163.

Brightest, Meanest of Mankind" — without knowing what it was meant to convey, we feel that this exceptionally well-documented article should be made available once more to our readers.

Today the word "mean" is used in quite a different sense from that used in Pope's day, or for that matter in Bacon's day. Nevertheless Pope's epigram is still used in a defamatory sense by journalists and critics when they write about Bacon. Recently it has even been so used by so distinguished a reviewer as Mrs. C. V. Wedgwood[1]. Pope used the word "mean" in the Shakespearean sense of "humble" or "pitiful". He used this word not only of himself, more than once, but of his idol Dryden as well. We are not aware of a single instance where he used the word exclusively in its modern and derogatory sense as "stingy", "underhand", etc. But we should like to be informed of any such instances if they should come to light, as they are not recorded in Mr. Kendra Baker's fascinating article.

It is hardly possible to throw more light on this problem than has already been shed by Mr. Kendra Baker. But since, as he points out, Pope's age was far nearer to Bacon's age than to our own, we thought that a tabulation of the uses of the word "mean" in Shakespeare would show how this word has changed its meaning. It is true that Dr. Johnson in his dictionary does not give "humble" as an alternative to "mean" but, oddly enough, this is an omission on his part. Another contemporary dictionary, quoted by Mr. Kendra Baker, establishes this point.

According to Mrs. Henry Pott, to whom we are greatly indebted, there are about 720 instances of the word "mean" and its correlations in Shakespeare. Most of these are verbs or nouns, but about 48 are adjectives and adverbs and it is with these that we are concerned. The list is printed as an appendix to Mr. Kendra Baker's article *Pope and Bacon.*

Those who are determined to defame Francis Bacon will not be convinced however strong the evidence. We may, however, comfort ourselves by recalling a few lines written by Miss Marjorie Bowen, the well-known historical novelist, to Mr. Kendra Baker as follows: —"Thank you for sending me your MS. which I

[1] *Daily Telegraph*, November, 1963.

have read with the greatest interest. It seems to me that you have absolutely proved your point. The Essay is fascinating reading, too, apart from the thesis".

In our correspondence column there is an interesting letter from Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Price on this subject. The writers, as we understand them, feel that Pope may have intended to use the word "mean" not in the sense of "humble" but in a more derogatory sense, although they do not go so far as to suggest that he meant "base". We believe that Pope often used this word in the older Shakespearean sense and never in the modern defamatory sense.

* * *

We are most grateful to Professor Benjamin Farrington, an authority on Francis Bacon, and the author of *Francis Bacon, Philosopher of Industrial Science,* and *Francis Bacon* (published last year), for permission to reproduce the address he gave to the Anglo-Hellenic League at the Royal Commonwealth Society. This article shows that the Presocratic philosophers, now holding an honoured place in our Universities, were singled out by Francis Bacon some three hundred and fifty years ago! Then, as now, the Aristotelian dogmas and the Schoolmen were gradually being superseded by the pragmatic and scientific approach to human problems.

Yet the modern world is in mortal danger of ignoring the safeguards which Bacon so strongly urged, which are ably described by Professor Farrington, and touched on in a contribution in the current number by our Chairman, Noel Fermor. We refer to the vital role of religion, and in particular, Christianity. Professor Farrington has developed this theme in a further article, *The Christianity of Francis Bacon,* which, we are happy to say, will still appear but in the next issue. Thus we are able to pursue our first Object, which even in this present year of authorship polemics, must have priority.

* * *

We draw the attention of our members to three important new books.

The Secrets of Shakespeare's Sonnets is by Mr. Roderick L. Eagle, who is so well known to Baconians as a formidable Shake-

spearean scholar, and a devoted champion of our cause. Mr. Eagle was a member of our Society as long ago as the first World War and some years ago published *New Views For Old* which sold extremely well, partly through numerous favourable Press references at that time. In *Baconiana* No. 161 we printed an article *The "Friend" and the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets*, and the new book consists of an enlargement of this fascinating study which we believe to be of lasting value to students of the sonnets. Bearing in mind the conspicuous disagreements between orthodox scholars such as Professors A. L. Rowse and Dover Wilson, and Dr. L. Hotson, as to the identity of "Mr. W. H." and the "Dark Lady", we welcome Mr. Eagle's learned but practical approach to this greatest of all literary problems. We support his view that a search for historical personalities, though of interest, is at variance with the true *motif* of these literary gems.

A facsimile reproduction of each sonnet from the 1609 edition will provide a record which is badly needed by Shakespearan students, and we shall be very pleased to publish this book on behalf of the author. We earnestly request readers to order copies through the Society for 25/- each (plus postage). The Society will be paid royalties for every copy sold, and we very much hope that our members will help to ensure that this venture is a financial success. Mr. Eagle has kindly transferred the copyright to us, and as the publishers will not "remainder" the book, no sales will be made at under the published price.

Professor Benjamin Farrington is well known to students of Francis Bacon, and we say without hesitation that his recently published book, *The Philosophy of Francis Bacon*, is a work of outstanding importance. We print an interesting review on page 97 and from this it is clear that it is not possible to understand fully Francis Bacon's life work, and his plans for the betterment of mankind, without studying this fresh and vital contribution to Baconian literature.

The third book is *Francis Bacon And The Modern Dilemma* by the American writer Loren Eiseley, whose previous works include *Darwin's Century* (1958) and *The Firmament of Time* (1960). This book brings out the significance of Eiseley's comment that Bacon was "a kind of lens . . . through which thought gathered, was re-organised, and radiated outward again in new forms".

Ewen MacDuff's article *By Line and Levell,* which appears in smaller print at the end of this issue, was included in some haste before going to Press. It has an important bearing on the numerical cypher described by W. E. Lovell in *A Key to the Simple Cypher* (*Baconiana* 160, page 87).

Ewen MacDuff now shows how this system becomes a vital link between the published works of Bacon and Shake-speare. The reader is invited to take part in a "do-it-yourself" demonstration and to rule the diagonal lines on the enclosed diagram, which has been left loose for this purpose. In Bacon's own words (see quotation) we are invited to "march by line and levell" and to be "fortified by a certain Rule". Is somebody winking at us again? We seem to have heard these words before!

> Do, do: we steal by line and level.
> "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate.
> (*The Tempest* 4/1/241)
>
> I have not kept my square, but that to come
> Shall all be done by the rule.
> (*Antony and Cleopatra* 2/3/6)

Is it a coincidence that Bacon's metaphor is so strangely echoed in Shakespeare?

FRANCIS BACON AND THE PRESOCRATICS

By PROFESSOR B. FARRINGTON, Emeritus Professor of Classics.

For about a hundred years now Presocratic philosophy has held an honoured place among the higher studies in our universities. The fragments have been collected. The various schools of thought and the more important individual thinkers have been the subject of innumerable monographs. The importance of the period as a whole has been assessed and re-assessed. All agree in regarding it as of the first importance. Some even, by reason of its originality and boldness, have placed a higher value on it than on the succeeding period which saw the birth of the Academy, the Lyceum, the Garden and the Porch. To them it has seemed the heroic age, the birth-time of the modern mind, the definitive break-through from mythology to science.

Now the curious thing is that about three hundred and fifty years ago Francis Bacon singled out this period as deserving of special attention. He called for a collection of the fragments. He defined the principles on which it should be made. To be three hundred and fifty years ahead of his time is unusual even for Francis Bacon. Alas, there is nothing unusual in the fact that those English scholars who now collect, edit, and discuss the fragments show no awareness of the priority of their illustrious countryman. Never was a prophet more dishonoured in his own country. Yet his opinions, which were slowly matured over many years, and his motives and findings are worthy of study.

But we shall do well to admit at the outset that Bacon was the most unacademic of men. "Studies", he wrote in a familiar passage, "teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation." There speaks the authentic voice of the favourite son of Lord Keeper Nicholas Bacon. There speaks the man whose mental and moral energies throughout life were bent upon making himself worthy of assuming the burden of such office, if it should ever devolve upon him. His interest in the Presocratics sprang out of his concern for the government of his country and the future of mankind. That was the field of observation in which he sought the wisdom which should teach the use of studies.

To come at once to the heart of the matter, it was because he was planning the restoration of the dominion of man over the universe that he came to concern himself with this early period of Greek thought. The use he wished to make of his studies was the emancipation of mankind from poverty in accordance with God's promise to Adam of dominion over nature. The prevailing Aristotelian philosophy was useless for this purpose. Bacon searched high and low for some means by which he could break its spell. After prolonged thought and study he came to recognise, in what Aristotle and he called "the older thinkers" and what we call the Presocratics, a more promising attitude to the study of nature. It was, of course, only this attitude, not their findings that could be of any use to him. The Presocratics might help him to end the domination of Aristotle over the minds of the men of his age.

If we are to understand Bacon we must not shrink from exhibiting what may seem naive in his outlook. He believed, in great humility, that he had been sent into the world to accomplish this emancipation of the human race. In his fragment of a self-portrait in Latin, he says he believed he was *natus ad utilitates humanae*. Spedding's translation, "born for the service of mankind", is quite inadequate. *Utilitates humanae* is more specific and more concrete. Bacon was not writing a motto for the Rotarians; he was stating his belief that he was destined to inaugurate a transformation in the condition of man on earth. He expands the statement in the concluding sentences of the *Novum Organum*. There he speaks of himself as "a faithful trustee who is now to hand over to men their fortunes. I have purged and strengthened your understanding, and the consequence must be the improvement of the lot of mankind and the increase of his power over nature." This emancipation of the race from the curse of poverty, to be mediated through him, is the constant subject of his prayers. Thus in the Preface to *The History of the Winds*, written very near the end of his life, we find: "May God, the Creator, Preserver, and Restorer (Instaurator) of the universe, in accordance with his mercy and his loving-kindness towards men, protect and guide this work (i.e. the *Instauratio Magna* of which the History of the Winds was part), both in its ascent to his glory and in its descent to the good of mankind, through his only Son, God with us." Thus Francis Bacon

thought of himself. Thus those closest to him, his chaplain Rawley, his friend George Herbert, thought of him. Thus we too must think of him if we are to understand even so trifling a problem as that of his preoccupation with the Presocratics.

For reasons which cannot be discussed here, Bacon was over forty before he sat down to argue the case for his philosophy of works. What he then did was to take over the title and no doubt much of the content of a juvenile work written at the age of twenty-four when he first entered parliament. That work had been called *Temporis Partus Maximus* (*The Greatest Birth of Time*). By the change of one word the title was made both more modest and more witty. It was now called *Temporis Partus Masculus* (*The Masculine Birth of Time*). There was allusion, no doubt, to the old saying that Truth is the daughter of Time, and the intention was to suggest that such truth as the human race yet possessed did not deserve to be called a son.

Later, in *De Augmentis* (VI,2) Bacon distinguishes the *magistral* from the *initiative* method of transmitting knowledge. "The first transmits knowledge to the crowd of learners, the other to the sons, as it were, of science. The end of the first is the acquisition of existing knowledge, of the second the creation of new knowledge." *The Masculine Birth of Time* is of the initiative kind. It is, therefore, cast in the form of an address of initiation, and refers to the initiate in the singular as 'My son.' The purpose of the new science is "to stretch the deplorably narrow limits of man's dominion over the universe to their promised bounds;" and this the speaker describes as "his only earthly wish." In the course of a few vitriolic pages he dismisses the whole existing science of nature, ancient, medieval and modern as worthless, and apologizes for wasting even so much time on it. "Now I must recollect myself and do penance", he exclaims, "for though my purpose was only to discredit it, yet I have been handling what is unholy and unclean." Then the fragment, which had begun with "humble and burning prayers" to God "that, mindful of the miseries of the human race and this our mortal pilgrimage in which we wear out evil days and few, he would send down upon us new streams from the fountains of his mercy for the relief of our distress", ends with a passionate protestation to the initiate of the blessings that will follow on the perfection of the new science. "My dear, dear

boy, what I purpose is to unite you with *things themselves* in a chaste, holy and legal wedlock; and from this association you will secure an increase beyond all the hopes and prayers of ordinary marriages, to wit, a blessed race of Heroes or Supermen who will overcome the immeasurable helplessness and poverty of the human race, which cause it more destruction than all giants, monsters or tyrants, and will make you peaceful, happy, prosperous and secure."

Such was Bacon in 1603 at the age of forty-two. It is a Bacon wholly unknown to those numerous detractors who love to describe him as a cold fish. But it is the Bacon whom we must recall if we are to understand the grounds of his dissatisfaction with Aristotle and the eagerness with which he turned to something of greater promise in the Presocratics. For it is in the violent denunciation of Aristotle in *The Masculine Birth of Time* that we first find evidence that Bacon not only thought Aristotle wrong but that he had betrayed and deserted a more fruitful path. Here is the passage: I quote only the most relevant words. "Let Aristotle be summoned to the bar, that worst of sophists. Just when the human mind, borne thither by some favouring gale had found rest in a little truth, this man presumed to fasten the closest fetters on our understanding. He still moved in the daylight of honest research when he spun as it were spiders' webs over such observations of particulars as had already been made —webs which he would have us regard as causal bonds, though they have no strength nor worth." The charge is clear. Things had been going fairly well before Aristotle came on the scene. Some observations of particulars had been made. Some genuine principles of causation might have emerged had not Aristotle by his web of verbal logic obscured the need for discovering physical causes.

What evidence had Bacon for this opinion? Two passages of Aristotle must have been in his mind. First, in the *Parts of Animals* (642a) Aristotle notes how "men in the time of Socrates gave up enquiry into the works of nature." Then, in the opening of the *Metaphysics* there is a more extended and more ominous account of the development of Greek thought. Here Aristotle tells us that "at first the inventor of any art which went beyond the common understanding was much admired and properly so, for there was something useful in his invention and he was

thought wiser than other men for having made it. But when more arts came to be invented, some directed to the needs of life and others to recreation, naturally the latter were more highly esteemed than the former, because they did not aim at utility. Hence when all such inventions were already established, the sciences which were concerned neither with pleasure nor with the necessities of life were discovered." No doubt Bacon was familiar also with those passages in the *Politics* of Aristotle which gave practical expression to the point of view expressed in the *Metaphysics*. I mean the recommendation that in a well-regulated State employment in the mechanical arts should be held incompatible with citizenship.

Everything here would be offensive to Bacon. As a member of parliament he was much engaged in the current discussion of the problem of poverty. His sense of social responsibility was sharpened by his conviction that the solution of the problem of poverty lay in his philosophy of works. The philosophy of works could not be founded without recourse to the mechanical arts. This would remain forever impossible while Aristotle blocked the way. Hence the violence of Bacon's denunciation.

It is important, however, to remember that Bacon neither finished nor published *The Masculine Birth of Time*. He left it on one side, and shifted his ground from attacking individuals to perfecting one of the most original features of his thought, namely, the psychological and sociological analysis of the obstacles to the creation of a true philosophy of nature. In *Valerius Terminus*, another fragmentary work of the same period, his positions are defined with a new clarity. He begins by distinguishing the goal of his philosophy with a new simplicity. "My intention is," he writes, "to increase and multiply the revenues and possessions of man." He proceeds to develop his doctrine of Idols. These he describes as "the inherent and profound errors and superstitions in the nature of the *mind*" which preclude the successful search for truth. He proposes to supplement this by a further analysis of "the impediments which have been in the nature of *society* and the policies of state." And contends "that there is no composition of state or society, nor order or quality of persons, which have not some contrariety towards true knowledge."

By the light of these new insights he succeeds, in a new fragment written perhaps a year later, in bringing his project into still sharper focus. In the *Thoughts on Human Knowledge* he tells us: "If we are to have a purer Natural Philosophy, its foundations must be solidly based in Natural History, and a Natural History which is both copious and accurate." He adds that the most important and most neglected element in it will be "mechanical history or the history of the arts, to which no man has ever applied himself, on which no man has ever expended the unbroken toil which is its due." Then on this secure foundation he is able to mount a sober, balanced and informed critique of Aristotle's achievement which has stood the test of time. "Of this weakness (*i.e.* speculation uncontrolled by experiment) the most astonishing example is Aristotle. He was a great man, financed by a great king, familiar with natural and civil history, the author of a notably accurate *History of Animals*, who moreover, as is clear from his *Problems* and *Parva Naturalia*, had devoted much thought to all sorts of researches, and who even allowed the senses their proper role. Nevertheless, his Natural Philosophy is divorced from things; he notoriously deserted experience; and, however men may seek to hedge and quibble, produced as the result of his mighty exertions something much closer to Logic than to Physics or Metaphysics."

This careful analysis of the failure of Aristotle is limited, it should be noted, to his Natural Philosophy, nor does it affect the whole of that. The notable tribute to the biological works makes it quite clear that the failure Bacon censures is limited to the mechanical and chemical sciences which give man control over inorganic nature. To resort to Bacon's own terminology, Aristotle's failure was not in the domain of *natura libera* but of *natura vexata*.

It was only when these points had become clear in his mind that Bacon could proceed to that investigation of the character of Presocratic philosophy which takes a prominent place in two works of 1607 and 1608, namely *Thoughts and Conclusions* and *Refutation of Philosophies*. I quote from the latter, as it is even less likely to be known, and being later is a little fuller. *Refutation of Philosophies* is in form a curious piece. In it, Bacon has chosen to put the exposition of his philosophy into the mouth of a Frenchman lecturing to an international gathering in Paris.

I begin to quote where the lecturer has finished with Plato and Aristotle and turns back to consider the older thinkers whose works have survived only in fragments. "It may perhaps be that you would like to hear my opinion of those other philosophers known to us, not in their own writings but through the writings of others—Pythagoras, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Parmenides, etc. Here, my sons, I shall keep nothing back but frankly open up to you the whole of my thought. Know then that I have, with the utmost zeal and patience, sought out the slightest breath of tradition about the findings and opinions of these men. Aristotle confutes them. Plato and Cicero quote them. Plutarch devoted an essay to them. Laertius wrote their lives. The poet Lucretius sings of them. All these sources, together with various other fragments and references which can be traced, I have sought out and read. Nor have I accorded them a contemptuous glance but weighed them with patient fidelity. There can be no doubt that if their opinions, now known to us only through untrustworthy intermediaries were extant in their own writings so that they could be drawn from the living spring, they would make an impression of much greater solidity than they now do. For the force of a theory rests on an apt harmony of mutually sustaining parts and on a rounded and complete demonstration and is weakened when handed down piece-meal. But I am convinced that, in the great variety of these opinions, there are a considerable number that have been arrived at after careful study of nature and assignment of causes. Inevitably some are better in one point, some in another. But if they be compared with Aristotle, my firm conviction is that several of them penetrated more shrewdly and deeply into nature in many points than he. It was inevitable that they should do so since they were more devout devotees of experience than he. Especially is this true of Democritus, who by reason of his wide experience of the world of nature was even reputed to be a mage."

Bacon left these two writings of 1607 and 1608 unpublished. It is not difficult to supply an explanation. His purpose in drawing attention to the Presocratics was not directly concerned with his philosophy of works. He did not expect to find important inventions or discoveries in their remains. The knowledge of nature, he insisted, was not to be found in old books, but in

direct contact with things. And, as his private diary for 1608 makes clear, he was at this very time planning to abandon politics and secure for himself the headship of some grammar school or university college in order to turn it over from book-learning to research. The importance the Presocratics had for him at this time lay in the demonstration that even in the corrupt tradition of Greek thought (for corrupt he held it to be) there had been a period of two centuries before Socrates when the research into nature had proceeded on sounder lines. His two writings were intended as an attack on the tradition of Philosophy cherished in the universities. He therefore submitted them to the judgment of the learned Bodley. Bodley understood very well what Bacon had in mind, and the key sentence in his famous reply is that in which he assures him that no responsible body of academic opinion could be found to support him. This was decisive for Bacon. He bowed to Bodley's opinion, not of the worth of his argument, but of its chance of a favourable hearing. He put the two writings away to be published after his death, but kept the idea at the back of his mind.

The next twelve years saw the culmination of Bacon's political career in his elevation to the Lord Chancellorship and of his literary career in the publication of *Instauratio Magna*. For Bacon *The Great Instauration* was, of course, much more than a book. It was, as its title indicates and as many a passage of the book declares, intended as a call to mankind to inaugurate a new age. Its success was great and instantaneous, and Bacon, in spite of the wreck of his political career, decided to strike again while the iron was hot. After all he had merely rid himself of the career in which he felt his soul to be a stranger and secured the freedom to devote himself to his "only earthly wish." Accordingly he took the two books of the *Advancement of Learning* which he had published in English in 1605, expanded them into nine books, and brought them out in Latin in 1623. In the latinisation of the work his chief assistant was George Herbert, who enthusiastically shared his views. The choice of the international language was natural. Bacon had in view the dominion of man, not of Englishmen, over the universe.

Here in the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* Bacon revived his plea for a study of the Presocratics. In it, three hundred and sixty years ago, the first formal proposal for a *Fragmente der*

Vorsokratiker was offered as a challenge to the world of learning. We must imagine Bacon thumbing over again the pages of his unpublished MSS and restating in more polished language and more perfect form the proposal which Bodley, fifteen years earlier, had thought unlikely to win acceptance in Oxford or Cambridge. And how right Bodley was! In his *Greek Studies in England* Professor Clarke tells us that even as late as 1830 "there was no appreciation of the remarkable speculations of the Presocratics." Yet Bacon had made it easy for them. Here are the terms in which his proposal was made: —

"It is a choice observation of Aristotle," begins Bacon, handing out a passing compliment to the man whose unfortunate dictatorship he is hoping to end, "that infants when learning to speak call every woman — Mother. (Ar. *Phys.*I, 184*b*). Only later do they learn to distinguish their own. So is it with the developing experience of the human race. When still immature it calls every philosopher 'Mother'. Riper experience will recognize its true mother. We are still awaiting this happy maturity, but while waiting it may not be amiss to scan the various philosophies. They are so many glosses on Nature herself; and here and there, one in one place and one in another, with greater or less success, they avoid being wholly wrong. I therefore propose a work which I observe does not yet exist. From the *Lives* of the ancient philosophers, from Plutarch's compendium of their views, from the citations of Plato and the attacks of Aristotle, from the scattered mentions in other writers, ecclesiastical or pagan—Lactantius, Philo, Philostratus and the rest—let there be compiled with due diligence and judgment a study of the philosophy of the ancient world. But, if it be done, let the arrangement be clear. By that I mean that the individual philosophers must each be given separate treatment and a continuous exposition. They must not be broken up and recombined, in the manner of Plutarch, into little bundles of opinions on various topics. Every philosophy presented entire is its own best advocate. Its conclusions, isolated from their context may appear strange and inacceptable; combined they will illuminate and strengthen one another. An example from civil history will make my meaning clear. The life of a Nero or a Claudius, as presented by Tacitus, clothed in the circumstances of the time and with adequate description of character and situation, wins

our acceptance. But the same events, robbed of chronological sequence, rearranged under headings and digested into commonplaces, appear monstrous and incredible. Let us then heed this example and have our separate philosophies each in a continuous exposition." (*De Aug.* III, iv).

