to have been Bacon's peculiar possession beyond any man of that age. In the two pieces in the 'Partheniades' we have the same man's thought exuberantly expanded in rougher and more juvenile verse, more akin to the style of the 'Shepheard's Kalendar'; but to the careful and judicious reader I think they will appear to be the same thoughts of the same genius and the same would be counsellor of the Queen for the State's good.

In these so-called Puttenham poems we have *fairies* mentioned several times, and also Pallas; one of the 'Partheniades' being wholly addressed to Pallas as the typical goddess of the Queen herself; and in another we have brought before us the 'Phrygean youth,' or Paris giving the prize to 'cleere beawtee'—very 'ill-advised,' the author thinks him, and says:

> 'I am not rapte in Junoe's spheare,
> Nor with dame Venus lovelye hewe:
> But here on earthe I serve and feare,
> O mayde Minerve, thine ydoll true.'

There are also some unusual words, which occur also in 'The Ruines of Time' and Shakespeare; but possibly they appear in other authors too, though the 'New English Dictionary' knows them not, so I leave these out of the argument.

But there is one word—*schiphringe; i.e.*, ciphering—which is used in a peculiar and obsolete sense both in the last lines of the 'Partheniades' and in the preface of Field, the printer, to 'The Arte of English Poesie.' Whence I infer that Bacon wrote that preface, and not Field; but, of course, others may say Puttenham wrote it.

But this word 'cipher' (the verb) occurs three times in 'Lucrece' (used somewhat differently, it is true, but still used nowhere else in all Shakespeare), so perhaps someone will say that therefore Puttenham wrote 'Lucrece.' Such inferences have brought quite enough ridicule already on the Baconian theory, and I for one shall certainly not say that because the verb *cipher* appears three times in 'Lucrece,' and nowhere else in all Shakespeare, that therefore Bacon meant people to look for *his cipher* at the beginning of 'Lucrece,' where it is now found. Neither shall I deal with the unusual words in 'Partheniades' by way of parallel passages, for not even with the 'New English Dictionary' before you can you be sure that the words are *only* used by the authors you bring together. But I have no need to run this risk, for the 'Partheniades' are Baconian enough without such dangerous helps.

I had hoped to get some help from the perse-

vering German critics on the new and thorny subject of the 'Partheniades,' but I was not able to find any reference among the many excellent discourses on Elizabethan literature which are so frequent in their literary journals. I have great respect for the keen-sighted expositions of Gregor Sarrazin, and hoped his wide knowledge of Elizabethan poetry would lead him to tackle the 'Partheniades,' and suggest from his retentive memory many illuminating parallels; but I have not found that he or any other German, or, indeed, anyone at all, has touched upon this singular New Year's gift to the Queen. No doubt one reason is the difficulty in seeing the poems. Many large libraries may be searched in vain. There is Arber's reprint of Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie'—that is easily to be procured—but 'Partheniades' is not there, and, indeed, is only to be found in Nichols' 'Progresses of Queen Elizabeth,' and in Haslewood's quarto edition of Puttenham, published by Triphook in 1811; and both these books are far from common, and not easy to obtain. Thus it has happened that very little attention either in England or America, or on the Continent, has been given to this highly interesting author.

But though no German even mentions the 'Par-

theniades,' there is one German who has given considerable attention to Puttenham's rules for good poetry, and the varied figures used in the making of it. Puttenham is very discursive and illustrative with regard to these poetical figures, many of which he christens for the first time in our vernacular, although, of course, they had been born long ago of classic parents, and had been the terror of the youthful student at all times.*

He speaks of them as an expert, as one who was wont to practise them—as one who, if he wrote poetry, would be on the lookout to bring these various figures into his work whenever there was a chance. Now, it was just with reference to these poetical figures of Puttenham, such as 'Auxesis,' or the Advancer; 'Meiosis,' or the Disabler; 'Anachinosis,' or the Impartener, and the numerous others, that the one German critic just referred to gave me some curious assistance to my Puttenham theory. It was this: he showed clearly in many consecutive pages of *Anglia* (xxii.), a first-class German periodical dealing with English literature, that

* [These 'christenings' very much resemble those of the various 'Instances' in the 'Novum Organum.' Both are miracles of invention. There are about 120 in Puttenham, and seventy or eighty in the 'Novum Organum.'—Ed.]

there was one English poet who had apparently most carefully and strictly followed out the varied use of the poetical figures which are so frequently mentioned and illustrated in Puttenham's book. That poet was none other than the immortal author of 'Lucrece.' When I first read this and the long array of evidence for it, I must admit that it gave me 'rather a turn,' as some folks say, for I knew that a recent author had written a big book to show, for one thing, that Bacon had written 'Lucrece,' and that he had 'shown his head' there very plainly.* And I also remembered that on going through the arguments I thought the case for Bacon was satisfactorily proved.

The extremely finished character of the verse in 'Lucrece' is very much against their Shaksperian or Stratford origin. The compressed philosophic thought, the wonderfully polished verse, and the technique throughout displayed in this early poem, all point to a man of great reading in deep subjects, and also of abundant scholarly leisure. Dr. Ewig also especially calls attention to several fine passages in 'Lucrece,' and, amongst others, to lines 1666-1673, where he sees the

* 'Is it Shakespeare?' By a Graduate of Cambridge. John Murray: London, 1903.

work of a practised hand of many years' standing. My own opinion is that no true critic can fail to notice this quality. When this is once really seen, then the Stratford man must go, and a leisurely aristocrat of poetic tastes and a finished critic of the art of poesy must take his place. Such was Puttenham *par excellence*, and I cannot but think that the consideration of this evident and striking fact must lend considerable plausibility to my novel contention with regard to Puttenham and Bacon. Indeed, several things which look like absolute literary miracles disappear entirely on my supposition—which is something in its favour, surely.

CHAPTER VII

THE PURPORT AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE BODENHAM BOOKS

Before I make an end, I will gather a few more illustrations which seem to favour my contention. Oldys, who was not a bad judge of literature, says: 'That Puttenham was a courtier is visible. . . . He may be called the *Court critic* of that reign.'

I think it will be admitted by all who are acquainted with 'The Arte of English Poesie' that this is well and truly put, and is strongly corroborated by what Marston says (1598) in his 'Scourge of Villanie' of that 'judiciall Torquatus' whom he elsewhere calls Muto and Mutius, as if he were as mute as a Pythagorean and a 'concealed' writer. I have elsewhere given reasons to show that here Marston meant Bacon.

This same Torquatus (who owed his collar to the Gray's Inn revels) was famous for his 'new-minted epithets,' so Marston tells us, and was also fond of

fine attire and had a 'glasse-set face,' which would all agree very closely with Puttenham's minting of new words, fondness for epithets, and love of dress and decorum in speech and manner. Surely the concealed Court critic and the concealed 'judiciall Torquatus' are one and the same —*i.e.*, Bacon.

Again, if either of the Puttenhams had written this book, by the time people began to talk about it they were both dead, and possible reasons for secrecy connected with either of them personally would be therefore much weakened. The Puttenhams also were well advanced in years, and had no influential friends to keep their secret from being known, whether they were alive or dead—a very different case from that of young Francis Bacon. Moreover, if either George or Richard had been such a master of poetical criticism as to write what Mr. Gilchrist* calls justly 'the most curious and entertaining and intrinsically one of the most valuable books of the age of Elizabeth,' we should certainly have had some hint dropped about their literary labours and excellence by some acquaintance of theirs before they had been dead very long.

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* In 'Censura Literaria,' vol. i., p. 339; vol. ii., p. 1.

Bacon was a 'concealed' poet; but look at the 'Manes Verulamiani,' which would not or could not hold their peace as to proclaiming him a prince of poets.

Again, Puttenham is constantly giving his own translation or poetical version of phrases and tags and sentences which he has occasion to quote in his book. Thus, at p. 181 [226] he quotes the old tag:

> 'Tantum relligio potuit suadere malorum,'

which he turns into English thus:

> 'Lo what an outrage could cause to be done,
> The peevish scruple of blind religion;'—

which is certainly rather doggerel, but by no means more so than very many of the distichs and single lines which appear in the 'Belvedere' of John Bodenham, who used to turn the tags and sentences of 'Wit's Theater' and other earlier Bodenham books into similar doggerel metre. That Bodenham and Puttenham should both be so partial to this second-rate literary trick is a point in favour of my theory, as will appear better when we refer to Bodenham.

Puttenham, we may add, has very great admiration for Chaucer; his name comes into the index thirteen times, and there is special praise given to

Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cresseid,' which is referred to or quoted four times. In one place we read:

'His meetre Heroicall of Troilus and Cresseid is very grave and stately, keeping the staffe of seven and the verse of ten, his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, nevertheless very well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage,' etc.

Ah! who was it that wrote 'Troilus and Cressida'? Who was it that wrote a famous poem, grave and courtly, '*keeping the staffe of seven and the verse of ten*,' to be known of men, thenceforth and for ever, by the name of 'Lucrece'? Who wrote that poem? Do you say *Will Shakspur*, the Stratford-on-Avon genius? *Nugæ, Tricæ!*

Again, take Puttenham's expression 'The Assoile,' in 'Partheniades' VII., and consult the 'New English Dictionary.' We find this a rare and singular use of a fairly common word. But that is not the great point here, which is that Ben Jonson has a gibe at Valentine —*i.e.*, Bacon—in 'The Case is Altered,' where Onion—*i.e.*, Nash—says: 'Prithee, Valentine, *assoil* me one thing,' where the word is used in the same peculiar sense. In fact, Jonson was constantly laying hold of Bacon's special words.

Note.

It was a trick he enjoyed, and he repeated it on Marston, Harvey, and others, *ad nauseam*. Marston's vomit has been known for some time, but critics will not so much as look at Bacon. This is surely hardly excusable, unless, indeed, a man be a Jew or a Turk.

Mr. Sidney Lee's account of the origin and motive of the 'Partheniades' is about one of the richest pieces of conjectural criticism that I am acquainted with. Mr. Lee deals with the brothers Puttenham in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and gives his opinion that Richard, and not George, was the author, and explains how it was that Richard Puttenham was a likely man to offer the 'Partheniades' to the Queen in 1579.

It was in this way: Richard was convicted of rape in 1561, but managed to leave the country, and was away abroad for some years—in all probability, Mr. Lee thinks, till 1570. Nine years after this we are asked to suppose it likely that Richard set to work to compose his 'Partheniades' and present them to the Queen as 'a peace-offering,' to help to wipe out his disgrace of eighteen years before.

Mr. Lee's words concerning the 'Partheniades,' which he admits are attractive poems, are as follows:

'It is likely that the poems were a peace-offering from Richard, who after his long absence and disgrace was endeavouring to regain his lost reputation.'

At this time Richard was about sixty years old! Indeed, Mr. Lee finds some difficulty with Richard's age elsewhere, but he gets over it in a masterly manner. It seems that Puttenham says (p. 141 [180]) that he made an 'Eglogue intituled Elpine' when he was 'but eightene years old to King Edward the Sixt, a Prince of great hope.' But Richard Puttenham is known to have been twenty-six when his uncle, Sir Thomas Elyot, died in 1546; therefore there is a nine years' error somewhere. Mr. Lee gets over the nine-barred gate with a fine leap thus: 'It is possible, however, that "Elpine" was written some years before Edward ascended the throne, and that the description given of him as King in the title of the Eclogue is anachronistic.' 'Anachronistic' is distinctly good (I thank thee for that word), but it will not be strong enough to make Richard Puttenham the author of 'The Arte of English Poesie.'

How critics can be so blind with regard to Francis Bacon seems always a great puzzle to me. Their eyes are open enough to such an unlikely

man as Richard Puttenham, and their wonderfully receptive genius will take *him* in with the greatest ease, anachronisms and all! But as to the early, unrecorded years of that precocious and talented *Wunderknabe*, Francis Bacon, the Queen's young Lord Keeper, they seem stone-blind.

I am by no means the only Baconian who is amazed at this peculiar literary portent, for some of my fellow-heretics have confessed that they often felt it perfectly useless to bring forth Baconian proofs to some critics, however clear the inferences might be and however illuminating the hints, and the reason they gave was that neither an inference nor a hint, neither a nod nor a wink, was any use to a *blind horse*.*

Having thus finished the *internal evidence*, and,

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* Apropos of horses and inferences, I would quote the words of a worthy churchwarden and farmer, who was in the habit of walking part of the way home with his parson, when he would discuss the sermon and other village matters in a free but very respectful manner, for he knew he was 'no scholar,' but yet he liked the parson and a talk. They had not gone many steps together when he began with: 'Good sermon to-day, sir; but one thing you said that I can't quite understand, but if I can help you I will gladly. You said that you found nothing so hard to draw properly as an inference. I bain't quite sure what an inference is, but I'll warrant my old horse Smiler will draw it for you, and properly, too.'

as I hope, produced some fair presumptions in favour of Bacon's authorship, I now, for a rather extraordinary reason, must return a second time to the one principal item of *external* evidence.

External Evidence.

