

BACONIANA



THE BACON SOCIETY
INCORPORATED.



17
Gibbs's Law of the Conservation of Energy



Constance M. Pott

81. Cornwall Gardens.

1896

BACONIANA.

EDITED BY

A SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE BACON SOCIETY.

— — —
VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.
— — —

LONDON.

ROBERT BANKS & SON, RACQUET COURT,
FLEET STREET, E.C.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Adams, De Q. on Masonry	103	Barruel, Abbé de, of Jacobinism	37, 105
Aeson	112, 114	Bartas, Du	51
Alexander	23-28, 151	Barthius	48, 49, 71, 166
Allegory	122	Baxter... ..	54, 71, 76
Alleyne Edward	54, 80	Bayle, P.	50
" John	80	Beaumont, F.	54, 55, 74, 105,
Alliteration	220	Berowne	168
Ambiguity	182, 185	Bible and Montaigne	208
Anagrams	8	Biographies, Feigned	8
Analogies	220	Biron	108
Anat. of Melancholy	199	Blackbourne	182
" th. World	50	Bliss, Dr.	80
Antiquy Surpassed	111, 114	Boar's Head... ..	70-82, 181
Antitheta	26, 220	Boccacio	194
Apollo. See F. Bacon	52, 169	Boileau	55
Arcadia	37, 38, 40, 106, 116	Book-binders	8
Arch, Royal	182, 184	Books of God	128
Areopagus	195	Bormann, Mr. E.	144-153
Ariosto	64, 186	Boys, Precocious	48, 51
Aristotle	164	Bridecake, R.	56, 164
Art, Wit, &c., Fade	42-44	Brown, Sir T.	51, 56, 76
Assizes in Parnassus	183, 188	Bubble, World a	28, 169
Astrea... ..	69, 126	Burby, Cuthbert	168
Augustus	125	Burton, R.	51, 53, 75
Aurora, Renaissance	121	Bussy d'Ambois	169, 170
Authors Concealed	51, 116	Caldecott, Mr. H	166, 167, 171
" Quoted by Montaigne	207, 208	Calderon	162-167, 178
Bacon, Francis—Apollo, Phebus	111, 114, 116, 118, 119, 130, 175	Camden	75
" Cambridge mourns	112, 115	Cantor, Dr. G.	107, 109, 116, 173
" " " him	23, 179, 180	Cary, Thos.	165
" " " Character of... ..	125	Casaubon	51
" " " Could not pass by a	81, 82	Catullus	101, 193, 194
" " " " jest	110-132	Cawdray	75
" " " Crest of	112, 114	Cervantes	177
" " " Elegies to	110-113	Chapman	74, 75, 168
" " " Excelled Antiquity	110-132	Character, Study of	21
" " " " Greatest of Poets	110-113	Chronicles, Feigned	8
" " " " Incomparable	110-132	Church, Unity in the	8
" " " " Jason	120-128	Cipher, Dr Owen's Method	92, 101
" " " " Minerva, restored	112-114	Ciphers	101, 125
" " " " by	19-28	Cipher, Key to Mr. Mille's	172
" " " " Models imitated by	111-115, 174	Cleveland	50, 51
" " " " Muses lament	111-115, 174	Collections... ..	7, 39
" " " " Mystic	128	Columbus of Literature	145, 148-152, 175, 183, 186
" " " " Orpheus	174, 182, 185	Comedies, Italian	189
" " " " Prometheus	183, 187	Comedy	175, 182, 184, 185
" " " " Proteus	65, 118	Concealed Authors	51, 116
" " " " Quirinus	110, 111, 114, 121, 122	" Literature	177
" " " " " Renaissance	24	Conference of Pleasure	57
" " " " " Romulus. See Quirinus.	174	Confessio Frat.	56
" " " " " Shakespeare	128	Constantia and Phiterus	49
" " " " " The Tenth Muse	128	Contraries. See Antitheta	105
" " " " " Theologian	128	Contraries for Good or Evil	41, 51, 52, 54, 104
" " " " " Use of Antitheta,	116, 117, 122, 175, 206, 220	Cowley	48, 49, 51, 75
" " " " " " Parable, &c.	130	Crashaw	81, 125
" " " " " " Verulam's Hero	7, 69	Crescent Moon	124
" " " " " " Sir Nicholas	175	Crotona	125, 208-218
" " " " " " Roger	144	Cryptography	149
" " " " " " Shakespeare Controversy	144	Cultura Animi	55
		Curiosities of Literature	48
		D'Aubigné	52, 116
		Davies, Sir J.	83-92
		Death, Bacon and Shakespeare, of	74
		Decker	56
		Dec, Dr. John	56

	PAGE		PAGE
Defence of Poesie	50	Homor	25, 28
Defoe Period Unmasked	167	Hooker	61, 76
Diana's Foresters	125	Hornoe	191
Diaris	27	"Iliad" in Cipher	58, 97-101
Dictynna	167	Images	10-24, 28
Digby, Sir R.	75	Indexes Garbled	8, 57
Dionysius	151	Invisible Brotherhood	7
Dixon, Hefworth	69	Joannes	180
Donne, W.	50, 51, 75, 105	Jacobinism	37
Dramatists	74-76	Jason	127, 128
Drayton	51, 54, 75	Jonson, B.	50-56, 74, 75, 118,
Drummond, W., of II.	48, 51		119, 155, 174, 165
Dryden	12, 54, 55, 75	Jurnall, Mon. do	61
Du Bartas	51	Juvenal and Shakespeare	11-19
Ducdame	166, 167	Kempe	77
"Edward III."	210	King, II.	50, 51, 104
Elogies	110-132, 164, 165, 173-188	Knight, Sir H.	66
Elizabeth, Queen	157	Lambeth MSS.	57
Emblems	220	Landon, Savage	54
England's Helicon	109	Latin and Greek Dearly Bought	195
Egypt	49, 123	Lear	149, 171
Eson. See Eson.		Libraries, Secrets in	38, 39, 103
Evelyn, John	76, 103	Baconiana Index	2
Evidence, Internal	218	Lily's Euphuos	75
"Documentary"	221	Links in the Chain, Part iv.	48
Falkland	50	"Part v.	163
Falstaff	70, 80, 82	Lopé de Vega	75, 177, 178
Falstolfo	82	Love's Labour Lost	168
Fama Frat.	49, 59	Lucretius	191
Field, N.	56	Luna	167
Figures	220	Manes Vernamiani	173-168
Fletche, J.	55, 74	Marble tombs	188
Florio, J.	51, 59, 62	Marlowe	74, 75
Fludd	54	Marmion, Sh.	164
"Fra Paolo	66	Marston	74, 167
"Francis Bacon, Poet." &c	145	Masonry. See Freemasonry, &c.	
Franciscus Junius	58	Masonry and Pythagoras	122-124
"Freemason Theory"	35-41, 102-107	Massinger	55, 74, 75
Freemasonry	8, 8-11, 13, 110, 123	Measure for Measure	145, 146
"Its Capital Secret"	38	Mede, J.	49, 54
Fuller	54, 76	Melpomene claims Bacon	175
Funeral Elegies		Mercurius Brit.	53
"Donne's"	50	Mercury	53
Gesta Gravorum	19, 57	Metaphors	175, 206, 220
Gnosus, Clue of	114	Method	203, 220
Golden Age	183, 188	Middleton	75
Godwin, Mr. M. A.	154-157	Mid. Night's Dream	144
Grammar, &c.	2-0	Millet, Mr. J. B., on Ciphers	58, 92-101, 172
Gray's Inn Revels	57	Milo	183, 186, 187
Greece and Rome	56, 119	Model	19
Greek and Latin Dearly Bought	185	Molière	5, 168
Green		Montaigne compared with Bacon and Shakespeare	48, 49, 51, 54, 56, 59-69, 75, 132-143, 189-205
Groton for Crotona	124	Monuments of Brass or Wit	50, 187
Gustavi Seleni Crypta.	125	"Montaigne"	207
Hallett, Col. W. Hughes	218	Moon	125, 167
Hannibal	183, 186	Moon-calf	167
Harleian Misc.	173	Moonsmen	125
Hawkins, Sir T.	164	Morgan, Murder of W.	106
Hazlitt	50, 63	Morley, Dr., of Montaigne	60, 62
Heir to the Throne	157	Moses	22, 23
Helicon	111, 113, 114	Muse, Bacon's Mistress	154-157
Henry VII.	112, 114, 128, 129, 131, 187, 175, 188	Muses	111-115, 118, 119, 121
Henry VII. a Vehicle for Cipher	148	Names, Of	141, 142
Henry VII. a Missing Link	149	New Birth	121, 128
Hobbes, T.	54	New Study of Shakespeare	144, 151
Hobby-horse	200	Olympus	183, 187
Holy Dying	170	Order of the Helmet	19
		Orpheus	111, 113, 110, 130
		Orrery, Lord	50
		Otway	74
		Ovid	118, 120, 180, 190
		Owen, Dr. O.	92-101
		Pagination, Freemason	
		Pallas	112, 114, 126
		Pan	151

"Is it possible?"
70-76.

	PAGE		PAGE
Paper-makers	8	Seldon, J.	53, 70
Parable	117, 122	Shakespeare's Mistress	151-157
Parabolic Poesy	116, 117	Shakespeare's Secret	141-153
Paras-us, Return from	171	Shurley, J.	56
Paras-us	19	Shylock	150
Pegasus	74	Sidney, Sir P.	48, 50, 54, 56, 75
Pegasus	111, 113, 120, 121	Society, Royal	104
Pembroke Papers	103	Solomon	128
Theatrical Company	103	Solomon's House or Temple	28, 60, 101, 110
Persons	151	Pillars of	151
Peter Gower for Pythagoras	124	Porch of	37
Philaenia	57	Sonnets	151-162
Philpot's Poems	51	Shakespeare	75, 81
Phoebus	167	Spear-shaker, swinger	110, 111, 114, 121, 122
Phoebus	113, 114, 119, 130	Spratt, Dr.	50
Phoenicia	124	Spenser, E.	51, 51, 75
Phoenix	112, 114, 128	Stage-plays, Bacon's	175
Pillars of Hercules	175	Status	167
Pittard, Mr. E.	113	Stotsenburg, Mr. J. H.	169
Plato	49	Strachey, St. Loe	55
Plautus	189	Style, Tricks of	220
Pleonasm	220	Suckling	48
Poesy immortal	50	Sylvia Sylvarum	151
parabolic	116, 117	Symbols	8, 220
Poet-apus	75, 120	Sympathy and Antipathy	144
Poet, Bacon the greatest	121	Tacitus	151
Poquelin	56, 166	Tactus of Oratory	177
Possible? Is it	70-76	Tancred	50
Porch	37	Tau	142
Portraits, Dis-guised	8, 163, 176, 177, 207	Taylor, Jeremy	76, 170
Precoxious Boys	48-50	Thebaid	167
Press, Control of, by Freemasons	10, 40, 41, 103, 106, 107	Themis	182, 184, 188
Preston's Masonry	123	Theologian, F. B. a	189
Print, In	175, 176	Terence	189
Printing	8, 9, 39	Tiphys	112, 114, 127, 131
Progress, Report of	5	Tombs and Epitaphs	51
Prometheus	183	Townley, Zouche	56
Promus	198, 199, 203, 220	Tragedy	182, 185
Proteus	65, 118	Turnbull, B.	55
Publishing	9	"Two Noble Kinsmen"	219
Puns. See Quibbles.		Typography	7
Puppets dallying	27	Unity in the Church	8
Pyramus and Thisby	49	Universal Authorship, F. B.'s	70
Pythagoras and Masonry	122-124	Usury, Ess. of	151
Pytharles' Emblems	31-35, 75	Vaughan, T.	55
Quevedo	177, 178	Venetia for Phoenicia	124
Quibbles	110, 114, 118, 121, 124-126, 142, 175, 181	Verulam, The Incomparable	111-115
Raleigh, Sir W.	48	the greatest in all arts	111-110
Rawley, Dr. W.	25, 63, 75, 109, 110, 115, 177, 182-189	Verulam City	112, 114
Religio Medici	50	Virbius	182, 186
Renaissance	8	Virgil	118, 149, 189, 191
Resurrectio Divini Francisci	110	Virgil's Mysteries	144
Revels, Gray's Inn	57	Shakespeare	171
Rome, Greeco	56, 119	Vocabulary of Bacon and Montaigne	203, 219
Rose Theatro	168	Voluminous writers	71-76
Roses, The	112, 114, 116, 129, 131, 175, 180, 188	Water-marks	8
Rosenkrantz, Christian	49	Wenry of life	50
Rosierucian	55, 75, 116, 203	Webster	53, 74, 75
Royal Arch	38, 40, 104, 116	Wei-haupt, Spartacus	105
Society	8, 101	Wilkins, Dr.	75
Salisbury, Robert, Earl of	51	Wigston, Mr. W. F. C., and Shakespeare's Secret	144-153, 173
Samos, Sage of	111, 113, 122, 130	Wilson, Dr.	51, 163
Sandys, G.	50, 51, 75	Winter's Tale	144
Sarpi, Pietro	72, 73	Wither	51, 75
Secret Marks	8	Words, C assical	219
Secret Society	8	Peculiar use of	219
Secrets	36, 37	Strings of	220
		Wotton, Sir H.	48, 50, 57

BACONIANA.

VOL. IV.—*New Series.* JANUARY, 1896.

No. 13.

“BACONIANA.”—REPORT OF PROGRESS, JANUARY, 1896.

AT the beginning of the New Year, and on introducing the Fourth Volume of BACONIANA, we again attempt to survey the work that has been accomplished, and to measure the great distance yet to be traversed before our end is attained.

Although progress has been slow, it is sure, and, even to the least observant eye, perceptible. Thirty years ago, how many schools were there in which the life and authentic works of Bacon formed any part of the course of study? What cheap editions then existed of his writings? How often was his name mentioned or his works alluded to by writers in newspapers, and in fugitive literature? Who, excepting “the learned,” and some few casual readers whom chance had directed to its pages, would have thought of taking up any professed work of his for mere pleasure and delight in the reading?*

There was, in fact, a wide-spread ignorance concerning Francis Bacon, his private life, aims, and work, his mind and true character; and this ignorance (as we now have the strongest evidence short of conclusive proofs to show) was fostered and encouraged by all means within the power of the Press, controlled by the literary Freemasons. Were it not for these ubiquitous agencies, our case would long since have been

* The present writer remembers a rebuke administered to a little girl for expressing pleasure at the perusal of “a little book by a man called Bacon” (the *Moral Essays*). That a child should pretend to understand and enjoy such works was taken as an evidence of conceit or affectation; an offensive idea not to be again alluded to.

laid before the world; no other combination or alliance exists which could have successfully resisted the outpouring of such a stream.

It is satisfactory to know the true cause and root of our difficulties and of the unprecedented opposition which we have had to encounter, and which we were wont to attribute to the semi-illiterate in the literary world, arguing of things they did not understand; to the writers and editors of "Shakesperian" books, articles, or notices in newspapers; and finally to professors and lecturers of the old school, who declined to listen to any new word on the subject. Certain it is, that all these have played their part, and with the professorial class, many of whom have frankly confessed their repugnance to our subject, we largely sympathise, fully entering into the feelings of the elder members of the teaching profession. "I am too old to face new and bewildering problems, or to examine into statements which appear to me astounding." "Would you have me spend the rest of my life in confuting my former utterances?" "Do you expect me at my age to re-write my lectures?" "I would rather hear nothing about it. I really cannot afford to have all my ideas upset; it would send me out of my mind." These and similar words are from the lips of some of our most respected teachers, past and present. It is not to be expected that such men should heartily join in the hunt which is up; but we may fairly ask that if they are unequal to the labours of investigation and original research, they will yet refrain from teaching as facts particulars proclaimed by others (and dimly suspected by themselves) to be fallacies.

But to return to the true cause of the hostility and un-English illiberality which all Baconian students have had to experience: it is, as we have several times had occasion to assert, traceable primarily to Freemasonry, and to the Press, which is under the control of that ubiquitous society.

With regard, for instance, to the newspapers. Cases have come before us in which a review or article has been required from some young or unknowing writer, to be compiled, not according to his own opinions or experience, but according to the editor's orders. Apologetic letters have been received by Baconian writers with regrets apparently genuine, for the bitter or hostile tone in which such notices have been penned. "You remember, I am sure, that I heartily commended the book of which I was obliged to write so unfavourably, *but*," &c. Again,

another writes: "The original paper was quite different; . . . but our chief would not have it, and I have had to knuckle down, and as you see, to write contrary to my private judgment," &c. Such is the gist of many a letter submitted to us for perusal. Nevertheless, we speak chiefly of past experiences, and in this matter of untrue criticism there is an improvement which is made conspicuous by our collection of clippings from the daily Press, both here and abroad. We seldom have to paste into the albums columns filled with absurd and ignorant vituperations of "Francis Bacon, the glory of his age and nation," such as continually met our eyes ten or twelve years ago. Vulgar personal abuse of the scholars who have devoted years of study to his life and writings; silly jokes, products of incapacity to comprehend the magnitude of the questions at stake, with other discreditable traits are gradually disappearing from the pages of respectable papers.

All this is good, and gives cause for hope that a few years more may witness an equal improvement in other respects, and that the reticence, the refusals to afford information, the evasions, and attempts at concealment may in like manner be gradually dispensed with, for it is hard to conceive a valid reason for keeping up the appearance of mystery where there are no longer any true secrets, but only suppressed facts.

In Appendix A. of our last number a summary was given of the MS. collections now in possession of the Bacon Society, and which were commenced with the view of analysing the authentic works and styles of Francis Bacon, and of bringing them into harmony with his unacknowledged writings. These collections or dictionaries enable us to answer many knotty points as to Bacon's "fixed notions," his opinions, aims, and work, and the invariable constituents of his manifold "styles." We are able to a large extent to follow his connection with all the able men of the day, and with the "Invisible Brotherhood," tracing their rising influence by the power of the Press, from the time when Sir Nicholas Bacon and his friends first secured control over the printing houses until now, when these presses are similarly controlled by the same brotherhood or agency, though under a different name.

It is mainly by close examination of typographical and unexplained peculiarities in old books and new, that the chain of evidence has been welded link by link, and brought down from the foot of Bacon's chair

to the present day. We seem to have collected all the varieties of secret marks used by the paper-makers, printers, and bookbinders, and have interpreted the symbols woven into the designs of their engravers, architects, decorators, and metal-workers. We have ascertained that there are in our libraries and museums, collections of books, MSS., pictures, &c., easily accessible to Freemason applicants, but with difficulty to be reached by non-masons.

We are now alive to the existence in Baconian books of sham portraits, in which the upper half of the head is a representation of Francis Bacon (and more or less resembling one or other of his manifold portraits), whilst the lower part is made to accord with some characteristics in the face of the accredited author of the book.*

Of "feigned chronicles," or disguised biographies grafted upon true "lives," and biographical records, we have spoken elsewhere. Space has not hitherto been afforded for the copious extracts requisite for a proper illustration of this curious subject. Readers well informed as to the character and acknowledged abilities and studies of Bacon may, without much trouble, find instances to the point in nearly all old prefaces which include a "character," or a "life," of the supposed author.†

Garbled indexes, and the recent supposed discovery of anagrams in title-pages, have also been alluded to in previous articles (see III. 105). The existence of these at the present day assure us that the whole system is perfectly well understood by *the true Bacon Society*—namely, by the Freemason heads of all our old libraries, museums, societies, colleges, printing and publishing houses, and the rest.

If any one doubt these statements, let him experiment for himself. Let him, for instance, attempt to publish anything upon our special subjects: Francis Bacon, the Author of *Shakespeare*; the Centre of the Second Renaissance; Founder of the Royal Society and of Freemasonry; Promoter of Universal Learning and of Unity in the Church; or let the book treat merely of the water-marks in Baconian works, of the interpretation of Symbols in the Hieroglyphic designs, or of

* These things can be most readily exhibited by means of a series of portraits, real and feigned, photographed upon glass slides and projected on a sheet by a good lantern.

† The Editors will be obliged by any notes of examples met with; the name of author, title, and date of edition, extracts, &c.

the True History of Printing in England from the year 1530. It will be found that, if the title be explicit, each publisher by turns will decline the book without even having seen it: "There is no demand for such books"; "The subject is unpopular"; "The result would be a heavy loss"; "We do not favour small books"; "Large books have a limited sale."

With regard to books on printing and kindred subjects, such excuses are the more interesting when we consider the number of similar works, *which stop short in their information at a date just before the Baconian era commences, and only resume the thread of their discourse when the outpouring of original Baconian works has ceased and when their too conspicuous characteristics fail to attract.*

One reason which has been given more than once is to the effect that "We have undertaken a work on Shakespeare; we could not therefore publish one on Bacon," an argument as cogent as if a man should say, "I cannot publish a book about Charles I. *because* I have undertaken one about Cromwell." We quote these replies merely to show the straights to which these Freemason firms are driven to find an excuse for declining to print or publish a Baconian work.

The objections are not materially diminished by the author undertaking all expenses. The Freemason publisher "cannot help" him—*i.e.*, the book cannot be advertised in the ordinary way with the other publications of the firm; it will be omitted from the "list of new works published by Messrs—— and ——." As to favourable notices or reviews, we have already commented upon their style in former years. Now-a-days the book will, as a rule, be merely ignored, (?) *banned*, though we are told that a stronger term is applied to the process.

Suppose, nevertheless, that at his own expense the Baconian author has by hook or crook succeeded in printing his book, and that he has persuaded some Freemason who cannot "help" him, yet to "publish" it by acting as his agents, then—failing other methods of repression—the book is liable to be actually stopped at the fountain head. We have in more than one well-authenticated case known such books to be denied when enquired for by would-be purchasers. We do not press this subject, being positive that the heads of the firms in question were not in any way parties to these transactions of which indeed

they were not aware until complaints were laid before them by the victims. Enquiries, however, having been instituted, we must add that in no single instance did the responsible authorities attempt to deny or to refute the charge of this being *the work of Freemasons*. We have in our possession a letter from a gentleman of position and some literary distinction, in which he states that he was connected with a certain firm of publishers (Freemasons), and that he knew as a positive fact, that a certain Baconian work was undertaken by them *with a view of suppressing the circulation*.

