VOL. LVII. No. 174 PRICE £1

BACONIANA

Founded 1886

December, 1974

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© Published Periodically

LONDON:

Published by THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY INCORPORATED at Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1, and printed by Lightbowns Limited, 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.

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The subscription for membership is £2·10 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.

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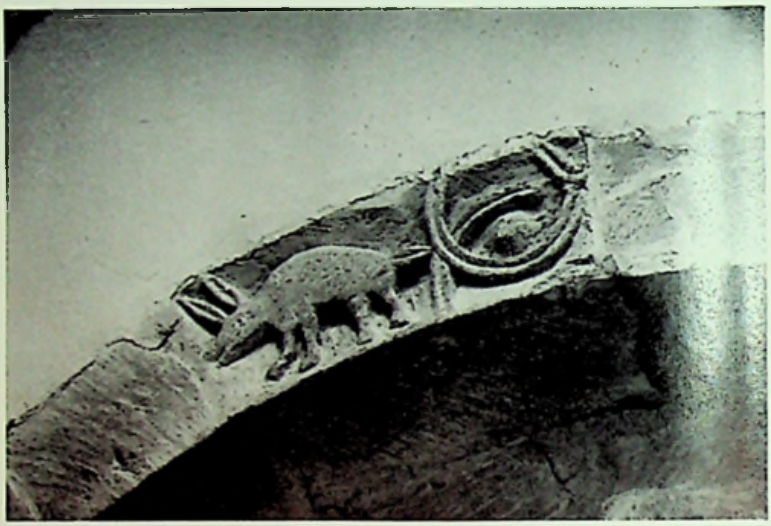
THE LEARNED PIG?



This illustration of the carving on the *Norman* arch in Barton-on-the-Heath Church appears by kind permission of Mr. Dennis W. Price.

BACONIANA

VOL. LVII (88th Year) No. 174 DECEMBER, 1974

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

As our frontispiece we reproduce a photograph of the "running-pig" which appears on the Norman chancel arch in St. Lawrence's Church, Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire. The Rev. James Wilmot was appointed Rector of this Church in 1782 and is sometimes considered to be the "first Baconian". The late Lord Sydenham of Combe wrote a pamphlet under this title, claiming that Wilmot was the first to name Bacon as the author of the Shakespeare Plays. About this time an anonymous book called *The Learned Pig* appeared, and it has been suggested that Wilmot was the author. The late Arthur Mee, in *The King's England: Warwickshire*, alluded to the carving of the pig in Barton-on-the-Heath Church but was unable to discover how it came to be on the Norman arch immediately to the right of the curious memorial inscription to the Rev. James and Mrs. Wilmot, which appears on the chancel wall. The text of the inscription was reproduced in *Baconiana* 168 in an article on Barton-on-the-Heath (pages 86 - 89), in which it was pointed out that Wilmot was a kinsman to Sir Edward Wilmot, Physician to George II, and a considerable student of Bacon's and Shakespeare's writings. Presumably he would have known that the village of Barton-on-the-Heath appears to be mentioned in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

There is much to be explained if the aura of mystery surrounding the name and activities of the Rev. James Wilmot, D.D., is to be dispelled, and we are grateful to Mr. Arthur Lloyd-Turner for the following additional information. In *The Taylors of Kew*, a

privately printed family history, and an Appendix issued subsequently, the author points out that Wilmot was far from the simple country parson that might be supposed. It now transpires that, contrary to general belief, he was not a bachelor for long, but married a Polish princess, who bore him a daughter. Through the influence of an uncle he was introduced to Court circles, and, we are told, became a personal confidant of Prince George. Later, his wife having died, he officiated at the marriage of his daughter Olive, to the Duke of Cumberland. After a few years the Duke re-married (presumably bigamously) and Olive went to live with her grandmother at Warwick, giving birth to a daughter whom the doctor baptized privately. Shortly after this, the story goes, the baby was substituted for a still-born infant of Robert Wilmot, the doctor's brother, and received a public baptism in Warwick Parish Church. Some years later the child was sent to Barton-on-the-Heath to live with her grandfather.

Documents seem to prove that Dr. Wilmot also married Prince George, the future George III, to Hannah Lightfoot initially at Kew, and then at Peckham, and that in 1765 he performed also a second marriage ceremony for the Queen to the King at Kew Palace at her request. In 1791, his granddaughter was married by him at Barton, and became Olive Serres.

It was this Mrs. Serres who claimed for Dr. Wilmot the editorship of the *Letters of Junius* tract, which criticised vehemently prominent public personalities, including the King. Certainly a contemporary print of a cleric in a bag-wig entitled "*Junius James Wilmot, D.D.*" is difficult to explain away.

Before he died, Dr. Wilmot ordered his housekeeper and a local schoolmaster to destroy all his private papers and records—to the confusion of posterity . . . The robbery of the Kew Parish Registers, as well as the burning of those at Isleworth, and perhaps the mutilation of the Barton register are, in Mr. Lloyd-Taylor's view, all connected with the Hannah Lightfoot affair. We mention this to stress Dr. Wilmot's involvement with the indiscretions of Royalty, which lends some credence to Olive Serres' persistent claims that her mother was the legal wife of Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland.

The questions that present themselves are intriguing. Did Dr. Wilmot, a friend of the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Chatham, and the trusted *confidant* of the Royal Family, learn that Francis Bacon was the natural son of Queen Elizabeth I, and the author of the Shakespeare Plays? His interest in the Plays would then be more easily explained, and the carving of the "pig" in the Norman chancel arch at St. Lawrence's Church at Barton-on-the-Heath acquire fresh significance.

* * * *

Through the kindness of Professor Richard Levin we are able to reproduce in our Press correspondence columns his letter to the Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, published on 25th January, 1974. Several important points emerge from this letter, in which it is stated that, contrary to popular belief, and to most orthodox academic opinion, the Shakespeare Plays "were *not* composed for the gawkish groundlings of the Globe . . . but for . . . audiences far more worthy of them".

This is not, of course, new to readers of *Baconiana*. Glynne Wickham's assertion in 1969 that *The Winter's Tale* had been "written for performance in the autumn of 1610 before the King and the Heir Apparent", supplied one link in the chain of evidence. Professor Wickham's submission in the latest *Shakespeare Survey** that both *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* "bear the unmistakable hallmark of Court commission", Professor H. N. Paul's book *The Royal Play of "Macbeth"*, and Professor J. W. Bennett's *"Measure for Measure"* as *Royal Entertainment*, link the author with the Court. Other studies connect a number of other Plays with members of the aristocracy, the Inns of Court, and with "Oxford or Cambridge".

Professor Levin's confidence that in the very near future most if not all the remaining dramas will be shown not to have been written for a public playhouse is encouraging and highly significant in a Baconian context. Not surprisingly these conclusions were challenged, in part, in a subsequent letter from a Professor

* No. 26; 189 pages, Cambridge University Press; £3·60.

C. W. Hicatt of the Department of English, Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology—who claimed that "The snobbish illusion of an aristocratic, university trained Shakespeare having been fairly (*sic*) laid to rest, it would appear that the battle has moved to the quality of his audience".

It had. We are glad to reproduce R. L. Eagle's masterly reply to Professor Hicatt's letter which, we submit, puts the matter into true perspective—for example no one who has read *Coriolanus* or *Julius Caesar* can doubt the author's contempt for "the groundlings" of his time. Harold Bayley in *The Shakespeare Symphony*, in his chapter on Elizabethan audiences, reminds us of the following quotations from these two Plays:—

> He himself stuck not to call us the many headed multitude . . .
> *Coriolanus*, II, 3
>
> The rude multitude,
> *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, 1, 95.
>
> The fool multitude,
> *The Merchant of Venice*, II, 9, 26
>
> . . . the barbarous multitude
> *The Merchant of Venice*, II, 8, 28
>
> The mutable, rank scented many.
> *Coriolanus*, III, 1
>
> The tag rag people . . . the common herd
> *Julius Caesar*, 1, 2

Shake-spear, Bacon, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and numerous other contemporary writers used similar epithets for the common people, and their view was aptly summed up by the pious Sir Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici:*—

> If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do condemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion—the multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity which, taken asunder, seem men and the reasonable creatures of God, but confused together make but one great beast and a monstrosity more prodigous than Hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools . . .

In fairness we feel constrained to reproduce Professor Hieatt's second letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* as well as his first, but in our view the challenge to Mr. Eagle's case is unconvincing. We leave our readers to judge.

The caption for this correspondence was Shakespeare's Second Globe. Shakespeare had a small share in profits from the original Globe Theatre built by Richard and Cuthbert Burbadge, but burnt down in 1613. He returned to Stratford-Upon-Avon at about this time, and his will makes no mention of a share in the second Globe (which opened in June, 1614). Mr. Eagle has commented that from what we know of the Stratford man's character, it is more likely that he would have mentioned any such share rather than (or at least as well as) the second best bed !

* * * *

In 1967 Messrs. Faber and Faber published *Brief Lives by John Aubrey*, by Patrick Garland. Francis Carr in his February-May issue of *The Stratford-Tragi-Comedy* bulletin quotes the following extract from the book:—

> Mr. Williams, a gentleman farmer occupying Clopton House near Stratford, said to me: "By God, I wish you'd arrived a little sooner. Why it isn't a fortnight since I destroyed several baskets full of letters and papers, in order to clear a small chamber for some partridges, which I wanted to bring up alive. And as to your William Shakespeare, why, there are many bundles with his name wrote upon them. Why, it was in this fireplace I made a roaring bonfire of them".

This episode is entirely fictitious, and is Patrick Garland's invention, but after enquiry, Mr. Carr discovered that the publishers were under the impression that the text of the book was derived from Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. The Williams family, still resident at Clopton House, are unaware of any such story, but unhappily it has been repeated in the revival of the play *Brief Lives* at the Mayfair Theatre, again starring Roy Dotrice, which has had over 300 performances at the time of writing.

The counterfeit reference to bundles of letters and papers with Shakespeare's name "wrote" upon them is reprehensible and irresponsible. On a happier note, we quote below an evocative and authentic passage from John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* in the 1972 Penguin edition:—

> Francis Bacon was a good poet, but concealed. All that were great and good loved and honoured him. Ben Jonson was one of his friends, as doth appear by his excellent verses on his Lordship's birthday. The learned and great Cardinal Richelieu was a great admirer of the Lord Bacon. He was wont to have Thomas Hobbes walk with him in the groves where he did meditate. And when a notion darted into his mind, Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down. Bacon was Lord Protector during King James's Progress into Scotland, and gave Audiences in great State to Ambassadors in the Banqueting House at Whitehall . . .

Aubrey's Brief Lives was first published by Secker and Warburg in 1949 in a fine edition, well illustrated. It was edited by Oliver Lawson Dick from the original MSS. According to the publishers it was "certain" to become the standard work on John Aubrey. The counterfeit publication by Faber and Faber of Patrick Garland's *Brief Lives* in 1967 is historically unsound; so is the text of the play at the Mayfair Theatre.

* * * *

We are grateful to Mr. Jack Hemingway for drawing our attention to a contribution in the December, 1972, issue of *Oxford*, the journal of The Oxford Society. Dr. Nicholas Dewey has kindly allowed us to reprint this under the title *Robert Burton, Jacobean Virtuoso*. We are thus able to fill in the background to the Editorial comments we printed in *Baconiana*, 170 (pages 3 - 7). As Dr. Dewey mentions the *Anatomy* was printed in six editions in the first thirty years, beginning with the quarto of 1621, which was carefully amended and enlarged in the five succeeding folios. The parallel with the Shakespeare quartos and Folio editions is worth pondering. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that there is "little

exciting evidence of Burton's life as don and divine". With Bacon, he was aware of "there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ" and his connection with Oxford University extended over 47 years "to the emerging dawn of Shakespeare's life", as Dr. Dewey has it. Our interest is quickened when we hear that the only extant copy of the early *Venus and Adonis* poem formerly belonged to Burton, amongst whose acquaintances were Camden and Hakluyt. Burton was deeply involved in Christ Church plays and revels, and composed for the Court of King James I. He advocated the Union of England and Scotland, a cause dear to Bacon's heart, and echoed his mastery in theology, philosophy, and literature, besides being expert in physic, mathematics, cosmography and surveying. It is hard, even irrational, to believe that the two men were unacquainted with each other's work, particularly when the curious epitaph on Burton's monument and the symbolised similarities of Shakespeare's Stratford and Dr. William Goodwin's Christ Church Cathedral monuments are recalled. Dean Goodwin was Physician to King James I.

On page 15 of *Baconiana* 173 it was stated that the line of longitude given for Burton's birthplace (22°) is manifestly false. Since the Greenwich Observatory was not established until 1675, R. L. Eagle wrote to enquire how the calculation could be verified, bearing in mind that Burton was born at Lindley in Leicestershire. It seemed worth checking with the Royal Greenwich Observatory now at Herstmonceux Castle, Hailsham, Sussex. Of the many systems of longitude employed before 1675, the Observatory suggest that that used on Burton's Monument was measured from Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, but would be subject to a wide margin of error. Conclusive geographical evidence therefore is lacking. Dr. Dewey in a letter to the Editor thinks that too much store should not be set on a nativity appearing in emblematic form as on the Tomb, but adds that it was probably taken from a MS. version in Burton's own hand.

For the record, Burton was born on 8th February, 1577, and was a Student of Christ Church from Michaelmas Term, 1599, until his death on January 25th 1639/40.

* * * *

On Wednesday, 10th April, 1974, the World premiere of "Odysseus Symphony" by Alan Hovhaness was played at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, by the Polyphonia Orchestra conducted by the composer. This Symphony (No. 25, Opus 275), tells of Odysseus' wanderings over storm-tossed oceans until the love music which forms a bridge of sound throughout culminates in his triumphal return to Penelope. We were grateful for the opportunity to hear this moving Symphony from a dedicated Baconian and a true friend of the Society.

* * * *

On 11th February an article, *Literary Clubs for Book Lovers*, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. As will be seen from our Press correspondence columns, our Chairman wrote to the Editor pointing out that the writer's claim that the Bronte Society was the oldest literary society extant was incorrect, since our Society was founded seven years before in 1886. In fact, the first issue of *The Journal of the Bacon Society*, the predecessor of *Baconiana*, appeared in December, 1885. Our conjecture that we might be the oldest literary society was not substantiated, however, although we still seem to be the oldest *national* literary society. Mr. Philip Hague, Hon. General Secretary of The Manchester Literary Club, has informed us that they were founded in 1862. Further, on consulting *The Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain** we discovered that the oldest literary society of all is almost certainly The Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which started life in 1793! A few literary institutions of various kinds also date from the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. That co-operation and not competition is the keynote of this historical note is exemplified by Mr. Hague's generous invitation to any of our members who may visit Manchester, to attend one of the meetings held on Monday evenings from 7 o'clock at the Manchester Club, King Street, in that city.