As already stated, this is singularly weak for such a thoroughly important book. The earliest and least suspicious evidence has always been that of Richard Carew, of Antony. This Cornwall squire and zealous county antiquary was the very first to mention the name of Maister Puttenham, and he places him between Sir Philip Sidney and Maister Stanihurst as a poet who used the classical metres for English verse better than it had been thought possible so to use them. This was rather belated praise, for it occurred in Camden's well-known 'Remaines,' in the second edition, 1614—*i.e.*, quite twenty-five years after 'The Art of English Poesie' had appeared—and up to that time no one had named Puttenham or anyone else as the author. Camden (1605) and Harington (1591) had referred to the work, but both seemed not to know who wrote it, for they always speak of him as 'the gentleman' who 'proved' this or that in his book. At last, after these many years, we get his name from Richard

Carew, Esq., of Antony, who had kindly written a paper for the second edition of his fellow-antiquary's 'Remaines,' and the secret was out.

Carew being above suspicion, and speaking of the author's name without excuse or comment, all this tended to settle the point finally, especially when, after another hundred years, Bolton's 'Hypercritica' was printed from a manuscript a little later than Carew's, and he says the author was reported to be (as the fame is) Puttenham, a Gentleman Pensioner of her Majesty.

And from this slight external evidence of two authorities we have had George Puttenham in all our literary histories and biographical dictionaries ever since. No one could say much about *the man*, but the book has always been an object of admiration as one of the most exhaustive critical essays on the art of poetry ever written.

And now for the extraordinary reason why I have to handle the external evidence again. It is simply this:—CAREW NEVER MENTIONED PUTTENHAM AT ALL!

Quite by chance, I happened to hear that Richard Carew's original manuscript was in the British Museum, and on making inquiries I found it among other papers of Camden's, which at his death in 1623 came into the Cottonian Collection

of manuscripts, and had been arranged and bound together in large folio volumes. I took a printed copy of Camden's 'Remaines' (1614), containing the first notice of Puttenham by Carew, and began to collate the manuscript and the book word for word. I found that the printer had copied the manuscript very accurately, and had even reproduced from it the curious reading, 'Shakespheare and Barlowe's fragment,' which has always been supposed to be an early reference to Shakespeare and Marlowe, muddled by the printer. But I found Carew's manuscript had it so most legibly; in fact, the manuscript and the book agreed word for word, except in one instance, where a later hand in blacker ink had crossed out 'couler' and written 'colored' above it, and the printed text had 'coloured.'

And now came the great surprise. When I came to the Puttenham passage, Maister Puttenham was not there, and never had been, for there was no room for him in the manuscript, for, while the printed 'Remaines' read 'Sir Philip Sidney, Maister Puttenham, and Maister Stanihurst,' the manuscript had most plainly, without blot or erasure, 'Sir Philip Sydney, Mr. Stanihurst.'

So it became pretty plain that *Maister Puttenham* had been foisted in between Sidney and Stanihurst

since Carew's manuscript had been received by Camden—for it is clear enough that Camden *did* receive this very manuscript, for it owes its salvation to being amongst his papers left to Cotton.

How are we to explain this manipulation of the Carew manuscript in *one place only*, and done there with a view to foist Puttenham on the public for the first time? It looks as if someone wanted to bring him into notice, although he had been dead more than twenty years, and his name never mentioned for poetry or the art of poetry by anyone previously.

I leave the mystery to my readers, merely reminding them that, as we know from Spedding that Bacon had the opportunity of making several alterations and additions to Camden's 'Annales,' why may he not therefore have had the opportunity of altering the 'Remaines' also?

But in any case I claim to have thrown *grave suspicion* on what is virtually almost the only good piece of evidence we possessed that there ever was such a poet as 'Maister Puttenham' at all.

Before I leave this George Puttenham, one of Her Majesty's Gentlemen Pensioners, I beg to offer the suggestion that Francis Bacon had towards the end of the year 1580 obtained that honour-

able and somewhat lucrative position himself. We find from his letters to his uncle Burghley that, soon after his return from France, he petitioned the Queen for a certain office of service to her, and begged Burghley to further his application.

It seems to have been successful, for he writes again (October 15, 1580) and says: 'Now seeing it hath pleased Her Majesty to take knowledge of this my mind, and to vouchsafe to appropriate me unto her service.' He then asks Burghley to present his 'more than most humble thanks' to the Queen for her 'princely liberality,' and asks for some other favours which he had in his mind. I think, therefore, I am justified in making the suggestion that Bacon, who was virtually without means of his own, was allowed the privileges of a *Gentleman Pensioner*, although his name did not appear on the official list any more than did the name of Puttenham.

N.B.

These Pensioners were highly privileged personages, and gained many perquisites from time to time.

Mrs. Quickly tells Falstaffe: 'There have been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners, here.' So she, at least, seems to think they were better customers even than Earls. The fact seems to be

that they were witty, handsome young gentlemen, chosen by Queen Elizabeth, who might use her purse to supply them in all their expenses. Some of them were very prodigal and extravagant, and we read that the Queen complained of it.

'Mr. Henry Noel, one of the Gentlemen Pensioners to Queen Elizabeth, was a man who . . . for state, pomp, magnificence, and expenses, did equalize barons of great worth.'

If any shall demand whence this proceeded, I must make answer with that Spanish proverb, 'Aquello qual vienne de arriba ninguno lo pregunta' (That which cometh from above let no man question).

This is the gentleman of whom the Queen Elizabeth made this distich :

> 'The word of denial and letter of fifty [No : L = Noel]
> Is the name of the man will never be thrifty,'

which Puttenham might well have added to his almost unique notices of the Queen's verses. Perhaps he felt it too much of a home-thrust for himself.

Among the perquisites these gentlemen had were letters patent whereby they were enabled to collect and appropriate to themselves penalties forfeited by the clergy for illegal practices, etc.

It is on record that Bacon possessed some church property near Cheltenham and elsewhere. This would add likelihood to the suggestion.

Queen Elizabeth liked a handsome man, and all the better if he were well dressed, and so the Gentlemen Pensioners would try to please her in this latter requisite. Bacon was not behindhand in this, nor yet in courtly decorum, as all records of him show.*

Finally, then, I close this inquiry by repeating that strong as the internal evidence as to style and manner may be *against Bacon*, and in favour of an older man of quite a generation earlier, and weak as may be the external evidence *for Bacon*—in fact, so weak as to be absolutely nil—still, I hold I am justified in my attempt to bring this able and important work to the bar of literary judgment. Owing to the singular circumstances of its purpose, dedication, and uncommon ability, its authorship should be settled, if possible; and as no one has yet attempted to remove the un-

* *Cf.* 'New Memoirs of Mr. John Milton,' by Francis Peck, M.A. (London, 1740), whom I am glad to honour here as a fellow-discoverer with myself of unnoticed compositions of our great blind poet. He found out and edited 'Baptistes,' and I 'Nova Solyma.' I have received much better treatment than was given to him, but I think his was a true find as well as mine.

certainty about Puttenham, I hope I shall be forgiven for any slips on untried ground.

Since the above was written, Mr. C. Gregory Smith's 'Elizabethan Critical Essays' has been published, and I there find Carew's essay printed for the first time from the original manuscript, and Puttenham's name omitted. Whether Mr. Gregory Smith or myself first referred to the manuscript and found out the important omission, I cannot decide, but we were certainly independent discoverers. I make an inference, however, rather different from his. He suggests Camden put Maister Puttenham into the text; I would suggest that Bacon did it, for it is known that Camden submitted his manuscripts, or at least some of them, to Bacon for correction and addition. If Bacon wished to throw the onus of having written 'The Arte of English Poesie' on another's shoulders, who more likely than he to insert Puttenham's name, and so conceal his own identity, or at least suggest the insertion to his fellow-Pythagorean and friend?

CHAPTER VIII

WHO WAS JOHN BODENHAM?

ONE of the most evasive and shadowy personages of Elizabethan times is Master John Bodenham. He is intimately connected with several famous Elizabethan books such us 'England's Helicon,' 'Wit's Commonwealth' (which went through nearly twenty editions), and some others; but no one has been able to discover either his identity or any facts concerning his life. My own attention was drawn to him through reading the 'Palladis Tamia' of Francis Meres, where we find such excellent early notices of the Shakespeare plays. I then found that 'Palladis Tamia' was one of a series of books which seemed to owe their inception and furtherance to a certain Master John Bodenham. When I looked this gentleman out in our excellent 'Dictionary of National Biography,' I found that next to nothing was known about him. So I set to work to read

through the series, which consisted of several very scarce books, with a view to discover, if I could, the identity of the unknown John Bodenham. I believe that I have succeeded in my attempt, and present it here, with all its imperfections, to public criticism.

The books, taken as a body, all show a certain definite object, and point in an equally definite manner to a certain philosophical author, whose methods and views they especially illustrate. This will be told in a special chapter further on.

The following is a list of the books connected with John Bodenham directly or indirectly, and the most interesting of them all, and the one which chiefly led to my discovery of the true author or promoter of the series, is the famous 'England's Helicon,' which I shall therefore begin with, though the true order of date of the several Bodenham books is as follows :

1. 'Politeuphuia, Wit's Commonwealth.'
2. 'Palladis Tamia'* (F. Meres).
3. 'Wit's Theater of the Little World.'
4. 'Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses.'
5. 'England's Helicon.'
6. 'Palladis Palatium.'

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* The alternative title is 'The Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth.'

England's Helicon.—The fifth book connected with John Bodenham is 'England's Helicon.' This is a famous book, and has preserved to us some fine lyrics which otherwise would have been lost, perhaps, for ever.

The first edition bears date 1600, and was printed by I. R., or James Roberts, who was also the printer, the year before, of 'Wit's Theater of the Little World.' The scant title-page and the vestibule of the book remind us of the Shakespeare poems, and especially does the Latin motto* on the title-page recall the *vilia miretur vulgus* of the 'Venus and Adonis' of 1593.

But it is in the vestibule that we find the strongest indications of the author. The only laudatory verses consist of the following sonnet:

TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND MAISTER JOHN BODENHAM.

Wits Common-wealth, the first-fruites of thy paines,
Drew on *Wits Theater* thy second Sonne:
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.

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* 'Casta placent superis,
Pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
Sumite fontis aquam.'

Next, in the *Muses Garden*, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a Nosegay, as was never sweeter:
Whose sent will savour to Times latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.

Now comes thy *Helicon* to make compleate
And furnish up thy last impos'd designe:
My paines heerein I cannot terme it great,
But what-so-ere, my love (and all) is thine.
Take love, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my hart still lives with thee.

A. B.

Note.

My suggestion is that the signature A. B. to this sonnet stands for Anthony Bacon, and this will be strongly corroborated when we come to the prose dedication which follows it, and is also signed A. B.

However, let us see first what can be gathered from this sonnet.

1. There is herein no mention of 'Palladis Tamia;' therefore, whatever we may think of the alternative title, the body of this work (the 'Tamia') was not the production of Bodenham, though it may have been compiled at his suggestion. On internal evidence it is mainly the work of Francis Meres, who claimed it from the first, and reproduced his original preface in his second editions of 1634 and 1636, issued in his lifetime.

This preface had been suppressed for some

reason, but when Bacon had been dead for some years Meres no longer held it back.

2. The 'Belvedere,' or 'The Garden of the Muses,' is distinctly attributed to John Bodenham, and is called a 'nosegay' and a 'posy.' This last word recalls what Bacon said in his 'Advancement of Learning'—'we make a few posies to hold in our hands, but no man bringeth them to the confectionary, that receits might be made of them for use of life.'* Bacon is speaking of the very plan of which the Bodenham Series and the 'Garden of the Muses' are supposed to be laying the foundation.

3. The last three lines are just what we might suppose Anthony would say to his brother. Indeed, if Bodenham is Bacon, we know no one but Anthony Bacon or Toby Matthew who would be likely to use such expressions to Francis.

Next there follows an address in prose by the same contributor A. B., which I think may be called a key picked up in the vestibule, and likely to be of some use in unlocking the secret chambers of this singular and important book, and for unveiling the identity of the master-mind who had so much to do with the arranging and

* Spedding, Bacon's Works, vol. iii., p. 435.

publishing of it. I have copied it verbatim from the first edition of 1600 :

'*To his very loving friends*, M. Nicholas Wanton *and* M. George Faucet.

(·.·)

'Though many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder us (kinde Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting, dooth in justice claim performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance, would mightilie condemne me if I should neglect it. *Helicon* though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time would permit, having past the pikes of the Presse, comes now to *Yorke* to salute her rightfull Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen) to offer you her kinde service. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares : for the wise (shee knowes) will never be other than themselves, as for such then as would seeme so, but neither are nor ever will be, she holds this as a maine principle : that their malice neede as little be feared, as their favour or friendship is to be desired : so hoping you will not forget us there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull of you heere. I leave you to the delight of *Englands Helicon*.

'Yours in all he may,

'A. B.'

In this address are several things that point to Anthony Bacon as the writer who signs himself 'A. B.'

4. The mention of the book coming 'to Yorke to salute her rightfull Patrone first.' According to my conjecture, Francis Bacon is the 'rightfull Patrone,' since it was through his initiation and patronage that all these Bodenham works were carried through; and it so happens that no place-name would fit in so well for him at this period as 'Yorke.' For in the summer of 1600, when the book had most likely just passed through the press, Bacon was engaged at York House in connection with the examination and semi-private trial of Essex for his conduct in the Irish Expedition and elsewhere. So this concealed allusion about 'Yorke' would be clear enough to the 'loving friends' who were in the confidence of Anthony Bacon, but would quite mislead any other readers. This is a distinctly Baconian trick, and almost singles out the contriver of it.

