"She's good, *being gone.*"
—*Ant. Cl.* i. 2, &c.; see *Promus*, 60.

"Above all, believe it, *the sweetest canticle* is '*Nunc Dimittis*,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."—*Ess. of Death.*

"Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably," &c.
—2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3.

"Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."—*Lear* v. 3.

"The rest is silence.
Now cracks a noble heart,—Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."—*Ham.* v. 2.

"Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me . . .
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him . . .
. . . I sit meditating
On *that celestial harmony* I go to."—*Hen. VIII.* iv. 2.

C.M.P.

DR. OWEN'S CIPHER METHOD.

IT is the object of the writer to give to the readers of BACONIANA a report of his investigations of the work of Dr. O. W. Owen, of Detroit, U.S.A., who claims to have found the true method of deciphering various writings by Francis Bacon concealed in his acknowledged works, in the Folio of 1623, and the works of Spenser, Marlowe, Peele, and Green. As a subscriber to BACONIANA, and one intensely interested in whatever may possibly lead to a more extended knowledge on the subject, the writer has felt that any publications which claimed so boldly the attention of all students of Shakespeare and Bacon ought to be carefully and impartially looked into, and the results as impartially stated in BACONIANA. Therefore, the visits to Dr. Owen's workshop in Detroit have been more frequent and more prolonged than they would have been for mere personal satisfaction.

It is one thing to understand a matter like this, and quite another to present it as it should be, and tell others what they are to think. As to the latter I make no pretensions; but it seems best to present the case just as it is, as before an open court, and permit every one to be his own judge and draw his own conclusion.

The first volume of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," by Dr. O. W. Owen, appeared in 1893, and has been followed by a number of other volumes. All these Dr. Owen claims to have deciphered by the same method, aided by two or three assistants who have been trained by him. The first book created a great deal of interest; comparatively few found the book acceptable. Belief, confidence, faith, were of course enormously overmatched by disbelief, incredulity, doubt, and suspicion. The great majority of readers said nothing, probably fearing to be committed. A large number rushed into print to indignantly and scornfully reject the book; to name its author as a madman and a swindler, desirous of selling his wares in a sensational manner, and to warn people against what he had done or might ever do. Much of the correspondence was from avowed Baconians who wished to protect Bacon's reputation from being sullied with publications in his name which they considered in every respect unworthy of him, unlike him, and in the highest degree improbable. If public attention could have been concentrated on the method rather than the results, in the writer's opinion it would have been better for Dr. Owen the discoverer of the cipher.

The doctors say that inflammation means heat, and that there is no inflammation without a cause for it. It was the "heat" displayed that attracted the writer's attention. Evidently so much inflammation could not be caused by a splinter. The indications were so numerous and so persistent as to create the conviction that there must be unusual strength either in the book or its author. An absolute humbug would have died easily, while in this case opposition and conference were openly invited. Therefore it seemed worth while to read the book, and open a correspondence with the author. This led to an invitation to visit his "workshop," and to see the "wheel" and the exact methods employed. Accordingly, in February, 1893, the writer went to Detroit. Dr. Owen made no hesitation in answering questions and in explaining anything that seemed obscure. The writer stated the purpose of his visit—namely, that, having read Vol. 1, he wished to ascertain how much was true or false; and if he found it necessary to proclaim the affair a sham, he should unhesitatingly do so; he wished especially to ask Dr. Owen whether it would not have been an evidence of better faith to have made public his cipher method at the start, and thus have forestalled criticism?

Dr. Owen accepted the conditions, stating that later on the writer should answer his own question, and at once introduced him to the room where stands the "wheel." Here three assistants (two being typewritists) were engaged in deciphering in accordance with Dr. Owen's method. The "wheel" and the cipher method (key-words and their concordents) have been explained in BACONIANA of April, 1895. Dr. Owen was at that time doing no work beyond criticising results, for two of his assistants had long since become perfectly familiar with the method. To test the accuracy of the method, the key-word relating to the "Story of the Spanish Armada" (afterwards published by Dr. Owen) was given to the writer, who was shown how to proceed. With pencil in hand he copied about one hundred lines from various parts of the wheel, following the key-words, and then put these disconnected sentences and parts of sentences together in such a way as to make an intelligible statement without adding a word. Having finished, he was about to read aloud the result, when Dr. Owen stopped him, and taking from a drawer a type-written manuscript (the existence of which the writer did not know), read it also aloud. The two copies corresponded almost exactly, and the differences proved to be slight errors in copying on the part of the writer. Other shorter tests were made, and the writer soon after left, reserving his opinion "until he had time to think it over," and had found opportunity to investigate independently as to whether some new law of rhetoric were not involved. The thing was, at all events, extremely puzzling; and, if a fraud, there were at least six persons living up to an ingenious and elaborate lie, and committed to this attitude for some time to come. That any considerable number of reputable people should be party to so gigantic a lie is almost beyond belief; assuming that Dr. Owen could (as he, of course, stoutly maintains) prove the existence of his method to any impartial mind beyond a doubt.

Vol. 1 made it plain that one of two things was true: either Dr. Owen invented the matter contained in that book, and then proceeded to hunt for scattered sentences all through the Folio, Bacon's acknowledged works, Spenser, Peele, Green, and Marlowe, laboriously fitting these sentences together so as to make continuous sense (which sense must also conform to the plot of the book he was inventing), or else he had a method which enabled him in some mechanical way to

find these sentences and put them together. Either fact was of sufficient importance to bring down showers of applications for more light.

Hitherto Dr. Owen had explained his methods to but a few trusted friends and to his co-workers, being satisfied beyond a doubt he would have run a great risk—that of having some other decipherer, using the disclosed method, bring out rival books. So little being generally known, there always has been a "plentiful lack" of faith; of course, most people disbelieve in Dr. Owens.

Since his first visit the writer has devoted much time to cipher methods, has investigated Dr. Owen's method in a number of directions; and, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Owen's results are in some degrees astounding and unconformable with history, there still remains no escape from the above conclusion. Every candid reader, however great his indignation at statements controverting history or preconceived notions of his own, must admit that one of the two above statements is a statement of facts. There is no middle course.

With this in mind, and having explained the result of the first visit to a number of friends who impatiently reviled the whole affair, to others who refrained from doing so from motives of politeness, and to a few who followed Dr. Owen, the writer determined, about two years after his first visit, to make another trip to Dr. Owen's workshop. During these two years Dr. Owen had been constantly under fire; the newspapers gave great prominence to the fact that they did not accept his discoveries. Some frequently expressed their opinion that, though his methods were not capable of being readily explained, they could not be disposed of with a word—yet that his published books seemed in many ways ridiculous. Some few people who were denied access immediately became violently antagonistic.

The first impulse, in almost every case in the writer's experience, has been to disbelieve in Dr. Owen's results so thoroughly as to give their words and manners every appearance of personality. Much in the same way, "rabid and bigoted" Shakespearians answer a Baconian's arguments by calling him a lunatic. It was to be expected that some people would, without enquiry, regard Dr. Owen's whole career with adamant suspicion; but many thoughtful readers will be more fair-minded.

In spite of abuse, and of the fact that merely from a financial

aspect the difficulty of carrying on the work was stupendous, Dr. Owen kept on with it. This task of constantly defending himself while spending many hours at the "workshop," was a tremendous strain, and his health gave out under it. Finally he was obliged to give up work, and to go to Colorado to recruit his health. He was absent from his workshop for several months, and after his return to Detroit did not revisit it or superintend the work oftener than once or twice during several months; but his assistants went on deciphering without consulting him.

This fact is so startling that it deserves further attention. It is, therefore, proper for the writer to say, that he was in a position to know when and how long Dr. Owen was in Colorado. On the writer's third visit to Detroit (December, 1895), he was at once admitted to the workshop, and spent several hours there before Dr. Owen made his appearance. During that time he was permitted to see anything that he asked to see, all questions that he asked were answered freely, and explanations made. He satisfied himself from the testimony of the clerks, and the members of the publishing firm, as well as from the testimony of individuals in Detroit personally known to him (and familiar with Dr. Owen's movements) that for many months Dr. Owen had nothing whatever to do with the deciphering, which was going on in his office, but that this work was actually done by two and sometimes three of his assistants, one of whom had been with him from the beginning, and two others who had been taught later. From all this it follows that Dr. Owen's method is capable of being readily explained to others, and it does not require that they should be familiar, as Dr. Owen is, with Shakespeare's plays or Bacon's acknowledged works.

A part of the work upon which Dr. Owen's assistants were engaged at the time of the writer's last visit, was the deciphering of the translation of the Iliad from the "wheel." The writer has always been, since his university days, familiar with Homer, both in the original and translation, and it required but a few moments to find out that Dr. Owen's assistants were none of them in the least conversant with the Iliad. Upon examining a large pile containing about 2,000 sheets of large foolscap covered with extracts made from the various works above mentioned, the writer became satisfied, much to his surprise, that these notes contained many passages from the Iliad, some obscure

and not to be recognized by any one unfamiliar with the Iliad from beginning to end, unless that person had some guide like a key-word to go by. The writer readily satisfied himself that Dr. Owen's assistants were not capable from their own knowledge of picking out these different quotations or extracts from the Iliad, and in point of fact, it is improbable that there are many people in the world who could take up Bacon's works, and the folio of 1623, and run a pencil around extracts from the Iliad often, or wherever they appear. The knowledge necessary for such a task is obviously far above that of the average reader.

This demonstration is a difficult one to deal with from the standpoint of any one disinclined to accept the existence of such a cipher method, but a change of mind may perhaps come from the consideration of the facts here presented as they appeared to the writer, who endeavoured to conduct the investigation as impartially as possible. In this particular portion of the investigation, there is no question of partiality or impartiality, but merely of facts.

There seems no escape from the conclusion that Dr. Owen has discovered a method of deciphering which, in the case of the translation of the Iliad, at all events, is producing something which can be compared with an accepted work, and which, therefore, will bring the question upon a higher plane. Thus far, the world has been asked to accept as a demonstration of his method, books or "decipherings" which conflict with history, with public prejudices, and which were for most people absolutely beyond possible acceptance. If, however, Dr. Owen is able later, as he expects to be, to make a translation of the Iliad in which as marginal notes he proposes to give the source of every quotation, naming the chapter and page, or the act and scene, he will then have placed in the hands of all readers a demonstration which each may investigate in his own way. It is expected that this work will appear some time during the present year. An example of it (all that the writer could obtain permission to publish) is given in the following translation, and along side of it other translations of a similar portion of the poem * :—

* The references to the lines in the various plays are not given by Mr. Millet. We have traced the following :—

" No sooner had god Phœbus' brightsome beams
Begun to dive within the western seas,
And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
Did take possession of the Grecian youths, *(Greene)*
And all the night in silver sleep they spent. *(Spenser)*
But all so soon as the all cheering sun
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, *(Romeo and Juliet)*
The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise, *(Peele)*
For has not the divine Apollo said: *(Winter's Tale)*
'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast, *(Henry IV.)*
The sails of sendal spread unto the wind, *(Greene)*
I promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.' *(Tempest)*

* * * * *

But Peleus' valiant son, the great Archilles, *(Peele)*
The ornament of great Jove's progeny, *(Spenser)*
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast, *(Marlowe)*
That now no more of arms this warrior would, *(Peele)*
Nor this so noble and so fair assembly
Of noble heroes frequent." *(Shakespeare)*
—(Bacon's translation according to Dr. Owen).

[If the reader will compare this with half a dozen accepted translations, he will find that they all differ very largely in the degree of freedom. The use of the word "frequent" will be found in but one other case, namely, Buckley's translation—which we give.]

" . . That day was held divine,
And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight held the clear,
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn,
And when the lady of the light, the rosy finger'd morn,
Rose from the hills, all frest arose, and to the camp retired,
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,

Line 6.	*Fairy Queen*, vi., Canto ix., Stanza 22.	Line 14—16.	*The Tempest*, v. 1, 314—316.
,, 7—9.	*Rom. Jul.*, i. 1, 139—141.	,, 19.	Part 2. *Tamburlaine*, . 1.
,, 10.	*The Tale of Troy*, p. 554.	,, 28.	*Tale of Troy*.
,, 11.	*Winter's Tale*, v. 1, 37.	,, 21.	*Hen. VIII.* i. 4, 67.
,, 12.	2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1, 18.	,, 22.	*All's Well*, ii. 1, 39.

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did rore.

* * * * *

But Peleus' son, swift-footed Achilles, at his swift ships sate,
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That men make honor'd never trod the fierce embattail'd field."
—(Chapman's translation, 1598).

"But when the sun had set, and darkness came on, then they slept near the hawsers of their ships. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, straightway then they set sail for the spacious camp of the Achæans, and to them far-darting Apollo sent a favourable gale. But they erected the mast and expanded the white sails. . . . But the Jove-sprung son of Pileus, swift-footed Achilles, continued his wrath, setting at his swift ships, nor ever did he frequent the assembly of noble heroes, nor the fight."
—(Literal translation by Theodore Alois Buckley).

In regard to Dr. Owen personally, the writer has entire confidence in his honesty and in his earnestness. Opportunity was taken during his first visit to Detroit in 1893 to meet, unknown to him, a number of his friends and acquaintances, and to ascertain what was his reputation with people not his friends. This was done for the reason that a number of persons in the East, writing for newspapers, had openly asserted that he was a charlatan and an impostor, and it therefore seemed proper that the writer should inform himself. It was found without exception that the highest character of honesty and probity was given to Dr. Owen by all who had had any dealings with him; the only thing said against him was that he was a Baconian, and therefore a "crank."

In closing, the writer would ask the reader to refer once more to the two facts which every investigator will ultimately have to face—namely, either Dr. Owen is inventing these books, making up out of his own head the plans of them, or else he has found a cypher method. If the reader wishes to assume that all that the writer has ascertained is a mistake; that the writer is not, for any reason, capable of investigating and making an impartial and intelligent report, such a reader may be assured that the writer will not quarrel with his conclusion, but will in turn request such a reader to take up the only

remaining conclusion—namely, that *Dr. Owen invented these various books.* A few moments spent on that proposition with two or three of Dr. Owen's decipherings on the table will satisfy the reader that any man who can construct these books by putting together disconnected sentences from the various works named, is indeed a marvel. That he could also teach his assistants to do this would be still more marvellous. That he could teach them, for example, to quickly select in any one of about 800 references to "honor" in the concordance of the Folio of 1623, that particular one which will exactly fit into the sentence then being constructed, would be certainly very extraordinary. The further the reader investigates this proposition the more he will be amazed ; for if it be true, Dr. Owen is to be credited with intellectual powers so remarkable as to amount to genius, and he should be accredited accordingly and judged by the same standard as other geniuses. One critic who had been particularly severe was invited to Detroit by Dr. Owen, with expenses paid, and he was challenged to expose the "fraud." He declined the challenge, not wishing to travel so far with so little confidence ; he should, however, (in fairness) have taken it.

When the writer is asked whether he accepts all Dr. Owen has written, he says unhesitatingly that he does not. He furthermore is of the opinion that it is not necessary that these decipherings should be accurate statements of fact, as it is possible that the decipherings should contain a double meaning, which, when found, would be the main statement of fact. This was the common way. The writer does, however, feel as sure as it is possible for anyone to feel in a matter of this kind, that Dr. Owen has discovered a method which can be taught to his assistants, and which is so mechanical that they, although ignorant of the "Iliad," are enabled to pencil extracts from it the moment they see them in the works above mentioned.

It will be remembered that the "Omnia per Omnia" cipher invented by Francis Bacon, was made up entirely of the use of two letters—"a" and "b." It was a very laborious task to write a long letter by this method, because five letters were used to indicate one letter of the alphabet. Dr. Owen's cipher, depending entirely upon key-words, or concordents and key-words growing out of them, is such a method, as can be readily conceived, Francis Bacon would

naturally have invented as a sequel to the "Omnia per Omnia." It grows out of it. The practicability of this method has been very thoroughly illustrated by the work of several amateurs in Detroit, who, in response to a prize offered by a Detroit newspaper, wrote a series of five stories in which was concealed a sixth, and this sixth story was to be found by the use of Dr. Owen's cipher method. It was required of the successful competitor to write out the sixth story without any assistance, and a number were able to do so, thus demonstrating that without alterating the sense, without changing the construction, or without hampering himself in any way apparent to the reader, the author of these five stories was able to conceal in them a sixth, readily deciphered after the method was known, but entirely different in construction and meaning. In this particular case the sixth, or hidden story, was a poem of some length.

(Signed) J. B. MILLET.

Boston, U.S.A.

NOTE.—In the preceding article the writer has concealed a statement in which he gives his opinion as to the course which Dr. Owen should have followed when he made his first announcement. This statement is enclosed in accordance with the method which Dr. Owen claims to have discovered, and by which he is producing his decipherings as above narrated. It has been impossible to present anything but a very simple and rigid illustration of the method—and imperfect at that. The desire to illustrate only the very foundation of the method has made the task difficult, and the results not altogether satisfactory to the writer. But, in any event, it illustrates how easily this cipher method may be concealed and with what security. The key-words are plainly given and relate (as they should) distinctly to the subject itself and the attitude of the public mind toward it. It is only necessary to find the key-words, copy a word or two which precede, and all that follows in each case, and then fit such fragments together so as to make a continuous statement. The key-words may be omitted or exchanged in making the concealed statement. The solution will be given in the next number of BACONIANA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received many letters on "The Freemason Theory," which seems to have roused interest far beyond our immediate circle. So great is the diversity of opinions expressed, so opposed the assertions, so few the positive facts brought in their support, that for the present our hope of clearing away doubts and difficulties seems as far as ever from realization. Still it is something to have broken a gap into the matter, and we trust that friends at home and abroad will not relax their efforts to glean particulars, and to secure a firm basis upon which conclusions may safely be built. We have often had occasion to say, and now repeat, that the Bacon Society and the Editors of this little magazine have but one object in view—namely, the attainment of truth concerning Francis Bacon and the mysteries which surround him. There is, we hope and truly believe, not one amongst us who works for profit or for fame. On the contrary, we know that if "profit" and "gain," are considered to be convertible terms with *money-making* or lucrative acquisition, neither are to be hoped for in this pursuit. As to praise or credit, we esteem ourselves fortunate if we do not reap contempt or abuse for our reward. But we have learned how to win a losing match, and we have Bacon's word for it that "He that folowes his losses, and giveth soone over at wynnings, will never gayne by playe." The work itself is the only true reward, and "Joy's soul lives in the doing." True and well-substantiated facts are hard to come by, they can only be reached by patient labour and by careful sifting of a mass of evidence, some of which may prove to be irrelevant or intentionally misleading. We are still only "Pioneers in the mine of truth," thankful to catch sight of any grain of the precious metal which may guide us to the discoveries of some new vein, but at the same time we can superintend with satisfaction the pulverising and discarding of our most cherished theories if they cannot stand the crucial tests applied to them. Correspondents must believe this, and not be disheartened by delays and disappointments.

In endeavouring to weigh the evidence for and against the theories as to the Baconian origin of Freemasonry, we have in favour of such theories the following arguments :—

1. Those derived from the repeatedly expressed opinions of Bacon as to the value of Brotherhoods, Societies, and Co-operation, and Division of Labour. We find him reflecting upon the power of numbers, as against single or solitary efforts ; and in connection with such things he advocates the use of secrecy, with its adjuncts of secret signs, symbols, parabolic or

ambiguous language, and secret means of communication by gestures, and by writing or Ciphers.

2. He urges the importance of the Press as a powerful engine for the advancement of knowledge. Printers and publishers are found leagued in secret compact, using (in books of the 16th century as at the present time) secret marks in paper and printing, and apparently combining to suppress the name and fame of Francis Bacon, excepting in so far as concerns his public life. Printers and publishers are found, in England at least, to be nearly all Freemasons—Newspapers, to be especially controlled by Freemasons.

3. In collections of books made or enlarged in the times of Elizabeth and James I., and in important libraries from then until now, signs seem to have been traced of a system of secret control exercised over portions of the Books and MSS. Such controlled portions seeming to concern especially the printed works and MSS. of Bacon, and all else connected with him, engravings, blocks, portraits, medals, personal relics. Reserved or secondary catalogues have been found to exist, which seem to contain guides needful or useful to those engaged in Baconian research. Such collections, unattainable by ordinary means, appear to be open to initiated Freemasons. Certain marks in catalogues, both printed and MS., have proved useful as hints to the Baconian observers. Freemason experts seem to recognise these marks, and to evade interrogation respecting them.

4. Frequent experiments have shown that Freemasons of the lower grades, disconnected with the business of printing or publishing, and not in charge of public collections, profess themselves unaware of any connection between Baconism and Freemasonry, sometimes boldly declaring that no such connection exists. Yet until the present date, January, 1896, it has been found impossible to persuade a Freemason in the higher positions above indicated (controllers of important printing establishments, libraries or similar institutions) to confute or contradict the theories in connection with Francis Bacon, *i.e.*, that he was the practical founder of modern masonry, and that Freemasons control the press in general, and Baconian publications in particular.

5. John Evelyn, Secretary to the Royal Society, in dedicating his '*Acetaria*' to Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of England, and President of the Royal Society, gives as a reason for so doing, that "the idea and plan of the *Royal Society* having been first conceived and delineated by a *great and learned chancellor*, which high office your Lordship deservedly bears . . . it justifies the discernment of that Assembly to pitch upon your Lordship for their President." Presently, Evelyn judiciously leads the mind of the reader away from Bacon, to the idea of Lord Viscount Brouncker as "*a*

chancellor and a very learned lord, the first who honoured the chair" and to "a no less honorable and learned chancellor" (the Rt. Hon. Charles Montague) who "resigns it to your Lordship." But the ingenious Secretary contrives finally to let us know definitely (though *sub rosa*) who was the true founder. Having explained "the glorious ends of its institution," he compares the Royal Society to "the tabernacle in the wilderness, which was *ambulatory for almost forty years*. But *Solomon* built the first temple; and what forbids us to hope that as great a prince may build *Solomon's House*, as that *great chancellor* (one of your Lordship's learned *predecessors* had designed the plan; (here in the margin of the *second edition* are the words '*Verulamii*' and '*Atlantis*') there being nothing in that august and *noble model* impossible, or beyond the *power* of *nature*, and learned industry."

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is hence acknowledged as the originator of the scheme for rebuilding Solomon's House, which, after forty years of obscurity and of moving from place to place, was planted at Burlington House, the members being incorporated into a great national institution "dedicated and set apart" under a royal charter "for the works of nature; delivered from those illusions and impostors that cloud and depress true philosophy . . . a shallow and superficial insight wherein, *as that incomparable person rightly observes*, having made so many atheists a profound and thorough penetration into her recesses (which is the business of the Royal Society) would lead men to the knowledge and admiration of the *glorious author*."

"Cowley" also, in "Verses to the Royal Society," and in "A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy," four times mentions Bacon by name, as the true inaugurator of all the schemes in connection with these (See "*Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley*," 1669, London, H. Herringman. The pagination in this volume is full of "errors" and the numbers of the pages here mentioned are for the sixth time repeated in "Verses Written on Several Occasions;" they are pp. 39, 40, and 46 *twice*).

That the Royal Society truly, though privately, acknowledges Bacon as its founder or first cause, seems further evidenced by the fact that, the sole portrait which adorns the large library, is a copy of the bare-headed "Van Somers" painting at Gorhambury. Bacon, as presiding genius over that mighty institution, gazes calmly and observantly upon the readers; whilst the supposed, or ostensible founder and bestower of a charter upon the Society, Charles II., is remembered only by a bust placed on the staircase.

Readers will remark how frequently in the above notes, the words, "seem," "appear," "supposed," are used. Things are not always what they seem, so having replied to questioners on some points, and having

enumerated a few particulars which *seem* to connect Bacon with *English, modern*, freemasonry, with the press, and with some of our great libraries and scientific institutions, let us turn to the other side of the question.

From the Continent, and from America come very different tales. In France, Germany, and Italy, the word *freemason* seems to be associated with all that is bad. *Freemasonry* is considered to have for its object to overthrow authority and "the powers that be," in every department, whether of Church or State, of kindred or of society in general.

"Freemasons are really wicked men," writes one correspondent. "They profess themselves irreligious; they desire to uproot and overturn all that time and experience have pronounced to be the most honourable and respected . . . Their aim is to give license and liberty to the lower and less educated classes at the expense of the richer and more orderly cultivated." "Freemasonry in France" writes another, "is *abomination*. Many gross evils, and much misery are traceable to the vile machinations of this pernicious sect. Societies are only secret for evil purposes; the good seek the light."

Others, though in milder language, repeat the same ideas and sentiments, expressing surprise that Baconians should even desire to associate the name of the revered Lord Verulam with the principles and actions of a secret society so immoral and malevolent.

To all this (much of which is re-echoed from America) we can only reply that freemasonry abroad must have been, by the wearing action of time, and of many different minds working and wresting it to their own ends, *perverted from its original purposes*. If in those countries it has become an organ for irreligion, the cause will not be found in the excellent schemes, or in the largeminded, tolerant *universal* system of religion, philosophy, and plans for the good of man mapped out and promoted by Bacon. The cause may possibly be discovered in the fact that his marvellously ingenious method of binding men in brotherhoods, of controlling them as parts of a machine, and of propelling immense movements by means almost mechanical, and as it were by the touch of a spring, could be used *for the contraries of good and evil*.

That such a method could be as readily applied to effect evil as to work for good, it is easy to see, and any one who can afford the time to study Abbé Barreul's "Jacobinism" and De Quincey Adams' *Letters on the Masonic Institution*, will probably rise from the perusal impressed with the idea that Bacon's excellent methods *were* so perverted, and employed by Weishaupt and his colleagues to bring on the French Revolution, and to overturn Christianity, Monarchy, Society, and all forms of authority whatsoever. The student will further be able to trace the introduction of these

anarchical principles into America and other countries, and back into the British Islands. He may moreover read, weigh, and consider, in the accounts of the murder of William Morgan by the agency, and by the hands of a number of "highly respectable" Freemasons of advanced degrees (Mark Masons, Royal Arch, &c.), a dark picture (perhaps in these days impossible) of the extremes to which Freemasonry can go in its efforts to keep its (*useless*) secrets. The crime for which William Morgan was practically put through a prolonged martyrdom of nine days, and finally bound hand and foot, taken out by night, and sunk in the Mississippi, was this. He had allowed it to be known that *he (a non-Freemason) was about to publish an account of some Masonic ceremonies, oaths, obligations, and penalties which he had discovered.* The publication of these would doubtless prejudice public opinion against Masonry; but that Morgan should have been *murdered* for such a cause, seems as strange as horrible. "Judges, Sheriffs, Witnesses and Jurors were alike so entangled in the net of Masonry, that justice was prostrated in her own temple by the touch of her invisible hand." Masonic Grand and Petit Juries were summoned by Masonic Sheriffs, eager to sit upon the trials, perverting truth and justice when admitted on the array, and finally screening from conviction all who were concerned, and known to be implicated in the murder.

Inconceivable as we hold such doings to be in the present day, we nevertheless learn from these authentic records some things worthy of attention by those who would fathom the relations supposed to exist between the Press and Freemasonry, and between both of these and the method of Francis Bacon.

The odium which attached to Freemasonry on account of Morgan's murder, and the disclosures which ensued, for a time caused the almost total suppression or disappearance of the Brotherhood in America. The snake, however, was but scotched, not killed. In later years it revived, and again flourishes extensively in the States and other parts of the Western Continent. All the ordinary Masonic charges, ceremonies, oaths, obligations, and penalties, are now published, and non-Freemasons may know nearly as much about them as the brethren themselves. In these things there is nothing very interesting, nothing to incite desire for further information excepting in one or two particulars. But we must needs reflect that *if it were possible that, in order to suppress truth, and to conceal almost valueless secrets*, Freemasons of respectability and position should band themselves together to murder a man, and afterwards to prevent the conviction of the murderers—*it is quite possible* that in the present day the same oaths and obligations which brought about these crimes, should be the means of similarly *repressing the publication of truths far more valuable and important*,

secrets which in the first instance affected the lives and safety of Bacon and his friends, secrets upon which depended the whole fabric of the House of Wisdom, the very existence and development of all efforts for the advancement of learning, and the "*Great Restauration.*"

True, that at the present day there is no fear of our being, "Like the Bees" who would gather honey, "murdered for our pains," but our efforts may be crippled, our hands tied, our books suppressed, and practically smothered or murdered, by the very same agency, and perhaps under similar obligations to those which impelled the assassins of the unfortunate William Morgan to a series of dastardly crimes.

Our knowledge of these things advances, but it is still very imperfect. *Even contradiction is welcome*, and helps us to discern truth from error. We can therefore only conclude as before, with an appeal to those who know, or who think that they know, to come forward and help us with their superior knowledge.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Dr. George Cantor, Professor in Ordinary of Mathematics to the Universities of Halle ad Saale and Wittenberg, has promised to contribute to the July number of BACONIANA, a paper containing historical facts, hitherto concealed, which will in the simplest and most conclusive manner reveal the truths concerning Francis Bacon which for so many years we have so intensely striven to reach.

Dr. Cantor will at the same time correct many errors and theories which have grown up around our great subject. We hail with the utmost satisfaction this promise of substantial help, with the prospect which it holds out of a speedy solution of many doubts and difficulties. Dr. Cantor's letter seems to come as a response to the appeal with which our previous notes conclude.

Baconians are earnestly requested to draw the attention of friends to this important notice.

Meetings will shortly be arranged, in order to read and consider the first epistle forwarded by Dr. Cantor, and to concert plans for ensuring that the matter communicated in this document shall be published beyond the circle of the Bacon Society.

BACONIANA.

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NOTE.

FOR permission to print the following highly interesting "Elegy," the Bacon Society, and all other men of letters, are indebted to the kindness of Dr. Georg. Cantor, of the Universities of Halle and Wittenberg.

The importance which is ascribed to this document (the first of a series to be presently published) may be judged from the fact that the first two copies sent to England were addressed, the one to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the other to Cardinal Vaughan, these being "the two highest spiritual dignitaries in England." The cause for this selection may be divined from the Elegy, or, if not, it may be found touched upon in the ensuing paper.

Dr. Cantor caused to be printed a pamphlet (to be had of Tausch und Grosse in Halle a. d. S.) containing (1) a short introduction; (2) the Latin Elegy; (3) a translation of the same; (4) a reprint of Dr. Rawley's "Short Life of Francis Bacon." This last we do not reproduce, because it is already so well known, being printed in Spedding's Standard Edition of Bacon's works.

It is considered desirable to publish the address delivered before a small Baconian circle on the occasion of the first reading of the Elegy, April 23rd, 1896.

The following paper is by no means intended to be taken as dogmatic or conclusive, but merely as suggestive, and in order to encourage further research. At present nothing is known to us concerning the history of the Elegy beyond that with which we are furnished by Dr. Cantor's "Introduction." We are, however, encouraged to hope that, before long, the "pedigree" of this paper, which is so anxiously enquired for, will be laid before the public. Meanwhile, as may be seen by the footnote on page 129, some errors have already been corrected. Better information, and a more satisfactory translation than the somewhat free version with which this paper concludes, are much to be desired; for a stereoscopic view is of great assistance in considering enigmatical questions.

Classical students who can contribute to the common stock of learning, or who are willing to aid in the elimination of errors, will by so doing confer a boon upon our Society, and indeed upon literature in general.

RESURRECTIO DIVI QUIRINI FRANCISCI BACONI

Baronis de Verulam Vicecomitis Sancti Albani.

INTRODUCTION.