* * * *

* George Allen and Unwin, 60th Edition, 1962.

In 1882 J. Cotter Morison wrote a book on Lord Macaulay, which was reprinted in 1908, in the English Men of Letters series, published by Macmillan & Co. As the views of many prominent writers are still derived from Macaulay's essay on Bacon, we were intrigued to read Mr. Morison's opening comments.

> We now come, not without reluctance, to look at the deplorable article on Bacon.
> The historical portion has only just lately received such an exposure at the hands of the late Mr. Spedding, that to dwell upon it here is as unnecessary as it would be impertinent. Two octavo volumes were not found more than sufficient to set forth the full proofs of Macaulay's quite astounding inaccuracies, misrepresentations, and even falsifications of truth . . . Nothing that Macaulay has written has been more injurious to his fame as a serious thinker.

Mr. Morison was a man of erudition, and though not a devotee of Bacon, does not hesitate to praise Macaulay's brilliance as an essay writer, or "the vital spark of genius" his essays contain. Here lies the rub. Later writers, not understanding the altruistic nature of Bacon's attitude to his fellow men, and to his God, have been only too ready to follow Macaulay's own lack of perception. It is time that this misrepresentation ceased.

With Spedding, Hepworth Dixon, and H. Kendra Baker, whose pamphlet *Bacon's Vindication* is still available from the Society, we must continue to maintain, at every opportunity, that Bacon

> . . . was the noblest Roman of them all.
> He only in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, " This was a man !"
>
> *Julius Caesar*, V, V, 71

* * * *

Dr. A. L. Rowse is still confusing the public with encomiums on William Shaksper, notably in an article in *The Times* on 23rd April last which appeared under the disingenuous caption *Popular Misconceptions About William Shakespeare.* Our Chairman wrote promptly to the Editor of *The Times* pointing out that the misconceptions were on Dr. Rowse's part, but the truth was not allowed to reach the public. When Professor David McKean of Sir George Williams University of Montreal, Canada, commenting on Rowse's book *Simon Forman* can write as follows, we have confirmation of the view that we have expressed before in these columns:—

> The reviewer . . . unfortunately gives no warning of a grave fault committed by Dr. Rowse, one characterised by a misuse of facts about eminent people that destroys whatever faith we might otherwise have had in his reconstruction of the lives of other, lesser folk . . .
>
> *Times Literary Supplement*, 9th August; p.859

Eheu fugaces!

Mr. R. L. Eagle has also continued his role as a Press watchdog, and we reproduce the most interesting letters in our correspondence columns, published or not, as is our custom.

* * * *

Last January we were pleased to see that Bryan Bevan had written yet another historical work, *James Duke of Monmouth* (Hale, £3). Monmouth, a bastard son of Charles II, is of course best remembered for the disastrous defeat he suffered at the Battle of Sedgemoor in 1685. Mr. Bevan points out that he was also an atrocious poet quoting verses to prove it. We hope that one day Mr. Bevan will find time to contribute once more to *Baconiana.* Meanwhile we wait to hear whether his publishers persuaded him to continue his series of historical studies.

ROBERT BURTON; JACOBEAN VIRTUOSO

by Nicholas Dewey

In the overflowing valhalla of literature that owes its fame to Oxford, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is today as well established as *Charley's Aunt* or "The Scholar Gypsy", and far more widely read than Tract XC. Few English classics of any era have been so affectionately regarded by bookish browsers intent upon self-improvement. None, certainly, has shared the critical attention lavished by generations of belletrists upon this voluminous and digressive medical treatise—the greatest ever written by a layman, in the judgement of Sir William Osler.

Printed and sold in Oxford under University licence, the *Anatomy* went through six editions during its first thirty years of existence. This was no common achievement in the bookselling world of the early seventeenth century. Its renowned author, Robert Burton (1577 - 1640), thinly disguised on his engraved title-page as "Democritus Junior", is supposed in the annals of posterity to have accomplished this bibliographical feat by locking himself away in Minerva's tower and there grimly applying his erudition to the lifelong task of creation and revision: first, the stubby quarto of 1621, then the carefully amended and enlarged folios of the decades following. Another commonly received opinion is that all this effort was expended on behalf of Burton's own melancholy propensities, as a means of palliation and cure for the scholar's gloom affected by him after the fashion of the age.

Both these myths, mischievously spread abroad by the Anatomist himself (in passages too familiar to Oxford men for quotation here), have been perpetuated right up to the present time. One recent appreciation by Anthony Burgess stresses Lamb's outworn, but necessarily Romantic, vision of the "fantastic old great man" buried in the libraries of his alma mater while happily oblivious of the world outside: *in ea luce domicilii Vaticani, totius orbis celeberrimi, per 37 annos multa opportunaque didici.* (Is to "brag with Jovius" any longer such a familiar pastime among Oxford men, now that compulsory Latin has been abolished ?).

This almost obligatory depiction of Robert Burton as eccentric, morose, and withdrawn into a timeless dotage is further corroborated for the unquestioning student by the peculiar quality of his writing (a "confused lump") and also by the cumulative distortion of those few biographical facts that have survived. Such genial anecdotage as that related by Hearne and Kennett is not to be trusted, while Anthony à Wood, who at least knew some of the "antients" of Christ Church who were Burton's contemporaries there, and who remembered as a child the erection of his monument in the cathedral, unfortunately swallowed Aubrey's malicious tale that Burton "ended his dayes . . . by hanging him selfe", and hinted at its veracity in his *Athenae Oxonienses*. So much for gossip and prejudice. But it is worth taking a look at this "comely monument" of Burton, for it may help to explain why *The Anatomy of Melancholy* is still characterized as an Oxford book, its creator too often forgotten as an Oxford *man*.

The interested observer who wanders into the north aisle, not far from the shrine of St. Frideswide, will soon discover himself under the stony gaze of a colourfully painted effigy. Looking up, he will recognise from the frontispiece of the *Anatomy* one of the grizzled immortals of Eng. Lit., attired in pleated gown and correctly adorned with the *pileus* and narrow ruff of the Jacobean cleric. Framed by his family arms on the one side, and by his "nativity" on the other, Burton seems to be guarding the enigmatic lines carved in the stone tablet beneath him (undoubtedly "an inscription made by himself", as Wood surmised):

Pavcis notvs, Pavcioribvs Ignotvs,
Hic Iacet
Democritvs Ivnior
Cvi Vitam dedit et Mortem
Melancholia

Despite the convention employed—"Hic Iacet Galen . . . " was a not uncommon epitaph for the qualified man of medicine—there is a note of singular self-mockery here. Interred within those sacred precincts, the chapel of the "most flourishing college of Europe" where he had lived worthily as a Student for close on half

a century, he was yet "known to few", a modest companion for the canons and Deans buried around him. Here lay officials of Church and University from whom Robert Burton had received little preferment in his lifetime. Only in death, then, "unknown to fewer", would he be remembered outside those walls as the studious author of a popular book on melancholy. It was a paradox to be read in every partition of his book: "I had as lief be still Democritus Junior, and an obscure individual, if I had the choice, than a doctor of divinity, or a bishop".

Yet, apart from the history of its publication, *The Anatomy of Melancholy* has little to do with the life of Oxford itself. There are dark hints of local antagonism, of "scurrile obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers and detractors", who presumably thought it unseemly for a university man to mix the consolations of religion with the profanities of rustic love. Burton's being "penned up most part in my study" should be taken with a pinch of salt, although it is probably the case that his several collegiate duties denied him time and liberty for composition during Full Term and prevented him from overseeing the printer's labour. The complaint that there was never an amanuensis to assist him suggests long sojourns in the country, where he is known to have spent his vacations at the distant seats of his father and his brother, William, in Leicestershire and Staffordshire, and in later years, at his own rectory of Seagrave in the former county. "When our countrymen sacrificed to their goddess Vacuna, and sat tippling by their Vacunal fires" (echoing Ovid) "I writ this, and published this".

Robert Burton *Leycestrenis* was proud of his gentle ancestry, and it was from the wealth and leisured virtuosity of the shires, and not from the Universities, that he had greatest hopes for the support of "divers kind of learning". In the imaginary utopia that introduces his *Anatomy* he advocates that all arts and sciences "may sooner be perfected and better learn'd" through public patronage and benefaction, while the complete work can be read as a kind of manifesto urging the advancement of knowledge throughout the nation. But the prospect to him was a gloomy one, and not surprisingly, he devotes a significant section—the vituperative "Digression of the Misery of Scholars"—to the degradation of higher

learning in England. There are few more readable passages than this mounting onslaught against the "pack of vile buffoons, ignoramuses wandering in the twilight of learning, ghosts of clergymen, itinerant quacks, dolts, clods, asses, mere cattle", all of whom "intrude with unwashed feet" into the portals of our ancient academies. (If contemporary experience tempts us to sympathise with Burton's stringent criticisms of the Oxford system of his day—his chief targets were covetousness and ignorance—we should also acknowledge that he was himself a pop artist in a tradition not firmly established by his academic successors until the epoch of television and paperbacks).

There is little exciting evidence of Burton's life as don and divine, but what does exist offers no grounds for aligning him with that class of malcontent intellectual delineated in the plays of Marston and Chapman. For although, with Bacon, he was aware of "there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ", his own career was not that of an idle drone. Sustained in adulthood by the "learned and noble society" that Christ Church then was, Burton became a respected scholar in the University, as the testimony of his equals will confirm. In his *Geography delineated forth in two bookes* (1625), Nathanael Carpenter bowed to his authority, while another friend, Dr. Edward Meetkirke, Regius Professor of Hebrew, inscribed tokens of high esteem in a volume presented to the Bodleian in his memory. The cavalier poet, Martin Lluelyn (a quondam pupil of Burton's), praised him in his "Elegie upon Mr. R. B.", not for his comprehensive study of melancholy, but for his "arts", his "ancient virtues", his "judgement", and for his munificence. Mourning the loss of his "braines quicke light", Lluelyn thus addressed his deceased mentor:

> Let not thy learned Ghost imagine we
> Receive amends from thy large Legacy.

It was not only the bequest of books, and other endowments, but the legacy of a life spent in preserving the integrity of humane scholarship and in disseminating its wisdom; at the time of his death on the eve of the civil troubles, Burton's connection with

Oxford reached back over forty-seven years to the heyday of Elizabeth and to the emerging dawn of Shakespeare's art. (It is interesting to recall that the only extant copy of the early *Venus and Adonis is* that which once belonged to the Anatomist of Melancholy).

By going up to Brasenose in 1593 Robert was strengthening a family tradition. His elder brother was already there and soon destined for the Inns of Court. From the start, according to Wood, the precocious youth "made a considerable progress in logic and philosophy". Then nothing more is heard of him. The social life of the college was "something perhaps a little rough" at the time, but that would not explain this unusual hiatus in the education of a gentleman. Most likely, the virulent oubreak of plague that swept through Oxford in his freshman year drove him away to seek a rural climate more conducive to health and to the "roving humour" of his omniverous mind. He would thus have missed the brief Principalship of Alexander Nowell, whose presence might have secured his loyalty. As it happened, Burton was content to remain a "sometime commoner" of Brasenose, grateful enough to donate a copy of his own book in 1628 as well as a fine portrait by Gilbert Jackson, now enlivening the senior common room with its expression of whimsical disdain.

Six years after his matriculation, and following a long interval of private study, Robert Burton was to appear again in Oxford, this time for life as a Student of Christ Church. Incumbent there of the second prebendal stall was his ageing cousin, John Purefoy, in whose gift the particular nomination must have been. It was fortunate for this younger son of a country squire, with no estate in prospect, that in the company of Edmund Gunter, his "good friend" to be, he should have found at last a congenial nursery for his talents. Placed only "for form sake" under the tutelage of John Bancroft ("tho' he wanted not a tutor", as Wood qualifies it), Burton proceeded to the B.A. in 1602. Bancroft himself was only a few years his senior, but as a late pupil at Westminster of the formidable Edward Grant, he would have proved a valuable mentor. When elected in 1632 to the Bishopric of Oxford, Bancroft was

to build the magnificent palace at Cuddesdon, admired in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* for having a "good air, good prospect, good soil, both for profit and pleasure, not so easily to be matched". (But we do not know whether the Vitruvius of Oxford was ever rewarded for these marks of respect).

Bancroft was only one of many Old Westminsters who had brought honour to the House since the Elizabethan Statutes of 1560 - 1 had established the link between the two foundations. In Burton's time, Camden and Hakluyt and Busby were among this company, as were the six successive Deans under whom he served. His cousin Purefoy was also educated there and was one of the early transmitters to Oxford of the famous thespian tradition of the *lusus Westmonasteriensis*. In 1592 he was one of those charged by the University to "oversee and provide for ye playes in Christ-Church" on the occasion of the Queen's visit, which all knew would be her last. These royal progresses to Oxford are now subject for antiquarian investigation, for no one today reads the Latin tragedies written for them by such worthies as Leonard Hutten or William Gager, let alone those earlier exercises devised by Nicholas Grimald and James Calfhill. Yet these were all Westminster playwrights whose dramaturgy helped Christ Church to its long supremacy on the academic stage.

What is further remarkable is that the young Burton, from a country grammar school in Warwickshire, should have succeeded in becoming one of the mainstays of these college revels, generously patronised since their inception by the Dean and Chapter and widely defended for their educational value. It was John King, the recent appointee of James I, who gave him encouragement: "Heare is no newes but praeparation for the Kinges cominge", wrote Burton to his brother during the summer of 1605, adding that the "parte of the Play which I made is very well liked, espetially those scenes of the Magus, and I have had greate thankes for my paynes, of Dr. King our newe Deane". When the entertainment was performed on the night of 27 August in Wolsey's great Hall ("So excellent in art, and still so rising") His Majesty did not like it at all well, and according to a hostile commentator from Cam-

bridge, begged to be gone "before half the comedy had been ended". The queen and her ladies, moreover, disapproved of the satyrs and naked dancing men. This barbaric response is at variance with the description of the proceedings given by Sir Isaac Wake, the Public Orator, in his *Rex Platonicus*. To those willing to brave his Ciceronian periods it will be revealed that *Alba* (for such was the title of the comedy, although Wake had erroneously called it *Vertumnus*) was a complicated feast of mythology and panegyric akin to the "more remov'd mysteries" of Ben Jonson's masques. It was on this same evening, too, that Oxford witnessed the first experiments on the English stage of moving scenery designed by Inigo Jones. But that is another story, and besides the play does not survive.

