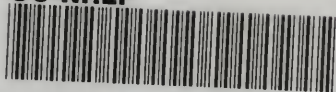


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BACON'S SECRET
DISCLOSED IN
CONTEMPORARY BOOKS

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM



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BACON'S SECRET DISCLOSED IN
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GRAVEUR, le papier de ce liure
Où BACON a peint son sceauoir,
Aura sur le temps ce pouuoir,
Qu'il durera plus que ton cuire.

Crisp van

Pos Jun. Feit.

This portrait of Bacon is reproduced from
'Les Oeuvres Morales et Politiques de Messire
Francois Bacon.' De la version de J. Baudoin
Paris, 1633.

MACON'S SECRET DISCLOSED
IN CONTEMPORARY BOOKS

BY

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM



LONDON

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PREFACE

THE great interest that has grown up in recent years in the life and work of Francis Bacon induced me to collect early editions of his books, and of books that have a bearing on him and on his life. Reading these and comparing them has brought out many curious facts, and has suggested or compelled many still more curious inferences, while numberless questions that press for answers have sprung up. From reading and annotating the step to publishing is not a long one, though it is one often taken with great hesitation. But the facts that I have been able to gather together have convinced me that there is a real mystery and a carefully-veiled secret about the life of Francis Bacon. The uncovering of all this has proved an absorbing pastime for myself, and to those who are interested in this question the windings of the trails I have been following will, I hope, prove also attractive and stimulat-

ing. This is what has led to the production of the present little book, which, small though it is, represents the search and thinking out of some years.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

37, CRAVEN HILL GARDENS, W.,

August 1, 1911.

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INTRODUCTION

IT is perhaps well that I should set down very briefly Bacon's orthodox Life, as one may call it—that is, his life as generally recorded and accepted ; and also his cipher Life—that is, his life as recorded in the records in cipher that he has left behind him.

The following—very briefly—is a sketch of his orthodox Life :

He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and Lady Anne Bacon, his wife, born at ' York House, or York Place, in the Strand ' (as William Rawley says in his ' Life of Bacon,' in the ' Resuscitatio ' of 1657), on January 22, 1560.* The registration of his baptism, on the 25th day of the same

* January, 1560, in the Elizabethan age would be 1561 according to modern ways of counting. In Elizabeth's time New Year's Day was on March 25, so that 1561 would not commence until that day; but, of course, according to the modern system, it would begin on January 1.

month, may be seen in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which stands near by the ancient site of York House 'in the Strand.' He very early showed wonderful traits, and, owing to the position that his father and mother held about the Court of Queen Elizabeth, was in his childish days much in evidence at Court, and at a very early age taken notice of by the Queen, who was amused at his precocity, and named him her 'little Lord Keeper.' At the time he was born the Queen was about twenty-eight years of age, and had been on the throne a little over two years—*i.e.*, since November 17, 1558.

Bacon was sent to Cambridge University in 1573, when he was little over twelve years of age. He was there for four years, and left without taking a degree. His tutor was the celebrated Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop. When he left, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to Paris to reside with the English Ambassador there, Sir Amyas Paulet. He was there for two years, until the death of his father in 1579. It was found that no provision had been made by Sir Nicholas in his will for his youngest son Francis, though it was said that he had fully intended doing so, and had set apart a sum of money for this purpose. Rawley does not give any definite date for Francis's return

to England, though he does not mention his having been elsewhere than at Paris with Sir Amyas Paulet, and his two years' sojourn there is assumed to be the extent of his residence abroad.

‘Being returned from travel,’ as Rawley says, he devoted himself to the study of the common law. He continued to be much about the Queen, and advised her on all matters, and was, indeed, appointed Queen’s Counsel Learned Extraordinary—an honorary appointment which apparently carried no salary with it. He ‘stood at a stay’ during Elizabeth’s lifetime, and never received from her any public appointment or honour, his only emolument being the reversion of the Register’s Office in the Star Chamber, worth £1,600 per annum, and into this he did not come for twenty years. He was Member of Parliament for some time, but that was the only public position he occupied during Elizabeth’s lifetime. When she died, in 1603, Bacon was forty-two years of age—that is to say, the best years of his life had passed; he had traversed that period in which the products of genius would have been expected to be most evident, and, so far as the world knew, all that had come from him was a small volume of Essays and a work with at least a somewhat portentous title, ‘Partus Maximus Temporis’ (‘The Greatest

Birth of Time'), which has not, however, survived to enlighten posterity. At the death of Queen Elizabeth Bacon's pen had given but little to the world, so far as the world knew.

With the coming of King James in 1603 his worldly position improved. He was knighted; he was made Attorney-General; and by 1619 had reached the great position of Lord Chancellor. Then came, in 1621, his fall, charged as he was with taking bribes. It is difficult to say to what extent, if any, he was personally corrupt, or whether his crime consisted in having servants about him who bled the public in his name, but, at any rate, he suffered under the charges brought against him, and was removed from his high position. He obtained the King's pardon, though the pardon of such a King could not do much to rehabilitate the damaged character of such a man, and was summoned to the first Parliament that sat after the King's death in 1625.

On April 9, 1626 (Easter Sunday), Bacon departed this life. He is said to have died at the house of Lord Arundel in Highgate, after a short illness, caused, in the first instance, by making experiments with stuffing a fowl with snow. Though he was ill—and at so short a distance from London—for some days, it seems that none of his

friends or retainers were with him on the occasion. The faithful Rawley apparently was absent, so, too, was his reverential admirer, Ben Jonson, who has given us such a pæan of praise of my Lord Bacon in his 'Discoveries'—at least, neither of them says anything of Bacon's last hours, and had either been present on that sad occasion, it seems almost certain that we should have received some account of the event. There is one last letter, written at dictation, addressed to my Lord Arundel, when Bacon's hand was too weak to hold the pen to sign his name, as he tells us; and then there is no more. The silence of Rawley is tantalizing, for surely there was something he could have told us of that last scene; but, as far as we know, Bacon was alone and unattended on that Easter Sunday when he passed away to his new life.

He was buried in St. Michael's Church, that is said to stand on the site of the Roman Temple that belonged to the Roman city of Verulamium at St. Albans. A most beautiful monument—Bacon himself seated in a chair, asleep—was erected to him in this church after a few years by his friend, Sir Thomas Meautys.

During King James's reign Bacon brought out many works of philosophy and history, and though

almost worshipping friend wrote an eulogy it was amongst the better ones that Mr. Rawley reserved for a future publication.

of obituary and eulogical accounts for his silence about Bacon and many of his contemporaries in Elizabethan literature. Even his devoted scholar, Mr. Rawley, did not write his life after Bacon's death—where feelings

he was trammelled by the cares of public office he seems never to have ceased for a moment to work at the great scheme of philosophy that he had set before him. In 1605 appeared the 'Two Books of the Advancement of Learning,' followed by the 'Wisdom of the Ancients,' the 'History of Life and Death,' the 'Novum Organum' (1620), 'History of Henry VII.' (1622), 'De Augmentis Scientiarum' (1623), 'Sylva Sylvarum' (first published in 1628), with many minor pieces. He, who up to the age of forty-two produced scarcely anything, between the ages of forty-two and sixty-five gave forth all these brilliant and massive works, while at the same time strenuously employed in the affairs of the nation. This is one among the many curious aspects of Bacon's life.

Bacon's cipher Life differs widely from the foregoing.

He was born probably about the date Rawley gives—January 22, 1561—the offspring of the secret marriage of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. This marriage had taken place some time about September, 1560, immediately after the mysterious and sudden death of Dudley's wife—the beautiful Amy Robsart. Her death occurred at Connor, near Oxford, and

was so suspicious that it was made the subject of inquiry, and there were not wanting those who said it had been contrived by Dudley in order that he might marry the Queen, even as his brother had married that unfortunate Queen, the Lady Jane Grey.

The time of this marriage was only some four months before the birth of the child Francis. The Queen 'sequestered' herself for this birth, and was attended by Lady Anne Bacon, the wife of Sir Nicholas. When the child was born it was at once taken in charge by Lady Anne, and was conveyed to her residence, York House, in the Strand. Here Lady Anne was herself brought to bed of a child that was stillborn, but this circumstance enabled her the more easily to pass off the Queen's child as her own. It was baptized at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, under the name of Francis, on January 25, and was thereafter brought up as the son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Anne Bacon.

Rawley, in his account of Bacon's birth in the *Life* before alluded to, is ambiguous—and I believe quite intentionally ambiguous—about the place where it took place. Of course I believe that Rawley knew all about Bacon's story, and when he wrote his 'Life' in 1657 for the 'Resuscitatio,' there were many ambiguities thrown in, and

here and there facts cleverly inserted. When he says that Bacon was born in 'York House, or York Place, in the Strand,' he makes a statement that would induce one to believe that 'York House' and 'York Place' were different names for the same locality. They were not: 'York House' was a well-known house in the Strand; 'York Place' was the old name for Whitehall, the Royal Palace in which Queen Elizabeth resided. This is clearly brought out in the play, 'King Henry VIII.,' Act iv. Scene i., in the following dialogue describing the return of Anne Boleyn to the Palace after her Coronation:

Third Gent. . . . So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that's past;
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and called Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
Is fresh about me.

So that Rawley, in his frankly ambiguous way, plainly intimates that Bacon might have been born in Whitehall, the Queen's Palace,

Apparently from the cipher story two ceremonies

These things in Rawley's biographical sketch and in the play are most significant! This book, both by its title and

of marriage—or one, a quasi-marriage, the other a real marriage—were gone through between Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. The first took place in the Tower in 1554, when the Princess Elizabeth and Dudley were both in confinement there. There had been a very ugly scandal about Elizabeth and Sir Thomas Seymour, who was her gaoler, at which Queen Mary had been greatly incensed. The ceremony, at this time between Elizabeth and Dudley as mentioned by the cipher, could have been of no legal value, for Dudley's wife was then alive. The next ceremony that took place was a secret marriage in the presence of witnesses, one being Sir William Pickering. This was some time in September, 1560, after the death of Robert Dudley's wife, when of course the ceremony could be legally and properly performed.

Bacon's childhood and boyhood passed as previously told. One day, when he was about sixteen years of age, and when he was present at Court, a remark dropped by a 'silly maid'—a remark that showed there had been Court gossip about the lad Francis Bacon—came to Elizabeth's ears, and there was a terrible scene. But the remark gave Bacon a hint of the secret concerning him. He went home to Lady Anne Bacon and

by its contents is a most important contribution to the Baconian demonstration. It has not only cleared up his facts and its title

got from her the truth. His position was acknowledged by the Queen. At the same time he was sent off to Paris to be with Sir Amyas Paulet, the Ambassador to the French Court, as no doubt it was considered best that he should be out of the way at this juncture. It was when here that he fell in love—boy though he was—with Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henry of Navarre, he who was afterwards Henry IV. of France ; and full of the greatness and splendour of the position in the world which he had recently discovered to be his, he conceived the idea of arranging a divorce between Marguerite and her husband and marrying her himself—a sufficiently crazy project even for a love-lorn youth, as Marguerite was nine years his senior, and in many ways unsuitable. Nevertheless, he came to see his mother, Queen Elizabeth, on the subject, and returned to Paris with but scant comfort ; but his love for Marguerite was the overmastering passion of his life, and dominated his mind for many years.

His wonderful genius and his amazing versatility soon found for themselves an outlet : very early he began writing poems and plays. His first composition appeared anonymously, but soon he adopted the plan of using other men's names as his masques under which to publish. As the future

King it is evident he could not be suspected, even, of writing plays for the theatre. Very early, too, he adopted the plan of weaving into the books he wrote and published the wonderful story of his birth and great destiny; and very early, too, the splendour of this story began to be dimmed by the misery caused by the non-recognition of his birth-right. The Queen delayed and postponed from day to day. And yet through it all he continued to write and to pour out the most splendid literature the world has ever known. 'Who hath filled up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd or prefer'd either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,' to quote Ben Jonson's praise of him. The masques under which he wrote were Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlow, and Shakespeare, with minor names less frequently used, and many books anonymously produced.

This work went on to the very end of his life, and at his departure in 1626 many works were left unpublished. The production of the great 1623 folio, in which he gathered up and revived the best of the so-called Shakespeare plays, and coolly produced a number of new plays under that masque, though the 'masque' had been dead for seven years, was the great work about which he

busied himself after his fall, and when he had leisure on his hands.

This, in brief, is the cipher story of Bacon's life. Are there any corroborations of it to be found in contemporary books?

BACON'S SECRET DISCLOSED IN CONTEMPORARY BOOKS

CHAPTER I

LORD BACON'S CIPHER

‘THE great cause of his [Lord Bacon’s] suffering is, to some, a secret. I leave them to find it out, by his words to King James. “I wish [said he] that as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your Times.”’

Thus wrote Archbishop Tenison in his ‘Account of all the Lord Bacon’s Works,’ published in 1679 with ‘Baconiana.’ The remark is highly interesting, and shows that there *was* some secret and great cause of suffering, which, though unknown to some, was known to others, and among those others Tenison himself. That we, to whom it is unknown, should be left to find it out by the cryptic speech to King James above quoted, is

extremely tantalizing. What was the cause of his suffering? Tenison says no more, but leaves us with this dark hint. What was his secret? So completely has it been kept a secret throughout these many long years that men have forgotten that there was any secret, and have ceased to wonder about it or to trouble their heads with the matter. It is only in quite recent times that the veil has been lifted and men have been allowed to see what was the great cause of Lord Bacon's suffering, what was the great secret of his life. The marvellous tale, close hidden in the cipher which he himself wove into all his published books, and into many other books as well, tells us that he and Robert, Earl of Essex, were both sons of Queen Elizabeth by her lawful husband, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; that, though lawful, the marriage was secret, and was continuously kept secret; and the supreme misery of Bacon's life was caused by the hell of baffled hopes in which he lived.* His royal birth, though real and true,

* Compare Shakespeare, Sonnet CXIX.

‘What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks fowl as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!’

was unacknowledged ; the great position, though rightly his, was kept from him ; and between the hope of gaining his own, and the fear that the publication of his secret might lead to his instant destruction, lay the torture of his mind. The deciphered story shows this over and over again, and brings out in the clearest light what were Bacon's inmost and secret thoughts. And it is only through the deciphering of this story that the great cause of Bacon's suffering has been made known to the present generation. That which was in Tenison's time 'to some a secret' has been forgotten by all, and the knowledge of it only renewed by this recent lifting of the veil. Without the deciphered story nothing would ever have given any clue to the secret ; with it many of the dark and cryptic passages of Bacon's letters become intelligible, and his speech to King James becomes full of meaning.

The task that will be full of interest is to gather up the threads that are scattered in various places and see how much like to the cipher story the fabric is that can be made from them. But to do this completely would involve a very long and elaborate work. It is extraordinary to notice how carefully the secret has been guarded. Even Archbishop Tenison, writing so long after the events,

speaks of it with the utmost restraint. Why should he, more than fifty years after Bacon's death, hesitate to speak out and say what it was?—unless the secret were something that still affected those who were living, and was not merely personal to Bacon himself. Such would be the case if the cipher story of Elizabeth's marriage were true. Tenison evidently knew the secret: he did not wish to tell it, and yet he hoped, for some reason, that it would not remain hidden for ever. So he gives the hint contained in Bacon's speech to King James, trusting that that will put searchers on the track and bring everything to light in due course. He has failed of his purpose, for the hint has been quite disregarded these many years. Then consider the speech itself. How strange and mysterious to be made by a subject to his King. What did he mean by calling himself 'the first of sacrifices in your Times'? It is difficult to conceive what circumstances in his life would justify his using such an expression to his Sovereign, except the cipher story were true. Then, indeed, he would have full warrant to speak of himself to King James—and to the King more than to any other—as the first, or chief, of sacrifices.² And remember that Tenison puts this forward as offering the clue to his secret. It has nothing to do

the publication by Tenison. 2: But I think Bacon referred in the speech to the King to his own sacrifice in 1621 made at the King's command to save James's administration from the wrath of the English people. Bacon fore-saw the destruction of

with his fall and subsequent disgrace : this, doubtless, was a cause of much suffering during the last few years of his life, but it was public, and well known to all. The *secret* cause of his great suffering had to do with a sacrifice of himself that was known only to few. The Archbishop seems purposely to bring the King into the matter to indicate the King's connection with it.

In any Bacon research the chief matter to be investigated is his famous biliteral cipher, and the use he made of it. To understand any man and to properly appreciate his work, we must know who he was and what were the circumstances in which he lived. If his life was muffled up in some great secret, we cannot know the man unless we know the secret. Tenison of course knew about this cipher, and, I suspect, had deciphered it. Indeed, it would not surprise me to find that he himself has used it in his 'Account of all the Lord Bacon's Works.' What he says on the cipher is as follows :

'The fairest and most correct edition of this Book' ('The Advancement of Learning'), 'in Latine, is that in Folio, printed at London, Anno 1623. And whosoever would understand the Lord Bacon's Cipher, let him consult that accurate edition. For, in some other Editions which I have perused the form of the letters of the Alphabet, in

which much of the mysterie consisteth, is not observed. But the Roman and Italic shapes of them are confounded.*

It strikes one as curious that Tenison should draw such very marked attention to this 1623 edition. In the 1624 edition published in Paris—which has been deciphered by Mrs. Gallup, and the deciphering published—the explanation of the cipher, so far as making one understand how to use it goes, is quite as clear as in the 1623 edition. This also is the case with the first English version of the 1623 edition, put out by Gilbert Wats in 1640. Here, too, the explanation of the cipher is quite clear and complete; but Tenison is at pains to throw discredit upon this translation,† as though anxious to drive all inquirers to the 1623 edition. I do not know if Wats's book is as deficient as Tenison would lead one to think. It is the only translation that has been made; indeed, by some it is supposed—and apparently on very good grounds—to be instead of a translation, an English version, left by the Great Master himself. A consideration of Bacon's own remarks on the subject inclines one

* 'An Account of all the Lord Bacon's Works,' 1679, p. 27.

† *Ibid.*, p. 26.

to think that the 'De Augmentis' was originally composed by him in English. In his letter to Prince Charles, accompanying the gift of the book, he says :

'I send your Highness in all humbleness my book of "Advancement of Learning," translated into Latin, but so enlarged, as it may go for a new work. It is a book, I think, will live and be a citizen of the world, as English books are not.'

Again, in his letter to King James accompanying the presentation copy of the work, he repeats the statement :*

'It is a translation, but almost enlarged to a new work. I had good helps for the language.'

The enlargement that he refers to is from 'the two books of Sir Francis Bacon, of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human,' previously published in 1605.

But if, as he plainly says, this 'De Augmentis' was a translation into Latin, clearly there must have been an English version from which it was translated, and I strongly suspect that the 1640 edition brought out by Wats is this original English version. It is strange that so much mystification

* Birch, 'Letters of Lord Chancellor Bacon,' p. 351.

should go on about apparently so simple a matter as the translation of a book ; but this mystification is no new thing to come across in connection with Baconian literature, for mystery in that matter is the rule rather than the exception.

Tenison, in his ' Account of all the Lord Bacon's Works,' when dealing with this translation, says (p. 24) :

' Afterwards he enlargeth the Second of those Two Discourses ' (the 1605 edition of the ' Advancement ') ' which contained especially the above-said Partition, and divided the Matter into eight Books. And knowing that this work was desired beyond the seas, and being also aware that books written in a modern Language, which receiveth much change in a few years, were out of use, he caused that part of it which he had written in English to be translated into the Latin tongue by Mr. Herbert,* and some others, who were esteemed masters in the Roman eloquence.'

Then, on p. 26, in regard to the retranslation back into English, Tenison says :

' The whole of this book was rendered into English by Dr. Gilbert Wats of Oxford, and the Translation has been well received by many.'

* This was George Herbert, to whom Bacon subsequently dedicated his metrical versions of some of the Psalms.

It is this retranslation of Wats which, I believe, is the original English version composed by Bacon. Wats evidently had access to Bacon's manuscript, for in his English version he gives a long preface of Bacon's in English that has no counterpart at all in the Latin version. If he had access to Bacon's papers so as to get this, why not also the rest of the English manuscript. The whole question is curious and involved, and perhaps the most curious part is that neither Tenison, nor Wats, nor Rawley himself—who was always standing by, as it were, at the bringing out of any of these works—calls any attention to the fact of the appearance for the first time of this important preface, nor does any of them offer explanation of its non-appearance in Latin.

Rawley himself in 1638—only two years before the appearance of Wats's book—brought out a very important volume containing a large number of Bacon's works in Latin, and among them was the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum.' This apparently follows the 1623 edition; and here also there is no hint of the long and important preface—extending to thirty-five pages folio—that Wats's English version possesses. Rawley, as one of the custodians of Bacon's papers, must have known of this preface, and must indeed have put Wats in

possession of it, and yet there is no allusion to it, either to explain its omission in 1623-24 and 1638, nor why nor how it was reserved to be brought out with a translation of these books in 1640, fourteen years after Bacon's death.

There is also a translation of this work into French, 'made upon the motion of Marquis Fiat' (Tenison's 'Baconiana,' p. 27), that was first brought out about 1625 (apparently) and again in 1632. There is a letter of Bacon's ('Baconiana' pp. 201-202) to the Marquis Fiat, undated, but probably written about 1625, sending the last edition of his Essays, in which he alludes to the French translation of the 'Advancement of Learning.' It is notable that this French translation lacks the long preface that came out with the English translation, and it is also notable, I think, that these French versions came out so long before the English (in 1640). The explanations of the biliteral cipher are, of course, fully and completely given in the French editions as in the Latin and English.

With the English edition also appears a selection from the 'Manes Verulamiani,' first published separately in 1626.

I suspect there is something in the 1623 edition of the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' other than

'the form of the letters of the alphabet,' that makes Tenison anxious that it should be consulted by those who wish to understand the cipher; probably some important information *in* cipher. This edition seems to be rare and hard to find; but there are two copies of it in the British Museum Library. There is a small edition of the 'De Augmentis,' published at Leyden in 1645, and in this the explanation of the cipher is very difficult; indeed it would be impossible to comprehend it from this, as the biliteral character of the alphabet is hardly visible. It is interesting, however, to note that the examples explaining the cipher are given in ordinary printed italic letters: the examples in the former editions had all been given with script letters.

There is a book—quite a small volume—called 'Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger,' attributed to John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, and published anonymously in 1641, in which Bacon's biliteral cipher is fully set forth, and the use of it explained by examples. It is interesting to note, too, that there is an example given of a way of using the biliteral that Bacon himself did not propose, and the sentences used for exemplifying Bacon's method are different from those used in the 'Advancement of Learning.' Another small book

by John Falconer, styled 'The Art of Secret Information disclosed without a Key,' was published in 1685. This also treats of Bacon's biliteral cipher, explains how it can be used, and gives full examples.

All this goes to show that when these little books were published Bacon's biliteral cipher was fully appreciated and understood. And at a time when ciphers and secret writing were so much in use by all men, it is not hard to believe that this—the best of all ciphers—was actually used for the purpose for which it was designed. *Hear! hear!*

As showing how extensive was the use of ciphers, I may mention that among the papers of Mary, Queen of Scots, that were seized by Queen Elizabeth, were found about sixty kinds of ciphers ('History of Mary, Queen of Scotland,' Stranguage, 1624, p. 176).

It is interesting to trace the growth of this invention of Bacon's from its birth. The first mention of it occurs in the first issue of the 'Advancement of Learning,' which came out in 1605. This was published in English under the title, 'The Two Bookes of Sir Francis Bacon. Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Humane.' What he says about ciphers is as follows :

‘For Cyphers they are commonly in Letters or Alphabets, but may be in Words. The kindes of Cyphars (besides the simple cyphars with changes, and intermixtures of Nulles and Non-significants), are many according to the Nature or Rule of the infolding—Wheele Cyphars, Kay Cyphars, Doubles, etc. But the vertues of them whereby they are to bee preferred are three ; that they bee not laborious to write and reade ; that they bee impossible to decipher ; and in some cases, that they bee without suspicion. The highest degree whereof is to write *Omnia per omnia* ; which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion Quintuple at most, of the writing infoulding, to the writing infoulded, and no other restraints whatsoever. This Arte of CIPHERING hath for relative an Arte of Desciphering : by supposition unprofitable ; but as things are, of great use. For suppose that Cyphers were well managed there bee Multitudes of them which exclude the Discypherer. But in regarde of the rawnesses and unskillfullnesses of the handes through which they passe, the greatest Matter are many times carried in the weakest ciphers.

