VOL. LIII. No. 170

PRICE 10/-
POST FREE

BACONIANA

Founded 1886

November, 1970

CONTENTS

Editorial 1

Obituaries 12

On " The Effecting of All Things Possible " 14

The Hidden Music 32

Cryptomenytices and The Shakespeare Folio of 1623 45

Why Bacon Suppressed His Name 55

Willobie His Avisa 58

The Elizabethan Image 63

The Stratford-on-Avon Birthplace 67

Book Reviews 74

Correspondence 82

© Published Periodically

LONDON:

Published by THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY INCORPORATED at Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1, and printed by Lightbowns Ltd., 72 Union Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

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.

Officers and Council:

Hon. President:

COMDR. MARTIN PARES, R.N.

Past Hon. Presidents:

CAPT. B. ALEXANDER, M.R.I. MISS T. DURNING-LAWRENCE

Hon. Vice-Presidents:

WILFRED WOODWARD, ESQ. RODERICK L. EAGLE, Esq.

Council:

NOEL FERMOR, ESQ., *Chairman*

T. D. BOKENHAM, ESQ., *Vice-Chairman*

COMDR. MARTIN PARES, R.N. NIGEL HARDY, ESQ.

J. D. MACONACHIE, ESQ. A. D. SEARL, ESQ.

C. J. HEMINGWAY, ESQ. AUSTIN HATT-ARNOLD, ESQ.

MRS. D. BRAMELD, *Secretary:*
Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1

Hon. Treasurer:

T. D. BOKENHAM, ESQ.

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 $5.

GENTLEMAN LENDING A PAPER TO A MAN WITH A SPEAR.
DETAIL FROM LEFT HAND PANEL OF CRYPTOMENYTICES TITLE PAGE.

BACONIANA

VOL. LIII (84th Year) No. 170 NOVEMBER, 1970

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

We are extremely grateful to Sir Peter Medawar and to the British Association for the Advancement of Science for permission to reprint Sir Peter's Presidential Address. Our acknowledgements are also due to the B.B.C., by whom the address was broadcast, although our text is actually from *The Advancement of Science*, Number 26, 1969/70.

Sir Peter Medawar, C.B.E., F.R.S., is the Director of the National Institute for Medical Research, and this address, which was delivered on 3rd September last year at the Exeter meeting of the British Association, appeared later in *The Listener*.

Sir Peter's wish for a " new kind of understanding ", derived from the seventeenth and eighteenth century thinkers, coincides with the first Object of our Society, and is of course the target set by Bacon for himself.

Members will note that the *New Atlantis* figures largely in Sir Peter's thinking, reminding us of our President's article, " Francis Bacon and the Utopias," in *Baconiana* 167. Indeed both reflect something of the Baconian light on the problems of today.

* * * *

The Bodleian Library, Oxford, was formally opened on 8th January, 1602, when Bacon was just past his 40th year. In 1610 Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder, arranged with the Stationers' Company for copies of every book registered with them to be sent to

the Library, which now claims to be second only to the British Museum Library in size. Owing to its growth over the ages the Bodleian has overflowed from the original premises but a substantial section is still housed in Duke Humfrey's building, erected by him to establish a centre of learning.

The official list of benefactors is well worth noting, beginning with the Duke in 1439, whose library was later dissipated. Following Sir Thomas Bodley* we have:—

Sir Kenelm Digby, 1634.
William Laud, 1650.
Oliver Cromwell, 1654.
John Selden, 1654.
Thomas Lord Fairfax, 1671
Franciscus Junius, 1677.

Readers of a review of Dr. F. C. Springell's *Connoisseur and Diplomat* in *Baconiana* 164, dealing with the Earl of Arundel's embassy to Ferdinand II, Emperor of the Germans, in 1636, will remember that Franciscus Junius was the Earl's librarian. John Selden was another associate of the Earl, who had been a firm friend of Francis Bacon.

On exhibition at the Library are John Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*, 1671 edition, and Robert Boyle's *The Sceptical Chemist*, 1661 edition. Both were devotees of Bacon, and Boyle a Member of the Invisible College, which met in London and Oxford, later being replaced, at least ostensibly, by the Royal Society.

A copy of Sir William Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, 1658, also on view, reflects the period when he worked at the Bodleian during the Civil War; his son-in-law, Elias Ashmole's great collection of mediaeval, astrological and heraldic papers is now in the re-named Museum of the History of Science, next to the Sheldonian Theatre.

William Harvey's *De Motu Cordis*, printed at Frankfurt in 1628, and a copy of Christopher Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, 1604, 1st edition, are there, the latter " printed by V.S. for Thomas Bushell ", and

* The family name is commemorated through Budleigh Salterton and East Budleigh in South Devon, the latter being only a few miles from Hayes Barton, Walter Ralegh's birthplace.

registered by T.B. in the Stationers' Register on January 7th, 1600 - 1. The Earl of Verulam has kindly lent from his collection at Gorhambury House the 1605 Second Quarto of *Hamlet*, and Thomas Heywood's *King Edward the Fourth*, 1619, and we noted the only known copy of *Venus and Adonis*, the first of Shakespeare's works to be printed by Robert Field, in 1593. There are two 1623 Folios in the Library, one from Malone's library, besides Edmund Spenser's *The Fairie Queene*, 1st Edition, first three books (1590, London), and Cranmer's 1549 *Book of Common Prayer*.

We were interested to see a copy of the 1611 Authorised Version of the Holy Bible containing head and tail-pieces similar to those in the 1623 Shakespeare Folio, and the fine 1620 edition of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. Indeed, we would have considered our visit well worthwhile, if our objective had been solely to secure evidence of close collaboration between the leading literary, scientific and artistic names of the early seventeenth century.

However, our mission was of a special nature, relating to the enigmatic Robert Burton, who was at Brasenose and a Member of Christ Church, and who published his *Anatomy of Melancholy* in 1621. A copy of this book is on view in the Bodleian, and a section of Burton's own library can be seen there.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Robert Burton was buried in the north aisle of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, "and over his grave was erected, at the expense of his brother William Burton, a comely monument . . . " *He composed his own epitaph*, and his portrait now hangs in the hall of Brasenose College.

Nearby is another striking monument, to William Goodwin, D.D., Chaplain to James I. Goodwin was educated at Westminster School, leaving in 1573. Two years later William Camden was appointed Second Master and it was under him that Ben Jonson studied. Camden became Head in 1590.

We are given to understand that the Precentor of Christ Church Cathedral is uncertain as to the site of Burton's grave, notwithstanding the words *Hic Jacet* on the monument. After three visits to this Cathedral we became convinced of the need for further investigation.

We reproduce the epitaph on Burton's Monument—

PAVCIS, NOTVS, PAVCIORIBVS, IGNOTVS,
HIC, IACET,
DEMOCRITVS, IVNIOR,
CVI, VITAM, DEDIT, ET, MORTEM,
MELANCHOLIA
OBIIT, VIII, ID, IAN, *A*, *C*, MDCXXXIX

The deliberate use of a comma after every word is extraordinary by any standards; it suggests the possibility of an enfolded cipher message, and invites us to enquire as to why Burton's own name does not appear on the inscription. Democritus Junior, the pen name, was, of course used on the title-page of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, as one who contemplates "the vanity and fopperies of the time, to see men so empty of virtuous action" . . .

The English translation of the epitaph may be rendered:—

> Here lies Democritus Junior, known to few, unknown to fewer, to whom melancholy gave both life and death. Died on 4th January, in the year of Christ, 1639.

The phrase "unknown to fewer" is obscure; possibly it refers to the real name, here concealed under the Latin pen-name Democritus Junior. Our impression, however, is that the *en clair* text of the inscription conceals a cipher, and the persistent commas (reminiscent of the periods in the Dedication to the Sonnets) appear to confirm this impression. Another pointer may be the use of the letters A.C., in italic form, rather than the more usual A.D.

We have heard that the word "Melancholia" appeared originally as "Melancholiae", but the "e" was deleted by the Dean for grammatical reasons!

In a shield over the Monument are depicted Burton's Arms; Azure on a fess between three Talbots' heads erased, Or, a Crescent for diff. Gules. On the right hand is his horoscope cast by himself, and, so we are told, predicting accurately, the date of his death, January 27th, 1639. According to Jean Overton Fuller the horoscope is unusual in that the Moon is not included, but the Sun appears twice. The map of his nativity has been drawn with care in the old square style, the houses being calculated

according to the then customary Regiomantus system. Yet although the positions are calculated within minutes of degrees, the Sun appears first in Capricorn, which is impossible, though it could be correct for the Moon, and then in Aquarius, which is feasible for the time of the year.

On the left hand of the Monument is a circular plaque on which is a geometric figure, possibly suggesting the atomic theories of Democritus, but more probably open to an esoteric interpretation. On our third visit we detected a sculptural *trompe d'oeil*, which may have escaped general notice—at least in modern times. We refer to the "enigmatical enfolded" curves below the effigy, which resolve themselves into the shape of a grinning player's mask—Comedy not Tragedy! *Trompes d'oeil* were not unusual in Elizabethan art—visitors to the Elizabethan Image exhibition will remember an example, but sculpture seems a curious medium for its use. The significance of this mask is increased by the peculiar resemblance of the adjacent Monument of William Goodwin to the Stratford Monument. This tomb, erected in memory of Dean William Goodwin, has a Latin inscription.

Professor B. Farrington has kindly translated this as follows:—

> It is enough on a tomb to make the name known to the enquirer.
> Here lies Goodwin. His renown will tell the rest. Doctor of sacred theology, Dean of this Church, Chaplain to the mighty King James, four times vice-chancellor of this Academy. Died on 11th June, aged 65, A.D. 1620, to the great grief and distress of his friends and relations.

The irregularities in the size and position of certain letters, and the use of curious abbreviations, circles and lines, with the D. of A.D. perhaps underlined, may have a message for cipherists. At the same time freemasons may justifiably point to the insignia of their craft which are clearly visible, depicted within the two vertical columns adjacent to the effigy surrounds.

But even if all these curious features signify nothing, the fact remains that the Monument has a notable affinity with the

Dugdale engraving of the Shakespeare Monument at Stratford-on-Avon, and also with the present Monument.

Sir Roger Wilbraham, in his Diary, commenting on "the chiefest colleges", writes "I° Christ-church, which was meant to have been a famous monument *(sic)*, but never finished by the Founder, Cardinal Wolsey" (entry, 9th September, 1603).

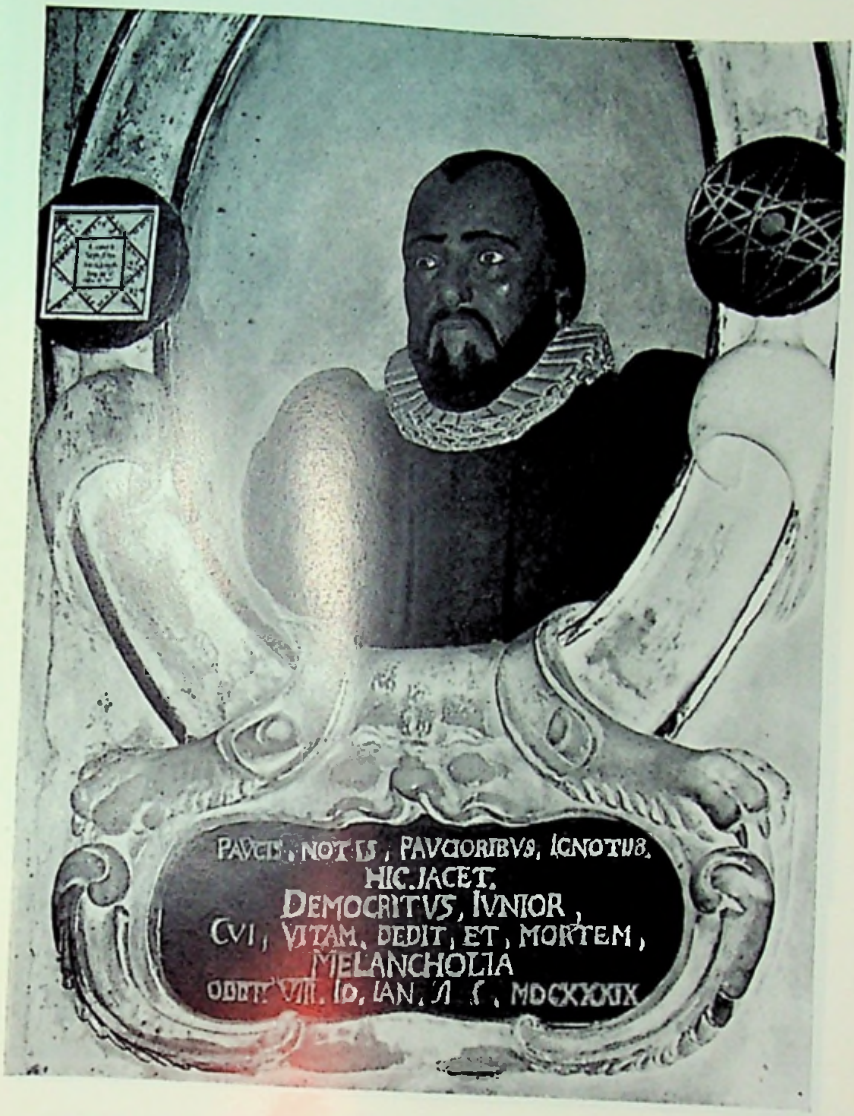
Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper in *Official Guidebook to Christ Church, Oxford*, quotes, most aptly, Shakespeare's famous epitaph on Wolsey from *Henry VIII* (VI, ii):—

> He was most princely; ever witness for him
> Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
> Ipswich and Oxford: one of which fell with him,
> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
> The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
> So excellent in art and still so rising,
> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

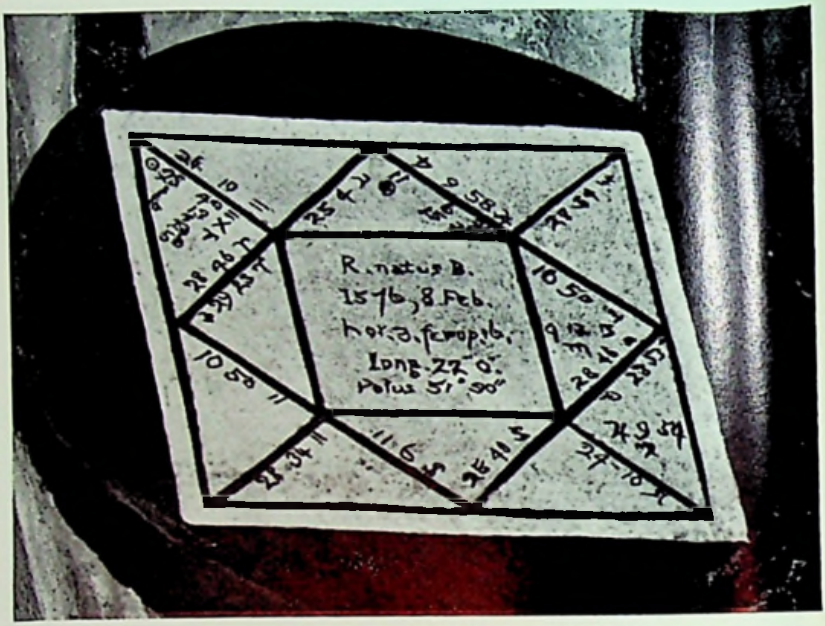
Robert Burton left a large part of his private library to the College, although we have noted already that some of his books are at the Bodleian Library. The date was 1640. Burton enjoyed a college living, and the inscribed copy of the *Anatomy*, after numerous adventures, is back at Christchurch, which also owns the Evelyn Collection, including the famous *Diary*.

Tobie Matthew was Dean from 1576 to 1584, and John Locke, the celebrated philosopher, held executive office until he was ejected by the notorious Dr. Fell.

We reproduce photographs of the Burton and Goodwin monuments at Christchurch Cathedral, in illustration of the features we have noted above. A. Brownlee, in his book, *William Shakespeare and Robert Burton*, identifies Burton as co-author of the Shakespeare Plays and perhaps this is a claim that deserves further investigation. While we see no reason to abandon our claims for Francis Bacon, we would regard Robert Burton as a much more worthy rival than William, the Stratford actor.


PAVCIS NOTVS, PAVCIORIBVS IGNOTVS.
HIC IACET.
DEMOCRITVS IVNIOR,
CVI VITAM DEDIT ET MORTEM
MELANCHOLIA
OBIIT VIII. ID. IAN. A. C. MDCXXXIX

Et satis in tumulo nomen conflare perenni
Conditur hoc tecti
Templi SS. Trinitatis Dei Anus huius
Ecclesiæ potentissimi Regis Lusitaniæ
Ad Sacris operi præfuit Anus Aurei
Hic Vicecan. obiit Iunii die . Ætat
Suæ. 67. A. D. 1620. Summo cum pio
rum omniv luctv et desiderio.


R. natus B.
1576, 8 Feb.
hor. 3. fcrop. 16.
Long. 22° 0'
Polus 51° 50'

Meanwhile the mystery as to the whereabouts of the Robert Burton grave remains, and in this context we noted with interest Lawrence E. Tanner's remarks in his recently published book, *Recollections of a Westminster Antiquary* (John Baker) that after the public had left he had seen "graves opened and ancient bones exhumed". These were possibly removed periodically to a charnel-house for incineration.

* * * *

The *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History* by Francis Bacon went through 11 English editions during the 17th century, but is little read today. Commander Pares, in his article *The Hidden Music*, finds this work to throw an interesting side-light on Bacon's natural and unpolished style of writing, when compiling his notes. The *Sylva*, which was printed posthumously by Bacon's Chaplain, William Rawley, in 1626, is to be found in volume two of James Spedding's edition of Bacon's *Works*, and volume four of Basil Montague's edition. Readers may remember that the first French edition of the work *Historie Naturelle*, Paris 1631, contains the first "Life" of Bacon, and the sole evidence that he visited Italy and Spain, when he was living in France, and also that he visited Scotland. There is nothing in the English edition to suggest this.

We believe that Commander Pares' article will awaken interest in this rather neglected work, and also in the many different styles, finished and unfinished, in which Bacon expressed his thoughts.

The object of this article, according to its author, is to stimulate the interest of those whose musical qualifications are far greater than his own, but who may lack the facilities to study the music in Bacon and Shakespeare. He therefore wishes his contribution to be regarded simply as a prelude to further exploration in a new field.

With this in mind we invited Alan Hovhaness, a distinguished American composer who is also one of our members, to read a proof copy while he was in London. His reaction, which is most interesting, appears in our correspondence on page 89. Alan Hovhaness, whose wife is also a keen Baconian, has been over here to supervise a recording of his 11th symphony, entitled "All Men

are Brothers ". We see, from a catalogue of his compositions published by the C. F. Peters Corporation, of New York, that his 1st Symphony (*Opus 17*) was dedicated to Francis Bacon.

Music pervades the Shake-spearean *Tempest* and there is something encouraging, even prophetic, in the fact that musicians of distinction are drawn to the cause of Francis Bacon. We understand that our member Jane Beckett, with the help of her husband the eminent orchestral conductor, Wheeler Beckett, is now completing an interesting book which throws new light on our controversy.

* * * *

We print in this issue a fascinating and important contribution by T. D. Bokenham, entitled *Cryptomenytices and the Shakespeare Folio of 1623*. Readers will be interested to know that a copy of the first edition of *Cryptomenytices*, 1624, with MS annotations by the patron of this work, Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, still exists in the library at Luneburg in Germany. With the help of our member, Austin Hatt-Arnold, who visited Luneburg on our behalf, the Society has acquired a photo-facsimile of the entire book including the valuable MS annotations. There is a pressing need for an English translation of the Latin text of this rare and most interesting work.

Mr. Bokenham's article, being concentrated on the cipher problem, did not call for comment on the pseudo-portrait of the Duke of Brunswick following page 54. We thought it best, however, to include this illustration (which is reprinted from *Baconiana* 136, page 143, and *Baconiana* 137, page 207, in two articles, the first by Professor Henrion and the second by Mr. Comyns Beaumont), so that all relevant illustrations should appear in this issue.

In this portrait we have superimposed the vertical white line running down from the asterisk symbol to the horizontal line above the word EXPENDE in order to demonstrate that the right side of the face is dissimilar to the left. The right side of the coat appears to have a reversed sleeve, and there is seemingly no right arm in contra-distinction to the abnormally enlarged, and anatomically impossible, left arm.

Other signals to the cryptologist are the four geometrical figures in the corners, the deliberately malformed letters, " I " in LUNAEBURGENSIS and GRATIA and the "M" in DOMINUS, and the erratic use of different letter fonts, both in the oval surround and the subjoined inscription. (See Correspondence page 83).