The perspicuity and justness of this masterly programme seem to me to require no further emphasis. The project speaks for itself. Only thus could the work be satisfactorily done, and thus it was eventually done,—by German enterprise, intellect, and industry—two hundred and fifty years after Bacon proposed it. When it was done, did it not confirm Bacon's anticipation? Of the Presocratic systems he had written: "They have got something of natural philosophy in them; they smack of the nature of things, of experience and of bodies." (*Novum Organum* I, 63). When the modern study began Windelband already noted that, chronologically speaking, Greek technology and Greek philosophy had developed side by side. With the Baconian concept of knowledge as power in his mind, Windelband drew a parallel between the busy industrial, commercial, and colonizing activity of the Renaissance in modern Europe and the Ionian dawn. In both ages a rapid expansion of material civilization coincided with an intellectual awakening. As we read the fragments and the ancient references and seek to build for ourselves some idea of the character of this early philosophy we find ourselves constantly in the presence of the technical life of the age. Hydraulic engineering, navigation, architecture, agriculture, fishing, the wheel, the potter's wheel, the sun-dial, the armillary sphere, map-making, the sling, the bellows, the fulling-mill, weaving, metallurgy, glass-making, cookery, dietetics, the breeding of animals, counting with pebbles, medicine, astronomy, music, painting, baking, the lantern with its translucent shutters of horn, the clepsydra, the alphabet, the administration of justice, the theatre, the calendar—such are the activities, the institutions, the implements, the processes, the machines, references to which rise from every page. [1] I set them down thus higgledy-piggledy, without concern to separate the more mechanical, like pottery, from the more intellectual, like the alphabet, because this is true to the record and shows that in this period the arts and crafts are

[1] On the character of Presocratic philosophy, see especially R. Mondolfo in Zeller - Mondolfo *La Filosofia dei Greci*, Vol 11 Part 1, pp. 27 ff.

still the fruitful seed-plots of science, rich in suggestions for the philosophy of nature, and that knowledge and utility still advance hand-in-hand. Nor was Aristotle without some sense of this. But for him times had changed. The useful arts had completed their creative task. The amenities had all been provided. Industry henceforth could, and ideally should, be kept going by slaves. The citizen was freed for the higher, the contemplative, arts.

Obviously, then, Bacon has a case. The Socratic movement which culminated in Aristotle did leave out something of great value which the Presocratics possessed. For greater clarity on this point I quote another of his formulations, taken this time from his essay on Parmenides, Telesius and Democritus and somewhat condensed. "Almost all the earlier thinkers," Bacon there writes, "including Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Anaximenes, Heraclitus and Democritus, though they disagreed in other particulars in their account of matter, were at one in this: they posited a First Matter that was active, endowed with a certain form, capable of imparting its form and possessing in itself a principle of motion. Thus they all submitted their minds to things. But Plato and Aristotle, by their ideal theory and by their logic, subjected matter to their own notions and verbal distinctions. Their abstract matter is only the matter of dialectic, not the stuff of the universe. A true philosopher dissects nature rather than abstracts from her. But those who refuse to dissect have no option but to abstract." How could nature be dissected except in the workshop when the laboratory did not yet exist? Even for Bacon himself, the word *experientia* still refers mainly to what went on in the workshop.

More than three hundred years later, unless I altogether misunderstand him, Harold Cherniss came to much the same conclusion as Bacon. In the detailed analysis worked out in his *Aristotle's Criticism of Presocratic Philosophy* (Baltimore, 1935) he writes: "The theories which Aristotle here criticises are physical theories meant to explain physical change; the alternative which Aristotle suggests is a logical analysis where he merely states again the problem Anaxagoras and Democritus had tried to solve; but it is crucial," continues Cherniss, "that Aristotle thought his analysis was itself a physical theory." (p.78). Cherniss repeats this charge in the concluding sentences of his

book. "The use to which in his writings Aristole has put the Presocratic theories has not only perverted details but has also obliterated the problem these theories had to meet and obscured the relationship of the doctrines to one another" (p. 404). Well might Bacon claim, as he does in the passage from which I have quoted above: "Such pronouncements are to be rejected *en bloc* not refuted one by one."

From what has been said it is clear that Bacon was concerned not only with his philosophy of works. He was also a pioneer in the history of ideas. In the *Advancement of Learning* in 1605 he had noted among the *desiderata* "a just story of learning," and had defined a just story, in other words, a true history, of learning as one the purpose of which was "to make men wise in the use and administration of learning." Now in this matter of the use and administration of learning, which necessarily carries learning out of the academic sphere into the arena of public policy, a great struggle was going forward in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to achieve a revaluation of the role of the practical or mechanical arts. They were to be judged afresh as supplying not only the material basis of life but an essential element in the development of knowledge. What was useful was no longer to be despised and the mechanical arts were to be accorded a cultural as well as an economical role. In this struggle Bacon was in the van. "The most serious mistake," he writes, "in the use of knowledge is the misplacing of its final end. Guilty of this mistake are those who seek knowledge out of an innate and restless curiosity; or those who seek it as a diversion and entertainment of the mind; or to win reputation; or to get the victory in a struggle of wits; or as is most common, for gain or livelihood. But very few are they who spend their God-given gift of reason for its true end, the benefit and use of man. . . . *Yet that which will most dignify and exalt knowledge is the union of theory and practice in a closer bond than has hitherto been known.*"(1)

The recognition of this close bond between theory and practice is characteristic of our modern age; and, when the critical study of the Presocratics began in the last century, it is, I think, true to say that the great figures in this new field of research—Zeller, Bidez, Tannéry, Diels, Burnet—rejoiced to detect in the thought of the Presocratics evidences of their close contact with

(1) *De Augmentis Scientiarum.* Bk. 1

the technology of their age. By this I, for one, do not mean that the Presocratics had anticipated the Baconian revolution. They had never even dreamed of such a degree of scientific control of natural forces as Bacon had in mind, nor did they set before them the Baconian goal of the relief of man's estate. Simply theirs was an age of rapid technological progress. They were conscious that the refinement of life in their own age as compared with the Homeric heroes was the gift of technology. Their social conditions were such that technical processes perpetually fertilised the thoughts of the speculative minds. This historically conditioned nearness to techniques has left a rich deposit in their writings, which Bacon was quick enough to sense; and in the light of it he judged their natural philosophy to be more penetrating and hopeful than that of Aristotle. Aristotle became for him the typical instance of the folly of divorcing theory and practice.

But these technological considerations do not exhaust the interest of Bacon's affinity with the Presocratics. Zeller came under the criticism of Joël for exaggerating the objective character of Presocratic thought and neglecting its subjective aspect. Joël did not deny the prominence of technology in the remains, but he insisted that the period in which Greek philosophy arose was characterised not only by technical progress but by works of the spirit, like the creation of lyric poetry and the establishment of the mystery religions. These subjective phenomena, Joël insisted, were equally involved in the birth of science. The impulse to seek a unifying principle in all things, both in the external world itself and between the external world and the enquiring spirit is mystical rather than rational. Abel Rey took Joël's point and coined the oft-quoted aphorism that "two fairy god-mothers presided over the cradle of Greek science—mysticism and techniques".

By reason of his necessary insistence on the important role of techniques both for knowledge and for life, Bacon has often been charged with indifference to the subjective side of natural philosophy. The view is untenable. If Joël could find proof of the subjective element in Presocratic philosophy in the poetry and mystery cults of the age in which it grew, surely Bacon may claim a similar indulgence—Bacon for whom the history of mankind without the history of culture was Polyphemus without

his eye, Bacon for whom poetry had an advantage over science in that it saved the mind of man from being "buckled and bowed" to the actualities of his condition, Bacon whose scientific programme was firmly set within the framework of his Christian faith. For him the unity and goodness of the natural world were implicit in its being the handiwork of the Creator. For him, man's involvement with the world of nature was the consequence of the divine command that he should exercise dominion over it. For him solidarity with the universe meant also solidarity with all mankind, since the supreme law of life was charity, the obligation to exercise control over nature for the relief of man's estate. Never for an instant did it cross his mind that science and technology could save the world except in so far as they were used to do the work of charity.

Thus, in Bacon's philosophy the subjective, mystical element was by no means lacking. Over its cradle Abel Rey's two fairy god-mothers, mysticism and techniques, still stooped. But they were seventeenth century Anglican fairies born of a Catholic father and a Puritan mother. Since they are so much nearer to us it is possible to discern their features and overhear their spells. On their faces was the expression Bacon more than once described as ingrained by habit on the countenance of his wise man—"a look as if he pitied men". One of the fairies bears the name Utility. What she is murmuring is: "Science, like religion, must be known by its works." The other, whose name is Humility, says: "One cannot enter either the kingdom of heaven or the kingdom of science except as a little child." Both have a touch of apocalyptic fire in their belly, for both have heard of those saints who, "prompted by an extasy of charity and an uncontrollable yearning for the common good, chose to have their names erased from the book of life rather than that salvation should not reach their brothers". [1]

[1] *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, VII, 1

POPE AND BACON

By the late H. KENDRA BAKER

POPE'S description of Bacon in the *Essay on Man* as the "Wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind" has been almost universally accepted as a sort of pontifical pronouncement, indicating Pope's low opinion of Bacon's moral character and, as such, has done incalculable injury to the latter's reputation.

Those who so accept it are probably unaware of the glaring anomalies which such a view involves when it is realised that Pope uses the identical expression, "meanest," not only concerning *himself* personally, but his "idol" Dryden, and, moreover, that were the expression to be construed in its modern uncomplimentary sense in this passage concerning Bacon, it would constitute a unique and apparently inexplicable exception to the rule that throughout Pope's *dicta* and *scripta,* every reference to Bacon is of a highly eulogistic character. This it is hoped to demonstrate in detail. As, however, the theory to be propounded is a novel one and conflicts with a hoary tradition, the reader is most earnestly invited to put aside "prejudice, passion and preconceptions" and in fairness to the writer, approach the subject with a perfectly open mind, bearing in mind a very pertinent observation attributed to Solomon that:—

> He that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his *humour* but no matter for his *instruction.*

And first, with regard to the application of this word "meanest" by Pope to *himself.*

In his *Essay on Criticism* (Pt. I, line 189), apostrophising the Poets of Antiquity, he writes:—

> Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
> Immortal heirs of universal praise!
> O may some spark of your celestial fire,
> The last, the *meanest* of your sons inspire!

Now, the writer, not long ago, was very severely handled by a certain "tradition worshipper" in a well-known London Weekly, for venturing to question Pope's meaning as regards Bacon, which he said was "as plain as a pike staff!" Well, here we have

the same word applied by Pope to himself in a totally different sense, having nothing whatever to do with moral obliquity, but connoting "humility." No pikestaff could be plainer! So we have two pikestaffs, both equally plain, and yet totally different. Why —in the absence of confirmatory evidence—should a defamatory meaning be attached to one and not to the other?

We shall show presently that not a shred of any such "confirmatory evidence" exists but much to the contrary. Take another instance of Pope's use of this word "mean," as applied to himself in the same sense. In his *Universal Prayer* he writes: —

> *Mean* though I am, not wholly so,
> Since quicken'd by thy breath:
> Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go
> Thro' this day's life or death.

The only comment one need make in this connection is that if he were "mean" in the sense we are asked to apply to Bacon, he could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as "quickened by the Divine breath"!

And when we come to Dryden, whom the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* describes as "his hero and master," how are we to understand that Pope is defaming the object of his infatuation when he writes:—

> Ill fated Dryden! who unmoved can see
> Th' extremes of wit and *meanness* join'd in thee?

So, too, in the Preface to his works, speaking of his respect for the Public, he says:—

". . . I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable," referring, of course, to his "modest efforts" as we would say.

In the same sense, in his *Imitations of Horace*, he writes: — "Each star of *meaner* merit fades away," and it is interesting to observe that in the same poem he uses the expression "base mankind," shewing clearly that had he so intended he could have used this adjective elsewhere in such connection as some are content to import it.

One is inclined to apply to such critics Pope's own complaint of similar persons:—

That when I aim at praise, they say I *bite.*

A very significant expression.

Again, he writes:—

And what is fame? the *meanest* have their day,
The greatest can but blaze and pass away.

Here the antithesis is obvious between the humblest and the greatest, and so, too, in his Epilogue to the Satires, he still further emphasises this signification in the lines:—

Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line
And makes immortal, verse as *mean* as mine.

In the *Dunciad,* he refers to the honours conferred by the Queen of Dullness on the Dunces:—

Nor passed the *meanest* unregarded.

Let us turn to a few of Pope's contemporaries who were obliging enough to contribute commendatory poems to some of his works.

In Broome, the "tradition-worshippers" would no doubt detect a superlatively bad lot who flaunts his "moral obliquity" in the lines.

Ev'n I, the *meanest* of the Muses train
Inflamed by thee attempt a nobler strain.

While Brown, who speaks of

The sordid pebble *meanly* graced with gold

is evidently indicating that the pebble is no better than it should be!

Presumably, too, the lines by "A Lady".

Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome and *mean* retreat

are intended to convey the high moral lesson that the sun shines as well on the palace as on the "house of ill fame."

Personally, we prefer to regard her allusion as to a "humble dwelling" or modest bungalow!

Among other contemporaries, Dr. Lockier spoke of Farquhar as a "*mean* poet," not because of his indifference to some moving appeal for a small loan over the week-end—as some

might suppose—but, as Spence records, owing to his indifferent or "modest" accomplishments.

On another occasion Lockier is recounting an instructive story of Cromwell's efforts on behalf of the Jews, and in defending them against the attacks of the London Merchants he asks the latter: "Can you really be afraid that this *mean* despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the World?" It was certainly no part of Cromwell's task to make them out to be vicious and undesirable, but *humble* and harmless.

One wonders too, if—in earlier days—our old friend Pepys was thinking of his "degenerate," or only his "humble" days, when in his *Diary* (under date May 12, 1665) he contrasts his present position in the Exchequer with that when he was "a *mean* clerk there."

Instances of the use of the word in this sense by Pope, his contemporaries and others, could be multiplied to boring point: they are, in fact, as plentiful as tabby-cats (to use Gilbert's homely simile), but perhaps enough has been said to indicate a certain diminution in the plainness of the pikestaff!

But it is not only in this sense of "modest" or "humble" that Pope uses this word. If, as we assert, the evidence adduced goes to show that he meant nothing defamatory, but the reverse, by the use of the word in its application to Bacon, we should be able to give instances of its use in a compassionate or sympathetic or commiserating sense in regard to what is pitiful, sad, or "moving to pity," in short, the signification given in one of our earliest Dictionaries, the *Etymological English Dictionary*, by Nathaniel Bailey, 1726 (long before Johnson), where the word mean is given as an equivalent for pitiful.

This we are able to do, but before proceeding, it might be well to remark—for the fact has been thrown in our teeth before now—that Johnson does *not* give "humble" as an alternative synonym for "mean," nor even "pitiful" or similar cognates. This omission, unfortunate though it may be—for Johnson—does not affect our argument in the slightest degree in view of the positive evidence we adduce that it was commonly so used not

only by Pope himself, but by his contemporaries. Thus, though Johnson does not give it, he should have done.

Who knows but that this may have been the very word to the omission of which—as the old story goes—some lady friend drew Johnson's attention, asking how it happened, and was told: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance!"

Well, infallibility is not a human attribute, and omissions from dictionaries cannot alter facts!

We are not, however, concerned to define the exact shade of meaning which Pope had in mind in his varied use of this word. It will be quite sufficient for our purpose to establish even a broad distinction between its use in a complimentary or inoffensive sense and the reverse, it being our object to demonstrate that there is no foundation for a *defamatory* sense as regards Bacon, whatever may have been the actual attribute which Pope may have intended to denote by the use of the word "meanest" as applied to him. As will be shown presently, the nearest approach to a *definition* of the compassionate sense in which, as we contend, the word was meant to be applied to Bacon is "most unhappy," "most pitiful."

But to proceed. In his *Thebais of Statius*, Pope relates how the infant son of Phoebus is the victim of a regrettable "road-accident," in the course of which he is torn to pieces by devouring dogs, who "fed on his trembling limbs and lapped his gore" —a truly distressing situation fully justifying Pope's compassionate comment:—

How *mean* a fate, unhappy child is thine!

Here we have the sense of sad, unfortunate, unhappy, or any other shade of compassion, just as, when Spence tells us that Cowley's death was occasioned by a *mean* accident, we should not be justified in assuming that in order to save his cab-fare he walked home and got run over! No. Spence puts us right there, the facts being that Cowley had been to see a neighbour who had "made him too welcome" (alas!) and that on his return he had to lie out in the fields all night, from which he caught a fever and died. Very sad! *In vino mors*!

A further interesting instance of its use in this sense, and one shewing how dependent we are on contexts and probabilities

for its due comprehension, is found in connection with Pope's last moments as recorded by Spence.

He is describing Lord Bolingbroke's grief at his friend's bedside and relates how, with tears, he gives expression to the following melancholy reflection:—

> There is so much trouble in coming into the world and so much more, as well as *meanness*, in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all!

But, perhaps, one of the most interesting instances of the use of this word, in a compassionate sense, is to be found in Pope's own lines relating to the fall of Oxford, for if the name Bacon were substituted for that of Oxford, it would be equally applicable.

> Who, careless now of int'rest, fame or fate
> Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
> Or, deeming *meanest* what we greatest call,
> Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

Here, although the actual shade of meaning to be attached to the word may be open to a difference of opinion, it is abundantly clear that it is not defamatory, and the passage should, surely, give those who would so apply it to Bacon—in almost precisely similar circumstances—cause for reconsideration.

We submit that having established indubitably the use by Pope and his contemporaries of this word mean in varying senses and in two main categories, one perfectly inoffensive, the other uncomplimentary, we are entitled to assert that the genuine seeker after truth is put upon his enquiry to ascertain definitely, so far as circumstances admit of his doing so, the precise meaning which Pope *intended* to apply to Bacon or at any rate the category in which the expression used by him was intended to fall. To assert his intentions without due and careful investigation of all surrounding circumstances is purely arbitrary, and indeed, unwarrantable.

For many years the writer has been extracting from literature of the period instances of the use of this word mean, and it is no exaggeration to say that in the vast majority of cases, it bears the inoffensive significations he is claiming for it in this connection.

An interesting and rather arresting instance of this common use (however it may be ignored by Johnson!) is to be found in the writings of "Gabriel d'Emillianne" (the pseudonym of Antoine Gavin), who, writing in 1691, uses these words:—

> —Our Saviour Jesus Christ who appeared in so *mean* and humble a condition—

The same author similarly refers to that very interesting character, Pope Sixtus V, as of very *mean* extraction, and goes on to say that this *meanness* of his birth did not inspire him with an answerable degree of *humility* in the midst of that greatness to which he was raised.

A perusal of *Hearne's Remains* forms an illuminating commentary on the contemporary use of this word in the senses we are claiming for it. It could have provided Johnson with material for a column or two—even of his folio edition!—of instances of its use in this sense, which makes Johnson's omission the more remarkable. Perhaps he was not prone to see "good in everything"!

The writer has also extracted from the works and correspondence of Pope every instance, so far as he is aware, of the use by him of this word mean, and while it is not suggested that he does not use the word in an uncomplimentary sense, on occasions, such sense is comparatively rare and is, at any rate, made clear and unambiguous by the context, thus admitting of no difficulty or doubt as to its actual signification. It is only in this isolated instance where there is no direct and immediate context to guide us, and where, moreover, an antithesis still further complicates the construction, that a false signification and a false antithesis has been rendered possible.

It is unfortunate that Warton when treating of the *Essay on Man* in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* had not specifically referred to the Bacon couplet, for it might have removed considerable misapprehension. That he did not refer to it would seem, however, to give additional weight to our argument, for anyone who has studied his *Essay* would agree that Warton is no "lickspittle," in fact, some of his criticisms are far from complimentary: he is the friendly but candid critic, and it is all but inconceivable that he would have allowed the expression meanest to pass unnoticed had he regarded it in any

other sense than as used by Pope, not only concerning himself but in so many other connections in a perfectly inoffensive sense.

No one knew Pope's writings better than Warton and the amazing inconsistency between such an expression—in a defamatory sense—and everything that Pope had ever written—or spoken, for that matter—concerning Bacon, must inevitably have arrested his attention and produced a few "pointed observations"—of which several are to be found in other connections, as we shall see in his commentary on the *Essay on Man.*

We may claim it as fairly obvious, therefore, that Warton did *not* attach any such defamatory meaning to the word and, as additional evidence for such contention, we are in the fortunate position of being able to adduce Warton's own use of the expression as connoting humility or its cognates.

In this very commentary he writes:—

> The *meaner* the subject is of a preceptive poem, the more striking appears the art of the poet: it is even of use to choose a *low* subject.

One need not quote the context to make it clear that the words meaner and low have nothing to do with our modern debased signification but are synonymous with humbler and of low degree, for he goes on to contrast Virgil with Lucretius in their respective treatment of a theme, his argument being that it is the glory of the poet to produce grandeur from a humble or lowly, or even pitiful, subject.

Thus we may dismiss Warton with thanks for his timely evidence!

And before proceeding to other evidence as to the accuracy of our contention, it would be well, here and now, to meet an argument which might be—and, indeed, has been—raised as to the absurdity of attributing humility, or any of its complimentary or compassionate cognates, to Bacon!

Now, Pope was over two centuries nearer to Bacon's day than we are: he was born only 62 years after Bacon's recorded death, and, as we shall show presently on the evidence of "Spence's Anecdotes" concerning Pope, his life was largely influenced by Bacon's writings, for which he had the greatest admiration. Thus

let us assume that he knew at least as much as—if not considerably more than—we do concerning Bacon and what men said of him. To Pope, in those days, it may not have been a matter of research—as it is to us—but of common knowledge, now long since forgotten or disregarded, that those who knew Bacon best, namely, his intimate friends and associates, speak with one voice as to the nobility and beauty of his character. One does not expect to hear much to his credit from those who intrigued against him and had everything to gain from his fall. Moreover, as evidence of what men were saying and thinking of Bacon in Pope's day, it is interesting—and significant—to observe that in the "Testimony of Authors" prefixed to the *Dunciad* (Warburton's text, 1776) is a quotation from "the great critic, Mr. Dennis," taken from the Preface to his *Reflections on Pope's Essay on Criticism*, which reads as follows:—

> If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (names given including "Lord Bacon") have received from this country for these last hundred years—&c.

So here we have a contemporary of Pope asserting as a common place Bacon's "cruel treatment" and recognising in him a "pitiful" character by reason of the same.

Bacon's greatest and most indefatigable biographer, Spedding, thus sums up his chief characteristics: "Retiring, nervous, sensitive, unconventional, *modest*," and to this he adds: "Those who saw him nearest in his private life give him the best character."

We shall proceed to give the recorded testimony of some of "those who saw him nearest."

And first let us quote his intimates, Sir Tobie Matthew and Ben Jonson. "A friend unalterable to his friends"—"It is not his greatness that I admire but his virtue." So wrote the former, his closest friend. "I could never," writes Jonson, "bring myself to condole with the great man after his fall, knowing as I did that no accident could do harm to his virtue, but rather make it more manifest. He seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration." "A memorable example," writes Peter Boener (his APOTHECARY), "of all virtue, kindness, peaceableness and patience."