A later Latin comedy, which was solely Burton's work, and which happily exists in two contemporary manuscripts, was acted by a predominantly Westminster cast on 16 February 1618. The theatricals of that evening were not witnessed by royalty, for they were part of the domestic festival of Shrovetide, but Christ Church Hall nevertheless echoed to deafening applause (Burton said as much) as the ribald scenes of *Philosophaster* obliquely satirized the shortcomings of early seventeenth-century Oxford: the increasing secularization of the University and the debased discipline that accompanied it; the extremism of sectaries and Papists and the mounting hostility between Puritan and Laudian factions; and, notably, the Town and Gown frictions attributable to burgeoning numbers of licentious undergraduates. Burton's play is peopled with shadowy figures who haunt the fringes of this academic jungle, impostors and outsiders, quacks and mountebanks, philosophasters and theologasters, all preying upon the unwary devotees of true learning.

The venture can have earned him no useful advancement. Indeed, at this point in his career, despite being beneficed with the Christ Church living of St. Thomas in the western suburbs of Oxford ("to the parishioners whereof, he always gave the sacrament in wafers"), the disappointed Democritus was already admitting in his first edition (1621) that he had been "left behind, as a

Dolphin on shore, confined to my Colledge, as Diogenes to his tubbe". Perhaps he was painfully conscious in that year of the rapid rise of his colleague, the poetaster Richard Corbett, now elevated to the Deanship, who had incepted M.A. on the very same day as himself. As we are reminded by our Regius Professor of History in his definitive edition of Corbett's poems, the right measure of literary activity could quickly ease the burden of place-hunting for an ambitious university man, and in the case of Dick Corbett, the upward path toward the Sees of Oxford and Norwich was strewn with obsequious lines to Buckingham as well as overt commendations of the powerful Laud. In the *Anatomy*, Burton, who was no Arminian, assuages his bitterness by retailing a very pointed story from Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter idem* about a vacant canonry and the unsuitable qualifications of the several candidates. "Alas ! it is but a tale, a mere fiction", he lamented of the happy conclusion that might have fulfilled his own dreams, for in truth his temperament and inclinations were unfitted for the clerical scramble.

The sour invective of Democritus Junior against the corruptions of the established Church caused him to be "vilified" in certain quarters, but he could not be accused of slighting any chances that he might have had with that "sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning", the author of the *Basilicon Doron*. Three times in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* he is graciously extolled, but seemingly it was a vain enterprise. Although, with his devious logic, the king liked to advertise himself as one of the bountiful Maecenases of the age, he usually promised more than he would give. The University, anxious for its part to lend support to James's policies, expected the "royal and ample foundation" of Christ Church to play the leading role of Court flatterer. Thus, in the College's *pietas* collection presented in 1605 to the visiting monarch and his family, we may read the elegaic verses by Robert Burton, "De Sole, Venere, et Mercurio in Virgine Conjunctis quo Tempore Rex Ecclesiam Christi Ingressurus Est", an astrological conceit of extravagant pretensions. Earlier, on the Stuart succession, he had published a similar encomium advocating destruction of Hadrian's Wall as a symbol of impediment to the Union of the

two kingdoms. Further panegyric poems were to come from Burton's pen in celebration of other royal trivialities, but being in the company of hundreds, it again appears that neither his loyalty nor his politic Platonism could obtain a reward for his muse.

Yet Burton's worldly failures cannot allow him to be disparaged too severely. He was twice elected Clerk of the Oxford Market, although never a Proctor. The Christ Church Archives inform us that he was promoted to the highest rank among the teaching Students, that he was Keeper of the Library (no mean assemblage since the bequests of Otho Nicholson), and that he was himself one of its major benefactors at the time of his death. The more than 700 volumes received by his college, together with an even greater number bequeathed to the Bodleian, show that Burton was a collector of wide-ranging proclivities, versed in many arts and sciences. Besides his extraordinary mastery of theology, philosophy, and literature, both old and new, he was expert in physic, mathematics, cosmography, and surveying—accomplishments that were as valuable in his life as they were to his writing.

That he looked both backward to the Ancients and forward to the New Philosophy is symbolized by the fact that *The Anatomy of Melancholy* first emerged "from my Studie in Christ-Church" at a date precisely midway between the time spent there by Sir Philip Sidney before him, and by John Locke after. That Oxford, contrary to the prevailing assumption, was then enjoying a golden age, and was not the arid wasteland of scholasticism that it is made out to be by the proponents of a Puritan "Intellectual Revolution", is given credence by the work of Robert Burton, that late blossom of English Renaissance humanism and the first of our *virtuosi. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

FRANCIS BACON; THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE ?

by Mrs. Nieve Mathews

The English student of one of the two giants of his golden age would do well to learn Italian. It was Italy that a few years ago gave us Paolo Rossi's *Dalla magia alla scienza*, "the best modern book on one of the very greatest of Englishmen" (in the words of one of the foremost English writers on Bacon); and now it is Italy that has brought out the much needed *Opera Omnia* for the twentieth century that Bacon's own country has been unable to produce.

The two volumes of *Scritti Politici, Giuridici e Storici di Francesco Bacone*, translated and edited by Enrico De Mas, follow and complement his earlier edition of the *Opere Filosofiche*[1]. Both these publications with their abundance of explanatory notes and useful indices, can be a valuable guide to the classical edition of the *Works* by James Spedding a century ago.

Spedding is still, as Benjamin Farrington puts it, "the main event in the history of Baconian scholarship".[2] But anyone who has tried to wend his way through the labyrinth of the unchronological and unrelated *Works and Letters* can only hope for an edition like De Mas' in English, or at least a translation of the Italian scholar's critical apparatus.

Bacon might not have been so far wrong in bequeathing his name "to foreign nations". Already in 1657 his chaplain and editor, William Rawley, could write: "His fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad, than at home in his own nation: thereby verifying that divine sentence, A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house". He goes on to quote from a letter of an Italian admirer, impatient for Bacon's new *Essays*, the *History of Henry VII*, and "whatsoever else he shall compose . . . where he may exercise the talent of his divine understanding. This Lord is more and more known and his books here more and more delighted in".[3]

The letter is probably from Fra Fulgenzio Micanzio, "il braccio destro", as De Mas recalls, of Fra Paolo Sarpi. Bacon was in touch

with both, and he acknowledged his debt to the older Italian philosophers, Bernardino Telesio and Francesco Patrizi. His interest in Italy may actually have begun with a visit to the country in his youth. Although De Mas discards this possibility, Italy is mentioned a few years after his death, by Bacon's first biographer, Pierre d'Amboise, as one of the three countries "où sa curiosité le porta".[4] However that may be, he kept in close touch with Italian affairs through his cousin Sir Henry Wotton (not Anthony, as in De Mas, I, p. 105), for many years Ambassador in Venice, and his lifelong friend, Sir Toby Mathew, who resided in Florence. It is, as De Mas points out, probably from Sir Toby that Bacon first heard of Galileo. This friend may also have played a part in the submission of his name for membership of the Accademia dei Lincei, a model, perhaps, for the teams of truth-seekers he advocated in the *Advancement of Learning*, from which the founders of the Royal Society were to draw their inspiration. It was apparently only on the grounds that he was not a Roman Catholic that Bacon was turned down.

No one can be more aware than the editor of Bacon's works of the difficulty of classifying some of them. Thus De Mas includes among the political and legal texts, one of Bacon's early dramatic "devices", presented before the Queen as part of the festivities dedicated to the mock Prince of Purpoole by the "College" with which he was associated all his life, Gray's Inn; the *Commentarius Solutus*—included "con molta titubanza"—a book of personal notes ranging from abstruse philosophy to self-critical remarks and household accounts; and the *New Atlantis*, usually classed among the philosophical works, and which, De Mas concedes, "è tutto fuorchè opera di politica".

What De Mas does show is the "ampio respiro" that flows through all these works, "in cui si trovano dibattute tutte le questioni del suo tempo". As he sees it, even the most incidental writings are the "singole parti staccate di un grandioso disegno di riunificazione e riedificazone", and, we must not forget it, within the political and juridical limits of an "appassionata difesa delle istituzioni vigenti".

Politically the vision is of a country in which "della unione delle Corone dovrà venire l'unione delle leggi"; and from the early plantations, the overseas empire, which Bacon forsaw beyond his times and those of the Civil War—which as some historians believe, could have been averted if his advice had been followed.

Juridically the *disegno* will take the form of an abridgement of the laws 'oscure, incerte, antinomiche, sovrapposte" as De Mas describes them, and "so many in number that neither the common people can half practise them, nor the lawyer sufficiently understand them". This reform, which Bacon had as much at heart throughout his life as the reform of learning, could not, he was convinced, be carried out by practising lawyers, but belonged properly to statesmen. He is quite clear, however, about his limited aim which is to prune and graft not to plough up and plant again. "For such a remove, I should hold indeed for a perilous innovation . . . The entire body of the law shall remain only discharged of idle and unprofitable or hurtful matter".[5]

Bacon's constant preoccupation with the need to repeal "snaring laws" was shared by the great playwright who, in *Measure for Measure* denounced laws "for terror, not to use"—"which for these fourteen years we have let sleep", just as Bacon denounced penal laws "made with the intention of terror rather than of rigour" —"that have been sleepers of long". Both feared that tyrants may arbitrarily awaken these sleeping laws. As Claudius complains in the Play:

> This new governor
> Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
> . . . and for a name
> Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
> Freshly on me[6]

While Bacon wrote:

> There are a number of ensnaring penal laws which lie upon the subject; and if in hard times they should be awakened and put in execution, would grind them to powder.[7]

Again, both point to the contempt aroused by failure to eliminate these "dead laws". Bacon's vivid aphorism on this subject is expressed by Shakespeare in a few equally vivid lines of blank verse:

> For as an express statute is not regularly abrogated by disuse, it happens that from a contempt of such as are obsolete, the others lose part of their authority, whence follows that torture of Mezentius whereby the living laws are killed in the embrace of the dead ones.
> In time the rod
> Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
> Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
> And liberty plucks justice by the nose . . .

So much for historical interest. But it is on an issue not strictly within the bounds of this political and legal volume that De Mas is tempted to dwell, one which finds its most striking expression in the *New Atlantis*. It is a vital one for our time; whether Bacon is looked upon with admiration as the foremost ally of "the modern formulators and operators of planned social development", or blamed for the evils of our polluted age.

J. G. Crowther, who belongs to the first group (the above phrase is his) quotes with warm approval a Chinese call to action in 1958 as a product of Bacon's thought:

> The clarion calling for a technological revolution has sounded and the earth-shaking battle has begun. We shall stir up the minerals which have slumbered underground for hundreds of millions of years. We shall control the waters, conquer the calamities of wind and weather, and humble nature to our service. Factory chimneys shall rise in all cities, great and small, throughout the land, all places where productive labour is carried on shall hear the music of machinery and electricity will send its light and power to the remotest village. We shall scale the highest peaks of world scientific technique, wipe out poverty, eliminate backwardness and bring our people a life of the greatest happiness.[8]

In 1970 Sir Peter Medawar, writing on *The effecting of all Things Possible*, still expresses his fundamental agreement with what had by then become the "optimistic view". He is aware of the "acute sense of human failure and mismanagement" this generation feels, but sees the remedy in Hobbes' line: "there can be no contentment but in proceeding". In other words, in that perpetual movement forwards (though in no clear direction) which is deplored by the traditional thinker Elemire Zolla, in its different guises:— in the 17th century, as reform, in the 18th as enlightenment, in the 19th as evolution, and in our time as the "permanent revolution".

One thing traditionalists and "progressives", optimists and pessimists, agree on: Francis Bacon started it all. But is he really to be identified with the "enlightened" because they identified themselves with him; or, in our century, with those who see in the music of machinery and the spread of physical light the way to "bringing our people a life of the greatest happiness?"

Recent scholarship has gone back on the concept of a utilitarian Bacon devoted to the material progress of mankind, and recognises that for Bacon, as De Mas quotes him, "gli esperimenti luciferi restano sempre più importanti degli esperimenti fruttiferi". "We maintain a trade", said the Governor of the Strangers' House in New Atlantis, "not for gold, silver or jewels, nor for silks, nor for spices, nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was Light".[9] And Paolo Rossi has shown, in his brilliant essay on "atque ipsissimae res sunt, in hoc genere, veritas et utilitas"[10] the importance of Bacon's affirmation in *Cogitata et Visa* that "le opere stesse devono stimarsi più come pegni di verità che non a causa delle comodità della vita". "Now these two directives", wrote Bacon, "the one active and the other contemplative, are one and the same thing; and what in operation is most useful, that in knowledge is most true".[11]

Bacon's concept of usefulness here cannot be so far removed from that of Plato (whom he criticised, but also followed), that is, that the work of artists (in Greek, "technicians", who of course include all artisans and skilled workers, even in the art of Government), whether it is aimed at material or spiritual needs, serves

both, and is indeed one and the same art. However Bacon's interest in practical ends has led many people to forget, or at least to soft pedal the spiritual, so that when repeating the most quoted of his aims: "to extend the bounds of human empire", they omit the second part of the sentence: "as far as God Almighty in his goodness may permit". We forget that when he urges us to endeavour—it is for an "endless progress or proficiency", it is in both divinity and philosophy (divinity first). Ever and again, "The angels of knowledge and illumination" are placed before "the angels of office and domination".