Analagous ambiguities are observable in the 1623 Folio Droeshout Frontispiece, and the Robert Burton Monument in Christchurch Cathedral, discussed elsewhere. The John Stow tomb in St. Andrew Undershaft Church, St. Mary Axe, in the City of London, appears to have similar peculiarities. But, interesting as these points are, they should not distract attention from Mr. Bokenham's excellent article.

* * * *

Mr. F. S. Thompson, who has been a Member of our Society for over 60 years, tells us that his interest in our cause was aroused in 1902. In that year an article appeared in the now defunct *Pall Mall Magazine* by Mr. George Stronach, then Secretary of our Society, recommending Judge H. Webb's excellent book, *The Mystery of William Shakespeare.*

Mr. Thompson has since extended his interest through a study of Dr. W. S. Melsome's well-known book *The Bacon-Shakespeare Anatomy*, and has written and produced at his own expense, four editions of his *Shakespere's Loves Labors Lost.*

This work gives parallel quotations from the Play and Bacon's essay *Of Studies*, and uses Dr. A. G. Bradley's argument that the deaths of Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, were caused, not so much by external circumstances, as by internal defects of the mind. While this theory may not be generally accepted, it contains an element of truth. Mr. Thompson, like Bradley, is led to the belief that the playright intended " some kind of instruction " in *Love's Labour's Lost*; hence the link with Bacon's essay.

We offer our warm congratulations to Mr. Thompson on this contribution to the work of our Society. Members wishing for a copy of the final Edition should write to the Secretary.

* * * *

At the end of 1949, unfortunately, the periodic index to *Baconiana* lapsed, owing to the need at that time to use all our resources for more urgent purposes. Thereafter, the search for subsequent articles on specified subjects, became increasingly laborious.

Thanks to the diligence and enthusiasm of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Searl, the index has now been brought up to date. The opportunity has also been taken to incorporate the earlier indices into this single publication, which we hope will be available at a nominal price of 2/6d. in the near future. We trust that members and contributors will subsidise the expense by buying a copy. Doubtless librarians will be particularly interested, as the new comprehensive index will facilitate research.

* * * *

The biography of Francis Bacon in The Dictionary of National Biography is more accurate and less biased than we have been led to expect from the "men-of-letters". As very few private libraries would have the space for the large number of volumes which are rarely found except in important public libraries, we are sure that readers of *Baconiana* will read with approval the words with which the contributor "T.F." (the Rev. Professor Fowler according to the key to the initials of contributors provided with the volume) finishes:

> To all these sources of influence we must add the marvellous language in which Bacon often clothes his thoughts. His utterances are not infrequently marked with a grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction, which renders it impossible to forget and difficult even to criticise them. He speaks as one having authority, and it is impossible to resist the majesty of his voice.
>
> Whenever he wishes to be emphatic, there is the true ring of genius about all he says. Hence it is, perhaps, that there is no author, unless it be Shakespeare, who is so easily remembered, or so frequently quoted. Hence too perhaps it is that there is no author so stimulating. Bacon might well be

> called the British Socrates. Even had his individual precepts been utterly worthless, many men must have owed their first impulse to the study of nature, or to independent investigation in general, to the tense and burning words issuing, as it were, from the lips of an irresistible commander, with which he urges them to work.

It will be noted that Professor Fowler writes that " Bacon might well be called the British Socrates ". That was one of the three titles bestowed upon Shakespeare by whoever provided the monument at Stratford and composed the inscription. Was it merely a coincidence that the comparison with Socrates was also made to apply to Bacon ?

OBITUARIES

It was with great regret that the Council received the sad news of the passing of Mr. Thomas Wright last January at his home in Wimbledon.

For the past eighteen years Mr. Wright had given loyal service as a Member of the Council, and as a valued contributor to *Baconiana*. A civil servant by profession, Mr. Wright brought an incisive and logical mind to our discussions. He was always fascinated by the cipher problems, and was at one period a familiar figure at the London meetings held in our Secretary's Earl's Court home. On these occasions he never failed to champion Mrs. Gallup's cipher work and her sincerity of purpose.

Two interesting articles, *Bohemia's Sea Coast in The Winter's Tale*, (*Baconiana*, 150), and *The Name Shakespeare* (*Baconiana*, 154), will be remembered by many of our readers. We shall miss the support and encouragement of a staunch and life-long adherent to our cause.

N.F.

Professor Miloš Vejchoda-Ambros died in Prague on June 13th. Not only has the Francis Bacon Society lost one of its staunchest supporters, but those of us who met him when he spoke to the Society three years ago, and later had the good fortune to get to know him personally, will realise just how much he must be missed by his many friends throughout the world.

Miloš was born in 1906 at Jindřich Hradec in Southern Bohemia. Before the last war he trained in the U.S.A. and in Czechoslovakia for physical education. He then became a member of the Ministry of Health and Physical Education in Prague, where he showed his ability as a brilliant administrator, inspiring all those who worked with him with great enthusiasm.

In 1939 he was closely associated with the Benes government in exile in England, where he made many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penman shared their home with the Ambros family. Mrs. Penman was the sister of Mr. Philip Noel-Baker and their house

was the centre for a brilliant and international circle of people, devoted to the ideals of the League of Nations.

Mrs. Watt, who had become a great friend of the Ambros family in Prague before the war, was in close touch with them in England, and when they returned to Czechoslovakia at the end of the war at the same time as Benes and Jan Masaryk, Miloš took with him Mrs. Watt's family copy of Mrs. Beeton. Light reading during the difficult days of food rationing!

When the Benes government was overthrown in 1948, like so many others with international contacts Miloš found that life became extremely uncertain. He was eventually imprisoned for two and a half years, and found himself having to make a new life with one leg crippled. His old job no longer existed, and he was detailed for research on soil conservation. With his agile brain he became brilliant in this subject.

Hardship, mental and physical, never broke Miloš. He was a man of enormously varied interests, a deep love for his country, and an unrivalled knowledge of its history. His friends, indeed, considered him to be the most erudite man in Prague. He was certainly one of the most courageous and sensitive of men, and it is comforting to feel that in recent years he found peace in his 15th century room in the heart of Prague which he loved so much. This room had few modern amenities. but he was happy with his five thousand books lining the room from floor to ceiling.

To close this scanty and inadequate tribute to a very great man, the writer would like to record that Miloš had that marvellous gift of deep friendship. He was always humble about his own mental ability but determined in his search for truth and the good of mankind.

One can only feel extremely privileged to have known him.

J.D.M.

ON "THE EFFECTING OF ALL THINGS POSSIBLE"

By Sir Peter Medawar, C.B.E., F.R.S.

The Director, National Institute for Medical Research

I

The title of my Address, or if you like its motto, comes from Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, published in 1627. The *New Atlantis* was Bacon's dream of what the world might have been, and might still become, if human knowledge were directed towards improving the worldly condition of man. It makes a rather strange impression nowadays, and very few people bother with it who are not interested either in Bacon himself, or in the flux of seventeenth-century opinion or the ideology of Utopias. We shall not read it for its sociological insights, which are non-existent, nor as science fiction, because it has a general air of implausibility; but there is one high poetic fancy in the *New Atlantis* that stays in the mind after all its fancies and inventions have been forgotten. In the New Atlantis, an island kingdom lying in very distant seas, the only commodity of external trade is—*light*: Bacon's own special light, the light of understanding. The Merchants of Light who carry out its business are members of a society or order of philosophers who between them make up (so their spokesman declared) "the noblest foundation that ever was upon earth". "The end of our foundation", the spokesman went on to say, "is the knowledge of causes and the secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible". You will see later on why I chose this motto.

II

The purpose of my Address is to draw certain parallels between the spiritual or philosophic condition of thoughtful people in the seventeenth century and in the contemporary world, and to ask why the great philosophic revival that brought comfort and a new kind of understanding to our predecessors has now apparently lost its power to reassure us and cheer us up.

The period of English history that lies roughly between the accession of James I in 1603 and the English Civil War has much in common with the present day.[1] For the historian of ideas, it is a period of questioning and irresolution and despondency; of sermonizing but also of satire; of rival religions competing for allegiance, among them the "black doctrine of absolute reprobation"; a period during which our human propensity towards hopefulness was clouded over by a sense of inconstancy and decay. Literary historians have spoken of a "metaphysical shudder",[2] and others of a sense of crisis or of a "failure of nerve".[3] Of course, we must not imagine that ordinary people went around with the long, sunk-in faces to be expected in the victims of a spiritual deficiency disease. It was philosophic or reflective man who had these misgivings, the man who is all of us some of the time but none of us all of the time, and we may take it that, then as now, the remedy for discomforting thoughts was less often to seek comfort than to abstain from thinking.

Amidst the philosophic gloom of the period I am concerned with, new voices began to be heard which spoke of hope and of the possibility of a future (a subject I shall refer to later on); which spoke of confidence in human reason, and of what human beings might achieve through an understanding of Nature and a mastery of the physical world. I think there can be no question that, in this country, it was Francis Bacon who started the dawn chorus—the man who first defined the newer purposes of learning and, less successfully, the means by which they might be fulfilled. Human spirits began to rise. To use a good old seventeenth-century metaphor

---

[1] See, for example, Herbert Grierson, *Cross Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century* (London, 1929); Basil Willey, *The Seventeenth Century Background* (London, 1934); G. N. Clark, *The Seventeenth Century* (2nd ed., Oxford, 1947); W. Notestein, *The English People on the Eve of Colonization* (New York, 1954); Marjorie Hope Nicolson, *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory* (Cornell UP, 1959); Maurice Ashley, *England in the Seventeenth Century* (3rd ed., London, 1961); H. R. Trevor-Roper, *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change* (London, 1967).

[2] George Williamson, 'Mutability, decay and seventeenth century melancholy', *J. Eng. Lit. History*, 2, 121 - 150, 1935.

[3] Christopher Hill, *Intellectual Origins of the English Revolution* (Oxford, 1965).

there was a slow change, but ultimately a complete one, in the "climate of opinion". It became no longer the thing to mope. In a curious way the Pillars of Hercules—the Fatal Columns guarding the Straits of Gibraltar that make the frontispiece to Bacon's *Great Instauration*—provided the rallying cry of the New Philosophy. Let me quote a great American scholar's, Dr. Marjorie Hope Nicolson's,[4] description of how this came about:

> Before Columbus set sail across the Atlantic, the coat of arms of the Royal Family of Spain had been an *empresso*, depicting the Pillars of Hercules, the Straits of Gibraltar, with the motto, *Ne Plus Ultra*. There was "no more beyond". It was the glory of Spain that it was the outpost of the world. When Columbus made his discovery, Spanish Royalty thriftily did the only thing necessary: erased the negative, leaving the Pillars of Hercules now bearing the motto, *Plus Ultra*. There was more beyond . . .
>
> (Nicolson, 1963)

And so *Plus Ultra* became the motto of the New Baconians, and the frontispiece to the *Great Instauration* shows the Pillars of Hercules with ships passing freely to and fro.

One symptom of the new spirit of enquiry was, of course, the foundation of the Royal Society and of sister academies in Italy and France. That story has often been told, and in more than one version, because the parentage of the Royal Society is still in question.[5] We shall be taking altogether too narrow a view of things, however, if we suppose that the great philosophic uncertainties of the seventeenth century were cleared up by the fulfilment of Bacon's ambitions for science. Modern scientific research began earlier than the seventeenth century.[6] The great achievement of

---

[4] Marjorie Hope Nicolson, 'Two Voices: Science and Literature', *The Rockefeller Review*, 1, no. 3, pp. 1 - 11, 1963. Reproduced by permission of the Rockefeller U.P.

[5] See, for example, Margery Purver, *The Royal Society: Concept and Creation* (London, 1967) and a number of papers in vol. 23, no. 2 (December, 1968) of *Notes and Records of the Royal Society*.

[6] For England in particular, see Christopher Hill, op. cit., note 3; F. R. Johnson, *Astronomical Thought in Renaissance Britain* (Baltimore, 1937).

the latter half of the seventeenth century was to arrive at a general scheme of belief within which the cultivation of science was seen to be very proper, very useful, and by no means irreligious. This larger conception or purpose, of which science was a principal agency, may be called "rational humanism" if we are temperamentally in its favour and take our lead from the writings of John Locke, or "materialistic rationalism" if we are against it and frown disapprovingly over Thomas Hobbes, but neither description is satisfactory, because the new movement had not yet taken on the explicit character of an alternative or even an antidote to religion, which is the sense that "rational humanism" tends to carry with it today.

However we may describe it, rational humanism became the dominant philosophic influence in human affairs for the next 150 years, and by the end of the eighteenth century the spokesmen of Reason and Enlightenment—men like Adam Ferguson and William Godwin and Condorcet—take completely for granted many of the ideas that had seemed exhilarating and revolutionary in the century before. But over this period an important transformation was taking place. The seventeenth century doctrine of the *necessity* of reason was slowly giving way to a belief in the *sufficiency* of reason—so illustrating the tendency of many powerful human beliefs to develop into an extreme or radical form before they lose their power to persuade us, and in doing so create anew many of the evils for which at one time they professed to be the remedy. (It has often been said that rationalism in its more extreme manifestations could only supplant religion by acquiring some of the characteristics of religious belief itself). Please don't interpret these remarks as any kind of attempt to depreciate the power of reason. I emphasize the distinction between the ideas of the necessity and of the sufficiency of reason as a defence against that mad and self-destructive form of anti-rationalism which seems to declare that because reason is not sufficient, it is not necessary.

Many reflective people nowadays believe we are back in the kind of intellectual and spiritual turmoil that disturbed the first half of the seventeenth century. Both epochs are marked, not by any characteristic system of beliefs (neither can be called "The

Age of" anything) but by an equally characteristic syndrome of unfixed beliefs; by the emptiness that is left when older doctrines have been found wanting and none has yet been found to take its place. Both epochs have the characteristics of a philosophic interregnum. In the first half of the seventeenth century, the essentially mediaeval world-picture of Elizabethan England had lost its power to satisfy and bring comfort, just as nowadays the radical materialism traditionally associated with Victorian thinkers seems quite inadequate to remedy our complaints. By a curious inversion of thinking, scholastic reasoning is said to have failed because it discouraged new enquiry, but that was precisely the measure of its success. For that is just what successful, satisfying explanations do: they confer a sense of finality; they remove the incentive to work things out anew. At all events the repudiation of Aristotle and the hegemony of ancient learning, of the scholastic style of reasoning, of the illusion of a Golden Age, is as commonplace in the writings of the seventeenth century as dismissive references to rationalism and materialism in the literature of the past 50 years.

We can draw quite a number of detailed correspondences between the contemporary world and the first 40 or 50 years of the seventeenth century, all of them part of a syndrome of dissatisfaction and unbelief; and though we might find reason to cavil at each one of them individually, they add up to an impressive case. Novels and philosophical *belles-lettres* have now an inward-looking character, a deep concern with matters of personal salvation and a struggle to establish the authenticity of personal existence; and we may point to the prevalence of satire and of the Jacobean style of "realism", a bizarre variant of unreality, on the stage. I shall leave aside the political and economic correspondences between the two epochs,[1] important though they are, and confine myself to analogies that might be described as "philos-

[1] England at the time of the Armada was a prosperous country, and it became so again in the reign of Queen Anne; the period I am discussing, however, was marked by a high level of unemployment and a number of major economic slumps, not to mention the English Civil War; moreover the reputation of England abroad sank to a specially low level in the latter part of James I's reign and during the reign of Charles I. This was also the period of the great emigrations to Massachusetts.

ophical" in the homely older sense, the sense that has to do with the purpose and conduct of life and with the attempt to answer the simple questions that children ask. Once again we are oppressed by a sense of decay and deterioration, but this time, in part at least, by a fear of the deterioration of the world through technological innovation. Artificial fertilizers and pesticides are undermining our health (we tell ourselves), soil and sea are being poisoned by chemical and radioactive wastes, drugs substitute one kind of disease for another, and modern man is under the influence of stimulants whenever he is not under the influence of sedatives. Once again there is a feeling of despondency and incompleteness, a sense of doubt about the adequacy of man, amounting in all to what a future historian might again describe as a failure of nerve. Intelligent and learned men may again seek comfort in an elevated kind of barminess (but something kind and gentle nevertheless). Mystical syntheses between science and religion like the Cambridge Neo-Platonism of the mid-seventeenth century have their counterpart today, perhaps, in the writings and cult of Teilhard de Chardin and in a revival of faith in the Wisdom of the East. Once again there is a rootlessness or ambivalence about philosophical thinking, as if the discovery or rediscovery of the insufficiency of reason had given a paradoxical validity to nonsense, and this gives us a special sympathy for the dilemmas of the seventeenth century. To William Lecky, the great nineteenth century historian of rationalism, it seemed almost beyond comprehension that witch hunting and witch burning should have persisted far into the seventeenth century, or that Joseph Glanvill should have been equally an advocate of the Royal Society and of belief in witchcraft.[8]

We do not wonder at it now. It no longer seems strange to us that Pascal the geometer who spoke with perfect composure about infinity and the infinitesimal should have been supplanted by Pascal the great cosmophobe who spoke with anguish about the darkness and loneliness of outer space. Discoveries in astronomy and cosmology have always a specially disturbing quality. We remember the dismay of John Donne and Pascal himself and

[8] William Lecky, *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* (London, 1865); see especially H. R. Trevor-Roper, op. cit., note 1.

latterly of William Blake. Cosmological discoveries bring with them a feeling of awe but also, for most people, a sense of human diminishment. Our great sidereal adventures today are both elevating and frightening, and may be both at the same time. The launching of a space rocket is (to go back to seventeenth century language) a tremendous phenomenon. It must have occurred to many who saw pictures of it that the great steel rampart or nave from which the Apollo rockets are launched had the size and shape and grandeur of a cathedral, with Apollo itself in the position of a spire. Like a cathedral it is economically pointless, a shocking waste of public money; but like a cathedral it is also a symbol of aspiration towards higher things.

When we compare the climates of opinion in the seventeenth century and today, we must again remember that cries of despair are not necessarily authentic. There was a strong element of affectation about Jacobean melancholy, and so there is today. Then as now it had tended to become a posture. One of a modern writer's claims to be taken seriously is to castigate complacency and to show up contentment for the shallow and insipid thing that it is assumed to be. But ordinary human beings continue to be vulgarly high spirited. The character we all love best in Boswell is Johnson's old college companion, Mr. Oliver Edwards—the man who said that he had tried in his time to be a philosopher, but had failed because cheerfulness was always breaking in.

III

I should now like to describe the new style of thinking that led to great revival of spirits in the seventeenth century. It is closely associated with birth of science, of course—of Science with a capital S—and the "new philosophy" that had been spoken of since the beginning of the century referred to the beginnings of physical science; but (as I said a moment ago) we should be taking too narrow a view of things if we supposed that the establishment or instauration of science made up the whole or even the greater part of it. The new spirit is to be thought of not as scientific, but

as something conducive to science; as a movement within which scientific enquiry played a necessary and proper part.

What then were the philosophic elements of the new revival (using "philosophy" again in its homely sense)?

The seventeenth century was an age of Utopias, though Thomas More's own Utopia was already 100 years old. The Utopias or anti-Utopias we devise today are usually set in the future, partly because the world's surface is either tenanted or known to be empty, partly because we need and assume we have time for the fulfilment of our designs. The old Utopias—Utopia itself, the *New Atlantis*, *Christianopolis*, and the *City of the Sun*[9] —were contemporary societies. Navigators and explorers came upon them accidentally in far off seas. What is the meaning of the difference? One reason, of course, is that the world then still had room for undiscovered principalities, and geographical exploration itself had the symbolic significance we now associate with the great adventures of modern science. Indeed, now that outer space is coming to be our playground, we may again dream of finding ready-made Utopias out there. But this is not the most important reason. The old Utopias were not set in the future because very few people believed that there would *be* a future—an earthly future, I mean; nor was it by any means assumed that the playing-out of earthly time would improve us or increase our capabilities. On the contrary, time was running out, in fulfilment of the great Judaic tradition, and we ourselves were running down.

These thoughts suffuse the philosophic speculation of the seventeenth century until quite near its end. 'I was borne in the last age of the world', said John Donne[10] and Thomas Browne speaks of himself as one whose generation was "ordained in this setting

[9] J. V. Andreae's *Description of the Republic of Christianopolis* was first published in 1619 (*see* F. Held, *Christianopolis, an Ideal State of the Seventeenth Century, Urbana*, 1914); Tommaso Campanella published *The City of the Sun in* 1623 (English translation by T. W. Halliday in *Ideal Commonwealths*, London, 1885). There is an extensive literature on Utopian and chiliastic speculation, some of it rather feeble. The following are specially relevant to the idea of progress and of human improvement: J. B. Bury, *The Idea of Progress* (London, 1932); E. L. Tuveson, *Millenium and Utopia* (Berkeley, 1949); Norman Cohn, *The Pursuit of the Millenium* (New York, 1957).