And, then, who were these loving friends Nicholas Wanton and George Faucet? Like Bodenham and Puttenham, they seem to be masks of whom next to nothing is known. But I think I can unmask one of these friends. I suggest Nicholas Faunt, who was a special friend of

Anthony Bacon, and was mixed up with him in much political Foreign Office work, through being secretary to Walsingham. There is a similitude of sound between *Wanton* and *Faunt*, and the name seems cut up and buried in *Fau*cet and Wa*nt*on. Moreover, Antony Bacon was in the habit of addressing his friends and correspondents in their own names slightly altered. His friend Standen, for instance, he called Sandal. And then, again, there is the reference to the 'malice' of critics and enemies, which recurs in such a marked manner in all the vestibules of the Bodenham books. It is generally termed 'envy,' and seems to refer to a feeling of opposition or depreciation, which Bacon much disliked and always tried his best to avoid, as he has told us so often. He wanted to possess the minds of men for his own views quietly and without contention. The method he preferred was to chalk the doors where he might lodge, as a sign that he was coming to enter, rather than with forcible contention strive to make a violent attack by breaking through the entrance.

There is also another circumstance which rather points to 'A. B.' standing for Anthony Bacon. I have not found these initials in the prefatory addresses of any contemporary book, except in

one significant instance, and that is 'The Ende of Nero and Beginning of Galba,' by Sir Henry Savile, printed in 1591 in folio. In this book, which is mainly a translation from Tacitus, after an address to the Queen by the translator, Sir Henry Savile, there comes an address to the reader signed 'A. B.'

Now, who was this 'A. B.' who seems to abound in political wisdom and diplomacy, and certainly speaks of Sir Henry Savile in the language of social equality: for he refers to him as 'Savile,' a style no publisher or plebeian would adopt? We should have been quite without a clue if Ben Jonson had not happened to mention this address of 'A. B.' in the course of the famous 'Conversations' with Drummond. Ben then told Drummond that the Earl of Essex wrote the address of 'A. B.'

Possibly Essex got the credit for it, as he did for many devices which were not of his making. But if Essex really wrote the address, why was it signed 'A. B.'?

Anthony Bacon was still abroad, it appears, in 1591, but was in active correspondence with English Court politicians. Thus, 'A. B.' for Anthony Bacon suits the circumstances and internal evidence of the address better than anyone else.

Finally, some initials are very common in anonymous productions, but it is not so with the initials 'A. B.' The only 'A. B.' in the British Museum Catalogue of Books before 1640 stands for Anne Bacon, Anthony's mother (date 1564).

But these are by no means all the hints that 'England's Helicon' afford. After fourteen years there was a second edition entitled 'England's Helicon, or The Muses Harmony,' and the title-page tells us that it was 'Printed for Richard More, and are to be sould at his Shop in S. Dunstanes Churchyard. 1614.'

Here we have a new sonnet signed by Richard More, the publisher, and addressed 'To the Truly Virtuous and Honourable Lady, the Lady Elizabeth Carey.'

'Deign, worthy Lady (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds),
To shield from envy's paw and time's abuse
The tuneful notes of these our shepherds' reeds.

'Sweet is the concord and the music such
That at it rivers have been seen to dance;
When these musicians did their sweet pipes touch,
In silence lay the vales as in a trance.

'The Satyr stopped his race to hear them sing,
And bright Apollo to these lays hath given
So great a gift, that any favouring
The shepherd's quill shall with the lights of heaven

Have equal fate: then cherish these (fair stem);
So shall they live by thee, and thou by them.

'Your honour's
'Ever to command,
'RICHARD MORE.'

One's first impression on reading this fine sonnet surely is that the lines are much too good to come from the back-parlour of a publisher's shop, especially when that publisher is not known to have made any mark in the world of letters.

We have here clearly one of the frequent instances of a publisher signing his name in the vestibule of his publication, to prefatory matter which the real author did not wish to acknowledge.

Who, then, was the true author of these excellent lines? I suggest it was that same poet who wrote the Shakespeare 'Sonnets.'

Without dwelling on the stock phrase about 'envy' in the third line—for critics might truly say this was the universal habit of all poets—let us go further on to that line,

'The Satyr stopped his race to hear them sing.'

We shall find no 'stock phrase' here, but methinks a true Baconian note, such as we might hardly expect from anyone else but that

'Ovid Junior' of Elizabethan days in whom was said to dwell the transmigrated soul of the great Augustan poet. It was Ovid ('Metamorphoses,' i. 689 *et seq.*) who led the way to this ninth line, and the racing Satyr was Pan, of whom Bacon has much to say in his 'Wisdom of the Ancients.' The myth is this:—Pan is said to have loved a nymph Syrinx, and to have pursued her when she fled from him. She escaped him, being changed into some reeds of that riverside where she found her further flight stopped. Pan took up the reeds and made them into his 'Pan's pipe,' or Syrinx, wherewith henceforth he poured forth his melodies. Bacon says, in his remarks on Pan, that Syrinx shadowed forth writing, this being the work of the *calamus*, or reed, in ancient times.

So we have shadowed forth in Pan racing after this nymph a love for melodious verse, and the present sonnet tells Lady Elizabeth Carey that the 'shepherds' reeds' contributing to 'England's 'Helicon' had such tuneful notes and such sweet music that

> 'The Satyr stopped his race to hear them sing,'

while silent Nature seemed to be entranced. Surely, we find here another version of the

Orpheus legend which is so frequently used in Bacon's prose and poetical works. See the song in 'Henry VIII.,' III. i.

Look further, too, at the end of the sonnet, and see in what terms immortality is claimed for these lays and for Lady Elizabeth Carey. By the great gift of bright Apollo both she and they (if cherished) shall never die :—

> 'So shall they live by thee, and thou by them.'

Ah! who was it that said :—

> 'So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee'?

Not Richard More certainly!

I am glad to find that I can claim Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, an undoubtedly great Elizabethan literary expert, as an unwilling and unconscious witness on my side with regard to the book we are now considering. He says in his 'Shakespeare' (1902, p. 154) :—

'The first song of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," "When daffodils begin to peer," is on the exact lines of some which occur in "England's Helicon," 1600—a volume of the highest interest, in which I am disposed to recognise the poet (*i.e.*, Shakespeare) as more than a contributor.'

This is the very first hint of such a theory that,

as far as I know, exists anywhere. Mr. Hazlitt is sternly orthodox, but wherever the peculiar beauties of Shakespeare are plainly visible I hold that Bacon is not far off.

Having thus, as I hope, established a reasonable presumption that Francis and Anthony Bacon were secretly and mysteriously mixed up with the production of one of the Bodenham series, I shall next hope to show several other suggestive facts which all tend to the conclusion that the rest of the Bodenham books were also due to the influence and collaboration of the same two famous brothers and certain publishers, such as Nicholas Ling and Robert Allott, who lent their useful aid to the project.

Let us, then, take these books in order separately and briefly, just glancing at the contents, and especially searching the vestibules. After this the two Pallas books, the 'Palladis Tamia' of Francis Meres and the 'Palladis Palatium' of William Wrednot, can be considered with reference to the Pallas-Shakespeare theory —a theory which I think hardly deserves the severe and derisive criticisms generally bestowed upon it. And lastly I shall introduce a rare book entitled 'A Woman's Woorth' to the consideration of Elizabethan critics. It is apparently

unknown, or at least unexamined so far as my knowledge goes, but I believe that it throws considerable light on Bacon's connection with the Court and the Queen's Maids of Honour. Any solid facts concerning Mary Fitton are worth having, inasmuch as she appears to have her share in certain of the Shakespeare sonnets.

CHAPTER IX

'POLITEUPHUIA, WIT'S COMMONWEALTH' (1597)

THE first volume of the Bodenham series, 'Wit's Commonwealth, or Politeuphuia,' begins thus:

'*To his very good friend, Mr. Bodenham, N. L. wisheth increase of happiness.*

'SIR,

'What you seriously began long since and have always been very carefull for the full perfection of, at length thus finished, although perhaps not so well to your expectation, I present you with, as one before all most worthy of the same; both in respect of your earnest travel therein, and the great desire you have continually had for the general profit. My humble desire is that you would take into your kind protection this old and new burthen of wit: new in its form and title, though otherwise old and of great antiquity, as being a methodicall collection of the most choice and select Admonitions and Sentences,

compendiously drawn from infinite variety, Divine, Historical, Poetical, Politick, Moral and Humane. As for the envious and over-curious, they shall the less trouble me sith I believe there is nothing in this World but is subject to the *Erinnys* of ill-disposed persons, whose malice is as fatal as the darts of *Cephalis* or *Paris* shaft, which neither a seven-fold shield, nor Vulcan's cunning workmanship, nor Pallas Œgis can avoid. Thus humbly craving pardon for my boldness, beseeching God daily to increase the affection you bear to learning, I take my leave.

'Yours most assured to command,

'NICHOLAS LING.'

On this learned and allusive address I make no remark, except to ask the judicious reader whether it smacks more of Ling or Bacon.

Next we have the usual address 'To the Reader.' All books were expected to have these preliminaries in Elizabethan times. If absent, it caused attention to be drawn to them, and consequently the 'concealed authors' had to use what substitutes they could best find. Generally the publisher or some friend, with initials either genuine, reversed, or feigned, would step into the breach. Here we have the publisher or stationer :

'To the Reader.

'Courteous Reader, encouraged by the kind acceptance of the first and second impression of *Wits Commonwealth* I have once more ventured to present thee with this tenth Edition. *Solent primi fœtus rerum horriduli esse et insuaviores, sed amœni magis et grati subsequaces.* Somewhat new I have inserted, put out many things where I found it necessarie, and especially of Examples, for that I intend, by God's grace, the next time to publish the fourth part of *Wits Commonwealth*, contayning only Examples. Then from your gracious acceptance and censure let this part draw her perpetuall privilege, that like *Alcinous*' fruites,* it may still flourish in the faire summer of thy gentle favour; and everie one of them triumph in despight of Envie's raging winter.

'N. L.'

This is the usual address 'To the Reader' in all the numerous editions of the book, except the second edition (1598), which has :—

* The expression 'Alcinous fruits' seems to belong more to him who wrote of 'Adonis' gardens,' and the interlarded Latin points to the same writer, rather than to Nicholas Ling and his stationer's shop.

Among the names, printed at the end, of the Pagan and Christian authors used for compiling the book we have in most later editions the name of Bacon, almost the only modern author among them, which seems rather suggestive in whatever way we take it. Earlier editions have 'Becon.' N.

'Courteous Reader, encouraged by thy kind acceptance of these first labours, I have boldly adventured to present thee with this Second Edition. *Solent primi fœtus rerum horriduli esse et insuaviores, sed amœni magis et grati subsequaces.* Some new heads I have inserted, corrected many where I found it necessary, and almost every one in some sort augmented. Which if happily they shall please the daintie stomacks of our humourous age (then the which nothing is more hard) I shall thinke my second travailes well employed, and shall be gently thereto invited, hereafter to publish somewhat else in this kinde for thy pleasure and profit. Then from thy gracious censure let Wits Comonwealth draw her perpetual priviledge that like Alcinous fruites it may still flourish in the fayre Summer of thy gentle favour and ever tryumph in despight of Envies raging winter.

'N. L.'

In the vestibule of this book we must not pass over two prefatory poems, which may be very important if we could be sure of the initials. One is a sonnet of a high degree of excellence, and signed 'T. M.' I can suggest no contemporary for this except Toby Matthew, Bacon's dearest friend. It seems almost too good for Toby, who has not, so far as I know, favoured the world with any pearls of poesie. What if Bacon supplied this

prefatory sonnet himself, and knew he was safe in affixing his dear friend's initials at the end of it? I leave 'T. M' to students of Elizabethan poetry who know more than I do of lesser lights of the time. The other prefatory poem is a Latin one by 'R. A.,' who most likely is the mysterious Robert Allott, otherwise connected with the Bodenham series. Some editions have a third prefatory sonnet signed 'M. D.,' which would most likely be Michael Drayton.

This first book of the series was by far the most successful from a publisher's point of view, and between 1597 and 1722 it ran through more than twenty editions. I had prepared a bibliography of these editions, or at least of those which are still in existence; but when I looked through it I thought it would not be worth the space it took up.

The only noticeable points in the bibliography are these. The early editions printed by W. S. for J. Smethwicke have three prefatory verses, and have 'Becon' among the list of authors used. But about 1647 the Fleshers come on the title-page as the printers, and then we have only two prefatory verses, M. D.'s contribution (M. Drayton?) being omitted. And about the date 1663 we have *Bacon* making his appearance in the list

of authors used, instead of Becon. I cannot help thinking that this insertion of Becon or Bacon in the list of authors is somewhat significant. I still believe that Bacon shows his head in 'Lucrece,' and elsewhere, too. Moreover, there are several contemporary punning allusions extant between 'a Beacon' and Bacon, which two words were pronounced alike in Elizabethan days. Becon seems quite out of place in the list of authorities, which are mainly ancient and classical, and altogether one cannot resist the inference that here, as elsewhere, Bacon delighted to earmark his own compositions in his own secret and peculiar way.

'Politeuphuia' soon became a school-book, and as the edition of 1722 varies from the earlier ones I give the title entire :—

'Wit's Common-wealth, or a Treasury of Divine, Moral, Historical, and Political Admonitions, Similes, and Sentences. For the use of schools.

"Si tibi difficilis formam natura negavit
Ingenio formæ damna repende tuæ."