Among many other rejected aims, the "furthest end of knowledge" was not, for Bacon, "a shop for profit or sale". It was "a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate", and could indeed be dignified and exalted, "if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straightly conjoined". Yet learning is not to be confused with wisdom, or "sapience", for "all learning is knowledge acquired, and all knowledge in God is original, and therefore we must look for it by another name".[12]

Witness the *New Atlantis*, in which Spedding recognised "an image . . . of that condition of the human soul which he loved in others and aspired towards himself",[13] the great workshops and laboratories of research, not more in evidence than the signs of an ever present God "who showeth his wonders in the deep", or the dignity, courtesy and reverend appearance of the islanders, by whom the visitors had been "cast into some divine pool of healing", and who expected in exchange, only "our brotherly love and the good of our souls and bodies". It was the visitors' first question that "knit" the Governor's heart to them "for it sheweth that you first seek the Kingdom of Heaven". In the end, whatever his desire for the relief of man's estate and the increase of man's mental power, Bacon believed wholeheartedly that "nothing can fill, much less extend the soul of man, but God and the contemplation of God."[14]

As De Mas reminds us, the spirit of charity—Bacon's "corrective spice"— was the precondition for the House of Salomon. "Let

men beware that they apply both" (divinity and science) "to charity and not to swelling", he warns. "Yet evermore it must be remembered that the least part of knowledge passed to man by this so large a Charter from God must be subject to the use for which God hath granted it". With St. Paul, he disavows "both power and knowledge such as is not dedicated to goodness and love".[15]

Whether explicit or not, it is of course the precondition for all Utopias, which is why those we have tried out have not worked. Is it a dream then on the part of Machiavellian Bacon, the clear-sighted denouncer of the traps laid for us by our minds and senses? That the majority of mankind is not to be trusted with power over nature he knew well enough as to impose an oath of secrecy on the brotherhood of Salomon, for the concealing of all inventions and experiences "which we think fit to keep secret". And Bacon was more aware than his followers, at least in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of the dangers of what we now call technology. He describes the latter in his myth of Daedalus or the "unlawful artifices and depraved applications" of the evil mechanic " and well we know how far in cruelty and destructiveness they exceed the Minotaur himself".[16]

His remedy is no other than that most ancient and traditional of weapons: prayer. In the House of Salomon "we have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvellous works: and forms of prayers, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses".[17] No one who has read the prayers that were found among Bacon's private papers, specially the psalm, written under the shock of his disgrace (it is in time of trouble that "the secret workings" of men's mind and affections are best discovered) will subscribe to the notion that these expressions are mere lip-service paid to the official views of the time. Or believe that he can be insincere in "humbly and earnestly" begging that "human things may not prejudice such as are divine, neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense and the kindling of the greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards the Divine mysteries. Our minds, rather should be "cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities".[18]

Obviously Bacon felt the danger, though it did not damp his enthusiasm for the influence in human affairs of the three inventions unknown to the ancients—printing, gunpowder and the magnetic needle. Nor did it deter him in his constant effort to launch a planned scientific invention that would speed up the process and spread these effects far and wide. In this sense he was certainly as Zolla sees him the "trumpeter" for one of the clear passages in history from *civiltà del commento* to *civiltà della critica*—the cycles in turn to the contemplation of revealed "present" truths and to manipulation in the name of imaginary future ones.

He was not of course the first, since the process began with Adam, and it is to Genesis that Bacon turns for his promise that man "whensoever he shall be able to call the creatures by their true names, he shall again command them". Although Medieval Christianity, like Eastern Christianity, kept closer to the oriental outlook on nature as a symbol through which God speaks to receptive man, a different concept of the relation between man and nature was present in the Western Church and civilisation long before Bacon sought to discover, as he frequently words it, "the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on his creatures"—and himself to follow in those footsteps by improving nature. An art which for him is a part of nature, and it is also for Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale:*

> Nature is made better by no mean. But nature makes that mean, so o'er that art which you say adds to nature, is an art that nature makes . . . The art itself is nature.

Bacon writes

> Art is subordinate only to nature. It is the fashion to talk as if art were something different from nature, or a sort of addition to nature with power to finish what nature has begun, or correct her when going aside. In truth man has no power over nature, except that of motion—the power, I say, of putting natural bodies together, or separating them—the rest is done by nature within.[19]

It is in advocating not only research into nature as she is, but the use of this power of "putting natural bodies together" and

even "constraining" and "vexing" nature with artificial experiments like grafting to which the Shakespeare passage refers—and which we have taken to such excess in our time—that Bacon belongs to an age which finally abandoned *commento* for *critica*, with all the woes attendant on the latter, yet, what had the *civiltà del commento* become in Bacon's day?

> Surely, like as many substances in nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtile, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign among the schoolmen; who having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading; but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges; and knowing little history, either of nature or time; did out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance of profit.[20]

Learning did stand greatly in need of some "refreshing reports from the senses", and it is perhaps not to be wondered at if Bacon's House of Salomon was dedicated "to the study of the work and creatures of God" rather than to his word.

The knowledge of man, being like the waters, descends from above but also springs from beneath,* and Bacon tried his own form of renewal: "whether the commerce between the mind of man and the nature of things might by any means be restored to its

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* *Valerius Terminus.*

perfect original condition".[21] His reforms did not carry him very far, however, into *la critica,* remaining as they did within the fold of the sacred texts, and of ordered and ascetic models.

Perhaps it is not possible for man to penetrate the secrets of the natural world while keeping his deepest attention fixed on the central stone around which, as the traditionalist reminds us, the carp is happy to swim. At any rate Bacon, despite the misgivings we have seen, thought it worth taking the risk—convinced as he was that though little philosophy could incline the mind to atheism "when it beholdeth the chain of second causes confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity".[22] The alternative might well have been to remain enclosed in the sort of thinking Jung has branded as "just as negative as materialist thinking", in that it leaves the mind overwhelmed "by the realisation that everything is already explained".[23]

For those who are closer to Professor Zolla than to Professor Medawar, and who still hanker after the static cities of God, there is yet a question unanswered: where should we have stopped? We were better off, perhaps, before writing was invented, when the great truths revealed to man were handed down by word of mouth. The first sinner was Cain, who committed upon nature the cruelty of artificial cultivation. Abel's offering "found more favour with God", says Josephus "who is honoured by things that grow spontaneously and in accordance with natural laws, and not by the products forced from nature by the ingenuity of grasping man".[24] Bacon had thought about this too. "In the first event after the fall of man, we see (as the Scriptures have infinite mysteries) an image of the two states that of the shepherd (who by reason of his leisure, rests in a place and living in view of heaven, is a lively image of a contemplative life) and that of the husbandman: where we see again the favour and election of God went to the shepherd, and not to the tiller of the ground".[25]

It *is* a mystery, and Bacon, with all his passion for the advancement of learning, is content to play it as a game with God. One of his favourite biblical quotations is, from Solomon: "The glory of God is to conceal a thing, but the glory of the King is to find it out;

as if, according to the innocent play of children, the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works, to the end to have them found out; as if kings could not obtain a greater honour than to be God's playfellow in that game".[26]

We are a far cry from the grey corridors of our Institutes of Technology or the *atechnos tribè*—the artless grind that Plato condemned, and most of us live by today. All the distance there is between using nature for the glory of God and the relief of man, under the direction of a small group of sages, and ravaging her to the depths of her oceans, to provide, in a geometric progression of artificially provoked needs, for the profits of a handful of unwise men. If Bacon were to revisit the society that looks to him as its forerunner, he would not recognise it for the legitimate offspring of the House of Salomon. Indeed if he came, those who now see him as the villain of the piece[27] might be surprised to find him, for all we know, in the other band, with quite other trumpeters.

But those interested to go beyond the technological dream will find that Bacon comes closer to our age through his myths than he does through his Utopia. It is in the last dozen years that *De Sapientia Veterum*, so much liked by the Italians of his day, has come back into its own. For Bacon, parabolic poesy was a means of communication between divinity and humanity. He saw the myths known in his time as "a transparent veil" occupying "the middle region that separates what has perished from what survives", and "as sacred relics and light airs breathing out of better times . . . caught from the tradition of more ancient nations, and so received into the flutes and trumpets of the Greeks".[28] In these images George Steiner has traced one of the first expressions of the "myth of mythologies", as set forth in *Le Cru et le Cuit*, where Lévi-Strauss leads up to the suggestion of a "simultaneous reciprocal interaction between the genesis of myths in the human mind, and the creation by these myths of a world image already predetermined . . . by the specific structure of human mentality".[29] This refreshing view is inspired by Professor Elizabeth Sewell's chapters on Bacon in *The Orphic Voice*[30] "a profoundly exciting though neglected book", as Steiner rightly says, "a study of order and perception as the *condition* of the mind when that condition is

nearest to music". Music, of course, is for Lévi-Strauss that centre of meaning where "l'ordre du sensible et celui de l'intelligible" meet, and it is typical that Bacon should have resorted to a musical image to express this thought.

For Elizabeth Sewell the traditional view of Bacon as the supporter of inductive reasoning, the opponent of Aristotelian logic, forerunner of utilitarianism and the development of technology, "proves, when looked into, to be completely untrustworthy". In a closely knit analysis of "a transformation of thinking that happened to the two great thinkers of their time", "men at once profoundly traditional and also, perhaps because of that, even more profoundly prophetic and forward-looking", she voices the new interpretation of the *Instauratio Magna* as a living myth. Shakespeare sees Orpheus as the poet and Bacon sees him as the philosopher, that is, each sees in Orpheus himself. And what both Shakespeare and Bacon propose is to bring the mind and body into a closer working relationship with "the three great orders of stone, plants and animals which are drawn in the myth under Orpheus' power". Bacon's effort "to make the mind of men by the help of art a match for the nature of things" is seen as "an Orphic vision, the matching of two moving processes, one in nature, one in the mind", which, to quote Bacon again, is "as the strewing and decoration of the bridal chamber of the mind and the Universe, the Divine Goodness assisting". Man, the servant and interpreter of nature, is exhorted "again and again" by Bacon "to approach with humility and veneration to unroll the volume of Creation, to linger and meditate therein". This "serving", writes Professor Sewell, "becomes an active conforming to nature, and the interpretation becomes not a detached decoding but something much more like the 'interpretation' of an actor, who interprets a character by uniting himself with it".

Free-thinking eighteenth, utilitarian nineteenth and technological twentieth century, each has seen its own face in Francis Bacon. Since he "left everything open with the plea that later ages should complete what he has left undone", we may perhaps conclude, with Elizabeth Sewell and with Spedding: "I must think that the Baconian philosophy has yet to come". *(to be continued)*

(1) Collezione Classici della Politica, directed by Luigi Firpo, Unione Tipografico-Editrice Torinese, 1971; and Laterza, Bari, 1965.
(2) *Baconiana*, 168, page 6.
(3) William Rawley, *Introduction to the Resuscitatio*, a collection of Bacon's unpublished works, 1657, Spedding, *Works*, 1.
(4) *Discours sur la Vie de Me. François Bacon, Chancelier d'Angleterre*, Paris 1631.
(5) Spedding, *Works*, VIII, 214, and XIII, 67.
(6) Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*, I iii, II i, and II ii.
(7) Bacon, *History of Henry VII*, *Works* VI, 219; *Essay* 56; *Works*, VI, 413; *Amendment of laws*, XIII, 65; and *Novum Organum*, Aphorism 57, *Works*, V, 99.
(8) J. G. Crowther; *Francis Bacon, The First Statesman of Science;* The Cresset Press, 1960.
(9) *New Atlantis*, Works III, 147.
(10) Paoli Rossi. "Sul carattere non utilitaristico della filosofia di Bacone". See also Benjamin Farrington, "On Misunderstanding the Philosophy of Francis Bacon"; *Science, Medicine and History, Essays in honour of Charles Singer.* edited by E. Ashworth Underwood, O.L.P., 1953, Vol. 2, pp. 439-50.
(11) *Novum Organum* II; Aporism 4; *Works* IV, 122.
(12) *Advancement of learning* I, *Works*, III, 295-6.
(13) *Works*, III, 123.
(14) *Works*, III, 265.
(15) *Valerius Terminus*, *Works*, III, 221.
(16) *Works*, VI, 735.
(17) *Works, III*, 166.
(18) *The Student's Prayer*, *Works*, VII, 259.
(19) *The Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, and *Descriptio Globi Intellectualis*, *Works*, V, 506.
(20) *Advancement of Learning* I, *Works*, III, 285.
(21) Premium to the *Novum Organum*, *Works* IV, 7.
(22) *Essays, Of Atheism* (16).
(23) Karl Jung. *Psychological Types*, Kegan Paul, 1946, p. 445.
(24) Josephus, *Jewish Antiquities* I, 54, p. 25, Heinemann.
(25) *Advancement of Learning; Works*, III, 297.
(26) *Works*, III, 299.
(27) It was not until the present article had been handed in for publication (In *Settanta*, 37; 1973, pp. 33 - 41) that the author found Anne Righter's study of Bacon's imaginative thought and style (*Essential Articles for the Study of Francis Bacon*, Archon Books, Hamden, Connecticut, 1968). In this interesting essay, first published in 1964, Anne Righter had already denounced the injustice done to Bacon by our time in persistently casting him in the role of the false prophet who leads us to "the wilderness of materialism".
(28) *Works*, VI, 695, and 698.
(29) George Steiner, *Language and Silence*, Pelican, 1967.
(30) Elizabeth Sewell, *The Orphic Voice*, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1961.

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MUTATIS MUTANDIS

by Sidney Filon

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Essay: *Of Studies.*

The theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare is the oldest of the "heretical" views regarding the authorship of the Plays published in 1623 in the Shakespeare First Folio. The early Baconians produced many arguments to demonstrate (a) that the actor William Shakespeare could not have written them (b) that Francis Bacon had all the right qualifications. Later, other "claimants", *e.g.* the Earl of Oxford and Christopher Marlowe, were put forward, the writers making use of many of the arguments first employed by the Baconians. But Bacon had certain outstanding advantages compared with his rivals: the period covered by his life includes the years of William Shakespeare's (or Shaksper's) life, and he was himself a writer of great eminence (as indeed was Marlowe, but he died long before Shakespeare).

For most people, however, the difficulty about accepting Bacon as the author of Shakespeare's Plays lay in what appeared to be the contrast, indeed the opposition, between the personality of the writer of the Plays (officially considered to be William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon—about whom nevertheless practically nothing factual was known) and the personality of Francis Bacon, as revealed in his acknowledged writings and by a certain amount of biographical material (some of which had been interpreted very adversely to Bacon by critics such as Macaulay). Bacon is, it must be admitted, rather a mysterious person, large portions of his life being virtually undocumented. The possibility that the whole truth about him was not known, is perhaps insufficiently taken into account by critics of the Baconian theory; in particular that he may have had another side to his character corresponding with the imagination and fantasy exhibited in the Shakespeare Plays ! It is felt that such a solemn and stilted individual (as many people visu-

alise Bacon from his prose style) could not possibly have written the Comedies, or indeed many of the lighter portions of the Histories and the Tragedies. Such arguments, however, from feelings about style (which are largely subjective), are inconclusive, because quite different styles of writing can be deliberately, or unconsciously, assumed. How many readers of Schiller, one wonders, if they only knew his prose history on the Thirty Years War, would guess that the plays *Wallenstein* and *Don Carlos* were also by him, if these had been published anonymously or under a pen name; or who would realise that the poet who wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* also wrote the *Areopagitica?*

No arguments from style will ever, one ventures to assert, convince anyone that Bacon wrote, or did not write Shakespeare. Bacon himself, being a lawyer, and so no doubt familiar with the nature of conclusive and inconclusive evidence, must have been well aware of this. What then did he do about it, assuming now that he wrote the Plays, that he was aware of and indeed a party to their attribution to the actor William Shakespeare, but that he wished the truth to be known at some time in the future, after his death? One can only suppose that he left clues as to his authorship of a sufficiently precise (and probably mathematical) nature, as could not by the laws of probability be attributed to mere coincidence.

