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Shakespeare Quatercentenary Report

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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 $6.25c.

A Poster Printed in America in 1942.

With grateful acknowledgements to the American Red Cross and Mrs. Maria Manley Hall

(See Editorial Page 7)

BACONIANA

VOL. XLIX (80th Year) No. 166 JUNE, 1966

It should be clearly understood that BACONIANA *is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Society, but the Council does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed by contributors or correspondents.*

EDITORIAL

> It is a ridiculous thing and fit for a satire to persons of judgment to see what shifts these formalists have . . .
>
> Essay. *Of Seeming Wise.*

We present in this issue our record of the pseudo-Shakespeare Quatercentenary of 1964, which is a record of conflicting editorial views, and letters to the national Press. These do not so much provide a brief for the Baconian case, as a clear refutation, *argumentum ad rem*, of almost every point raised in support of the Stratford legend.

One of the most interesting articles in this record is "The Stratford Tragi-comedy" compiled by Francis Carr, Editor of *Past and Future*. Francis Carr entered the lists in 1962 as Chairman of the "Shakespeare Action Committee," which was founded with the object of making the Shakespeare Quatercentenary an effective year of progress and research on the life and works of the Bard. This Committee is not officially connected with the Francis Bacon Society, although our President is a member. Other founder members are: Ronald Duncan, the well known dramatist and poet; Christmas Humphreys, Q.C., President of the Shakespeare Authorship Society; Calvin Hoffman, representing the Marlovian theory; and Professor William Main representing Shakespearean orthodoxy. All members of the Committee, orthodox and heretic alike, were united in a genuine desire to spare no pains in the search for the truth.

To maintain that there is no authorship problem is hardly reasonable. A recent and completely orthodox biographical sketch

of Shakespeare by Norman T. Carrington, M.A.,* begins with these words: "Surprisingly little is known of the life of our greatest dramatist . . . ." It is the contention of the "Shakespeare Action Committee" that there is much more that ought to be known, and we congratulate Norman Carrington on his candour.

The chief obstructionist to free and unfettered research—as our readers will see from what follows—is the Birthplace Trust. Hence the Tragi-comedy! In widely circulating his compilation of Press clippings, Francis Carr was simply quoting the Press to the Press. We believe this has been effective. For instance, the last page of "Act Four" is extremely illuminating. To find so keen a critic as the late Aldous Huxley, as well as three well-known publishers, willing to grant that there *is* a Shakespeare problem, must surely mark an advance for us, and a retreat for Stratfordian bardolatory. Francis Carr himself is not a member of our Society; but he has been a valiant knight for our cause. Following in the footsteps of Edward D. Johnson, he challenged Mr. Levi Fox, Director of the Birthplace Trust, to meet him in open debate. But, as might have been expected, Mr. Fox did not respond.

We are grateful to those editors and journalists who have accorded a more generous understanding to our controversy. The demand for a tradition, where evidence is inconclusive, or where an author has deliberately covered his tracks, is fully realised. We look forward to the day when a common ground of reconciliation will be found in the interest of historical truth. Our country has often been willing to fight for a tradition, even for an exploded one. This is a sign of its strength. But the existence of a problem must surely be admitted when it clearly emerges into view, and is in fact staring us in the face.

* * * *

Our Society's 80th birthday occurs in the very month of writing these lines! For it was on the 18th December, 1885, that a meeting was held in London for the purpose of considering suggestions for

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* Prefixed to *Notes on English Texts* (James Brodie Ltd.).

the formation of a Society for the study of Francis Bacon. Those present placed on record their view that, although there were good reasons for believing that an intimate connection could be traced between Bacon and the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare, "all would be welcome to join this Society who felt themselves interested in Bacon's life and writings." This was to become the first Object of our Society, and remains so to-day.

We have sometimes been asked by friendly orthodox scholars why our Society does not concentrate solely on Bacon himself, and give up the search for the truth about Shakespeare. There is, so they say, room and to spare for a learned Society dedicated to Baconian research as distinct from Shakespearean research. The answer, we think, is that new members frequently join us in pursuit of our first Object only. But this inevitably leads them into deeper waters, first to question and then to reject the strange idea that Bacon could have had no possible interest in the contemporary drama of his day.

The present editors of *Baconiana* would like to record the thanks and indebtedness of our Society to those who sponsored or contributed to the first issue of *Baconiana* in June, 1886; namely—Mrs. Henry Pott, Mr. Alaric A. Watts, Mr. Francis Fearon, Mr. Alexander Cole, Mr. T. William Earle, Mr. Ernest Jacob, Mr. W. D. Scott-Moncrieff, Mr. Arthur Owen, and Dr. R. M. Theobald. It was unfortunate that Mr. W. H. Smith, the first English Baconian to come into the open—using this term in the modern restricted sense—was unable to accept the office of President owing to advancing years.

It is a pity that the great news agency founded by his family and bearing his name, should be disinclined to remember him or his cause. His book, *Bacon and Shakespeare—An inquiry touching Players, Playhouses and Play-Writers*, by W. H. Smith (London, 1857) is well worth reading. This appeared in the same year as *The Philosophy of the Stratfordian Plays Unfolded*, by Delia Bacon, the fair New Englander to whom we also owe so much, and who has been so well commemorated in *A Pioneer* (1957), by Martin Pares.

* * * *

One of our most senior members and vigorous writers, Edward D. Johnson, has just published a third edition of his well-known book *The Shakespeare Illusion* (London, The Mitre Press, 1965). (Price 25/-). Few Baconians have succeeded in condensing so much information into so small a space. The book is no longer a paperback, but bound in cloth. The third edition is revised and enlarged, and all students of our controversy should possess a copy for reference.

* * * *

Our brief tribute to the late Harold Bayley, which appeared in the Editorial column of *Baconiana* 165, made no mention of his chief Baconian book *The Shakespeare Symphony* (Chapman and Hall, 1906), which is now rather scarce, though available in our circulating library. This book runs to over 350 pages and, in the words of its sub-title, is an introduction to the "ethics of the Elizabethan drama." Mr. Bayley shows how impossible and impracticable it would have been for Francis Bacon to have maintained an open connection with stage players, notwithstanding his great interest in the drama, or to have allowed his name to appear on the title pages of the quarto plays. The authorities quoted in the following extracts are impressive . . .

> The Englishman of to-day has little or no conception of the conditions of life prevailing in the Elizabethan period. London was a plague haunted little city of less than 200,000 inhabitants, most of them so illiterate that they were unable to read or write. It was an age "instinct with vast animal life, robust health and muscular energy; terrible in its rude and unrefined appetites." According to the author of *The Arte of English Poesie*, published in the year 1584: "In these dayes . . . poets, as poesie, are despised, and the name become . . . subject to scorne and derision and rather a reproch than a prayse. And this proceedes through the barbarous ignorance of the time, and pride of many gentlemen and others, whose grosse heads not being brought up or acquainted with any excellent arte . . . they do deride and scorne it in all others." [1]

[1] Arber reprints, No. 15, p. 35.

In the eyes of Europeans Englishmen were regarded as barbarians with whom it was impossible to associate as equals. It is recorded by travellers that our pleasures consisted of eating, drinking, and fighting. "The English," said a Frenchman in the last years of Queen Mary, "are great drunkards . . . There is no kind of order: the people are reprobates and thorough enemies of good manners and letters, for they do not know whether they belong to God, or the devil, and their manners are very impolite."[2]

The common people were inconceivably vicious and degraded, delighting in indescribable orgies and fierce open air sports. In the slums of the suburbs the rude and primitive playhouses formed nuclei for all that was vile, adventurous, and hazardous in the floating population. It is distinctly intimated by contemporaries that the theatres were centres of organised vice. In 1579 we find them described as "the nest of the devil and the sink of all sin."[3]

In 1595 the Lord Mayor of London wrote to the Privy Council complaining that "Among other inconveniences (of the playhouses) it is not the least that the refuse sort of evil disposed and ungodly people about this City have opportunity hereby to assemble together and to make their matches for all their lewd and ungodly practices, being also the ordinary places for all masterless men and vagabond persons that haunt the highways to meet together." Two years later the Mayor again complained that the theatres were the haunts of "thieves horse-stealers, whoremongers, cozeners, coney-catchers, contrivers of treason, and other idle and dangerous persons."[4] In 1572 Harrison in his *Chronology* wrote, "Would to God these comon plaie(r)s were exiled for altogether as seminaries of impiety, and their theatres pulled down as no better than houses of bawdrie."[5]

The behaviour of the players must have been abnormally vicious to have shocked the robust susceptibilities of Elizabethan London. That they succeeded in overstepping the bounds is testified by the fact that in the interests of order and decency the City forbade the erection of playhouses within its precincts. For this reason "The Globe" at Southwark, "The

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[2] See *A Short History of Hampton Court*. Law, p. 126.
[3] Arber reprint, No. 3, p. 10.
[4] City of London MSS. Outlines, p. 214.
[5] *Elizabethan England*, Scott Library, p. 268.

Curtain" at Shoreditch and other well known houses were erected outside the boundaries in suburban districts within swift access of sanctuaries such as "Alsatia," and "The Clink". Gabriel Harvey describes these playhouse localities as "filthie haunts."[6]

For a woman to enter a theatre meant the loss of her character. Actors, classed with mountebanks, zanies 'and buffoons' were regarded as mere caterpillars of the commonwealth, "a very superfluous sort of men." Under the Poor Law of 1572 they were, unless licensed, deemed to be "rogues, vacabounds, and sturdye beggars." On first conviction they were ordered "to be grevouslye whipped and burnte through the gristle of the right eare with an hot yron of the compasse of an ynch about manifesting his or her rogyshe kind of lyef."[7]

A second offence was adjudged felony; a third entailed death. In order to evade the stringencies of the law, the unhappy actors—"foolish beasts", Nash terms them, "mocked and flouted at in every man's common talk"[8]—sheltered themselves by enlisting as the servants of some great man. There is a popular impression that aristocrat and actor fraternised together, but as Dyce asserts "plays were scarcely recognised as literature," and "authors seldom presumed to approach the mansions of the aristocracy."[9]

Even the festive students of Grays Inn (after the Twelfth Night fiasco, at which it is not unlikely that Shakspere was present) protested against the insult of having had foisted upon them "a company of base and common fellows—to wit, professional players".[10]

The contemptible estimation in which actors were held and the low status of the theatres are both reflected in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*.

Tucca: "Whats he that stalks by there boy?

2 *Pyr.:* Tis a player, Sir.

Tucca: A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by and not once strike or vail to a man of war? ha! Do you hear you player, rogue, stalker, come back

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[6] Four Letters, 1592.
[7] 14th Eliz., c. 5.
[8] *Summer's Last Will.* (Prologue).
[9] *Works of Marlowe*, p. xxv.
[10] *Gesta Grayorum*, 1688.

here! — *(enter Histrio).* No respect to men of worship you slave! what you are proud you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich do you and purchase, you twopenny tearmouth?"

* * * *

Francis Bacon's great interest in the North American continent, and his part in the colonisation schemes, have been stressed frequently in *Baconiana.* We are always pleased to print contributions by American writers, and in this issue we include two articles expressing independent viewpoints. We much enjoyed meeting Mr. Thomas P. Leary and his wife on their recent visit to England, and have pleasure in printing the delightfully humorous address which he gave to our London members.

Unfortunately our President was away in America at the time, but on his return brought with him an interesting Red Cross poster. This was originally issued during the last war by the American Junior Red Cross in 1942, and given to him by Mrs. Maria Manly Hall, whom our readers will remember as Maria Bauer, authoress of *Foundations Unearthed.* The central figure on the poster (see Frontispiece) is a stalwart and youthful figure representing "Young America"; surrounding him are smaller figures representing as it were component parts of this first great multiracial experiment. Above on the left and over-shadowing these figures, are the shades of Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln.

To the right of Young America and proffering a scroll is a figure purporting to be a Pilgrim Father, though strangely Baconian in form. It is as recognisable to us as the shade of Francis Bacon (with transparent hat and cloak) as the hat and countenance of Abraham Lincoln must be to Americans. On the extreme right, standing behind this figure, is the shade of Thomas Jefferson. Now it is not generally known, but is a fact, that Jefferson always carried the portraits of Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton about with him. We would like to know more about this poster, about the artist who

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signed it as "Walter Beach Humphrey," and how the inspiration came to him.

The words on the scroll are taken from Reason Four of the "Five Reasons" submitted by the Pilgrim Fathers to James I. The full reading of Reason IV is as follows:—

> We are knit together in a body in a most strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straightly tied to all care of each other's good and so mutually.

The Pilgrim Fathers, as most people know, lived first at Leyden in Holland. Before sailing for America via Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, they submitted the "Seven Articles" to the Court of King James I in 1618, seeking approval for the voyage. These Seven Articles were signed by John Robinson (Minister) and William Brewster (Elder). But as more information was required the Seven Articles were followed up by the Five Reasons. Reason Four is couched in language with a familiar rhythm.

* * * *

The scroll on the Shakespeare Monument in Westminster Abbey (See *Baconiana*, 165) has long interested members of our Society. Recent correspondence in *The Times Literary Supplement* at last provided us with more information on this intriguing subject, though the mystery of the elaborate misquotation still remains. Apparently, on February 5th, 1949, *The Times Literary Supplement* had printed a letter headed "Mistakes cut in Marble" by Arnold Palmer. Sixteen years later on the 23rd September last, Mr. Palmer, in another letter to the *Literary Supplement* headed "Monumental Mistakes", drew attention to the matter once more, and expressed astonishment that no explanation of these glaring mistakes had yet been attempted.

This brought a reply from Professor A. J. Sambrook, under the same heading, which gave us new and valuable information;

although, as the Professor said, the mystery still remains. We have judged this correspondence of sufficient interest to be re-printed, with acknowledgements to *The Times Literary Supplement*, on page 11.

It so happens that our Chairman had been in correspondence with the Keeper of the Muniments of Westminster Abbey some weeks previously on this very subject. The latter was of opinion that the wording on the scroll had been manipulated in order to divert attention from Prospero's reflections in the Play, and thus to adapt the quotation to the requirements of a "generalised *memento mori*." This explanation, speculative as it is, does not really tell us who was responsible for the manipulated inscription, which was actually carved three or four months after the statue was erected. Nor does it explain Pope's ironical statement in the first note to *The Dunciad* that . . . .

> The inscription with the name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakespeare has great reason to point out.

As Professor Sambrook observes, Pope was himself a "director" of the Tomb, and ought to have known who manipulated the Scroll inscription deliberately. Why did not Pope name him?

Noel Fermor had also drawn the attention of Mr. Laurence Tanner to the obscuration which the etched inscription, "T.T.1787," had suffered in recent cleaning work on the Tomb. He was assured that further damage need not be feared, although no significance was attached to the inscription which might have been the "scratching" of Westminster choirboys. Mr. Fermor disagreed with this view and pointed out that the signature "TT" was subscribed to the dedication of the 1609 Edition of the Sonnets, and that it would have been almost impossible to "deface" the Tomb, a monument of national importance, without detection.

The inscription and the Monument were discussed in Alfred Dodd's *Shakespeare's Secret Sonnet Diary* and Sir Robert Rice's *Hamlet and Horatio*, both these authors considering that "T.T. 1787," and the Scroll lettering, warranted further investigation.

* * * *

We would like to draw the attention of all who are interested in cryptograms and cyphers, to the 67 Club founded by our Members and contributors, Ewen MacDuff, and Mrs. Joan Ham. Mr. MacDuff has of course been a valued contributor to *Baconiana*, and Joan Ham will be remembered for the excellent article, *The Two Faces of Ben Jonson*, printed in our last issue.

Letters to the 67 Association should be addressed to: Mrs. Joan Ham, Faraday, Greyfriars, Storrington, Sussex.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT CORRESPONDENCE

Sir,

MONUMENTAL MISTAKES

Sixteen years ago I noticed something odd and wrote and told you about it and you, too, presumably found it odd since you published my letter (TLS, February 5, 1949). Considering the immense fame of the subject of my comment, what followed was no less odd. Nothing followed. In all this long time your correspondence columns have contained, I believe, not one attempt to explain the mystery. Now that a Shakespeare centenary has come and gone and a new generation of Shakespearean scholars has arisen, may I try again?

On the Shakespeare memorial in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey are cut some five of six lines from Prospero's "cloud capp'd towers" speech. Short as the quotation is, it shows, in addition to minor errors, one line entirely misplaced. My surprise at this discovery caused me to do all that a man can do who has never moved in the highest Shakespearian circle; I consulted every book of reference I knew or could hear of; even the Abbey library was searched on my behalf; I wrote to you. Everywhere, as in your columns, the silence was profound.

Executed by Scheemakers to the design of William Kent, the monument came into being in 1740. Johnson, not long arrived in London, was 31; Garrick, who after two false starts had just found his true vocation, was 23. They and, since their day, thousands and thousands of people—actors, actresses, scholars, students, school children and other visitors—must have noticed those mistakes. Has no voice ever been raised, no inquiry instigated? The Abbey, the Poets' Corner, Shakespeare add up to an incalculable weight of solemnity and renown. Is it possible to imagine anybody—Kent, Scheemakers, the mason—trusting to his memory in such a connection and, without verification and in imperishable material, displaying to the world one of its most familiar quotations? During

the past 200 years there have been long periods when little sanctity attached to Shakespeare's text, but as an explanation of the puzzle that is surely inadequate.

ARNOLD PALMER

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Sir,—In his letters of February 5, 1949, and September 23, 1965, Mr. Arnold Palmer refers to the mystery of an inscription upon the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey. This inscription is a short passage beginning with the words "The Cloud capt Tow'rs" in which one line of the *Folio* text of Prospero's speech ("And like this insubstantial Pageant faded") is omitted — its place being occupied by a line taken from an earlier context and altered by one word ("And like the baseless fabrick of a Vision," for "this vision" in the *Folio*) — and in which "wreck" is substituted for the Folio's "racke." Mr. Palmer asks, "Has no voice ever been raised, no inquiry instigated?"

Certainly voices have been raised, though never in what could be called a chorus. The Monument was, it seems, erected in January or February, 1741, "by the Direction of the Earl of *Burlington*, Dr. *Mead*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Martin*" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xi. 105) and the inscription that Mr. Palmer questions was carved on May 16 of that year (*G.M.*, xi. 276), but one of the "Directors" soon wished to dissociate himself from its misquotations. Pope, in the first note to *The Dunciad, in Four Books* (1743) thanks "those most Critical Curators" of the monument for exhibiting "the first Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed." Some editors of *The Tempest*, when they have come to annotate IV.i.152-6, have remarked upon the variant readings to be found in Poets' Corner. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (March 10, 1888, p.182) asked the reason for the misquotations but, as far as I can discover, received no replies.

Mr. Palmer is perplexed by the silence of Garrick and Johnson. Garrick, indeed, mentions the inscription in the course of a letter about a statue of Shakespeare which he intended to present to the Corporation of Stratford during the Shakespeare Jubilee in 1769: " pray think of some good Inscription to be put upon a blank part of the Pedestal of his Statue which we shall erect to him — he is pointing to it — I would not have that which is in Westminster Abbey — but something relating to his own genius, immortality or what you please " (Little & Kahrl, *Letters of Garrick*, 1963, II, 654), but he never refers to any misquotations on the Abbey monument. No doubt later, more painstaking Shakespearian scholiasts were to note the existence of a corrupt text in so public a place as Westminster Abbey, but Johnson's unconcern over the matter is quite explicable. He makes no reference to it in the notes to his edition of *The Tempest*, and, presumably, saw no need for such a reference, since notes were for him " necessary evils." He " might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning " but " where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done." Garrick disliked the Abbey inscription not on account of its misquotations but because it was too generalized and included no reference to Shakespeare's *own* genius or immortality. So, for the Stratford statue, Garrick chose to celebrate the poet's genius (and, perhaps, the actor's) in the lines from *M.N.D.* begining " The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling."

Garrick saw that what suited a monument in a great church might not do for an actor's carnival, and his dissatisfaction with the Abbey inscription suggests to me that an explanation of part of Mr. Palmer's mystery might lie beneath the " incalculable weight of solemnity and renown " to which Mr. Palmer himself refers. Over a century before the inscription was carved John Weever had spoken of monuments in the Abbey which strike " a religious apprehension " in the minds of " the great concourse of people who come daily to view them ". Weever also declared that the inscriptions upon monuments should be such as to put " the reader in mind of human frailty ". So it was only right and proper that Shakespeare's monument should have a certain monitory virtue, that it should not

celebrate Shakespeare's immortality, as Garrick would wish, so much as man's mortality. The composer of a lapidary inscription can hardly afford such a clumsy redundancy as the duplicated " And like " in lines where the same thought is repeated in something too close to the same form. He needs one of these lines and chooses the " vision " out of context in preference to the " pageant ", and he makes it " a Vision " instead of " this vision " in order to sever the thought more sharply from its immediate context in Shakespeare's play. So we read not Prospero's reflections upon the conclusion of one particular masque (*this* vision, *this* pageant) but a generalized *memento mori*. The inscription does not refer specifically to *The Tempest*; it speaks, in Wordsworth's words upon epitaphs, " the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death ". Rather than complain, one is tempted to congratulate the composer/editor for detaching from the fabric of a play so admirable a piece of lapidary art, and doing it with so little violence to the *Folio* text.

Pope, as we have seen, complained, but one suspects that his protest was simply the readiest way open to him to reply to a number of enemies who had recently taunted him over inscriptions on Shakespeare monuments. Samuel Patrick had found an error in Pope's contribution to the *Latin* inscription above the Westminster Abbey monument (*G.M.*, xi. 105); Theobald had complained in the Preface to his *Shakespeare* (2nd edition 1740) that " Mr. Pope or his Graver " had perpetuated an error in the Latin inscription under the Stratford bust; while in *The Blatant-Beast, a Poem* (1742, reissued by the Augustan Reprint Society, 1965) the anonymous author wrote " on [Shakespeare's] Monument thy Nonsense write " and added in a footnote " Tho' he was informed that Wreck was improper, yet he was resolv'd it should be inscrib'd, because the Nonsense was in his Edition of *Shakespeare* ". He is wrong, for Pope's edition reads " rack ".

The author of *The Blatant-Beast* had neglected to check his references, but he does draw attention to the oddest of the monument's departures from the *Folio* text—one out of keeping because

it is not a change needed in order to turn a dramatic speech into a *memento mori*, but represents, rather, an attempt at textual criticism.

But much of Mr. Palmer's mystery remains. We are still left ignorant of who *was* responsible for this piece of editorial work in stone. It was carved three or four months after the statue was set up and was an afterthought according to Pope, who wrote in the first note to *The Dunciad, in Four Books* that " the Inscription with the Name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at." The Monument was erected " by the Direction " of Pope, among others, but he would seem to disclaim responsibility for this inscription. He usually did not hesitate to name his dunces; one imagines that he was in a position to know who " edited " the inscription, and one wonders why he did not name him.

A. J. SAMBROOK

The University of Southampton.
(Letter dated 4th November, 1965)

OBITUARIES

It is with great regret that we record the death in December at his Somerset home, of our Member and valued contributor, W. G. C. Gundry of the Inner Temple. Of the books and pamphlets which Mr. Gundry wrote and edited in support of our cause perhaps the most noteworthy is the *Manes Verulamiani* of 1626, printed in full photo-facsimile in its original Latin with English translations and notes. This exceedingly rare book is one of the strongest pieces of evidence for the Baconian cause. As such it must have appealed to Wilfred Gundry's legal mind. This facsimile edition, limited to 400 copies of which only a few remain, is unlikely to be reprinted, and no Baconian library should be without one. It is strange that Bacon's principal biographer, James Spedding, should have neglected it.

Mr. Gundry was also the author of *Francis Bacon: A Guide to his Homes and Haunts*, a most useful reference booklet, with many illustrations, which is still available.

Mr. Gundry had been a member of our Society for more than half-a-century and had served on the Council for many years. He resigned only when no longer able to attend meetings in London, and when arthritis had confined him to his home at Hinton St. George.

Notes on Hinton St. George is another interesting pamphlet which he has left us, but of his home life and of his legal work it is not for us to speak but rather for those who shared them. One of his most characteristic contributions to *Baconiana* was an article entitled "Some Vanity of Mine Art," in which he demonstrated Francis Bacon's addiction to Masques and Devices. In this he successfully refutes the erroneous statement of the late Sir Henry Irving that Bacon had no experience of the stage.

M.P.
N.F.

At Christmastide a very welcome and unexpected card arrived at my London address. It was from Wilfred Gundry.

The card showed the address of the Royal Aero Club (as well as Hinton St. George where he lived) and reminded me of the occasion, some years ago, when I was invited there.

The memory is vivid. The gentle old-world courtesy of my host, the noble head, the be-ribboned reading-glass, the stately presence—symbols of an educated English gentleman of a more leisurely age—remain in my mind's eye. Yet the choice of venue was most appropriate, for I learned that this man, known to me as a staunch Baconian and a formidable scholar, had also been a pioneer of aviation, and an associate of the early Channel flyers.

Modesty is a happy attribute combined with accomplishments of such a nature, and I recall a typical remark, made after a meeting at which Wilfred Gundry had received a warm greeting from each Council Member: "Fermor, do you think they really meant it?" The answer was simple enough.

N.F.

The Council record with great regret the death of Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., on February 10th, 1966, aged 87 years.