[10] In a sermon delivered in Whitehall, February 24, 1625.

part of time".[11] The most convincing evidence of the seriousness of this belief is to be found not in familiar literary tags, but the dull and voluminous writings of those who, like George Hakewill[12] repudiated the idea of human deterioration and the legend of a golden age, but had no doubt at all about the imminence of the world's end. The apocalyptic forecast was, of course, a source of strength and consolation to those who had no high ambitions for life on earth. The precise form the end of history would take had long been controversial—the New Jerusalem might be founded upon the earth itself or be inaugurated in the souls of men in heaven—but that history would come to an end had hardly been in question. Towards the end of the sixteenth century there had been some uneasy discussion of the idea that the material world might be eternal, but the thought had been a disturbing one, and had been satisfactorily explained away[13].

During the seventeenth century this attitude changes. The idea of an end of history is incompatible with a new feeling about the great things human beings might achieve through their own ingenuity and exertions. The idea therefore drops quietly out of the common consciousness. It is not refuted, but merely fades away. It is true that the idea of human deterioration was expressly refuted—in England by George Hakewill but before him by Jean Bodin (by whom Hakewill was greatly influenced) and by Louis de Roy[14]. The refutation of the idea of decay did not carry with it an acceptance of the idea of progress, or anyhow of linear progress: it was a question of recognizing that civilizations or cultures had their ups and downs, and went through a life

---

[11] In *Hydriotaphia*, his discourse on urn-burial. For a history of the idea see S. Toulmin and J. Goodfield, *The Discovery of Time* (London, 1965).

[12] *An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God* (Oxford, 1627), an answer to Godfrey Goodman's *The Fall of Man* (London, 1616).

[13] *See* D. C. Allen, "The degeneration of man and Renaissance pesimism", *Studies in Philology*, 35, 202 - 227, 1938.

[14] Louis Le Roy's remarkable work, addressed to "all men who thinke that the future belongeth unto them" became known in England through Robert Ashley's translation of 1594 (*Of the Interchangeable Course or Variety of Things*).

cycle of degeneration and regeneration—a "circular kind of progress", Hakewill said.

There were however two elements of seventeenth century thought that imply the idea of progress if it is not explicitly affirmed. The first was the recognition that the tempo of invention and innovation was speeding up, that the flux of history was becoming denser. In *The City of the Sun* Campanella tells us that "his age has in it more history within a hundred years than all the world had in four thousand years before it". He is echoing Peter Ramus:[15] "We have seen in the space of one age a more plentiful crop of learned men and works than our predecessors saw in the previous fourteen". By the latter half of the seventeenth century the new concept had sunk in.

The second element in the concept of futurity—in the idea that men might look forward, not only backwards or upwards—is to be found in the breathtaking thought that there was no apparent limit to human inventiveness and ingenuity. It was the notion of a perpetual *Plus Ultra*, that what was already known was only a tiny fraction of what remained to be discovered, so that there would always be more beyond. Bacon published his *Novum Organum* at the beginning of the remarkable decade between 1620 and 1630, and had singled it out as the greatest obstacle to the growth of understanding, that "men despair and think things impossible". "The human understanding is unquiet" he wrote; "it cannot stop or rest and still presses onwards, but in vain"—in vain, because our spirits are oppressed by "the obscurity of nature, the shortness of life, the deceitfulness of the senses, the infirmity of judgement, the difficulty of experiment, and the like". "I am now therefore to speak of hope", he goes on to say, in a passage that sounds like the trumpet calls in *Fidelio*. The hope he held out was of a rebirth of learning, and with it the realization that if men would only concentrate and direct their faculties, "there is no difficulty that might not be overcome". "The process of Art is indefinite", wrote Henry Power, "and who can set a *Plus Ultra*

[15] Cited by Hakewill, op. cit., note 12.

to her endeavours?".[16] There is a mood of exultation and glory about this new belief in human capability and the future in which it might unfold. With Thomas Hobbes "glorying" becomes almost a technical term: "Joy, arising from imagination of a man's own power and ability, is that exultation of mind called glorying", he says in *Leviathan*, and in another passage he speaks of a "perseverance of delight in the continual and indefatigable generation of knowledge".

It does not take a specially refined sensibility to see how exciting and exhilarating these new notions must have been. During the eighteenth century of course, everybody sobers up. The idea of progress is taken for granted—but in some sense it gets out of hand, for not only will human inventions improve without limit, but so also (it is argued, though not very clearly) will human beings. It is interesting to compare the exhilaration of the seventeenth century with, say, William Godwin's magisterial tone of voice as the eighteenth century draws to an end. "The extent of our progress in the cultivation of human knowledge is unlimited. Hence it follows . . . that human inventions are susceptible of perpetual improvement".[17]

> "Can we arrest the progress of the enquiring mind? If we can, it must be by the most unmitigated depotism. Intellect has a perpetual tendency to proceed. In cannot be held back but by a power that counteracts its genuine tendency through every moment of its existence. Tyrannical and sanguinary must be the measures employed for this purpose. Miserable and disgustful must be the scene they produce".
>
> *Godwin* (1797)

The seventeenth century had begun with the assumption that a powerful force would be needed to put the inventive faculty into motion; by the end of the eighteenth century it is

---

[16] *Experimental Philosophy*, Preface (London, 1664); cp. John Ray, *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation*, (2nd ed., pp. 164 - 165; 1st ed., London, 1691).

[17] William Godwin, *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (3rd ed., London, 1797; 1st ed., 1793). Cf. Adam Ferguson, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society* (Edinburgh, 1767).

assumed that only the application of an equally powerful force could possibly slow it down.

Before going on, it is worth asking if this conception is still acceptable—that the growth of knowledge and know-how has no intrinsic limit. We have now grown used to the idea that most ordinary or natural growth processes (the growth of organisms or populations of organisms or, for example, of cities) is not merely limited, but self-limited, i.e. is slowed down and eventually brought to a standstill as a *consequence of the act of growth itself*. For one reason or another, but always for some reason, organisms cannot grow indefinitely, just as beyond a certain level of size or density a population defeats its own capacity for further growth. May not the body of knowledge also become unmanageably large, or reach such a degree of complexity that it is beyond the comprehension of the human brain? To both these questions I think the answer is "No". The proliferation of recorded knowledge and the seizing-up of comunications are technological problems for which technical solutions can and are being found. As to the idea that knowledge may transcend the power of the human brain: in a sense it has long done so. No one can "understand" a radio-set or automobile in the sense of having an effective grasp of more than a fraction of the hundred technologies that enter into their manufacture. But we must not forget the additiveness of human capabilities. We work through consortia of intelligences, past as well as present. We might, of course, blow ourselves up or devise an unconditionally lethal virus, but we don't *have* to. Nothing of the kind is necessarily entailed by the growth of knowledge and understanding. I do not believe that there is any intrinsic limitation upon our ability to answer the questions that belong to the domain of natural knowledge and fall therefore within the agenda of scientific enquiry.

IV

The repudiation of the concept of decay, the beginnings of a sense of the future, an affirmation of the dignity and worthiness of secular learning, the idea that human capabilities might have no

upper limit, an exultant recognition of the capabilities of man—these were the seventeenth century's antidote to despondency. You may wonder why I have said nothing about the promulgation of the experimental method in science as one of the decisive intellectual movements of the day. My defence is that the origin of the experimental method has been the subject of a traditional misunderstanding, the effect of reading into the older usages of "experiment" the very professional meaning we attach to that word today. Bacon is best described as an advocate of the *experiential* method in science—of the belief that natural knowledge was to be acquired not from authority, however venerable, nor by syllogistic exercises, however subtle, but by paying attention to the evidence of the senses, evidence from which (he believed) all deception and illusion could be stripped away. Bacon's writings form one of the roots of the English tradition of philosophic empiricism, of which the greater spokesman was John Locke. The unique contribution of science to empirical thought lay in the idea that experience could be *stretched* in such a way as to make nature yield up information which we should otherwise have been unaware of. The word 'experiment' as it was used until the nineteenth century stood for the concept of stretched or deliberately contrived experience; for the belief that we might make nature perform according to a scenario of our own choosing instead of merely watching her own artless improvisations. An "experiment" today is not something that merely enlarges our sensory experience. It is a critical operation of some kind which discriminates between hypotheses and therefore gives a specific direction to the flow of thought. Bacon's championship of the idea of experimentation was part of a greater intellectual movement which had a special manifestation in science without being distinctively scientific. His reputation should not, and fortunately need not rest on his being the founder of the 'experimental method' in the modern sense.[18]

[18] See my Jayne Lectures, *Induction and Intuition in Scientific Thought* (Philadelphia and London, 1969). The idea of "stretched experience" and of the experimenter as the "archmaster" who "completes experience", comes from John Dee's *Mathematical Preface* to Henry Billingsley's English translation of Euclid (London, 1570).

Let us return to the contemporary world and discuss our misgivings about the way things are going now. No one need suppose that our present philosophic situation is unique in its character and gravity. It was partly to dispel such an illusion that I have been moving back and forth between the seventeenth century and the present day. Moods of complacency and discontent have succeeded each other during the past 400 or 500 years of European history, and our present mood of self-questioning does not represent a new and startled awareness that civilization is coming to an end. On the contrary, the existence of these doubts is probably our best assurance that civilization will continue.

Many of the ingredients of the seventeenth century antidote to melancholy have lost their power to bring peace of mind today, and have become a source of anxiety in themselves. Consider the tempo of innovation. In the post-Renaissance world the feeling that inventiveness was increasing and that the whole world was on the move did much to dispel the myth of deterioration and give people confidence in human capability. Nevertheless the tempo was a pretty slow one, and technical innovation had little influence on the character of common life. A man grew up and grew old in what was still essentially the world of his childhood; it had been his father's world and it would be his children's too. Today the world changes so quickly that in growing up we take leave not just of youth but of the world we were young in. I suppose we all realize the degree to which fear and resentment of what is new is really a lament for the memories of our childhood. Dear old steam trains, we say to ourselves, but nasty diesel engines; trusty old telegraph poles but horrid pylons. Telegraph poles, as the Poet Laureate told us a good many years ago,[19] are something of a test case. Anyone who has spent part of his childhood in the countryside can remember looking up through the telegraph wires at a clouded sky and discerning the revolution of the world, or will have listened, ear to post, to the murmur of interminable conversations. For some people even the smell of telegraph poles is nostalgic, though creosote has a pretty technological smell.

[19] C. Day Lewis, *A Hope for Poetry*, p. 107 (London, 1934).

Telegraph poles have been assimilated into the common consciousness, and one day pylons will be, too. When the pylons are dismantled and the cables finally go underground, people will think again of those majestic catenary curves, and remind each other of how giants once marched across the countryside in dead silence and in single file. (What is wrong with pylons is that most of them are ugly. If only the energy spent in denouncing them had been directed towards improving their appearance, they could have been made as beautiful, even as majestic, as towers or bridges are allowed to be, and need not have looked incongruous in the countryside).

When Bacon described himself as a trumpeter of the new philosophy, the message he proclaimed was of the virtue and dignity of scientific learning and of its power to make the world a better place to live in. I am continually surprised by the superficiality of the reasons which have led people to question those beliefs today. Many different elements enter into the movement to depreciate the services to mankind of science and technology. I have just mentioned one of them, the tempo of innovation when measured against the span of life. We wring our hands over the miscarriage of technology and take its benefactions for granted. We are dismayed by air pollution but not proportionately cheered up by, say, the virtual abolition of poliomyelitis. (Nearly 5,000 cases of poliomyelitis were recorded in England and Wales in 1957. In 1967 there were less than 30.) There is a tendency, even a perverse willingness to suppose that the despoliation sometimes produced by technology is an inevitable and irremediable process, a trampling down of Nature by the big machine. Of course it is nothing of the kind. The deterioration of the environment produced by technology is a technological problem for which technology has found, is finding, and will continue to find solutions. There is, of course, a sense in which science and technology can be arraigned for devising new instruments of warfare, but another and more important sense in which it is the height of folly to blame the weapon for the crime. I would rather put it this way: that in the management of our affairs we have too often been bad workmen, and like all bad workmen we

blame our tools. I am all in favour of a vigorously critical attitude towards technological innovation: we should scrutinize all attempts to improve our condition and make sure that they do not in reality do us harm; but there is all the difference in the world between informed and energetic criticism and a drooping despondency that offers no remedy for the abuses it bewails.

Superimposed on all particular causes of complaint is a more general cause of dissatisfaction. Bacon's belief in the cultivation of science for the "merit and emolument of life" has always been repugnant to those who have taken it for granted that comfort and prosperity imply spiritual impoverishment. But the real trouble nowadays has very little to do with material prosperity or technology or with our misgivings about the power of research and learning generally to make the world a better place. The real trouble is our acute sense of human failure and mismanagement, a new and specially oppressive sense of the inadequacy of man. So much was hoped of us, particularly in the eighteenth century. We were going to improve, weren't we?—and for some reason which was never made clear to us we were going to grow in moral stature as well as in general capability. Our school reports were going to get better term by term. Unfortunately they haven't done so. Every folly, every enormity that we look back on with repugnance can find its equivalent in contemporary life. Once again our intellectuals have failed us; there is a general air of misanthropy and self-contempt, of protest but not of affirmation. There is a peculiar selfishness about modern philosophic speculation (using 'philosophy' here again in its homely or domestic sense). The philosophic universe has contracted into a neighbourhood, a suburbia of personal relationships. It is as if the classical formula of self-interest, "I'm all right, Jack", was seeking a new context in our private, inner, world.

We can obviously do better than this, and there is just one consideration that might help to take the sting out of our self-reproaches. In the melancholy reflections of the post-Renaissance era it was taken for granted that the poor old world was superannuated, that history had all but run its course and was soon

coming to an end. The brave spirits who inaugurated the new science dared to believe that it was not too late to be ambitious, but now we must try to understand that it is a bit too early to expect our grander ambitions to be fulfilled. Today we are conscious that human history is only just beginning. There has always been room for improvement; now we know that there is time for improvement, too. For all their intelligence and dexterity—qualities we have always attached great importance to—the higher primates (monkeys, apes and men) have not been very successful. Human beings have a history of more than 500,000 years. Only during the past 5,000 years or thereabouts have human beings won a reward for their special capabilities; only during the past 500 years or so have they begun to be, in the biological sense, a success. If we imagine the evolution of living organisms compressed into one year of cosmic time, then the evolution of man has occupied a day. Only during the past 10 or 15 minutes of the human day has our life on earth been anything but precarious. Until then we might have gone under altogether or, more likely, have survived as a biological curiosity; as a patchwork of local communities only just holding their own in a bewildering and hostile world. Only during this past 15 minutes (for reasons I shall not go into, though I think they can be technically explained) has there been progress, though, of course, it doesn't amount to very much. We cannot point to a single definitive solution of any one of the problems that confront us—political, economic, social or moral, i.e. having to do with the conduct of life. We are still beginners, and for that reason may hope to improve. To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind. There is no need to be dismayed by the fact that we cannot yet envisage a definitive solution of our problems, a resting place beyond which we need not try to go. Because he likened life to a race,[20] and defined felicity as the state of mind of those in the front of it, Thomas Hobbes has always been thought of as the arch materialist, the first man to uphold go-getting as a creed. But that is a travesty of

[20] This simile occurs more than once in Hobbes; the passage I have in mind is from his *Human Nature* (London, 1650).

Hobbes' opinion. He was a go-getter in a sense, but it was the going, not the getting he extolled. The race had no finishing post as Hobbes conceived it. The great thing about the race was to be in it, to be a contestant in the attempt to make the world a better place, and it was a spiritual death he had in mind when he said that to forsake the course is to die. "There is no such thing as perpetual tranquility of mind while we live here", he told us in *Leviathan*, "because life itself is but motion, and can never be without desire, or without fear, no more than without sense"; "there can be no contentment but in proceeding". I agree.

THE HIDDEN MUSIC

by M.P.

> That is the best part of Beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the Life . . .
> (Francis Bacon)

When Shelley exalts the poets above the reasoners in his prose classic, *A Defence of Poetry*, he not only pays tribute to the sublimity of their thought and expression, but also to the music of their words. Of the divinely inspired writers whom he venerates in a single line—Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon, Lord Bacon and Milton—all but one are now rated among the greatest poets in our Western tradition. The exception is Francis Bacon who, while honoured as philosopher, statesman, and lawyer, is not usually recognised as a poet at all.

Shelley, of course, was considering poetry in the universal sense and not in the restricted sense of verse. But the praise he gives to Bacon as a true poet, in spirit as well as in musical effect, is as high as he gives to anyone. And the music in Bacon which Shelley describes so carefully is twofold. Outwardly it is a music of sound and rhythm in his words; inwardly it is a harmony of mind and soul in the Platonic sense, which manifests in Bacon's creative ideas. In the preface to his translation of *The Banquet* Shelley compares him to Plato as follows

> Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit, rather than a man. Lord Bacon is perhaps the only writer who, in these particulars, can be compared with him . . .

In *A Defence of Poetry* Shelley is even more positive of this double music in Bacon:—

> Lord Bacon was a poet*. His language has a sweet and majestical rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the hearer's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the

> universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. All the authors of revolutions in opinion are not only necessarily poets as they are inventors, nor even as their words unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth; but as their periods are harmonious and rhythmical, and contain in themselves the elements of verse; being the echo of the eternal music . . .
>
> * See the *Filum Labyrinthi* and the *Essay on Death* particularly.

Shelley's admiration for Bacon's poetical gift is here expressed in the strongest terms. Yet his footnote is ambiguous and puzzling. *An Essay on Death*—as distinct from the better known essay *Of Death*—was printed posthumously in Bacon's *Remaines* in 1648 and is usually regarded as spurious. The *Filum Labyrinthi* is an earlier version in English of the Latin work *Cogitata et Visa*. It is an important statement of Bacon's views and severely critical of the culture and civilization of his day, but hardly poetical or musical.

Here then, is the dilemma. Neither of the examples given by Shelley quite expresses the qualities he describes. Why then were they chosen? The answer seems to be (as William O. Scott has suggested) that Shelley drew more inspiration from Bacon's creative thought than from his harmonious and rhythmical periods.† Yet there is no doubt that Shelley set a high value on the powers of rhythm and sound, or he would not have written as follows:—

> . . . the language of poets has ever affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry . . . Hence the vanity of translation . . .
>
> (A Defence of Poetry)

It may have been this problem—the preservation or renewal of the music—that made Bacon so particular about his translations. There is a memorandum by him in the *Commentarius Solutus*—"Proceeding with the translation of my book of Advancement of Learning; *hearkening* to some other if Playfere should fail". The very work "hearkening" suggests why the good Doctor Playfere, latinist and preacher, was not further encouraged.

---

† See William O. Scott's *Shelley's Admiration for Bacon*, P.M.L.A., reprinted by kind permission in *Baconiana* 163.

Eventually it was to Ben Jonson, a poet, that Bacon entrusted the translation of his Essays into Latin.

* * * *

Bacon's delight in the music of words is reflected in the careful revisions which he made to most of his works, perfecting the music without changing the sense. The *Essays,* as Macaulay observed, were brought gradually to their peak of eloquence and richness of expression in the final edition of 1625. An exception to this rule was the *Sylva Sylvarum* which was published by Rawley in 1626 almost in the language of Bacon's notes; but this, as we shall see, is part of its charm. Always—penetrating and permeating the music of Bacon's words—is the music of his Ideas, and perhaps it was this that led Shelley to compare him to Plato. Indeed Professor Jowett, speaking of music in Plato's *Republic,* makes a similar distinction:—

> With this natural enthusiasm there seems to mingle in Plato a sort of Pythagorean reverence for numbers and numerical proportion to which Aristotle is a stranger. Intervals of Sound and Number are to him sacred things which have a law of their own, not dependent on the variations of sense. They rise above sense, and become a connecting link with the world of ideas. But it is evident that Plato is describing what to him appears also to be a fact . . . and besides all this there seems to be a confusion between the harmony of musical notes and the harmony of soul and body, which is so potently inspired by them.*

Perhaps this " confusion " is ours and not Plato's or Bacon's. For with Bacon, too, this music of the soul is more than a figure of speech.

> I may say of myself, as was once said in jest (since it marks the distinction so truly) " It cannot be that we should think alike, when one drinks water and the other drinks wine ". Now others, both ancient and modern, have in the Sciences drunk a crude liquor like water, either flowing spontaneously from the Intellect, or drawn up by Logic as by wheels from a well. But I pledge mankind in a liquor strained from countless grapes, ripe and well seasoned and collected in clusters; then squeezed in the press and clarified in the Vat. It is therefore no wonder if they and I do not think alike.
>
> (*Novum Organum* 1/123)

---

* *Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato.* Benjamin Jowett, Oxford University Press. American Branch. 1902.