Not from one but from many Freemason friends have cautions been conveyed, directly and indirectly, to various members of the Bacon Society as to the inevitable failure of attempts to publish books on these forbidden subjects: "Your love's labours will be lost"; "You (or he) *will not be allowed* to publish that book"; "The printers will stick on a prohibitory price to the estimate"; "The book will be howled down"; "Cried down in the newspapers"; "The author will be worried out of his life: pray, caution him. I write as a friend," and so forth.

We were long in believing that such things could be true, or that in this free country, and with our vaunted freedom of the Press, such apparently unfair, if not unrighteous, dealings could be tolerated. Unhappily, repeated evidence has overcome doubts and arguments, and, if any into whose hands this paper should fall doubt our statements and conclusions, let them test the matter in any way which will prove it to their own satisfaction. The editors of this magazine will be deeply grateful to learn by letter the result of such investigations; they will be glad, though surprised, if any Freemason publisher or printer of high degree can be found to deny the justice and truth of our impeachment, smooth, explain or evade it as he may.

Before quitting this subject we desire to reiterate and to make clear to all whom it may concern that no blame can attach either to publishers or printers, who simply act up to their obligations and to the traditions handed down to them by Francis Bacon himself. He it was who devised this labyrinth into which whoso enters will find that he may get more and more intricately, but from which he must not hope to get free. The Freemason novitiate pledges himself from the first, to he knows not what, and as he rises step by step he renews his

vows with increased solemnity. He is told only as much as is considered good for him; *he is used only for the sake of what he is good for*—for his money, his skill in some art or craft useful to the brotherhood, for his mental qualifications, or his influence in Church or State, in society or amongst his fellows. In any case his oaths and obligations bind him, and in families or communities where Freemasonry is, as it were, hereditary, it is only natural that the younger members should be easily enrolled and bound over to secrecy. In all grades where charity, good fellowship, liberality, and general benevolence are the only matters in hand, no harm but much good may be expected. It is in the Degrees which concern the suppression of truth concerning Francis Bacon and his hundred years, that we find cause for complaint and regret. Yet we do not blame the agents; rather, they are to be commended for their fidelity in acting up to the traditions which they have sworn to preserve. That "something must have gone wrong" we are prepared to admit, or a system so evidently intended to endure but "for an age," would not still work like the "old mole underground," but joyfully, openly, to the delight of us all, in the free air and the sunshine.

C.M.P.

 JUVENAL, QUOTED BY "SHAKESPEARE."

"*Most briskly Juvenal.*"—*M. N. D.* iii. 1.

IT is a bad thing to know very little about the subject upon which we speak and expect a hearing, or to write with a view to an argument of which we know but one side; yet, as many others do it, why should not I? Juvenal is one of my favourite authors, so that I often have him in my mind, and recognise his sayings when I come upon them translated in "*Shakespeare.*" Nothing could make me believe that the Stratford fellow, whatever he was—butcher, apprentice, poacher, or anything more respectable—could have had the best sentiments of Juvenal at his fingers' ends like a University man. Juvenal does not seem to have been translated, till Dryden translated five satires. But Dryden was not born till 1631, and Shakespeare (or, properly, Shaksper) died in 1616. So, anyhow, he did not see that translation. Since the Editing Committee of this magazine require

some Juvenal-*plus*-Shakespeare, I send a small collection of extracts which I have at hand, and I know enough to believe that any expert Baconian can, if he pleases, parallel the use of every quotation from the prose works of our author. May I be allowed to add that I entirely agree with Dryden's opinion of Juvenal which, since not very many people seem to read it, I copy here?

"Juvenal gives me as much pleasure as I can bear. He fully satisfies expectation, he treats his subject home, his spleen is raised and he raises mine. I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says. He drives his reader along with him, and when he is at the end of his way I willingly stop with him. If he went into another stage it would be too far, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant."

Juvenal is said to have studied rhetoric with immense assiduity, and perhaps this may be why he writes sometimes in the bombastic hyperbolic style which Bacon ridicules. It seems as if a hit were given at this rhetorical style in the passage in *Love's Labour Lost*, where that peculiar word *Juvenal* (for a youth) is dragged in.

Armado. "How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender Juvenal?"

Moth. "Why, tender Juvenal? why, tender Juvenal?"

Arm. "I spoke it, tender Juvenal, as a *congruent epitheton* appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender," &c.—*L. L. L.* i. 2.

All sorts of notions come into one's head on reading this strange passage. Is there cipher in it, speaking of Francis Bacon in his youth studying or translating parts of Juvenal? What can the Stratford youth have known about "*congruent epithons*" appertaining to anything? Then, the very words of Dryden. Those who have anatomised Bacon's writings feel assured that those very words and their setting are "Baconian." Of course, Dryden may have studied Bacon's prose and somewhat absorbed his style, yet no writer really writes like any other, unless he is "an ape of form," and nothing else. Is there anything very improbable or contrary to experience with regard to the publication of Bacon's works in supposing that Dryden (whatever else

he wrote, and I do not pretend to give an opinion) published, *but did not translate* those five satires of Juvenal. The theory of the Baconians is that in the "cabinet and presses full of papers" which Bacon left to trustees—to print and publish as best they could, and under various names—was a monstrous hoard of boyish and youthful writings, "the worst better than the average writings of the time, the best supreme in excellence." That is what they say. Some think that the schoolroom exercises of the boy-poet consisted largely in the tutor's scholastic and grammatical construing lessons, rendered then and there into the easy racy English which seems to have been natural to this bright pupil. Dr. Rawley says that "his first and childish years were not without some mark of eminency, at which time he was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they were passages of that deep and universal apprehension which was manifest in him afterward." But at no time of his life was he a "plodder upon books"; he seemed to have such a power of grasping ideas, that he was able at once to seize upon all that was good and worth having, and "to reject with great judgment impertinences incident to many authors. . . . If he had occasion to repeat another man's words after him, he had an use and faculty to dress them in better vestments and apparel than they had before, so that the author should find his own speech much amended, and yet the substance of it still retained, *as if it had been natural to him to use good forms.*"

Does not this passage seem to almost tell us that Bacon was in the habit of taking other men's poor, bare, writings, clothing them in his own splendid language and letting them pace forth as somebody else's?

However, to return to Juvenal: a few more words and I have done. He is less known and cited than he would be if his pictures of the vice of his times were not so horribly graphic. Men of our own day often describe them as abominably coarse, and sometimes they fail to see that this coarseness was the fault of the times and not of Juvenal. Perhaps, indeed, it was he who may have given our own great poet the idea that he could scourge vice and minister to virtue by holding up to nature that mirror of which we have heard so much. At any rate the coarseness of Juvenal, like the coarseness of *Shakespeare*, is in no way attractive, nor intended to be so; rather it is disgusting and repellent, and that is just what it was meant to be—"to show vice its

own deformity." The already vicious and depraved may become worse by reading satires which expose and show up the infamous life of the worst society in the worst days of ancient Rome, but most right-thinking men will admit that many a modern novel where vice is insidiously introduced in the guise of virtue, has done more to sully his mind and to confuse his sense of right and wrong than the powerful castigations administered to vice by our "brisky" satirist, Juvenal.

HONESTY PRAISED BUT LEFT IN THE COLD.

"*Probitas laudatur et alget.*"—*Juv. Sat. i. 24.*

"Honesty's a fool
And loses what it works for."—*Oth. iii. 3.*

TRUST NOT THE FACE.

"*Fronti nulla fides.*"—*Sat. ii. 8.*

"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."—*Macb. i. 4.*

CENSURE WHICH PARDONS THE RAVENS BEARS HARD ON THE DOVES.

"*Dat veniam corvis vetat censura Columbas.*"
—*Sat. ii. 63; quoted in Bacon's Promus 41.*

". . . *Plurima sunt quæ
Non audent nomines perlesâ dicere lenâ.*"—*v. 130.*
"Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation;
That in the Captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."—*M. M. ii. 3.*
"Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."—*Sonn. 70.*

THE WORLD VALUES MEN ACCORDING TO WHAT THEY HAVE.

"*Quantum quisque suâ nummorum serrat in arcâ
Tantum habet et fidei.*"—*Sat. iii. 143.*

"Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour."—*Tim. Ath. iv. 3.*

"Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour."—*Tr. Cr. iii. 3.*

NOTHING IS MORE PAINFUL TO POVERTY THAN CONTEMPT OR
RIDICULE.

"*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*"—*Sat.* iii. 152.

"Contempt and beggary hang on thy back,
The world is not thy friend."—*Rom. Jul.* v. 1.

"So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away. . . . And his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone!"—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 2.

FAINT-HEARTED MEN LET THEMSELVES SINK.

"*Haur facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*"—*Sat.* iii. 164.

"If he fall in, good-night!—or sink or swim—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple! . . .
By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
To . . . dive into the bottom of the deep
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."—1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3.

"Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth."—*Temp.* ii. 1.

NOBILITY OF CHARACTER THE ONLY VIRTUE.

"*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.*"—*Sat.* viii. 20.

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: *good alone*.
Is good without a name; vileness is so;
The property by which it is to go,
Not by the title."—*Alls Well.* ii. 3.

A SHAMED LIFE IS VALUELESS.

"*Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori.*"—*Sat.* viii. 83.

"My honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me and my life is done."—*R. II.* i. 1.

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.—*M. M.* iii. 1.

ERRORS OR CRIMES ARE MOST CONSPICUOUS IN GREAT MEN.

"*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.*"

—*Sat.* viii. 1-10.

"The mightier the man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honoured or begets him hate,
For greater scandal waits on present state," &c.

—*R. Lucrece*, 144-5.

"Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts . . . lay upon the King!—
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool!"—*Hen. V.* iv. 1.

THINGS OFTEN WRONGLY APPRAISED OR ESTIMATED.

" . . . *Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ.*"—*Sat.* x. 2.

" . . . Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth."—*Tr. Cr.* iii. 3.

"You well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized to their masters."—*Tim. Ath.* i. 1.

TO BE POOR IS SAFER THAN TO BE WEALTHY.

"*Cantabit vacuus corum latrone viator.*"—*Sat.* x. 22.

"Often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle."—*Cymb.* iii. 3.

THE GREAT FEAR POISONING.

"*Nulla aconita bibentur
Fictilibus: tunc illa time cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato selinum ardebit in auro.*"—*Sat.* x. 25-27.

"The vinted vessel of their blood,
Mingled with suggestion . . .
Shall never leak, though it doth work as strong
As aconitum."—*2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4.

"It is the poisoned cup . . . the drink, the drink! I am poisoned
. . . thy mother's poisoned. . . the King, the King's to blame
. . . it is a poison temper'd by himself," &c.—*Ham.* v. 2.

"We will fear no poison, which attends in place of greater state."

—*Cymb.* iii. 3.

DEATH SHOWS MAN'S SMALLNESS.

" . . . *Mors sola fatetur*
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."—*Sat.* x. 172.

"Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough."—1 *Hen IV.* v. 4.

"O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"—*Jul. Cæs.* iii. 1.

SIGNS OF WEAKNESS IN OLD AGE.

"*Una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra,*
Et jam leve caput, madidique infantia nasi."—*Sat.* x. 198.

"Old men have grey beards, their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; they have a most plentiful lack of wit, together with most lean hams."—*Ham.* ii. 2.

HAPPINESS SECURED ONLY IN DEATH.

"*Festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti*
Et Cræsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis,
Respiscere ad longe jussit spatia ultima vite."—*Sat.* x. 273.

"But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed."*

—*Tit. And.* i. 2, 24.

BEAUTY IS SELDOM FOUND ALLIED WITH GOODNESS.

" . . . *Rara est a lea concordia formæ*
Atque pudicitie."—*Sat.* x. 297.

"The goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes
Beauty brief in goodness."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

* These quotations were amongst the "Notes on the Classical Attainments of the Author of Shakespeare's Plays," by Mr. W. Theobald (BACONIANA, p. 442, February, 1895), where the writer says that this speech refers to Solon's reply to Cræsus, that no man should consider himself happy till he dies, it is recorded by Herodotus (Bk. I., 33).

INGRATITUDE THE WORST OF VICICES.

" . . . *Ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.*"—*Sat.* xi. 190.

" I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice."—*Tw. Night*, iii. 4.

NOVELTY AND RARITIES PLEASE BEST.

" . . . *Voluptates commendat rarior usus.*"—*Sat.* xi. 208.

" But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."—*1 Hen. IV.* 1, 2.

EXCESSIVE GRIEF IS WRONG AND UNMANLY.

" . . . *Flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.*"—*Sat.* xiii. 12.

" To persever
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient," &c.—*Ham.* i. 2.

THE HONEST MAN, ONE IN A THOUSAND.

" *Rari quippe boni; numero vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Neli.*"—*Sat.* xiii. 26.

" To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of
a thousand."—*Ham.* ii. 2.

" Thou singly honest man."—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 3.

TO REVENGE IS LESS BRAVE THAN TO FORBEAR.

" *Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas ultio.*"—*Sat.* xiii. 190.

" To revenge is no valour, but to bear."—*Tim. Ath.* iii. 5.

VIRTUES BY ABUSE TURN TO VICICES.

" *Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.*"—*Sat.* xiv. 109.

" Nought . . . so good but strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
And vice sometime 's by action dignified."—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

LOVE OF MONEY INCREASES.

" *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*" *—*Sat.* xiv. 139.

* Juvenal ed. Ruperti, 1801, reads "crevit" (præterite), but the old Latin grammar certainly quoted it "crescit."

“They that much covet are with gain so fond.”—*R. Lucreco.*

“This avarice
Sticks deeper, *grows* with more pernicious root
Than summer-teeming lust.”—*Macb.* iv. 3.

CANTAB.

FRANCIS BACON AND HIS COPIES, MODELS AND PATTERNS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

IF we read with attention the works of Bacon we shall hardly fail to observe the frequency with which he refers things to some “model,” “pattern,” or copy from which they are or ought to be taken. He seems to think it a safe method of proceeding in any undertaking, first to take a good pattern or example from former experience, then to form a plot or draw a plan, then to make a model before attempting to carry out the proposed work in its entirety and perfection.

“When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
To build at all? . . . We survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation.”—2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3.

And in like manner, and emphatically, in the *Novum Organum* (i. 120):—

“I am laying the foundation for a holy temple, after the model of the world. That model I will follow.”

In his device for the *Gesta Grayorum*—“*The Order of the Helmet*”—the Second Counsellor advises the study of philosophy, and the establishment of a spacious and wonderful garden (horticultural and zoological combined in one), that “So you may have in small compass a model of universal nature made private.” The fundamental laws of

nature are, he says, as "a first model whence to take a copy and imitation for government."* Of noble language (*which he finds deficient*) he observes that it would be a grand thing if "the several beauties of each language should be combined (as in the Venus of Apelles) into a most beautiful image and excellent model of speech itself."† He regrets that "the laws have been patched-up . . . without frame or model,"‡ and ever and again speaks of models which he has set up for his own imitation, models taken *from nature*, from *the ancients*, and *from experience*; models which he recommends for adoption by others.§

"Experience is," he declares, "the best guide; for the time past is a pattern of the time to come,"|| and there are certain rules in morals which may be selected as patterns of the rest; custom and habit being amongst the foremost.¶ If we turn to the essay of *Custom and Education*, we shall find a condensed version of much that Bacon has to say in support of his views about the eminent importance of these rules in morals. "Men's thoughts," he says, "are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions, but *their deeds are after as they have been accustomed*. . . . Many examples may be put of the force of custom, both upon mind and body; therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavour to obtain good customs. Certainly, custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom."

Bacon justly sets a high value upon the fact that, after all, the will or desire of a man is that which makes him what he is, and that all those things which influence mind and manners influence them only where the will or choice of the man works in conjunction and harmony with the remedy which is applied to the cure of the mind. The man who, nourishing a secret self-satisfaction and "Philautia," *has no will to be improved*, is practically unimprovable. He, on the

* On the Union. † *De Aug.* vi. 1. ‡ Digest of Laws, 1622.

§ See Sp. of Sutton's Estate — Touching Excommunication. — Let. to T. Matthew, 1609.—*Gt. Instn. Dedn.—Nov. Org.* ii. 40 and 50.—*De Aug.* vi. 1, viii. 3.—*Ess. of Kingdoms*. Nearly all of these find their analogies in *Shakespeare*. || Sp. Naturalization. ¶ *De Aug.* vii. 3.

other hand, who is conscious of his own defects or shortcomings, may wonderfully surmount them, and alter and improve himself, his mind, and manners, if only he have the will and the faith which can uphold him in all struggles and disappointments. Francis Bacon studied mankind and "the humours of men" in his own "little world of man," in the microcosm of himself, he had doubtless experienced the necessity for exercising will or choice in framing the model of his own manners and morals. We may be sure that we shall find him setting up models and patterns for imitation, and pointing out most "excellent patterns and examples to imitate in virtues," "ancient models," and "living patterns," whose best, noblest, or "more exquisite" parts should be his "figures of delight . . . drawn as a pattern," for his own rules of life, his own customs and habits of manners, studies, and morals to shape themselves unto.

We find him then in the *De Augmentis* enforcing the importance of studying *the different characters of natures and dispositions*, an argument," he says, "which is wiser than books."

"He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time.
. . . This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art."*

And in the treatise he continues, "The wiser sort of historians, as often as an illustrious person enters upon the stage, give some commemoration of his character, such as affords a better idea of the man than any formal criticism can. He quotes many such descriptions of character by Tacitus, Philip de Comines, and Guicciardini: "These writers, having the *images* of those persons . . . constantly before their eyes, hardly ever make mention of their actions without inserting something about their nature."

Here he uses the word *image* for the complete thing from which we may take a copy or model, and "strive apace to exceed our pattern." The only absolute and perfect image, Bacon repeatedly reminds us, is *man made in the image of God*. "The Scriptures never vouchsafe to attribute to the world that honour as to be the image of God, but only the work of His hands; neither do they speak of any other image of God but man." †

* Twelfth Night iii. 1.

† *Adv. L.* ii. 1. *De Aug.* iii. 1.

“Mau, the image of his Maker.”—*Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.

Yet there are royal works, “*Opera basilica*, towards which the endeavours of a private man may be as an image on a cross-way, that may point at the way but cannot follow it.”* “Knowledge is the image of existence,” † and “next to the Word of God, the image of the world is the herald of divine power and wisdom . . . for true philosophy is nothing else but *the image and reflection of the world.*” ‡ Again, “The mind is to be stretched until it can take in *the image of the world as it is in fact,*” and one of the most effective and ready ways of stretching rough and unpliant minds is, he finds, to represent upon the stage, as Tacitus, de Comines, and Guicciardini, did in their histories represent, lively images of the life and mind of men as they are, and not only as they should be, or as we would have them. In this way he would exhibit “patterns of a natural story,” “living patterns of kings,” “excellent patterns to imitate of royal virtue,” patterns and models of morals and politics, of actions and eloquence; and side by side with these as we see them in real life, representations of “the foolish and apish images of the world,” the deceived and deformed imagery of the mind.” For the purpose and end of playing “both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.” §

To come to the more immediate subject of our paper, namely the models and patterns which Francis Bacon set up for his own peculiar imitation, we must pass over for the present, the imitation of a perfectly pure, sinless, and self-sacrificing life patterned in “the image of our dear Redeemer.” || We can also only glance at the pattern of Moses *the law-giver, God’s first pen* . . . adorned by the Scriptures, and *seen in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.*” This image may perhaps have incited Francis Bacon “to travel,” as he says, “for one year alone,” amongst the philosophies of “the most ancient schools of the world,” extracting from those philosophies the mystic ceremonials, symbolic devices, hieroglyphics, and allegorical ambiguities, later on introduced with such effect into his own secret society. ¶ We seem to

* *Adv.* ii. 1. † *Nov. Org.* i. 120. ‡ *De Aug.* ii. 13. § *Ham.* iii. 2.
|| *Rich.* III. ii. 1 ¶ Freemasons of low degree still believe that their origin is of remote antiquity and traceable to Egypt.

see in the repeated allusions to Moses, as a law-giver, and as "God's pen," a more than hint of the office which Bacon himself felt to be thrust upon him as the only living being capable of so weighty a charge. Even in Bacon's remarks about Aaron as the *speaker*, in contrast to Moses, the inspired thinker and dictator, we receive an indirect intimation of the intention of our mystic-philosopher to remain behind the veil, putting forward others to utter words, commands, and instructions which emanated from himself alone. By the images of Moses and Aaron Bacon illustrates the wide difference between *wisdom* and *speech*; between *thought* and *utterance*. "The distance between them is shown in the words spoken by God to Moses, when he declined the office assigned to him, on the ground that he was no speaker: "There is Aaron, he shall be thy speaker, *thou shalt be to him as God.*"*

Other allusions to Moses seem intended to convey Bacon's hope or intention of opposing to the superfluity of foolish, superstitious, and pernicious books, the remedy of "more good books, which, *as the serpent of Moses, might devour the serpents of the enchanters.*" We cannot fail to note that in this passage Bacon has *misquoted*, in order to emphasise the superiority of Moses over Aaron, whose rod it was.