And his chaplain and LITERARY EDITOR, Dr. Rawley—a man who knew Bacon as no man living or dead ever did—wrote of him:

> I have been induced to think that, if ever there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him.

"He struck all men with an awful reverence," wrote Francis Osborne.

These are the words of men, in various ranks of life, who stood around him and knew him as he was: they could be multiplied.

Nichols, in later years, in his *Life of Bacon*, says: — "They bear witness to the stainlessness of his private life, his perfect temperance, self-possession, modest demeanour, and innocent pleasantry."

Joseph Addison, a contemporary of Pope, who most definitely did not share in this—alleged—contempt of Bacon, writes:—"At the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat and humbled under afflictions which lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his dignity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love of mankind."

David Hume finds him "beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behaviour." Abbott, in his *Life of Bacon* testifies his admiration of the man. "He attached little importance to himself," he writes, "no correct notion can be formed of Bacon's character till *this suspicion of self-conceit is scattered to the winds.*"

"He was generous, openhearted, affectionate, peculiarly sensitive to kindness, and equally forgetful of injuries," says Fowler in his *Life of Bacon.*

Says Aubrey: — "All who were great and good loved and honoured him."

Hepworth Dixon, to whose researches and writings the memory of Francis Bacon owes so much, wrote:—

"He hungered, as for food, to rule and bless mankind," and further: — "A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child could resist the spell of his sweet

speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile."

What a contrast to the *conventional* picture of Francis Bacon! In face of such testimonies by men who have studied every incident in Bacon's life—and the intrigues and slanders of which he was the victim—Pope might well say now, were he living, as he did in the *Dunciad*, in holding up the Dunces to ridicule and contempt:—

'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame!

And yet—strangest of all anomalies—we are asked to believe that Pope—after trouncing the Dunces for speaking contemptuously of Bacon—himself deliberately blasts his good name and holds him up to the contempt of posterity!

The suggestion is surely inconceivable, for if it were not, we should have to apply to Pope the description which he himself (in the Prologue to the *Satires*) uses concerning the libeller: —

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings.

Rather would we credit him with the genuine belief in his own sentiment, "To a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller."

Having thus made an attempt to show, on the evidence of those best qualified to express a reliable opinion, that Pope's expression concerning Bacon—in a complimentary or compassionate sense—would be fully justified, let us proceed to consider what else Pope has himself to say of Bacon. We shall deal first with his *dicta* (on the authority of Spence in his *Anecdotes*) and subsequently with his *scripta* as contained in his works.

We need not labour the weight of Spence's authority, for it is universally admitted, and it can be studied in either Singer's or Malone's edition of the *Anecdotes* (both 1820).

He records the following allusions by Pope:—

1. Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced.
2. One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.
3. When a man is much above the rank of men, who can he have to converse with?

To these last two items, Spence puts the following note:—"He had been speaking of Lord Bacon, and Lord Bolingbroke, a little before: this reflection seems to have arisen in his mind, in relation to one, or, perhaps, both of them."

4. Bacon and Locke did not follow the common paths, but beat out new ones.

5. In talking over the design for a dictionary that might be authoritative for our English writers, says Spence, there were eighteen named by Pope (from whose works such a dictionary should be collected) and Bacon heads the list.

It may be objected that these *dicta*—laudatory as they are of Bacon's intellectual attainments—are not incompatible with a low opinion of his *moral* character. In answer, it should be pointed out that these *anecdotes* by Spence, which are of a most intimate character and record not only Pope's sayings but those of some of his friends, presumably in his presence, contain not one word, from beginning to end, reflecting on Bacon, morally or intellectually—except of praise and admiration.

Seeing that Bacon was, according to Spence, frequently under discussion, is it conceivable that had Pope really considered him the despicable character, the "vile antithesis," he is supposed to have been regarded by Pope, the melancholy fact would not have been alluded to? If so, here is another interesting exception to the general treatment of characters introduced into the *Anecdotes* whose foibles and imperfections are freely referred to. Moreover, the *dicta* must be considered in connection with the *scripta*, to the general tone of which they are merely complementary. Among the latter we find the following:

In his *Imitations of Horace* (Book II, Ep. II, line 168): —

Command old words that long have slept to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake:

In his *Moral Epistles* (Ep. V, line 53): —

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face:
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:

Strange, indeed, if the poet actually regarded Bacon as:

> Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear
> That sweetest music to an *honest* ear.

And stranger still that in the very forefront of his great moral work, *The Essay on Man*, the poet should care to quote such an "immoral" character as Bacon: yet in his "Design of the Work" he thus delivers himself:—

> Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory, &c.

A singular choice—the words of a man whom he proposed, in the self same work, to hold up to shame and infamy, if indeed, such *were* his intention.

Again, in his *Imitations of Horace* (Book II, Sat. II), speaking of the changes and chances of LIFE, he writes: —

> Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
> Become the portion of a booby lord;

but what force is there in such an antithesis if Bacon were "the meanest of mankind" in its nasty sense? Better be a "booby lord" than that!

An interesting reference to Bacon is found in that forceful and denunciatory passage in the *Dunciad* (Book III, line 213), where Pope, as already quoted, is castigating the "Dunces" for their presumption and folly in criticising those whose shoestrings —so to speak—they are not worthy to unloose. He is scathingly sarcastic.

> Yet, oh, my Sons! a father's words attend
> (So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend)
> 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
> A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
> But oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
> The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
> . . . . . .
> Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
> But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.

Now, apart from other moral considerations, we are, surely, entitled to ask ourselves *would* Pope have attributed a "divine" source to "Bacon's sense" had he considered Bacon the contemptible creature he is alleged to have represented him? Again, why

denounce the Dunces for an offence which, in a superlative degree, he is alleged to have himself committed? How futile would such a denunciation appear, and how irresponsible, not to say hypocritical, would he proclaim himself by the use of such language regarding one whom, as alleged, he himself holds up to reprobation and contempt!

Surely such arguments are entitled to our serious consideration; indeed, in the light of the evidence already adduced, it would not be too much to assert that but for that one solitary ambiguous word, meanest, Pope would have passed down to posterity as one of Bacon's most ardent admirers on the conclusive evidence of his own *dicta* and *scripta*.

In addition to these, Warton, in his memorable *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, testifies to the fact that Pope was "known to have been remarkably fond" of Bacon's *Essays*. Writing, too, of Pope's "weakness and delicacy of body," he says, "May I add that even his bodily make was of use to him as a writer: for one who was acquainted with the heart of man, and the secret springs of our actions, has observed with great penetration (footnote: *Bacon's Essay XLIV*) 'It is good to consider deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause, which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person, that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself, to rescue and deliver himself from scorne.' "

Warton goes on to say that he believed this circumstance to have animated "our poet" to re-double his diligence to make himself distinguished. Thus in his very infirmities he was indebted to Bacon for solace and hope.

In further support of our assertion as to the influence of Bacon's writings on Pope, Warton points out how in the latter's *Essay on Criticism*, the verse commencing with "Some beauties yet no precepts can declare," follows the thought of Bacon's *Essay on Beauty*: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," etc.

Another instance is found in the correspondence of thought between Pope's lines regarding "the Ruling Passion":—

> In this one passion man can strength enjoy
> As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

and Bacon's passage in Essay II,

"It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration, in good spirits, the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men, till the last instant"; and he goes on to give instances of men's ruling passions influencing their last moments.

Many other instances of this influence might be given, but let one other suffice.

In the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* are the following lines: —

> Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the Throne.

"This," Warton writes, "is from Bacon's 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' lib. III, p. 180 (giving the Latin quotation), and this thought is used in a letter to Mr. Craggs—15th July, 1715 —'we have it seems, a Great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the Throne.'..."

It would seem, therefore, that Pope had such a high regard for Bacon and his *works* that, so far from maligning him, we might reasonably have expected from Pope the same sort of retort to a detractor as Warton records Lord Bolingbroke to have made to "a certain parasite, who thought to please him by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough," and was stopped short with the remark "He was so very great a man that I forget he had that vice." Collapse of parasite!

. . . . . .

Having created, as we hope, a favourable atmosphere for the consideration of the passage in the *Essay on Man* in which the couplet occurs, it remains to analyse the principles and arguments which Pope enunciates in this passage in order to ascertain whether such arguments are compatible with, and support, the construction we assert the words in question were intended to bear.

In approaching the passage in which the couplet is found we must ask the reader to exercise "That which in *meane* men we entitle patience." (*Richard II*, Act i, Scene ii) without, however, reflecting in any way on the reader's "moral character"! Moreover, we should always bear in mind (as has been already shewn) that nowhere has Pope evinced anything but the highest admiration for Bacon, and that the use of any abusive or con-

temptuous expression could only be due to some sudden, violent and wholly unaccountable revulsion of feeling for which not a particle of foundation can be found.

We have spoken of a "false antithesis" for it will be our endeavour to show that the antithesis which Pope intended to indicate was not that between Wisdom and *Vice*, but between Wisdom and *Unhappiness*.

To enable us to establish this contention it will be necessary to consider the context at some length.

The passage occurs in the Fourth Epistle of the *Essay*, which deals primarily with *false* notions of human happiness. It opens with the lines:—

> O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
> Good pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

and proceeds to demonstrate the difficulty attending its definition: —

> Who thus define it, say they more or less
> Than this, that happiness is happiness?

He is working up to his final argument concerning the futility of fame, greatness, riches or wisdom as productive, in themselves, of *happiness*.

> Order is Heav'ns first law; and this confest,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
> More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
> That such are happier, shocks common sense.

Exactly so! Bacon was superlatively *wise*, but he was superlatively *unhappy*—to make him out superlatively *vicious* would be entirely irrelevant to the argument.

> Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
> And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

but he strives to shew that:—

> Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

Now, these lines should never be lost sight of. They are the key to the whole situation. However imperfect may be his illustrations—as sometimes they are—however he may seem, at times, to stray from the main argument, Pope here defines the scope of his philosophy—the fallacy of seeking *happiness* outside this Rule of Life.

Pope then goes on to show how blind Man is to what is true happiness.

> But fools the good alone unhappy call,
> For ills or accidents that chance to all.
> See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
> See god-like Turenne prostrate in the dust!
> See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
> Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?

All comparable in the "meanness" of their fate to a blameless Bacon, be it noted.

He goes on to show the worthlessness of what the world values, and that virtue is its own reward.

> But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed!
> What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
> . . . . . .
> Honour and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
> . . . . . .

He proceeds to ridicule the joys of riches and then (ironically):—

> Look next on Greatness; say where greatness lies,
> Where but among the heroes and the wise!

and proceeds to show the fallacy of such a proposition, his whole argument being that "virtue alone is happiness below."

> Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
> Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
> Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
> Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

Still we find the analogy between a "bleeding Socrates" and a "suffering Bacon."
And then he comes to Fame.

> What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
> A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
> . . . . . .
> All that we feel of it begins and ends
> In the small circle of our foes or friends.
> . . . . . .
> One self approving hour whole years outweighs
> Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
> And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
> Than Caesar with a Senate at his heels.

No—"one self approving hour" gives "more true joy" than all the worldly greatness, so why worry after fame?

> In parts superior what advantage lies?
> Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
> 'Tis but to know how little can be known:—

"Where is the happiness in that?" he seems to ask, and may we not still find in Bacon an apt illustration?

In the next quotation we seem to detect an echo of those words spoken by Pope concerning Bacon, as previously cited on the "misfortunes of extraordinary geniuses" and those "much above the rank of men"—anything but an enviable position—but do not let us miss the significance of the italicised words, if indeed he had Bacon in mind, as they seem wholly incompatible with the traditional view.

> Painful pre-eminence! Yourself to view
> *Above life's weakness*, and its comforts too.

And then, after showing, "how sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease" in pursuit of these things, he asks:

> Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
> Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?

Up to this point the line of argument is clear and unmistakable, the futility of Fame, Greatness and Wisdom as productive of happiness; set forth in dignified language worthy of so great a subject. Suddenly we descend with a jolt from the sublime to the ridiculous and find ourselves presented with an entirely different—and a most unworthy—argument, clothed in pinch-beck language.

This is one of the passages that Warton so severely censured as "ill-placed and disgusting" in its levity, and Dr. Aikin described as "prosaic lines, *mean* expressions (our italics), inaccuracies of construction, and defects in the mechanism of versification."

Read them and judge:—

> To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
> Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or Sir Billy,
> Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
> Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

It would seem, almost, as though these lines were an interpolation by Pope—the Man-about-Town—rather than the work of Pope—the Poet and Philosopher. No wonder Warton and

Dr. Aikin criticise them, for not only are they common-place and unworthy of the theme, but they substitute for the high philosophical argument he has been consistently pursuing, the unworthy one that in "Sighing for ribbands" and for "yellow dirt" you only succeed in *making yourself ridiculous.*

Fortunately this irrelevant and regrettable interlude closes with a full stop, and there is much virtue in a full stop!

. . . . . .

And so, at length, we reach the famous (or, as some regard it, the infamous) couplet—the *fons et origo* of all the trouble—which for so many years has been glibly and thoughtlessly quoted by all and sundry as "evidence" of Pope's contempt for Bacon's morals!

In the light of all the rebutting evidence we have adduced—apparently unknown or ignored—one can but reflect upon the slenderness of the thread by which a great man's reputation may hang: an ambiguous expression wrested from its context and from all surrounding circumstances, handed on in its modern debased sense and eventually crystallising into a profound "truth"! By much the same process we might possibly find some modern critic expressing the view that Warton had a poor opinion of the *Essay on Man,* seeing that his comment on the first lines is "This opening is *awful*"!

But to return to our couplet.

> If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

Truly he was gifted with "parts" as no man ever was. Even Macaulay attributes to him "the most exquisitely constructed intellect ever bestowed on any of the children of men." But did they bring him "happiness?" Definitely not. He was the "meanest" of the children of men (in any of the compassionate senses we have adduced). Here, surely, is the true antithesis. That he was the "meanest" in its vicious sense, would, we repeat, be pointless as having no bearing on the argument. Those who resent being convinced against their will may say: "Ah! that's all very well, but everybody knows that Bacon was 'the meanest of mankind' as we understand the word."

Any such would do well to remember that what "everybody knows" is not always the truth. Everybody knew, at one time,

that Titus Oates was the "Saviour of his Country" but he was *not;* he was a rank impostor!

And what everybody knows concerning Bacon was certainly not "known" to that illustrious student of history and human nature, Hallam, whose opinion of Francis Bacon was that he was "the wisest and greatest of mankind," without any "antithesis," compassionate or otherwise. This by the way!

"But, what about Cromwell?" someone may say. To which we would retort courteously, "Well, what about him?" Cromwell, who figures in the next couplet, is a valuable witness and we would not be without him for anything!

The lines which follow the Bacon couplet are these:—

> Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
> See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
> If all, united, thy ambition call,
> From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

Where in these lines is there one word which conflicts with our argument? It is the futility of *ambition* as productive of *happiness* that he is emphasising. Just as in Bacon, "parts" did not produce happiness but the reverse, so Cromwell—who, according to his lights, was a great patriot—so far from deriving "happiness" from his ambitions or his patriotism is, on the contrary, "Damn'd to everlasting fame." His moral character, which no one suggests was vicious, is no more relevant to Pope's argument than is Bacon's—it is the "sadness", the "unhappiness," the "pitifulness," of his fate that "points the moral and adorns the tale." This, we maintain, is amply exemplified by the lines that follow,

> There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
> See the false scale of happiness complete!

Please note the adjectives—rich, honoured, famed and great —all perfectly laudable in themselves and such as any of us might wish to be, were it not that they do not—of themselves—produce happiness.

Now, if the traditionalists were right in their defamatory construction, we should have expected some such line as the following, as the second of the couplet:—

> See *virtue* linked with *vice* commensurate.

But not a bit of it—that is not Pope's idea at all—he says exactly what our line of argument would anticipate:

> See the *false scale of happiness* complete!

The poet is solely concerned in illustrating the vanity of worldly greatness, fame, ambitions, wisdom—the conviction that true happiness proceeds from none of these things but is found in virtue alone.

So far as Cromwell, with his patriotic ambitions, was concerned, Pope might well have had in mind Wolsey's pathetic exhortation to the other Cromwell:—

> Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Certainly not *happiness*, he might have said.

And so Pope works up to his final and triumphant assertion:—

> Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
> *Virtue alone is happiness below.*
>
> . . . . . .

And here one would willingly leave the matter were it not that before reaching this climax of his philosophy, Pope makes use of certain expressions which—divorced from their context and the line of reasoning which he is pursuing—might possibly be regarded as supporting the view we are contesting. As we are anxious to make our argument as comprehensive as possible and certainly not to shirk any circumstance which might appear to tell against it, we feel that this point should be dealt with.

The passage in question—which will shortly be set out—is one of those which may well cause us to sympathise with those of Pope's contemporaries who complained of his frequent "obscurity"—one feels there is ground for it at times. His work as most of his commentators agree is uneven and betrays too clearly the influence of varying moods. There are times when "the morning after the night before" is clearly indicated! Again, at others, a spirit of rather reckless irresponsibility and a none too slavish adherence to his line of argument is rather suggestive of "the *night* before" itself!

It is to these little lapses that our friend Warton drew attention—somewhat pointedly, at times!—and Dr. Aikin, whom we have already quoted, had quite a lot to say about it, and especially as regards the *Essay on Man.*

"Indeed," he says, "there are sufficient tokens that the work was undertaken as a task—that the writer was occasionally tired or bewildered in following his argument—and that the poet and system builder did not always happily draw together."

We have seen this illustrated in the "Sir Billy" and the "Gripus" couplets and one cannot but feel that in writing the lines next quoted he was again getting "tired or bewildered" and in need of a little light refreshment or an evening off!

> In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens, who lay,
> How happy those to ruin, these betray!
> Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
> From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose.
> In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
> And all that rais'd the hero sunk the Man.

Now, his meaning—let alone his philosophy!—is far from clear in this passage. Is it the Kings and Queens who have attained to their exalted positions through these dreadful processes—or their victims?

If the former, one can only say that Pope seems to have had rather a poor opinion of the monarchy as an institution!

There have, no doubt, been Kings—and Queens—in human history, who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and similarly there have been others who "did good"—there may indeed have been some of the curate's egg standard!—but that great kings are, *ipso facto,* guilty kings may be classified as "Bosh!" Though Pope was before Victoria, Edward VII, and George V, he should —and probably did!—know better than this.

And if he is referring to the victims, (though that seems very doubtful) what a grotesque exaggeration!

But, what is more to the point, how irrelevant to his main line of argument (which, for want of a cocktail, he seems to have temporarily forgotten!) is all this vituperation concerning kings and queens and/or their victims when all he is really out to show is that all this sort of stuff does not produce *happiness.*

However, he pulls himself together in due course—possibly he may have taken a little nourishment in the interval!—and gets back to the "motion before the House" which is, as he triumphantly shows, and as previously quoted:—

> Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
> Virtue alone is happiness below.

That as the writer sees it is the whole burden of Pope's great Epistle to the lowly-minded; and it is my firm conviction that, so far from holding Francis Bacon up to the execration of his fellowmen, it was his intention to exemplify the truth of his reasoning by adducing this great man—superlatively wise and bright—as a *pathetic* character by reason of his afflictions, just as one might instance Job.

That the traditional view should still be held in the blazing light of improbabilities can, surely, only be due to an imperfect appreciation of the glaring anomalies to which we referred at the outset.

It is even more remarkable that so great a literary authority as Dr. A. B. Grosart should not only have accepted this "perverse couplet" (as he calls it) in its traditional sense—which he declares to be "out and out false"—but has set his imprimatur upon it, so to speak, by stating:—"The wrong is the more inexcusable in as much as Spence's 'Anecdotes' revealed that Pope did not believe his own couplet; only it was too smart and good a thing to be suppressed."

The most careful scrutiny of both Malone's and Singer's editions of the *Anecdotes* has failed to disclose any such "revelation" and presumably all Dr. Grosart meant was that the high terms in which Pope consistently refers to Bacon (in Spence) are inconsistent with the couplet; the implication being, that if he had really believed Bacon to be the meanest of mankind (in its defamatory sense) he would have said so to Spence, and that, as he did *not* say it, he plainly did not believe it. On this theory Grosart's statement would be an *argumentum ex silentio*.

But how extraordinary that in view of this glaring inconsistency he had not carried his investigations further; in which case we submit he would have been forced to the same conclusion to which—after the most careful study—the present writer has arrived, as regards Pope's actual meaning and intentions.

There would then have been no question of a "perverse couplet" and dishonest motives nor any ground for that complaint already quoted which Pope himself made of some of his critics: "That when I aim at praise, they say I bite!"

Thus there are *two* reputations involved in this question and in common fairness to both Pope *and* Bacon, it is surely not too much to ask that every circumstance should be most carefully weighed in the light of facts which, though not new, may yet have received inadequate consideration.

Is it fair to Pope to represent him as a man so vile as to betray Bacon for an antithesis "too smart and good to be suppressed," though false to his knowledge?

Is it fair to Bacon that his memory should continue to be defiled by a false construction put upon a perfectly inoffensive word?

These are the issues involved and neither prejudice nor tradition should—where two great Englishmen are concerned—be allowed to influence the judgement of their fellow-countrymen who boast before all other virtues that of fair play.

Is it not high time that this disgusting stigma were removed from Pope's name: is it not *past* high time that the reputation of him whom Pope himself describes as "the greatest Genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced" should be vindicated from the gross and unwarrantable infamy of so base a title as "the meanest of mankind"—in its objectionable sense?

It is surely a reproach not only to English literature but to English justice that such a construction should be tolerated in connection with one whom our great historian, Henry Hallam, of his superior knowledge, was proud to describe as

The Wisest and Greatest of Mankind.

APPENDIX

The word "mean" in Shakespeare.

1. A poor *mean* woman was delivered . . . of twins.
(Com. Errors I., i. Fol. 1,623)

2. His bastard blood . . *meane* and right poore.
(1 Hen. VI., IV. vi.)

3. I will some other be; some Florentine
Some Neapolitan, or *meaner* man of Pisa.
(Tam. Sh. I. i. Contrasting positions in life.)

4. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion
Yet often-times he goes but *mean-apparelled.* (Ib. III. ii.)

5. Our purses shall be proud, our garments *poor,*
Even in these *honest mean* habiliments. (T. of Shrew
Well, come my Kate; we will to your father's, IV. iii)

6. For . . . Honour peereth in the *meanest* habit.
(Ib. IV. iii.)

7. Oh! no good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and *mean* array. (Ib.)

8. Widow — . . . You know my meaning.
Kath — A very *mean* meaning.
Widow — Right I *mean* you.
Kath — And I am *mean* indeed, respecting you. (Ib. V. ii.)

9. . . . too *mean* a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
(Tw. G. Ver. II. iv.)