Newly collected and enlarged.

London: Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship and Black Swan in Paternoster Row, 1722.'

Pages i, ii, after the title contain a new preface, setting forth the wholesome instruction there is to be found in the book, 'with abundance of very

edifying and political maxims for the true Regulation of Life and Behaviour.' It also says this present new edition has considerable additions, alterations, and improvements.

Pages 270 (the conclusion of the work),—a table of contents, but no table of author's or prefatory poems.

Bodenham's 'Politeuphuia' had a remarkable predecessor which went through about twenty editions between its first appearance in 1547-48, and its last dated edition of 1651.

The book I refer to was entitled : 'A treatise of Morrall phylosophye, contayning the sayinges of the wyse. Gathered and Englished by William Bauldewin.' It is mentioned in 'Have with you to Saffron Walden' (1596) as 'Baldwin in his morale sentences (which now are all snatcht up for painters posies' (Grosart's Nash, iii. 28).

There are four parts. The *first* deals with the old philosophers in the way of biography and anecdote; the *second* has various precepts and thoughts of these same philosophers arranged under headings such as God, Justice, Woman, Death, etc.; the *third* of Proverbs, Sayings, and Precepts; and the *fourth* of Similes and 'Pithie meeters.' These last 'Pithie meeters' have been the model for Bodenham in his 'Belvedere,' and many

other parts of Baldwin's book have clearly furnished models for the contents of the Bodenham series, especially those first two parts of 'Wit's Commonwealth.'

Baldwin's book seems, from the frequent editions of it, to have been a success, in the financial sense, for the publishers, and the same may be said of 'Politeuphuia,' or the first part of 'Wit's Commonwealth.' The large circulation no doubt arose from the demand for both in schools and with teachers. Indeed, the latest editions of Bodenham's work were issued as school-books simply.

We must now turn to the next book of the series, a rather famous one, the 'Palladis Tamia,' of 1598.

CHAPTER X

'PALLADIS TAMIA' (1598)

THIS book, which bears on its title-page (but in the first edition only!) the words 'Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury,' or, as one might otherwise translate it, 'The Housekeeper's Storeroom of Pallas,' is mainly a store or collection of similes useful for the exercise of wit in literature or conversation. It is chiefly remarkable for containing towards the end a section where authors of past and present times are compared and classified, and where more is told us about Shakespeare's plays than by any other writer of that period. The names are given, even, of some of Shakespeare's plays which had not then been published, and so the book has been invaluable as giving approximate dates, which we could have hardly discovered with certainty without the evidence contained in this book. It is to be noticed, too, that it was published *in the same year*

and by the same publisher as the famous play of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' which was the first to have the name of W. Shakespere on its title-page. In fact, this same year (1598), may be termed the year of Shakespeare's début as a dramatist as far as his name was made public ; and it certainly looks as if the author of 'Palladis Tamia' (Fr. Meres) and the author of 'Love's Labour's Lost' (Francis Bacon) had arranged the matter somehow between them at this critical period when certain political plays were calling forth remark and censure.

Another important fact to which I have to call attention is that the very few copies which have escaped destruction are without an important address which the author had prepared as a preface to the book.

The Grenville copy at the British Museum is a very fine copy, clean and little used, but there is no address signed Francis Meres, as one would think there should be ; and I am told it is so with other copies.

Was it suppressed or torn out at the time, and if so with what object? It might turn out important if we could examine this address of Francis Meres, and see what was said that might need suppression just at that time or shortly afterwards.

Fortunately, we have no difficulty in examining it, for in 1634-1636—that is, nearly forty years afterwards—the book was published a second time with an altered title, and containing the original address of 1598 (as it seems to be), which address had in forty years become somewhat of an anachronism. But that matters little. We get the missing address we want. Here it is, and the titles of the two editions in the British Museum.

The title-page of the 1598 edition is :—

'Palladis Tamia | Wits Treasury | Being the Second part | of Wits Common | wealth | By | Francis Meres Maister | of Artes of both Uni | versities. | Vivitur ingenio, cœtera mortis erunt | .

'At London | Printed by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burbie, and | are to be solde at his shop at the Royall | Exchange, 1598.'

(Tit. page, Sign. B-B4+B-Vv7 ff. iv; pp. 333+7 pp. index.)

The title-page (engraved) of the 1636 edition is :

'Witts | Academy* | A Treasurie of | Goulden Sentences | Similies and | Examples. | Set forth chiefely | for the benefitt of | young Schollers | by | Fr. M. | M^r of Arts of both | Universities | .

'Printed at London | for Richard Royston | 1636 | Io. Droeshout sculps.'

(Sign. A-Kk3, 8 ff. prelim.; pp. 1-741+4 ff. index.)

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* It will be noticed that the word 'Pallas' does not appear in this second edition.

The address to the 1636 edition contains the following remarks, among others :—

'As three things are necessarie for a Scholler: a Will, Wit and a Booke: so I hold that Sentences, Similitudes, and Examples are as necessarie to uphold a Wit. Julius Cæsar used to carry three things about with him, when he followed the war, his pen to write the whole course of Romanes successe in their warres; Bookes to find himself occupied, and his Launce to repulse his enemies;* so he that would write or speake pithily, perspicuously, and persuasively must use to have at hand in readinesse three kind of ornaments and effectuall motives, Sentences, Similitudes and Examples.

'*Saint Augustine* desired to see three things, Paulus Æmilius triumphing; Saint *Paul* preaching, and *Christ* upon the Crosse; in the first he desired to see the glory of the earth; in the second the glory of the Gospell; and in the third the glory of Heaven: so have I long desired to see three things; Truthes soundness in Sentences, her elegance in Similitudes, and approbation by Examples. And now I have my wished desire. Wherefore I may rejoyce for three things, as *Philip* King of *Macedonia* rejoyced. He rejoyced: that he had wonne the Games at *Olympus* by

* So the great Julius was a 'Shake-speare' also. N. B.

the running of his Chariots; that his Captaine *Parmenio* had overthrowne the *Dardarians;* and that his wife *Olympia* had borne him a Sonne, called *Alexander:* so I exceedingly rejoyce and am glad at my heart; that the first part of *Wits Commonwealth*, contayning Sentences hath like a brave Champion gloriously marched and got such renowned fame by swift running, equivalent with *Philip's* Chariots; that thrice within one yeare it hath runne thorow the Presse. If this second part of mine called *Wits Commonwealth*, contayning Similitudes being a stalke of the same stemme, shall have the like footmanship, and find the same successe, then with *Parmenio* I shall be the second in Philips joy. And then Philips joy will eft-soones be full, for his Alexander whom not Olympia, but a worthy Scholler is conceiving, who will fill the third part of *Wits Commonwealth* with *moe* glorious Examples, then great *Alexander* did the world with valiant heroicall exploits . . . The first part being published some years agoe, hath had the worlds favour and furtherance, which hath made him so cranke, young and fresh, that thrice in one yeare he hath renued his age, a spring more than is in fruitful Saba. If this second part may find as much favour and countenance, with you, gentle Reader, as *Antimachus* the Poet found with *Plato*, it shall be *instar omnium* to me, and therewith contented, I shall willingly send this second with

the first, to take what fortune Wit will send him. . . .

'FRANCIS MERES.'

What is there that anyone would wish to conceal or suppress in such a preface? It seems harmless enough. My suggestion is that Pallas-Bacon was mixed up with this 'Palladis Tamia' in more ways than any one has thought, and that the 'worthy scholler' who was 'conceiving the third part of 'Wit's Commonwealth with *moe* glorious examples' was no less a personage than Francis Bacon, the Pallas of the Essex devices, and the compiler in 1594, or thereabouts, of the 'Promus' so fortunately discovered in manuscript, which Mrs. Pott has made so much of. In 'Palladis Tamia' we have Pallas and the Housekeeper and her Storeroom whence she delivers out her necessary provisions, and in the 'Promus' we have Bacon and the Butler, who brings out his bottles from the cellar. Let no one suppose that I suggest that Bacon wrote *in toto* Meres' book, the 'Palladis Tamia.' We have had more than enough foolish suggestions and assertions about Bacon being the author of this man's and that man's works—some, indeed, would appear to credit Bacon with pretty well the whole literature of the Elizabethan period. It is just

these cranks that so disgust the public and the critics, that they will hear no one, not even a Regius Professor of Laws when he sums up most admirably. He is on the fools' side: that is enough for them.

No; what I would rather *suggest* is that Meres and Bacon knew each other well, and that Meres, as a fellow-worker in the collections of 'Wit's Commonwealth,' let out more of Bacon's plans and work than proved desirable, and so the prefatory matter was cancelled.

Meres was undoubtedly connected with the 'Sonnets' (*cf.* Sonnet LV.), and had read them by permission of the 'private friends' or of Bacon himself. Indeed, I am inclined to think that Bacon and Meres stood in about the same relation to each other as Bacon and Toby Matthew —only, as Meres lived in town, there was not so much need for letters; they could *talk over* their collections of similes and examples and make the necessary arrangements. I think it is the mention of the 'worthy scholler' that accounts for the suppression of Meres' preface; for it would be very ill-advised to point in such a marked manner to the author. The word 'worthy scholler' would be only appropriate strictly to men of worthiness through some position of dignity

or birth—through some legal or municipal office entailing the respect of their fellow-men.

The word would not thus be so applicable to a man like Nicholas Ling, the publisher; and he was the mask for the first 'Wit's Commonwealth,' and was possibly to be mask for the third as well. To call Nicholas Ling a 'worthy scholler' would never do. Such a misnomer would rouse people's curiosity at once to find out what was behind this expression and what its object. So no Nicholas Ling appears in the vestibule of the third book, although it was printed for him, and the prefatory address reads as if he might suitably have signed it as he did the first. But nearly all extant copies are without any signature to this address.

However, one copy is known where Robert Allott has been printed at the foot of the address. This is a mysterious personage generally signing himself 'R. A.' simply. He is considered in another chapter.

Next as to its contents. Let us take a few items from the body of this book and consider the internal evidence. The very first of the sentences is:

'1. It is a lesser harme, and a lighter sinne not to beleeve that there is a God at all, than to believe that he is hurtfull.'

With this compare the first sentence of Bacon's essay on Superstition:

'It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him.'

This is a close parallel, the phraseology being slightly modified so as to be less offensive theologically; but in spite of its modified form it has always been considered a remarkable proposition for a Christian like Bacon to set forth.

But this is not the only instance in Bacon's acknowledged writings. There is from him 'A Letter to Mr. Matthew, imprisoned for Religion,' in which Bacon says:

'*Superstition* is far worse than *Atheism:* By how much it is less evil to have an (? no) opinion of God at all; than such, as is impious towards his *Divine Majesty* and *Goodness*' ('Life,' iii. 10).

This was written in 1607-08, and therefore before the essay on Superstition, which dates from 1612. The letter has been preserved for us by Rawley, Bacon's chaplain, in his 'Resuscitatio,' and it looks rather as if the word *an*, which I have queried as *no*, was an intentional slip of Rawley's to hide the heterodoxy of his friend and patron from observation; but, of course, it may be simply a printer's error. Spedding gives 'no' simply.

Let us take a second item from this rare 'Pal-

ladis Tamia,' of which the great bulk is, I believe, quite unknown to most readers, as only a small part of the book has ever been reprinted since Meres' death.

Similitude No. 15 is as follows:

'15. As the Sunne entereth into the dennes of Lions, and into the cavernes of creeping wormes without harme or pollution: so God entereth into the dwellings of man without hurt and penetrateth to the inhabitations of death without corruption.'

Here we have one of Bacon's famous aphorisms which he dwells upon on more than one occasion, and from which he deduces an ethical philosophy which one may almost call peculiar to himself. Bacon was of the opinion that the filthy things of nature or the natural world should be examined by us, and not fastidiously put aside or exempted from observation. His view was that—

'Whatever deserves to exist deserves also to be known . . . nor is natural history polluted thereby, for the sun enters the sewer no less than the palace, yet takes no pollution. . . . Moreover, as from certain putrid substances—musk for instance and civet—the sweetest odours are sometimes generated, so too from mean and sordid instances there sometimes emanates excellent light and information.'*

* 'Novum Organum,' i. 120.

Bacon also held that, besides examining the mean and filthy things of the external world, it was also good for us to know the filthiness, wickedness, and pollutions of the human heart and the human intellect—nay, the very 'deeps of Satan.' He thought it was a useful thing to know the arts of bad men, and also thought that Machiavelli was worth studying for that very purpose. He says:*

'We are much beholden to Machiavel and others that wrote what men do, and not what they ought to do. For it is not possible to join serpentine wisdom with the columbine simplicity, except men know exactly all the conditions of the serpent.'

And this idea is repeated by Bacon in his 'Meditationes Sacræ,' where he says:

'There are neither teeth nor stings, nor venom, nor wreaths and folds of serpents, which ought not to be all known, and, as far as examination doth lead, tried. Neither let any man here fear infection or pollution: for the sun entereth into sinks and is not defiled.'

But the whole of the third meditation should be read.

Now, the Shakespeare plays and poems abound in parallel passages and similar expressions, which have been collected by Baconians as good cor-

* 'Adv. of Learning,' II. xxi. 9.

roborations of their theory. They may be seen well arranged and explained in Dr. Theobald's excellent book, 'Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light,' in the subsection 'Sunshine Everywhere,' p. 174. I shall not extract them, hoping that the reader may be induced to refer to them there. I will give an additional one I have noticed in Sonnet XXXIII.:

> 'Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
> Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
> staineth.'