Major-General Fuller was best known to the public as a military historian but, like his brother, also a major-general, was a keen Baconian and a Member of our Society. We remember now his interesting article, *Francis Bacon's Secret History; Some Notes and Comments* in *Baconiana* 143, printed in July, 1952, where the Royal Birth theory backed by cipher interpretations was ably argued. General Fuller resigned his membership later owing to advancing years, but not before he had made his mark, and we shall miss his enthusiastic support.

N.F.

We were deeply grieved to hear of the death on the 9th January of one of our most distant but most enthusiastic members. Mrs. Clare Makin, who lived in New Zealand, was a regular and tireless correspondent, deeply interested in all our affairs, in spite of the long time it took each new issue of *Baconiana* to reach her.

It was Mrs. Makin who, at our request, located a copy of a very rare book, *The Renascence Drama*, by Dr. William Thompson, the first and only edition of which had been published in Melbourne, Australia, in 1880, six years before the foundation of our Society. Mrs. Makin discovered a copy in the Alexander Turnbull Library at Wellington. We are also indebted to Mrs. Makin, and to Mr. C. R. H. Taylor, the Chief Librarian, for establishing a Baconian section in the library at Wellington. This includes one of the few remaining Burgoyne facsimiles of the now fading Northumberland manuscript.

Mrs. Makin was a student of Theosophy, and the writer of this memoir would like to acknowledge the many interesting letters which he received from her, throwing a most interesting light on our cause from an inner theosophical angle. She was often able to indicate an accord between the aims and objects of our Society and those of other Fraternities and Groups that recognise in Francis Bacon the incarnation of a "Messenger" from the great white Brotherhood, as herald of the coming Aquarian age. Perhaps this is the essential point which Clare Makin would have liked to be embodied in these few lines addressed to her memory.

M.P.

THE STRATFORD TRAGI-COMEDY

August 1962 - December 1965

(Compiled by Francis Carr)

The following digest of Press comment on Stratford and the Shakespeare controversy has been compiled by the Shakespeare Action Committee. Journalists and editors often seem to be at variance. While some editors regard it as their duty to back a vested interest, and to protect the insecure foundations of the Shakespeare Industry, many journalists have been surprisingly candid. The public is becoming gradually aware that these foundations are indeed shaky.

In 1962 the general attitude to the authorship controversy was that only a few people seriously maintained that the actor Shakespeare was not the author of the famous plays. Now the general view seems to be gaining ground that the orthodox tradition may well be wrong. The combined forces of A. L. Rowse, Ivor Brown and Dover Wilson failed to convince the general public.

If a historian of the calibre of Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper has decided that he can no longer believe in William of Stratford, is it not natural to wonder how many other historians have come, or will come, to the same conclusion? The whole question is basically quite simple. If the actor did not write the plays what should the Stratford superstructure and all those who have written about the Stratford legend do? What happens to the theatre there? Would not London be a better place for this? We have no quarrel with the excellent theatrical productions, but why should the theatre be tied to a gimmick which is losing its appeal?

For the most part these quotations come from the general public, represented as they are by the journalists of the national and provincial press. They show that, in spite of a natural reluctance to upset a long established if fraudulent tradition, or a dubious if lucrative tourist industry, the public is becoming increasingly worried by this unsolved mystery. None of us likes giving and being given incorrect information. We would all prefer to know, without fear of contradiction, who wrote the greatest plays in the English language.

ACT ONE. 1962

The Times: The opening of the tomb could be a simple and inexpensive operation, and could be carried out reverently, and in the true spirit of historical research. (Letter, signed by Christmas Humphreys, Ronald Duncan and Francis Carr, 30 August).

Peter Hall: I think we know enough about Shakespeare from the plays, and the evidence that we know. If public opinion feels that it is not a bad thing to open it, then open it. (BBC-TV. 30 August).

T. S. Eliot: I cannot forbear writing to express my entire agreement with Professor Dover Wilson's letter objecting to the opening of Shakespeare's grave. (*The Times*. September).

Antony Wagner, Garter King of Arms: Let us hope that Shakespeare's curse on those who move his bones is still in working order. (September.)

Punch: I am all in favour of the opening, not in the hope of finding anything, but to stop a perennial and irritating controversy. (Editorial, September).

J. Dover Wilson: There are two schools of thought about the origins of the plays, the scholars and the cranks. (September.)

The Times: There are rumours of petitions and counter-petitions in Stratford today, and a story that Rugby players are to set up pickets in the church. (September.)

Life: Fresh troops join the Battle of the Bard. (Editorial heading. September).

Sir Ralph Richardson: If Shakespeare did write the inscription on the grave, it would be a bit churlish, even damned ungentlemanly, not to oblige him—since he's done an awful lot for us. (September.)

The Economist: There will be an even stronger alliance of scholars who must be secretly afraid of looking foolish, if, unexpectedly, something rather startling about Shakespeare (or, heavens forbid, Bacon) were to be found.

The Sunday Telegraph: The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust is half *fraudulent*. (November.)

ACT TWO. 1963

Cyril Connolly: One of my first reforms, if I were a dictator, would be the abolition of conscription in favour of two year's research into one of three subjects: Christianity, Shakespeare or classical archaeology. The entire labour force would be thrown into these investigations and anyone who made a new discovery of any importance would be rewarded on a world scale. I feel that one vast heave through every document between, say, 1560 and 1660 would reveal one salient fact about Shakespeare—a letter, a manuscript an eye-witness account of a meeting. *(Sunday Times,* July).

Sir Laurence Olivier: The idea (of opening the tomb) is a clod-hopping, jack-booted outrage. (August.)

Dr. A. F. L. Rowse: I am not to be impugned. (*Sunday Times,* September.)

Books and Bookmen: No biographer yet has ever succeeded in producing a likeness of Shakespeare, and no biography yet has ever brought its readers close to the real man. In this respect A. L. Rowse is no more fortunate than his predecessors. (October.)

Daily Herald: I have the gravest doubts about the Shakespeare of Mr. Rowse. (October.)

The Sphere: The historic approach is the latest bulldozer, though we are still promised help from the grave-robbers. We don't want dull proofs and hard facts. Leave us still our old dubiety. (Editorial, October.)

Brigid Brophy: I have never been able to lend a moment's belief to the notion that the author of the Works was anyone except the petty bourgeois from Stratford—but Dr. Rowse's conducted tour of Stratford makes me wish to heaven I could (*The Queen,* October.)

Richard Church: There has been so little biographical material on which to base so much speculation. We know far more about the lesser figures of the Elizabethan Age: Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and, of course, Marlowe. (*Country Life,* November.)

Evening Citizen, Glasgow: It's remarkable that we know more about Julius Caesar's private life in Rome 2,000 years ago than we do of Shakespeare's in England 1,600 years later. (December.)

The Scotsman: The mystery remains, and is hardly likely to be solved unless some hitherto overlooked contemporary reference is discovered. (Charles Graves, December.)

ACT THREE. 1964

The Irish Times: It is a bad year for the Baconians. From their point of view, the Stratford celebration is a monstrous mummery. (January.)

Prof. Trevor-Roper: In his outlook Shakespeare was an unquestioning aristocrat. *(Past and Future,* January). (Professor) Sir Walter Raleigh described the sonnet mystery as a cave, full of withered, dusty votive offerings, from which, however, no returning footsteps are visible . . . Only a few months ago Dr. Rowse strode confidently out into that bog. To-day, even from the hither shore on which most of us still tremble, we see, protruding from a grey patch, the bleaching bones. (Oxford Magazine, January.)

The Guardian: The Post Office is to bring out five stamps to commemorate the notorious Birthday. (February.)

Town: The Shakespeare shennanigans are upon us . . . the Bard's Birthday, the day on which sweet master Shakespeare lay mewling and puking in his nurse's arms. If he had a nurse, if that was the date, if it was in Stratford, if he did write the plays . (April.)

The Economist: Francis Meres thought enough of Shakespeare to compare him on equal terms with Ovid, Plautus and Seneca. Nobody ever thought that about Bacon !*

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* *The Economist* is wrong here ! Thirty-two of Bacon's contemporaries wrote elegies to commemorate him, making exactly these allusions, in the *Manes Verulamiani, 1626.* In the *Attorney's Academy* (1623) Thomas Powell compares Bacon to Seneca.

Is this tremendous influence on the judgment of scholars and common readers over three hundred and fifty years a falsehood? Perhaps, apart from Baconians, there is nobody left who seriously thinks so. (April.)

Arthur Calder Marshall: One does not know why Mr. Levi Fox and his Trustees have not answered the questions raised in *Past and Future* . . . (*Sunday Telegraph*, September 1962).

Martin Pares: The spectacle of a nation referring the origin of its drama—a drama more learned and more subtle than the Greek —to the invention of an illiterate player, will be a matter for astonishment and derision in the year 2000. (*Law Society Gazette*, February.)

Evening Standard: While the snipers of the Shakespeare Action Committee wheel belligerently round the flanks, pressing for Shakespeare's tomb to be opened, the supporters of Bacon, Marlowe and the Earl of Oxford pose the apparently eternal problem: did Shakespeare really write Shakespeare? . . . Mr. Fox is too busy in this festival year to grant interviews. (April.)

Ronald Duncan: Isn't it time we fed him to a computer? After seeing this (the Northumberland MS) I think it should be the Bacon Beat! (Headlines, Evening Standard, February, April.) Whoever wrote these plays was a genius. It is about time we discovered more about him . . . Attention is particularly arrested (in the Northumberland MS) by the line written above the entry " Richard the Second ": " by *Mr. ffrauncis* William Shakespeare ". (Evening Standard, February, April.)

The Times: Stratford has a tradition of mismanaging Shakespeare festivals. In 1769 Garrick paid the festival losses out of his own pocket. In 1864, the committee failed to provide enough gas to inflate a balloon, and too few visitors arrived. (April.)

Daily Herald: There are times when the good citizens of Stratford wish the Bard had been born somewhere else. But what can they do? Stratford, after London, is the second biggest tourist centre in Britain. It is on the same international circuit as the Eiffel Tower, the Colosseum and the Taj Mahal. (April.)

Daily Sketch: The sore-footed queues of gormless faces . . . the greatest conglomeration of head-bobbing humanity that has ever hit this gentle market town . . . It is all very impressive and I am bored. Everything connected with his life is pure conjecture. Why should Stratford take it upon itself to represent the genius of Shakespeare? Why is Shakespeare the most boring of all subjects to 90 per cent of our population? (Fergus Cashin, April.)

Daily Mirror: We don't know what he looked like. We don't know what house he was born in. He is the greatest man in the history of English letters, but also a crashing bore to the vast majority of his fellow Britons. Will was mean, tight-fisted. In 1604 he sued a Stratford man over an unpaid loan of two shillings. (Anthony Miles, April.)

J. B. Priestley: Though clearly reduced in status, I was glad to find myself well in the rear, among such writers, scholars and actors who had been allowed to take part (in the Birthday procession in Stratford). The people who stared, smiled, then shrugged us away, were the English of 1964. And the fault is not theirs. (*Sunday Telegraph*, April.)

Levi Fox: For me there is no authorship problem. (*Observer*, April.)

Spectator: Stratford is a tawdry, grasping place. (Christian Deelman, April.)

The Times: Here and there in the Shakespeare Exhibition Mr. Buckle has achieved brilliant successes . . . reaction varied between dismay and anger . . . pretentious gimickry . . . difficult to follow. If the exhibition well represents the world of Shakespeare, it must remain a mystery how the man managed to write the play. (April.)

Evening News: In one of the rooms at the new Shakespeare Centre, the names of some of his contemporaries were carved on a wall. "Where's Bacon?" asked Prince Philip.

"I was asked that question yesterday," Mr. Levi Fox, the director of the Birthplace, told him.

"What was your answer to that one?" asked the Prince.

"I said that Bacon was not, in the strictest term, a dead contemporary," replied Mr. Fox.

"But I expect you'll get into trouble," said Prince Philip. (April.)

Evening Advertiser, Swindon and Yorkshire Evening Press: The anti-Shakespeare industry is booming. It has re-doubled its efforts to prove that the plays were written by Bacon, Marlowe or the Earl of Oxford. No one can be certain one way or the other. We could be treated to a sudden collapse of Shakespeare. (April.)

The Times: To-day only Bacon, Marlowe and Oxford have any following as contestants, but the Shakespeare Action Committee promises to be very lively, as it includes supporters of each of the three. It will be interesting to see which section makes converts. (April.)

The Times Literary Supplement: On the Feast of St. George, 1964, while WE walk in our processions, or charge our glasses to drink to an immortal memory, THEY seek for faculties to use a pickaxe and a spade. Baconians are now demanding the opening of Shakespeare's tomb and of Anne Shakespeare's tomb. The Bacon-Shakespeare problem—if there is such a thing—will never be solved. (John Crow, April.)

Northern Echo: Ivor Brown has gone so far as to admit that Shakespeare may have written "Love's Labour Lost" under the direct inspiration, if not on an original script, by Lord Bacon. (Roland Challis, April.)

Daily Herald: If the vicar of Stratford would allow the tomb to be opened and stop hanging on the old boy's bones in the parish church, we might get a clue to the authorship issue. (April.)

What's On In London: The only serious candidate for whose authorship there is *no* evidence whatever is William Shakespeare of Stratford. (Kenneth Hurren, 24 April.)

Life: Was the Bard really Will of Stratford? (April.)

Methodist Recorder: It would be interesting to have the tomb opened. (April.)

Cecil Day-Lewis: We may not know who Shakespeare was, but we know who he is. (In Westminster Abbey, 23 April.)

East Anglian Daily Times: Whose quatercentenary? (April.)

Sphere: Of William Shakespeare we know virtually nothing at all. We do not know beyond all doubt that it was Shakespeare who wrote the plays and sonnets. (Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, April.)

Glasgow Herald: When asked to undertake the Shakespeare Exhibition Richard Buckle at first said: "No; why make an exhibition of Shakespeare?" He should have stuck to his refusal. (April.)

Birmingham Evening Post: Earlier generations would have given the exhibition a more colourful title. "The Bard in Bedlam". (April.)

Manchester Evening News: What would have happened to Stratford, if Shakespeare had been born in another village? Certainly Stratford would not be the smug, self-satisfied, rather ugly place it is. (April.)

Yorkshire Evening Post: Scholars are fond of trying to prove that the man of Stratford could not have been the author. (Editorial, April.)

Ronald Duncan: The Exhibition is nothing more than a *papier mache* Elizabethan Madame Tussauds. The myth of Shakespeare has become a religion. *(North Devon Journal,* April.)

Radio Times: What about those confident biographies, those magisterial tourist-guides—don't they tell us categorically when and where and who? If they do, they shouldn't, because nobody knows —for certain. (Derek Amoore, producer of Will Shakespeare, Kent. April.)

Stratford-on-Avon Herald: Who is Shakespeare? What is he? The man eludes us at every turn. Yet he is omnipresent and, one supposes, the man Shakespeare matters little. We have the plays, and they are ours. That is enough—or at least, so it would seem from the extraordinary goings on in Stratford last week. Where were our dramatists? Where our poets? And why was nobody from the theatre asked to speak at the luncheon? (Editorial, 1 May.)

Illustrated London News: The ordinary reader, if he has made any attempt to follow the new surging high tide of speculation loosed by quatercentenary writers to batter against the dyke of Shakespearian tradition, may well feel a sensation of drowning. (May.)

Evening Chronicle, Newcastle: With so much Shakespeare now being pushed down one's throat, I cannot refrain from reading the Bacon Society's latest publications with a little malicious relish. They are competent men, and they mount a very considerable counter-attack on the Shakespeare position. Their booklets are well-written, handsomely produced and capable of shaking the convictions of anyone but a Shakespeare fanatic . . . What a sensation if the Bacon Society proved all its points! (4 May.)

Lancashire Evening Telegraph: Fyfe Robertson's documentary about Shakespeare probed into the scant details of the Bard's life. His sober and urbane treatment exposed all the hysterical clap-trap which Stratford has built up to perpetuate the name of Shakespeare. (May.)

Liverpool Echo: " The Great Shakespeare Fraud "—that would justifiably have been an alternative title for last night's " Will Shakespeare, Gent " (on BBC-TV). (May.)

Sphere: I am surprised that the Baconians have kept silence over celebrations which they must ridicule. (May.)

Radio Times: " I am sort of haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practised on a patient world." Henry James was putting rather mildly the doubts of scholars and pseudo-scholars who had been adding to their

number since the beginning of the nineteenth century. (Francis Dillon, introduction to Home Service programme, "Who Wrote Shakespeare.") (May.)

The Times: The Festival Thousands that Have Not Arrived (headline). Where are the hundreds of thousands of visitors who were confidently predicted by the organizers before the festival began ? Why have the expected visitors stayed away ? The exhibition had, of course, a mixed reception from the Press . . . On a sunny and warm afternoon last week, Stratford looked nearly a quiet and pleasant country town with not too many people about in the streets. Mr. Buckle said 10,000 people would visit the exhibition each day. The average daily attendance was a long way below the 5,000 mark. (June.)

Caterer and Hotel Keeper: The Boom that Never Was (headline). Business was not even as good as last year. (June.)

Sunday Times: For years it has been the dream of academics to lay their hands on the text of a play and say with confidence, "*He* wrote this." (June.)

Daily Sketch: Bard's 400th Birthday starts tourist slump. It's Much Ado about £6,000 for Bacon. (headlines). Shakespeare's birthday has turned Stratford-on-Avon into a comparative ghost town, instead of the thronged and flourishing holiday resort local tradespeople were expecting. Stratford travel agent Walter Curnin-Waterson said: "The town is empty. From June 14th until July 10th I have not got a single accommodation order. This has never happened before." So far only about 2,000 visitors a day have paid to see the Exhibition. (17 June.)

Daily Express: Lord Harewood decides to pay £50,000 (headline). Mr. Lyons said "the bill has come to over £250,000 and the additional expenditure was incurred without reference to the committee. Lord Thomson of Fleet, Sir Hugh Fraser, ABC Television and the Wolfson Foundation were also sponsors of the exhibition. The committee is to meet later this week.

The Guardian: Both Mr. Lyons and Mr. Buckle deny that the exhibition can be written off, as some of its critics have suggested, as a " dead duck ".

Daily Mail: Lord Harewood helps out—the Shakespeare Debacle, of course—with £100,000 (headline). Mr. Lyons says: "We are facing the situation in the most responsible way we can. We have done much more than could be expected." A sad, sorry muddle (June.)

Birmingham Post: Artists' Threat at Stratford. May remove show exhibits (headline). Angry members of the design team have threatened to descend on the exhibition in force and remove their exhibits because two months after the opening, they say, they are still awaiting payment. (June.)

Daily Express: 'Shakespeare Racket'—by a professor (headline). Dr. John Reid, a professor at Auckland University, New Zealand, today described Stratford as a commercial slum. He added that much of the " Shakespeare Racket " was based on deception. Anne Hathaway's Cottage was neither Anne's nor a cottage. (June.)

The Times: Stratford-on-Avon " A Slum " (headline, June).

Daily Telegraph: Slum Charge rejected by Stratford, Mayor angry (headline, June).

Sunday Mercury, Birmingham: " In fact ", Mr. Lyons amended, " the £50,000 is not what I will do—it has been done." Talking of things being done, I murmured, people were suggesting that this was exactly what had happened to the committee. The face remained impassive. (Antony Hancox, June.)

Mr. Justice Wilberforce: New material might show some person other than Shakespeare to have written the plays and poems, and it may mean that Francis Bacon may turn out to be the author. (July.)

Francis Carr: It is immoral for an organisation, a town, or a country to live on the earnings of a possibly false reputation. (The *Guardian*, the *Scotsman*, *Birmingham Post*, *Northampton Chronicle*, *Coventry Evening Telegraph*, July.)

Scotland's Magazine: There is the constantly attempted denigration of Stratford's master dramatist by those who assign the paternity of his plays to Bacon. (July.)

Sir Fordham Flower: Boarding houses and the bed and breakfast places (in Stratford) are not having a good year. (*Glasgow Herald*, July.)

Arthur Bryant: Innumerable attempts—they still continue—to prove that some other person than Shakespeare wrote the plays, including putative authors as unlikely as Francis Bacon. (*Illustrated London News*, July.)

Sir Fordham Flower: Stratford can, perhaps, now feel itself at the beginning, and not at the end of one of the most important chapters in its history. (*Birmingham Evening Mail*, July.)

Sunday Citizen: The great 400th birthday celebrations seem to have gone phut. The Shakespeare industry is not having the boom year it expected.

The Times: Most of the great movements of the world have started with a minority of one . . . Whether the Swan of Avon will ever turn out to have been Bacon or not, we do not know. (Leader, July.)

Irish Independent: Stratford proves no draw. (Headline, July.)

Stage: In a separate note (in the London exhibition catalogue) we are told that " as a sop to the Baconians " there is a photograph of the birthplace before it was reconstructed and looking very different from today. (July.)

Coventry Standard: Exhibition (at Stratford) like a charnel house beneath the Avon. (Headline, July.)

Plays and Players: Damp squib or high explosive? The Shakespeare Quatercentenary is now more than half over . . . What have the celebrations produced? The answer can only be the Shakespeare Exhibition at Stratford, which must be the most poorly publicised venture of its kind . . . a commercial failure (August.)

Daily Mirror: It was teeming with rain in Edinburgh yesterday. In front of the building which houses his festival exhibition, a bunch of young bloods burned the works of Francis Bacon, who (some people insist) wrote Shakespeare's stuff. (Rex North, August.)

Daily Telegraph: The Edinburgh police department is baffled and angry . . . Whether or not the Bacon poster was an undergraduate quip or the work of a real Baconian Fifth Column in Scotland remains a mystery. (18 August.)

The Times: Mr. Richard Buckle admitted that his own publicity department was responsible for putting the Bacon poster over the Shakespeare sign at the entrance to the exhibition in the Waverley Market. There was a slight clash between Mr. Buckle and Mr. Ronald Duncan, the Scots novelist and well-known Baconian, when the latter claimed that the exhibition had not produced any single thing to prove that Shakespeare was the author of the plays. Mr. Buckle said that was not true. (22 August.)

Evening Standard: Lord Harewood said today that he was having to put another £30,000 into the exhibition to meet the bills. He and Mr. Jack Lyons will have to give £60,000 between them within the next few days. They have already invested more than £100,000 each in the exhibition. (August.)

The Scotsman: The Shakespeare Exhibition is not now to be seen in London. This has been decided because of the mounting costs and comparatively poor public attendances.

Colin Wilson: England has several Stratfords. The biggest and best known is Shakespeare's birthplace, and after a recent visit I shall refer to it as Phoney Stratford. It is one enormous cobweb shared by hundreds of voracious spiders and designed specially for catching fat American flies . . . Stratford is coining more money per year than Al Capone made out of bootlegging. (*Cavalier*, October.)

Charlie Chaplin: In the work of the greatest of geniuses humble beginnings will reveal themselves—but one cannot trace the slightest sign of them in Shakespeare. Whoever wrote them (the plays) had

an aristocratic attitude (in his Biography, October, 1964, quoted by Kenneth Tynan in the Observer).

Professor Frank Kermode: Shakespeare is an English saint . . . as Jonson implied, an angel . . . but we do not need to say that he is God. (*Encounter*, November.)

The Guardian: It is in truth, a merry, and only occasionally, a revolting drama, much like a midsummer nightmare . . . No great crowd could be induced to enter . . . Black comedy gives place to farce . . . 15,000 column-inches, and £500,000 worth of editorial publicity at home and abroad . . . The curtain sinks in a deluge of headlines, free gifts and plastic busts. (9 November.)

The Tatler: Stratford had gained an undying industry: The Great Shakespeare Racket . . . Well primed with liquor, the two topers (Garrick and Boswell) looking round the sleeping village; selecting a house here, a house there, and fitting to each some notable Memory. (13 November.)

Rev. T. Bland (Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon): To open up the tomb would be desecration, and we shall oppose it, lock, stock and barrel. (*Birmingham Evening Mail*, November.)

King Magazine: Cynthia Polegate is a storehouse of myth-demolishing facts about the origins of the house known as Anne Hathaway's cottage and another house said to be Will's birthplace. (December.)

Sunday Times: Despite the fresh faces it was a dullish year. It was a year of portentous anniversaries: 50 years since the first world war began, 25 since the second; Shakespeare had a 400th birthday, Churchill his 90th. Myths were shattered and idols deposed. (27 December.)

The Listener: The manuscripts of some plays must therefore have been in existence in or shortly before 1623, and one of these manuscripts might one day be discovered. (Gareth Jones, 31 December.)

Observer: New Year's Honours List: To William Shakespeare, for his long services to the British tourist industry; and for gallantly refusing to spoil the academic market by leaving memoirs, diaries or confessions. (27 December.)

ACT FOUR. 1965

Granada TV: There is little doubt that the only thing to have emerged honourably from the Shakespeare's quatercentenary was the institution of quatercentenaries . . . Shakespeare's birthplace, boycotted by coach-operators, had only a medium successful season. (Advertisement in *Spectator*, 1 January.)

Daily Telegraph: Mr. Louis Wright, Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington says in a newsletter: "When one contemplates the good that something better than half a million dollars might have done for the advancement of the non-phoney arts in Stratford, or anywhere, the waste becomes appalling." (February.)

Liverpool Daily Post: 'Macbeth' by Bacon—that's what the bill says (headline). Said Michael Freeman, manager of the Everyman Theatre Company, "The posters for our new production of 'Macbeth' say that it is by Francis Bacon because I believe that there is a very good case for saying that he did write it." (3 February.)