10. I'll put myself in *poor and mean* attire. (As.Y.L.I. iii.)

11. She is too *mean*
To have her name repeated. All her deserving
Is a reserved honesty. (All's Well III. v.)

12. Their hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A *meaner* than myself. (Ant. Cl. II. v.)

13. The maid that milks
And does the *meanest* Chares. (Ib. IV. iii.)

14. I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every *meaner* man. (Coriol. I. vi.)

15. His *meanest* garment . . .

16. The *meanest* house in Rome. (Ib. IV. ii.)

17. Oh that the Gods would . . .
Change me to the *meanest* bird
That flies in purer air. (Pericles IV. vi.)

18. There's not the *meanest* spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended. (Tr. Cr. II. iii.)

19. Tis a cause that hath no *mean* dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities. (Ib.)

20. His cup-bearer, — whom I from *meaner* form
Have benched, and reared to worship. (Wint. T. I. ii.)

21. Leon. — . . . What train ?
Gent. — But few
And those but *mean.*

22. Above 10,000 *meaner* moveables . . .

23. You have abused *me,* his *meanest* garment. (Cymb. II. ii.)

24. It is no contract, none ;
And though it be allowed in *meaner* parties.

25. Though who than he more *mean* ? . . . a base
slave. (Ib. III.)

26. A sight most pitiful in the *meanest* wretch. (Lear IV. vi.)

27. Though *mean* and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place, 'twixt high and low. (Ib. IV. iii.)

28. This my *mean* task
Would be as heavy to me as odious. (Temp. III. i.)

29. So, with good life,
And observation strange, my *meaner* ministers
Their several kinds have done. (Ib. III. iii.)

30. Thou and thy *meaner* fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, etc. (Ib. IV. i.)

31. Rather prosecute the *meanest* or the best
For these contempts. (Tit. And. IV. iv.)

32. That which in *mean* men we entitle Patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. (R. II. I. iii.)

33. Such *mean* attempts. (1 Hen. IV. III. ii.)

34. There's none of you so *mean* and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. (Hen. V. III. i.)

35. That *mean* and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night. (Hen. V. IV. chorus.)

36. Ambition of the *meaner* sort. (1 Hen. VI. II. i.)

37. I yield to thee or to the *meanest* groom, etc.
(2 Hen. VI. II. i.)

38. Let pale-faced fear keep with the *mean*-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. (2 Hen. VI. III. i.)

39. These *mean* obsequies. (Ib. III. ii.)

40. Will he make the *meanest* of you Earls and Dukes?
(Ib. IV. viii.)

41. I was not ignoble of descent.
And *meaner* than myself have had like fortune.
(3 Hen. VI. IV. i.)

42. I am too *mean* a subject for thy wrath. (3 Hen. VI. I. iii)

43. We live not to be griped by *meaner* persons. (Hen. VIII. II. ii.)

44. True Hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and *meaner* creatures Kings.
(R. III. V. ii.)

45. . . . He can sing
A mean most *meanly*. (Love's L.L. ii. 328)

46. My wife not *meanly* proud of two such boys. (Com. Err. I. i.)

47. His daughter have I *meanly* match'd in marriage.
(Rich. III. IV. iii.)

48. Though train'd up thus *meanly*
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces. (Cymb. III. iii.)

OTHELLO

By M. P.

The play, of course, is the thing, and criticism . . . well, critics, in Lord Bacon's words, are more like brushers of noblemen's clothes! However, it is perhaps by a process of criticism and interpretation that we may sometimes come closer to an author who writes under a pseudonym. So let me begin with the text—the bricks and mortar—and conclude with the architecture.

Broadly speaking the Shakespeare Plays can be divided into two groups; those printed during Will Shaksper's life, and those which first appeared in the Folio of 1623, seven years after his death. *Othello* falls into neither group. It was first printed in 1622, 6 years after William's death, and was re-printed next year in the Folio of 1623, completely revised, with 160 new lines, 70 lines deleted, and with trifling verbal alterations throughout. The re-arrangement of the lines required no little skill and reveals the hand of the author in almost every scene.

Stratfordians maintain that all the shortcomings of the quarto text are due to stage "cuts". The word "all" is too sweeping and inhibits further enquiry. Cuts for the stage were probably made, but in this case there is clear evidence of extensive revision. Some of the new lines are the author's substitutions for lines deleted; some restore omissions which lead to an obvious *non sequitur*; some are more polished elegancies of speech. Most important of all, some are really fine passages, newly interpolated, which no competent editor or producer would omit.

The Shakespeare quartos are more than mere play-house scripts; their printed form, title-pages and dedications are charming, and they often show where the author wavered between two happy thoughts. The first Folio, however, is the pearl of great price; it gives us the author's final verdict on his work; it gives us 19 new plays never before printed, and it includes superb passages which would never have been omitted except at the author's express desire. On what other authority could the prologues in *Henry V* and *Troilus and Cressida* have been omitted if these had been available? These and other golden passages went quite unrecorded while Will Shakspere lived.

On the title page of the 1622 quarto we are told that *Othello* had been "diverse times acted at the Globe and the Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants," but unfortunately the dates of these performances are not known. There is a forged entry in a MS. in the Record Office purporting to show that a play called "The Moor of Venis" was played by the King's Players on November 1st, 1604. The entry has been exposed as a modern forgery, but some Stratfordians claim that it must be a more or less exact copy of a "genuine entry which once existed". The play, however, does seem to owe its first inspiration to about that period.

The story of Othello was taken from the Italian of Cinthio's *El Capitano Moro* of which there was then no translation. Like *Cymbeline* it was drawn from an Italian source. A curious proof that the author of *Othello* had recourse to the original Italian, even when an English translation existed, has been pointed out by Mr. Grant White. Othello, when chiding Desdemona for losing the handkerchief, tells her:

> . . . there's magic in the web of it.
> A sybil that had numbered in the world
> The sun to course two hundred compasses
> In her *prophetic fury* sewed the work.

Mr. Grant White draws our attention to a passage in the *Orlando Furioso* about a tent which Cassandra gave to Hector, from which the expression "prophetic fury" is evidently taken. It was translated by Rose as "prophetic heat", but Othello lifts the identical words "furor prophetico" straight from the Italian. Here then is a strong indication that the author of *Othello* had read the *Orlando Furioso* in Italian, and this supports the theory, accepted by many, that the author of Shakespeare had travelled in Italy.

Mr. Grant White gives another instance. When Iago utters the well known lines "Who steals my purse steals trash", etc., he repeats with little variation but with heightened dramatic vigour, a stanza of Berne's *Orlando Innamorato*, then untranslated, but which he renders thus: —

> The man who steals a horn, a horse, a ring,
> Or such a trifle, thieves with moderation
> And may be justly called a robber-ling;
> But he who takes away a reputation,
> And pranks in feathers from another's wing,
> His deed is robbery, assassination . . . .

Clearly this is the source of the well-known Shakespearean passage . . . .

> Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
> Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.

The subject of this speech—good name and reputation—was anticipated by Francis Bacon in 1594. It is entered in his notebook *The Promus* in the form of a French Proverb "Bonne renommé sont plus que ceinture dorée." (*Promus* 1501).

In the folio text of *Othello* there is a passage which certainly seems to betray a Baconian origin. In 1616, the year of Will Shaksper's death, George Sandys published his *Journey*, in which he says "The Bosphorus setteth with a strong current into Propontis". In 1616 Bacon, who knew Sandys well, wrote a Latin tract *De Fluxu et Refluxu Maris* and used the words *Pontus* and *Propontis* when describing the weak tidal ebb and flow in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The passage is as follows: —

> At mare Mediterraneum, quod est sinuum maximus, et hujus partes Tyrrhenum, Pontus, et Propontis, et similiter mare Balticum, quae omnia reflectunt ad orientem, destituuntur fere, et fluxus habent imbecillos.

In the Folio text, Othello, in describing his own relentless and implacable nature, is made to compare it to the strong one-way current at the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, which overcomes the weak diurnal movement of the Mediterranean tides. And he anglicises the very words "Pontus" and "Propontis", used by Bacon. Here is his speech which is entirely missing from the quarto text . . .

> Never, Iago. Like to the *Pontick* sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the *Propontic* and the Hellespont,
> Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
> Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
> Till that a capable and wide revenge
> Swallow them up . . .

This striking analogy owes something to Sandys, but much more to Bacon. Although technically the word "ebb" is wrongly used, the underlying thought must be referred to Bacon's speculations about the conflict of currents with tidal streams. It seems incredible that William could have anticipated Bacon's treatise, or have made this distinction between currents and tides.

Some of the lines which make their first appearance in the Folio text of *Othello* rectify obvious defects in the quarto. The following lines are necessary to the action of the play, or to the syntax, and should never have been omitted: —

1/2/65

Brabantio. If she in chains of magic were not bound

1/3/123

Othello. I do confess the vices of my blood

3/4/193

Bianca. . . . . Why, I pray you ?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

4/1/183

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

4/2/99

Desdemona. Who is thy lord ?

Emilia. He that is yours sweet lady.

4/2/187

Roderigo. With nought but truth . . .

The interpolation in the Folio text of the following passages represents an improvement rather than the supply of an omission in the quarto.

1/2/72

Brabantio. Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

1/3/24

First Sen. For that it stands not in such war-like brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

1/3/194

Brabantio. Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart.

2/1/36

Montano. Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3/4/8

Clown. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

4/2/72

Othello. .....
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

5/1/83

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O! for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Othello. . . . . Being done, there is no pause.

5/2/49

Emilia. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.
My husband say that she was false!

Othello. He, woman; I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

5/2/244

Emilia. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music: —
Willow, willow, willow.

Many fine passages in Shakespeare would have been lost to us for ever, but for the first Folio. In *Othello* the following passages, which are also in Shakespeare's later style, are missing entirely from the quarto . . .

1/1/121

Roderigo. If't be your pleasure and most wise consent, —
As partly, I find, it is, — that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull-watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:

3/3/384

Othello. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and thinks she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

3/3/453

Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

Now, by yond marble heaven,

4/1/40

Othello. To confess, and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is it possible? — Confess! Handkerchief! — O devil.

The ejaculation "Is't possible?", which occurs so many times in Shakespeare, is entered in Bacon's notebook in his own handwriting.† It occurs five times in Othello. Why would Bacon want such a note if not for some dramatic purpose?

†*Promus* 274

Desdemona. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trepass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

And that so charming and so Elizabethan elegancy with which Cassio ends his talk with Emilia . . . "I am much bound to you" . . . . would any actor cut that? Surely it is the polish of the final revision for the Folio. Then there is the willow song. Nowadays the song might be cut for the stage. But such songs were a feature of the Elizabethan drama, and this, like that of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, is a kind of swan song. Quite apart from the song itself, the newly interpolated lines which introduce it seem to lend an atmosphere of impending tragedy.

4/3/31

Desdemona. I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.
Emilia. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Desdemona. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.
Desdemona. He speaks well.
Emilia. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones:—

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow:
Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.
Sing all a green willow must be my garland
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,
Nay, that's not text. Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emilia. It is the wind.
Desdemona. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

The homely phrase "Shall I go fetch your night-gown?" and the casual "No, unpin me here", coming just before Desdemona is to be cruelly murdered, would hardly be omitted by any competent producer. They recall another Folio addition, the "Come, unbutton here" of King Lear, not in the Quarto of 1608. In the Folio text of *Othello* there is yet another thoughtful interpolation in Shakespeare's later vein. The passage, which was noticed by Hazlitt, comes just before the last fatal scene, where Amelia and Desdemona converse so charmingly about the general behaviour and attitude of wives towards their husbands.

4/3/89

Emilia. But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too; and have we not affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

The insertion in the Folio text of such thoughtful and philosophical passages as these, the substitution or addition of occasional lines, and most of all the skill with which all this

is managed, are my grounds for believing that the author of *Othello* was alive in 1623. Granted the opportunity may have been taken to restore a few omissions or cuts, the whole play was evidently most carefully revised.

* * *

Let us now leave the text and turn to the theme. No one familiar with the language of symbolism will fail to realise that certain passages in *Othello* were deliberately inserted by the author, without any kind of dramatic necessity, for the benefit of those who would understand. These have been most skilfully expounded by Mrs. Beryl Pogson in her book *In the East My Pleasure Lies* which gives an esoteric interpretation of nine Shakespeare plays. I believe this to be a fresh and important contribution to Shakespearean criticism, which perhaps the following extracts from her essay on *Othello* may serve to make better known.

> The Tragedy of Othello is based on a variant of the ancient theme of Man's temptation by the Devil. The speeches of Iago repay careful scrutiny. "I am not what I am." . . . This surely is Deus Inversus.
>
> It is "Slanderer" that Desdemona calls him . . . . accusing him of "praising the worst best".
>
> The events of this play seem to turn on a central symbol — the symbol of the handkerchief . . . . This heirloom, embroidered in strawberries, is a sacred talisman, handed down from antiquity, from Egypt, the Source of the Ancient Wisdom, the Cradle of the Mysteries. It would seem in some way to be an integral part of Othello's being.
>
> And then Iago speaks some words of esoteric meaning:
>
> > "He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
> > What he might be — if, what he might, he is not —
> > I would to heaven he were!"
>
> Othello puts out the light but hesitates to put out the light of her life. He kisses her first. A kiss has an occult meaning. It is described in the Zohar as "the ecstasy of spirit cleaving to spirit." Here it is accompanied by his tears as he says: "This sorrow's heavenly; it strikes where it doth love."
>
> This is his descent into hell. He recoils from his own deed and attributes it to the influence of the Moon on his own lunar nature, or lower self. "It is the very error of the Moon," he says.
>
> Deprived of his sword after his first spontaneous attack on

> Iago, Othello falls back upon his sword of Spain, a finer weapon, the sword of his past valour and experience . . . .
>
> He has a vision of his lower self and steps aside from it, in these words: "That's he that was Othello. Here I am." He demande that "the demi-devil" be asked why he ensnared him, but Iago speaks no word in his own defence. "What you know, you know," he says.
>
> Shakespeare is here following in the tradition of the Drama of the Mysteries, where the candidate suffers the Mystical Death as a Prelude to Re-Birth. The sword on which Othello is pierced by his own will is the symbol of the Cross.

Like all the great Shakespearean plays *Othello* has received its measure of imaginative criticism. In reading these essays one is struck by the variety of possible interpretation. It is almost as if Shakespeare had been writing simultaneously on several levels of consciousness.

William Hazlitt found a closer application to human life in this play than in any. "It comes directly home to the bosoms and business of men," he says, boldly quoting Bacon. Again, referring to a passage we have already quoted as appearing only in the Folio, he writes . . .

> Not the unjust suspicions of Othello, not Iago's treachery, place Desdemona in a more amiable or interesting light than the casual conversation (half earnest, half jest) between her and Emilia on the common behaviour of women to their husbands.

One cannot hope, by means of a few extracts, to do justice to Professor Wilson Knight's interpretation of *Othello*. His essay "The Othello Music" weaves its own spell and needs to be read as a whole: The following extracts can serve only as a curtain raiser: —

> In *Othello* we are faced with the vividly particular rather than the vague and universal. The play as a whole has a distinct formal beauty: within it we are ever confronted with beautiful and solid forms. The persons tend to appear as warmly human, concrete . . . .
>
> It is true that Iago is here a mysterious, inhuman creature of unlimited cynicism: but the very presence of the concrete creations around, in differentiating him sharply from the rest, limits and defines him. *Othello* is a story of intrigue rather than a visionary statement.

Othello is dominated by its protagonist. Its supremely beautiful effects of style are ever expressions of Othello's personal passion . . . It holds a rich music all its own, and possesses a unique solidity and precision of picturesque phrase or image, a peculiar chastity and serenity of thought. It is, as a rule, barren of direct metaphysical content. Its thought does not mesh with the reader's: rather it is ever outside us, aloof. This aloofness is the resultant of an inward aloofness of image from image, word from word. The dominant quality is separation, not, as is more usual in Shakespeare, cohesion. Consider these exquisite poetic movements:

> O heavy hour!
> Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
> Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
> Should yawn at alteration. (v. ii. 98.)

Or,

> It is the very error of the moon;
> She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont,
> And makes men mad. (v. ii. 109)

These are solid gems of poetry which lose little by divorce from their context; wherein they differ from the finest passages of *Lear* or *Macbeth*, which are as wild flowers not to be uptorn from their rooted soil if they are to live.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge on *Othello* is interesting. As one might expect, he draws attention to the almost inhuman craft with which Iago sets his traps . . . .

> The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between Roderigo and Iago, — the purse, — also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness . . . "If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me . . .", and "Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens . . ." This speech comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment, "Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call — love, to be a sect or scion!"
>
> Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of "Go, make money!" and when Roderigo is completely won. "I am changed.

> I'll go sell all my land," and when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph — "Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!"

Lastly I quote a passage from Mark van Doren's *Shakespeare* because of its depth of understanding and beauty of expression . . .

> The evil in *Othello* is more than an atmosphere. It is a force, and its origin, like the origin of everything else in the tragedy, is the character of the hero. Othello is both the best and the worst of men, he is both superior to passion and its slave. That is why his career can develop into tragedy; and why, since Shakespeare has now recovered his formula, it truly does. To speak only of Othello's deception by Iago, and of the accidents, the misunderstandings, the coincidences which make this deception work smoothly, is to overemphasize the mechanics of the catastrophe; or it is not to see them all. The superb machinery of *Othello* shows us more than a man whom various tricks of external fate combine in an awful moment to render pitiful. There is the pity of it, but there is also the terror. Othello is a great and fearful man; one who generates his own tragic atmosphere as he goes; and one therefore to whom nothing that happens is utterly accidental. The precarious balance in his nature between the monstrous and the tender, the giant and the lover, the soldier and the man, is a balance of powers no one of which can be denied its reality. Add the conflict in him between the past and the present, the remote and the local, the free and the confined; add once again his genius for extending and expressing himself in the whole atmosphere of the world at whose center he moves; and it will be seen that he deserves his tragedy. It is both his punishment and his privilege; his punishment, because in the permanent order of things dimensions like his must be reduced; his privilege, because they are his dimensions and his alone.

Criticisms like these are surely more than a mere brushing of clothes. Reading them I find myself removed still further from the vulgarity of the Stratford legend. One feels that the author of *Othello* must have known personally, and partly taken as his model, one of his eminent contemporaries. The late E. G. Harman held that the tragedy of Othello was in some degree inspired by the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh. If the analogy is not pressed too far, there may be something in it. Raleigh, though not a Moor, was certainly tall, forbidding and exceptionally dark and weather-beaten, a seasoned warrior who could, on occasion, be

quite relentless. Aubrey tells us that he was "such a person, every way, that a prince would rather be afraid of than ashamed of. He had that awfulness and ascendancy in his aspect . . . .". So, too, with Othello. Again Raleigh's somewhat hurried marriage to Elizabeth Throgmorton, a Maid of Honour, was probably as much resented by Queen Elizabeth, as was Desdemona's marriage by Brabantio. Moreover, till the end of his life, Raleigh was devoted to his wife. The parallel is loose but interesting. As Harman suggests, Raleigh's betrayal by Robert Cecil and his treatment by an ungrateful State, could have served as a pattern and inspiration to the dramatist.

. . . . . .

In considering the theme of *Othello* it was right not to neglect other men's flowers. St. Augustin, when asked which of many interpretations of a bible text was the correct one, answered "the more the better"; meaning perhaps that every inspired or sacred writing could be credited with as many interpretations as a wise man might perceive. No doubt the secular poetry and music of *Othello* is sufficiently inspired to deserve more than one interpretation.

To me *Othello* is one of the most poignant of Shakespearean plays; the whole tragedy seems so unnecessary and yet so inevitable. Iago and Richard III are two of Shakespeare's most brilliant villains: each is endowed with an intellect superior to his fellows: Each, without any scruple whatever, dedicates that intellect to evil. But whereas one can almost share the brilliant and sparkling villanies of Richard, one is horrified by the inhuman and almost cosmic malignance of Igao. Richard is a tyrant who imposes his will for sheer desire of power. Iago is a creation of a more sinister kind,—a being whose mission and enjoyment is the destruction or proving of souls. It is with relief—almost like waking from a nightmare—that we turn to Mrs. Pogson's interpretation of him as only an instrument—albeit a necessary instrument—of the Divine Providence.

Coleridge, in an entry in H. C. Robinson's diary is recorded as saying: "Shakespeare delighted in portraying characters in which the intellectual powers are found in a pre-eminent degree, while the moral faculties are wanting, at the same time that he taught the

superiority of moral greatness." Could there be a truer Baconian rule than this? Virtue was to be taught, not from the pulpit, but through "lively representation . . ."

> And therefore as Plato said elegantly, that Virtue, if she could be seen, would move great love and affection; so seeing that she cannot be shewed to the Sense by corporal shape, the next degree is to shew her to the Imagination in *lively representation*: for to shew her to Reason only in subtilty of argument, was a thing ever derided . . . †

> And surely if the purpose be in good earnest not to write at leisure that which men may read at leisure, but really to instruct and suborn action and active life, these Georgics of the mind, concerning the husbandry and tillage thereof, are no less worthy than the heroical descriptions of Virtue, Duty, and Felicity.§

The great Shakespearean tragedies turn the lamp of the mind inwards. Like the great novels that followed later they illuminate the emotional crises in human life. This laying bare of a man's emotional self—as in Lear, Othello, Timon and Macbeth—is an essential part of Bacon's "Georgics of the Mind". It can lead us to our proper selves; and after that who can ever return, whole-heartedly at least, to the incredible Stratford story? That the reader may forget the "mask" and come closer to the informing spirit, is the hope of the present writer.

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†*Advancement Of Learning, Bk.* 11.
§ Ibid.

LITERARY CONCEALMENTS

by R. L. EAGLE

Very little is understood, even among those known as "Shakespearean experts", of the danger from arrest for alleged treason or heresy which threatened everybody, especially authors, publishers and printers, during the reign of Elizabeth and, to a lesser degree, James I. These were offences punishable by revolting cruelty and barbarity. A "trial" was a perversion of justice. The State prosecuted and sentence was inevitable, for defence on behalf of a prisoner was unknown. Quite innocent words in speech or writing were twisted into subversive matter. Even thought was cribbed, cabined and confined. When it attempted to flutter from its prison it was struck down by the relentless claws of Authority. It is significant that there is nothing throughout the whole Elizabethan drama that would lead anyone to determine the creed of Shakespeare and the rest. The Ministers of State were also protected against criticism. Shakespeare's caricature of Lord Burghley as Polonius is so skilfully disguised that it would have been impossible for the authorities to prove intentional representation.

In *The Defence of Poesie* (written *circa* 1580), Sidney observes: "The philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world but under the masks of poets. So Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verse. So did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels." Did Bacon, driven by the barbarous exigencies of his time, adopt a similar expedient, and issue his moral counsels under the mask of a player, who was also a broker of plays in Burbage's theatre?

The anonymous author of *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) claimed to have known "many notable gentlemen in the court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or suffered it to be published *without their own names to it*, as if it were a discredit to seem learned, and to show himself amorous of any good art."

In *A Farewell to Folly* (1591), Greene writes:

"Others, if they come to write or publish anything in print, which for their calling and gravity being loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their name, *get some other to set his name*

to their verses. Thus is the ass made proud by this *underhand brokery,* and he that cannot write true English without the aid of clerks of parish churches will need make himself the father of Interludes."