Here, in what purports to be a scientific treatise, is a toast to the Truth and to the well-being of mankind. In a lighter vein—in the essay *Of Gardens,* where Bacon is most relaxed and at home—he also hears the strain of a hidden music:—

> . . . And because the Breath of Flowers is far sweeter in the Air (where it comes and goes like the Warbling of Music), than in the Hand . . .

A rejoinder to this happy thought occurs in Shake-speare, where the *breath* is again linked with music and flowers. But instead of the flower-scented air calling forth the music, it is the music which *breathes* forth the " sweet sound " of the violets:—

> That strain again! it had a dying fall
> O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That *breathes* upon a bank of violets . . .
>
> (*Twelfth Night* 1/1/4)

The Platonic conception of a musical harmony of body, mind and soul is actually extended by Bacon in relation to medical practice:—

> . . . the body of man, of all other things, is the most fermented and compounded mass. The soul on the other side is the simplest of substances,
>
> . . . pure and unmixed
> The ethereal sense is left, mere air and fire.*
>
> . . . this variable and subtle composition and structure of man's body has made it as a musical instrument of much exquisite workmanship, which is easily put out of tune. And therefore the poets did well to conjoin Music and Medicine in Apollo . . . for the office of the Physician is but to know how to stretch this Harp of man's body that the Harmony may be without all harshness or discord . . .
>
> (*De Augmentis* 4/1)
> Spedding's translation

Music for Bacon is not a soporific. It tends to keep him awake and "attentive". For inducing sleep he prescribes the monotones of Nature, as the soughing of the wind or the lapping of the water. But he commends the effect of music on awakening from sleep, and especially during those fleeting moments between sleeping and waking:—

---

* Virgil's *Aeneid;* VI, 747.

> . . it is manifest that between sleeping and waking, when all the senses are bound and suspended, music is far sweeter than when one is fully waking . . . (*Sylva* S.235)

Shake-speare, too, at the moment of an awakening, uses music dramatically, either for its curative effect in calming or transforming the mind, or for carrying out some magical operation:—

> Procure me music ready when he wakes
> To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound
> (*T. of Shrew.* Ind. 1/50)

> Wilt thou have music? Hark Apollo plays
> And twenty caged nightingales do sing
> (*Ibid.* Ind. 2/37)

> *Doctor.* Please you draw near. Louder the music there
> (*Lear* 4/7/25)

> . . . and when I have required
> Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
> To work mine end upon their senses . . .
> (*Tempest* 5/1/5)

> The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou block
> The Music there: I pray you give her air . . .
> (*Pericles* 3/2/91)

The alternate use in music of discord and concord interested Bacon profoundly:—

> The falling from a *discord* to a *concord*, which maketh great sweetness in music . . . (*Sylva* S.113)

> Of the two insignia which Pan bears in his hands, the one represents Harmony, the other Empire. For the pipe of seven reeds denotes the consent and harmony of things, or *concord* mixed with *discord* . . . (*De Augmentis* 2/13)

In Shakespeare the same words are used figuratively, and seem almost to be dragged into the text:—

> Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
> That is hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
> How shall we find the *concord* of this *discord*?
> (*M. N. Dream* 5/1/58)

> His jarring *concord* and his *discord* dulcet
> His faith, his sweet disaster . . .
> (*Alls Well* 1/1/186)

* * * *

The legend of Orpheus and his heavenly music appealed strongly to Bacon, and indeed to most of the scholars and writers of his time. Shakespeare idealized it in one of his loveliest lyrics*; with Bacon it was a subject of almost daily contemplation; for he erected a statue of Orpheus in his orchard at Gorhambury as "PHILOSOPHY PERSONIFIED", thus taking him as his model. In the *Wisdom of the Ancients* and the *De Augmentis* he interprets the myth in terms of the philosophy and metaphysics of his day:—

> The figure of Orpheus is truly divine, and his mastership of harmony and music that drew all things to follow him, may surely be taken as Philosophy personified. For the labours of Orpheus exceed the labours of Hercules, even as the works of Wisdom exceed the works of Fortitude . . .
>
> So great was the power of his music that even the trees and the stones came to his bidding and arranged themselves in order about him . . .
>
> . . . The song of Orpheus is twofold, pacifying the spirits of the Underworld and charming the beasts and the trees. The former relates to Natural Philosophy, the latter to Moral and Civil Philosophy. Now the work of Natural Philosophy is the noblest of all—the restoration of things corruptible and (in a lower degree) the preservation of bodies in their proper state, retarding dissolution and corruption. If this is at all possible it is only to be effected by *playing on the notes of Nature, as on a harp, with loving and accurate strokes.* But being a thing most difficult to accomplish, it usually fails; though probably from no other cause than impatience and scepticism, *as Orpheus looked back for his wife.*
>
> (*De Sapientia Veterum*)

To quote Bacon in full on the Orphic myth would be superfluous here. Moreover the moral philosophy which he draws from this fable, and also from those of *The Sirens* and *Dionysus*, is better read in context. Briefly the gist of it is as follows: from the fable of *The Sirens* he draws the well-known lesson that these "Allurements of Pleasure" can be resisted only in three ways: by avoidance (symbolized by stopping or waxing the ears from the Sirens' music): by self-mastery (as Ulysses bound his body voluntarily to the mast): or, best of all, by raising our consciousness to the heavenly music, as Orpheus "not caring to be bound" raised his song to the gods, thereby drowning the Sirens' music. But Bacon also notes from

* *Henry VIII*: 3/1/4.

another fable how Orpheus is defeated. In the Orgies of Bacchus his music " cannot be endured ": inasmuch as Passion and Desire will not tolerate Philosophy. In this case it is the music of Orpheus which is drowned by the clamour of the over-stimulated Bacchanali.

It is evident how much store was set by Bacon on the dual role of Philosophy, as exemplified in the music of Orpheus, harmonising and synthesising the wisdom-notes and the love-notes of his song. In the *Promus* (353) there is a note in Bacon's hand citing a a line from Virgil†. This, too, has a musical overtone. In the *De Augmentis* it is quoted again by Bacon in support of a philosophical precept:—

> The proof and persuasions of rhetoric ought to be varied according to the audience. So that, like a musician adapting his skill to different ears, a man should be,
>
> *Orpheus in Silvis, inter delphinas Arion.*
>
> (An Orpheus in the woods, an Arion among the Dolphins).
>
> (*De Augmentis* 6/3)

* * * *

In the *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History* Bacon devotes a whole section of notes to the investigation of sound. Although these are presented simply as a collection of scientific speculations, many of them have a singular beauty of expression. They range from the art of music itself to the various sounds and noises made by water, flame, animals, the applause of crowds, vocal effects and the basic sounds and tones of alphabetical letters. No doubt many of these observations could be traced to Bacon's reading of classical literature; also many would now appear crude or elementary from the standpoint of modern acoustics and physics. Their interest today however, is no longer scientific, but biographical, literary and even metaphysical. The *Sylva*, alas, is little read now; yet it reveals in great measure the charm of Bacon's natural, unaffected, conversational tones, in a way that is seldom found in his more finished compositions. Here, then are some of his observations on music and sound:—

---

† Virgil. *Eclogue*, 8/56.

It is a strange thing in Nature . . . how children and some birds learn to imitate speech . . . It would make a man think (though this which we shall say may seem exceeding strange) that there is some transference of spirits . . .

But touching the operations of transmission of spirits, which is one of the highest secrets in Nature, we shall speak in due place when we come to inquire of the imagination . . .

(*Sylva.* S 236)

No beast can imitate the speech of man but birds only . . . It is true that I have known a dog, that if one howled in his ear, he would fall a howling a great while . . .

(*Ibid.* S 238)

The birds that are known to be speakers are parrots, pies, jays, daws and ravens. Of which parrots have an adunque bill, but the rest not.*

(*Ibid.* S 238)

Speech must come by hearing and learning; and birds give more heed, and mark sounds more than beasts; because naturally they are delighted with them, and practice them more, as appeareth in their singing . . .

(*Ibid.* S 239)

There have been some that could counterfeit the distance of voices . . . in such sort as when they stand fast by you, you would think the speech came from afar off *in a fearful manner* . . .

(*Ibid.* S 241)

I remember that when I went to the echo at Pont-Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits. For, said he, call "Satan" and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name; but will say "va't'en, . . . And thereby I did hap to find out that an echo will not return "S" . . .

(*Ibid.* S 251)

I remember in Trinity College in Cambridge, there was an upper chamber which, being thought weak in the roof of it, was supported by a pillar of iron of the bigness of one's arm, in the midst of the chamber: which if you had struck it, would make a little flat noise in the room where it was struck; but it would make a great bomb in the chamber beneath.

(*Ibid.* S 151)

* The word "adunque" (not found in Shake-speare) does seem to suit a parrot!

> The Diapason in music is the sweetest concord; insomuch as it is an Unison . . . the cause is dark and hath not been reached by any, and would therefore be better contemplated . . . (*Ibid.* S 103)

> Yet this is true, that in the ordinary rises and falls of the voice of man . . . there fall out to be two Beemolls (as hath been said) between the Unison and the Diapason . . . which sheweth that after every three whole notes, Nature requireth, for all harmonical use, one half note to be interposed . . . (*Ibid.* S 105)

> The concords in music which are perfect or semi-perfect between the Unison and the Diapason are the fifth, which is most perfect: the third which is next, and the sixth which is more harsh: And as the Ancients esteemed, and so do myself and some other yet, the fourth which they call the diatessaron . . . (*Ibid.* S 107)

> The causes of that which is pleasing or ingrate to the *hearing*, may receive light by that which is pleasing or ingrate to the *sight*. There be two things pleasing to the *sight* (leaving aside pictures or shapes which are but secondary objects): these two are Colours and Order. The pleasing of Colour symbolizeth with the pleasing of any single tone to the ear; but the pleasing of Order doth symbolize with Harmony. (*Ibid.* S 111)

> Tones are not so apt altogether to procure sleep as some other sounds: as the wind, the purling of water, humming of bees, a sweet voice of one that readeth . . . (*Ibid.* S 112)

> The division and quavering which please so much in music have an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moon-beams playing on a wave . . . (*Ibid.* S 113)

It is hoped that the reader will have found, in the extracts collected above, something of the charm and mystique of Bacon's approach to Music and Sound. Who but a poet, by nature if not by profession, would make a scientific observation in the last quoted words? Almost the same image is used by Bacon elsewhere, in a slightly different form, which will also bear quoting:—

> The quavering upon a stop in music gives the same delight to the ear, that the playing of light upon the water, or the sparkling of a diamond, gives to the eye.
>
> (*Advancement of Learning, 1640 Ed.* Book 3, Chap. 1)

* * * *

There are of course times when most of us are apt to use a musical simile unconsciously in matters of business. We pay the piper and we call the tune! With Bacon this musical form of illustration is taken much further, and there are times when his thought could hardly have been expressed so clearly or concisely in any other way. Consider for example the following passage where, although the tone is light, ironical and quietly humorous, the message is serious:—

> Desired at a feast to touch a Lute, he said. He could not *fiddle*, but yet he could make a small town a great City. These words (holpen a little with metaphor) may express two different abilities . . . For if a true survey be taken of Councillors and Statesmen, there may be found (though rarely) those which can make a small State great, and yet cannot *fiddle:* As on the other side, there will be found a great many that can *fiddle* very cunningly . . . And certainly those degenerate arts and shifts, whereby many Counsellors and Governors gain both favour with their masters and estimation with the vulgar, deserve no better name than *fiddling* . . .
>
> (*Of the true Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates*)

* * * *

The exalted spirit and serene wisdom with which Bacon met the misfortune of his latter days is reflected in the essay *Of Adversity*, and also in some lines which he added to the essay *Of Death* in the final revision of 1625. In each of these passages—to borrow Shelley's phrase—there is *an echo of the eternal music.* It was Bacon's peaceful purpose to establish a path of balance through the cruel religious persecution and political intolerance of his day and, ultimately, through all the opposing influences and extremes which Nature has set to beglamour and bedizen—as well as to define and contain—our earthly existence. Of these extremes perhaps the chief monitors are Prosperity and Adversity. The following passage, quoted by Macaulay for its beauty of expression, is chosen here for another reason. For it seems to me to echo the music of the middle way—the soft but resolute *andante* of Bacon's *Mediocria Firma* . . .

> The virtue of Prosperity is Temperance; the virtue of Adversity is Fortitude, which in Morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater Benediction, and the clearer

> Revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's Harp, you shall hear as many Hearse-like Airs as Carols. And the Pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the Afflictions of Job, than the Felicities of Soloman.
>
> (essay *Of Adversity*)

The lines with which Bacon concluded the essay *Of Death*, and which almost transfigure that otherwise sombre composition, were evidently inspired by his reading of Montaigne.* But the last sentence, with its touch of music, is all his own, and may serve here as his valediction . . .

> He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a Mind that is fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolour of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations . . . *Extinctus amabutur idem*.†
>
> (essay *Of Death*)

* * * *

EPILOGUE

> *Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?*
> *It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon*
> *Some god o' th' island . . .*
>
> *(The Tempest)*

A few days after Christmas, by what celestial alchemy I know not, there came down to the crypt of an ancient cathedral a strain of that deeper music which, hovering over the earth, yields itself to the harmony of certain fleeting moments. The choir, at their practice may have been unconscious of this, though the words of their canticle, pregnant of England, seemed on this occasion immeasurably sweet. But the music for an instant was not of this world—it was drawn from some superior, brighter globe to sing in unison with us the well-known lines:

---

* "Celuy qui meurt en la melee, les armes a la main, il n'estudie pas lors la mort, il ne la sent, ny ne la considere; l'ardeur du combat l'emporte".
(Montaigne, *Essais*, bk 3, chap. 4)

† "In death also he shall be loved". *Horace.*

Oh, the rising of the Sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

Surely the composer must have caught a note of the Hidden Music, while he blended and synthesised Vision and Sound within the compass of his words. For in the very order of the lines is a clue—an echo of the signature tune of Creation, a hint of the vibration which is the world. And no matter whether its vehicle is the exquisite urn of Chopin, the delicate rapier of Mozart, the magical bludgeon of Bach, or even the lightning-rod of Wagner's genius (earthing the currents of cosmic emotion), or simply the spray of an English carol, that celestial accompaniment is seldom to be commanded, and brooks no physical examination. Yet it lingers perpetually over the planet, waiting for the interpreter who can transmit its peculiar thrill to mankind.

A sudden heightening of vibration, above pleasure, above pain, and it is gone; returning only when time and place are in harmony, perchance in a negro plantation, or even a tavern in the town. And provided no serious attempt is made at analysis (for to this the Hidden Music is as impervious as Faith), it may be found in the lilt of a Highland air, an Irish song or a madrigal; and it has even been known to mingle with the strains of the hornpipe, fiddled by a signalman seated on the capstan, and accompanied by his own clear tenor voice.

Once in a while this hidden symphony may bestow its transcendent vibration on most discordant surroundings; as for instance the scream of sirens ending in the vibrant confident tones of Big Ben. And that inexorable clock, outlined against a night sky of waving shafts of light, forcing a major chord from the heart, Big Ben itself, tolling to the world the greatest gift that ever came from Westminster, the music of Hope.

The Hidden Music may come, just as capriciously, to the call of other arts than music. It will resonate to the eloquence of Action or the magic of Ceremonial, entering for a moment the terrestrial music of men's lives. It will respond to the invocation of poets " by spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch ". And sometimes it

may break into a phrase, a picture, or the riot of colour and perfume in a garden. For He that first planted a garden sounded the dominant note of Thought in the chord of Space and Time. And if man's admission to that everlasting concert is barred by a flaming sword, it is still almost as if the trees and the flowers held a closer communion with the Hidden Music, which comes so quickly to the perception of their beauty, that it catches the throat of the beholder.

But if so tenuous a medium can produce so deep an effect, what powers may not lie hidden in the manipulation of Sound? What building and what shattering might it not be possible to bring about, surpassing by far the havoc wrought upon the walls of Jericho? Peradventure the Music of the Spheres is not an idle myth, and the ancient conjunction of music and medicine in Apollo, no vain conceit, but a real tuning of this harp of the human body to the pitch of the Seven Pipes of Pan.

Certainly on the physical plane only a limited range of sound can be distinguished by the human ear, and the present note of Nature herself is mercifully inaudible. Nor is this protection to be lightly set aside. It is enough that cataclysms and earthquakes must be endured when they are sent, without the fearful ordeal of a prelude. It is enough that men can face the raging of the sea, unaware of the depth of its elemental chorus. And it is better that the sleep which we seek at the end of the day, should be fostered by the murmur of the wind in the trees, or the clear tinkle of mountain waters falling, than disturbed by the tremor of a more basic note.

The quavering in music, according to Francis Bacon, finds an agreement with the glittering of light, like the moon-beams playing on a wave. But the music of which he wrote was hardly of this earth, and more akin to that which reverberated for a second within the crypt at Canterbury. And I like to think of that momentary shivering of the spine, as a foretaste of the pang by means of which we might be liberated, when a life of service has emboldened us to ask for the full Diapason.

CRYPTOMENYTICES AND THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIO OF 1623

By T. D. Bokenham

In 1624 the great cipher manual *Cryptomenytices et Cryptographia* was published in Germany by the Duke Augustus of Brunswick-Luneburg.

This well illustrated book was published in Latin under the Duke's anagrammatic pseudonym "Gustavus Selenus". It incorporates many of the cipher systems published earlier by the Abbot Trithemius, J. B. Porta, Vigenère and others. The author is described in the introductory poems as "Homo Lunae" (The Man in The Moon) and examples of his own cipher methods are included in this book.

The Duke, from whose illustrious family is descended our own Royal Family, was a highly educated and much travelled man whose great library at Wolfenbüttel is still in existence. He was in England at the coronation of James I and was of course well known in English Court circles.

The curious frontispiece of his book, here illustrated, has for long attracted Baconians and is manifestly cryptographic. Ostensibly it depicts the various means by which messages, secret or otherwise, may be conveyed from place to place. The Duke himself is portrayed in the lower picture, standing behind a seated figure who appears to be the writer of a missive which lies on the table. This document is also shown twice in the left-hand picture. All four pictures in this frontispiece appear to be connected by certain graphic details and it would seem that they were intended to be examined in a given sequence.

In 1910, an illustrated paper on this subject was written by C. P. Bowditch, who described how J. W. H. Walden, the American who made an English translation of *Cryptomenytices*, visited the library at Wolfenbüttel and there found the Duke's diary and original letters to his literary agent, Philip Hainhofer of Augsburg, concerning this very book.

It seems that in May 1620, the Duke asked Hainhofer to have plates engraved for his frontispiece and gave certain instructions for the engraver. One of the plates was to be of the Abbot Trithemius, whose portrait should be obtained from a recently published book still in the Duke's collection. He added " the Abbot should be seen seated at a table writing, with someone who should resemble Gustavus Selenus himself, standing behind him holding his cap, or mitre, a little above his head ". The face of Gustavus may be copied from the Duke's own book on chess which was published (under the same pseudonym, " Gustavus Selenus ") in 1616. " Other Pictures ", the Duke suggested, "should represent the Post, or a Courier carrying letters here, there, on foot, on land, on water as letters are despatched, and also what is appropriate for sending secret letters ".

In the lower picture on this title page, the standing figure, resplendent in Court dress, has undoubtedly been copied from the portrait of " Gustavus " published in the chess book of 1616, and clearly represents the man responsible for this work. The seated figure, however, does not conform accurately with the portrait of Trithemius mentioned by the Duke, and here reproduced (see plate). It is true that he wears a monk's habit, and like Trithemius is seen writing at a desk. Beneath his habit, however, is the sleeve of the courtier to be seen in the left-hand picture, and he wears a ruff. Moreover, this man is not tonsured, as one might expect, and this fact is emphasised, as though deliberately, by the action of "Gustavus" in removing his mitre from his head.

It has often been pointed out that the seated figure bears a marked resemblance to certain portraits of Francis Bacon. Does this suggest, in view of the curious cord which links their girdles, that this book *Cryptomenytices* was a joint production of these two exceedingly well-informed men of letters ? It would seem so, since the identity of the concealed courtier, who has replaced the Abbot Trithemius, was confirmed in 1925 by Dr. H. A. W. Speckman, an authority on certain cipher methods. As mentioned in my previous article (*Baconiana* 168), Dr. Speckman pointed out that one of the Trithemius cipher systems depended on the transposition of the letters of his Latin alphabet a certain number of places to the right

or left, or both. He then showed that if the letters M.I.T.R.E. are removed from the name TRITHEMIUS the letters T.S.U.I.H. remain. These letters, when transposed five places to the right, become BACON !