Guardian: The Arts Council has made it clear that some of the money at present available to the (Royal Shakespeare) company for its operations in Stratford upon Avon can be transferred to the new playhouse in the City. (February.)

Daily Telegraph: "We all know how nauseating Stratford-on-Avon is" said Mr. French (parish councillor of Bladon, Oxfordshire). (March.)

Bernard Levin: That vile little place (Stratford) permits one of the biggest frauds in England to rage unchecked; that is, the advertising of its two famous show-places as "Shakespeare's Birthplace" and "Anne Hathaway's Cottage". There is not, and never

has been, any particle of evidence that Shakespeare ever set foot in the former, or Anne Hathaway in the latter. (*Daily Mail*, February.)

A. L. Rowse: For want of sure knowledge, Shakespeare's life has been left wide open to the cranks and crackpots who have so confused the public mind about him. (*Oxford Mail*, 23 April.)

Lord Snow: I am not going to bore you with the controversies about second-best beds or the dating of the sonnets and certainly not the problem of Who was Shakespeare? (Proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory" at Stratford). (*Birmingham Post*, 24 April.)

Birmingham Post: 'Stupid' to re-open (?) Shakespeare tomb. (Headline). Mr. Darlow, secretary of the Shakespeare Club and headmaster of the Hugh Clopton School, Stratford, said, "There is no kind of basis whatsoever for suggesting that anything of value would be discovered." (April.)

Birmingham Post: I am expecting any week now to be picked up by the Birthplace Trust OGPU and charged with being a fascist Baconite beast plotting to digge ye bones interred there . . . The best thing would be for the Stratford authorities to swallow their justifiable outrage and let the heretics in. (Keith Brace, April.)

Daily Sketch. Those who are for Peter Hall (actors on long-term contracts and the young) point to *a theatre that is packed to capacity.* The shopkeepers in reply point to *hotels with empty rooms.* (5 May.)

Daily Mirror: Tours Town in Leaflet Row (headline). The Chamber of Trade at Stratford-on-Avon is to discuss taking legal action against the history magazine *Past and Future.* The magazine issued a leaflet "Phoney Stratford" which is being distributed to travel agencies, hotels and tourist centres. It quotes Francis Carr as saying: "It is immoral for an organisation or a town to live on the earnings of a possibly false reputation." (May.)

Birmingham Post: The evidence that Shakespeare was born and buried in the town is as good as that for any historical event and far better than that for most. By all means let us have continued argument about the authorship. (Editorial.) ' Not phoney ' Stratford tells critics (headline).

Sir Fordham Flower: The Shakespeare Centre project has presented a problem of finance, but as a result of the appeal almost £200,000 has been raised. But there still remains the need for additional money. (*Birmingham Post*, May.)

Birmingham Post: Mr. Fred Batton said that eight million people might have read the leaflet (' Phoney Stratford ') and *it would sow a big seed of doubt in people's minds*. They should think of the possible effect on Stratford next year. Mr. Stainthorp said the leaflet was " verbal vandalism." (May.)

The Sun: ' Boycott Bard's Town ' (headline). Tourists in London were yesterday urged to boycott Stratford-on-Avon. " So many tourists are ignorant of the Stratford controversy and are completely taken in," Francis Carr explained. Councillor Geoffrey Inns said, " Someone is always trying to knock Stratford. I don't think this will make much difference to our tourist trade." (May.)

Birmingham Post: The case for the Shakespeare Action Committee (heading). " If there was no controversy, then there would be little point in arguing about which house the author was born in . . . But there is a controversy. There is reason for rejecting the orthodox Stratford theory. And this is what *Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper* has recently done. He has told a member of the Shakespeare Action Committee, Christmas Humphreys, Q.C., that he no longer believes that Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him . . . The Birthplace Trust is paid by the tourists over £25,000 a year. (The *total* revenue is never disclosed). What happens to all this money? When questioned on this point the Trustees prefer to remain dumb." (Francis Carr, letter, May.)

Coventry Evening Telegraph: If anything could have been proved about Shakespeare and the authorship of the plays it would have come out before this. (Editorial, May.)

The Times: Shakespeare Show Loss £170,000. (Headline, May.)

Birmingham Post: The leaflet ' Phoney Stratford ' is not to be withdrawn. In replying to the Chamber of Trade, Mr. Carr states: " It is up to the Birthplace Trust to answer the many charges of inaccuracy and fraud that have been laid at their door during the last two years—but they invariably remain dumb. The public is justified in wondering if there is perhaps some embarrassing reason for this silence." (May.)

Birmingham Post: Mr. Lyons revealed that the total cost of the exhibition had been a little over £300,000. The deficit of £170,000 had been reached after taking into account donations from other sponsors; Lord Thomson of Fleet, Lord Fraser of Allander, ABC Television and the Wolfson Foundation each gave £100,000.

Penthouse: Stratford-on-Avon is one of the blackest spots on the whole of the British tourist scene. (Sir James Scott-Douglas, May.)

Stratford Herald: Traders fling " Phoney Stratford " charges in accusers' teeth (headline). The town's traders decided to send a strong letter of protest to the Shakespeare Action Committee over the publication of the " Phoney Stratford " leaflet. Before making their decision they listened to Mr. Gareth Lloyd Evans, University of Birmingham and Shakespeare Institute lecturer. Mr. Lloyd Evans said, " There is little doubt that Shakespeare was the author of the plays; *it is 99·9 per cent certain.*" (21 May.)

Stratford Herald: Allowing the opinion that Stratford, in the light of recent criticism, may well be a cultural wilderness, it is a town nevertheless which derives a great deal of income from its Shakespeare connections, and some radical re-thinking is necessary. (Letter, May.)

Times Literary Supplement: " Shakespeare's England " provokes both admiration and misgiving . . . There are no quirks of romantic legend or Baconian heresy; but the historical perspective is distorted by *uncritical naivety.* (June.)

Birmingham Post: Mr. Carr has written to Dr. Fox inviting him to a public exchange of question and answer about the authenticity of the shrines and the unsolved authorship controversy. (June.)

Stratford Herald: Dr. Fox has yet to retaliate, parry or even duck . . . He has had this treatment for three years. Nevertheless Carr disclaims that his campaign is being backed by people who are anti-Fox as such . . . By any luck or design, he says luck, his anti-Fox line of attack has won him surprising support . . . At least a portion of this well-publicised prominently named clutch of professors and literati have joined Carr solely because he has given them their best opportunity in years for attacking Dr. Fox . . . Carr quotes from genuine sources expressing real objections to the Trust . . . Dr. Fox's terms of reference call for him to be prepared to speak up as Shakespeare's champion. Francis Carr is gambling that at the rate he is flinging journalistic jetsam in the general direction of the Shakespeare Centre, Dr. Fox will look something less of a champion if the day comes when he is needed. (George Hummer, 2 July.)

Warwickshire Illustrated: Stratford's Chamber of Trade has been obliged to defend the town's good name from an onslaught of criticisms and accusations which are all part of a pernicious anti-Shakespearean propaganda campaign. *Whether or not there is an element of doubt as to the authenticity of Stratford's Shakespeare connections*, it is difficult to see exactly what Mr. Carr and his magazine are trying to achieve. If the people of Stratford want to continue to revel in a glory, which, by tradition, is theirs, why shouldn't they? (June.)

Sir Charles Petrie: In some quarters it has been hinted that Marlowe may well have spent the rest of his days writing plays under the name of William Shakespeare. (*Illustrated London News*, July.)

History Today: When anti-Stratfordians, in pursuit of their favourite argument, claim that because we know so little of Shakespeare's private life—*and what we do know is often rather disconcerting*—he cannot have been the author of the great

Shakespearean canon, they seem to forget that we have almost equally little information about most of his contemporaries. Marlowe's career, for example, presents a no less teasing problem. (Editorial, August.)

Spectator: In the past forty years a great deal has been discovered about Marlowe—more than could ever have been hoped for . . . (The author of the new biography of Marlowe, Mrs. Wraight) is infected with this kind of crankiness; fully in the spirit of Mr. Hoffman, the Marlowe Society, the Bacon Society, and all the rest. She attacks the "united front" of Shakespeare scholars for their hindrance of the true recognition of Marlowe's genius, and so on. (Martin Seymour-Smith, 6 August.)

Spectator: To Bacon and Mr. Heath, a wife and children may seem hostages to fortune . . . Shakespeare's sonnets live on for him and keep his name alive. But so would his descendants *if they knew who he was.* (Alan Brien, 6 August.)

Calvin Hoffman: Here, Mr. Seymour-Smith, are some of those who are, or who have been, "infected with crankiness," mad enough to believe that Shakespeare does *not* reflect the true ascription of his authorship of the plays and poems: Whitman, Hawthorne, Dickens, Emerson, Byron, Palmerston, Mark Twain, Freud, Sir Lewis Casson, Kenneth Tynan. (*Spectator*, 13 August.)

The Times: On Sunday the music and singing will stop and the Shakespeare Exhibition will close to the public for the last time. 360,000 people saw it last year; fewer than 200,000 have been there this summer. Nobody knows how much money has been lost. (24 September.)

Daily Telegraph: Shakespeare Pavilion to be Warehouse (headline, September.)

The Times: Shakespeare Pageant fades (headline). The revels now are ended indeed and the great Shakespeare exhibition has been sold for £15,020. It cost £400,000 to assemble and run. (4 October.)

Sunday Times: £15,020 for a £200,000 show (headline). For Mr. Jack Lyons it was witnessing the stuff that expensive dreams were made on going for a song. (October.)

Daily Express: A doodle drawing of Shakespeare, which Picasso dashed off in a few minutes last year, was sold (to Mr. Jack Lyons) for £1,000 at Stratford this week-end. (4 October.)

Peter Hall: We all want to get to the city as soon as possible. The whole company has been very excited at the prospect of the move (to London). (*Daily Telegraph*, 22 October.)

Daily Telegraph: Black Shakespeare (headline). A small number of stamps (2/6 quater-centenary issue) are to be found in a shade which is almost black. It is thought that they may have got into circulation by mistake. (23 October.)

Birmingham Post: Shakespearean properties have fewer visitors. (headline). From April to September there were 228,608 admissions to the birthplace, *63,631 down* on last year's figure for the same period. (4 November.)

Poetry Review: I doubt if there could be such a thing as too many biographies of a given great person—especially a great literary figure about whose life we have little certain information. Literary detective work is always fascinating, even the foolish kind that is bent on proving that Marlowe was Shakespeare, or Shakespeare was Marlowe or Francis Bacon was everybody. (Autumn.)

Public Record Office: For a century and a half the vast accumulations of legal and official documents which form the Public Records have been subjected to the scrutiny of scholars seeking information upon the life of William Shakespeare. Many have been disappointed. Commenting upon these labours, Professor Charles W. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, observed that " despite their noble efforts, we still love the lotus dream. The fanaticism of utter disbelief (in Shakespeare) is but a legitimate revulsion which, however, once started, must burn itself out. Fire-engines are useless. *There needs a deluge.*" This booklet is neither a fire engine nor a

deluge. (Public Record Office Handbooks No. 5. *Shakespeare in the Public Records*, 1965.)

Aldous Huxley: Shakespeare and Religion. (Last essay written before his death, November, 1964). A name that is a household word. How simple and straightforward ! But then the enquiring mind starts to ask questions. Who precisely was Shakespeare ? (Published October 1965, Chatto and Windus.)

B. T. Batsford Ltd.: A William Shakespeare, and also a Christopher Marlowe, were born in 1564, and a controversy still is heard as to who wrote the Shakespeare plays. Or was Bacon the author ? . . . The thatched and timbered cottage is the birthplace of Anne Hathaway, wife of one " Wm. Shakespeare." We know little about the life of the dramatist, or of his wife. In his will this Shakespeare does not mention his work as an author, or that he wrote or owned a single play. A William Shakespeare is buried in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford. (Britain in Colour (21s.), October 1965.)

Cassell Ltd.: Jonson placed Bacon at the head of all the writers of his own age . . . The Earl of Oxford, one of the candidates for the authorship of Shakespeare's work . . . The date of Shakespeare's birth is unknown . . . Although there is no documentary evidence . . . that Shakespeare was educated at the Grammar School . . . There is no knowledge of Shakespeare's life thereafter until his marriage . . . There is a mystery about his marriage that has given scholars plenty of scope for disagreement and conjecture . . . The date of his final retirement to Stratford has not so far been ascertained. (John Freeman, " Literature and Locality ".)

Collins Encyclopaedia Baconian Theory: . . . very large numbers of people now subscribe to it. External evidences for it are the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, the Frontispiece of the First Folio, the Northumberland MS, etc. (1965.)

Conclusion

As to how the establishment would decide to deal with the abandonment of William, one can only guess. The only comparable

re-adjustment took place when Galileo taught that the earth was not the centre of the universe. Today we are confronted with the possibility that Stratford is not the true centre of the English speaking literary world.

There is perhaps only one way in which total surrender *(i.e.* admission of total error) could be avoided. A *gradual* admission that William may have been helped by Bacon here and there, could evolve after some years into an admission that perhaps Bacon himself wrote one or two of the plays, and after a further lapse of time, that he may have written many and edited all of them. Only thus could the Shakespeare "Centre" continue at Stratford. In this way those tiresome heretics could be conveniently forgotten.

This sly move may be contemplated by some, but it will obviously fail. For one thing, there are too many people in Stratford and the Universities who would protest openly at any admission that William had been helped by anyone. These people are too deeply dug into their well-built trenches to make even the smallest tactical withdrawal. This is their great weakness. The "front" must either remain intact or crumble completely. "What is truth, said jesting Pilate". We all await an answer.

SHAKSPERE DETHRONED

A Record of 1964

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne
—James Russell Lowell

Preface

It seems hardly conceivable that 1964, the quatercentenary of William Shakspere's birth, could have provided such a welcome stimulus to the Baconian cause, but such was the case. *Magna est veritas et praevalebit* must be the motto for all who believe that one day falsehood will be swept away, but 80 years of crying in the wilderness had not encouraged even the staunchest Baconians to think that the Stratford-on-Avon citadel would be so beset in this year above all. Yet so it proved.

We will not enlarge on this here, but are content to point to the record of events set out in the following pages.

Public controversy between protagonists from both sides, and the truth-seeking sleuths of the Press, steadily eroded the orthodox authorship myth which even a High Court Judge refused to endorse.

We owe it to posterity that the facts should be set down for all to see and we have tried to set them out as objectively as possible. May our readers deliver the verdict.

PART I

The Press and B.B.C. Controversy

For many years the B.B.C. had consistently refused to allow the Shakspere authorship problem to be aired for public discussion but on January 2nd, 1964, it seemed that new ground might be broken in the form of a conversation between Eric Ewens and Christoper Sykes on the Home Service.

Alas, the programme was traditionally biased and even inaccurate (incredibly, Bacon was referred to as Chancellor of the

Exchequer !) and the well-known author Arthur Calder-Marshall was moved to comment in *The Listener* (9 January, 1964):—

> Beginning the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth celebrations was a sweeping-under-the-mat broadcast on the authorship of Shakespeare, a conversation between Eric Ewens and Christopher Sykes (Home Service, 2 January). It was an amusing idea, treating the non-authenticity of Shakespeare as a form of recurrent insanity. But it did not work, because the tape had been so edited that the conversational rhythm was completely lost. It was like an anonymous letter, cut from newspapers. I myself believe, on the evidence, that Shakespeare wrote the main body of his work. But I did not register a series of bull's-eyes for this broadcast.
>
> Incidentally, I hope that the B.B.C. in their celebrations of the quatercentenary will have the courage to examine the growth of the Stratford tourist racket, culminating in what I consider to be the misrepresentations of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

Our President, Commander Martin Pares, and Mr. R. L. Eagle, wrote in more stringent terms, but the taste was too strong for the B.B.C. who did not publish the letters, excellent though they were.

Later in January, the *Sunday Times* published a well illustrated article on the Stratford-on-Avon Church and Shakespeare Monument, and gave the indefatigable Mr. Eagle the chance to support Arthur Calder-Marshall's attack on " Stratford's tourist racket ".

* * * *

The Press blood-hounds were beginning to scent the trail and *The Observer*, on Sunday, 2 February, carried the following:—

ANTI-SHAKESPEARE MOVEMENT HOTS UP

> LET US—before we are all deluged by the quatercentenary SHAKESPEARE celebrations—spare a thought for the opposition. Tomorrow, these heretics, represented by the

Shakespeare Action Committee, will announce "Ten Facts about Shakespeare and Stratford" which they feel the public should know, but fear may be withheld from them.

The committee represents all shades of anti-Shakespearean opinion (BACONians, MARLOWEites, supporters of the 17th EARL OF OXFORD, and advocates of group authorship). They have formed an anti-Stratford United Front against the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. They accuse it of not answering letters, and perpetuating a hollow cult by taking advantage of reluctance to open the tombs and relying on supine pseudo-scholarly prejudice in favour of the Bard, to bolster up their industry.

FANS OF BACON

A leading heretic is COMMANDER MARTIN PARES, R.N., a middle-aged ex-naval interpreter (with an Elizabethan-type beard, like Shakespeare's). He is president of the 300-strong Francis Bacon Society, the oldest of the anti-Shakespeare groups. (BISMARCK was a Baconian. So were DISRAELI and MARK TWAIN). The society meets in an Elizabethan tower in Canonbury, belonging to the MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON, where Bacon worked around 1618 when he was Lord Chancellor . . . .

On the Action Committee, the Shakespearean Authorship Society is represented by Christmas Humphreys, the Zen Buddhist Q.C. The Authorship Society's principal candidate is the 17th Earl of Oxford. (FREUD, at first a Baconian, was converted to Oxford after reading a book by a man named LOONEY. Freud insisted that Shakespeare must have been of Norman descent).

The Marloweites are led by CALVIN HOFFMAN, the fervent American, who so nearly opened SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM'S tomb. Next month they celebrate a rival quatercentenary for Christopher Marlowe, born a month

before Shakespeare in 1564. Their society was started in Chislehurst in 1956.

There will be plays at the Marlowe Theatre in Canterbury and Marlowe's blitzed monument will be re-dedicated. The Marloweites' dream of launching a Marlowe "industry" on Stratford lines. Williams and Humbert has already promised to bring out a "Kit Marlowe" sherry.

KEN TYNAN is a Marloweite fellow-traveller. "It's just a wild chance: but let's find out". The Action Committee has hopes of a bigger catch. It has heard that LORD WOOLTON, until just recently president of the British Travel and Holidays Association, which is plugging "Shakespeare's Year" and has just produced a 25-page list of Shakespeare attractions, is a crypto-Baconian.

* * * *

On 22 February, Mr. David Gentleman, designer of the Shakespeare stamps, unwittingly gave our Chairman, Noel Fermor, an opportunity to initiate a spirited public discussion in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Telegraph* which we reproduce below:—

STAMP DESIGNER'S SHAKESPEARE

Reasons for Portrait

Sir,—As the designer of the four G.P.O. Shakespeare stamps in which the First Folio portrait appears, I would like to reply to Mr. Somerset Plantagenet Fry's letter asking why this version was chosen rather than any other.

No contemporary portrait of Shakespeare exists and only two of the posthumous ones are generally accepted: the painted memorial bust in Stratford Church—perhaps made only four years after his death—and the First Folio title-page engraving published three years later. There is also the debatable "Chandos" portrait in the National Portrait

Gallery whose ownership has been traced back to 52 years after the poet's death, among the effects of Sir William Davenant, his godson.

The First Folio head was probably Martin Droeshout's first commission, engraved before he was 20—which may explain its stiffness and a naive emphasis in the drawing of individual features of the face, underlining those which would have been readily recognised by Shakespeare's friends or by people who had seen him act.

From the designer's viewpoint the flat, linear qualities of the engraving helped to differentiate between the two heads on the stamp and also stressed the period origin of the print in contrast to the more tonal nature of the photograph of the Queen—aspects which would have been lost had I used instead a photograph of the bust or the oil painting.

In order to balance the design by placing Shakespeare opposite the Queen, I reversed the engraving so that both heads should face in towards the central stage scenes. In fact, an engraver of those days would not have worked with a mirror and so the original would, in any case, have become reversed in printing from the copper plate.

To my mind, whatever the naivities of draughtsmanship in Droeshout's portrait, none of the other versions conveys the same almost hypnotic intensity of the eyes.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID GENTLEMAN

London, N.W.1.
21st February, 1964.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE BUSTS AT STRATFORD

Sir,—We must all appreciate the honesty of Mr. David Gentleman's approach to the problem of reproducing the First Folio portrait on four Shakespeare stamps. Nevertheless he is

in error in assuming that the painted memorial bust now in Stratford Church was " perhaps made only four years after his death." In fact the *present* monument was erected in 1749 apparently at the instigation of Mr. John Ward, the grandfather of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons.

The original monument was notably different, to the design of Gerald Janssen, and illustrated by Sir William Dugdale himself in his "Antiquities of Warwickshire" (1656). The sketch is preserved in Merevale Hall, the family seat.

Mr. Gentleman has shrewdly noted the " naiveties " of the First Folio " mask " portrait; I doubt if he noticed the two *right* eyes, and the two *left* sleeves on the coat!

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR

Chairman, Francis Bacon Soc., London, N.1.

28th February, 1964.

* * * *

DID BACON WRITE ROWSE?

Stratford Fantasies

Sir,—We must all feel grateful to Mr. Noel Fermor for publishing through your paper (28th February) the two contrasting pictures of the Stratford Memorial. I regret, however, that he did not give the story behind them.

Neither is of Shakespeare, both being intended for Francis Bacon. The first is a vicious caricature erected through the machinations of Robert Cecil (as the cryptologists have proved, the two were half-brothers, both sons of Queen Elizabeth, and no love was lost between them), purporting to be Bacon as a butcher carrying the headless trunk of the Earl of Essex in a sack.

This did not come to the knowledge of Bacon until 1749, when he was living in a secret room in Windsor Castle, engaged in completing his novel "Tom Jones". He at once ordered John Ward to replace the monument by a more respectable representation. Naturally he did not wish to attract attention to the original libellous figure, and exerted his powerful influence on the citizens of Stratford so that no one ever mentioned the striking difference between the two monuments —perhaps did not even notice it.

Moreover, to make assurance doubly sure, he caused Joseph Greene, the then headmaster of the Grammar School, to issue a statement, still extant, to the effect that every care had been taken during the repairs *(sic)* to keep the monument exactly as it had always been.

The orthodox Stratfordians naturally suppress this remarkable episode in the career of this remarkable man. Not even A. L. Rowse, for all his boasted historical knowledge, refers to it in his recent book—unless, of course, Rowse's book was really written by Bacon, and the omission is due to modesty.

Yours faithfully,

H. N. GIBSON
Shipley, Yorks.

4th March, 1964.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE BUST

Sir,—Is Mr. David Gentleman so much in error in assuming that the painted memorial bust now in Stratford Church is the original made by Gerald Janssen or Johnson the younger ? I think not.

May I draw the attention of Mr. Noel Fermor to a statement made by Mrs. Katharine A. Esdaile in "English Church Monuments 1510 - 1840":—

It is from one of the agreements for the Johnson's Rutland monuments at Bottesford that we learn the names Labour and Rest for the *amorini*, also flanking Shakespeare's bust; what is not common knowledge is that the Baconian contention founded on the misleading engraving in Dugdale's "Warwickshire", that the Shakespeare was radically altered when restored in 1741, can be proved to be false.

George Vertue, whose accuracy is impeccable, drew it exactly as it now is in a drawing dated 1737 done on a tour with Lord Oxford, the manuscript of which is at Welbeck; what is true is that the coat of whitewash recommended by Malone had to be scraped off and the damaged colouring below restored early last century. Lamb might well "invoke the poet's curse on Malone" for his quite unjustifiable advice.

We of Warwickshire are proud of our county historian (and the Bard of Avon) even when he was ill served by his illustrators.

Yours faithfully,

HOWARD E. BROWN
Nuneaton, Warwicks.

10th March, 1964.

* * * *

Sir,—Thank you indeed for printing the authentic illustrations of the original Stratford monument and the present one.

We must also, from another point of view, thank Dr. H. N. Gibson for the latest orthodox theory. Though, to be sure, your readers may be surprised to find a Stratfordian resorting to this device, and to such a transparent way of pulling the wool over people's eyes!

In his letter Mr. Noel Fermor confines himself to facts. Obviously the Stratford monument has been changed and embellished since the original sketch was made by Sir William Dugdale (a noted antiquary and Garter King-at-Arms) and later confirmed in Rowe's biography of 1709. But Dr. Gibson, even in satirical vein, seems to betray his anxiety regarding the poverty of Stratfordian evidence.

In years to come this will be increasingly challenged by men of letters and men of law. By the year 2000 the spectacle of a nation referring the origin of its drama—a drama more learned and subtle than the Greek—to an illiterate player will most surely be a matter for astonishment and derision.

Yours faithfully,

MARTIN PARES
President, Francis Bacon Soc.
London, N.1.

10th March, 1964.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE'S TWO RIGHT EYES

Sir,—I was most interested by Mr. Noel Fermor's reply to my letter on the Shakespeare portraits. The authenticity of the Gerard Johnson, or Janssen, bust in Stratford Church needs more scholarly backing than I can give, but I believe that the discrepancy of detail in Sir William Dugdale's amateur sketch is not thought by everyone to discredit completely the existing bust.

This appears as it does now in Vertue's drawing of the church interior, illustrating his tour with the Earl of Oxford in 1737, 12 years before the church restoration date. It is in the Duke of Portland's collection.