One may well ask what has become of these writings published under other men's names, and under what names do we know them?* It was common knowledge among writers that this "underhand brokery" was on a fairly extensive scale. Nashe knew of it, for he wrote in the Preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), "Sundry other sweet gentlemen have vaunted their pens in private devices and tricked up a company of taffeta fools with their feathers."

Greene's allusion to "profane pamphlets" does not mean that they were blasphemous, for nobody, not even under another name, would dare to publish such verse. "Profane" here means "coarse" as Shakespeare often uses it. At the end of *Henry IV,* Part II, the new King Henry V rebukes Falstaff for being "so old and so profane." See also *Othello* (I, 1, 115) and *Cymbeline* (II, 3, 129). By "interludes", Greene does not mean the word as we understand it today. In the 16th and 17th centuries it meant a stage play, especially of a popular nature, such as a comedy. In 1588, a writer described *Gammer Gurton's Needle* as "A proper Enterlude" though it is a full-length play. Middleton in *It's a Mad World* (V, 1) has: "There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship". The familiar *Pyramus and Thisbe* is called both a play and an interlude.

As further proof of the unreliability of title-page names we have these lines of John Taylor, the water poet:

> Thou brag'st what fame thou got'st upon the stage
> Upon St. George's day last, sir; you gave
> To eight Knights of the Garter (like a knave)
> Eight manuscripts (or books) all fairly writ,
> Informing them they were your mother wit
> And you compil'd them; then you were regarded.
> All this is true and this I dare maintain
> The matter came from out a learned brain.

These lines are quoted in Ordish's *Early London Theatres* (1894). Is it possible that John Taylor had Shakespeare in mind as the

*Archbishop Tenison knew that Bacon had suppressed his name from some of his works. In "Baconiana, or Certain Genuine Remains of Sr. Francis Bacon" (1679) he wrote: "Those who have the skill in the Works of the Lord Verulam, like great masters in Painting, can tell by the Design, the Strength, the Way of Colouring, whether he was the Author of this or the other Piece, *though his name be not to it.*"

pretender, and Bacon as the "learned brain"? Ben Jonson wrote much to the same effect in his epigram "On Poet-ape"—the year after Taylor wrote those lines. "He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own":

> And told of this he slights it. Tut, such crimes
> The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
> He marks not whose 'twas first, and aftertimes
> May judge it to be his.

Jonson's surmise has certainly proved correct! I do not think there can be any doubt but that his "Poet-ape", who would be thought "our chief" among the play-writers is an allusion to Shakspere. Sir George Greenwood in *Is there a Shakespeare Problem*? (pp. 372-376) has made that abundantly clear.

Finally I come to Joseph Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, a book of satires in verse divided into six sections and printed in 1597. We are told quite a lot about the concealed literary activities of a poet and dramatist called "Labeo". Editions of Hall's satires are difficult to obtain. Mine was edited by Rev. Thomas Warton and Samuel Weller Singer and published in 1824. I am not sure whether, or not, there has been a more recent edition. Since the publication of Rev. Walter Begley's *Is it Shakespeare*? early in this century, when it was first demonstrated that Hall directed his indignation at Bacon as the author of *Venus and Adonis* others have rightly used the argument in agreement. Hall was a Puritan, and later became Bishop of Norwich.* The somewhat lascivious poem had given great offence to some of the graver readers of English verse. There are some lines in Book II, *Satire* 1 (the only ones printed in italics in the original) which point to "Labeo" having also written *Love's Labour's Lost* and *All's Well That Ends Well*:

> There's so much labour lost,
> That's good, that's great: nay, much is seldom well,
> Of what is bad, a little's a great deal.
> Better is more: but best is nought at all.
> Less is the next, and lesser criminal.
> Little and good, is greatest good save one,
> Then Labeo write little, or write none.

*It is significant that Archbishop Whitgift, having licensed the Shakespeare poem, should have decreed that copies of Hall's *Satires* should "be presentlye brought to the Bishop of London to be burnte". There is no apparent reason for this order. Did his former pupil plead for such protection? Whitgift had been a friend of Sir Nicholas Bacon and Lady Anne.

The satire ends:

For shame! write cleanly, Labeo, or write none. In Book IV, *Satire* 1, Hall describes how Labeo hides like a cuttle-fish "in the black cloud of his thick vomiture", and ends this denunciation of "Labeo":

> Who list complain of wronged faith or fame,
> When he may shift it to another's name?

In Book VI, *Satire* 1, Hall returns to attack "Labeo" in the longest of his castigations. This occupies a section of 36 lines the main part of which clearly alludes to Labeo's authorship of *Venus and Adonis*. It begins:

> Tho' Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
> The true strains of heroic poesy;
> For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
> And Phoebus fill'd him with inteligence.

Surely this refers to Shakespeare's selection of the two lines from Ovid's *Amores* (Elegy 1, 15) to place at the head of *Venus and Adonis* which Ben Jonson, in the first act of *Poetaster*. cleverly translates:

> Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phoebus swell,
> With cups full-flowing from the Muses' well.

It is significant that Jonson puts these lines into the mouth of the young lawyer-poet Ovid who excuses himself for writing plays by saying: "I am not known upon the open stage: nor do I traffic in their theatres." The real Ovid is not known to have written any plays. Although the action of the play is set in Rome in the time of Augustus, the authors and other characters who appear represent Jonson's contemporaries. Rome is really London; Caesar's gardens, Whitehall &c. Jonson appears under the name of his favourite Latin author, Horace, and "Shakespeare" is represented by his favourite, Ovid. Labeo scoffs at the frequent use of compound adjectives in *Venus and Adonis*:

> He knows the grace of that, new elegance
> Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,
> That well-beseem'd his high-styl'd Arcady,
> Tho' others mar it with much liberty,
> In epithets to join two words in one
> Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone.

The Shakespeare poem has no less than four compound adjectives in the first six lines! In the 32nd line of the section on "Labeo" he remarks that this poet had "been in Venus' chamber trained". The accumulated circumstantial evidence is as convincing as it is possible to be that "Labeo" stands for the author of *Venus and Adonis*. It follows, therefore, that the name "William Shakespeare" was used to conceal the identity of the poet, and that he had used "another's name". We have proof from several contributors to *Manes Verulamiani* (that little book of some thirty elegies published shortly after Bacon's death in 1626) that he was, as he confessed to Sir John Davies in 1603, a "concealed poet". Aubrey records that "His Lordship was a good poet but concealed as appears by his letters". Campion, Waller, Stow, Edmund Howes and others name Bacon among the poets of the period. John Davies of Hereford, in a sonnet addressed to him, said that "all thy notes are sweetest airs" and that he delighted in the company of his muse. But the *Manes* go much further. In this publication, which is entirely in Latin, he is apostrophised as "The Morning Star of the Muses"; "the Hinge upon which turns the world of Literature"*; "a Muse more choice than the Nine"; "Apollo, the Master of our Choir". One writer states that he revived Philosophy through the medium of Comedy and Tragedy.

The allusions to the writing and publishing of poetry and "Interludes" (plays) by "gentlemen" from 1589 onwards, and the naming of Bacon in connection with such writing, although no poetic or dramatic works had been published under his name, make it certain that he was one of those whom the author of *The Arte of English Poesie*, Greene, Nashe and others had in mind.

It may be asked why he should conceal his authorship of such writings. There is considerable proof from contemporary sources 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* (*circa* 1600), the Earl of Surrey says:

* In the third Elegy of the *Manes* a contributor, who signs himself "R.P." alludes to Bacon as *"orbis soluta cardo litterarii"* ("the Hinge upon which the world of literature turns"). Ben Jonson wrote that Bacon "had filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared and preferred to insolent Greece and haughty Rome" and that by his death "wits grow downward, eloquence grows backward, so that he may be named and stand as *the mark and acme of our language.*" The hinge had turned, and the door was closed.

Poets were ever thought unfit for state.

In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* (1609) occurs an argument as to the advisability, or otherwise, of Sir John Daw (whom Begley and some others have considered to be a caricature of Sir Francis Bacon) publishing verses under his own name. He, too, said that he did not "profess" to be a poet — the very word which Bacon used in his *Apology in certain imputations concerning the late Earl of Essex* (1604), when he mentioned a sonnet he had written pleading for pardon for the Earl. "Clerimont" says that "Sir John Daw has more caution; he'll not hinder his rising in the State." Sir John Daw did not mean that he had no qualification for calling himself a poet. The word "profess" means "acknowledge" or "declare openly" as in *King Lear* (I, 1, 62):

> I profess
> Myself an enemy to all other joys.

Bacon, like Sir John Daw, took precautions not to reveal himself as a poet.

The author of *The Arte of English Poesie* is only one of many who confirm "the scorn and ordinary disgrace offered unto poets in these days." 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 to his famous library at Oxford. The evil reputation of the playhouses was, no doubt, the reason for this prejudice. 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.

The dangers that threatened playwrights and other authors is proved by the narrow escape of the author of *Richard II* because the play with the deposition scene was acted in the streets of London at the time of the Essex rebellion. The play had been published in 1597 anonymously and without the deposition scene.

Sir John Haywarde was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower for alleged treason in his book on the *Life and Reign of Henry IV* which related the deposition of Richard II by a subject.

The book was dedicated to Essex who happened, like Bolingbroke, to be Earl of Hereford, and the Queen imagined that she was represented as Richard.

In 1597, Nashe was imprisoned for certain matter contained in his lost play *The Ile of Dogs*. It was written for the Admiral's company in 1597. * In 1605, Jonson, Marston and Chapman were imprisoned for alleged reflections upon 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 amusing could not have been written, or even uttered, without the greatest danger to liberty and 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' *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 contemptously 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 and Singleton was pardoned.

Sir Edmund Tilney (Master of the Revels) refused to license the play of *Sir Thomas More*, and wrote a warning on the manuscript "leave out ye insurrection wholly and the cause thereof at your own perills". There is no record of the play having been performed. As Munday was the principal writer of the group of four who wrote the play, it was obviously done for the Admiral's

* Nashe attacked some current abuses in the State and roused the anger of the Privy Council. Henslowe was ordered to close his theatre after paying 10/- to Nashe for the play.

men for whom Munday was regularly employed.

When the Dean of Ely delivered the Shakespeare sermon in 1897, he made this very true and 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.

Is not the explanation here as to why Bacon should have so carefully hidden his activities as author of the Plays?* That his greatest enjoyment in life came from the company of his muse we have the best of all testimony — his own. Not only is this apparent in the Sonnets, but also in his regret that necessity compelled him to seek employment in public life.

When Essex had promised to assist Bacon in obtaining for him the office of solicitor-general in 1594, Bacon replied to Essex admitting that pursuit of the legal profession was distasteful to him because poetry was the chief delight and preoccupation of his mind:

> Desiring your good Lordship nevertheless not to conceive out of this my diligence in soliciting this matter that I am either much in appetite, or much in hope. For as for appetite, *the waters of Parnassus* are not like the waters of the Spaw that give a stomach; but rather they quench appetite and desires.

* In Sonnet 76 the author writes that he "keeps invention in a noted weed" and that "every word doth almost tell my name". "Invention" is a favourite word with Shakespeare to mean poetic skill. What does emerge from this much-debated sonnet surely is that the name "Shakespeare" or "Shakespere" was a cloak or disguise.

DE DIGNITATE ET AUGMENTIS SCIENTIARUM

A DOXOLOGY

By NOEL FERMOR

Eloquence is hurtful to those it inspires with a desire of itself, and not of things.

— Seneca, *Epistle 100.*

This excellent saying, quoted by Francis Bacon, introduces the first of many altruistic utterances of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." It comes in the Seventh Book of his *Advancement of Learning*, and sets the keynote to the spirit in which he laboured continually for the *scientia scientiarum*, the study in all reverence of the nature of God. Vain glory and national pride, which motivate men in the choice of their subjects, he thrust aside.

As for myself, excellent King, to speak the truth, I have frequently neglected the glory of my order, name and learning, both in the works I now publish and those which I have already designed to execute, in following out my direct purpose of advancing the happiness of mankind; so that I may fairly say, though marked out by nature to be the architect of philosophy and the sciences, I have submitted to become a common workman and labourer, there being many mean things necessary to the erection of the structure, which others, out of a natural disdain, refused to attend to.

Bacon attacked the Schoolmen—weavers of fantastic, complicated casuistry—and left Cambridge University at the age of fourteen, not only because of his amazing mental prowess, but above all because of his honesty of mind. He reminds us that Virgil ".... procured as much glory for eloquence, ingenuity and learning by explaining the homely observations of agriculture as in relating the heroic acts of Aeneas:—

> *Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum*
> *Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.*
> I am not in doubt in (my) mind, nor am I ignorant, how hard a task it is to overcome the difficulties of (such a) subject, and to invest a theme as slender with the dignity of poetry. (*Georgics III, 289*)

Bacon, however, was thinking on a higher plane, speaking of the "georgics of the mind" (1) as being equal to virtue, goodness and happiness. For him, the tilling of the mind is indeed necessary in the preparation for higher than earthly thoughts, for the ripening of the corn, so that "He who ploweth should plow in hope." (e.g. I Corinthians, 9, 10). This theme Bacon develops in his own melodious language, declaring, *inter alia*, that "no philosophy, sect, religion, law or discipline, in any age has so highly exalted the good of communion, and so depressed the good of individuals, as the Christian faith." These words remind us of Our Lord's saying, "If I bear witness of Myself, My witness is not true" (John V, 31; Authorised Version) and recalled to Bacon's mind, the reply of Pompey when he was urged not to risk a sea voyage despite pressing State business, "It is necessary that I go, not that I live."(2)

This stress on the sacrifice of self for the "good of communion", in one of Bacon's most important works, disposes of the popular theory that he was concerned with personal ambition. He sought power to further his humanitarian objectives. Even Macaulay, who fiercely (but unfairly) attacked the great statesman's integrity, (3) admitted (4) that Bacon's scientific aims were the multiplying of human enjoyments, the mitigation of human sufferings, the relief of man's estate, the advancement of human interests (*commodis humanis inservire, et alia*).

Subordination of the self—not negation as some Eastern Philosophers have taught—leads to sublimation in, and inspiration for, the Divine Will. Aristotle thought a contemplative was to be preferred to an active life, but Bacon clearly states that "Men ought to know that in the theatre of human life it is only for God and the angels to be spectators"; *vide* Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who, though the Scripture says he walked with God, intimating that he was the first founder of the spiritual life, yet enriched the Church with a book of prophecies, cited by St. Jude.

These teachings—for all time and for all ages, their message eternal—conjure the doctrine that the end justifies the means. "The answer is ready", wrote Bacon, "present justice is in our power,

1. The word "georgic" derives from *ge*, Greek for earth, and *ergon*, work, and as a noun, contemporaneously, means a poem on husbandry. *Organum*, a system of thought, also derives from *ergon*.
2. Plutarch's *Life of Pompey*.
3. *Essay on Lord Bacon*.
4. He quoted Bacon's aphorism *Finis scientiarum a nemine adhuc bene positus est*, from *Novum Organum*, Book 1, Aphorism 81. The meaning is that scientific aims are not yet well planned.

but of future justice we have no security; let men pursue those things which are good and just at present and leave futurity to Divine providence." Yet how few have regard to the cultivation and discipline of the mind and a regular course of life!

Solomon wisely wrote that the way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns, (1) but the cultivation of the mind through discipline, best inculcated in our tender years (as was well-known to the Jesuits) leads to a proper choice of study. By discipline, Bacon explains, ". . . . we mean the action of the theatre, which strengthens the memory, regulates the tone of the voice and the efficacy of pronunciation; gracefully composes the countenance and gesture; procures a becoming degree of assurance; and lastly, accustoms youth to the eye of man."

This interpolation of the word "theatre" into a philosophical discourse poses a very pertinent question. If Bacon thought so highly of the potentialities of the stage-play it is extraordinary that he did not, *de facto*, use this mode of expression to reach a wider public than those who took part in his masques and devices; and thus to further his plan for the advancement of learning. Having observed that dramatic poetry had "the theatre for its world", (2) he averred that the discipline and corruption of the theatre were "of very great importance." In his view, corruptions were numerous, but the regulation quite neglected.

> The action of the theatre, though modern states esteem it but ludicrous . . . was carefully watched by the ancients, that it might improve mankind in virtue; and indeed many wise men and great philosophers have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle; and certain it is, though a great secret in nature, that the minds of men in company are more open to affections and impressions than when alone.

We can scarcely believe that the author of these words would neglect such a powerful weapon in his literary armoury, blatantly disregarding his own advice. True, Elizabethan noblemen could not openly associate their names with stage plays — "the thing itself being disreputable in the profession of it"—but, *pace* Dr. H. N. Gibson, the use of literary pseudonyms was common to the times, and what better pseudonym for the sage philosopher, the admirer of Solomon, than Shakespeare—the rebus symbol of Pallas-Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom?

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1. *cf.* Proverbs, xv, 19.
2. Book II, Chapter 13, *De Augmentis.*

The divine injunction "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves" (1) is hard to accept but, Bacon points out, a just man cannot correct the vicious and wicked, unless he has first searched into all the depths and dungeons of wickedness. Men of depraved judgement ever suppose honesty proceeds from ignorance. "A fool receives not the words of the wise." (2)

The precepts we have touched upon—the "georgics" of the mind—lead on to the sublime statement in the Ninth and last Book in the *Advancement of Learning*....

> *The prerogative of God extends over the whole man, and reaches both to his will and his reason; so that man must absolutely renounce himself, and submit to God; and therefore, as we are obliged to obey the divine law, though our will murmur against it, so we are obliged to believe the word of God, though our reason be shocked at it. For if we should believe only such things as are agreeable to our reason, we assent to the matter, and not to the author; which is no more than we do to a suspected witness. But the faith imputed to Abraham for righteousness consisted in a particular, laughed at by Sarah, who, in that respect, was an image of the natural reason. And, therefore, the more absurd and incredible any divine mystery is, the greater honour we do to God in believing it, and so much the more noble the victory of faith; as sinners, the more they are oppressed in conscience, yet relying upon the mercy of God for salvation, honour Him the more; for all despair is a kind of reproaching the Deity. And if well considered, belief is more worthy than knowledge, such knowledge, I mean, as we have at present: for in knowledge, the human mind is acted upon by sense, which results from material things; but in faith, the spirit is affected by spirit, which is the more worthy agent. It is otherwise in the state of glory; for, then, faith shall cease, and we shall know as we are known.*

Clearly much of Bacon's wisdom came from Holy Writ. (3) Shelley's admiring tribute tells no more than the truth: —

> *Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the*

1. Matthew X, 16.
2. *cf.* Proverbs, XVIII. verse 2.
3. *cf.* Genesis XVIII, and 1 Corinthians XIII, 12.

almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the hearer's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy.

We are instructed by the great philosopher that, in the last resort, "Sacred theology must be drawn from the word and oracles of God", i.e. not from nature or reason. There are some things above reason. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you", "that ye may be the children of your heavenly Father, who sends his rain upon the just and the unjust." Conscience, a relique of our primitive purity, must shine in the mind, for "the Christian faith, as in all things else, excels in this, that it preserves the golden mean in the use of reason."

Bacon was no sectarian, but had vision and prescience far transcending religious polemics. Sublimely he notes that the answers of our Saviour are not suited to many of the questions proposed to Him, and do not seem pertinent. For He answered not the words but the thoughts of the questioners, and He spoke not only to those who were present, but to all men for all time. Bacon's own devout words may even have something of this quality. . . .

For so it may be said of my views, that they require an age, perhaps a whole age, to prove and numerous ages to execute. But as the greatest things are owing to their beginnings, it will be enough for me to have sown for posterity, and the honour of the Immortal Being, whom I humbly entreat, through His Son, our Saviour, favourably to accept these, and the like sacrifices of the human understanding, seasoned with religion, and offered up to His Glory!

This magnificent prayer, the apotheosis to Book Nine of the *De Augmentis*, is without parallel amongst avowedly philosophical writings, for humility of spirit and vision, except perhaps in the works of Thomas Troward (1834-1916), who derived his beliefs from the Indian *Yogis*, but accepted the Christian faith as the ultimate revelation. Amongst other works, Troward wrote that brilliant exegis *Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning*, but we remember now the final passage from *The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science*, which relate to that great mystic, the illustrious founder of the Most Christian Fraternity of the Rosicrucians.

. . . . when he realised that his work in its present stage was finished, he of his own free will laid aside the physical body, not, it is recorded, by decay, or disease, or ordinary death, but by the express direction of the Spirit of Life, summing up all his knowledge in the words:

"Jesus omnia mihi . . ."

MALLET'S LIFE OF FRANCIS BACON

By T. D. BOKENHAM

In 1740 "The Works of Francis Bacon—etc., in which is prefaced a New Life of the Author by Mr. Mallet", was printed "for A. Millar against St. Clements Church in the Strand." The "Life", separately printed for the same publisher, also appeared in a small octavo volume under the title "The Life of Francis Bacon Lord Chancellor of England by Mr. Mallet".

This biography, which contains some strangely enigmatic phrases, should be read with some care. Such phrases as "he (Bacon) had the good fortune to come into the world at a period of time when arts and sciences were esteemed and cultivated by the Great and Powerful almost in the same degree as they are now neglected" seem more calculated to attract attention than to assert true statements of fact.

The author writes with some authority and gives facts concerning Francis Bacon's life and character which have been sadly neglected by many of his later biographers. In describing, for example, King James' behaviour at the time of Bacon's fall he says: "To save both (Buckingham and Bacon) at this juncture would be impossible . . . he must either part with the Object of his inclinations, or with the Oracle of his counsels . . . His passion prevailed over his reason and my Lord St. Alban was made the scapegoat of Buckingham . . . The King absolutely commanded him (Bacon) not to be present at his tryal, promising on his royal word to screen him in the last determination . . . He obeyed and was undone". With regard to the events which led to the fall of Essex, the author, while not freeing Bacon from censure as far as the trial was concerned, nevertheless reports that Essex's behaviour in Ireland, and his sudden return, were the result of a clever artifice on the part of Robert Cecil, who was all the while inflaming the Queen's suspicions against his impulsive political enemy. It seems that Cecil caused information to reach Essex in Ireland that the Queen was dead, which brought him back post-haste, against the Queen's express wishes.

David Mallet, according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was of Scottish extraction, and his original surname was

Malloch. He was a minor poet who had some success as a dramatist. He became acquainted with Alexander Pope who secured for him a position as tutor to an Essex family and introduced him to influential literary circles. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that after Pope's death Mallet published an unwarranted attack on his patron which showed considerable ingratitude. However, in the Globe edition of Pope's works, edited by Sir Adolphus Ward (1869) we get a little nearer the truth. Not only do we find that Pope's famous *Essay on Man* was inspired by Henry St. John Lord Bolingbroke, (some authorities actually state that St. John wrote the philosophical framework of it) but that "after Pope's death Bolingbroke *ordered his Editor Mallet* to revile Pope for his breach of trust . . ." etc., etc. It is therefore conceivable that "Mr. Mallet" whose name appeared on the "New Life" of Francis Bacon was more concerned with editorship than authorship. With regard to Mallet's change of name the *Dictionary of National Biography* says "on 5th September 1724 Mallet wrote to Professor Ker that he had been advised to change his name and adopt the form Mallet for there is not one Englishman who can pronounce Malloch"—a singularly unconvincing statement! Perhaps it was that the name Mallet appealed to someone because it was synonymous with gavel! "(pray silence for—)".