I think much that has been said in the foregoing passages has a bearing of a favourable character on Bacon's moral disposition. His view seems to have been that it was good to know the 'deeps of Satan' and the wickedness of man, and that such knowledge was not necessarily defiling. Nay, rather, it would have a prophylactic effect in men of strong and firm minds. In this way, too, we might well account for the rather strange fact that Bacon should be on such terms of intimacy with men who were so utterly unlike in moral disposition, a friend of profligate debauchees such as were Perez, Essex, and Southampton, and also at the same time enjoying the true friendship of the saintly Lancelot Andrewes, the conscientious Toby Matthew, and later on such good men as Herbert and Rawley.

May not such a man as Bacon, such a brilliant luminary of the intellectual world, be able to enter into the society and friendship of rakes and pleasure lovers without being infected or polluted by his environment? May not such an intellectual 'sun of the world' have remained stainless like unto that other sun in the heavens, or, if not stainless, at least free from the abominable infections of profligate and Italianated aristocrats? The more I study what we know of Bacon from his writings, from the general tenor of his life, from his friendships and from his *philanthropia*, the more admiration do I feel for his many estimable qualities, and the less do I believe the *mendacia famæ*, the irresponsible lies of the envious vulgar or the respectable Pharisee with Puritan leanings.

And besides the two already mentioned, the first simile of 'Palladis Tamia, *s.v.* 'Love,' is: 'Many tymes it cometh to pass that one love doth drive out another, as one nail doth expell another.'

This is a well-known simile both in Bacon and Shakespeare—*e.g.*:

> 'Even as one heat another heat excels,
> Or as one nail by strength drives out another.'
>
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iv., 188.

Again, in 'Coriolanus' (IV. vii. 54):

> 'One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail.'

Bacon, in 'History of Henry VII.,' describes how the citizens of Exeter 'repulsed fire with fire,' and refers to the same false fact in natural philosophy in his 'Advancement of Learning.' And there is the same idea in the last lines of Sonnet CXLIV.

The 'Palladis Tamia' is crowded with Euphuistic similes. They were very fashionable when Francis Bacon was young. It seems likely enough that he collected them in his note-books, and that some of those quoted in the 'Palladis Tamia' are his; but I think this work in the main was the work of Francis Meres, who claimed it on the title-page, and afterwards, when Bacon was dead, issued another edition with the formerly suppressed preface and without the name Pallas. Besides this, A. B. in 1600, when mentioning the Bodenham series in 'England's Helicon,' does not refer to the 'Palladis Tamia' at all as the work of Bodenham.

However, we are not likely to be far wrong if we take it that Meres and Bacon were well acquainted with each other. I think, too, the

following extracts may represent how they sometimes pleasantly joked:

P. 229*b*. *s.v.* 'Lawyers':

'As one Goasehauke is enough for one Shire, so one Lawyer is enough for a city.

* * * * *

'As the Switzers and Logic fight for everybody, so do lawyers.

* * * * *

'Well saith our English Satyrist,*

> 'Woe to the weale where many lawyers be,
> For sure there is much store of malady.'

P. 246, *s.v.* 'Sophisters':

'As the Panther doeth savour well but only to beastes, which he allureth unto him, so Scotus, Jaovell, Faber, Buridanus, Borreus, Burleus, Clictovius, Dorbell, Johannes de Celaia, Gilbertus Crab, and other such crabbed and obscure *Sophisters* are more pleasant than any spice unto beetle-headed plodders, but more loathsome than any uncleannes to fine and fresh wits.'

This last extract, with its long array of Aristotelian obscurantists, its 'crabbed' punning reference, and 'beetle-headed plodders,' seems

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* Joseph Hall (afterwards Bishop), 'Satires,' Book II., iii. 15.

rather significant of that great Baron of Verulam who heartily detested from his earliest Cambridge days both Aristotelians and all 'beetle-headed plodders,' and could hardly ever pass by a jest, if it offered itself. Some of these queerly-named people I cannot trace; but if the author took all the learning of that time for his province, I am not likely to trace them.

CHAPTER XI

'WIT'S THEATER' (1599)

In the vestibule of the third volume 'Wit's Theater of the Little World,' which is the place where Bacon would be most likely to speak, if he spoke at all, we meet with the following:

'Thys worke gathered out of divers learned Authours, I may not call mine, least it bee sayd; *Tu quidem à Nevio, vel sumpsisti multa si fateris, vel si negas surripuisti.*' And then further on: 'If I have not observed the true method (which Plato calleth a fire sent from heaven), etc.'

These remarks are from the address 'To the Reader,' which has no signature to it, and has been generally supposed to proceed from Nicholas Ling, the printer. But it is surely too learned and too much larded with Latin for a printer. I suggest that it is much more like Bacon's style, especially the allusion to Plato. For Bacon, as is well known, was against Aristotle's syllogistic

method, and took Plato to be the philosopher to whom his own doctrines approached the nearest. And as to the words 'a fire sent from heaven,' how they recall the idea ever present to Bacon's mind, that all kinds of knowledge are but rays from one light!

The other part of the vestibule is taken up by an address 'To my most esteemed and approved loving friend, Maister I. B., I wish all happines.' This in nearly all copies is unsigned, but there is a copy known in which 'I. B.' is expanded to John Bodenham, and the name of Robert Allott introduced in print both in the heading and where the signature should be.

This was the Robert Allott of 'England's Parnassus,' and the appearance of such a man increases the mystery rather than lessens it, as we shall see when we come to consider that rare book and its connection with our subject. Bacon seems to have made special use of *printers* and publishers to conceal his productions, and no doubt they were the men best fitted by their position to carry out his plans. But they raise a difficulty in our path, as I must admit; for if Nicholas Ling, Richard Field, and Robert Allott knew as much about Bacon as Woodward knew about Junius, it seems difficult to believe that the

secret of Baconian authorship should have been kept so well.

This is an exactly similar difficulty to the one which orthodox Shakespearians are always repeating as an insuperable one. It is generally put in this way:—If it was known by contemporaries that Shakespeare of Stratford was *not* the author of the poems of 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' and the plays then passing under his name, how could it possibly be kept secret at the time, and how could after-ages be so universally deceived right down to the middle of the nineteenth century?

The answer to this question, so embarrassing to most people, is, I believe, as follows:—The question contains a fallacy or wrong assumption to begin with. It assumes that the matter *was* a secret in Elizabethan times, when such was not really the case; at the furthest it was no more than an open secret, which the fear of the Star Chamber and the powerful influence of Bacon and his aristocratic friends prevented from being publicly acknowledged and commented on.* There were personal considerations, and political ones too (Richard II. to wit), against any authoritative declaration of the true author of the poems

* The Wainewright Star Chamber case.

and plays, and the higher the position that Bacon rose to, the greater did the reasons become for withholding the truth from the general public, and after 1623 the First Folio effectually stamped the Swan of Avon as the author for the succeeding generations right down to our own. But there are plenty of indications below the surface which show how many people were well aware of the true facts of the case.

For instance, when the Stratford Shakespeare died he passed away from his fellows and his countrymen without the slightest allusion to the wonderful position he had held among the poets and dramatists of the age. Surely this speaks volumes, especially when we consider the almost universal applause which was showered by the notabilities of the literary world on the fame and merits of Francis, Lord Verulam, and Benjamin Jonson. How can we explain this surprising reticence, when the Stratford Shakespeare passed away from the scene of his earthly labours, except by the supposition that the chief literary notabilities were aware of the true position of the actor-manager, and, knowing the circumstances, thought that to keep silence was the better counsel and the wiser plan? But this is another story, and we will return to the Bodenham books,

and to 'The Theater of the Little World,' which was the one we were just considering.

There are other things in its vestibule which seem very Baconian. For instance, in the 'Address to the Reader' there is this:

'I have therefore called these lucubrations, or rather collections, "The Theater of the Little World," for that in it thou maist beholde the inward and outward parts of man, lively figured in hys actions and behaviour.'

Now, this expression *lively figured* is one which Bacon has frequently used in his philosophical works when dealing with dramatic representation, and will be noticed again; and the whole address ends thus: 'Prove all, and approve the best, which done, *Tanquam Hercules in bivio, aut sequere aut vita.*'

But a still more striking coincidence is in the titles of the last two books of this Bodenham series. They are almost disclosed by Bacon himself when he is speaking, in his 'Advancement of Learning' of 'the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions and customs' (Spedding, iii. 346).

He goes on to say: 'It is not good to stay too long in the theatre. Let us now pass on to the judicial place or palace of the mind.' Here we

have the third and fourth parts of 'Wit's Commonwealth'—*i.e.*, 'Wit's Theater of the Little World' and 'Palladis Palatium, or Wisdomes Palace.'

Also a very good reason can be given, on the Baconian view, why the first work of the Bodenham series is entitled 'Wit's Commonwealth.' It derived its title from Plato's 'Commonwealth,' where his philosophy of the Intelligible World, or the Science of Intellect, is considered; for it was especially for the philosophy of the 'Mundus Intelligibilis' that the Bodenham series was intended as a preliminary foundation, just as the 'Sylva Sylvarum' was meant for a first foundation to the other division of philosophy, that of the 'Mundus Sensibilis,' or the Science of Nature.

Both were collections of facts, similes, and examples for fundamental use in Bacon's new inductive method, a method really intended (though this point is often overlooked) to embrace the World of Man as well as the World of Nature.*

Now, the World of Man was known as the Little World, according to a dictum of Aristotle, and therefore the third volume of Bodenham

* Aphorism CXXVII. of the First Book of the 'Nov. Org.' gives a clear and indubitable statement as to this.

was called 'Wit's Theater of the Little World,' as stated in the anonymous address to the reader.

The first volume, dealing with the World of Man also, in connection with his Intellect—*i.e.*, Wisdom or Wit—a subject considered in the 'De Republica' of Plato, or his book 'Concerning the Commonwealth,'—received the suitable title 'Wit's Commonwealth'; and in like manner the second volume was entitled the 'Storehouse or Treasury of Wisdom,' quite in Bacon's manner: for he often mentions a *storehouse* of examples and its use, and we have also, as is well known, his 'Promus' of Elegancies, which is also a storehouse or pantry of materials collected by Bacon himself, to be drawn upon as required.

Not much Baconian evidence can be drawn from the 'main-building' occupied by these collections; it is chiefly, as so often repeated, in the vestibule or back-door that we have to look for the key to the builder's name and address. However, in this third little book of the series we have 106 pages, in the middle of it, taken up with an account or survey of some of the States of Europe, which reminds one very much of that early work found among Francis Bacon's papers, which Mr. Spedding entitles 'Notes on the State of Christendom' and prints in full with the rest

of Bacon's works, supposing it to be the work of Francis, or, if not, of his brother Anthony—for Francis would have permission to use his brother's papers. I have taken A. B., who had evidently a good deal to do with Bodenham's 'England's Helicon,' to be Anthony Bacon, and this historical survey of several of the European States, which seems rather out of place in 'Wit's Theater of the Little World,' if it be his, would be a useful corroboration of my suggestion.

In fact, I think that Anthony Bacon is responsible for more literary work than is awarded to him. He is said to have been of equal ability to his gifted brother, but not so learned, and we have recently discovered amongst the strange scribblings on the cover of the Northumberland manuscripts the words 'Anthony Comfort and Consorte,' and the Elizabethan use and meaning of 'Consorte' rather favours my theory.

CHAPTER XII

‘PALLADIS PALATIUM’ (1604)

In the editions of ‘Wit’s Treasury’ there had been a promise of a fourth part in continuation of the series, and in 1604 it came out under the title of ‘Palladis Palatium’ on the first page of the book itself, and in a slightly different form in the full reference which I extract, as follows, from the Stationers’ registers:

‘A book called Wisdomes Pallace beautified with the pithy sayings, selected sentences, and morall Counsels of grave ancient and learned fathers, etc., donne by William Wrednot. Entered upon this condycion that it be not any other man’s copy.’

Also next entry:

‘A book called the sorrowfull soule’s solace. Done by William Wrednot. Upon the lyke condycion as above.’

Here we notice that the title containing ‘Pallas’ is omitted, and a ‘condycion’ is added which is

rather unusual, and casts somewhat of suspicion on the provenance of the book. It may have been a stolen manuscript, and prohibited almost at first publication, and thus only one copy has survived to the present day.

Not even one copy of the 'Soul's Sorrowful Solace' is known to exist now. On December 4, 1626, shortly before Bacon's death, all copies of this book were assigned to Robert Allott, who had been a full stationer for about a year. The name is suspicious, knowing what we do of it, and the initials R. A. can prove nothing. So the first part or volume of this singular series, entitled 'Wit's Commonwealth,' begun in 1597 by John Bodenham, through Nicholas Ling, the publisher, was carried on by Francis Meres in 1598 in 'Palladis Tamia,' as the second part; and in 1599 by Nicholas Ling again, as the third part, called 'Wit's Theater of the Little World'; and in 1604 by the fourth part, entitled 'Palladis Palatium, or Wisdomes Pallace,' of which only one copy is known to exist. And all that can be said about the author is that the book is attributed in the Stationers' registers (iii. 264) to a William Wrednot.

Now, who can this singularly named personage be, with his 'Pallace of Pallas'? Is this the

'worthy scholler' that Meres knew about? Surely the name is purposely coined to puzzle people. Does not it look a fictitious name, equivalent to 'Rede not'—that is, 'Guess not,' 'Try not to find my name?'