Alike from Solomon and Homer, from Alexander and Julius Cæsar, from Dante and Columbus, we trace our earnest and humble student basily gleaning admonitions, counsels, and suggestions for his own self-improvement, and stimulating himself to fresh efforts by their examples. Surely he must ever have borne in mind the motto which he adopted, which accompanies his coat of arms, is engraved on the emblematic title pages of his works, and painted round the "cabinet" or study at Gorhambury:—MONITI MELIORA. Space being limited we will choose from the many patterns one, which, *being of peculiar interest, has been omitted from the Index* to Spedding's important edition of Bacon's works.* Numerous other references are given under the name of Alexander, but not this; and the reason is soon made plain, for in this remarkable passage Bacon declares his intention of sweeping away the whole medley and ill-digested mass of the tainted philosophy, and corrupt or childish notions of his own day, and of creating a new birth

* Exod. iv. 16. De Aug. iii. 1. † Exod. i. 17. Advt. L. i. Spedding Works iii. 327-8. ‡ See of Garbled Indexes, BACONIANA, vol. iii., p. 14.

in learning, building afresh the whole fabric of knowledge. In other words, he claims to be the inaugurator of the English Renaissance and the rebuilder of Solomon's house,—capital secrets in Freemasonry.

“No one has yet been found so firm of mind and purpose as resolutely to compel himself to sweep away all theories and common notions, and to apply the understanding, thus made fair and even, to a fresh examination of particulars. Thus it happens that human knowledge as we have it, is a mere medley and ill-digested mass, made up of much credulity and much accident, and also of the childish notions which we at first imbibed.

“Now, if any one of ripe age, unimpaired senses, and well-purged mind, apply himself anew to experience and particulars, better hopes may be entertained of that man. *In which point I promise to myself a fortune like to that of Alexander the Great; and let no man tax me of vanity till he have heard the end; for the thing which I mean tends to the putting off of all vanity. For of Alexander and his deeds, Æschines spake thus: ‘Assuredly we do not live the life of mortal men; but to this end were we born; that in after ages wonders might be told of us;’ as if what Alexander had done seemed to him miraculous. But in the next age Titus Livius took a better and a deeper view of the matter, saying in effect that Alexander had done no more than take courage to despise vain apprehensions. ‘And a like judgment, I suppose, may be passed on myself in future ages; that I do no great things, but simply make less account of things that were accounted great. In the meanwhile, as I have already said, there is no hope except in a new birth of science, that is, in raising it regularly up from experience and building it afresh; which no one (I think) will say has yet been done or thought of.’”*—*Nor. Orig.* i. 97.

It is clear that the “Image” of Alexander and the greatness of his character, and the vastness of his ambition and undertakings made great impression on the youthful mind of Bacon, who compares the enterprises of military prowess with those which he is convinced could be achieved by men of equal energy, who would direct genius to civil objects. Alexander subdued all the provinces of the material globe, he, Francis Bacon, would subdue all those of the intellectual globe: he had already sailed round their shores, and it was not long before he could with truth announce:—“*I have taken all knowledge to be my*

proviure.” What he had to complain of was men’s want of resolution, or constancy, their hesitation and cowardice about attempting things which he discerned to be not only needful, but capable of achievement.

“Yet,” he resumes, “Experience doth warrant that both in persons and in times, there hath been a meeting and concurrence in learning and in arms flourishing and excelling in the same men, and the same ages. For as for men there cannot be a better nor the like instance as of that pair, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar the Dictator; whereof the one was Alexander’s scholar in philosophy, and the other Cicero’s rival in eloquence.” He goes on to show that learning has an influence not only over the arts of peace, but also of war, “as may be notably represented in the examples of Alexander the Great, and Caesar the Dictator.” The estimation in which Alexander held learning, appears, says Bacon in his envy of Achilles in this, that he had so good a trumpet of Homer’s verses which he esteemed as the most precious amongst the treasures of Darius, and also that he expostulated with Aristotle for publishing the secrets of philosophy, adding that “he esteemed it more to excel other men in learning and knowledge than in power and empire. What use he had of learning doth . . . shine in all his speeches and answers, being full of science, and the use of science, and that in all variety.” One might almost suppose some other man to be speaking of Francis Bacon himself.

There is reason to think that amongst his own circle of intimates some were tempted to believe him inspired. “If there were a beam from heaven upon any man, it was upon him,” says Dr. Rawley; a foreign Ambassador classed him amongst “the angels,” and many pieces could be collected in which the mind and powers of Francis Bacon are considered as something super-human. He always disclaimed such attributions of exaggerated admiration, and we think that it may be for this purpose that he inserted this remark concerning the “speech of humanity and poesy” of his pattern Alexander the Great. “When upon the bleeding of his wounds, he called unto him one of his flatterers that was wont to ascribe him divine honour, and said: Look, this is very blood; this is not such a liquor as Homer speaketh of, which ran from Venus’ hand when it was pierced by Diomedes.”

And now we come to another point in which Bacon deliberately set himself to follow the pattern set before him by Alexander the Great.

He would understand and argue out both sides of every question. How uncommon is this practice in ordinary life! It is precisely the thing which average men decline to do; and this, we of the Bacon Society have the strongest reason to affirm. Of the pains taken by the great master even in early youth to encourage this power of binocular vision we have already been enabled to judge in articles in this magazine and elsewhere. For the present, then, we have only to point out the probable spring which moved him to make his "large collection" of Antitheta or opposed arguments:—

"See likewise (Alexander's) readiness in reprehension of logic, in the speech he used to Cassander upon a complaint that was made against his father Antipater. For when Alexander happened to say, "*Do you think these men would have come so far except they had just cause of grief?*" and Cassander answered, "*Yea, they thought they could not be disproved;*" said Alexander laughing, "*See the subtleties of Aristotle, to take a matter both ways, pro et contra.*"

"But note again how well he could use the same art he reprehended, to serve his own humour; when, having a secret grudge to Callisthenes, who made an eloquent speech in praise of the Macedonians, Alexander said, "*It is easy to be eloquent upon so good a subject; but,*" saith he, "*turn your style, and let us hear what you can say against us:*" which Callisthenes presently undertook, and did with that sting and life, that Alexander interrupted him and said: "The goodness of the cause made him eloquent before, and despite made him eloquent then again."

"Consider further," says Bacon, "for tropes of rhetoric, that excellent use of metaphor or translation," the significance of the "distinctions" which he could draw, his quick perception of common errors, and the quick and acute as well as weighty replies which Alexander was capable of delivering, and of which Bacon gives examples, concluding this eulogium with these words:—

"As certain critics are used to say hyperbolically, *That if all sciences were lost they might be found in Virgil;* so certainly this may be said truly, there are the prints and footsteps of learning in those few speeches which are reported of this prince: the admiration of whom, when I consider him *not* as Alexander the Great, but as Aristotle's scholar, hath carried me too far."

Yet he returns to him again and again: in one place noting "the liberal assignation to Aristotle of treasure for the allowance of hunters, fowlers, fishers, and the like, that he might compile an "History of Nature" (as Bacon himself was labouring to do) in another place advocating the making of diaries, annals, and similar records, he again cites the excellent method of his pattern:—

"The journals of Alexander's house expressed every small particular even concerning his person and court; and it is yet an use well received in enterprises memorable, . . . to keep diaries of that which passeth continually." We have only to read the minute reports made by the correspondents or "intelligencers" of Anthony and Francis Bacon, to see how well this recording of "*small particulars*" was practised by those whom they influenced or controlled. A wide and liberal learning and acquaintance with men and things, amongst other advantages has this of "acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. . . . For no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart *there is nothing new under the sun*. Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and advise well of the motion.* And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great after that he was used to great armies, and the conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights there, which were commonly for a fort or some walled town at the most, he said, "*It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battles of the frogs and the mice that the old tales told of*: so certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of their souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill; whereas some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust."†

Once more in this chapter Bacon returns to Alexander, and again associates the reflections on his conquests and *strength* with reflections upon *durability* of the works of Homer. It seems as if these two were

* "I could interpret between you and your love, *if I could see the puppets dallying*" (*Ham.* iii. 2). † *Adv. L.* i.; *Sped. Works.* iii. 314.

the Boaz and Jachin, the two pillars of strength and endurance of his Solomon's Temple.

"We see, then, how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished? *It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; but the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation.*"

M. A.

"THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE."

AMONGST the "Occasional Pieces" written by Francis Bacon and published by his biographer, James Spedding, there is the following translation of a beautiful Greek epigram:—

"THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE."

"The world's a bubble, and the life of man
 Less than a span;
 In his conception wretched, from the womb,
 So to the tomb.
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears.
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust
 But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

The metaphors contained in this short piece, and the reflections upon which they are based, are found in many places in "*Shakespeare*," and show how strongly the Greek epigram had impressed the poet's mind. A few specimens may suffice to draw attention to this point.

The world's a bubble.—A bubble is throughout *Shakespeare* an emblem of vanity and emptiness. Compare Queen Margaret's speech to her former rival, Elizabeth of York—

"I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
 I call'd thee then poor painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was . . .

A dream of what thou wert, *a breath, a bubble,*
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
 A queen in jest only to fill the scene."—*Rich. III.* iv. 4.

The tone of the epigram seems to be sounded throughout this scene—
the life of man wretched from the cradle to the tomb!

"Ah, my young princes! Ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
 right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night."

Thus much for the infant in the cradle, but the epigram goes
 farther back:—

"*In his conception wretched from the womb,*
So to the tomb."

The Duchess of Gloster echoes this in her terrible curses and
 denunciations upon her "damned son":—

K. Rich. "Who intercepts my expedition?"

Duch. "O she that might have interrupted thee
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb.
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
 I stayed for thee,
God knows in anguish, pain, and agony.
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me," &c.

She goes on to declare that Richard's infancy, and school-days, his
 prime of manhood, and his age, had all been of a piece, and she
 prophecies that the end will be but the consummation of the
 beginning:—

"Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end.
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend."

In the well-known speech of Jacques—"All the world's a stage,"
 &c. (*As Y. L.* ii. 7)—we recognise *the bubble*. The soldier, the man
 in the very prime of life, is represented by the weeping philosopher as
 "*seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth.*" If he
 shall attain the object of all his labours and endeavour, he will but
 have grasped *a bubble*, but probably, since he is clutching at it even in

the cannon's mouth, *his life will end*, and with it his hopes and vain ambitions.

The soldier as a type of the strong man glorying in his strength and trusting in frail mortality, recurs in the soldier's song (*Othello* ii. 3), where the second half of the first line in the epigram is all but repeated word for word:—

"The life of a man,
Less than a span."—*Epig.*

"A soldier's a man.
A life's but a span."—*Oth.* ii. 3, *song.*

We may almost fancy that thoughts of the bubble, the frothiness and evanescence of earthly hopes and ambitions, the brevity of frail mortality, and the record of men's lives *limned in water* must have been passing through the brain of the poet-philosopher as he wrote his description of the death and epitaph of Timon:—

"I was writing of my epitaph.
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. . . .
Commend me to my loving countrymen, . . .
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches and losses,
Their pangs of love, and other incident throes
That *nature's fragile vessel** doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
. say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached margin of the salt flood.
Who once a day with his *embossed froth*
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. . . .
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!"

—*Tim. Ath.* v. 2.

"Timon is dead, *who hath outstretch'd his span!*"—*Ib.* v. 3.

"*Frail mortality*" of the epigram is repeated in the Play of *Pericles*:—

"Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My *frail mortality* to know itself;

* *Comp.* "*frail mortality.*"—*Epig.*

And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror."

Who tells us *life's but breath*, to *trust* it, error (*Per.* i. 1, 41—46). Here we see life compared not to a bubble, but to breath or a congregation of vapours which bears a strong affinity to bubbles, and the word *trust* affords another thread of connection.

"Who then to frail mortality shall *trust*,
But *limns the water*,"

says the epigram. The frail mortality that knows itself *trusts not* the life which is but as a breath, a picture, a reflection in a mirror. The variation from the metaphor of a picture to that of a glass or mirror is not uncommon in *Shakespeare*—*e.g.*, in *Hamlet* to his mother.

"You shall not go till I have *set you up a glass*
Where you may see the inmost part of you . . .
Look here upon this *picture* and on this."—*Ham.* iii. 4.

The use of the verb *to limn* actually occurs in another play in conjunction with the figure of *drawing a picture in water*, or of "*dislimning*" one picture in order to draw another.

"That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack *dislimns*, and makes it indistinct
As *water is in water*."—*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12.

And in the quiet conversation between Queen Katharine and her faithful servant, Griffith, regarding the character and death of Cardinal Wolsey, the image of an epitaph *limned in water, written in the dust*, once more recalls the Greek epigram:—

Grif. "Men's evil manners live in brass; *their virtues*
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now? . . .

Kath. "Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!"
—*Henry VIII.* iv. 2.

Dust, we may say, is likely to occur to the mind in connection with Death; but the idea of writing epitaphs in dust or in water is not a commonplace but a poetical idea, and in *Shakespeare* not a chance

expression but a matured thought, bringing a host of other figures in its train.

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth," &c.

—*Richard II.* iii. 2.

"Sail now thou can'st, have wind and tide thy friend,
 This hand . . . shall . . .
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
 Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

—*Henry VI.* v. 1.

Further developments of the reflections and fancies, based upon the epigram of *The World's a Bubble*, are to be found in most of the *Shakespeare* plays, wind and water continually symbolising change, fickleness, instability—something *not to be trusted*. Dust, on the other hand, identified with death, decay, and oblivion. Thus does that frail and faithless piece of mortality, Cressida, swear to Troilus upon their wedding day:—

"If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth
 When Time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops* have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion † swallowed cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are *grated*
To rusty nothing, yet let memory
 From false to false, among false maids in love
 Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said, *as false*
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth . . .
 Yea, let them say . . . as false as Cressida." ‡

—*Tr. Cr.* iii. 2.

Hitherto this collation of passages has been confined to extracts from four "authors" only, besides Bacon and *Shakespeare*. The bubbles, however, seem to invite further comparison with "*Quarles Emblems*," apparently a somewhat youthful work of Francis Bacon, full of thoughts which are perpetually repeated in various and more matured forms throughout his acknowledged works, and in *Shake-*

* Note in *Tit. And.* ii. 3, the figure is applied to the hearts of men: "Your heart to (tears) as unrelenting flint to drops of rain."

† Comp.: "*Dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb*," &c.—*All's Well* ii. 3.

‡ Comp.: "She was false as water."—*Oth.* v. 2.

speare. The language, being analysed, is found to be in vocabulary, grammar, diction, metaphors and similes, antitheta, identical with those of Bacon's *early* style. A few foot-notes may assist the reader.

"Lord! what a world is this, which day and night
Men seek with so much *toil* and so much *trouble*! *
Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble."—*Emblems* i. 4.

These lines, and the reference to the prophet Nahum, point out the source of the remark in Bacon's advice to Rutland: "God knows that they have gotten little enough that have only this discoursing gift; for though, like empty casks, they sound loud when a man knocks upon their outside; yet, if you pierce into them, you shall find them full of nothing but wind." In his advice to Villiers in 1616, Bacon uses the same figure with a difference: "Empty coffers gives but an ill sound."

Meanwhile, the saying which was intended to become a proverb, is put into the mouth of a boy in the French camp who delivers it in regard to the bombastic soldier Pistol:—

"I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, the empty vessel makes the greatest sound."—*Henry V.* iv. 4.

Again, in *Lear* i. 1, the Earl of Kent uses the same metaphor in defence of Cordelia and her silence:—

"Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness."

"What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What's lighter than this bubble? *Nothing.*"
—*Ib.* i. 4.

"Lord, what a *nothing* is this little span
We call a man."—*Ib.* ii. 14.

"Why look'st thou then so big, *thou little span*
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?"—*Ib.* 5.

On the text from Nahum ii. 10, "She is empty, void, and waste," the emblem maker writes of the world:—

* "Double, double *toil and trouble* . . . cauldron *bubble.*"—*Macb.* iv. 1.

"She's empty: hark! she sounds! 'Tis but a ball
For fools to play withal,
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble."

—*Emb.* ii. 10.

The repeated epithet of "*drum*," bestowed by Lafeu upon Parolles, seem to be but another version of the same figure of noisy emptiness: "My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*. You beg more than one word, then . . . *How does your drum?*"* and again, "He is a *good drum*, my lord, but a *naughty orator*."† This same play has, however, a more direct reference to the Quarles figure:—

. "Why, *these balls bound, there's noise in it, 'tis hard.*"‡

And then, for the film lined with silken trouble, we have an apt analogy in *Pericles*, where Cerimon, who "ever studied phisic," declares that the pursuit of natural philosophy

— "doth give me
A more content, in course of true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in *silken bags*
To please the fool, and death." §

Elsewhere man is described as

"A scuttle full of *dust*, a measur'd *span*
Of fleeting time . . . a vessel *tunnel* with breath." ||
—*Emb.* ii. 8.

"Why was I born? ¶ Why was I born a man?
And why proportioned ** by *so large a span*?
Or why, suspended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?" —*Ib.* 15.

* *All's W.* v. 2. † *Ib.* 3. ‡ *Ib.* ii. 3. § *Per.* iii. 2.

|| Comp. of Falstaff: "A *tun of a man*," &c. (1 *Hen.* IV. ii. 4).

¶ Comp. "Wherefore was I born?" (*R.* II. ii. 3); "What! was I born to this?" (*Ib.* 4); "Well, we were born to die" (*Rom. Jul.* iii. 4).

** "A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man."

—*Rom. Jul.* iii. 5.

"Our size of sorrow, *proportioned* to our cause." —*Ant. Cl.* iv. 13.

Such uses of the noun as verb are noteworthy.

"Come, My beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Upon this verse from the Song of Solomon a dialogue is based, and supposed to take place between Christ and the soul of man:—

Soul. "My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
 The earth's a blast, and *all the world's a bubble*,
 Our city mansion is the fairest home,
 But country sweets are ting'd with lesser trouble:
 Let's try them both, and choose the better; come:
 A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double."
Emb. iv. 7.

"Life is a bubble blown with whining breaths,
 Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths."—*Ib. v. 7.*

Here we return to some of the best known of Bacon's "fixed notions" that, "If wishes might find place, I would die together, and not my mind often and my body *once*":* that the pain, "torment," or "SENSE of death is most in apprehension,"† and that "in this life lie hid more thousand deaths," and fear that death which yet makes all odds even. But we digress too much. For the present, "The bubbles are out."

"THE FREEMASON THEORY."

OBJECTIONS raised to "the Freemason Theory," and communicated to the editors of *BACONIANA*, are to this effect: "What possible good or advantage," it is said, "can Freemasons gain by keeping up such a system as has been described? What need is there for it? Is the thing probable? High-minded, excellent men are amongst the Brotherhood; would you have us believe them parties to such questionable proceedings?"

Correspondents will recognise in these reasonable contentions a condensed expression of their own doubts and criticisms, which, although they have been repeatedly raised and as often answered, we must continue to meet and answer until (if no more powerful objections or arguments are produced) the points upon which we have joined issue have been duly arbitrated, and impartial judgment passed upon them.

* 2nd Essay, *Of Death.* † *M. M.* iii. 1.

Our present aim is to ventilate all theories, and counter-theories or objections, as they arise, until the strong breath of grounded opinion and evidence may disperse the mists which hang over our subject.

Let us then say, in the first place, that "advantage" or "gain" is not a matter in question. Those who harbour this idea are certainly at fault; for, in the old Rosierucian and Freemason documents, the brethren are repeatedly warned that they work not with a view to profit—that much of their work is to be done *gratis*. This we have actually proved to be a principle (in many cases at least) still acted upon. If, then, there is no question of reaping advantage through these Freemason mystifications, why are they maintained? We answer, *They are traditional obligations*; and, so long as Freemasonry is carried on upon the original plan, these obligations cannot be evaded.

Will our readers fly back with us in imagination three hundred years? We are in London in the reign of Elizabeth, and in a little low room we see a quartette of friends discussing, with closed doors, the plans of their brilliant leader for the revival of learning, the regeneration of the whole wide world, the inauguration of a new golden age of peace and culture. A tremendous scheme at any time, but out of all proportion in days when ignorance was the rule and enlightenment the exception; when reputation for learning or scientific skill meant, for the possessor, possible loss of life or liberty, and almost certain disgrace. Common sense tells us that no degree of success could be hoped for by those aspiring friends unless their stupendous schemes were aided and guarded by two things—co-operation and secrecy. Yet how few men can be trusted to be silent even for a day upon any subject of overwhelming interest! "Two may keep counsel with the third away"; but here was no question of units, but of tens, hundreds, and presently of hundreds of thousands of tongues, for the revivalists aimed at, and have succeeded in, extending and opening lodges in all parts of the world. How, then, could secrecy be secured? Chiefly, as it appears, by three means: (1) By the administration of solemn and appalling oaths; (2) by threats, practising upon the credulity, imagination, or timidity of the candidates and adepts; (3) by supervision, and long probation of their characters and qualities.

We now turn the tables against our objectors, and ask: "If we believe the Freemason system to have remained, in important parti-

culars, unchanged since the time of Bacon, how is it possible for honourable masons to break their vows by revealing matters which they have sworn to keep secret? Could we respect men who would violate their pledges? Yet how else could they escape from them? Without breaking faith, and violating the most serious vows, they cannot escape. Surely oaths are as binding upon one man as upon another, and oaths taken in 1895 are no less forcible than the same oaths sworn in 1595, 1695, or 1795. These truths seem so patent that we can only ascribe the levity with which men speak of "the absurdity of keeping up this sort of thing" (*i.e.*, of Freemasons keeping their promises and obligations) to the fact that Freemasonry is, so to speak, *not believed in* by non-Masons. It is regarded as a system effete or exploded, so far as any really useful purpose is concerned; a Society for the promotion of eating and drinking, spiced with a pleasant benevolence. "As to secrets—*rubbish*—there are none." And so we come to another point, and inquire, "*Are there any secrets? If so, what are they? and are all secrets imparted equally to all Freemasons?*"

The lower stages of Masonry have, we can confidently say, no secrets of any value; but merely some ceremonies more or less symbolic, mingled with elementary "charges," or moral instructions, chiefly concerning the duties of brotherly love and of charity which fulfils the law. But these lower grades in Masonry are only probationary—steps upward to the porch of Solomon's temple.* If we question a lower Mason as to the degree of someone above him in the craft, he will usually profess ignorance. "*I do not know; he is far above me.*" "But you told me that you had worked with him at his book for two years. Do you then say that, although yourself a Mason, you have no notion of his position in the Brotherhood?" "No, indeed; men in my class of life can never hope to rise above the Royal Arch."