It seems clear that this 1740 biography and "Works" was inspired by a member of that silent Fraternity who were anxiously guarding Bacon's memory and keeping alive some of the truths about his life and character which later biographers like Macaulay either conveniently forgot or perhaps never knew. The 1740 edition of Bacon's Works, the 1734 and 1702 Stephens editions and the 1729 Blackbourne edition, all contain additional items from Bacon's pen not hitherto published, which, without much doubt, were obtained from the manuscript collections of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, predecessor in office to Lord Bolingbroke. Robert Stephens was in fact Harley's cousin, and it is known that Harley and Bolingbroke were the patrons of several literary men including Addison, Swift, Defoe, Nicholas Rowe, and Pope. To what extent some of Harley's collections of unpublished manuscripts may have been used by these writers is an interesting question which was taken up in 1891 by J. E. Roe in his book *The Defoe Period Unmasked*. Harley's son, the Second Earl, disposed of

his father's books and manuscripts and much of the latter now form part of the great manuscript library in the British Museum.

It must now be pointed out that both the "Mallet" and the "Blackbourne" editions of Bacon's works were dedicated to Dr. Richard Mead, a former Vice-President of the Royal Society and a descendant of the ill-fated Earl of Essex, (1) and according to the Blackbourne dedication, a very great authority on Francis Bacon. Dr. Mead was, with Pope and the Earl of Burlington, responsible for the new memorial to William Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey (erected in 1741). It has elsewhere been shown that it was from the engraving by George Vertue in Pope's edition of *Shakespeare* (1724) that the renovated Shakespeare memorial in the chancel in Stratford Church was ultimately designed and erected in 1749. It should be noted however that though the structure of this monument and the appearance of the figure were radically altered, the wording of the inscription was carefully preserved. This is quoted in full in Dugdale's *Warwickshire* (1656).

The position then is this — that in the eighteenth century certain people, including Alexander Pope, who possessed inner knowledge of Bacon's life and character, were quietly issuing some of his hitherto unpublished manuscripts. At the same time these same people were erecting or altering monuments to William Shakespeare on which inscriptions are preserved which to the curious invite discreet enquiry.

Editor's Note: We hope to print a supplementary article from Mr. Bokenham in *Baconiana* No. 165.

[1] See *Baconiana* No. 95 p. 231

A STARTLING "DOCUMENT IN THE CASE"

By PIERRE HENRION

In this year of Shakespearean controversy (even the B.B.C. wants to provoke "lively discussions") it is of interest to exhume this very rarely reproduced iconographic document; in my opinion the oldest to show an unmistakable Bacon *together with* an unmistakable Shakespeare — centuries before "Baconians" were invented! What we know *for sure* of the Stratford man shows him harder than Scrooge. Would this engraving suggest that he hoarded money to endow the prelates of the Church . . . after his death?

The picture is taken from an anti-Laud leaflet which explains, by verse and diagram, that Laud was the Beast of Revelation, whose number is 666 (Revelation, 13-16). The verse inside says: *The mans name/With Beasts the same/The Beasts number/Is the worlds wonder.* The number appears in the shape of three curls on Laud's forehead, and the diagram inside shows in tabular form that the Latin value of the letters in VVILL LAUD is indeed 5 + 5 + 1 + 50 + 50 + 50 + 5 + 500 = 666. This attracts our attention to classical tricks of numerology. Now figures and ranks of letters (in the old alphabet) explain who is "R.A. 1644": 17 + 1 + 1 + 6 + 4 + 4 = 33, = B + A + C + O + N. Besides' R.A. are the second initials of *fRancis bAcon* — officially dead since 1626! What if he was still alive and had started kicking? The puppet with the Baconian hat, whose likeness to Bacon is striking, holds a bacon, wrapped, ready to be hung from the ceiling (*hang hog is latten for bacon; Merry Wives*, IV, 1) and stands on a "hog's head", etc. (Picture and leaflet are rife with esoteric signs and seals, but enough of those is still a feast).

The meaning for those steeped in Baconian lore is clear. The chief is obliged to give the show away publicly, so urgent is the need for attracting the immediate attention of all members, high and low, of the Shake-spear organisation. Laud, who used to be materially helped (food and drink) by Bacon as a private individual and given preferment (ecclesiastical ornaments) through Bacon as WILL Shake-spear, the head of all the Shake-spears of the organisation, is now blowing the wind of ingratitude, signing away his

soul and country to the devil for a cardinal's hat (Laud had indeed become an intolerant tyrant, religiously and politically). So all members that are still loyal to the persecuted and exiled Bacon are enjoined to do all in their power to counteract Laud. As the controls have been taken over by traitors, the normal channels for passing messages are blocked and a public splash of the "Bacon = Will Shake-spear" secret must be resorted to . . . to re-establish contact with the rank and file of members.

It must have been a great shock to those, a shock of elation, when they recognized a personal, carefully authenticated message from the old-time leader, corroborating that he was alive and that the new leaders were not acting with his approval. Though, at the news of his apparent death, they had eulogized Bacon, in their *Manes Verulamiani*, as "the precious gem of concealed literature," "the leader of the choir of the disciples of the Muses", as a writer "rising on the lofty tragic buskin . . . walking lowly on the shoes of Comedy", etc. they knew well that literary production had been but one department of the Shakespearean activities. The Laud tell-tale engraving takes us far behind the scenes, far, very far, from Stratford.

Editor's Note:

M. Henrion, Agrégé de l'Université, is a Professor at the French National College of Rural Engineering and a member of the Board of Examiners at the Ecole Polytechnique. He has made various contributions to *Baconiana* since 1950 (Bacon, Selenus and Shakespeare; Van den Werff's Portrait of Elizabeth; A Secret of State; Scientific Cryptology examined, etc.). He has also published studies on the Shakespeare problem, available only in French, and discussed the question on the French radio and television. For illustration see page 107.

POETIC MISCELLANY

The anonymous author of *The Arte of English Poetry*, writing in 1589, assured us that no gentleman or nobleman could put his name to a stage play. Today, as then, there are some with the poet's gift who are still diffident, and show their poems only to a few trusted friends. We include in this Number a few lines of unpublished verse which deserve not to be lost.

HARVEST

Hold thou these hours
Of strangeness and effect,
Twine in this bower
Both duty and neglect,
Bind in the hurts
With all that thee delights,
Now is ingarnered
Harvest for the Light. — Kathleen Fleming.

PROOF

If I could paint the unresisting sky
With brushless magic of a winter wind,
If I could drive the dust of desert waste
To dances kissed by scorching sun,
I'd bind the wind
And find
God's love for humankind.

If I could scent the evening air
With odours rare of wetted wood or dell
Or rhythm ocean's swell,
I'd tell
God's love for humankind.

If I could cloak the human mind
With instincts bright and keen and kind,
Yet leave him free to seek,
I'd find
God's love for humankind. — Roland Northover.

THE BELL

Around your head, with gathering speed,
  Registered notes are taking flight,
And words like music, fully keyed
  Fringe outwards, widening in the night.

Sound the bell,
Pray the sound!
Swing the bell,
Round on round.

From peaks of calmness raised in space,
  By high up monasteries beyond
The toy towns of the human race,
  Stand Masters of the Cosmic bond!

Tibetan lamas, priesthood theirs,
  Send out in power the cosmic rays
Across the universe they bear
  The hall-mark of the ancient ways.

The MASTER holds the bell aloft;
  Britain is linked with old Tibet.
Thus *all is well;* the words so soft
  Echo afar. My links have met.

Sound the bell,
Bless the sound!
Ring the bell,
Round on round.

— Kathleen Fleming.

SHAKE-SPEARE

Four hundred years ago, and he who came
To give us songs and music; hold the glass
In play and pageant, to the scenes which pass,
Touching our lives with poetry and with flame,
Folding his cloak around him, silent, speaks:
"I hear the babble of the common herd,
Today they strive to find the picture, blurred
By my design; no words, no leaks
From my own faithful few, who knew my fame,
Who kept my secret as their honour's own,
Gathering round the queen to lift the throne,
Above the clamour of a tarnished name
For ends which served the world I played my part:
The play is ended, let us then depart.

— Phyllis Sharpe.

ELIZABETHAN SONNET

O wanton were my Lady's ways,
For when I found her fair,
She dropped her raiment at my feet,
And mocked me through her hair.

I drain her goblet thousandfold
To take away my pain,
The more I take, the more I crave
To make her mine again.

O empty are the days apart,
She hath me in her spell;
My Lady, wicked and she be,
Of Heaven maketh mockery;

I breathe to love, albeit she
Leadeth me straight to hell. — Rosemarie Bennett.

BETWEEN TWO DEEPS

I feel the upward surge of words
Beyond the barrier of my rhyme,
Caught in the mesh of here and now,
Ensnared within the web of time.

I feel the wish, the urge, the need
To give expression to a dream;
To fit a concept half evolved
Into the pattern of a theme.

To limn an unenvisaged shape
Clearly at last upon a screen
That dimly silhouettes myself
And, with it, all I am, have been.

The inner self, the ego shorn
Of false pretensions, spurious pride,
Though fearful, shrinking, tim'rous, lorn
Would brave the world, no longer hide.

Is freedom but a phase, a mood,
Enchantment dreamt to fade by day,
A glimmering lamp lit to delude
The weary traveller on his way?

Is knowledge sterile, faith a myth
And life itself a fabric spun
Of silken thread and gossamer
That breaks at touch like thistle-down ?

No. Indestructible as thought,
Insensate part of a great whole,
Is this, that being more than me,
Is the 'I am' of my small soul.

The fusion point of me and this,
The point at which I stand alone,
Is but a flash between two deeps,
Forgotten Past, Future unknown ;

Two deeps that, being mine, are me,
In whose dark mystery I rejoice ;
The willing silence, waiting e'er,
The unborn day, seeking a voice.

Words rise and echo, spin and fall.
Could I but grasp them I'd know all ;
Yet dimly, falt'ringly, I write
Of half glimpsed vasts of shining light. — J. K. Lighter.

BOOK REVIEWS

DR. ROWSE ON SHAKESPEARE

"A cunning man did calculate my birth"

2 HENRY. VI. IV. *i.*

In the preface to his *William Shakespeare, a Biography,* Dr. A.. L. Rowse tells us that he had "every intention of adhering to custom" by apologising for "adding to the number of books" on Shakespeare. But he does not apologise, and his book contributes nothing but fluff to the "almost nothing is known" life of Shakespeare. The author promises us an "unique approach" because he is the "first historian" to undertake such a presentation; this is a promise that is not kept. Further he tells us of his astonishing discoveries and that he has "produced" results which might seem "incredible". But you will find no discoveries —certainly none that astonish you and as to the results, if by "produced" he means "manufactured" we must agree; and that they are "incredible" we must also agree!

"It is touching to stand there looking at the scene, Dr. Rowse says on p. 15; "with so many trees about, and barns, it must have been a fine place for owls". Indeed, it must have been — historically speaking. No doubt one of those places he refers to "where the historian comes in".

These early chapters ramble on, as did Mark Eccles in his *Shakespeare of Warwickshire,* padding out and fluffing up the same old story with its meaningless speculations and unsupported conjectures. Truly we go up the garden path, and into a land of make-believe, full of dashing courtiers and humbug. Yet, Dr. Rowse insists that "we are fortunate to know so much" about the "almost nothing is known" life of Shakespeare. The *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* advises us that "the more frankly we admit our ignorance (of Shakespeare's life) the less likely we are to be deceived, firstly by the sentimental biographers". Throughout the whole book you will not find one shred of evidence to prove that a link (or, a connection in any way) exists between the "glover's son and actor from Stratford, and the writer of the plays".

This biography of Shakespeare opens with a picturesque

tour of Elizabethan Warwickshire for the most part culled from the historians, Camden, Dugdale and Leland, and from the poet Drayton. Only the aristocracy and a few colourful personalities are presented to us; the poor are ignored. During these "perambulations" of the great houses of the shire, Dr. Rowse does not produce a scrap of evidence to show that Shakespeare visited one of them, or that their occupants ever heard of Shakespeare—definitely none of them mention him in their letters to each other, at any time. It is curious, that "he who was so famous thus early" should be entirely ignored by his contemporaries. No pleasant efforts of imagination can alter the fact that so far as the record goes he was quite unknown to them.

How nice and snug the first chapters read—walking hand in hand through Shakespeare-shire with "a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino". If only what we are told were true, instead of being a Rowse perambulation with descriptions of persons and places in the manner of the fictional novels of Miss Pleidy, Elizabeth Byrd and Caroline Owen!

Much in these early chapters is too readily assumed. We are told, at great length, of the intimate friendship existing between Shakespeare and Drayton, but its rests on the most doubtful of assumptions. In the whole of Drayton's works there is but one mention of his 'intimate friend' Shakespeare, and then he is referred to, generally, "as any one that traffiq'd with the stage". The Cecils, the Grenvilles, the Bacons, the Sidneys, Ben Jonson and all the host of other great names that Dr. Rowse introduces to us, never mention Shakespeare of Stratford either in their works, or in their correspondence with each other.

Dr. Rowse in his *Ralegh and the Throckmortons* tells us of the Throckmortons' inheritance of the manor of Alderminster, near Stratford-on-Avon, and how Throckmorton in his diary "gives a full picture of the times as of any man that I know"; yet he never mentions Shakespeare, or refers to any of his plays.

We are often directed to Leland to help pan-up an unsupported conclusion, but the single occasion on which he does mention Shakespeare is as late as 1604, and then only as one in the company of many "most pregnant witts".

The glorious family mix-up of the no less than thirty-four Shakespeare families, including the Shagperes, Shaxpers and other

variants, that records can prove inhabited Warwickshire towns and villages in Elizabethan times, still remains in a state of desolate confusion. Whether they are deer stealing, at drunken brawls, or being fined for leaving a pile of filth outside their door.

One may well ask: "Who's your father?" Dr. Rowse changes the trade of Shakespeare's father (not done for the first time) to that of a glover, and condescendingly forgives Aubrey, who stated that Shakespeare was a butcher's son, with the consoling remark "that he (Aubrey) was not far wrong".

On page 57 we are told of Anne Hathaway's pregnancy before marriage, and that "Anne had done well to involve herself with the boy (Shakespeare) of 18", but "the marriage was a perfectly proper one socially", and "all was above board". It would appear that Anne, as well as Will, as Dr. Rowse puts it "knew a thing or two".

Dr. Rowse tells us that Lucian wrote in Latin. This must be one of his discoveries that he refers to in his preface that astonished him — it does us. Lucian in his essay *On how to write history* advises the ideal historian to be "determined to state not what will please the reader of his choice, but plain fact only". Ben Jonson's advice to historians was to concentrate on the "what was", and leave the "what could be" to the poets and dreamers.

We wish that this biography by an historian could have given us facts instead of fancies. The continuous use, monotonously, page after page, of those inconclusive phrases: "we can build up a picture", "no doubt", "it looks as if", "we can tell", "how truly this describes", "what could be clearer", "our ascertained historical framework", "it is pretty certain", "it is plainly discernible", "it is obvious", "it is ordinarily accepted", "it must have happened just like that", the "would be" this and the "would be" that, and the most tantalising of them all, "we know with fair certainty", and so many more statements prefaced by the like, make us wonder how the book can possibly relate to matters "of historical reality", as is claimed in the blurb of this so-called "revolutionary book".

On page 40 Dr. Rowse discloses the fact that in Shakespeare's time "history was read almost entirely for moralising purposes".

Indeed, the cap fits. His own book exemplifies perfectly the adage that the writers of history, like history itself, do not change much—morally speaking. We are told of the authors and titles of numerous books that were positively read and owned by the avid reader Shakespeare. Then on page 336 we read "what a thousand pities it is that we have not Shakespeare's library left as we have Robert Burton's and Sir Arthur Throckmorton's, much of Ben Jonson's and Donne's". Most unfortunate, but it is well that we (Dr. Rowse) can build up a picture of it for us, since the libraries of John Selden, Sir Francis Bacon, and many other contemporaries remain with us. Where did Shakespeare's mammoth library go? There is not a single book extant!

On page 57 there is a good example of the "or, either, or" technique: "William and Anne were married on 30 Nov. *or* 1 Dec., *either at* Worcester *or* more probably at Temple Grafton". Not very conclusive. In Bishop Whitgift's register at Worcester we have the entry of issue of licence of marriage "inter Willelmum Shaxpere at Annan Whateleg de Temple Grafton" dated 27 Nov. 1582. Yet, on the very next day, we read of the bond by the sureties on the issue of the said licence: "William Shagpere on thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford . . . maiden".

Chapter V describes Shakespeare in London "hob nobbing" and rubbing shoulders with the best, and Dr. Rowse arranges for our benefit some purely imaginary meetings between the actor from Stratford and the Queen's sea-hawks. Did Drake, Frobisher, Norris, Raleigh or any of them ever hear of him? None of them ever troubled to mention him. The next chapters tell us of events "that must have raised a laugh". Well, they still do.

In chapter XI — aptly headed "Romance and Reality"—we hear "how dangerously honey-combed a world this was", and learn of much that is "likely to be true", and of "recognisable glimpses of (Shakespeare) himself and his experiences". The biographer tells us that "we may take this as we wish". Thank you, we will do just that.

In conclusion, one cannot but regret the author's endeavour to belittle many great Shakespearean scholars to whom his book is under great debt for he has borrowed extensively from them, without acknowledgement. Yes, Dr. Rowse, "Shakespeare knew a thing or two", as you said. We wish your biography of him could have told us a thing or two about him. Some facts for instance.

R. W. Gibson

Connoisseur and Diplomat. by Francis C. Springell.

Maggs Bros. 1963. £5. 5s. 0d. nett.

This expensive but erudite book is about the embassy of Thomas Howard, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, to Germany in 1636, as recounted in William Crowne's diary the Earl's correspondence and other contemporary sources; and with a catalogue of the topographical drawings made on the journey by Wenceslaus Hollar.

Dr. Springell is an art collector and connoisseur himself, and was naturally attracted to Lord Arundel and Hollar through his admiration for the latter's landscape drawings, of which he owns a number. This well-documented work, and the beautifully reproduced Hollar sketches, would amply reward perusal by Baconian students. As is well-known, Arundel was one of Bacon's more intimate friends, and the owner of the mansion on Highgate Hill in which the great Lord Verulam is said to have died in 1626.

Ten years later, the Earl, now Earl Marshal of England, proposed himself as leader of an embassy to Ferdinand II, Emperor of the Germans, to try to negotiate the end of the ruinous Thirty Years War, and the restoration of Frederick V, of the Palatinate—husband of the White Queen, Elizabeth of Bohemia, James I's daughter—to his dominion. Dr. Springell describes the Ambassador as a man of "high moral standards, acknowledged by friend and foe alike", and his mission also afforded a unique opportunity for the purchase of a vast collection of *objets d'art* which were duly consigned to England at frequent intervals. Although the Howards were the leading Roman Catholic family in England, Arundel was converted to Protestantism in 1615. His strength of character is testified by his sustained enmity towards Buckingham, James I's favourite and the cause of Verulam's ruin.

The birth and early life of William Crowne and the circumstances under which he joined the embassy are unknown, but his diary was considered important enough to go to press soon

after the return of the mission to England in 1637. Later he settled in America. Arundel finally left England in 1642, taking many books, manuscripts and his collection of paintings and drawings. The library he left behind was eventually presented to the Royal Society through the personal intervention of John Evelyn, the famous diarist, in 1667.

In view of the recent controversy on the Shakespeare Monuments, we were particularly interested in the chapter on Hollar whom Dr. Springell describes as being "not a man of genius, but as an artist of talent, reliable, diligent and professionally well-trained". The engraver's first known etching was engraved in 1626 according to George Vertue who wrote *A description of the Works of the ingenious Delineator and Engraver Wenceslaus Hollar . . . with some account of his life,* and Arundel's invitation to him to etch places visited during his journeys to Germany and back was evidently a worthy tribute from a connoisseur to an accomplished craftsman.

Sir William Dugdale employed the Bohemian permanently some years later, and it has been claimed that he engraved Dugdale's famous Stratford Monument drawing and illustrated the *Monasticon Anglicanum* and *History of St. Paul's.* Hollar was a perfectionist and wrote in a letter "I never send proofs away unless they are perfect". He was also known to be a painstaking copyist. It is therefore impossible to believe that Dugdale's own drawing or Hollar's etching of the Shakespeare Monument was inaccurate at that date (1656)—however unacceptable this may be to the Stratfordians!

Lastly we would mention the Rev. William Petty, an exceptionally resourceful art collector employed by the Earl to buy treasures for him on the Continent, *e.g.* in Italy, the Levant and Greece. Petty inspired Francis Junius, Arundel's learned Librarian, to write his *De Pictura Veterum,* and mixed with the Earl's brilliant circle of friends, including Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, Sir Henry Spelman, John Selden, an Admirable Crichton of learning, William Camden, John Speed, the famous cartographer, etc.

There is a curious proliferation of the Christian names "Francis" and "William" in the personages mentioned by Dr. Springell and revolving round Lord Arundel's embassy like

planets round a sun. The Winter Queen Exhibition encouraged this line of thought when we also noted that the only known contemporary bust of the tragic Queen was "perhaps" by Francois Dieussart! Two magnificent paintings, "The Elector Palatine leaving England with his bride", and "The arrival of the Elector Palatine and his bride at Flushing", were by Adam Willarts, which also may be a pseudonym.

According to the dictionaries "Will", a Teutonic word, means resolution: William or Wilhem (German), means helmet of resolution. Francis means free. Francois Dieussart, therefore, might literally be interpreted as the unfettered art of Divine inspiration. Adam is Hebraic meaning man or earth. Adam Willarts suggests "the artist of the man of the helmet of resolution." Several portraits of Elizabeth by Gerard Honthorst also attracted our attention, and Gerard (or Gerald) a Teutonic word, means spear power! William Crowne, Wenceslaus Hollar, William Shakespeare, Francois Dieussart, Adam Willarts, Gerald Honthorst; how many of these names are masks, and were the Knights of the Helmet, founded by Francis Bacon, involved? The whole subject offers fascinating possibilities for research.

Meanwhile, we may note with interest that at the marriage festivities held in 1613, Francis Bacon was the "chief mover" in one of three masques, *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne,* by Francis Beaumont, now owned by the Bodleian Library, Oxford University. This masque should have been performed on Tuesday, February 16th, but was postponed until the following Saturday, owing to the King's weariness "after sitting up almost two whole nights before". Indeed, only Bacon's intervention gained even this reprieve. The other two masques were by George Chapman (including sun-worshipping Virginian princes, no doubt to the gratification of Bacon, who helped to found the Virginia Company), and by Thomas Campion. The clue to this intricate mosaic may have been found by M. V. Ambros, a valued Czech member, who, in the June, 1958, *Baconiana,* pointed out that in the County Museum in Cheb, Western Bohemia, there is a collection of sixty-four portrait miniatures and medallions carved in ivory. Amongst the persons portrayed were Queen Elizabeth I, Francis Bacon, The Winter Queen and her husband, Frederick V of the Palatine.