For many years I have in the hours of leisure granted me, given much study to the Life and Works of Francis Bacon, who in my eyes is one of the greatest geniuses of Christianity. By this I have become persuaded, that the opinion so ridiculed by most scholars, of Francis Bacon being the writer of the Shakespearian Dramas, is founded on truth; the means however, by which different persons have endeavoured to prove the fact, though sometimes good, have often been objectionable.

The proofs, I believe I have found, are purely historical, and I propose gradually to publish all the material in question I have at command.

After an edition of his "Confessio fidei" newly printed* I proceed by editing a Latin document, which appears to have been forgotten,—together with its translation into English. It is an elegiacal poem of forty distichs and bears the inscription "In Obitum Incomparabilis Francisci de Verulamio." The author was a young friend of Ben Jonson and the piece has appeared, as I shall prove, in the Collection of Lord Bacon's posthumous works left by his Chaplain Dr. William Rawley. Therein Francis Bacon is designated not only as the Creator of the Elisabethan Period, but indeed is addressed as Shakespeare; for "Quirinus" (found in the seventeenth distich) denotes clearly in English "Spear-Swinger" or "Shaker."

The short "Life of Francis Bacon" by the same Dr. Rawley has ever appeared to me as the most authentic, weighty and significant of all biographies, that ever have been ventured upon this unparalleled man. This therefore I add.

Dr. phil. George Cantor, *Mathematicus.*

University of Halle-Wittenberg, April 9, 1896.

* Max, Niemeyer, Halis Saxonum.

IN OBITUM
INCOMPARABILIS FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO.

1. Dum moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros
   Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :
2. Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
   Credimus et Samium desipuisse senem.
3. Scilicet hic miseris felix nequit esse Camenis
   Nec se quam Musas plus amat iste suas.
4. At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit.
   Ad caelum invitos traxit in astra pedes.
5. Ergone Phoebeias iacuisse putabimus artes ?
   Atque herbas Clarii nil valuisse Dei ?
6. Phoebus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
   Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :
7. At Phoebum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camenis)
   Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
8. Hinc dolor est; quod cum Phoebo Verulamius Heros
   Maior erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
9. Vos tamen, o tantum manes atque umbra, Camenae
   Et paene inferni pallida turba Jovis,
10. Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
    (Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem) :
11. Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
    Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :
12. Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
    Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.
13. En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco Camenas
    Et lacrimas, Helicon vix satis unus erit ;
14. Deucalioneis et qui non mersus in undis
    Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
15. Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
    Multa Pierias nutriit arte Deas.
16. Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
    Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo ;
17. Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini
    Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
18. Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,
    Diminuent huius saecula nulla decus.
19. Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris aestus
    Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum,

20. Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
Dispulit et nubes alter Apollo tuas.
21. Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit;
22. Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.
23. Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in aevo
Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet;
24. Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phoebus,
Hic velut in media fulget Apollo die:
25. Hi veluti Tiphys tentarunt aequora primum,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
26. Pleiadas hic Hyadasque atque omnia sidera noscens,
Syrtes, atque tuos, improba Scylla, canes;
27. Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat aequore navem,
Certius et cursum nautica monstrat acus.
28. Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas;
Mortales illi, gignit at iste Deas.
29. Palmam ideo reliquis Magna Instauratio libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
30. Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
31. Sic Phoenix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Aesonis et rediit prima iuventa senis.
32. Instaurata suos et sic Verulamia muros
Iactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.
33. Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat?
34. Dum sic naturae leges arcanaque Regum,
Tanquam a secretis esset utrisque, canat;
35. Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos,
Connubio stabili iunxit utramque Rosam.
36. Atqui haec sunt nostris longe maiora Camenis,
Non haec infelix Granta, sed Aula sciat:
37. Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis
Ius habet in laudes (maxime Alumne) tuas.
38. Ius habet, ut maestos lacrimis extingueret ignes,
Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.
39. At nostrae tibi nulla ferant encomia Musae,
Ipse canis, laudes et canis inde tuas,

40. Nos tamen et laudes, qua possumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

TRANSLATION OF THE POEM.

By Eva Pittard.

1. Whilst in death the Hero of Verulam maketh our Muses such lament, moist'ning their eyes:
2. Believe must we alas, none after his fate may be happy; believe must we too, the old sage one of Samos was unwise.
3. He we lament, cannot be happy whilst the Camoenae mourn; for he loveth himself far less than his Muses.
4. But imperious Clotho constraining, the reluctant soul did force drawing the unwilling feet upward to the stars.
5. Must we then believe Phoebus' Art was impotent, and the herbs of Claros' God have lost their virtue?
6. Phoebus was potent as ever, his herbs fell not short in their virtue. Doubt darst thou not, he hath ever his art and they their power.
7. But Phoebus fearing him King over Camoenes withheld from his rival, believe thou, the hand of his healing.
8. Hence is the pain; while Verulam's Hero in all arts greater was, yet in this was he less.
9. Ye Oh ye Camoenes, but sorrowful phantoms, ye servers so pallid of Jovis Infernus.
10. If ye breathe still and be not a jest of my eyesight, though credit we scarce could outlive him ye faithful,
11. Should some Orpheus have called tho' ye back from the dead, and be that image no delusion of vision,
12. Learn now to chant lamentations, sad tears flowing innumerous fast from your eyes.
13. Flow they abundant? Then by their tears know them Muses in truth; Helicon's self would be drowned in their flood.
14. In Deucalion's waves when they yawned, Parnassus sank not oh wonder, yet vanish he now must in this flood of their tears.
15. Life have ye Deae Pieriae from him whom we mourn, the departed, who nourished ye richly with art.
16. Seeing the Pegasus arts fast holding no roots, withered like seed cast over the surface;

17. He taught them to grow, as the shaft of Quirinus* once grew to a bay-tree.
18. For his teaching the Helicon Muses their growth, unending aeons can ne'er lessen his glory.
19. No longer this great heart could bear Oh Minerva, with its fire the contempt of thy wisdom.
20. His divine pen restore Thee, Thou injured, thy honours of yore dispelling thy clouds like another Apollo.
21. Dispelling too that darkness borne dumbly by blear eyed dark ages, generations so dismal of old.
22. Finding the new ways with this godlike acumen, seized he the clue of Gnossos, giving for this one his own.
23. But too plainly the crowd of the sages of old, such translucent clear eyes have possessed not.
24. Those were as Phoebus fresh rising from morning horizon, he shone like Apollo at midday.
25. Those like Tiphys proved for the first time the ocean, their ship scarce leaving the shore ;
26. He knew the Pleïades, Hyades and all stars, knew too Syrtes and thy dogs terrible Scylla.
27. He knowing too what must be shunned and on what current to steer, him more safely doth guide the mariner's arrow.
28. Child's work of Muses bore they—he though perfection ; theirs was but mortal—his though divine.
29. "Magna Instauratio" took the palm o'er all, and then turned from him shamed the dreary sophisti.
30. In new vestment arrayed shineth Pallas, rising fresh freed from her armour of scales.
31. So too Phoenix new risen, looketh back on his dead sire the embers, thus returneth to Aeson the vigour of youth.
32. Verulam reborn gaineth new pride in her walls, and hopeth from him a return of past glory.
33. What effulgence is this more than mortal lighting his eyes, in singing of mysteries Royal.
34. Whilst he sings too of Nature's commands and the secrets of Kings, councillor trusted of both ;
35. Chanting too Henry the King-Priest, the Binder in bands indissoluble once and for ever the Roses.
36. This song of our praise is we fear us, too great for our Muses, this thou not Oh Granta Infelix shall learn, but Halls of the Palace.

* Spear-Swinger or -Shaker = Shakespeare.

37. Granta did give mother-breasts to these lips, then right hath she Thou Greatest to sing of thy praise.
38. Right hath she to quench the death-fires with tears and "e medio rogo" to plunder at will.
39. Our poor Muses however shall bring no weak encomiums, thyself art a singer chanting fulltoned thy praise.
40. With such art we have, still will we laud thee, if that too should fail us, let our pain be thy laud.

ELEGY "TO THE INCOMPARABLE FRANCIS OF VERULAM."

(*A paper read to a private meeting of Members of the Bacon Society, as a preface to the first of a series of Baconian MSS. hitherto unpublished, now being edited by Dr. George Cantor.*)

I HAVE hesitated whether first to read the paper which is the subject of our consideration to-day, or whether to preface it with some notes by way of argument and explanation; and I decide upon the latter plan, because, although some present need no such elucidations, and know nearly all that I have to say, there are others to whom these things are comparatively new and difficult. I therefore ask the patience of those who are too well informed to require preliminary observations, and trust that at the close they will offer suggestions and corrections.

First a few words as to the history of this curious and important document. It is briefly this: The original MS., which is a Latin Elegy "*to the Incomparable Francis of Verulam*," formed part of a collection of papers bequeathed to, and left behind by Dr. William Rawley, Bacon's private secretary and chaplain. Some of these precious papers were printed, and notably the short "Life" which is to be seen at the beginning of Bacon's scientific works, edited by James Spedding. That memoir was drawn up by Dr. Rawley, in 1657, thirty-one years after his master's death. "It is," says his able biographer, "next to Bacon's own writings, the most authentic evidence concerning him that we possess; for Rawley's connection with his master began early, and did not cease with his life. After Bacon's death, Rawley, who

had acted constantly as his literary secretary, was entrusted by the executors with the care and publication of his papers."

Truly it may be said, that the secretary held the key of all his master's secrets, and from the points in the "Life" which we find accentuated, and the points upon which there is silence, we are assured that the memoir could only be the work of one who knew as well what to reveal as what to suppress. Anything coming from such a source is worthy of the highest consideration.

Dr. George Cantor,* the happy possessor of the collection of MSS., of which the present Elegy is one, has obtained possession of the collection, and being fortunately no member of any secret society he is enabled to publish these documents, which have not been allowed to see the light for the last 270 years. Such a record of Francis Bacon as the one great poet of an age, could not have been published at a time when it was the sworn duty of his "Invisible Brotherhood" to aid in keeping him under a veil, "a concealed poet," as he called himself in a letter to Sir John Davies.

I am not sure how we should name that "Invisible Brotherhood." In Germany they seem to be called "Baconians," but in this country I find them to correspond to our highest grades of literary Freemasons, or perhaps *Rosicrucians*, or religious or Church Freemasons. At any rate, if Freemasons, they are quite superior to the present degree of the Royal Arch, the Porch of that Solomon's House which "Our Francis" was in process of erecting.

The whole drift of these elegiac verses is, as you will see, to enforce the pre-eminence of Francis of Verulam in two particulars:—(1) as a poet, like Orpheus reducing the world to harmony; healing its miseries and curing its diseases of the mind like Apollo. (2) as a theologian, uniting the severed bands of Roses, that is of the Reformed and Roman sections of the Christian Church;† mingling earth and heaven, or singing equally of the mysteries of divinity and the secrets of nature.

Now with regard to these two points, we should remember that Francis Bacon himself similarly connects Poesy with Divinity.

* Dr. G. Cantor has been for 27 years the appointed Professor of Mathematics, and doctor of Philosophy in the twin Universities of Halle a.d. Saale and Wittenberg. † See forward footnote to page 129.

There is in the *De Augmentis*, a break between the chapters, but not between the subjects. In the end of the eighth book he says :—

"Thus have I intended to employ myself *in tuning the harp of the muses, and reducing it to a perfect harmony*, that hereafter the strings may be touched by a better hand or a better quill. . . . Now let us come to that learning which the two former periods (*of Greece and Rome*) have not been so blessed to know, namely, *Sacred and Inspired Divinity*, the most noble Sabbath and port of all men's labours and peregrinations."*

He says again : "Poesy feigns acts and events *according to revealed providence*. . . . Poesy serveth and conferreth with magnanimity, morality, and to delectation, and *therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness*, because it doth raise and erect the mind, submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind."†

"Minding true things by what their mockeries be."‡

Bacon also defines Poesy as "Feigned History, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse," and assuredly although this definition has been held to apply chiefly to poetry and to the plays, it will be found equally applicable to the "*Feigned Histories*" which still pass for biographies or "Lives" of various authors, but which truly are records in shadow of the secret life of Francis Bacon.

"The use of this Feigned History hath been to give some satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it," and if indeed it were requisite or politic that our poet should be concealed, the nature of things demanded that, though concealed, he should not be forgotten. Feigned Histories admirably fulfil both these conditions.

Bacon divides poetry into narrative, representative, and allusive, and adds that as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments, at all times retaining "much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor examples so fit." But a further and contrary use of Parabolic Poetry is "to *retire and obscure*" knowledge which has to be secretly delivered, and it is with this that we are at present chiefly concerned.

* Spedding, Works, v. 109, 110. See iii. 344. † Works, iii. 344.
‡ *Hen. V.* iv., Chorus.

Let it be realised, once for all, that Bacon's method of delivering knowledge is *two-fold, ambiguous*. He was "a double-meaning prophesier," and had mastered the principle of so delivering knowledge that it should *reveal*, and at the same time *conceal*. When once this fact comes to be clearly understood, many impediments in the way of Baconian advancement will be removed. But those who approach these studies in a rigid scientific spirit, taking everything *au pied de la lettre*, insisting upon verbal and grammatical accuracy of interpretation, attempting logical arguments and scientific explanations with regard to quibbles or far-fetched allusions, may give up the chase. This mercurial spirit, this Proteus, *the poet who leads off by advocating the use of ambiguities, feigned chronicles, feigned lives, feigned histories, of hieroglyphics, fables and parables, and that it is as much a part of learning to be able to conceal as to reveal*—such an author as this will not be best or most easily understood by the most accurate and scientific student. Something else is needed, "*a nimbleness of mind to perceive analogies*," and the sense of humour which "*could not pass by a jest.*"

The Elegy which we are about to study is written from beginning to end in the metaphorical, allegorical, ambiguous and quibbling language which Francis Bacon commended, and found so useful. It bristles with classical allusions, chiefly to Ovid's Metamorphoses, but also to Virgil, and without some slight knowledge of this kind it would be incomprehensible. The first point which must strike the most casual reader is the mention of the MUSES as chief mourners at the death of Francis of Verulam. We might have expected to find learning or philosophy taking precedence of poetry; but not so. Pallas appears as subordinate to the Muses, and to Apollo, to whom Francis Bacon is compared.

The grief of the Muses is so profound, their tears are so abundant that they threaten to swamp the Helicon itself. Deucalion's flood would have drowned the world, but it could not surmount the hill of the Muses,* so poetry escaped the general destruction.

Some lines in the Elegy seem to echo the saying put into the mouth of "Ben Jonson," (and by him impartially applied both to Bacon

* A fable which Bacon in the *Wisdom of the Ancients* connects with the "Renewal and Restoration of Things" as the Phœnix rises out of her own ashes.

and *Shakespeare*), to the effect that no works of the Ancients could compare with those of our incomparable poet. Ben Johson says :—

"*It is he who hath filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his time, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall ; wits grow downward and eloquence grows backward ; *so that he may be named*" (note *he*, not *they*, may be named) "and stand as the mark and acmé of our language."

This is in substance the same as in lines two and three of the Elegy. The Muses lament that *after his death* none of them can be happy. They and the would-be poets are told in depressing terms that they must "learn now to chant lamentations," though they, the Camænæ or Muses, are now "but sorrowful phantoms, pale servers of Jovis Infernus." Their songs may suit the lower regions, but are unworthy to be chanted in more elevated spheres.

Is it true, asks the Elegist, that the curative herbs of Apollo, the God of healing, those herbs which grew upon his hill Claros, could have lost their power of healing the diseases of the mind ? Surely not ; Phœbus Apollo, God of light and knowledge, was potent as ever, his herbs fell not short in their virtue. The great one of Verulam, greatest in all arts, was no less in this art of healing. Now whoever may be found to have penned this Elegy, it will at once be perceived how in all points it accords with the thoughts, fancies, and utterances of Francis Bacon himself. There is, he says, no disease of the soul but ignorance ; not ignorance of the arts and sciences only, but of the soul itself; and when he speaks of medicine for the body, he immediately adds that he will "resume what he has said, ascending a little higher," and proceeds to apply the principles of cures for the body to the cure of the soul. Man's body, he says, "is of all substances the most extremely compounded,"*

"This foolish, compounded clay, man,"†

as Falstaff calls it. But "this variable composition of man's body hath made it "an instrument easy to distemper, and therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo, because the

* *Advt. L.* ii. Spedding, Works, p. 370, 371. † 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2.

office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body and to reduce it to harmony." Elsewhere all that is said of remedies for the diseases of the body, is applied to the cure of the soul. So in the plays, not only generally, but in every detail, Bacon is found associating ignorance, a deficiency of the mind, with blindness, a deficiency of the body; want of will to understand, to deafness; want of power to utter or express, to dumbness; lame and halting verses to lame and crippled progress; lethargy of body to lethargy of mind; corporal sleep or death to spiritual. The cures for these diseases or defects are similarly metaphorical, and all in the end traceable to Apollo, Phœbus, the light-giver, the fountain of wisdom and healing.

The classical allusions, as has been said, nearly all find expression and interpretation in Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," that book which so enchanted the boy poet that at eight years old he would steal away from his playmates to read it. Here we are told the story of the Pierides alluded to in line 15 of the Elegy. Nine Thespian maidens so incensed Minerva by setting themselves up as Muses or poetesses, that she turned these foolish maidens into nine magpies, who, no longer able to cheat the world with their false harmonies, flew off chattering to the woods :—

> "The same their eloquence as maids or birds,
> Now only noise, and nothing then but words."

Ovid is not complimentary to these ladies, but nothing could better illustrate Bacon's fixed idea that the writings which before his day passed for wit and wisdom, were "Words, words, mere words"—*chatter*—and the versifiers "poor poet-apes." According to our Elegy, he took these weak minor poets in hand and "nourished them richly in Art," teaching them how to beautify their own verses. That this was his custom we have abundant evidence, though at this time I cannot stop to produce it.

The Pierian Spring, which belonged to the Muses, had been discovered by Pegasus, the Winged Horse of Poetry—

> "Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow
> Which broke the surface where the waters flow."

Ovid explains that, nourished by the sacred waters of poetry, the groves, bowers, and smiling plains became lovely with flowers, blooming into

sweetness and beauty. The "Pegasus Arts," then (somewhat obscurely alluded to in line 16), refer to the arts of poetry adorned with all the flowers of speech and learning which Francis Bacon was, as he says, "pricking" or embroidering into the speech, not of England alone, but of the world in general :—

"I taught you language,"

says Prospero, and the saying is true of the greatest of poets, though hitherto his reward has been that given by Calibau.

The key-note, then, of the whole Elegy, and which is returned to at every pause, is this : *No other poet could be compared to Francis of Verulam. Not alone the greatest, he was the only great poet of his age. He taught others ; he taught the Muses themselves.* There is no doubt that they required teaching, and that they were incomplete before his time; for Ben Jonson's famous saying has always been held good that it was he, Francis of Verulam, "*who filled up all numbers*"—showing plainly that they were not filled up by previous writers. Some numbers were missing which he supplied. When we come to analyse the multitudinous forms of poetry of which he seems to have been the author, we find it to be no flower of speech but a literal fact, that he filled up all numbers, and left nothing to be desired.

A very mixed metaphor in line 16 describes Pegasus as bound by no roots but scattering seeds as, apparently, he flies through the air. This reminds us of a medal struck in Bacon's honour, where we see on the reverse, Aurora, Goddess of the Morning and type of the Renaissance (Bacon's "*New Birth*," or Revival of Learning) with the motto *Non procul Diem*. As Aurora passes over the earth the clouds part, and the sun is seen rising behind her. In many pictures Aurora heralds the day by scattering flowers, as, in the Elegy, Pegasus stays for their rooting. There are "seeds and weak beginnings which time shall bring to ripeness." But they could not so much as grow of themselves, *the poet taught them.* Lest any doubt should remain as to the kind of poetry which he had composed—"*teaching the Helicon Muses their growth*"—a pun or quibbling allusion is introduced which needs a little explanation to those unfamiliar with the Metamorphoses. Line 17 of the Elegy runs thus :—

"He taught them to grow as the shaft of Quirinus once grew to a bay tree."

Now Quirinus was Romulus, the first inaugurator of arts and sciences in Rome. Romulus was nick-named Quirinus because he cast or threw a spear into the Quirinal, and the etymological meaning of the word Quirinus is, according to German classical philologists, *the Spear-shaker—Shake-speare.* The word Quirinus might, I am told, be rendered "the spearish," "speary," "he of the spear," "the spear-swinger," "spear-caster," but the point of all is the spear, not the swing, the cast, or the shake.

Some critics, I find, are dissatisfied with the quibbling of this incidental allusion to the Spear-shaker, thinking that it could only be accepted as an allusion to Shake-speare if the Elegist had stated as much in plain terms—if, in fact, he had told us in so many words that Bacon wrote Shake-speare. But this method, though simple, would not be Baconian, nor according to *the Method of Delivery both for instruction and concealment* which the concealed poet-philosopher himself recommends as most useful in rude or dangerous times. Not once, but repeatedly, he enforces in various ways the dictum of Polonius that "we must by indirections find directions out." Our ingenious cryptographers are acting upon this hint, and all information about *the private life and secret work* of Francis Bacon seems to be conveyed in a similar manner.

Read in the admirable preface to his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, what Bacon says on this point: "Parables, similes, comparisons serve," he says, "as well to instruct or illustrate as to wrap and envelope. Even in modern times, if any man will let new light in on the understanding and conquer prejudice without raising opposition or disturbance, he must still go on in the same path, and have recourse to the like method of allegory, metaphor, and allusion."

The way in which "the old one of Samos" is dragged in head and shoulders, and without explanation in line 2 seems to be another hint as to the secresy, the mystery, and the mutual understanding supposed to exist between the writer of the Elegy and his initiated readers. For who was the "old one" or "the old sage of Samos?" and in what respect was he unwise? Why should the death of Francis of Verulam reflect at all upon him? The old man of Samos was Pythagoras, who we read, "appears as the revealer of a mode of life calculated to raise his disciples above the level of mankind, and to

recommend them to the favour of the gods. Having settled at Crotona in Italy, he formed a select brotherhood or club of three hundred, bound by a sort of vow to Pythagoras and each other, for the purpose of cultivating the religious and ascetic observances enjoined by their master, and of studying his religious and philosophical theories. It appears that they had some secret conventional symbols by which members of the fraternity could recognise each other, and they were bound to secresy." *

Here we see an unexpected confirmation of a theory current with some of us, that Francis Bacon was the true founder of modern Freemasonry. † There is no book containing any detailed account of this brotherhood from "Preston's Illustrations of Masonry" (which seems to be *the first* of such works) without some direct allusions to the similar methods of Pythagoras and the Masonic Brethren. How both were indebted to the learning, mysticism, and symbols of Egypt for their ceremonials, occult language, emblems, and cabalistic signs; both held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, with which the Baconian brotherhood represented the transmitting of Francis Bacon's writings to others who should assimilate them, take them for their own, and so "hand down the lamp of tradition," or cause the soul of the departed poet to pass into some totally different personality—"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird." ‡

But Pythagoras, we are also told both by the historian§ and by the Freemason writers, "paid great attention to arithmetic and its application to weights, measures, and the theory of music," particulars referred to in a distinctly "feigned history," professed to have been copied by the antiquary John Leyland from a document of the time of Henry VI. In this (*as we insist*) fictitious or "feigned" account of the Mystery of Masonry, Pythagoras is introduced as usual under a quibbling name. The original seat of Freemasonry, and the name of the town where it first appeared (or was *to be supposed* to have appeared) in Greece, are also imparted in quibbling terms which have to be elucidated by foot notes in editions of Preston's "Illustrations of Masonry" intended for the initiated Freemason. For instance, it is

* Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. † See "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society," chap. 9, 1892. Sampson Lowe and Co., London; Schulte, Chicago; and BACONIANA. ‡ *Tw. N.* iv. 2. § Smith's Dictionary.

inquired, "How did Masonry begin?" And the answer is returned that it began in the East, coming Westly; a hint, as has been said before, that from the ancient Eastern philosophers came the general principles and mysteries of Masonry. But next, "Who did bring it Westly?" and the reply is "The *Venetians*, who, being great merchants, came first from the East in Venetia," &c. A foot-note here kindly explains that "in the times of monkish ignorance it is no wonder that the *Phœnicians* should be mistaken for the Venetians." So *Venetians* were to stand for Phœnicians—men of the Phœnix. We cannot forget how many of the plays were founded on Italian or *Venetian* tales; for how many years Anthony Bacon lived there, corresponding with his "deere brother Francis," and probably supplying him with suggestions and plots of plays from the *novelle* which were, we know, supposed to be the sources of many of the Elizabethan dramas.

The interrogator next asks, "How did Masonry come into England?" and is told that Peter Gower, a Grecian, brought it from Egypt and Syria, and that whereas the Venetians had planted Masonry in every land, he gained entrance to all the lodges, and returning to Greece, he framed a great lodge at Groton, whence he journeyed into France, and in process of time the art passed into England. To all this information the whisperer at the foot of the page adds much suggestive information.* As *Venetia* is a "mistake" for *Phœnicia*, so *Peter Gower* is another mistake for *Pythagoras*, a mistake easily comprehended by considering the French pronunciation of the name "*Petagore*." The editor "could scarce forbeare smiling to find that philosopher had undergone a metempsychosis he never dreamt of," he is (like all proper Freemasons), compassionate for the ignorance and simplicity of this "unlearned clerk." As to Groton, it is explained to be another of these curious "mistakes" for *Crotona*, but as the information is appended that "Groton is the name of a place in England," we are led to think that here is quibbling allusion to something beyond

* See "*Howell's Familiar Letters.*" As the present writer believes *a feigned correspondence* chiefly by Anthony and Francis Bacon, in which "Venetian-glass Houses," or places for the manufacture of "*crystal glass*" (*i.e.*, for the production of true, pure, poetical literature, and for the revival of learning), are repeatedly shown to be connected with "Capt. FRANCIS BACON" in London, and with Lambeth, Broad-street, Gray's Inn, and VENICE.

our ken, perhaps (see how rash one becomes when bad puns are in question), to Francis Bacon's "full poor *cell*" his *grot*.

Perhaps Ben Jonson's saying that Lord Verulam's language was noble *when he could pass by a jest*, was intended, *sub rosa*, to draw the reader's attention to the ambiguities of speech, the thousands of allusions and double-ententes which are to be found in Baconian writings. These may appear at first sight puerile, and beneath contempt, but I truly assure you that in the strange paths which I have travelled alone such quibbling indirections have often furnished me with directions how to proceed, and find the way out of a labyrinth. To give a few instances from books not "Bacon" or "Shakespeare" of these "ambiguous givings out." In "Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*" is this strange heading to a paragraph—

"De Shakespeare Nostrat:—Augustus in Hat."

The paragraph declares Shakespeare to have had "an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: '*Sufflaminandus erat*,' as Augustus said of Haterius." Now I confess that having found Augustus taken as a pattern or model by Francis Bacon, and in some cases seemingly as his type, those words at the beginning of Ben Jonson's paragraph convey to my mind a hint that the observations quoted above apply to "Our Shakespeare:—the August personage in the Hat," as we see him represented in his monumental statue, and in three out of four of his most ordinary portraits.

Then there seems to be another quibble in the title of the Latin Book of Ciphers, "*Gustavi Seleni Cryptographiæ*," which some suppose written by a man named Gustavus Selenus. But no such person is known, and it appears that the title declares the book to have been written by the "August Man-of-the-Moon," or Moon's-man; a man, that is, of concealment or mystery. Shakespeare readers will call to mind how Falstaff and Prince Hal similarly describe themselves—"Diana's Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon . . . Moon's-men."* If we go a little deeper into these things, we find that the Moon or Crescent was emblem, not of Diana only, but also of

* 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2.

Minerva, and that both Diana and Minerva were originally names for the same *Spirit of God* who, in the Mysteries of Egypt, Arabia, India, Judea, and Greece, was symbolised by the Moon in her Crescent. So, from the Moon's-man we get back to Minerva, and learn elsewhere in yet another quibble that she was called Pallas, because she *vibrates a javelin*, or, in plain words, *shakes a spear*. "These things" as Bacon would say, "are but toys," yet they are suggestive and useful toys.

The Elegy tells us that when the poet's "great heart could no longer endure its fiery contempt of Minerva's wisdom," that is of the learning which he found prevailing, he restored her injured but divine honours, and dispelled, like another Apollo, the clouds of darkness, mutely endured by ages of purblind sages. With God-like perception he discovered new paths to learning, seizing the clue offered by Gnossos (knowledge) and exchanging it for one of his own. The "clue" we need hardly say, was Bacon's own method, for, as he says in the *Preface to the Great Instauration*, "Our steps must be guided (through the wood of errors) by a clue, and the whole way made out on a sure plan."

Further, he persuaded Pallas to discard "*her armour of scales*,"* the hard, crusty learning of which he complained as "Words, words, mere words, nothing from the heart," "words, not matter," "Aristotle's cheeks" to learning, against which he perpetually remonstrated. Pallas is now seen approaching, having doffed her harsh exterior, and arrayed in new vestments, the beautiful garments and rich embroideries of his own perfect language. Philosophy, morality, science, dry facts, are all in future to be instilled, not by violence and self-assertion, but in a sweet and attractive form, "a method as wholesome as sweet;" Hamlet says, for "persuasion enters as the sunbeam," and "babes must be taught by gentle means and easy tasks," not whipped and worried into a wordy learning, which when acquired was, as Bacon found, "barren of fruits for the use of man."

In lines 25—28 are allusions to Bacon's "Arts of Navigation." He had, he said, sailed round all the coasts and provinces of learning, and the "*New Atlantis*" describes the discovery of a journey across the ocean to the Island of Atlantis, or as Heyden calls it the Land of the Rosicrucians. The frontispieces of some copies of Bacon's works,

* See the note to line 30, and at the end of the Elegy and its translation.

show his ships and argosies of learning returning full sail through the Pillars of Hercules, those "Hercules Pillars *non ultra*" which he notes in the *Promus*, and elsewhere describes as having been erected by the schoolmen to fix the utmost boundaries of knowledge, but which were no such to him.

The poet is compared in line 25 to Jason, steersman of the Argo, the first sailor who proudly ventured with his ship across the ocean. Other mariners, as Tiphys, had feared to launch out into the deep, and they had ventured but a little way from the shore. This greater navigator was, however, like Tiphys, a star-gazer, and knew the points of the compass. The Latin lines say that he knew Pleiades (the bright ones, tokens of halcyon days) and the Hyades (giving warning of wind and rain). He knew too the Syrtes, those dangerous gulfs with their hidden rocks, shoals and quicksands, and he taught his pilots what to shun and where to steer. For want of such knowledge many a good ship of learning had been wrecked and foundered.

Such figures of speech to express acquaintance with the signs of the times are amongst the most common with Bacon, both in prose and poetry. Neglect of the "land marks" which are to direct the mind, and to train it into a proper method and "course" of education, seems, he says, to be "that hidden rock whereupon this, and so many other barks of knowledge have struck and foundered."* A figure in *Hen. VIII.* recalls the words:—

"Lo where comes that rock that I advise your shunning."†

Shakespeare lovers will call to mind many similar places.

But the poet, the Elegy tells us, "knew too thy dogs, O terrible Scylla," another Ovidian reminiscence which is utilised in the *Wisdom of the Ancients* with regard to keeping the mean. "In matters of the understanding, it requires great skill and a particular felicity to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis. If the ship strikes upon Scylla it is dashed in pieces against the rocks;‡ if upon Charybdis, it is swallowed outright . . . the force of the allegory lies here, that a mean be observed in every doctrine and science and in the rules and axioms thereof, between the Rocks of Distinction and the

* De Aug. VII. i., Spedding, Wks. v. 4. † *Hen. VIII.* iii. 4. ‡ Happiness is seated in the mean—*Mer. Ven.* i. 2.