‘In the enumeration of these private and retyred Artes it may bee thought I seeke to make a great Muster Rowle of Sciences ; naming them for shew and ostentation, and to little other purpose. But let those which are skillfull in them judge whether I bring them onely for appearance, or whether in that which I speake of them (though in few Markes)

there bee not some seed of proficiencie. And this must bee remembered, that as there bee many of great account in their Country and Provinces, which when they come up to the Seate of the Estate are but of mean Ranke and scarcely regarded : so these Arts being here placed with the principall and supream Sciences, seeme petty things : yet to such as have chosen them to spend their labour's studies in them, they seeme great Matters.' *viz, Bacon*

This is the sum of all that he says. From this it would be impossible to understand the cipher or make anything but the baldest guess at what he meant by 'a proportion Quintuple at most, of the writing infolding, to the writing infoulded.' No one could with such directions as these, either construct the cipher or recognize it if he happened across it, or, less still, decipher it if it were placed before him. There is, in fact, merely a hint given that the highest degree of cipher can be attained with a quintuple proportion of the writing infolding to the writing infolded : but as to how this is done, there is no explanation at all. And yet in the subsequent paragraph Bacon apologizes for having mentioned these 'private' and 'retyred Artes' (though apology were not needed when he has not troubled one to follow any explanation), they being small affairs ; and then concludes by saying : ' Yet

to such as have chosen them to spend their labour's studies in them, 'they seeme great Matters.' Is not this a curious ending? The cipher is alluded to in the most veiled and restrained manner, with nothing but the merest hint of what it is. And yet this concluding sentence would suggest to one that he had chosen it to 'spend his labour's studies in it'—that is, to use it for infolding writing by it.*

This version of the 'Advancement of Learning' was reprinted on different occasions. Besides the edition of 1605 there is a copy of date 1629, and it came out again in 1633. But the full and large work in Latin was brought out in 1623, under the title of 'De Augmentis Scientiarum.' It was printed in that year in London by John Haviland. This is the book to which attention is specially directed by Tenison, as before said. In the following year—1624—it was brought out in Paris, also in Latin. It forms nine books of the great 'Instauratio' which Bacon had set himself about. In this 1623 edition, followed by the Paris 1624

* Cf. Shakespeare, Sonnet XLVIII. :

'How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my *jewels* trifles are,' etc.

edition, the famous biliteral cipher is for the first time clearly set out, and the use of it explained by examples. It is most plainly and thoroughly done, so that anyone with but little trouble can understand it. As I have said before, Tenison directs special attention to this 1623 edition, but, so far as one can see, the explanation is equally clear in the 1624 book. Bacon departed this life in 1626, and this cipher of his remained in its Latin dress. Rawley republished it in 1638 in his 'Baconi Opera Moralia et Civilia,' but it was not until 1640 that Gilbert Wats brought out the English version, with the cipher fully illustrated and explained in English.* Wats's book was printed at Oxford by Leon-Lichfield under the title 'Of the Advancement and Proficiency of Learning of the Partitions of Sciences IX Bookes.' The part referring to the biliteral cipher and the explanation of it is very clear, and it is interesting to note how it is an expansion of the ideas set out in the smaller 1605 work. Bacon says :

'Wherefore let us come to Cyphars. Their kinds are many, as Cyphars simple, Cyphars intermixt with Nulloses, or more significant characters ; Cyphars of double letters under one character :

* Book VI., Chap. I., p. 264. Edition 1640.

Wheele-Cyphars : Kay-Cyphars : Cyphars of words : Others. But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferr'd are three: That they be ready, and not laborious to write: that they be sure, and lie not open to Deciphering: and lastly if it be possible, that they may be managed without suspition. For if Letters Missive fall into their hands, that have some command and authority over those that write: or over those to whom they were written: though the Cyphar itself be sure and impossible to be decypher'd, Yet the matter is liable to examination and question: unless the cypher be such as may be voide of all suspition or may elude all examination. As for the shifting off examination, there is ready prepared a new and profitable invention to this purpose; which seeing it easily procured, to what end should we report it as Deficient. The invention is this: That you have two sorts of Alphabets, one of true letters, the other of Non significant, and that you likewise fould up two Letters: one which may carrie the secret, another such as is probable the Writer might send yet without perill. Now if the messenger be strictly examined concerning the Cypher let him present the Alphabet of Non significant for true letters, but the Alphabet of true letters for Non significant: by this Art the examiner falling upon the exterior letter and finding it probable shall suspect nothing of the interior letter. But that jealousies may be taken away, we will annexe

another invention, which, in truth, we devised in our youth when we were at Paris : and is a thing that yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost. It containeth the highest degree of Cypher, which is to signify *Omnia per omnia*, yet so as the writing infolding may beare a quintuple proportion to the writing infolded : no other condition or restriction whatsoever is required. It shall be performed thus : First let all the letters of the Alphabet by transposition be resolved into two Letters only ; for the transposition of two letters by five placings will be sufficient for 32 differences, much more for 24 which is the number of the Alphabet. The example of such an Alphabet is on this wise.

Here follow the full and complete examples of the biliteral cipher,* showing how to use it. The letters employed for the purpose are script, not type. To have used the italic type in the examples, similar to that used in the printing of his books would—Bacon doubtless thought—have been a little too clear and plain, and would have led to the deciphering too readily. For had the infolded tale been deciphered during his lifetime, his life would not have been worth a minute's purchase. But it is interesting to note, as I pointed out before, that in 1645 there was brought

* See Appendix for facsimile reproduction of the cipher explanation from 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' 1623.

out an edition at Leyden, in which the examples were given in the ordinary printed italic letters. In this, however, the differences between the two founts of italic type used are so extraordinarily minute that it is almost impossible to detect them. I believe there are two founts used, but they are marvellously similar. But this 1645 edition marks a distinct step in advance. For the first time it is ventured to make the explanation of the cipher with the ordinary printed letters, though it is done with extreme caution. It is as though those bringing out the various editions were beginning to fear that the whole thing was too carefully hidden, and was in danger of never being discovered. First there are the 1623 and 1624 editions in Latin, with the cipher letters in script : these are extant for some years, and no one's attention is drawn to the deciphering of the hidden story. Then Bacon departed this life's stage on the date given by Rawley, April 9, 1626. In 1638 Rawley ventures to bring out the 'De Augmentis' again, still in Latin, with the cipher letters in script, but it is issued in a volume with the 'History of Henry VII.,' 'New Atlantis,' 'History of Winds,' 'History of Life and Death,' and other pieces, all in Latin under the title of 'Opera Moralia et Civilia,' in the hope,

perhaps, that in company with these other pieces attention may be drawn to it. But still no one takes any notice of it. Then in 1640 a bold step is taken: the English version is brought out by Wats; but even still caution is observed, and the book is published in Oxford, perhaps with the notion of not attracting *too* much attention, and it is brought out as a translation, the idea possibly being that, if it were announced as the English version of the 1623 original, the attention of the world of letters would be too strongly directed to it. The letters of the cipher explanation are still in script. In the following year, 1641, John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, brought out (anonymously) his 'Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger,' in which Bacon's cipher is fully explained, and examples of its use given that differ from those presented in the 'De Augmentis.' The letters used are still script and not type. But even after these two publications in English, there seem to have been no minds quick enough to seize upon and follow up the hints thrown out; or possibly there were none sufficiently interested in the subject to concentrate their thoughts upon it; at any rate the cipher story remained uninvestigated. ^ Those who had the secret in keeping were now becoming alive to the fact that it was

and English version in 1640 retained their letters but not the letters themselves.

X.S.

so well hidden there was danger of its never being discovered. For some reason they were prevented from openly disclosing it ; it must be discovered by others. So in 1645 they resolved upon publishing the 'De Augustis,' with the cipher explanations given by printed italic letters—not by script as formerly. But great care had to be used, and the book was published at Leyden in Latin, doubtless for the purpose of avoiding too great notice, and to leave a door of escape open to those, still living, who might be implicated by the cipher story if published, by saying that the whole thing was a fraud of the Leyden printers. But even after the publication of this Leyden edition there is no evidence that anyone, outside the small circle of the initiated, became acquainted with the cipher mystery or endeavoured to unravel it. There is another edition of the 'De Augustis,' published in Latin, at Amsterdam in 1662, and in this cipher explanations are also made in the same type as used in the body of the work ; but with differences of type that are tantalizingly minute.

In 1679 Archbishop Tenison published his 'Account of Lord Bacon's Works,' and in the passage that I have quoted draws attention to the cipher as put forth in the 1623 edition, being the first book in which it appeared. And from that

time until recent years, when Mrs. Pott and Mrs. Gallup first published their decipherings from various books, no attention has been directed to it ; and never, until the work of these ladies appeared, has any deciphering of Bacon's work been made public.

I think it is due to Mrs. Pott—who has done so much, and so much more than others, to let in the light upon the hidden places of Bacon's life—to remember that she was among the first to decipher the message that Bacon has left secreted in his many books. It is a great achievement, and one much to be proud of, and it is to be regretted that others interested in this question do not take up a work that yields such valuable results. The difficulties of deciphering are enormous, and the patience required almost infinite, yet the work should be done. It was in 'Baconiana' for September, 1899, that Mrs. Pott published her deciphering of short passages from various books, some of which had, on the faces of them, little connection with Bacon ; and I fancy that Mrs. Pott had deciphered a good deal more than is there given forth. To verify the cipher, in the sense of oneself deciphering, is a most difficult matter, for the work of deciphering needs boundless perseverance and the keenest eyesight ; but, as I said before, it

is much to be regretted that those with fitness for the work do not take part in it, for the discoveries to be made are of the profoundest interest.

I think there can be no doubt that the various publications of the cipher show a development that is very significant. Doubtless the fear those had who were privy to it was that, if it were discovered, and the tale laid bare during their lifetimes, they might be involved in dire punishment. This would inculcate careful hiding. On the other hand, if too carefully hidden, it might never be discovered, and all the labour—the enormous labour—of infolding the secret story quite wasted. And this is the fate that has nearly overtaken it. As the years slipped away after Bacon's death, interest in him and his works gradually subsided. The stormy years of the Cavalier and Roundhead wars was not the time for men to busy themselves about a literary puzzle of the past. By the year 1679 Archbishop Tenison had to administer a gentle whip to try and rouse curiosity once more about Bacon. But the great cause of his suffering, which was then to some a secret, remained a secret, gradually ceased to interest any, and in time was forgotten by all. None remembered that the great man's life had been clouded by suffering different from that of ordinary mortals, and none

were induced to make any special investigation of his life or writings.

It is only in recent years that interest has been revived in Bacon, and that minds have been directed strenuously to solving the mystery of his life. That the cipher story contains the mystery I quite believe. That it should be deciphered is of capital importance.

Bacon undoubtedly set great store by his cipher. This is abundantly evident by what he has said about it. I have quoted already from the 1640 edition, the English version of the 'De Augmentis,' where he introduces the cipher. I now give his concluding remarks on the subject (lib. vi., cap. i.), as they are interesting to compare with what he first said when writing about it in the 'Advancement of Learning' in 1605 :

'But it may be that in the enumeration, and, as it were, taxation of Arts, some may thinke that we goe about to make a great Muster Rowle of Sciences, that the multiplication of them may be more admired : when their number perchance may be displayed, but their forces in so short a treatise can hardly be tried. But for our parts we do faithfully pursue our purpose, and in making this Globe of Sciences, we would not omit the lesser and remoter Islands. Neither have we (in our

opinion) touched these Arts perfunctorily, though cursorily ; but with a piercing stile extracted the marrow and pith of them out of a masse of matter. The judgment hereof we refer to those who are most able to judge of these arts. For seeing it is the fashion of many who would be thought to know much, that everywhere making ostentation of words and outward terms of Arts, they become a wonder to the ignorant, but a derision to those that are Masters of those Arts : we hope that our labours shall have a contrarie successe, which is, that they may arrest the judgment of everyone who is best versed in every particular Art : and be undervalued by the rest. As for those Arts which may seeme to bee of inferior ranke and order, if any man thinke wee attribute too much unto them : Let him looke about him and he shall see that there bee many of special note and great account in their owne Countrie, who when they come to the Chiefe City or seat of the Estate, are but of mean ranke and scarcely regarded : so it is no marvaile if these slighter Arts, placed by the principal and supreme Sciences, seeme pettie things : yet to those that have chosen to spend their labours and studies in them, they seeme great and excellent matters.'

These concluding words seem to me to be of great importance. Note, too, that they are a careful expansion of the ending that I have quoted from the 1605 edition of the 'Advancement of

Learning.* Does not Bacon's saying 'to those that have chosen to spend their labours and studies in them, they seem great and excellent matters,' clearly imply that *he* had thus chosen to spend his labours and studies—*i.e.*, in using the cipher for infolding secret writing? Spending labours and studies in them could not refer to their invention, for with regard to the great biliteral—the *Omnia per omnia*—about which he is writing, he tells us that he devised that in his youth when he was at Paris. His labours and studies in it afterwards must, therefore, have been in the using of it for the purpose for which it was devised.

Another interesting and important fact to note is that though Bacon devised this cipher in his youth when in Paris—that is, from 1577 to 1579—it was not until 1623, some forty-five years after, when he was past sixty years of age, that he gave it to the public in such manner that it could be understood. And it is not as though it had during that long interval dropped out of sight and been forgotten; he had carried it clearly in his mind, for he alludes to it, though does not give the key to it, in 1605. When it was a thing in which he was so interested, and when he thought it so excellent a matter, why did he not give it to the world in

* See p. 14.





Q. ELIZABETH.

The ages mirror, and all EVROPES wonder,
Arm'd gainst y. Bulls, of ROME, and SPAINS loud thunder.
The NETHERLANDERS shield, greate FRANCES aide,
O neuer shall thy fame dye, Princely Maide.

1605? I believe the simple explanation is that he was afraid to publish it then, lest the story should be made known during his lifetime ; but that when he came to be past sixty years of age he felt that he must take the risk of publishing, lest he died and all his labours were lost. We must remember, too, that Bacon was in a very peculiar position in regard to the making known of his cipher. Ordinarily the use of a cipher was in correspondence between two friends, each having the key, the cipher being unintelligible to all others. But in Bacon's case, while the cipher message was given to the whole world, the key had also to be given to the whole world. It does not require much strain of the imagination to realize that how best, and in what way safely, to do this must have been a long puzzle to Bacon. If he were to leave the key in the hands of a select few to be produced a certain number of years after his death, it might easily happen that even in the lifetime of these few no proper time would arrive to declare the secret. For it was of such a nature that the mere fact of being privy to it might endanger the life of the holder. Or he might entrust it to some secret society, to be brought out in due course as to the society might seem proper ; but this was open to the objection that as time went on the society might be dominated

by men who would object to the secret being made public. Therefore he would come to the conclusion that the best and safest course to take was the bold one of making the key public, with safeguards and protections about it, and to trust to the keen wit and watchful care of those who were *in* the secret to prevent its being unveiled too soon while those were alive who might be injured by its disclosures. This, of course, was open to the objection that it might never be discovered, and would lie buried for ever. But Bacon relied on the intelligence of the public to pierce the veil he had carefully drawn over his work, and relied, too, on the strong interest he believed the public would take in all his writings, and on the profound study that would be devoted to them. In this, I think, he was mistaken. So far as one can judge from contemporary writing, I do not think Bacon was read to any great extent, and the age of criticism had scarcely dawned. For this reason, the remarks of Archbishop Tenison are to my mind of great importance. He is the only writer that I know of living in Bacon's century who makes mention in any appreciative way of the cipher; and Tenison's words are, it seems to me, carefully restrained, and rather meant to incite curiosity about it and draw attention to it, than to criticize or explain.

Tenison gives one the impression of knowing much more than he cared to say, and of being anxious to get men to come forward of themselves and find out what is hidden. And while he does this, he never says that the cipher covers up anything that is worth knowing, but rather leaves it to be inferred that such is the case.

Indeed, while we speak of Tenison as having done this and that in 'Baconiana,' we must remember, as a matter of fact, the book was published anonymously, and was only attributed to Tenison in after-years, mainly because at the end of the 'Account of all the Lord Bacon's Works' therein printed are inscribed the initials 'T. T.,' which have been interpreted to mean 'Thomas Tenison.' But if it were Tenison who wrote this book—as has been generally believed—the fact that he shrouds himself from public view only goes to show what a strange care he took so as not to be too readily identified with the book. Though why he should do so puzzles one to determine; for to act as literary executor to so great a man as Bacon could in no way be derogatory, even to an Archbishop.

As one might expect, there are no letters from Bacon that speak of the cipher, but there is one that contains an allusion that has been thought to

refer to it. This is a letter to Tobie Mathew—who was deeply in Bacon's confidence—written in, or soon after, the year 1605. He says—

'I have sent you some copies of my Book on the Advancement which you desired, and a little work of my Recreation, which you desired not. My instauration I reserve for our confidence ; it sleeps not. These works of the Alphabet are in my opinion of less use to you where you are now, than at Paris, and therefore I conceived that you had sent me a kind of tacit countermand of your former request. But in regard that some friends of yours have still insisted here, I send them to you and for my part, I value your own reading more than your publishing them to others. . . .'*

Upon this Mr. Spedding comments—

'What these "works of the alphabet" may have been I cannot guess ; unless they related to Bacon's cipher' (Phil., 'Works,' i. 659).

Though it would be most interesting could we believe that there was here an allusion by Bacon himself to his cipher, I for my part cannot accept it as such. These 'Works of the Alphabet' clearly refer in the letter to 'a little work of my

* Stephen's 'Letters of Sir Francis Bacon,' edition 1702, p. 36.

Recreation' which you 'desired not.' They cannot include the 'Book of the Advancement,' because Mathew desired that; but Bacon conceived that Mathew had sent him a kind of tacit countermand of his former request for the 'Works of the Alphabet'; though in regard that some of Mathew's friends in London insisted, he sends them to him, being a little work of his Recreation.

Now, in the 'Promus'—that most valuable collection made by Bacon of ideas and sayings to be used in his work—the bits of marble ready for his mosaics—there occurs the following, taken from the 'Adagia' of Erasmus, and numbered 516 in Mrs. Pott's publication :

'Tragedies and comedies are made of one alphabet.'

Seeing that this idea was in Bacon's mind, what more likely than that in writing to his intimate Tobie Mathew he should speak of the tragedies and comedies that he privately wrote as 'Works of the Alphabet,' and that this little work of his Recreation was none other than one, or some, of his plays? To me this explanation seems the more likely, and to fit better the sense of the letter, rather than that the reference was to cipher work. But Spedding's comment is valuable as

showing that he—who had studied Bacon's writings so thoroughly—looked upon the use of the cipher as a thing to be expected.

We can understand the risk that Bacon ran in publishing the 'De Augmentis' with the cipher explanation in it, but if his labour was not to be thrown away, some risk must be taken. He deferred the publication until the end of 1623—the same year that the great folio edition of the Plays came out—and April 9, 1626, was the day, according to Rawley, when he died. He had thus come very near to the end of his earthly career when he decided to risk publication. I imagine, too—as I said before—that few copies of the book were printed in 1623, for it appears to be extremely scarce.

In this brief and doubtless incomplete account of Bacon's biliteral cipher I have been able to put together the facts that have come to my hand and my own thoughts on the subject. But knowing even these few facts of the cipher, would anyone be astonished to find that Bacon had used it?

Is it not probable that he would use it if he had anything to transmit in a secret manner? With the knowledge that Bacon devised such a cipher, it would seem to be one's duty carefully to examine his works to see if perchance it might have been used there. And yet when the announcement was

made, not long ago, that the cipher had been discovered and deciphered, it was received with shouts of derision and ridicule. Literary men, who should have known something of the subject, wrote and spoke as though the biliteral cipher had been concocted by the lady who made known its deciphering. Doubtless they were chagrined to find that they had passed by, unnoticed, what had proved of so much value when taken up. Doubtless, too, they were doubly chagrined when they remembered the learned volumes they had written upon the lives and literary style and literary development of various Elizabethan poets, and found that the tale disclosed by the cipher showed these poets to have been but the masks for one stupendous genius, Francis Bacon. But is this sufficient reason why we should neglect to follow up the great clue that has been given? Why we should allow the wonderful secret story of Bacon's life that has been hidden for 300 years to remain hidden for ever? I think not; and I think that the careful study and unravelling of this biliteral cipher should be undertaken and followed up by all who admire and reverence Bacon's life and work, and by all who desire to see justice done to a great man.

Those who wish to do this will find ample

material to their hand. Books of almost every kind published in England during Bacon's lifetime, and for a good many years after the date given of his death, are plainly full of double type in the italic printing. I think I am safe in saying that, of the books of any literary pretensions published between 1570 and 1670, a very great number contain the italics in double type. One often finds that two editions of the same work differ only in respect of the italic printing. While the Roman type has been printed letter for letter in exact correspondence in the two editions, the italic printing has been changed, and the two types shifted in such a way that the unfolded story is probably told in a different manner. A notable instance of this can be seen in the two editions of Bacon's 'History of Henry VII.'—the one published in 1622, the other in 1629. These editions are by different printers; the Roman type exactly corresponds, but the italic, which is plainly bilateral in both, has been changed throughout, so that one edition differs from the other. The 1622 edition itself offers this peculiar puzzle: that there are extant no fewer than five different versions of the italic printing, all put forth by the same printer as one and the same edition. What this means or implies no one at present can say. It is possible

that this is a blind adopted by Bacon and his friends to throw seekers off the track. And it has had that effect even at this day. For when these differences have been pointed out, men have at once exclaimed: 'That shows that there cannot be a cipher story in this book, for the italics should be the same.' But this conclusion, though on the face of it reasonable, is not the only one that can be drawn. The contraction of a word in the enfolded story by two letters would change the italic printing by ten letters, and thus make it all different from that point, and yet the story enfolded would remain the same.

To those who are anxious to undertake this deciphering work I would say that two things are necessary—unbounded patience and vast enthusiasm for the subject. The minute and tantalizing differences of the letters are such as to weary the most enduring. But one can understand how keen must be the delight of gradually unfolding a message that has lain hid for 300 years. As Mrs. Pott says, in the article that I have referred to—'The apparition of words coming out, letter by letter, in single file, and forming themselves into battalions, compact and connected sentences, and often of the most unexpected kind, is intensely interesting and

exciting.' And it is a work that those with time on their hands might well devote themselves to. When this work has been accomplished there will be realized the truth of the Latin motto prefixed to the 'Advancement of Learning'—

'Crescit occulto velut Arbor aevo
Fama Baconi.'

CHAPTER II

A NEW LIFE OF LORD BACON

To throw new light upon the life of Lord Bacon, and to produce hitherto unknown facts in regard to it, are deeds of great importance to those who are Baconian admirers. Yet this is what I think I am able to perform in the few following pages.

In the year 1631 there was published in Paris, by the firm of Antoine de Sommaville and André de Soubron, a book entitled 'Histoire Naturelle de Mre. Francois Bacon, Baron de Verulan (*sic*), Vicomte de Saint Alban et Chancelier d'Angleterre.' At first one might imagine that this was a translation of Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum,' but a very slight examination shows that this is not the case. It is a treatise on natural history in French that has no counterpart in English. The translator, who in the licence to print is said to be Pierre Amboise, tells us, in the address to the reader, that he had been aided for the most part in

his translation by the author's manuscripts ; but the manner of obtaining these is not explained, nor is any explanation offered of the interesting fact that these manuscripts have never appeared in English. But 'he' tells us further that, on account of his having been aided by these manuscripts, he has considered it necessary to add to, or diminish, many of the things that had been omitted or added to by Bacon's Chaplain (Rawley), who, after the death of his master, had all the papers that he found in his cabinet confusedly printed ; and he adds further : ' I say this so that those who understand English will not accuse me of inaccuracy when they encounter in my translation many things that they will not find in the original.' From this it would seem that 'he' had his eye upon an English edition of the work he was translating. If so, there is nothing anywhere recorded of it.

The licence to print is issued, as before stated, to Pierre Amboise, Escuyer, sieur de la Magdelaine, who is there said to have translated into French a book entitled the ' Natural History of Mr. Francis Bacon, Chancellor of England, with some letters of the same author ; together with the life of the said Mr. Bacon, prepared by the said applicant,' which he desires to bring into

light. But, though the licence to print is given with so much particularity, there are no letters of Bacon's in the volume ; but at the end of it there is a translation into French of Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' which, so far as I have been able to examine it, seems to be fairly literal, and about which nothing was said in the licence.

The book is dedicated by 'D. M.' to the Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who was Ambassador Extraordinary to England from France in 1629 and 1630 ; but who 'D. M.' is, or whether he had anything more to do with the work than write the epistle dedicatory, and if more, what more, there is nothing whatever to show. One would naturally suppose that the person who signed the dedication of the work had a considerable part in its composition, but we are distinctly told in the licence that it is Amboise who has made the translation into French. It is, therefore, not easy to see why 'D. M.' appears on the scene at all. However, from the dedication to the permission to publish 'Avec Privilege du Roy,' the book has all the appearance of having been brought out in a thoroughly regular manner, and under patronage of the highest class. Besides, in the introductory matter to the translation of Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' published in 1640, Gilbert Wats, the

translator, speaks of this 'Histoire Naturelle,' and the work that Pierre Amboise has done in connection with it, in terms of praise, and quotes Amboise as worthy of respect and attention. I shall allude to this again, but in the meantime the remarks of Wats on this book afford the most certain evidence that it and its prefatory chapters were accepted by what we may call the Bacon party as a perfectly trustworthy and reliable book. It is important to remember this when we come to read the statements the book contains in regard to Bacon's life and lineage.