This fully accords with Barruel's account of the first lessons given by the Director to the novice. "Silence and secrecy are the very soul of the order; you will carefully observe this silence *as well with those whom you may suppose to be initiated as with those whom you may*

* At the end of some Freemason Halls a painting may be seen representing the steps or "grades," with an initiate or adept of each grade advancing towards the Great Portal, or Royal Arch, of the House of Wisdom.

hereafter know really to belong to the order. . . . You will never reveal the slightest circumstance relative to your admission into the order, the degree you have received, nor the time when admitted; in a word, you will never speak of any object relating to the order, even before brethren, without the strongest necessity.* The novice is further obliged to make a written declaration promising on his honour never in any possible manner to reveal anything that shall be entrusted to him.

Candidates were usually promoted by very slow degrees, and with ever-renewed tests and vows. Were these advanced adepts freer, less bound to silence than the more raw recruits? The idea is absurd, and manifestly untenable; for in approaching the Royal Arch, the adept is for the first time nearing the stage in which he may, in some departments, begin to learn things which, had they not been kept under the strongest and most ingenious locks, would by this time have exposed to the world the whole secrets of our "concealed poet." As it is, we have to hunt out and study each separate detail; and seeing that one craft or department of knowledge in any of these matters has been studiously and ingeniously detached from every other and its secrets scattered, as with a careless hand, over the wide fields of learning, or stowed away in Baconian "receptacles," the labour of collecting the disjointed fragments has been considerable. Many are still deficient, but yet we find that these fragments of knowledge, pieced together, fit to a nicety, and that by industry and patience, the perfect map of Bacon's world of arts and sciences, with the accurate plan of his house of wisdom, will be completed.

For *the secret*, the acmé or topmost point of Freemason knowledge, is—as we believe, and have several times declared—that Francis Bacon was the centre of the English Renaissance, the one great author of an age. To prove this we trace the history of this Renaissance, and find it hazy and indefinite; the lives of wits and authors of the time more nebulous still; in many cases their parentage, births, and deaths alike uncertain; no records of how, when, or where their works were written. Then an amazing number of these men are reputed to have written

* See "The History of Jacobinism," iii. 63, 64, by the Abbé Barruel, translated from the French 1797. This work shows how the plans for the French Revolution were formed by Weishaupt, founder of the *Illumines*, by a distortion of the excellent methods and precepts of Freemasonry to the vilest purposes.

equally well on a multitude of unlike subjects, and to have produced scores of works mysteriously lost or destroyed. Books, plays, and poems appear in a bewildering way as the works, first of one, then of another distinguished personage or author. Identical portraits are found with different names affixed to them, and any large collection of such portraits will afford examples of startling resemblances between *the upper part of the head and face of Francis Bacon* (as seen in some of his many likenesses) and *the upper part of the head and face* of a multitude of other "authors" of his own and the succeeding generation.

The book-ornaments being collected from throughout the authenticated works of Bacon, are found to be *the same* which, in two and threes, or in larger numbers, are scattered throughout the whole of "Elizabethan" and "Jacobean" literature. Efforts to inspect collections of such book-ornaments, or to find any work which truly elucidates their history, at once brings us up against barriers of all kinds, with "NO THOROUGHFARE" inscribed in unmistakable characters. With patience and time the collection is at length discovered. *It is a Freemason collection*, inaccessible to the uninitiated "profane" by ordinary methods.

From engraving to typography, we would learn the history of the first English public printing-press (later than Caxton), and of the first English paper-mill, its owner, and the water-marks impressed in the paper. Surely reasonable branches of research, if we would trace English literature to its spring-head. Again and again the way is blocked, the inquirer sent from pillar to post, until, if he does not lose heart, but persists in the chase, his exertions are rewarded by finding—*a Freemason Collection*. So with everything of the same sort. MSS. or books known to be in certain places, are spirited away into other shelters, when inquired for by a non-Freemason. Sub-librarians or clerks can then confidently repeat to the applicant the words of their superior: "*We have not these things. They are certainly not here.*" If we consult the catalogue submitted to the public, it is probably incomplete; a reserved catalogue behind the scenes alone indicating the MS. or book required; for *this is a Freemason collection*.

Can anyone blame the custodians of Libraries, to which collections such as these have been bequeathed or entrusted under certain conditions? On the contrary, whilst regretting the perpetuation of a

system, now pernicious rather than beneficial, we must applaud the constancy with which the Invisible Brotherhood have preserved secrets once so needful for the promotion of knowledge, and for the safety of its champions. We well conceive that, to some of our librarians, the office of Three-headed Cerberus must be peculiarly distasteful; but how can they help themselves? In order to realise the tightness of the Freemason bonds in high degrees, it is only necessary to consider the obligations of the mere novice to whom books or writings relative to the order are to be entrusted.

"These writings or books are at first only lent in small numbers; and for a short time; even then *the novice must promise to keep them out of the reach of the profane*. As he is promoted in rank, he . . . is trusted with more; though not without having informed the order of the precautions he shall have taken, lest, in case of his death, any of these writings should fall into profane hands. . . . Should he fall sick, other brethren are assiduously *to fortify him—i.e.*, to hinder him from making any declaration at the hour of death; *they are to carry away whatever writings relative to the order* the sick man may have in his possession, as soon as any symptoms of danger appear."

Such rules were framed in unsettled times, and before the proper "receptacles" were provided for the storage of precious books and documents. We can imagine no such sick-bed visitations in the present day; but that these precautions should have been needful in the case of a mere tyro, who had all to learn, and nothing to impart, enables us to realise the serious responsibilities of the guardians of important Baconian MSS., and of Freemason collections in our famous old libraries.

One more question remains behind: "What is to be the end? What can be done to facilitate the revelation of these—secrets?" Young and ardent spirits will, we fear, be disappointed with our reply: With Freemasonry and the press against us, what can a handful of students hope in their own lifetime to effect, beyond that which we are doing? We can but conjure our younger friends, if they look forward to future years of helpfulness in our Society, to avoid being drawn into the meshes of Freemasonry; or, if already enrolled, to refuse to take any degree higher than the Royal Arch. Once beguiled, and they will, we believe, incapacitate themselves from taking any part in the revela-

tion which Baconians are striving to accomplish. No better help can be afforded by those who cannot assist in the researches and literary work of the Bacon Society, than the distribution and discussion of Baconian books and pamphlets, with exhortations to those who receive these things, that they do likewise, and so continue to make our theories and conclusions more widely known. No instance has yet come before us of a reader once attracted to this study who has ever lost interest in it. The institution of inquiries concerning such matters as have been discussed in these pages, and the making of accurate reports of the result of such enquiries, are, in the present stage of research, most valuable. That controllers of presses and printers should be ignorant whether or no they insert into books which they issue, secret marks, anagrams, &c., or that the keepers of libraries should be unaware of any connection between their "reserved" collections and the Secret Society of which Francis Bacon was the centre, are things inconceivable, if not impossible. We ask to be told plainly *if we are wrong*. Long ago the chase after this particular game would have stopped short, had any of the innumerable applications, formal, official, friendly, or casual, been straightforwardly answered by any of the authorities who were consulted, and by whom accurate information could undoubtedly have been furnished. The silence of all responsible authorities, and the absence of any denial of our statements or propositions, are inexplicable except on the assumption that *these statements, propositions, or theories are not contradicted because they are true*. And yet again we ask, "*Are they true?*"

“THE GREAT ASSIZES HOLDEN IN PARNASSUS.”

MOST of our readers will doubtless remember a curious title-page from an anonymous book (1643), and which was printed in the little hand-book, “Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespear?” We will, however, reprint it here:—

THE GREAT ASSIZES

HOLDEN IN PARNASSUS

BY

APOLLO

AND HIS ASSESSOURS.

THE MALEFACTORS.

Mercurius Britannicus,	The Writer of Occurrences,
Mercurius Aulicus,	The Writer of Passages,
Mercurius Civicus,	The Poste,
The Scout,	The Spye,
The Writer of Diurnals,	The Writer of Weekly Accounts,
The Intelligencer,	The Scottish Dove, &c.

PRINTED 1645.

On next page we read:—

The members of the Parnassian Court are as follows:

APOLLO.

THE LORD OF VERULAM, <i>Chancellor of Parnassus.</i>	JUSTUS LIPSIUS,
SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, <i>High Constable of Parnassus.</i>	JOHN BARCLEY,
WILLIAM BUDDGENS, <i>High Treasurer.</i>	JOHN BODINE,
JOHN PICTUS, EARL OF MIRANDULA, <i>High Chamberlain.</i>	ADRIENE TURNEBUS,
JULIUS CÆSAR SCALIGER,	ISAAC CASABON,
ERASMUS ROTERODAM,	JOHN SELDEN,
	HUGO GROTIUS,
	DANIEL HEINSIUS.
	CONRADUS VORSTIUS,
	AUGUSTINE MASCARDUS.

THE JURORS:

George Wither,	Michael Drayton,
Thomas Cary,	Francis Beaumont,
Thomas May,	John Fletcher,
William Davenant,	Thomas Heywood,
Joshua Sylvester,	William Shakespear,
George Sandes,	Philip Massinger.

(The Malefactors as in the title-page.)

Joseph Scaliger, the Censour of Manner in Parnassus.
Ben Jonson, Keeper of the Trophonian Denne.
John Taylour, Cryer of the Court.
Edmund Spenser, Clerk of the Assises.

There seem to be points worthy of notice in this page with regard to passages in the life and works of Cervantes, set forth in the Introduction to "Galatée pastorale imitée de Cervantes," by Florian. From this we will quote a few passages.

"Cervantes, born 1547, was nearly 50 when he began his 'Don Quixote' (1597). The following year (1598, though according to others not till 1614) he published his 'Journey to Parnassus.' These works, however, brought him in but little money, and Cervantes was obliged to print 8 comedies in order to gain his daily bread. . . . He died 23rd April, 1616, aged 68½ years; on the same day died Shakespeare in the county of Warwick. . . .

"The Journey to Parnassus' is a work in verse, divided into chapters. Cervantes makes out that Apollo, being threatened by legions of bad poets, sends Mercury into Spain to assemble all his favourites, and lead them to the defence of Parnassus. Mercury searches out Cervantes, and shows him the list of those summoned by Apollo, and of those who will be their protagonists. . . . I am not aware that any translation has been made of this work any more than of his comedies; of these there are but 8, though Cervantes says in his preface that he wrote 20 or 30."

It is interesting in connection with the above to read the remarks of Mr. Waite and Mr. Wigston concerning *the attempt made by the god Apollo to improve the age*, and "*The assizes held by Apollo at Parnassus.*"

Mr. Waite writes, in "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," page 35: "Somewhere about the year 1614 a pamphlet was published anonymously in German, called '*Die Reformation der Gauzen Weiten Welt,*' which, according to *De Quincey* contained a distinct proposition to inaugurate a Secret Society, having for its object the general welfare of mankind. This description is simply untrue.* 'The Universal Reformation' is an amusing and satirical account of an abortive attempt made by the god Apollo to derive assistance towards the improvement of the age from the wise men of antiquity and modern times. It is a fairly literal translation of Advertisement 77 of

* This statement seems to require modification. It is probable that the pamphlet is like many others *ambiguous*; intended to pass a mere satire, but intimating "The Great Restauration."

Boccalini's '*Ragguagli di Parnasso, Centuria Prima*. Its internal connection with Rosicrucianism is not clear, but it has been generally reprinted with the Society's manifestoes. Alchemical interpretations have been placed on it, and it is cited by various authors as the first publication of the 'Fraternity.'"

"The reader," says Mr. Wigston,* "is begged to mark that it is the god Apollo who makes this movement for the reformation and improvement of the entire world. Now we find Lord Bacon figuring in George Withers' '*Great Assizes held at Parnassus,*' as president, representing the god Apollo, and presiding over all the learning of his age. Note: These assizes are held at Parnassus, with which compare Boccalini's title, '*Ragguagli di Parnasso.*' Throughout Boccalini's work Apollo is represented as protagonist. The connection of the 77th Advertisement of Boccalini's '*Ragguagli di Parnasso*' with the Society may not yet be clear, but the very fact that it is found in the Brotherhood's manifestoes, and that it is cited as the first publication of the Rosicrucians, is in itself the strongest possible evidence in favour of relationship. The subject matter speaks for itself, being thoroughly in harmony with the Reformation. Apollo summons the 7 wise men of Greece to make an enquiry as to the state of society. They severally deliver separate remedies for the diseases of the age. But the age is found too rotten and corrupt for cure . . . and the literati of Apollo '*resolved to provide for the safety of their own reputations.*' Here we have a hint of the danger accompanying any attempt at an open reformation. In such an age, only one possible way lay clear, and that was just what we find was arrived at by this Society of Rosicrucians—namely, to form a secret literary Brotherhood, embracing the highest intellects, and the purest hearts in all Europe. We see that it was simultaneously put forward as a general movement throughout Europe from several different centres or countries. Boccalini was a Venetian; Andreas a native Wirtemberg; and we read of Lord Bacon presiding at '*the great assizes held by Apollo and his assessours at Parnassus.*'

"How is it that we find a follower of the law like Lord Bacon representing Apollo, and presiding over, not only the learning of the age, but *the poetry* also? How is it that Shakespeare, whose name

* "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians," p. 34.

figures among the assessours, is not in his proper place as Apollo? Did he not prefix to the 'first heir of his invention' (*Venus and Adonis*) these lines, which seem so appropriate for an Apollo of art?—

“‘*Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo,
Pocula castalia pleva ministret aqua.*’

“Castalia, as everyone knows (and as Shakespeare learnt at the Stratford Grammar School), takes us to the foot of Mount Parnassus, to the temple of Apollo, to the famous spring, to the home of the muses. We find in the *Winter's Tale* the temple and oracle of Apollo at Dalphi introduced. Dalphi was supposed to be exactly in the middle of the earth, and therefore called ‘*Umbilicus orbis terrarum.*’ But how is it, we say, that Shakespeare, who commences his poetic career with a Latin quotation, which plainly indicates his intention to drink at the Castalian spring, at the pure fount of the Golden Apollo itself, does not preside over the Great Assises held by Apollo and his assessours at Parnassus? Why permit him to be derogated to an insignificant position, low down on the list, with Ben Jonson, Davenant, Drayton, and others? One thing must so far be plain to the impartial critic—that is, that there is a remarkable double connection to be traced between Bocalinni's Advertisement 77, in the ‘*Ragguagli di Parnasso*’ and the ‘Universal Reformation,’ which reproduces it literally as a Rosicrucian manifesto. On the other hand, there is a likeness which is very remarkable in ‘The Great Assises,’ to Bocalinni's title. Bocalinni's work furnishes, word for word, the ‘Universal Reformation,’ with its story of Apollo and the seven sages of Greece, as applied to the age.”

Further on in the same work,* Mr. Wigston gives the title-page of “A book written by George Withers, whether an account of what he remembered, or heard, or invented, it is impossible to say. Withers was a poet, and the position he assigns to Shakespeare and Bacon respectively, is evidence of his valuation of Shakespeare.”

The “George Withers” title-page closely resembles the anonymous title-page printed at the beginning of this paper, excepting that it has not the list of “Malefactors” which is included in the anonymous version. These are indeed omitted from all versions but the latest—

* “Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians,” pp. 37, 38.

1645,—and this is easy to be understood, since the "Malefactors" are twelve newspapers which are to be called to account, censured and satirised. These twelve newspapers were not in existence in 1598, when "Cervantes' *Journey to Parnassus*" was published. "The List of Assessours" is, however, found in another journey, or "*Viaggio al Parnasso*," which is ascribed in a list of his works to Cesare Caporali.* This was not a Spanish but an Italian writer, born, we are told, at "Venice, 1531, died also at Venice in 1601.† The "*Ruggualie di Parnasso*" of Boccacini, and its counterpart translation, published anonymously under the title of "The Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World," are mere variations of the first account of the "Journey to Parnassus," said to have been written and published by Cervantes in 1598.

Lest confusion should be worse confounded, let us try to tabulate some of these particulars:—

Published.	Attributed to	Died.
1598—"The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus" ..	Cervantes ..	1616
	<i>Shakespeare</i> ..	1616
1601—"Viaggio al Parnasso"	Cesare Caporali	1601
	<i>Anthony Bacon</i>	1601
<i>No Date</i> —"Ruggualie di Parnasso" ..	Boccacini ..	1613
1614—"The Universal Reformation" ..	Anon	

(An almost literal translation of Boccacini).

1645—"The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus" .. George Wither 1667

Here, then, are four works attributed to four different authors, and a fifth anonymous, all agreeing in substance, through differing slightly in particulars.

It will be observed that in the table above two dates are given in connection with the name of Cervantes—1598, when the "Great Parnassus" is said to have been published, and 1616, when Cervantes and (*Shakespeare*) died. It should also be noted that Florian gives the date 1598 for the publication of "*Don Quixote*," whilst Ross, in his "Biographical Dictionary," gives 1605 as the date, and "others" fix it at 1614. The life of Cervantes seems to have been as much confused by his biographers as that of everyone else who had, or was supposed to have, hand in writing the mysterious "Rosicrucian Documents." It is at

* "Imperial Dictionary."

† "Ross's Biog. Dictionary."

this very time—1597, *old style*; 1598, *new style*—that, "in letters to Sir Tobie Matthew, with dates and other particulars mysteriously garbled or obliterated, Bacon, whilst alluding by name to certain of his own works which Sir Tobie had been reading and criticising, speaks, *without naming them*, of "other works," works of his recreation,* some of which at least are believed to include Shakespeare plays. In the following year, though he "does not profess to be a poet," we find him writing a sonnet for the Queen, and offering to furnish a masque to Lord Burleigh. He also continues as before to prosecute studies of a secret kind.†

At this very same date, in the life of Cervantes, we read that he was at Valladolid, $1\frac{5}{8}$ — $1\frac{6}{8}$. *Quite unknown what he was doing*; perhaps writing "*Don Quixote*," published 1605.‡ Truly there are some singular coincidences between the life of "Cervantes" and circumstances and dates concerning the brothers "twins in mind"—Anthony resident in Spain and Venice—Francis, or *Shakespeare*, in England.

The confusion of personalities does not cease when we read in the Preface to his twelve novels Cervantes own description of himself: "A description of his person as proper to be put under his effigies":—

"He whom thou seest here with a *sharp aquiline visage, brown chestnut coloured hair*; his forehead smooth, free from wrinkles; *his eyes brisk and cheerful, his nose somewhat hookish or rather hawkish, but withal well proportioned*: his beard silver coloured, which 20 years ago was gold, *his moustachios large, his mouth little*, his teeth neither small nor big, and of these he has but six, and those in bad condition and worse ranged, for they have no correspondence one with another. *His body between two extremes, neither large nor little*; his complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy, somewhat thick in the shoulders and not very light of foot; this I say is the effigies of the Author of '*Galatea*' and '*Don Quixote de la Mancha*.'"

To those well acquainted with the best authenticated portraits of Sir Francis Bacon in middle life, this description must surely appear to be just such an one as a man with a sense of humour would be likely to give of his own appearance—a picture not too flattering, but on the whole correct. As to the deficiencies noted in the matter of

* "Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare?" part ii., p. 25.

† *Ibid.*, p. 28.

‡ "Ross's Biog. Dictionary."

teeth, they may or may not have been true characteristics of Cervantes. Anyhow, we know that Francis Bacon was a sufferer from tooth-ache, and that in those days dentistry had not risen into a science, or into a profession worthy of scientific men. Even here an analogy is not wanting between the experience of Cervantes and Bacon, or *Shakespeare*, in the matter of toothache, *as well as of kinship to Apollo*, seems to be evidenced by passages in "*Much Ado*":—

- Bene.* "I have a toothache."
D. Pedro. "Draw it."
Claud. "You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards."
D. Pedro. "What! sigh for the toothache?"
Leon. "Where is but a humour or a worm? . . ."
Bene. "Yet this is no charm for the toothache!"*
Leon. "I prithee peace! I will be flesh and blood;
 For *there was never yet philosopher*
 That could endure the toothache patiently,
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance."†

LEWIS BIDDULPH.

"LINKS IN THE CHAIN."

PART IV.

IN the year 1895 we began to connect links in the chain of evidence as to the authorship of works written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By bringing together a considerable number of detached facts, analogies, or coincidences, it is hoped that we may in the end be able to form clear and reliable opinions upon the question—at present an open question—as to who amongst "the great writers" of that period were truly *original*, and who amongst them merely masks, editors, or publishers for Francis Bacon.

We began by comparing certain records of his childhood and boyhood, with similar brief notes concerning Sydney, Cowley, Raleigh, Barthius, Montaigne, Suckling, Crashaw, Drummond, and Wotton, and several

* *Much Ado* iii. 2. † *Ibid*, v. 1.

supposed authors of the Rosicrucian documents. We found the biographers of these describing them as extraordinary children, outstripping their tutors, and writing at the age of ten or twelve years poetry and plays destined to appear amongst standard works. One boy writes before the age of sixteen, "in one day of twenty-four hours," a treatise on the best method of reading Latin authors, beginning with Ennius, and continuing them "until the critics of this present day."

Montaigne and *Suckling*, at the age of five, speak Latin fluently; and at the age of seven *Montaigne* steals away from play to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. *Cowley* does the same when a very young boy. At thirteen, being of the same mind, he writes an ode which in later life he wonders at, and of which he is "not ashamed." He had previously (at the age of ten) written a piece entitled "*Pyramus and Thisbe*," and at twelve one called "*Constantia and Phiterus*."

Richard Crashaw had the same very youthful taste for Ovid, and *William Drummond*, "in my first years," wrote verses like *Cowley*. At twelve years old *Barthius* "turned the whole of the *Psalms* of David into Latin verses of every kind,"* and a collection of *Pastorals*, *Satires*, *Elegies*, *Odes*, *Epigrams*, and *iambic verses*, "written between the ages of thirteen and nineteen," were published under his name at *Wittenberg* in 1607.