Whirlpools of Universalities; for these two are the Bane and Shipwreck of fine geniuses and arts."*

But the ship of Francis of Verulam returned home safely, laden with "Work of the Muses, all perfect, divine," whilst the freights of the other ships were poor, mere "Child-work and mortal."

Our poet is next considered as the soul of the Renaissance, figured by the Phœnix rising from the embers and gazing back upon his dead sire, and old Æson restored to youth† by the efforts of Jason, his son (note again *Jason, the first great navigator*). These figures are called in to aid in recording that Francis Bacon based his New Philosophy, his "*New Birth of Time*," upon the "Wisdom of the Ancients." In no case does he pretend or profess to have invented or originated all that he sets forth. He quotes Solomon's saying that so far as facts go, there is nothing new under the sun. All Knowledge, he says, is but Remembrance. The novelty in his philosophy consisted in his method of imparting and handing down the acquired knowledge, making it ever-green, reproductive, and secure from the ravages of time.

Once more the picture changes, and Francis of Verulam is viewed, not as the poet, but as the sublime theologian and mystic:—

"In his eyes more than mortal effulgence, as he sings of the Mysteries Royal."

There are, says Bacon, *two Books of God;* the Book of the Bible declaring His Will, and the Book of Nature showing forth His Works. Neither book, he adds, can be perfectly understood without some understanding of the other. Therefore, with the "Mysteries Royal" of Religion he couples the study of Natural Philosophy:—

"He sings too of Nature's Commands, of the Secrets of Earth and of Heaven like a King's-council trusted of both."

In the lines which follow he is shown as a moving spirit in the so-called "Counter-Reformation," that movement which had for its object to put an end to the wretched animosities in the two great sections of the Christian Church. These efforts for reconciliation were

* Wisd. Ants. xxvii. † Comp. for the story of Medea and Pilias, *Hist. L. and D., Spedding, Works,* v. 306.

aided by Henry VII.,* of whom Bacon wrote a short history. Wise and foreseeing as was Henry VII., we are surprised to find him honoured in the "Elegy" by the title of "King Priest," his religion seeming to have been too self-interested, politic, and temporising to be the offspring of true piety. Moreover, Bacon himself gives to John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the credit which the "Elegy" assigns to Henry. "He (*Morton*) deserveth a most happy memory, in that *he was the principal mean of joining the two roses*." Nevertheless, the steps taken in the matter must have been taken with the consent and approval of the King. Therefore, says the Elegy of Our Francis:—"He chanted the praises of Henry the King-Priest binding in bands indissoluable, once for ever the Roses."

I need hardly say that the Rose is the most ancient and time-immemorial emblem of an Incarnation, and consequently of the Christian Church. The White Rose seems with Bacon and his friends to have typified the *Reformed*, and the Red Rose the *Roman* section of the Universal or Catholic Church, which it was the aspiration of his whole soul to see bound together in harmony and unity.

The Elegy concludes with an echo to the sentiment contained in many other eulogistic verses which preface the works of the supposed "Authors," whom I believe to be all one, ever the same "Incomparable" person. Several of these were quoted in a collection in BACONIANA† last year; one sample may suffice in this place:—

> "Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
> Unless you your own praises do set forth;
> None else can write so skillfully to show
> Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe."

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*This has been altered since the paper was read on April 23rd. Mrs. H. Pott formulated the idea that Henri IV. of France, who united the warring churches by issuing the Edict of Nantes, was the monarch to whom the lines allude. It is true that no writings in praise of "the greatest prince ever known to France" are at present attributed to Bacon, but we are only beginning to recognise his works. However, Dr. Cantor explicitly declares this theory to be erroneous. We, therefore, hasten to correct it, not doubting that Dr. Cantor has good grounds for his assertion. † Sept. 1895, pp. 147—151.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE FRANCIS OF VERULAM.

1. Since the death of our Hero of Verulam maketh our Muses lament, with moisture bedimming their eyes,
2. We alas, must believe that thereafter no poet can ever rejoice, that the Sage too of Samos was foolish.
3. He we grieve for can never be happy, so long as the Camænæ languish, for he loves himself less than his Muses.
4. The reluctant soul upwards enforced, the imperious Clotho constrained, drawing Heav'nwards his feet to the stars.
5. Believe we, then, Phœbus impotent, that the arts of his healing fell short? have the herbs of Mount Claros lost power?
6. Surely Phœbus was potent as ever, his herbs did not fail in their virtue, neither doubt of his skill nor their worth.
7. But Apollo in fear of his rival, lest the Muses should make him their king, has withholden the hand of his healing.
8. Hence this sorrow. For Verulam's Hero, in other arts greater than Phœbus, yet in this healing art was he less?
9. O Camænæ! ye be but sad phantoms, poor, pallid, and sorrowful shades, fit attendants of Jovis Infernus.
10. If ye breathe still, and mock not mine eyesight, if in sport ye delude not my gaze (though I scarce can believe ye survive him),
11. Should some Orpheus perchance have recalled you again from the shades of the dead, and if this be no failure of vision,
12. You must learn now to chant lamentations with sighing and plentiful tears streaming down, flowing fast from your eyes.
13. Se'st thou not how abundant they flow? Thus I know them true tears of Camænæ. Scarce one Helicon serves to contain them.
14. When Deucalion's flood drowned the world (O wonder!), Parnassus yet sank not, but this deluge of tears may o'erwhelm him.
15. O ye Nymphs of Pierian Springs, ye take life from the one whom we mourn, he hath nourished you richly with art!
16. He perceived how all arts and inventions held fast by no roots, would soon perish, like seed cast abroad on the surface.
17. So he reined in these Pegasus arts, and taught them to grow to a Bay tree, like the shaft that was hurled by Quirinus.
18. Having thus taught the Helicon Muses to grow, and continue increasing, Age on age cannot lessen his glory.

19. His great heart no longer could bear, nor his fiery spirit endure, such contempt of thy worth, O Minerva!
20. Thy honour he quickly restored with his pen, like another Apollo: dispelling the clouds that had screened thee.
21. He scattered the mists and the fogs, mutely borne in the ages of darkness; Generations so pur-blind and dim.
22. His God-like acumen discovered new pathways to Truth, and he seized Gnossos' clue, giving for it his own.
23. He discerned that Antiquity's Sages, the school-men of old, though so many, possess'd not his clear seeing eyes.
24. As the beams of the sun in the morning rising up from the Eastward horizon, he shone as Apollo at noon.
25. The others, like Tiphys, attempted to sail on Atlantis' wide waves, yet they feared to go far from the shore.
26. But he knew all the mariners' sea-marks, the Pleiades, Hyades, Syrtes, thy dogs, too, O terrible Scylla.
27. He knew all the dangers to shun, how to navigate safely the ocean, with the compass' true needle* for guide.
28. The Muses Antiquity fathered were infantile; his were adult. Those but mortal, his perfect, divine.
29. The "New Birth of Time"† took the palm, no book could compare with its worth: paltry sophistry falls back ashamed.
30. Newly vestured comes Pallas, the Goddess, newly freed from her armour of scales, as a serpent fresh casting its slough.‡
31. As from embers arises the Phœnix looking backward upon his dead sire, as old Aeson regains his spent youth,
32. So old Verulam City, new-born, buds afresh in the green of her walls, and foresees a return of her glory.
33. What effulgence is seen in his eyes, as though Heaven's beams were upon him, while he sings of the mysteries celestial!
34. He sings, too, of Nature's Commands, of the Secrets of Earth and of Heaven, like a King's Council, trusted of both.
35. He chants praises of Henry the King-Priest, uniting for ever the Roses in bands of alliance perpetual.

* Or "with mariner's compass for guide. If thus, line 26 must be, "But he knew all the sea-marks of ship-men," or "of sailors" (but "*ship-men*" is Baconian). † "The Great Instauration."

‡ Compare *Promus*, 1434. "Barajar" (Spanish—to shuffle).—"*Perpetuo juvenis.*" "Jupiter . . . conferred upon mankind . . . *perpetual youth* . . . (which was) *from men transferred to the race of serpents.*"—*Wisdom of the Ants.*, xxvi. *of Prometheus.*

36. These themes are too great for our Muses; not only in sorrowing Granta,* but in Court and in Palace they sing them.
37. Yet as Granta gave breast to thy lips, it is just she should chant forth thy praises, extolling her Greatest of Sons.
38. It is right she should try to extinguish the funeral pile with her tears, and to snatch thee from out of the pyre.
39. Our Muses need bring no encomiums, Thyself art the Singer full-toned, Thine own verses suffice for thy glory.
40. But though skilless our art, and if words even fail us to utter due praises, yet our lauds shall be heard in our sorrow.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

PART II.

MONTAIGNE—HIS HEALTH, DISPOSITION, AND TASTES.

THE opinion seems to be growing, that "*Montaigne's Essays*" are the work of Francis Bacon, whose private life, character, and pursuits (especially in particulars which are left blank or slightly touched by his biographers), are revealed in the self-dissecting essays of *Montaigne*. The mere possibility of this being the case invests these Essays with so unexpected an interest to Baconian scholars, that no excuse is offered for resuming the collation commenced in BACONIANA, April, 1896. And first, we cannot refrain from inserting a passage taken from Dr. Abbott's Preface to Bacon's Essays, p. xviii., contrasting the self-examination of Bacon, writing *for publication under his own name*, and in his character of Moralist and Philosopher—with the self-examination of "*Montaigne*," according to the present thesis *Bacon still*, but *Bacon the younger*, writing with all the careless *abandon*, the "free and easy," unstudied, but still philosophic insight into human nature, which, in later years, was found characteristic of all his works. The *Montaigne* Essays also exhibit the independence and fearlessness which could be supposed appropriate to a man who attained to "the highest honour of the French noblesse," being Chevalier of the Order

* Granta, the ancient name for Cambridge.

of St. Michael, Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, and Mayor of Bordeaux." Such shoulders were broad enough to sustain any attacks or disparaging criticisms, which might (but were unlikely to) assail the supposed Essayist, and which would without fail have been poured out upon the true author, had he been discovered to be a boy of eighteen or nineteen years of age.

"Bacon's habit of thinking with a pen in his hand, has been kind to us, for it has photographed his portrait for us. Perhaps no man ever made such a confidant of paper as he did. He might have said with Montaigne, *I speak to paper as to the first man I meet*. Not that he ever rambles or chats colloquially or egotistically on paper as *Montaigne* does: the difference between the two is striking. *Montaigne* lets us into all his foibles; Bacon either describes his character as a Prophet of Science, or suppresses the description on second thoughts, with a *de nobis ipsis silemus*. 'My thoughts,' says the genial rambler, 'slip from me* with as little care as they are worth; but the philosopher has no thoughts of small worth."†

In these words Dr. Abbott aptly hits off the *contrasts* between the photographed portraits—he omits the *resemblances*. It is true that *Montaigne* "chats colloquially" and says all that comes into his mind; *Bacon* in his authentic Essays does not chat; "when he *could* pass by a jest," his style was as weighty and dignified as could be desired by the most precise master of language; but it was an effort to him to pass by a jest, and the two groups of Essays may perhaps be correctly described as the *natural First thoughts* and the *studied Second thoughts*; the first suppressing nothing to the writer's discredit, the second suppressing all that did not concern his character as Philosopher and Student of Human Nature, "cunning in the humours of persons."

The question of health of body seems to have a remarkable relation to the faculties and dispositions of the mind of man; we begin then with an enquiry into the general bodily condition of *Montaigne* in youth and age; and here we find some contrariety, for although he several times describes himself as having enjoyed good health in his youth, yet

* Comp.: "The word came but as a slip . . . this word comes not by slip" (*Sp. of the Marches*). "By his pen, not by the slip of his tongue" (*Charge against St. John*).

† Bacon's Essays, edited by Dr. Abbott. Preface, p. xviii.

other remarks point to delicacy, and to repeated attacks of illness consequent upon an over sensitive and highly strung temperament, and he confesses to a nervous dread of illness, which makes him fear and continually prepare for the approach of death.

"These so frequent and common examples passing every day before our eyes, how is it possible a man should disengage himself from the thought of death, or avoid fancying that it has us, every moment, by the throat? What matter is it, you will say, which way it comes to pass, provided a man does not terrify himself with the expectation?* For my part, I am this mind, and if a man could by any means avoid it, though by *creeping under a calf's skin*, I am one that should not be ashamed of the shift."†

Does not this remind us of Trinculo, in whose speech the great poet may perchance have satirised his own cowardice or fear of death? "Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to *creep under his gaberdine:* there is no other shelter hereabout. . . . Is the storm overblown? I hid myself under the *dead moon-calf's gaberdine* for fear," &c.‡

But, continues *Montaigne*, "I am in my own nature not melancholic, but meditative; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal than imaginations of death, even in the most wanton time of my life, in the company of ladies, and at games . . . . full of idle fancies of love and 'jollity' *Yam fuerit nec post unquam revocare licebit.*"§ Yet did not this thought wrinkle my forehead any more than any other‖ . . . such imaginations at last become so familiar¶ as to be no trouble at all. Yet in his later Essays *Montaigne* admits that this nervous disposition was a great disadvantage to him, and one against which he struggled if he would keep his mind evenly balanced.

"I do not feel myself strong enough to sustain the force of this passion of fear, or of any other vehement passion whatsoever: if I were once conquered and beaten down by it, I should never rise again sound. Whoever should make my soul lose her footing would never set her up

* Many references have been cut from this Essay, since for the most part they are found included in the Essay of Death—BACONIANA. † Ess. I., i., 81. ‡ (Temp. ii. 2). § Lucretius iii. 928. ‖ Comp.: *Gratiano* in *Mer. Ven.* i. 1, 80, &c. ¶ "Thou know'st 'tis common, &c. (*Ham.* i. 2).

again: she retastes and researches herself too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and would never let the wound she had received heal and cicatrise. It has been well for me that no sickness has yet discomposed her; at every charge made upon me, I preserve my utmost opposition and defence; by which means the first that should rout me would keep me from rallying again."*

In spite of this constitutional nervousness, *Montaigne* was no coward. He distinguishes between cowardice and weakness of courage, the one being an imperfection of mind, and the other a frailty of the body,† arguing much with himself upon his impatience with pain, which is, he believes, "rather the imagination of death that makes us impatient of it, and doubly grievous, and doubly grievous as it threatens us with death."‡ He seems again to consent with Isabel in *Measure for Measure* that *the sense of death is most in apprehension*.. He never was afraid upon the water, or in any other peril, so as to lose his presence of mind: "Fear springs as much from want of judgment as from want of courage. All the dangers I have been in I have looked at without winking; and, indeed, a man must have courage to fear."§ "The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents."‖

Montaigne speaks of some ailments from which he evidently at times suffered, and of others to which he was always subject. "All ills," he says, "that carry no other danger with them but simply the evils themselves, we treat as things of no danger. The toothache and the gout, painful as they are, yet not being reputed mortal, who reckons them in the catalogue of diseases?"¶ Yet we are sure that he could sympathise with "a philosopher who would cry for the toothache"** as well as with "one that's sick o' the gout," for not only did he find it hard to suffer pain patiently, but "I am one of those who are most sensible of the power of imagination: every one is jostled with it, but some are overthrown by it. It has a very piercing impression upon me; and I make it my business to avoid wanting force to resist it. I could live by the sole help of healthful and jolly company: the very sight of another's pain materially pains me, and I often usurp the sensation of another person. A perpetual cough in another tickles my

* iii., 152. † i., 60. ‡ ib. 324. § iii., 150, 151. ‖ i., 69.
¶ *ib.* 324. ** *M. Ado.* iii. 2. v. 1.

lungs and throat. . . . I take possession of the disease I am concerned at, and take it to myself."*

"*Fortis imaginatio generat casum*," quotes the Essayist. "A strong event begets the event itself," and any one who will read Bacon's experiments on the Imagination and other impressions† will not fail to see that he, like *Montaigne*, conceived that "a man constantly and strongly believing that *such a thing shall be* . . . it doth help to the effecting the thing itself."‡

It seems probable that the constitutional nervousness and over-sensitiveness which *Montaigne's* father perceived in his little son was one reason why, being of opinion that it troubles and disturbs the brains of children to snatch them suddenly from sleep, "wherein they are more profoundly involved than we" (later in life *Montaigne* verified this last remark by being a very bad sleeper, easily kept awake if once he began to think and reason with himself), "he caused me," says the Essayist, "to be wakened by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided with a musician for that purpose. By this," he wisely remarks, "you may judge of the rest;" § and, indeed, we need no interpreter to expound the loving, sympathetic tenderness with which the sagacious and discerning father watched over his gifted boy —at five years old a Latin scholar; at seven, a budding poet; and with so great a taste for books that he would steal from all other diversions to read the fables of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and had "soon run through Virgil's Æneid, and then Terence, and then Plautus, and then some Italian comedies, allured by the sweetness of the subject." But we defer for the present an inquiry into the studies, learning, and opinions of *Michel de Montaigne*, merely inserting in connection with the method of his education one highly pregnant passage.

Speaking of the complaints that he heard of himself that he was *idle, cold* in friendship and relationship, and in the offices of the public too particular, too disdainful, he says that, if he were good at setting out his own actions, he could very well "repel these reproaches, and could give some to understand, that *they are not so much offended that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do.* Yet, for all this heavy disposition of mine, my mind, when retired

* i. 97. † Sylva Sylvarum, x. 930—950, &c. ‡ Comp.: *Macb.* iii. 1; iii. 4; i. 5; iv. 1, &c. § i. 211—212.

into itself, was not altogether without strong movements, solid and clear judgments about those objects it could comprehend, and could also without *any helps digest them.** But, amongst other things, I do really believe, it had been totally impossible to have made it to submit by violence and force. Shall I here acquaint you with one faculty of my youth? *I had great assurance of countenance, and flexibility of voice and gesture, in applying myself to any part I intended to act. I had just entered on my twelfth year.*† *I played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret . . . and I was looked upon as one of the best actors.*" ‡

He then gives his reasons for approving of this exercise, especially in young people of condition; "it was even allowed to persons of quality to make a profession of it in Greece." It is interesting to compare the full expression of *Montaigne's* opinion on this subject with that of Bacon on "Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world." §

As we read the Essays, the contrarieties and opposite accounts given by *Montaigne* of himself strike us more and more. Here his friends, or his internal monitor, complain of his "coldness," his "pride," his contempt for the opinions of others, his idleness and want of interest. At other times he censures himself for "excess of sprightliness," fiery zeal, wrath, impatience, too great confidence in his own judgment and powers. But then, again, we find him easily disheartened, easily cheered. "Good fortune is to me a singular spur to modesty and moderation: an entreaty wins, a threat checks me; favour makes me bend, fear stiffens me." We see in all this the mixture of shy modesty with an inward conviction of great powers, which at all times impress us in studying the life and character of Francis Bacon, and concerning which, in his *Promus*, we find him making notes of recordation,—against entertaining and against rejecting conceit of difficulties, impossibilities, and imaginations; in favour of zeal, good affection, and alacrity; and against haste and impatience, which he found to be his "stay." ‖

* Comp.: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested" (*Ess. of Studying*) and the paraphrase on the delivery of Aphorisms—*digested* into a method (*Advt. L.* ii. 1 and *De Aug.* vi. 2, and *Ess. of Dispatch*). † *Virgil, Bucol.* 39. ‡ *Mont., Ess.* i. 214, 215. § *De Aug.* ii., chap. xiii. ‖ See *Promus*, 1234, 1238, 1242, 1247.

Montaigne is full aware of these "contraries of good and evil" residing within himself. "If," says he, "I speak variously of myself, it is because I consider myself variously; all the contrarieties are there to be found in one corner or another, after one fashion or another: bashful and insolent; chaste, lustful; prating, silent; laborious, delicate; ingenious, heavy; melancholic, pleasant: lying, true; knowing, ignorant; liberal, covetous, and prodigal. I find all this in myself more or less, according as I turn myself about. . . . I have nothing to say of myself entirely, simply, and solidly, without mixture and confusion, '*Distinguo*' is the universal member of my logic. Though I always intend to speak well of good things, and rather to interpret such things as fall out in the best sense than otherwise, yet such is the strangeness of our condition that we often are pushed on to do well even by vice itself, if well-doing were not judged by the intention only."*

Some things, however, are evident: that, to whatever he may have been "pushed" by the force of circumstances, he was by nature "superstitiously afraid of giving offences";† that he suffered under a "foolish bashfulness,"‡ which occasioned in him a painful constraint§ which "stiffened" him, and made him retire into himself,‖ and caused him to be very "nice" as to the man with whom he consorted, feeling "unfit" for common society, or for the "enslaving" ceremonies of Court life.¶

"I have lived in good company enough to know the formalities of our own nation, and am able to give lessons in them."** "I am naturally no enemy to Court life; I have therein passed a good part of my own, and am of a humour cheerfully to frequent great company, provided it be at intervals, and at my own time;"†† but he more readily throws himself into affairs of state and the world *when he is alone.* In the bustle of the Court he *folds himself within his own skin.* "The crowd thrusts me upon myself . . . our follies do not make me laugh, but our wisdom does." For the rest, he had a great esteem for wits, provided the person was not exceptionable,‡‡ and folly only vexes him because it is so satisfied with itself.§§ "I content myself with

* Vol. ii. 7. † iii. 106. ‡ *Ib.* § i. 17. ‖ iii. 215. ¶ Vol. iii. 43. ** i. 57. Comp. "Ess. of Ceremonies and Respects," &c. (*Bacon*). †† iii. 48. ‡‡ *Ib.* 52; *Ib.* 205. §§ iii. 222.

enjoying the world without bustle; only to live an excusable life, and such as may neither be a burden to myself nor to any other."*

He envies those who can be friends with inferiors, and dislikes the advice of Plato that men should always speak in a magisterial tone to their servants. His natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay him open. "I am born for society and friendship. The solitude that I love myself, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other than to withdraw my thoughts and affections into myself . . . avoiding servitude and obligation, and not so much the crowd of men as of business. Local solitude rather gives me more room, and sets me more at large."

With the Duke in *Twelfth Night* (i. 4), he could say:—

"I myself am best when least in company."

and with Benvolio—

"I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found," †

and the object of this withdrawal of his affections into himself is to restrain not his steps, but his cares and desires, resigning all needless solicitude, servitude, and obligation, which he peculiarly dislikes; thinking nothing so dear as that which has been given to him, because *his will lies at pawn under the title of gratitude;* he would rather give money than himself.‡ He would almost rather give than restore, and lend than pay, and "in true friendship, *wherein I am perfect*, I more give myself to my friend than endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleased in doing him service than if he conferred a benefit upon me, but, moreover, had rather he should do himself good than me, and he most obliges me when he does so." §

One characteristic which connects itself with his fear of giving offence is his "gentle and easy manners, enemies of all sourness and harshness," and which, if they have not made him beloved, have never given occasion to make men dislike him.‖ He can see good in men as well as in things, evil. "I am not guilty of the common error of judging another by myself. I easily believe in another's humour which is contrary to my own; and though I find myself engaged to one certain form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do, but believe and appre-

* *Ib.* 44, 45. † iii. 47. ‡ *Ib.* 242, 243. § iii. 256. ‖ *Ib.* 43.

hend a thousand ways of living, and, contrary to most men, more easily admit of difference than uniformity amongst us. . . . I very much desire that we may be judged every man by himself, and would not be drawn into the consequence of common examples."*

The many pages on the subjects of "Profit and Honesty" and "Of Liars" possess great interest for those who think to perceive under the robe of *Montaigne* the form of Bacon. If during the whole of his life he had to be acting a part, figuring as lawyer, courtier, statesman, positions all of which he was by his own written word *least fitted* to fill; if, on the other hand, he was forced by his own circumstances, and by the condition of the times, to conceal his great aims, to pass his work into the world under all manner of other names, to organise a secret society, and secret methods of communication and writing for this same one purpose of creating a revival and advancement of learning, and of benefitting the whole human race throughout the future ages—if he had to do all this, *and we know that he did it*, then, indeed, we have good cause to fear that he must often have had much ado to make those fine distinctions between "simulation and dissimulation," between "directions and indirections," "untruth and lies," craft and trickery, which so much engage the attention of both Essayists, or of *the Essayist*, as you will. It is, therefore, most comfortable to find that Bacon and *Montaigne* do not puzzle or confuse us by doubtful utterances on these subjects. Perhaps we may be allowed space in a future number to collate their opinions, and to show them identical on all sides of the knotty question, "What is Truth?" and for the present it may content our reader to turn to the end of Bacon's first Essay "Of Truth," wherein he quotes himself (or *Montaigne*) to show the utter baseness and wickedness of falsehood. *Montaigne* hates lying, says nothing to one party that he may not, upon occasion, say to another with a very little alteration of accent. "I cannot permit myself for any consideration to tell a lie. . . . My natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in sight, born for society and friendship. . . . The men whose society I covet are sincere and able men; and the image of these makes me disrelish the rest. . . . The end of this commerce is . . . the exercise of souls, without other fruit. In

* i. 283.

our discourse, all subjects are alike to me; let there be neither weight nor depth, 'tis all one: there is yet grace and pertinency; all there is tinted with a mature and constant judgment and mixed with goodness, freedom, gaiety, and friendship. . . . It is so great a pain to me to dissemble, that I evade the trust of another's secrets, wanting the courage to disavow my knowledge. I can keep silent; but deny I cannot without the greatest trouble and violence to myself imaginable. To be very secret, a man must be so by nature, not by obligation."*

One passage seems to show *Montaigne* as a "*concealed man:*" "I care not so much what I am in the opinion of others, as what I am in my own; I would be rich of myself, and not by borrowing. . . . It should seem that *to be known is in some sort to have a man's life and its duration in others' keeping.* I, for my part hold, that I am not but in myself, and *of that other life of mine which lies in the knowledge of my friends*, to consider it naked and simple in itself, I know very well that I am sensible of no fruit nor enjoyment from it, but by the vanity of a fantastic opinion." †

This passage would incline one to believe that the author did *not* desire to be known; but here is another:—"*I am greedy of making myself known*, and I *care not to how many, provided it be truly;* or to say better, I hunger for nothing, but *I mortally hate to be mistaken by those who come to learn my name.* He who does all things for honour and glory, what can he think to gain *by showing himself to the world in a vizor, and by concealing his true being from the people?*" Was *Montaigne* then under a vizor? or was someone else, *as under a vizor*, accurately describing himself so that the true writer and his character could be truly known to those who came to learn his true name?

The whole chapter is interesting if regarded as conveying *hints* of concealed facts. It is entitled "Of NAMES," and begins: "What variety of herbs are shuffled together under one name of a sallet. In like manner, under the consideration of names, I will make a hodge-podge of divers articles. Every nation has certain names, that I know not why, are taken *in no good sense*, as with us *John*, *William*, Benedict. In the genealogy of princes also, there seem to be certain names fatally affected, as . . . the *Williams* of our ancient aquitaine . . . 'Tis worthy to be recorded that . . . Henry Duke of Normandy

* See iii. 7. 47. 78. † Vol. ii. 400—402.

making a great feast . . . when the concourse for sport's sake divided into troops according to their names, in the first troop, which consisted of Williams, were found 110 Knights sitting at the table of that name, without reckoning gentlemen and servants. . . . Let us pry a little narrowly, and examine wherein do we place this renown that we hunt after? It is in the end *Peter* or *William* that carries it. . . . And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a sound when all is done? or three or four dashes with a pen, so easy to be varied that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the glory of so many victories, to Guesclin, to Glesquin, or to Guaquin? and yet there would be something of greater moment in the case than in Lucian that Sigma should serve Tau with a process."

We wonder if others will be struck like ourselves with the prominence given to the names of William, John (or Jacques) and Peter or Pierre, remembering that some have traced the Plœbian name Shakspere to the old Christian names Jaques-Pierre? But what's in a name? Our author felt that works or men should equally be able to stand upon their own merits, and that the author true to himself should disregard malicious criticism which yet he confesses is a pain to him. He allows few things to possess him wholly, and endeavours ever to keep the mean between two extremes. "When I am angry, my anger is very sharp, but withal short, and as private as I can. I lose myself in promptness and violence, but not in trouble; so that I throw out all sorts of injurious words at random, and commonly make use of no other weapon but my tongue."* As for revenge, he can only discern it by its symptoms in others, "I have no manner of experience of it."† He finds that "one nail drives out another." Being once deeply wounded with displeasure against a friend, he contrived "by art and study" and assisted by his youth "to become amorous." "Love relieved and rescued me from the evil wherein friendship had engaged me." The course of true love never did run smooth, and this he has proved in his own person. "The conversation of beautiful and well-bred women is for me a sweet commerce . . . but 'tis a commerce wherein a man must stand upon his guard, *especially those of warm temperament, such as mine.* I there scalded myself in my youth and suffered all the torments that poets say are to befall those who

* ii. 520. † iii. 71, 290.

precipitate themselves into love without order and judgment. It is true that the whipping has made me wiser since." He seems elsewhere to forget that he has said this, and declares that being of a soft and heavy complexion he has kept pretty clear of these vehement agitations, which he considers to be very deleterious to the judgment, and the products of idleness in the hearts of young men.

Whether or not consequently upon the "scalding and the whipping," he turns by his own account from "the excess of sprightliness" to "the excess of severity, and fearing next to suffer this extreme he purposely lets himself run a little into disorder, and occupies his mind sometimes with youthful and wanton thoughts to divert it, lest it should become too severe. Evidently he succeeded, and in spite of many bodily ailments, including a weak digestion, which obliged him continually to consider his diet, the gout from which he suffered much, and the still more agonising malady which subjected him to cruel miseries,* in spite of the sickness which spoilt the pleasure of his travels by coach or litter, and the worse sea-sickness which afflicted him in the journeying abroad in which he so delighted, in spite of the poverty which he dreaded but had to suffer, of the public life which he hated, and which his pensiveness and bashfulness alike drove him to recoil from, but in which nevertheless he had to pass a great part of his life; in spite of all this he remains cheerful, sanguine, and witty to the last. Loving the society of "gay and civil wisdom" he flys all froward and dismal, melancholy spirits, and "shuns crabbed men as he would shun the plague."†

From some things he has a strong aversion, from the physic administered in his day, which he loathes, and in which he has no faith whatever,‡ to the wearing on his legs of anything but silk stockings,§ and to babies,‖ concerning which he says:—

"I for my part, have a strange disgust for those propensions that are started in us without mediation and direction of the judgment. . . . I cannot entertain that passion of dandling and caressing infants scarcely born, having as yet neither motion of soul nor shape of body distinguishable, by which they can render themselves amiable, and have not willingly suffered them to be nursed near me."¶

* iii. 67. † *Ib.* 153. ‡ *Ib.* 309. § i. 141; ii. 580. ‖ "The infant mewling and puking in its mother's arms" (*As You Like It*, ii. 7). ¶ ii. 72

THE WORKS OF MR. W. F. C. WIGSTON, AND MR. E. BORMANN'S "SHAKESPEARE'S SECRET."