The degree of significance to be found in Martin Droeshout's engraving of Shakespeare's sleeves is a matter for

individual judgment—my own feeling is that it is due more to formalised draughtsmanship than to underlying symbolism.

But, far more puzzling, Mr. Fermor repeats Lord Brain's theory of the two right eyes for, even after a close study of an enlarged photograph of the print, I can only find one of each; the inner canthus (the U-shaped angle joining the eyelids at the nose corner) can be clearly seen in each eye. A distinguished ophthalmologist to whom I showed the print could not imagine how the legend of the two right eyes could persist.

Those who wish to make their own comparisons between the various contended versions may be interested in an exhibition called

O sweet Mr. Shakespeare
I'll have his picture

opening on 18th April at the National Portrait Gallery.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID GENTLEMAN
London, N.W.1.

11th March, 1964.

* * * *

Sir,—Mr. Howard E. Brown (10th March) calls attention to Vertue's engraving of the bust at Stratford and states that " he drew it exactly as it now is in a drawing dated 1737 ". It would be interesting to see this sketch, said to be at Welbeck. Is the year 1737 correct ?

I ask this because Pope's edition of Shakespeare of 1725 has an engraving of the monument by Vertue which differs in important details with the present-day bust. Earrings have been attached to the ears, and Vertue has put the head of the spurious Chandos " portrait " upon the body of his effigy. This drawing was made in 1723.

Why, instead of the plump, fatuous head which is made to do duty today, did the artist substitute the head of the

so-called Chandos portrait? Would Vertue, "whose accuracy is impeccable" according to Mr. Brown, have drawn the bust as he did if he had visited Stratford? Do the position of the arms and hands, and the presence of the pen in the right hand of the bust today, owe their origin to Vertue's imaginary version?

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE
Falmouth, Cornwall

17th March, 1964.

* * * *

Sir,—I was a little disappointed by Cdr. Martin Pares' reception (10th March) of my letter (4th March). I confess that in part I did intend it for parody: but when complete it read so like a page, say, from "Bacon is Shakespeare" that I cherished a hope it might be officially adopted by the Baconians. Moreover it was not entirely parody.

Though it is impossible in a newspaper letter to deal with all the contradictory elements associated with the Dugdale illustration, I did mention two other matters usually avoided by the Baconians. First, the astounding obliviousness of the citizens of Stratford to the vast changes in their monument if these really took place; second, made the same year, Joseph Greene's statement which directly contradicts that any changes took place.

If his statement were not true the whole population of the town could have given him the lie. In any case it would have been purposeless, for there was no authorship controversy at that time with a medley of theories to be bolstered up or refuted by such means.

Yours faithfully,

H. N. GIBSON
Shipley, Yorks.

17th March, 1964.

CONTROVERSY OVER 'REPAIRS' TO SHAKESPEARE

Sir,—May I briefly reply to the Shakespeare correspondence in your columns up to now?

Dr. H. N. Gibson attempted no serious explanation of the fundamental differences between the Dugdale drawing and the bust as we know it today, nor did he mention the controversy over the "repairs" between the Vicar of Stratford and the Rev. Joseph Greene, the three years taken over the completion of the work (1746/9), and the excessive cost.

Mr. Howard E. Brown quotes from some *obiter dicta* culled from Mrs. K. A. Esdaile's "English Church Monuments 1510 - 1840," giving the (surely incorrect) date of 1741 for the alterations to the bust. Mr. Brown should know that Vertue was not reliable, as his engraving *circa* 1719 was dissimilar to the present-day bust and the head was clearly inspired by the so-called Chandos portrait.

Mr. David Gentleman's courteous letter is interesting, but some orthodox sources as well as Baconians and others have commented on the "mask" aspect of the Droeshout engraving, and my reference to the reversed shoulderpiece, etc., comes from an impeccable source—an article some years ago in the trade journal the *Tailor and Cutter*.

I think we must leave the final verdict of the two right eyes to the expert, but to allay suspicion the draughtsman would obviously have had to include a canthus in each eye, if such they are. However, of more significance may be the curious design of the eyelids, etc.

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR

Chairman, Francis Bacon Soc.
London, N.1.

17th March, 1964.

The Observer having already (16th February) taken up the question of the new stamps printed the following article:—

OFF WITH HER HEAD?

Last week's new stamps in honour of SHAKESPEARE'S birthday (His head on one side, Hers on the other, scenes from plays in middle) are a breakthrough. Philatelists will no longer be able to complain that all British stamps are boring.

But why are *most* of them boring? It's not that we don't take trouble. The Post Office has a special Stamp Advisory Committee, laid on by the Council of Industrial Design, whose president is SIR KENNETH CLARK, and whose members include professors, artists and SIR JOHN WILSON, Keeper of the Queen's Stamps.

The committee presents all new designs to the QUEEN, who has the final choice. The real difficulty, according to the committee, is to find designers who work well in this highly specialised field: delicate skills of engraving, etching and drypoint are becoming rare.

The designers, on the other hand, say *they* are handicapped by having to work out designs which must include the Queen's head. DAVID GENTLEMAN, the young artist who designed four of the Shakespeare stamps, says (without wishing to appear disloyal) that this is a major obstacle. Designers have tried everything—enclosing the head in wreaths, or ropes (for a Boy Scouts stamp) or flights of swallows (Boy Scout Jamboree). But it has seldom looked right.

The late LORD ELIBANK was always mooting in the Lords that we should do something about the monarch's head. It first got on to the stamps because the Treasury, in 1839, felt that a head would be the most difficult thing to forge. It was at first suggested that our stamps should carry a profile of the greatest beauty, but then it was decided to use QUEEN VICTORIA, who kept to the same youthful portrait all through her reign.

British stamps are never allowed to honour another person, only a thing. Thus the Shakespeare stamps, strictly speaking, honour the quatercentenary festival, not the man. Nevertheless, this is the first time someone else has managed to get his picture on.

IS *HIS* A FAKE

BUT THE anti-Shakespeareans are chuckling. They say the portrait of Shakespeare on that stamp is a fake.

The face—they claim—is a mask. In this picture, taken from the First Folio, Shakespeare has two right eyes and two left sides to his coat.

LORD BRAIN noticed the eyes and wrote an article about them in 1945. And the *Tailor & Cutter*, in 1911, spotted the sartorial puzzle in the coat.

The *Gentleman's Tailor* commented at the time that the tunic " is so strangely illustrated that the right hand side of the forepart is obviously the left hand side of the back part, and so gives a harlequin appearance to the figure which it is not unnatural to assume was intentional, and done with express object and purpose ".

* * * *

The national Press had not of course monopolized the Shakspere authorship controversy in the early months of 1964, and on the Sunday after his interview with *The Observer*, Commander Pares was sought out by the B.B.C., and a tape recording of a talk with Timothy Mathews was broadcast on the Home Service in the well-known *Today* programme and relayed on overseas transmissions. The Colossus had unbent !

By this time the officers of the Society were already hard put to it to cope with correspondence and enquiries but were to be kept at work for months to come. A pleasing feature was the request for special contributions such as those by Martin Pares in the February issue of the *Law Society's Gazette*, and the Summer-Autumn issue

of *The Aylesford Review*, a magazine published under the auspices of the English Carmelites. We reproduced the latter in *Baconiana* No. 165, and the text is now available as a separate pamphlet.

* * * *

The following article by the poet and dramatist Ronald Duncan in the *Evening Standard*, and the subsequent lengthy correspondence, speak volumes for the publicity which Baconianism was receiving by the time Shakspere's putative birthday was imminent. We venture to submit that Ronald Duncan's final letter is a gem of its kind.

ISN'T IT TIME WE FED HIM TO A COMPUTER?

By Ronald Duncan

Last year the public was entertained by a political scandal.

And this year a scholastic scandal is about to engulf us.

We are to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and we remain so totally ignorant about his life that we are not even certain of the year of his birth.

That he was born sometime is perhaps all that matters; but on the other hand, one would like to know more about the greatest genius of all time—especially when assiduous research is able to reveal such irrelevancies as the bath night of literary nonentities.

The entire biography of Shakespeare which is known for certain can be written in a paragraph: he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, the son of a local tradesman, who was fined for keeping an unauthorised dung heap.

He became an actor in London and subsequently a play-house manager, making enough money to retire early and return to Stratford.

We know that in 1600 the poet sued John Clayton in London for £7 and got judgment in his favour.

He also sued Philip Rogers in the same year for 2s. loaned. In 1604 the creator of Shylock sued Philip Rogers for several bushels of malt to the value of £1 15s. 10d. and there are records to show that in 1608 he prosecuted John Addenbroke to recover a debt of £6, also suing his surety, Mr. Horneby. During his lifetime nobody claimed to know him.

Ill-formed

AND as the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper has pointed out: " Not a single tribute was paid to him at his death. As far as the records go he was uneducated, had no literary friends, possessed at his death no books, and could not write. It is true six of his signatures have been found, all spelt differently, but they are so ill-formed that some graphologists suppose the hand to have been guided. Except for these signatures, no syllable of writing by Shakespeare has been identified. It is also known that in his will he left his second-best bed to his wife, whoever she was, and made no provision for the education of his children."

He died in 1616; and that paragraph covers all we know for certain about the greatest poet that ever lived.

This lack of facts does not prevent the trustees of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust appealing to the public for large sums to help maintain the Shakespeare legend. This Trust receives an income from Anne Hathaway's Cottage, but how authentic is it ? Was she ever Shakespeare's wife ?

The marriage register at Stratford Parish Church contains the entry 17th January, 1579: " Williman Wilsonne and Anne Hathaway of Shotterye ". The Trust remains silent about such evidence.

And it will be interesting to see what genuine Shakespeare relics the large exhibition, Shakespeare and His Times, which is to be shown at the Edinburgh Festival and London this year, will have. They will certainly not be Shakespeare manuscripts.

How is it possible that we have not a single line of manuscript, not a book, a note or a letter from such a prolific writer? Most writers litter their life with scribblings, drafts, notebooks and literary remains.

Were Shakespeare's all purposefully destroyed? If so, why? After all, we do have authentic manuscripts of other Elizabethans. Of Ben Jonson's there are the autographed manuscript of his Masque of Queens and an inscribed copy of Volpone in the British Museum.

We have two plays of Ford; and of Beaumont, the whole Dyce collection. How is it that Shakespeare, who wrote so much, and as the Sonnets reveal, was very concerned with personal immortality, should have disappeared without leaving any concrete evidence that he ever wrote a line?

Doubted

SOME people have answered that question by asserting that Shakespeare, the actor, was a camouflage for Francis Bacon. And not all of them can be lightly dismissed by the vested interests of Stratford as cranks.

In the past there have been Coleridge, Shelley, Mark Twain, Emerson and Goethe, to name only a few, who have doubted that the Stratford actor could have composed these plays.

And today, Professor Trevor-Roper, Andre Malraux, Christmas Humphreys, Q.C., and Lord Woolton are among those to take up the same issue and demand research upon it.

Personally, I suggest that the plays should, as was recently done to St. Paul's Epistles, be submitted to a computer. It revealed by the repetition of words and phrases what scholars had long suspected—that several of the Epistles were not authentic, but that four were.

Heresy

IF this were done, we might have to revise what we now bind up as The Works of Shakespeare. (After all, this has happened before: The Leopold Edition of 1877 contains Two Noble Kinsmen and Edward III; earlier, at least 10 plays, now discarded, were attributed to Shakespeare).

Surely scholars should research seriously into the authorship of the Plays? As things are, we turn Shakespeare into a sort of religious cult the questioning of which constitutes a heresy. It is no help to have Stratford cashing in on him in the same way Florence does with Dante.

Whoever wrote these plays was a genius. It is about time we discovered more about him.

11th February, 1964.

* * * *

THIS, MR. DUNCAN, IS WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT WILL

By Richard Buckle

Artistic Director, The Shakespeare Exhibition

It is time people like Ronald Duncan (Page Seven, Tuesday) stopped trying to draw attention to themselves by questioning the existence of Shakespeare, or the evidence we have of his life as playwright and man of Stratford.

Mr. Duncan, along with many others, seems to think that we know very little about Shakespeare.

Of course we know much less about him than we should like to know and far less than we know about such public personages as Queen Elizabeth, Burghley and Bacon, because, naturally, the lives of middle-class people, even if they were geniuses, were not recorded as fully at the time as those of their " betters ".

But the fact remains that we know far more about Shakespeare than about any other dramatist of his period.

Mr. Duncan writes, " the entire biography of Shakespeare which is known for certain can be written in a paragraph ". It would be a very long paragraph, longer than your paper would give me space for: but here are a few selected facts.

WE KNOW the dates of Shakespeare's baptism and burial at Stratford and those of his brother, sister, children and grand-children.

Marriage

WE KNOW that he put Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself, in the family way when he was still a minor, and that the Bishop of Worcester, when he granted Shakespeare a special marriage licence, had to be exculpated for any irregularities which might occur after the hasty marriage. The clerk who recorded the marriage in the parish register certainly made a muddle over Anne Hathaway's name, which has given rise to endless arguments.

WE KNOW that by 1590 Shakespeare had become a playwright in London, much to the indignation of the "university wits," one of whom, Robert Greene, attacked him in a pamphlet, misquoting a line from Henry VI, as a "tygers hart wrapt in a player's hyde," and as being " in his owne conceit the onely Shake-Scene in a countrey ".

WE KNOW the approximate dating of all his plays, some of them exactly, and we know which ones were entered at Stationers' Hall for publication and which ones were published in pirated editions.

WE HAVE records of numerous performances of Shakespeare's Company before the Queen at various palaces, for instance, at Christmas, 1594, Shakespeare, Kempe and Burbage were paid £20 on behalf of their company for two performances before the Queen at Greenwich; and we have records of their tours.

WE KNOW that Shakespeare found a patron in the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece in 1593 and 1594 respectively.

Gentleman

WE KNOW the different theatres at which the Lord Chamberlain's Men played and how they took the old timbers of the theatre by night across the river to form the basis of the new Globe in 1598.

WE KNOW that Shakespeare's father was granted a coat-of-arms in 1596, so that Shakespeare became a gentleman.

WE KNOW that Shakespeare bought New Place, the biggest house at Stratford, with two barns, two gardens and two orchards, for £60 in May, 1597, and we know that he sold a ton of stones to Stratford Corporation for the repair of Clopton Bridge.

WE KNOW that in May, 1602, Shakespeare's brother, Gilbert, negotiated for him the purchase of 127 acres of property outside Stratford for £320 and that on September 28 of the same year he bought a cottage in Chapel Lane.

In James's reign, when Shakespeare's Company became the King's Men, we begin to have far more detailed information about them and their more numerous performances at court—too many to be listed here.

WE KNOW that in 1604 Shakespeare moved his lodgings from Bankside to Cripplegate in the house of Mountjoy, a Huguenot, and that later he gave evidence in a suit between Mountjoy and his son-in-law.

WE KNOW about other investments of Shakespeare in house property and mortgages; we know that he devised, and Burbage painted, an allegorical shield for the Earl of Rutland for a tilt on the anniversary of the King's accession day celebrations in 1613.

WE KNOW that he gave wine to a travelling preacher who came to Stratford towards the end of his life. We have

his will and, of course, his works, which were published by his fellow actors seven years after his death.

Mysteries

Great mysteries remain, such as what he did between his marriage and his appearance as a fully fledged playwright in London several years later, to whom the sonnets were addressed, and why he never bothered to collect his own works.

Mr. Duncan questions whether Shakespeare's manuscripts were literally destroyed and asks, if so, why? He says " we do have authentic manuscripts of other Elizabethans. Of Ben Jonson's there are the autographed manscript of his Masque of Queens and an inscribed copy of Volpone in the British Museum."

How absurd! So one copy of a masque by Ben Jonson survives, and an inscribed copy of one play. What happened to the manuscripts of Bartholomew Fair, Every Man In His Humour, etc.? Destroyed by Bacon, no doubt.

THE FACT is that the playwright's manuscripts were used as prompt copies and, if the play was printed, went to the printer and hardly any of them survived. There is no mystery in this whatever.

ACTUAL RELICS of Shakespeare which will be shown in the Shakespeare Exhibition are: One page of his will (with one of his six known signatures), lent by the Record Office; the only contemporary drawing of a play of his in production, namely, Titus Andronicus, lent by Lord Bath; and the record of payment to Shakespeare and Burbage for devising the Shield for the Earl of Rutland, lent by the Duke of Rutland.

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Editor's note: Mr. Richard Buckle here mixes fact and fiction, and the pseudonym " Shakespeare " with the name Shaksper, with extraordinary facility.

A LITTLE ARITHMETIC, MR. DUNCAN, WOULD PUT YOU RIGHT

I CANNOT let Mr. Duncan's " theories " about Shakespeare *(Evening Standard, February 11)* go unchallenged. First he says that " we are not even certain of the year of his birth."

In fact the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb stated that he died in 1616 in his 53rd year. I think a simple arithmetic sum should do the rest.

Mr. Duncan also asks: " Was Anne Hathaway ever Shakespeare's wife ? " Well, the Bond of Sureties in the Bishop of Worcester's registry states (in 1582) that " William Shagspere on thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the Dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solemnize matrimony together . . . " But it appears this bond is unknown to Mr. Duncan.

Finally, Mr. Duncan approves Professor Trevor-Roper's words that Shakespeare had " no literary friends." Then what of Ben Jonson, who wrote of Shakespeare: " I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory as much as any. Hee was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature . . "

COUNT NIKOLAI TOLSTOY

52 Pont Street, S.W.1.
17th February, 1964.

Editor's Note

Count Tolstoy is mistaken. The licence in the Bishop of Worcester's registry (27th November 1582) authorises " William Shaxpere ' to marry ' Anna Whateley of Temple Grafton ". On the following day (28th November 1582) a bond was entered in the County Registry enforcing " William Shagspere " to marry "Anne Hathwey . . . maiden ". It is not known which "Anne" William married, but six months later Susannah was baptized. If her mother was Anna Hathaway of

Shottery (as is usually supposed) she could not have been described as " maiden " because her marriage with " William Wilsonne " in January 1579 is entered in the Stratford register. (See *Baconiana* 163 p.49).

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SIGNIFICANCE

THE problem, with reference to Mr. Ronald Duncan's article is not " Who was Shakespeare ? ", but the significance of these masterpieces to us.

The question of Shakespeare's identity has gone to absurd extremes when Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper can see more significance in the number of differently spelt signatures attributed to Shakespeare than in the poetic expression of his plays.

Only an age which doubts the reality of everybody and everything would waste its time feeding the creative imagination into the mechanical processing of a regurgitating computer.

The author is dead: whoever he was, he is identified in his works.

R. WISTRICH
A. GLASS

Cambridge University.
17th February, 1964.

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NO CLAIMS

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 Labours 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.
17th February, 1964.

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HUMBLE BOY

THERE is not a single fact in Richard Buckle's argument to connect the man born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564 with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

Here was a humble boy who became a butcher's apprentice, got a girl into trouble, joined a company of actors in London, returned to Stratford on his retirement and ended his days as a fairly successful tradesman.

Everything that can be discovered of his life accords with the picture of a nonentity. Nothing suggests either grandeur or genius.

What we are asked to believe is that this man—who spent his early years in humdrum small-town pursuits, and his last years as a tradesman with no apparent interest in literature, the theatre or the Court—had, in middle life, dashed off some of the most sublime literature the world has ever known.

It simply is not feasible.

KENNETH A. HURREN

25 Beaumont Court, W.4.
17th February, 1964.

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THE HOWLERS!

I'M afraid Ronald Duncan's article was full of howlers.

It is simply untrue that we don't know the year of Shakespeare's birth.

The record of his Christening is in the Stratford parish register (April 26, 1564). To describe his father as "a local tradesman, who was fined for keeping an unauthorised dungheap" is about as accurate as calling Mr. Duncan "a Devon journalist who writes for evening papers." Shakespeare's father was, in fact, at various times Alderman, Chief Alderman and High Bailiff (the chief Municipal office) of Stratford.

P. THIRLBY

42 Belsize Square, N.W.3.
17th February, 1964.

BIRTHPLACE

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
19th February, 1964.

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IDENTIFYING THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON

MR. HURREN writes: "There is not a single fact in Richard Buckle's argument to connect the man born at Stratford-on-Avon with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays." *(Letters, February 17)*.

Why (in his poem printed in the First Folio of 1623) should Ben Jonson have addressed the dead author as "Sweet Swan of Avon" if he were not the Shakespeare born at Stratford ?

It would indeed be a startling coincidence if there were another Shakespeare from another town on the same, or another, Avon who wrote the plays.

One can imagine Richard Field, the Stratford neighbour who had become a publisher in London, and to whom the author of "Venus and Adonis" went in 1593 to have his poem printed, saying in surprise "Funny thing, there was a boy called William Shakespeare back in my home town."

RICHARD BUCKLE
Director of the Shakespeare Exhibition

19th February, 1964.

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LET'S HAVE NO MORE OF THIS SCHOOL NONSENSE!

The Shakespeare Row—Contd.

MR. PARES, in his letter *(February 17)*, writes: "It is, of course, mere pretence that the butcher-boy (Shakespeare) went to school."

Does he really believe that the clever son of the leading alderman, and an ambitious one, too, would not have been sent to the local grammar school?

Let us have no more of this nonsense that one had to go to a university for genius to emerge. (Did Sir Winston?)

Even in the family background Mr. Pares lets his prejudices run away with him. Shakespeare's father was of yeoman stock from which more great men have emerged than any other.

His mother, Mary Arden, almost certainly came from the lesser gentry. The late Mrs. C. M. Stopes put forward a strong case that she was related to a leading Warwickshire family, the Ardens of Park Hall.

The Arden quartering in Shakespeare's arms is identical with arms borne by branches of the Park Hall family, though they themselves bore an alternative coat derived from the Earls of Warwick.

The Arden pedigree from Aelfwine, a pre-Conquest Sheriff of Warwickshire, is unique and far superior to the not particularly distinguished sires of Bacon.

PATRICK MONTAGUE-SMITH
Editor of Debrett, Debrett Office.

Neville House, Eden Street,
Kingston-upon-Thames.
24th February, 1964.

Editor's Note

Commander Pares is referring to "evidence" and not to "conjecture", and his statements (February 17th) are factually correct. There is *no* evidence that the actor Will Shakspere ever went to school; if he did so he was not noticed. Sir Winston was "noticed" at Harrow! In regard to Mary Arden's antecedents, the words "almost certainly" show this to be a conjecture. As to the illiteracy of William's children, the evidence is that Judith and Susannah made their marks, instead of signing their names.

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IN SECRET

WHAT an odd thing Francis Bacon did when he launched out as a secret playwright, according to the Baconian Mr. Pares!

He decided to pass off his works under the name of an uneducated, ill-natured butcher's boy called William Shakespeare.

Were people dull-witted in those days? As the genius Bacon produced his immortal works in his spare time during the next 20 years, not even one of "Shakespeare's" envious rivals ever said: "This could never have been written by the uneducated, avaricious, litigious Will Shakespeare!"

No, clever Bacon must surely have picked on a witty, well-read, poetic, passionate man—someone, indeed, very like the person we used to think wrote the plays.

JOHN WARDROPER

60 St. Paul's Road, N.1.
24th February, 1964.

* * * *

WITHOUT TV!

CAN you name any man in Britain to-day who could write in such prose about, say, the present private goings on of our Royal Family, the Royal House of Denmark, the private feuds of wealthy families in Italian society and still have time to write about the Roman Empire, the records to which he must have had ready access?

Well, Shakespeare did. And *he* didn't have the benefit of radio, television and newspapers.

He, the author, was a man acceptable to the Court of Elizabeth, an educated man, constantly on the move around Europe, who perhaps liked to mix a lot, on his return home, with the low fellows of the town, and that lowest of the low, the minstrels and players.

What better than to hand over his works for oral publication to the manager of a troupe of players, a gent named Will Shakespeare.

JOHN F. LESTER

7 Alderbert Terrace, S.W.8.
24th February, 1964.

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HIS FRIENDS

MR. DUNCAN'S statement *(February 11)*, contained words to the effect that Shakespeare had no friends.

In the churchyard of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, in the City of London, there is a memorial to John Heminge and Henry Condell, both of whom lived in that parish for 30 years or more, died in 1630 and 1627 respectively and were buried there.

The memorial states that they were fellow-actors and friends of William Shakespeare. After Shakespeare's death in 1616, Heminge and Condell (who were co-partners in the Globe Theatre, Southwark) selected from the plays presented at the Globe during 35 years those plays they had acted with Shakespeare "well knowing his manuscripts" and published these works in the First Folio in 1623.

Their preface to the First Folio appears on the memorial.

In publishing these works Heminge and Condell gave away their private rights therein and did a great disservice to posterity because the manuscripts perished.

To me it seems unbelievable that Heminge and Condell would have done this unless they knew that their friend Shakespeare was in fact the author of the works they published.

C. F. LUPTON

61 Arnos Grove, Southgate, N.14.
24th February, 1964.

Editor's Note

The preface to the First Folio, signed by Heminge and Condell, is believed by most scholars to have been penned by Ben Jonson. It contains a passage lifted whole from Pliny. In 1635, in a petition to the Lord Chamberlain, Heminge, Condell and Shakspere were classed as "men-players" and "deserving men" . . .

> "and so purchases the lease from Evans with our money and placed men-players which were Heminge, Condell, Shakespere etc."

This is one of the few contemporary references to Shakspere as an individual; and not a word about him as an author! Surely the petitioner, Burbage, should have referred to him differently when addressing Lord Pembroke, to whom the First Folio was dedicated!