Similar precocity was displayed by *D'Aubigné*, who at eight years old had translated the *Crito* of Plato, and by *Joseph Mede*, who, before the age of twelve, had bought himself a Hebrew grammar, and, in spite of discouragement from his master, had before he was fourteen attained no small skill in Hebrew. The anonymous authors of "*Christian Rosencreutz*" and of the "*Fama Fraternitatis*" were both, according to their own writings, fifteen when they began, the one to "travel" into the ancient philosophies of Egypt, Arabia, and Chaldaea, and the other to write his mystic allegory.

No wonder that this brilliant constellation of youthful wits, "who could discern day before others could open their eyes," should, when they arrive at the age of eighteen or nineteen, begin with one consent to mourn their juvenility, one regretting "the lack of a beard," another wishing to be "styled man," whereas the world was disposed

* Did *Barthius*, then, also "fill up all numbers"?

to regard them all as beardless boys. At twenty the author of the "Holy Guide" sighs that he has outlived himself, and, like Macbeth, is "awear of the sun." Francis Bacon notes in such early days that "All is not in yeares; somewhat is in houres well spent." Even then he knew himself to be "old in judgment." At the age of thirty-one he writes that "I wax ancient; one and thirty years is a good deal of sand in a man's hour-glass."

To our list of precocious boys we must add the name of Bacon's cousin, Henry Wotton, who, according to his autobiography, "when *very young* wrote a tragedy called *Tancred* (now lost) for the private use of the members of Queen's College, Oxford." He speaks of the pain it gave him to revisit "the fancies of his youth," which his "judgment told him were all too green." His lines, he says, "served youth to vent some wanton cries." An epigram addressed to Wotton before 1598 "has been by some considered to address him as a poet, but Warton puts it more correctly as a scholar and a patron. Bastard (the writer of the epigram) says nothing of his being a poet, but that those who lived in London might expect 'to have poets worthy of the name,' because they had 'the foode and life of poetry.'"*

In July, 1895, we took for our text the saying that "Monuments of wit and learning outlive monuments of brass, stone, or marble. Poetry is immortal, and the poet lives eternised in his verses."

These sentiments are expressed at some length by Francis Bacon himself in his prose works, grave and gay,† and in *Shakespeare*.‡ They are said of *Shakespeare* by *Ben Jonson*, and of *Ben Jonson* by Cleveland, Falkland, Sandys, and King. In the life of *Sidney* (1662) they are applied to him by W. Donne; but in the *Defence of Poesie* they are adopted by the supposed author, *Sir Philip Sidney*, as if the ideas were original in himself, whilst yet they are similarly used by *Donne* in the *Anatomy of the World*, and in his *Funeral Elegies*.

* See "Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others," edited by the Rev. John Hannah, M.A. Pub. Pickering, 1857.

† See *Gesta Grayorum*, Speech of 3rd Counsellor, *Ib.* 6th Counsellor—"Device of *Philantia*," Hermit's Speech; *Adv. L.* i.; Spedding, iii. 319.

‡ Especially in Sonnets 55, 64, 65, 81, and 107. Throughout these ambiguous pieces it seems evident that the true theme is of the wooing and wedding of Truth and Beauty, Science and Poetry, &c., and of the "New Birth" which would result from this "heavenly mingle."

But Henry King applies the figures to George Sandys, to whose praise they are also adapted in Philpot's Poems, and in some anonymous verses in the Ashmole Collection. *Sir T. Browne*, *R. Burton*, and *Edmund Spenser*, each use the same figures three or four times, and six or seven different authors apply them to Pope; they are also used by Cleveland, as well as of him and Florio, Drayton, and Casaubon.

In September, 1895, we compared "authors, the rarest of their kind, whose works could be duly praised by themselves alone, and whose minds could not be expressed by their portraits."

These things were distinctly said of Francis Bacon* and of *Shakespeare*,† of Sidney, Cowley, Ben Jonson, Donne, Montaigne, Robert Burton, Hooker, Crashaw, and Drummond of Hawthornden; of Du Bartas, Thomas Wilson, and others whose epitaphs, mottoes, or inscriptions have been found since the publication of the article in question. We will not at present multiply examples, but will try to sum up the result of the comparisons up to this point, and the analogies observed between the various "authors":

1. Concerning their abnormal powers in childhood and beardless youth.
2. The predictions that their works should be their living monuments.
3. That they were each the rarest of their kind, and their minds not to be expressed in their portraits.

We find all these points enlarged upon in the life and character descriptions of FRANCIS BACON. They are all repeated of Sir Philip Sidney.

Points 1 and 3 are mentioned in connection with Cowley, Drummond, Crashaw, and Montaigne.

Points 2 and 3 are mentioned in connection with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Donne, R. Burton, and Hooker.

We proceed to Point 4: Authors described as "concealed," who wished "to keep state" or "privacy" in their affairs, and who wrote "for the future ages," and for "posterity."

* See the inscription written round his miniature. † See "To the Reader," folio, 1623.

Francis Bacon

is described "as living as it were *in umbra*"; he speaks of "wishing to *keep state* in some matters"; begs Sir John Davis to "be kind to *your concealed poets*"; studies and writes with locked doors, and offends his friends by this mysterious method; a foreign ambassador compares him to the angels, of whom much is heard but little seen. Some years of his life are almost unaccounted for by his biographers.

Shakespeare (of himself).

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change? . . .
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?" &c.
—*Sonnet 76.*

"Sir Philip Sidney."

The author of *Arcadia* repeatedly describes himself as being obliged to conceal, mask, or disguise himself, in order safely to pursue or attain the various fair ladies (Pamela, Philoclea, Urania, Zelmane, &c.) under whose images are personified the beauties and charms of wisdom, truth, poetry, &c. He describes the suspicion excited "by my over-vehement shows of affection to Philoclea which love forced me unwillingly to utter, while *hope of my mask** (protecting me) *foolishly encouraged me.*"† Elsewhere we read of Zelmane "*borrowing a mask* from hate wherewith to hide love."‡ And Musidorus, going to the help of Zelmane, laid aside his armour and "determined to disguise myself among the shepherds (or minor poets) of Arcadia," such humble "shepherdish apparel" being described as "*weeds.*"§ Further on, Musidorus plunged into a "sea of miseries" in pursuit of his most divine Ladie, finds "such to be the state of his captived will, as he could delay no time of seeking her. In this intangled caus, *he clothed himself in a shepherd's weed*, that under the baseness of that form he might at least have free access to feed his eyes with that which should at length eat up his heart. . . . This (low) estate is not always to be rejected, since under that vail there may be hidden

* Comp. : "If some *suspect of ill, mask'd* not thy show."—*Son.* 70.

† *Arcadia* i. 54, ed. 1662. ‡ *Ib.* iii. 35. § Comp. : *Son.* 76.

things to be esteemed; . . . he might by taking on a shepherd's look cast up his eyes to the fairest princess nature had created."*

Early in the allegory we read of the *solitary* quest of Argalus (observation?) after Parthenia (knowledge?), and of how these two, being parted, Parthenia would have "died in a solitary place," and but a little farther on we find Pyrocles, the ardent or fiery lover of nature, framing a speech "in praise of solitariness," so sweetly and strongly urged that Musidorus would likewise yield himself to it, "but that the same words make me know it is more pleasant to enjoy the companie of him that can speak such words, than by such words to be perswaded to follow solitariu^s.† . . . You feed your solitariu^s with the conceits of the poets."

Of Cowley.

"The violent inclination of his own mind . . . called upon him and represented to him the true *delights of solitary studies*. . . . He was sufficiently furnished for his retreat. . . . In his last seven or eight years *he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired*. . . . His poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that anchorite as well as himself" (*Life of Cowley*, in works, 1662; compare Bacon's poem, "*Farewell to the Vanities of the World*," with vignette of himself, as a hermit spurning a globe).

Robert Burton

declares that he assumes the name of *Democritus Junior* for the same reason that Mercurius Britannicus and others use the name of Mercury, "although there be some other *circumstances for which I have masked myself under this vizard*." (*To the Reader*, "Anatomy of Melancholy," i. 26.)

Ben Jonson to John Selden.

"Monarch in letters! 'mongst the titles shown . . .
I first salute thee so, and gratulate
With that thy style, *thy keeping of thy state*."

—*Underwood's*, xxxi.

* *Ib.* i. 105 † A thought usually attributed to Cowper:—

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper. Solitude is sweet!"

—*Retirement*, line 740.

The same to Robert Earl of Salisbury.
 "Who can behold all envy so declin'd
 By constant suffering of thy equal mind,
 And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
 Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Curst be his muse that could lie dumb, or hid
To so truth worth, though thou thyself forbid."
 —*Epig.* lxiii.

Robert Fludd

is described by "Fuller" in his "*Worthies*," as—

"My worthy (*though concealed*) friend."
 —*Fuller's Worthies*, Edn. 1811, i. 501.

Point 5.—In an article on "Tombs and Epitaphs" (published in *BACONIANA*, November, 1893) a number of "authors" were enumerated whose burial-places were unknown or unmarked by gravestone or epitaph; of others whose epitaphs were "ambiguous," misleading, or paradoxical. Amongst the former are Anthony Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Samuel Butler, Edward Alleyn, John Marston Marlowe, Joseph Mede, George Herbert, Wither, George Sandys, and Thomas Hobbes. Amongst the latter are Drayton, Burton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Baxter, and (we must now add) Michel de Montaigne.

In any case but the present such omissions, such conspicuous absence of commemorative tributes to these great names, would seem astonishing and almost miraculous. But we are beginning to realise that the names in question were not "born great"; they "had greatness thrust upon them," and in their own day were almost unknown or certainly of small account. We may add to the list of "great men unrecognised on their tombstone" a further list of

"Authors unknown or of small account in their own times."

Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare's dramas were so imperfectly known that, when acted, they were, in play-bills, about 1,711, always announced to be "written by William Shakespeare."—*Savage Landor's Imaginary Conversations.*

Spenser

"was considered nearly as obsolete as Chaucer. . . . Bysshe, compiling an

art of poetry in 1718, passed by in his collection, Spenser and the poets of his age, because of the language. Most readers of our age have no ear for them, and therefore Shakespeare is so rarely cited in my collection."—*Ib.*

Samuel Butler.

"Of Samuel Butler we know little more than we do of Shakespeare or Spenser."—*Curiosities of Literature* iv. 350.

Dryden.

"When Boileau was told of the public funeral of Dryden, he was pleased with the national honours bestowed on genius, but he declared that he had never heard his name before . . . so insular then was our literary glory!—*Curiosities of Literature* v. 381.

Ben Jonson.

"Ben Jonson, though called immortal, lay intombed in his two folios."—*Ib.*

Richard Crashaw.

"The date of his birth is unknown . . . information about him scanty. . . . Ideas of his character must be formed from his writings . . . absence of materials for his biography is to be deplored."—B. Turnbull in *Crashaw's Complete Works*.

Webster.

Described by the editor of his works as "This shadowy author."

Massinger.

Registered in the book of burials at St. Saviour's, Southwark, as "*a stranger unknown.*" "Little is known of his personal history."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Beaumont and Fletcher, though not of obscure origin like the greater number of their fellow-dramatists, yet afford no exception to the general rule in the obscurity that surrounds their lives."—*Works*, edited by St. Loe Strachey, p. xi., xii.

The reader is referred by the editor for the "scraps" of information collected concerning either poet to the introduction prefixed by Mr. Dyce to his edition of their works.

Thomas Vaughan.

The reputed author of numerous important Rosicrucian works, and

of the translations of the "*Fama*" and the "*Confessio Fraternitatis*" (although he expressly and repeatedly denies being a member of the mysterious brotherhood) is said to have been born in 1612, but his nationality is undecided. "The life of this adept is of Rosicrucian uncertainty; he was a mystery even to his publishers, who received his works 'from an unknown person.'"

Sir Thos. Browne.

"This I perceive in myself, for *I am dark to all the world*, and my nearest friends perceive me but in a cloud."—*Religio Medici*.

Michel de Montaigne.

"The celebrated French essayist," and whose essays "rank among the few great books of the world," is not even mentioned in any of the eleven editions of the "*Dictionnaire Critique et Historique*" of Pierre Bayle, which "great work" first appeared in two vols. folio in 1695-6.

"AUTHORS SURPASSING GREECE AND ROME."

Point 6.—Ben Jonson's eulogiums of Bacon and also of *Shakespeare*, in which he says that each "*alone*" exceeded "all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome" had performed, were commented upon in *BACONIANA* (I. 159—166). In that article it was shown that *the same* praise was bestowed upon *Cowley* by Dr. Sprat, and by Lord Orrery upon *George Sandys*, by Nathaniel Field and also by Drayton. The encomiums bestowed by *Ben Jonson* were similarly lavished upon him by James Shirley, Richard Bridecake, and Zouch Townley; the same were also bestowed by Sir H. Knight upon *Dr. John Dee*, the supposed author of the English Euclid, and by Bayle, the French critic, upon the philologist *Franciscus Junius*, and also upon Jean Baptiste Poquelin, better known as Molière. To these we may add that in the address to the reader in the revised edition of the Bible (1611, p. 5) the same commendation is awarded to the revisors. It will be observed that Bacon unostentatiously yet decidedly claims for his own work that it would excel all that had been achieved by the ancients either of Greece or Rome (see *Nov. Org.* i. 6, *Spedding Works* iv. 62, 63, and *De Aug.* viii. 3). In many places he challenges comparison between the work done by the ancients and that to be achieved by his new philosophy.

NOTICES.

We have received several letters of inquiry or remonstrance regarding our objection to the insertion in this magazine, or in the newspapers, replies to the various "foolish," "one-sided," "ignorant," or "disingenuous" letters and notices which from time to time appear in the daily papers, and which sometimes closely touch the subjects of our studies. Can there be any better reason for not devoting space in this little periodical to such controversies as these, than that the articles or notices in question truly are *foolish, one-sided, ignorant, or disingenuous?*

As concerns the newspapers, readers of this present number will realise the futility of attempting to get a fair hearing on the Baconian side, even to direct attacks; still more to "one-sided" or "disingenuous" statements professing superior acquaintance with "*Shakespeare.*" We hope to do better for our readers by economising our limited space, and using it to more worthy purposes.

With respect to inquiries concerning Francis Bacon's connection with the "Gray's Inn Revels," and especially to his part in the performance (1594) of "The Comedy of Errors like to Plautus his Menechmus" (*a part studiously and "disingenuously" ignored in all the London reports of the recent performance at Gray's Inn*), J. M., C. C., and G. H. should consult Spedding's edition of the "Letters and Life of Francis Bacon," vol. i., pp. 325—343. They may here note that the former of these pages is printed 325, and that the index omits all reference to "Comedy of Errors," "Plautus," "Menechmus," "Revels," "Devices," "Entertainments," "The Order of the Helmet," "The Conference of Pleasure," "Philantia," and the "Masque of the Indian Prince," all of which are more or less described and attributed to Bacon in the volume indicated.

Those who would go to the heart of things, and examine original authorities, should consult the *Sydney Papers*, i., 362; *Rowland Whyte to Sir Robt. Sydney*, Nov. 22, 1595; *Gibson Papers*, vol. viii., No. 274, and v., No. 118; *Reliquæ Wottonianæ*, p. 22; *Lives of the Earls of Essex*, ii., 501; *Lambeth MSS.*, 648, 176, 650, 222, 653, 155; Nichols' "*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*," iii., 262, 371; and "*Gesta Grayorum*," London, 1688.

With much regret we have to notify the non-arrival of Mr. Millet's paper on Dr. Orville Owen's "Cipher Discovery." It must now be held over until April next. Mr. Millet has kindly and zealously, for *the second time*, travelled from New York to Detroit, in order personally to inspect the progress and results of the work done, and to report upon the method of its production. His MSS. were announced as complete and on their way to England, but although we have delayed the issue of this number for a fortnight, the paper has not yet reached us. The contents promise to be of unusual interest, for the assistants, who now produce the matter mechanically and by fixed rules, find themselves engaged in transcribing what appears to be a complete translation of the "Iliad"—at any rate of some books of that Epic. Speculation cannot but find room for exercise upon this strange announcement, which, we trust, may not be disappointed.

BACONIANA.

VOL. IV.—*New Series.* APRIL, 1896.

No. 14.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE ; HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

IT has long appeared to the writer a strange and improbable thing that Michel de Montaigne, Mayor of Bordeaux, should have entrusted to John Florio, *Italian* tutor (in the family of Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Durham) the business of translating *French essays into English*. Stranger still, that the essays thus rendered should be written in pure Baconian English, without a distinctive peculiarity of any kind to stamp them as *translations*. The manner too in which these essays increased in bulk, the alterations in metaphors and sentences, long after Montaigne's death demand fuller explanation than has yet been vouchsafed.

True that commentators, especially Hazlitt, from whose excellent edition we prefer to study, have alluded to the additions which cannot be overlooked, but no special notice is taken of changes and omissions which seem to indicate the touch, *not of a translator, but of the original author*. "It was considered imperative," says the editor, "to correct Cotton's translation (1685—6) by a careful collation with the *Variorum* edition of the original.* . . . The besetting sin of Montaigne's translators seems to have been a propensity for *reducing his language and phraseology to that of the age to which they belonged . . . inserting paragraphs and words, not here and there only, but constantly and habitually, from an evident desire to elucidate or strengthen their author's meaning*." The editor will not allow Montaigne to "stand sponsor for what he never wrote"; he is re-

* Florio's translation, pub. London, 1603; Paris, 1854.

luctant, on the other hand, "to suppress the intruding matter where it appears to possess a value of its own. Nor is redundancy or paraphrase the only form of transgression in Cotton, for *there are places in his author which he thought proper to omit*, and it is hardly necessary to say that the restoration of all such matter to the text was considered necessary to its integrity and completeness." *

Doubtless the greater simplicity of the "Florio" edition makes it in some ways pleasanter reading than the more polished and paraphrased "Cotton"; yet the differences and the causes for them are similar to the repetitions, modifications and additions which are to be found in the various stages of all Bacon's works. Were the ideas and expressions of his early works obscure, misunderstood, or "not easy to unravel," he repeated them paraphrased, with double epithets, fresh allusions and illustrations, until they became plain to ordinary intellects. Dr. Morley hints this in his introduction to "Florio's Montaigne." "There is," he says, "a grace in Montaigne's simplicity, a mixture of the Latin training with the homely vigour of his country speech that no translation fairly reproduces. But John Florio's Elizabethan vigour in an English almost contemporary with Montaigne's French, gives us the nearest attainable equivalent. *Florio nods sometimes; and even mistranslates*; and now and then entangles his translation into knots not easy to unravel, but he can be homely, pithy and idiomatic, and in some of Montaigne's finest passages has nobly caught the spirit of his author."

Consider these remarks, and then face the fact that Francis Bacon, who lived for three years abroad, and at *Bordeaux at the very time when these Essays were first produced in France* (1579-80) declares all the qualities for which they are most highly praised to have been *deficient in his time*. Yes, and until the end of his life. Here is the corroborative but independent evidence of a recent French editor of Montaigne's Essays. It is evident that this French authority finds in the French language neither "grace" nor "homely vigour" previous to the time when "*Montaigne*" took in hand to enrich and strengthen it.

"*Montaigne found French prose almost in the cradle, and the French language in a state of infancy. Behind him there was no model which could stand as an authority; none which could impose upon him either*

* Prof. to W. C. Hazlitt's "*Essays of Montaigne*," London, 1877.

rules or restraint; . . . hence came that form of speech so full of variety, so independent, constructing a hardy tongue, luxuriating in naïve audacity, and in images whose warm colour created words whenever expressions proved rebellious." *

These words written fifty years ago, before a public search-light had been turned upon Bacon and his works, accurately express the condition of the English vernacular before the time when by his influence a new model of language was formed and set before the eyes of a wondering world. "*Montaigne*" is said to have created the French language, as Bacon created modern English—by the same methods, and with the same permanent result.

Recently a discovery has been made which throws unexpected light upon the connection existing between Bacon, Florio, and Montaigne. In the collection of "Pembroke papers," † at the British Museum, are some documents which prove that John Florio "the Holofernes of Shakespeare," was amongst the "able pens" who aided Bacon in the production of his voluminous works. It remains to be seen under what names the books were published which Florio translated and published abroad, but here is evidence that he did so.

In a letter to Mons. Jurnall, Florio states that by the order of King James he has "*translated the King's works and printed some of them beyond the seas. Also Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, and some of Lord Bacon's writings.*" A petition presented by Mons. Jurnall to "the Duke" (of Buckingham?) sets forth that James promised Florio an annuity of £50 as interpreter of foreign languages, and translator "*not only of his Majesty's works, but of Arcadia and the whole of the works of Visct. St. Albans.*" "It is now," says the petition, "a year and a half since I was relieved by your bounty. Petitioner is 70 years old, and has a credit of £350." The date of this petition is 1621, the year of Bacon's fall.

Another pathetic letter, to the Earl of Middlesex, begins thus:—"Two queens, and the eminent subjects of the land, whereof 4 earls, and 3 lords, sit with your honourable lordships at the stem of this State have heretofore been my scholars;" he asks on the same grounds

* *Lettre A. M. Villemain de l'Academie Française sur l'Eloge de Montaigne.* Par P. Christian, 1842.

† See *Government Commission Historical MSS.*, Vol. 10. xiv. 276, 277.

as before, for arrears of pension. Hence it is proved that Florio translated Bacon's works from English into foreign languages and for publication abroad; and that King James (whose supposed works are curiously mixed up with Bacon's) knew of this, and because of it, pensioned Florio.

On the other hand, readers of Montaigne's genuine *Letters* will find in them none of the characteristics of the *Essays*, nothing to suggest to the mind of a unbiassed critic the possibility of their being produced by the same dull pen which wrote those prosaic epistles.