Following upon the licence to print there is the life of Bacon, and this it is that is particularly interesting. Except for the allusion that I have quoted in the licence to print, the writer of this is not identified, not even by initials. The short sketch that he gives is interesting in that it differs in many points from the life that was brought out—long afterwards—by Rawley, and which has been so faithfully followed by subsequent biographers. We miss in this French sketch the little stories about Bacon's being called by the Queen her 'little Lord Keeper,' and of his reply to Her Majesty, when asked how old he was, that he was just two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign—stories which I confess have never seemed to me

to be particularly illuminating. Instead we have the information that he spent some years of his youth in travel in France, Italy, and Spain, and that his father was extremely solicitous about his education and upbringing. Important facts such as these are unnoticed by Rawley, and unknown to other writers. And yet in this life other important matters are slighted. There is no mention of dates of birth or death, nor is the name of either his father or his mother ever brought out: his father is spoken of simply as 'son père,' his mother not at all. And it is important to notice that this life of Bacon in French was the first that ever appeared in print. At the date—1631—no account of his life had come out in English, and it was not till 1657 that Rawley brought out for the first time his life of the Lord Bacon as part of the 'Resuscitatio ; or, Bringing into Public Light of Several Pieces.'

One might have thought that the publication of Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum'—the first edition of which was brought out by Rawley in 1627, just a year after Bacon's death—would have been a good and fitting occasion on which to have produced a short life of the great author, or on the republication of this work in 1628, 1631 (the very year in which the French book came out), 1635,

1639, etc. ; but it was not until the appearance of the ninth and *last* edition (as it is called) in 1670 that the life appeared with the 'Sylva Sylvarum.' Neither did it appear with the English version of the 'Advancement of Learning' brought out by Gilbert Wats in 1640, as might reasonably have been the case, especially as Wats was acquainted with the French life, and actually quoted from it ; but, as I said above, it was held back by Rawley to make its first appearance in English in 1657. This sketch that appeared in this French book of 1631—only five years after Bacon's death—is therefore undoubtedly the first printed life, and antedates the English life by some twenty-six years. I think this adds very materially to the value of this work, and in considering it, it is important to notice in how many particulars it differs from the orthodox conception of Bacon's parentage and early years. What 'son père' did for him, as described in this sketch, differs greatly from what Sir Nicholas Bacon did, or could possibly have done. Sir Nicholas died on February 20, 1579, when Francis was barely turned eighteen years of age, and left him without any provision for education or maintenance. Such was not the conduct of 'son père' as set out in this life. The cipher story, that disclosed the informa-

tion that Bacon was the son of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, born of their secret marriage, and that he was brought up by Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon as their son, is familiar to students of the Baconian question, and it is remarkable how the language of this life lends support to that tale.

I have thought it would be interesting to reproduce here translations of the dedication, the address to the reader, and the life, in the order in which they appear in the 'Histoire Naturelle.' Each of these has something of particular interest to students of the Bacon question. The life is followed by a few verses addressed by 'Mr. Auvray, advocat en Parliament, à Monsieur Bacon Chancelier d'Angleterre, sur son Histoire Naturelle, traduit par le sieur D. M.' There does not seem to be anything especially interesting in these verses. They are of the usual laudatory character. The only point to note is that the translation is here attributed to 'D. M.,' and not to Amboise. Further, in the concluding stanza both Bacon and 'D. M.' are apostrophized as 'Immortals enfans du Parnasse,' a phrase that is applicable to poets, and not to philosophers, and would suggest that 'Maître Auvray' had a knowledge of Bacon's poetical work.

The following is a translation of the dedication:

‘TO MONSEIGNEUR DE CHASTEAUNEUF, KEEPER
OF THE SEALS OF FRANCE.

‘MONSEIGNEUR,

‘This Chancellor, whom we have so often brought over to France, has never yet left England with so much zeal to make known to us his wonders as now since he has known the rank that we have assigned to your virtues: so that now his History, with all the fine embellishments it has formerly obtained from his pen, appears before your eyes, in like manner as did that magnificent and studious Queen, who in order to see the greatness of a Prince-Philosopher undertook a voyage with all the pomp and circumstance of which she was capable. These are the fruits of a land where you have shewn those of your prudence: or rather it is a treasure of which I can claim no more than the smallest part, since being devoted entirely to you, and having discovered it during your Embassy, it should not fall into other hands than your own. One opinion from you of his superiority will be enough for his Glory; and I feel assured that your Name on the front of this work will make it last throughout Centuries, an end that we should not attain though we endured to the end of the World. We should value it doubtless as we value those

pictures that are preserved in galleries, not for the merit of the painting, but for the portraiture of him whom they represent to our eyes. If Mr. Bacon had lived in our times, I do not doubt but that he would have taken your actions as the model for his. And so, Monseigneur, I do not think I am far from his intentions if to-day I offer to you his works. It is true that it would have been easy for this great man to have found a better pen than mine to have shewn forth his Genius, but I am sure when entering your house he could not have chosen a man more desirous of appearing on every occasion.

‘ Monseigneur,

‘ Your most humble and

‘ most obedient servant,

‘ D. M.’

In regard to the foregoing, I would say that the opening phrase about bringing this Chancellor so often over to France is intended to mean (as it seems to me) the Chancellor, as represented by his works, not the man himself; though the phrase has an ambiguous ring about it, and may be intended to suggest frequent visits of Bacon to France.

The ‘ Advertisement au Lecteur ’ then follows :

‘ ADDRESS TO THE READER.

‘ This work of Mr. Bacon’s, though posthumous, does not the less deserve to be recognized as legiti-

mate, since it has the same advantages as those that have been brought to light whilst he was living. If the Author had had the desire to see it there, we should have seen this work in the press at the same time as his other books, but having designed that it should grow more, he had intended to defer the printing until the completion of all his works. This is a Natural History where the qualities of metals and minerals, the nature of the elements, the causes of generation and decay, the different actions of bodies upon each other, are treated with so much brilliancy, that he seems to have learned the science at the school of the first man. Of a truth, if in this he has rivalled Aristotle, Pliny, and Cardan, he has nevertheless borrowed nothing from them, as though he had intended to make it plain that these great men have not treated the subject so fully, but that there still remain many things to be said. For my part, though I have no intention of establishing the reputation of this Author at the expense of Antiquity, I think I may always truly say that in this subject he has had a certain advantage over them ; since the greater number of the Ancients, who have written upon nature, have been content to retail to us that which they have learnt from others : and, without reflecting that very often that which has been given to them as a true description is very far from the truth, they have preferred to bolster up with their arguments the tales of others rather than themselves.

to make original research. But Mr. Bacon, instead of stopping at the same boundaries as those who have preceded him, will have Experience joined with Reason. *And to effect this he had a country house somewhat close to London, which he retained only in order to carry on his Experiments. In this place he had an infinite number of vases and phials; some of which were filled with distilled waters, others with plants and metals in their native state; some with mixtures and compounds; and leaving them exposed to the air throughout all seasons of the year, he observed carefully the different effects of cold or of heat, of dryness and of moisture, the simple productions and corruptions, and other effects of nature.* It is in this way that he has found out so many rare secrets, the discovery of which he has left to us; and that he has exposed as false so many axioms that until now have been held as inviolable among the Philosophers. If, in order to make the meaning clear, I have used in this translation many words more Latin than French, the Reader should lay the blame chiefly upon the sterility of our language, which is so defective that many things often remain unexpressed unless we have recourse to foreign languages.

‘I shall be pleased also if the Reader will take notice that in this translation I have not exactly followed the order observed in the original English, for I have found so much confusion in the disposition of the matter that it seemed to have been

broken up and dispersed rather by caprice than by reason. Besides, having been aided for the most part by the Manuscripts of the Author, I have deemed it necessary to add to, or to take from, many of the things that have been omitted or augmented by the Chaplain of Mr. Bacon, who after the death of his Master, printed in a confused manner all the papers that he found in his cabinet.

‘I say this, so that those who understand English will not accuse me of inaccuracy, when they encounter in my translation many things that they do not find in the original.’

There is one passage in the foregoing which I have marked between two asterisks, for a reason that will be shown later on ; but in the meantime I would draw attention to the fact stated, that the translator was in possession of Bacon's manuscripts ; and, further, from the last sentence one would be led to infer that there is an English original (printed, I presume), which might be compared with this French translation. Where is this English original ? There is nothing corresponding to it among Bacon's works, as now known.

After this follows the ‘Privilege du Roy,’ but there is not anything in this that seems to be necessary to translate, except that the permission is given to translate and publish ‘l’Histoire Naturelle

du sieur François Bacon Chancelier d'Angleterre, avec quelques Lettres du mesme Auteur : ensemble la vie du dit sieur Bacon composee par ledit exposant'; while in the book, as translated, there are no letters of Bacon's, but there is a translation of the 'New Atlantis.'

The 'Life' then follows :

'DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF M. FRANCIS BACON,
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

'Those who have known the quality of M. Bacon's mind from reading his works, will—in my opinion—be desirous to learn who he was, and to know that Fortune did not forget to recompense merit so rare and extraordinary as was his. It is true, however, that she was less gracious to his latter age than to his youth; for his life had such happy beginning, and an end so rough and strange, that one is astonished to see England's principal Minister of State, a man great both in birth and in possessions, reduced actually to the verge of lacking the necessaries of life.

'I have difficulty in coinciding with the opinion of the common people, who think that great men are unable to beget children similar to themselves, as though nature was in that particular inferior to the art which can easily produce portraits that are likenesses : especially as history teaches us that the greatest personages have often found in their

own families heirs of their virtues as well as of their possessions. And indeed, without the need of going to search for far away examples, we see that M. Bacon was the son of a father who possessed no less virtue than he: his worth secured to him the honour of being so well-beloved by Queen Elizabeth that she gave him the position of Keeper of the Seals, and placed in his hands the most important affairs of her Kingdom. And in truth it pains me to say that soon after his promotion to the first-named dignity, he was the principal instrument that she made use of in order to establish the Protestant Religion in England.

‘ Although that work was so odious in its nature, yet if one considers it according to political maxims, we can easily see that it was one of the greatest and boldest undertakings that had been carried out for many centuries: and one ought not the less to admire the Author of it, in that he had known how to conduct a bad business so dextrously, as to change both the form of Religion, and the belief, of an entire Country, without having disturbed its tranquility. M. Bacon was not only obliged to imitate the virtues of such an one, but also those of many others of his ancestors, who have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem to have been at all times the spoil of his family. Certain it is that no one can reproach him with having added less than they to the splendour of his race. Being

thus born in the purple [*ne parmy les pourpres*] and brought up with the expectation of a great career [*l'esperance d'une grande fortune*], his father had him instructed in "*bonnes lettres*" with such great and such especial care, that I know not to whom we are the more indebted for all the splendid works [*les beaux ouvrages*] that he has left to us : whether to the mind of the son, or to the care the father had taken in making him cultivate it. But, however that may be, the obligation we are under to the father is not small. Capacity [*jugement*] and memory were never in any man to such a degree as in this one : so that in a very short time he made himself conversant with all the knowledge he could acquire at College. And though he was then considered capable of undertaking the most important affairs [*capable des charges les plus importants*] yet, so that he should not fall into the usual fault of young men of his kind (who by a too hasty ambition often bring to the management of great affairs, a mind still full of the crudities of the school), M. Bacon himself wished to acquire that knowledge which in former times made Ulysses so commendable, and earned for him the name of Wise ; by the study of the manners of many different nations. I wish to state that he employed some years of his youth in travel, in order to polish his mind and to mould his opinion by intercourse with all kinds of foreigners. France, Italy, and Spain, as the most civilized nations of the whole

world were those whither his desire for knowledge [*curiosité*] carried him. And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom [*le timon du Royaume*] instead of looking only at the people and the different fashions in dress, as do the most of those who travel, he observed judiciously the laws and the customs of the countries through which he passed, noted the different forms of Government in a State, with their advantages or defects, together with all the other matters which might help to make a man able for the government of men.

Having by these means reached the summit of learning and virtue, it was fitting that he should also reach that of dignity. For this reason, some time after his return, the King, who well knew his worth, gave him several small matters to carry out, that might serve for him as stepping-stones to high positions : in these he acquitted himself so well that he was in due course considered worthy of the same position that his father vacated with his life. And in carrying out the work of Chancellor he gave so many proofs of the largeness of his mind, that one can say without flattery that England owes to his wise counsels, and his good rule, a part of the repose she has so long enjoyed. And King James, who then reigned, should not take to himself alone all the glory of this, for it is certain that M^{re} Bacon should share it with him. We may truly say that this Monarch was

one of the greatest Princes of his time, who understood thoroughly well the worth and value of men, and he made use to the fullest extent of M. Bacon's services, and relied upon his vigilance to support the greater part of the burden of the Crown. The Chancellor never proposed anything for the good of the State, or the maintenance of justice, but was carried out by the Royal power; and the authority of the Master seconded the good intentions of the servant; so that one must avouch that this Prince was worthy to have such a Minister, and he worthy of so great a King.

‘Among so many virtues that made this great man commendable Prudence, as the first of all the Moral virtues, and that most necessary to those of his profession, was that which shone in him the most brightly. His profound wisdom can be most readily seen in his books, and his matchless fidelity in the signal services that he continuously rendered to his Prince. Never was there man who so loved equity, or so enthusiastically worked for the public good as he: so that I may aver that he would have been much better suited to a Republic than to a Monarchy, where frequently the convenience of the Prince is more thought of, than that of his people. And I do not doubt that, had he lived in a Republic, he would have acquired as much glory from the citizens, as formerly did Aristides and Cato, the one in Athens, the other in Rome. Innocence oppressed found always in his protection

a sure refuge, and the position of the great gave them no vantage ground before the Chancellor, when suing for justice.

‘Vanity, avarice, and ambition, vices that too often attach themselves to great honours, were to him quite unknown, and if he did a good action, it was not from the desire of fame, but simply because he could not do otherwise. His good qualities were entirely pure, without being clouded by the admixture of any imperfections; and the passions that form usually the defects in great men, in him only served to bring out his virtues; if he felt hatred and rage it was only against evil doers, to shew his detestation of their crimes; and success or failure in the affairs of his country, brought to him the greater part of his joys or his sorrows. He was as truly a good man, as he was an upright judge, and by the example of his life, corrected vice and bad living, as much as by pains and penalties. And in a word, it seemed that Nature had exempted from the ordinary frailties of men him whom she had marked out to deal with their crimes. All these good qualities made him the darling of the people, and prized by the great ones of the State. But when it seemed that nothing could destroy his position, Fortune made clear that she did not yet wish to abandon her character for instability, and that Bacon had too much worth to remain so long prosperous. It thus came about that amongst the great number of officials such as

a man of his position must have in his house, there was one who was accused before Parliament of exaction, and of having sold the influence that he might have with his master. And though the probity of M. Bacon was entirely exempt from censure, nevertheless he was declared guilty of the crime of his servant, and was deprived of the power that he had so long exercised with so much honour and glory. In this I see the working of monstrous ingratitude and unparalleled cruelty ; to say that a man who could mark the years of his life, rather by the signal services that he had rendered to the State, than by times or seasons, should have received such hard usage, for the punishment of a crime which he never committed ; England, indeed, teaches us by this that the sea, that surrounds her shores, imparts to her inhabitants somewhat of its restless inconstancy. This storm did not at all surprise him, and he received the news of his disgrace with a countenance so undisturbed that it was easy to see that he thought but little of the sweets of life, since the loss of them caused him discomfort so slight. He had, fairly close to London, a country house replete with everything requisite to soothe a mind embittered by public life, as was his, and weary of living in the turmoil of the great world. He returned thither to give himself up more completely to the study of his books, and to pass in repose, the remainder of his life. But as he seemed to have been born rather for the

rest of mankind than for himself, and as by the want of public employment he could not give his work to the people, he wished at least to render himself of use by his writings and by his books ; worthy as these are to be in all the libraries of the world, and to rank with the most splendid works of antiquity.

‘ The History of Henry VII. is one of those works which we owe to his fall, a work so well received by the whole world, that one has wished for nothing so much as the continuation of the History of the other Kings. And even yet he would not have given opportunity for these regrets, had not death cut short his plans, and thus robbed us of a work that bid fair to put all the others to shame.

‘ The Natural History is also one of the fruits of his idleness. The praiseworthy wish that he had, to pass by nothing but to connote the nature and qualities of all things, induced his mind to make researches which some learned men may perhaps have indicated to him, but which none but himself could properly carry out. In which he has without doubt achieved so great a success, that but little has escaped his knowledge : so that he has laid bare to us the errors of the ancient Philosophy and made us see the abuses that have crept into that teaching, under the authority of the first authors of the science. But whilst he was occupied in this great work, want of means forced him to concentrate his mind on his domestic affairs.

The honest manner in which he had lived was the sole cause of his poverty ; and as he was ever more desirous of acquiring honour than of amassing a fortune, he had always preferred the interests of the State to those of his house ; and had neglected, during the time of his great prosperity, the opportunities of enriching himself : So that after some years passed in solitude he found himself reduced to such dire necessity that he was constrained to have recourse to the King, to obtain, by his liberality, some alleviation of his misery. I know not if poverty be the mother of beauty, but I aver that the letter he wrote to the King on that occasion is one of the most beautiful examples of that style of writing ever seen. The request that he made for a pension is conceived in terms so lofty and in such good taste, that one could not deny him without great injustice. Having thus obtained the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, he again applied himself, as before, to unravel the great secrets of nature. And as he was engaged during a severe frost in observing some particular effects of cold, having stayed too long in the open, and forgetting that his age made him incapable of bearing such severities ; the cold, acting the more easily on a body whose powers were already reduced by old age, drove out all that remained of natural heat, and reduced him to the last condition that is always reached by great men only too soon. Nature failed him while he was chanting her praise :

this she did, perhaps, because, being miserly and hiding from us her best, she feared that at last he would discover all her treasures, and make all men learned at her expense. Thus ended this great man, whom England could place alone as the equal [*en parallele avec*] of the best of all the previous centuries.'

Such is the 'Life.' With the difficulties of translation I fear that I have only imperfectly brought out the spirit of the original. Parts of the work are so intimate and so introspective that the thought has come to me that I was dealing, not with Pierre Vamboise or with 'D. M.,' but with Bacon's own 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ.' One seems to catch the personal note of bitterness, grieving over unrealized hopes and shattered ambitions.

'The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen Sun !'

And again the fierce cry of indignation is heard at the recollection of the 'monstrous ingratitude' and 'unparalleled cruelty' from which he has suffered. All this is so different from the dry and precise details of Rawley's 'Life,' so much more interesting, and, if one may venture to say it, so much more like Bacon.

When we analyze the 'Life' in detail we find

passages that are impossible to reconcile with the theory of Sir Nicholas Bacon's parentage, while at the same time there are statements that will not fit with Leicester. The information that 'son père' was the principal instrument used to establish the Protestant religion in England is not readily applicable to either Sir Nicholas Bacon or Leicester, though I think more can be brought forward as indicating Leicester than Sir Nicholas. In the anonymous book called 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' first published about 1584, and recently produced afresh by Mr. Burgoyne of the Brixton Library, there are passages that show that Leicester interested himself to a great extent in what one may call religious politics. But indeed Leicester's power was so great, and he used it in so masterful a fashion, that almost whatever he had a mind to he could do.

The remarks about Bacon's ancestry are very significant. Tracing his ancestors through Sir Nicholas Bacon, how could it be said that they 'have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem at all times to have been the spoil of his family'?

Sir Nicholas came of no exalted stock—his father was Mr. Robert Bacon, of Chiselhurst; and his mother, Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Caye, of

Pakenham, in the county of Suffolk.* But, tracing the ancestry through Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, the statement was well within the truth. And in the very next sentence the author speaks of 'the splendour of his race,' a phrase quite inapplicable to the progenitors of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Of Leicester, too, it could be said with much more force than of Sir Nicholas, that Her Majesty 'placed in his hands the most important affairs of the Kingdom.' At his death, in 1588, he was Lieutenant-General and Marshal of all England; † the latter a position that has never been held by any other subject. On the other hand, Sir Nicholas, though he was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was never advanced to the position and title of Lord Chancellor.

Again, take the phrase, 'born in the purple,' as applied to Francis Bacon; this is strikingly significant. So, too, is the expression, 'brought up with the expectation of a great career.' By no stretch of the imagination could this apply to the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Sir Nicholas died when Francis was just eighteen, and left no provision at all for him (see Rawley's 'Life'), while there was nothing in his upbringing under the

* Birch's 'Heads of Illustrious Persons,' p. 31.

† Stowe's 'Chronicles,' p. 750. Edition 1615.

Bacon parentage that could lead him to the expectation of a great career. Again, how very clear and striking are the remarks about Bacon's travels. All that we know hitherto about his having been abroad is contained in Rawley's 'Life.' What he says is that Francis, being sixteen years of age, and having learnt all that college could teach him, was sent to be with the English Ambassador in Paris, Sir Amyas Paulet.

This was in 1577, and, with the exception of a visit to Queen Elizabeth, he remained here until the death of Sir Nicholas, which took place on February 20, 1579. Barely two years covers the time of the Paris visit. True it is that Rawley in the 'Life' vaguely says: 'Being returned from travel,' without specifying where he had been, or how long, or the time of his return. But this French 'Life' plainly says that he spent some years of his youth in travel, and passed through France, Italy, and Spain. We have here the very sort of education that one would say Bacon must have received in order to form him for the work he afterwards did. Note, too, the extraordinary sentence: 'And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom,' etc. What can this mean except that the author of this 'Life' conceived that Bacon at that time was filled with

the idea of his royal birth? The cipher story, to which I have alluded, tells us that he came to the knowledge of the wonderful position in which he stood when he was about sixteen years of age, and just before he was sent away to be with Sir Amyas Paulet. In the above quotation there is an unmistakable recognition of this fact, and I do not think that there is any other reasonable explanation of the passage but that the writer had reference to Bacon's exalted parentage. As the youngest son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon, he could not by any straining of imagination conceive himself when a mere lad as '*destined* one day to hold in his hands the helm of the kingdom'; but as the lawful, though unacknowledged son of Queen Elizabeth, such a destiny would inevitably present itself.

It is curious to note that from this period of travel the 'Life' makes a jump into the reign, and well into the reign, of James I. All the period of Queen Elizabeth's life is passed over without a word. The hiatus is very remarkable, and may be not without significance.

The account, too, that is given of Bacon's life and work after his fall and retirement is very interesting, and has about it a personal note that seems to me most remarkable.

The thoroughly intimate manner in which the

writer speaks of the letter Bacon wrote to King James is noteworthy, remembering that this 'Life' was published early in 1631. I conceive it is impossible that this letter could have been public property at this early date; Rawley does not give it in the 'Resuscitatio' published in 1657; nor is it given in the 'Cabala' that appeared in 1654; but it is given by Stephens in his 'Letters of Sir Francis Bacon,' published in 1702,* and in a footnote there I gather that it was quoted in one of Howell's letters; Howell, in the year 1642, was appointed Clerk to the Privy Council, and in that capacity might have seen, and perhaps taken, a copy of this letter of Bacon's. He quotes the very words of the letter,† as it subsequently appeared in Stephens's volume in 1702. The date of Howell's letter, addressed to Dr. Prichard, in which he makes the quotation, is January 6, 1625; but this date is plainly wrong, for in the letter he speaks of Lord Bacon's death, which did not take place till April 9, 1626. It must be remembered, however, that 'Howell's Letters' were written 'for publication,' while he was in the Fleet Prison, 1643-51, and many of the letters, and their dates, were supplied from recollection. They were

* At pp. 272 and 297.

† 'Howell's Letters,' 7th edition, p. 158 (1705).

first published in 1645. The interesting fact for me is that this year, 1645, was the occasion when Lord Bacon's letter to King James was first alluded to in any English publication, while the full letter did not appear until 1702 : and yet this unknown French author, writing in 1631, speaks of this letter in a manner showing that he was thoroughly familiar with it. The legitimate inference from this is, I think, that this French author had access to the innermost sources of information on matters concerning Bacon, and what he says about him should be accepted as being of the very best authority.