* * * *

DOUBTS about the authorship of the Shakespeare plays will continue until steps are taken to examine every site where the manuscripts may be hidden.

This is exactly what the Shakespeare Action Committee are trying to do. Who is opposing us in this attempt to increase our knowledge of the world's greatest author? The Shakespeare Birthday Trust, together with the Vicar of the Stratford Church.

FRANCIS CARR
The Shakespeare Action Committee
34 Hillgate Place, W.8.
24th February, 1964.

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SHAKESPEARE RESEARCH

IN my recent article *(11 February)* on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, I abstained from any conclusion other than that this was a subject requiring further research.

In spite of this I have received a bushel of abusive letters from so-called Shakespeare lovers and exhibition stagers accusing me of profanity for questioning that authorship which, it is worth remembering, Shakespeare himself never claimed.

And none of the letters which you printed mentioned or tried to refute the existence of Bacon's notebooks or the formidable evidence which they contained. No doubt this is due to their refusal to face this fact or to examine it. But though the Promus is out of print, the manuscripts can be examined in the British Museum.

There are of course those who have written to me to say that since the plays are masterpieces it doesn't matter who wrote them. This point of view amounts to the denial of the relevance of history.

When we say that history, even literary history, isn't important, we are also saying that the future is unimportant too.

I reiterate that the authorship of these plays is a subject requiring further research unless we are content to remain a nation of gullible ostriches who are only able to give poetry that sort of ephemeral enthusiasm we show to pop singers.

Uncritical adulation is of course a kind of contempt.

RONALD DUNCAN

Welcombe, Bideford, Devon.
28th February, 1964.

* * * *

It is surely not inappropriate to introduce now by way of lighter relief a *Daily Mail* interview with the Arch Heretic on that day of apostasy, 23rd April, 1964; but we must jib at the expression "unparalleled professor" as a description of Bacon—even at the risk of spoiling the fun!

THE BARD AND BALLYHOO

I HAD expected yesterday to be a sad, sad day for that dogged group of individuals who are attempting to convince the world that Shakespeare was Bacon, or that Bacon was Shakespeare—take it how you want it.

But Commander Martin Pares, president of the Francis Bacon Society, was positively beaming when I unearthed him at his headquarters in North East London.

"We are all for as much publicity being given to the works as possible," he explained. "The only snag is that the wrong chap is being given the credit . . . "

And how is the campaign progressing?

"Well, it's a long, slow, uphill struggle, convincing the public, but we'll win in the end. I believe, no, I *prophesy* that by the end of the century all this Stratford ballyhoo will be exposed."

The commander, who sports a Shakespeare-type beard and moustache and was a World War II Navy pilot, has 500 supporters scattered round the world to help him in the fight.

Statesman

The commander works in an office surrounded by early editions and busts of the man the society describes as "statesman, lawyer, unparalleled professor *(sic)* and writer."

"Stratford has only grown up in the past 200 years, since the days of the great actors," he told me. "I ask you, how could a man who everyone knows had no education, left no manuscripts, didn't even send his own children to school and never claimed the works in his own lifetime produce this genius?

"Time will show that we are right. Anyway, the play's the thing . . . "

There is a familiar ring about that—whoever wrote it.

* * * *

Courage l' ami le diable est mort, the favourite saying of Denis, the militant companion of Gerard in his travels as described in Charles Read's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, might possibly have comforted the Stratfordians as April drew into May, but on the 14th of that month the *Radio Times* included a notice of an interesting radio discussion the very next week. This was heard by millions and, needless to add, our President ably presented the case for Bacon in the limited time allowed to him. We reproduce this notice below.

Radio Times

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

"I AM sort of haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practised on a patient world." Henry James was putting rather mildly the doubts of scholars and pseudo-scholars who had been adding to their number since the beginning of the nineteenth century. No one seems to have bothered about the authorship until 1790 when Herbert Laurence found himself unable to reconcile the man who made Shakespeare's will with the man who wrote the plays and poems. One other before him, the Reverend J. Wilmot, searched around Stratford in 1781 and was so horrified when it seemed to him that Bacon was Shakespeare that he burnt all his notes.

The game was fairly set afoot in 1857 and from then onwards no one burnt any notes. W. H. Smith published "Bacon and Shakespeare" in that year. He did not push hard at his thesis but his followers did, and the Stratfordians—the loyal Shakespeare-wrote-Shakespeare people—reacted at once and battle commenced. It still rages.

To quote H. N. Gibson (who will be speaking in tonight's programme), "If William Shakespeare the dramatist had not been such a supreme genius, and if what was known of William Shakespeare the actor had not been so little and that little had not sometimes seemed incompatible with what the conventional mind usually associates with greatness, there would in all probability never have been a Shakespeare problem".

The problem is essentially the problem of how a man of Shakespeare's known education and experience could have written works which show an immense range of classical scholarship, a sound knowledge of French and Italian, and the taste and training of an Elizabethan aristocrat; not merely the facts, which a highly intelligent reporter with an excellent memory might be expected to use, but a sure and exact touch as to the details born. He knew the unwritten codes of delicate

aristocratic honour; he could portray with great insight women of every degree. He was a most proficient lawyer . . . the catalogue of his apparent qualifications is endless. So it seemed to the theorists that the answer to the problem was simple. Someone else wrote the plays: Francis Bacon; a syndicate headed by the Earl of Oxford; the Earl of Derby; Christopher Marlowe—the list of claimants now numbers the significant total of 57. Some of these claims may be hoaxes, others are plain dotty, but the case for Bacon, the Oxford Group, and even Marlowe can sound very convincing.

It may be said "does it matter who wrote the works?—there they are—call him Shakespeare," and this is one of the questions René Cutforth has asked the witnesses in this case of alleged fraud. Our witnesses include Sir John Russell speaking on behalf of the Earl of Oxford, Commander M. Pares for Francis Bacon, and other learned and distinguished enthusiasts.

Where Shakespeare's words appear in the evidence they will be read by John Neville.

FRANCIS DILLON

* * * *

In June, a law case *In the matter of the trust of the will dated 27th November 1957 of Evelyn May Hopkins deceased* was first heard before a High Court Judge, the then Mr. Justice Wilberforce. The full story and the text of this historic judgement is contained in *Baconiana* No. 165, but we will here quote from the amusing leader which appeared in *The Times* on the 9th July, and an appropriate follow-up in the shape of a letter from our Chairman in the issue of 14th July.

ONE NEVER KNOWS

"Esteem a horse according to his pace,
But loose no wagers on a wild goose chase".

A quotation so modern, so much in keeping with the times, almost sounds like ROY CAMPBELL. Its date is 1602,

which shows that neither the sporting proclivities nor the pragmatic instincts of the British have changed much in the past 360 years. Wild goose chases have never been much beloved by the English. (They are quite different from lost causes). The Irish, on the other hand, are addicted to them. But yesterday no less an authority than a Judge of the High Court spoke up in favour of them. A lady had left a bequest to the Francis Bacon Society. She wished it to be devoted towards finding the Shakespeare-Bacon manuscripts. The will was contested, among the grounds being that such a search was a "wild goose chase". Upon this MR. JUSTICE WILBERFORCE pronounced a dictum that will surely survive the sayings of the week and go into the dictionaries of quotations. "Wild geese," he said, "can, with good fortune, be apprehended".

His saying is both true and stimulating. It may hearten a few cranks to go on boring their friends, and burdening the newspapers, with some impossible theories. It may add to the time that has to be spent coping with the irrationalities of the world. Those are a small price to pay; for it may also fortify JOHN STUART MILL's one man to pursue his single vision and to go on defying the rest of the world to stop him. The Greeks said that all things flow. They do not do so naturally. More often than not it is because of the wild goose chase by such men. Most of the great movements of the world have started with a minority of one. The day came when the world saw that what that one man had caught was not a goose but a swan.

Whether the Swan of Avon will ever turn out to have been Bacon or not we do not know. (In any case it is best not to pursue that metaphor farther). But even if this were to come about it would not be the end of the matter. Human nature being what it is, the wild goose chase would surely be started up all over again and doubtless there would be good people ready to devote their time and their money to proving that FRANCIS BACON had never existed, and that "the wisest,

brightest, meanest of mankind " had really been WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

* * * *

ONE NEVER KNOWS

Sir,

Your delightful and stimulating fourth leader on the High Court confirmation of the bequest to this Society of around £6,500, caps Mr. Justice Wilberforce's *bon mot* on the possibilities of apprehending wild geese. Francis Bacon himself, I feel, would have approved, for, contrary to a widely-held impression, he could not resist the opportunity to make a jest, as Ben Jonson has testified.

It may be hoped, however, that Alexander Pope's description of Bacon as " the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," aptly quoted by your leader writer, will not deceive your readers ! It has been amply demonstrated that the word " mean " in Pope's era was used in the sense of " humble " or " pitiful " and not parsimonious. This should of course be clear from the context of the epigram, and indeed Pope uses the word also of his idol Dryden, and even of himself.

The justification for Pope's famous tribute to Bacon may perhaps find reflection in the great Lord Chancellor's own statement: *It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself.*

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

NOEL FERMOR

Chairman, The Francis Bacon Society

Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place,
Islington, N.1.
10th July.

* * * *

The last six months of the year very naturally saw a decline in public interest in the Stratford quatercentenary celebrations, and on the very day reports of the Hopkins Will Trust case were appear-

ing in the Press, the *Dail Mail* reported that bad publicity was " wrecking hopes of a bonanza tourist year for Stratford-on-Avon " ! One reason given by a local spokesman was " adverse publicity which has hurt us. The Shakespeare Exhibition is suffering too. On one day only 80 people turned up ". The exhibition cost at least £400,000, took two years to build, and finally proved such a costly failure that after another disappointment in Edinburgh the exhibits moved to London in the winter were drastically reduced in number.

As noted in *Baconiana* last time the exhibition re-opened in the summer of 1965, and again proved a costly failure. It is tempting to suggest that the prominence given to the Francis Bacon Society was partly responsible for public scepticism as to the Stratford-on-Avon birthday celebrations, but we are very ready to concede that full-page articles in the *Daily Sketch* and *Daily Mirror*, on the 22nd and 23rd April respectively, must have had a salutary effect on their readers ! Fergus Cashin, of the former, had confessed " I'm a bit of a heretic " about the " paradox of sweet fancy and imaginative fact " at Stratford pointing out that birthday, birthplace, Anne Hathaway's cottage, and " would-be grammar school " are all of questionable authenticity, that everything connected with his life is pure conjecture, and finding no answer to the query " Who is Shakespeare ?"

All of this was honest reporting, but Anthony Miles of the *Daily Mirror* was blunter still. His points were that *we do not know* Shakspere's birthday, *what he looked like*, where he was born (" although there's that pile of stockbroker Tudor at Stratford they obstinately call his birthplace"), and very little about his life as playwright and actor. In fact, there is no letter or line of manuscript in his own hand extant—apart from six shaky signatures. *We know* a few discreditable facts, but the rest is silence . . .

Surely if two popular journalists can so quickly unearth the hoax of Stratford, the justice-loving English people should bilk at the shameful fleecing of foreign tourists; or is greed to be for ever triumphant ?

Thinking people must surely deplore the besmirching of the good name of " this fair and scepter'd isle ", and the lamentable impression left on overseas visitors such as Dr. John Reid, a

professor of Auckland University, who on returning to New Zealand was moved to describe Stratford-on-Avon as a " commercial sham " more dedicated to making money from the sale of fake Elizabethan souvenirs than honouring Shakspere (*Evening Standard*, 29th June). His allegation that the " Shakspere racket " was based on deception, though hard hitting, is but the truth, as many more people in this country and elsewhere are now aware.

Nevertheless, our own Provincial Press has, on the whole, shown an intelligent approach to the authorship controversy and it would be wrong to overlook overseas contributions such as the following from the 11th July issue of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE MYSTERY

Others abide our question.
Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge . . .

Matthew Arnold's sonnet was concerned with the art of the author of *Hamlet*, not his identity. Since 1769, when one, Herbert Lawrence, in a book called *The Life and Adventures of Common Sense*, suggested Bacon as a more likely author of the works ascribed to Shakespeare, that identity has abided a good deal of questioning. An American, J. C. Hart, gave the Baconian controversy its first great impetus in 1848 (in a book called *The Romance of Yachting)* and since then there have never been lacking those who assumed that Shakespeare could not, as a provincial commoner and mere actor, have had the education and culture to write the plays, and that therefore somebody else must have written them.

Other candidates—the Earls of Rutland, Derby and Oxford—have been suggested besides Bacon; and other men—Marlowe, Spenser, Nashe, Lyly and Burton—have also been named as " front men," along with the amiable Shakespeare, for the protean genius who dared not put his work out under his own name. Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence even found that

Bacon wrote Montaigne's *Essais* as youthful exercises in French.

A Francis Bacon Society still exists and persists. It has made common cause with the Oxfordians and others in prosecuting a demand for the opening of Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford. Recently an 80 year-old widow bequeathed £6,500 to the society. The bequest was contested by her relatives and Britain's High Court was asked to rule on its validity.

Mr. Justice Wilberforce has upheld the bequest and, taking up the words of counsel for the relatives about a "wild goose chase," has declared that "wild geese can, with good fortune, be apprehended." His judgment might be described as another of the "adventures of common sense"; yet none can quarrel with its logic. For, however we may smile at the anti-Shakespeareans and their ciphers and cryptograms, and however convinced we may be by all the circumstantial evidence linking Shakespeare with the plays (the tributes or jeers of friends and enemies from Greene to Jonson), it is still true that we possess none of the manuscripts of his plays nor any direct evidence proving his authorship.

It is the most tantalising, the most irritating mystery in the history of literature that we should know so little—and that little, so inconclusive or banal—about the most wonderful of all writers. We know more about the lives and personalities of Aristotle and Cicero than we do about those of a man born only 400 years ago. Mr. Justice Wilberforce is absolutely right to insist that we should never be content to accept that nothing more can be found. If the Baconians can persuade the Church at Stratford to open Shakespeare's tomb (we have never been squeamish about opening up the hallowed ground of other civilisations), and can use the bequest for other searches, more power to them.

* * * *

We comment further on Stratford claims in the Exhibitions section, and now reproduce *in extenso* a highly interesting controversy in the *Times Literary Supplement* which followed an attack

on Baconians by Mr. John Crow in the issue dated 23rd April, which was largely devoted to Shakespeareana. We have taken this controversy out of strict chronological sequence because of its specialised appeal, and whilst readers will appreciate that the letters by our Chairman and Mr. Thomas Bokenham could not in the nature of things provide complete replies to Mr. Crow, we print them as constituting a logical dismemberment of the orthodox arguments. Unhappily, confirmation of an unwelcome change of attitude came when another attack on Baconians *per se* by a Myra Curtis appeared on the 24th September, and, despite an assurance by the Editor to our Chairman that a reply would be allowed, a letter from Martin Pares was not printed. The correspondence was printed in *Baconiana* 165, however.

Francis Carr, Editor of *Past and Present*, and a staunch Baconian, reproduced both letters with a strongly-worded accusation of *suppressio veri*. It is difficult to deny the justice of Mr. Carr's charge. *O tempora O mores* indeed !

SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

Sir,—Shakespeare students will welcome your birthday issue of 23rd April but I fear that some will be puzzled over your cover design. Is it possible that the artist intended the top picture to illustrate Hamlet's remarks to Polonius, " Do you see yonder cloud that's almost the shape of a camel—methinks it's like a weasel—or like a whale " ? To me the centre picture represents Shakespeare being led up the garden by that figure of uncertain sex, Mr. W. H. his " master-mistress ". Surely the picture on the right shows us the eventual eclipse of Shakespeare by his " mortal-moon " Francis Bacon !

John Crow in his " Heretics Observed " sees fit, in this week of weeks, to demolish the increasing body of unbelievers in the Shakespeare authorship. His shafts are directed mainly at the more speculative side of the Baconian case, but he should remember that orthodox theorists have also indulged in this fascinating pastime. Some of them have even resorted

to forgery to underpin their evidence, much to the embarrassment of Sir Sidney Lee and others.

John Crow would have appeared as a more resplendent champion of his cause if he had selected from the Baconian armoury some of the contemporary evidence which has been published from time to time. Such evidence, for example, as the seventeenth-century Emblem literature and the curiously suggestive illustrations in certain Jacobean books. There is also the great cryptographic book, published in 1624 by "Gustavus Selenus" and illustrated in Durning-Lawrence's *Bacon is Shakespeare*. Here Bacon is actually pictured as handing papers to a rugged-looking countryman who wears actor's boots and who carries an enormous spear in his hand. Why does not Mr. Crow mention the Northumberland M.S. the *Promus* and the poems contained in the *Manes Verulamiani* in which Bacon was described by contemporary men of letters as "The Tenth Muse", "Appollo, the Leader of the Muses Choir", and "The Precious Gem of Concealed Letters", &c.? Why not mention the grave doubts expressed by Marston and Hall, the author of *The Return from Parnassus*, and others on the subject of Shakespeare's capacity to write poetry? He could have mentioned Ben Jonson, Bacon's ardent admirer, who in the year after Meres had proclaimed "Shakespeare" to be the author of eight of the great plays, dared to allow one of the characters in his *Every Man out of his Humour* call Shakespeare "a swine without a head, without brain, wit anything indeed, ramping to gentility" and in the year that Shakespeare died published his famous epigram in which he described this man as a "Poet-ape" and a "Broker of Plays". Mr. Crow ignores the evidence of Toby Matthew, Bacon's friend, whose letter to Bacon includes the sentence: "the most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my Nation—is of your Lordship's name *though he be known by another*". This damaging evidence was brushed aside by his witness, H. N. Gibson, who tells us that the remark referred to Anthony Bacon who, Dr. Gibson omits to say, had died twenty years previously!

Baconians believe that there was an overall purpose in the Shakespeare plays which was expressed by Bacon when he wrote of " dramatical poesie ", " The care of the ancients was that it should instruct the minds of men to virtue ". By showing man's own reflection in his mirror he was trying to show him, without contention, his weaknesses, his temptations and his capabilities. We believe the plays formed part of Bacon's great scheme for the regeneration (or " instauration ") of thought and action, freed from the fears, the prejudices and the oppressions of the past. His message is expressed in the words of Jacques in *As You Like It*—" I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world ", and in the last words of the *Tempest*, " Let your indulgence set me FREE ".

T. D. BOKENHAM
Vice-Chairman, Francis Bacon Society

The White House,
Stamford Green, Epsom.

* * * *

Sir,—As Baconians bear the main burden of your contributor John Crow's strictures in his article " Heretics Observed ", please allow me to reply for our Society, which has existed despite ridicule for over 78 years. Our *first* object has always been to study the philosophy of Francis Bacon, and our *second* object the evidence as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, but our resources are limited. We can but point the way, and it is surely the academic world who should have produced a " new edition of Bacon's canonical works, a new edition of his letters ", a concordance of his English and uncanonical works. This task is monumental but vital to literature: why was it not done for Bacon's quatercentenary in 1961 ? Why was it left to us to prove from documentary evidence that Bacon was disgraced on the orders of James I on trumped-up bribery charges, while the scholars remained silent, or continued to accuse him of bribery ?

Mr. Crow asks us to believe that William Shakespeare (*obit* 1616) who *may* have gone to a village grammar (*sic*) school, has not left one manuscript or letter, did not teach his children to read or write, mentions no books or plays in his will, and whose coat-of-arms had been discreditably obtained, wrote the world's most sublime literature. Shakespeare himself did not claim the plays—not surprisingly as he died before nineteen (out of thirty-six) of the plays had been printed. *Othello*, first printed in 1622, was completely re-written in the 1623 First Folio. No wonder Emerson and others could not marry the man to his works!

Of course there were eccentricities and absurdities in the early years of the controversy, and after the initial cipher discoveries—and by no means only on the Baconian side. It is curious that Mr. Crow quotes exclusively from literature issued 30 - 50 years ago, and ignores recent issues of *Baconiana* which contained comprehensive and reasoned replies to the "pro-Stratfordian" books *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* (1957) and *The Shakespeare Claimants* (1962). Indeed Dr. Leslie Hotson has just indicated that ciphers were in common use in Elizabethan times in his *Mr. W. H.*—but not with modern skills as Col. and Mrs. Friedman disingenuously expect.

Your reviewer mentions parallels between Shakespeare and Marlowe (selecting a few to ridicule the whole) offered by a "well-read Baconian", but apparently considers the *Promus* unworthy of consideration. The *Promus* is a notebook in Bacon's own handwriting containing over 1,600 entries. Ninety per cent of these thoughts and phrases re-appeared some years after in the Shakespeare Plays. In over 1,000 parallels Bacon and Shakespeare make several identical misquotations from classical works, and repeat each other's mistakes on scientific matters. Ronald Duncan, the well-known playwright and writer, considers that the *Promus* and the Northumberland Manuscript, both Elizabethan, are "of astounding interest".

Mr. Crow deems them of small importance. Yet the Northumberland Manuscript, discovered in 1867, is a folder containing *inter alia* four Essays and two letters by Francis Bacon, speeches by Bacon, part of Leicester's Commonwealth, and an outer cover. The last-named is scribbled over with such items, frequently repeated, as William Shakespeare; Bacon or Francis Bacon; and, above the entry Richard the Second, " by Mr. ffrauncis William Shakespeare " ! The whole sheet is headed by " Mr. ffrauncis Bacon of Tribute or giving what is due ". In my submission, omission of this evidence alone amounts to *suppressio veri*, but this is not all. Your contributor dogmatically states that the fact the long word honorificabilitudinitatibus in *Love's Labours Lost* can be anagrammatised to *Hi Ludi F. Baconis Nati Tuiti Orbi* is not relevant to the authorship controversy. He does not say that honorificabilitudine is scribbled in the Northumberland Manuscript cover.

I have no space to show to your readers other aspects of modern Baconian views on the authorship question, such as the legal profundity in the Plays which so impressed Lord Chief Justice Campbell amongst others (no judgment of Bacon was *ever* reversed) but hope I have said enough to demonstrate the enormous field for research that remains. If the scholastic world would concede that there is a mystery, what might not be achieved by parallel investigation into the works of Bacon and Shakespeare and the " good pens " of which the former speaks! Surely the spectacle of Bacon's own countrymen attributing a drama more sublime than even the Greek to an illiterate actor, will be as incredible to a later generation, as the failure of critics to appreciate that study of both the Baconian and Shakespearean literary output is stillborn without spiritual insight. *Dictum sapienti sat est.*

NOEL FERMOR
Chairman, The Francis Bacon Society

Canonbury Tower,
Canonbury Place,
Islington, London, N.1.

PART II

THE SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION

We list elsewhere some of the interesting exhibitions held in 1964, all of which had points of appeal, but the Stratford-on-Avon Quatercentenary Exhibition calls for more detailed comment since it impinged on the authorship question, and increased public awareness of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras, *i.e. circa* 1550 - 1650. The merits or demerits of the modernistic *décor* of the Exhibition need not concern us here; all would agree that the organisers succeeded in bringing together an exceptionally interesting collection of paintings, miniatures, *bijous*, books, and plate. Nevertheless the glaring inaccuracies and omissions for which the organisers must be held culpable, were greatly to be deplored.

Mr. Richard Buckle, Director of the Exhibition, wrote in the *Catalogue:* " I believe most people have no idea how much we know about Shakespeare; had they studied the evidence . . . they would be swifter in scorn for those fantastics who think crafty Bacon or spendthrift Oxford or high-stepping Marlowe wrote the works of Shakespeare, would treat with less tolerance the blasphemous tomb-breakers," etc., etc.

Well, well! *Quot homines tot sententiae*, but, like Charles Dickens, we ask to be delivered from the " experts." Readers of this *Record* should consult *Baconiana* No. 164 for more comprehensive evidence as to the weight of *literary* evidence in favour of Bacon's hand in the Shakespeare Plays, and those who *really* want to know the facts about Shakspere's life are invited to read the clear and incisive article by R. W. Gibson there, dissecting with delicate irony the pretentious claims of such as Dr. A. L. Rowse.

There may be some divergence of opinion as to the propriety of opening Shakspere's tomb, but surely a Christian would not be averse to a reverent investigation, since the soul has long since fled and only the dust remains. And is Mr. Buckle's objection based on religious grounds? We take leave to doubt it.

Again in the *Catalogue*, Mr. John Bryson made bold to assert that the known facts "are sufficient to establish a clear outline of Shakespeare's career."

The *Evening Standard* correspondence quoted in Part One of this work hardly lends support to this view, and Mr. Bryson's own "evidence" destroys his case. He tables some 40 notes of "biographical material" on "Shakespeare's life." Of these only a proportion related to William individually, and not all were indisputable, *e.g.* to quote Francis Meres' contemporary allusion to Shakespeare's Plays and Sonnets was a *petitio principii*, begging the whole question of the identity of the author—but at least no claim for April 23rd as the date of birth was made, the *first* entry correctly giving his christening on April 26th, 1564.

The remaining points made by Mr. Bryson in the *Catalogue* have been dealt with by R. W. Gibson in the article quoted above, and on numerous occasions in *Baconiana*. The blanching *facts* remain that not a single Shakespearean manuscript has come down to us (though those of other contemporary authors survive), only sixteen of the thirty-six 1623 Folio Plays were printed in Shakspere's life-time, and, *pace* Mr. Bryson, some if not all of his six different signatures are of doubtful authenticity. Further, there are no likenesses of the Stratford man drawn from life in existence, since, as has already been shown in the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence, the Droeshout "portrait" is clearly suggestive of a mask, and the original church monument has either been radically altered, or replaced.