So long as he lived the Mayor of Bordeaux continued on terms of intimacy with the brothers Anthony and Francis. After Francis returned to England "Anthony left Bordeaux and the society of Montaigne," but nine or ten years later, before he came home from abroad to lodge with Francis in Coney Court, we again read that "Anthony had gone once more to reside at Bordeaux, in the sunny home of his friend Montaigne." * Before his death in 1592, Montaigne came to England on a visit to Francis, but this little episode is omitted by Spedding from the "*Letters and Life*."

From all this it is plain that Montaigne and his doings must have been perfectly well-known to Bacon, and if the *Essays* were truly written by Montaigne, they were precisely of the kind which would commend themselves to a young man who had in youth made in his *Promus* this entry: "*Anosce teipsū*"—*know thyself*, a maxim which he continually enforces. The proper study of mankind is Man—Man the Microcosm, † the little world in himself, and in a man's own self to be best studied and understood. And so throughout the *Essays* Montaigne impresses upon his reader that they present a true portrait of himself:—"Do I not lively display myself? . . . All the world may know me by my book, and my book by me." ‡ "Montaigne alone," says Dr. Morley, "has sought with philosophical serenity to study life in the one man he knew." "*Montaigne alone*," and yet we know that this very study occupied Francis Bacon from youth upwards, and that we may trace him with this idea of self-contemplation or introspection as a preliminary and necessary introduction to the study of human nature which he recommended, and

* Hepworth Dixon's "*Story of Bacon's Life*," p.p. 27, 37, 29.

† See BACONTIANA i. 70; ii. 265—274; iii. 90. ‡ *Ess. B R.* iii. chap. 5.

which he declared to be "*deficient*." Bacon does not limit this deficiency to his own country; he implies that such researches into human nature are *lacking*, and must be undertaken as part of the necessary branches of science for the advancement of learning. Nowhere does he hint that, already, France had produced one excelling writer, who, so far as such knowledge is possible, had enabled us to know him as well as we know ourselves.

Not only did Bacon ignore the great essayist, but declared, when he published essays under his own name, that the word "*essay*" is "*new*." "Yet," says Hazlitt, "it remains true that *the Essays of Montaigne are the only book in the world of this kind*." How are we to reconcile these contradictions? The history of essay-writing begins with *Montaigne*, and passes next to Bacon. Each used the word *essay* in its true sense, as an assay or analysis of some subject of thought. Bacon's *essay* was of life in many forms, and with full attention to its outward circumstances. *Montaigne's* *essay* was of the inner life of man, as it was to be studied in the one life which he best knew—in himself. Bacon's character shall, if space be granted, receive consideration in a future chapter; but, meanwhile, it may be observed that it was no mean or grudging spirit that prevented him from acknowledging or alluding to the essays which were published previous to his own "*Moral Essays*." His biographers consent in the opinion given by his chaplain and secretary, Dr. Rawley, and which his own utterances confirm:—

"He was no dashing (*pretentious*) 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.' He disliked and despised a "*carping*" spirit of detraction, and would give every man his due, as a rule, saying nothing if he could say no good.

With such a disposition, it seems incredible that he should to the end of his life ignore the famous *Essays* of his old friend, and declare that class of work to be amongst the "*deficients*" in literature.

The minute self-examination of "*Montaigne*" brings out so many points of resemblance to Francis Bacon, that a volume might be filled with comparisons. For the present all that can be done is to let him tell his own story as briefly as may be, without injuring the fulness

and raciness of the complete passages. Discrepancies and dissimilarities may for the most part be left to our critics, who will, no doubt, find pleasure in discovering and making the most of them. For our own part, where *Montaigne* says that he "was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, the last day of February, 1533," or that "Rome conferred upon him the empty favour of citizenship," that he married when he was thirty years of age, or that the Parliament of Bordeaux chose him for mayor of their city, we merely see the usual characteristic *mixture* common to all "feigned histories," the versatile author in this case hiding himself under the cloak of middle-age and dull respectability, knowing full well that the utterances of a young man of eighteen or nineteen would have been laughed to scorn. In days when the New Learning was almost regarded as vicious, when "He who had a book was more secure to keep it shut than shown,"* poor hunted learning must hide itself (like vice) and crouch in the shadow, or else

—"like the wandering wind,
Blow dust in other's eyes to spread itself." †

"*Montaigne*" tells us that he was a very apt and forward boy—a Latin scholar at five years old, reading Ovid by stealth at seven or eight, then "running through" Virgil's *Æneid*, Terence, Plautus, and the Italian comedies, with delight, "allured by the sweetness of the subject." He preferred books to boyish sports, and had from his earliest years decided ideas quite in advance of his age. His home education was (as we may presently see) quite peculiar; but he went very young to college, and "when I came out of the college at thirteen years, I had run through my whole course, as they call it, and in truth without any advantage that I can honestly brag of." ‡

Who can read this without thinking of the youthful Francis "passing the circle of the liberal arts," § "going through the course," and then "conscious of a disappointment," and "falling into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, . . . but for the unfruitfulness of the way—being a philosophy . . . barren of works for the benefit of the life of man;

* *Pericles*, i. 1. † *Ib.* ‡ *Montaigne*, Ess. i., chap. xxv., p. 213.

§ *Dr. Rawley's Life.*

in which mind he continued to his dying day." * *Montaigne* had apparently the same "fixed grounds and notions from within himself" which were observed in Francis Bacon, † for he continues: "Almost from my infancy my judgment has been ever one: the same inclination, the same turn, the same force; and as to universal opinions, I fixed myself from childhood in the place where I resolved to stick." ‡

Much farther on he gives us fully to understand the confidence which he had in his own judgment. There is no conceit, but a plain frankness, in his declaration that, "In things wherein I stand in need of *nothing but judgment*, other men's reasons may serve to fortify my own, but have little power to dissuade me. I hear them all with civility and patience: but, to my recollection, I never made use of any but my own." And this "judgment," of which he is conscious as his great gift in youth, was, he considers, fully mature at twenty: "For my part, I believe our souls are adult at twenty as much as they are ever likely to be, and as capable then as ever." §

"My understanding," he says in the later edition of the *Essays*, "does not go forward; it goes backward, too . . . I am grown old by many years since my first publications, but I very much doubt whether I am grown an inch wiser. I now, and I anon, are two several persons, but whether better I cannot determine."

We are inclined to stop and ask what were the *first publications* to which *Montaigne* here alludes? Surely they were not published under the name of "*Montaigne*"? But this passage arrests us by its affinity to Bacon's early *Promus* entry (No. 152)—

"All is not in years to me; somewhat is in houres well spent," and also to the numerous places in *Shakespeare* where the famed fixed "grounds and notions" reappear. He said with Falstaff:—

"I am only old in judgment and understanding." ||

He was as the soldier says of his captain—

"An aged interpreter, though young in days";

or, better to compare him, he was Sir Proteus, who "hath made use

* *Ib.*, and Spedding, *Let. Life*, i. 3, 4. † *Ib.*, p. 11. ‡ "All one over the same" (Sonnet). § — i. 1, p. 433. || 2 *Hen. IV.*, i. 2.

and fair advantage of his days . . . his years but young, but his experience old. His head unmelled, though his judgment ripe."*

"Montaigne" finds himself, on close inspection, to have become "of late *too ripe*." In youth his "excess of sprightliness" made him at times to forget duty for pleasure; and "I found it necessary when I was young to *put myself mind*† to solicit myself to keep my duty. . . . Years every day read me lessons of coldness and temperance. I now defend myself from these as I formerly did from pleasure." We recall the many times that we have heard or read of the tender-hearted, "impatient," "fiery" Francis spoken of as a "cold," hard man; and it seems as if, in these words of "*Montaigne*," we learnt how he was for ever drilling himself into that philosophic calmness and moderation which alone could have carried him through such a life as his proved to be. "A man ought to moderate himself against the hatred of pain or pleasure, and *Plato sets down a mean between the two*."

Hence we learn indirectly that it was from Plato that Nerissa gleaned the useful bit of philosophy with which she sought to make her mistress a little ashamed of grumbling:—

Por. "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awear of this great world."

Ner. "You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with little. *It is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean*: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."‡

Portia feigns to regard her waiting maid's reflections as words without matter. "Good sentences," she says, "and well pronounced"; but Nerissa has the best of the argument: "They would be better if well followed."

Montaigne often refers to himself as *old*; but it is evident that, not only such expressions may be used in order to convey the impression that the Essays were from the pen and brain of an oldish man, but also these descriptions of himself must be taken in the same sense as those of Francis Bacon, when he writes of himself at the age of thirty

* *Tim. Ath.*, v. 4. † *Two Gen. Ver.*, ii. 3. ‡ See *Promus* entry, No. 287: "You put me in mynd." § *Mer. Ven.*, i. 2.

that he "waxed ancient; thirty is a good deal of sand in a man's hour-glass." In a similar strain says *Montaigne*: "*I am in the avenues of age, being past forty.*" *

We pass over for the present his remarks about his own "heaviness," "sloth," and "want of memory," "a languishing invention," &c., which seem to accord ill with his other records that he had "*a bold imagination, and opinions above my age.*" These points may be returned to if space is given for a chapter upon the *characters of Montaigne* and Bacon. For the present we confine ourselves more to his personality, and to some peculiar circumstances, habits, and ideas of his which he records. For instance, concerning his personal appearance, hear his own words." †

"I am of *something less than the middle stature*, a defect bordering on deformity, and that carries a great deal of inconvenience with it for those who are in office and command; for the authority which a graceful presence and a majestic mien begets is wanting. Where there is a contemptible stature, neither *the largeness and roundness of the forehead, nor the brightness and sweetness of the eyes, nor the moderate proportion of the nose, nor the littleness of the ears and mouth, nor the evenness and whiteness of the teeth, nor the thickness of a well-set beard, shining like the husk of a chestnut, nor curled hair, nor the just proportion of limbs*, can make a handsome man. I am, as to the rest, strong and well-knit; my face is not puffed, but full, and my complexion between jovial and melancholic, moderately, sanguine and hot . . . *Agility and address I never had, and yet I am the son of a very active and sprightly father, who continued to be so to an extreme old age.*" ‡

He is very sensitive to sweet smells, of which he is a lover, and as much abominates the ill ones, which he perceives more quickly than most men. This seems to have been noted of Francis Bacon in childhood, little as has been *published* concerning "those early years, when we see him a man among boys; now playing with the daisies and speedwells, now with the mace and seals; one day cutting posies with the gardener, or crowing after the pigeons, the next day paying his

* *Ess.* ii., p. 422. † The reader is asked to compare this description with that of *Cervantes*, given by himself, and quoted in *BACONIANA*, Vol. IV., January, 1899, p. 47.—EDITORS. ‡ *Ess.*, vol. ii., pp. 421, 422.

pretty compliment to Queen Elizabeth." Later on, when at College, we read of "his fall of brown curls, his ripe jesting mouth . . . in his face a thought for the bird on the tree, *the fragrance in the air*, no less than for the Greek dialectics, and the twelve books of Euclid. Later still, when Twickenham Park was his home, we read again of his delight in the flowers and birds, the sweet sounds and smells of the country. But do we need, with the *Essay on Gardens*, and with the detailed preparations made for writing that essay which we have to hand in the *Sylva Sylvarum*, do we need to be told that Francis Bacon was keenly alive to the delights of sweet smells? Was it not he who taught their value and respective merits which are all repeated in the poetry of Shakespeare? "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." And then both in essays and century of notes, he tells us of the "morning roses washed in dew" of the sweet briar, the sweetness of whose leaf outsweetened not the breath of sweetest Imogen—of the pinks and gilliflowers, the bays, rosemary and sweet majoram, the honeysuckles and others which canopy Titantia's bower, of the bean flowers (or "Pease blossom"), whose breath in the air is, Bacon says, most delightful of all, and of the wild thyme, camomile and other plants, which give forth their perfume when crushed or trodden on.

As to the "ill-smells," Montaigne associates them as does Bacon in the *Sylva* and in the *Essay of Building*, with "unwholesome air." In choosing his dwelling he says, "My chiefest care is to avoid a thick and stinking air; and those beautiful cities Venice and Paris, very much less the kindness I have for them, the one by the offensive smells of her marshes, the other by her dirt! . . . I fear a fog, and fly from smoke as from the plague; the first repairs I fell upon in my own house were the chimneys and houses of office."* Those who will not even take the trouble to examine Bacon's scientific common-place book may at least turn to his *Essay of Building*, and see what he there says about him "that builds a fair house upon a ill seat . . . where the air is unwholesome."

"*Montaigne*" gives a reason for building his house; *it is the same*

* i. 141 and ii. 580—582.

reason which moved Bacon to do likewise, his desire—namely, to accomplish that which his father had begun and wished to be done.

“My father took a delight in building* at Montaigne where he was born, “and in all the government of domestic affairs I love to follow his example and rules, and I shall engage those who are to succeed me, as much as in me lies, to do the same. Could I do better for him I would; and am proud that his will is still performing and acting by me. God forbid, that in my hands I should ever suffer any image of life, that I am able to render to so good a father, to fail. And wherever I have taken in hand to strengthen some old foundations of walls, and to repair some ruinous building, I have done it more out of respect to his design, than to my own satisfaction; and am angry at myself, that I have not proceeded further to finish the beginnings he left of his house, and so much the more, because I am likely to be the last possessor of my race, and to give the last hand to it.”†

Hepworth Dixon describes Sir Nicholas Bacon as a man with “an original projective mind. The grounds laid out by him at Gorhambury suggested to his son those ideas on gardening which, developed in his essays and other writings, have led to the foundation of an English style” (*of gardening or of writing?*). “The scheme . . . for a school of law, policy, and languages in London was perhaps the germ of the *New Atlantis*, the idea (*of a Solomon's house*) being transferred from statecraft to nature.”‡ We are at the end of our tether, and can, for the present, only conclude by drawing attention to the fact that the devotion to his father was as strong and notable in Francis Bacon as in “*Montaigne*,” and that the former as well as the latter, aware that he would probably be the last of his race, was all the more anxious to leave “some heir of his invention,” for, as he says in the *Essay of Marriage*, “Certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried and childless men, that, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.”

C. M. P.

* Note that this “building” may have an ambiguous meaning.

† *Ess.*, vol. iii. 221. See *BACONIANA*, i., 76—79; iii. 13.

‡ Hepworth Dixon's “*Story of Bacon's Life*,” p. 17.

IS IT POSSIBLE ?

IN this chapter we propose to examine into the rights of an objection which has of late prominently obtruded itself in the minds of most thoughtful students of these pages ; an objection which undoubtedly presents a ready handle to antagonists prepared to clutch at any weapon which may be turned against us. This objection is both rational and judicious, it springs spontaneously into the mind of everyone who for the first time encounters the theories and arguments in favour of the *Universal Authorship* of Francis Bacon, and it will be well that we open, and enquire into the case more closely than has hitherto been done in print.

“Is it possible,” we ask ourselves and are asked by others, “setting aside probabilities, is it *possible* that any one man could have had time during a working life of, say fifty years, to have accomplished the enormous amount of valuable work which is being gradually claimed for Bacon and piled up on his pyramid of learning ? Suppose him to have been endowed with all the faculties and knowledge, to have had at his command the varied talents, the opposite kinds of temperament, the protean changes of mood, frames of mind and general versatility not only of intellect but, of humour, but one may almost say of idiosyncrasy and nature. Grant all this (and it is much to grant), and even thus, could the life of any man be long enough to achieve all that is being attributed to the efforts of Francis Bacon ? Wait yet, for we have not stated all the case against you. Francis Bacon was in no sense *a man of leisure* ; he had from early manhood public duties to perform, fixed work to tie him, and to take up his time. He was an active public servant, a man living in society and in the air of the Court ; a lawyer, an experimental philosopher to boot, and in every way a busy, stirring character. Will you also make him a prolific poet and dramatist, historian, theologian, a facile writer on every subject, and in every branch of the subject ? ”

Before attempting to discuss any methods by which Francis Bacon may have arranged his work so as to economise time, and to avoid mechanical labour, we will in the first place turn to a brief consideration of the amount of work which, without any special aid,

appliances, or extraordinary and abnormal abilities other men of various nationalities have been supposed to have accomplished in the way of voluminous writing.

Richard Baxter, "the eminent Nonconformist preacher," was born in 1615, and died 1691. He is "said to have written" 145 works on distinct subjects, as he says, "in the crowd of all my other employments." What the 145 works were does not appear. The "Saint's Everlasting Rest," "Dying Thoughts," and "Call to the Unconverted," are the best known, the rest being all polemical works by no means "distinct."

Thomas Heywood, a dramatic writer and actor in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., is said to have written 220, some say 240 plays, of which only 20 are extant. He also wrote a "Life of Merlin," "Life of Queen Elizabeth," "Lives of the Nine Worthies," and other pieces. Neither the date of his birth nor that of his death are on record. (*See Maunder's Biog: Dictionary.*)

Caspar (or Gaspar) Barthius is a man whose history demands inquiry. We confess to the strongest suspicions concerning "this voluminous author," whose *account of himself* presents some points of striking resemblance to the autobiographies of other "authors" who we are learning to identify with Francis Bacon. "At nine years old he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line." The learned admire the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard.* Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world.† He laughs at Statius, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the "Epithalamium upon Stella," containing 278 hexameters. "This," says Barthius, "did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made 200 verses in an hour, '*Stans pede in uno.*' Not," adds Barthius, "but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolic, for *I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the Iliad, which amounted to 2,000 verses.*" Thus rapidity and volume were the great enjoyments of this learned man's pen. *Barthius, on the system he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library; a circumstance which we discover by the*

* Comp. BACONIANA iii. 27—36; iv. 48—51. † *Ib.* p. 51—54.

continual references made in his printed works to his manuscript productions." * It does not appear that his biographers can give account of the "library" which he is supposed to have written. All the same it is evidently not considered *impossible* that Barthius should have written this mass of literature, or that he should have written with such "extreme facility" that he had no need to use collections or references, but was able "to trust to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one."

Pietro Sarpi, better known by his monastic name of Fra Paolo, seems to have united in himself all the learning and most of the intellectual faculties notable in Francis Bacon. In reading the life of the former, we continually come upon descriptions and details which apply with absolute directness to the latter, and we perceive that only the possession of similar powers of mind could have enabled Fra Paolo "with ease and rapidity," in the midst of active work as professor of theology, proctor-general of his order, consulting theologian for the Venetian Republic and Councillor for the tribunal of the Ten, to produce the quantity of learned books on very different subjects and at the same time (like Bacon) to prosecute all kinds of erudite studies and experiments in natural philosophy. Amongst the subjects in which he was accounted proficient, and upon which (in days pronounced by Bacon to be "deficient" in most of them) he wrote with ease and rapidity, are the following:—Theology, Church History, Universal History, the Classical Authors of Greece and Rome, and the Oriental languages, the Canon Law, and Venetian Law and Logic, Treatises on the Tides, the Barometer, and Physical Science in all its branches, Astronomy, "Infinite Mathematics," a Treatise on Algebra. He made experiments in optics, anatomy, vivisection, medicine, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, the transmutation of metals, treatises on projectiles and the war engines of the ancients. Baptista Porta, Fabricius, and Galileo all confessed obligations to him, so did Gilbert with regard to terrestrial magnetism. He studied natural history, and is thought to have foreseen the invention of the telescope; it is also said that he accepted no conclusions which he could not verify by experiment. †

* *Secret History of Authors*. Cur: Lit. v. 26—28.

† See *Quarterly Review*, Ap. 1893. No. 352, p. 375.

Michel de Montaigne, if his own word is to taken, "feared to glut the world with his works"; but this appears the extreme of modesty when no work is attributed to him, excepting, at the most, two volumes, of *Essays*, for the "*Voyages*" de Montaigne are not by him, but by some travelling companion who writes of "*M. de Montaigne*," or includes himself with Montaigne under the pronoun "*we*."

Lope de Vega. This "prolific" Spanish dramatist may be said to beat the record both for speed and volume. We are informed that he "*wrote upwards of 2,000 original pieces*, but not more than 300 of them have been printed. *He himself has stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a day*; and it has been calculated that *he composed during his life 133,225 sheets, and about 21,300,000 verses*.

We have now some satisfactory data to go upon; for no one has hitherto declared it to be "monstrous," or "ridiculous" to suppose Barthius, Sarpi, or Lope de Vega capable of all that is here ascribed to them. Yet these men have none of them been regarded as pre-eminent, superior to their kind, illuminated by a "beam from heaven." They were ordinary mortals, distinguished certainly, but not charged with having done anything incredible or impossibly tremendous. Therefore we may safely base our calculations upon them, and since it has been said that knowledge may be defined as that which can be proved by statistics, let us try what we can do by this method, and, discarding for awhile all theories and efforts to reconcile difficulties, or to supply deficiencies, let us reduce this question to a matter of simple arithmetic.

For example, *Thomas Heywood is said to have written 220 or 240 plays*. That is a good number. Suppose we strike an average and say that he wrote 230. We shall find that all the English plays known as the drama of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. do not come up to that number, and even including the plays of Congreve, Shadwell, Otway and some *very* minor plays published in the later part of the 17th century, they still hardly reach the number "said" to have been attained by Thomas Heywood. The precise number of plays "*written*" by some of these authors is not decided, but we believe that in the following list good measure has been accorded to each :—

Shakespeare	40	Otway	9
Thos. Heywood	24	Marlowe	8
Middleton	32	Marston	8
Ben Jonson	18	Webster	8
Massinger	18	Decker	6
Chapman	16	Peele	5
Beaumont and Fletcher	12	Green	5
			= total, 209.

This reckoning leaves, *at the lowest computation*, 21, and at the highest, 31, plays which may be divided amongst the smaller fry—Chittle, Day, Gosson, Howard, Kidd, Munday, Nash, to whom no more than three or four plays each have been attributed—and to Congreve and Shadwell, whose names are affixed each to 5 plays. Any way, there remains a margin before we reach the higher number of plays attributed to Thomas Heywood—namely, 240.