The significance of the other pictures on this title page now seems to emerge. Bacon, the courtier, gives his writings to a courier for distribution to the world " here, there, on foot, on land, on water ". Please note, in the top picture, the five beacons (then pronounced bacons) which cast their light on the harbour from which a boat is emerging. One must presume in view of the context, that some of these writings are " secret letters ". In those days of bad roads and difficult communications it would be unusual to find a courier wearing actor's boots or carrying a spear over his shoulder to speed him on his way ! The courier in the left-hand picture is surely no ordinary postman. The document which he is accepting can be seen above in the beak of a strange bird, which the Duke had originally intended to be a dove. One critic has described this bird as " the Eagle of Great Verse," and it is being shot at by an arrow or bolt which seems to come from the very title of the book. Indeed the spears carried by the three figures on their way to the city all seem to point in the direction of this title panel. Does not this suggest that some of the cipher matter described in this book will reveal the truth about those spears and those writings which seem to have brought prosperity to our courier, who, as shown in the right-hand picture, now rides a fine horse and wears a large spur on his boot ? This spur has been shown in a strong light, and was evidently not intended to pass unnoticed. The rider seems also to have acquired a gentleman's ruff, though he still wears, somewhat incongruously, his buskins and his hat, with its sprig of bay. There are other curious details in these " talking pictures " which a careful observer will notice.

The inverted writing on the document in the bird's beak has been identified as the old German words " Jus und Kruz ", which in Latin would read " Ius et crux ". This is a contraction of a motto taken from Columella that reads " Summam jus antiqui summam putabant crucem ", meaning " the utmost rigour of the law produces the greatest torment ". A similar phrase " summa jus summa

injuria ", from Cicero and quoted by Erasmus, appears twice in Francis Bacon's *Promus*. Mrs. Constance Pott, in her study of this MS., gives four instances from the Shakespeare plays where reference seems to have been made to this motto. It may also be of interest that in simple cipher (A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.) the English word LAW adds to 33 (= Bacon) and the English word CROSS to 70. Together they add to 103 (= Shakespeare).

Many of the cipher methods claimed by Baconians to have been used in the Shakespeare Folio (such as the above simple cipher, the use of anagram and the squaring of a given passage of print) are illustrated in *Cryptomenytices*. Mr. Walden's English translation of this book was examined in some detail by certain American scholars (Mr. Samuel Cabot and others) who found that some of the cipher methods described can relate only to the Shakespeare Folio. A few examples of these are given by Mr. Bowditch in his paper, but we have space here for only one which, it is hoped, will be sufficient to prove that not only is there a distinct connection between this German publication and the Shakespeare Folio, but that Francis Bacon's name must inevitably be connected with that great volume of plays. A closer examination of *Cryptomenytices* will most certainly show that this rare book supplies further contemporary evidence that the works of " Shakespeare " (or " Shake-Speare ") provided the means whereby the light of Bacon's personality and teaching was shed on a dark and troubled world. This statement in no way precludes the possibility that other able men may have assisted in this great project, designed both for recreation and study.

This link between Bacon, *Cryptomenytices*, and the *Shakespeare Folio*, is further emphasised by the pseudonyms "Gustavus Selenus " and " Homo Lunae ", both supposedly associated with Duke Augustus and his title Luneburg. Now in the plays, " Shakespeare " frequently refers to " The Man i' the Moone." I must here pay tribute to Mr. F. V. Mataraly whose research and generous co-operation has added considerably to the evidence submitted in this article. He has found numerous instances in the Shakespeare Folio where this expression, " The Man 'i the Moone " is placed in close proximity, not only to the word UNLESSE, which he

noticed was an anagram of SELENUS, but also with an F. BACON acrostic. On one occasion, in *The Tempest*, first published in 1623, a GUSTAVUS acrostic appears as well. My suggestion, therefore, is that for some time Francis Bacon had adopted the name "The Man i' the Moone" (which incidentally adds, in simple cipher, to 157) with which he associated the name Selenus. In life Selenus was a mathematician but Selena, or Phoebe was a Moon Goddess. The pseudonym "Gustavus Selenus", therefore, would seem to be the composite signature of Duke Augustus and Francis Bacon, the Man in the Moon. This joint authorship is also confirmed by the curious double portrait of these two men found by Professor Henrion in a special edition of *Cryptomenytices* (see *Baconiana*, 136 and 137).

It is sometimes claimed that cipher discoveries, which depend on a search for a particular word or message, are invalid, since sooner or later something suitable will be found to which "clues" can be added. This, though a perfectly fair criticism, is often an over simplification of the facts. Let us take an example. Mr. Bowditch noted that on pages 335 - 337 of *Cryptomenytices*, a cipher method is given which depends on the exact position of the letters of the open text, and that the spacing of these letters is achieved, as Mr. Ewen MacDuff noticed (see *Baconiana*, 160 and 161) by a lengthening of the tails of the A's, E's, M's, and T's. Mr. Bowditch also noticed that a similar spacing device appears in the "Letter to the Noble Lords", printed at the beginning of the Shakespeare Folio. He added however, "though as yet no secret message has been deciphered in this letter".

This was in 1910. We are now familiar with Ewen MacDuff's remarkable BACON "signature" found in this particular Dedication.§ The tell-tale frontispiece in *Cryptomenytices* had suggested a link between Bacon and the Shakespeare works and it would have been perfectly logical had MacDuff deliberately looked for Bacon's name in this Dedication, specially printed in a type not used elsewhere in the Folio.

---

§ See *Baconiana* 160; illustrated supplement.

We will now examine a cipher example from *Cryptomenytices* which, as Mr. Bowditch claims, can refer only to the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. On page 351, Liber VI, Cap. 33 (N.B. in "simple cipher" 6=F, 33=Bacon) a table of figures is set out to illustrate a method whereby two friends, who possess the same edition of a given book, can communicate with each other. This table consists of nineteen sets of three numbers. Gustavus explains that the first number of each set refers to the page number of the book. The second number of each set refers to the line number of that page, and the third number of each set refers to the number of the letter in that particular line, so that a message can be deciphered letter by letter by anyone in possession of this code. It is, however, not quite as simple as this, for Gustavus adds: "you can count from left to right or from right to left on the lines and you can skip lines or pages and need not observe any order". This sounds somewhat ridiculous, but let us not despair immediately. Here is the table of numbers in sets of threes:—

7.2.16	7.1.16	7.1.21	7.1.27	7.6.13	8.1.6	8.2.4
8.3.5	8.4.4	8.5.5	8.6.1	8.7.7	8.8.5	8.9.4
8.10.30	9.1.20	9.6.9	9.7.6	9.10.36		

That is, five sets of letters for p. 7, ten for p. 8, and four for p. 9. It should now be pointed out that when giving an example such as this, Gustavus invariably supplies a reference to the book to which his example relates. No such reference appears in this instance, and it is perhaps significant.

Turning to a facsimile of the 1623 Shakespeare Folio, Bowditch could find no satisfactory results on pages 7, 8 or 9 of the Comedies, Histories or Tragedies (they are separately page-numbered). Neither could he find anything applicable in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears no page numbers. He then turned to the eighth unnumbered page in the Folio which he found was "The Address to the Great Variety of Readers" signed by Heminge and Condell. (See plate). He applied the middle section (relating to p. 8) of the above table to the two paragraphs of this address in the following manner and with the following result.

Paragraph	Line	Letter	Direction of Reading	Letter Found
2	1	6	L. to R. from top	B
2	2	4	„ „ „ „	A
1	3	5	„ „ „ „	C
1	4	4	„ „ „ „	O
1	5	5	R. to L. from bottom	N
1	6	1	„ „ „ „	E
2	7	7	„ „ „ „	A
2	8	5	„ „ „ „	O
1	9	4	L. to R. from top	I
2	10	30	„ „ „ „	A

This gave him, in the exact order of Gustavus' table for page 8, the letters BACON EAOIA. It will be noticed that in this table the "Line" numbers for page 8 are in strict sequence from 1 to 10. The cipher readings, as found, also appear to conform to a methodical sequence. Obviously several alternative readings could have been obtained from this set of figures, but as Bowditch's table shows, the first four letters of Bacon's name were found by straightforward readings from left to right. Logically the next letter to seek was an N as the fifth letter of Line 5. By locating this letter in a right to left reading from the bottom of paragraph 1, a pattern of procedure was established. So far he had obtained:

Two L to R readings from the top of paragraph 2 (B.A.).

Two L to R readings from the top of paragraph 1 (C.O.).

One R to L reading from the bottom of paragraph 1 (N.).

The next three steps should therefore be:

A further R to L reading from the bottom of paragraph 1 and two R to L readings from the bottom of paragraph 2.

This gave him the letters E.A.O. leaving two letters to find. A left to right reading from top of paragraphs 1 and 2 gave him his final I.A. The use of the two separate paragraphs was, of course, an unexpected contingency only vaguely hinted at in the Gustavus text.

What is the meaning of the five vowels E.A.O.I.A.? On page 255 of *Cryptomenytices* a method of concealing a word or brief message is illustrated by a squared table (see plate) in which the five vowels A.E.I.O.U. are shown in Line 1, and the four vowels A.E.I.O. are shown in column 1. The interior squares of this table are filled by a twenty letter alphabet in which the letter *a* is misplaced. Gustavus explains that any of the interior letters may be represented by the two exterior vowels relating to the line or column in which the interior letter stands. For example, the letter *m* may be represented by IE or EI. In other words an open text consisting of vowels such as the above E.A.O.I.A. may be divided into pairs, each of which will represent a letter of the cipher text. Thus, by using this table:

EA would stand for F.

OI would stand for R.

with an optional A to follow.

The enciphered message found in this important Shakespeare Address and described in *Cryptomenytices* must therefore be,

BACON FRA or BACON FR.

It should be noted that this squared table, shown on p. 255 in *Cryptomenytices* also unlocks the five vowel conundrum posed in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (Folio page 136).

One further point remains. While discussing the original nineteen sets of numbers, Gustavus informed us that they hide the nineteen letter motto MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS which means " the middle ground is safest". This is a fairly accurate paraphrase of Bacon's motto MEDIOCRIA FIRMA. It also suggests that the middle section of this table might be a profitable one to select if one wished to find what is hidden !

I would now like to discuss, as briefly as possible, a second example from *Cryptomenytices* which, I think, establishes absolute proof of Francis Bacon's involvement not only with that work, but also with the Shakespeare Plays. On page 140 the " squaring " cipher method is illustrated by a full page passage of 36 lines, each containing 36 letters evenly spaced. Certain of these letters, each six

letters apart from its neighbour, are selected to form a 36 letter square which reads MAGNENTIUS HRABANUS MAURUS HOC OPUS FECIT (see plate). Maurus Magnentius Hrabanus, who lived from 776 to 856 A.D. was an Archbishop of Mainz and was said to be a great scholar. A life of him was written by the Abbot Trithemius and we are here told that he invented this cipher system.

At the head of this page is printed the caption HIC VERSUS VARIO COLORE DISPAR. VERSUS HRABANI HI SUNT which consists of 6 Roman lettered words and 33 Roman letters. The remaining words are in Italics. Mr. Mataraly has found in the smaller 36 lettered square a symmetrical pattern of letters which spells F. BACON AUTHOR. It has also been noticed that the letter B is the fourteenth letter of the enciphered message and that fourteen letters further on is the O of OPUS. Continuing to the beginning of the passage, the fourteenth letter following is the second N of MAGNENTIUS, followed by the A of Maurus and followed in turn by the C of FECIT. In other words we have here a running acrostic, similar to that found on the Shakespeare Monument in Westminster Abbey, which spells BONAC (or Bacon). It was further noticed that, starting with the F of FECIT, and counting every fourteenth letter, a sequence of letters (F.S.S.A.N.U.I.R.) will be found which spells FRAUNSIS. It is therefore not unreasonable to identify Bacon with this particular encipherment.

There are three page 140's in the Shakespeare Folio and in two of them, at least, some significant lines occur. Page 140 of the Tragedies (*Macbeth*) contains these lines:

> That I to your assistance do make love,
> Masking the Business to the common eye
> For Sundry weighty reasons.

On page 140 of The Comedies (*Love's Labour's Lost*) is a passage in which, under the words HEERE STAND I, the initial letters of every third line read C.O.N.F.B.A. It is the passage in which Biron admits to Rosaline that he was the man behind the vizard or, as he calls it, " the face of brasse ". Its second line, which poses

the question " Can any face of brasse hold longer out ? " contains the alternate letters N.F.C.O.B.A. The passage is thus marked twice by a Bacon " signature ".

Some years ago Ewen MacDuff squared this passage and by following up clues found in Ben Jonson's eulogy to THE AUTHOR at the beginning of the Folio, located a remarkable series of letter groupings which spell the names of CHAUCER, SPENSER, KID, MARLOWE, BEAUMONT, and SHAKESPEARE. These finds led, in a logical sequence, to a BACON group of letters in the form of a cross, which constitutes a vital piece of evidence.

To conclude: we have an important book on cipher, compiled in part by Francis Bacon and published one year after the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. The cryptographic frontispiece provides a strong link between the two books, and some of the cipher methods described not only bear Bacon's "hall marks", but lead directly to certain pages of the Shakespeare Folio where, by following the instructions given, Bacon's presence can be found. The evidence of *Cryptomenytices* is strong indeed and it is most regrettable that, so far, no English translation has appeared in this country.

CRYPTOMENYTICES TITLE PAGE.

CRYPTOMENYTICES : THE LOWER PANEL OF TITLE PAGE ENLARGED.

CRYPTOMENYTICES, p. 225 :
A VOWEL CIPHER.

THE ABBOT
TRITHEMIUS.

CAPUT XXXIII.

De Annotatione Cifrarum Diſsimilarium, ſolummodò deſignantium.

AD ultimum Modum pervenimus, ubi ſepoſitis Libris, nulla alia vis & poteſtas Cifris reliqua eſt, quàm tantùm deſignare, quæ Litera, in Libris Secreti ſit conſcia, quæ planè Accidentaria eſt Literarum Subſtitutio. Quem Modum Annotationis vocè inſignivimus. Scimus enim Annotare, non ſemper ſignificare juxtà ſivè ad aliquid notare ſivè connotare: ſed memoriæ causâ in Commentarium referre: Columella, lib.12.c.3. de re ruſticâ. Ad ejus imitationem & hîc ſtrictim vocabulo utimur, ut nobis ſignificet, deſignandi causâ, in chartam velpiſtolium quoddam referre. Cæterùm hic Modus, longè vincit illam Connotationem, de quâ ſup.c.28.hîc, egimus: Tùm quia hæc Annotatio, Librorum transmittendorum moleſtiâ caret, tùm quia planè occultiſſima ſiquidèm interceptorem, Tabulæ deſignatoriæ Libri, illi quibus uſi ſunt conſcij, lateant. Sufficit ergò hîc, ut tam Scriptor, quam Lector, Librum ejusmodi in promptu habeat, quò ſeorſim facta conſignatio ſe referat. Expeditur verò hac ratione: Electo certo Authore & Libro, præmittatur numerus Paginæ, huic addatur numerus Lineæ iſtius paginæ: tandem numerus Literæ, quæ ſignificare debet, quota in Lineâ fuerit, eſt adſignandus: atquè ità ordine Secreti Literæ, per tres numeros ſunt ſcribendæ. E.g. Sit ſecretum: Medio tutiſsimus ibis: quod ità per conſignationem relativam ſcribendum venit: 7. 2. 16. 7. 1. 6. 7. 1. 21. 7. 1. 27. 7. 6. 13. 8. 1. 6. 8. 2. 4. 8. 3. 5. 8. 4. 4. 8. 5. 5. 8. 6. 1. 8. 7. 7. 8. 8. 5. 8. 9. 4. 8. 10. 30. 9. 1. 20. 9. 6. 9. 9. 7. 6. 9. 10. 36. Variè autem hic Modus variatur: tùm ratione numerandi Literas, in Lineis, vel à ſiniſtro, vel à dextro latere: tùm ipſarum Linearum & Paginarum, quas tranſilire licet, vel in ipſis nullum ſervare ordinem, hinc indè Literas excerpendo atquè conſignando. Sed & pro Numeris, alia ſigna ſubſtituere licet, veluti prò numeris Paginarum, Signa Zodiaci: Linearum verò, Gradus: Literarum denique Minuta. Denotabit ergò ♈. primam: ♉. ſecundam, ♊, tertiam paginam & ſic deinceps. Geminatum verò Signum ♈ ♈. decimam tertiam: ♉ ♉. decimamquartam &c. Triplicatum verò ♈ ♈ ♈, vigeſimam quintam: ♉ ♉ ♉, vigeſimam ſextam, & ſic ulteriùs, paginam. Ex hiſce Signis, Gradibus atquè Minutis ſeù Scrupulis, Tabulam conficere poteris Aſtronomicam, ad Exemplum ſeq. Tabulæ, ubi prædicta Sententia: Medio tutiſsimus ibis; eſt conſignata.

CRYPTOMENYTICES : p. 351.

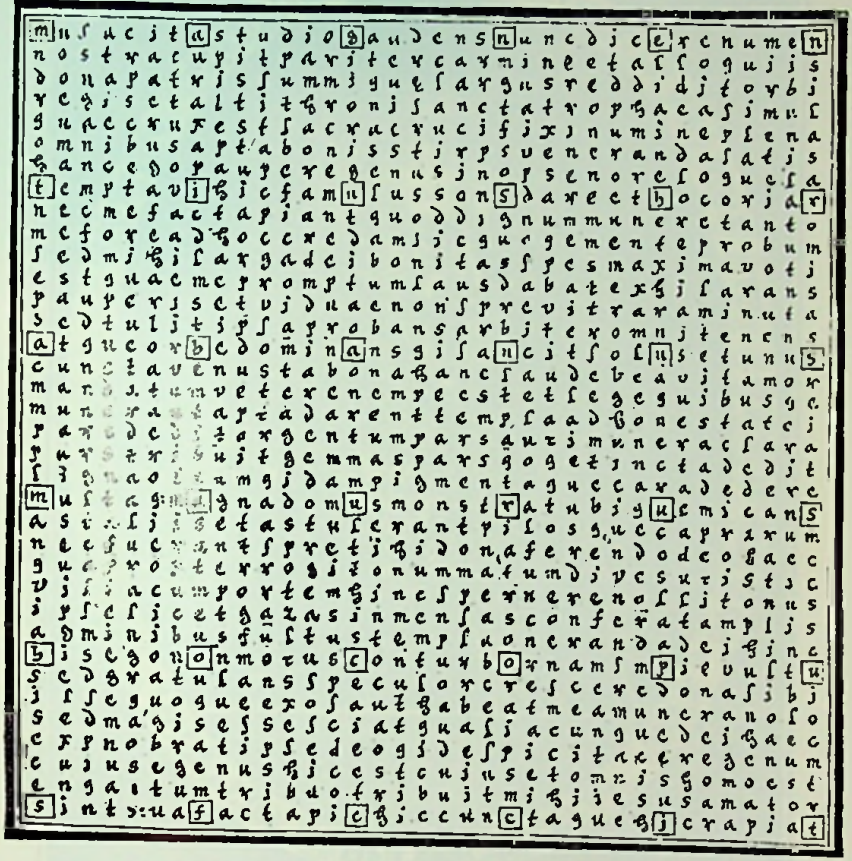
To the great Variety of Readers.

FRom the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes daily, know, these Playes haue had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue been wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thé. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarse receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

Hic Verſus vario colore diſpar. *Verſus* Hrabani *hi ſunt:*



Literæ Lineis incluſæ, perquè aream hinc indè ſparſæ, primæ, octavæ, decimæquintæ, vigeſimæ ſecundæ, vigeſimæ nonæ & triceſimæ ſextæ, ſivè ultimæ, tranverſatis Lineæ primæ, octavæ, decimæquintæ, viceſimæ ſecundæ, vigeſimæ nonæ & trigeſimæ ſextæ ſivè ultimæ hujus quadrati, ſequentia promunt verba.

Magnentius Hrabanus Maurus hoc Opus fecit.

CAPUT

CRYPTOMENYTICES, p. 140: DEMONSTRATION OF THE "SQUARING" CIPHER METHOD.

FRONTISPIECE TO A RARE GERMAN EDITION OF CRYPTOMENYTICES.
'EXPENDE' MAY BE RENDERED 'WEIGH AND CONSIDER'. (See Editorial).

WHY BACON SUPPRESSED HIS NAME

By Roderick L. Eagle

The orthodox Shakespearean considers it beyond dispute that as the name William Shakespeare (or as on the title-page and page-headings throughout the Sonnets in 1609, merely Shake-speare) is appended to the works during the lifetime of the Stratford player, the authorship presents no problem. Where he goes wrong is in his failure to view the situation as in the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. The plays, poems, and sonnets, reveal the author as a man of the highest culture and conversant with the ways of persons of rank and even of kings, princes and courts, even in the earliest of his writings. His superb command of language, beyond any other writer of his time or since, is universally admitted. Such was the variety of his knowledge and wisdom that all quote him as an authority to illustrate and aid argument.