Before returning to this point, some consideration may be given to the fact that the name SHAKESPEARE has every appearance of being (or having been originally) a pseudonym. It is spelt as a hyphenated word on the title page of many of the early quartos: SHAKE-SPEARE. Is this a mere *jeux d'esprit* on someone's real name, or does it indicate some connection with spear shaking? The latter possibility is suggested in the First Folio itself where in Ben Jonson's prefatory poem the phrase is used: "he seems to shake a lance, as brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance". If Bacon adopted this pseudonym when did he do so and why?

As regards the time of his so doing, the earliest reference to the words "shake" and "speare", taken in conjunction, seem to occur in Spenser's *Shepheardes Calendar* of 1579. Each of the

twelve eclogues in this work, corresponding to the twelve months of the year, is followed by a "Glosse" (supposed not to be by Spenser but by an individual designated in this work as "E.K."). The gloss to the October eclogue, "Aegloga Decima", contains the following entry which appears to shed some light on why this pseudonym was adopted:—

> Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so fair and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, *shaked* her *speare* at him and threatened his sauciness . . . .

To appreciate the full force of this strange "coincidence", it is necessary to quote the reference to "Queint Bellona" in the text of the eclogue:—

> Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.
> O if my temples were distained with wine,
> And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine
> How I could reare the Muse on *stately stage*,
> And teache her tread aloft in *buskin fine*
> With queint Bellona in her equipage.

The dual coincidence that this reference to Bellona, or Pallas Athene, *shaking* her *speare*, occurs in connection with the words "stately stage" and "buskin fine" is striking, and puts one in mind of two other lines from Ben Jonson's preface in the First Folio;

> To life again, to heare thy Buskin tread
> And shake a stage . . .

Another, and perhaps even more impressive, use of "shake" combined with "speare" occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, the first three Books of which were published in 1590. This is in Book II, Canto VIII, Stanza 14:

Then sayd Cymochles: "Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne all good knights that *shake* well *speare* and shield, . . .

The penultimate line in this passage occurs in the *Merchant of Venice* in the form "All that glisters is not gold", and in Bacon's *Promus* as "All is not gold that glisters". Though this phrase may well represent a popular saying, nevertheless its use by Spenser, followed immediately by a line containing the words "SHAKE well SPEAR", can hardly be dismissed as non-significant.

The more one studies the literature of the Elizabethan period the more one comes across traces of Shakespeare-Bacon in works written by apparently quite independent authors. It is not possible now to draw attention to more than one or two of these remarkable "coincidences".

It will be realised that the essence of the case for William Shakespeare's authorship of the Plays rests upon the First Folio, one section of which, Ben Jonson's preface, is of the highest importance, *e.g.* where he addresses the Poet as:—

Sweet Swan of Avon ! What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames !

This quite definitely seems to associate the author with Stratford-on-Avon. It is therefore remarkable that the following verses by Samuel Daniel in a poem called *The Complaint of Rosamond*, published in 1592 with some sonnets to "Delia", which were originally brought out with Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* contain the following:—

When mirthless *Thames* shall have no *Swanne* to sing,
All musicke silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet even then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as ever Po.

The association of the Thames with Swannes is the important point, and coincidence is doubled and reinforced in the following lines from one of the "Delia" Sonnets:

> No, no, my Verse respects not Thames nor Theatres,
> Nor seeks it to be knowne unto the Great,
> But *Avon* rich in fame, though poor in waters,
> Shall have my Song, where Delia hath her seat:
> Avon shall be my Thames, and she my Song.

In these two poems we have the multiple conjunction of the Thames, Avon, Swans, and Theatres, which one associates so inevitably with the First Folio of Shakespeare, though whether, ostensibly, the Stratford Avon or another Avon is meant the writer is uncertain.

Thus far a number of coincidences have been considered, coincidences which incidentally might seem to point to some connection between Edmund Spenser (and also Samuel Daniel) and "Shake-Speare", and would appear to indicate that the expression "Swan of Avon", or its equivalent, was used long before the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. But very sceptical persons, regardless of the probabilities (in the mathematical sense) involved, might still insist that these examples were purely *accidental* coincidences. Bacon himself (on the assumption that he wrote Shakespeare), being a judge, and knowing human nature, would be aware of the likelihood of such a reaction. How therefore could *decisive* (though unobvious) proofs of his authorship be inserted into his works?

This is where the question of ciphers enters into the problem. One is aware that the suggestion that there may be information in cipher in the Shakespeare Plays is a "red rag to a bull" to many people, particularly those brought up in academic orthodoxy. Although some Baconians endeavour for the sake of public relations to evade this point, it is really necessary to come to grips with this aspect of the question and to give it calm consideration, if one is to study seriously the question of authorship. One point which is of some importance and is frequently made by critics is: why should there be cipher in Shakespeare's Plays, even if Bacon did write them; what would be the point of it?

It is quite certain that if Bacon did write the Plays he never acknowledged the fact openly. Some people probably knew it, for there are certain allusions to him and to his work in letters or books by contemporaries which can be taken as hints that Bacon was a poet and a very great one. For most people, however, then and now, Bacon is the author of the *Essays, The Advancement of Learning,* and other philosophical treatises of a rather "heavy" character, though full of strokes of genius (from an imaginative point of view) and of an incomparable majesty of style. The reasons for Bacon not claiming the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays (and perhaps of some other works of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods) are probably, as many Baconians have surmised, partly social, but more likely mainly political. Some real danger must have attended a revelation of his authorship of Shakespeare. What this danger was it is needless to speculate about here. All that need be remarked is that Bacon (proceeding on this assumption) covered up his tracks very carefully indeed: the works ascribed to Shakespeare were not, at least in their collected form, merely published anonymously. A real person, a "mask" (the actor W. Shakespeare) was found who concealed the real author much more effectively than would the use of an obvious pseudonym like "Shake-Speare". All this is hypothetical, but on this basis the fact that the "mask" was in fact dead when the Folio was produced in 1623 would be no drawback; on the contrary it would make investigation more difficult.

Thus it may possibly be that the name "Shakespeare" was originally used as a pseudonym, and was later by a similarity of sound, and to some extent of spelling, assimilated to the name of the actor (who does not appear to have spelt his name in exactly this way).† The fact that some of the earliest appearances of the name hyphenate it and do not always include the forename "William" suggests that its transformation from a pseudonym into the name of a "mask writer" may have taken place some time after its original appearance.

† There is no record of the actor spelling his name as "Shakespeare".—Editor.

These points seem to indicate, if Bacon wrote the Plays, that he took the greatest care that his connection with them should not be discovered, except perhaps by certain friends of his. On this basis, however, one has to assume also that Bacon wished the knowledge of his authorship to become known and accepted later, perhaps only after his death, or even later than that, if other and younger persons were involved. His problem therefore was how to leave clues to his authorship in the Plays, without making them so obvious that his enemies could easily discover them. He certainly cannot have been under the illusion that the men of later times would necessarily conclude from the style and the ideas expressed that he wrote the Plays.

At this point it is really essential to consider the cipher evidence itself. For this purpose the original editions, or facsimiles of them, must be examined. From these it will be found that no mysterious symbols are used, no letters are obviously interpolated in large numbers, few absolutely nonsensical sequences of letters occur, but we do find throughout the First Folio (and we must admit very many other works of that period) some exceedingly strange and curious spellings, many of which are considered to be misprints; and there is no regularity at all in the fonts used for upper and lower case letters, and particularly for italic letters. On the basis of these irregularities in fonts, a cipher has been traced (the existence of which is denied by most academic scholars) which is based upon a system called by Bacon the Biliteral Cipher, invented by him and described in Book VI of *The Advancement of Learning*. Bacon studied cipher from his youth (the biliteral cipher was invented by him when he was in Paris during the years 1576 - 79) and was a great expert. It seems likely that there are in fact a number of different ciphers used by Bacon in the "Shakespeare" works (as well as in some books published in the names of various other masks of his), each cipher being used to transmit a different type of information. Thus the most complex type of cipher would be required to enclose within the published material other literary material (other plays for instance) which he might not wish to publish in his own time. A cipher of this type (the Word Cipher). which makes use of rearrangements of words,

phrases and even whole speeches was worked out by Dr. Orville W. Owen in the last century. The biliteral cipher has been found in Shakespeare's, Bacon's, and many other works of that time by Mrs. Wells Gallup, an American lady who devoted most of her life to it. The rules for decoding these ciphers would, however, appear to be very obscure and somewhat flexible, and the results seem not capable of being repeated. The biliteral cipher (which must be judged very largely on the nature of the deciphered material) appears to have been used by Bacon to transmit briefly the main facts of his life.

Both the "Word Cipher" and the Biliteral Cipher were, however, probably regarded by Bacon as unlikely to lead to a first revelation of his authorship of Shakespeare. For that purpose he needed something much simpler and more direct: namely obvious signposts to his name, using a system of letter-number equivalents (such as was in frequent use at that time) which would place the occurrence of certain numbers or "seals" beyond the possibility of *accidental* coincidence, if the laws of probability are taken into account. This would not necessarily be on a *strictly* mathematical basis, for we all have an intuitive appreciation of the probability or improbability of a coincidence from the point of view of its being accidental or intentional. We must never forget that Bacon was a lawyer by profession and knew the difficulty of establishing absolutely certain proof of anything. Rigorously speaking, only mathematical theories like those of Euclid can be regarded as capable of absolute proof (the conclusion being contained in the premises and the element of time not entering into the problem). One uses the word "proof" very loosely, generally to mean that a conclusion is extremely probable (but not in theory absolutely certain). From a practical point of view, one of the surest kinds of "proof" involves coincidences of varying degrees of probability.

Suppose that we find that a coherent message is obtained by taking, say, every fifth letter in a piece of prose, then this *fact*, can be attributed either to chance coincidence, or intention, presumably on the part of the writer of the prose. If the "message" obtained by taking every fifth letter is a long and absolutely coherent and consistent one, the theory of chance coincidence

becomes rather strained: the longer the message the more improbable it is, and the more certain it becomes that a cipher message has been deliberately incorporated in the piece in question. To take another example, the existence of an anagram of a single word has in itself no significance (unless the word appears to have been constructed to produce an anagram), for anagrams easily arise. The existence of an anagram of a phrase or sentence, in which all the letters are rearranged and used to produce another quite different but equally cogent phrase or sentence, can also be regarded as an accidental coincidence, but may be intentional. The existence of anagrammatic ciphers in the Shakespeare works has been claimed. They can *undoubtedly be found there*; the question is whether they are accidental or intentional. At what point a chance coincidence becomes a probably intentional coincidence, and when that probability becomes a virtual certainty, is a question for a mathematician to resolve. We should always bear in mind that normally (when no key is available) the apparent existence of a cipher in a piece of writing is solely a question of coincidences, which are in themselves indisputable *facts* but which, according to the probabilities involved, may be due either to chance or to deliberate intention.

As mentioned earlier, one very simple and obvious way to insert cipher clues in printed books was by means of a system of numerical "seals" for individual words, and particularly names, such seals being obtained by adding together the various letters of which the word was composed, the letters of the alphabet being numbered 1 to 24. In the 16th and 17th centuries I and J were of course normally treated as one letter, as were U and V, the letters in each pair being interchangeable. W was very often printed VV (i.e. 20 + 20) though W was a distinct letter (value=21). Thus the alphabet ran from A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . to U or V=20, W=21, X=22, Y=23, Z=24 in simple cipher.

Translated into number equivalents in this way, the name FRANCIS BACON has some curious arithmetical properties, especially if the *reverse* alphabetical series A=24 . . . Z=1 is used as well.

In the simple cipher: BACON=33
FRANCIS=67

100

The complete name Francis Bacon adds up to exactly 100.

Taking the Reverse Cipher, A=24 . . . Z=1, one gets

FRANCIS	BACON
19 8 24 12 22 16 7 = 108	23 24 22 11 12 = 92

In the reverse cipher Francis Bacon = 108 + 92 = 200.

33 the "seal" of Bacon's name, and 100 that of Francis Bacon, occur in the First Folio. On the folio numbered *100* in the Comedies (*i.e.* the first page numbered 100 in the volume), the second line reads "Thirtie three years have I but gone in trauaile". The words are spoken by the Abbess, the mother of the twins in the *Comedy of Errors*, but there is no particular reason why the number of years mentioned should be 33; in fact one cannot help thinking that it might well be less, from the plot. Is this coincidence? It could be so, but an unprejudiced mind will probably view it with some suspicion.

Now consider the verses addressed to the Reader in the First Folio.

To the Reader

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It vvas for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
vvith Nature to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue dravvne his vvit
As vvell in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print vvould then surpasse
All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B.I.

The following coincidences are to be observed in this passage

(i) Ignoring the 'O' at the beginning of the fifth line (O=zero=a cipher) the verse itself contains 67 words.*

(ii) Including the heading "To the Reader" there are exactly 67 letters down to the end of the word "Shakespeare" (note that 'W' in the second line is written with two V's).

(iii) The 33rd word (omitting the heading) is "As" in line six, and the 34th word is "well".

Note (a) A S W E L L
1 18 21 5 11 11 = 67; and 33 + 34 = 67;

(b) the w in 'well' being spelt with two v's,

V V E L L
20 20 5 11 11 = 67

Therefore both "As well", the 33rd and 34th words, and "vvell" (spelt with two v's), give 67, the seal of Francis.

(iv) The word immediately following "Shakespeare" is "*cut*" which gives the *Reverse* seal of BACON thus:

C U T
22 5 6 = 33

Both the prefatory matter and the text of the First Folio are sprinkled with Baconian seals, in such profusion in fact as makes the theory that they are *accidental* coincidences very unlikely. If one does not notice one example one sees another, and this was presumably one of Bacon's objects in using them so liberally, the other being to reduce the likelihood of their being regarded as merely fortuitous.

Often, attention is drawn to a peculiar spelling or "misprint". Good examples of these occur in the Sonnets (the word S O N N E T S) *e.g.* Sonnet 33.
18 14 13 13 5 19 18 = 100

Full many a glorious morning have I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with soveraine *eie*
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride.

* The hyphenated "out-doo" counts as one word.—Editor.

With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
Stealing unseene to west with this disgrace:
Even so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one hour mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth
Suns of the world may staine, the heavens sun *stainteh.*

This beautiful Sonnet is obviously very important both from a biographical and a cipher point of view. Attention is drawn now to only two of the obvious "mispellings" which it contains; *i.e.* EIE in line 2, and STAINTEH in the last line:

EIE = EYE
5 23 5 = 33 = BACON (simple seal)

STAINTEH = S T A IN E TH
18 19 1 9 13 5 19 8 = 92 = BACON (reverse seal)
reverse alphabet: 7 6 24 16 12 20 6 17 = 108 = FRANCIS (reverse seal).