WE are requested by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston to publish the following notes concerning the collation of his own works with the book entitled "Shakespeare's Secret," published by Mr. E. Bormann, Leipzig, and of some pamphlets entitled, "New Discoveries," more recently published by the same author. These works were noticed in BACONIANA (Nov., 1894, Feb., 1895, and Nov., 1895) as "valuable," "an excellent resumé," "a very useful book," "an excellent compilation;" yet regrets were expressed that they contained "so little recognition of the sources from which information is drawn." Now, when the larger work has been translated into English and published in England, still without any substantial acknowledgment of debts to other authors for any of the "original discoveries," the author chiefly concerned in the most erudite of these discoveries feels it due to himself to let Baconian readers, and the public in general, see and judge for themselves the manner in which the labours of *years of original research, the essence of his own studies*, as well as of others less remarkable and peculiar, are summed up in this book of "Shakespeare's Secret." The editors o this magazine feel it to be mere justice, and indeed incumbent upon them, to publish the notes furnished by Mr. Wigston, although owing to the limited space at their disposal, these notes have had to be considerably curtailed and compressed.

Mr. Wigston is the author of the following works on Baconian subjects :—

(1.) "*A New Study of Shakespeare:* An inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the Classic Drama and the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries." Pub. Trübner and Co., 1884. 1 vol. 8vo.

(2.) "*Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians.*" 1 vol., 8vo. Pub. G. Redway. 1888. This work includes chapters on *The Tempest* and Virgil's Mysteries, on *The Winter's Tale*, Strife and Friendship, "The History of the Sympathy and Antipathy of Things," The Duality of "*Shakespeare's*" Art, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, The Doctrine of

Idealism, The Dual Unity of Hermia and Helena, *Hamlet*, The Play an Anticipation of Mind and History, The *Sonnets*, Parallels between *Shakespeare* and Bacon, &c.

(3.) "*Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet, and Philosopher.*" Pub. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Trübner. 1890. 1 vol., 8vo. Here are chapters on the History of Henry VII. (as a missing link in the series of plays and a cipher connection between this History and the 1623 Folio), of Bacon's Essays applied to the Plays, of the World as a Theatre, "The Georgics of the Mind," Antitheta, *Hamlet*, &c.

(4.) "*Hermes Stella, or Jottings of Notes upon the Bacon Cipher.*" Pub. George Redway. 1820. 1 vol., 8vo. An appeal for the re-examination of Mr. Donnelly's claim to the discovery of a secret cipher in "*Shakespeare*," with additional evidence.

(5.) "*The Columbus of Literature, or Bacon's New World of Sciences.*" Printed and pub. F. J. Schulte and Co., Chicago, 1892. Republished London, 1892. In that same year copies of this work were sent to several important literary centres in Germany for sale and for criticism. Some of Mr. Wigston's earlier works, as "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet," &c., 1890, having been sent for sale and distribution to booksellers at Leipzig (where Mr. Bormann is also a bookseller and publisher), in 1891.

Now the reader may note that the interpretation of *Measure for Measure*, as a parabolic problem play, made by Mr. Wigston in "The Columbus of Literature" (chap. xi. 185) is peculiar and original, assigning a generic or collective symbolism to the interpretation of *Angelo* as a type of man, the fallen angel. Angelo falls into the very temptation which he had been appointed, as Vice-Regent to the absent Duke, to set down. Two quotations are given from the play to illustrate these points:—

> "Twice treble shame to Angelo
> To weed my vice, and let his grow.
>
> . . . .
>
> Oh what may man within him hide,
> Though *Angel* on the outward side!"—*M. M.*

In illustrating the subject from the Baconian side, Mr. Wigston quotes from the *De Augmentis* a passage which Mr. Bormann also cites and in like manner, and readers are requested to note that, inde-

pendently of an identity in subject matters, upon a somewhat recondite and rare problem, there are *three separate quotations given by Mr. Wigston which are repeated by Mr. Bormann.*

The following is the passage from "*The Shakespeare Secret*" (page 156), commencing with the quotation from the *De Augmentis* above alluded to :—

"The more should learned men be ashamed, if in knowledge they be as *the winged angels*, but in their desires as crawling serpents."

"The hero of the comedy of *Measure for Measure* is just such an angel, both in character and in name. The wise and universally esteemed *Angelo* (the Italian form of the word angel) is the deputy of the Duke. He exercises the law against the passion of love with the greatest rigour, and secretly falls himself a victim to this passion. The closing words of Act iii. contain the essence of the whole drama. They are the more prominent, inasmuch as they are written in terse and rhymed verse. The good Regent, so it runs, shall serve as a model, and in all things give Measure for Measure :—

> "Twice treble shame to Angelo
> To weed my vice and let his grow.
> Oh, what may man within him hide,
> Though angel on the outward side ! "

Upon this same page 156 of the *Shakespeare Secret* is this quotation from the *De Augmentis* :—

"Reason and will, says Bacon in the beginning of the fifth book of the Encyclopœdia, are like twin sisters, and the closest friendship subsists between truth and goodness."

This forms the text for an entire chapter in "The Columbus of Literature," devoted to the interpretation of the symbolism of the *Comedy of Errors ;* and though Mr. Bormann has not enlarged upon this text, yet on the very next page (157) are extracts which suggest that this play was in his mind.

But to turn to a still more striking coincidence of words and matter. Chapter vi., section 3, of *Shakespeare's Secret*, sets forth that "*The moral of the Shakespeare's Tragedies corresponds with Bacon's ethics, as practice does with theory.*"

"*The seventh book of De Aug. deals with morals (ethics). The third chapter thereof* is devoted to the cultivation of the soul *(cultura animi)* " (p. 175).

This subject constitutes the staple argument of an entire chapter (v. p. 99) in "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet," &c., entitled, "Bacon's Georgics of the Mind" * and it is just this application of ethics to the interpretation of the plays, which has been considered the most valuable of Mr. Wigston's discoveries. He points out in the same chapter, the view of *Sin as a Disease* which is common to *Macbeth* and to the philosophy of Bacon. Mr. Bormann repeats this, and concludes (section 3 of chap. vi.) with these words :—

"*Truly, if the world of to-day should demand of me an introduction to the Shakespeare tragedies, I should be compelled to reply, It is already written, the most glorious introduction imaginable. Only read De Augmentis Scientiarum*, Lib. vii., cap. iii." †

In "Francis Bacon, Poet," &c., Mr. Wigston remarks that to sceptics of the Bacon theory it will be startling to find Bacon terming his ethics *Georgics of the Mind*, in exactly the same sense as in the plays; the treatment of virtue and vice being compared to agriculture, tillage, soil-culture. A passage is given from *Othello* where Iago expresses this, and describes our bodies as gardens to be manured and cultivated by industry, whilst the weeds are eradicated. In the same and following chapters, Mr. Wigston notes that Bacon considers virtue and vice to be more or less the result of *Custom*, and a collation of Mr. Bormann's remarks on these very same subjects cannot fail to bring to notice the strange parallelism of treatment, and the identity of the quotations used in illustration. For example, in *The Shakespeare Secret* (p. 81) we read :—

"For we can almost change the stamp of nature."

"Here we find almost in one breath, and throughout, in the sense of the *Culture of the Soul*, the employment of the words vertue, custom, habit, sense; all these in the form of a reproof. We thus see that in the tragedies, and that continually, the passions are also regarded as diseases."

With regard to disease as a type of sin, Bacon tells us that the remedies belong to Divinity, but that the best doctors of this knowledge are the poets, and he adds the passage quoted not only in

* As has been stated, this book was on its publication, in 1891, sent to several centres in Germany, particularly to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Dresden, and Leipzig. † "Shakespeare's Secret," p. 184.

"Francis Bacon, Poet," &c.,* but repeated in the Latin text in "The Columbus of Literature." The passage is as follows (the whole is too long to print here, but it will be found in the "Shakespeare Secret," p. 179) :—

"But to speak the real truth, the poets and writers of history are the best doctors of this knowledge, where we may find painted forth with great life and dissected, how affections are kindled and excited, and how pacified and restrained."

But we turn to another topic. Mr. Bormann, in chap. vii., follows *verbatim* chap. i. of "Francis Bacon, Poet," &c., upon the subject of Bacon's "History of King Henry VII." Mr. Wigston maintained that there is a missing link in the orderly succession of the Chronicle Plays, between the plays of *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* That missing link is the reign of King Henry VII., who united the Roses in his marriage. Bacon selects this very link for the subject of an elaborate history—the only complete history which he ever wrote (or, rather, *acknowledged)*, and it was suggested that this history was written with the view of proving the Baconian authorship of the Historical Plays. That just as the play of *Richard III.* concludes with allusions to Henry's piety (in his prayer before the battle of Bosworth), so Bacon also touches upon this point, with other minute parallels in his History. Mr. Wigston points out the probability that Bacon may have made this *History Henry VII.* a vehicle for cipher, introducing into the text all sorts of allusions to the theatre, with stage terms in connection with the impostors, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck.

Mr. Bormann thus heads his Chapter VII. :—

"*The Gap in the Historical Dramas.*"

The chapter begins with what may fairly be termed a paraphrase of Mr. Wigston's argument in Chap. I. of "Francis Bacon." In Section 3 we read of "*the theatrical allusions*" in the *History of Henry VII.*, and the original text is expanded with the addition of the following quotation given in the "Columbus of Literature" :—

"And because he is a great prince, if you have any good poet here, he can help him with parallels to write his life."

* See pp. 106—113, and 231

Thus the reader must perceive that Mr. Bormann's study of Book VII. of the *De Augmentis* is followed up by the chapter on the *History of King Henry VII.*, with its theatrical allusions and parallels to the play of *Richard III.*, these two subjects—(1) of Bacon's ethics as *Georgics* in the text of the plays ; (2) The prose *History of Henry VII.* as a missing link—being themes which form the heart and essence of Mr. Wigston's work, "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet, and Philosopher." The importance of this subject of ethics may be conceived when we understand the "*Instauration*" to be a great system of inductive logic applied to parabolic problem plays, with the end of interpreting ethic in conformity with agriculture. The *Cultura Animi*, or culture of the soul, is one of the *deficients* noted in his "New World of Sciences," and we may be pretty sure that if this particular deficient applies to the plays, all others will be found to have their respective places in the scheme—*Ex uno omnes disce.*

Another "coincidence."—In comparing the silence of Cordelia with the protestations of her sisters, Regan and Goneril, Mr. Wigston points out in "Francis Bacon," that one of the *Antitheta Rerum*, or counterpoints of things, declares : "*Silence is a candidate for truth.*" This text is discoursed upon in "Shakespeare's Secret," pp. 100, 101.

"What shall Cordelia speak ? Love and be silent ;"

and Mr. Bormann illustrates the text by aid of the Proverbs of Solomon, this application of the Proverbs to *King Lear* being apparently suggested by Mr. Wigston's observations upon Bacon's fondness for "the Preacher," not only on account of his Proverbs (of which thirty-four are introduced into the *De Aug.*, with notes thereon), but also in regard to Solomon's natural history, which Bacon imitated.

"If all sciences were lost, they might be found in Virgil." This is an important statement by Bacon, whom we have already found borrowing from Virgil the title of "Georgics," and it proves Bacon to have been a profound student of the poets, in spite of the general opinion that he was merely a dry-as-dust philosopher. Mr. Wigston comments upon Bacon's remark in chap. i. of "The Columbus," and Mr. Bormann echoes him in "Shakespeare's Secret" (chap. xi. 325).

In "Francis Bacon" (chap. iii., p. 58) is a collection of parallel passages, and amongst the rest some from the *Essay of Usury*. The author

points out that Bacon writes in the essay: "Usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize," and that *the orange-tawny bonnet being compulsory for Jews at Venice*, this remark may be meant as a hint for Shylock.

Mr. Bormann repeats the quotation from the essay, with this comment: "Shylock is a Jew, and for this reason probably wore orange-coloured head-gear" ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 159).

Mr. Bormann's "discovery" that parts iv., v., and vi. of the "Instauration" correspond to the comedies, histories, and tragedies, is a theory suggested in a chapter upon Bacon in "The New Study of Shakespeare" (1884) and in "Hermes Stella" (1889), and all the theories and "discoveries" on pp. 263—266 of the "Shakespeare's Secret" have been presented before. Mr. Bormann descants particularly upon this passage:—

"But I mean actually types and models, by which the entire process of the mind, and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set, as it were, before the eyes. For I remember that in the mathematics it is easy to follow the demonstration when you have a machine beside you." *

Upon this passage our author dwells: "The fourth part (of the 'Instauration') presents," he says, "the scientific facts to our sight with types, in exactly the same manner as the drawings and models of a mathematician . . . present things . . . it is parabolic dramatic poesy. The fourth part of the 'Instauration of Sciences' is, in short, that which is contained in the dramas of William Shakespeare."

"The total result of this present work, stated shortly, therefore, runs as follows: Francis Bacon's great 'Instauration of Sciences' is composed of *two halves*. He wrote the first half in form of scientific prose, and under his own name; he wrote the other, the parabolic half . . . under the pseudonym of William Shakespeare. This is the solution of the 'Shakespeare Secret'" (see *Ib.*, p. 266).

This theory of the application of one half of the "Instauration" in the shape of interpretation (called *the Intellectual Globe*) to the other half, in the shape of play systems *(the Visible Globe)* is enunciated in "The Columbus of Literature" (chap. viii., p. 155) in a description

* "Shakespeare's Secret," p. 263.

of the frontispiece engravings to the *Advancement of Learning* (1640). It is there suggested that one half of the six parts of the "Instauration" is represented by three volumes under each of the plinths, corresponding to the Masonic Pillars of Solomon, with the sun and moon respectively placed above each; and that these two halves answer to the visible and invisible globes seen above them, as the spiritual to the material, as mind to matter. The same theory is cursorily suggested in the "New Study of Shakespeare," and distinctly enunciated in "Hermes Stella" (chap. iv., on "The 1640 *Advancement of Learning*").

On page 56 of his work Mr. Bormann introduces an episode from Tacitus, which was quoted in "Francis Bacon" as a parallel for the actor's art, presented by the funeral oration of Antony over the body of Julius Cæsar. Briefly it is the history of an actor, Vibulenus, who served in the Pannonian Legion, and who stirred up a revolt against Blæsus by accusing the prefect of having murdered his brother.

Upon that same page 56 we read: "At the end of Book II. (*De Aug.*) we find the three fables of Pan, Perseus, and Dionysius, and then there are those words with which Bacon breaks off: '*Verum in theatro nimis diu moramur*' ('But we stay too long in the theatre')."

In "Francis Bacon" and in the "Columbus" (&c.) this very same quotation is adduced to show, as Bacon did, that Dionysius or Bacchus (in the fable of whom the sentence occurs) was the patron god of the theatre, and to hint (in a classic garb, and of course under a parable) at the parabolic nature of his own stage plays, reflected in the *Wisdom of the Ancients*.

Upon page 71 Mr. Bormann cites the *Sylva Sylvarum* (Experiment 771) concerning the visit of Cæsar to the tomb of Alexander the Great. This collates with the lines from *Hamlet*:—

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
> Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe
> Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!"

This parallel is, in like manner, presented in "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians" (xiii. 240), and briefly alluded to in "Francis Bacon."

Upon page 83 Mr. Bormann serves up Bacon's "*New World of*

Sciences or Desiderata," which forms the subject of chap. vii. in "The Columbus of Literature," and also the sub-title of the work. This constitutes the most important of Mr. Wigston's theories, for he suggests that this deficients represent the Intellectual Globe, or New World of inductive discovery of Bacon's "Instauration," the dramas answering to the Old World.

Again ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 186), we read: "This climbing ivy of a Plantagenet ought to kill the real tree himself. The parallel hereto is found in the *Tempest*." Both of these are given in the "Columbus."

And, once more, there is in the "Shakespeare Secret" (chap. viii., sect. ii., pp. 247—255) a discussion upon "Ben Jonson's Discoveries," which reproduces most of the quotations and arguments in the chapter entitled "Ben Jonson's Discoveries," in "The Columbus of Literature."

If it were worth while, and space allowed, this list might be largely increased. There are many excerpts introduced in the "Shakespeare Secret" upon subjects which have been already done to death by previous writers. Notably is this the case in the long dissertation upon the flower-gathering scene in the *Winter's Tale*, where Perdita is instructed by Polisenes as to the identity of Art with Nature. These parallels have been all pointed out by Mrs. Henry Pott, and it would be easy to show many more such unacknowledged borrowings.

In a final chapter some general reference is made to a few works *(none to Mr. Wigston's)*, but only one excerpt is acknowledged. This is the Essex episode. It seems as if this exception were made in order to give us to understand that all the rest are more or less original.

This is not a review, but a record of Mr. Wigston's claims and just rights as an original author. We may, however, request the discerning reader to observe for himself the contrast between these portions, *marked as borrowed*, and those other portions which we gladly concede are the "original" composition of Mr. Bormann himself. See, for instance, of Horatio (pp. 27, 91), of the Graves-tyring room, and Graves Inn (p. 243), of Falstaff (p. 153, 173). So infectious is this style that the translator aids and abets it. See of the "Gammon of Bacon and Charing Cross" (p. 236). But these things are really unimportant and trivial. The point which concerns Mr. Wigston and his readers is the silence of Mr. Bormann as to any debts which,

as a supposed original author, he has incurred. In "A Final Word," he says:—

"For many important features (for instance, the Essex episode) the present author admits his indebtedness to the earlier investigators; he claims only to have given the form thereto most suited to this book. On the other hand, *highly important points have been noticed by nobody but himself—i.e.*, the number of euphonious verses in the prose of Henry VII.; *the quantity of references to theatricals in the same work.* To the thousands of individual facts which others had previously found out *he has discovered and added hundreds, nay, thousands of others, which are often of equal value*, and frequently more applicable" ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 269).

So far, so good; but how is Mr. Bormann's reading public—how are Germans in particular, unacquainted with the literature of the subject—to discriminate between what belongs to the earlier investigators, and what to the author of "Shakespeare's Secret"? When we find that the author from whom he has borrowed most is never once mentioned, and that his five works are all omitted from the list of authors referred to, an uncomfortable suspicion creeps over us, which deepens into the conclusion that this silence cannot have been the result of mere accident. To sum up the "Shakespeare Secret" is to sum up the erudite studies and labours of years. We are glad that the uninformed and unstudious "general reader" should have the results of such labours put into his hands in a compendious and easily readable form. Had the immense debts owed to previous writers (the true students and discoverers) been openly declared by the writer of the "Shakespeare Secret," Mr. Wigston would have had nothing to complain of, and he would have rejoiced that the essence, at least, of studies which have occupied the best years of his life, should at length have received open recognition, and have brought forth fruits, as Bacon would say, "for the use of man." As things are, Mr. Wigston leaves it to intelligent readers, and "to the future ages," to decide who was the original "discoverer" of, and the first to announce the literary facts, which have, for the most part, been for years laid before the members of the Bacon Society, and which have now appeared so compactly arranged in "Shakespeare's Secret."

SHAKE-SPEARE'S MISTRESS UNVEILED.

SPEAKING of Shakspere's mistress, Prof. Dowden, LL.D., says, "She was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced," etc.; "to her fascination Shakspere yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakspere's friend, and won him," etc. And Chamber's Encyclopædia of English Literature, says, "When we find him (Shakspere) excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a married woman—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspere."

The author of Shakspere (whoever that may be) tells us, over and over again, that the aforesaid, "dark, pale, false, married female," was the most perfect paragon of beauty, love, and truth, that the world has ever seen."

"Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words."

"Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one."—*Sonnet* 105.

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest:
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest."—*Sonnet* 18.

"'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom."—*Sonnet* 55.

"Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?"—*Sonnet* 17.

"And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new."—*Sonnet* 15.

Now who is to be believed, the author or his critics? For my part I believe there is abundant evidence to prove, that this he, she, or it, as the author variously calls this "master mistress of his passion," is but a mere poetical type and figure of the "better part of himself," or his fame—the fame of these poetical works, which he prizes more than all

the world besides; and yet, for good and sufficient reasons, transfers to Shakspere. But not for all time, only till this incomparable young lady—this "giant's youngest sister"—this "Goddess Fame"—this "Time's best jewel"—this "Greatest birth of time"—this "all the better part of me"—"o'er-greens my bad, my good allows." (*Son.* 112).

And "Till the world, on better judgment making, has learned to read what silent love hath writ;" and

> "Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
> Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
> And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
> To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
> Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
> Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st prove me."
> —*Sonnet* 26.

> "So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
> You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes."—*Sonnet* 55.

> "So thy great gift, upon misprisioning,
> Come, home again, on better judgment making."
> —*Sonnet* 87.

That which all posterity has to learn—if the author himself be not mistaken—is that the author of Shakspere was not "an untutor'd youth, unlearned in the world's false subtleties;" but that he "had taken all knowledge to be his province," and was the world's greatest philosopher as well as poet; England's greatest glory, and Shakspere's "origin and ender," as we are told in "A Lover's Complaint" (verse 32):—

> "Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
> Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
> Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
> But yield them up where I myself must render,
> That is, to you, my origin and ender."

And that he was the one who (Jonson tells us) "had done that in our tongue, which might be preferred to anything from insolent Greece, or haughty Rome;" and was the one that Jonson also tells us Shakspere, or our country, "had to shew, to whom all scenes of Europe homage owe;" "He was not of an age, but for all time; and all the muses there were in their prime," etc., etc.

Jonson loved Shakspere on this side idolatry as much as any, but the author of Shakspere he loved more than any, on the other side idolatry, for he says of him, *not* "Poor poet ape, that would be thought our chief," etc; but the following:—

> "And you are he: the deity
> To whom all lovers are designed,
> That would their better objects find;
> Among which faithful troop am I;
> Who, as an offering at your shrine,
> Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
> One spark of your diviner heat
> To light upon a love of mine;
> Which, if it kindle not, but scant
> Appear, and that to shortest view,
> Yet give me leave t' adore in you
> What I, in her, am grieved to want."

Now can anyone imagine Jonson willingly, and cheerfully, holding the candle, or playing second fiddle, in poetry, to more than one person of the "Eliza and our James" period? And need there be the slightest doubt as to who that person was?

But to return to this wondrous deity,

> "To whom all lovers are designed,
> That would their better objects find."

who says in *Sonnet* 84:—

> "Who is it that says most? which can say more,
> Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
> In whose confine immured is the store,
> Which should example where your equal grew."

He then goes on to instruct whosoever shall first discover the nature of his mistress only to copy what in her is writ:—

> "Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
> That to his subject lends not some small glory;
> But he who writes of you, if he can tell
> That you are you, so dignifies his story,
> Let him but copy what in you is writ."—*Sonnet* 84.

Now what I maintain is, that our scholars are mistaken on this subject, as they were on the subject of Astronomy a little while ago: and there is in the *Sonnets* and "A Lover's Complaint" and the works

of Ben Jonson, abundant evidence to clear up the mystery attending the life of Shakspere, which made Charles Dickens "tremble every day lest something should come up."

"The life of Shakspere is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up," says Charles Dickens.

"Call noble Shakspere then for wine,
And let thy books with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head
And think, nay know thy origin 's not dead
He leaped the present age,
Possessed with holy rage
To see that bright eternal day:
Of which we priests and poets say,
Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
And there he lives with memory and Ben.

M. A. GOODWIN.

AN HEIR TO THE THRONE.

AS Queen Elizabeth was the last English prince of the Tudor line, so her grandfather Henry the Seventh was the first. Under her father, Henry the Eighth, the Reformation began in England. As she was the last of this line of princes, and had formed a fixed determination against marriage, and caused strict laws to be passed forbidding discourse touching the same, the question as to her successor became a matter of the deepest concern to the English people, and keenly so prior to the death of the Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, as she, upon Elizabeth's death, would have succeeded to the English throne, and thus a restoration of the ancient faith.

We have claimed that this fear for the Reformed Faith found expression in many a so-called Shakespeare Sonnet in our book, "The Defoe Period Unmasked," where those Sonnets are now mapped and called into various relations, and which chiefly concern:

1. The fact that they are products of some covert pen.

2. Love for new and unfolding methods in philosophy; to wit, the great Instauration and its tables. "Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain" (Sonnet 122).

3. The author's haste in his work.

4. A political repulse and the royal will, the Will of the Queen. (Sonnets 135, 136 and 143.)

5. A desire, through Elizabeth, for a Protestant heir to the throne of England.

6. Under King James, the downing of their author, the then chief pillar of Protestantism in Europe.

7. The living of "a second life on second head," as stated in Sonnet 68, and hence two literary periods.

From among the Sonnets collated under our 5th subdivision, wherein Elizabeth's marriage is covertly urged, we quote for consideration in this paper Sonnet 14, and which is designed to show the effect to "truth," or, as we say, the Reformed Faith, in case she should leave no issue.

To her in this Sonnet Bacon prognosticates thus:—

"Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in Heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive;
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert;
Or else of thee this I prognostigate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

We quote this Sonnet, not merely because it is a good leader to the thoughts advanced, but because it permits us to call its words, "astronomy" "fortune—tell," "prognosticate," and "Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck," into direct relation with the same words by Bacon concerning the marriage of another prince, to wit: Elizabeth's uncle, Prince Arthur, to Catherine of Arragon, where he says:—

"In all of the devices and conceits of the triumphs of this marriage, there was a great deal of ASTRONOMY; the lady being resembled to

Hesperus and the Prince to Arcturus ; and the old King Alphonsus [that was the greatest astronomer of kings and was ancestor to the lady] was brought in to be the FORTUNE TELLER of the match. And whoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical ; but you may be sure that King Arthur the Briton, and the descent of Lady Catherine from the house of Lancaster, was in no wise forgotten. But as it should seem, IT IS NOT GOOD TO FETCH FORTUNE FROM THE STARS ; for this young prince [that drew upon him at that time, not only the hopes and affections of his country, but the eye and the expectations of foreigners] after a few months, in the beginning of April, deceased at Ludlow castle, where he was sent to keep his residence and court as Prince of Wales."

We have distinguished the words in the forgoing quotation which we would have the reader linger upon, and call carefully into relation with the Sonnet under review, and we thus leave him to his inferences, as to its probable authorship, in the light of what follows.

Touching its prognostication, should the Prince leave no "store," or issue, we from Bacon's "Observations on a Libel" concerning Elizabeth in 1592 quote thus:—

"In the third branch of the miseries of England he taketh upon himself to play the prophet, as he hath in all the rest played the poet; and will needs divine or prognosticate the great troubles whereto this realm shall fall after her Majesty's times, as if he that hath so singular a gift in lying of the present time and times past, had never the less an extraordinary grace in telling truth of the time to come, or, as if the effect of the Pope's curses of England was upon better advice adjourned to those days. It is true, it would be misery enough for this realm [whensoever it shall be] to lose such a sovereign, but for the rest we must repose ourselves upon the good pleasure of God. See this paper, Bacon's Letters, Vol. 1, 170. And see his essay entitled "Of Propheeies."

But what evidences have we that Lord Bacon ever wrote Sonnets concerning Queen Elizabeth? Let the reader here turn to Bacon's letters by Spedding, vol. 1, page 388, and read the admirable Sonnet concerning her in a device or mask prepared by him to be played before her in 1595. And in his "Apology Concerning the Earl of Essex" he says:—

"And as sometimes it cometh to pass that men's inclinations are opened more in a toy than in a serious matter, a little before that time, being about the middle of Michaelmas term, her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twickingham Park, at which time I had [though I profess not to be a poet] prepared a Sonnet directly tending to draw on her Majesty's reconcilement to my lord, which I remember, also, I showed a great person, and one of my lord's nearest friends, who commended it."

We have here then, confessedly, at least two Sonnets prepared by Bacon concerning Elizabeth. Note that he does not in this quotation say that he is not a poet, but only that he does not profess to be one.

Was Bacon a concealed poet?

In 1603 he ends a letter to the poet Sir John Davis in these words: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue your very assured, Fr. Bacon." (Bacon's Letters, vol. 3, page 65.)

Mr. Spedding in a footnote to this letter says: "The allusion to concealed poets I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."

Bacon's reasons for concealment will be found when the aims of his "New Atlantis" shall become fully known. It is more than likely that Davis was one of its "Merchants of Light."

Having premised thus much concerning the Sonnet under review, let us return to its interpretation. That its fortune telling or prediction concerns a prince may be seen in its words, "Or say with princes if it shall go well."

There is here an attempt to foretell two unhappy events in case the prince shall leave no issue, the first of which applies to "truth," as we say, the Reformed Faith, and the second to the loss absolute of her "beauty"—her objective selfhood—she not leaving herself, for want of issue, living in posterity. That this last thought is the correct interpretation, as to the word "beauty" used in this Sonnet, may be seen by reference to Sonnets 2, 4, 7, and 13. And please see Sonnets from 1 to 18 inclusive, which all concern Queen Elizabeth, and our 5th subdivision of those hitherto considered enigmatic writings, known as the Shakespeare Sonnets. Sonnet 13 ends with, "You had a father:

let your son say so." This is, we think, a direct allusion to her father Henry the Eighth. Touching the fact of her determination not to marry, see Sonnets 4, 6, 10, and 11.

In Sonnets 15, 16, and 17 he tells her that he will, by his pen, do what he can to engraft her new, as time takes from her, but still says that issue is the "mightier way." See what he says of her beauty, Bacon's letters, vol. 1, page 138. That a public successor is sought, and not a private person meant, in these Sonnets, see Sonnet 2 and 9. In Sonnet 2 we have :—

> "How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
> If thou could'st answer: 'This fair child of mine
> Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'
> Proving his beauty by succession thine."

Returning to the word "truth," as a subject for thought, in the Sonnet under review, let it be called into relation with Bacon's use of that word as found in our second quotation from him. To what, please, does the word "truth" allude in this Sonnet, if not to the subject already suggested ?

Touching a necessity for the secret urging of marriage in these Sonnets, we quote Bacon thus :—

"For Queen Elizabeth, being a princess of extreme caution, and yet one that loved admiration above safety, and knowing the declaration of a successor might in point of safety be disputable, but in point of admiration and respect assuredly to her disadvantage, had from the beginning set it down for a maxim of estate to impose a silence touching succession. Neither was it only reserved as a secret of estate, but restrained by severe laws, that no man should presume to give opinion, or maintain argument touching the same ; so, though the evidence of right drew all the subjects of the land to think one thing; yet the fear of danger of law made no man privy to another's thought." (Bacon's literary works vol. 1, page 277).

The word "store" used in this Sonnet was ever Bacon's word to denote the product of some kind of increase, and we say that it here alludes to issue by the Queen.

Touching its word "prognosticate" and the words "Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality," see Bacon's "Natural History" and particularly sub. 675, 736, and 817 to 824. In his "History of the

Winds" he of prognostics says: "From the power of the winds, let the investigation pass to the prognostics of the winds, not only for the use of predictions, but because they lead us to the causes; for prognostics do either show us the preparations of things before they be brought into action, or the beginnings before they appear to the sense."

Note the word "predict" in the Sonnet under review.

Touching its words "and yet, methinks, I have astronomy," see Bacon's grasp upon astronomy in ch. 4 of book 3 of his "De Augmentis." But where shall we turn for a like grasp by Shakespeare?

Bacon here as to the words "Not from the stars," etc., says: "There is no fatal necessity in the stars; and this the more prudent astrologers have constantly allowed."

The Baconian scope and vocabulary noted in this article is spread into every phase of the Shakespeare literature. While Bacon was unable to conceal his vocabulary and vast range of knowledge, he was still able as in his Shakespeare to throw his composition into almost any form. Here as in all else, he brayed language as in a mortar, and made it into a new paste. The plays—his great volume on metaphysics—are said to have added some six thousand words to the mother tongue. While his "New Atlantis" is the only narrational piece of composition, now attributed to him, and his "Holy War" the only piece in which he has handled a subject dialogue-wise, yet note his consummate skill therein. And note generally his tentative literary methods, "D.P. unmasked," page 188.

These brief openings to investigation we conclude by quoting the words of Locke to those deep plunged Shakesperian critics, who pronounce, but investigate not: "To prejudge other men's notions before we have looked into them, is not to show their darkness, but to put out our own eyes.