So far we have criticized the accuracy or relevance of the *Catalogue*, but now we have to call in question certain dogmatic statements contained in the Exhibition and reproduced in print. In the period 1564 - 1580, we were informed, the scenic background shows the visitor the house where Shakspere was born, and the Grammar School where he was educated. Under the date 1571 appeared the bald statement: "William goes to school". There is no authority at all for these assertions. Inferences are not facts, and in this case merely demonstrate commercial bias.

Under the heading 1577 - 80 we had: "Shakespeare leaves school". Well, the credulous should have been trotting along by now, so they were told next, under the dates 1580 - 90: "One thing is certain, apart from the christening of his children *(sic)* he must have been writing all the time"! Certain! *Reductio ad absurdum* indeed.

By now, our readers will not be surprised to learn that, almost immediately, the *Guide* inferred that Shakespeare, already versed in Latin, possibly received an Oxford University education, and noted that Richard Field, "another Stratford man," published *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Predictably, the organisers did not mention that Field was a London printer, and that such a poem would have had to obtain the licence and *imprimatur* of Archbishop Whitgift, a friend of Francis Bacon. A short contribution by R. L. Eagle on page 105 efficiently disposes of the Stratfordian pretensions on this point, and we strongly recommend our readers to study the arguments which he develops in this and one other short article which we print as an addendum to this publication.

Contrary perhaps to general belief most Baconians do not confine themselves to destructive criticism of the orthodox arguments, but labour for an unprejudiced and better-informed approach to the authorship problem, without respect to vested interests. It is, therefore, with pleasure and relief that we now pay tribute to the unique collection of contemporary portraits. We have thought some of these worth listing in a separate index with a record of their present locations and owners. Of particular interest is the portrait by the mysterious Curtain Master, who is said to have flourished from 1610 - 15, and produced "a series of remarkable full length portraits all distinguished by their swagged shiny fringed curtains and turkey carpets." A well-known set is at Redlynch.

Readers will notice names of distinguished personages of the period, but we would draw particular attention to the portrait of Francis Bacon himself. The miniature by Nicholas Hilliard, dated 1578, was painted in France, when Bacon was living in the house

of the English ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, in Paris, and both painter and sitter were but 18 years of age. The larger portrait " by an unknown artist " after Abraham Blyenbarch is a contemporary version of the portrait formerly ascribed to Van Somers.

The jewellery and silver-plate exhibits included The Bacon Cup, lent by The Lady Brabourne. We quote:—

> A " cup and cover of silver-gilt, engraved with three coats of arms, the arms of Sir Nicholas Bacon before marriage and after his marriage with Jane, daughter of William Fernley, of West Greting, Suffolk. On the knop of the cover is the Bacon crest—a boar ermine with a crescent on its left side. Hall marks: London 1574/5. Maker's mark: a bird in a shaped shield . . .
>
> Note: This cup is one of three which were made by melting down the Great Seal of Philip and Mary. Mary died in 1558 and Sir Nicholas Bacon was appointed by Queen Elizabeth, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, the old seal passing to him as a perquisite in virtue of his office. The three cups were bequeathed by Sir Nicholas to each of his three houses, Redgrave, Gorhambury and Stewkey (or Stiffkey) Norfolk and all three survive today ".

* * * *

The books also represented a notable collection designed to show works " that might have been used by Shakespeare." The power of Truth, however, is greater than the " might " of the errant pen, and the inclusion of the rare 1597 first edition of Bacon's *Essayes*, lent by the Lambeth Palace Library, was peculiarly appropriate! In view of the interest of the books and paintings to students of Shakespeare's Plays and Bacon's works, we print on pages 91–93 a short list, also showing places of origin, for record purposes.

ABRIDGED LIST

(1) PORTRAITS

Subject	*Artist*	*Owner*	*Location*
Queen Elizabeth I (1533 - 1603)	Unknown	Captain Tyrwhitt-Drake	Bereleigh
Queen Elizabeth I	Unknown	The Lord Brocket	Brocket Hall
Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1532(?)- 88)	Unknown	Collection	Parham Park, Pulborough, Sussex
Sir Philip Sidney (1554 - 86)	After John de Critz the Elder	National Trust	Blickling Hall, Norfolk
Sir Francis Walsingham (1530(?) - 90)	By John de Critz the Elder	Mrs. Elizabeth Paget	Bisham Abbey
Sir Edward Coke (1552 - 1634)	Unknown	The Speaker	House of Commons
William Cecil, Baron Burghley (1520 - 98)	Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger (?)	The Burrell Collection	Glasgow
Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex (1566 - 1601)	"	The Duke of Bedford	Woburn Abbey
Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton (1573 - 1624)	John de Critz the Elder	The Duke of Buccleigh and Queensberry	Boughton House
Robert Cecil, 1st Earl of Salisbury (1563(?) - 1612)	John de Critz the Elder	The Lord Petre	Ingatestone Hall
Sir Walter Raleigh (1552(?) - 1618)	Marcus Gheerhaerts the Younger	National Portrait Gallery	London
John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury (1530(?) - 1604)	Unknown	Trustees	Knole Estates
Miniatures			
Queen Elizabeth I	Nicholas Hilliard	The Earl Beauchamp	Madresfield Court
Queen Elizabeth I	Nicholas Hilliard	The Earl of Radnor	Longford Castle
Unknown Man among Roses	Nicholas Hilliard	Victoria and Albert Museum (Another of Group displayed)	London
Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban	Nicholas Hilliard	The Duke of Rutland	———

(2) BOOKS

Subject	*Author*	*Owner*	*Date*
Seneca His tenne Tragedies translated into English	Edited by Thomas Newton	University of London Library	1581
The Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs. Two Volumes.	John Foxe	University of London Library	1583
The Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland	Raphael Holinshed	Guildhall Library, London	1586 - 7
The Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation	Richard Hakluyt	University of London Library	1589
The Arte of English Poesie	George Puttenham	University of London Library	1589
The Faerie Queene. Vol. I. Books 1 - 3	Edmund Spenser	University Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne	1590
Complaints—	Edmund Spenser	University of London Library	1591
Pierce Pennilesse His Supplication to the Devil	Thomas Nash	Westminster Abbey Library	1592
An Apologie for Poetrie	Sir Philip Sidney	University of London Library	1595
The Faerie Queene. Part 2. Books 4 - 6.	Edmund Spenser	University of London Library	1596
Essayes. Religious Meditations, Places of Perswasion and Disswasion	Francis Bacon	Lambeth Palace Library	1597
Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit	John Lyly	University of London Library	1597
Euphues and his England	John Lyly	University of London Library	1597

The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia	Sir Philip Sidney	University of London Library	1598
The Essayes of Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses of Lo Michaell de Montaigne translated by John Floris		University of London Library	1603

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PART III

OTHER EXHIBITIONS

Other exhibitions, though lacking the magnitude of Stratford, were sometimes more valuable to the specialist. We have listed these on page 104 but would mention the delightful little exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery which was open during the Summer. This was disarmingly entitled *O Sweet Mr. Shakespeare I'll Have His Picture;* a quotation taken from one of the earliest literary references to the playwright in *The Return from Parnassus;* Part I, played by Cambridge students before 1603. As to the *identity* of the playwright, perhaps more significance than the organisers intended was contained in the lines from Thomas Hardy's *To Shakespeare After Three Hundred Years:—*

Bright Baffling Soul, least capturable of themes,
Thou, who display'dst a life of commonplace,
Leaving no intimate word or personal trace
Of high design outside the artistry
Of thy penned dreams,
Still shalt remain at heart unread eternally . . .

quoted in the Catalogue.

David Piper, the Director of the Gallery, hovered somewhere near the truth in describing the 1623 Folio Shakespeare Martin Droeshout engraving and the Chandos portrait as being " attempts at maps " (Introduction to the Catalogue), and admits " no one has yet been able to prove that any portrait of him, from the life, exists or was ever made."

Indeed Droeshout was but 15 when Shakspere died, and still only about 20 years old in 1623. The design of the engraving was already " old-fashioned ", and surely it is simpler to concede that the mask we see hints at a concealed authorship. In our submission, the Shakespeare quatercentenary postage stamps illustrated the mask-like quality of the engraving excellently. Such heterodox ideas are not of course favoured by Mr. David Piper, nor does he doubt that the present Monument in Stratford Church is the original, despite the famous illustration which appeared in Sir William

Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* in 1656, the original drawing of which is extant. It is worth recalling that the celebrated painter Gainsborough was so justly moved to exclaim of the present Monument: "A stupider face I never beheld ".

This head-in-the-sand attitude was repeated, consciously or unconsciously, in another piece, *Shakespeare's Statue in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, 1741*. It is there correctly stated that the congregation of memorials in Poets' Corner " thickened copiously from 1700 onwards ", but Shakespeare's was on a scale hitherto unattempted, *viz.* a life-size marble statue. We are told that the poet points to a *version* (our italics) of the famous lines from *The Tempest*. At the best this comment seems ingenuous, and for comparison we set out below the lines, firstly as they appear in the scroll on the Monument, and secondly as they were printed in the 1623 Folio.

THE SCROLL

The Cloud cupt Tonirs
The Gorgeous Palaces
The Solemn Temples,
The Great Globe itself
Yea all which it Inherit,
Shall Dissolve;
And like the baseless Fabrick of a Vision
Leave not a wreck behind

THE FOLIO

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capp'd towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,
The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind:

It does not appear to us that the deliberate omission in the Scroll of the penultimate line in the Folio version, and the

transference of the amended opening Folio line to the penultimate position in the Scroll should be airily dismissed in this fashion. Nor is any mention made of the different formations and size of the letters, or of the curious assortment of angles in their relation to each other—all subjects which should engage the urgent attention of the academic world.

It is so *demodé* to acknowledge a mystery in the textual mutations and permutations, and the erratic script, of the Abbey inscription? The attention of the more curious visitor is directed to these by Shakespeare's pointing index finger, the Rosicrucian bows on the shoes, and the mystic inscription TT 1787 on the entablement. Mr. Piper may wish to dismiss the Rosicrucians, but can he deny the existence of the Rosicrucian rose window in the Lady Chapel at St. Michael's Gorhambury[1], sited near the Lord Bacon monument[2], or Alexander Pope's two references to them in the *Rape of the Lock*?[3]

Since Pope, with the Earl of Burlington and Dr. Richard Mead, sponsored the erection of the Abbey Monument, we venture to assert of Mr. Piper

> . . . *My nature is subdu'd*
> *To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;*
> *Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.*
>
> *Sonnet III*

The fact that Shakspere's " seems to be the first crosslegged standing statue to be made in England " following " native tradition in the 16th century, as the slender crosslegged figure of Hilliard's famous miniature of the Young Man leaning against a tree . . ." does not surprise us. *Dictum sapienti sat est.*

The Public Record Office fittingly organised an exhibition of legal and official documents which relate to William Shakspere. In the Preface to *Shakespeare in the Public Records* it was stated that

---

[1] Mentioned in the short official guide sold in the Church.
[2] *Sic sedebat:* also with Rosicrucian bows on his shoes!
[3] Introductory address to Mrs. Arabella Fermor (1714 Edition).

there is more documentary evidence about him than about any contemporary dramatist, except, perhaps, Ben Jonson. What was *not* explained was that there has been far more research as well, that the evidence is uniformly discreditable, and virtually none has literary significance. No new facts were to be expected from Mr. N. E. Evans, an Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, who wrote this handbook, but we may perhaps comment briefly on those documents which are relevant to William Shakspere *in persona*.

Documents 1 and 2 related to suits for money, and payments to William and other players, respectively. No. 3 was a writ of attachment against William of which little is known, and No. 4 was one of five documents of 1596 - 1600, all relating to a default of tax in London. No. 6 showed Shakspere as a defaulter for Crown subsidies dated 1593 and 1597. Nos. 9 and 14 related to the purchase of New Place, and No. 10 revealed his shareholdings in the Globe Theatre. Document 16 was an authorisation for the King's Men to perform plays, etc., under royal patronage, 17 recorded the well-known issue of red cloth to the actors for the entry of King James I into London (1604); 18 was a survey of Shakspere's copyhold property in Stratford-upon-Avon (1604).

No. 21 was the sole document to present *prima facie* evidence of a link between the name or pseudonym Shaxberd, Shaksper, and the Plays. Edmund Tylney, Master of the Revels, and " responsible for the stage and properties required for *masques*, plays, and other entertainments *at Court*" (our italics) for the year 1st November, 1604, to 31st October, 1605, had drafted an account of expenses, to which is appended a list of plays performed, including *Othello*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Against a " number " of the plays, in a column headed " The poets wch mayd the plaies ", appears the name " Shaxberd ". This form of the name seems unique, and is nowhere used by the Stratford man himself, or in other references to him in contemporary sources. The only other dramatists listed are Thomas Heywood, well-known as a *re-writer* of other men's works, and George Chapman, where we may again note a curious little anomaly. Chapman's

play *All Fools* was performed on New Year's Night, 1605, and the prefix "by" appears in front of his name, and no other. The document was in private hands for some years, and in the latter part of the 18th century was considered to be of questionable value as evidence of Shakespearean authorship of the plays by one school of orthodox scholars. In 1930, the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records declared the Revels Account to be genuine as a whole.

We record, as we must, the verdict of the experts, but in view of the great weight of evidence adduced in these pages offering conclusive arguments in support of the claims made on behalf of Francis Bacon and his "school of good pens" to the authorship of the plays, reserve our position as to the identity of the otherwise unknown "Shaxberd"; particularly since no Christian name is mentioned. Mr. R. L. Eagle, an exact scholar, has this to say:

> "One cannot very well dispute the judgment of Mr. A. E. Stamp, who is stated to have established the authenticity of the entries in the Revels Accounts 1611 - 1612, but the fact remains that scholars, critics, "experts" and palaeographers had for many years agreed that the entries were spurious. Why that quaint version of "Shaxberd" for "Shakespeare"? Assuming the entries are contemporary, surely by 1611, the name "Shakespeare" would have been familiar as the name of the writer of the poems, plays and sonnets which had, since 1593, been appearing in print under that name? You cannot pronounce "Shakespeare" as "Shaxberd". Was the Stratford man (whose name at that time had never been "Shakespeare") posing as the author if any questions were asked? We do not know who gave the author's name to Tylney, Fleming or Honing—one of whom presumably recorded the Revels Accounts. It could have been Augustine Phillipps who appears to have been the treasurer of the Globe Theatre company. It was he who asked for, and received 40s. from the Essex rebels for the performing of *Richard II.*
>
> It is rather curious that although the list makes mention of other Shakespearean plays, *viz. The Moor of Venis, A Play*

of the Merry Wives of Winsor, A Play of Love's Labour's Lost, and the play of *Henry the Fifth,* the author's name is left blank in all these instances.

Experience has taught me to distrust " experts " in matters connected with Shakespeare. The " experts " of the time all accepted William Henry Ireland's forgeries as genuine; also Collier's until he overdid the production and made the palpable error of faking a reference to Peele dated some years after Peele was dead !

I am not dogmatic about this, but I do not believe that whoever wrote " Shaxberd " twice, wrote anything else in those entries on that page. Look at the final "d" and compare it with the final "d" of "Hewood", and of the words "cale*d*" in the "mesur for Mesur" entry, the "Hewood" entry and the Chapman entry. Look at the capital "C" in "Caled", and "Cauled", and compare that form with the capital "C" of Chapman. The same hand surely did not write the names. The question arises as to whether the names in the last column were written in by somebody else, also *when* this was done. If the column was left blank, what a temptation to a forger to get busy !

A probable forger would be Peter Cunningham (1816 - 1869) *who was a friend of Collier.* The accounts were retained for a time by Cunningham, and in 1868 he tried to sell the book to the British Museum, whereupon the Public Record Office made claim to it. As Sir Sidney Lee wrote, " Cunningham's reputation was not rated high. The documents were submitted to no careful scrutiny ". See *A Life of Shakespeare* (1915 edition, page 650). The entries have the usual exaggerations in spelling to which forgers resorted.

F. E. Halliday (*A Shakespeare Companion,* Duckworth, 1952) writes of Cunningham with regard to the Revels Accounts; " Shortly before his death, he stated that he had found them ' under the vaults of Somerset House ', but when they came into the hands of The British Museum their authenticity was questioned ". I do not know what is meant

by *under* the vaults. The Accounts could, of course, have been forged by Ireland and have got into Cunningham's hands who hoped to sell them to the British Museum as genuine.

C. M. Ingleby (*Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*, 1879) excluded the Accounts of the Book of Revels from his collection of Shakespeare allusions as " being spurious papers in the Public Record Office " (P. 426). A new edition of *The Centurie of Prayse* was published in 1932, and again the Revels Accounts are listed among the spurious items. The D.N.B. (under Peter Cunningham) merely says that " Cunningham ' edited ' the extracts from the Account of Revels at Court ". Halliwell-Phillipps described the document as " unquestionably a modern forgery ".

Tylney's reference to masques at the Court brings Bacon to mind at once, since none were written under the pen-name of Shakespeare and the Stratford man was not exactly a Court *habitué !*

So far, these Records have told of money and property transactions, or play performances, and the financial sequence is continued in document 24 which was concerned with the transference of a Stratford freehold to William.

The next group of twenty-six documents related to the famous Stephen Belott *versus* Christopher Mountjoy case of 1612, and included a deposition by William at the end of which appears the signature (!) Wllm Shakp. The peculiar 'p', Mr. Evans writes, " is usually regarded as a form of the common abbreviation 'P' for 'per', which would make the signature ' Shakper'. Some students maintain that the letter is merely a long 's' or a mark of abbreviation and read the name as 'Shaks' or 'Shak'." A case of *De gustibus non disputandum* apparently, particularly since all six known signatures (if executed by William himself) " differ from each other in some particular and this example is the most awkward of them all ".

Document 27 recorded a legal action to secure from Matthew Bacon, the son of Matthew and Anne Bacon, all papers and deeds needed to establish the titles of Shakspere and his associates to Blackfriars properties, and No. 28 was his last Will and Testament,

with differing signatures on each of three sheets; viz., "William Shakspere", "Willm Shakspere" and "William Shakspeare". There is no recorded instance of "William Shakespeare"—as appears on some play editions. In 1747 The Rev. Joseph Greene complained that the Will text was singularly lacking in literary merit, and there is of course no mention of any manuscripts. A much-quoted interlineation on page three left his wife "my second best bed with the furniture". Apart possibly from the signatures, none of the writing in the Will was by William.

However interesting this unique collection of Shakspere documents may be to archivists, therefore, its relevance to anything other than William's aptitude for business affairs is small. These transactions, and the few facts known of his character and life, are hard to equate with a unique poetic genius. We ask for bread: we are given stones . . .

* * * *

During the summer an interesting exhibition was held in the Royal Commonwealth Society headquarters, Northumberland Avenue, London. This exhibition on Shakespeare and the Commonwealth attracted the attention of many overseas visitors, and our President kindly lent his copy of Burgoyne's *Northumberland Manuscript* containing photostats of the manuscript sheets discovered in Northumberland House opposite the Society premises in 1867, shortly before the demolition of that building. Mr. Ewen MacDuff kindly lent the Morgan Coleman illuminated manuscript and these two exhibits we trust helped to widen interest in the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays in the minds of the more enlightened.

Francis Bacon of course played a vital role in the founding and development of the "plantations" of Virginia, Newfoundland, the Bermudas and Ulster, and the Librarian of the Society, in a booklet issued in commemoration of the quatercentenary, was able to point to the lines in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

> . . . men, of slender reputation,
> Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
> Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
> Some to discover islands far away . . .

in illustration of contemporary influence on the dramatist's thought. Other quotations from the Plays included the line

> Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger
> (First Witch in *Macbeth*)

and

> Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
> And more and richer, where he strains that lady.
> (Second Gentleman, *Henry VIII*)

But topical allusions to overseas activities abound in selected plays, and Maria's description of Malvolio " he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies " (*Twelfth Night*, III, 2) clearly refers to Mercator's projection map of the world first published in 1600 in England.

In *Othello* we have

> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

An illustration of these appeared on the title page of the shorter Latin version of Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discoverie of the large rich, and bewtiful Empyre of Guiana*, published at Nuremberg in 1599. Caliban is a near anagram of cannibal, and the shipwreck scene in *The Tempest* is generally agreed to be a reference to Sir George Somers' enforced stay in the formerly unknown Bermudas.

It is hard to relate the Stratford man to these exotic touches which would have been second nature to Bacon, the author of that fine essay *Of Plantations:* but we dilate on the obvious.

* * * *

As a national institution, the British Museum was well placed to mount an excellent exhibition of " books, manuscripts, and other illustrative material " bearing on the contemporary scene when

William Shakspere and Christopher Marlowe were alive. A selection of maps and music helped to widen the range of the exhibits, and an admirably produced catalogue added to the visitor's sense of enjoyment.

At the time London boasted but 250,000 inhabitants (at a guess), but still dwarfed Bristol, Norwich, York and Newcastle-upon-Tyne—other sizeable towns in England.

Elizabethan cartographers and topographers, such as William Camden, Saxton, and Norden, were busy delineating the kingdom, but the Museum experts were reduced to probabilities and possibilities in attempting to get to grips with the will-o'-the-wisp Shakspere. We noted that Stratford-upon-Avon then boasted " some 2,000 people ", and, it might have been added, one schoolmaster—which does not add up to the " fine grammar school staffed with University men " so beloved of the orthodox.

The Duke of Portland had kindly lent a drawing of New Place by George Vertue, dated 1737, quaintly inscribed " This Something by memory and ye description of Shakespears House ".

Except for the Huntington Library in California, the Museum is unique in owning two early quartos of *Hamlet*, one " bad " (1603) and one " good " (1604 - 5), besides the 1623 First Folio. Of exceptional interest in the musical section was the manuscript of *The Willow Song*, scored in the 17th century, the words coming from Desdemona's song in *Othello*, a play about which Martin Pares wrote so graphically, in *Baconiana* No. 164.

We were grateful to the Museum authorities for this exhibition and for increasing our knowledge of the *milieu* of Elizabethan England; and for the generosity of lenders such as the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Stationers who allowed us a rare opportunity to see the entry in the Stationers' Register for the First Folio of Shakespeare.

PART IV

Owing to the publicity given to the Shakspere authorship problem during the year, the Francis Bacon Society was able to project the Baconian point of view through lectures and articles in various new quarters. The additional work involved, though often laborious, was invariably rewarding, and it was fortunate that such a fearless and able champion as Commander Pares was available for this purpose.

Those who attended the moving quatercentenary Memorial Service to William Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey in the Autumn will remember the flashes of poetic inspiration in the address delivered by Cecil Day-Lewis, and his words, " We may not know who Shakespeare was, but we know who he is ", were quoted in the Syllabus of the London Lecture Society to announce a lantern-slide lecture by Martin Pares in November at the Caxton Hall. Initial reactions from the audience were plainly sceptical, but as the theme was developed curiosity deepened and there was no doubt about the warmth of the applause at the end, or the interest of the many who crowded around the speaker afterwards.

* * * *

Our experience has been that the man in the street is now openly cynical as to the Stratford-upon-Avon vested interests, and support for this view has been given by the amusing and often highly germane expressions of opinion contained in the Press quotations which the Shakespeare Action Committee have kindly allowed us to reproduce in the preceding pages.

A LIST OF EXHIBITIONS

Title	*Venue*
The Shakespeare Exhibition	Stratford-on-Avon and London
O Sweet Mr. Shakespeare I Will Have His Picture	National Portrait Gallery
Shakespeare in the Public Records	Public Record Office
Shakespeare and the Commonwealth	Royal Commonwealth Society
Exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other illustrative material	British Museum

ANOTHER STRATFORDIAN FALLACY

Richard Field

To boost the contention that Shakspere of Stratford was the author of the plays and poems innumerable suppositions and inventions, fakes and forgeries have been produced. He has been promoted to actor-manager when proof exists that he was described merely as a " man player " and " deserving man " of Burbage's company, with only a 10 per cent share in the profits of the Globe.

As " evidence " that he was the author of that superb, scholarly poem " Venus and Adonis ", his supporters point to the fact that the printer was Richard Field who is alleged to have been the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford, whose goods were valued by John Shakspere and two others in 1592. I can find no proof that the printer was the son of the Stratford tanner, but even assuming that he was it does not follow that Richard was given the work of printing the poem for that reason.

The Stationers' Register proves that Richard Field, on 18th April, 1593, acquired the copyright in " Venus and Adonis ":

> Entred for his copie under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and master Warden Stirrop a book intituled Venus and Adonis.

His allusions clearly identify the Shakespeare poem even though he refrains from mentioning the title.

The Archbishop, at that time, was Dr. Whitgift, who had been Bacon's tutor at Cambridge.

It is surely not a little astonishing that the puritanical John Whitgift should have sponsored a poem on such a subject. Joseph Hall (later Bishop of Norwich) expressed his disgust with its lascivious descriptions in more than one of his Satires:

> Now is Parnassus turned into a stews.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For shame, write cleanly Labeo, or write none.