The choice of the person to whom this book is dedicated is not without a certain significance. It is dedicated to Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who, as I said before, was Ambassador Extraordinary to England in 1629 and 1630. Allowing for differences of spelling, I imagine that this De Chasteauneuf was a relative, possibly a son, of the Monsieur de Castelnau, Ambassador to England from France in Elizabeth's reign, of whom Birch speaks in his ' Heads of Illustrious Persons ' (published in 1747) under the title of ' Leicester,' as having been directed by his Government to press on the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. The passage from Birch is ex-

tremely interesting, and as he relies upon the 'Memoirs de Monsieur de Castelnau'* for the statement he makes, perhaps I may be permitted to quote. He says :

'When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she gave him [that is, Leicester] the earliest marks of her esteem, and in the first year of her reign made him Master of the Horse, and Knight of the Garter. Encouraged by these signal distinctions, he flattered himself with the most promising hopes, and imagined, that if his Lady were dead, he needed not despair of soon rendering himself agreeable to Her Majesty. With this view he sent her into the country to the house of one of his dependents at Comnore, near Abington, where it is said he first attempted to have her taken off by poison ; but failing in this

* See 'Memoires de Michel de Castelnau' à Bruxelles, 1731, vol. i., p. 184. De Castelnau's words are : 'Mais j'avois aussi charge de leurs Magestez, qui si je trouvois la Reine d'Angleterre disposés, comme l'on disoit, d'espouser le Milord Robert Dudley, qu'elle avoit fait Comte de Leicester, et avancè pour sa vertu et ses merites, comme estant des plus accomplis Gentils-hommes d'Angleterre, et qui estoit aimè et honorè d'un-chacun, et que son affection fuft de ce costé-la, comme estoit celle de la Reine d'Escosse au Millord d'Harlay (Darnley) je fisse d'une main au nom de leurs Magestez tout ce qu'il me seroit possible pour avancer ces deux Mariages.'

design, caused her to be thrown down from the top of a staircase and murdered by the fall.' (This, of course, refers to the unfortunate Amy Robsart). 'In the meantime he met with a more favourable reception than ever from the Queen. The management of all affairs was principally intrusted to him; and though her Majesty did not openly countenance his pretensions, she seems not to have been at all displeased with the overture. She frankly declared to Sir James Melvill, the Scottish Ambassador, that she looked upon him as her brother and her best friend; and that, had she ever designed to have married, her inclination would have led her to make choice of him for a husband. And some time after, when Monsieur de Castelnau, the Ambassador of France, was pressing this match by order of the French Court, she told him, that if this nobleman had been descended of a royal family, she would readily have consented to the motion he made in his master's name; but she could never resolve to marry a subject of her own, or raise a dependent into a companion.'

Of course, by the cipher story we are told that the marriage had been performed a considerable time before the date of the conversation with Castelnau, and while he was pressing for the marriage, Elizabeth was holding back from the public acknowledgment of what had already been accomplished. Perhaps she wished to preserve to

herself the right of either proclaiming the marriage, or treating it as a morganatic alliance, a policy of hesitation that was made decisive by the sudden death of Leicester in 1588. But, however that may be, I think there is an interesting connection shown between the man to whom this book is dedicated and the Monsieur de Castelnau who was instructed to negotiate the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester.

It must be readily apparent that the publication of this 'Life' at the time it was brought out, containing allusions such as I have pointed out, was not unattended with danger to author and printers if these allusions were too clear. Indeed, to obtain the King's licence it would be necessary to make these allusions sufficiently obscure. We must remember that Louis XIII. was brother to our own Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., and therefore care would have to be taken that the royal licence was not asked for anything that might be obnoxious to royal feelings, as this would be merely to court a refusal. If one could find a Spanish edition of a work of Bacon's about this period, with a life of the author prefixed, one might look for a greater freedom of speech and a further lifting of the veil.

One very important thing in connection with

this book remains to be dealt with more in detail. I have alluded to the fact that Gilbert Wats, who brought out the English version of the nine books of the 'Advancement of Learning' in 1640, in the 'Testimonies consecrate to the Merite of the incomparable Philosopher' prefixed to that version, speaks of Pierre Amboise's 'Histoire Naturelle,' and quotes from what he terms Amboise's 'just and elegant discourse upon the life of our Author.' When we bear in mind the statements in regard to Bacon's life that I have just been dealing with, and which are extraordinary when contrasted with the statements that Rawley afterwards made, it is somewhat astonishing to find that Wats has not a word of correction to make in regard to these statements, but commends them as forming a 'just and elegant discourse.' If Pierre Amboise's life be just, how can Rawley's 'Life' be true? I think there is here a dilemma that will require some casuistry to escape from by those who stand by Rawley's 'Life.' It must be remembered, too, that the opinion of Gilbert Wats cannot be lightly set aside. Whoever he was, or whether his was only a *nom de guerre*, it is undoubted that he was entrusted by the custodians of the Bacon documents with the bringing out of one of the most important of Bacon's English works. The great book, 'De

Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum, Libri IX.,' appeared in London in 1623 and in Paris in 1624, being Latin throughout. That Bacon actually *composed* this in Latin I do not believe, because he always acknowledged himself to be a poor Latinist, and in his letters speaks of obtaining the help of those who were good Latin scholars for the translation of this book into that language.* I do not think there can be any reasonable doubt but that Bacon first composed the 'De Augmentis' in English, and that it was subsequently translated into Latin. If this were the case there would necessarily be the English version, and I believe it is this, and nothing less than this, that Gilbert Wats was entrusted with for publication in 1640. Besides this there is a long preface in English, extending to some thirty-four pages in folio, by Lord Bacon himself, that has no counterpart in the Latin editions, and was something quite new in the 1640 book. Again, there is a division of the first of the nine books into chapters in 1640, which was not done in the Latin books, and a Latin address to the reader by Rawley, which is passed over and left untranslated, while a new address by Gilbert Wats is substituted. It is curious also to note

* See ante, p. 7.

that all the subsequent Latin editions—those brought out in Leyden and Amsterdam—follow what I may call Rawley's 1623 and 1624 editions, and have entirely ignored the long English preface that Gilbert Wats had obtained for his book. From all this it is apparent, I think, that Gilbert Wats had very special access to the Bacon manuscripts, and was confided in most fully by those who were the custodians of these documents. Therefore, when Wats quotes from this 'Histoire Naturelle,' and speaks of the life therein recorded as being a 'just and elegant discourse,' he gives to it a guarantee of truthfulness that cannot be disregarded. Where this 'Life' differs from Rawley's, brought out twenty-six years later, we are entitled to claim the French life, backed by Wats's opinion, as being the more reliable.

Wats's remarks upon this book are so important that I may be excused for quoting them *in extenso*.* He writes as follows :

'Mr. Pierre Amboise, Sr. de la Magdelaine, in his just and elegant discourse upon this life of our Author, delivers his censure thus :

“Judgment and Memory never met in any man in that height and measure they met in him ;

* See 'Advancement of Learning,' edition 1640.

so as in short time he became Master of all those knowledges which are learnt in Schooles.”

‘ A page after : “ But as he ever valued himselfe ; rather borne for other men than himselfe : now that he could not, for want of employment any longer endow the publique with his Active perfections, he was desirous at least to become profitable in a contemplative way by his writings and by his books, monuments certainly meriting to find entertainment in all the Libraries of the world, and which deserve to be ranged with the fairest works of Antiquity.” ’

The foregoing is all from the ‘ Life,’ and it is easy to compare these passages with the translation that I have given. After this Wats makes a somewhat long extract from the advertisement to the reader, and this is unusually interesting, as he makes a very notable departure from the French. I will not give the whole of the quotation, as it is somewhat long, but I will give the part where the difference occurs. Wats introduces it in this way :

‘ The same noble French man in his Advertisement to our Author’s Nat. History, thus expresses him—

“ . . . But Mon^r Bacon not relying upon the meer word and credit of such as went before him will have Experience joined with Reason : *and examined the receiv’d principles of the Schooles by the effects of Nature, the speculations of the Intellectual Globe by the operations of the Corporale.*

By this means he hath found out so many rare secrets, whereof he hath bequeathed us the invention, and made many axioms acknowledged for false, which hitherto have gone current among Philosophers, and have bin held inviolable.' ”

Now if the reader will turn to p. 47 he will see there a passage included between two asterisks which is a correct translation of the French original, and which corresponds to the very different language contained within two asterisks in the above passage.

It is difficult to imagine why Wats should have gone about it to suppress this most interesting description of the country house that Bacon had close to London, equipped for his experiments. What object could be served by this concealment ?

And the explanation would be no more satisfactory if we assume that he was quoting from a different edition of the 'Histoire,' for why should the editions be changed in this particular ? And of course there is not the smallest ground for thinking that there *is* another edition. But if Wats thought himself justified in taking such liberties with the translation in a matter that one cannot conceive to have been of great importance, much more should he have entered some protest against the extraordinary statements about Bacon

contained in the 'Life,' if he had thought these statements were untrue. His intimate and unrestrained dealing with the French is strong evidence that he approved what he has left uncorrected. Indeed, the mere fact that he has so strongly drawn attention to Pierre Amboise's 'Life' by quoting from it as he does is good proof that he approved of it.

There is a copy of the 'Histoire Naturelle' in the library of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, and on the fly-leaf of the book there is a remark, written in contemporary handwriting and in old French, that is of very great interest. I have been favoured with a copy of this, and I give it, both in the original French, and in a translation: it is as follows:

'Le Docteur Rawley et Isaac Gruter de Hollande pretendent que le Traducteur de cette Histoire y ait ajoutè de son cru plusieurs choses qui estoient point dans le Manuscrit Anglois dont il s'est servy. Mais il est plus davancer cela que de le prouver: et si l'on vient a lire exactement cette Traduction on verra clairement, ce me semble, que ce qu'elle a de plus que l'Anglois publie par le Docteur Rawley, ne peud estre que du Chancelier Bacon, et par consequent, que le Traducteur s'est servy d'un Manuscrit plus complet que n'estoit celui du Chapelain.

' S. CODOMIEZ,
' or S. COLOMIES ?'

‘Doctor Rawley and Isaac Gruter of Holland assert that the Translator of this History has added to it from his imagination, some things that were entirely absent from the English manuscript with which he was provided. But it is easier to say this than to prove it; and if one reads carefully this Translation one can clearly see, it appears to me, that what there is in it more than in the English version published by Doctor Rawley, can only be from the Chancellor Bacon; and consequently that the Translator has been furnished with a Manuscript more complete than that of the Chaplain.

‘S. CODOMIEZ,
‘or S. COLOMIES.’

The signature to this interesting memo. is not very distinct, and I have no suggestion to make as to the identity of the person. But this certainly seems to show that there was extant an English version that could be compared with the French translation; and this again raises the question as to the fate of this English edition. There is nothing corresponding to it in any of the lists published by Rawley or Gruter. This memo. also shows that Rawley and Gruter must both have been familiar with the book we have been considering, and consequently with the life prefixed to it, and yet neither—to the knowledge of M. Colomies at

any rate—took exception to the statements made therein, and which were so inconsistent with those that Rawley afterwards made when he undertook to write the 'Life.' This memo. of M. Colomies seems to have considerably increased the puzzle surrounding the book.

There is a copy of this 'Histoire Naturelle' in the British Museum Library, and I am informed that it has been there since about the year 1820. There is no mention of the book, or any notice of it whatever by Spedding, and it is somewhat remarkable that he should have so completely overlooked it, in view of the attention Wats directs to it, and the importance he evidently attributed to it. One would have thought that the instinct of research would have led Spedding to follow up this clue, and to attempt to clear up the difficulties that are suggested.

The late Rev. Walter Begley has a full notice of the book in the third volume of his 'Nova Resuscitatio' (1905), but he was more interested in the Natural History and its parallelisms with Bacon's other works, and does not appear to have realized the significance of the 'Life.'

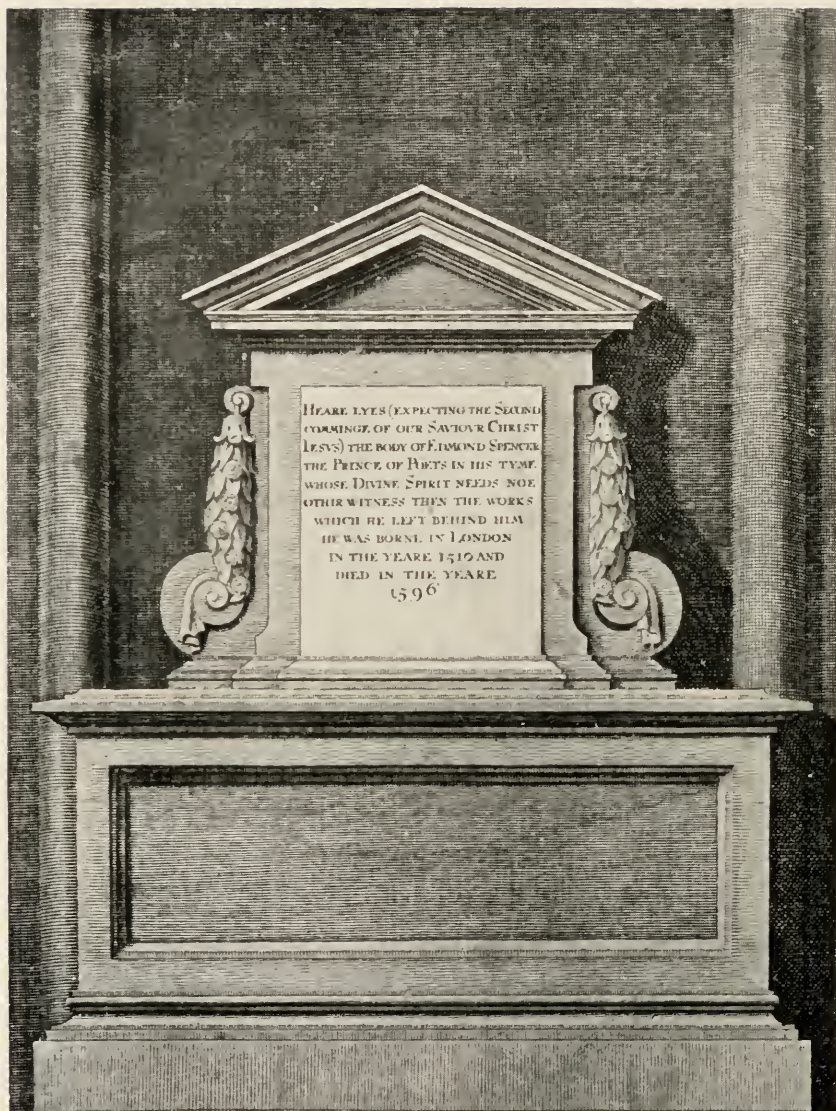
The book is itself valuable, and it is strange that an English translation of it has not been made long ere this. Apart from the interest attaching to

Bacon's knowledge and thoughts upon Natural History, there are facts of his own life that are incidentally mentioned—as that he had been in Scotland—which I do not think are mentioned elsewhere in his letters or writings, and which give new information about him.

A complete translation of this book would, I imagine, be welcomed by Bacon's admirers.

I think, however, it must be conceded that what Pierre Amboise has bequeathed to us is of very great value in helping us to know what Bacon's life really was, and in aiding us to understand the mystery and the secrecy in which he was involved. The line in Ben Jonson's Ode to him on his sixtieth birthday comes to my mind as I conclude :

‘Thou stand'st as if some Mystery thou did'st!’



HEARE LYES (EXPECTING THE SECVND
 COMMINGE OF OVR SAVIOVR CHRIST
 IESVS) THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENCER
 THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TOME
 WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NOE
 OTHER WITNESS THEN THE WORKS
 WHICH HE LEFT BEHIND HIM
 HE WAS BORN IN LONDON
 IN THE YEARE 1579 AND
 DIED IN THE YEARE
 1596

*Such is the Tombe, the Noble ESSEX, gave
 Great SPENCERS learned Reliques, such his graue
 How ere ill-treated in His Life he were,
 His sacred Bonēs Rest Honourably Here.*

LONDON, Printed for Iamathan Edwina.

R. White sculpsit

This picture of the tablet to Spenser in Westminster Abbey is reproduced from the Folio Edition of Spenser's Works, published in London in 1679.

CHAPTER III

BACON AND EDMUND SPENSER

To those who have taken the trouble to study the original editions of Spenser's works, there are apparent many peculiarities that are not easily explained. In a few pages I hope to be able to bring some of them together. And at the outset I must premise that my attention was first turned to this subject by the statement in Bacon's cipher story, that he had used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out poems of his own. If this statement were worth verifying, a first step in the business would be to look carefully into the various early editions of Spenser's works and see if they disclosed anything ; and in particular if they, or other contemporary writers, gave any account of the poet's life.

In the year 1679, eighty years after Spenser's death, a handsome folio edition of his works was brought out. It comprised all his poems, including

'Britain's Ida,' which was first attributed to Spenser in 1628 by Thomas Walkley, who then brought it out, but which is now generally repudiated by the Critics. It also contained his prose 'View of the State of Ireland.' There is no indication given as to who was the editor of this edition. In this, however, it does not differ from the two previous folios of Spenser's poems, brought out, the first in 1611, the second in 1617. These two are entirely without any preface or editor's name: they simply came out. That of 1611 is the first gathering of Spenser's poems that had been made, and is notable for the fact that in it, for the first time, the 'Shepherd's Calendar' appears as a work of Spenser's: previous to that date the five quartos of this poem, that had come out during the poet's lifetime, had appeared anonymously, and it was not until 1611—thirteen years after Spenser's death—that the 'Shepherd's Calendar' is quietly, and without any explanation, included in the volume of Spenser's works. One would have thought that the editor of this volume, whoever he was, would have seized the opportunity to announce that this important poem, hitherto unacknowledged, had now been definitely ascertained to be one of Spenser's works: but there is not a word: and, as

so often happens with these Elizabethan poets, works that knew them not during their lifetime pace forth after their deaths as their veritable children.

The 1679 folio is worthy of special notice, in that it has prefixed to it a short sketch of the life of Spenser. There was nothing of this sort in either of the two earlier folios. The only biography that I know of previous to 1679 is a very short one that appeared among Fuller's 'Worthies,' published for the first time in 1662, two years after Fuller's death. This was very slight and incomplete: it submitted no date of birth, and gave the year 1598 as the date of the poet's death. Then most of the space was occupied in relating the story of Queen Elizabeth's having promised him £100, and how he had been balked of this by the stinginess of the Lord Treasurer, and only obtained it after waylaying Her Majesty in one of her progresses, and propounding his grievance in a witty rhyme. After 1679, Winstanley brought out in 1684 and 1688 his 'Select Lives of the Most Eminent Persons' and his 'Lives of English Poets.' In both of these he deals with Spenser in much the same way as Fuller dealt; there is very little said about his work. No date mentioned of his birth,

and that of his death is put at 1598, while an epitaph is recorded that is completely different from that of the 1679 folio.

Whenever we open the 1679 folio we are struck by its very unexpected appearance. If one is familiar with the 1611 and 1617 books, and the gaily illustrated frontispiece which adorns them, the funereal aspect of the 1679 folio comes as an unpleasant surprise. Instead of a lively young shepherd confronting a fantastically dressed young woman, who might be typical of poesie or the drama, we have simply a dark and gloomy picture of a monumental tablet. This picture of the stone in Westminster Abbey is sufficiently large and clear to enable one to read with ease the inscription on it. What strikes one at once is the extreme peculiarity of such an adornment as this to such poems as Spenser's. They are not gloomy or funereal in character ; and the period at which this folio came out, being eighty years after the poet's death, was too remote to make a memorial edition appropriate. Such an edition might have had some reason in 1611, but not in the third folio in 1679. And certainly there is nothing attractive about this frontispiece. If, however, we are surprised at the general appearance of this page, our surprise is

increased on reading the epitaph. It is as follows :

‘ HEARE LYES (EXPECTING THE SECOND
 COMMINGE OF OUR SAVIOVR CHRIST
 IESVS) THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENCER
 THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TYME
 WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NOE
 OTHIR WITNESS THEN THE WORKS
 WHICH HE LEFT BEHIND HIM
 HE WAS BORNE IN LONDON
 IN THE YEARE 1510 AND
 DIED IN THE YEARE
 1596.’

Now, it requires very little acquaintance with the writings of Spenser to know that birth in the year 1510 is quite incompatible with the poems that are attributed to him, and which first began to come out in 1579, when he would be sixty-nine years of age. The ‘Shepherd’s Calendar,’ the first quarto of which appeared in that year, is undoubtedly the work of quite a young man, and, indeed, the author is alluded to as a lad. So much was this discrepancy between this date and Spenser’s writings apparent that, in 1778, when his tablet in Westminster Abbey was restored and made as it is at the present day, though the exact shape and adornment of the stone was preserved, so that we have it as represented in our folio, and though the

wording, spelling and arrangement of lines were strictly followed, *the dates were altered*. The inscription of the present day concludes :

‘ HE WAS BORN IN LONDON
IN THE YEARE 1553 AND
DIED IN THE YEARE
1598.’

To change dates on such a solemn record as a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey must strike one as an extraordinarily violent action. There is no statement informing us why it was done, nor who did it. On the base of the present stone there is simply cut : ‘ Restored by private subscription in 1778.’

For 180 years after the poet's death the dates 1510 and 1596 were suffered to remain, and were not changed by his contemporaries and those who knew him. They were apparently accepted as true; and yet it is without question that the first date (at any rate) is quite impossible when taken in conjunction with his work. I have said that in neither of the two early folios was there anything of the nature of biography. The question of the date of birth was therefore not raised. Fuller and Winstanley both avoided it, by simply saying nothing about it. How, then, does this unknown editor of the 1679 folio—who has boldly selected a

picture of this monumental tablet, with its extraordinary dates as a frontispiece for this edition—how does he deal with this difficulty? It was impossible that he could read the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’ without seeing the incongruity between the author of that and an old man of sixty-nine. Yet he begins his biography with the following words: ‘Mr. Spenser was born in London (as his epitaph says) in the Year of our Lord, 1510,’ after which he no further attempts to explain away the difficulty. And a few lines farther down he says: ‘Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip), then in full glory at Court, was the person to whom he [Spenser] designed the first discovery of himself.’

This period, when Sidney was in full glory at Court, could not have been earlier than 1577, and was probably a year or two later, when Spenser, if born in 1510, would be sixty-seven and over, which is absurd. And yet the editor does not in the least attempt to palliate the difficulty. Rather does he seem to have purposely done all he could to emphasize it and rivet attention upon it. The picture of the tablet was put in, seemingly, to prevent anyone from saying that it was only a printer’s error in the biography, when it states that he was ‘born in London’ (as his epitaph says) ‘in the

Year of our Lord, 1510.' But is it not a strange thing that a biographer should commence his biography with such a statement as this, that is manifestly out of truth with the life he is going to write, and then in no way try to explain the puzzle? So plainly to throw discredit on his own work is almost as though he were laughing in his sleeve at his readers.

The biography occupies only about a page and a half of the folio. In his summary of Spenser's character the writer says :

'He was a man of extraordinary accomplishments, excellently skilled in all parts of Learning : of a profound Wit, copious invention, and solid judgment. . . . He excelled all other Ancient and Modern Poets, in Greatness of Sense, Decency of expression, Height of Imagination, Quickness of Conceit, Grandeur and Majesty of Thought, and all the glories of Verse. Where he is passionate, he forces tears and commiserations from his readers ; where pleasant and airy, a secret satisfaction and smile ; and where bold and Heroique, he inflames their breasts with Gallantry and Valour. . . . He was, in a word, completely happy in everything that might render him Glorious and inimitable to future ages.'

One cannot but be struck by such tremendous praise as this ; it would scarcely be possible to say

anything higher ; indeed, this man must have been the very greatest of all men, since 'he excelled all other Ancient and Modern Poets.'

One is forcibly reminded of the language that Ben Jonson, in his 'Discoveries,' uses of Francis Bacon. He there says :

'But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he' (*i.e.*, Bacon) 'who hath filled up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue which may be compared or preferr'd either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. . . . So that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language. . . . My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want.'

It is very remarkable, and may have intentional significance, that Ben Jonson scarcely ever mentions Spenser whom the unknown editor of the 1697 folio so highly extols ; and, in his list of the great ones of the Elizabethan period, entirely ignores him. All that he says of Spenser is contained in two passages in the 'Discoveries' ; the first on

p. 97 (edition 1641) where he says : 'Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rhymers works, against Spenser's I doubt not but they would find more suffrages.'

And again on p. 116 : 'Spenser in affecting the Ancients writ no Language ; yet I would have him read for his matter ; but as Virgil read Ennius.'

This is indeed mild notice as compared with the eulogium of the unknown biographer I have been considering, but Jonson's treatment of the Elizabethan poets and writers throughout is extremely puzzling. His remarks upon Shakespeare are well known, and have been often quoted. They are pitched in a much lower key than those applied to Bacon, and are the praises due to a worthy man, whose worth had been conspicuous among the actors of the time.

'He was indeed honest,' says Jonson, 'and of an open and free nature : had an excellent Phantasie, brave notions and gentle expressions : wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd,' etc.

Compare this with the high praise Jonson pours out upon Bacon, and one can have little doubt that, when speaking thus of Shakespeare, he had not in mind a great author. But indeed, when we speak

of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare we cannot but call to mind the laudatory poem prefixed to the 1623 folio, where Jonson says of his 'beloved the Author Mr. William Shakepeare :'

'Or when thy socks were on
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,'

using in each case the same comparison with 'insolent Greece' and 'haughtie Rome' for both Shakespeare and Bacon. It seems as though Jonson had in mind in this last case a different 'Shakespeare' from him whom he speaks about with such slight praise in the 'Discoveries.' And what shall we say of the fact that Marlow, Green, Peele, Nash, and the many others of the Elizabethan times, the 'nest of singing birds' that John Richard Green spoke of, have no place at all in Jonson's review? But we must not allow ourselves to be drawn into the extraordinary labyrinth of Ben Jonson's utterances, and silences, regarding contemporary and earlier poets or writers. To follow this would take much time, and no one has yet reached the end of it. I may add that Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' were first printed and made public in 1641, four years after Jonson's death; though, as usual in such matters, we have no means of knowing who

edited them and brought them out. It is interesting to note that the writer of the article upon Jonson in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' remarks, without, as I think, any *arrière pensée* in the matter :

'The 171 detached paragraphs (of 'Discoveries') approach the type of the Baconian Essay, though Jonson depreciates the name.'