J. E. Roe.

Livonia, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1896.

"LINKS IN THE CHAIN."

PART V.

FURTHER EXAMPLES OF REMARKABLE BOYS—OF VERSES ON PORTRAITS AND MONUMENTS OF WIT—ART, WISDOM, ETC., DIED WITH THE AUTHOR—THE CELERITY WITH WHICH HE WROTE.

WE have been reminded that in enumerating the youthful geniuses of Bacon's time, we omitted to mention in Link No. 1, *Pedro Calderon de la Barca*, born 1600. He is said to have been only fourteen years of age when he composed his early poems, but his "Autos" were much later, and he continued to produce these, we truly believe, until he was eighty.

With regard to the *Verses on Portraits*, which form the subject of Links No. 2, Part III., we now give the lines written beneath a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, which has the forehead and side-long look of Francis, and which is dated 1655:—

> "This Picture represented to thine eye,
> Doth represent the comelie gravitie
> Of *Wilson's* countenance, but oh! his worth
> What pen besides his owne can set it forth?
> I'll cease; here's but the shadow of his face,
> His workes do show his learning, vertue, grace."

The verses to the reader in the *Shakespeare* folio of 1623 we supposed too well known for their reproduction to be needful. Since, however, they have been asked for we print them here, and hope that readers will carefully compare them with the collection published in BACONIANA, September, 1895, Links, Part III.:—

> "This figure that thou seest here put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
> Wherein the graver had a strife
> With Nature to outdoo the life:
> O could he but have drawne his wit
> As well in brasse as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpasse
> All that was ever writ in brasse.
> But as he cannot, reader looke,
> Not on his picture but his booke."—*B.I.*

A few more examples have been furnished on the same theme.

A Funeral Sacrifice to the Sacred Memory of his thrice Honoured Father, Ben Jonson.

"I cannot grave nor carve; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name shall live
In tombs and brass, until the stones, or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust."
—*Shakerley Marmion.*

To Ben Jonson.

"Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends, their Pyramids prepare,
And take thou, Ben, from verse a second breath,
Which shall create thee new, and conquer death."
—*Sir Thos. Hawkins.*

"Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
So'eer thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb . . .
And when more spreading titles are forgot
Or, spite of all their lead and scar-cloth rot;
Thou wrap't and shrin'd in thine own sheets will lie,
A relic fam'd by all posteritie."—*Henry King.*

To Ben Jonson.

". . . 'Tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
JONSON! that's weight enough to crown thy stone
And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
Under the heavy load! A name shall stand
Fix'd to thy tomb, till death's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave at the great funeral."—*R. Bridecake.*

We pass on to Link 7, Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, alike fade at the death of the author.

Of Bacon.

"He . . . filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view and within his time were all the wits born, that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."—*B. Jonson. Discoveries.*

Of Shakespeare.

"Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence *chide or cheer the drooping stage,*
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."
—*B. Jonson. Underwood's*, xii.

Of Ben Jonson.

"*Great soul of numbers*, whom we want and boast
Like curing gold, *most valued now thour't lost!* . . .
Then shall we see that these two names are one
JONSON *and* POETRY *which now are gone.*"

Elegy upon Ben Jonson.

"Now thou art dead . . .
. . . Fame with thyself is gone . . .
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil not find it due."—*Jo. Rutter.*

To the Memory of the Immortal Ben.

"Yet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical! *
And now since Jonson's gone, we well may say
The stage hath seen her glory and decay," &c.
—*Owen Feltham.*

To Dr. John Donne.

"Can we not force *from widow'd poetry*
Now thou art dead (great Donne) one Elegy . . .
Have we no voice, no tune? *Didst thou dispense*
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth . . . The fire . . .
Which kindled first but the Promethean breath
Glow'd here awhile, *lies quencht now in thy death.*"
—*Elegy, Thomas Cary.*

Link 8. The author's "speed," "celerity," and "*facility*" in writing.

Of Bacon.

"With what sufficiency he wrote let the world judge; *with what celerity he wrote them*, I can the best testify."—*Dr. Rawley's Life of Bacon.*

* Comp. *B. Jonson* of Bacon as *the acme.*

Of Cowley.

"*His fancy flowed with great speed*, and therefore it was very fortunate for him that his judgment was equal to manage it."

—*Cowley's Life and Works, 1669.*

Of Gasper Barthius.

"*He had a marvellous facility in making verses*, &c. . . . Wrote 278 Hexameters in two days, and translated the first three books of the Iliad, with more than 2,000 verses, in three days."

—*Bayle's Dictionary.*

Of Molière (Poquelin).

"*He had an incredible facility in making verses.*"—*Ib.*

Montaigne of Himself.

"I always write my letters post-haste . . . precipitately. . . . I can find none other able to follow me. . . . I fall to without precipitation or design; the first word begets the second, and so on to the end of the chapter."—*Mont. Ess.* i. 313.

DUCDAME.

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been expended in endeavouring to explain the meaning of this word, which is used by *Jacques* in "As You Like It" (II. v. 51) in the following passage:—

"If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

"*Ami.* What's that Ducdàme?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle."

Sir Thomas Hanmer suggested that for *ducdàme* we should read *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me;* and someone else has suggested *Huc ad me.* The latest conjecture is that the word is of Gaelic origin.

I venture to think that these learned suggestions are all beside the mark, and that we should read *Dictynna* for *Ducdàme*. And for this reason : In "Love's Labour's Lost" (IV. ii. 35) we have the following passage :—

"*Dull.* You two book-men : Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull, Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon."

Stevens remarks that Shakespeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana in the Second Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

"*Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."

It also occurs in the first Satire of Marston, 1598, and in the 9th *Thebaid* of Statius, 632.

Dictynna, then, stands for a title, or "invocation to Phœbe, or to Luna, or to the moon"; and is "a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle."

"Fools" are often described as "moon-struck" or "moon-calves."

Therefore,

"If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
A moon-calf, a moon-calf, a moon-calf;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to Ami."

And so also :

"*Dull.* What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old yet?

Hol. A moon-struck ass, Dull; a moon-struck ass, Dull."

A polite and subtle way of calling him, and Amiel in the other passage, a dolt or fool.

I offer this suggestion with all diffidence; but it appears to me to be more reasonable than any other reading I have met with.

HARRY S. CALDECOTT.

Johannesburg. 4th Feb., 1896.

A DISCOVERY AS TO "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

A DISCOVERY which I have made concerning this play will be of interest, I think, to all students of the so-called Shakespeare plays, no matter what their opinions may be as to the authorship of them.

Love's Labour's Lost, described as "revised and augmented," was first printed in quarto in the year 1598 for Cuthbert Burby, and it is an acknowledged fact, that the play was reprinted in the folio of 1623 from the quarto edition of 1598 with all the various errors of the press reproduced which appeared in that publication.

But when did it first appear on the stage? Coleridge was of the opinion that it was the earliest dramatic effort of the writer, and his opinion has been generally adopted by the commentators.

I am enabled to fix a precise time when it appeared upon the stage. It was acted, according to Henslowe—a very reliable authority—on the second day of November, 1597, at "my housse," by which Henslowe probably meant the Rose Theatre, and it was played by "my lord Admerals and my lord of Pembrockes men."

Among the plays specified in his diary by this ignorant man was one which he entitles on page 240, "Burone;" and on page 241, "Berowne;" on page 91, "Burbon;" and on page 276, "Borbonne." The entry on page 241 is as follows: "Lay'd owt at the apoyntmente of the Companye, to macke a scafowld and bare for the playe of Berowne and Carpenters, wages XIIIs."

Collier in his third note on page 240 of the diary of Philip Henslowe, mentions a suggestion in the history of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage that "Berowne" might refer to Chapman's "Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy," printed in 1608, and dismisses the suggestion as questionable on account of the difference in dates. What the play called "Berowne" was, has hitherto puzzled all students and editors.

An examination of the original printed play of *Love's Labour's Lost* will clear up the mystery. "Berowne," was the Biron of the present editions of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Verplanck, in his second note to this Comedy says, "Biron is in all the old editions printed 'Berowne,' which Rowe altered to Biron. The verse shows that it is not a mis-

print, but the pronunciation of the poet himself and his times. It is to be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable."

Henslowe was in the habit of murdering the King's English in giving the titles of plays in his diary; and very often he would use the name of a principal character to designate a play.

Berowne and the other names above set out were undoubtedly used by him to designate *Love's Labour's Lost*. The entry at page 276, shows that the play belonged, among others, to the Stock of the Company, having been bought after March 3rd, 1598.

The play therefore belonged to the theatrical company.

JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

"THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE."

PART II.

FOLLOWING up the inquiry, now of such immense importance—"*Did Francis Bacon fill up all numbers?*"—was he indeed that greatest of poets whom Ben Jonson declared him to be?—we append another small collection of passages which connect themselves kindly with those printed under the present title in BACONIANA for January, 1896.

Some of the following Extracts are from "authors," whose works have not yet come under public examination; but their value and significance is none the less, and observing readers are requested to add to their number.

"He swelling in their humbleness like a bubble blown up with a small breath."—*Arc.* ii. 130.

"Happy Ladon . . . an imperfect mirror of all perfection (sees himself reflected in the bubbles of the water). Each of those bubbles setting forth the miniature of his face."—*Ib.* 138.

"The light-blown bubble vanished for ever, emblem of joys that fade and melt away."—*Palinode. England's Helicon.*

"The rose, the shine, the bubble and the show of praise, pomp, glory, joy."—*Ib.*

"What a bubble man builds his state, fame, life on."—*Bussy d'Ambois* v. 1.

"Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble? . . . Worth, without which greatness is a shade, a bubble."—Part II., *Bussy d'Ambois* i. 1.

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying" boldly begins with a quotation from the epigram which Francis Bacon translated from the Greek:—

"*A man is a bubble*, said the Greek proverb, which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose, saying, All the world is a storm,* and men rise up in their several generations like bubbles descending *à jove pluvio* . . . from nature and providence: and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, . . . having had no other business in the world but to be born that we may be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless, and uneasy, and, being crushed with a great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible that it should be *more a nothing* than it was before. So is every man, . . . like morning mushrooms, . . . turning into dust and forgetfulness. . . . But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, . . . then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, . . . and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm; . . . and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, . . . to preserve him from *rushing into nothing*, and at first to draw him up *from nothing*, were equally the issues of an Almighty power. And, therefore, the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls man a *leaf*, the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived unsteady plant. Pindar calls him *the dream of a shadow*. Another, *the dream of the shadow of smoak*. But St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, *Our life is but a vapour*—viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence, made of smoak, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind. . . . But it is lighter yet. It is but an appearing, a phantastic vapour, nothing real; it is not so much as a mist, . . . for which

* Compare "All the world's a stage," &c.

you cannot have a word that can signific a verier nothing."—*Holy Dying* i. 1.

Observe in the concluding words of this passage, and in the general tone of the whole, a reflection of the dismal cogitations of Macbeth on the brevity and vanity of life, the dustiness and oblivion of death. Man as *a walking shadow*, and his life a tale full of wind and froth, sound and fury, "*signifying nothing*."

Such uses of the word *nothing* continually recur in the Plays, and often bring with them the same train of ideas, as in an example quoted in the first paper on "Bubbles," from *Troilus and Cressida*, of "mighty states grated to *dusty nothing*." Such expressions recall the brief note in Bacon's *Promus*, 323:—"That is iust nothing." When the youthful poet-philosopher wrote down those two words was he already reflecting upon the "vanity of vanities," the "brief candle" so soon to be "out," the "bubble reputation" so easily shattered, the "dust and forgetfulness," which should make all human efforts which are not directed to the glory of God "just nothing?"

C. M. P.

SHAKESPEARE AND VIRGIL.

In *King Lear* i. 4, we have the following passage:—

"What's lighter than the mind? A thought.
Than thought?
This bubble world. What's lighter than this bubble?
Nought."

This passage was evidently suggested by the lines quoted in the *Returne from Parnassus* II. v. 1:—

"*Gull.* True it is that Virgill saithe,
Quid pluma levius? Flamen. Quid
flamine? Veritus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere?
Nihil."

H. S. C.

Johannesburg.

NOTE.

THE key to Mr. Millet's "Concealed Statement" in his article on Dr. Orville Owen's Cipher, BACONIANA, April 1896, pp. 92—101 :—

"In the writer's opinion it would have been better for Dr. Owen, the discoverer of the cipher, to have made public his cipher method at the start, and thus have forestalled criticism. Assuming that Dr. Owen could (as he, of course, stoutly maintains) prove the existence of his method to any impartial mind beyond a doubt, he would have run a great risk—that of having some other decipherer, by using the disclosed method, bring out rival books. He should, however, have taken it. Most people disbelieve in Dr. Owen's method so thoroughly as to give their words and manners every appearance of personality, but many thoughtful readers will be more fairminded."

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"MANES VERULAMIANI."

PROOFS THAT FRANCIS BACON WAS KNOWN AND ACKNOWLEDGED BY CERTAIN OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES AS THE POET OF THE AGE.

THE importance of the "Elegy" communicated to us by Dr. George Cantor, has not been over-estimated. Like all scraps of evidence or fragments of true discoveries, it draws on others, and helps us forward to the main objects of our search.

> "I this infer,
> That many things, having full reference
> To one consent, may work contrariously.
> As many arrows, loosed several ways,
> Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
> As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
> As many lines close in the dial's centre;
> So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
> End in one purpose, and be all well borne
> Without defeat."—*Hen. V.*, i. 2.

Thanks then to Dr. Cantor, and to another of the most erudite of our Baconian scholars, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, we have now attained to the recognition and possession of a group of documents which prove our case, and this in more ways than one. The original papers are to be found in the Harleian Miscellany.* "A collection of scarce, curious and entertaining pamphlets and tracts." Here are printed the 32 Latin poems arranged in 1626 by Dr. William Rawley, Bacon's Chaplain and Secretary; they are entitled:—

"Memoriæ Honoratissimæ Domini Francisci, Baronis de Verulamis, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani sacrum. Londini in Officina. Joh. Haviland, 1626, Quarto, 17 leaves.

* Vol. x. London, 1813, p. 287.

These Latin tributes re-appear elsewhere. Six of them (including the Elegy already published) may be seen at the beginning of the 1640 Edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, and the whole of them, with a few additions in Latin, a poem in Greek, and a collection of "characters" in English, are inserted under the title of "*Manes Verulamiani*" in "Collections relating to the Life of the Author" at the beginning of Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Works, 1730.

These papers, we have said, prove our case in several particulars. In the first place they prove that the pre-eminence of Francis Bacon as a poet was known to upwards of thirty of his "*Alumni*," his "Sons of Science," the young students of the Universities and Inns of Court, whom we see him (in his private notes) preparing to enlist as "voluntaries" in the army with which he would conquer all the provinces of learning. This is important. Thirty men capable of writing Latin poetry were combined to keep green the true aims and genius of Francis of Verulam, whilst at the same time they would keep secret the fact of this very same poetic genius and of his method of using it to forward his predominant aim of achieving the "Great Restoration" of learning and the ultimate happiness of mankind.

A matter cannot be accurately termed *secret* which is known even to thirty persons, and here we have only a certain number who were capable of writing Latin verses. How many more were there besides, who knew, but could not write? Yet these men were all by some means constrained to keep the secret within their own circle or ring, and we are gradually learning the means by which this was accomplished. All the pieces which (however enigmatically) describe Bacon as a poet, are written in Latin, and of the 37 Latin pieces in "Blackbourne," no fewer than 25 (or nearly three-fourths of the whole) do so extol him, representing him not once, but repeatedly as the close associate of Apollo or Phœbus, supremely beloved of the Muses or Camænæ, and himself "the Tenth Muse."*

As in the Elegy, so in these other pieces, we read, in connection with the poetic genius of Bacon, of the Pierides and of Pegasus, whose hoof struck the spot whence flowed the spring of the Muses. The poet is likened to Orpheus, who by his harmonies charmed the birds and the

* Mr. Wigston notes this expression and compares it with Sonnet xxxviii. 9, which see.

beasts, the stocks and the stones. By his wise use of Metaphor, Allegory and Parable, and with his unerring judgment weighing the vast power of "stage-playing" as an engine to stir the hearts and minds of men, with no light or trifling spirit, but with "polish" and consummate art, he restored Comedy and Tragedy, making them a part of his method, and enthroning them with dignity amongst the arts in his new philosophy: For he was nothing, if not methodical, and seems everywhere to be reminding us that "Order is heaven's first law." In one of these *Manes Verulamani*, we find Bacon described as an oracle, directing "*Ex tripode*," the disciples of the goddess of order.

Having passed through the Pillars of Hercules (the bounds to learning erected by the schoolmen), like Columbus, he added to the old world a new one. And here seems to be another of those quibbles which we find so offensive to some of our classical friends. The word *Columbus* is made to do double duty, and we are told that by the gentle or *Dove-like* arts of Apollo, Bacon won all the provinces of learning. *He drew on the "socks" of the Comedians, and raised the heels of the Tragedians* (the buskins or *cothurnos* of the Athenian actors of Tragedy). Like another Virbius,* the learning of Aristotle was made to live anew.

Melpomene herself (the tragic Muse) reproaches the Fates with the death of the Dramatist. Atropos is not usually so cruel, but she has cut short the light of the Muses, the Phœbus Apollo of their day, the most exquisite of the poets of nature. "Thou hast," exclaims Melpomene addressing Atropos, "the whole world for thyself. Give me back my Phœbus."

Other interesting matters are touched upon in these short pieces or funeral verses. Two of them speak of the *History of Henry the Seventh*; one declaring in no ambiguous terms that, although Henry united two Roses, Bacon gave a thousand, for that the words of his books are so many Roses.†

The way in which Roger Bacon is referred to seems confirmatory of the opinion that Francis Bacon "restored," *with considerable additions*, the works of his predecessor in experimental philosophy.

* See "*Virbius*," forward foot-note to the Poem. † Comp. Sonnet 109 where the Poet's Muse seems to be his Rose of Beauty.

Francis had to create for himself, not only a public to read his works, but authorities to support them. Men are disposed to attach to authority a great and often fictitious importance. Too ignorant or too idle to study and prove, too dull or uninterested to think and reason for themselves, they are yet (we see it daily) ever ready to catch at an authoritative utterance *in print*. Who, so observant as Francis Bacon, could fail to be aware of this?

> "All this I speak in print, for in print I found it."*
> "We quarrel in print—by the book."

It is therefore only necessary to put a bold face upon the matter, and to state *in print* a good sound untruth, difficult at the moment of absolute disproof, and little exertion is afterwards required to keep the ball rolling. A makes a mis-statement, B quotes A, and C quotes A and B. Presently A and B are well pleased to find C agreeing with them, and "authorities" continue to increase and multiply without the production of any proofs or further evidence. For (we are told) C is "an excellent authority," and everybody knows that his opinions are endorsed by A and B. And so on and on, until some unhappy day perchance X finds strong reasons for doubting the accuracy, and for scorning the second-hand conclusions or evidence of B, and the reflected wisdom of C. Then comes the deluge. It is now not sufficient that A shall be refuted, with whom the original intanglement began, but the opposition are required to unravel the mutually interwoven errors of the various authorities, which so cross and recross each other, and are perhaps so purposely fitted together as to become at last inseparable. Such experience cannot but have fallen to the lot of Francis Bacon. Especially in his youth, and when he found nearly all kinds of aid to literary work "deficient," he must have felt the necessity for falling back upon the support of "authorities," and when these were lacking, he had to create them. Roger Bacon, his ancient namesake was, we think, one such authority. Portraits of this shadowy philosopher show, when we screen the lower part of the face, that the upper half presents the broad and lofty brow, with the "feather" of hair which characterise nearly every bare-headed portrait of the great Verulam. The delicate mouth and refined

* *Tw. G. Ver.*, ii. 1.

outline of the face are present in some pictures, though the long white beard and the cowl assist the disguise. On the back of such a portrait in the Print Room of the British Museum is (or was) written, the information that *the portrait is fictitious*; a warning hardly needful.

But whether or no Francis Bacon actually wrote the works or conducted the experiments attributed to the philosophic monk who preceded him by three hundred and fifty years, these verses further declare that, although some of Bacon's works saw the light, yet *others lay hidden*, and that Rawley performed the part of "*fidus Achates*" to his Æneas.

We feel constrained to collate with this significant hint some suggestive but obscure lines in another "Threnody," where Francis is described as *the Sinew of Genius, the Marrow of Persuasiveness, the Priceless Gem of Concealed Literature, and the Tagus of Oratory.* What can be meant by this last expression? The Tagus was famous for its golden sands; and gold, we know, is the symbol of precious truth. Still, this seems to be a lame and impotent conclusion, an insufficient interpretation of the enigmatical utterances, here coupled, about *a concealed literature* and *the Orator of the Tagus.*

Again we hazard a suggestion—it is no more, and would probably not have occurred to the imagination had it not fallen in with some long-cherished suspicions in the mind of the writer. Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Quevado, were, we fondly believe, *the elegant translators, but not the original composers*, of the works which pass under their names. What do we read of these men?

Cervantes, born 1547, at Alcala on the Henares, *a branch of the Tagus, studied at Madrid on the Tagus.* Being well educated, he became chamberlain to Cardinal Giulio Aquaviva at Rome; at the age of twenty-four he entered the army, distinguished himself at Lepanto, was taken prisoner by a corsair, and remained in slavery at Algiers for five years, was ransomed, and at the age of forty-one *settled in Madrid.* During the next ten years he produced thirty dramas, apparently unprofitable; but, as usual, we cannot judge of their merits, for "*nearly all the plays of this author are lost.*" Cervantes was driven to great shifts to earn a livelihood (more like a literary hack than a great writer), and in 1605 he "*produced*" the first part of "that extraordinary work which has immortalised his name,"

as well as several "Novelle," and a "Voyage to Parnassus," whose title recalls other works which we rank as Bacon's satires on the Poet-apes of his time. Cervantes is said to have died on *April* 23, 1616 *the same day as Shakspere;* although some contest this point.

Calderon de la Barca, born 1600, also served at Court and in the army until he was forty years of age. Then *he settled at Madrid, and became Manager of the Court Theatre.* He has been called the Spanish *Shakespeare.* He produced a number of Dramas, upon which his fame depends, and which often remind us of *Shakespeare.* But in 1652 he took holy orders, and, becoming Canon of Toledo, wrote sacred Autos differing very much from the Dramas, and which earned for him the name of the Poet of the Inquisition. It is said that he now ceased to value the Dramas brought out under his name. The date of the death of "this very distinguished Spanish Dramatist" is unknown. It is placed between the years 1680 and 1690.

Lope de Vega was born in 1562 *at Madrid.* The gigantic amount of literature attributed to his pen has been noted in a previous paper,* but some of the more dependable books of reference are chary in expressing their views on this subject. Lope de Vega served for many years in the army; married, lost two wives, and retired into a Franciscan monastery, from whence we are to believe that scarcely a week passed without seeing a new Drama from his prolific pen. Again we have to add that *a comparatively very small number of his works have escaped the destruction which seems to have dogged the heels of all the "suspect" works.*

Lastly, "the celebrated Spanish satirist, Francisco Gomez de Quevado y Villegas." He also was *born at Madrid* (1580), to which place, after serving in the army and going through many adventures, he returned, and was in 1620 arrested and confined for three years in his country house. At what period of his life this author is supposed to have written we do not know—perhaps during his imprisonment; but "he is esteemed one of the most original of Spanish writers, distinguished by extraordinary versatility of talent shining in almost every variety of composition, verse or prose." Need we add the accustomed refrain ?—"*A large number of his writings were seized*

* See article, "Is it possible?" BACONIANA, April, 1896.

and destroyed in his lifetime, especially the historical and dramatic works."

To what does all this tend? It tends to nourish the idea that these young scholars and disciples (whose identity should be established) knew perfectly well, as did all the collaborators in the writing of those verses, that Francis Bacon contributed his priceless gems of oratory to the golden sands of the Tagus, and that the supposed "authors" were but elegant translators, capable editors, or generous publishers. These ideas are thrown out as suggestions to be rigorously inquired into; they are the result of ordinary study, and collation of several of the works in question.

We cannot stop at this point; the argument leads us farther. Those things which were known to the young students of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to those of the Inns of Court in 1626, were equally known to all who had any concern in the publication of the *Advancement of Learning* in 1640, of the "Blackbourne" standard edition of the works in 1730, and of the Harleian Miscellany, printed in 1813. All the readers of these works, all who could read Latin (and not many others would be likely to tackle Bacon's works in four or five volumes folio), must have known these things which we have been feebly recapitulating. The books are still on our shelves, and on the shelves of all the great libraries; it would be miraculous if their custodians were unacquainted with them; we may therefore consider it *proved* that there was, *and is*, a widespread combination of learned men whose object is, or who are bound, to keep secret the fact of Bacon's pre-eminence as a Poet, while permitting his recognition as a Statesman and a Man of Science. Yet, even in these latter capacities, he is, for some cause, still mulcted of his honours. We all know too well how shamefully, as Chancellor, Bacon has been maligned by those who had the power, though not the will, to do him justice; and to these things we need not return. But it is also allowed to pass current that he was *no mathematician*, and poor in scientific knowledge; consequently works on optics and astronomy, and applied science, which will surely some day be claimed as his, are still set to the credit of others who seem not to have inaugurated the work, but who merely (as he desired) spun upon his thread. The great Verulam who "gave every man his due" is even charged with having ignored

or disparaged works which we believe he wrote himself. In the great institutions of which he was the founder, his face sometimes peeps out from a frame, or is stamped on a medal, but his NAME is studiously kept in the background. In libraries raised by him, or in consequence of his exertions, his works are screened, his manuscripts hidden, and every ray is carefully excluded which might light the way of truth to the "profane" of the outer courts. Such a combination as this constitutes, in fact, *a Secret Society*—it is, as we have frequently insisted, none other than Freemasonry in its highest grades, or, if you will, an adaptation of the old Rosicrucian system.

The references to the Union of the Roses are not the only points which oblige us to see that Bacon's highest aim was to reach, by the help of his poetic fervour, to the highest conception of divine things to "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul." One of his eulogists* calls him the British *Ioannes*, and speaks of his deep researches into the sacred oracles. We do not attempt at present to follow up this tremendous subject, but are fully convinced that, although in this branch of study impediments are encountered similar to those which environ all else concerning Francis Bacon, yet all the more, and on this very account, do we rest unshaken in the belief, engendered by long and anxious study of the subject, that Bacon was *not only the one great Poet, but the one great Theologian of his age*, and that to him we chiefly owe the revised editions of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, as well as a mass of sermons, treatises, and devotional books, which pass under other names.

Why there should be any mystery made, any puzzledom maintained and fostered, with regard to matters which are, and ought to be, so deeply interesting to us all, remains at present among the unsolved enigmas of life. Many mean and unworthy reasons are from time to time proposed; but we prefer to take refuge in the Freemason theory.

One point, generally disregarded, is brought before us in these verses; it concerns the *voluminous* nature of Bacon's writings. His intimate friends and biographers have succeeded in conveying to the world an impression that he was an indefatigable writer, who composed with the utmost facility and speed, dictating to his secretaries

* Robert Ashley, who associates him with Roger Bacon.

in the morning the thoughts or "inventions" which had come to him in the night, and dressing anew the feeble language of others.

"With what sufficiency he wrote, let the world judge; but with what celerity he wrote them, I can best tell," says his *fidus Achates*, Dr. Rawley. Now, such statements agree with those of the "feigned biographies," or "disguised histories," which we find in works strongly suspected as Bacon's. Take, for instance, "*Montaigne*," of whom we have recently read* that he seems to apologise for the mass of his writings—"*I fear to glut the world with my works;*" yet he is the accredited author of *only one book*. And so with many others; it seems as if these authors were continually exclaiming: "Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio!" although they are perhaps accredited with only one.

This is our impression of Francis Bacon's way of writing; the conviction is certainly general that his writings were as voluminous as ponderous. The sight of the Letters, Life, and Works, edited by James Spedding in fourteen volumes octavo, will not diminish this impression; yet it will be found that half the volumes contain the "Letters and Life," and, of the remaining seven volumes, three at least consist of translations and *variorum* editions, with editor's notes and commentaries. There remain, then, but four moderate octavo volumes, as the authentic works of "the most prodigious wit," the swiftest and most facile pen, the most life-long and indefatigable writer whom the world has seen. In short, the records concerning Bacon written by his closest friends do not fit the apparent state of the case with regard to his works; whilst, on the other hand, neither do the records of "*Montaigne*" fit *him*, though they do fit Bacon; and the same can be shown concerning other "authors" of Bacon's age, authors of whom we can seldom find proof that they wrote any of the works attributed to them.

Lastly—it seems but a small matter, yet has its own importance—in one brief verse of four lines Bacon is described as the most brilliant star in the sidereal heavens of King James, shining as the constellation *Aper*, or the Boar. This Boar's Head is Bacon's crest,† and the mention of it in these memorial verses makes assurance doubly sure that

* BACONIANA, April, 1896. † See article in BACONIANA, April, 1896—"The Boar's Head."

the Boar's Head, so often introduced into the book ornaments of Bacon's time, is intended as a clue to his authorship or supervision of the works in which this crest occurs.

(The following two pieces are from Dr. William Rawley's "*Manes Verulamiani.*" *Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Opera Omni*, 1740. The first of these pieces requires much elucidation, but the second speaks for itself.)

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI VIRI AC DOMINI, D. FRANCISCI · DE *VERULAMIO*, VICECOMITIS *SANCTI ALBANI*, NUPERI, *ANGLIÆ* CANCELLARII.

Adhuc superbis insolente purpura,
Feretri rapinis inclytos in tot viros
Sterile tribunal? Cilicio dicas diem,
Saccumque totam facito luxuriem fori.
A themide libra nec geratur pensilis,
Sed urna, praegravis urna Verulamii;
Expendat. Eheu! *Ephorus* haud lancem premit,
Sed *Areopagus*; nec minor tantus sophos,
Quam Porticus braccata. Nam vester, Scholæ,
Gemiscit axis, tanta dum moles ruit;
Orbis solutus cardo litteraii,
Ubi studio colluit togam and trabeam pari.
Qualis per umbras ditis *Eurydice* vagans,
Palpare gestiet *Orpheum*, quali Orpheus,
Saliente tandem, vix prius crispa, Styge,
Alite fibras lyræ titillavit manu;
Talis plicata philologon ænigmatis,
Petiit Baconum vindicem, tali manu,
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia;
Humique soccis repitantem comicis,
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine,
Sarsit, sed Instauravit, Hinc politius,
Surgit cothurno celsiore, and *Organo*,
Stagirita virbius reviviscit *Novo*.

Calpen superbo *Abylamque* vincit remige,
Phœbi Columbus, artibus novis novum,
Daturus orbem ; promovet conanima ;
Juvenilis ardor, usque ad invidiam trucem,
Fati minacis. Quis senex, vel *Hannibal*,
Occuli superstitis timens caliginem,
Signis suburram ventilat victricibus,
Quis *Milo* inultus quercubus bilem movet,
Senecta tauro gibba cum gravior premit ?
Dum noster heros traderet scientias,
A Eternitati, prorsus expeditior ;
Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex,
Placida videtur ecstasis speculatio,
Qua mens tueri volucris ideas boni,
In lacteos properat *Olympi* tramites ;
His immoratur sedibus domestica,
Peregrina propriis. Redit. Jocolariter,
Fugax vagatur rursus, and rursus redit ;
Furtiva tandem serio, se subtrahit,
Totam ; gementi, morbido, cadaveri,
Sic desuescit anima : sic jubet mori.
Agite lugubres musæ, and a *Libani* jugis,
Cumulate thura. Sidus in pyram illius,
Scintillet omne ; scelus sit accendi rogum,
Rogum *Prometheo*, culinari foco.
Et si qua forte ludat in cineres sacros,
Aura petulantior, fugamque suadeat,
Tunc flete ; lacrymis in amplexus ruent ;
Globuli sequaces. Denuo fundamine,
Ergastuli everso radicitus tui ;
Evehere felix anima, *Jacobum* pete ;
Ostende and illuc civicam fidem sequi.
E tripode juris, dictites oracula,
Themidos alumnis. Sic beati coelites,
Astræa pristino fruatur vindice,
Vel cum BACONO rursus *Astræam* date.