N. F.

THE DAY SHAKESPEARE DIED

By Hugh Ross Williamson. Michael Joseph. Price 21/-.

The purpose of this book is to convince the reader that Shakespeare was "a Catholic actor-playwright." As the author dismisses without serious thought the possibility of any other than the Man of Stratford being responsible for the Plays, the value of his thesis is not great.

If we believe that Francis Bacon really wrote the Plays, the question of orthodox religious creeds becomes unimportant and we can safely assert, with the appropriate internal evidence, that his plea is for religious tolerance—Catholicism in its true and œcumenical sense—and for the better understanding of cosmic spiritual principles, irrespective of creeds.

It is quite possible that Shaksper was a Roman Catholic by conviction, although Mr. Ross Williamson does not explain why he apparently did not object to the marriage of his daughter Susanna to the Puritan Dr. Hall. Nor does he explain how a provincial actor could have obtained his deep knowledge of the Vulgate and Geneva Bibles. It can be shown, for instance, that Francis Bacon was familiar with the Vulgate, and even quoted extracts in his notebook (*The Promus*). Richmond Noble in his *Shakespeare's Biblical Knowledge* pointed out that it was not until 1604—the year when King James I ordered the preparation of the Authorised Version—that the Bible was officially fixed as a school subject, and added "there has been as yet no adequate proof adduced that the English Bible was taught generally in country schools between 1572 and 1580." Sir Sidney Lee assumed that he was instructed in the Bible at school and Mr. Ross Williamson that he had studied the Rheims Version—a Jesuit translation.

Mr. Williamson does bring out clearly the spiritual overtones of the Plays, and deserves credit for this. But he apparently believes that a "stage-struck provincial in his twenties" (page 134) copied and then surpassed all contemporary play-wrights in a few years, and that "the theatre, more than most arts, is a thing of the moment" (page 137). Nevertheless, he is an interesting and practised writer and there is plenty to be learned from this book.

N.F.

FRANCIS BACON. THE TEMPER OF THE MAN.

By Mrs. Catherine Drinker Bowen.

Hamish Hamilton, 25/-.

This book is a *vade mecum* for students of Francis Bacon's life and represents a sincere attempt at evaluating the man. The interest is sustained, the insight unusual—to a point. Unfortunately, however, the author is not able to appreciate the altruism of a mighty soul whose consciousness revolved round the poles of truth and whose aims were cosmic in scale. We still await the biography which will be worthy of a visionary statesman, not an ambitious politician. How sad that in the opening page of her Prologue, Mrs. Bowen could write "For a Francis Bacon, what more terrible than to know that he had been the instrument of his own betrayal"! How myopic to describe him as "crafty, clever, restless, ambitious"! Our readers will know the worth of the charge that he betrayed his friend and patron Essex; and indeed the author's own description of the proceedings at the trial, later in the book, goes far to correct this opinion.

Apart from this deplorable Prologue, Mrs. Bowen deserves our gratitude for a lively well-written tale, or, to be more accurate, an "invitation to Francis Bacon". Bacon's point in a letter to Lord Burghley that the fulfilment of his *schema* would require "the commandment of more wits than of a man's own", as well as funds and the authority and patronage of someone in high office, is well taken. Surely here we have also the key to his apparent "carelessness" with money. Let him speak: —

When I found however that my zeal was mistaken for ambition, and my life had already reached the turning point, and my breaking health reminded me how ill I could afford to be so slow, and I reflected moreover that in leaving undone the good that I could do by myself alone, and applying myself to that which could not be done without the help and consent of others, I was by no means discharging the duty that lay upon me—I put all those thoughts aside and (in pursuance of my old determination) betook myself wholly to this work.....I am not hunting for fame. I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an under-

taking as this, I count both ridiculous and base.

Disappointingly too Bacon's Parliamentary opposition to the Queen's triple subsidy taxation proposals is attributed to his callowness—a woeful misjudgement.

After these strictures we are pleased to record the author's sympathetic treatment of the Essex trial—and the percipient treatment of Bacon's legal acumen. We were intrigued to learn that *A Proposition touching the Compiling and Amendment of the Laws of England* written to King James in 1616 was frequently quoted right up to 1826 when Sir Robert Peel, Home Secretary, used it as a preface to a speech in Parliament saying: "the lapse of two hundred and fifty years has increased the necessity of the measure which Lord Bacon then proposed, but it has produced no argument in favour of the principle, no objection adverse to it, which he did not anticipate".

The account of Bacon's trial and impeachment is impartial but needs to be read in the context of Edward D. Johnson's able article *Appeal for Justice in Baconiana* No. 161.

When all is said, we consider this book to be one of the best on Francis Bacon in recent years, and we again urge that it should be read, but with the words of Dr. Rawley, his chaplain, in mind.

For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books but from some grounds and notions within himself.

N. F.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRANCIS BACON

by Benjamin Farrington

Liverpool University Press: price 25/-

The standard work on Bacon, both as to his literary output and his biography, is still the fourteen-volume edition so laboriously and faithfully compiled by James Spedding, but no student of Baconian thought should be without Professor Farrington's new book, which supplies a fundamental need.

The introductory short study is an excellent composition and gently introduces the reader to the first available translation from the Latin original into modern English of three works which help to give a wider understanding of Bacon's mission to mankind. Two complete writings, *Thoughts And Conclusions*, and *The Refutation of Philosophies*, are complemented by the fragmentary *The Masculine Birth of Time*.

According to Dr. William Cave in his *Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Historia Literaria* (1705 Geneva edition) Aristotelian teachings had "virtually usurped the seat of St. Paul", and Bacon determined to reverse this disastrous position through a return to the Scriptures and the use of the Authorised Version with its Hebraic derivations: but his aims were moral, not simply intellectual. As Farrington points out, the *Sacrae Meditationes* is concerned with Christian charity, "For Bacon charity meant meeting people's needs, not quarrelling with their opinions", but perhaps we shall be forgiven for suggesting a deeper interpretation to the Idols of the Mind than is admitted in this book. If we are correct, could not the Idols of the Palace be considered in the context of the Biblical command: Put not your trust in the princes of this world (*cf. Psalms*, 146/3)?

But pure Natural Philosophy, the "scientific" approach, was a vital part of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna*, and with his brilliant analytical mind Professor Farrington drives the point home (pp. 41/2) with an extract from *Thoughts On Human Knowledge*, also newly translated from the Latin. Contemporary theological tenets, stemming from Aristotelian philosophy, were not concerned primarily with physical phenomena, but alchemists and magic practitioners believed in the possibility of great works in Nature. Hence Bacon, while roundly condemning the charlatan and narrow-minded experimentalist, was, in this sense, indebted to them. His criticisms of them should be read with this fact in mind, as is deftly explained in Chapter X.

Professor Farrington is one of the most knowledgeable writers in the orthodox Baconian field, and we warmly welcome this book.

N. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

Not Published 22nd May, 1964.
The Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*,
Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

Dear Sir, — Your candour in granting the hospitality of your columns to those who support the Baconian theory, is appreciated. Mr. Fermor's claim that ninety per cent of the thoughts and phrases noted by Bacon in his *Promus* reappear later in the Shakespeare Plays ought perhaps to be modified in regard to phrases, if not to thoughts.

In establishing the identity of "Mr. W. H." Dr. Leslie Hotson could be justified in proposing cryptographic evidence. I wonder if any of your readers have ever noticed the following "straight flush" in Canto VIII of the second book of the "Faerie Queene" in the initial capital read downward . . . .

WH When as again he armed felt his hond;
T Then like a Lion, which hath long time faught
H His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
E Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and yond.

S So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
O On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
N Neshield defend the thunder of his throwes:
N Now to Pyrrhochles many strokes he told;
E Est to Cymochles twise so many fold:
T Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
T To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond.
T Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,

The capital "E" in "Emongst", which clinches the acrostic, appears in my 1596 quarto and in the 1611 folio of the "Faerie Queene"; also on page 268 of J. C. Smith's Oxford edition. Although Spenser's *Amoretti* are kin to *Shake-speare's sonnets* I make no claim. What we need to know is the mathematical

probability of such an acrostic occurring by chance. Here the "W.H." and "T.T." of *Shake-speare's sonnets* (1609) are plainly coupled with the word "Sonnet". Could these be, as in *Lucrece* . . . . .

. . . . the subtle shining secrecies,
VVrit in the glassie margents of such books?

Yours, etc.
MARTIN PARES.

11/1/64

Director,
British Broadcasting Corporation,
Broadcasting House,
London, W.1.

Dear Sir,

Before coming to the substance of the complaint which is the purpose of this letter, I should like to emphasize the fact that, hitherto, I have had the greatest respect and admiration for the work of the BBC, and in particular for the impartial manner in which it treats controversial issues and gives fair play to holders of minority views. I would also like to add that I have deferred making my complaint until a week after the event, so that I could not be accused of writing in the heat of the moment.

I must protest that the broadcast which went out at 7.30 p.m. on January 2nd in the Home Service, under the title of "The Authorship of Shakespeare" was a disgraceful and deplorable lapse from grace, and I hope the BBC is ashamed of it. The Bacon/Shakespeare question has always been an extremely controversial one, and it would have been better had it been left alone rather than treated as it was, with no attempt to give serious consideration to any of the evidence which Baconians can adduce. A fairer presentation of the subject would have been obtained if a representative Baconian and a responsible Stratfordian had been asked to present the evidence for their views and to discuss them before an impartial chairman. Can it be that no Stratfordian could be found who would have been willing to take part in such a discussion? This is probable, since ninety-nine out of every hundred Stratfordians flatly refuse to consider the evidence which the Baconians can adduce, but are content to propagate the view, as did your broad-

casters, that the minds of the Baconians are so befuddled with brooding over their perverse ideas that they are really ripe for the mad-house.

It so happens that I am *not* a member of the Francis Bacon Society, but I *have* taken the trouble to study the evidence, and I am convinced that the Baconians merit much better treatment from the BBC than they were given in the broadcast to which I refer. One is tempted to wonder whether the BBC is afraid of incurring the wrath of the powerful vested interests which are concerned to keep the Stratford myths alive.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) W. John G. Farrer.

Broomfield, Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

Published

To The Editor,
Evening Standard

IDENTIFYING THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON

Sir,

Your correspondent Mr. Thirlby (*Letters*, February 17), is a little unkind in seizing on an obvious slip by Ronald Duncan, who presumably meant that we do not know the *day* of Shakespeare's birth.

However, surely it is more important to remember that we do not know the *birthplace*. The Stratford-on-Avon cottage which the Trustees charge countless American tourists for viewing, was built years after his death, although the cellars of the original building may remain.

In any case there is no proof that William's father, John, was living there in 1564, as he resided in several houses in the town.

NOEL FERMOR,

The Royal Commonwealth Society,
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.

NO CLAIMS

Sir,

While Ronald Duncan seeks the truth of this great literary problem, without respect to any particular theory, Richard Buckle (*Evening Standard*, February 13) urges us to believe that the problem is as good as solved. But is it?

As a youth William Shakespeare, the actor, was unnoticed as pupil or scholar, though noticed as butcher-boy and poacher. There is no evidence that he ever went to a school or university. He has not left us a single manuscript or letter. He took no interest in the culture of his day, and did not even educate his children. By all extant accounts he was a pushing and avaricious man, anxious to display a coat-of-arms and jealous of his rights, often suing poorer men for small sums lent. But in spite of this he made no claim, either during his life or in his will, to the authorship of the plays attributed to him. For more than three centuries the player has been identified with the poet.

In reference to Love's Labour's Lost, Professor Dover Wilson has written as follows:

> To credit that amazing piece of virtuosity to a butcher boy who left school at 13 or even to one whose education was what a grammar school and residence in a little provincial borough could provide is to invite one either to believe in miracles or to disbelieve in the man from Stratford.

It is, of course, a mere pretence that the butcher-boy went to school. However this is a fair statement of the dilemma in which men of letters find themselves.

MARTIN PARES.

President,
Francis Bacon Society,
Canonbury Tower, N.1.

Not Published

3rd January, 1964

To the Editor,
"The Listener",
B.B.C. Publications,
35 Marylebone High Street,
London, W.1.

Dear Sir,

The Authorship of Shakespeare

Your talented script-writers seem to have little knowledge of Francis Bacon. The idea that he despised theatricals and

the stage is completely false. He was the accepted Master of Ceremonies at the Gray's Inn revels. He was the author or contriver of the following masques and devices; in 1589 *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, in 1592 *A Conference of Pleasure*, in 1594 *The Masque of the Order of the Helmet*, in 1595 *The Philautia Device* and *The Device of the Indian Prince*, in 1612 *The Marriage of the Rhine and the Thames*, and in 1613 *The Masque of Flowers*. As Lord Chancellor he patronised the production of *The Masque of Mountebanks*, which was produced in his honour by members of his Inn.

In his essays Bacon reveals his interest in acting, mime, alterations of scenes, coloured and varied lights, etc. Elsewhere he commends play-acting as a useful form of personal discipline. So much for the "theory" that Bacon despised the stage.

By an amusing piece of clowning the B.B.C. cast portrayed Bacon in a sense completely opposite to that shown by his biographers, i.e., without any of the humour which was his charm. According to Ben Jonson he had one failing — that he could not refrain from a joke. For many years he was the liveliest and most respected figure in the House of Commons. Sir Tobie Matthew wrote to him as follows:—"The most prodigious wit that I ever knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is your Lordship's name though he be known by another."

Your team made great play of the idea that the Shakespearean drama must have been written by a common man, and not by a peer. It is not on the peerage but on education that we must insist, and in any case Francis Bacon, for most of his life, was a commoner. He was "Mr. Francis Bacon" until his 44th year. In early life he had ample time (time for which his biographers are unable to account), to write many plays.

It is a strange theory that a writer of essays should be unable to write poetry. Has anyone ever read Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, or Shelley's *Defense of Poetry* or Milton's *Aereopagetica*? In a letter to Sir John Davis, Bacon declares himself to be a "concealed poet"; he is also thus described by Aubrey. But the truest appreciation of his genius is given to us by no less a poet than Shelley. . . .

> Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestical rhythm, which satisfies the sense no less than the

> almost super-human wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect . . . (*Defense of Poetry*)

Your team objects to the word "theory" in relation to the Stratfordian claim. But where is the evidence? The actor Will Shaksper has left us only six signatures with a guided hand, all spelt differently and none spelt "Shakespeare". As a youth he was unnoticed as pupil or scholar, though noticed as butcher-boy and poacher. There is no evidence that he ever went to a school or university. He has not left us a single manuscript or letter to anyone. He apparently took no interest in the culture of his day, and did not even educate his children. By all accounts he was a pushing and avaricious man, anxious to display a coat-of-arms and jealous of his rights as a money lender. But in spite of this he made no claim, either during his life or in his Will, to the authorship of the plays attributed to him. Among the specific bequests of his most uninspiring Will not a book nor a play is mentioned.

This is the most unpleasant truth which the orthodox have to swallow. In trying to come close to one of the greatest minds of our civilisation, they find that mind — in the prime of life — interested only in money-lending, malt-cornering, enclosing common lands, and prosecuting poorer men for small sums lent. Not one generous or kindly action is recorded. These are the documented facts which, until more positive evidence is found, must compel many people to reject the Stratford Legend. Even the invention of a bonfire in Dr. Hall's garden cannot explain them away.

It is perhaps too much to ask your accomplished script writer and most versatile cast to put up an equally elaborate broadcast to illustrate the Baconian theory. But I would be more than grateful if you would permit the publication of this letter. We Baconians are seekers for the truth. Our society is long-established and most unlikely to be dissolved. As President I owe it to our members, at home and overseas, to express their views.

Yours etc.,
MARTIN PARES,
President,
The Francis Bacon Society,
Canonbury Tower, N.1.

To The Editor,
Baconiana.

Sir,

In a letter to the *Radio Times*, the Chairman of the Society, referring to the lines "If Parts elude thee, think how Bacon shin'd, the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," wrote that, as far as had been ascertained, Pope always used 'meanest' in the sense of 'humblest'.

H. Kendra Baker contributed a long article to *Baconiana* (January 1937) under the title of "Pope and Bacon—the meaning of 'meanest'." His conclusion was that "the antithesis which Pope intended to indicate was not that between Wisdom and Vice but between Wisdom and Unhappiness."

Much could be written about the various meanings of 'meanest' and of the various changes in meaning over the centuries. Suffice it to say here that by origin all the meanings, and, in general, all except the two given above, have a derogatory sense, some severe, others slight.

If Pope had intended to describe Bacon as the humblest of men, why, for the slight advantage of alliteration apart, should he have used such an ambiguous word as 'meanest'? If he had so intended it follows that he was indicating the antithesis between Wisdom and Humility. This is indeed a novel interpretation of the poem.

H. Kendra Baker's version makes much more sense. The "Argument" of Epistle IV of Pope's *Essay on Man* contains the following passage:

> That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are must be happiest. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue. That even these can make no man happy without virtue; instanced in riches, in honours, nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents, *with pictures of human infelicity* (italics are mine) in men possessed of them all.

That seems to indicate pretty conclusively what the poem is about. Humility is not mentioned. This is not altogether surprising. Francis Bacon had many fine qualities, but, let us be

honest, humility was not one of them. This suggestion may offend his more zealous admirers who forget, as he so happily puts it "Quod enim mavult homo verum esse, id potius credit"!

From the "Argument", quoted above, it would certainly appear that 'meanest' as applied to Bacon could have been intended as indicative of his infelicity rather than of his baseness, but it is clear that in all the examples given, the infelicity is attributed to lack of virtue. So, in the sense of unhappiest, 'meanest' is still a derogatory term. This is surely confirmed in the later summing-up lines:

> There, in the rich, the honour'd, famed and great,
> See the false scale of happiness complete.

and

> In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
> And all that raised the hero sunk the man:

and, finally,

> Know then this truth, enough for man to know,—
> Virtue alone is happiness below.

We have only concerned ourselves in an attempt to determine what Pope meant by 'meanest'. By a process of elimination we find ourselves agreeing with Baker that the apparently short lived and rare sense of 'unhappiest' was intended. Finally, however little we may like it, we come to the conclusion that Pope was pin-pointing unhappiness as an indication of lack of virtue. This conclusion, by some, is regarded as one of the fundamental truths.

The extent to which Pope was justified in so describing Bacon is another matter. Those who resent any suggestion that the man was less great than his achievements will condemn the Poet. Others, more concerned with truth than partisanship, may be more inclined to agree with Pope's choice of Bacon's character to illustrate his theme.

Whatever we may believe, there seems to be no proof that Pope did not accept the general view of Bacon's character then held—a view which has persisted to the present day. But, if he did, it is doubtful if he would have been so palpably unjust as to imply that he was the 'basest' of mankind.

It has been said that Pope's opinion of Bacon was so high that he would never have written a derogatory word about him. This is absurd. One can have great admiration for Byron or Wilde or Dickens or Shaw—for anyone, in fact,—but that does not postulate belief in the blamelessness of their characters.

The interpretation of 'meanest' put forward by H. Kendra Baker, if carried to its logical conclusion, shows both Bacon and Pope in a better light than if 'basest' had been the intended meaning.

Yours faithfully,
DENNIS W. PRICE.

"Durlston",
Stoneborough Lane,
Budleigh Salterton,
Devon.

Printed for *R. A.* 1644.

Rogas ut quæ nova accidant, si compertæ habeam ex urbe nostra renuncies crebroquè literalis somnolentum exerceam: Carnem simul bubulam vervecinamve, cras summo mane transmitta tam, focum quando frigidum habeas, subvarbano. in tuo prædio. Noveris ergo hac ipsâ hora Theobaldum nostrum Sponsalia celebrasse, cū Susannâ virgine quadam satis honestâ, atquè opibus valēte. Patrem ea habuit Lambertum Medicum docti, antè septennium mortuum: parate ad nuptias brevi futuras. Bubula nulla macello prostat: mitto vervecinam: & cum palatum tuum probè calleam, ferinam quoquè impetravi, cum, ut reor, acceptarus sis hospites. Valetudinem tuam cura: & quod præcepero observa, cito ut nos salvus redeas. Nostrates te salvere jubent. Vale.

Tertium Exemplum, vel si mavis Modum, ità porrò persequitur Walchius *dicto loco:* Si loco vocalis jotæ, ipsiusquè apicis, Literam o, ad occultum Scripturæ sensum transferendum, amico præscribere voles, age. illius Literæ centrum, quæ Decimam quartam stationem, in Alphabeto occupat, ac Circuli figuram refert, sensus tui occulti. signum & vehiculum esto. Cape & hujus rei Exemplum, & ex sequenti Epistolà. quam metus fuit, nè cujus res agitur, Lator resignaret aut præfringeret, præter patulam orationem, ex prædictæ Literæ centris le-

Figure 1

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilſt we ſtudie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diuerſe things that can bee, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. ſuſtaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our ſelues of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſome-thing, heeretofore; and haue proſequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with ſo much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vſe the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

Figure 2

vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke chooſe his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L L. likings of the ſeuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the Volume aſk'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H.H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo careſull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

Figure 2

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſexageſima ſeptima.
Triplex Tau, *ſive de Terrâ.*

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſexageſima octava.
Triplex Upſilon, *ſive de Aquâ.*

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſexageſima nona.
Triplex Pſy, *ſive de Aere.*

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſeptuageſima.
Triplex Chy, *ſive de Igne.*

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſeptuageſima prima.
Triplex Pſi, *ſive de Cœleſtibus.*

Maſſ. Maj.
Inquiſitio ſeptuageſima ſecunda.
Triplex Omega, *ſive de Meteoricis.*

Conditiones

Figure 3

BY LINE AND LEVELL

A "DO-IT-YOURSELF" demonstration by Ewen MacDuff.

. . . we must march by line and levell, and all the way, even from the first perception of the Senses, must be secured, and fortified by a certain Rule, and constant Method of proceeding.

FRANCIS BACON

In 1623, three presumably independent works were written, each by a different author or authors.

1) Cryptomenytices. Written in LATIN by Gustav Selenus and printed in Holland.
2) The Dedication to the Shakespeare First Folio. Written in ENGLISH by Heminge and Condell (?).
3) Abecedarium Naturae. Written in LATIN by Francis Bacon.

The first two were printed in 1624 and 1623 respectively, but the third, the author (Francis Bacon) did not wish to have printed during his lifetime. Superficially, there is no connection between any of these works, yet there is a curious thread joining all three.

Selenus, in his book, gives examples of spacing devices to be used in cipher and illustrates one of these with a diagram. The illustration is deliberately exaggerated for demonstration purposes and shows the use of long terminals to certain letters — especially E and M, (see figure 1). How interesting in view of this, that the Dedication to Shakespeare's First Folio, also written in 1623, should contain similar long terminals to certain letters: even more interesting that these letters should be E and M — the letters *most* stressed in the Selenus demonstration. It must be emphasised that up to 1623, this particular trick had never been exposed or apparently invented.