I do not doubt but that in the future we may find a reason why the 'Discoveries' approach the type of the Baconian Essay.

But let us return to Spenser. After the short biography (in the 1679 folio) there follow some five of the letters of the Harvey-Immerito correspondence. I need scarcely remind my readers that the 'Shepherd's Calendar' was published anonymously under the pseudonym of 'Immerito.' The letters are written in 1579-80. They form part of a much larger correspondence which has been preserved to us in Harvey's letter-book, and which has been reprinted by the Camden Society. Harvey addresses his correspondent as 'Immerito' and 'Signor Benvenolio.' Spenser's name never once occurs in all the letters (except that in some of the printed editions, the letter of October 5, 1579, has E. Spenser's name added as a signature), and the

inference that they are addressed to him is drawn from the fact they are addressed to the author of the poems that are now attributed to Spenser.

In one letter addressed by Harvey to Immerito, the following occurs :

‘ You suppose most of these bodily and sensual pleasures are to be abandoned as unlawful, and the inward, contemplative delights of the mind, more zealously to be embraced as most commendable. Good Lord ; you, a gentleman, a courtier, a youth, and go about to revive so old, and stale and bookish opinion, dead and buried many hundred years before you or I knew whether there were any world or no ! ’

Language such as this was not applicable to the traditionary Spenser ; in his youth—the poor son of a journeyman tailor—he could not be called ‘ a courtier ’ ; still less could the Spenser of our biographer, born in 1510, be called ‘ a youth ’ in 1579. But such language exactly fitted the young Francis Bacon, intimate about the English Court, and just returned from the Court of France. The whole of this Harvey-Immerito correspondence forms a large subject by itself, and is full of puzzles and peculiarities. Like so much of the Elizabethan literature, whenever one begins to

examine closely, one comes upon incongruities and mysteries. The original Harvey letter-book has been preserved in manuscript, and one's trouble is only intensified by the fact that it has been seriously mutilated, whole pages removed, and letters broken off just at the point where they seemed about to disclose something. The passage above quoted is one little minnow that has escaped from the drag net wherein the bigger fish have been caught and carried away.

There is another little minnow that I have come across that is worth looking at.

In Harvey's letter-book* there is what he calls 'A short poetical discourse to my gentle masters the readers, conteyning a garden communication or dialogue in Cambridge between Master G. H. and his companye at a Midsummer Commencement, together with certayne delicate sonnets and epigrammes in English verse of his making.'

From this I make the following extract as containing that which is of interest in the present connection. Harvey says (p. 101) :

'And heare will I take occasion to shewe you a peece of a letter that I lately receyved from the Courte written by a friende of mine, that since a

* See Camden Society's publications, 1884, p. 95.

certaine chaunce befallen unto him, a secret not to be revealed, calleth himself Immerito :

““ The twoe worthy gentlemen, Mr. Sydney and Mr. Dyer* have me I thanke them in some use of familiaritie : of whom and to whom what speache passeth for your credite and estimacion I leave yourself to conceyve, having allwayes so well conceyved of my unfained affection and good will towards you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their *αρειω παγω.*” ’

Thus ends the quotation. Now, the interesting thing is that this quotation is from one of the very letters given in the 1679 folio as being from Immerito to Gabriel Harvey. It is dated October 5, 1579. The quotation I have given above breaks off in the middle of a sentence, and seems to be a mutilation, for certainly there is not much information conveyed by the quotation as it is cut short. The continuation of the letter describes a new school that Sidney and Dyer are founding, to prescribe certain rules and laws for English verse. But the interesting fact is that Gabriel Harvey describes Immerito as writing from Court; and that since a certain chance had befallen him, *a secret not to be revealed*, he had assumed the name

* These, of course, would be Philip Sidney and Edward Dyer.

of 'Immerito.' Gabriel Harvey had not much reason to make any mystery about Spenser, the poor Cambridge scholar, and son of a journeyman tailor, nor is it conceivable that such a one should be writing from the Court of Queen Elizabeth ; but the circumstances exactly fit young Francis Bacon, now in high favour with Queen Elizabeth ; while the 'chance befallen unto him' would have reference to his discovery of the fact—as set out by the biliteral cipher story—that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, knowledge that came to him in 1577, just before he was sent off to France to be with Sir Amyas Paulet : a secret, indeed, 'not to be revealed.'

The hypothesis that 'Spenser' was 'Bacon' when taken in conjunction with the revelations of the cipher story makes clear and plain numerous passages in the 'Spenser' writings that otherwise are inexplicable, and that for 300 years have been passed over by commentators without remark, or treated only by wild and baseless imaginings. The cipher story gives the key to much that hitherto could not be unlocked.

There is a strange piece of literary juggling in this 1679 folio to which I have now to call attention, the elucidation of which is, I am sure, not easy.

At the very end of the folio, immediately before the glossary, there occurs this notice :

‘Reader, Be pleased to take notice, That in the later Editions of Spenser’s Poems in Folio (which we now followed) there is wanting one whole stanza, in the month of June, which out of the First Edition of the Shepherd’s Calendar in quarto may be thus supplied, and is to come in at Page 25, Col. 8, after the 28th line.’

Then follows the verse.

I find that this omitted verse last appeared in the 4th or 1591 quarto of the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’: it was dropped out of the 5th quarto, that of 1597, and was also wanting in the two folios of 1611 and 1617. But though lacking in these books, it is curious that the corresponding change in the Glosse was overlooked, and the allusion to the omitted verse still appears there.

What could have been the reason for dropping out this verse? And why, when it was restored, should it be done in this way, and not put back into its proper place? It was evidently done of set purpose, and was carefully kept out of its place for these ninety years; but why? Another strange light is thrown on this affair by a Latin version of the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’ that came out in 1653 (twenty-six years before the folio of 1679), George

Bathurst being the author. At the end of this book, in quite the same way, and in the same form of words, notice of this omitted verse is given and the verse recited. Now, this Latin edition has the Latin on one page, and the corresponding English opposite to it. But the curious thing is that while the Latin translation of the verse is given in its proper place in the poem, the English original is left out on the opposite page; and in order to make the fewer English verses correspond in space with the Latin, the printer has been at pains to spread out the English lines so as to fill up the page. It would have been so much easier, one would have thought, and so much seemlier, to have put the English verse in its place, but for some reason the printer felt himself bound to observe some unexplained behest, and keep the verse out. Seemingly this behest, or whatever it may have been, applied only to the English verse, for in the 1679 folio itself, there is inserted the Latin version of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' and the translation of the omitted verse appears in its proper place. There is not a word of explanation anywhere of what all this means, or why the omission was first made: just as in the case of Spenser's birth-date, the statement is made and we are left to guess or imagine the meaning of it.

The verse itself gives little help towards the solution of the puzzle. It might refer, and could only refer, one would think, to the recent death of some great man. But whose death? The verse last appeared in 1591: it is partially restored in 1653 and 1679: and wholly restored in John Hughes' edition of 'Spenser's Works,' published in 1715.* Spenser died in 1596-1598. This is what the verse says:

' Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead
(O why should death on him such outrage show !),
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.

* Hughes' edition of Spenser's works is a very extraordinary production. He takes the most violent liberties with the text without the smallest warning to the reader that he is doing so. Spenser had prefixed to each eclogue of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' a short argument. In every instance Hughes has coolly deleted Spenser's 'Argument,' and substituted one of his own, and no hint is given to the reader on the subject. But, worse still, he has omitted entirely all the glosse upon the text, which, as I show hereafter, is so full of interest. I presume Hughes found there were things in this glosse he could not understand or explain, so he dropped it out. And one would read his edition of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' without ever suspecting that there had been a glosse. Thus are difficulties in literature overcome.

But if on me some little drops would flow,
Of that the spring was in his learned head,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.'

I think it can hardly be gainsaid that it was the deliberate intention of the editors of these various books to refer to, and draw attention to, some particular person, and to this person's death, by the unusual treatment of this verse. But I fear some other important parts of the puzzle are wanting, so that it is impossible for us as yet to put the pieces together. The year 1679 seems too remote from the death of anyone whom we even suspect to be connected with the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' and yet there is undoubtedly, as I think, some hidden reference here. It is not, either, a mere printer's matter : it must have been handed down to, and passed on through, the various editors. The books have quite different printers. The 1617 folio is 'Printed by H. L. for Matthew Lownes.' The 1653 Latin version is 'Printed for M. M. T. C. and Gabriel Bedell, and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street'; and the 1679 edition is 'Printed by Henry Hills, for Jonathan Edwin, at the Three Roses in Ludgate Street.' I cannot leave this verse without drawing attention to the line : 'The

fame whereof doth daily greater grow,' as being so strongly reminiscent of the Latin verselet inscribed at the end of the 'Manes Verulamiani' in the 1640 edition of Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' the translation of which is, 'The fame of Bacon grows as a tree for some unknown age.'

Recalling now the statement of the cipher story that Bacon used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out his poems, one turns to the 'Shepherd's Calendar' to see if any information can be got from that book itself. And when doing this it is necessary to say something about Spenser's life. With the date of his birth we are sufficiently familiar. In the year 1580 he went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and remained there practically for the rest of his life. He is said to have visited England on two occasions, in 1589-90 and 1596, and was in Ireland within a month of the close of his life in Westminster in 1598. This is from the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

In his book, 'The Strange Case of Francis Tidir,' Mr. Parker Woodward has some interesting particulars about Spenser's life and movements. He gives the day of his death as January 16, 1599, which, of course, according to the old style, would be called 1598. He says further: 'There is no evidence of his having visited England between

1580 and December, 1598.' He also details the futile attempts that have been made to identify Spenser with the various Edmund Spensers whose name has been encountered in records of the period.

The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (ninth edition) says that Spenser went to Ireland in 1580, was there till 1589, returned to London in that year, back to Ireland in 1591; returned to London probably in 1595; back to Ireland again for a brief time in 1598; returned to London, and died there on January 16, 1599. With regard to his parentage, his father was supposed to be John Spenser, a free journeyman tailor, but, adds the writer of the article, 'Nothing approaching certainty can be reached on this point.'

The curious discrepancies as to times of visits to England seem to have arisen from the fact that there is no actual evidence of those visits, and that they have been inferred from various phrases picked out of the Spenser poems.

One fact upon which all seem to agree is that he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the tablet I have described erected to him at the charges of the Earl of Essex. Taking 1579 as the date of the first appearance of any of the so-called Spenser poems (the 'Shepherd's Calendar'), we see that throughout the whole of the time when all his

poems were coming out, Spenser was resident in Ireland, and was a stranger to London and its literary society. I do not think there can be any question of this: all the researches into his life approximately agree as to the date of his going to Ireland and the length of his stay there. As Mr. Parker Woodward truly says, it is an extraordinary thing that a poet resident in Ireland, which at that time was many days remote from England, should be so well acquainted with ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court as to address poems to them. No correspondence with him has ever been shown to exist.

Further, there is the undoubted fact that all the five quarto editions of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' all of which came out during Spenser's lifetime, were published anonymously. The first of these editions was published in 1579, the second in 1581, a third in 1586, a fourth in 1591, and the fifth in 1597. During all these years, while this book was being read—and apparently, from the frequency of publication, it was 'well liked of'—Spenser's name was in no way connected with it, and Spenser's authorship in no way hinted at. I think it is most important to keep this fact clearly in mind. It is the more remarkable and significant as during many of these years Spenser's authorship as a poet

was plainly acknowledged. The first edition of the 'Fairie Queen' with his name as author was brought out in 1590, and his minor poems appeared in his lifetime with his name acknowledged on the title-page. But with the 'Shepherd's Calendar' it was different. For many years it was read as the work of an unknown writer, and it was not until 1611, when it was included, without explanation or remark, among Spenser's works, in the first folio edition of his poems, that the people of England were given to understand that this also was by the author of the 'Fairie Queen,' and *that*, be it remembered, was thirteen years after Spenser's death.

Surely this suppression of authorship was for some reason. Or was it, perhaps, that the attribution of authorship to one who had been in the grave for thirteen years was an easy and a safe way of quieting troublesome questioners? The 'Shepherd's Calendar' is largely biographical. If people were constantly trying to pierce the veil of anonimity, some awkwardly correct guesses might be made, but if it were boldly announced that the author was one who was dead thirteen years ago there was nothing more to be said; and though the statements made, and things hinted at, might be such as to excite the deepest curiosity, the dead

author could not be questioned, and could not rise to explain.

That the anonimity of the book was recognized is shown by a contemporary allusion to it in Puttenham (or Webster's) 'Arte of English Poesie,' published in 1589. In chapter xxxi., book i., of that work, Puttenham, when speaking of the various poets who have arisen in England, and when describing their various characteristics, says :

'For Eclogue and pastoral Poesie, Sir Philip Sydney, and Master Challenner, and that other Gentleman who wrote the late Shepherd's Calendar.'

Further, George Whetstones, in his 'Honourable Life and Valiant Death of Sir Philip Sidney,' published in 1587, clearly and plainly attributes the 'Shepherd's Calendar' to Sidney, and this though the book professes to be dedicated to Sir Philip himself! (See note at end of Chapter.)

It is clear from these that the name of Spenser at that time was unknown as the author of this work, and that there was complete uncertainty on the subject.

Besides the halo of mystery surrounding the book from this anonymous publication, and the interest aroused by the suppressed verse that I have spoken of, there is the double interest called forth by its biographical character.

The 'Shepherd's Calendar' consisted of twelve eclogues, proportionable to the twelve months of the year. After the fantastic fashion of the time, each eclogue consisted of a dialogue between two shepherds, and these 'shepherds' masqueraded under various names. At the end of each eclogue there is a 'glosse,' and the great interest of the work is contained in this glosse, in that it explains partly who is intended by some of the characters. Thus, in the very first month, January, the young shepherd lad, Colin Clout, is introduced, and in the epistle preceding the eclogues we are informed that under this name the author's self is shadowed, while, as if to emphasize the fact, we are told in the September glosse, 'Now I think no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Author's self.' Other persons that we have either set forth, or alluded to, are Henry VIII., Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Robert Earl of Leicester, Gabriel Harvey, and some who can only be guessed at. But for me at present the important fact is that Colin is the author, and what is said of Colin refers to the author. Now, assuming as a working hypothesis that the author was Bacon and not Spenser, how do the facts of Colin's life fit Bacon's? That is to say, how do they fit Bacon's secret life, as it has been disclosed to us in the

cipher story, not the ordinary surface life that has been carefully retailed by his modern biographers.

We know that Bacon when about sixteen years of age (in 1577) went to Paris, and for the period of two years resided at the Court of Charles IX., under the roof of the British Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, and that he returned to England on the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon in 1579. At this time he would be eighteen years of age. The cipher story tells us that when in Paris he fell madly in love with Marguerite de Valois, sister of the King, wife of Henry of Navarre, and daughter of Catherine, the widow of Henry II. It was in 1579 that the first edition of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' came out, and Colin is introduced to us in the argument as a shepherd boy, who 'complaineth of his unfortunate love, being but newly as it seemeth enamoured of a country lass, called Rosalinde.' As showing Colin's youth, he speaks of himself in the following words :

' Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart
As if my years were waste and waxen old,
And yet, alas, but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas, it is already done.'

And again, he says that it was in ' the neighbour town ' that he first saw the beautiful Rosalinde.

' A thousand sithes I curse the careful hour
 Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see,
 And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour,
 Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she.'

It is necessary to note these points. Upon the hypothesis that Colin was Bacon, it was in Paris (the neighbour town) when he was in the spring of his years that he first saw Marguerite : upon the hypothesis that Colin was Spenser, I know not what neighbour town the reference could be to. The Spenser biographers set forth that Spenser met and fell in love with Rosalinde somewhere in the north of England, and that she was a yeoman's daughter ; and this too, in spite of the fact that the glosse for the April Eclogue states that Rosalinde is ' a gentlewoman of no mean house ' ; and is besides a FOREIGNER.

To remove the veil that has been thrown over Rosalinde, and to disclose her identity, is, I submit, the touchstone of this poem. The efforts of Spenser's biographers in this direction have been singularly ineffective, simply because they have been following a perfectly worthless clue.

There are certain indications given in the various glosses as to who Rosalinde was. First in the January Glosse, the opening month of the ' Calendar,' it is stated that :

‘Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and Mistress, whom by that name he coloureth.’

This, of course, means that the letters of the name ‘Rosalinde’ otherwise disposed, in the way that was much in vogue by the makers of name-anagrams at that time, would ‘bewray’ the real name of his love.

Further, in the April Eclogue, Rosalinde is described as ‘the widow’s daughter of the “glen”’ and as a foreigner.

The glosse upon this is very explicit. It says :

‘He calleth Rosalind the widow’s daughter of the Glen, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifte, both of nature and manners : but such indeed, as neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should bee commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues.’

In the poem Rosalinde is spoken of as a ‘frenne,’ and the glosse says ‘*Frenne*, a stranger.

The word I think was first poetically put, and afterwards used in common custome of speech for forrenne.'

In dealing with this name the biographers have been quite unconvincing. 'The Dictionary of National Biography' suggests that she was 'Rose,' the daughter of a yeoman named 'Dyneley': but Rose Dyneley could not be extracted from Rosalinde: and this ignores that she was a foreigner, that he met her at a town, and that she was 'the widow's daughter of the glen.' The Rev. J. H. Todd, in his biography of Spenser prefixed to 'Spenser's Poems' (1805), suggests 'Rose Linde,' which is certainly not a very mystical veiling of the name; but does not attempt to deal with the other points: and somewhere else I remember to have seen Alis Dorne. But all these are inconclusive as ignoring the other conditions entirely; especially 'that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house,' and it is quite evident that the conditions premised for Rosalinde can in no way be made applicable to the love of Edmund Spenser.

How shall we fare under the hypothesis that 'Colin' meant Bacon, and that 'Rosalinde' was Bacon's love, Marguerite?

Well, Marguerite was a 'foreigner'; he met her at the 'neighbour town' of Paris, whither he had

gone to reside temporarily with Sir Amyas Paulet. She was, undoubtedly, 'a gentlewoman of no mean house,' for she was of the House of Valois, that had given many kings to France, and was the daughter of Henry II. That she was 'the widow's daughter' is undoubted, for she was the daughter of Catherine de Medici, the widow of Henry II. ; and that she was 'of the glen' is also equally apparent, for she was Marguerite de Valois, that is, Marguerite of the Valley, or Margaret of the Glen. I think it would be impossible to find a parallel more accurate than this.

But what about the name 'Rosalinde,' which, being well ordered, 'will bewray the very name of his love and Mistress'?

Here I must premise that Marguerite in French means a daisy ; and that such was its meaning in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is shown by a marginal note in Drayton's poem, 'The Miseries of Queen Margarite' (a different Queen Margarite this), published in 1627. This note says 'Margarite in French signifieth a Daysie.' Then, again, I must call up an obsolete word, 'lorn,' meaning 'lost.' This word is used in the January Eclogue of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' and it is also to be found in the glossary of words at the end of the 1679 folio, where, among a

very few words beginning with L, its meaning is given. Now, Rosalinde well ordered gives us 'Dasie Lorn,' or 'Lost Marguerite,' which, I think, is a remarkably close approximation to the very name of his love and Mistress; and in extracting this anagram out of 'Rosalinde,' the only liberty I have had to take is to spell Daisy as given above Dasie, which, considering the latitude then allowed in the matter of spelling, is not a great liberty. In an early seventeenth-century dictionary I have seen it spelt Dazy.*

This making of name-anagrams at the time I am speaking of was very fashionable among poets and literary persons, and though the custom may seem rather silly to us, and we are quite unable to catch the flavour or bouquet of it, yet in those days it was often used as a delicate form of praise, and if one could extract some flattering attribute from a person's name, it seemed in some way an evidence that the person must possess the particular quality

* In the 1611 and 1617 folios 'Rosalinde' is spelt with the final 'e' in January Eclogue and Glosse. In the April Glosse she is called 'Rosalinda,' and is also spelt 'Rosalind,' without the final 'e,' but in the Eclogue it has the final 'e.' In the June Eclogue there is the final 'e,' and in the August it is lacking. In the 1679 folio the name was spelt without the final 'e.'

—as when ‘James Stuart’ makes ‘A just master.’ A great deal of this work has been done, and we need not be surprised to find the play used in Rosalinde’s case.

But I think I may claim that the above translation of Rosalinde is most apt, and fits in most perfectly with the other parts of the puzzle.

It is interesting to see if anything can be extracted from the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’ about Colin’s—that is, Bacon’s—birth and parentage. Those who are acquainted with the cipher story are aware that it sets forth that Bacon was the lawful son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, begotten of their secret marriage, and that the misery of Bacon’s life was caused by the continued refusal to acknowledge and announce to the world his true position. In the preceding chapter I have given a translation of a French life of Bacon, prefixed to a little-known book of Bacon’s, ‘Histoire Naturelle,’ published in Paris in 1631. This ‘Life’ was the first that had ever been published, and antedated by twenty-six years Rawley’s ‘Life,’ which was the first English production on the subject. The French ‘Life’ contained some remarkable confirmations of the cipher story, and many statements that were intelligible only if read in the light of the cipher story. If I am right in

assuming that in the 'Shepherd's Calendar' Colin, the author, means Bacon and not Spenser, are there any birth allusions to confirm this ?

The sixth stanza of the April Eclogue begins :

'Colin, thou kenst the Southern Shepherd's boy
Him love hath wounded with a deadly dart.'

There is nothing in these lines particularly to arrest attention, and anyone would pass them by without pausing either for inquiry or examination. But when we turn to the gloss on this we find the following :

'*Colin, thou kenst.* Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern Nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, and because he so often nameth the Surrey downs.'

Now I submit that there was absolutely nothing in the lines I have quoted that seemed to imply, or required the explanation to make them intelligible, that Colin pertained to some southern nobleman. It seems to me that this piece of information is dragged into the glosse solely to give us a hint as to who Colin really was, and to tune the mind to the idea that he was not only not of mean and low condition, but of high degree and noble lineage. I cannot see any other reasonable explanation of this glosse.

Again, it is remarkable in what a delicate and almost cunning manner the Earl of Leicester is brought in. This occurs in the eighth stanza of the October Eclogue :

‘ There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
 And stretch herself at large from east to west,
 Whither thou list in fair Eliza rest ;
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
 That first the white Bear to the stake did bring.’

If it were not for the glosse this would be somewhat vague, though, of course, the bear and the ragged staff were—in those days at least—well known as the distinction of the Earl of Leicester. But the glosse says :

‘ *The worthy*, he meaneth (as I guess) the most honorable and renowned, the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather than by his name, he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worthy Princes be known to Country Clowns.’

The glosse also explains that by ‘ Eliza ’ is intended Queen Elizabeth ; and note that Leicester is styled ‘ the worthy whom she loveth best.’

In the September Eclogue there is introduced a character styled ‘ Roffin ’ and ‘ Roffy.’ A story is brought in to show Roffin’s power and cleverness

(‘for Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed’) in circumventing a wolf in sheep’s clothing that came among his flock and stole the lambs away. I cannot but think that this tale has reference to some occurrence in actual life, veiled under fanciful characters. The glosse says :

‘This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But what I certainly know not.’

In another part the glosse says :

‘*Roffy*, the name of a Shepherd in Marot his Eclogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flock.’

All this playing with the name Roffin, Roffy, and Robin, suggests to one’s mind the idea of Robin for Robert (as it was constantly used) and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who under the Queen, had great power and responsibility in the governance of the flock. It seems to me a cautious and crafty hinting at the identity of Roffin, meant to pique the reader’s curiosity, and yet leave the writer uncommitted to any definite statement ; so that though one might guess at whom he glances under the mask of Roffin, it might always be open to him to deny the charge. And there was need

for wariness and caution, so as not to blurt out too plainly who was meant, if he were some very great and secret personage, for within half a dozen lines of his coming upon the scene, we are told that Colin is his son :

‘Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy.’

And in the former glosse that I have quoted from the month of April, it is said that Colin is a nobleman’s son : therefore, joining this with that, it is abundantly clear that under the name of Roffin or Roffy some nobleman is intended. That it is certainly the Earl of Leicester, I cannot say, from what we have here ; but if I am right, then I think we will find, in some quite different writing or poem, the Earl of Leicester plainly spoken of as ‘Roffin’ or ‘Roffy’ ; we know that he is often called ‘Robin.’ It is in this manner that the different pieces of the Bacon puzzle are scattered about, and have to be carefully picked out and put together.

We can see now if Bacon is identical with Colin Clout as the author how important all this tale about Roffin becomes as a confirmation of the Bacon cipher story. And I think that great significance is to be attached to the glosse upon the line ‘Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy.’ It is as follows :

‘*Colin Clout.* Now I think no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the author’s self.’