R. P.

LITERAL TRANSLATION, WITH NOTES.*

(*Editorial Notes in brackets.*)

On the death of the most honoured man and lord, Francis of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, late Chancellor of England.

Still dost thou flaunt in proud purple, and with the rapine of the bier against so many illustrious men, O barren Justice-hall![1] Name a day for the trial of the hair-cloth, and make the entire luxury of the Market-place a gart of woe![2]

Let not the trembling balance be borne by Themis,[3] but weigh the urn, the heavy urn of Verulum.[4] Alas! it is not Ephorus who doth depress the scale, but Areopagus;[5] nor is so great a sage inferior to

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* Most strange Latin, something like the poetic interludes in *Martianus Capella*, a book better known in the Middle Ages than it is now.

[1] Lines 1—3.—These enigmatical lines probably mean, "Useless Law-court, Why proudly continue thy work when Bacon lies dead?" though *Superbus* 2nd sing. *Superbis* pres. looks tempting with *rapinis*.

[May the lines be applied to the Judgment-Hall of Criticism in Literature, assuming the "purple pride" of illustrious men, and plundering them after death? (See BACONIANA, July, 1896, "Elegy.") Bacon pronounced the learning of his own day to be "barren" and "fustian."]

[2] Line 3.—This, of course, means, "Name a day for putting on mourning and sackcloth: the *justitium:* pullati proceres: prætor vadimonia differt.

[3] Line 5.—[Themis, Goddess of Order—"Heaven's first law."]

Lines 6, 7.—*Expendat* should have an object. Can it mean that Bacon's urn was to be used as a weight?

[We submit that here may be a quibbling allusion of the same kind as that of Sir Tobie Matthew, when in a letter to F. Bacon, returning some unnamed work sent for criticism, Sir Tobie says, "I cannot return you *weight for weight, but measure for measure.*" *Urna* in its secondary meaning = *measure.*]

[5] Lines 7, 8.—[In *Promus* 816 is the entry *Arcopagita*. Elsewhere we seem to find hints that Bacon was hinted at as the Chief Magistrate or Head of the Tribunal of Literature. May these lines be taken to intimate that no inferior man, no ephor, merely bearing the symbols of power, but the chief himself pressed down the scale? If, as is not unfrequently the case in these occult pieces, grammatical accuracy be disregarded, and if for *lanx, lancem*, a dish (of the scale) we take *lancea, lanceam*, a spear, the punster may perhaps see a fuller meaning in these lines.]

the whole trousered Portico![6] For your axle, O schools of learning, groaneth, while so vast a mass cometh toppling down: the hinge is undone upon which revolves the great literary world; where he washed (cleansed) with equal earnestness his toga and his trabea.[7]

As once Eurydice, wandering through the gloomy realms of Dis, vainly endeavoured to touch Orpheus, with such hand—a winged hand—as once Orpheus gently swept the strings of the lyre, Styx, anon, scarce ruffled, now leaping to the sound: so did Philosophia, inextricably bound up in the riddles of those who play with words,[8] seek BACON as her champion and avenger; by such a hand, cherished and preserved, hath she raised high her crest: and as he humbly crept upon the ground (wearing) the flat-foot sock of Comedy, with no meddling idle interference did he botch, but restored her (*Comedy*) completely afresh.[9] Hence, still more polished does he rise on loftier

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[6] Lines 8, 9.—Who are the breech'd Portico? A collection of Northern Stoics?

[Since our learned translator queries this line, we venture to offer an interpretation. Aristotle taught in the Porch, and Bacon was trying to overturn the established method of teaching from Aristotle, whose wisdom, he said, had been degraded by the schoolmen into a teaching of "words, not matter." Braccata = *effeminate* in its secondary meaning. May not this express the weak, womanish learning which can repeat "words, mere words?"]

[7] Line 12.—[The *toga*, the robe of dignity; the *trabea*, the vestment of the Augurs. Bacon associates prophecy with poetry. Did he not endeavour equally to purify corruptions in the State and in Literature?]

[8] Line 17.—[This seems to hint at the *methodised ambiguity* which is perceptible in these pieces, and in all Baconian writings.]

[9] Lines 20–24.—Very ambiguous in the Latin. Who is subject? Who object? Probably Bacon is subject: "*he* patched not, but entirely renewed."

[Line 20 seems to speak of Bacon as *crawling*—just as Hamlet describes himself "*crawling* between heaven and earth." This crawling upon earth in Comedy "to tickle the ears of the groundlings," and the exalting of the high heels of Tragedy to the highest pitch, seem here to be distinguished or contrasted. We are reminded of "*Ben Jonson's*" words in praise of "*Shakespeare*," who, *when he had his buskins on*, could not be

buskin (*of Trayedy*), and the Stagyrite (*Aristotle*, Verbius-like),[10] restored to life, flourished once more in the "New Organ."

Columbus, with proud oarage, vanquishes Gibraltar and Abyla, dear to Phœbus,[11] destined to provide a new world for our new arts.

His youthful eagerness furthers his bold designs, until (he evokes) the grudging envy of threatening Fate.

What ancient carl,[12] be he even a Hannibal fearing the darkness for his sole remaining eye, disturbs the sands with his conquering standards?

What Milo[13] unavenged moves our wrath against the (pitiless) oaks, when crook-backt old age presses heavier than a bull?

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matched in "arrogant Greek or haughty Rome," or by any later poet.]

[10] Line 24.—Virbius. See Virgil's *Æneid* vii. Also Obid's *Fasti* vi. 756. He was named Hippolytus, because he lived twice.

[11] Line 25.—[Here seems to be another of those quibbles which shows the writer to be "a double-meaning prophesier." Does not the passage express that Bacon rowing boldly through the "Pillars of Hercules *non ultra*"—the boundaries to knowledge set up by the schoolmen,—like Columbus (*a dove*), and by the dove-like arts of Apollo (that is, by means of his poetry), added a new *visible* world of knowledge to the old world of sciences?]

[12] Lines 29—36 [being pronounced obscure we again venture to offer some elucidation. A contrast is here presented between the ardour and strength of youth and the feebleness of "crooked age." Is it an old man fearing dust or darkness for his sole remaining eye, or is it the youthful Hannibal, who ploughs up the sands with his conquering legions? Just as Hannibal took, in his childhood, an oath, to which he adherred all his life, ever to oppose the tyranny of haughty Rome, so Francis Bacon, in childhood, had formed "fixed notions" and aims, which lasted to the end of his days, and are apparent in all his writings. One of these fixed notions was to oppose the tyranny of the old schools of teaching, and to surpass all that had been done by "Arrogant Greece and haughty Rome." There may be a still more occult allusion to Bacon's method of tradition, or "of handing down the lamp" for the purpose of ensuring, as did Hannibal, a *succession* of armies, all trained for the same object, and each as invincible as the last. BACON stood alone, as did Hannibal, at the head of an army of literary assistants, *mercenaries from many nations*, as were Hannibal's solders.]

[13] Lines 32, 33 [seem to allude to Milo, who having found an oak-tree split

Whilst our hero was handing down to us sciences from eternity, the builder of his own tomb[14] is understood to be less encumbered (for the flight to heaven from the grave).

His speculation appears to be a calm form of ecstacy (without its madness) by which the mind, gaining her wings, hasteth into the milky paths of Olympus, to view the idea (s) of the good. In these haunts she dwelleth as in her own house, a stranger in her accustomed place (*i.e.*, on earth). She returns (at length): and again a fugitive, wandereth forth in sportive mood, and again hies[17] her home. At length, with deliberate stealth, she withdraws herself entirely (from the world); so doth the soul renounce her companionship[15] with the groaning and diseased body; so bids it die.

Come now, ye Muses, with plaintive dirge heap incense from the Hills of Lebanon. On the pyre of our hero let the whole constellation shed its flames:[16] let it be deemed a crime to kindle his bier, the bier of a second Prometheus, from a domestic (kitchen) hearth. Then if by chance some breeze grows more petulant, sports with those hallowed embers, and counsels them flight, then weep aloud; the sequacious drops shall run in your tears to fill your bosoms. Now that afresh the foundations of thy prison-house are overturned from their root, soar upwards, happy soul, seek James thy sovereign; show him, too, there how to keep pace with his citizens' loyalty! From the sacred

endeavoured to rend it with his hands, but it closed upon his hand, and he was killed by wild beasts. May we not read the lines thus:—"Is Milo unavenged who, stirred to wrath against the oak-tree, it arrested him more painfully than in crooked age did the weight of the ox." Bacon speaks of Milo, who continued to carry a calf until it grew to be an ox. Perhaps he applied the figure to himself. The work which had grown with his growth had not oppressed him, but when he tried to struggle against the oak (emblem of Age—Time) it was too much for him.]

[14] Lines 35, 36.—[Compare his own sayings as to the true monuments of men consisting in their writings and not in brass or stone; and see the words of "*Ben Jonson*" to "*Shakespeare*," "Thou art a monument without a tomb."]

[15] Line 45.—The soul learns to do without, grows unaccustomed to, or accustoms herself to be away from, the body.

[16] Line 49.—This seems to mean that a "star" (Sirius?) is desired to light the pyre.

tripod of Law do thou dictate oracular response to the foster sons (nurslings) of Themis. So, O blessed denizens of heaven! may Astrea (the golden age) enjoy the presence of her former champion, or else give to us again Astrea with BACON.[17]

R. P.

DE CONNUBIO ROSARUM.*

Septimus *Henricus* non aere and marmore vivit
Vivat at in chartis, magne BACONE, tuis.
Junge duas, *Henrice*, rosas; dat mille Baconus;
Quot verba in libro, tot reor esse rosas.

T. P.

(*Translation.*)

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES.

THE Seventh Henry† lives not in brass or marble;[18] but may he survive, O great BACON, in thy pages! Let Henry but join two Roses;[19] BACON gives a thousand! For as many Roses are there, I wot, as words in his plays.[20]

[17] Line 58.—No doubt a *vocative:* "Either, O blest spirits, let Astrea enjoy her Bacon in heaven, or send both down to us on earth."

[18] [See the *Shakespeare* Sonnets lv. and lxv., of Poetry outliving Monuments of Brass and Stone; and compare these passages with Bacon's remarks upon the same subject, and with use of the same metaphors, in the *Advancement of Learning* of Poesy.]

[19] [See BACONIANA, July, 1896, pp. 128, 129.]

[20] [These last two words prove that the perusal of several of these pieces has convinced the brilliant scholar, who translated them, as to Bacon's authorship of "the Plays."]

* Also in *Advancement of Learning*, 1640. † 1485—1506.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

PART III.

MONTAIGNE—HIS STUDIES AND WRITINGS, HIS OPINIONS, TASTES AND HABITS, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF FRANCIS BACON.

HITHERTO we have been concerned chiefly with "*Montaigne's*" description of his own personality, predilections, antipathies and disposition as a man. Superficially as this had to be done we must pass on, and attempt, in the few pages which remain, to consider him rather as the student, thinker, and writer than as the young man studying the "humours of persons" by means of a crucial self-examination. We note that neither "*Montaigne*" nor his biographers find it strange that he should at seven or eight years old "steal" away from the play-ground to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, or that with equal facility he should "run through" Virgil, Terence, Plautus, and *the Italian Comedies*.* Were such children common in the 16th century? We know of another, the wonderful little Francis Bacon, who "preferred the library to the play-ground,"† and "who in his first and childish years was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit which were presages of that *deep and universal apprehension which was manifest in him afterwards*."‡ The biographer presently adds of Francis that "though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from *some grounds and notions within himself*," and that the notions of his youth continued in his mind "*to his dying day*." Dr. Rawley's brief but impressive description of his great master testifies not only as to his abilities and virtues, his brilliancy of conversation, the clear and masculine expression, the beauty of style which were ready at his command, the facility and celerity with which he wrote, the "light conceits" which came so readily that they had to be repressed; that the arguments and ideas which sprung "from grounds and notions from within himself," he "vented with caution and circumspection;" that his greatest works were "no slight imagination or fancy of his brain, but a

* Mont. Ess. i. 213. † *Let. and Life Ed. Spedding*, i. 2. ‡ Dr. Rawley's Life of Bacon.

settled and concocted notion, the production of many years' labour and travel," and that Dr. Rawley had himself "seen at least twelve copies of the *Instauration*, revised year after year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press, as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to their strength and limbs."

Now compare the description given by "*Montaigne*" of his own facility, and readiness of imagination and judgment, and at the same time of his persistency in *the same universal opinions which had been with him from childhood.*

"I customarily do what I do thoroughly, and make but one step on 't; I have rarely any movement that hides itself and steals away my reason, and that does not proceed in the matter without the consent of my faculties . . . my judgment is to have all the blame or all the praise . . . *for almost from my infancy it has ever been one*, the same inclination, the same turn, the same force; and *as to universal opinions, I fixed myself from my childhood in the place where I resolved to stick.*"* Here truly is the spirit of him who wrote "all one, ever the same," the spirit of him who took Pan or Universality for his chief symbol, resolving that "since Pan's horns reach to the heavens, since the sublimities of nature, or abstract ideas, reach in a manner to things Divine," to things beyond the reaches of our souls, "there is a short and ready passage from metaphysics to natural theology." In short by such universal opinions and universal knowledge, Heaven and Earth were to be mingled.

When we try to analyse the studies of "*Montaigne*," or to follow his course of reading, we seem again to be treading in the steps of Francis Bacon. The reason given for the boyish preference for Ovid's Metamorphoses, that it was "the *easiest* book that I was acquainted with, the most adapted to the capacity of its age, and *alluring*, by the *sweetness* of its subject," at once recall the opinions put into the mouth of Holofernes.†

"For the elegancy, *facility*, and golden cadence of poetry, *caret*, *Ovidius Naso was the man.* And why, indeed, *Naso? but for smelling out the oderiferous flowers of fancy*, the jerks of invention."

* Mont. Ess. iii., chap. ii., p. 33. † *L. L. L.*, iv., 3.

Francis never lost his youthful affection for Ovid. *Promus* notes show a multitude of entries which re-appear in "*Montaigne.*" As to Virgil, whom Bacon calls "*the best of Poets,*"* "*Montaigne*" equally distinguishes him. "*Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus and Horace, by many degrees excel the rest*" (and of these best, Virgil comes first). "*Signally, Virgil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry.*"

Similarly Bacon fixes upon the "Georgics" as pre-eminent, observing that "Virgil got as much glory in the expressing of the observations of husbandry as in the heroic acts of Æneas," and that the elementary arts of the cultivation of learning which he calls the *Georgics of the mind*, are "no less honourable than the heroical descriptions of virtue, goodness, and felicity whereon so much labour has been spent."†

The strong sympathy and intimate acquaintance which Francis Bacon everywhere evinces for his favourite poet Virgil is again recalled by Holofernes and his quotations:—"*Fauste, precor gelidâ, quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan! Old Mantuan! who understands thee not, loves thee not."‡

Lucretius, "*Montaigne*" ranks as second only to Virgil. He seems to have represented to Bacon's mind the Astronomer of Poetry, or the Poetic Astronomer, and those who have time will find it interesting to hunt out the many astronomical allusions in the *Shakespeare* Plays and Poems suggested apparently by the poetry of Lucretius. To encourage research in this direction we quote the words of James Spedding's preface to the "*Descriptio Globi Intellectualis,*"§ which bear directly upon our subject:—

"Bacon was not the first who proposed to sweep away from astronomy the mathematical constructions by which it seemed to be encumbered. *We find in Lucretius nearly the same views as those of Bacon.* The Astronomers, Bacon often says, insist on explaining the

* Advt. L., i. 1. † vii. 1. ‡ *L. L. L.* § Works, iii. p. 720.

retardation of the inferior orbs by giving them a proper motion of their own, opposite to that which they derive from the starry heaven: surely it would be simpler to say that all the orbs move in the same direction with unequal velocities; the inequality depending on their remoteness from the prime mover.

Compare this with the following lines of Lucretius :—

"'Quanto quæque magis sint terram sidera proptor,
Tanto posse minus cum cœli turbine ferri;
Evanescere enim rapidas illius, et aereis,
Imminui subter, viris; ideoque relinqui;
Paullatim solem cum posterioribu' signis,
Inferior multum quum sit quam fervida signa;
Et magis hoc lunam, &c.'"*

We do not share the notion that Bacon truly wished to sweep mathematics out of the scientific study of astronomy; neither are we believers in the rash theory that the mathematical faculty was wanting in our Universal Philosopher, and that he was not even well read in the mathematical learning of the day. On the contrary, we fully believe that there are some at the Royal Society and at the still older "Society of Antiquaries," who could, if they chose, produce the most satisfactory documentary evidence of his labours as a mathematician. But let that pass. For the present, the custodians of Bacon's papers prefer to keep up the time-honoured fiction that *Bacon was no mathematician*. Time will show, but meanwhile we have to say that at the very outset of his "*Description of the Intellectual Globe*," he lets us see that his object is here, as elsewhere, to "*Mingle earth and heaven*," to show "*Truth in beauty dyed*," to marry Philosophy and Science to Poetry and Religion. Hear his opening sentences :—

"I adopt that division of human learning which corresponds to the three faculties of the understanding. Its parts, therefore, are three: history, poesy, and philosophy. History is referred to the memory; poesy to the imagination; philosophy to the reason. And *by poesy here I mean nothing else than feigned history*. History is properly concerned with individuals; the impressions whereof are the first and most ancient guests of the human mind, and are as the primary material of knowledge. With these individuals, and this material, *the human mind perpetually exercises itself, and sometimes sports. For*,

* Lucretius, v. 622.

as all knowledge is the exercise and work of the mind, so poesy is regarded as its sport. In philosophy the mind is bound to things; in poesy it is released from that bond, and wanders forth, and feigns what it pleases," &c.*

We judge that our greatest of poets, as well as philosophers, is here releasing himself from the bonds of strict science,† and proceeding, with Lucretius, to take a pleasant stroll, and to feign whatever he pleases.

Catullus (third in the list of "*Montaigne's*" favourite poets) is twice quoted in Bacon's "*Essay of Syrens*," a significant fact when coupled with "*Montaigne's*" description of his juvenile love of poetry. He was, he says, "*allured*" by its sweetness. On turning to the essay, we find these words:‡ "The Fable of the Sirens is truly applied to the pernicious *allurements* of pleasure, but in a very poor and vulgar sense." For his own part he applies the fable to morals, and to the *pleasures* (in contrast to the philosophy and labours) of study—*in fact, to poetry*. "Doctrine and instruction have . . . stripped the pleasures of their wings. And this redounded greatly to the honour of the Muses; for, as soon as it appeared that philosophy could induce a contempt of pleasures, it was at once regarded as a sublime thing which could so lift the soul from earth, and make the cogitations of man (which live in his head) winged and ethereal. Only the Mother of the Sirens still goes on foot, and has no wings; and by her no doubt are meant *those lighter kinds of learning which are invented and applied only for amusement . . . only light verses.* Of this kind is that *of Catullus*,—

> "'Let's live and love, love while we may;
> And for all the old men say
> Just one penny let us care;'

and that other,—

> "'Of rights and wrongs let old men prate, and learn
> By scrupulous weighing in fine scales of law,
> What is allowed to do and what forbid.'

For doctrines like these seem to aim at taking the wings away from

* *Desc. Glob. Ints. Prof.* † Note the word *allure*, *Mont. Ess.* i., chap. 25, and the concluding paragraph in chap. 26. ‡ The figure reminds us of "Pallas newly freed from her armour of scales." See BACONIANA, July, 1896, pp. 114, 131, Distich 30.

the Muses' crowns, and giving them back to the Sirens"—a tribute to the epigrams of Catullus which coincides with "*Montaigne's*" admiration for "the equal polish, and that perpetual sweetness and flourishing beauty of Catullus' Epigrams" which he expresses in his Essay of Books.

"I seek," says our lively essayist,—"I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself by an honest diversion; or, if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to live and die well. . . . I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should lose myself and time, for I have an impatient understanding that must be satisfied at first: what I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gaiety; continuation, and a too obstinate endeavour, darkens, stupifies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and refer my discovery to new attempts."

Is not this the very same disposition as that of the young man who notes that "impatience is my stay," who balances "zeal and alacrity" against "overweening" and the "overwillingness" which produce impatience, and of whom Dr. Rawley said that "he was no plodder upon books, though he read much, and that with great judgment, and rejection of impertinences incident to many authors, for he would ever interlace *a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies*," &c. The sentiments of "*Montaigne*," together with the practice of Francis Bacon, are well summed up by Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* (i. 1, l. 55—95, 141—145). "Montaigne" and Biron have equally discovered and noted the stops which hinder study—that painful poring or plodding makes eyesight blind, and light dark or dazzling. Study is a delight, a love's labour, and "every man to his effects is born," or, as Traino puts it,

> "*No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,*
> *In short, sirs, study what you most affect.*"*

"Amongst books that are simply pleasant, of the moderns," "*Montaigne*" finds "Boccacio's Decameron, Rabelais, and the *Basia* of Johannes Secundus (if those may be ranged under the title) are worth

* *Tam. Sh.* i. 1.

reading for amusement. . . . This heavy old soul of mine is now no longer tickled with Ariosto, no, nor with Ovid," and in connection with this subject he makes a statement which is interesting:—

"I care not much for new books, because the old ones seem fuller and stronger; *neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material.*"*

This refers, says Hazlitt, to the writer's imperfect knowledge of Greek. Now, coupling this with a passage in the chapter, "Of the Education of Children,"† and applying what is said *by* "*Montaigne*" to what is said by "*Ben Jonson*" *of* "*Shakespeare*"—that he had "*little Latin and less Greek*," we seem to grasp in one hand the whole secret of the "profound and universal knowledge," combined with a lack of the accurate scholarship of a pure grammarian, which has often been observed in the writings of Bacon, and which was doubtless a chief cause for his employment of others to translate his works into Latin.

"No doubt," he says, "Greek and Latin are very great ornaments, and of very great use, but we buy them too dear. I will here discover one way, which has been experimented in my own person, by which they are to be had better cheap, and such may make use of it as will. My late father having made the most precise inquiry . . . amongst men of the greatest learning and judgment, of an exact method of education, was by them cautioned . . . and made to believe, that the tedious time we applied to the learning of the tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the sole cause we could not arrive to the grandeur of soul and perfection of knowledge of the ancient Greeks and Romans. I do not, however, believe that to be the only cause. However, the expedient my father found out for this was, that in my infancy, and before I could speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent, and a great critic in Latin. This man, whom he had fetched out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually with him: to him there were also joined two others, of inferior learning, to attend me and to relieve him; who all of them

* Ess. ii., chap. 10. † i., chap. 25.

spoke to me in no other language but Latin. As to the rest of (my father's) family, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself nor my mother, man nor maid, should speak anything in my company but such Latin words as every one had learned to gabble with me. It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family; my father and mother by this means learned (to speak Latin) . . . as also those of the servants who were most frequently with me. In short, we Latined it at such a rate that it overflowed all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artisans and their tools. . . . My domestic tutors have often told me that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me.

"As for *Greek, of which I have but a mere smattering*, my father also designed to have it taught me by a device, but a new one, by way of sport; tossing our declensions to and fro after the manner of those who, by certain games at tables and chess, learn geometry and arithmetic. For he . . . had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforced will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to train my soul in all liberty and delight."*

If such were the personal experience and the sentiments of the Sage of Verulam, it is not to be wondered at that the Latin entries in the *Promus* and in other parts of his works sometimes excite ridicule and wrath in the schoolmaster mind. We may rest content—the Universal Philosopher acknowledges to "a mere smattering" of Greek and to a perfect familiarity with Latin, probably as useful but as ungrammatical as the French talked in many modern schoolrooms.

"*Montaigne's*" fluency in the Latin language helped him in more ways than one: "Shall I here acquaint you with one faculty of my youth? I had great assurance of countenance, and flexibility of voice and gesture in applying myself to any part I undertook to act. For before I had just entered my twelfth year I played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret. . . . I was looked upon as one of the best actors. 'Tis an exercise that I do not disapprove in young people of condition . . . it was even allowed to persons of quality to make a profession of it in Greece."

* Comp. *L. L. L.* i. 1.

Here follows a passage which, with the above, should be compared with Bacon's defence or advocacy of "sports and spectacles," and of the stage as a means of elevating men's minds. "I for my part," says "*Montaigne*," "should think it reasonable that the prince should sometimes gratify his people at his own expense, out of paternal goodness and affection; and that in populous cities there should be theatres erected for such entertainments, if but to divert the people from worse and private actions."

"*Montaigne*" died Sept., 1592; it is therefore significant that seemingly original remarks on these very topics (*omitted in the early edition of the Advancement of Learning*) should find place in the *De Augmentis* which would only reach the learned, and published *simultaneously with the wonderful Shakespeare folio of* 1623.

"Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small use both of discipline and of corruption. Now of corruptions in this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our time been plainly neglected. And though in modern States play-acting is esteemed but a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet among the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's souls to virtue. Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon. And certainly it was most true, and one of the great secrets of nature, that the minds of men are more open to impressions when many are gathered together than when they are alone."*

Farther on, in treating of the "*Art of Transmission*" of knowledge, Bacon advocates free exercise of the pupils' minds and tastes; they are to be encouraged *to go beyond* the prescribed exercises,† and to study what they most affect in their own fashion, and "*to their own bents dispose them.*"

"The immense increase of the Roman Empire is attributed to the . . . virtue and wisdom of the first six kings, *the tutors and guardians of it in infancy*‡ . . . even mean matters, when they fall into great men or great matters, sometimes work great and important effects."§ Of this axiom he adduces "a memorable example, because the Jesuits do not

* *De Aug.* ii., chap. xiii. † *Ib.* vi., chap. iv. ‡ Comp. *Mont. ante* of the Prince's *paternal* affection. § "Most mean matters point to most rich ends."

despise this kind of discipline, therein judging (as I think) well. It is a thing indeed, if practised professionally, of low repute; but if it be made a part of discipline, it is of excellent use—I mean stage-playing: an art which strengthens the memory, regulates the tone and effect of the voice and pronunciation, teaches a decent carriage of the countenance and gesture, gives not a little assurance, and accustoms young men to bear being looked at."*

Lord Verulam was here delivering judgment as upon a new and little known subject; he makes no acknowledgment of debts for his ideas, to "*Montaigne*," his old friend, and who in advanced age came over to England and visited him at Gorhambury. Yet "he was no dashing man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's good parts . . . he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle." How comes it, then, that this large-minded, kindly essayist so utterly ignores any indebtedness to "*Montaigne*"?†

"*Montaigne*" makes free use of the earlier *Promus* notes—Bacon's private jottings, unpublished until 1893. Between eighty and ninety such notes of short forms of speech have been gleaned in a cursory way, and without careful examination, from "*Cotton's*" edition of the Essays; such jottings we mean as—

What do you conclude?—The reason—Is it possible?—Not the less—For a time—Incident (to)—All this while—Nothing else—You put me in mind—I object—I demand—I distinguish—A matter not in question—Few words need—Well—All will not serve—In the meantime—Not to the purpose—The rather—You have forgot nothing—Where stay we?—I find that (it) strange—Well remembered—Just nothing—Peradventure—Not unlike—Brotherly—Whereas—Not a whit—Furnished, &c.—For the rest—To the end,—saving that—Believe it (him, me)—Believe it not—To serve the turn—To deliver (speeches, conjectures), &c., &c.

Besides these, there are a multitude of uses of those notes which concern not words but matter, the very subject matter of some of Bacon's most profound as well as most lofty cogitations: as, for instance—

The nature of everything is best considered in the seed—Primum mobile turns about the rest of the orbs—Earth and heaven should be mingled—Of the silent approaches of age and the swift flight of time—Of the effects of foundations good or ill—Of the study of human nature and character (in the *Promus*, "*Cunning*

* *De Aug.* vi., chap. iv.

(skill) *in the humours of persons*")—Of the necessity for *avoiding extremes and holding the mean*—*Of weighing and numbering*, or considering and counting the cost of things—*Of giving men their due*—*Of* the *non ultra* of the schoolmen beyond which it was not permitted to inquire—That *man may become a beast or almost a god*—That man's mind is *an instrument to be tuned.*

Again, there are proverbs—English, French, Spanish, and Italian, in the *Promus* which reappear (but nearly all rendered into English) in "Montaigne," and variously adapted to their new setting:—

"Old treacle, new lesenge"—"The loth stake standeth long"—"Itch and ease can no man please"—"Too much of one thing is good for nothing"—"Better to bow than break"—"Every man after his fashion"—"Use maketh mastery"—"Folly it is to spurn against the pricks"—"Make not two sorrows of one"—"There be more ways to the wood than one"—"To throw the hatchet after the handle"—"They that are bound must obey"—"It is better to bow than break," &c.—"De saison tout est bon, de saison tout est beau"—"Tiens chauds le pieds et la tête, du rest vivez en bête"—"L'œil du maître engraisse le cheval"—Qui trop se hâte . . . se fourvoit"—"En fin la soga quiebra por el mas delgado" (rendered by "*Montaigne*," "A mind too far strained and overbent upon its undertaking, breaks*)—"Di mentira y sagueras verdad"—"Ogni medaglia ha il suo riverso,"† &c.

The Latin sayings and applied quotations are innumerable. They appear to have been often from memory and (whether by intention or no) *incorrect*, according to the habit of Francis Bacon, the suggestive idea being caught as it flashed through his mind, but the exact words disregarded. Most of these Latin quotations are to be seen in "*Shakespeare*;" and doubtless by means of the *Promus*, "*Montaigne*," and the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, it will be possible to trace in the poetry every great thought to its original, and to give to each a local habitation and the name of its first inventor, or first recorder, from Homer or Virgil to Boccacio or La Boetie.

We find repeated exhortations "*to know ourselves;* to believe that *every man is the architect of his own fortune;* that each of us suffers from his own particular demon; that admiration or wondering is the foundation of philosophy; that leisure gives change of thoughts; that it is constancy to remain in the same state, and that constancy in a good cause is a rare virtue; that open shame is to be dreaded; a man must be true to himself; shadows and vain images should not disturb

* *Mont. Ess.* I., x. 45. † See of the *Contraries of Good and Evil.*

him; search after truth should be the object of our lives; matter, not words, our study; we should cast aside inflated diction and foot-and-a-half-long words; men spin their thoughts out of themselves, as the spider her threads"—and so forth: but the following will probably be more interesting to the general reader.

Wise saws and modern instances innumerable, bring *Shakespeare* to the mind at every turn, the profounder thoughts of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Lear*, being most frequent in the third volume. Who does not know the ring of such coinage as this?