The 33rd word is C L O U D E S
reverse alphabet: 22 14 11 5 21 20 7 = 100 = FRANCIS BACON

The 34th word is TO = 33 = BACON
33 + 34 = 67 = FRANCIS

taken together, C L O U D E S T O
direct alphabet: 3 11 14 20 4 5 18 19 14 = 108 = FRANCIS (reverse seal).

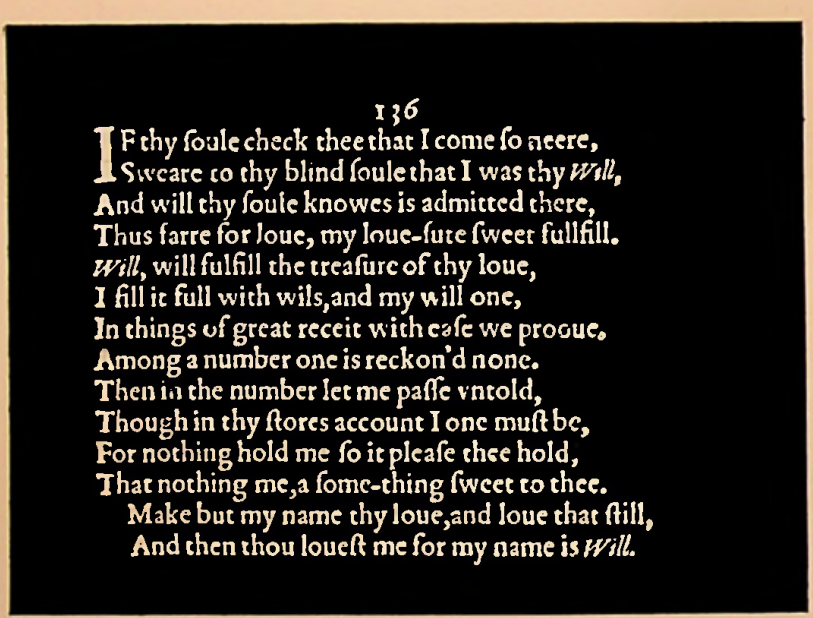
Spelt without the E,
C L O U D S T O S H A K E S P E A R E
3 11 14 20 4 18 19 14 = 103 = 18 8 1 10 5 18 15 5 1 17 5

There are many other "seals" or "coincidences", in this Sonnet, but it also brings up the question of another Baconian alphabetic-arithmetical cipher, the so-called K cipher, the presence of which in many Bacon-Shakespeare works can be deduced indirectly. This alphabet begins with the letter K, which has the value 10 as in the simple cipher, and then proceeds normally to the end of the alphabet, *i.e.* Z = 24. Then, leaving out two numbers (25 and 26) it begins again with A = 27, B = 28, C = 29, D = 30, E = 31, F = 32, G = 33, H = 34, I/J = 35.

33

FVll many a glorious morning haue I ſeene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoueraine eie,
Kiſſing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale ſtreames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baſeſt cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the forlorne world his viſage hide
Stealing vnſeene to weſt with this diſgrace:
Euen ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,
But out alack,he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this,my loue no whit diſdaineth,
Suns of the world may ſtaine,whē heauens ſun ſtaineth.

Reproduced from R. L. Eagle's *The Secrets of Shakespeare's Sonnets;* Mitre Press.



136

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

Reproduced from R. L. Eagle's *The Secrets of Shakespeare's Sonnets;* Mitre Press.

On this system of counting:

B A C O N and F R A N C I S
28 27 29 14 13 = 111 32 17 27 13 29 35 18 = 171

If in Sonnet 33 one counts for-lorne as two words, the total number of words is 111.

There will often be found in Shakespeare's works a threefold repetition of the word one, *e.g.* in Sonnet 136 (note: 136 = 33 + 103 = Bacon - Shakespeare)

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

Note the thrice repeated one. This Sonnet has of course been claimed as definite evidence that *William* Shakespeare, the actor, was the author. The writer not having seen the original (1609) edition of the Sonnets* is unable to say how the W in Will is printed in the original, but in works of that period, notably in Shakespeare's the W was more often than not printed as two V's. Treating the letters separately as *roman numerals* and adding them, Will becomes:

VVILL = 5 + 5 + 1 + 50 + 50
= 111

* Facsimiles of the Sonnets, 1609 edition, are printed in R. L. Eagle's book *The Secrets of the Sonnets* (See inside back cover of *Baconiana*)—Editor.

This may appear not to be a legitimate extension of the normal letter-number equivalent but there is evidence in Shakespeare's Plays that Bacon did in fact treat the letters C, I, L and V in this way when it suited him.

The following lines from *Loves Labors lost* bear on this point:

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket
Some say a sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore
then Sorrell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorrell,
the people fall a hooting.

If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore
makes fiftie sores O sorrell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

(Act IV, Scene II)

The only point in this piece of charming nonsense seems to be in the last four lines, when it is made clear (2nd line) that L = 50; and in the last two lines where it is stated that L+L=100. One may note in this connection that the title of the play in the Folio, is printed thus

*L*oues *L*abours *l*ost, *i.e.* the first two words with capital Ls and the last word with a lower case *l*. This is usually abbreviated for reference purposes to L.L.L., but

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} L & + & L & + & 1 & & \\ 50 & & 50 & & 11 & = & 111 \end{array} \qquad \text{(also } \begin{array}{ccccccc} L & + & L & + & L & = & 33) \\ 11 & & 11 & & 11 & & \end{array}$$

The use of L (and O) with roman numeral values is confirmed by the stage direction at the beginning of the first act of *Hamlet* where in the Folio (and in the 1st and 2nd Quartos), Barnardo and Francisco are described as "two Centinells". CENTINELL is a peculiar spelling of SENTINEL (which presumably is derived from the French "sentinelle"). Its obvious meaning is "One hundred in Ls".

Finally the following question arises. If Bacon left clues in the First Folio, and other "Shakespeare" works, of his authorship, did he leave any indications in his own acknowledged works of the use of this alphabetical-numerical system of name "seals" ? To

check this the obvious work to consult first is *The Essays*. Turning to number 33, which is entitled *Of Plantations*, one finds that the 33rd word in the text is "to", and

T O
19 14 = 33

This is a coincidence certainly, but not in itself a very striking one, since "to" is a common word. But on counting the number of times the word TO occurs in the whole Essay one finds that this amounts to exactly 33. Now the multiple coincidence that the 33rd word in the 33rd Essay is TO, the "seal" of which is *33* (the same as that for BACON), and that the word TO occurs exactly *33* times in the Essay, is unlikely to have occurred accidentally. It *could* be accidental, but mathematical probability is against it.

Bacon's *Essays* contain other similar coincidences which seem to indicate that Bacon used such an alphabetico-numerical system for identification purposes in many works, including his own official productions.

The whole question of ciphers thus reduces itself finally to a question of coincidences. If one cipher (not necessarily one of those discussed here) is found in any work, or piece of writing, its occurrence can only be strictly considered as a coincidence, but as a more or less probably intentional one regarded from the mathematical point of view. Where entire messages, not merely name seals, are decoded, provided the decoding is done on a strictly consistent basis, and not altered to suit whatever meaning is sought (as had been suggested had been done by Mrs. Gallup in the Biliteral Cipher), the probability of chance coincidence is almost eliminated.

The use of name "seals" simplifies the problem considerably. It should in these cases be possible to calculate the mathematical probability against the coincidences involved being purely accidental. If these probabilities, or improbabilities, are of a very high order, and if many such cases occur, it should lead the unprejudiced to conclude that the odds are enormously in favour of the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. However, our orthodox Shakespearean friends may raise the following objections: "If, as we

think, many of the peculiar spellings on which you base your coincidences are due to genuine misprints, or to the fantasy of Elisabethan writers and compositors, what is the effect on your coincidences, from the point of view of their being accidental or intentional? The likelihood of their being accidental would appear to be enormously increased".

To this we can reply that by no means all the most significant coincidences depend on the *spelling* of words, *e.g.* the occurrence of TO in Bacon's 33rd Essay. Some words giving Baconian "seals" are spelt in a normal fashion. It is to be noted that sometimes a mis-spelling is apparently used to draw attention to a word and that the correctly spelt word is the one that contains the "seal", *e.g.* EIE in Sonnet 33. Even where the Baconian seal occurs in an evidently mis-spelt word, there is no more improbability in assuming that the mis-spelling is deliberate, than in assuming that the multiple coincidence involved (together perhaps with confirmatory coincidences to which wrong spellings do not apply), is accidental. In fact the existence of ciphers in the Bacon-Shakespeare works would indicate that many of the mis-spellings and other so-called misprints (though some genuine misprints may have crept in) in the original editions are deliberate. The First Folio of Shakespeare is generally held to be a poor example of typography. Is it not perhaps a technical masterpiece from the typographical point of view?

AN APPEAL

In common with other registered educational charities, the Francis Bacon Society is suffering from continuously rising costs despite the fact that administration is carried out almost entirely on a voluntary basis.

Fortunately, the future of the Society is assured through contributions from the Stuart-Francis Bacon Endowment Fund, generously endowed by the late Mrs. Arnold Stuart. Nevertheless, to avoid curtailment of the work of the Society fresh funds are needed. For these we appeal to all Members, and to all who read this Journal, particularly perhaps our American library friends. All contributions will be acknowledged in *Baconiana* if this is desired.

THOMAS CAMPION'S EPIGRAMS

By R. L. Eagle

Thomas Campion (1567 ? - 1619) was a poet and musician. He was educated at Cambridge University and studied law at Gray's Inn. Whilst there, he wrote masques which were presented at Court, and took a part in the performance of *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (written by Francis Bacon and others).

In his *Epigrammatum*, Book I, epigrams 189 and 190 were both in Latin, and both addressed to Bacon at the time he was Lord Chancellor. In *The Works of Thomas Campion*, edited by Percival Vivian (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1967; page 263), the epigrams are re-produced as below, and I have added English translations with the aid of Professor B. Farrington, which are as faithful as the difficulties of late classical Latin will allow.

Ad ampliss. totius Angliae Cancellarium
Fr. Ba.

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

To the most glorious Chancellor of the whole of England,
Francis Bacon

The venerable Muse of Poetry owes you much, O Bacon, by reason of your learned and lovely book, which now stands with the title of the *Wisdom of the Ancients* and will stand throughout all centuries as a monument of your fame. Many are your writings that bring you renown, but, learned Sir, I will frankly confess that for me this is the pearl of your wit.

Ad eundem

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

To the same

O thou, more exalted than thy exalted sire, thou whose honour grows to match your worth. How great thou standest before us, whether the thorny volumes of the law, the learning of the schools, or the sweet Muse, O Bacon, summon thee. How thy prudence reigns over thy vast charge, and thy tongue is moist with celestial nectar! How well thou combinest merry wit with silent gravity. How firmly thy kind love stands to those whom thou hast one admitted! Thy mind is never dazzled by the brightness of heaped up gold. To give is a thing that has never seemed strange to thee. O happy dispensation, most glorious King, when thy favour shines by being assumed by such a man.

The references to the debt owed by "poetry" to Bacon and his many writings in Epigram 189, and his sweet muse (*dulcis Musa*) in Epigram 190, coupled with the 'sugar'd sonnet' addressed to him by John Davies of Hereford, constitute strong evidence that Bacon was a supreme poet. Had he published his verse under his own name he would be universally recognised as such.

Campion published 225 Epigrams in Liber I of his collection and 228 in Liber II. All are in Latin. Why this should be so I do not know as he was a master of English, as can be seen from the four books of *Ayres* published in 1610 *et sequitur*, and his *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*, which appeared in 1602. Campion printed *Thomae Campiani Poemata* in 1595 which included a song sung at the elaborate masque performed in Gray's Inn in February, 1594/5, and appeared as the "inventor" of a masque presented before James I in January 1606/7. As he was acquainted or worked with Prince Henry and Ben Jonson, his close connection with Francis Bacon is obvious. Campion's masques were re-printed by Nichols in his "Progresses" of Elizabeth and James I.

On page 22 of W. G. C. Gundry's *Manes Verulamiani* Epigram 190 was printed with a translation (page 22). On the next page appears John Davies' sugar'd sonnet. In this collection of 32 elegies, some signed and some appearing under initials, Bacon was praised for his dramatic and poetic ability. The contributors were contemporary scholars and either Fellows of University Colleges or Members of the Inns of Court who knew Bacon to be a supreme poet. "R.P." in Elegy 4 even includes tragedy and comedy in his encomium.

The work originally appeared under the title Memoriae Honoratissimi Domini Francisci Baronis de Verulamis in 1626, the year of Bacon's death. It was printed by John Haviland of London. The elegies were reprinted under the title *Manes Verulamiani* in Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Works, in 1730.

OBITUARIES

The Council regret to report the passing away of Charles S. Ingram on 10th November, 1973 after several years of ill health.

Mr. Ingram had retired from the cipher section of the Post Office some years before, and developed a professional approach to the ciphers which Francis Bacon had described in *The Advancement of Learning*. He was particularly interested in the Biliteral Cipher, which follows the mathematically exact principles employed in the Binary Scale in modern computer work.

Readers of *Baconiana* will be more familiar with the pseudonym "Jacobite", which Ingram used for the three important articles which he contributed over a period of years. In the first, *Francis Bacon and the Electronic Computer*, he discussed the Binary Code. In *Theseus in a Magic Square*, and lastly in *The Touchstone*, he developed his theme against an electronic and scientific background.

A great deal of research has been put into these three articles, leaving the impression that much more would have been said on the possible use of palindromes in The Biliteral Cipher, if the writer had been able to continue his work.

We have lost a redoubtable exponent of Francis Bacon's cipher techniques, and we are the poorer for Charles Ingram's passing.

N.F.

The Council announce with deep regret the passing away of Captain Benjamin Alexander, M.R.I., on 21st May this year at the age of 87. He had been in declining health for some months, but settled in happily in a comfortable Rest Home at the end.

In 1952, when the Council was reconstituted, Captain Alexander, a qualified accountant, became Hon. Treasurer, rendering invaluable service in that capacity. In 1955 he became a Vice-President remaining an *ex officio* Member of the Council. In 1956 he was elected Chairman in recognition of his exceptional abilities,

but resigned after the then customary two years in that office, though still remaining on the Council.