On 25th June, 1594, Field assigned that copyright to John Harrison, Senior, and I am confident that though Field printed the poem at his premises in Ludgate, the real publisher was this John Harrison of the "White Greyhound" in St. Paul's Churchyard where, the title-page of the quarto informs us, the work was "to be sold". Field printed three editions of "Venus and Adonis" and the first of "Lucrece" for John Harrison as publisher. Field had been employed by Harrison for the printing of books since 1590. Field was accepted as an apprentice in September 1579 and served six years with the printer Vautrollier whose widow he married in 1590, taking over the business and stock-in-trade. He was of much the same age as Shakspere and, if the son of the Stratford tanner, would have attended the little grammar school since nobody would engage an apprentice to the printing trade unless he had the ability to read. The school would not, however, have provided the wide range of learning, and that miraculous command of language and vocabulary displayed by the author of the plays and poems even from the very beginning. Is it likely that had Field and Shakspere grown up in the same small town, and attended the same school, Field would have transferred to Harrison the copyright of "Venus and Adonis", never interested himself in the copyright of "Lucrece" (1594), or any other Shakespeare work, nor printed anything written by Shakespeare afterwards? Field did not die until 1624, but Shakspere never employed him as printer of any of the plays. There is not a tittle of evidence that there was any friendship between the two, as the orthodox state.

R. L. EAGLE

* * * *

A FAMOUS ACTOR'S DOUBTS

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's autobiography *A Victorian in Orbit* (Methuen, 1961) has this admission on page 217:

> "I am not entirely satisfied that there is not some mystery about Shakespeare, the enigma of the ages, although with few exceptions modern scholarship dismisses any suspicion that

> his work came from other pens. My speculating turns on the fact that his contemporaries wrote in the main about middle-class Elizabethans or underlings of the Court. Yet without exception Shakespeare's principals were kings or queens or noblemen of rank. He created no hero less than a knight, in Sir John Falstaff. Of his age, only Will wrote exclusively of kings, dukes and earls. I am tempted to wonder what the reason might be. Plays about the rich are popular at whatever period of history . . . Common men, the Bottoms, the Malvolios, the porters and grave-diggers, were clowns, the comic relief."

It is certainly astonishing, had the Stratford man written the plays, that he should have ridiculed and scorned craftsmen and tradesmen. Both he, and his father, traded in wool, malt, etc. Burbage is said to have been a carpenter, yet a carpenter appears among the handicraftsmen reproved by Flavius and Marullus for making holiday on a working day—" You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things ! " The citizens in " Julius Caesar " are, however, treated lightly in comparison with those in " Coriolanus " in which they are a " common cry of curs ". In both plays they are associated with foul smell of breath and body. It is quite certain that it was the London working class that Shakespeare had in his mind. " Let me have no lying ", he wrote, " it becomes none but tradesmen " (*Winter's Tale*, IV, 3). Surely Bottom and his fellows deserved better than to be called " a crew of patches, rude mechanicals "?

R. L. EAGLE

ODD NUMBERS

by Thomas P. Leary

[*This article, which is not to be taken too seriously, formed the basis of an amusing talk given by the author in London last Autumn, and is printed at the request of several members who were present.*]

Col. William F. Friedman's book, *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* (Cambridge University Press, 1957) has put a large dent in the armour of Baconian cryptographers. As I contemplate the shattered reputations of former giants like Ignatius Donnelly, Dr. Orville Owen, Durning-Lawrence, and others, I wonder if any hope remains ! And Col. Friedman does not even refer to one of my own favourites, Latham Davis, the scholarly author of *Shake-speare, England's Ulysses*, which, delightfully, contains not one word of sense in 400 pages.

One of Friedman's horrible examples of such " cryptography " is the Kay Cipher; this is reputedly an invention of Sir Francis Bacon, but to some it seems more likely to be that of its co-discoverers Frank and Parker Woodward. To understand the Kay Cipher one should become familiar first with the Simple Cipher which goes like this:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14

P	Q	R	S	T	V	W	X	Y	Z
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

To operate this system one merely takes a word, or a name, substitutes numbers for the corresponding letters, and adds. Thus SHAKESPEARE becomes

$$18+8+1+10+5+18+15+5+1+17+5 = 103$$

In the same way BACON = 33 and FRANCIS BACON = 100.

For the Kay Cipher the Woodwards preferred different numbers, like this:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	10	11	12

N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	V	W	X	Y	Z
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Seeing his chance, the heartless critic will ask, " Why must one begin with 27 for A and jump from 35 to 10 at I and K ? " This is a fool question, of course, and one that the Woodwards *insisted* upon not answering. Instead they discovered a secret number. It was 287. the number of letters in the " To the Reader " poem, which begins the 1623 Shakespeare Folio, and numerically indicated to them the words FRA ROSICROSSE.

Col. Friedman turns, as he does often, with a shudder upon this drollery. He points out that Wm. Friedman = 100 in Simple Cipher, while Wm. & E. Friedman (his wife) = 287 in Kay Cipher. As a cipher he says that the method is " entirely impotent to establish anything except the gullibility of those who use it ". Sadly, perhaps, one can see an element of validity in such criticism . . .

* * * *

All of this reminded me of an elderly gentleman who lived in our neighbourhood a number of years ago. His name, as I recall, was Backenryter and he had this same mania for arithmetic. He claimed that he could prove that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's sonnets 135 and 136. He wasn't sure about the other 152 sonnets and I respected his cautious attitude toward them.

He invited me to read Sonnet 135 (in his facsimile of the 1609 Quarto) and declare the meaning (Fig. 1).

I had to admit that this was truly a dark passage, and one that would not normally be found even in the wastebasket of a competent poet, unless he was drinking. I could plainly see that he used the

61

SONNETS.

And ſue a friend, came debter for my ſake,
So him I looſe through my vnkinde abuſe.
Him haue I loſt, thou haſt both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

WHo euer hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whoſe will is large and ſpatious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others ſeeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance ſhine:
The ſea all water, yet receiues raine ſtill,
And in aboundance addeth to his ſtore,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no vnkinde, no faire beſeechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

IF thy ſoule check thee that I come ſo neere,
Sweare to thy blind ſoule that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy ſoule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-ſute ſweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treaſure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receit with eaſe we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſſe vntold,
Though in thy ſtores account I one muſt be,
For nothing hold me ſo it pleaſe thee hold,
That nothing me, a ſome-thing ſweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that ſtill,
And then thou loueſt me for my name is *Will*.

137

THou blinde foole loue, what dooſt thou to mine eyes,

Figs. 1 and 2

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be ſolde by *John Wright*, dwelling
at Chriſt Church gate.
1609.

Fig. 3

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp'e, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

Fig. 4

Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

116

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his higth be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though rose lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

Accuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
And on iust proose surmise, accumilate;
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue

Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on fonne and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render onely me for thee.
Hence, thou subborn'd *Informer*, a trew soule
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.
If Nature (soueraine mistres ouer wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detaine, but not still keepe her treasure!
Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

( )
( )

127

In the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,
And Beautie slandered with a bastard shame,
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
Mr. W. H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

Fig. 6

TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſsible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-do
Paſsions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVE wondred (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

Fig. 7

THE Tvvoo Bookes of

FRANCIS BACON.

Of the proficience and aduancement of Learning, diuine and humane.

To the King.

AT LONDON,
¶ Printed for *Henrie Tomes*, and are to be ſould at his ſhop at Graies Inne *Gate in Holborne. 1605.*

Fig. 8

word, or name, "Will" thirteen times in fourteen lines; since the author's name was supposed to be William, he was getting the point across well. One might even say he emphasized it.

My quick grasp of this pleased my friend and he told me to look further, for words having a generally similar meaning; it was not long before I caught onto this too. There were a lot of arithmetic words, like "plus", "addition", "addeth" and "adde" and the whole thing began to look pretty mysterious to me. I pointed out to him that I had already added up the "Wills" and got thirteen and so what? This only seemed to make him angry and he called me a name in German that probably meant I wasn't very bright.

"Go on now," he demanded, "and read Sonnet 136." (Fig. 2).

This turned out to be a stumper indeed. If I hadn't known who wrote this poem, and had the proper respect, I would think he was babbling. But then I was never very good at poetry in school, especially on lines like, "Among a number one is reckon'd none."

But this was the line that explained everything, my friend contended! He was an algebra teacher in high school and must have been pretty cracked on the subject, but I will try to recount his solution as well as I can.

"A man that says, 'Among a number one is reckoned none' is saying $1 = 0$, at least he is asking us to assume it for the moment. In a following line he says, 'Though in thy stores account I one must be' and this he states in recognition of the obvious fact that one normally equals one. But here he uses the letter I as equivalent to one, and this notation is valid because I is the Roman numeral for one. If $1 = 0$ and $I = 1$, then $I = 0$."

"This," my friend insisted, "is either nonsense or a riddle. And since books of nonsense sell poorly it is a riddle, as is a cipher. In these two succeeding sonnets, nothing stands out more forcibly than an invitation to study the name of the author and do some arithmetic with it. If we are told the numerical value of one letter alone, we can assign numbers to the following letters in a regular and logical order." And because $I = 0$ the problem may be solved with simple elegance:

I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	V
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23

At this point, my friend confessed, he ran into trouble. He tried the name of the author WILLIAM (12+0+2+2+0+16+3) = 35 and SHAKESPEARE (9+23+16+1+20+9+6+20+16+8+20) = 148; and 35 + 148 = 183, which didn't mean anything to him. He had a book about other claimants to the authorship of Shakespeare, and he tried ROBERT BURTON (123), CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (196), BEN JONSON (68), EDWARD DE VERE (192), EDMUND SPENSER (152), WILLIAM STANLEY (110) and ELIZABETH TUDOR (176) and he wasn't getting anywhere.

Then he tried FRANCIS (76) and BACON (60). 76+60=136, *the number of the sonnet in which we are told I = 0.*

This, I had to agree, was a little startling and I could find no way to argue with his logic, but the whole thing seemed pretty preposterous at the time; after all, one can safely take the position that these two sonnets are nonsense and make an end to it. But he was a stubborn man and he rambled on about another number he said might be the real key. This had to do with "wit" and "eating eggs" and "what if one ate two" and "gigs" and some long word; and about that time our liquor ran out and he left.

Since Friedman's book called this to mind, I tried out his system of getting rid of characters like Backenryter. I tried WILLIAM F. FRIEDMAN (147) and my own name (132) and that method didn't work very well, but I have probably missed the point again.

Backenryter must be wrong, I decided, and there had to be an easy way to prove it. I knew that in first editions of Bacon's Latin works his name appeared as Francisci Baconi (154), and if he was really adept at this curious trade he would have thrown this number in too, in some clever way. So I read all the Sonnets, searching for

this number and of course it wasn't mentioned at all. Not in any of the hundred-and-fifty-four Sonnets, anywhere.

And if Francis Bacon was so fond of Backenryter's magic 136, this number ought to be found in the title-page of the Sonnets (Fig. 3). I counted all of the letters and even the punctuation marks and they totalled only 120. I didn't add the numbers in the date (1609) but that wouldn't be quite fair. Would it?

There is an odd coincidence in Sonnet 11, but why Sonnet 11 particularly? Anyway, the 60th word in this verse is *threescore* and the 60th word after that is *count*. Backenryter would probably make a lot of noise about this and claim that there was more evident here than a strange accident. Any fool can play this game; counting from the beginning of Sonnet 43 the 136th word is *stop*, and I suppose that is what we all should do when inclined to speculate about the authorship of these poems. It would certainly be presumptuous to assert that, because the 60th word in Sonnet 102 is *stops*, we must discard the author's name which is clearly printed upon the title-page.

One could even consider the laudatory poem by Hugh Holland in the First Folio of the Shakespeare Plays; there are 136 words on the page, but there are other laudatory poems in the book which don't have 136 words or anywhere near it. One can test his credulity even in Bacon's own works; Experiment 60 in the 1628 edition of *Sylva Sylvarum* contains 76 capitalized words and Experiment 136 has, as one with no experience in statistics might fail to guess, 136 words. One might even try to take comfort in the concluding line of Sonnet 8 which "Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none." And only a man with the soul of a bookkeeper could be suspicious of rhymes like, "Such, amongst view of many, mine being one, /May stand in number though in reckoning none." (*Romeo and Juliet*, I, ii.)

* * * *

Tiring of this game of confuting Backenryter, one evening I invited my ten-year-old daughter to play. I explained to her the

alphabet, when one equals nothing, and gave her my Sonnet facsimile.

Little dreaming, of course, that the tyke might prove to be of any assistance I left her to her own devices. As I dozed, and while she tossed her curls in thought before the fitful light of a winter's fire (making withal a pretty tableau indeed!), I became aware of the sound of her pencil flashing across the foolscap. Suddenly she touched me upon the arm and thrust before my unbelieving eyes the results of her calculations.

How could I have been so blind? Almost single-handed, the child had struck a stunning blow at Stratfordianism, or so it seemed. Counting all the oversized initial letters of the Sonnets, beginning with "SHAKESPEARES SONNETS" and ending with "FINIS", there were 183 letters. According to Backenryter, 183 was the total of the letters in William Shakespeare!

Troubled still by a lingering doubt, I made my own assessment of the number of these capitals in the book, and some grave errors soon appeared. Understandably, perhaps, the child had become confused by the fact that most of the Ws had been typeset VV, and she had counted all Ws as two letters. Her total thus became most precarious, and serves as an example of the kind of error into which it is all too easy to fall.

Somewhat haunted, however, by an anxiety that one overturned stone might bear moss on the wrong side, I reviewed this patently absurd method of counting great capitals (and Ws twice) in the antique printing of this book. I counted them again, up to the 136th, where, as good caution indicated, I stopped to examine my surroundings. On one side appeared Sonnet 115 and on the other Sonnet 117. Between them was a Sonnet, beginning with the 136th letter and it was numbered, anomalously enough, 119. Further inspection of the book, for wrongly numbered sonnets, indicated that there was only one, this one. There did seem to be an affinity of 136 for 183, and somehow the printer had left out the last couplet in the sonnet beginning with letter 148.

Remembering that, to one point of view, the title-page of the book had a count of 136, I scrutinized the dedication of the sonnets. (TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. etc., with a quaint period after every word.) Here I counted every letter on the page (and Ws twice), every punctuation mark and every hyphen. My total was lacking one but I was determined to give the scheme every chance; I substituted "4TH", or "FOURTH" for "FORTH". Zounds! 183 again!

And there was that singular Hugh Holland poem in the First Folio with 136 words on the page—did it have a mate in this numerology? Well, the next poem in that volume is by Leonard Digges and, so help me, from the heading to the signature there are 183 words.

On page 136 of the same book, in *Love's Labours Lost*, appears the notorious word honorificabilitudinitatibus. Col. Friedman, in his book, says that the following diagram is to be found in the collected papers of Sir Francis Bacon in the British Museum:

ho
hono
honori
honorifi
honorifica
honorificabi
honorificabili
honorificabilitu
honorificabilitudi
honorificabilitudini
honorificabilitudinita
honorificabilitudinitati
honorificabilitudinitatibus

This is probably just some doodling that Sir Francis did while trying to hang the Countess of Somerset, but it does have 183 letters. I wrote to the British Museum and they can't find this paper at all, so I wish Friedman hadn't brought it up.‡

‡ This paper is understood to have been returned to the Lambeth Library. —Editor

Finally I examined the title-page of Bacon's 1605 *Advancement of Learning*. The typesetter had taken some pains to make five letters out of the word *Two (Tvvoo*, if you please.) Thus reckoning, there are 171 letters, eight punctuation marks and four figures—or call it 171 letters plus the figures in the date—and the sum is 183.

By this time I had rubbed a small bald spot on my giddy head. Those three lines in Sonnet 136 seemed to be latchkeys to some shadowy Elizabethan madhouse. If 136 was Francis Bacon's *alias* and 183 was William Shakespeare's, how did these get mixed up in each other's books? Did Shakespeare write Bacon's works, as at least one daring critic has proposed? That may be a hasty inference, but things did look bad for Burton, Marlowe, De Vere *et alios*.

Still, there is a point at which our patience with coincidence must end. In other disciplines, when a number of experiments lead to the same result, while all are founded on a single hypothesis and conducted in the same way, the observer is entitled to suspect that something has influenced the law of probability. Yet one must deal prudently with the name of William Shakespeare; it is not to be touched with profane hands, or twitted. In trying to draw some safe conclusion, the reader's approach must be moderate and conciliatory, and he must have a heart fully willing to compromise.

Let's just say that William and Francis belonged to the same little London club, like the Elks or the Rotarian. The members of this club were always playing jokes on each other, setting each other's clothes on fire and things like that. One day William was writing some poems and he thought of this devilishly clever way to put Francis' name in them. But Francis was no simpleton and he discovered the secret. The next time he wrote a book he put William's name in it, and that made William the laughing-stock of the whole club; and he resigned and went back to Stratford and started supporting his wife again, and there was a happy ending after all.

BACON'S REPUTATION AMONG THE LITERATI OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

By GUSTAVE A. SIGWART, S.D.B.

The purpose of this paper is to research into the printed opinions concerning Francis Bacon that were current during his life and within a century from his death. It would be interesting to discover if there were any dissenting voices among the *literati* of those years from the expected consensus of praise. It would also be interesting to discover if Bacon's personality and personal affairs had any influence on the judgments of his peers concerning him.

For this purpose I made up a list of the more noteworthy men of letters—both major and minor writers—who lived and wrote during his lifetime or during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. This was compiled with the aid of a standard summary of English literature such as can be found in any College bookstore. This list of writers of all types of literature I checked against my main source: R. W. Gibson's bibliography of Bacon's works and Baconiana to the year 1750, together with its supplement.[1]

The resulting reduced list of writers who had made reference to Bacon and/or his works set me to the task of consulting the original of each reference, or the edition in which the reference occurred, if it occurred only in one edition. At times, however, I have not been able to find the original, and have had to settle for a later edition. The result of this research is contained in the following pages.

(A) BACON'S CONTEMPORARIES

(1) Robert Burton (1577 - 1640), in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*,[2] includes many quotations from Bacon's works. Quotation, unless it be for purposes of refutation, is a compliment in itself.

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[1] R. W. Gibson, *Francis Bacon, a Bibliography of His Works and of Baconiana to the Year 1750* (Oxford, 1950).
—— *Supplement* (Oxford, 1950).

[2] Democritus Junior [Robert Burton], *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (New York, 1847), passim.

(2) George Chapman (1559 ? - 1634) dedicates his translation of the *Georgics* of Hesiod "To the Most Noble Combiner of Learning And Honour, Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, Lord High Chancellor of England, &c." [3] The entire dedication is quite effusive in its praise.

(3) Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620), in his *Epigrammatum Libri II*, presents two epigrams in honour of Bacon: Epigram 189,[4]

"Ad ampliss. totius Angliae Cancellarium, Fr. Ba."
Debet multa tibi veneranda (Bacone) poesis
Illo de docto perlepidoque libro,
Qui manet inscriptus Veterum Sapientia; famae
Et per cuncta tuae secla manebit opus;
Multaque te celebrent quanquam tua scripta, fatebor
Ingenue, hoc laute tu mihi, docte, sapis.

and Epigram 190,[5]

"Ad eundem."
Patre, nec immerito, quamuis amplissimus esset,
Amplior vt virtus, sic tibi crescit honor.
Quantus ades, seu te spinosa volumina iuris,
Seu schola, seu dulcis Musa (Bacone) vocat!
Quam super ingenti tua re Prudentia regnat,
Et tota aethereo nectare lingua madens!
Quam bene cum tacita nectis grauitate lepores!
Quam semel admissis stat tuus almus amor!
Haud stupet aggesti mens in fulgore metalli;
Nunquam visa tibi est res peregrina, dare.
O factum egregie, tua (Rex clarissime) tali
Gratia cum splendet suspicienda viro!

It is noteworthy that these two epigrams are not included in Campion's *Poemata . . Liber Epigrammatum* of 1595; in 1595 Bacon was still climbing, but in 1619, when the epigrams first appeared, he

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[3] *Homer's Batrachomyomachia . . . ,* trans. George Chapman (London, 1858), p. 140.
[4] *Campion's Works*, ed. Percival Vivian (Oxford, 1909), p. 263.
[5] *Campion's Works*, p. 263.

had been Chancellor for a year and was close to the zenith of his career.

(4) Thomas Hobbes (1588 - 1679) quotes an experiment of Bacon's—that of drawing the finger around the lip of a glass with water in it—with the tone of respect for an authority; he refers to him as " Lord Chancellour Bacon ".[6]

Bacon is also quoted in Hobbes' *Problemata Physica* concerning the cause of tides (" Problemata de Aestibus Marinis ").[7]

(5) Ben Jonson (1573 - 1637) wrote an epigram on " Lord Bacons Birthday " that appears in the second volume of his Works, published in 1640:[8]

Haile happie Genius of this antient pile !
How comes it all things so about the(e) smile:
The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the midst,
Thou stand'st as if some Mysterie thou did'st !
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
Since Bacon, and thy Lord was borne, and here;
Sonne to the grave wise Keeper of the Seale,
Fame, and foundation of the English Weale.
What then his Father was, that since is hee,
Now with a Title more to the Degree;

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[6] Thomas Hobbes, *Decameron Physiologicum:* or, *Ten Dialogues of Natural Philosophy* (London: Printed by J.C. for W. Crook, 1678), p. 51.

[7] Thomas Hobbes, *Problemata Physica* [Londini: Apud Andream Crooke, 1662 ?], p. 14. The passage is curious:

A. De causis adhuc omnino silent. Illud tuum de Obice Oceani aquam impediente ne procedat, sed revertatur, memini legisse me alicubi in scriptis Cancellarii Baconis.

B. Ita est; sed motus aquae causam adscribit motui diurno primi mobilis, cui motus primi mobilis, cum sit in circulo cuius centrum est centrum terrae, propellere aquam non potest. Etiam Galileus causam aestuum horum Terrae motui cuidam adscribit, quem motum terra habere non potest, nisi Sol, Terra & Luna solido aliquo vinculo connecterentur tanquam in fune pendulo totidem pilae plumbeae.

[8] Ben Jonson, *The Works of Ben Jonson* (London: Printed for Richard Meighen, 1640), II, 222 (4th count).

> Englands high Chancellor: the destin'd heire
> In his soft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
> Whose even Thred the Fates spinne round, and full,
> Out of their Choysest, and their whitest wooll.
> 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
> For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
> Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may sing
> In raysing him the wisdome of my King.

Also in the same volume, in "Timber, or Discoveries". "Dominus Verulanus" appears in the margin next to this encomium:

> One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to bee imitated alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up to his Author; likenesse is always on this side Truth: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble Speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where hee could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke; and had his Judges angry, and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.[9]

(6) Sir Walter Raleigh (1552 ? - 1618) has words of praise for Francis Bacon in the preface of his *History of the World*. In the fourth and fifth paragraphs from the end, he states: "For seeing we digresse in all the waies of our lives: yea, seeing the life of man is nothing else but digression; I may the better be excused, in writing their lives & actions. I am not altogether ignorant in the Lawes of History, and of the Kindes.

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[9] Ben Jonson, pp. 101 - 102 (5th count).

The same hath been taught by many, but by no man better, and with greater brevity, than by that excellent learned Gentleman Sir Francis Bacon." [10]

(B) THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

(1) Mary Astell (1668 - 1731), at page 52 of her *Essay in Defence of the Female Sex*, in speaking of fine writings on morality, humanity, and civil prudence, commends their spirit, wit, and curious observations, and states: "Who can read the Essays of that Wonderful Man my Lord Bacon, . . . without wishing for more from the same or the like hands?" [11] (The authorship of this work is also ascribed to Mrs. Drake).

(2) Sir Thomas Browne (1605 - 1682) shows an example of Bacon's influence in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or: *Enquiries into Very Many Received Tenents, And Commonly Presumed Truths*. It has been suggested that the idea of the book was first put into Browne's mind by Bacon's dictum that to a "calendar of doubts or problems, I advise be annexed another calendar, as much or more material, which is a calendar of popular errors: I mean chiefly in natural history such as pass in speech and conceit, and are nevertheless detected and convicted of untruth." [12]

(3) Abraham Cowley (1618 - 1667). "To the Royal Society," it is evident at a first reading, is a tribute to Bacon's inspiration in the formation of the Royal Society. In section two:

> Bacon at last, a Mighty Man, arose
> Whom a wise King and Nature chose
> Lord Chancellor of both their Laws,
> And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils Cause.[13]

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[10] Sir Walter Raleigh, *The History of the World* (London: Printed for Walter Bvrre, 1614). The 1634 edition was consulted, but it had the 1614 title page.

[11] Mary Astell, *Essay in Defence of the Female Sex* (London: Printed by A. Roper and E. Wilkinson, 1696), p. 52.

[12] Gibson, *Baconiana*. The text of Browne consulted was: *The Works of the Learned Sr Thomas Brown, Kt., Doctor of Physick, late of Norwich* (London: Printed for Tho. Basset, etc., MDCLXXXVI).

[13] Abraham Cowley, *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley* (London: Printed by J.M. for Henry Herringman, 1668), p. 39 (6th count).

Cowley goes on to describe with enthusiasm the role of Bacon in the resurgence of science. He compares Bacon to Moses: "Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last, . . ." even to the promised land.[14]

(4) John Evelyn (1620 - 1706). His *Numismata, a Discourse of Medals, Antient and Modern* contains, in "A Digression Concerning Physiognomy," a note concerning Bacon's appearance: "In my Lord Chancellor Bacon; a spacious Fore-head, and piercing Eye, always (as I have been told by one who knew him well) looking upward; as a Soul in sublime Contemplation, and as the Person, who by standing up against Dogmatists, was to emancipate, and set free the long and miserably captivated Philosophia, which has ever since made such Conquests in the Territories of Nature." [15] This work contains other allusions to Bacon.