"Things fallen out pat." "If a man could avoid (death) by creeping under a calf's skin." "Every one makes to himself a deity of what he likes best." "Come the worst that come can." "What ought to be the end of study?" "Religious, &c., beyond the reaches of human reason . . . stretching the soul to its utmost power." "I crawl upon the earth." "Reasons which confound and distract (puzzle) the will." "Diseases of the mind." "The soul feminine." "To make a monstrous addition of a philosopher's tail, to the head and body of a libertine." "Wise men in such a sort of wisdom as I take to be folly." "*What a man can* (dare) a motto of great substance." "I am in my kingdom (of the mind) an absolute monarch." "There is no quality so easy to counterfeit as devotion." "The complaints in tragedies agitate our souls with grief, the comedians themselves . . . weeping," &c.

If we take any special subject, say wisdom and folly, the resemblances become more striking still. "My philosophy is little in fancy: what if I have a mind to play at cobnut or to whip a top? . . . To see (Scipio) . . . playing at quoits, and writing in comedies the meanest and most popular actions of men. . . . He never refused to play at cobnut nor to ride *the hobby-horse . . . it became him well?*"

Surely this must remind us of such speeches as those of Moth and Armado: "But O! but O! the hobby-horse is forgot;" the horse with Bacon and "*Montaigne*" being either the Pegasus of Heaven-born poesy, or the hobby-horse of light poetical efforts to which the philosopher turned for recreation.

"To see great Hercules whipping a gig, and profound Solomon tuning a jig, and Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, and critic Timon laugh at idle toys!" "Oh how the wheel becomes it!" the

wheel of continual change and variety by which the Poet-philosopher turned from grave to gay.

Or take the subject of Death, "towards which," says Montaigne, "every day travels, the last only arrives at it, and . . . what this passage is none have come back to tell us." Of this journey to an unknown bourne the philosopher Essayist tells us that it is "common" to all alike, "our good mother Nature teaches us this lesson." He has often considered with himself why the image of death should be so fearful, and concludes with Bacon in his *Essay of Death*, and in *Hamlet*, that amidst "those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out . . . cries of afflicted friends . . . pale and blubbering servants, a dark room . . . ghostliness and terror, we seem dead and buried already." These "taken away we find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant or a poor chambermaid died a day or two ago, without any manner of apprehension." Elsewhere he repeats that it is the *apprehension* of death, not the death itself, which is painful. We all know where to find these things in the plays, and there are few subjects which come home to men's hearts and bosoms in Bacon's Essays or Poetry, which are not also to be dug out from "*Montaigne's*" rich pages.

The titles of many of the Essays in the two groups accord, as may be seen from the following list:—

Bacon.	*Montaigne.*
1 Of truth. 6 Simulation and Dissimulation	Of Liars, I. ix. Of Profit and Honesty, III. i.
2 Of Death and Post. Ess. of Death	Happiness not to be judged of till after Death, III. xviii. To Study Philosophy is to learn to die, III. xix.
3 Of Religion. 16 Atheism. 17 Superstition	Of Divine Ordinances
5 Of Adversity	Of Sorrow, I. i.
7 Of Parents and Children	Of Affection of Fathers to Children, II. vii., and see I. xxv.
11 Of Great Place	Of Inconvenience of Greatness, III. vii , and of Inequality, I. xlii.
13 Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature	Of Virtue, II. xxix.
19 Of Empire. 29 Greatness of Kingdoms, &c.	Of Roman Grandeur, II. xxiv., Means to carry on a War, II. xxxiv.
20 Of Counsel	Of Various Events from the same Counsel, I. xxiii.
26 Of Seeming Wise	Of Pedantry, I. xxiv.

Bacon.	*Montaigne.*
27 Of Friendship	Of Friendship. I. xxvii.
28 Of Expense	Of Sumptuary Laws, I. xliii,
32 Of Discourse (see also *Notes for Civil Conversation*)	Of Quick and Slow Speech, I. x.
35 Of Prophecies	Of Prognostications, I. xi.
36 Of Ambition	Our affections carry themselves beyond us, I. iii.
39 Of Custom and Education	Of Custom, I. xxiv.
40 Of Fortune	Of Fortune, &c., I. xxxiii.
42 Of Youth and Age	Of Age, I, lvii.
47 Of Negociating	Of Some Ambassadors, I, xvi.
50 Of Studies	Of Books, II. x., and see I. xxv.
52 Of Ceremonies and Respects	Of Ceremony of Princes, I. xiii.
53 Of Praise. 54 Of Vain Glory	Of Glory, II. xvi., Man's honour, &c., I. vii.
55 Of Honour and Reputation	Of Recompenses of Honour, II. vii.
57 Of Anger	Of Anger, II. xxxi.

That the treatment of the subjects enumerated, varies greatly in the two groups of Essays we cordially admit, but it must in return be granted that the same subjects were present to the mind of the writer of either or both, and anyone who has both time and patience, may either trace each sentiment or ethical opinion of "*Montaigne*" to its fountain head in the authentic works of Bacon, to glean scattered up and down in the chapters of "*Montaigne*" the germs of thought or the matured reflections of the "great master."

Montaigne's statement that his book is like himself makes it a delight to glean from these fertile pages many graphic details, which harmonise with character-portraits drawn by intimate friends of our concealed man, and for the most part carefully kept out of sight by later biographers. From Vol. III. we chiefly gather these precious details, and here we read of his delight in study, "which rouses his reason," and of conversation which is a true interchange of thoughts, and not "mere chatter." Discourses which are "drowsy and pitiful," make him feel stupid; under their influence he finds himself making childish answers or becoming obstinately silent. "I have a pensive way that withdraws me into myself," and he fears lest to the outer world he may appear cold, though "my gentle manners, enemies of all sourness and harshness, may easily enough have secured me from envy and animosities . . . I am capable of contracting rare and exquisite friendships," and elsewhere, "in friendship I am perfect." He cannot "be a friend by halves," and the times which are "dangerous," hinder free

and open speech excepting between very well approved friends and, apparently, with closed doors.

It interests him to discourse with persons of all kinds, and with each on his own topic, and in his own way, be he a neighbour, a sportsman, a carpenter, or a gardener. He shrinks from domestic worries, and is careless in money matters, preferring ever to give rather than to receive a benefit, and above all things disliking to be under an obliga tion to any man. By nature free and open, he shrinks from ceremonies, court life, and public business or offices for which he considers himself "unfit." On the other hand, he loves a private life, delighting in sweet and wholesome air, and flying from fog and smoke, ill-odours or "stinks" which he associates with infection and pestilence.

Like others of our Rosicrucian acquaintances, he "does not confess" to be a philosopher, he "professes nothing," and in connection with notions as to the "Method" upon which the Great Brotherhood for the Advancement of Universal Learning was organised, he makes a statement which is interesting. "*My design*," he says, "*is divisible throughout.*" Freemason friends will probably see the point of this remark.

The *design* "is not grounded upon any great hopes: every day concludes my expectation;" if he has promised he will perform, and he knows that he has performed more than he ever promised, or had hoped to achieve. But yet *he writes all, one ever the same*, like the author of the Sonnets: "*My book is always the same.* . . . I fear to lose by change, my understanding does not always go forward, but" (as Hamlet thought was the case with Polonius) "*it goes backward*, too." "*Montaigne*" is here writing in advanced years. "I am grown older by a great many years since my first publications, "in the year 1580" (the date of the first authentic publication by Francis Bacon). Then follows the famous declaration of "*Montaigne*" that *he fears to glut the world with his works.* As to the method of his compositions, we find him advocating the use of notes, and for the same reason that Bacon gives: "For want of a natural memory, I make one of paper." Like Bacon, he has no hesitation in "culling from every man's garden," without always giving his authority, not only to avoid encumbering his pages with an oppressive appearance of learning, but also, it is so

amusing, when his sentiments are assailed, to see his critics pulling the wrong man's nose.

"*Montaigne's*" health is described as, on the whole, good; yet we find that he suffered from the same painful disorder with which Anthony was afflicted,* and his rules as to diet, his contempt for the ordinary physicians of his day, and his loathing of their drugs and prescriptions, are sufficient to prove that he had often been constrained to test their efficacy. "I have been sick often enough," he says, but he considers his skill in doctoring himself equal to theirs, and when we trace the causes and symptoms of his frequent, but usually, passing illnesses we find the same sensitive nerves, the same tendency to "clouds and melancholy," and to weakness of digestion proceeding from, or inducing these conditions of mind and body. He confesses that he cannot calmly look down from a height. "There are some that cannot endure so much as to think of it. Let there be a beam thrown over betwixt these two towers, of breadth sufficient to walk upon, there is no philosophical wisdom so firm that can give us the courage to walk over it as we should do upon the ground.† I have often tried this upon our mountains, yet I was not able to endure to look into that infinite depth without horror and trembling . . . direct precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy . . . there is scarce any man who is not disturbed at the sharp and shrill noise that the file makes in grating upon the iron . . . To the afflicted man, the light of the day seems dark and overcast. Our senses are utterly stupified by the passions of the soul." Elsewhere he speaks of the thoughts of an invalid as "idle thoughts in the clouds," while he experiences "oppression" and "melancholy" in hearing loud discordant sounds and voices. His sensitiveness of mind and body cannot endure the sight of cruelty or "the cry of a hare in my dog's teeth, though the chase be a violent pleasure." . . . I am tenderly compassionate of other's afflictions, and should readily cry for company, if, upon any occasion whatever I could cry at all. Nothing tempts my tears, *but tears*." ‡

* Amongst Lord Verulam's Recipes are some for the same disorder—the stone. † Comp. "As full of peril . . . . as to o'erwalk a current on the uncertain footing of a spear" (1 *Hen. IV.*, i. 3); and see, "How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low . . . . I'll look no more lest my brain turn," &c. (*Lear*, iv. 6, l. 1, 2). ‡ "The player . . . . tears in his eyes . . . . would drown the stage with tears" (see *Ham.*, ii. 2, l. 558—573).

He dislikes long sittings at meals, thinks little of what he eats, but takes what comes, preferring his meat rather under than over-cooked. "Nothing but hardness offends me;" and he is fond of fish, but "no dish is so acceptable to me, nor no sauce so appetizing as that which is extracted from society. I think it more wholesome to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftener; but I would have appetite and hunger attended to. I should take no pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted repasts a day, after a medicinal manner. . . . We old fellows especially, let us take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to almanac-makers hopes and prognostics."

He suffers more from heat than cold, and again the nerves come in: "the incommodity of heat is less reliable than cold; and besides the force of the sunbeams that strike upon the head, *all glittering light offends my eyes, so that I could not now sit at dinner over a flaming fire. To dull the whiteness of paper, in those times when I was wont to read, I laid a piece of glass upon my book, and found my eyes much relieved by it.* I am to this hour ignorant of the use of spectacles; and I can see as far as ever I did, or any other."

One particular we may see illustrated in his full-length portraits. *He never wore gaiters, and he usually covered his head.* "I never keep my legs and thighs warmer in winter than in summer; one simple pair of stockings, and that is all. I have suffered myself, for the relief of my colds, to keep my head warmer."

Like Bacon he discerns the coming on of age, giving much the same cautions and prescriptions as are in the "Regimen of Health," and the "*Recipes*" of Lord Verulam, recommending the use of baths, noting the power of custom in enuring men to the use of certain diet, drugs, or even to poisons. The wonderful frame of the body he compares, with Bacon, to a "machine," in a passage introducing the doctrines of man as the microcosmos; and of the union of soul and body wherein he speaks of the frequent "captivity and imprisonment of the soul" in "the prison of the body."

"'Tis not to heaven only that science sends *her ropes, engines, and wheels;* let us consider a little what she says of ourselves and of our contexture. . . . Truly they have good reason to call this poor little human body the little world, so many tools and parts have they employed to build it," &c.

But we must draw to a conclusion, fully aware that these scrappy examples give but little idea of the results of a patient and honest collation. We trust that others will bend themselves to the task. Although such labour is, in a sense, *Actum agere*, that doing the deed done, against which Bacon remonstrates as waste of time, yet an ounce of personal experience is worth tons of other men's arguments, and the present is not a case of working *against* time, but *for* time; and that truth may be found and established. Once satisfied in his reason, no Baconian need farther plod, for we who have laboured are only too happy when "other men enter into our labours."

To sum up, our belief is that "*Montaigne's Essays*" were in the *early* editions, "the trivial fond records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past that youth and observation copied within the book and volume of the brain of young Francis Bacon; and that to these the experiences and thoughts of later life were added in the edition published by Charles Cotton. In support of these beliefs it is needful to make a crucial examination of the following points:—

1. The paper-marks (or water-marks) of early editions are Baconian. (See Francis Bacon and his Secret Society, Plate xxii., 1 to 8, from the 1603 edition of "*Montaigne's*" Essays.)

2. The book-plates and emblematic headlines and tail-pieces are similarly Baconian.

3. Vocabulary, grammatical peculiarities and diction correspond with those of Bacon's earlier writings; changes towards a more mature style are perceptible in the additions, or interpolations.

4. The metaphors, similes, antitheta, paradoxes, quibbles, &c., are similar or analagous to those collected from the authentic works of Bacon.

5. *Promus* notes abound.

6. The subject matter of the Essays, and many of their titles, coincide.

7. There is a similar extensive knowledge evidenced in both groups.

8. To a large extent the same classical and modern authors were studied by both, and the same predilections and antipathies are evident. (*See List in the Appendix to this Paper.*)

9. We have not entered upon Biblical or theological questions, but it will be found that the same acquaintance with certain books of the Bible, and similar opinions on religious subjects are to be seen held equally by Bacon and "*Montaigne.*"

10. The private life, habits, health, circumstances, disposition and character of the two supposed authors closely resemble each other; and the self-introspection and revelations of "*Montaigne*" throw a flood of light on the true private life and character of Francis Bacon.

11. The portraits of "*Montaigne*" are, for the most part, disguised portraits of Bacon, the brow or upper part of the head being his grafted on to the wizen face of the Mayor of Bourdeaux.

12. The grave and monument to Montaigne bear no witness to his having been an author. The gravestone has no epitaph or record; the monument in the "Cours de Science, Victor Hugo," bears a Greek inscription, describing Michael de Montaigne as a patron of young students.

AUTHORS QUOTED BY MONTAIGNE.

Ælian
Æmilius Paulus
Æschylus
Æsop
Alemæon
Amadis of Gaul
Amyot, Jacques
Anacharsis
Anacreon
Anaximenes
Anaximander
Antisthenes
Apollodorus
Appian
Arcesilaus
Archimedes
Ariosto
Aquinas
Aristippus
Aristo
Aristophanes
Aristotle
Arrian
Asclepiades
Athenæus
Aurelius Victor
Bacon
Balbus (Stoic)
Bartolus
Baylo
Bellay, Du
Bembo
Beza
Bion
Boccacio
Bodin, Jean
Boetie, Estienne de la
Brantôme
Buchanan, George
Cæsar, Julius
Calopin
Calpurnius
Calvisius Sabinus
Carneades
Castiglione, Balthasar
Cato
Catullus
Chilo
Chrysippus
Cicero
Claudianus
Claudius
Cleanthes
Cleomenes
Cleon
Colotes
Comines, Philip de
Cornelius Gallus
,, See Nepos
Cromer, Martin
Curtius, Quintus
Dampmartin
Dante
D'Aubigny
Demetrius Phalereus
Democritus
Demosthenes
Denisot
Didymus
Diodorus Siculus
Diogenes, Apolloniatus
,, Cynic
Dion
Dionysius
Disgoras
Empidocles
Ennius
Epicharmus
Epictetus
Equicola
Erasistratus
Erasmus
Euripides
Eusebius
Fabricius
Ficinus
Foix
Froissart
Galien
Gaza
Gellius, Aulius
Georgius Trapezuntius
Gregory XIII.
Gregory of Tours
Grotius
Grouchy, Mich.
Guerente, William
Guevara
Guicciardini
Hebræus (or Leo)
Hegesias
Heliodorus
Heracleon
Heraclides
Heraclitus
Herodotus
Hesiod
Hilary
Hippias
Hobbes
Homer
Horace
Iscalin
Iscolas
Isocrates
Jerome, St.
Joachim
Johannes
,, Secundus
Joinville
Josephus
Justus Lipsius
Juvenal
La Boetie
La Brebis
La Bruyère
La Rochefoucauld
Lactantius
Laertius
Langey, Guillme
Leo, Emperor
Livy

Louandro
Lucan
Lucretius
Lycas
Lycurgus
Lucian
Luke, St.
Luther
Lyley
Machabees
Macrobius
Mahomet
Manilius
Marcelinus
Marcelius
Marcellus Honius
Marguerite de Navarre
Marguerite de Valois
Martial
Maximinian vel Pseudo Gallus
Menander
Milton
Mohammed
Molière
Muret Mark Ant
Nepos Cornelius
Nicoles
Orosius
Ovid
Paracelsus
Parmenides
Paul, St.
Periander
Persius
Petrarch
Petronius
Philopœmen
Pindar
Piso
Plato
Plautus
Pliny the Younger
Plutarch
Polycrates
Portius Natro
Posidonius
Propertius
Protagoras
Prudentius
Pseudo Gallus
Publius Syrus
Pyrrhus
Pythagoras
Quintilian
Rabelais
Ronsard
Rousseau
Sallust
Scævola
Sebonde Raimond de
Seneca
Sextus Empiricus
Sidonius Apollinarus
Silius Italicus
Socrates
Solomon
Solon
Spartian
Spensippus
St. Gelais
Stobæus
Strabo
Strato
Suetonius
Syrus Publius
Tacitus
Tasso
Terence
Tertullian
Thales
Theodorus
Theophrastes
Thucidides
Tibullus
Tillet Jeande
Trebellius Pollio
Valerius Max
Varro
Vegetius
Virgil
Xenocrates
Xenophanes
Xenophon
Xiphilinus
Zocotora or Discorides
Zonaras

OF CIPHERS AND THE RESEARCHES OF RECENT CRYPTOGRAPHERS.

DURING the past year we have received repeated enquiries with regard to ciphers and their kindred anagrams in Baconian writings; and since it appears probable that the whole matter may, before long, be stirred up afresh, we think it well to sketch as briefly as possible the chief events which have passed in this little known region of our literary world during the past three or four years.

The reception given to the discovery achieved some ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Donnelly's indefatigable perseverance, was not of a

kind to incline anyone less able or less confident of ultimate success to continue these labours. Moreover, Mr. Donnelly was for some time overwhelmed with necessary business of quite a different kind, and in the midst of this he suffered a grievous bereavement, which, for a long time, sent ciphering and all minor interests completely into the background. Recently, however, he has returned to his work upon the *Shakespeare* folio, and we are led to hope that our first number in 1897 will contain a notice of his forthcoming book, containing a further development and perfecting of his cipher system.*

Why is it that, in the world of literature especially, any perfectly new discovery is almost always received with contempt and abuse? Is it that to the minds of the thousand who have never in their lives discovered anything, there is a peculiar pleasure in disparaging and picking to pieces the work of a solitary investigator? Do such critics hope by debasing others to elevate themselves? We cannot tell, but it is certain that in this matter history repeats itself. It is only needful to publish the results of a new, but as yet imperfect discovery, momentous though it be, and a swarm of writers (often anonymous writers in newspapers) will eagerly come forward to lend a hand in demolishing the structure erected with so much care and cost.

One would suppose that an equal number would be found ready and willing to aid the discoverer, and to assist in protecting, advancing, and further developing the work thus assailed, but this is not the way of the world. It requires more intelligence to construct than to deface, and that man must be strongly in love with truth and justice who will join hands, even for purposes of research, with a cause which is unpopular, little understood, or publicly though ignorantly discredited.

Such reflections as these have tended to make our cryptographers reticent and silent, so that few persons realise how many are at the

* It is satisfactory to Mr. Donnelly to be assured that a mathematician and expert cryptographer of such distinguished abilities as the late Mr. Bidder, Q.C. (whose deplorable death through an accident is a sad loss to our Society), beguiled the hours of his supposed convalescence by working upon "the Great Cryptogram." He conveyed to a friend, a message to the effect that already he had found evidence to prove the existence of a mathematical cipher in the *Shakespeare folio* though he had not yet reached the key. Unhappily Mr. Bidder's death took place within a few hours of his making this announcement.

present time deeply engaged in the study which Mr. Donnelly inaugurated, nor how many different kinds of cipher have been traced by their means. As a rule these gentlemen sturdily decline to have their names or their works published, but we cannot refrain from alluding to the remarkable work upon which one very able and skilful decipherer has been for some years quietly engaged.

Mr. James Cary began by following Mr. Donnelly's method, but finding cause to differ in some respects with his forerunner, he added to the counting and multiplying upon which that system is based other devices or tricks such as are described in old books of cryptography, and which have been noted in the typography of Baconian books. These are introduced with much art and skill; their presence would be inexplicable excepting on the assumption that they were intentionally inserted. Mr. Cary's method includes the conversion of letters into numbers (by which means page-numbers and other clues for advance or reference have been gained), anagrams or transpositions of letters, and the Tau cipher, or anagrams by means of a Tau or T.

The results of these devices have been in some cases very satisfactory, as well as hopeful. Mr. Cary has not, like Mr. Donnelly, attempted to frame a consecutive narrative; indeed at present his sentences appear to be disjointed and brief. Yet from them we have learnt facts with which both he and we had previously been unacquainted. For instance, Mr. Cary wrote from New York requesting that search might be made at the British Museum for "a continuation of the *New Atlantis*." He had read in his cipher that such a work would be published in 1662, and that it contained part of the clue to Bacon's cipher.

On enquiry we were told, as we expected, that no such continuation was known; the *New Atlantis* was a fragment, and the catalogues gave no help. On writing this to Mr. Cary he replied by sending the deciphering, with his calculations worked out, and with the additional information that the continuation was to be (edited or published) by R. H. About this time business brought Mr. Cary on a flying visit to England; renewed efforts were therefore made to trace the desired tract, and seeking in the catalogue for Mr. R. H., we found him, (he proved to be Richard Hatton), and found also the "continuation" in question a concluding fragment of 100 pages, fitting on precisely to

Bacon's fragment, but published in 1662.* This we had the pleasure of showing to Mr. Cary, but his visit was unfortunately too short for him to be able to work upon the mysterious piece thus curiously revealed by his cipher.

Almost coincident with the discovery of these word and anagrammatic ciphers Dr. Orville Owen, of Detroit, announced another curiosity, which may be described as a Phrase Cipher. Instead of calculations made from certain points or words to other detached words, Dr. Owen, guided by clues which he has not yet imparted, is able to select certain books, and particular editions of those books, and then turning to certain pages indicated by his cipher, he is able by extracting the phrases or sentences which contain his "key words," to produce consecutive narratives, speeches, and whole works of a kind manifestly impossible for him to have composed even had he desired so to do.

As in Mr. Donnelly's case, so in this. No sooner was the discovery published than howls of derision were sent forth. People who had never seen the book, and who could give no clear account of the means by which it was produced, were yet ready to assail it as a tissue of imposture or absurdity, and the clever decipherer as of a piece with his book. Much nonsense was talked and written concerning Dr. Owen's wheel, or machine, as if the cipher were supposed to be manufactured by some kind of machinery, and in a manner impossible to the supposed original authors of the works from which the Phrase Cipher is extracted.

In point of fact, the "wheels," or more properly the Drums, used by Dr. Owen are merely a neat and compendious contrivance for enabling the decipherer to arrange in due order, and easily to handle the many hundreds of pages from which he has to extract his passages. By breaking up two copies of every book required (thus getting *both sides* of every page) and then pasting the sheets on canvas, in the order indicated by his clues, Dr. Owen and his clerks are able to roll the canvas, which is of great length, off one drum and on to the other, and to bring each portion under the eyes of the decipherer, who does not write, but dictates to a clerk. This simple plan saves much

* It is one of a volume of eight pamphlets bound together in the King's Library.

trouble and confusion, as anyone will see who considers how great would be the labour and waste of time if each passage had to be separately hunted out and then dictated, a phrase here, a longer sentence there, until the whole number of the books were exhausted, and their contents mingled so as to produce other books.

"Time trieth troth," and whilst broken health obliged the ingenious discoverer to leave home and, for many months, to entrust the working out of his method to trained clerks, these, following mechanically the rules laid down, seem to have gone on without let or hindrance, and presently it was found that the work they were producing is a hitherto unknown translation of the "Illiad." This work is now in an advanced stage, and a portion is shortly to be published.

Meanwhile Mrs. Henry Pott, moved by the frequent references in "Rosicrucian" tracts to the *Tau* writings, seemingly some kind of cipher, noting also the many injunctions to go by *rule*, by *line and level*, &c., conceived the idea of trying to form anagrams by ruling from certain T's or t's on peculiarly printed pages to other T's, large and small, on the same page. Some of the results of these attempts have already been given in this periodical, but since the publication of our article on the *Tau* cipher there have been further improvements, and the rules have been more accurately ascertained.

Early in 1895, Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Preyer, of Wiesbaden, published, in the "Kölnische Zeitung," an article in which he showed that the words beginning with capital letters in the verses "to the reader"—*Shakespeare* folio, 1623, may be arranged to form the following lines:—

"Not This Figure, Shakespeare But
Iſt His Booke O Reader Print
Wherein All Nature I as Grauer Picture."

B.

A copy of this article was sent to Mrs. Pott, whose interest was at once excited, because having two years earlier observed that there are 19 capital letters in the verse with its Head-line and Signature, and T being the 19th letter in the old English alphabet, she had tried to decipher the page by means of the *Tau* system. By a regular rule the following was extracted.* It is *thrice repeated*, using every letter but one on the page.

* It was feared that the publication of this anagram might bring down another

"Francis Bacon Viscount St. Alban, Shakespeare, writ these plaies —not the rogue Will Shakspurre."

This thrice repeated anagram *is not framed upon mathematical principles*, but merely by rules, as for a game or puzzle. Dr. Preyer disapproved of its non-mathematical character, seeming to think that it could be nothing if not mathematical. Rather is it geometrical. Dr. Preyer also thought the anagram arbitrary, and that other sentences could be made. But as Mrs. Pott has repeatedly stated, the question is not "Can any other sentence be made?" but, "Can you twice or three times over extract the name of Francis Bacon, Viscount Saint Alban containing as it does so many rare letters, and no *e*, the commonest of English letters?" Moreover, Mrs. Pott has not yet found that anyone has succeeded in making other perfect sentences *using every letter ruled* through, and repeating perfectly twice or thrice.

Dr. Preyer continued to work at the subject, and presently declared himself satisfied that a key or table was required in order properly to test these anagrams. It happened that, when examining the "Bagford Collection" at the British Museum, Mrs. Pott had noticed a scrap of paper on which is written in progressive syllables, piled up pyramidally, word "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," which occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. This word suggested the idea of cipher, since it contains twenty-seven letters, including all that are needful for writing Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban (a sentence also containing twenty-seven letters), and omitting the usually frequent *e* (also absent from the name).

Now it has sometimes been asserted that Bacon was deficient in one faculty, namely, in mathematics; this statement being partly based upon the circumstance that he says so little about that exact science. But what, then, does he say of it? He says that he cannot reckon mathematics among the deficients because it is so nearly perfect, requiring only *a table of progression*. We ask how the Sage of Verulam could undertake to answer for the perfection of mathematics unless he were thoroughly well acquainted with that science? And again, we ask, would not the statement that mathematics lacked only *a table of*

storm of abuse and arouse controversy, which it has been our constant effort to avoid. Hence only friends have hitherto examined this curious cipher record.

progression be nonsensical, if taken by itself? A table of progression from what to what? and how would a table of progression perfect mathematics? But, regarded as a hint concerning the cipher of which Bacon speaks as necessary and yet deficient, the remark is valuable.

In consequence of such reflections, the Table of Progression of the thirteen-syllabled word was then copied; and when, some years later, Dr. Preyer desired a Key or Table of Progression, this was sent to him to experiment upon, when he found that by its means, not only the sentence which he had constructed from the capital letters, but also the signature, "Francis Bacon Viscount St. Alban," is brought out subject to mathematical calculation.

Dr. Preyer's results, published in the *Zukunft*, did not remain long unassailed. He was attacked by a printer, Herr Otto Schlotke, in the "Journal of the Printing Art, Type Founders, and Allied Crafts."* This gentleman returned to all the old arguments which have been employed to prove that the cipher was, from a printer's point of view, an impossibility. The article tends to show that the writer knows much about his own business, but little or nothing about the ciphers in question. Particulars which afford to cryptographers the very bases upon which they work are by Mr. Schlotke attributed to "defects" caused by "imperfect machinery," "rough paper," "primitive appliances," "damaged type," "errors of the compositor," &c. The facts that calculations can be based upon such "errors," and that these errors are positively essential, seem to count for nothing with this critic, who, with much naïvete, finds his own explanations to be "simple and natural," whilst those of Dr. Preyer are condemned as the result of a "mania for drawing inferences," and "not free from the most extravagant and fantastic combinations of ideas;" yet no examples are given of statements either fantastic or extravagant.

Dr. Preyer replied by drawing attention to these and other particulars, in which Mr. Schlotke's statements were incorrect. He also combated the notion that technical knowledge of printing was, in Bacon's time, "primitive."

"The folio of 1623 is, as regards typography, admirable, and has often excited the wonder of practical printers. Bacon was, as is well

* Nos. 38 and 39, Hamburg, Oct. 11 and 18, 1895.

known, acquainted with all the printing tricks of that time. Those who regard the thickening of the capital letters in the Prologue as technical insufficiency, have either never seen them, or know little of the printing art in the seventeenth century."

Dr. Preyer ends his letter with these sensible remarks: "I willingly agree with you that the authorship of Bacon would be in a bad way 'if it were only supported' by the typographical secret signs. But nobody asserts that. The secret signs furnish only certain letters in a certain number for the completion, and the proof of the anagram."

This controversy continued for some months, and is not likely to be the last on this subject. Meanwhile, another German mathematician, Herr Werkmeister, having seen one of Dr. Preyer's articles, became also interested. He experimented upon the title-page of the first edition of the *Shakespeare Sonnets*, using Mrs. Henry Pott's *Tau* system, and testing it with the "*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*" key, on Dr. Preyer's system. The result was a perfect sentence to much the same effect, but not so long as the one evolved from the lines "To the Reader" in the 1623 folio. Understanding that Herr Werkmeister is preparing to publish an article or pamphlet illustrated by a facsimile produced by photography from the "Bagford" scrap, we do not further describe this anagram.

Other curious things of the same kind have been found, but they require illustrations to render them comprehensible. This, we hope, may be achieved before long; but the matter is expensive. In the correspondence, however, which has been induced by these various researches, an opinion was expressed which we know to be shared by many who have looked a little but not much into these ciphers. It has been said that, although certainly *one* cipher can be introduced into the text of a given page, yet that it appears incredible that two or more could be so introduced without injuring each other and destroying the sense of the text.

To meet this objection, answers have been returned in which three messages of different import, in three different kinds of cipher, are introduced. A specimen is given in the annexed lithographed sheet, and the keys to the ciphers will be found at the end of this paper. The ciphers here used are all of the most simple kind, so as not to discourage even the laziest decipherer; but anyone must see how easy it would be to make each more complicated, or to mix up all three so

as to render the deciphering impossible without proper clues and a mutual understanding between the correspondents.

If it be said that, although such ciphers may be written, they could not be printed, and that therefore they could not exist in the old book, we must contest those opinions for the following reasons:—

1. Some ciphers troublesome to write are easily made by type.

2. Some ciphers in printed books—for instance, the pages wherein Bacon describes his ciphers in the *De Augmentis* (1623)—have been pronounced by expert printers to be printed in the really primitive way, namely, by *blocks*, and not, as is so often assumed, by moveable type. This matter of the use of block printing was brought by a printer as an argument against Mr. Donnelly; but it is one which plays directly into Mr. Donnelly's hands.