All this is the reverse of what would reasonably be expected from the pen of one who, up to the age of about twenty-three, had never left his small and remote country town, with its crude native dialect and rustic population, where only seven of the nineteen members of the Corporation of Stratford could sign their names. At a time when dialects differed from county to county, and militia were unable to understand their orders unless given by an officer from their own district, it is a mystery to me how a young man brought up in an illiterate home could have made himself understood in London. It is inconceivable that he could have written *Venus and Adonis* as " the first heir of my invention ", dedicated in courtly prose to the young Earl of Southampton.

For a man in high station in those days to publish a play was unthinkable. No one who aspired to office in the State or Court would have ventured to do such a thing. In 1589 the anonymous *Arte of English Poesie* was published. The author records: " I know many notable gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or suffered it to be published without their own names to it," and goes on to say that "the scorn and disgrace offered unto poets at these days is cause why few

gentlemen do delight in the art". Sidney, writing about 1580, laments that "poor poetry is fallen to be the laughing stock of children".

There is a letter written by Ben Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury in 1605 when he was in prison with Chapman as a consequence of his share in the composition of a play called *Eastward Ho!* which forcibly illustrates the low esteem in which playwriting was held . . . "I am here, my most honoured lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison . . . The cause (would I could name some worthier, though I wish we had known none worthy our imprisonment) is (the words irk me that our fortune hath necessitated us to so despised a course) *a play*, my lord". The "offence" was some comparatively harmless reflections on the Scots.

Jonson has a significant passage on the publication of verse by titled persons. This occurs in *The Silent Woman* (Act II, Scene 2). Sir John Dawe mentions "the poor fellows that live by it". Whereupon Dauphine asks: "Why, would you not live by *your* verses, Sir John?" upon which Clerimont remarks: "No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! He did not make them to that end, I hope".* *The Silent Woman* was acted in 1609.

Even at a much later date, the learned John Selden (1584-1654) wrote, as follows, in his *Table Talk*, written at an unknown date, since it was first printed thirty-four years after his death . . . "'Tis ridiculous for a Lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them publick is foolish".

In such low estimation was the publication of poetry held at that period that it is clear enough that had Bacon (son of a Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and a nephew of Lord Treasurer Burleigh) written poems and plays, he would not have been so foolish as "to make them publick" with his own name attached to them. None of the writings of Sir Philip Sidney was published during his lifetime. He ordered his poems to be burnt after his death. Some survived, perhaps through copies, but if his translation of certain Psalms into verse had been destroyed completely there would have been no loss to English literature. Even Milton failed miserably

* A reason given for his not publishing his verses, is that "he'll not hinder his rising in the State".

in the impossible task of versifying them. In his *Apologie for Poetrie*, printed nine years after his death, he laments " that poesy thus embraced in all other places should only find a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it . . . Poor poetry is fallen to be the laughing stock of children ". Spenser in *The Teares of the Muses* endorses this:

> Ignorance the Muses doth oppress . . .
> And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame
> Are now despised and made a laughing stock.

No period of history has been misjudged to a greater extent, and the learned professors of literature and history are guilty of misleading the public through their ignorance. As Mr. Harold Bayley observed in *The Shakespeare Symphony* (1906):

> The current impression that the spacious times of great Elizabeth were a period of high moral and intellectual development is not endorsed by history, nor is it deducible from the evidence of men who were then living.

The period is not confined to that of Queen Elizabeth, it extended a long time after.

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA

By Dr. Joachim Gerstenberg

One of the unsolved riddles connected with the publication of the Shakespeare Plays is the unique spelling of the author's name, in hyphenated form, as " Shake-speare ".

In the two poems *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *Lucrece* (1594) the name put under the two dedications to Southampton was still spelt " William Shakespeare ". Plays from 1591, later attributed to " William Shakespeare ", had been published anonymously up to 1597. In 1598 the author's name appeared for the first time, spelt " Shake-speare ", *viz.* in the second Quarto of *Richard II* and in the second Quarto of *Richard III*, the first edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* reading " W. Shakespeare ". From then on, the form " Shake-speare " was to appear from time to time on Quartos up to the year 1622. This was also the spelling of the author's name (albeit without " William ") used for the Sonnets (1609) containing much of a debatable (if not an extremely delicate) nature.

The role that the hyphenated form of " Shake-speare " on the title pages of 51 Quartos would play between 1591 and 1623 (when 36 " old " and " new " or partly new plays were published in the First Folio as by " Mr. William Shakespeare ") may be seen from the list on pages 61 and 62.

Of those 51,

20	Quartos were published anonymously.	
10	Quartos as by	" William Shakespeare ".
9	Quartos „	" William Shake-speare ".
4	Quartos „	" W. Shakespeare ".
1	Quarto „	" M. William Shake-speare ".
4	Quarto „	" W. Shake-speare ".
1	Quarto „	" William Shak-speare ".
1	Quarto „	" William Shakespere ".
1	Quarto „	" W. Sh . . . "
51		

It seems strange that such a large number of Quartos (later attributed to "Shakespeare") were published anonymously.

Finally, we have the hyphenated version of the name, "Shake-speare", occurring on title pages of no less than fourteen Quartos. It has been suggested that the form "Shake-speare" is not a chance variant of "Shakespeare", but a pseudonym, a "nom de plume", indicating some hidden meaning that has nothing to do with the man William Shakspere of Stratford who lived from 1564 until 1616.

In 1594, the same year when *Lucrece* appeared, another poem of some length called *Willobie His Avisa* was published. It would appear highly improbable that the author of that poem, as has been suggested, was in fact a young Oxford student by the name of "Hadrian Dorrell" who, in the reprint of 1596, had to say that "this poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and five yeares since (as it will be proved) and lay in waste papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his devising".

Another mysterious character introduces himself in the beginning of the book. He styles himself "Abell Emet" and puts before the book verses "In commendation of Willobies Avisa" and "In praise of Willobie his Avisa. Hexameton to the Author". In the second stanza we have a reference to *Lucrece; viz.* "When Shake-speare *(sic)* paints poor Lucrece rape". This is always considered a first hand reference to the then rising poet William Shakespeare.

All three men connected with the poem *Willobie His Avisa* —"Dorrell", "Emet" and "Willobie"—would appear to be people conversant with the literary events of the day: poet "Emet" alluding in print to another man's poem printed in that very year, and "Willobie" being familiar already with *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was only to appear in 1598, then entitled *A Pleasant Conceited Comedie Called Loves Labors lost. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.* That this indeed was so would appear from several allusions, *e.g.* the following:

You speake of love, you talke of cost,
Is't filthy love your worship meanes,
Assure your selfe your labor's lost,

(Canto XVI, 11, 3 - 5)

and,

I hunt not for this worldly praise,
I long to keep a blameless fame.

(Canto V, 5 and 6)

Mr. "Willobie" must have had a strong liking for *Love's Labour's Lost*. For his verses remind us of the lines:—

Let Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
Live registered upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death . . .
That honour which shall bate his skythes keene edge
And make us heirs of all eternitie.

These lines did not appear, in the first Quarto, before 1598.

How do we account for Willobie's pre-knowledge of "W. Shakespere" of 1598; and Abell Emet's knowledge of the curious hyphenated form "Shake-speare", which likewise did not appear before 1598?

Is it possible that Dorrell, Emet and Willobie (of whom nothing is known) as well as "Shake-speare" are only pen-names used by the members of the Nobility and Gentry, of whom the author of *The Arte of English Poesie* wrote in 1589: "As be very well seene in many laudible sciences, and specially in the making of Poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write and if they have, yet are they loath to be known of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else, suffered it to be published without their owne names to it: as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned and to show himself of any good art"?

I leave my readers to judge.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS

1.	1591	The Troublesome Raigne of King John	Anonymous
2.	1594	Titus Andronicus	Anonymous
3.	1594	The Taming of a Shrew	Anonymous
4.	1594	2 Henry VI	Anonymous
5.	1595	2 and 3 Henry VI	Anonymous
6.	1597	Richard II	Anonymous
7.	1597	Richard III	Anonymous
8.	1597	Romeo and Juliet	Anonymous
9.	1598	Love's Labour's Lost	"W. Shakespeare"
10.	1598	1 Henry IV	Anonymous
11.	1598	Richard II	"William Shake-speare"
12.	1598	Richard III	"William Shake-speare"
13.	1599	Romeo and Juliet	Anonymous
14.	1599	1 Henry IV	"W. Shake-speare"
15.	1600	2 Henry VI	Anonymous
16.	1600	2 and 3 Henry VI	Anonymous
17.	1600	Titus Andronicus	Anonymous
18.	1600	Henry V	Anonymous
19.	1600	Much Ado About Nothing	"William Shakespeare"
20.	1600	The Merchant of Venice	"William Shakespeare"
21.	1601	A Midsummer Night's Dreame	"William Shakespeare"
22.	1602	Henry V	Anonymous
23.	1602	Richard III	"William Shakespeare"
24.	1602	The Merry Wives of Windsor	"William Shakespeare"
25.	1603	Hamlet	"William Shake-speare"
26.	1604	Hamlet	"William Shakespere"
27.	1604	1 Henry IV	"W. Shake-speare"
28.	1605	Richard III	"William Shake-speare"
29.	1608	Richard II	"William Shake-speare"
30.	1608	1 Henry IV	"W. Shake-speare"
31.	1608	King Lear *(sic)*	"William Shak-speare"
32.	1609	Romeo and Juliet	Anonymous
33.	1609	Romeo and Juliet (2nd Qu)	Anonymous
34.	1609	Pericles	"William Shakespeare"
35.	1609	Troilus and Cressida	"William Shakespeare"
36.	1611	Titus Andronicus	Anonymous
37.	1611	Hamlet	"William Shakespeare"
38.	1611	The Troublesome Raigne of King John	"W. Sh . . ."
39.	1612	Richard III	"William Shake-speare"
40.	1613	1 Henry IV	"W. Shake-speare"
41.	1615	Richard II	"William Shake-speare"
42.	1619	Henry V	Anonymous
43.	1619	2 and 3 Henry VI	Anonymous

44.	?1619	The Merchant of Venice	" W. Shakespeare "
45.	?1619	A Midsummer Night's Dreame	" William Shakespeare "
46.	?1619	The Merry Wives of Windsor	" W. Shakespeare "
47.	?1619	King Lear	" M. William Shake-speare "
48.	1622	The Troublesome Raigne of King John	" W. Shakespeare "
49.	1622	Richard II	" William Shake-speare "
50.	1622	1 Henry IV	" William Shake-speare "
51.	1622	Othello	" William Shakespeare "

1623 THE FIRST FOLIO " William Shakespeare "

EDITORIAL NOTE

The number and dating of quartos attributable to " Shakespeare ", and acceptable to authoritative sources such as Chambers, vary within limits. Chambers gives 51, and we reproduce the list as given by our contributor, with some minor textual adjustments. We would add reports of the following:—

1596	The Taming of the Shrew	Anonymous
1597	The Taming of the Shrew	Anonymous
1598	Famous Victories (Henry V)	Anonymous
1605	Hamlet*	William Shakespeare
1609	Shake-speares Sonnets	Shake-speare

* This copy from the remains of Francis Bacon's Library at Gorhambury, has been placed on loan to the Bodleian Library by the Earl of Verulam. See Editorial, page three.

THE ELIZABETHAN IMAGE

By Noel Fermor

No doubt some of our readers will have seen this exhibition at the Tate Gallery, open from 28th November, 1969 to 8th February, 1970, and have admired the selection of paintings covering the period 1540 - 1620. Inevitably the student of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature of the period found much to learn as well as admire in this unique exhibition.

For example, a portrait of Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex, was a reminder that he engaged Francis Bacon to "write elaborate speeches to frame Essex's appearances" in a leading role in the spectacular fetes which marked Elizabeth's Accession Day. The painter was William Segar, of whom more anon, and, a little ironically, the picture was lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin. The date is almost certainly 1590.

The ubiquitous Inigo Jones was also commemorated through two of his designs for Ben Jonson's *Barriers* (1610). This play was written for Prince Henry (eldest son of James I) on his debut in the tilting lists, and was performed in the Whitehall Banqueting House, on Twelfth Night. Prince Henry and Jonson were, of course, firm friends of Bacon, and all three worked with Inigo Jones. It seems curious that so little is recorded of the details of the famous architect's life, or Bacon's relations with him, despite their common interest in masques, devices, and allied arts. Inigo Jones is known to have travelled extensively, particularly in Italy, and his drawing talents were encouraged by William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, to whom, with Philip, Earl of Montgomery as "The Most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren", the 1623 Folio was dedicated.

Copies of Edmund Spenser's *The Fairie Queene*, 1590, Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, and William Segar's *Honor Military, and Civill*, 1602, were also on view. The last-named was a herald as well as a painter, an authority on "chivalrous exercises," and wrote, in this book, *on*

monuments and epitaphs. Perhaps our cipherists might care to follow this line of enquiry at the British Museum . . .

Ten portraits of Elizabeth, Spenser's Fairie Queene or Gloriana, provided excellent examples of the elaborate symbolism so often used therein (William Camden wrote that a book would be needed to describe the devices she used). These included a fascinating and charming full size painting by Nicholas Hilliard. Hilliard, the Court painter and famous miniaturist, trained Segar and Lockey and influenced numerous other limners and painters. He himself painted the famous miniature of Francis Bacon as teenager now at Belvoir Castle, and Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton. The latter was a close friend of Bacon, a royal ward of Lord Burghley, and interested in Court festivals in the late 1590's, and literature generally. Southampton was one of Essex's supporters and took part with him in the abortive 1601 rebellion. He also backed colonial ventures in the time of James I, and was Treasurer of the Virginia Company, of which Bacon and the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery were Councillors.

The next two items exhibited were of especial interest to Baconians, the first being Geoffrey Whitney's *A Choice of Emblemes*, 1586. The copy on view came from the British Museum, and was open at page 203, headed: To RICHARD DRAKE, *Esquier, in praise of Sir* FRANCIS DRAKE, *Knight*. Our readers are more familiar with page 53, and the emblem which combines Bacon's motto, the twin Pillars of Masonry, the heraldic boar, and the light and dark A's in the form of a pyramid. This emblem had appeared earlier in Alceati's *Emblems* in 1577.

In juxtaposition to *A Choice of Emblemes*, and also from the British Museum, was Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 1598, again well known to Baconians in regard to its early references to twelve of the Shakespeare Plays, including *Titus Andronicus* the authorship of which is disputed.

Our recent investigation into the Monument to Robert Burton in Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford, is complemented by Section VI of the Exhibition Catalogue, headed *Elizabethan* and *Jacobean Melancholy* (page 65), and featuring Don Armado's words in *Love's Labour's Lost*, " besieged by sable-coloured melancholy ".

Dr. Roy Strong, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, commented: " Through a renaissance revaluation the melancholic humour became the one to cultivate, being an indication of intellectual prowess in scholarship, philosophy and poetry ". Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, wrote that " melancholy men of all others are most witty ". Lovers were inevitably melancholic (*cf.* Isaac Oliver's portrait of Edward Herbert, 1st Baron Herbert of Cherbury). Robert Burton wrote " . . . A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize, and build castles in the air . . . " Probably as a consequence stylised paintings gave place to the portrayal of human emotions, such as the oil depicting John Donne as a melancholy lover—though of course symbolism is still present. We were reminded of the lines in Donne's *Corona* of Sonnets,

. . . this crown of prayers and praise,

Weav'd in my low devout melancholie.

Fittingly, the Exhibition contained a copy of the 1628 edition of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (in which every aspect of melancholy from lovesickness to total madness is described) which had been lent by the British Museum. According to Dr. Strong, Milton himself in *Il Penseroso* expressed " the poetic quintessence of the mood and imagery of *melancholia* ".

We were well pleased to discover in this section the 1609 Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger portrait of William Camden on loan from the Bodleian Library, and an oil on panel of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia dated 1612, since both names are familiar to readers of recent issues of *Baconiana*.

The Sir Francis Walsingham portrait from the National Portrait Gallery was also on view next to the 1602 painting of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, from the same source. The Duke of Buccleugh kindly lent his oil on canvas of Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, dated 1603, commemorating his imprisonment in the Tower. The Tower is shown in the top right hand corner, with the Thames in the background, as this is a full-size work, the swan on the river reminding us inevitably of the " sweet swan of Avon ".

After this, oil paintings of James I and his queen, Anne of Denmark, attracted our interest, more especially since Queen Anne was patron to Isaac Oliver and Marcus Gheeraerts and by 1617, Van Somer, known chiefly perhaps for his portrait of Francis Bacon. Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones arranged several masques for this queen, the latter designing Queen's House, Greenwich as well. Oliver was responsible for a fine depiction of Henry, Prince of Wales, who employed Inigo Jones as his architect. This indicates yet again the intimate circle of *savants* of whom Bacon was such a notable member.

To round off this tour of portraiture we record the pleasing 1617 portrait of William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, who with his tradition of literary patronage, was described as " the greatest Maecenas to learned men of any peer of his time or since ".

This intensely interesting exhibition cannot have failed to stimulate public awareness of the inestimable cultural heritage bequeathed to us by our Elizabethan and Jacobean forebears, and every credit should be given to the organisers, the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, and all who made it possible.

THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON BIRTHPLACE

By Roderick L. Eagle

The flourishing and profitable Shakespeare business at Stratford-on-Avon had its inauguration in the middle of the eighteenth century when the Shakespeare revival began with the name of the author of the plays assuming, after more than a century of neglect, a commercial value. Up to that time the inhabitants of Stratford, being for the most part illiterate, and living very much as they did in Shakespeare's time, had been oblivious of the fact that in London David Garrick was making a reputation not only for himself, but for the almost forgotten author of *Hamlet* and the rest.

The consequence was that travellers began to make the long and arduous journey to Stratford to satisfy their eyes and imaginations with whatever relics might be preserved relating to its illustrious citizen. But the town had been taken by surprise, and apart from the monument in the Church, there was little to be seen, as New Place, the house in which Shakespeare died in 1616, had been pulled down in 1759.

As to the date when the "Birthplace" was first on show no record exists, but it was shortly after the demolition of New Place and was, no doubt, intended to take its place as an attraction to visitors. There is an account by a visitor to Stratford in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1760, and it is significant that no birthplace is mentioned among the buildings of note.

When David Garrick made a pilgrimage to the town in 1769, in preparation for his forthcoming "Jubilee" at Stratford, he described it as "the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched-looking town in all Britain".§ The Shakespeare industry had not been started as "a going concern", but his Jubilee, which lasted three days, was a means of arousing local interest as to the possibilities of exploiting Shakespeare. Enterprising inhabitants set to

§ Letter to William Eaves, 8th March, 1771, in *Letters*, edition Little and Kahrl, No. 624; first published in *European Magazine*, xxvi, September, 1794, 191 f.

work searching out old furniture or manufacturing " relics " which they considered might prove remunerative attractions. A search was made for a house which could be shown as the " birthplace ". The owners of three different premises put forward claims, but this difficult situation was relieved when the Town Clerk ordered one of them to be demolished as unhabitable. The site ultimately selected as " the most likely abode " was in Henley Street because it was found to be in the same street as another small property once held by his father, John Shaksper, though the exact location could not be identified. It was found also that John had purchased the copyhold of another house in the same street in 1556, and that he was occupying another as late as 1597 for which he paid rent to the lord of the manor of 1s. per annum. These three cottages were stated to have had thatched roofs and mud walls. As we shall show it is doubtful if the fine detached house now shown to visitors at an admission fee of 2s. 6d. (and which attracts a " gate " of over 350,000 yearly) has any entitlement to be called " the Birthplace of Shakespeare ". I have been searching the volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for allusions to the " Birthplace " and the first I found was by a visitor in 1769 who described the cottage as " a dilapidated hovel ". There were three contributions to the magazine between 1791 and 1807, giving amusing information as to the early profiteering in " relics ", particularly " the old oak chair in which Shakespeare sat ".