This is the only mention in any of the glosses that Colin is the author : the other mention of the fact occurs in the preliminary epistle. Colin’s name comes up frequently in different eclogues ; there is absolutely nothing in the occurrence of the name at this particular time to suggest his authorship or to require any explanation in the glosse : but I believe the assertion was made at this point so as to couple the author of these poems with the parentage that was at the same time announced, and fix the idea in the reader’s mind.

That there was an intimate and mysterious connection between the Earl of Leicester and the author of the Spenser poems is shown by the extraordinary dedication of ‘*Virgil’s Gnat.*’ This was one of the minor Spenser poems included under the name of Complaints, which were published in 1591. The Earl of Leicester died in 1588.

The dedication is as follows :

‘VIRGIL’S GNAT, LONG SINCE DEDICATED TO THE MOST
NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE
EARL OF LEICESTER, DECEASED.’

‘Wronged, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie tears my case I thus complaine
Unto your self, that only privy are.’

There is no connection that can even be suggested between Spenser and the Earl of Leicester that will offer any explanation of these words, or assign a reason why they should be addressed to a man who had been dead for some years. In 1591 Spenser had been for eleven years in Ireland, and was in comfortable circumstances, with his secretaryship and 3,000 acres of land in the county of Cork. But with Bacon's cipher story in our minds, and Bacon as the speaker of these words, how plain they become and how full of meaning. These four lines give, in the most concentrated form, the very pith and marrow of his misery. Leicester had indeed wronged him deeply, by neglecting to make clear to the world his real position and his birth-right; and yet Bacon did not dare to express his pain, nor tell what, or how, he suffered.

After the lines that I have quoted, the little dedicatory poem continues :

‘ But if that any Oedipus unware
 Shall chance, through power of some divining sprite,
 To read the secret of this riddle rare,
 And know the purport of my evil plight,
 Let him be pleased with his own in sight,
 Ne further seek to glosse upon the text :
 For grief enough it is to grieved wight,
 To feel his fault and not be further vext.
 But what so by my self may not be shown,
 May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.’

There seems to be a very strong and plain hint here that the 'Virgil's Gnat' in some way contains the secret of the riddle, and will disclose 'the purport of his evil plight.' For three hundred years and more this poem has been public property, and the reading of it in Spenserian light has failed to extract any secret, or even to bring to mind anything in the way of a riddle that it might contain. What idea is there of any riddle about Spenser? I suggest that it should be carefully read in the light of the Bacon cipher story, to see what information it could yield. The doing of this would be a most interesting task for one equipped with the necessary classical knowledge, and with a wide reading in Ancient Mythology—with which the poem is packed. I believe—on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Todd—that the translation differs in many places from Virgil's original, and these points of difference would, without doubt, be of importance.

There is another Spenser poem, 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' published in 1590, that contains an interesting and highly introspective passage that seems to have no explicable bearing upon Spenser. It is as follows :

'So pitiful a thing is Suters state,
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate

Hath brought to Court, to sue for had-ywist,
That few have found, and many one hath mist ;
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride
What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
To loose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peers ;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run ;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy Wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.'

When we remember that this poem was published in 1590, and that for the ten previous years Spenser, the poor scholar, had been enjoying his secretaryship in Ireland with—as I said before—his 3,000 acres of land in Cork County, it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine what there was to call forth such bitter resentment as is shown in these lines. So far as worldly goods are concerned, Spenser had done pretty well for himself, and from being the moneyless son of a journeyman tailor had very quickly climbed into a position, both good socially and well remunerated. Most certain it is—at least, as certain as anything that is known

about Spenser—that *he* had not been brought to Court there, to spend his life in long tendance. His life about the Court had been very brief, and its briefness had ended in his very comfortable Irish billet, which he had continuously enjoyed.

But once again recall the cipher story to mind, and think of these words as written by Bacon about himself, and see how marvellously well they fit his case. Since 1577, when as a boy of sixteen he first came to the knowledge of the splendid future that lay before him as the eldest son of, and true heir to, the Queen, he had been fretting his heart out as year after year passed away, and the public acknowledgment of his real position was still postponed. Day after day he fed on hope, and pined with fear and sorrow. Day after day that which had seemed certain was becoming more vague and shadowy. Then came the death of Leicester, just two years before the above wail of 'hope deferred' broke from him, and the position became still more full of poignant misery. Though he struggled against admitting it, the fear was beginning to take definite shape, that he might for ever be deprived of his birthright, and lose all that he had built his hopes upon.

And just at this very period Bacon himself was writing to his friend, Fulke Greville, a letter whose

spirit is wonderfully in accord with the lines from 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.' This letter is given at p. 89 of the Letters in the 'Resuscitatio' (1657), as follows :

' SIR,

' I understand of your paines to have visited me; for which I thank you. My Matter is an endless Question. I assure you I had said : *Requiesce anima mea* : But now I am otherwise put to my psalter ; *Nolite confideri*. I dare go no farther. Her Majesty had by set speech, more than once, assured me of her intention, to call me to her service ; which I could not understand, but of the place, I had been named to. And now, whether *Invidus Homo hoc fecit* ; or whether my Matter must be an Appendix to my Lo: of Essex sute ; or whether Her Majesty, pretending to prove my Ability, meaneth but to take advantage of some Errours, which, like enough, at one time or other I may commit ; or what it is ; but Her Majesty is not ready to dispatch it. And what though the Mr. of the Rowles, and my Lo: of Essex, and yourself and others, think my case without doubt ; yet in the meantime I have a hard condition to stand so, that whatsoever service I do to Her Majesty, it shall be thought to be but *servitium viscatum*, time-twiggs, and Fetches, to place my self, and I shall have Envy, not thanks. This is a course to quench all good spirits, and to corrupt

every Man's Nature : which will I fear, much hurt, her Majesties Service in the end. I have been like a piece of stuff bespoken in the Shopp : And if Her Majesty will not take me, it may be the selling by parcels will be more gainful. For to be, as I told you, like a Child following a Bird, which when he is nearest flyeth away, and lighteth a little before, and then the Child after it again, and so in *Infinitem*. I am weary of it : As also of wearying my good friends : Of whom Nevertheless, I hope in one course or other gratefully to deserve. And so, not forgetting your Business, I have to trouble you with this idle letter, being but *Justa et Moderata, Queremonia*, for indeed I do confess *primus Amor* will not easily be cast off. And thus again I commend me to you.'

To Bacon his 'Matter' seemed, indeed, an 'endless question' while he continued 'to waste long nights in pensive discontent.' I think it would be difficult to find any two passages in disjointed literature more thoroughly in accord than are these. Both are equally eloquent of the misery that Bacon was suffering in secret : neither can be fitted to Spenser, or be explained by the circumstances of his life.

The whole of the Spenser poems are filled with allusions to Bacon's secret life, and if these poems were carefully read, with the circumstances of that

life in the reader's mind, numerous confirmations of that life-story will be found. That these discoveries have not been made ere this is owing to the lack of the clue that the cipher story has given.

There is yet another most interesting point—at least, so it seemed to me—to which I must draw attention.

The Editor of the 1679 folio, in his short life of Spenser, recounts how that Spenser designed to make the first discovery of himself to Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip)—

‘and to that purpose took an occasion to go one morning to Leicester House, furnish’t only with a modest confidence, and the ninth Canto of the First Book of his “Faëry Queen.”’

The Editor then goes on to tell of Sidney's wonder-stricken admiration of the poetry, and how he first told his steward to give the author £50, and then as he read more, bade him give £100. I think this is the first time that this story, now well known, appeared in print. One naturally turns to the Ninth Canto of the First Book to see what there is in it, and I must say I was astonished to find that the opening stanzas describe the secret birth and upbringing of Sir Arthur as being exactly similar to what the cipher story tells of Bacon him-

self. This is, I think, so strangely significant that I will transcribe the lines. Una and Sir Arthur are together, and are about to separate :

‘ But ere they parted, Una fair besought
That stranger Knight his Name and Nation tell
Least so great good as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankless
thought.

‘ Fair Virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compass of my wit
For both the linage and the certain sire
From which I sprung from me are hidden yet.
For all as soon as life did me admit
Into this World, and showed Heavens light,
From Mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And straight delivered to a Fairy Knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thews and Martial might.

‘ Unto old Timon he me brought bylive
Old Timon, who in youthful years hath been
In warlike feats th’ expertest Man alive
And is the wisest now on Earth I ween ;
His dwelling is low in a valley green
Under the foot of Rauran mossie hore
From whence the River Dee as silver clean
His trembling billows rolls with gentle rore :
There all my days he train’d me up in vertuous lore.

‘ Hither the great Magician Merlin came,
As was his use oft times to visit me,
For he had charge my discipline to frame
And Tutors nouriture to oversee,

Him oft and oft I ask't in privity,
Of what loines and linage I did spring,
Whose answer bad me still assured be
That I was Son and Heir unto a King,
As time in her just term the truth to light should
bring.'

I think one is almost forced to believe that the writer of the life in the 1679 folio had the cipher story of Bacon's birth in his mind when he draws attention to its precise counterpart by this little tale about Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. Indeed, one is almost forced to believe that the author of the Ninth Canto was thinking of Bacon's secret birth when he composed these stanzas. There is no special literary beauty about this Ninth Canto that marks it out as far superior to its fellows that it should be picked out from among them for commendation. But when we know the cipher story we can see the significance of the author (Bacon) presenting this poetic epitome of his secret birth to his patron Sidney. Of course there are those who will say that it is a mere coincidence that the tale of Arthur's birth and lineage should so closely accord with the secret—and only recently revealed—story of Bacon's parentage; and that this account of Arthur's birth should be so markedly brought to the reader's notice in the

manner adopted by the writer of the Spenser life in this 1679 folio. There are those who explain any puzzle or peculiarity by saying, 'It is a mere coincidence.' For my part it seems to be much more like a carefully arranged piece of work, and intended to do service as a finger-post, telling the searcher that he is on the right path.

Another finger-post, as I may call it, is to be found, I think, in the 'mistakes' in paging in the very early edition of the 'Fairie Queen.' I know that in taking up this question of erroneous paging one is entering upon very treacherous and unstable ground. Though I cannot but believe that these 'mistakes' have been intentionally made, it has—it seems to me—so far been impossible to evolve any consistent and reasonable theory on the subject that will show a purpose generally applicable to these cases. In most instances I confess the object of the 'mistakes' seems to be quite hidden. Still I think in the following case I can offer a probable explanation. These 'mistakes' occur in the volume of the 'Faerie Queen' containing the three first books, published in 1596. This is known as the second edition of the first volume, the first edition having been published in 1590. Now, in this second edition (1596), these mistakes are to be found. Page 10 is paged 18. Then from

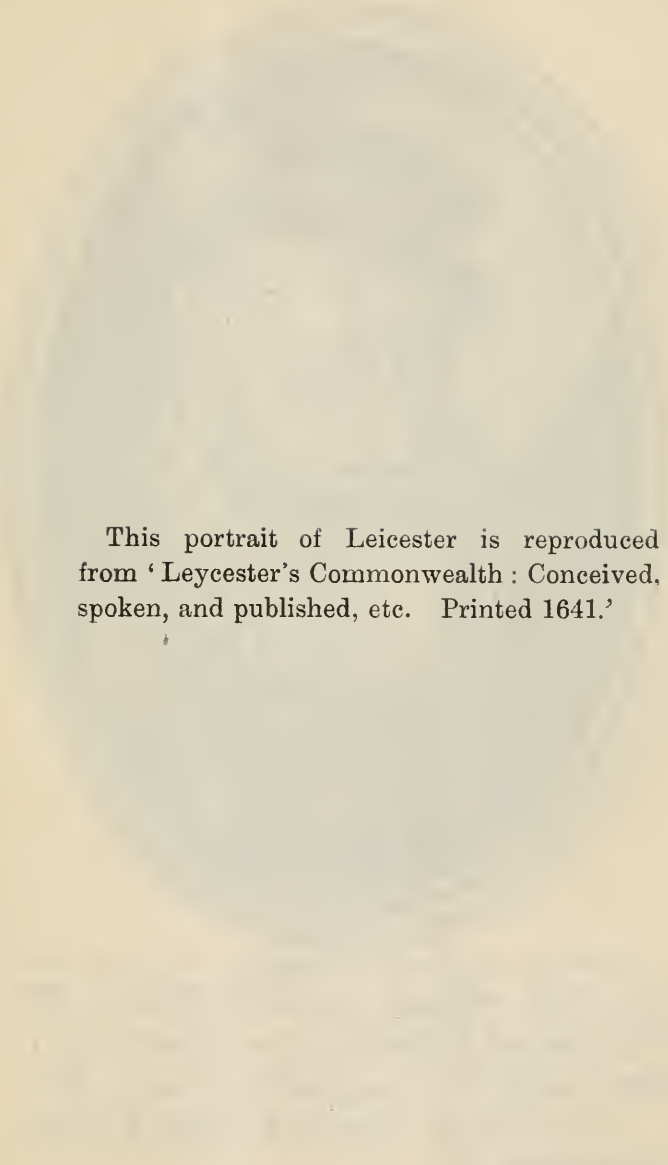
page 78 the paging goes to 81, 82, 83, 84, etc., up to 96, when 95 and 96 are repeated, thus bringing the paging right again. But 78 deducted from 96 gives 18, which taken in conjunction with the mistake at page 10 seems to call attention to 18. Next, page 102 is paged 120, being $102 + 18$. This would seem to be intended to direct attention to page 120, and when one turns to it, one there finds the 'birth stanzas' that I have given above. The only other mistakes in paging throughout the volume are 331 for 311, 478 for 468, and 600 for 510 (there are only 590 pages in the volume). Now in each of these cases, if we deduct the true page from the false, we get 20, 10, and 90, and the sum of these is 120: seemingly again indicating the page on which the 'birth stanzas' occur. It may be that these are only coincidences, but to me they seem more like finger-posts. In the 1590 edition of this volume the 'mistakes' are much more cryptic, and no explanation can be offered. Page 10 is correctly printed, so is page 102. From page 78 the paging goes on in this extraordinary

way :	81	80	81	84	85	84	85	88	89	88	89
	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89
	92	93	92	93	96	95					
	90	91	92	93	94	95					

On the upper line I have given the false paging, and on the lower the

correct ; from which it will be seen that every two wrong pages are succeeded by two right pages—96 is the last wrong page, and the pages come right on 95. What was intended by this, I am afraid, was too hidden to be found out ; and perhaps it was for this reason that the author made it plainer in the 1596 edition, as he saw it was hopeless for anyone to obtain any direction from the above figures. Even the 1596 'mistakes' probably failed to direct anyone, and the editor of the 1679 folio introduced the little story I have related before, so that one should be induced to turn to the Ninth Canto and read these verses. The 'birth stanzas' are on page 120 in the 1590 edition as in the 1596. But I think it is not unreasonable to say that the 'mistakes' in the 1596 edition were meant and designed to draw attention to page 120 and the birth stanzas there set out. And I think the further conclusion is also warranted that attention was drawn to these stanzas, and these stanzas were written, because they epitomized Bacon's secret birth.

I have no doubt there are many more passages in the Spenser poems that might become clear if read in Baconian light. What I have done in the short time I have been able to devote to the subject convinces me that careful research would



This portrait of Leicester is reproduced from 'Leycester's Commonwealth : Conceived, spoken, and published, etc. Printed 1641.'



The right Hon^{ble} Robert Dudley Earle of
Leicester, Baron of Denbigh, knight of the
noble order of S^t. George & S^t. Michall, and la
one of her Ma^{ties} ho^{ble} privy counsell etc

W Marshall sculp



bring much more to light. And we must remember that it is only by following the clue given by the cipher story that these discoveries have been and will be made. Without this clue, these poems would be continuously read, and no hidden meaning suspected. But by carefully following the clue, confirmations of the cipher story will be found, and many tangled passages will be smoothed out.

NOTE.—The following is Whetstones' allusion to the authorship of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' spoken of on p. 101 :

From

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY,
HIS HONOURABLE LIFE, HIS
VALIANT DEATH AND
TRUE VERTUES.

By GEORGE WHETSTONES,
IMPRINTED AT LONDON FOR THOMAS CADMAN,
1587.

* * * * *

'What be his workes the finest wittes do gesse,
The Shepherd's notes that have so sweet a sounde,
With laurell boughes his healme long since have crown'd.'

A marginal note says :

'The last Shepherd's Calendar, the reputed worke of S. Phil: Sidney, a worke of deep learning, judgment, and witte, disguised in Shep's Rules.'

CHAPTER IV

JOHN BARCLAY'S 'ARGENIS' AND BACON'S SECRET LIFE

To those interested in solving the great puzzle of Bacon's life, I have long felt that the study of the literature of the period from 1570 to 1670 ought to be one of deep fascination, in view of the possibility of finding covert allusions to the great man, and veiled information that would throw light upon the obscure places of his life. It is strange how very little there is said about Bacon in the writings of the century that covered his life. One comes across his name but seldom in any contemporary work, and it would seem almost as though there had been a 'conspiracy of silence' on the part of contemporary writers. Since the revelations made by the deciphering of Bacon's biliteral cipher, and a clue thus afforded to what Bacon's secret life really was, the unveiling of that which has been covered up has become of greater and greater

interest. We have had a number of ciphers brought before us of late—key ciphers and number ciphers ; and though I do not presume to give an opinion for or against any of these, nor to belittle their importance as links in the chain that will ultimately firmly, and beyond cavil, bind Bacon to his works and the works to Bacon, still it is well to bear in mind that the only cipher which Bacon himself set out in full, and fully explained, so that it might be used by any who chose to use it, is the great biliteral. Other ciphers may, and I doubt not do, in a secret manner tell us who is the author of such and such a book, and reiterate information of this sort, that is of the highest value. But the biliteral—which Bacon, as he tells us, invented in his youth when he was in Paris—goes much further than this, and gives us, when deciphered, a continuous and elaborate history of his life ; and this cipher story can be woven into the type of any book in any language without exciting the suspicion, or even the curiosity, of those who may read the book. It is the deciphering of this from various books during recent years that has raised so much controversy, and from the extraordinary and wholly unexpected nature of the information disclosed, given ground to some on which to found a violent disbelief. For my part,

I have always felt that if Bacon took the trouble to invent this cipher, and the further trouble to preserve it and exemplify it in his greatest and most valued work (the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum'), there was a strong *a priori* reason for believing that he would use it for the purpose for which he had invented it. ! Therefore, to find that there were long passages of important life history in this cipher in various works printed during Bacon's lifetime should not, to my mind, be in any way surprising. That they have been found is therefore no more than one might expect. But the matter disclosed by the deciphering was so novel, so unexpected, so unknown to history, so subversive of established beliefs, that there was not unnaturally a strong aversion to ~~his~~^{it} acceptance, and consequently, though irrationally, a strong outcry against the decipherer. Here again, for my part, I felt that, because the story was unexpected, it was not necessarily untrue; rather was it, because of its strong opposition to accepted beliefs, that it had been committed to cipher. If it had been some ordinary matter but little out of the way, there would have been no reason to make all the fuss and trouble of a biliteral cipher about it.

But, assuming the truth of it, might not one

reasonably expect that allusions to this secret life might be found in contemporary literature? Allusions that would be sufficiently veiled to be passed by by the uninitiated, but to those who had some hint of the truth, might be fully understood, and, when thus discovered, would be a corroboration of the truth of the story.

It was with this in mind that I made a careful examination of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' attributed to Spenser, and in Chapter III. of this book, where the subject was fully dealt with, I think I brought forward very strong corroborations of important parts of the cipher story.

The book to which I now wish to direct attention is John Barclay's 'Argenis.' I do not suppose many people have read this. It is an elaborate allegorical history, with fanciful Greek characters, written much after the style of Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and extending to 483 pages of large quarto. It first appeared *in Latin* in Paris in 1621, and, like so many other literary works of the very highest class of the century from 1570 to 1670, it came out after the author's death. It was said to have been edited by his friend Peireskius, and how much it may have gained or lost in the editing the world will never know. At the time of writing this I came across a life of this Peireskius, written in

Latin by the learned Petrus Gassendus, translated into English by W. Rand, doctor of physick, and published in London, octavo, 1657. It was the English translation that I got.

There is not much said in this 'Life' about Barclay and his 'Argenis,' but the little that is said is interesting. Under the date of 1619, it is said that Peireskius had received a great part of the work—the 'Argenis,' which he was to see printed, and that he had 'mitigated' a dialogue therein, which he had conceived to be of somewhat too free a strain. It is thus that the hand of the editor is made apparent. *It was a serious matter.*

Under the date of 1621, in the 'Life,' allusion is made to the unlooked for death of Barclay, and the remark here is full of interest. The 'Life' says: 'Just about the same time [*i.e.*, the time of Barclay's death] it happened that Peireskius urged him to finish his "Argenis": wherefore among other things it grieved him that Barclay had not finished that Work according to his owne mind.' From this we learn that the 'Argenis' was not finished by Barclay, and thus the account of his sudden death alluded to below, after the completion of his great work, is robbed of its dramatic interest by the fact that the work was not completed; and probably the somewhat crude and drastic termina-

tion to the tale is due to Peireskius, and not to Barclay.

John Barclay was born in 1582 at Pont à Mousson, where his father, William Barclay, was professor of civil laws. The first part of his 'Satyricon' was published in the name of 'Euphormio Lusinius,' and was said to have appeared in London in 1603. A second edition appeared in Paris in 1605. Barclay's stay in England at this period was short. He first went to Angers, and then to Paris in 1605, where he married Louise Debonnaire, the daughter of an army paymaster, and herself a Latin scholar and poetess. The pair moved to London in 1606, where in that year he published Latin poems entitled 'Sylvæ.' They continued to reside in London for nearly ten years, and in 1616 left for Rome. Here he established himself and composed his 'Argenis.' According to a manuscript note in a copy of this work belonging to M. Dukas, it was finished on July 28, 1621. On August 1 immediately following, Barclay was stricken with a violent fever, and expired on the 15th of the same month. Ralph Thorie, in his anonymous elegy on Barclay's death (London, 1621), more than insinuates that he was poisoned. In the same year the 'Argenis' came out in Latin in

Paris. I am indebted to the 'Dictionary of National Biography' for the foregoing facts.

The fact that stands out in this narration is that Barclay has their peculiarity in company with all—or almost all—the splendid writers of this age. His greatest literary work appeared after his death. What the underlying significance of this may be I know not, but it is a circumstance that has no parallel in any other 100 years of English literature, that after the death of a great poet or writer—and often many years after the death—works came out that were either published anonymously while the author was living, or that were quite unheard of during his life, and have no assignable connection with the author—such as bequeathed by Will, or instructions to executors. We have only to recall the names of Spenser, Peele, Marlow, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, to be impressed to the extent of this state of things.

The 'Argenis' was—as I have said—first published in Latin in Paris, in 1621, and again there also in Latin in 1622. The first English translation by Kingsmill Long appeared in London in folio in 1625. A second English translation by Sir Robert le Grys and Thomas May came out in London, quarto, 1629, and to this for the first

time was added a key, to explain who were the persons under the 'fained names.' And a third English translation, again by Kingsmill Long, quarto, 1636, with pictures and also a key to unlock the whole story. A translation by Ben Jonson was entered at the Stationers' Hall on October 2, 1623, but was never published. It is much to be regretted that we have not got this translation, but it is interesting to see that one standing so close to Bacon should thus early have taken up the work, if indeed, perchance, his hand in it was not even earlier than this. It is the 1629 edition that I have used and from which I quote.

The 1629 edition is said on the title-page to have been done into English: 'The¹ Prose upon His Majesties' Command: by Sir Robert le Grys, Knight: and the Verses by Thomas Day, Esquire.' And certainly it would seem to require the protection of a Royal Command to keep a translator scatheless, as well as a publisher, for when one has read the 'Argenis,' there are without doubt statements that, in the reign of good Queen Bess, would have made an unhappy writer's head 'stand tickle' upon his shoulders, and even in the days of Charles I. might easily have been made a Star Chamber matter.

When we call to mind how angry Queen

Elizabeth was with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hayward for his book of the deposing of Richard II., and the coming in of Henry IV., with its ambiguous and suspicious dedication to Essex, for which the worthy doctor was committed to the Tower (see Bacon's 'Apothegm,' No. 22), we can imagine how furious she would have been at the plain and unvarnished statement—though under 'fained names'—made in the 'Argenis.' Someone undoubtedly would have paid for this, and there would have been a well-considered 'lopping off of limbs' over it. All the more difficult to understand, therefore, is the action of Charles I. in 'commanding' this translation with the key attached, which would lay bare to those who suspected, the very things that would have irritated Elizabeth beyond measure. It should, however, be borne in mind, that at the date of publication of this book (1629), Bacon had been off the stage of this World's Theatre for about three years, as the accepted date of this is 1626, and therefore revelations about Queen Elizabeth and her marriage, and son, even if scented out by the half initiated, would not be of such importance as they would have been a few years before.