It was said that the "Great Cryptogram" was an impossibility because printers had not the type requisite for its production. To prove this point, it was added that even those pages in Bacon's *De Augmentis* which illustrate his bilitteral cipher could not have been printed with moveable type, but must have been cut in the solid block, like other examples to be seen in our libraries.

There is a rustic proverb which sets forth that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and, applying this proverbial philosophy to the present case, we say that, if in 1623 certain pages for the illustration of Bacon's cipher were cut in blocks, and *not* set up in moveable type, there can be no reason why pages of the plays —also published in 1623, and into which cipher was introduced—should not similarly be cut in blocks, and not printed from moveable type. It would be absurd to argue that what was done in one book for the purpose of explaining cipher could not be done in another book published in the same year, as is believed for the purpose of being filled with secret writing. This theory of the use of blocks should suffice to quell objections such as those raised by Herr Schlotke against Dr. Preyer's system.

3. It has been proved that *a limited number of the "Reduced Facsimiles" of the 1623 folio* differ from the bulk of the edition.*

For instance, there are in *Troilus and Cressida* certain erratic page-numbers, in some few copies, which, in the bulk of the printed copies,

* Published as Halliwell Phillipps' edition by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Part of a letter containing three messages in three different Ciphers.

81. C— J—
August 1896.

Dear Mr. Barnes:

I have read your letter with the greatest interest, & can quite sympathise with your idea that it would surely not be possible to insert different ciphers so as to agree without at all injuring the poetry, or even clashing with each other. Yet our modern decipherers are men whom you would on acquaintance find as honest as skilful; of that I am certain; and unless you have studied the several hundreds of different

kinds of secret systems of writing ciphers, you can hardly realise how easily three distinct ciphers may be secretly introduced into the same page, and yet ~~without~~ not disturb each other; indeed my writing proves this can be done.

Neither are we to suppose that Bacon himself introduced the cipher. This would be absurd; although of course at first he most probably supervised all important portions of the working, yet when once the system was perfected, the same experts who, like Cowley, ciphered and deciphered, were in time the instructors of others, in these secret arts.

have been somehow effaced. There are also dots in the former which are absent from the latter. Yet we have been assured at the publishers' office that *there was but one edition of this reduced facsimile*, and that the variations are therefore unaccountable.

We see in these things evidence leading to the conclusion that the dots, and some of the page numbers, were put in by hand, and that after a sufficient number of copies had been printed to supply a certain privileged circle (Freemason ?) the pen and ink marks and figures were then effaced, and the rest of the edition printed for the public in general without these marks or cipher clues.

On being interrogated concerning these strange discrepancies between two copies of his facsimile edition, the Editor declared that *he had never seen the original of the volume in question*. The accuracy of the type was therefore a matter for which he did not consider himself responsible. But the publishers, and some at least of those connected with the printing and collating of the "reduced facsimile," must be perfectly aware of the manner in which the original folio* was tampered with. Supposing them to be ignorant of the *reasons* for its being so treated, there must be others who ordered these alterations or effacements, and which produced, in fact, a *variorum* edition so far as the typography or zylography is concerned.

Those who desire to annihilate Baconian doctrines and theories often persist in viewing the cipher discoveries as mere ingenious inventions, concocted or dishonestly devised, like so many infernal machines, for the blowing up of "*Shakespeare*." These persons seem to be unaware that the very same observations which apply to the *Shakespeare* folio, apply equally to one edition at least of each of Bacon's acknowledged works, and to one edition also of each of the works which (rightly or wrongly) are attributed by Baconian philologists and collators to the same great author.

It is considered probable that in the *Shakespeare* Plays, specimens of each kind of Baconian cipher are to be found; but that most of the other works contain only one kind. Nevertheless, as may be seen by the simple example which follows, trained experts would certainly be able to introduce a variety of ciphers dependent, we will say, one upon stops only, another upon changes from roman type to italics, a

* Now in the possession of Mr. Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire.

third upon abnormal letters or figures, a fourth upon the counting of words, a fifth upon transpositions or anagrams. All these could be aided by pre-arranged hints known only to the initiated, such as altered tail-words or catchwords at the bottom of a page, "errors" in pagination, "misprints," "misspellings," "arbitrary" capitals and bracketted words, inversions of letters, and interpollations which appear superfluous and sometimes meaningless, excepting on the assumption that the pieces or words interpollated a necessary part of a cipher narrative. The pages upon which the cipher was inserted would in Bacon's time have been delivered to the skilful Dutch or German carvers of wood blocks whom we suppose sufficiently acquainted with cipher to observe and respect every "error" and "defect" in his copy, and who would carefully reproduce them.

We are not disposed to discredit the statement made with regard to the *Shakespeare* folio that "the printing expenses of this monumental work are proved to have been enormous."

INTERNAL EVIDENCE AS TO AUTHORSHIP AND THE IDENTITY OF AUTHORS.

THE time has come when it seems more than desirable—*necessary*—to arrive at some definite understanding as to what is meant by "*Internal Evidence*," when such evidence is brought to prove the genuine nature of certain documents, books, or other written compositions, whether in manuscript or print. We have made efforts to draw out the opinions of literary men on this subject, but hitherto their replies have been of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory description. At length we have received the following clear paper from Colonel Wyndham Hughes Hallett, whose opinions are valuable, not only on account of his high literary attainments, and his critical acquaintance with "*Shakespeare*," but also because, in his former professional capacity (as Judge-Advocate General of the Indian army), the Laws of Evidence have formed a part of his studies. We therefore welcome with satisfaction the first effort made by any "Shakespearian" critic to meet us on our own ground, and to throw light upon the matter in question.

It will be nevertheless perceptible to most readers that the article which we print upon "Old Documents as Evidence" by no means solves the plain question, "What is *internal* evidence?" For instance, it gives no code of rules by which we may act, and feel justified in stating, that "by internal evidence," such a book or piece of writing is proved to be by the same author as such another book or piece. At the end (for example) of the "Leopold" edition of *Shakespeare*, we find two plays formerly not included, but now admitted to be *Shakespeare's—i.e.*, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and the play of "Edward III." No cause is assigned for the selection of these two plays, from amidst the multitude of others which equally resemble *Shakespeare*. The preface merely informs us that "it has been thought advisable . . . to include two plays which are considered by many competent authorities to contain much of Shakespeare's work."

We hope that these same competent authorities will be persuaded to furnish us with particulars of the means and arguments by which they reached their (certainly accurate) conclusions. Such arguments may then fairly be applied as tests to other writings, and the domain of "*Shakespeare*" considerably extended. Meanwhile we offer for consideration the following list of points which Baconians hold to be characteristic of their One Great Poet, and which in our own opinion build up a strong and irrefutable internal evidence of his authorship.

1. **Vocabulary.** Bacon found that words were "deficient" in his own language. He lacked words to express fine ideas, and declared that it would be a noble thing to form a fine model of language from the most excellent parts of other languages. Hence we find him importing, modifying, and assimilating a vast host of classical words, as well as of words from Continental countries—words not in the English language before his day, but now, to us, so "familiar and household" that we regard them not.

   Besides these foreign words, Bacon built up a huge and beautiful fabric of language by means of *Analogies*, of which more presently. But we say that, chiefly by these two means of (1) *importing*, and (2) *coining words*, he made the English language what it is in its finest developments.

   By the way, "*Shakespearian*" friends and critics will aid this branch of investigation by sending to the editors of BACONIANA a list of the three thousand (some say six thousand) words said to have been coined or introduced by *Shakespeare*.

2. **Peculiar Uses of Words,** *coupling of certain words and epithets*—"wild

thyme," "blue veins," "fall headlong," "dull and heavy," "swelling and pride," &c.

3. **Peculiar Turns of Speech.**
4. **Promus Notes**—*i.e.*, repetitions of or allusions to some of the 1650 entries in Bacon's *Promus*, or Miscellaneous Collection of rough materials, from which he proposed to bring forth things new and old.
5. **Grammar.** Bacon found the Grammar of his day so unsatisfactory that, as he tells us, *he made one of his own.* Dr. Abbott's "*Shakespeare* Grammar" suffices to prove the identity of Baconian and *Shakespearean* Grammar. Under the term Grammar we include Syntax and Construction.
6. **Peculiarities in the Coupling of Dissimilar Terms, Epithets, and Ideas.**
7. **Analogies, Similes, Metaphors, Figures, Emblems, Symbols.** From these (as mentioned in No. 1) Bacon contributed largely to the development of the language. His system of first studying and anatomizing every subject until he had reached the very heart of it, and had ascertained (so he believed) the eternal truths of it, enabled him then to frame axioms and to find analogies "drawn from the centre of the sciences." Once found, these analogies were seen to be as applicable in the abstract as in the concrete, and we find the same figures applied in one place to things, in another to men, in a third to the arts or the sciences, or to law, politics, poetry, or religion.
8. **Tricks of Style,** some of which are related to Bacon's "method" of philosophy.
   (*a*) **Alliteration,** for the sake sometimes of conveying a mental impression by the sound of "harsh concurring consonants," softly sliding sibillants, longing, lingering labials, or distinct, determined, and definite dentals.
   (*b*) **Antitheta, or Contraries.** "They may observe *best* who are observed *least*." "The *less* . . . he drew, the *more* . . . he took." "He was a little *poor* in admiring *riches*." "As they stood in the *light* to him, he stood in the *dark* to them." "The faults so *light*, the rates so *heavy*."
   (*c*) **Contrasts.** "The stooping of a *hawk* upon a *fowl*." "*The golden eagle* . . . fell upon a sign of the *black eagle*." "Instead of the likeness of a *dove*, the shape of a *vulture*, or a *raven*," &c., &c.
   (*d*) **Pleonasms, or Analogues.** Apparently with the object of introducing a new or little known word. "Fears and apprehensions," "fortitude and constancy," "practice and trial," "rites and ceremonies," "shows and ostentation," "heavy, dull, lingering," &c.
   (*e*) **Strings of Words.** (Dr. Orville Owen bases upon these the keys to one form of cipher.) "Her . . . complexion, favour, feature, stature, health, age, customs, behaviour, conditions, and estate." "To learn, search, and discover the circumstances and particulars of Perkins' parents, birth, person, travels, &c."

(*f*) **Puns, Quibbles, and Paradoxes.** These we believe to be the "Ambiguities" which Bacon found to be so useful—the jests which he could never, according to Ben Jonson, pass by. Many of these correspond, or interlace with, the analogies, &c., noted in No. 7.

9. **Theories, Speculations, Opinions,** especially the fixed notions which accompanied Francis Bacon through life, and which were chiefly much in advance of his times.
10. **Literary Knowledge: Authors and Books alluded to, with Praise or Censure. Quotations.**
11. **Knowledge and Use of the Bible; Theological and Religious Views and Beliefs;** traces of acquaintance with the ancient religions, philosophies, and mysticism.
12. In connection with the above, traces of Bacon as the centre of a "**Mystery**"—a "**Secret Society**"—and traces not only of the "Rosicrucian" doctrines, symbolism, and aims, but further of the Freemason methods; their oaths and obligations, their charges, and system of teaching by emblems and symbolic devices.
13. **Science and Experimental Philosophy,** practically inaugurated by Bacon, and, at all events, "new" in his day, shown to have been in very recondite particulars, understood, and casually alluded to, as by an expert.
14. **Allusions to Legal Matters and Technicalities, to Politics and Statesmanship.**
15. **Allusions to the Privacies of Royal and Courtly Life and Society.**
16. **Allusions to Places, Buildings, Homes, Haunts, and Personages,** with whom Bacon was undoubtedly much connected.

From points or particulars such as these we, of the Bacon Society, draw our conclusions regarding the *internal*, apart from any *circumstantial* evidence of the Baconian Authorship of any works. We shall be truly glad if some amongst the many who love literature and truth for their own sake, and regardless of prejudice, will join hands with us in this investigation.

Questions proposed as tests—passages, words, or metaphors, extracted from Elizabethan "Authors," and sent to us for comparison with *Shakespeare* or Bacon, will be published in the Magazine; or if anyone can suggest any method more crucial, any system more fair and honest, and likely to reach the truth at the bottom of this profound well, we shall be happy to accept, and to publish suggestions or information to that end.

C. M. Pott.

ON OLD DOCUMENTS AS EVIDENCE.

I AM asked to write a short note explaining how and to what extent the statements contained in documents written by long ago dead people are evidence of the facts to which they relate, and more especially to explain what is meant by the expression *Internal Evidence*.

To do this briefly it is necessary to generalize, and many exceptions and modifications of the leading principles must be passed over in silence.

Note.—The word *document* includes every kind of writing, printing, &c., in whatever form it may be.

The first question as regards an old document is its genuineness. Was it really written by such a man and at such a date? The usual way of establishing this is to show that it was produced from the place, or custody, in which, if genuine, such a document would naturally be. The genuineness of a last century Will, found in the Registry of the proper district, would probably be presumed; but if a man says he found such a Will in a cupboard of a country inn he would have to prove its genuineness. Similarly, a private letter found in a chest of letters, all of about the same date or of consecutive dates and addressed to the same person, the said chest being in a lumber-room of that person's family mansion, which has ever since been in the possession of his descendants, would probably be presumed to be genuine.

If the genuineness of a document is satisfactorily established, then comes the question, "Was the writer stating the truth?" People are sometimes apt to jump to the conclusion that because a statement appears in an old document it must be true. Not a bit of it. A man of the 17th century could write a falsehood in a private letter or official declaration just as easily as a man can now. Suppose that in the year 2096 there are found in the proper place among Government records a bundle of papers relating to the income tax of this present year 1896, and that among these papers is a declaration from Mr. John Smith, butcher, of London, that his income is under £2000, it would be very rash of the future historian to assume that Mr. Smith's statement was true. (A statement made by an *official in the discharge*

of his official duties is another matter, which need not be dealt with here.) *A fortiori*, a statement in a private letter, where there is, so to speak, less obligation to tell the truth, may be false. The writer is dead; he cannot be put on oath or subjected to cross-examination—the two recognized safeguards against fibbing. How then are accuracy, good faith, and knowledge to be tested? Roughly speaking, (*a*) if the writer says something against his own interest he may be believed; (*b*) if he says something in his own interest he cannot be believed; and (*c*) if he says something which does not affect himself one way or the other he may be believed or not according to the circumstances of the particular case—that is, we must consider what sort of man he was, his opportunity for having accurate information concerning the matter in hand, and any corroborating details. An undoubted genuine letter from Shakespeare to Ben Jonson, to the effect that Bacon had sent him a play entitled *The Tempest* for production on the stage, which he thought would be no less successful than the same nobleman's *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*, would once for all settle the authorship of the plays, because it is against the order of things that Shakespeare should have made such a statement to the damage of his own reputation unless it were true. But a letter from Bacon to Raleigh to the same effect would carry little or no conviction, because it would be to the advantage of the writer's own reputation—or, at best, it would only be believed if strongly corroborated. Lastly, a letter from Raleigh to a friend, to the effect that another play by Bacon had been produced, as usual under the name of Shakespeare, would be believed or not according as investigation might prove that Raleigh was in the confidence both of Shakespeare and Bacon, and that there were reasons why the real authorship was kept secret from the world.

Where the genuineness of the writing and the truth of the words written are both established, or accepted, then comes the final question, "What does the statement prove?" Direct, positive, statements, such as those suggested in the preceding paragraph, are, if believed, conclusive; they go straight to the Yes and No of the disputed point. But where the statement consists of something indirect or vague, from which we are asked to *infer* something positive as regards the disputed point, serious difficulties arise. Great caution must then be

exercised, for in drawing inferences one is apt to be led away by his preconceived notions and personal sympathies. For example, suppose a letter from Raleigh to a friend speaks of Bacon as a great dramatist, although unknown to the world because his plays are produced under the name of another—it would be unsafe to infer that Bacon was the author of *Macbeth*, etc., because Raleigh's statement, if true, might refer to another set of plays altogether.

To resume briefly. As regards a statement made in an old document there are three questions :—

First. Is the document genuine ?
Second. Is the statement true ?
Third. What is the effect of the statement ?

The *first* must be decided in the affirmative before proceeding to the *second*, and the *second* must be decided in the affirmative before proceeding to the *third*.

Now as to *Internal Evidence*. Definitions are proverbially difficult, and I find this no exception to the rule. Restricting the term to documents, the term may roughly be defined as follows :—

"Internal evidence is anything in a document which may create, or tend to create, any belief respecting the writer of such document, or its contents."

Probably the concrete is easier to understand than the abstract, and the following cases will explain the meaning.

(a) A bookseller offers for sale a letter, purporting to be from Raleigh to Bacon respecting one of his American expeditions. In the course of the letter occurs the word "starvation." You say, "From internal evidence I take this to be a modern forgery."

(b) A play contains lines referring to a historical event which took place in 1603. You say, "From internal evidence this play was written after 1603."

(c) In an old library is found a fragment of an 18th century work treating of London streets. It contains references to Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith, etc., etc., is crammed with words and expressions from Latin and Greek, and expresses opinions familiar to students as being those held by Dr. Johnson. You say, "From internal evidence I believe this to have been written by Johnson."

Observe that, as in Circumstantial Evidence, though the facts are here beyond question yet the inferences drawn may be entirely false.

In *(a)* it is possible that Raleigh may have coined the word "starvation" for use in that particular letter, never using it again, though its first introduction is always believed to have been much later; in *(b)* it is possible that the play was written before 1603 and the particular passage inserted afterwards; in *(c)* it is possible that some one consciously imitated or unconsciously reproduced the style and opinions of Johnson.

W. H. H.

DR. OWEN'S CIPHER METHOD.

WITH regard to Dr. Orville W. Owen's Cipher discovery, we submit to our readers several communications from various sources which cannot fail to be of considerable interest, although we give them in lieu of the longer article promised by Mr. Millet, which has unfortunately not come to hand in time for publication this month.

(1) Extracts from letter to Mrs. H. Pott, from Mr. Millet:—

"I have been to Detroit, and have spent the day and evening with Dr. Owen and his assistants (two ladies), and I can give you an interesting account; *but* I cannot send it for a few days, because they are preparing something for me to use in illustration, which, in itself, is very startling. He has found the Iliad running consecutively through the works of Bacon, Spenser, Peele, &c. (*the Seven*), and is to give me three or four quotations to show that the continued story is made up of extracts, and even from Burton and the *Novum*. He is to give me the name of the work from which each extract is taken. Within six months he proposes to publish the Iliad (at least one or two or more books) and will give *against each line* the book, page and line from which it is taken. This will, of course, be a conclusive argument. I have already seen the material, have seen it taken from the 'wheel,' and I know from my own eyesight, that he is using a regular method. I say '*he*'—but what will you say when I tell you that he (Dr. Owen) has been very ill in Colorado, and at home since April, and that *his assistants have done every stroke of the work in his*

absence. He has not put his hand, or pen, or voice, to this particular work, and does not know the 'key-words.' When I called at his office, he was at home sick. . . . The assistants knew me, and admitted me to the work-room. So that I saw *in his absence*, the work going on, and the huge piles of MSS. already done. These ladies (whom I fortunately saw at first separately), agreed in their accounts of the work, and are, in my opinion, not only perfectly honest, but engaged upon a true method. I am more than ever convinced of it, in fact, *I am sure.* But, as I said to Dr. O., 'All this does not make me believe your *historical* books. That part must be false, or a blind—a shell for a further hidden or internal cipher. *The latter he admits to be quite possible.* I shall, therefore, have the pleasure of giving you the *first* example of this translation of the Iliad, and I think I can mail it about Wednesday next. . . ."

Shortly after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. H. Pott received from Mr. Millet a deciphered passage from the Iliad, which, as it is also printed in an article from the *News Tribune* printed below we do not repeat here, but since the receipt of this, Messrs. Howard have also written to Mrs. Pott on the same subject, and have added to their letter (portions of which we transcribe), a key to the lines of the Iliad, deciphered by Dr. Owen's process, and which we append to this article, feeling sure that it must at least arouse curiosity and interest.

" Detroit, Feb. 24, 1896.

" As to Mr. Millett's promised article on the 'Cipher,' for BACONIANA, he may have found the subject too heavy for his pen. The difficulties do not appear until one attempts to commit to paper, when written words are found inadequate to condense within the limits of correspondence, or a magazine article, and intelligently convoy to other minds its breadth and scope. We regret to say we have found it so, and have despaired of being able to put out any statement, which would explain the Cipher, that would be understood by two individuals in the same way, without practical illustration. Like Philosophy, the Sciences, or Mathematics, it must be led up to by preliminary study. The great difficulty is, that people conceive it is unlocked by some secret key, a single turn of which will reveal the whole, or that some mystic combination of figures and mathematical calculation will open wide the door to the solution. The system is, in fact, as broad as the works of the great master mind, and only opens step by step to the plodding student. To those engaged in the deciphering, it is an unremitting study.

A few hours study, with the explanations which the decipherers can give, convince the investigator that there *is* a Cipher, but long continued study is necessary to penetrate the mazes, and to not a few who lack the faculty for that kind of work, the intricacies cannot be fathomed. When I tell you that, so far, the decipherers have found their key words to the different divisions, as letters *always commencing with a capital letter* in the 1623 folio, and other originals, though manifestly wrongly capitalized, except for cipher purposes, that the proper names *printed in italics*, are to be transferred from where they stand in the originals, to another place where they *fit* the facts of known history in the deciphered writings, that in the preliminary work so far done, in extracting the Iliads from the seven works through which the Cipher runs, nearly *three hundred* of the 465 names given in the catalogue of the slips in the first book of the Iliad, have already been discovered, surrounded by phrases or passages which are unmistakeably parts of the translation, you will begin to appreciate the scope of the system, its intricacies, and the work necessary to follow out the particular threads which make up the particular story being deciphered. Regarding the extraordinary and unusual capitalization found in the 1623 folio, modern editors have *changed the capitals to small letters, not knowing that they indicated key words to a Cipher*. . . . The trouble is with most people that their reading is prejudged, and too superficial to be dignified by the name of study. In *De Augmentis* (p. 170) you will recall the lines, 'Almost all scholars have this —when anything is presented to them, they will find in it that which they know, not learn from it that which they know not.' They fitly apply to many readers. . . .

". . . I will enclose memorandum of Authors, Act, Scene, and page of the references. We believe that the next issue of the Cipher story will put an entirely new aspect upon the whole Baconian question, prove the Cipher, and Dr. Owen's claims. If a complete translation of the Iliads is found running through all the seven books, it must be conclusive proof that one man wrote them all, and no added argument or 'hammering' will be necessary to prove all that you have claimed for Bacon. . . . Mrs. Gallup is devoting her whole time to this, and it will be some months before publication. . . . Dr. Owen is improving in health . . . he is, however, as yet not equal to close study. He . . . hopes before very long to be able to meet you, and give in more satisfactory manner than can be written, the explanations you ask, and fuller account of his work, &c."

The following is from the *News Tribune*, of Dec. 15, 1895. It differs in no particulars from other reports which have been sent to us, and we choose it for reprinting on account of its clearness and brevity.

We have added numbers to the lines from the Iliad so as to afford easy reference to the key or index sent by Messrs. Howard, and with which we conclude this notice, regretting that, in some cases, we cannot give the *edition of the works* whose pages are referred to.

THE BACON CIPHER.

DR OWEN'S DECIPHERINGS OF HOMER'S ILIAD. IT IS COMPARED WITH OTHERS.

Extracts foom the Oldest English Version—The Literal Story in Prose.

The discovery by Dr. O. W. Owen, of a translation of Homer's Iliad concealed in the works of Bacon, as being deciphered from the now well-known "wheel," is creating a sensation in Baconian circles.

When the deciphering of the Iliad shall have been completed it will be one of Dr. Owen's greatest triumphs, in view of the fact that at the time of Bacon's life there was no English translation of this great work in existence, excepting that of George Chapman, which was printed in 1598. The following notice—with others—is found on page 2 of Chapman's translation of the Iliad:—

"The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets. Never before in any language truly translated. With a coment upon some of his chiefe places; Donne according to the Greeke by Geo. Chapman. At London printed for Nathaniell Butter. (fol.)"

The opening portion of the epistle Dedicatory in George Chapman's translation is to the Earl of Essex, the "Most Honored now living instance of the Achillean Virtues extermized by divine Homer."

George Chapman was born in 1559, and died in 1634. His translation of the Iliad was first published in installments.

The Baconian translation gives promise of great beauty and elaborate finish. It is very interesting to compare the different translations of the Iliad and observe the perfect freedom taken by the translators regarding the style and arrangement of the sentences. The portion of the Iliad deciphered by Dr. Owen's assistants at his exhibition in the Masonic auditorium, on Monday evening, December 2, was taken from 13 different places in the works commonly ascribed to five different authors. It reads as follows:—

1. "No sooner had god Phœbus' brightsome beams
2. Begun to dive within the western seas,
3. And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
4. Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
5. Did take possession of the Grecian youths."—*Greene.*
6. "And all the night in silver sleep they spent."—*Spenser.*
7. "But all so soon as the all cheering sun
8. Should in the farthest east begin to draw
9. The shady curtains from Aurora's bed."—*Romeo & Juliet.*
10. "The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise,"—*Peele.*
11. "For has not the divine Apollo said: "—*Winter's Tale.*
12. "'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,—*Henry IV.*
13. "The sails of sendal spread unto the wind"—*Greene.*
14. "I promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
15. And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
16. Your royal fleet far off.'"—*Tempest.*

o o o o o o

17. "But Peleus' valient son, the great Archilles,"—*Peele.*
18. "The ornament of great Jove's progeny,"—*Vpenser.*
19. "Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,"—*Marlowe.*
20. "That now no more of arms this warrior would,"—*Peele.*
21. "Nor this so noble and so fair assembly
22. "Of noble heroes frequent."—*Shakespeare.*

As before stated, Chapman's translation was first issued in 1598. This was from four to eight years after the death of Marlowe, Green, Peele, and Spenser, from whose accredited writings Dr. Owen takes his decipherings of the Iliad in connection with the plays attributed to Shakespeare, Burton's 'Essays on Melancholy' and Bacon's own acknowledged works. Chapman's translation of the above reads:—

"o o o That day was held divine,
And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight held the clear
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn,
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,
The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did rore.

o o o o o o

But Peleus' son, swift-footed Achilles, at his swift ships sate.

Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That men make honor'd never trod the fierce embattall'd field."

AS TRANSLATED BY POPE AND DERBY.

One of the most acceptable translations of the Iliad is by Alexander Pope. This particular sentence is worded by him in the following pleasing way:—

"'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky;
Then launch and hoist the mast: indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails.

* * * *

But raging still, amidst his navy, sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mixed in combat, nor in council join'd."

The fourth edition of the translation, by Edward, Earl of Derby, printed in 1871, reads:

"But when the sun was set, and shades of night
O'erspread the sky, upon the sandy beach
Close to their ship they laid them down to rest:
And when the rosy-fingered morn appear'd,
Back to the camp they took their homeward way.
A fav'ring breeze the Far-destroyer sent:
They stepped the mast and spread the snowy sail:

o o o o

Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat,
The heav'n-born son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Chafing with rage repress'd; no more he sought
The honour'd council, nor the battlefield;
But wore his soul away, and inly pin'd
For the fierce joy and tumult of the fight"

BY BRYANT AND MERIVALE.

Two other translations will be found of interest, for the purpose of comparison. That by William Cullen Bryant is in stately blank verse, while Merivale prefers the more flowing rhyme:—

". . . When at length the sun went down
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered dawn, the child
Of morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send
A favouring breeze; at once they reared the mast

And opened the white sails; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flow on.

* * * *

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot,
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,
Nor came to council with the illustrious chiefs,
Nor to the war."

The translation by Charles Merivale, B.D., D.C.L., reads:—

"Now at the hour of sunset, when darkness fell around,
The heroes of their cables slept reclining on the ground,
But when rose-fingered morning with sky-born radiance shone,
Again they launch'd, and toward the camp they hasten'd to be gone.
With a favouring gale Apollo the mariners onward sped;
They reared the mast, and the swelling sail to the following breeze they spread.

* * * o o

Meanwhile the son of Peleus, divine Achilles hight,
Still chafed, reclining at the ships, and yearned he for the fight,
Nor to the glorious parley of mustering hosts he went,
Nor joined the war."

None of Them Perfect.

The entire beauties of Homer, it is said, have not as yet been exhibited in any one of the English translations. Possibly such a combination is impossible. The vigorous, dramatic style of individual phrases are best given by Chapman; the swift march and elegant flow and fulness are well rendered by Pope; and thus each translator lays claim to some peculiar rendering, yet never combining all.

Baconian students will look anxiously forward to the completion of the deciphered Iliad in the hope that in this may be discovered a richer, fuller rendering than any which have gone before.

The following is the literal translation, in prose, by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. Page 17, line 1:—

But when the sun had set, and darkness came on, then they slept near the hawsers of their ships. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, straightway then they set sail for the spacious camp of the Achæans, and to them far-darting Apollo sent a favourable gale. But they erected the mast and expanded the white sails. . . . But the Jove-sprung son of Pileus, swift-footed Achilles, continued his wrath, setting at his swift ships, nor ever did he frequent the assembly of noble heroes, nor the fight.

Notice that in the literal, and in Bacon's translation, the word "frequent" appears, and is not so translated by any of the others, showing Bacon followed nearest to the original.

The lines of the Iliad, as printed above, are taken from the following books:—

LINE.	TITLE OF WORK.	AUTHOR.
1—5.	"The King of Arragon," Act iv.	*Greene.*
6.	"The Faerie Queene," Bk. vi., c. ix. 22.	*Spenser.*
7—9.	"Romeo and Juliet," i. 1.	*Shakespeare.*
10.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	*Peele.*
11.	"The Winter's Tale," v. 1.	*Shakespeare.*
12.	"Henry IV.," Part 2, iii. 1.	„
13.	"Orlando Furioso," p. 111.	*Greene.*
14—16.	"The Tempest," v. 1, 15—17.	*Shakespeare.*
*	* * *	*
17.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	*Peele.*
18.	"Virgil's Gnat," St. ii.	*Spenser.*
19.	"Tamburlaine," Part 2, iv. 1.	*Marlowe.*
20.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 555.	*Peele.*
21.	"Henry VIII.," i. 4.	*Shakespeare.*
22.	"All's Well," ii. 1, 39.	„

(Half-line, "*Of noble heroes.*")

(We observe that a few liberties are taken with regard to the words. In line 6 *and* stands for *but*, and *they spent* for *I spend.* Line 18 begins with *The;* in the original it is *And.* Probably, however, some rule or indication suggests these slight alterations in order to fit the meaning of the line.)

C. M. Potter.

KEYS TO THE THREE CIPHER MESSAGES CONTAINED IN THE LITHOGRAPHED SHEET.

No. 1.—*Mutual understanding between the Correspondents.* Begin with the word after the first colon, "I." Count every 10th word from this to the end. The following sentence will result :—

"I cannot agree with you that several ciphers may not be introduced at the same time."

No. 2.—For this cipher it is necessary to distinguish between the following alphabets :—

1. A a B b C c D d E e G g H h
2. a a B b C c D d E e G g H h.

I i L l M m O o P p R r S s T t W w
I i L l M m O o P p R r S s T t W w

Write down the letters which resemble alphabet No. 1, *and which are detached*, and the sentence will be spelt out :—

"Mr. Donnelly, Mr. James Cary, and Dr. Owen are our best cryptographers."

No. 3.—*Mutual understanding.* Begin at the end, and work *backwards*. The *dotted* letters only are to be observed and written down. They form this sentence :—

"Another plan is to place dots against the letters and to spell the sentence."