A visitor who signs himself " T.T.S.", writing in 1791, said:

> An old oak chair, or more properly I might have said the remaining part, which tradition has handed down as having been the property of the immortal bard, and which stood in the very house in which he was born, was sold on November 28th, 1790 by Thomas Hart, the present occupier of the house, to Major Orlowski (secretary to Her Serene Highness Princess Czartoriska) who, accompanied by an interpreter, a native of Poland, came to Stratford purposely to purchase it. Hart was happy in receiving for the relic twenty guineas.
>
> When I first visited Stratford, now some time since, I was shown this chair and had the honour of sitting in it;

> and the people of the house cut from one of the feet and presented to me a small chip which I was not virtuoso enough to preserve as there appeared to me a degree of improbability in supposing this chair should have continued there for nearly two centuries, though fixed to the wall and bearing marks of antiquity; or that it was the one, as some have supposed, in which our great poet first reposed.
>
> But to return to my information. In February last the interpreter again visited Stratford and said a doubt had arisen that it was the same chair which she had seen and sat in in the summer of 1790, and requested a certificate that it was. A certificate was granted signed by Thomas Hart and John Jordan.

Hart was not a credit to the descent from Shakespeare which he claimed! Jordan, who signed this certificate, was a local forger of ballads, which he said he had "discovered" and which he passed off as having been written by Shakespeare. His various forgeries were too apparent to be taken seriously. His "discovery" of Anne Hathaway's Cottage turned out to be his one lasting success. Samuel Ireland and his son, William Henry, were visiting Stratford in 1794 preparing Samuel's book *Picturesque Views on the Warwickshire Avon*, published the following year. Jordan led them to the cottage and Samuel's sketch was reproduced. He was not altogether impressed by Jordan and observed, "I doubt the truth of the relation".

Ten years after signing his certificate that the chair sold to the princess was a genuine Shakespeare relic, Hart had replaced it and was showing "an old armchair in which Shakespeare used to smoke his pipe"!

The next allusion to the much resurrected chair occurs in 1801 under the name of J. Collett:

> For the information of those who have never visited the house I shall just add that it is a shabby, mean lath-and-plaster building . . . but I am apt to believe the house occupied by the butcher (Hart) is only part of the original

> dwelling-house which formerly comprehended the adjacent building, which seems to have been separated for the convenience of making smaller tenements for the habitation of different families.
>
> As to the furniture, there remains an old armchair in which they tell you he used to smoke his pipe, as also the identical tobacco-stopper which he used on this occasion; but I doubt very much the identity of this article or of the chair, which latter, I have been informed has been sold and replaced at least twenty times. Yet there are still not wanting *curiosi* weak enough to give from five shillings to a guinea for a chip of the old block no bigger than may be contained in a snuffbox.

Finally we have Mr. D. Parkes who was a visitor in July 1807. From his account we learn that Hart was still trading as a butcher while dealing in " chips of the old block ":

> The house is situated in Henley Street and is now divided into two dwellings, one of which is occupied by a descendent of Joan Hart, sister to the poet, who pursues the humble occupation of a butcher. The adjoining dwelling has been many years used as a public house known by the sign of The Swan and Maidenhead. In the chimney-corner is an old oak chair, said to have belonged to the poet, but so much mangled by the knives of *virtuosi* that little of the original form remains.

Mr. Collet's description of the premises as " shabby " and " mean " is confirmed by a German visitor named Moritz in 1782 who described the " birthplace " as being " the worst, and one that made least appearance of all the houses in Stratford ". It is only in recent years that the present " Birthplace " Trustees have refrained from exhibiting " an old oak chair " in which Shakespeare was said to have sat when carousing at the Falcon Inn at Bidford—in spite of the fact that no proof exists that he ever entered the inn. There was also a desk from the Grammar School called " Shakespeare's desk ", although no record exists that he attended the school, or where he sat if he did. Washington Irving

was a visitor to the " Birthplace " in 1815. He saw " a small and mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster ". The rooms he found to be " squalid ". More spurious " relics " had been added, even " the sword with which he played Hamlet ", though the part was really played by Richard Burbadge§. The lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered the dead Romeo was also shown.

No wonder Mr. Joseph Skipsey, who was custodian from July 1889, to October 1891, resigned his position because of the several frauds to which he found himself committed.

What is now on show as " The Birthplace " bears no resemblance to what previously stood on the site. The property, much decayed, was practically demolished, and the present detached and imposing house arose on its foundations between 1857 and 1860. Tradition, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, claims the western premises as the birthplace, though there is no proof as to where, in Stratford, Shakespeare's birth took place. Briefly, the history of this event is as follows:

1556. John Shakspere (as the family name was spelt then), who eight years later was to become the father of William, was fined for having an offensive heap of offal outside his shop in Henley Street. Here he traded in meat, skins and wool. It has not been established if he actually resided there or, if he did, whether as owner or tenant. In this year he purchased a house in Greenhill Street described in a legal document as having " garden and croft ". It was, therefore, a more " desirable residence " than the malodorous premises in Henley Street. This purchase was in the year before he married and, presumably, this was the house to which he took his bride. In this year also he bought a house in Henley Street generally referred to as " the woolshop ".

1564. William, the eldest son, was born. The actual date is unknown as births were not registered, but he was baptised on 26th April. He could either have been born in Greenhill Street or in Henley Street (the woolshop).

1575. When William was eleven his father bought the adjoining cottage on the western side of the woolshop. By an unfortunate

§ According to Rowe's biography, 1709, William played the ghost.

mischance it was this western and not the eastern one which was chosen for the birthplace, but his father certainly did not own the western premises at the time. Nevertheless, a room over the butcher's shop was selected for the room in which Shakespeare was " born ".

1579. An entry occurs in the Stratford Church Register of a marriage between " William Willsonne and Anne Hathaway of Shotterye ". This took place on 17th January.

1582. On 27th November a licence was issued in the Registry of the Bishop of Worcester authorising the marriage of William Shaxpere to Anna Whateley of Temple Grafton.

1582. On 28th November the Bishop of Worcester insisted upon a marriage bond exempting him from all liability should there be any irregularity in the speedy marriage of " William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the Diocese of Worcester, *maiden*".‡ There is no record as to when or where the marriage took place. Though not mentioned it is sheer assumption that Anne ever lived at Shottery. As Professor George Saintsbury observed in *The History of English Literature* (Vol. v, page 165) " we are by no means certain of the identity of Shakespeare's wife". However, in 1795 the famous cottage became " Anne Hathaway's Cottage", and now attracts over 250,000 visitors annually at 2s. 6d.

1603. About this time the eastern house was let as an inn and was known as The Swan and Maidenhead.

1616. In April Shakespeare died at New Place. He had bought the house for £60 from William Underhill in 1597. The house was demolished in 1759.

1769. The " birthplace " was inaugurated and the "birthroom" put on view, for the " Jubilee " arranged by David Garrick in September.

1806. The property was sold by the occupier, Mr. Hart, for £210 to Thomas Court. Its condition was said to have been " very decayed ".

1847. At a meeting held at Stratford, following the death of Court's widow, a circular was prepared appealing for funds with

‡ *cf. ante.* Anne Hathwey of Shottery was already married to William Willsone and no longer " maiden ".

which to acquire the " Birthplace of Shakespeare ". One speaker moved to amend the wording by the insertion of the word " probable ", but this sally was received in uproar and the motion was lost because, if the public were doubtful, the money might not be forthcoming.

When the property was auctioned in London it fetched £3,000 in spite of its being in a "deplorable condition". It was bought by the newly formed Birthplace Committees of Stratford and London and, after extensive alterations and enlargement, together with the demolition of adjoining properties, was opened for public exhibition. Only the cellar of the original house remains as it was.

1891. An Act of Parliament incorporated the Trustees and Guardians who, later in this year, bought the cottage at Shottery for exhibition as having been the home of Anne Hathaway‡. This, together with the " Birthplace " has a total yearly " gate " of over half a million at an admission fee of 2s. 6d. About two-thirds of these visitors are from overseas.

As the evidence shows that reasonable doubts exist as to the authenticity of both showplaces a public enquiry is long overdue. The public is entitled to the facts.

‡ Who, according to the Stratford Church Register, had married William Wilsonne in 1579.

BOOK REVIEWS

In the last *Baconiana* the Editor alluded to research on the link between Bacon and Shake-speare undertaken by a German scholar in Crete. Dr. Joachim Gerstenberg in his new book *Strange Signatures** opens up a whole new line of enquiry with respect to Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan literature.

The doctor has made a worth-while contribution to the debate on the authorship of the Shake-speare plays. He has pointed out the link between the works of Bacon and Shake-speare and other notable publications of the period, including, *inter alia*, the Bible, the Psalms, and the works of Paracelsus, Spenser, Camden, Sidney, Raleigh, Hooker, Evelyn, Jonson, Burton and Cowley, through their common use of two printers' devices: the " broken archers' head-piece " and the " Pan tail-piece ". His first revelation is that the use of these two devices in well-known works of the period has been overlooked by specialist and scholarly writers on emblems, title-borders, and printers' and publishers' devices. As Dr. Gerstenberg points out, such an omission is the equivalent of a person writing about Egypt and being unaware of the existence there of the pyramids and the Nile; it is just not credible, and seems to point to a conspiracy to hide these connections.

The doctor develops his theme meticulously and logically. First he shows, with examples, that during the Elizabethan period the use of the " rebus " or name-device was well-known. By this means a person indicated his name pictorially by substituting pictures for syllables. Thus the Abbot of Ramsey " set in his seale a *Ramme* in the *sea* "; a certain Harrison " had an *Hare* by sheafe of rie in the *Sunne* ".

Dr. Gerstenberg then seeks to show how the whole of the broken archers' head-piece depicts the name of Bacon. What he says does not constitute proof of Bacon's hand in the works in which this head-piece, and the Pan tail-piece, appear; but the common use of these devices may point to the existence of some kind of " a hidden literary fraternity in the 16th and 17th centuries ",

* Obtainable from the Francis Bacon Society, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, Islington, London, N.1. Price 10/-. Supplies are limited.

in which Bacon could have played a leading part. Was there, for example, a connection between Bacon and Blaise de Vigenère? The Pan tail-piece was first used in the latter's book *Philostrate* published in Paris in 1578. How and why did it cross the Channel to be used subsequently in so many famous English works, including Bacon's? It is curious that Bacon was in France from 1576 - 1579; that while there he may have invented his biliteral cypher; and that de Vigenère wrote a book on cyphers called *Traicté des Chiffres ou Secrètes Manières d' Ecrire.*

The case of Paolo Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent* is also interesting. Sarpi was a Venetian patriot, scholar and church reformer. He became famous for the leading rôle he played in defending Venice's independence against the papal authorities, and was the victim of an assassination attempt, his would-be assassins taking refuge in papal territories. There were continued plots against him and he occasionally spoke of taking refuge in England. What were Sarpi's connections in England? What friends were responsible for publishing his *History of the Council of Trent* in London under the " signature " of the broken archers' head-piece?

If a hidden fraternity existed in which Bacon played a leading *rôle*, it seems to have continued to be active even after his death. Abraham Cowley's works were, for example, published in 1669 using the broken archers' head-piece. Now the impulse that Bacon gave to the foundation of the Royal Society is substantiated by Thomas Sprat,* Henry Oldenburg, Robert Boyle and many other early members of the Society. Cowley too played a rôle in this. In 1661 he published a pamphlet on the *Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*, in which he advocated the foundation of the Royal Society; and Cowley's works were collected and published on the initiation of Thomas Sprat.

There are other details that provoke enquiry. For example, who was Franciscus Mason, author of the *Consecration of the Bishops*, published in 1613 and using the broken archers' head-piece? The name looks as suspiciously like a pen-name as Shakespeare.

---

* Later Bishop of Rochester, the first historian of the Society.

It is to be hoped that others will build on Dr. Gerstenberg's research and will continue to explore the links between famous literary personalities of the 16th and 17th centuries; and that " the hidden work ", if there was such, will one day emerge into the clear light of day.

(A Third Ray Student)

* * * *

THE NORTON FACSIMILE. THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE. Prepared by Charlton Hinman

Only about 230 copies of the 1623 First Folio are extant and most of these are imperfect. The patient work of Professor Charlton Hinman, Professor of English at Kansas University, in examining the unrivalled Folger collection of 80 First Folios for textual comparison purposes, therefore, is of unique significance to Shakespeare scholars.

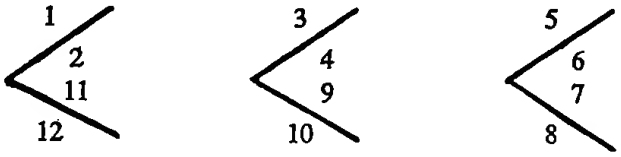
The fruits of this research have become available through the publication of *The Norton Facsimile, The First Folio of Shakespeare.* This major venture by the Hamlyn Publishing Group was limited to 1,500 copies containing 928 pages, and costing £30 each.

A valuable introduction by the author makes some interesting points which will bear repeating here, though not all are new. The earlier printed quarto editions of eleven plays are said to give " clearly superior " versions to those in the 1623 Folio. This may still be debatable; but the latter is the principal authority for well over half the 36 plays with which we are familiar, and the sole authority for the text of seventeen plays which would have been utterly lost to posterity without the Folio, *e.g. Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *The Tempest.* At least four more would be very corrupt; and a number of others, including *Othello* and *King Lear,* very inferior (a curious position, indeed, considering that William Shakspere died seven years earlier in 1616 !). The 1623 Folio, therefore, remains the supreme authority for most, if not all the plays in it, in the absence of a single manuscript.

Professor Hinman, despite his methodical approach, writes (page xi) that *Sir Thomas More* " contains one three-page passage which is probably by Shakespeare in his own handwriting ". With respect, and whilst remembering the natural wish of all Shakespeare lovers for a holograph manuscript, we have to say that there is no evidence to support such a belief. Sir George Greenwood forty-five years ago demolished these pretensions, and also pointed out that it has certainly not been proved that any of the text is by the playwright*.

Although at least eighteen of the Folio plays had been printed in quarto form, some of these were " bad ", and Professor Hinman is particularly interesting when classifying these. In his section on the printing and proofing of the 1623 Folio edition, his opinion that the five compositors, A, B, C, D and E, were by no means faithful to their copy, nor sufficiently careful in their proof reading of many pages, is derived from a very careful study of the numerous variations and typographical errors found in different copies of the First Folio editions, and represents a divergence from previous scholarly opinion. Nevertheless, it can hardly be supposed that setting up type *in reverse* was other than deliberate.

The volume is set in *formes* throughout, but the pages were not in the customary order 1, 2, 3, and so on to 12, but 6, and 7, 5 and 8, 4 and 9, 3 and 10, 2 and 11, 1 and 12: as set out below:—



Obviously, therefore, half the twelve pages of each quire were set in reverse order requiring intricate calculations in later sheets to ensure continuity of type-casting in earlier pages. Folio leaves often show overcrowding in some, white lines in others, abbreviations, and numerous devices to help " join " one page to the next. Professor Hinman gives many interesting examples of this process, which may have been adopted to save time and expense.

---

* *Shakspere's Signatures and "Sir Thomas More"*; 1924.

More research needs to be carried out, but we may meanwhile make the following points:—

Could this reversed printing mean, conceivably, that the text—or layout—was being adjusted for the insertion of ciphers? Are mispaginations, italics, misprints and omissions always the result of carelessness, as Professor Hinman seems to think?

For instance, compositor "B" in setting a little over half *I Henry IV* is found to have altered the copy reading 135 times in the text proper alone. Can this be attributed entirely to negligence? It is perhaps worth noting that the Professor believes that the compositors and not the proof readers were responsible for the texts, and this surely would have made supervision "from above" that much easier. For the bulk of the variants involved "only minor typographical errors".

It is known that a copy of *Love's Labour's Lost* in the British Museum shows peculiar variants and this is the play, *par excellence*, which reveals evidence of cipher insertions woven into the text, *e.g.* Act V, Scene I (See *Baconiana*, 168, page 83). Further, a lawyer complained that the Folio was printed on better paper than the bibles of the period!

The glaring indications that the Droeshout engraving may have been intended to portray a mask rather than a face, and the fact that Droeshout was only fifteen when William Shakspere died, are not mentioned. No reference is made to the fact that the Droeshout figure is carefully drawn with two left arms. Yet this excellent artist could execute life-like portraits of George Villiers, John Donne, John Fox, *et alios*.

Yet Professor Hinman has given us the nearest "perfect" collation of First Folio photo-facsimiles to date, and we are immensely grateful; for the Editors of *Baconiana* this will be a most useful source of reference in the future.

N.F.

* * * *

Coincidences, by Dr. Joachim Gerstenberg, Kalamakion Press, 1969. Three shillings.

This large paper booklet of 17 pages, with a photo-facsimile of the first page of the Dedication in the 1623 Folio "To the Most Noble And Incomparable Paire of Brethren", William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, is priced very reasonably.

The author opens his thesis by drawing attention to the fact that there are plays by Shakespeare and his contemporaries on all the English monarchs from King John to Henry VIII, except for Henry VII—a gap filled by Francis Bacon in his well-known prose history. As James Spedding points out, Bacon had written only a fragment of his history of Henry VIII, which was published posthumously by his chaplain William Rawley in 1629. It appears that he abandoned the project just before the publication of the 1623 Folio.

Dr. Gerstenberg quotes Spedding again (*Works*, 1/519) in remarking how little attention the Plays seem to have attracted when first printed, as follows:—

> Though numbers of contemporary news-letters, filled with literary and fashionable intelligence, have been preserved, it is only in the Stationers' Register and the accounts kept by the Master of the Revels, that we find any notices of . . . Shakespeare's plays. In the long series of letters of John Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton . . . from 1598 - 1623 . . . we look in vain for the name of Shakespeare or any one of his plays.

Remembering that the Stratford man had been dead seven years when the First Folio appeared, this elaborate Dedication to the famous Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery (both friends of Francis Bacon) is certainly hard to explain from the orthodox Stratfordian standpoint.

For the interesting arguments which Dr. Gerstenberg develops on these points we must refer our readers to his book. In passing we would mention that this prolific author has also written *Mr. William Shakespeare; Bacon, Shakespeare and the Great Unknown; Strange Signatures; Strange Concord*, and *Revealing Day*.

Strange Concord, now in course of preparation, draws attention to many parallels of thought and expression between the historical Plays and Bacon's *History of the Reign of King Henry VII*. It is therefore significant that the latter work was written "between 1621 and 1622", only a year before the First Folio appeared, as if to fill the gap. It could not have been read by Shakespeare, who had been dead for five years. This was indeed a "strange concord," and another hint that a master mind was at work.

N.F.

* * * *

Bacon-Shakespeare For Beginners, by Dr. Joachim Gerstenberg. Kalamakion Press. Ten shillings.

> *The arguments from parallelisms in general may be stated thus: one parallelism has no significance; five parallelisms attract attention; ten suggest enquiry; twenty raise a presumption; fifty a probability; one hundred dissolve every doubt.*

With this quotation from Edwin Reed's *Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms* Dr. Gerstenberg introduces the reader to the first fruits of ten years labour on this subject. In due course we may expect his *magnum opus* with about 3,000 examples of parallelisms in thought and expression from the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare—meanwhile the present volume is well worth having as a *vade mecum* to nearly 100 of these, set out in easily assimilable form.

The author offers ample evidence of Bacon's poetical abilities, agreeing with Spedding that

> Bacon had all the natural faculties which the poet wants—a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion . . . The truth is that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet . . . Had his genius taken the ordinary direction I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets . . .

Dr. Gerstenberg is not short of other authorities to support his argument, from which we select three:—

> Bacon like Sidney was a warbler of poetic prose.
> *(Chambers' Encyclopaedia of English Literature)*

> The poetic faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind.
>
> *(Macaulay)*

> To this Bacon would bring something of that high poetic spirit which gleams out of every page of his philosophy.
>
> *(Charles Knight)*

Bearing in mind Shelley's well-known tribute to Bacon as a poet we must agree with R. M. Theobald who comments that:

> While the critics have their eye on the Baconian theory, they call Bacon prosy, unimaginative, and incapable of poetry. When they sincerelp describe him, they one and all assign him Shakespeare's attributes; so that if you cull eulogies passed on Bacon, you have a portrait of the author of Shakespeare.

One hundred parallelisms from Bacon and Shakespeare follow the Introduction, and the collective evidence of these, irrespective of the varying merits of specific examples, should dispel any lingering doubts as to the identity of Shake-speare in the mind of the honest investigator.

In closing, we cannot resist the temptation to quote two striking parallelisms of thought, in the hope of provoking further enquiry.

> In *Natural History*, Bacon observes that "people that dwell at the foot of snow-water, have great bags hanging under their throats". Gonzalo in *The Tempest* says that "there are mountaineers develop'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em wallets of flesh".

> Shakespeare makes Richard II say "cut off the hand of too-fast growing sprays, that look too lofty in our Commonwealth, all must be even in our Government". In *Advancement of Learning* Bacon recalls the anecdote of Periander who, being asked how to "preserve tyranny newly usurped, bid the messenger attend and report what he saw him do; and went into his garden and topped all the highest flowers, signifying that it consisted in the cutting off and keeping low of the nobilities and grandees" . . .