The Dedication, which, with the exception of two words, is entirely in italic print, contains other peculiarities; e.g. an occasional V V or U U for W, and in one particular case, A DELIBERATE OMISSION OF A WORD, both of these tricks being used as spacing devices. If the reader will examine line 4 of figure 2, it will be seen that the word "OF" has been omitted after "two". The line *should* read, "Two OF the most . . . etc . . . ". The various long terminals to E and M and the split W's can also be seen clearly in this figure which is a facsimile of the original. The true significance of this becomes very apparent when it is realised that NOWHERE ELSE in all the 905 pages of the Folio Plays can a solitary example of a long terminal to a letter or a split W be found in EQUIVALENT ITALIC PRINT, especially as this particular print appears somewhere on every one of the 905 pages except one. Consequently, it seems more than reasonable to suspect that these things appeared in the Dedication for a definite purpose; the more so as they appear in an impressive Dedication to two Noble Lords. It goes without saying that much care would have been used in checking and correcting proofs, so the logical inference is that there can only have been one PURPOSE for such irregularities. . .CIPHER.

In Selenus' work, there is a chapter which he entitles "Abecedariae Simplici", in which he demonstrates examples of enumerating the alphabet — A = 1,

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 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67

1 W H I L S T W E S T U D I E T O B E T H A N K F U L I N O U R P A R T I C U L A R F O R
2 T H E M A N Y F A U O R S W E H A U E R E C E I U E D F R O M Y O U R L L
3 W E A R E F A L N E U P O N T H E I L L F O R T U N E, T O M I N G L E
4 T W O T H E M O S T D I U E R S E T H I N G S T H A T C A N B E E F E A R E
5 A N D R A S H N E S S E R A S H N E S S E I N T H E E N T E R P R I Z E A N D
6 F E A R E O F T H E S U C C E S S E. F O R W H E N W E V A L E W T H E P L A C E S Y O U R H H
7 S U S T A I N E W E C A N N O T B U T K N O W T H E I R D I G N I T Y G R E A T E R T H E N T O D E S C E N D T O
8 T H E R E A D I N G O F T H E S E T R I F L E S: A N D V V H I L E W E N A M E T H E M T R I F L E S W E H A U E
9 D E P R I U D O U R S E L U E S O F T H E D E F E N C E O F O U R D E D I C A T I O N B U T S I N C E Y O U R
10 L. L. H A U E B E E N E P L E A S' D T O T H I N K E T H E S E T R I F L E S S O M E T H I N G H E E R E T O
11 F O R E, A N D H A U E P R O S E Q U U T E D B O T H T H E M A N D T H E I R A U T H O U R L I V I N G
12 V V I T H S O M U C H F A U O U R: W E H O P E T H A T T H E Y O U T L I V I N G H I M A N D B E N O T
13 H A U I N G T H E F A T E C O M M O N W I T H S O M E, T O B E E X E Q U U T O R T O H I S O W N E W R I-
14 T I N G S) Y O U W I L L U S E T H E L I K E I N D U L G E N C E T O W A R D T H E M Y O U H A U E D O N E
15 U N T O T H E I R P A R E N T. T H E R E I S A G R E A T D I F F E R E N C E V V H E T H E R A N Y B O O K E
16 C H O O S E H I S P A T R O N E S, O R F I N D E T H E M. T H I S H A T H D O N E B O T H F O R
17 S O M U C H W E R E Y O U R L. L. L I K I N G S O F T H E S E U E R A L L P A R T S V V H E N
18 T H E Y W E R E A C T E D, A S B E F O R E T H E Y U U E R E P U B L I S H E D T H E V O L U M E A S K 'D T O
19 B E Y O U R S. W E H A U E B U T C O L L E C T E D T H E M, A N D D O N E A N O F F I C E T O T H E
20 D E A D, T O P R O C U R E H I S O R P H A N E S. G U A R D I A N S U U I T H O U T A M B I T I O N E I-
21 T H E R O F S E L F E-P R O F I T, O R F A M E: O N E L Y T O K E E P E T H E M E M O R Y O F S O W O R T H Y
22 A F R I E N D & F E L L O W A L I U E, A S W A S O U R **S H A K E S P E A R E** B Y H U M-
23 B L E O F F E R O F H I S P L A Y E S. T O Y O U R M O S T N O B L E P A T R O N A G E W H E R E I N
24 W E H A U E I U S T L Y O B S E R U E D, N O M A N T O C O M E N E E R E Y O U R L L B U T V V I T H
25 A K I N D O F R E L I G I O U S A D D R E S S E; I T H A T H B I N T H E H E I G H T O F O U R C A R E U U H O
26 A R E T H E P R E S E N T E R S T O M A K E T H E P R E S E N T W O R T H Y O F Y O U R H H B Y T H E
27 P E R F E C T I O N. B U T T H E R E W E M U S T A L S O C R A U E O U R A B I L I T I E S T O B E C O N S I D E R 'D
28 M Y L O R D S. W E C A N N O T G O B E Y O N D O U R O W N E P O W E R S C O U N T R Y H A N D S
29 R E A C H F O O R T H M I L K E, C R E A M E, F R U I T E S, O R W H A T T H E Y H A U E A N D M A N Y
30 N A T I O N S (W E H A U E H E A R D) T H A T H A D N O T G U M M E S & I N C E N C E O B T A I-
31 N E D T H E I R R E Q U E S T S W I T H A L E A U E N E D C A K E I T U U A S N O F A U L T T O A P P R O A C H
32 T H E I R G O D S B Y W H A T M E A N E S T H E Y C O U L D: A N D T H E M O S T T H O U G H
33 M E A N E S T O F T H I N G S A R E M A D E M O R E P R E C I O U S W H E N T H E Y A R E D E D I C A T E D
34 T O T E M P L E S I N T H A T N A M E T H E R E F O R E W E M O S T H U M B L Y C O N S E C R A T E T O
35 Y O U R H. H. T H E S E R E M A I N E S O F Y O U R S E R U A N T **S H A K E S P E A R E** T H A T
36 W H A T D E L I G H T I S I N T H E M M A Y B E E U E R Y O U R L L T H E R E P U T A T I O N
37 H I S & T H E F A U L T S O U R S, I 'F A N Y B E C O M M I T T E D B Y A P A Y R E S O C A R E F U L L T O
38 S H E W T H E I R G R A T I T U D E B O T H T O T H E L I U I N G A N D T H E D E A D A S I S
39 Y O U R L O R D S H I P P E S M O S T B O U N D E N

TABLE FIGURE 4

TAU

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	W	X	Y	Z
Single	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Double	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
Triple	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
Quadruple	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96

B = 2, C = 3, etc. (Nowadays referred to as simple (s) cipher). The thread connecting this with Francis Bacon is the curious use of the words Abecedariae and Abecedarium, and of course the principle of numbering the alphabet. It is an interesting coincidence that two authors in two different countries should simultaneously use the same extraordinary word, though in different tenses. In the same way that Selenus used his Abecedarium to demonstrate alphabetical enumeration, so did Bacon.

As previously stated, in 1623 Bacon wrote his work in LATIN, not English — this is important — and Mr. W. E. Lovell, in *Baconiana* 160, has already written an excellent article exposing the numero-alphabetical intentions of the author. The VERY FIRST example which Bacon gives in his Abecedarium Naturae is extremely curious. Instead of starting as might be expected with A = 1, he begins with the Triplex Tau or triple T (see figure 3).

In the Elizabethan twenty four letter alphabet, T is the nineteenth letter; it would therefore be reasonable to expect a triple T to be 3 × 19 = 57 but Bacon DID NOT WISH IT THIS WAY; he wanted triple T to equal 67 and to emphasise this, he makes it the VERY FIRST example. Why, of all numbers, 67? Why, if he wished to use the letter T, did he not start with a single T? Any student of Bacon must realise that he would have been the last person to pick any old number arbitrarily, therefore there must have been a reason, and the obvious reason was that 67 was the numerical (or s) value of his Christian name. Reference to figure 4 shows that:—

FRANCIS is (F=6) + (R=17) + (A=1) + (N=13) + (C=3) + (I=9) + (S=18) = 67. Clearly, as the letters of his Christian name total 67 (Francis) and as he went to some trouble to make triple T 67 and not 57, he intended TTT, the number 67 and FRANCIS to be ASSOCIATED. In so doing, he established a definite numerical RULE to be applied to the alphabet and to words. Figure 4 shows how he established triple T as 67, and the table formed from his instructions. At this point, the writer (through lack of space) has to assume that the reader has read the article by Mr. W. E. Lovell in *Baconiana* 160.

In the example in figure 3, a fair translation of "sive de" would be, "or concerning", thus we get:—

Triplex Tau sive de Terra
Triplex Tau (TTT) or concerning TERRA etc.

It is essential to remember that the original work was written by Bacon in LATIN and not translated into English until fifty three years after his death. The word TERRA must therefore be taken as TERRA, and *not* translated as 'earth'. Furthermore, as Bacon pointedly tells us that the Triplex Tau *concerns* TERRA, this word *must* also be numbered if we are to be consistent.

The numerical(s) value of TERRA is:—

(T=19 + (E=5) + (R=17) + (R=17) + (A=1) = 59

59 has now become emphasised as a number of importance together with 67. Referring to figure 3, the following are the numerical (s) values of the other indicated words.

AQUA is (A=1) + (Q=16) + (U=20) + (A=1) = 38
AERE is (A=1) + (E=5) + (R=17) + (E=5) = 28
IGNE is (I=9) + (G=7) + (N=13) + (E=5) = 34
COELESTIBUS is (C=3) + (O=14) + (E=5) + (L=11) + (E=5) + (S=18) + (T=19) + (I=9) + (B=2) + (U=20) + (S=18) = 124
METEORICIS is (M=12) + (E=5) + (T=19) + (E=5) + (O=14) + (R=17) + (I=9) + (C=3) + (I=9) + (S=18) = 111

The Dedication is now suspect from the purely cipher angle, so normal cipher procedure must be applied and the whole passage squared. Figure 5 gives the complete squared passage, in which the two "Shakespeare"s have been put in heavier print to denote the different type in the original. It will be observed that the squared passage has been set into a 67 × 67 framework of squares.

To quote Bacon, we now use a "Constant Method", proceeding by "Line and Levell"; but for easier reference when studying figure 5 the perpendicular lines will be called COLUMNS and the horizontal, LEVELS. Glancing at the squared passage, two words immediately hit the eye. The two "Shakespeare"s at two different levels in the passage: levels **22** and **35**, just as they stand out in figure 2 by reason of the totally different print. There is also a print difference between *each* "Shakespeare" which deserves attention. For this reason, anything which affects either of them becomes worthy of notice and further enquiry. It will soon become apparent that these "Shakespeare"s are indeed focal points. Lack of space forbids the use of several diagrams, so the interested reader is asked to mark the following instructions actually on figure 5. (Use different coloured pencils, or if only one is to hand, use different types of lines, i.e. continuous, dotted, dot-dash, etc.).

STEP ONE. 67. Draw two diagonals, first from square **1** to opposite bottom right **67**, then from bottom left **67** to top right **67**. (Use continuous black line). One of these diagonals passes through the first 'S' of the bottom-level "Shakespeare" at column **33**, which is also the column on which the centre 'S' of the top-level "Shakespeare" occurs. It is very significant to note that **33** is the total numerical (s) value of the letters B.A.C.O.N. **2 + 1 + 3 + 14 + 13**. The last possible letter intersected by the other diagonal is 'H' at the foot of column **38** on level **38**. The same column passes through the centre 'S' of the bottom-level "Shakespeare" and the last 'E' of the top-level "Shakespeare", but as this step only deals with the **67** diagonals, draw a circle around the first 'S' of the bottom-level "Shakespeare" and underline the 'H' at the foot of column **38**.

STEP TWO. 59. The sum of the letters of TERRA. Use the same procedure but in a different colour or type of line. Draw the diagonal from **59** top right to **59** bottom left, and then from **59** bottom right until it reaches its upper limit, which will be the top square of column **9**. Again we note its effect on "Shakespeare". The diagonal from top right **59** cuts through the last 'E' of the top-level "Shakespeare" in column **38** (see STEP ONE) whilst the other diagonal intersects the last 'E' of the bottom-level "Shakespeare"; at the same time it intersects the **67** diagonal at column **38** again, (lettter C). For further reference, it should be noted that this intersection is on level **30**. Circle the last 'E' of bottom-level and top-level "Shakespeare"s respectively and the letter 'C' at intersection of Column **38**, level **30**.

Before proceeding with Bacon's next instruction in Figure 3, more attention is due to the TRIPLEX TAU. (TTT). The fact of his putting this first, thereby emphasising it, is so important that any straightforward formation of TTT in the squared passage must be examined, but only if it has some obvious association with the letters TAU. Three such formations were found, all having a definite bearing on this inquisition. Space permits us to examine only the most important of these three.

STEP THREE. (TTT) Look at the 26th letter of level **10**, (T) underline it, then trace DIAGONALLY down two squares left and two squares right from this T. In each square is a T, underline each one. The associated TAU is found by looking at alternate letters in column **26** below the first-mentioned T to level **14**; underline these letters TAU. The lay-out of these T's not only suggests

diagonals, but also a triangle, so draw a dotted or different coloured line through each diagonal of T's downwards: the left hand line cannot be produced lower than level **35**, which becomes the logical base for a triangle, completed by drawing a diagonal line through the right-hand 'arm' of the 3 T's to the base on level **35**. This triangle base passes directly through the bottom-level "Shakespeare" which should now be underlined. By so doing, a neat triangle has been drawn with the lower-level "Shakespeare" as its base and the letter "C" in column **38**, level **30** as its apex. The right-hand diagonal through the TTT is also seen to intersect the last 'E' of the top-level "Shakespeare" yet again.

It really is astonishing how Bacon, in the opening example of his Abecedarium Naturae indicates by **67** and **59**, the very numbers which select out of the 428 words of the Dedication, the two "Shakespeare"s — the only two words in different print.

The following conclusions can now be drawn:—

The two "SHAKESPEARE"s have been very clearly indicated by the numbers **67** and **59**; the last "E" of the upper, the first, centre and last letter of the bottom one have been picked out. Also in this latter case a triangle with "SHAKESPEARE" as its base has been constructed, offering a further field of inquiry. Although both "SHAKESPEARE"s are important, space permits only the bottom one to be investigated.

In figure 3 the next word emphasised by Bacon is "AQUA" which has already been shown to equal **38**. Steps one, two and three have already featured column **38** and "AQUA" (**38**) thus dramatically confirms this column. It is important to be consistent, as Bacon rules, (". . . constant Method of proceeding . . .") so the diagonals must also be examined. It will be seen that one of these goes diagonally down left to level **38**; (dealt with in step one) the other terminates at level **30** down right: this level has been referred to in step two. Thus again "AQUA" (**38**) is a clear confirmatory clue.

Next comes "AERE" (**28**). Column **28** intersects the first "S" of the top "SHAKESPEARE" and the bottom right-hand "T" of the TTT triangle. The left-hand diagonal reveals a most intriguing spacing device and a bold hint that in actual fact, only ONE AUTHOR wrote the Dedication, not TWO, Heminge and Condell as printed. This diagonal terminates at level **28** and the first two words of this are, "MY LORDS". In other references to Pembroke and Montgomery, the term used is "Your Lordships" or "Your LL", so it is clear that "My Lords" suggests a singular entity as a writer. This level also passes through the bottom T at column **15** of *another* diagonal set of TTT which has two associated TAUs. Unfortunately, these cannot be dealt with here. The other diagonal from **28** top, terminates "off the map" at level **40**, so it can be ignored.

"IGNE" (**34**) follows. As **34** is the exact central column of the square, the termination of both its diagonals will, of course, be level **34**. This will be shown later to have very great significance, as will also the number **34**.

After "IGNE" comes "COELESTIBUS", whose letters total 124. This is followed by "METEORICIS" totalling **111**, and as these two large numbers are way "off the map", no column, line or level inference may be drawn from either of them; therefore if they are to have any significance, it must be in the numbers themselves **124** and **111**. Since the principle of evaluating words by numbers has already been established, it is inconceivable that Bacon inserted these two without reason. The true importance of these numbers is quite astonishing and throws a new light on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

The first three words, TERRA — 59, AQUA — 38 and AERE — 28 have now served their purpose. IGNE (34) is examined later, but as a *number*, 34 is interesting by the reason of being the total value (s) of A. BACON. Almost in uncanny confirmation, IGNE — 34 is followed by COELESTIBUS — 124, which is the sum total (s) of ANTHONY = 91 plus BACON = 33. Collaboration between the brothers now becomes an interesting possibility, especially as 124 also equals W. SHAKESPEARE.

The number 111 is very famous in Baconian cipher study, being the reverse seal of F. BACON, arrived at by numbering the alphabet backwards, thereby suggesting that this form of enumerating cannot be wholly ignored.

Now, to find out what is revealed by the small triangle formed around the lower level "SHAKESPEARE" with the letter C as its apex.

STEP FOUR. The number 34 (IGNE) previously referred to, has a good deal to do with the unearthing of the secret of this triangle. 34 is the only number whose diagonals terminate at the same numbers — 34 and 34. LEVEL 34 is thereby indicated, and to save drawing numerous lines, it is suggested that you encircle two letters on this level — the 37th and the 39th (L) which are not arbitrarily chosen as will be seen when the next step clearly confirms them.

STEP FIVE. Earlier on in step three, we were not entirely consistent as only one diagonal was examined for each T. Owing to their arrangement, the individual T's in each arm of three T's share a common diagonal which runs right through them and the top T is common to both arms of T's. Up to this point, we have not produced these T's to their terminal points on the top level, so this must be done now, when it will be seen that they select columns 17 and 35 (mark these columns). There is no need actually to draw the two diagonal lines for the other two individual T's only to mark the columns selected by them, which will be 13, 15 on one side and 37 and 39 on the other. Columns 37 and 39 confirm step four, by intersecting level 34 at the letters M and L which you will have already ringed. The diagonal formed by the left hand arm of TTT, selects column 35 and level 35 which has already been dealt with in step three, but the diagonal from the top of column 35 down right terminates, not at 35, but at level 33 and this level intersects columns 37 and 39 (already noted) at the letters E and T. Please ring these. At this stage, the letters intersected in column 38 have been left out quite deliberately — they fall into place at the end. The other diagonals of 37 and 39 are not dealt with because of space; they are more indications to the other sets of 3 T's mentioned earlier.

From the open text of level 34 (see figure 2) the secret of the lower Shakespeare triangle is revealed. The whole sentence which leads into level 34 reads "And the most though meanest of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare". At first glance, this appears quite sensible, but there is, in fact, one completely incongruous word on level 34 — the word "NAME". Nine out of ten times, it would pass unquestioned, but surely "In that name" suggests the name Temples, the actual *word*, not a place or building; if the latter had been the author's meaning, surely he would have used some such phrase as "in that shrine" or some word indicative of a place or building, not "*name*". The actual name "TEMPLES" has thereby become very interesting, and a further examination of our "Shakespeare" triangle shows that columns 37 and 39 also intersect "Shakespeare" at the letters E and P respectively. Please ring these, and observe that between the letters E and P (column 38 already indicated) is the letter S which should also be ringed. You should now have an open-ended square of ringed letters, the left-hand side being EME reading downward, the right-hand side TLP and the base, ESP. This shape is symmetrically based in the centre of "Shakespeare" and the letters forming it are an anagrammatic arrangement of the

word "TEMPLES"— no other English word can be made out of these letters. Thus we have the open text hint of "in that name" (Temples) beginning to make sense. What IS "in that name"? In step five, something was deliberately held back concerning column 38. The reader is invited to study the four letters in this column directly below the letter "C" (apex of the triangle). They are A O N B, which, with the C, form the name BACON anagrammatically; again, NO OTHER NAME can be formed of these five letters, so we have BACON, neatly cradled "in that name"— TEMPLES which in its turn is symmetrically placed in the name SHAKESPEARE — the whole design being curiously suggestive of the facade of a temple-like building.

```
E   T          C          C
M   L          A          A
E S P          O          O
               N        E N T
               B        M B L
                  S H A K E S P E A R E
```

Thus, in this very important Dedication has been enciphered a most beautiful signature; in fact, Bacon's signature to the Folio. It may also be of interest to note that the word TEMPLE adds up to **67** — the number that started all the trouble, and the letter C, so conclusively indicated at the apex of the triangle is the Roman numeral for **100** — the sum of the numerical values of the letters of:—

FRANCIS (67) plus BACON (33) total **100** = Roman C

This demonstration therefore shows that Francis Bacon, in one of his own works, has given accurate guides which positively locate his signature in the Shakespeare Folio. Furthermore, this signature is reflected in the open text of the Dedication in a sentence which includes the very word, SHAKESPEARE, in which the signature stands. This Shakespeare-Bacon-Temples signature is by no means the only object of this amazing chain of instructions; definite hints which cannot be ignored are given in the Dedication indicating other places in the works of Shakespeare where enciphered information is to be found. Here, for instance, is ONE example: columns **17**, **15** and **13**, already mentioned as having been revealed by the left-hand diagonal from the triangular set of T's, can now be dealt with. Look at column **17** and observe its intersection with level **17** — there you will see the letter L, which is the last of three successive L's. Nowhere else in this long Dedication can three successive L's like these be found. Reference to the table in figure 4 shows that LLL or triplex L = **59** (Terra) and the importance of this number has already been shown. This impressive revelation cannot be ignored, but it is even more impressive when it is realised that it is directly revealed by triple TAU (TTT) or **67** and when we remember that Bacon tells us that triplex TAU (**67**) concerns TERRA (**59**). Column **15** gives more confirmation by indicating the 1st of these three L's. Column **13**, however, gives another check on the second set of three T's which is not being dealt with here.

The printing of the three L's is intriguing — two large L's in capitals followed by one small l — precisely the same way that the title and page headings of '*L*oves *L*abours *l*ost' are printed in the Folio, which suggests that this play would bear examination. It certainly does, and most emphatically reveals cipher!

Examination of the letters just above LLl (**59**) reveals the word SONNETS in a rectangular formation. It was because of this that the writer suggested to Mrs. Joan Ham, a most indefatigable worker in Bacon's cause and an unusually keen student of his works, that she study the sonnets with particular attention

to numbers **59, 67, 28, 38, 34, 124** and **111** — all numbers emphasised by Bacon in his Abecedarium Naturae. ALL OF THESE SONNETS have revealed sensational results, and it is hoped that the editor can spare her space in the next *Baconiana*, because her work is conclusive and probably the most important contribution to the controversy yet unearthed.

The writer now knows that it can be shown beyond any reasonable doub that FRANCIS BACON WROTE THE "SHAKE-SPEARE" SONNETS

Footnote

If any reader should think that the writer of this article has been arbitrary by suggesting that Bacon organised TTT to equal **67** — the numerical value of his Christian Name, I would like to state that there is absolute confirmation of the principle of using Christian names to be found in the table (figure 4) because:—

Triplex TAU = **67** = FRANCIS
Quadruplex TAU = **91** = ANTHONY (His brother's name).

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