Shortly afterwards, to the regret of his colleagues, ill health compelled him to resign from the Council, but in 1960 he was appointed President in recognition of much hard toil. By 1963 he had asked to be relieved of all duties owing to the strain involved, and very generously arranged for his library of Baconian books to be left to the Society on his death. At the same time, his unique collection of *Baconiana* from the first issue to date was acquired by our present Chairman.

Captain Alexander's interests were varied, but he was a keen Baptist and a life-long student of the Bible.

The Francis Bacon Society has always attracted devoted adherents to the cause, entirely on a voluntary basis, and Captain Alexander ranks high in the list of these. There is no doubt that he and our President were instrumental in ensuring the continuance of the administration at a critical stage in the Society's affairs — a fact which should be recorded for posterity.

The passing of Ben Alexander is a grievous blow, but the spirit of Francis Bacon will live on.

BOOK REVIEW

The Editors are extremely grateful to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wrigley, Secretary of The Francis Bacon Foundation Incorporated of California, U.S.A., for presenting *A Concordance To The Essays of Francis Bacon* to the Society.

The Concordance is edited by David W. Davies and Mrs. Wrigley and published under the auspices of the Foundation, which was founded in 1938 in memory of Louise and Walter Arensberg, a well-known Baconian. The Concordance is based on Volume 6 of *The Works of Francis Bacon*, edited by James Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath (1857 - 74 Edition), and has been made possible by the use of a computer with the help of the Pomona College Computer Centre, U.S.A.

Still the most widely read of Bacon's acknowledged writings, the *Essays* have been selected for the first segment of a concordance covering his works as a whole. The 1625 Edition with the text of the Epistle Dedicatory to the Duke of Buckingham and 58 essays has been used, and this is entirely appropriate as it contains additions and revisions not included in the earlier editions. With the *Fragment of an Essay on Fame* first published by Dr. Rawley in the 1657 *Resuscitatio*, a total computer count of 29798 words and a vocabulary count of 6865 words has been produced. The concordance has been keyed to the printed line in the Spedding *Works* 1857/74 edition (14 Volumes).

Four appendices illustrate the advantages of computer indexing. These are:—

(1) Alphabetical listing of Omitted Words;
(2) Frequency Table of Omitted Words;
(3) Alphabetical Listing of Indexed Words;
(4) Frequency Table of Indexed Words.

This book of 392 pages clearly has immense value for scholars engaged on research work, and the authors and their helpers are to be congratulated on a major achievement.

The completion of a concordance for all Bacon's works would be an *opus mirabile* indeed ! N.F.

PLAY REVIEW

By kind permission of *The Spectator* we reproduce below Kenneth Hurren's review of *Bingo*. This play by Edward Bond was initially staged at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, London, in August. Mr. Hurren is Associate Editor of *The Spectator*, and a writer of distinction. His review appeared on August 25th.

* * * *

Shakespeare, like Edward Bond's play about him, seems to have been largely a fiction. It is one of the reasons—perhaps the fundamental one, though there are, I'm afraid, others—why the play is a failure.

Bond has gone out of his way in an introductory note "to protect the play from petty criticism" by mentioning, or admitting, a few trifling instances in which he has, for his reasonable dramatic convenience, played hob with the facts. What he signally fails to grasp is that the premise upon which he builds—the supposition that the plays of William Shakespeare were written by a man of approximately that name who was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564 and who died there in 1616—is very little more than a literary legend. He has been struck, as others have been before him, by the extraordinary discrepancy between everything that is known of the Stratford man and everything that was written under the name of Shakespeare, but from that point his process of deductive reasoning lets him troublingly down.

Here, on the one hand, is this *rather mean, money-grubbing merchant* and property owner, sprung from modest yeoman stock, *not known to have possessed or even to have read a book, only able to write his own name (of which he was uncertain of the spelling) in a hand so laborious that, as Professor Trevor-Roper has observed, "some graphologists suppose the hand to have been guided"*, and thus, naturally, never claiming any literary gift; he is not known to have had acquaintance with anyone of literary,

artistic or scholarly bent; he died unsung and generally unremarked, and was buried with a self-chosen epitaph of a poetic quality not much less than that of the average birthday-card effusion. Here, on the other hand, is the most sublime dramatic poetry in the language, instinct of wit and as civilised in its values and humanitarianism as it is felicitous in expression, apparently dashed off in an inspired period of twenty years or so.

Confronted with contradictions of this order, the detached, objective mind might most logically conclude that what we have here is an inexplicable confusion of the records of two quite different men; that the received myth, though picturesque, is not to be taken altogether seriously; and that the mystery of the Shakespearian authorship is a matter to be left to the literary detectives, burrowing away in the eternal hope of uncovering some decisive clue. Bond's trouble—and there is no doubt but that it has beleaguered his thinking to the point of distraction—is that, as though he were some blinkered academic possessed of the arrogance of the second-rate mind, not to mention a vested interest in the Shakespeare industry, he has felt bound to reconcile the contradictions in philosophical terms. He brings them finally to an acceptable point of contact in his play by the weird contention that Shakespeare either killed himself because his life was so much at odds with his values, or else was "a reactionary blimp or some other fool". He has thought deeply about *King Lear* (and he has, of course, written a magnificent play of his own on parallel themes), but it has ultimately taken him up a philosophical cul-de-sac.

"Shakespeare created Lear, who is the most radical of all social critics", he writes, and then falls to brooding about a spent old dramatist, disintegrating in his fifties with the evidence all about him of a world deserving even more radical social criticism, but clutching his money and his rents about him and able to offer none. His plays had shown a need "for sanity and its poljtical expression, justice. But how did he live? His behaviour as a property-owner made him closer to Goneril than to Lear. He supported and benefited from the Goneril society—with its prisons,

workhouses, whipping, starvation, mutilation, pulpit-hysteria and all the rest of it".

The disparity between preaching and practice is a valid enough subject for dramatic exploration, and it is understandable enough that Bond, as a writer himself, should feel especially grieved by the demonstration of the disparity at its widest in the life and work of a man whom he would doubtless regard as the greatest of all writers; but he would clearly have done better to have developed his theme around some wholly fictional figure. The play as he has written it seems little more than a protracted non sequitur. It is also, beyond that, a great bore, whimpering and limping painfully from one set-piece to another, nowhere driven by the impetus of its own events or, indeed, by any kind of dramatic clarity.

John Gielgud, who is burdened with the role of the Shakespeare character, sits in the Stratford garden, his spirit bleeding from every pore, brooding on the awfulness of life and quite conceivably of his lines. His great struggle, I suspect, is to keep awake. Even in a tavern encounter with Ben Jonson (laconically and amusingly taken by Arthur Lowe) he is permitted no roistering. "Shakespeare's last binge was with Jonson and Drayton", writes Bond, parading one of the romantic legends as accepted fact; "only Jonson is shown in the play". I can't say I missed Drayton especially, but I could have done with the binge.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, July 13th, 1974
Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

I have been reading a most informative book entitled *Jacobean Pageant* by G. P. V. Akrigg,* an account of the Court of James I. This books deals in detail with the various aspects of Court life.

In the chapter entitled "Titles, Money and Morals", the author discusses the way in which honours were bought and sold under James' auspices, and also discusses the disrepute into which the College of Arms had fallen, owing to the extreme contentions amongst the heralds, the worst of all being Garter King of Arms, Sir William Dethick—a man apparently detested by the rest of the College. He was removed in 1606. One of the trouble-makers, York Herald (Ralph Brooke) circulated a treatise which, among other things, charged Dethick with fabricating pedigrees and granting arms to persons *not of fit station.*

Among the latter were: Tay, a hosier living in Fish Street; Dungayn the plasterer; Parr the embroiderer, the son of a pedlar (to whom Garter King had sold for £10 the arms of Parr, the last Marquess of Northampton); Robert Young, a soapmaker; William Sanderson, a fishmonger; and "Shakespear ye Player"†

Baconians have long treated the infamous grant of arms in the manner in which it was acquired—merely as payment for services rendered—but the particular point of interest is to note that the "famous" writer of the Plays (!) was listed amongst other tradesmen, and identified as "ye Player", so that readers of the treatise might have some chance of identifying an unknown man.

Sincerely,

JOAN HAM

Faraday, Greyfriars,
Storrington, Sussex.

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* Hamish Hamilton, London, 1962.
† A footnote informs us that this is to be found in Folger MS. 423.3.

To the Editor, 11th August, 1974
Baconiana.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Fermor recently gave me a copy of *Baconiana.* I found it most interesting, and in particular the article "Bacon's Belated Justice".

A few years ago I published (Hodder & Stoughton) *Katharine Fry's Book*—the diaries, letters and paintings of Katharine, Elizabeth Fry's eldest daughter.

There is a most interesting reference to Richard III on page 120, and it gives me much pleasure to send you a copy of this book, hoping that you will find page 120 interesting.

Can you throw any light on this account ?

Yours sincerely,

MISS JANE VANSITTART

Katharine Fry writes:—

A LINK WITH RICHARD III

A curious incident happened at St. Mildred's Court in 1833. My parents were giving an evening party at which was Mr. Campbell, the poet. The conversation turned to a picture which Papa had bought in Holland in 1824. It was painted in the Rembrandt style, and was of the Countess of Desmond who died aged a hundred and forty in 1603.

Mr. Campbell was very interested, and told us that his grandfather was seventy years old when his father was born, and that this grandfather knew a gentleman who had seen the Countess of Desmond, and that she had told that gentleman that two years before the Battle of Bosworth Field she had danced with King Richard III, and that he was not a humpback but a most handsome man.

The following calculation will show, however strange, that these facts are possible. Lady Desmond was born in 1465.

Bosworth Field was fought in 1485, therefore she must have been eighteen years old in 1483, two years before the battle.

Mr. Campbell appeared in 1833 to be about fifty years old, which, with the united ages of his father and grandfather, carries back to 1628. It is quite possible that a person should hear an anecdote from the lips of a person who died in 1605, and repeat it to one born in about 1628.

* * * *

The article to which Miss Vansittart refers appeared in *Baconiana 173*, and was contributed by Mrs. Joan Ham. Miss Vansittart is the author of nine non-fictional books which have attracted a growing readership. The latest, *From Minnie With Love*, published recently by Peter Davies, is already selling well.

The theory that Richard III was not a "humpback" appears to be attracting considerable support, and was discussed in a correspondence in *The Times* last August.

Editor

PRESS CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,
The Times,
Printing House Square,
Blackfriars,
London, E.C.4. 24th April, 1974

Sir,

Dr. A. L. Rowse's article *Popular Misconceptions about William Shakespeare* is so full of unprovable assertions that it almost seems heresy to point out that no written evidence of a kind to connect the actor of Stratford-Upon-Avon with the Plays can be produced. Yet this is the position.

The *Cambridge History of English Literature* has this:—

> " . . . almost all of the commonly received stuff of his life story is shreds and patches of tradition, if not positive dreamwork . . . "

The *Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* has this to say:—

> "the more frankly we admit our ignorance the less likely we are to be deceived, firstly by the sentimental biographers whose piety fills the blanks in Shakespeare's life with pleasing hypothetical incidents".

Dr. Titherley wrote:—

> "Nor are there any records . . . showing that he wrote any letters, or had anything to do with books and writing . . . "

Dr. Rowse tells us that information has come down from a reliable source that Shakespeare "taught school for a bit (*sic*) in the country". I know of no "reliable" information to this effect. Why not tell us what it is? No evidence can be produced to show "association and friendship" between William Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton, who would have been unlikely to hobnob with a professional actor. Dr. Rowse knows quite well that John Aubrey was an unreliable gossip and his references to Shakespeare (and others) in *Brief Lives* are pure hearsay.

Of course the Plays are full of revealing passages about acting and of course William retired to Stratford. But what does this prove? Francis Bacon wrote masques and revels for Gray's Inn and elsewhere, Ben Jonson wrote plays, as did others well known to scholars: but William Shakespeare died in 1616. Nevertheless new Shakespeare quartos continued to appear up to the 1623 Folio, *Othello* first appearing in 1622!

Very well, four of the Plays have references to the Warwickshire countryside. Is this impressive out of the total of 38?

Dr. Rowse may be satisfied with the Folio engraving and the Stratford Bust. I am not. Nor were Mrs. Stopes, Gainsborough, or Mark Twain whose description of the latter is worth repeating. The face, he wrote, has "the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle, expression of a bladder".

No, we ask for bread, and we are given stones.

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR
Chairman

(Not published)

To the Editor,
Daily Telegraph. 2nd February,1974

Sir,

I was interested to see the article "Literary Clubs for Book Lovers" by Mr. Sam Heppner (Feb. 11). Please allow me to point out that my society was founded in 1886, compared with 1893 for the Brontë Society. It would appear, therefore, that we are the oldest extant literary society, and not they.

Secretaries of other literary societies may care to get in touch with the Rev. J. M. C. Yates, the Vicarage, Haselbury Plucknett, Crewkerne, Somerset, TA18 7PB, of the Thomas Hardy Society, who is establishing an association so that we can all work for the common good. The President of the Thomas Hardy Society is the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan.

NOEL FERMOR
Chairman, Francis Bacon Soc.

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

The Editor,
Daily Telegraph.

Sir,

READY WIT

Tradition, not prejudice nor bardolatory, suggests that Shakespeare certainly was not a bore. Leaving aside evidence from the plays themselves which Miss Nancy Hewins cites, we have the testimony of John Aubrey, a near-contemporary, who says of Shakespeare: *He was a handsome, well shap't man: very good in company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt.*

CHRISTOPHER M. ROWE

Norwich School.

The Editor, 17th April, 1974
The Daily Telegraph,
135 Fleet Street,
London, EC4P 4BL.

Dear Sir,

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

I do not wish to be disputatious but in the interests of accuracy feel that Mr. Christopher M. Rowe's letter quoting John Aubrey's comment on Shakespeare should be challenged.

No reliance can be placed on Aubrey's statements as Shakespearean scholars recognise, and he was certainly not a reliable source of information. The eminent Shakespearean scholar, Halliwell-Phillips, called him "one of those foolish and detestable gossips who record everything that they hear or misinterpret", and a contemporary of Aubrey, Anthony à Wood, wrote that "he was a shiftless person, roving and magotty-pated man". He added that "he thought little, believed much, and confused everything".

It is well known that Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men,* which he completed in 1680, is just as valueless when commenting on other prominent men of the period, and of course as Aubrey lived from 1626 to 1697 he was not a contemporary of Shakespeare, who died in 1616.

Yours truly,

NOEL FERMOR
Chairman

(not published).

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

The Editor, 13th April, 1974
Daily Telegraph.

Sir,

Miss Nancy Hewins should have made sure of her "actual facts" before passing judgement on Mr. W. A. Darlington (March 30).