But with every consideration one can give the matter, the behaviour of Charles I. with

regard to this book remains very strange and puzzling : and the puzzling nature of his conduct is not lessened when we find from Sir Robert le Grys' 'Epistle Dedicatorie' to him, prefixed to the volume, that the book 'hath already been honoured by your Majestie's approbation'; and further in Le Grys's address 'To the Understanding Reader,' when we find him apologizing for possible mistakes in the translation, and giving as his excuse that 'he would have reformed some things in it, if his Majesty had not so much hastened the publishing it.' Why should Charles have hastened the publishing of it, especially with the key attached, making clear the extraordinary statements about Queen Elizabeth, when there was the English translation of 1625 open to him and others to read, which gave the story in its entirety, though without the key. And yet, why should Charles desire to have the key made public? There is much here to exercise one's ingenuity of speculation.

But, of course, the answer was that the whole thing was a mere '*jeu d'esprit*'; a sort of gambling of a literary elephant with no ulterior meaning, and though perhaps a little bold, might be allowed to pass. And this answer, though it would not have soothed Queen Elizabeth, would

possibly serve for those who knew nothing of Bacon's secret life, and had not the light of the cipher story to illuminate the dark places of the text, or to distinguish between pure fiction and veiled fact.

Barclay's 'Argenis' is a pseudo-historical account of intrigues, battles, love-making, and marriages, of kings and princes, and lesser folk, revelling in old Greek names, who lived about Sicily, Sardinia, Gallia, Mauretania, and other places. Amid stirring fights, and tender love passages, there are interlarded long and elaborate disquisitions upon Astrology, the Duty of the Civil Power to put down Heresy, the Reform of the Law Courts, the Duties and Privileges of Ambassadors, and so forth: making altogether somewhat heavy reading, as one considers it nowadays.

But at the end of the 1629 edition there is inserted a key, by which we are informed that under Greek and fanciful names certain well-known personages are intended, thus 'Argenis' is the daughter of the King of France, and in the end, wife to Poliarchus (Henry IV.), so it is not difficult to identify her as Margaret of Valois: Meleander is Henry II. or III. of France. Poliarchus is Henry IV. of France; Radiobanes is Philip II. of Spain; Selenissa is Catherine de

Medici ; Hyanisbe is Queen Elizabeth ; Archombrotus, or Hiempsall, is her son ; Nicopompus is the Author, and so on through a long list of minor characters.

And under fanciful names various countries are intended : thus Sicily is France ; Sardinia is Spain ; Mauretania is England, and the Moors are the English ; Gallia is Navarre, and so on.

So that in reading the book one is reading a double story, and sometimes under a fanciful dress a great historic truth may be recorded ; often, indeed, it is difficult—or impossible—to know whether some statement, at variance with received history, is put forward as mere airy fancy, or as a concealed fact. No doubt when the book was written there were many people who could have vouched for the truth of statements, that to others less informed in Court secrets would have seemed mere imaginings, but the day for such knowledge has long gone past, and it would be impossible now to write a commentary on the book clearly separating the truth from the fiction. What, however, is interesting to me is to pick out passages and recorded actions of individuals that are confirmatory of Bacon's cipher story, and that run in parallel lines with it. We all know the cipher story : that Bacon was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth

by her secret marriage with the Earl of Leicester, and that the hope and dream of his life was that he would ultimately be acknowledged by the Queen as her son, and proclaimed as her successor. Further, that the great and overmastering passion of his life was his love for the beautiful Marguerite de Valois ; and that her he has immortalized under various names in his writings, but specially as 'Rosalinde.'

Early in the book, Nicopompus, whom by the key we are told is the author, sets forth, in a discussion with his friends Antenorius and Hieroleander (who was secretary to Argenis), the principles which governed him in composing his 'Fable like a History'; and it is very important for the proper digesting of this fable to keep these principles in mind, for they show us that he fully intended to stray from the truth as he pleased, and they warn us that it would be impossible, without some other guiding light, to distinguish between veiled truth and pure fiction. And I do not doubt that these principles applied, and were intended to apply, to other poetic histories besides the fable in hand. It is said of Nicopompus, a few pages previously (p. 126), that 'he was of Antenorius, his most inward friends, and, being wearied of the cares and troubles of the Court, did seeke,

with the sweet conversation of that old man, a while to forget the disquieted Commonwealth.' From which we learn that Nicopompus was a denizen of the Court; and further on in the book we find that he employed himself, and was employed by others, in writing sonnets for various festive occasions, and even in writing little poems on behalf of other people, that should redound to the poetical fame of those others. All of which is strongly reminiscent of Francis Bacon and his works.

What Nicopompus says in regard to the scheme of his work is contained in the following speech which he delivered (p. 131) to his two friends Antenorius and Heiroleander.

“I will (saith he) write a Fable like a Historie. In it I wrap up strange events: armes, marriages, bloud, and contentments, I will blend together with success that could not be hoped for. The vanitie that is grafted in man, will make them delight to reade me: and therefore they will study it the harder, because they shall not take mee in their hands, as a severe Instructor. I will feede their minds with divers contemplations, as it were with a Landskip. Then, with the imaginations of danger, I will stirre up in them pittie, feare and horror. At last, when they are perplexed, I will relieve them, and make faire weather of a storm.

Whom I please I will redeeme out of the hand of destinie ; at my pleasure suffer to perish. I am well acquainted with the humors of our people : because they will believe that I trifle ; I shall have them all. They will love me, as they doe the shoves of the Theater or the Tilt-yard. So having won their liking to the Potion, I will also add to it wholesome herbes. Vertues and vices I will frame, and the rewards of them shall sute to both. While they reade, while as not concerned in it, they shall be angry, or favor, they shall meete with themselves, and as in a Looking-glasse, they shall see the face and merit of their own fame. Perhaps, they will bee ashamed to play any longer that part upon the Stage of this World, which they shall perceive in my Fable to have been duely set out for them. And lest they should complain that they are traduced, there shall be no man's picture to be plainely found there. To disguise them, I will have many inventions, which cannot possibly agree to those that I entend to point at. For this liberty shall be mine, who am not religiously tyed to the truth of a History. So shall vices not men be galled, nor shall any have reason to bee offended, but he that first will basely confess himselfe defiled with those abominations, which I have so scourged. Besides I will everywhere give them imagined names, onely to personate both the vertues and vices. That in this my Booke, he shall erre as well, that will have it all to be a true

relation of things really done, as he that takes it to be wholly fained.

“Antenorius was tickled with this new kind of writing, and cheerfully rubbing his hands together, ‘Bestow’ (saith hee) if thou be a good fellow, Nicopompus, this labour upon the Common-wealth. If thou regardest thyselfe, or the age in which thou livest, thou art merely a debtor of it. Such a Booke will be long lyved, and convey the Author of it, with much glory, to posterity. But the profit of it will be infinite to rip up wicked men, and arme vertue against them !” PPT

We may gather from this that Nicopompus and his friends had great hopes of the book, and of the effect it would have ; and we need not be surprised to find that at the end we have the boastful Latin verse that appears in other books of this period :

‘Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira,’ etc.

We are first introduced to Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) at p. 124 of the book. Poliarchus (Henry IV.) is represented as being on board a pirate’s galley, by which he had been rescued from drowning, together with his friend Gelanorus (Duke of Bouillon). These two turned upon the pirates, and by their prowess with their swords overcame them, and got command of the ship. Then they find that on board there is much treasure that has been taken

I was not present when from the protest of Englishmen (Antenorius) Francis Bacon himself wrote (!) I must needs be very Englishmen! The plan is exactly the same as the plan of Englishmen!

from Hyanisbe, and so determine to steer their course to Mauretania (England), and restore her property to the Queen. This, accordingly, they accomplish, and to the Queen's great joy, who visits them on the galley, give back to her the great treasure she has lost. The story then proceeds (p. 124):

‘Towards evening the Noblemen sent by the Queen, came to Poliarchus, appointed by her to suffer him want no kind of courteous or hospitable entertainment. From them, in various discourses, he understood concerning the Queen thus much ; that she was called Hyanisbe, and about three and twenty years since succeeded her brother Juba in the Kingdom. Before she came to the Crowne, she had been married to Siphax, a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the Kings, of all the Moors, who at the time of King Juba's decease, did also dye, leaving her with childe. That the Queene some months after was delivered of a sonne, whom she named Hiempsall, and he by the favour of the Gods had with his excellency of spirit outgone the wishes of his people, but that now to win himselfe honour among strangers, he was gone to travel in habit of a private person ; into what Country, except only to the Queen, was unknown.’

These statements concerning Queen Elizabeth are sufficiently startling. There are some that we

know at once are untrue, and which, as Nicopompus says, 'cannot possibly agree to those that I intend to point at.' But there remains the statement that she *was* married to 'a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the Kings, of all the Moors' (English), which would fairly agree with Leicester, though the death of her husband is erroneously stated. But then, Nicopompus is 'not religiously tyed to the truth of a History,' as he has told us. The description of the son Hiempsall = 90 (can anyone suggest the derivation of this name, or any hint wrapped up in its numerical value?) is most interesting in the fact that 'to win himselfe honour among strangers he was gone to travel in the habit of a private person; into what country, except only to the Queen, was unknown.'

Taking this son to be Bacon, it is curious to note how much mystery and concealment there has been about his travels in his youth. At that period it was quite the usual thing for a young man of birth and breeding to finish his education by an extended tour on the Continent, and residence abroad for perhaps two or three years. That Bacon should do this would not be surprising, except that as the youngest son of Sir Nicholas—who was not a rich man—it might be thought to be more than his father could reasonably afford.

But we have never had any very clear notion of how much time Bacon did spend abroad, or to what extent he travelled as a young man, beyond the two years that he spent in Paris from 1577-1579 with the English Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet; at this time he would be only sixteen to eighteen years of age. Rawley tells of this in his *Life of Bacon*, first published in the 'Resuscitatio' in 1657: though he does not say plainly how long he was there, but leaves the matter vague, and certainly gives no hint of his having been anywhere else than in France. He dismisses the subject by saying: 'Being returned from travel, he applied himself to the study of the Common Law,' etc.

But in that other *Life of Bacon* prefixed to the 'Histoire Naturelle,' published in Paris in 1631, there are some few more particulars of Bacon's travels. I have dealt with this life in the second chapter of this book.

Though this was the first *Life of Bacon* ever published, and coming out, as it did, in 1631, antedated Rawley's *Life* by so many years, it is strange how completely it has been ignored by all English writers upon Bacon. Spedding, who spent so much time over and about Bacon, makes no allusion to it, and evidently knew nothing about it. Now this life gives some more details about Bacon's

movements abroad. The author of it—whoever he was—says that Bacon spent several years of his youth in his travels; that he visited France, Italy, and Spain as being the most civilized nations of the world; and that as 'he saw himself destined some day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom' (a very remarkable phrase), he studied the laws and customs of the countries in which he resided, rather than the people and their diversities of dress. But apparently any details or particulars of Bacon's travels were not known to his contemporaries, and have certainly remained unrecorded. It is only from this book of John Barclay's that we get a hint why this was the case; that 'he was gone to travel in habit of a private person: into what country, except only to the Queene, was unknown.' And we should remember that Barclay's 'Argenis,' with its interesting statement about the travels of Queen Elizabeth's son, came out ten years before the French Life from which I have quoted above, and was absolutely the first statement made upon the subject, and then only in this veiled and secret manner. Up to that time no one knew anything about Bacon's travel: 'except only to the Queene,' they were unknown.

But Barclay's fanciful story proceeds, and, indeed, he does take liberties with history. Radiro-

banes (Philip II.) is represented as landing in Mauretania (England) with a great army. Poliarchus (Henry IV.) is shewn as undertaking the defence of the country for Hyanisbe (Elizabeth), and at last we have a terrific single combat between Poliarchus and Radiobanes, in which the latter is killed and the former very severely wounded. He is conveyed to the Palace of Hyanisbe, and is there for a long time recovering from his wounds. It is difficult to see what Barclay's object was in concocting such a very fabulous history as this. But the tale works up to this with many episodes of 'armes, marriages, bloud and contentments.' Through it all there is one character, Archombrotus, who takes a prominent part in affairs. His personality is not very clearly explained in the key, but we are told (p. 92) that he was a stranger to the State of Sicily (France), in which the action was chiefly laid. He, however, falls deeply in love with Argenis, and becomes the rival of Poliarchus (Henry IV.) for her affections. It is not, however, until towards the end of the book that we are given clearly to understand who Archombrotus stands for. This is the part of the story that deals with Radiobanes' (Philip's) attack upon Mauretania (England), and the difficulties and troubles of Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) are forcibly set out (p. 347).

'Scarce were two days past, when shee [Hyanisbe] conferring with the Lords about the present occasions, word was brought her that one of her sonne's servants [for he had onely carried two with him] was come into the Court. They were all of them astonished, and that felicity appeared to them not unlike the vanity of old fables : that in the just poynt of time any one should return, who could satisfie them of the Prince's health, and inform them whether they might send for him. But the cause of this sending his servant was this : Archombrotus, after he found that there was nothing that deferred his marriage with Argenis [Margaret], but onely the want of his mother's approbation, lest that should cause any delay in his most happy affaires, sent his servant to her with letters, such as a young man, and a Lover, and one who in those passions had not yet forgotten his mother's authority, could indite. In summe Hyanisbe was his mother : and at home he was among his own people called = Hyempsall : but being by his mother's command to travell into Grecia, and dissembling his qualitie, hee assumed a name suteable to that Nation. In his letters he did highly extoll his respect to his mother, that according to her command he had faithfully concealed the fortunes of his descent.* For the rest, that a felicitie was pre-

* In the deciphering of the Biliteral from Bacon's 'Natural History' ('Sylva Sylvarum'), 1635, Bacon says :

sented to him, which did outgoe all his wishes. The alliance with a most powerful King: the possession of Sicily [France] and a lady, in whom the graces of her mind were more to be pryzed than so great an inheritance. Hee besought her that shee would give him leave to discover to the King, with whom though unknowne he had benee in such grace, the honour of his birth and quality. That shee would also send to him some of her principall Noble men, with money and such other necessary ornaments, as might magnifie Mauretania [England] to the Sicilians [French] who were to pass into his command' (p. 347).

This certainly gives us interesting and remarkable information about Queen Elizabeth's son. The story then goes on to say that the Queen was not only displeased with the letter, but 'amazedly terrified' at it, so that the courtiers, seeing the change in her countenance, thought there was no good news of the Prince's health, and inquired of the servant who had brought the letter what there was that had so affected the Queen.

'I have neede of the very caution which kept these secrets from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy, and my life was the forfeit: nor may I now speake openly, yet many men for a Kingdom would break their oathe' ('The Biliteral Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon,' 2nd edition, Gay and Bird, London, p. 246).

But he assured them that Hyempsall was not only in health, but also in highest grace and esteeme among the strangers where he lived. Then the Queen saw the servant in private and spoke to him in the following words: 'I believe,' said she, 'that my son hath sufficiently encharged to thee, the concealing from all here in what Countrey he now remains. Be thou, I pray thee, faithful therein: for I will have none of mine acquainted therewith' (p. 348).

Here again we have emphatic attention drawn to the secrecy attached to the travels of the Queen's son, to which I have before alluded. It seems as though this must have been an outstanding fact in Elizabeth's relations to Bacon, since attention is drawn to it in this marked manner, though why there should have been so much mystery made of it one cannot very well see. But evidently the author of the 'Argenis' felt, or knew, that this secrecy, and the fact of the Queen only being cognizant of where her son was travelling, had some important bearing upon the secret story of Bacon's life, that he was allowing the initiated to have some glimpses of, and that it was essential to the understanding of the tale that this fact should be borne in mind.

Queen Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) is at this juncture

represented as being distraught with care by the attack of Radiobanes (Philip II.) on her kingdom, and this proposal of her son to marry the daughter of the King of Sicily (France). She therefore writes to her son a letter dealing with the whole case, and this letter is so important that I must here transcribe it :

‘ Thus all dismaied shee tooke Paper in which shee wrote to this effect : “ What oddes there is between thy intentions and the fortunes of our affaires, thou mayest, my sonne, know by this : that scarce was Radiobanes his Herald, that from him denounced warre unto us, out of our sight, when I received thy letters, wherein thou dost let me know, that thou predest upon a most unseasonable marriage. I give thanks to fortune and thy vertues, by which it is wrought, that being yet unknowne either for thy descent or meanes, Meleander [King of France] hath thought thee worthy his alliance. But thou shalt blemish thy honour, if being indulgent to thy affection, thou shalt suffer thy mother and thy Countrey to become a prey to the most injurious Radiobanes [Philip II.]. Doe not prefer Sicily [France], however but a dowry, before thy mother’s inheritance of Africa [England] : which thou wilt hardly find in safety, except thou presently make haste hither. Thou knowest how much more easily things may be kept, then being once lost, be regained ; After

thou hast secured thy mother, after thy triumphs, and the glories of thy valour and piety, thou mayest return greater to thy agreements, and better worthy the deserving. But doe not charge upon Radirobanes only or the warre these delays, which by the authority of a mother I interpose between thee and this marriage. Thou are utterly ruined [my sonne] if thou dost not speake with me, before thou wedde Argenis [Marguerite]. Returne instantly to thy dearest mother. Thou wilt in truth be glad, and believe that thou art abundantly rewarded for thy duetiful respect, even in this that thou hast obeyed me. For that thou mayest fully know my minde, it is so necessary, before the ceremony of thy marriage, that I acquaint thee with certain secrets, which may not be entrusted to Letters, nor to Messengers: that if thou dost neglect thy duety, I will deny myself to be thy mother. I will linke my selfe with Radirobanes, lest thou shouldest triumph upon my inheritance, and as it were the spoyles of me, whom with anguish of minde thou has brought to my end. I now doe thinke that I have strictly enough delivered this my charge to thee. I know thy disposition, which in no fortune or travelling thou canst put off or change. But that thou mayest not conceive that I will frowardly be crosse to all thy desires; I am not at all against thy discovering to the King of Sicily [France] that thou art my sonne. Who if he desires thee

for his sonne-in-law, if with his daughter he will assure Sicily to thee: let him send with thee some competent forces with which thou mayest oppose the invading Sardinians [Spaniards]. I will promise that thou shalt presently return into Sicily, after I have heere found thee a sonne, and Radiobanes an enemy. Farewell.”’

This is, I think, a sufficiently remarkable and interesting letter. I have taken the liberty of putting in brackets the equivalents as given by the key of various fantastic names. The period in the action of the story when this letter is written is just before the attack upon England of the Spaniards; which may be taken to be the Armada of 1588. But the attack in this tale is represented as being by land, and the hero in the defence on the side of Queen Elizabeth is Poliarachus (Henry IV. of France), who, after some stirring engagements between the two armies, meets Radiobanes in single combat—as I have before said—and kills him: a very fanciful and absurd tale. At the time of writing the above letter the Queen is represented as being greatly distressed at the prospect of the coming of the Spanish forces—as undoubtedly she was. It is interesting to note in the letter how the Queen practically forbids the marriage with Argenis, and yet in the end she

temporizes, in a thoroughly Elizabethan manner, and tells her son he may make himself known to the King of France, and if he desires him for a son-in-law, and will assure France to him, 'let him send with thee some competent forces with which thou mayest oppose the invading' Spaniards. It was so thoroughly in keeping with Elizabeth's character to play a double game like this; and while rejecting the marriage, to make the prospect of it a pretext for obtaining assistance.

But of course all this part of the tale with reference to the attack and defeat of the Spaniards, and Henry of Navarre's part in that business, is thoroughly fantastic and fanciful. The rivalry, too, between Archombrotus (Bacon) and Poliarchus (Henry) for the love of Argenis (Marguerite) which at this point of the story is made an important feature, is also fanciful; for taking the date at 1588, Marguerite and her husband Henry of Navarre had been married for some sixteen years, had already become very indifferent to each other, and had already been considering divorce—at least Marguerite had: a consideration which became an accomplished fact ten years later in 1598. When Bacon first saw Marguerite in Paris in 1577, she had already been married for five years. As the cipher story tells us, he fell madly in love

with her ; and he had some scheme in his head— which would seem to us nowadays sufficiently impracticable—of bringing about a divorce and marrying her himself. How long he kept working at this project we have no means of knowing, but apparently he carried it on for some time. Marguerite was almost exactly nine years his senior, and when he was sixteen—when he first met her—would be five-and-twenty. In Sir Amyas Paulet, with whom Bacon first stayed in Paris in 1577, he had a staunch friend, who tried to help him in his scheme for marriage. Bacon says of this, in his cipher in the 'New Atlantis,' 1635 (the cipher completed by Rawley)* :

'When Sir Amyas Paulet becomed avised of my love, he propos'd that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on her, pending case o' the divorce from the young Huguenot but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never open'd into flower.'

It is curious that Bacon does not state what the 'reasons of very grave importance' were : but it is equally curious to note that the Queen Hyanisbe, in the letter above quoted, interposed between her

* 'Bilateral Cipher,' 2nd edition, Gay and Bird, 1900, p. 337.

son and the marriage, and gave as a chief reason that before the ceremony he must be made acquainted with 'certain secrets' which may not be entrusted to letters or to messengers. Such agreement as this between two such different sources of information, is, I think, very noteworthy.

The tale as unfolded by Barclay proceeds apace. As I have said before, there are scenes of attack and counter-attack between the two armies, and a highly fanciful episode introduced when one Sitalces on the Spanish side dedicates himself to the Infernal Powers, on condition that victory shall be accorded to the Spaniards: the terms being that Sitalces should put himself in such a position of danger that he would be killed by the English, and his soul having then descended to the limbo of the Infernal regions, all the powers of Satan would be used in favour of the Spaniards, and victory thus assured to them. A very pretty scheme as it stood. But Poliarchus is told all about it by a spy, and gives orders that Sitalces is to be taken alive and not to be hurt, so that his nefarious plot may prove abortive. And this is actually done, and when Sitalces is secured, safe and sound, the usual taunting messages are sent to the Spanish King Radirobanes (Philip II.). After this we have the stirring single combat between Poliarchus

(Henry) and Radirobanes (Philip), in which Philip is killed and the Spanish army driven off. But Poliarchus is severely wounded, and though able to ride back to the Palace of Hyanisbe with the arms and armour of Radirobanes carried as trophies, he is laid up with his wounds for many days, and confided to the tender care of the grateful and ever thankful Queen.

While he is thus being nursed the Queen's son—known among his own people as Hiempsall, and abroad as Archombrotus—arrives. When he arrives, Poliarchus, who has been looking forward to his coming with mild expectancy, finds out that this Hiempsall is none other than the hated Archombrotus, who has been trying to rob him of his Argenis; while Archombrotus discovers that the hero, who has, by his prowess, saved his mother's kingdom, is none other than the double-dyed villain Poliarchus, whose blood he has sworn to have; so—to use a modern phrase—the fat is in the fire, and poor Hyanisbe is at her wits' end to know how to prevent these two hot-heads from cutting each other's throats, and there is a terrible 'to do' all round. However, she manages it.

She orders her son, and implores Poliarchus, to preserve peace between them while they are with her. She assures them that if they will but wait

until they can both return to Sicily (France), she will send letters to Meleander (the King of France), that will so entirely explain and clear up the situation to the satisfaction of both of them, and to all concerned, that her son Archombrotus will not be deprived of Argenis, and yet that Poliarchus shall have her to wife, as he expected. Such a solution of the difficulty, and such a smoothing out of all troubles, seems impossible. But here we may call to mind the principles that Nicopompous, the author, enunciated when he set out to write his 'Fable like a History.' He said :

'Then with the imaginations of danger I will stirre up in them pittie, feare, and horror. At last, when they are perplexed, I will relieve them, and make faire weather of a storm. Whom I please I will redeeme out of the hand of destinie: at my pleasure suffer to perish To disguise them, I will have many inventions, which cannot possibly agree to those that I intend to point at. For this liberty shall bee mine, who am not religiously tyed to the truth of a History.'

So Hyanisbe writes a letter to Meleander, which she gives to her son Archombrotus to be delivered. Archombrotus and Poliarchus set out with their

respective trains and fleets to return to Sicily (France), and the letter is duly presented to Meleander. And at the reading of this letter everything is indeed turned topsy-turvy. For therein (p. 475-6) Queen Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) upraids Meleander (King of France) for that in the first place he had concealed from her his secret marriage with her sister Anna! And then that, after Anna's death, subsequent to his departure, he had never inquired if she had left any children, but that she had actually borne a fair son whom she (Elizabeth) had brought up, and that he was none other than Archombrotus; to whom King Meleander had been so much drawn with affection; that he was indeed his son, and half-brother to Argenis, whom he had loved with more than a brother's love. But when all these explanations are made there is a general family reunion, and Argenis, delighted with her new-found brother, takes him 'with both her hands about the necke.' All quarrels are at an end between Archombrotus and Poliarchus, and nothing now stands in the way of the marriage between Argenis (Margaret) and Poliarchus (Henry of Navarre), and the wedding ceremony is duly celebrated with much rejoicing on all sides. Here indeed is 'faire weather made of a storm,' and the curtain is rung down with an

Epithalamium, composed by the son of Nicopompus, scarce ten years old.

Thus ends this extraordinary 'fable like a History'; this bewildering jumble of fact and fancy. In this short account of it all, I have but lightly skimmed over the 483 pages of large quarto to which it extends. What of it is fact and what pure fiction? That is the puzzling question. We must carry in mind the warning that Nicopompus gave us when he stated the plan upon which he was working. 'That in this my book, he shall erre as well that will have it all to be a true relation of things really done: as he that takes it to be wholly fained.'