There seems some mystery here, in these two 'Pallas' books of the series, by Francis Meres and William Wrednot, and I cannot help thinking that the man who could best explain it would be that immortal genius Francis Bacon, that 'man of mystery' who said in the 'Sonnets,' 'My name is Will,' and elsewhere put himself down as 'William Shake-speare,' as Pallas cogitating counsel with covered eyes, as Pallas with the brandished spear or lance, and now, perhaps, as 'William Guess-me-not,' in a second 'Pallas' book of 1604.

Many things point more to Bacon than to any-one else. Bacon was a great collector of sentences, aphorisms, apophthegms, proverbs, examples, and similitudes. He filled note-books with such things. He had a natural bent that way. He tells us so himself in his poem to the 'Interpretation of Nature' (*circa* 1603).

Since there is only one copy of the 'Palladis Palatium' in existence, and that one in a private library (Britwell), perhaps my readers will forgive

my making rather longer extracts than usual. I have been enabled to do so by the courtesy of the librarian, Mr. Graves, who allowed me to examine this unique book. It is a much thinner and less important-looking book than the others of the series, containing only about 150 pages, and some fourteen more of prefatory matter.

This vestibule I extracted, and present here all that is important. If there are any ciphers I have failed to notice them. There is 'F. B.' at the end of the dedication, and again at the end of the address; but this F. B. is clearly Francis Burton, the publisher of the work.

I confess I do not seem to recognise Bacon either in the vestibule or in the palace, but I think I catch a glimpse of him when he is making his exit. However, my readers must judge.

Title-page:

'Palladis Palatium |

Wisedoms | Pallace, | or | the fourth part of *Wits Common* | *wealth*

London. Imprinted by G. Elde for Francis Burton 1604.'

Dedication:

'To the right worshipfull Stephen Smalman, of Wildertop in the Countie of Salop Esquire, and one of his Majesties Justices of

> peace in the same countie: and unto the right vertuous Gentlewoman Mistris Jane Smalman his beloved wife, F. B. wisheth encrease of all godlines in this life, and in the life to come eternall happinesse.'

(Ff. vii., pp. 1-149.)

*'The happy successe which this authors former booke hath gayned under the shaddow of your worships winges, and also the kinde acceptance of so slender a dedication as proceeded from my unpollished pen, have embouldened me again to present your worships with an other parcell of the same mans labours, in hope that you both will (as formerly you have done) yeald a favourable allowance unto this worke, and also a kinde construction of my rude though well meaning Epistle.

'The booke for argument containeth varietie of many excelent (*sic*) sentences collected out of the choicest writings of the auncient fathers. Here may wit finde pleasant and sweete flowers to suck hunny from. Here may youth finde wholesome precepts to derect (*sic*) his future life. Here may the minde that readeth with an intention to profit, reape singular commoditie. Here may the wearied and defatigate spirit,

* The initial letter in the original contains the picture of a bear licking its cub into shape.

recreate itself with variable delightes. Here may most (good) dispositions light upon some thinges to fitte their desires. And here I doubt not but both your worships shall finde much matter of contentment, when your leasures will affoorde you time to peruse it. I trust that I neede not frame any Apologie in the defence or excuse of the booke it selfe, for vertue is to be loved for it owne sake, and therefore I hope that the matter it selfe, will winne favour unto it selfe. If not yet I know that, *Virescit vulnere virtus:* Vertue if she be wounded can heale it selfe, and will appeare by so much more glorious, by how much more eagerly vice endevoureth to dimme the brightnesse thereof.

'Wherfore in ful perswatiõ that it shall gaine your worships good liking, I commend you both unto the fruition of the best joyes that eyther of you can wish unto your owne selves, and rest a devoted wel-willer unto both your worships.

'F. B.

'To the Reader.

'If vertue (the chiefest ornament of the minde) were as much regarded of Christians, to nourish their soules with as wholesome diet, as wine amongst wine-bibbers, is curiously sought after, with a nice humor to please their choyse pallates, then needed vertue no more any epythetes, in her due praise, then good wine Ivy bushes to

make the vent thereof better: or if many who would gladly be thought religious had as earnest a desire truly to adorne their mindes with vertue, as many of them have to decke their bodies with the badges of lightnesse, then would their purses be better lined with angels, and their godly lives, yeeld good examples of vertuous living unto others. But alas vertue is well neere banished, vice hath almost gotten the upper hand, wisdome is derided of fooles, and the seeming-wise approve themselves to be witlesse, by their heedlesse courses, for *Exitus acta probat:* the end trieth the truth of the matter, and the rash conceipts of young unripe heads are comptrouled by the approved experience of riper judgments. Many are the excelent precepts which the works of the learned afford, and not few also are the idle fancies of vaine and witlesse heads. The latter sort men much hunt after whereby they increase their follies, but the former sort is much neglected whereby wisdomes reputation is not a little impaired. Let there be by stealth, or any other unlawfull meanes, any idle Pamphlet, stuffed with more than villany, set to sale (to corrupt vertuous minds) and it shall not want utterance, for *Nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negatum*, but let there be many excellēt bookes of much worth cōpiled (if duly regarded) yet if some, more then extraordinary matter be not therein contained, they may hap to lye by the walls.

The consideration wherof might easily discourage many good men from paines taking in that kinde, and terrifie those who undertake the publishing therof, from adventuring so far in a matter likely to prove so little to their advantage. But yet hoping that the approved sayings and experimented sentences of the worthy authors herein contained, will be some stay unto rash-headed folly, and yeeld some content unto wisdoms lovers, in the perusall herof: as the Authour hath bestowed his paines in colecting hereof, so have I adventured the Charges in Printing hereof, being hereunto the better incouraged by reason of the good successe that this authors former booke entituled *The sorowfull Soules solace, or Teares of true repentance, shed for sinne:* hath already obtained at his readers hands: Thus gentle reader wishing that thou maiest gaine double as much pleasure in perusing hereof, as the author did paynes in collecting hereof, I rest thy friend and well-willer.

'F. B.'

The last line of the book, in the place of FINIS, is NASCIMVR IN COMMVNE BONVM. It is here that I seem to catch (as I said before) a glimpse of Bacon making his exit.

Now, this Francis Burton does not appear to be a very high-class or solid, respectable publisher,

and perhaps that was why the Stationers' Company had their doubts about the 'Palladis Palatium,' which was only Burton's second book entered on their registers, although he had been nearly two years a freeman of the Stationers' Company. His other productions seem to be mainly chap-books of 'horrible relations' in obscure country places, though, strange to say, on May 21, 1606, he entered himself for Southwell's 'Foure-fold Meditation,' the very book which has the address by a W. H., which mainly induced Mr. Sidney Lee to fix upon this very W. H. as the 'only begetter' of the Shake-speare-Sonnets.

Last of all, on June 3, 1616, somewhat more than a month after Shakespeare's death at Stratford, 'Francis Burton assigned over to Nicholas Okes, by consent of a full court, a booke called "A Sorrowfull Soules Solace."' And then exit Burton from the Stationers' registers, and we hear no more about him from any source.

Had Burton a true claim to these two books by William Wrednot, or had they been purloined or 'conveyed' from Francis Bacon's scrivenery? Who knows? I do not. But I know this, that there were some curious tricks of trade among publishers and printers in those days.

Surely this 'Finis' is Baconian, and I think the

careful reader will notice several other Baconian features here and there. I know the danger of relying on uncommon words, and therefore do not attempt to build upon 'defatigate,' which strikes me as unusual or 'unpolished,' which is Baconian, though I dare say persistent searchers could soon find a score of passages where it occurs. It has rather the appearance to me of a 'deracinated' Baconian word.

Here I take my leave of the four parts of 'Wit's Commonwealth,' and I hope it will be allowed that both by the *a priori* evidence, which I shall give presently, of the kind of book that Bacon thought was wanted, and by the *a posteriori* evidence from the printed books and their contents, which I have just shown, there are some grounds for a possible identification of Francis Bacon as the promoter and patron of these Bodenham works, and a likely contributor as well, especially in the vestibule and back-door. However, there are other Bodenham works more famous and important, viz., 'England's Helicon' and 'Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses.' Here we get stronger evidence by far.

CHAPTER XIII

'BELVEDERE'

WITH regard to that rare Bodenham book 'Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses' (1600), it is rather remarkable that no one has ever mentioned that it is mainly built up on 'Wit's Commonwealth,' on 'The Theater of the Little World,' and on 'Wit's Treasury,' the only three volumes of the Bodenham series which had then (1600) appeared. The sentences, similes, and examples of these three books respectively are constantly taken and turned into two lines of rhyming, or else blank verse. There are added, also, single lines and distichs from various English poets, and all are arranged under heads, such as Love, Hate, Chastity, Riches, etc., just as in the little books of 1597, 1598, and 1599. By way of example, I will give some extracts from the heading of Love presently.

As I said before, nothing certain is known about

this John Bodenham, who seems connected with so many useful works. Several Bodenhams were admitted to Gray's Inn in 1603, 1606, and later, but there is no John Bodenham of Gray's Inn that will at all fit in. William Bodenham, of Ryland in the county of Rutland, was Sheriff for his county in 1606, and was afterwards knighted; he had a younger brother John, of whom nothing is said in the family tree, except that he died childless (*s.p.*). There appears to have been a John Bodenham of Hart Hall, Oxford, in 1568 and earlier, and the heraldic coat of arms occupying a page in 'Belvedere' is correct for the Bodenhams, but the motto is wrong. And there is this suspicious circumstance, that when the 'Belvedere' had a second edition, in 1614, the coat of arms was blank and the preface omitted *in toto*. The word that best describes these curious collections is the word 'methodical,' which is the very adjective used in the prefatory epistle of the first book, 'Wit's Commonwealth,' as already quoted, and the same adjective which is applied to the author himself by that Cambridge wit who wrote 'The Return from Parnassus,' about December, 1601, and is very severe on 'this Belvedere, this methodicall asse,' as he calls him.

There is this, certainly, to be said in favour of

Bacon's handiwork in these matters, that he was undoubtedly very fond of aphorisms or detached sentences containing the essence of important subjects. Nor must we forget that Bacon was pressed for money more than usual in 1597-1600. So that if he had any collections in his scrivenery ready for the press, now would be the time to get a little money, if possible, by publishing them.

The first little book of 1597, christened 'Politeuphuia,' was very successful. It had several editions almost directly. This, no doubt, induced Nicholas Ling, the publisher, to take up the third of the series in 1599, and take a third share of the more important 'Belvedere' in 1600 —*i.e.*, as to the publishing part.

Bacon's 'Promus,' or collection of elegancies for composition of literary work, preserved to us in manuscript, and his well-known methodical ways of arrangement in his philosophical works, help to increase the probability that we have Bacon's handiwork or overseership in these unacknowledged little books.

But let us pursue our usual plan, and proceed to search the vestibule for a key. Here we are more fortunate than usual. We find something much better than mere initials or printer's borrowed signatures; we come upon two names

written in full—Richard Hathway and William Rankins. And these are men whom we know something about, for they were members of Henslowe's theatrical staff, and occasionally supplied literary work for him. They each supply a laudatory piece at the beginning of the book, after the fashion then in vogue. Let us see what inferences we can draw from their appearance here.

First it should be remembered that there was a closer connection between aristocrat, dramatist and player then than there is now. There was the acquaintance as between patron and client, and there was the nightly semi-companionship and close proximity on the same stage. For the aristocrats, as they sat on the stage, could almost touch the players at their will. By aristocrats I mean such young noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Court as Southampton, Rutland, Pembroke, and others, who, being frequently in London for long periods, became often well-nigh habitués of different theatres. I would include Francis Bacon among these, before he rose too high in judicial position and philosophic studies to care to spend much of his valuable time in such pursuits. But as a patron of the theatres, and possibly one of the 'grand possessors' of well-known plays, he would be a man of some consideration with all the

actors and dramatists connected with Henslowe and Alleyn or Burbage and his co-partners.

And so would Anthony Bacon, from what we gather from his correspondence that has come down to us. If, therefore, either Francis or Anthony, or both of them, wanted a prefatory poem or so, according to the fashion of the day, for any book they wished to bring out privately or anonymously, any of the dramatist poets connected with the theatres would doubtless be glad to accommodate them. This, to me, accounts for the fact of Richard Hathway and William Rankins making their appearance in the vestibule of Bodenham's 'Garden of the Muses.' They would wish to oblige a good patron of their house, and if they could not supply the kind of prefatory poem required, they would be perfectly willing to lend their names to those who could.

For Hathway and Rankins were fellow-dramatists connected with Henslowe and Alleyn when they managed the Rose Theatre, and were, of course, well known to the two Bacon's and to Southampton. I think these 'alien pens'* would be very ready to 'disperse their poetry' if Bacon or his brother, or any friend of theirs, gave the hint.

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* Sonnet LXXVIII.

Hathway, a struggling dramatist in the pay of Henslowe, the manager of the Rose Theatre, generally wrote in co-operation with the penurious authors in the same pay. William Rankins was also one of these, and was a pervert; for after denouncing the stage in the strongest terms in 1587 in the 'Mirrour of Monsters,' in 1598 we find him receiving £3 from Henslowe for a play which he had adapted for the stage himself.