There is no evidence that Shakespeare took any part in management or was very busy as an actor. He held a small share in the profits of the Globe playhouse as did other players in Burbage's company. We know nothing as to what qualifications he held as an actor.

Nicholas Rowe wrote a short biographical note in his edition of the plays published in 1709. As to Shakespeare as actor Rowe said he had inquired and all he could gather was that "the top of his performance" was the Ghost in "Hamlet" ! This part gives no scope to display any acting ability.

The Globe playhouse was destroyed by fire in 1613 and in June, 1614, the second Globe, built at the expense of Richard Burbage and his brother Cuthbert, was opened. Shakespeare had no interest in this, financial or otherwise as, according to the biographers, he had been in retirement at Stratford for at least two years.

Falmouth, Cornwall. RODERICK L. EAGLE

The Editor, 19th July, 1974
The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.
Sir,

SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCES

I agree entirely with Mr. L. A. How. It is astonishing that, in general, the so-called "Shakespearean experts" should, for the most part, continue to mislead their readers on the subject of the audiences at the public playhouses in the time of Shakespeare.

That they were an illiterate and disorderly rabble is attested not only by the civic authorities but by the dramatists themselves and many other contemporary writers. Their testimony is of value whereas the theories invented centuries later are merely misleading. The most authentic work on this subject is *The Shakespeare Symphony* written by Harold Bayley and published by Chapman and Hall in 1906. This is a work which needs reprinting. The author died in January 1965 at the age of 96.

Yours truly, R. L. EAGLE

(not published).

The Editor, 25th July 1974
Daily Telegraph,
Fleet Street, EC4.

Dear Sir,

It is most unfortunate that Patrick Garland's arrangement of Aubrey's *Brief Lives* is spoilt by a reference to William Shakespeare that Mr. Garland has made up himself. Mr. Garland has admitted to me that this passage was not written by Aubrey, and the publishers of the Garland script, Faber & Faber, have told me that they were unaware that the text is not completely genuine. In this printed version there is no indication of what is genuine material and what has been added by Mr. Garland.

If this reference to Shakespeare was merely a bit of local colouring, this deception would not be so serious. In fact Mr. Garland has fabricated facts which, if true, would constitute the strongest pointer that exists that Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him.

The pseudo-Aubrey quotation is this: "Mr. Williams, a gentleman farmer occupying Clopton House near Stratford, said to me: 'By God, I wish you'd arrived a little sooner. Why it isn't a fortnight since I destroyed several baskets full of letters and papers, in order to clear a small chamber for some young partridges which I wanted to bring up alive. And as to your William Shakespeare, why, there were many bundles with his name wrote upon them. Why, it was in this fireplace I made a roaring bonfire of them'."

Yours faithfully,

(not published). FRANCIS CARR

Letters to *The Times Literary Supplement*

"SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND GLOBE"

Sir,

When your reviewer of *Shakespeare's Second Globe* by C. Walter Hodges (January 4) asserts that the first Globe was "the playhouse for which Shakespeare composed most of his mature plays", he betrays either an astonishing Jacobin dogmatism or an equally astonishing ignorance of one of the most significant and promising trends in recent Shakespearean scholarship, which has

been devoted to proving that these dramas, the most treasured jewels of our literary heritage, were *not* composed for *gawkish groundlings of the Globe* (or even for the somewhat better class of viewer at the Blackfriars), but for theatres and audiences far more worthy of them. Indeed one of the milestones of this campaign appeared in these very pages only a few years ago, in the issue of December 18, 1969, where Glynne Wickham announced his discovery that *The Winter's Tale* had been "written for performance in the autumn of 1610 before the King and the Heir Apparent to celebrate the latter's investiture as Prince of Wales. Since then, in the latest volume of *Shakespeare Survey*, Professor Wickham has extended this discovery to include *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* by showing that they also, in his words, "bear the unmistakable hallmark of court commission, with the Blackfriars in mind by way of hard-cash earnings from a wider public, and with transfer to the Globe as a subsequent possibility rather than a certainty".

Other scholars have made important contributions (although none, I believe, quite so extensive) to this effort to rescue Shakespeare's works from the public playhouse. We have a book by Professor H. N. Paul, *The Royal Play of "Macbeth"*, proving this drama was written for a performance at Hampton Court on August 7, 1606, and another by Professor J. W. Bennett, *"Measure for Measure" as Royal Entertainment*, which demonstrates that this drama was designed for production at Whitehall on December 26, 1604. And we have been told in various books and articles that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was composed for a Garter investiture in Westminster on April 23, 1597, and *Twelfth Night* for the visit of the Duke of Bracciano at Whitehall on January 6, 1600/1, and *Henry VIII* for the court festivities attending the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine in February 1613 (although it was inexplicably omitted from the list of plays presented then, which has come down to us in the Chambers Accounts), and that *King Lear*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Othello* were also "royal plays" written expressly for the ruling monarch and his retinue.

It must not be thought, however, that Shakespeare intended all his dramas for the court. Other studies have shown that *As You*

Like It, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and *The Taming of the Shrew* were commissioned to celebrate the weddings of members of the aristocracy at the "great halls" of their residences (there is some regrettable confusion about which wedding was the occasion for which play), and that *The Comedy of Errors, Timon of Athens,* and *Troilus and Cressida* were designed for the less elevated but still thoroughly respectable audiences of the Inns of Court, and *Hamlet* for Oxford or Cambridge.

It can be seen, then, that this scholarly enterprise has already succeeded in proving that a majority of Shakespeare's works were not written for production, in the first instance, at a public playhouse, and I have every confidence that in the very near future further investigations, utilizing the same techniques as Professor Wickham and his fellow labourers, will be able to develop equally convincing cases for removing the Globe stigma from most if not all of the remaining dramas (especially the Histories, which have so far been unaccountably neglected). Therefore, if the "enthusiasts" whom your reviewer describes as having gathered this autumn at "Sam Wanamaker's Bear Garden Museum" (surely the name itself is its own condemnation) wish to make it possible for us to see Shakespeare's dramas in the theatrical milieu for which they were actually written, they will abandon the abandoned storehouses of the Bankside and try to reconstruct the great hall of one of the royal or noble residences of his day, on its original site. (Although they have not seen fit to consult me, I would suggest the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall) and when his plays are presented there, they will not allow any ordinary people in the audience.

RICHARD LEVIN
Department of English, State University of New York
at Stony Brook, NY, USA

Sir, 1st March, 1974

"SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND GLOBE"

I read Richard Levin's letter (January 25) with some amazement and continue to wonder if it is entirely serious. To agree with Wickham, Paul and Bennett's efforts to explain certain elements

in Shakespeare's plays in terms of an original venue is one thing, but to pronounce these efforts as part of a "promising trend" to "rescue Shakespeare's works from the public playhouse" is quite another. The notion of defending Shakespeare against the "stigma" of the Globe assumes a discrepancy in the appreciation of popular art that did not exist. Levin's "gawkish groundlings" were more experienced playgoers than their counterparts today, and their interest in Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Jonson should hardly reduce these authors in our estimation.

Admitted, the system of patronage and the popularity of the drama have changed over the centuries, and Shakespeare was no doubt commissioned to write plays whose first showing might have been at Court, the Inns of Court, or a nobleman's great hall. But most scholars agree with Harbage that the audiences in the early public playhouses were mixed, and the privileged first-nighter at one of the occasional plays could see the same piece again from the galleries at the Globe where members of his own social class were again well represented. It is doubtful that Shakespeare planned only a single performance for his occasional plays, and, if he wrote for a wider range of individuals at the public theatres, this would indicate no diminution of effort or artistic quality.

Reconstructing a noble building on its original site for the purpose of producing Shakespeare's work is not a bad idea, especially since we know so little about the interior of the Globe. I would question by what means we would recognise "ordinary people" in order to turn them away, and by what process we would identify those non-occasional plays to be similarly excluded and deplored. By the same token, one wonders if plays written for the so-called "private", indoor playhouses are entirely free from taint; if Shakespeare needs rescuing from the Globe, so may he from those rude nut-cracking persons at the Blackfriars who paid to sit on the stage less to see than to be seen.

The snobbish illusion of an aristocratic, university-trained Shakespeare having been fairly laid to rest, it would appear that the battle has moved to the quality of his audience. Such another battle that posits value in terms of social hierarchy is pointless. Research into original venues is interesting and valuable, and it

ultimately could differentiate the plays according to such things as subject matter and technique. On the other hand, a wholesale indictment of the outdoor playhouses does not follow as a result of this research.

CHARLES W. HIEATT
Department of English, Cambridgeshire
College of Arts and Technology

5th March, 1974

Sir,

"SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND GLOBE"

I am astonished that Charles W. Hieatt of the Department of English, Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, should state that the groundlings "were more experienced playgoers than their counterparts today". The opinion of authority and the authors of Shakespeare's time was the reverse of that. They were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise" which was not surprising as only about five per cent of the population could read or write, and illiteracy was probably total among "the youth that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples". In 1595 the Lord Mayor of London wrote to the Privy Council complaining that "Among other inconveniences of the playhouses it is not the least that the refuse sort of evil disposed and ungodly people about the City have opportunity hereby to assemble together to make their matches for all their lewd and ungodly practices". No wonder the City forbade the erection of playhouses within its precincts!

May I refer Mr. Hieatt to Ben Jonson's satirical comedy *Poetaster* and to the dedication of *Volpone?* Whatever meaning did "the shouting varlety" attach to such Shakespearean phrases as "deracinating savagery", "exsufflicate surmises", "the discandying of this pelleted storm" and "the multitudinous seas incarnadine?" And so we might continue almost *ad infinitum.*

Yours truly,

R. L. EAGLE

Sir, 5th April, 1974

"SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND GLOBE"

In his letter of March 22, Roderick L. Eagle takes issue with my statement that the groundlings of Shakespeare's time were "more experienced playgoers than their counterparts today". With all goodwill, may I protest that no one disputes the general rowdiness and lack of restraint of the groundlings. Indeed, the repeated complaints about their behaviour proves that they were in attendance (*i.e.* that they were "experienced playgoers"), while the fact that their social "counterparts today" are not well represented at the theatres bears out my point that Shakespearean drama was originally a popular art. Illiteracy is of no real importance here, though among London apprentices it was far from "total". And if Hamlet incidentally speaks ill of the groundlings, there is no reason to accept this as "the opinion of authority", nor can we assume that a fictional character speaks for his author.

On the score of literary diction, Shakespeare himself has been criticised for his "multitudinous seas incarnardine", but surely the *meaning* is clear to everyone when Macbeth repeats himself in the following line. I do not know how many members of an audience, then or now, would understand words such as "deracinate" and "exsufflicate", but such words were by no means limited to Shakespeare in the popular drama; Marlowe's "prolucator" and "excruciate" and Kyd's sprinkling of Latin in *The Spanish Tragedy* would appear to have been commonly accepted and admired, if not always understood. On the other hand, the colloquial and now obsolete "discandy" would have offered no challenge to an Elizabethan audience, while, if it puzzles a modern one, neither it nor other such outmoded terms greatly reduce our own comprehension of *Antony and Cleopatra.* The point is that for the most part the language is straightforward and intelligible; the style is not so dauntingly elevated as to have bewildered the groundlings or prevented their trustworthy appreciation of Shakespeare.

I fail to see why Mr. Eagle directs me to the dedication to *Volpone,* an attack on unprincipled authors and critics rather than on the base auditors of Jonson's plays. Granted, the animus of Jonson and the Lord Mayor of London against theatre audiences

is well known; but to imply that their attitudes are typical is quite unfair, since they are patently biased and unrepresentative on artistic grounds. Historians agree that the lawlessness in the playhouses was no greater than that occasioned by any other large gathering, but like most city officials the Lord Mayor resisted unprofitable disturbances in his jurisdiction and used whatever convenient arguments were available. His shrill, Gossonlike tone, in the passage quoted by Mr. Eagle, betrays his insincerity, as does his unwarranted suggestion, made to the ever-watchful Privy Council in the same year (1595), that theatres were sources of mutiny and rebellion against the Government. But in any case the reference to the Lord Mayor is irrelevant: an *ad hominem* attack on the working classes for their alleged immorality dodges the issue of their response to Shakespeare's art.

Jonson's animus, of course, was based on more artistic principles than was that of the Lord Mayor. It was not, however, always directed toward a particular social class nor do we always agree with it. Moreover, as Professor Harbage reminds us, "even Jonson relaxes", and the Prologue to *Epicoene* might well have been addressed to present-day critics who find it distasteful to share their appreciation of superlative art with ordinary mortals:

> But in this age, a sect of writers are,
> That, onely, for a particular likings care,
> And will taste nothing that is populare.
> With such we mingle neither braines nor breasts:
> Our wishes, like to those make publique feasts,
> Are not to please the cookes taste, but the guests.

CHARLES W. HIEATT
Department of English, Cambridgeshire
College of Arts and Technology

The Editor,
The Times Literary Supplement, 5th May 1974

Sir,

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Richard Jacobs assumes that the allusion by Meres to Shakespeare's "sonnets among his private friends" in 1598 refers to sonnets included in the 1609 quarto.

It was not unusual for literary men to send one another complimentary sonnets written in sugared ink so that the writing would shine. These were not intended for publication, but an example of one by John Davies of Hereford, written in 1610, has survived, and as it is practically unknown perhaps I may put it on record. It is addressed:

> To the royall, ingenious and all-learned Knight Sir Francis Bacon.
> Thy bounty and the Beauty of thy Witt
> Comprised in Lists of Law and learned Arts,
> Each making thee for great imployment fitt
> Which now thou hast (though short of thy deserts)
> Compells my pen to let fall shining Inke
> And to bedew the Baies that deck thy Front;
> And to thy health in Helicon to drinke
> As to her Bellamour the Muse is wont;
> For thou dost her embozom, and dost use
> Her company for sport twixt grave affairs;
> So utterest Law the livelyer through thy Muse.
> And for that all thy Notes are sweetest Aires,
> My muse thus notes thy worth in every line
> With yncke which thus she sugers so to shine.

Mr. Jacobs also conjectures that 126 sonnets of the 159 printed in the 1609 quarto are "intimately homosexual", If only he would consider them as allegory he would abandon this degradation of Shakespeare and soon recognise that "the man right fair" and the "woman coloured ill" (his "two loves of comfort and despair") figuratively represent the two conflicting aspects of his mind—one which he calls "the better part of me" and the other "my worser part".

I demonstrated this interpretation in the letter you published on 17th August last. Nobody has ever disputed the evidence I produced quoted from Ovid and Horace to Drayton and Peele.

Yours truly,

RODERICK L. EAGLE

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