In this book we have it clearly stated that Queen Elizabeth, before she came to the Crown, was married to a man of the most eminent quality, next the Kings of all the English; that she had by him a son; that this son travelled abroad and lived in France; that he fell in love with and desired to marry Marguerite, daughter of the King of France; she who was married to Henry, King of Navarre. Now, are these statements on the same plane of truth or fiction as the statements that Henry of Navarre came to help Queen Elizabeth in her defence of the Kingdom against the attack of Philip II. of Spain; that he beat off the Spanish

forces, and killed Philip with his own hand in single combat ; that he himself was severely wounded in the fight, and was nursed back to health by Queen Elizabeth in her palace ? These last statements, we know, are ridiculously contrary to truth ; the other statements are confirmatory of those revealed by the cipher story, and possibly belong to that part of the book where a man would err if he took it to be 'wholly fained.' *Surely.*

Or to look at it from another point of view. Did Barclay, in writing this book, desire to preserve in it certain important, though, to the writer, highly dangerous, historic facts ; that to do this he adopted the plan of weaving these facts in with ridiculous fictions, so that it might be open to him or his friends in his defence to say, 'The statement that Queen Elizabeth was married and had a son is just as much pure fancy as that Henry of Navarre killed Philip II. in single combat, and need not be noticed ?' While by the initiated and those who had some knowledge of the secret history of the times these statements about Elizabeth would be recognized as true, and would stand for all time as a witness to the truth.

I think this book of Barclay's deserves very much more careful study and sifting than it has hitherto obtained. The Key attached to the 1629

and subsequent editions, when taken in conjunction with the cipher story of Bacon's life, gives us the power to unlock and set forth the secret facts embedded in it; but we must remember that it is to the cipher story, as recently deciphered from Bacon's great biliteral, that we owe the power of doing this. Before the cipher story had disclosed the marvellous secrets of Bacon's life, one might have read the 'Argenis'—as it has been read any time during the past long period—without any intelligent appreciation of the statements about Queen Elizabeth, and would have set them down as no more truthful than all the other phantasies: now, with the cipher story in mind we read the tale of Argenis with a totally different understanding. In the same way the glosses upon the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' when read in the light of the cipher story, gave unsuspected confirmation of the details of that narrative. If we could find a key to Sidney's 'Arcadia' or to the 'Fairie Queen,' similar to that which has been supplied to the 'Argenis,' I feel confident that both these books would disclose much hidden and secret history of the Elizabethan period, and would without doubt confirm the revelations of the cipher story, showing Bacon to have been, not only born to great and high position in the world, but also the greatest

literary genius the world has ever known, and the author of marvels in Poetry and Prose that have hitherto been attributed—and are still attributed by the literary men of England—to quite common individuals whom he used as his masks. The recognition of the true Bacon, and his enthronement on his own proper seat, will coincide with the acceptance of the story of his life and works, which he left to us with such tremendous labour embedded in numerous books of the period in his great biliteral cipher.

Before concluding, I would say a few words about the Key at the end of the book, which explains, or is meant to explain, who are the persons under the 'fained names.' But some of the omissions are quite as important as the explanations. Hiempsall—whom we would like to know something about—is not referred to, and Archombrotus, the other name by which Queen Elizabeth's son is known, is explained in the Key as being the Duke d'Alencon, the son of the King of France, adopting in that way the phantastic tale that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth's sister Anna! Meleander is said to be Henry III., but it is evident from the text that he stands for the King of France at various periods of the story.

Argenis, again, is said to represent the French Crown or right of succession, but in the text—*e.g.*, Hyanisbe's letter to her son—she is clearly the daughter of the King of France, and afterwards marries Poliarchus (Henry IV.).

CHAPTER V

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE

IN any discussion upon the mystery of Bacon's life, the matter that the public generally is most interested in is undoubtedly his connection with the Shakespeare plays, and one can scarcely omit saying something upon this great and greatly discussed subject. The first view that in my mind presents itself is, 'Did Shakespeare write the Plays?' for if there is abundant evidence that he did so, I should think that would be the conclusion of the whole matter. To me—as to many—the plays are extremely attractive, and on many an occasion, when alone and far from any English-speaking people, the reading of these plays has been a delight and a comfort unspeakable. The splendour and the glory of the language seems never to dim or to fail ; and the exquisite imagery, scattered everywhere with an unstinting hand, as from an inexhaustible store, is always of a beauty

and aptness beyond anything one can find elsewhere. One reads with bated breath, taking in every phrase and every word, as beyond and above what anyone else ever did, or could, write. But when one reads a book or a series of books, written by an individual upon any given subject, and each book shows profound knowledge and a perfect mastery of the subject, one naturally conceives an admiration for the author, and it is only but a short step further to experience a strong desire to know something about the man, whose writings have been perhaps a joy and a delight for years. For instance, suppose that I was attracted by, and in the habit of reading, a series of works on electricity and its practical applications, written by John Walker; that as each book came out it showed a deep insight into electrical problems, a wonderful facility for dealing with calculations in the higher branches of mathematics, a thorough knowledge of the practical working of motors and dynamos, and an almost encyclopædic acquaintance with all that other men had written or said on the subject; and suppose that after a time, my wonder at the extraordinary cleverness of the books increasing, I at last get to know the author, John Walker, and then find to my amazement that he is a young man of scarcely any education at all,

brought up in a remote little village by illiterate parents, where motors and dynamos are as completely unknown as the higher mathematics, that he works till two-and-twenty as a butcher, then leaves wife, children, and home to get away from poaching scrapes, that his habits are those of a roysterer and a 'sport' rather than a student, that he possesses no books, can scarcely write, and with regard to his books (*those that appear in his name*) is so little interested in them that he does not trouble to secure his property in them, would I not be blind if I did not at once see that John Walker was merely lending his name for the publication of these books, and that, for some reason or another, the true author was keeping in the background?

Now this is exactly the light in which Shakespeare appears to me. Of course so long as one knows nothing of the personality of Shakespeare, one reads the marvellous plays without any feeling of doubt about their authorship. The more one reads the more one is impressed by the stupendous intellect, the vast learning, the omnivorous reading, the penetrating insight, the extraordinary specialization of knowledge of the author; while all this is suffused by a tender human spirit, that makes the dry bones of learning and research alive with

warmth and passion. When one arrives at this state of admiration of the author and wonder at his achievement, one naturally asks what manner of man was this Shakespeare? Where was he educated, where brought up? How did he acquire all this vast and diffuse knowledge? What were his habits of study that made it possible for him to crowd so much into one short lifetime? What life did he lead, and with whom did he associate??

And wonder succeeds wonder when the facts of the case are unfolded. We learn that he was born of illiterate parents of the illiterate class in the insignificant village of Stratford-on-Avon, in the year 1564; that he may have received some education at the Grammar School of the place, but that there is no proof of this; that at sixteen, or possibly younger, he was apprenticed to a butcher; that at eighteen he hurriedly contracted a marriage with a woman eight years his senior, and that his first child was born some six months after the ceremony; that at twenty-one to twenty-three (dates differ), pressed by increasing family and the troubles of his poaching scrapes, he left Stratford to seek his fortune in London, where he is spoken of as holding horses at the theatre, and afterwards as occupying a minor post in the establishment as call-boy or supernumerary of some sort. In all

this there is the ordinary life of a young man of the lower-middle class of the period. There is not the smallest appearance of education, culture, refinement, or learning. There is no place for study or reading : his time is taken up with butchering and babies—at Stratford—and afterwards in London, by the necessity of earning his daily bread, and there is not the remotest indication of the life of the student and philosopher. There is not a book that he is ever known to have possessed, and the only specimens of his handwriting, five badly written signatures, would indicate that he was little accustomed to the pen.

Yet we are asked to believe that within a couple of years or so after his arrival in London, plays written by him began to appear—plays written in the most courtly, refined, and classical English, replete with learning, full of evidence of wide reading, dealing with aristocratic life and manners, and instinct with poetry of the very highest order. One of his biographers even has the absurdity to suggest that the courtly and classical poem, 'Venus and Adonis,' was already written by him before he left Stratford, and that he arrived in London with it in his pocket. Seeing the sort of man Shakespeare was in Stratford, I think it would be difficult to find a stronger instance than this of

bolstering up an absurd theory by a ridiculous suggestion.

In dealing with this Shakespeare question, one must always make great allowance for the 'personal equation' in arriving at a decision. To me it has always been a puzzle (since I have had any knowledge of the life of Shakespeare) how anyone could read a biography of him without having serious doubts raised or suggested as to the authorship of the plays. How anyone could *write* such a biography, without being forced to the conclusion that Shakespeare never wrote the plays, is beyond my comprehension. The details of his life are so common, sordid, and petty; they are so utterly wanting in any illuminating flash of intellectual power, that the mere statement of them to my mind is sufficient to carry conviction. Is there one action of the man Shakespeare reported to us, or that has come down to us by tradition, that would make one exclaim, 'That is what I should expect of the author of "Hamlet" or "Henry VIII."?' Look at the little verses attributed to him by Stratford tradition, how vulgar and common; the 'wit combats,' how unworthy; the money dealings, how sordid. Yet to other men the enumeration of these very details has in some sort enabled them to understand Shakespeare better, and to grasp the

fact more firmly, that he was the author of the plays. To me the current biographies are mere ploughing of the sand, utterly barren and unconvincing. What help can it afford, to show that he has sold another load of stone to the Stratford Aldermen, or sued another poor devil for a debt of a few shillings, or kissed the babies of some obscure innkeeper? What bearing have such facts as these upon the authorship of the plays, or how can they help to smooth out the incongruity between the young butcher or middle-aged malt dealer of Stratford, and the extraordinary personality that gave the world the great Shakespearian dramas? And yet the biographies of Shakespeare are made up of such details as these, and the discovery of one more sordid fact is hailed with as much delight as the finding of a bundle of Shakespeare's letters, dealing with the plot and writing of one of the plays might give. One thing stands out clearly to my mind after reading the biographies, namely, that such a man as is there described, or attempted to be described—for the information about him is so meagre—could not have been the author of the plays. For, be it remembered, we have not only to deal with the incongruity of his life before he went to London, but also with the incongruity after his return to Stratford.

There is no doubt that Shakespeare went to London about 1585-1587 ; that he was there up to ~~1604~~, or perhaps a little later, or possibly not so late ; that during those years he became a successful theatrical manager and made money, and was also an actor, appearing in minor parts. In 1604 he would be forty years of age. At that time, or thereabouts, he retired to Stratford, and set himself up in what, I presume, would be one of the best houses in the town, though the town itself was a place quite insignificant. And what do we find him doing? Gathering about him the books that must have been the delight and the constant companions of the writer of the plays? Spending his time in cultured ease, in reading, in correspondence with the learned of the age, in writing, that he may pour out the rich stores of his fully charged brain? Not a bit of it. He simply drops back into the common petty life from which he had freed himself twenty years before, with this difference, that whereas then he was struggling with poverty, now he has money at his command. He takes up brewing apparently, for he deals in malt ; he lends money, he buys bits of property here and there, and doubtless cuts a figure in the eyes of the Stratford people, who remember him as the young butcher who married Ann Hathaway under rather discreditable circumstances amongst her neighbors by the name "Hathaway". "H. S.

stances, and then left the place to seek his fortune in London. And so until he is fifty-two he spends the last ten or twelve years of his life in this sort of way. Is it to be believed that this man was the author of those wonderful plays? That he, having 'filled up all numbers' while still in the full strength and vigour of his intellect, should voluntarily bury such a mind in such a grave as Stratford? To me it is incredible. And there is not a single ray of light from tradition to help one to understand the incongruity of the situation. Far from it. Tradition represents him as on no higher plane intellectually than those about him, and the master mind of the age is satisfied with 'wit combats' of the pettiest sort while tippling with the yokels of Stratford. Again I say, 'Incredible!'

And so in 1616, when only fifty-two years of age, Shakespeare died; tradition says from the effects of a drinking bout.

Lord Penzance* brings out very clearly, I think, that during his lifetime Shakespeare never asserted himself as the proprietor of the plays. The property in them, conferred by the entry at

* 'The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy,' by Lord Penzance, Sampson Low and Co., London, 1902.

Stationers' Hall, was always in someone else, and in men who had no known connection with Shakespeare. At his death, too, there is the same entire lack of interest in, or even contact with, the plays. In his will—a long document dealing with his various bits of property with considerable detail, and making bequests to various persons besides his immediate family—there is not a word about manuscripts, books, papers or letters of any kind at all. The plays, published or unpublished, are not alluded to in the slightest manner. Reading the will through, no one would gather that the Testator was a great and splendid writer, leaving behind him a number of unpublished works. He appointed his son-in-law, John Hall, and his daughter, Susanna, residuary legatees and executors of the will, and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins (Solicitor of Warwick) overseers, none of whom were in any sense literary people or connected with literature. He did not, however, forget his old theatrical days in London, for he left 'to my fellowes John Hemynges, Richard Burbage and Henry Cundell XXVI^s VIII^d apiece buy them rings.' These were his fellow-actors with whom he had been associated for many years in his theatrical undertakings; and it is significant that even while remembering them he should give no

He had made arrangements with these men for the use of their names for the dedication. Perhaps the only "bequests" they received were the sums they received from Bacon for the use of their names. N.S.

word of instruction about unpublished plays, supposing, that any were in his possession. It would have been most natural, and even to be expected, that he should have done so ; or left them some copies of his favourite plays or favourite authors. But as regards books and manuscripts the will is entirely (and most significantly) silent.

From this time forth the world hears and knows nothing more of the Shakespeare family in connection with literature.

And at the time of his death the world expressed not one word of sorrow or regret. There are no funeral elegies, no mourning poems, such as were published in plenty at the death and burial of Sir Philip Sidney, for instance ; but the great author of these wonderful plays and poems drops into the grave with no more remark or notice than any other of the worthies of Stratford with whom he was familiar and did business. It was not until the appearance of the 1623 folio that the usual laudatory poems, with which authors of the day were treated, made their appearance.

But in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, there appeared the folio edition of the plays, with a preface written by Hemynge and Cundell, 'the two fellowes mentioned in the Will and who were actors with Shakespeare.' This preface is a

most remarkable and interesting document, and is quite worthy of the attention Lord Penzance has bestowed upon it. These two actors put themselves forward as the collectors or gatherers of the plays for the purpose of keeping alive the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow as was Shakespeare. They do not profess to act in any other capacity, except to correct errors that had come with the publications, for they say very plainly :

‘ We pray you do not envy his Friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them [“the plays”] and so to have published them : as where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealth of injurious impostors that exposed them : even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs : and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who as he was a happy imitator of Nature was a most gentle expressor of it. His mind and hand went together. And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province *who only gather his works** and give them to you, to praise him.’

* My italics.

Now no one reading the foregoing would be given to understand that out of the thirty-six plays published in the folio edition only sixteen of them had appeared in print before: that twenty were printed now for the first time, and that of these twenty, six were entirely new plays that never had been heard of before. What reason had Hemynge and Cundell for glossing over and hiding this most important fact? Surely if their object was, as they stated, to keep alive the memory of 'so worthy a Friend and Fellow as was Shakespeare' they could not do it more effectually than by announcing that not only did they offer plays that were known to the public, but that there were also fourteen plays that, though performed on the stage—as they appear to have been—had never before been printed: and besides these, six entirely new plays that no one had ever seen or heard of previously. Surely such facts as these would be of the greatest value in drawing people to purchase the folio, and in giving those, who had some knowledge of and admiration for Shakespeare's work, an opportunity to become further acquainted with it. Not only, however, do they gloss over this fact but in a previous part of their preface to the readers, they plainly deny it, where they say:

‘And though you be a Magistrate of Wit, and sit on the stage at Black-Friars or the Cock pit to arraign Plays daily, know these plays have had their trial already and stood out all Appeals;’ [note the Baconian legal language here], ‘and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court than any purchased letters of commendation.’

Now this was distinctly untrue with regard to six of the plays: these being entirely new had not ‘had their trial already.’ It is impossible to imagine any valid reason that Hemynge and Cundell could have had for suppressing the fact of these six new plays, if their object in publishing the folio edition was to keep alive Shakespeare’s name. It was a fact of primary importance and one which—if they were really doing what they professed to be doing—they would have been only too ready and anxious to proclaim. It added glory to their friend and fellow and would show them to be in the best position to bring out the edition. But it was entirely suppressed and hidden—why? If the great plays were written by another under cover of Shakespeare’s name, and this other desired to remain unknown, while giving to the world all his writings, then ~~Hemynge and Cundell’s~~ preface

Bacon's

becomes consistent and intelligible, otherwise it is purposeless falsehood. *Assuredly.*

The world—and especially the literary world—may not yet be ready to acknowledge that this other was Bacon, but to my mind the evidence in his favour is overwhelming, and it will not be long before he is established on the throne that Shakespeare—who himself never claimed it—has so long occupied.

Substitute for the two words, "Hemming
Cundell," the two others, "Francis Bacon,"
and you have the real signature to the
dedication of the Shakespeare Folio 1623. These two actors (or their names)
were but tools of Bacon's. The dedica-
tion they are put forward as composers
is unmistakably in Francis Bacon's style
it borrows expressions from his "Promus"
it makes use of Pliny's dedication of
his Natural History to the Roman
Emperor—Pliny's Natural History is
which Francis Bacon was so warmly
interested! The Folio is dedicated to
intimate friends of Francis Bacon
who are quite unknown to have con-
tacted with or patronized the clown
of Stratford. Hemming and Cundell

Exemplum Alphabeti Biliterarij.

A	B	C	D	E	F
Aaaaa	aaab	aaaba	aaabb	aaaba	aaabab
G	H	I	K	L	M
aabba	aabbb	abaaa	abaab	ababa	ababb
N	O	P	Q	R	S
abbaa	abbab	abbbba	abbbb	baaaa	baaab
T	V	W	X	Y	Z
baaba	baabb	babaa	babab	babba	babbb

Neque leue quiddam obiter hoc modo perfectum est. Etenim ex hoc ipso patet Modus, quo ad omnem Loci Distantiam, per Obiecta, quæ vel Visui vel Auditui subijci possint, Sensa Animi profertur, & significare liceat; si modò Obiecta illa, duplicis tantum Differentiæ capacia sunt; veluti per Campanas, per Buccinas, per Flammeos, per Sonitus Tormentorum, & alia quæcunque. Verùm ut Inceptum persequamur, cùm ad Scribendum accingeris, Epistolam Internam in *Alphabetum* hoc *Biliterarium* solues. Sit Epistola interior;

Fuge.

Exemplum Solutionis.

F	V	G	L
Aabab	baabb	aabba	aabaa

Præstò

after this (ostensible their) dedicatio

Præsto simul sit aliud *Alphabetum Biforme*, nimirum, quod singulas *Alphabeti Communis* Literas, tam Capitales, quam minores, duplici Formâ, prout cuique commodum sit, exhibeat.

Exemplum Alphabeti Biformis.

a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

A. A. a. a. B. B. b. b. C. C. c. c. D. D. d. d.

a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

E. E. e. e. F. F. f. f. G. G. g. g. H. H. h. h.

a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

I. I. i. i. K. K. k. k. L. L. l. l. M. M. m. m.

a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

N. N. n. n. O. O. o. o. P. P. p. p. Q. Q. q. q. R.

b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

R. r. r. S. S. s. s. T. T. t. t. V. V. v. v. u. u.

a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b. a. b.

W. W. w. w. X. X. x. x. Y. Y. y. y. Z. Z. z. z.

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Tum demùm Epistolæ Interiõri, iam factæ *Biliterate*,
Epistolam Exteriõrem *Biformem*, literatim accommo-
dabis, & postea describes. Sit Epistolâ Exteriõr;

Manere te volo donec venero.

Exemplum *Accommodationis.*

F V G F
a a b b . b . a a b b a a b b a a b a a .

Manere te volo donec venero

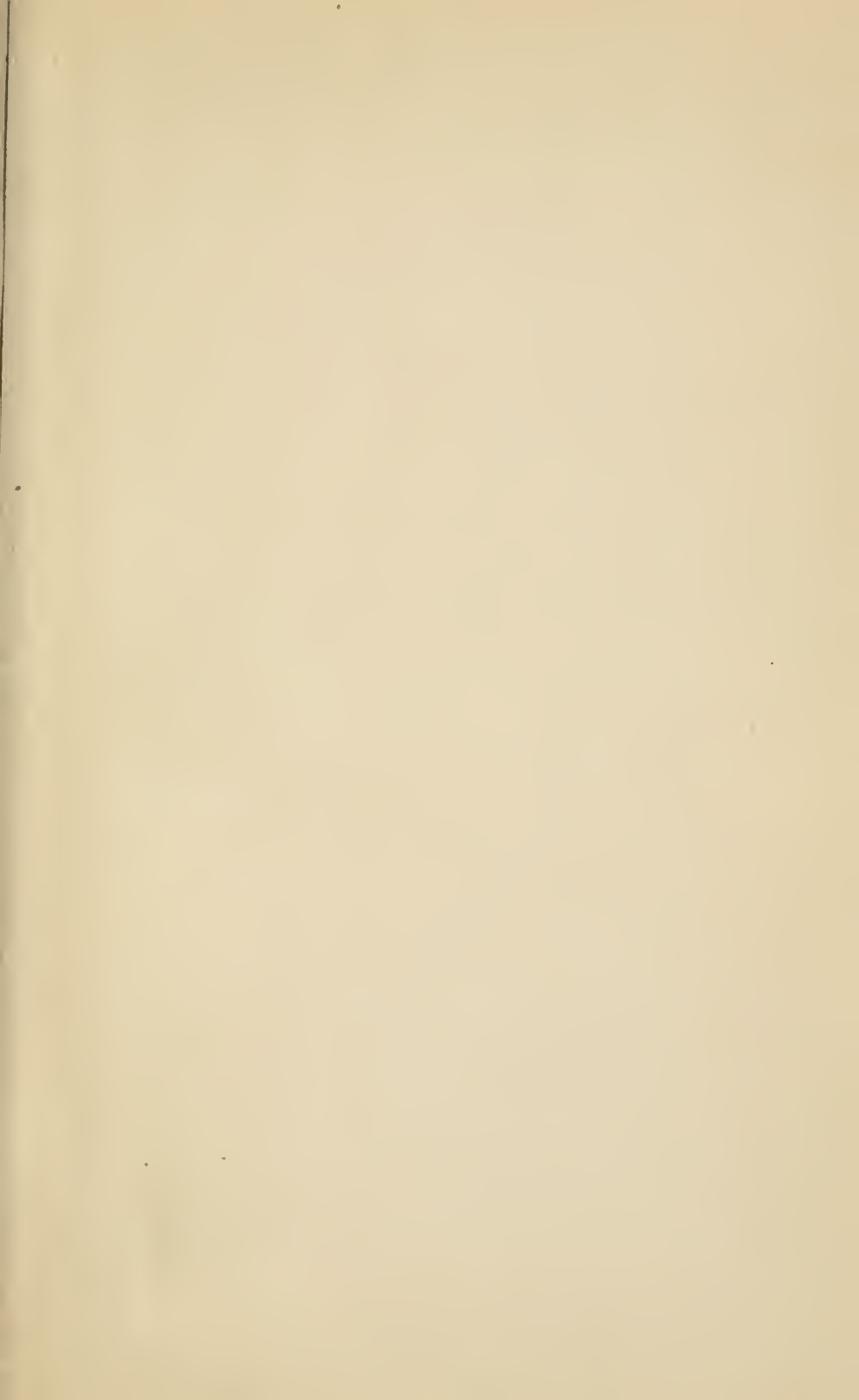
Apposuimus etiã Exemplum aliud largius eiusdem
Ciphre, *Scribendi Omnia per Omnia.*

Epistola Interior, ad quam delegi-
mus *Epistolam Spartanam*, missam
olum in Scytale.

*Perditæ Res. Mindarus cecidit. Milites
esuriunt. Neque hinc nos extricare, neque
hic diutius manere possumus.*

Epistola Exterior, sumpta ex Epistolâ
Primâ Ciceronis, in quâ Epistola Spar-
tana inuoluitur.

Ego omni officio, ac potius pietate erga te:
carteris satisfacio omnibus: Mibi ipse nun-
quam satisfacio. Tanta est enim magni-
tudo tuorum erga me meritorum, ut quoni-
am tu, nisi perfectâ re, de me non conquies-
si; ego, quia non idem in tuâ causâ officio,
vitam mihi esse acerbam putem. In cau-
sâ hæc sunt: Ammonius Regis Legatus
apertè pecuniâ nos oppugnat. Res agitur
per eosdem creditores, per quos, cum tu ade-
ras, agebatur. Regis causâ, si qui sunt,
qui velint, qui pauci sunt, omnes ad Pompe-
ium rem deferri volunt. Senatus Reli-
gionis calumniam, non religionem, sed ma-
lenolentiam, et illius Regiæ largitionis
inuidiam comprobat. &c.



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Henry Sterring

His Book

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for I wish to loan my
books to many other friends.

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