My view of intertheatrical matters at this period requires the assumption that Henslowe and Hathway and the chief members of the staff of the Rose theatre knew pretty well the true authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and I think there are several undesigned coincidences which go to show that this assumption is correct.

First, and chief of all, is that very peculiar circumstance that Henslowe, although he had so much to do officially with the actors and playwrights of the time through a long course of years, and is always referring to them in his extensive diary, yet *never once mentions Shakespeare's name in it!* What could possibly be the reason, except that he knew the facts of the Shakespeare authorship, and that Bacon wished them to be 'concealed'?

Definite statements about Shakespeare written

down in his diary would have been dangerous, and likely to reveal the secret. This would seriously displease the 'grand possessors' of the plays, and his good theatrical patrons as well. So he did the best thing for his own interest and for theirs by keeping Shakespeare's name out of his memoranda altogether. Hathway, Rankins, and the rest of the needy playwrights had also every reason to please the rich and useful patrons of the stage. The rugged Ben Jonson, and also, it seems, John Marston, were inclined at first to break through this concealment by certain nasty allusions and satires, but the Star Chamber and the prelatical censors of the press, who were on Bacon's side (Archbishop Whitgift, to wit), soon managed to stifle or suppress these attempts, and eventually, though by what means it does not appear, Ben Jonson and the satirical and envious ones became friendly or reticent.

However, the book we are now considering, 'Belvedere,' had some clever enemy at Cambridge, who was, perhaps, too far off for any particular notice to be taken of him in checking his satire.

In December, 1601, 'The Return from Parnassus,' one of a trilogy, was played at Cambridge before a Johnian audience, the most cultured audience then, perhaps, in the whole kingdom,

and 'Belvedere' was laughed to scorn (3 Parn. 179).

'What a Bel-wether in Paules Churchyeard, so called because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bell of so many Poets about the neck of it!'

And then the motto on the title-page of 'Belvedere' (which so proudly speaks of the ever-living poet, and is to me very Baconian) was attacked and jeered at.

'Judicio,' a University critic, quotes it, and gives it a tail thus :

> 'Quem referent musæ, vivet dum robora tellus,
> Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.'

> 'Who blurres faire paper, with foule bastard rimes
> Shall live full many an age in latter times :
> Who makes a ballet* for an ale-house doore
> Shall live in future times for evermore.
> Then (   ) thy muse shall live so long,
> As drafty ballats* to thy praise are song.'

The author's name is left blank in the original printed copy, and Malone, for some ingenious reason of his own, suggested 'Antony,' for Antony Munday, whom he seems to have thought had something to do with it.

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* Ballads.

Here Malone was partly wrong and partly right, for a manuscript has been lately discovered of this Johnian play, where the blank is filled in and the word written out as 'Bodenham.' But there was an Anthony connected with this vestibule of 'Belvedere'—in fact there were two: Anthony Munday, who signs the first sonnet as 'A. M.,' a common signature of his, and Anthony Bacon, who signs the second sonnet as 'A. B.,' just as he signs the fine sonnet in 'England's Helicon,' and there shows his love for the collector and patron of the Bodenham series, as is further elucidated at its proper place.

But the critic of 'The Returne from Parnassus' does not stop his jeering yet. He next attacks the devise on the title-page as well as the motto.

The critic asks scornfully:

'But what's his devise? Parnassus with the sunne and the laurel, I wonder this owle dares look at the sunne.'

This reference to the author as an 'owle' seems rather significant. It looks as if the critic at Cambridge knew something of Pallas-Shakespeare-Bacon and the bird that peculiarly belongs to Pallas. Nor is it the first or only time we hear these jokes about an owl. There was 'Lord Owlet's' company of actors, and there were owls

sitting and looking very wise in Baconian engraved frontispieces. So there seems something more than meets the eye in this scornful jest on the 'Belvedere' device. But, joking apart, this device is a very remarkable one—very Baconian indeed, just such a one as an aristocratic friend of Essex and Southampton would be likely to invent according to the fashionable custom of the times. It is oval in shape, and looks like a very handsome printer's mark; indeed, John Legate used one much resembling it for the title-pages of his Cambridge books. But this does not belong to the printer, but to the author. It represents the twin summits of the Parnassian Mount bathed in clearest sunshine, far away from clouds and storm, and Apollo with benignant, beaming face streaming his rays downward. There is the laurel in the centre, and at the sides of the mount we see a primrose and what looks like a marigold, but may be some other similar flower, and encircling the whole there is the inscription

PARNASSO ET APOLLINE DIGNA.

Now, what did Bacon say of this same twin-capped hill in a yet more famous device, the acted 'Essex device' of 1595? It was Bacon, and no one else, as Spedding shows, who put

forth these words as part of one of the speeches at that great function:

'That hill of the Muses is above tempests always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times.'

These words were said before the Queen in 1595, when Mary Fitton had only just come to Court, aged seventeen.

When 'Belvedere' was published in 1600, the lively Mary was at the top of her reputation, the best dancer at Court, intriguing with young Lord Herbert, frisking with the other Maids of Honour, and laughing over the sonnets received from anonymous admirers (Bacon on 'Woman's Woorth'?), and then having her portrait taken with a primrose in her hand—her own special flower. And why in the world should a primrose appear at the side of Parnassus in the 'Belvedere' device of 1600? The laurel was classical enough, but the primrose and marigold are unexpected extras beside the classic mount.

Both the Latin distich and this device, which take such a prominent position on the title-page of 'Belvedere,' point pretty clearly to an author who had in him the self-confidence that he was

destined for literary immortality. I have elsewhere said that this feeling was so pronounced in the 'Sonnets' and in Bacon's works generally that I felt warranted in giving the author the title of 'Megalomane.'

It does not sound a very complimentary name, but, after all, there is no discredit to be attached to a man who has the personal arrogance of the μεγαλόψυχος, and, while thinking himself worthy of great things, is at the same time really worthy of them. However, 'Belvedere,' it must be admitted, hardly reaches to this high level; in fact, the world has willingly let it die. But I maintain the contents point strongly to Bacon.

For these contents are said, in the preface to the first edition (which preface was afterwards suppressed), to have been derived from what we may certainly term 'unusual sources.' They are described as being gathered from private poems addressed to Maids of Honour and other Court ladies, from masques and interludes performed before the Queen and Court, from unpublished manuscripts seen by the collector, and from other poets living and dead, of which a long list is given. How could a plain Maister John Bodenham, presumably a country gentleman, of whom nothing is known as to his presence at Court or

elsewhere—how could he be privileged to taste or prepare such a haggis of confused feeding as we meet with in 'Belvedere'? But Bacon was at headquarters, and mixed up with masques and devices and Court gallants.

'Belvedere' is really a collection of posies for an ethical purpose. It is an early collection, and I would say unique of its peculiar kind. Before Bacon died there was issued, in 1624, 'Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves, and such Pretty Tokens that Lovers send their Loves'; and later still (1674), 'Cupid's Posies. Written by Cupid on a day, when Venus gave him leave to play.' This book ends almost as 'Belvedere' might have done :—

> 'Fair Maids, my "Posies" now are done;
> Which for your sakes I first begun.
> And young men here may always choose
> Such Posies as they mean to use.'

But 'Belvedere' had a moral purpose, and was for the Commonweal.

The evidence that 'Belvedere' turns into metre the sentences, similes, and examples of the first three volumes of the Bodenham series is incontrovertible. I give a few specimens to show this :

OF LOVE: SENTENCES.

'Belvedere,' 1600, begins thus (distich motto):—

'Love is a vertue measured by duteous choice,
But not if it be maimed with wilful chaunce.'

'Wit's Commonwealth, Politeuphuia,' 1597 :—

'Love is a vertue if it bee measured by dutiful choice, and not maimed with wilful chance.'

'Belvedere,' 1600, ends the collection on Love thus :—

'Selfe-love of mischiefe is the only ground. . . .
The cowards warfare is a wanton love
Pure love did never see the face of feare
Lascivious love is root of all remorse.
Love, and high seat, no equals can endure
Lovers have quick all-corners searching eyes.'

'Wit's Commonwealth,' 1597, thus :—

'There are sixe properties in Love. Selfe-love, is the grounde of mischiefe. Lascivious love the roote of remorse. Wanton love, the cowards warfare. Pure love never saw the face of feare. Pure loves eyes pierceth the darkest corners. Pure love attempteth the greatest dangers.'

OF LOVE: SIMILES.

'Belvedere,' 1600 :—

'As young vines yeeld most wine but old brings best
So young love speaketh much but old doth most.'

'Palladis Tamia,' 1598 :—

'The young vines bring the most wine but the old the best; so tender love maketh greatest show of blossoms, but tryed love bringeth forth sweetest juice.'

'Wit's Commonwealth, Politeuphuia,' 1597 :—

'It falleth out in Love as it doth with Vines, for the young Vines bring the most wine, but the old the best.'

Of Love: Examples.

'Belvedere,' 1600 :—

> '*Pausanias* loved his wife with such firme love
> As no description well could set it downe.
> Perdeccas for his love to *Alexander*,
> Refused mightie wealth in Macedon.'

'Wit's Theater of the Little World,' 1599 :—

'Pausanias loved his wife so tenderly, that it cannot be described.

'Perdeccas for the love he bare to Alexander, refused a great revenue in Macedonia.'

Of Envie: Sentences.

'Belvedere,' 1600 (distich motto) :—

> 'Envie is nothing else but griefe of mind
> Conceiv'd at sight of others happinesse.'

'Wit's Commonwealth,' 1597 :—

Definition.—'Hate or envie is a griefe arising of another mans prosperitie.'

Of Envy: Similes.

'Belvedere,' 1600 :—

> 'As Bavens by their bands are easily knowne
> So envies lookes doe most disclose herselfe.'

'Wit's Commonwealth,' 1597 :—

> 'Baven's are knowne by theyr bands,
> Lions by their claws, cocks by their combs
> And envious men by their manners.'

'Palladis Tamia,' 1598 :—

'Bavens are knowne by their bands, Lyons by their clawes, and cocks by their combes; so envious mindes are knowne by their manners.'

Bacon had a strong belief that the free circulation among the people of aphorisms, apophthegms, and plays, with a hidden but lively philosophical teaching, would do a great deal to help in the regeneration of the age, and be a good preparation for the easier reception of his own ideas and theories.

But, alas! history seems to show us that it is not given to prophets or poets, or to writers and collectors of apophthegms and wise sayings of the learned, to effect the regeneration of the age, or even to alter very much the standard of morality in common practice. Even nowadays

the barrenness and puny results of ethical societies and such-like tell us plainly the same tale. It is not by words, nor yet altogether by men, wise and inspired as they may seem, that social amelioration advances. A great personality can certainly produce enthusiasm and start a great movement of social import;—General Booth, to wit, and others. But how often with the founder's death has there been a slow but sure collapse of the movement. I am not referring to essentially religious movements, nor, of course, to such founders of religion as Christ, Mahomet, or Buddha. But what I mean is, that the improvement of mankind and his advance against the shackles of his environment is gained more by 'measures' than by 'men,' more by a wise statute-book than by the wisest collection of apophthegms, sentences, or similes that could be got together. However, Pallas or Earl Prudence may do lasting work yet, and, protected by the ægis of the State and the helmet of the Law, she may effectually 'Shake' her 'Speare' at ignorance, crime, and injustice. This would indeed be, to use the words of Pallas-Shake-speare-Bacon:

'A consummation devoutly to be wished.'

CHAPTER XIV

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS RESPECTING THE BODENHAM BOOKS

After a careful consideration of the several books attributed to Bodenham, Ling, and Allott, and the circumstances connected with their publication, I came to the conclusion (a most unexpected one) that we had in these works of mysterious authorship the early collections of examples, similitudes and sentences, both in prose and poetry, which Bacon had got together by co-operation, and had published, though not in his own name, in order to smooth the way for the great work of his life, the 'Instauratio Magna.'

I had great hesitation in entertaining such an idea, for the works of Bodenham—his 'England's Helicon,' his 'Belvedere,' his 'Politeuphuia,' and his 'Wit's Theater of the Little World'—are famous books, and have been thoroughly examined by critics, and reprinted and edited for more than

a hundred years, and no editor has so much as hinted that Francis Bacon or his brother had any connection with them whatever. However, first one indirect piece of evidence and then another seemed so to point in the Baconian direction that I resolved to *suggest* at least Baconian influence, and give the public the opportunity of judging the evidence I had collected.

The evidence is chiefly indirect and *a priori*, but some parts of it seem strong and clear.

The first point is that these four parts of 'Wit's Commonwealth' (1597-1604) contain exactly the same kind of literary matter that Bacon in his philosophical essays and works was constantly speaking of as being necessary to pave the way for his great 'Instauratio.' They were to consist of sentences, histories, similitudes, and examples, to be used for his inductive method in ethics and politics, just as his 'Sylva Sylvarum' was to be used inductively for natural history. They are referred to under the name of 'Tables of Discovery' or 'Pictures of Invention,' and their great advantage, so Bacon asserted, consisted in this, that they formed *visible* and, as it were, living* representations of ethical and political questions, and were thus far more useful for

* 'Tanquam vivas.'

arriving at some definite conclusion than were the subtle argumentations of the schoolmen, who like spiders spun their intricate webs out of their own bodies.