Yet may it not be imagined that we consider all these plays to have been the original work of Francis Bacon. With many of them we are unacquainted, and consequently offer no opinion upon them. Many are flat, dull and unprofitable, some appear needlessly coarse, a quality which, to our judgment, would at once exclude them from the Baconian catalogue. But we do believe, and are not afraid to affirm, that in very early youth, in mere boyhood, Francis did write, with the speed and facility which his secretary afterwards declared to be incredible to those who had not witnessed it, a quantity of poetry and slight plays which ran out at his pen as fast as they ran into his fancy, and which he neither sought to polish nor correct. His worst was surely then as good as ordinary men's best, and to write a "stage-play" at all was, in those days, an original work.

However, to return to our point. The amount of play-writing accepted as a matter of course when attributed to Thomas Heywood, whose history is almost unknown—a man of no account; such an amount of play-writing, we say, cannot be considered impossible or even improbable as the "works of recreation," of a youth myriad-minded, versatile, and learned so as to dismay the masters whom he outstripped by declaring that the learning of the university itself was barren of fruits for the use of man, and that they could teach him nothing to his purpose. "The most prodigious wit that the world ever saw" was certainly capable in his lighter hours of throwing off at will the airy nothings of which many of these "minor" dramas are

composed, but in many cases it is probable that he did not even trouble himself to frame a plot, but merely took the crude efforts of the "poet-apes," and dressed them up in the "good forms" of graceful language, which Dr. Rawley assures us came not through study or plodding upon books, but from innate, and, as it were, spontaneous genius.

But now for a few more statistics. Until this date (January, 1896) men of letters have allowed it to go forth to the world, and to appear as a matter of history, that "Lope de Vega wrote upwards of 2,000 original pieces" (of which only 300 have been printed), and that "he himself has stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a day," and upon this is based the calculation that "he composed during his life 133,225 sheets and about 21,300,000 verses."

We are afraid of attacking the first of these statements, because it may be a question as to what is meant by "2,000 pieces," whether plays, pieces of poetry, masques, or what not should be included? We therefore prefer to close with the definite assertion that Lope de Vega "*composed 133,225 sheets,*" which we take to be pages folio, and with this we may compare the works of many of the "authors" with whom we are concerned. Reduced to the normal standard of folio pages, we find the following to be the total sum of such works as have hitherto been brought into discussion. The difference in size of type and of pages make it difficult to be accurate, but whenever there has been reason to question the number of pages or the amount which they might contain we have decided the case against ourselves.

	FOLIO PAGES.		FOLIO PAGES.
Bacon's Authentic Works ...	955	Wither's " ...	250
Shakespeare Plays and Poems	950	Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity...	395
Sidney's Works ...	600	Cawdrey's Treasury of Similes	225
Marlowe ...	525	Rosicrucian Tracts ...	200
Spenser ...	300	Dryden's Poems ...	325
Marston ...	570	Sandy's Poems ...	225
Ben Jonson ...	665	Quarles' "Emblems" and	
Middleton ...	880	" Fancies " ...	150
Chapman ...	400	Lily's Euphuus... ..	220
Massinger ...	350	Montaigne's Essays ...	550
Webster ...	250	Burton's Anatomy of Melan-	
Lope de Vega ...	625	choly ...	450
Drayton ...	250	Camden's Annals ...	200
Donne's Poems ...	100	Wilkin's Treatises ...	300
Crashaw's " ...	170	Sir Kehelm Digby's ...	300

	FOLIO PAGES.		FOLIO PAGES.
John Evelyn's	... 300	Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living	
Selden's Table Talk and Law		and Dying—Sermons, &c...	350
Tracts	... 250	Fuller's Good Thoughts, &c...	300
Sir T. Browne's Common Errors,		Baxter's "Saints' Rest," &c....	300
and other Treatises 130		

Need we go farther? All these added together amount to little more than 13,000 out of the 133,225 which is the number of sheets attributed to, and declared to have been written by, Lope de Vega. It will indeed be a very special kind of special pleading which will dare to argue that although this thing was possible to the one man, it was impossible to the other and far greater poet-philosopher. *What man hath done man can do.* We do not pretend at this point to inquire if it be true that Lope de Vega did all that he is positively said to have done, but we do insist, that the thing held possible for him was possible to the "most prodigious wit," "who filled up all numbers," and that if we were to multiply by TEN the list of pages given above we should include all the original work of an age, the vast and *universal* work which we ascribe to Francis Bacon.

C. M. Pott

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

WE would, if possible, clear up a certain confusion or mystification which has by some means involved, disarranged, or jumbled up the traditions connected with the Boar's Head Taverns in London, associating them on the one hand in an intimate manner with the legends of *Shakespeare* and the story of Sir John Falstaff in the play of *Henry IV.*, on the other hand showing them to have been historically connected with the family of Sir John Falstolfe, whom yet we are requested to understand was a person totally disconnected with the Sir John Falstaff of the plays. There are many documents extant which give particulars as to the various owners and occupiers of these Boar's Head Taverns, but since most of these have been simply and pleasantly noticed in a condensed form in Cassell's "Old and New London," we will take the liberty to quote directly from that useful compilation the passages which most closely

touch upon our subject so far as modern discoveries of "Shakespearian" relics are concerned.

"On the removal of a mound of rubbish in Whitechapel, brought there after a great fire, a carved box-wood bas-relief boar's head was found set in a circular frame formed by two boar's tusks, mounted and united in silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked at the back:—'William Brooke, landlord of the Boar's Head, Estechepe, 1566.' This object, formerly in the possession of Mr. Stamford, the celebrated publisher, was sold at Christie and Manson's on Jan. 27, 1855, and was bought by Mr. Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell Phillips). The ancient sign, carved in stone, with the initials I.T. and the date 1668, is now preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall.

"In 1834 Mr. Kempe exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the 16th century. This figure had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the last 'Boar's Head,' a figure of Prince Henry sustaining the other. This figure of Falstaff was the property of a brazier whose ancestors had lived in the same shop in Great Eastcheap ever since the Fire. He remembered the last great Shakespearian dinner at the Boar's Head about 1784, when Wilberforce and Pitt were both present; and though there were many wits at table, Pitt, he said, was pronounced the most pleasant and amusing of the guests."*

The Boar's Head, Eastcheap, between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane, the back windows looking out on the churchyard of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, which was removed with the inn, rebuilt after the Great Fire in 1831, for the improvement of new London Bridge. In the time of William Maitland, the topographer (born 1693), the inn was labelled, "This is the chief tavern in London." Several documents and deeds of trust mention this old tavern, "the Boar's Head, Eastcheap," near the "George Alehouse," which in 1714 was in the occupation of Joseph Lock, barber, having had its sign changed from the "Boar's Head" to that of the "Lamb and Perriwig."

The great notoriety given to this Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap seems due to a notion or tradition that at this tavern *Shakespeare*

* "Old and New London," i. 561.

supposes Falstaff and his boon companions to have made merry together. Mistress Quickly, the typical hostess, is dubbed mistress of this convivial establishment, and all the fun, wit, and roystering gaiety of the plays of *Henry IV.* have somehow been made to cluster round the history or traditions of the "Boar's Head in Eastcheap."

"The very name of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap recalls a thousand Shakesperian recollections; for here Falstaff came panting from Gad's-hill; here he snored behind the arras whilst Prince Harry laughed over his unconscionable tavern bill; and here, too, took place that wonderful scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately passed judgment on each other's follies, Falstaff acting the prince's father, and Prince Henry retorting by taking up the same part. . . . This is one of the finest efforts of Shakespeare's comic genius."*

Goldsmith, who visited the "Boar's Head," has contributed to keep up the tradition by leaving "a delightful essay upon his day-dreams there, totally forgetting that the original inn had perished in the Great Fire." Years afterwards Washington Irving, who delighted in all things Shakesperian, did the same, and the association of ideas between "Boar's Head" and "*Shakespeare*" has now become so closely entangled and knotted that it may appear well-nigh hopeless to attempt the unravelling of these two distinct threads. It is observable that, when a weak or unproved assertion is to be enforced, the expression "*of course*" is considered all that is needful to drive the nail up to the head, and to ensure consent to the proposition. "Of course," however, is further strengthened by "*everybody*," which gives a sense of public opinion and infinitude against which arguments must be futile.

"Everybody knows that of course the Boar's Head Tavern was the one which Shakespeare had in his mind"; and if a too inquisitive learner should ask how it is known that the Boar's Head was intended as the scene of Falstaff's jollity, he may be told the very thing which incited the present enquiry: "*Why, of course, everybody knows that the play says so.*" Thereupon the too inquisitive learner looks to see, and finds in the original copies no allusion to the Boar's Head Tavern, in the Shakespeare Concordance no allusion, in the plays of *Henry IV.* no allusion; *but*—when we reach *modern editions* (Steevens, Valpy,

* "Old and New London," i. 62. †

Globe, Leopold, &c.), we read at the head of certain scenes as follows:—

- (*Henry IV.*, Part I.) Act ii. "Scene 4. Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's Head Tavern."
 " " Act iii. "Scene 3. *The same*, as above."
 (*Henry IV.*, Part II.) Act ii. "Scene 4. London. A room in the Boar's Head Tavern."

These explanatory headlines are, we repeat, *not in the original*; they come under the class of corrections which Bacon points out as *making the most corrected editions the most incorrect*.

Observe next that, in 2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 1, where Fang, at the instance of the "Hostess" (who presently speaks of herself as "Gossip Quickly"), arrests Falstaff, she declares before the Chief Justice that Falstaff had sworn to marry her, "*sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week,*" &c. What can be meant by Mrs. Quickly's "*Dolphin chamber*" but a room in her inn the *Dolphin*, not the Boar's Head? Moreover, when Mrs. Quickly reappears in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we find her as "servant to Dr. Caius," and there is no word or hint of her having come to Windsor from the "Boar's Head." Yet what a falling off was there, if we are to suppose the hostess of "the chief tavern in London" to have declined into the position of a doctor's servant!

"Another celebrated inn in the High Street, Southwark, was the 'Boar's Head,' which formed a part of Sir John Falstolf's benefactions to Magdalen College at Oxford. Sir John Falstolf (*here a footnote says this Sir John Falstolf is not to be confounded—though often confounded—with Shakespeare's Falstaff*) was one of the bravest of English generals in the French wars under Henry IV. and his successors. . . . We learn from Mr. C. J. Palmer's *Perlustration of Great Yarmouth* that the Falstolf family had their town residence in Southwark, nearly opposite the Tower of London, and that the Boar's Head Inn was the property of Sir John Falstolf. This is proved by a letter to John Paston of as early a date as 1459, in which Henry Windsonc says that his master, Sir John Falstolf, desires him 'to set up in the Boar's Head.' John Timbs, in his Autobiography, says: 'Of a modern-built house, nearly opposite the east end of St. Saviour's

church, my father and brother had a long tenancy, though the place has better claim to mention as being one of the ancient inns, the "Boar's Head," Southwark, and the property of Sir John Falstolf, of Caistor, Norfolk, and of Southwark, and who had a large house in Stoney Lane, St. Olave's. Sir John was a man of military renown, having been in the French wars of Henry VI., and was governor of Normandy; he was also a man of letters and learning, and at the instance of his friend, William Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, Sir John Falstolf gave the "Boar's Head" and other possessions towards the foundation.' In the *Reliquie Hearniane*, edited by Dr. Bliss, is the following entry of 1721 (June 2nd): 'The reason why they cannot give so good an account of the benefaction of Sir John Falstolf to Magdalen College is because he gave it to the founder, and left it to his management, so that 'tis suppos'd 'twas swallow'd up in his own estate that he settled upon the College. However, the College knows this, that the Boar's Head in Southwark, which was then an inn, and still retains the name, tho' divided into several tenements (which brings the College £150 per annum), was part of Sir John's gift.' *

In the "Alleyn Papers,"† printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1843, we read (pp. 11, 12) that in a memorandum-book kept by Alleyn himself is an item which shows that Edward Alleyn (at what precise date does not appear) was in possession of an inn called the "Boar's Head, which had formerly been kept by his elder brother, John Alleyn. No locality is stated; but it would be very singular if it were the very Boar's Head in Eastcheap, which existed in the time of Shakespeare, and which he has made so famous. It was, however, not an uncommon sign in London; and the inn which John Alleyn at one time kept in Bishopsgate, and which he inherited from his father, may have been so called. . . . Amongst numerous notes 'of all my writings, deedes, or evidences, bondes or bills belonging to me,' entered by Edward Alleyn on December 13th, 1608, the following are crossed out:—

* "Old and New London," vi. 87, 88.

† A collection of original documents illustrative of the life and times of Edward Alleyn, and of the early English stage and drama, with an introduction by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

<p>"Of the Bores Head. A leas from Julyan Cropwell to John Alen. His pol dede to me.</p>	<p>A bond on the same. My hous on the Banck. The leas to Curtis. Roberts his sale to me."</p>
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We have now to draw attention to a fact which may perhaps let in new light upon the existence and the importance attached to the Boar's Head taverns, and their association with *Shakespeare* and Edward Alleyn. *A Boar's Head was the crest of the Bacon family*, and was one of the many means by which Francis Bacon introduced hints of himself and his doings into the hieroglyphic designs, as well as into ambiguous and punning allusions in his works. After a while *A Boar's Head in a Castle* seems to have taken the place of the mere Head, and then "Boar and Castle" signs appeared, as in the old "Boar and Castle Hostelry and Posting House," which was built about 1620, and occupied the present site of the Oxford Music Hall, near the junction of Oxford Street with Tottenham Court Road.*

But long before 1620, the "Boar and Castle" had been insinuated into the emblematic and ambiguous head-lines and tail pieces of Baconian works, and circumstances in connection with the use of this device force us to the conclusion that it was not a simple, hap-hazard ornament, but a significant mark used by experts and for a purpose.

We have observed it at the earlier dates in religious books. For instance, in "*A treatise of the Church, by Philip de Morney*," printed by Charles Barker, 1581, there is a flat emblematic design, including the Royal Arms, and the Freemason signs of cornucopias, chains, pearls, the head of truth, crowned with 9 feathers or argus eyes, and to the left, a *Boar's Head in a Castle*. On the Boar's Head is a *crescent*, and on a shield to the right is a similar *crescent*, symbol of *Light out of darkness, but also the heraldic distinction in coat armour of a Second Son, which Francis Bacon was.* ??

This same design is in "*A Commentary on the Book of Job, by Theodore Beza*" (pub. Bishop, 1589). It is also used as a tail-piece to Sermons ix. xiii. xv. and xx., attributed to, or "preached by" Jeremy Taylor, 1634, and to Sermon viii. and the rest as above in the 1654 edition of the same Sermons.

But the "Boar's Head and Castle" is not limited to religious works,

* "Old and New London," iv. 471.

for it is also to be seen in the 1st edition of Ben Jonson's Works, 1616, at the end of "*The Poetaster*," again in the 1638 edition of "*Sidney's Arcadia*" in the frontispiece, and no doubt in many other places were they sought out. In "*Sidney's Works*" we have observed in several editions an evident intention to make the family crest, which is a *Porcupine*, appear like a *Pig*, which Bacon often adopted as a substitute for the Boar. He seems to have been always ready with a joke or a quibble at the expense of his own uneuphonious patronymic, and perhaps some day our bright decipherers may discover that many dragged in remarks about Hog, Pig, Boar, Bacon in the *Shakespeare* plays, and elsewhere are nothing whatever, but parts of cipher sentences in which it was necessary to introduce the awkward name Bacon, in one case, with Sir John Falstolfe,* in another Francis Bacon with his own Christian name † twenty times repeated, and which being thus repeatedly called receives no answer by the ambiguous, but significant word *anon*. In a third place the name may be in connection with the writing of "*Bartholomew Fair*," ‡ in a fourth with some such comparison of Bacon to Alexander the Great (or "the Pig," Fluellen calls him) as was indulged in by a contributor to our last number. §

These things may be but curious coincidences; we lay no stress upon them, but in the facts connected with the crest of the Bacon family, and in the palpable connection between the names of Falstolf and Falstaffe, we find a degree of interest which we shall be glad to see shared by scholarly readers.

S. A.

(C.M.P.)

* 1 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4. † *Ib.* ‡ 2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4; 3 *Hen. V.*, iv. 7.
§ See "Of Patterns and Models."

SOME COMPARISONS BETWEEN BACON'S
"ESSAYS OF DEATH" AND "SHAKESPEARE."

"MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural *fear in children* is increased with tales, so is the other."—*Ess. of Death*.

". . . The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis *the eye of childhood*
That fears a painted devil."—*Macb.* ii. 2.

"Be alive again,
If trembling I inhabit, then *protest me*
The baby of a girl. Hence horrible shadow (of a dead man).
—*Macb.* iii. 4.

"Tush! Fear *boys with bugs*."—*Tam. Sh.* i. 2. Comp. *Ham.* v. 2, 12—25.

"I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of evils."
—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Most of the philosophers . . . increase the fear of death in offering to cure it. . . . They must needs think that it is a terrible enemy against whom there is no end of preparing."—*Remains*, p. 7.

"Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it more fearful. And by Seneca it was well said: 'The array of the death-bed has more terrors than death itself.' *Groans and convulsions and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible*."
—*Ess. of Death*.

"'Tis not alone *my inky cloak*, good mother,
Nor *customary suits of solemn black*,
Nor *windy inspiration of forc'd breath*,
No, nor *the fruitful river of the eye*,
Nor *the dejected 'haviour of the visage*,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly."—*Ham.* i. 2.

"We mourn in *black*," &c.—1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1.

"Maintain a *mourning ostentation*,
And on your family's old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial."—*M. Ado* iv. 1.

"Shed *obsequious tears* . . .
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial."—*Tit. And.* v. 3.

"'Tis sweet and commendable . . . to give these mourning duties . . .

For some term *to do obsequious sorrow*."—*Ham.* i. 2.

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life

When *death's approach is seen so terrible*."—*2 Hon. VI.* iii. 3.

"Certainly the contemplation of *death, as the wages of sin*, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. . . . You shall read in the friars' book of meditations that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's-end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved, when many times death passeth with less torture than the pain of a limb; for the most vital parts are not *the quickest of sense*."—*Ess. of Death*.

"Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and *ta'en thy wages*," &c.

—See *Cymb.* iv. 2, Song.

Isab. " . . . Darest thou die ?

The *sense of death is most in apprehension* ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Claud. " . . . Death is a fearful thing.

. . . 'Tis too horrible :

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what *we fear in death*."

—*M. M.* iii. 1. Comp. Nos. 4, 5.

"I know many wise men that fear to die, for *the change is bitter*, and flesh would refuse to prove it; besides, the *expectation* brings terror, and that exceeds the evil. But I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death. . . . *Death exempts not a man from being*, but only presents an *alteration*."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Come *bitter conduct*, come unsavoury guide (*Death*)."

—*Rom. Jul.* v. 3.

- "His punishment was *bitter death*."—*Rich. III.* ii. 1. and iv. 4. 7.
 "The miserable *change now at my end*, lament not, nor sorrow at."
 —*Ant. Cleo.* iv. 13.
 "To be or not to be, that is the question. . . . 'To die, to sleep;
 To sleep perchance, to dream: Ay, there's the rub . . .
 Must give us pause . . . *the dread of something after death* . . .
 . . . Puzzles the will," &c.—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"It is worthy the observing that there is no *passion* in the mind of man so weak, but *it mates and masters the fear of death*. . . . Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it. . . . (Seneca adds that) a man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a *weariness to do the same so oft over and over*."—*Ess. of Death*.

"I will despair, and be at enmity
 With cozening hope . . . a keeper back of death,
 Who would dissolve the bands of life."—*Rich. II.* i. 2.

"Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
 'The worst is death, and death must have his day.'
 —*Rich. II.* iii. 2.

"Death, death, O amiable, lovely death," &c.—*John* iii. 4.

"I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
 As to a lover's bed."—*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12.

"Life is as *tedious as a twice-told tale*," &c.—*John* iii. 4.

"Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
 That apprehend'st no farther than this world,
 And squar'st thy life accordingly."—*M. M.* v. 1.

Comp. "*Actum Agere*" (*Promus* 788), "To do the deed done."
 —*Son.* lxxvi; *John* iv. 2, 1—20. "Tired with *iteration*."—*Tr. Cr.*
 iii. 2. "To tire with repetition."—*Cor.*, i. 1. "Weary for the
staleness."—*Per.* v. 1.

"Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To work my mind when body's work's expired," &c.

—*Son.* xxvii.

"Then can I grieve at grievances foregone," &c.—*Son.* xxx.

"So is my love still telling what is told," &c.—*Son.* lxxvi.

"It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits

the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant."—*Ess. of Death.*

Claud. "I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. "Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter," &c.—*See Speech.*

Claud. "I humbly thank you
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking death, find life: let it come on.
If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"Men that . . . go to their graves as beds."—*Ham.* iv. 4.

"A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality."—*M. M.* iv. 3. *Comp. Ante.* Nos. 3, 4.

"All that is past is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming dreams waking."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"Learn, good soul, to think our former life a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are, shows us but this."
—*Rich.* II. v. 1.

"My dream is lengthen'd after life . . .
I pass'd unto the kingdom of perpetual night."—*Rich.* III. i. 4.

"We are such things as dreams are made of, and
Our little age is rounded with a sleep."—*Temp.* iv. 1.

"Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing!"—*Cymb.* v. 4.

"To die, to sleep; to sleep, perchance to dream."—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"All those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mothers, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof this is one, and those which succeed are of the same nature, for we die daily."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.
What is her burying grave? That is her womb," &c.
—*Rom.* Jul. ii. 3.

"Common mother, thou, whose womb immeasurable
And infinite breast teems and feeds all."—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 3.

"The queen that bore thee . . .
Died every day she lived."—*Macb.* iv. 3.