Purists in style may consider that Dr. Gerstenberg has not been too well served by his translator, but this book has a useful message for its readers and serves as a base for further study and references.

N.F.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,
Baconiana

Dear Sir,

The article by T. D. Bokenham in the latest *Baconiana* (No. 169) fascinated me so much that I have looked at some important papers in the Folio to see if any other cases of ITWAS occurred. I found four, one of which I detail below.

ITWAS by being transferred five places becomes OBCFA, and I was intrigued to find in three of my four instances that an H was also present. H moved five places becomes N, which gives the complete F. BACON.

There are 287 letters on the page containing the verse "To the Reader". If we refer to page 287 of the Tragedies we find that the middle line of column two reads:

"my *backe forty eight*".

This page is important for other reasons but for the present purposes it is sufficient to notice that from the end of the scene which finishes at the top of column one the 48th word *back* is "Father" of the line "*A Credulous Father* and a *Brother NOble*", six capitals of which two are unnecessary and stare one in the face (A C F B NO).

The chances against their turning up in one line are enormous.

What is perhaps more surprising is that the capitals commencing the two lines above and below this line are

S . . .

I . . .

A Credulous . . .

W . . .

T . . .

Immediately above the S is " image ". . . .

I was very interested to see in this issue of *Baconiana* that an article is in preparation dealing with the four engravings on the Title page of Gustavus Selenus' *Cryptomenytices* of 1624. There is however another engraving which is of great interest in view of the notion that Bacon was much concerned with this book.

This is the portrait in a reserve copy of the book found by M. Pierre Henrion in a Paris library. This has been dealt with at length in *Baconiana* 136 and 137, and the connection of this portrait with Bacon I regard as proved beyond all doubt. M. Henrion found several counts of 33 in the portrait, but there is a further one which I noticed at the time.

The large letters of the inscription round the left half of the portrait (the Bacon side) are:—

GRATIA DUX BRUNSVICENSIS ET LUNAEBURGENSIS *

6	3	13	2	14	1 =38 (5+33)
F	C	N	B	O	A=F. BACON

It is interesting to note that the inscription round the original portrait of the Duke of Brunswick has been shifted round to make

the Bacon half of the portrait start at GRATIA instead of at DEI. Otherwise the count would have been spoiled.

I have made a few discoveries in the great Folio which seem to me to confirm the notion that Selenus (*homo lunae*)—the Man in the Moon—was Bacon himself. I give one below but have a lot more.

The following occurs in the first few lines of page 35 of the Comedies,

Column 1

1 . . . *I* bid thee still marke me . . .

2 *thou* see me . . .

3 *G* . . .

4 *Su* . . .

5 *S*ebastian is thy name

6 *A*nd *w*ill imploy . . .

Column 2

1 *I am* my Masters true *con*firmed love

2 *B*ut cannot be true serv*a*nt . . .

3 *Unlesse* I prove false traitor to *my selfe*

4 Yet *will I* . . .

Points to note:—

(a) The commencements marked in the first lines of column 1.

t G Su S A w suggest an anagram of

G U S T A V U S

(w equals v u. It is often printed as vv in the Folio and u and v are interchangeable).

(b) The corresponding lines in column 2 opposite.

I am . . . con	1 plus 15 letters con
B . . . a	B plus 18 letters a
Unlesse	33
Yet will I . . .	

Unlesse is an anagram of *Selenus*. It is on the F line (F equals 6)

(c) S is thy name

Sebastian is in italics and is an *assumed* name and 'will' is printed just below Sebastian.

(d) The Unlesse line consists of I plus 33 letters.

Did all these instances just happen by mere chance, or by coincidence, or what ?

Yours faithfully,

F. V. MATARALY

* * * *

March 1st, 1970

Dear Sir,

Recently several books came into my possession, amongst which was a back number of your journal, *Baconiana* 164. I read this with much interest as I have always had misgivings as to the identity of the true author of the works of Shakespeare.

But now my mind is completely made up, and any doubts I may have had been extinguished by the last chapter in your journal entitled " By Line and Levell ". The writer has unearthed the devastating *fact* that this symmetrical Shakespeare-Temple-Bacon figure " is there", like Everest, and it cannot be argued away like all the other theories and similarities of thought, etc. The mathematical odds against this occurring by accident in the very

text in which it is reflected are so great that it is not even possible for a computer to assess them.

Another article " Pope and Bacon " was also of great interest to me. A great deal is made of Pope's use of the word "meanest" in the Appendix and 48 examples are given of its use in Shakespeare. Oddly enough, your contributor has omitted what seems to be the most telling one of all. I certainly would not have spotted it had I not just studied " By Line and Levell ", one of the most important keys of which is centred around the sentence in the Dedication to the Folio which actually contains the word *meanest*. I quote: "And the most though *meanest* of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples ". Here the word "meanest" is actually used to describe the works of Shakespeare and nobody can say that it is meant in a derogatory sense because the author says, " The meanest of things are more precious" and nothing can be " made more " precious that was not already " precious ".

Surely to Baconians the use of this word to describe both Bacon and the works of Shakespeare must be significant. One wonders if Pope knew something and had mentally noted that the sentence in the Dedication also contains the word "Temple". I have it on good authority that Pope was concerned in the erection of the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey where the figure's finger is made to point directly to the word " Temples ". Furthermore, the text on the tablet appears to me to be a misquotation, so it would seem to be a very neat way of drawing the attention of the viewer.

Finally I would like to congratulate the author of the chapter on Othello—who does not give his or her name.

Yours faithfully,

22 Roedean Crescent
Brighton BN2 5RH.

LAWRASON ROUSE

* * * *

The Editor, *Baconiana*

Dear Sir,

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? (*Twelfth Night*, v, 1)

This obscure allusion made by Duke Orsino would have been quite meaningless to the "gaping spectators" at the public playhouses, and to all other than a small minority who saw the play in the hall of the Middle Temple in 1601. The view generally held by the orthodox "authorities" is that Shakespeare wrote to please those he termed "the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples" (*Henry VIII*, v. 4), but, in my opinion, he rarely gave a thought to them when writing.

The simile used by Orsino is taken from the novel *Ethiopics* by Heliodorus, a Greek novelist of the 4th century A.D. The novel is in ten books, and there was an edition published in Paris in 1596. The Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea having fallen into their hands, Thyamis fell in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis' party, he was in such concern for his mistress, that he shut her in a cave with his treasure. Finding himself outnumbered, and fearing that Chariclea would fall into the hands of his enemies, he returned to the cave and slew her.

The probability is that the play was written for performance at Court, or one of the Inns of Court, though I doubt if even a select audience of scholars would grasp the meaning of the allusion taken from such an unfamiliar classical source. I am sure we can dismiss any likelihood that the "man-player and deserving man" of Burbage's company was as well read as that!

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE

* * * *

The Editor,
Baconiana

Dear Sir,

I have been most interested in Mr. Bokenham's article in the current issue of *Baconiana* in which he elaborates Dr. Speckman's work on the Rosicrucians. I have no doubt of Bacon's involvement with the Rosicrucian Fraternity; he was, indeed, the dominant figure in the Brotherhood in his era.

I was particularly interested in the six-pointed star—or, more particularly, the interlaced triangles—in the window of St. Michael's Church, illustrated in the frontispiece. I wonder if you have read Anna Kingsford's discourse on this symbol—the Seal of Solomon ? It is contained in her *The Credo of Christendom*, published some 50 years ago and edited by my father,* but long since out of print. She does not deal with the " seal " in the context of the Bacon-Shakespeare question, but from a wider angle; but many of her observations are certainly not in conflict with Bacon's views.

I feel that you may perhaps be interested to see the book and, since it seems unlikely that it has already come to your notice, I hope that you will accept the copy which I am enlosing herewith. The references to the seal are contained in the section " The Credo of Christendom ", pp. 94 - 126, and the frontispiece.

With every good wish,

Yours sincerely,

EDMUND C. HART

P.S.—I am very pleased to see in the Press that another effort is being made to open the " Shakespeare " grave at Stratford.

* * * *

* Samuel Hopgood Hart.

To the Editor,
Baconiana

Dear Sir,

While I was in London I had the privilege of reading the proofs of " The Hidden Music " by Commander Martin Pares. I concur in every way with this beautiful article, both in its premise and its development.

From early childhood I have had a special love and veneration for Shake-speare, but felt there was a great mystery concerning the sphinx-like identity of the author. When hearing his plays, the words seemed to be the expression of at times a great and skilful statesman, and at other times a profound mystic and philosopher, a man who lived in many worlds. In the early 1930's as a very young man, two visitors became embroiled in a very heated argument. One was a newspaper writer who bitterly opposed the Baconian theory which was being expounded by a dancer and poet. The words of the latter suddenly made sense to me and brought into full focus the personality and portrait of the true author. Here, at last, was the man whom I had admired and loved for so many years and who had been, as it were, my Master.

I feel certain that Bacon, the poet, philosopher, scientist and statesman, was also a composer who used certain names for his music to which he set " anonymous " words. An example, I believe, is " The Silver Swan " by Orlando Gibbons, and also certain works by John Dowland. I hope some research can be carried out in this direction.

The experiencing of hidden music mentioned by Commander Pares in the " crypt of an ancient cathedral " is moving and evokes many parallel moments in musical history and also in my own personal musical life. This " celestial alchemy " I can vouch for in its truth and authenticity. At certain moments, in some unknown way, I have heard celestial voices rising above the music of an orchestra. It may have to do with the quality of the melody being performed plus a special kind of tone-spacing such as reinforced

three-voiced divisions in strings where a kind of holy trinity of sound is created, possibly by accident, but which a composer hopes to make obliquely happen on purpose, if the acoustical and performing conditions are just right. This makes possible a kind of heavenly co-operation by mysterious forces, "those better than we," according to the Armenian ancient expression.

Of course this will not always happen when one wants it to, but it really has happened in certain passages at certain times. It is not always celestial sounds that are heard. A pupil of mine who was somewhat gifted in clairvoyance managed to release a demonic force in one of his pieces which brought out sounds from another dimension audible to all of us. These were sounds of terrifying cries of those in agony; as it were, of the damned.

An unknown world is opened up in this fascinating article, "The Hidden Music".

Yours faithfully,

July 10, 1970 ALAN HOVHANESS

* * * *

DAILY TELEGRAPH CORRESPONDENCE

NO KNOWN CONTEMPORARY SHAKESPEARE PORTRAIT

Sir,

You mention that, as a background to Sir John Gielgud's special readings of Shakespeare at the National Portrait Gallery on December 5, " the Chandos portrait, the only known contemporary likeness of Shakespeare, will be the background ".

There is, however, no known contemporary portrait of Shakespeare. As for the " Chandos ", I do not know of any authority for its acceptance. The late Sir Sidney Lee states that " it was painted from fanciful descriptions of him some years after his death ". F. E. Halliday in his valuable book, "A Shakespeare Companion," 1952, writes that " it is not generally accepted as being a genuine portrait ".

Falmouth. RODERICK L. EAGLE
24/11/69.

* * * *

PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

Sir,

In reply to Mr. Roderick L. Eagle's letter, concerning the Chandos portrait, there is no doubt whatsoever that this picture is the only one that can claim with virtual certainty to be a portrait from life of Shakespeare.

It has a history stretching back to Sir William Davenant, who claimed to be Shakespeare's illegitimate son. Mr. Eagle seems to be unaware of the recent discussion of this in my " Tudor and Jacobean Portraits," published this summer.

Nat. Portrait Gallery, ROY STRONG
London, W.C.2. Director
26/11/69

* * * *

PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

Sir,

In 1964 the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, David Piper, wrote the following in his Exhibition Catalogue produced for the exhibition in that gallery entitled " O Sweet Mr. Shakespeare I'll have his picture": "No one has yet been able to prove that any portrait of Shakespeare, from the life, exists or was ever made . . . Nor does any contemporary account of Shakespeare's person survive . . . The Chandos portrait has been condemned out of hand as being of a Jew . . . It is, in the uncertainty of its pedigree, before Davenant's ownership, far from proven ".

London, W.8 FRANCIS CARR
29/11/69

* * * *

ITALIAN TYPE

Sir,

If, as Mr. Roy Strong, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, claims (November 26) the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare was painted during his lifetime, then he must reject both the famous Droeshout engraving in the First Folio of 1623 and also the bust in the church at Stratford, neither of which it resembles.

I know of no evidence that this painting ever did belong to Sir William Davenant or that he claimed to be Shakespeare's illegitimate son. This " tradition " was launched by gossip Aubrey in 1680, 12 years after Davenant's death. His mother was described as " a vertuous wife ".

The Chandos portrait shows features of Italian type rather than English.

Falmouth, Cornwall. RODERICK L. EAGLE
29/11/69.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAIT

Sir,

Mr. Roderick L. Eagle contends (November 29) that the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare does not resemble either the Droeshout engraving or the Stratford bust. As to the bust, one can only hope the Bard himself did not resemble it, either. But if Mr. Eagle will buy himself a First Folio and decorate its Droeshout frontispiece, schoolboy-fashion, with a Chandos-type beard, he will notice a close resemblance to the Chandos portrait, up as far as the eyebrows.

Above that—well, young Droeshout's engraving was commissioned several years after Shakespeare's death, so he must have worked from a portrait, now lost, of Shakespeare as a young man.

He may have felt that the man who had written all those plays must have been bulging with brains, so gave him a brow like a bladder of lard. But below the bulge the features in the Droeshout engraving (especially in its proof state) and those in the Chandos portrait are so similar that each seems to authenticate the other.

PATRICK THORNHILL

Strood, Kent.
3/12/69.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAIT

Sir,

I have made a further careful comparison between the disputed Chandos portrait, the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays in 1623, and the bust on the monument at Stratford, without being able to agree that such resemblances as Mr. Patrick Thornhill (December 3) claims really do exist.

The majority of the experts reject the Chandos portrait and it is open to anybody to form his own opinion.

If this picture came up for auction I am sure it would not be catalogued as "a portrait of Shakespeare".

Falmouth, Cornwall. RODERICK L. EAGLE
6/12/69

* * * *

ENGRAVER

Sir,

Mr. Patrick Thornhill (December 3) takes Mr. R. L. Eagle to task on flimsy arguments built on conjecture. Martin Droeshout was only 15 when Shakespeare died and 22 when the First Folio was published but was an excellent engraver as is witnessed by his portraits of Villiers, Donne, Fox and others.

Surely he would not have been knowingly responsible for depicting "a brow like a bladder of lard," except on specific instructions. Hence the belief held by many that this is a mask portrait, and careful study reinforces this view.

Mr. Thornhill mentions the Stratford bust but not that it was rebuilt or at the least radically altered in the 18th century. Why should the sculptor have presented posterity with the foolish face with which we are now familiar ?

Mr. Eagle's contention that there is no contemporary likeness of William Shakespeare is based on the facts as we know them.

London, N.1. NOEL FERMOR
6/12/69.

THE BARD AS ACTOR

Dear Sir,

Whilst agreeing with Mr. Darlington on the subject of facts and conjectures, I should like to enquire what facts there are to support Ivor Brown's statement that, " Shakespeare, far from being the undistinguished actor of tradition, was a very good one ".

There is no contemporary evidence at all as to what he was like as a player (unlike Burbage or Alleyn) and Nicholas Rowe in his short biographical note in 1709 (the first attempt at a biography of Shakespeare to be printed) remarked that, though he had enquired, he could find only that " the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet ". This surely is a part that gives no scope for acting, as it is merely vocal, and could very well be played off-stage through the microphone !

Again what evidence is there that he, " remained an actor long after there was any need for him to do so ? " The answer is none. Shakespeare retired to Stratford finally about 1611 at the age of 47 and apparently had no further interest in the plays generally attributed to him, or the theatre. There is no record of his mentioning a single play, either during his life or in his will.

Ivor Brown is truly a master of conjecture, and exercises an admirable skill in making his conjecture appear to be fact.

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR

7th April, 1970.
Canonbury Tower,
Canonbury Place,
Islington, London, N.1.

(Not Printed)

* * * *

To the Editor,
Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

Just recently a certain amount of interest has been shown about some very early findings of mine in the play *Love's Labour's Lost* in a speech which begins "Thus poure the stars . . .". These findings were entirely Jonsonian and were what Ben Jonson saw in the speech and inserted in his long poem "To My Beloved . . . the Author". It also seems that there is some misconception as to where I discovered that this speech was cryptic. It was *not* in the 1623 folio. I came across it through a perfectly logical chain of reasoning from some curious lines in the open text of the play as printed in the *quarto* edition which was published in 1598; twenty-five years before the *folio*. I hope you will see your way to publishing this letter in the next edition of *Baconiana.*

Yours sincerely,
EWEN MACDUFF

A.S.R.L. *Robrina,*
Surry Boat Yard,
Shoreham, Sussex.

FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY'S BOOKS FOR SALE

	Price including British postage
Bevan, Bryan. The Real Francis Bacon - - -	25/6
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Bacon-Shakespeare Discussion - -	2/–
Eagle, R. L.	
The Secrets of Shakespeare's Sonnets (with facsimile)* -	26/–
Farrington, Professor Benjamin. Francis Bacon,	
Philosopher of Industrial Science - - -	15/–
The Philosophy of Francis Bacon - - -	26/–
Francis Bacon, Pioneer of Planned Science - -	11/6
Gerstenberg, Joachim.	
Bacon, Shakespeare and the Great Unknown -	10/–
Coincidences. A Baconian Essay - -	3/–
Bacon-Shakespeare for Beginners - -	10/–
Gundry, W. G. C. Francis Bacon—A Guide to His Homes and Haunts (Illustrated) - - - (Reduced)	1/10
Manes Verulamiani (1626 edition in full photo-facsimile, with translation and comment; limited to 400 copies, of which a few only remain) - - - -	£2/10/–
Johnson, Edward D.	
The Shakesper Illusion (Illustrated) - - -	26/–
Francis Bacon's Maze - - - - -	12/6
Shakespeare's Sonnets - - - - -	12/6
Melsome, W. S. Bacon-Shakespeare Anatomy (Price reduced)	11/–
Pares, Martin. A Pioneer*: second and augmented edition -	10/–
Knights of the Helmet* (Revised) - - -	7/6
Sennett, Mabel. His Erring Pilgrimage: Interpretation of "As You Like It" - - - - - (Reduced)	2/10
Theobald, B. G. Exit Shakespeare - - - -	3/–
Enter Francis Bacon - - - - -	3/–
Francis Bacon Concealed and Revealed (Illustrated) -	8/10
Shakespeare's Sonnets Unmasked - - -	6/–
Woodward, Frank. Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures - (Photo Facsimile Illustrations)	26/6

PAMPHLETS FOR SALE

	Price including British postage
Baker, H. Kendra. Bacon's Vindication*	1/2
Pope and Bacon	1/2
Shakespeare's Coat of Arms	1/6
Bokenham, T. D. The *Original* Shakespeare Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon*	2/–
Bridgewater, Howard Shakespeare and Italy	1/6
Evidence Connecting Francis Bacon with Shakespeare	1/9
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Oxford and the Folio Plays	1/10
Dodd, Alfred. Mystery of the Shakespeare Sonnets	1/6
Who Was Shakespeare?	2/–
Eagle, R. L. Shakespeare Forgers and Forgeries (Illustrated)	1/6
Bacon or Shakspere: A Guide to the Problem	3/–
The 'Friend' and 'Dark Lady' of the Sonnets	2/–
Eagle/Hapgood. Stratford Birthplace (Illustrated)	1/4
Ellis, Walter. Shakespeare Myth (Illustrated)	1/9
Franco, Johan. Bacon-Shakespeare Identities Revealed by their Handwritings (Illustrated)	2/8
Gundry, W. G. C. Was Shakespeare Educated? (Illustrated)	3/–
Johnson, Edward D. Don Adriana's Letter (21 diagrams)	3/–
Shake-Spear	1/3
The Shakespeare Quiz	1/3
Francis Bacon: Similarity of Thought	1/3
Will Shakspere of Stratford	4/–
Francis Bacon of St. Albans	4/–
A Short History of the Stratford "Shakespeare" Monument	1/4
The Fictitious Shakespeare Exposed	2/10
Bacon-Shakespeare Coincidences	1/10
Francis Bacon v. Lord Macaulay	1/4
Pares, Martin. Will O' The Wisp	2/6
Seymour, Henry. John Barclay's Argenis & Cipher Key	1/–
Witney, M. A. Francis Bacon	2/8

All the books and pamphlets for sale from the Secretary, Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1.

* New Publications

BACONIANA (Copyright Reserved)

The official journal of the Francis Bacon Society (Inc.) is published at 10/- (post free). Back numbers can be supplied. When enquiry is made for particular copies the date should be specified. Some are now very scarce and, in the case of early issues, difficult to obtain unless from members of the Society who may have spare ones.