These 'Tables of Discovery' were to be arranged in divisions and classified under heads of the animal passions and the affections of the mind, and there were to be examples given under each head, such as Anger, Fear, Shame, and the like, and also examples of political science and historical fact. Bacon tells us about these things in several places of his works; for, as is well known, he often repeats himself; but the best accounts are in the 'Novum Organum,' Aphorism CXXVII., in the 'Filum Labyrinthi,' and in the 'Cogitata et Visa,' of which latter treatise a copy was sent to Sir Thomas Bodley in 1607, and so we may conclude it had been written about that period.

Aphorism CXXVII. of the first book of the 'Novum Organum,' as Professor Fowler says,—

'affords conclusive evidence that Bacon contemplated the application of his method to the mental and moral as well as the natural sciences. And although, perhaps, there is nothing in Bacon's works strictly corresponding with the "historia et tabulæ inveniendi de ira, metu," etc., of which he speaks, there are many places where he seems to assume that such inquiries fall within the scope of his

philosophy. It appears to me unquestionable that Bacon contemplated the ultimate extension of his method to all branches of knowledge.'

I quite agree, and would add the following corroboration from Bacon himself:

'I cannot sufficiently marvel that this part of knowledge [descriptions of the several characters and tempers of men's natures], touching the several characters of natures and dispositions, should be omitted both in morality and policy, considering it is of so great ministry and suppeditation to them both.' ('Advancement of Learning,' Book II.)

How strange, then, that Bacon, after saying so much about these histories and *tabulæ* concerning Love, Fear, Hate, etc., and after repeating constantly that these were in the scope of his method, yet never brings a single one of them forward in his acknowledged writings! Is there any solution of this strange fact? Neither Professor Fowler nor any other commentator on Bacon's new method of philosophy has been able to offer any explanation. I think my view that Bacon *did* bring forward in great fulness all these histories, examples, similitudes, sentences, and comparisons, but quietly and secretly under an assumed name, to avert envy and contention, is by no means an

unlikely or unreasonable solution of an obvious difficulty. I hold, in fact, that Bacon *did* bring forward, both in prose and poetry, the very matters which he considered to be the needful bases of his inductive method of ethics; and the Bodenham books contain them.

It only requires a thoughtful perusal of that part of Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning' where he deals with the 'husbandry' or 'cultivation' of the mind ('De cultura animi') to see plainly that the four parts of 'Wit's Commonwealth' and the two books of poetical examples, 'England's Helicon' and 'England's Parnassus,' are exactly the 'handmaids' and helps which are required to commence the work of the 'culture and cure of the mind of man,' to use Bacon's own expression. Again and again he expresses his surprise that there has been a 'deficiency' in this respect, and that it is 'the neglect of our times.' A 'reformation of life' is wanted, and a cure for the disease of the mind which stops the progress of the common good, and in this connection he quotes with approval an aphorism of Hippocrates:—'They need medicine not only to assuage the disease, but to awake the sense.' But as Bacon's remarks on this subject are very important for the Bodenham problem, I will give verbatim what he says:—

'And if it be said, that the cure of men's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true: but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid. For as the Psalm saith, that "the eyes of the handmaid look perpetually towards the mistress" and yet no doubt many things are left to the discretion of the handmaid, to discern of the mistress's will; so ought moral philosophy to give a constant attention to the doctrines of divinity, and yet so as it may yield of herself, within due limits, many sound and profitable directions.'

So, excepting the 'discretion of the handmaid' (Pallas, or *Prudentia civilis?*) instead of the mistress (*Theologia sacra*, or sacred Divinity), Bacon further unfolds his methodical plan thus:—

'The first article of this knowledge is to set down sound and true distributions, and descriptions of the several characters and tempers of men's natures and dispositions, especially having regard to those differences which are most radical, in being the fountains and causes of the rest.'

He means love and hate, justice and injustice, peace and war, and such opposed tempers and dispositions of mankind—the very matters that appear in the contents table of the Bodenham books, which were for the 'profit' of 'the world,'

and were finished off by the 'Helicon,' as A. B. says in his prefatory sonnet to that collection:—

> 'Now comes thy Helicon to make complete
> And furnish up thy last imposed design.'

Bacon goes on to say:

'The distinctions are found, many of them, but we conclude no precepts on them: wherein our fault is the greater, because both history, poesy and daily experience, are as goodly fields where these observations grow; whereof we make a few posies to hold in our hands, but no man bringeth them to the confectionary that receipts might be made of them for the use of life.'

'Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses,' was, as I take it to be, Bacon's collection of posies, which were waiting for the confectionary by which formulæ or results of the new method belonging to the 'Scala Intellectus,' or Part IV. of the 'Magna Instauratio,'* could be constructed.

This confectionary Bacon never completed, nor,

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* Students of Bacon will understand what I allude to here; the general reader will, I am afraid, require a little further acquaintance with the 'scheme' of the 'Instauratio Magna,' which cannot be given here, but will be found put very compactly at the end of Professor Fowler's 'Bacon,' vol. ii., pp. 258, 259.

indeed, did he live long enough even to begin it, unless the definitions at the head of the articles on Love, Hatred, Peace, War, etc., in the various Bodenham books are to be considered a step forward in the work.

The 'Sylva Sylvarum,' which corresponds in natural science to the 'Belvedere' in ethics, was also never brought to the confectionary of the 'Scala Intellectus,' Part IV., with the exception of a few formulæ concerning heat and motion.

Bacon's scheme was too wide and magnificent to be concluded in the compass of a busy mortal's life. Alas! *Vita brevis* must be written upon the schemes of the grandest intellects. But if, besides writing the Shakespeare poems, the plays are also his, we have indeed reason to be thankful for the enormous amount of work this incomparable intellect was enabled to get through in life's short span.

But let us return to what our great poet-philosopher has to say further on the cure of men's minds:

'In medicining of the mind after knowledge of the divers Characters of men's natures, it followeth in order, to know the diseases and infirmities of the mind, which are no other than the perturbations and distempers of the affections. . . . And

here again I find (it) strange, that Aristotle should have written divers volumes of Ethics, and never handled the affections.'

Bacon then speaks of the Stoics and other philosophical writers being deficient in what he considers the needful examples and descriptions in the realm of ethics, and concludes thus:

'But the poets and writers of histories are the best doctors of this knowledge, where we may find painted forth with great life, how affections are kindled and incited; and how pacified and refrained; and how again constrained from act, and farther degree; how they disclose themselves; how they work; how they are inwrapped one within another; and how they do fight and encounter one with another; and other the like particularities. Amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civil matters; how, I say, to set affection against affection, and to master one by another,* even as we used to hunt beast with beast, and fly bird with bird . . . for as in the government of states, it is sometimes necessary to bridle one faction with another, so it is in the government within.'

And here, I would say, we obtain an excellent

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* Or 'master and reclaim the other,' as Bacon says later in life in the 'De Augmentis' (1622).

explanation of those very remarkable emotional contrasts which have so amazed and puzzled the commentators of the Shakespeare plays.

Shakespeare, having depicted some tragic event in the most vivid and entrancing colours, and having arrived at the very acme of interest—having raised the spectators to the very highest degree of fearful suspense—suddenly introduces a comic character or incident.

This is Shakespeare's own peculiar method, and he has had few imitators, if any. For instance, there is that well-known incident in 'Macbeth.' Just as the audience, in the second act, are listening with horror to the development of the most tragic incident of the whole play—the murder scene—just when the horrible passion of murder is being depicted with the full force of that immortal genius who wrote the play, there comes a knock—'Knocking within.' The tragedy deepens, whilst the knocking still persists. Then comes the marvellous anticlimax, the step from the awful and transcendental to the comic and the ridiculous; for, the murderers having left the scene, the knocking continues, and then 'enters a Porter,' who indulges in the commonest low-class wit and buffoonery.

'Oh, the wonder of it! Oh, the pity of it!'

say the critics; but has not Bacon, in the passage just quoted, given us a philosophical explanation all his own? He thought it good in the 'cure of the mind' to set affection against affection, and to master one by the other—that is, to contrast vividly, and as by living examples, one character of the human mind with another that tends to expel it.

In Bacon's new method of ethics he evidently thought an ounce of examples of this kind worth a ton of mere precepts.

What if Bacon is responsible for these extraordinary and sudden contrasts in the Shakespeare plays? There seems a method in their madness, and that method is far more likely to have come from Francis Bacon than from William Shakspere, as far as we know the mental history of the two men.

I shall have to say a little more on this when I deal with Marlowe's 'Dr. Faustus,' where a very remarkable parallel case occurs, pointing far away from Marlowe.

There is another piece of evidence also pointing directly to Bacon. It comes from a book once very popular, which has passed through many editions since its first issue in 1678,—I mean Nathaniel Wanley's 'Wonders of the Little

World.' I have an edition, in two volumes, as recent as 1806. Wanley tells us, in his preface, how he came to write it. The occasion was:

'some passages I met with in my Lord Verulam's book "Of the Advancement of Learning," where I found him saying "I suppose it would much conduce to the magnanimity and honour of Man, if a collection were made of the Ultimities (as the schools speak) or Summities (as Pindar) of Human Nature, principally out of the faithful reports of history. . . . We approve the purpose and design of Valerius Maximus and C. Plinius, but it could be wished they had used more choice and diligence."'

Now, Wanley's collection is on the same lines as some of Bodenham's (whom he seems to ignore), but is more extensive and less methodical.

All Bacon's accounts agree in giving a remarkably accurate description of the subject-matter contained in the four parts of Bodenham's 'Wit's Commonwealth' (1597-1604). And in addition to this, the prefatory matter of the volumes agrees distinctly with Bacon's account of the object of these collections. Thus, in 'Wit's Theater of the Little World' (1599) the address 'To the Reader' says:

'The little world is man (so called of Aristotle),

for whom the greater world was made. I have therefore called these lucubrations or rather collections, "The Theater of the Little World," for that in it thou maist beholde the inward and outward parts of man, lively figured in his actions and behaviour.'

This expression 'lively figured' corresponds exactly to Bacon's *operis descriptionem fere visibilem* in the 'Cogitata et Visa,' and to his other expression, *tanquam vivas*, which Spedding translates 'as it were animate,' and Basil Montagu by the word 'living.'

But Bacon's remarks in his 'Letter of Advice to Fulke Greville on his Studies' are the most pertinent of all. Bacon is recounting the chief aids to learning, and begins by strongly depreciating the common use of epitomes and abridgments, and says: 'I hold collections under heads and commonplaces of far more profit and use [than epitomes].' He then gives at length an excellent example, showing how vastly better it is to 'draw notes' out of Alexander's life 'under heads or titles' than merely to use an epitome. He gives examples under the titles War, Conqueror, and Revolutions of States, and goes on to complain that the collections then

used were badly arranged and contained 'many idle heads' and 'idle notes.'

These opinions of Bacon were delivered *before* the Bodenham series was published. Next let us hear what he says *after* they were printed. In the 'Advancement' (1605) he writes:

> 'I hold the entry of commonplaces to be a matter of great use and essence in studying; but this is true, that of the *methods* of commonplaces that I have seen, there is none of any sufficient worth; all of them carrying merely the face of a *school*, and not of a *world*, and referring to vulgar matters and pedantical divisions without all life or respect to action.'

Notice the word *world*, which Bacon had italicized.

The second volume of the Bodenham series was entitled on its face, or title-page, 'The Theater of the Little World,' and all the four volumes of the series bear out the character that Bacon required in such books and in their methods of arrangement. They were not to be vulgar and pedantical, but lively and full of matters of action. The fact is, Bacon was dissatisfied with the 'deficiencies' of the ordinary commonplace books—he knew of none of them where the *school* was left, and the

ampler air of the world inhaled. So he, for the common good, acted the part of patron to the Bodenham series, and doubtless helped considerably by his note-books and by his general advice the small body of workers who were to carry the matter through with and for him. His friend Meres, who had one book of the series, the 'Palladis Tamia,' all to himself, gave also a useful helping hand to the Shakespeare authorship, and kept people in the dark with great success even till now. Other co-workers seem to be Ling and Allot, who would look after the printing and the vestibules and prefaces, and make themselves useful in collecting examples.

When the historians were left, and the poets came in under the proper 'heads and titles' in 'Belvedere,' and by selections as well, then I think we may discern the helping hand and musical voice of his brother Anthony, his 'comfort and consorte,' as the Northumberland manuscript has it.

If the A. B. who now appears in the vestibule should really be Anthony Bacon, as I suggest, then we have a very sweet-tongued poet to add to the national list. *Primâ facie* it seems incredible that *two* such gifted brothers should both 'conceal' so successfully their natural talent for

verse; but the fact that A. B. declares himself to be so wholly and so closely united to Bodenham-Bacon seems to point to him alone. The manuscript sources of the poetry quoted would seem to come from the courtly Bacons rather than from Ling and Allot. Such a remarkable series had never been presented to the world before, and his method was exactly that to which Bacon had so often alluded.

Again, whether this scheme of Wit's Commonwealth, and Pallas her Tamia and Palatium, owes its inception to Francis Bacon or not, it must be admitted that it was carried out in a manner peculiarly his own. We know that he began to conceive his novel method and his great 'Instauratio' a long time before he thought of presenting them to the public, and we know that his chief wish was that his new ideas should quietly instil themselves into the minds of the public without controversy or contentious violence. It seems very probable that the young author of the 'Temporis partus maximus' had learnt by his own sad experience that the self-assertion of even such a 'great mind' as his own met with many rude rebuffs and much obstinate contention and ridicule, and that his attempts to make himself heard damaged rather than advanced his reputa-