In *Public Employment* we find another compliment: "And there is no man (says my Lord Bacon) can be so straitned and oppress'd with businesse and an active course of life, but he may reserve many vacant times of leisure . . .; and his own example has sufficiently illustrated what he writes, those studies and productions have been so obliging to the learned world, as have deservedly immortaliz'd his name to posterity." [16]

Finally, Evelyn's *Sylva*, or a *Discourse of Forest-Trees, and the Propagation of Timber In His Majesties Dominions* includes constant allusions to Bacon.[17]

(5) John Ford (1586 - 1638?). The *Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck*, which was acted at the Phenix in Drurie Lane, is founded on Bacon's *History of Henry VII*. The dedication of the play begins: "Ovt of the darknesse of a former Age, (enlighten'd

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[14] Cowley, p. 40 (6th count).

[15] John Evelyn, *Numismata, a Discourse of Medals, Antient and Modern* (London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, MDCXCVII), p. 340.

[16] John Evelyn, *The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S.*, ed. William Upcott (London, 1825), p. 540.

[17] London: Printed by Jo. Martyn, and Ja. Allestry, Printers to the Royal Society, MDCLXIV.

by a late, both learned, and an honourable pen)"—that of Bacon, according to Gibson.[18]

(6) John Locke (1632 - 1704), in his *Collection of Several Pieces* under "Some Thoughts Concerning Reading," refers to Bacon with respect. He is enumerating a recommended reading list and states: "Those who are accounted to have writ best particular parts of our English History, are Bacon, of Henry VII . . ." [19]

(7) John Milton (1608 - 1674). *Apology Against . . . A Modest Confutation . . .* contains several references to Bacon, one to his use of satire in religion, and this one to his *New Atlantis*: "That grave and noble invention which the greatest and sublimest wits in sundry ages, Plato in *Critias*, and our two famous countreymen, the one in his *Vtopia*, the other in his *New Atlantis* chose, I may not say as a feild, but as a mighty Continent wherein to display the largenesse of their spirits by teaching this our world better and exacter things, then were yet known, or us'd . . ." [20]

Also in his *Areopagitica* Milton quotes from Bacon: ". . . and he might adde from Sir Francis Bacon, That *such authoriz'd books are but the language of the times.*" [21] And again: "Although their own late arguments and defences against the Prelats might remember them that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at: instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation: '*The punishing of wits enhaunces their autority*, saith the Viscount St. Albans, and a forbidd'n writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seeke to tread it out.'" [22]

In Milton's *Artis Logicae* Bacon is quoted on induction: (Ch. II. De partibus Logicae, Deq; Argumenti Generibus) " . . .

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[18] Gibson, *Baconiana*. Text quoted is *A Critical Edition of Ford's Perkin Warbeck*, ed. Mildred Clara Struble (Seattle, 1926), p. 28.

[19] London: Printed by J. Bettenham for R. Francklin, MDCCXX, p. 242.

[20] John Milton, *Apology Against . . . A Modest Confutation . . .* . (London: Printed by E.G. for Iohn Rothwell, 1642), p. 10.

[21] London, 1644, p. 22.

[22] ibid., p. 26.

quod de inductione quidem recte monuit Baconus noster, de Augment. scient. 1. 5. c. 4. *uno eodemq; mentis opere, illud quod quaeritur, & inveniri & judicari:* sed hoc de singulis argumentis simplicibus non minus verum est." [23]

(8) Sir William Petty (1623 - 1687) invokes Bacon's authority in his preface to the *Political Anatomy of Ireland.* "Sir Francis Bacon, in his advancement of learning, hath made a judicious parallel in many particulars, between the body natural and body politick and between the arts of preserving both in health and strength: . . ." [24] He goes on and commends this parallel as reasonable.

(9) Thomas Sprat (1635 - 1713). Under Section XVI, Modern Experimenters (in his *History of the Royal Society)* Sprat has these words of praise for Bacon:

> "The third sort of new Philosophers, have been those, who have not onely disagreed from the Antients, but have also propos'd to themselves the right course of slow, and sure Experimenting: and have prosecuted it as far, as the shortness of their own Lives, or the multiplicity of their other affairs, or the narrowness of their Fortunes, have given them leave. Such as these, we are to expect to be but few: for they must devest themselves of many vain conceptions, and overcome a thousand false Images, which lye like Monsters in their way, before they can get as far as this. And of these, I shall onely mention one great Man, who had the true Imagination of the whole extent of this Enterprize, as it is now set on foot; and that is, the Lord Bacon. In whose Books there are every where scattered the best arguments, that can be produc'd for the defence of Experimental Philosophy, and the best directions, that are needful to promote it. All which he has already adorn'd with so much Art; that if my desires

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[23] John Milton, *Artis Logicae* (Londini: Impensis Spencer Hickman, Societatis Regalis Typographi, 1672), book 1, chap. 2.

[24] Sir William Petty, *Political Anatomy of Ireland* (London: Printed for D. Brown, and W. Rogers, 1691). In: *Tracts Chiefly Relating to Ireland* (Dublin MDCCLXIX), p. 288.

> could have prevail'd with some excellent Friends of mine, who engag'd me to this Work: there should have been no other Preface to the History of the Royal Society, but some of his Writings." [25]

Sprat goes on to state that Bacon's accomplishments are all the more striking since he had such a variety of other careers at the same time. " He was a Man of strong, cleer, and powerful Imaginations: his Genius was searching, and inimitable: and of this I need give no other proof, then his Style it self; which as, for the most part, it describes mens minds, as well as Pictures do their Bodies; so it did his above all men living. The course of it vigorous, and majestical: The Wit Bold, and Familiar: The Comparisons fetch'd out of the way, and yet the most easie: in all, expressing a soul, equally skill'd in Men, and Nature." [26] Bacon is cited as not having been so faithful in his History, but Sprat hastens to pour on more praise, saying that though he denies Bacon the strength of 1,000 men, he gives him that of 20.

(10) William Temple (1628 - 1699) prefaces his *Introduction to the History of England* with a reference to Bacon's *Henry VII:* " Tis true, some Parcels or short Periods of our History have been left us by Persons of great Worth and Learning, much honoured or esteemed in their Times; . . . as, Henry the seventh by Sir Francis Bacon;" [27] He says that all the materials (" Parcels ") for an English History are there; all that should be needed is an architect to put the material together.

In his *Miscellanea, The Second Part,* Temple names Bacon as one of " The great Wits among the Moderns . . . " [28] He classes Bacon with such writers as Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Sidney, among others.

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[25] Thomas Sprat, *History of the Royal Society* (London: Printed by T.R. for J. Martyn & J. Allestry, Printers of the Royal Society, MDCLXVII), pp. 35 - 36.

[26] Sprat, p. 36.

[27] London: Printed for Richard Simpson & Ralph Simpson, 1695, p. 2 (2nd ed., 1699, consulted; title page is the same).

[28] London: Printed for Ri. Simpson and Ra. Simpson, 1696 (4th ed.), p. 61.

(11) Isaak Walton (1593 - 1683). At page 26 of his *Life of . . . Herbert*, Walton refers to Bacon as "the great Secretary of Nature, and all Learning . . ."[29]

(C) THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

(1) Joseph Addison (1672 - 1719). In those issues of the *Tatler* attributed to him, we find references to Bacon. In number 133: "I have often read with a great deal of Pleasure a Legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest Genius's that our own or any Country has produced . . ."[30] He goes on to quote from the will.

He refers in number 239 to Bacon's vanity, but classes him with Cicero: "... that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old Fellow, and as vain a Man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon."[31]

(2) Alexander Pope (1688 - 1744). In *The Works of the Rt. Hon. Jos. Addison, Esq.*: we find verses of Pope occasioned by Addison's treatise of medals: "Then future ages with delight shall see, / How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:"[32]

The *Dunciad* contains a reference to Bacon which evidently classes him with the great:

> 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 Seraph's flame:
> But O! with one, immortal One dispense,
> The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense!
> Content, each Emanation of his fires
> That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
> Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
> What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for You to hate.[33]

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[29] London: Printed by Tho. Newcomb, for Richard Marriott, 1670.
[30] *The Tatler* (London, MDCCX - MDCCXI). *The Tatler* was originally issued in 271 numbers from 12 April, 1709 to 2 January, 1710.
[31] ibid.
[32] Four vols. (London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, MDCCXXI), I, 433.
[33] Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad, Variorum* (London: Printed for A. Dod., 1729), book 3, lines 211 - 220.

In the *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated*, Pope is praising good writers, saying that they quote wisely from the brilliance of past masters: "Command old words that long have slept to wake, / Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake;" [34]

The *Essay on Man* includes Pope's well-known epigram on Bacon: "If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd, / The wisest, brightest, meanest of Mankind:" [35] There is also a reference to Bacon at the commencement of "The Design" to the Essay: "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 . . .'." [36]

"Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,/Are now the portion of a booby Lord"; a quotation from the *Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated*,[37] demonstrates Pope's respect for Bacon, in that he is contrasting the high with the low and classes Bacon among the high.

(3) Thomas Rymer (1641 - 1713), in the *Foedera, Conventiones, Litterae, et Cujuscunque Generis Acta Publica* . . . makes numerous references of a complimentary nature to Bacon, especially in volume 15 (1543 - 1586), volume 16 (1586 - 1616) and volume 17 (1617 - 1625).[38]

(4) Anthony Cooper, third Earl Shaftesbury (1671 - 1713). *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, etc.*, in volume two, "Miscellaneous Reflections", states: "Twas good fortune in my Lord Bacon's Case, that he shou'd have escaped being call'd an

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[34] Alexander Pope, *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated* (London: Printed for R. Dodsley, MDCCXXXVII), p. 11, lines 168, 169.

[35] London: Printed: Philadelphia: Re-printed, 1747, book 4, lines 281, 282.

[36] ibid., "The Design".

[37] London: Printed for L.G., MDCCXXXIV, p. 40, lines 180, 181.

[38] 20 vols. (Londini: Per A. & T. Churchill, MDCCIV [to 20 - Per W. Churchill - Per J. Tonson, M(D)CCXXXV].

atheist . . . . "[39] Here, however, Shaftesbury was not denigrating Bacon, but the opposite; he held Bacon in high regard.

(5) John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (1648 - 1721), quotes Bacon on friendship: "My Lord Chancellor Bacon observes very justly, that we now see nothing of it [friendship] between Equals . . . ."[40] Also, in "On Authors", Buckingham notes the difference between Bacon's life and works: "Tis a strange thing to observe how very wisely and morally some men will write, and yet all the while live almost like the vulgar; as Tully of old, and of late my Lord Bacon; both, I believe, of as great parts and knowledge as ever any age has produced".[41] He goes on to compare Cicero and Bacon in this, but not in the spirit of condemnation.

(6) Richard Steele (1672 - 1729), in issue 149 of the *Tatler*, attributed to him, quotes Bacon on marriage and "without Offense to so great an Authority" politely ventures to make a distinction.[42] However, he is serious in his expression of his high opinion of Bacon.

(7) Jonathan Swift (1667 - 1745). *The Battel of the Books* describes an encounter between Aristotle and Bacon: "Then Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious Mien, drew his Bow to the Head, and let fly his Arrow, which mist the valiant Modern, and went hizzing over his Head"; The note of the editors is interesting: "Temple had named Bacon as one of the greatest of the Moderns, *Ancient and Modern Learning*, p.61. [Cf. Temple, above.] It is noticeable that he is not wounded".[43]

(8) Edward Ward (1667 - 1731). In the first volume of *History of the Grand Rebellion* we find a poem attributed to Edward Ward:

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[39] Two vols. (London, 1900), II, 199, 200.

[40] *Miscellanea from the Works of John Sheffield* (The Haworth Press, MCMXXXIII), p. 65 (made from the 4th edition of his works).

[41] Sheffield, p. 81.

[42] *The Tatler* (London, MDCCX - MDCCXI).

[43] *A Tale of a Tub, to which is added The Battel of the Books and the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, eds. A. C. Guthkelch and D. Nichol Smith (Oxford, MDCCCCXX), p. 244.

The Lord Bacon's Character
Of middle Stature, and of comely Mien,
His Aspect grave, sagacious and serene,
Not only read in just Astrea's Rules,
But skill'd in all the Learning of the Schools,
To whose commanding Pen we owe the best
Of Hist'ry that in English e'er was dress'd,
True Natural Philosophy, Essays,
And other Books, to his immortal praise;
Yet all his Knowledge could not bind his Hands
From odious Brib'ry and unjust Demands,
Till for such impious Practices as these,
He lost, at once, his Honour and his Ease,
Was, to his Horror, Ruin, and Disgrace,
Render'd incapable of Pow'r and Place;
And tho' his Parts, which were profoundly great,
Had rais'd him up to such a height of State,
Yet, without Pity, was he cast away,
Like a crack'd Vessel made of worthless Clay,
Despis'd by all Men for the gross abuse
Of Pow'r, and slighted as unfit for use,
None mourning his declension from so high
A Seat, but those who were undone thereby:
Nor was the publick Odium he incurr'd,
The only shameful Sorrow he endur'd,
But the large Summs and num'rous Debts he ow'd,
Added to Poverty, improv'd the Load,
And made him glad, for Safety, to confine
Himself within the Limits of Gray's-Inn,
Where, for some Years, in Solitude he dwelt,
Wasting beneath those Conflicts that he felt,
Till Death, the wretched Mortal's only Friend,
To all his Cares and Suff'rings put an end.[44]

Ward continues on with ten more lines of moralizing.

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[44] Edward Ward, *History of the Grand Rebellion*, 3 vols. (London: Printed for J. Morphew, MDCCXIII), I, 41, 42.

From the words of these twenty-five men of letters, perhaps some valid conclusions can be proposed.

First of all, it seems evident that the paean of praise for Francis Bacon's intellectual talents and accomplishments is unanimous. I have not found a single derogatory statement concerning Bacon's genius save Sprat's concerning his slight unfaithfulness in history, which Sprat hastens to mollify.

It appears, however, that the conduct-conscious eighteenth century was the first to distinguish between Bacon the genius and Bacon the personality, finding no defect in the former, but at times pointing up defects in the latter. Addison mentions his vanity; Pope calls him " the wisest, brightest, *meanest* of Mankind "; Shaftesbury refers to his proximity to atheism; Buckingham finds his life " almost like the vulgar "; and Ward's poem is perhaps the best statement (whatever its merits as poetry) of this distinction. Nonetheless, it is equally clear that these defects are not carped on but merely mentioned urbanely, *en passant*, while emphasis is placed more heavily where it really belongs—on the genius and intellectual accomplishments of this truly outstanding man.

Editor's Note: We gladly print the above as an original and valuable contribution to research on Francis Bacon's reputation. However, the assumption that Pope's use of the word " meanest " was intended in the modern debased sense of the word has been wholly demolished in H. Kendra Baker's article *Pope and Bacon*, reprinted in *Baconiana* 164.

With reference to Addison we would include the following additional quotations from *The Tatler* to complete the picture.

* * * *

Tatler Extract: 23rd December, 1710

I was infinitely pleased to find among the Works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own, which, for the Elevation of Thought, and Greatness of Expression, seems rather the Devotion of an Angel than a Man. His principal

Fault seems to have been the Excess of that Virtue which covers a Multitude of Faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards his Servants, who made a corrupt Use of it, that it strip'd him of all those Riches and Honours which a long Series of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same Time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy-Seat, and humbled under Afflictions which at that Time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the Sense of His Integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to Mankind, which gives him a much higher Figure in the Minds of Thinking Men, than that Greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg Leave to write down the Prayer it self, with the Title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's Papers, written in his own Hand; not being able to furnish my Reader with an Entertainment more suitable to this solemn Time.

(The well known Prayer follows).

* * * *

Tatler Extract: 15th December, 1709

. . . every Art and Science contributes to the Embellishment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into Shades the mean and low Parts of our Nature. Poetry carries on this great End more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following Passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning,‡ which gives a truer and better Account of this Art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it . . .

* * * *

Tatler Extract: 14th February, 1709

All that is incumbent on a Man of Worth, who suffers under so ill a Treatment, is to lie for some Time in Silence and Obscurity, till the Prejudice of the Time be over, and his

‡ *De Augmentis*, Book II, Chapter 13.

> Reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of Pleasure a Legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest Geniuses that our own or any Country has produced; After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Estate, in the usual Form, he adds, "My Name and Memory I leave to Foreign Nations, and to my Countrymen, after some Time be passed over".

* * * *

Here is a complete refutation of the charges of "Odious brib'ry and unjust Demands" which mar the more enlightened moralisations of Edward Ward.

Lord Shaftesbury's accusation of near atheism must be attributed either to ignorance of Bacon's life and writings, or to a very narrow religious outlook. It was reserved for Addison to see the real Francis Bacon.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor,

Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

One surprising fact to emerge from the recent quatercentenary charade is that Stratford-on-Avon, like Shakspere himself, is dumb. No matter how insulting you are to this town, there will be no reprisals. It is like punching a bag of feathers! But, no doubt the inhabitants are wise to keep their mouths shut.

In April, 1964, the author, Christian Deelman, called Stratford, in the *Spectator*, "a tawdry, grasping place". In the same month, the town was described in the *Manchester Evening News* as a "smug, self-satisfied, rather ugly place". Mr. Richard Buckle, the organiser of the gloomy Shakespeare Exhibition, declared in the *Guardian* in June that the Stratford season was "a dead duck". A few weeks later the town was called "a commercial slum" by Dr. John Reid, professor at Auckland University, who rightly pointed out that neither the "Birthplace" nor "Anne Hathaway's Cottage" were genuine. Nobody of any importance replied to this charge; the Mayor of Stratford merely issued a perfunctory denial. *The Tatler* in December poured scorn unequivocally on "the Great Shakespeare Racket". Still no squeak of protest.

In 1965 the volume of abuse is increasing. Mr. Frank Wynne, chairman of the Yeats Society has declared in the *Daily Telegraph* in February that a Yeats festival in Sligo was being prepared; but he was anxious to dissociate his plans from the Stratford type of exploitation.

"We look forward," he said, "to the day when Sligo will be to Yeats what Stratford is to Shakespeare. But all done with a bit of taste, mind you. No Innisfree ashtrays, no china leprechauns".

A few days later, the parish councillors at Bladon were quoted in the national Press as being opposed to " the large scale commercialisation " of their village, following the burial of Sir Winston Churchill in the parish churchyard. " We all know how nauseating Stratford-on-Avon is. We do not want Sir Winston to do to Bladon what Shakespeare has done there," declared their spokesman, Mr. French.

The most recent insult to Stratford—and the strongest, so far —has come from Bernard Levin, writing in the *Daily Mail*. The town " permits—indeed encourages—one of the biggest frauds in England to rage unchecked; that is, the advertising of its two famous show-places, in Henley Street and Shottery, as ' Shakespeare's Birthplace ' and ' Anne Hathaway's Cottage ' respectively. There is not, and never has been, any particle of evidence that Shakespeare ever set foot in the former, or Anne Hathaway in the latter. Or vice versa, for that matter.

Mr. Levin goes on to say that " The selling of trash as Shakespearean souvenirs has gone to lengths that puts Jerusalem itself in the shade ".

Never before in the history of this country has one town been so severely castigated. And never before has a town been so shamefacedly tongue-tied.

Yours truly,

22nd March, 1965. FRANCIS CARR
Editor, *Past and Future*

* * * *

To the Editor,

Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

Where do we look for the missing manuscripts of the Shakespeare Plays? My own view is that they do not exist, but that is no reason for abandoning the search.

If one believes (as I do) that the printed plays contained ciphers, then it is obvious that the original script would be marked in some way so that the cipher could be incorporated in the printing. That being so, it is obvious that the original script would have to be destroyed as secrecy was involved. If, on the other hand, the scripts had been preserved, it is probable that most of them would have been destroyed in the Great Fire of London. That all original manuscripts were preserved it is difficult to believe.

The Authorised version of The Bible was translated by 54 translators at this period, and only two relics of this have survived—an early Bible dated 1602 with notes in the margin and one of the Epistles of St. Paul—which are still available in the Lambeth Palace Library. One of the few exceptions of a surviving script is Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which was sold recently at Sotherbys for £6,000. Bacon looked to posterity to acclaim his greatness, but was he referring to the Works written in his own name, or to the Plays attributed to Shakespeare? One doubts if he really believed that his literary ability would never be equalled—or even surpassed—centuries later. Did Leonardo da Vinci think that no future artist would ever paint better than him? Does the same apply to Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, Wren and others?

It was nearly one hundred years after Shakespeare's death before much public interest was taken in the Sonnets or the Plays, and indeed in Shakespeare himself. Pepys mentions but a few of the Plays in his Diary, and it remained for Alexander Pope to bring to light the greatness of the Works, when he was instrumental in having the Plays re-published. So, where do we go from here?

I remember going to Chepstow in 1910 when my father and others were searching in the caves on the banks of the Wye for the hidden manuscripts, and even then I was sceptical of the theories of the late Dr. Orville Ward Owen. To the best of my knowledge, Francis Bacon had no personal association with Stratford-on-Avon, so why worry about the tomb? The monument to Shakespeare originally erected there has long since been replaced by a more modern one, and the inscription and stones on the floor of the church have also been renewed. Sir Arthur Throckmorton who lived near Stratford and whose hobby was the collecting of plays, never even mentioned Shakespeare in his Diary, which covers the period of 1578 to 1613.

Yes, Stratford-on-Avon is probably unimportant as a hunting ground. The most vital factor in the Shakespeare authorship controversy is the absence of any letter, manuscript or even a single sentence ever found to have been written in his own handwriting. His Will, which details all his minor chattels, makes no mention of a single book or paper in his possession. To my mind, this is where a rewarding search could be made.

Still more remarkable is the wealth of letters of the period that exist and have been preserved—a veritable Golden Treasury. Letters from Queen Elizabeth I, Mary Queen of Scots, Bishop de Quadra, Sir Amyas Paulet, Lord Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Leicester and hundreds from Francis Bacon himself. There are five volumes of Nicholas Bacon's letters bound up together in the Lambeth Library. Even the Paston letters of an earlier period still exist.

Strangely enough letters from quite obscure people such as Alice Throckmorton, Amy Robsart, and many others referred to in Elizabeth Jenning's book *Elizabeth and Leicester* are still available. Quite recently a hitherto unknown letter written by Sir Francis Drake turned up, and a letter was discovered which had been written by some obscure Mayor of a small town in Surrey which referred to Falstaff.

It would be interesting to compile a catalogue of the names of all the Elizabethans whose letters have been preserved. There is a

great scope for further research and it must go on. After all the Northumberland Manuscript has turned up and so have the Throckmorton Diaries—only a few years ago. This Diary was in four volumes of which only three have so far been found, and the search for the missing volume still goes on I am told by the Librarian of Canterbury Cathedral where the Diary was discovered. This Library probably contains other records of Elizabethan literary interest.

Macaulay borrowed the Harleian Manuscript from the British Museum and when he returned it, it was found that three pages were missing. Has a search for these ever been made ?

There must be many places that have not been properly examined; the Lambeth Palace Library, established in 1610, for one.

The British Museum Library is of much later date, but of course it contains Bacon's *Promus* in his own handwriting and copies of all the first editions.

Then there are the Libraries at Oxford and Cambridge belonging to the separate Colleges, in addition to The Bodleian and the Cambridge University Library and the Fitzwilliam. (There is a list of the ancient libraries of Great Britain in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*).

Many country houses may not have been fully explored, such as Chatsworth, Belvoir, Gorhambury, St. Albans, Waddesdon Manor and many others. Further research at Grays Inn might prove useful —also at the Records Office. Old Masonic and Rosicrucian records might be re-checked. The search must go on—(possibly by paid experts)—not only for the original manuscripts, but for letters, documents and contemporary allusions as well.

Where, oh where, is there something in William Shakespeare's own handwriting ? Of more importance than " who is Mr. W. H. ? " is " who is Mr. W. S. ? " After all, Mr. W. H. might have been Dr. Who !

Yours faithfully,

W. WOODWARD

2nd December, 1965.

To the Editor,

Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

At a meeting convened on March 15th, 1966, by the Shakespeare Authorship Society, M. G. Kendall, a professional statistician, lectured on "The Possibility of Determining Elizabethan Authorship by Statistical Analysis". The theme of this lecture was that the forms of analysis so far devised cannot give any clue to the authorship of the Shakespearean texts.

The figures that result from a comparison between the writings under the name or pseudonym "Shake-speare" and those of the Shakespeare claimants are indeed different, but that is not all. When the poetry and prose of the *same* author are statistically analysed, a completely different set of figures is produced. The poetry and prose of Dryden, for example, present an obviously dissimilar pattern when reduced to a set of figures; and so do those of T. S. Eliot.

This negative finding, however, is of positive significance for those who consider that Francis Bacon is the author of the Plays. Any statistical comparison between the Plays, which are written as poetry, and the legal or philosophic prose of Bacon, is bound to result in a different set of figures. No one, therefore, can come forward with this dissimilarity as a disqualification for Bacon's candidature.

Dr. Kendall, it is interesting to note, did give one instance of statistical similarity between the works of two poets, and this is unique. The poetry of Marlowe's plays does show a certain likeness, in terms of figures, to those of Shake-speare. The very uniqueness of this approximation should make us suspicious. Coincidence is, in other words, most unlikely. Collaboration, with one dominant partner, is surely indicated. This in fact is exactly what many Baconians claim.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS CARR

34 Hillgate Place, W.8.
24th March, 1966

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