"As others have given place to us, so we must in the end give place to others. . . . I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness of them. . . . Were it given me to choose, I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"I fill a place, I know it . . .
Let me not live after my flame lacks oil,
To be the snuff of younger spirits . . .
I, after him wish, too,
Since I, nor wax, nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give more labourers room."—*All's Well* i. 2.

"Physicians in the name of death include all sorrow, anguish, disease, calamity, or whatsoever can fall in the life of man, either grievous or unwelcome. But these things are familiar to us, and we suffer them every hour."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"To die, to sleep
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to . . . respect,
That makes calamity of so long life," &c.—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"This ruler of monuments (Death) leads men for the most part out of this world with their heels forward, in token that he is contrary to life."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites."—*Macb.* iii. 4.

"The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb
What is her burying grave? That is her womb."
—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"Life . . . sends men headlong into this wretched theatre, where being arrived, their first language is that of mourning."—*Post. Ess. Death.*

Lear. " . . . We came crying hither;
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry . . .
When we are born we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools."—*Lear* iv. 6.

"I hold the world but as . . . a stage, where every man must play his part, and mine a sad one."—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

"If riches might find place, *I would die together, and not my mind often, and my body once*; that is, I would prepare for the messengers of death, sickness, and affliction, and not wait long, or be attempted by the violence of pain."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend you," &c.
—*Temp.* iii. 3.

"I suffered the pangs of three several deaths," &c.
—*See Merry Wives* iii. 5, *Falstaff.*

"I will die a hundred thousand deaths," &c.—1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

"A man can die but once."—2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

"Say you can swim; why there you quickly sink.
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death."
—3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4.

"This, like a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death."—*Ham.* iv. 5.

"Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister . . . should die for ever."
—*M. M.* ii. 4.

"What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"I . . . to do you rest, a thousand deaths would die."—*Tw. N.* v. i.

"All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy."—*Wint. T.* iv. 3.

"Tis best that thou diest quickly."—*M. M.* jii. 1.

"I consent with *Cæsar*, that the suddenest passage is easiest, and there is nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the quieted conscience, strengthened with opinion that we shall be well spoken of upon earth by those that are just, and of the family of virtue; the opposite whereof is a fury to a man, and makes even life unsweet."—*Post. Ess. of Death.* Compare the following extract from the same.

Jul. Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."
—*Jul. Cæs.* ii. 2.

Bru. "Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die we know: 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon."

Cass. "Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death."

Bru. "Grant that, and then is life a benefit :
*So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.*"—*Jul. Cæs.* iii. 1.

"Therefore, what is more heavy than evil fame deserv'd? Or likewise, who can see worse days that *he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation.*"—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

Macb. "Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had lived a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: *renown and grave is dead.*"

—*Macb.* ii. 3.

"I have liv'd long enough : my May of life
Is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
*As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have ;* but in their stead
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

—*Macb.* v. 3.

"Defend your *reputation* or bid farewell to your *good life* for ever."
—*Mer. Wiv.* iii. 3.

"Thy *death-bed* is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest *in reputation sick.*"—*Rich. II.* ii. 1.

"With a noble fury, and fair spirit
Seeing his *reputation touch'd to death*
He did oppose his foe."—*Tim. Ath.* iii. 5.

"Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O ! *I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself,* and what remains is bestial ! My reputation, Iago, my reputation !" —*Oth.* ii. 3.

"We have seen the best of our time, machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves."
—*Lear* i. 2.

"Whilst I am, my ambition is not to fore-flow the tide; I have but so to make my interest of it as I may account for it ; I desire nothing

but might better my days, nor desire any greater place than *the front of good opinion*. I make not love to the continuance of good days, but to the goodness of them; nor wish to die but refer myself to my hour which *the great Dispenser of all things* hath appointed me."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Thus ready for the way of life or death I wait the sharpest blow."
—*Per. i. 1.*

"I am resolved for death or dignity."—2 *Hen. VI. v. 2.*

"You are all resolved rather to die? . . . Resolved, resolved."
—*Cor. i. 1.*

"*Opinion* that did help me to the crown."—1 *Hen. IV. iii. 1.*

"I have bought golden *opinions* from all sorts of people," &c.
—*Macb. i. 7.*

"O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch . . .
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be."
—2 *Hen. VI. iii. 3.*

"Such are my hopes that *if heaven be pleased, and nature renew but my lease for twenty-one years more*, without asking longer days, I shall be strong enough to acknowledge without mourning, that I was begotten mortal."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"*If I could have a lease of my life for a thousand years*, I could stay no longer."—2 *Hen. IV. iv. 10.*

"Macbeth shall *live the lease of Nature*, pay his breath to time and mortal custom."—*Macb. iv. 1.*

"Some consequence . . . shall begin his fearful date
With this night's revels: and *expire the term*
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death."—*Rom. Jul. i. 4.*

"*As long a term as we have yet to live.*"—*Cymb. i. 2.*

"Tut, tut, . . . food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, *mortal men, mortal men.*"—1 *Hen. IV. iv. 2.*

"He is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, *we are all mortal.*"—*Much Ado, i. 1.*

"The swords that make such waste in brief mortality."
—*Hen. V. i. 2.*

"What dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"As mortal as an old man's life."—*Ham.* iv. 5.

"The night was even now: but that name is lost; *it is not now late, but early.* Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of *perpetual rest.*"

"Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-bye . . .
Is she not down so late or up so early."

—*Rom. Jul.* iii. 5.

"This odd-even and dull watch o' the night."—*Oth.* i. 1.

"Bid you good-morrow . . . God ye good den. Is it good den? 'Tis no less . . . for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon."—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 4, and see *Of Night and Morning, Rom. Jul.* ii. 3, 1.

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye," &c.

—See *Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"To the *perpetual* wink for aye might
This ancient morsel."—*Temp.* ii. 1.

"So be my grave my peace."—*Lear* i. 1.

"I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"Gone! they went hence as soon as they were born," &c.

—*Cymb.* v. 4; comp. *Ante.*

"Men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither."

—*Lear* v. 2.

"Ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers . . . say that right for right,
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night."

—*Rich. III.* iv. 4.

"Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to fame and extinguisheth envy. "When dead, the same person shall be beloved."—*Ess. of Death.*

"*Extinctus amabitur idem.*"—*Promus*, 60.

"Duncan is in his grave:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"—*Macb.* iii. 2.

"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 typewriters) were engaged in deciphering in accordance with Dr. Owen's method. The "wheel" and the cipher method (key-words and their concordants) 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 referances 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.	<i>Fairy Queen</i> , vi., Canto ix., Stanza 22.	Line 14—16.	<i>The Tempest</i> , v. 1, 314—316.
„ 7—9.	<i>Rom. Jul.</i> , i. 1, 139—141.	„ 19.	Part 2. <i>Tamburlaine</i> , 1.
„ 10.	<i>The Tale of Troy</i> , p. 554.	„ 28.	<i>Tale of Troy</i> .
„ 11.	<i>Winter's Tale</i> , v. 1, 37.	„ 21.	<i>Hen. VIII.</i> i. 4, 67.
„ 12.	2 <i>Hen. IV.</i> iii. 1, 18.	„ 22.	<i>All's Well</i> , 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 Peleurs' 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 altering 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 Gorbambury. 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.

"Freenasons 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 and 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.

VOL. IV.—*New Series.* JULY, 1896.

No. 15.

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 VICCOMITIS 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 nda 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 Phoebias 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. Deucalionis 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 prisca 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 Camoencae 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 innumerable 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 Deac Picriae 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 translucant 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 Pleiades, 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 -Shakor = 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.

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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 prophetier," 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 Phoenix 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 Johnson 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 Camænae 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; Phoebus 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

* *Adv. 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 secrecy, 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 secrecy." *

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 forbear 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 "Vonetian-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 along 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 Cryptographia*," 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 *Dianna* 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 Phoenix 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 Pilius, *Hist. L. and D., Spcedding, Works*, v. 306.

nided 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."

*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 bedimning 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 Picrian 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 Seylla.
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 vested 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 enconiums, Thyself art the Singer full-toned, Thine own verses suffice for thy glory.
40. But though skillless 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 pon, 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 *deaf 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., 61.* ‡ (*Tomp. 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 general 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 oversensitiveness 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 pœsy, 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 (*Adv. 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 con-sorted, 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, quiety, 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 vizard, and by concealing his true being from the people?*" Was *Montaigne* then under a vizard? or was someone else, *as under a vizard*, 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 Plæbian name Shakspeare 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 flies 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 of 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 reconcilite 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 Encyclopædia, 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 virtue, custom, habit, seuse; 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 VIII.*, 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 VIII.* 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 counter-points 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 Shakspeare," 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 deficient represents 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 Polixenes 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 Shakspeare's mistress, Prof. Dowden, L.L.D., says, "She was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced," etc.; "to her fascination Shakspeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakspeare's friend, and won him," etc. And Chamber's *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, says, "When we find him (Shakspeare) 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 Shakspeare."

The author of Shakspeare (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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare’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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare on this side idolatry as much as any, but the author of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, which made Charles Dickens "tremble every day lest something should come up."

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

"Call noble Shakspeare 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 new 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 Prophecies."

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 Twickenham 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 reconciliation 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 sun 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 comelic 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 outdoe 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
Thrice 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'er thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb . . .
And when more spreading titles are forgot
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth rot;
Thou wrap't and shrin'd in thine own sheets will lie,
A relic fam'd by all posterity."—*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? *Dilst 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 *Ducedame*. 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 *Thebail* 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 XIII^s."

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."—*Are*. 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. -

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."

BACONIANA.

Vol. IV.—*New Series.* OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 16.

“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 Honoratissime Domini Francisci, Baronis de Verulamis, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani sacrum.* Londini in Officina. Joh. Havi-land, 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 Phoebus, 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 Verulamiani*, 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 Shakspeare*; 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, 1866.

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 Bour'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.*" *Blackbourn'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 luxuriam fori.
- 5 A themide libra nec geratur pensilis,
Sed urna, praegravis urna Verulamii;
Expendat. Eheu! *Ephorus* laud lancem premit,
Sed *Areopagus*; nec minor tantus *sophos*,
Quam Porticus braccata. Nam vester, Scholæ,
- 10 Gemiscit axis, tanta dum moles ruit;
Orbis solutus cardo litterarii,
Ubi studio colluit togam and trabeam pari.
Qualis per umbras ditis *Eurydice* vagans,
Palpare gestiet *Orpheum*, quali *Orpheus*,
- 15 Saliente tandem, vix prius crisper, Styge,
Alite fibras lyrae titillavit manu;
Talis plicata philologon aenigmatis,
Petiit Baconum vindicem, tali manu,
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia;
- 20 Humique soccis repitantem comicis,
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine,
Sarsit, sed Instauravit, Hinc politius,
Surgit cothurno celsiore, and *Organo*,
Stagirita virbius reviviscit *Novo*.

- 25 *Calpon* superbo *Abylanque* vincit remige,
Phæbi Columbus, artibus novis novum,
 Daturus orbem ; promovet conanima ;
 Juvenilis ardor, usque ad invidiam trucem,
 Fati minacis. Quis senex, vel *Hannibal*,
- 30 Oculi superstitis timens caliginem,
 Signis suburram ventilat victricibus,
 Quis *Milo* inultus quercubus bilem movet,
 Senecta tauro gibba cum gravior premit ?
 Dum noster heros traderet scientias,
- 35 A Eternitati, prorsus expeditior ;
 Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex,
 Placida videtur ecstasis speculatio,
 Qua mens tueri volucris ideas boni,
 In lacteos properat *Olympi* tramites ;
- 40 His immoratur sedibus domestica,
 Peregrina propriis. Redit. Joculariter,
 Fugax vagatur rursus, and rursus redit ;
 Furtiva tandem serio, se subtrahit,
 Totam ; gementi, morbido, cadaveri,
- 45 Sic desuescit anima : sic jubet mori.
 Agite lugubres musæ, and a *Libani* jugis,
 Cumulate thura. Sidus in pyram illius,
 Scintillet omne ; scelus sit accendi rogun,
 Rogum *Prometheo*, culinari foco.
- 50 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 ;
- 55 Evchere felix anima, *Jacobum* pete ;
 Ostende and illuc civicam fidem sequi.
 E tripode juris, dictites oracula,
Themidos alumnis. Sic beati coelites,
 Astræa pristino fruatur vindice,
- 60 Vel cum *BACONO* rursus *Astræam* date.

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 Arcopagus;⁵ nor is so great a sage inferior to

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

¹ Lines 1—3.—These onigmatical 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 waight, but measure for measure*." *Urna* in its secondary meaning = *measure*.]

⁴ 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*, *lanxem*, a dish (of the scale) we take *lancea*, *lanxem*, 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

⁶ Lines 8, 9.—Who are the brocch'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 those 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 Tragedy*), 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 earl,¹² be he even a Hannibal fearing the darkness for his sole remaining eye, disturbs the sands with his conquering standards?

What Milo¹³ unavenged moves our wrath against the (pitiless) oaks, when crook-backt old age presses heavier than a bull?

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

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

¹¹Line 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?]

¹²Lines 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 adhered 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 soldiers.]

¹³Lines 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 tomb¹⁴ is understood to be less encumbered (for the flight to heaven from the grave).

His speculation appears to be a calm form of ecstasy (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 hies¹² her home. At length, with deliberate stealth, she withdraws herself entirely (from the world); so doth the soul renounce her companionship¹⁵ 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

ondeavoured 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 lxx., 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 Poosy.]

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 odoriferous flowers of fancy*, the jerks of invention."

* Mont. Ess. iii., chap. ii., p. 33. † *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 ombrâ 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 quequo magis sint terram sidera proptor,
Tanto posse minus cum cæli turbine ferri ;
Evanesco enim rapidas illius, et aoreis,
Imminui subter, vireis ; 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 "Boccaccio'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, Guereute, 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 Gorbambury. 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 troncle, new losengo"—"The loth stake standeth long"—"Itch and caso 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 botter 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 sogá 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 reverso,"† &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 Boccaccio 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:—

<i>Bacon.</i>	<i>Montaigne.</i>
1 Of truth. 6 Simulation and Dis- simulation	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 Grontness 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.

<i>Bacon.</i>	<i>Montaigne.</i>
27 Of Friendship	Of Friendship, I. xxvii.
23 Of Expense	Of Sumptuary Laws, I. xliii,
32 Of Discourse (see also <i>Notes for Civil Conversation</i>)	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 Negotiating	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 harmonize 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 obligation 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 incommmodity 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 analogous 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-inspection 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	Castiglione, Balthasar	Galicu
Æmilius Paulus	Cato	Gaza
Æschylus	Catullus	Gellius, Aulius
Æsop	Chilo	Georgius Trapezuntius
Alemæon	Chrysippus	Gregory XIII.
Amadis of Gaul	Cicero	Gregory of Tours
Amyot, Jacques	Claudianus	Grotius
Anacharsis	Claudius	Grouchy, Mich.
Anacreon	Cleantes	Guarente, William
Anaximenes	Cleomenes	Guevara
Anaximander	Cleon	Guicciardini
Antisthenes	Colotes	Hebraus (or Leo)
Apollodorus	Comines, Philip de	Hegesias
Appian	Cornelius Gallus	Heliodorus
Arcosilaus	" Sec Nepos	Heracleon
Archimedes	Cromer, Martin	Heraclides
Ariosto	Curtius, Quintus	Heraclitus
Aquinas	Dampmartin	Herodotus
Aristippus	Dante	Hesiod
Aristo	D'Aubigny	Hilary
Aristophanes	Demetrius Phalereus	Hippias
Aristotle	Democritus	Hobbes
Arrian	Demosthenes	Homer
Asclepiades	Denisot	Horace
Athenæus	Didymus	Iscalin
Aurelius Victor	Diodorus Sicculus	Iscolas
Bacon	Diogenes, Apolloniatus	Isocrates
Balbus (Stoic)	" Cynic	Jerome, St.
Bartolus	Dion	Joachim
Bayle	Dionysius	Johannes
Bellay, Du	Disgoras	" Secundus
Bembo	Empidocles	Joinville
Beza	Ennius	Josephus
Bion	Epicharmus	Justus Lipsius
Boccacio	Epictetus	Juvenal
Bodin, Jean	Equicola	La Boetie
Boetic, Estienne de la	Erasistratus	La Brobis
Brantôme	Erasmus	La Bruyère
Buchanan, George	Euripides	La Rochefoucauld
Cæsar, Julius	Eusebius	Lactantius
Calopin	Fabricius	Laertius
Calpurnius	Ficinus	Langoy, Quillmæ
Calvisius Sabinus	Foix	Leo, Emperor
Carnoades	Froissart	Livy

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

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
If t 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 Shakspeare.”

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 “Honorificabilitudinilatibus,” 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 deficiencies 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, 1805.

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 biliteral 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.

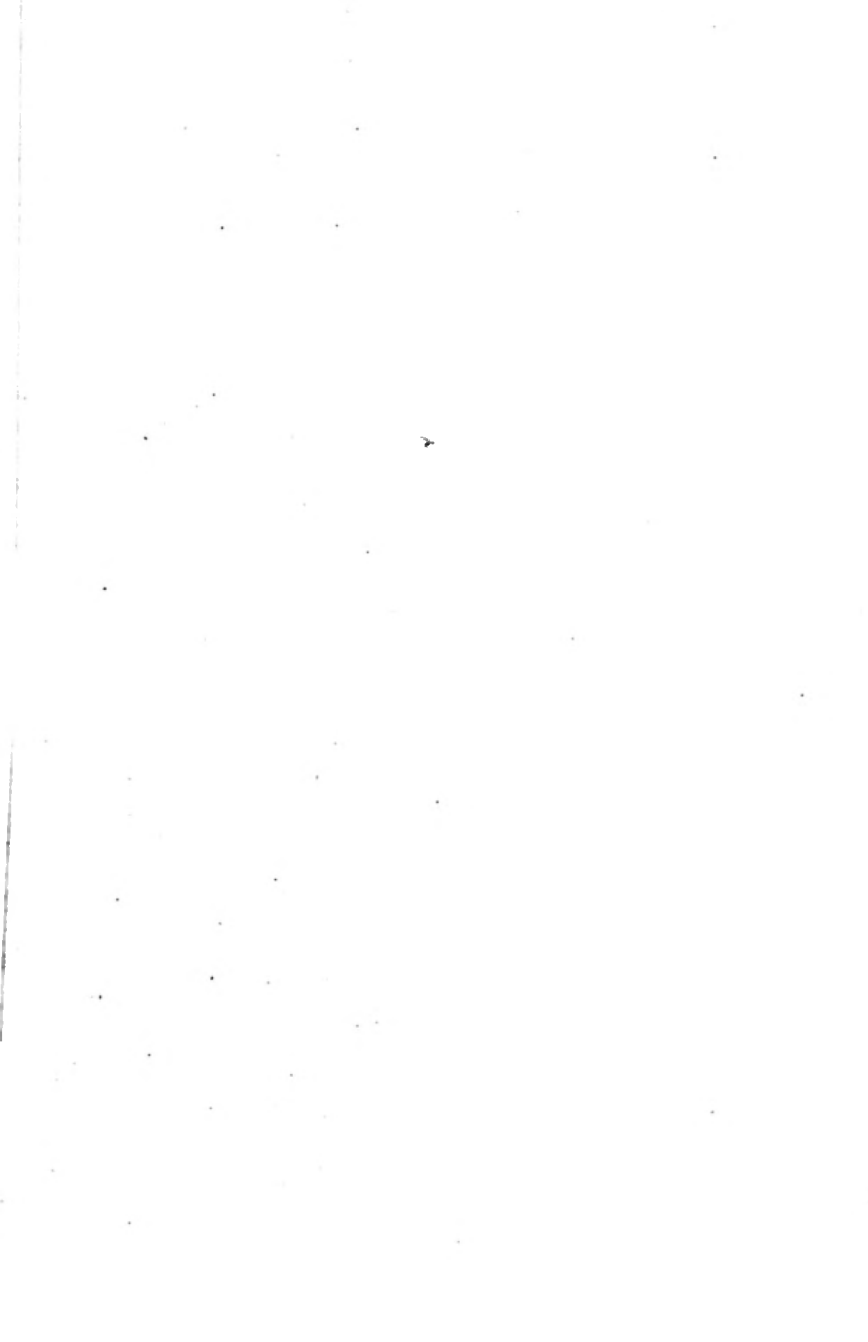
81. C - J -
August 1896.

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 hoavy," "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 now 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 sibilants, 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) **Pleonasm, or Analogues.** Apparently with the object of introducing a new or little known word. "Fears and apprehensions," "fortitudo 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, Peete, &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. Millet'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 convey 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 unmistakably 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 Augustis* (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 from 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*.
- • • • •
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:—

" • • • 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.

• • • • •
 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,
Chaffing 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 Achæans. Phœbus deigned to send
A favouring breeze; at once they reared the mast

And oponed 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,
 Non 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.

Meanwhile the son of Pæleus, divine Achilles light,
 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 Arragou," Act iv.	<i>Greene.</i>
6.	"The Faerie Queene," Bk. vi., c. ix. 22.	<i>Spenser.</i>
7—9.	"Romeo and Juliet," i. 1.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
10.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	<i>Peele.</i>
11.	"The Winter's Tale," v. 1.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
12.	"Henry IV.," Part 2, iii. 1.	"
13.	"Orlando Furioso," p. 111.	<i>Greene.</i>
14—16.	"The Tempest," v. 1, 15—17.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
	* * * *	*
17.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	<i>Peele.</i>
18.	"Virgil's Gnat," St. ii.	<i>Spenser.</i>
19.	"Tamburlaine," Part 2, iv. 1.	<i>Marlowe.</i>
20.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 555.	<i>Peele.</i>
21.	"Henry VIII.," i. 4.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
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. Pott.



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. Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Gg Hh
2. αα ββ γγ δδ εε ζζ ηη.

Ji Ll Mm Oo Pp Rr Ss It Ww
Ji Ll Mm Oo Pp Rr Ss It Ww

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."



