thought, any great feeling, or any human custom. Bacon's mind was that of a scientist observing things; Shakespeare's mind was that of a seer understanding Nature and men. I was the first to point out, in "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered," that in no question is the contrast so complete and clear as in that relating to "Drink." Bacon considers no experiment too vulgar to be recorded. He notices wine more than beer, cider with interest, perry and mead a little. He gives advice as to making wine, as to the clarification, maturation, and treatment of it; tests the relative weights of wine and water, and classifies trade facts. He treats of barley as seed, as corn, malt, and mash, and shows how to make beer, tests for hops, fining, casking, bottling, doctoring. He tells us of taxes on alehouses and legislation concerning brewers; writes a natural history of drunkenness; suggests preventives to inebriety, as using sugar, taking large draughts instead of small ones, and recommends oil or milk as antidotes to the effects of over-drinking. The moral question never touches him, man is to him but a means of experimenting on the powers of alcohol. Shakespeare, on the other hand, knows that stimulants play an important part not only in the incitement to action, but in the determination of character. Among the many trades and professions that critics have "proved" Shakespeare must have practised no one has suggested from the plays his being a brewer, distiller, maltster, or lecturer on the art of manufacturing liquors, as one might well have said of Bacon. Shakespeare never, in all his plays, alludes to a brewing; he treats only of the "finished product," and that only in relation to man. He knew that brewing was one of the duties of a good housewife; that tapsters sometimes put water in their beer, and added lime and sugar for frothing it; he knew that ale and beer were the drinks of the people, and wine of the upper classes and of some foreign nations. We must not forget that there were no *temperance drinks* invented then, no tea, coffee, or cocoa; a man had only to choose between water (not always in its best condition) and beer or wine. Cider, perry, and mead he never mentions. He knew of the habit of "drinking healths," and of the "heavy drinking" practices which had come over from the Germans and the Dutch. But while giving little information on the nature of drinks, he gives many a philosophical analysis of its effects in different degrees on different characters. Slender had drunk himself out of his five senses, and resolved he would never again be drunk but "with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves" ("Merry Wives," Act I., scene 1). Though Falstaff considers Prince Hal better than his brother John, through the drinking of good wine, the Prince thought Falstaff had grown "fat-witted through the drinking of old sack" (see "Henry IV.," Part I.). After Sir Toby's carousal his cousin asks her clown, "What's a drunken man like, fool?" Clown: "Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, the third drowns him" ("Twelfth Night," I., 5). Shakespeare makes the ale-drinking Englishman beat the wine-drinking Frenchman ("Henry V.," III., 5); and the beer-drinking Englishman beat his wine-drinking fellow-countryman ("Henry VI.," Part 2, II., 4). The social distinction in drinking wine is known to Jack Cade, who would "make it felony to drink small beer" ("Henry VI.,' Part 2, IV., 2); to Prince Henry, who thought it "shewed vilely in him to desire small beer" ("Henry IV.," Part 2, II., 2); to Christopher Sly, who had never drank sack in his life, but desired "a pot o' the smallest ale" (Introduction to "Taming of the Shrew"). The only two characters who emphatically drink water are Adam in "As you Like It," and Apemantus in "Timon"; the only real praise of wine is put into the mouth of Falstaff; but beer seems to be accepted in the plays as the natural drink of Englishmen, in moderation. It would seem that Shakespeare held the general impression that wine *filled the veins with blood* ("Coriolanus," V., 1); that it acts medicinally ("Tempest," II., 2); that it heats the blood ("Henry VIII.," I., 4) ("Troilus and Cressida," V., 1); that it fires the face (see the various hits at Bardolph in "Henry IV."); that it fevers the heart ("Antony and Cleopatra," I., 2) ("Timon," IV., 3); that it makes some natures bold, like Lady Macbeth's; and by just a turn in the scale that courage develops into quarrelsomeness—as Fluellen says, "Alexander, being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus" ("Henry V.," IV., 7); that it drowns the reason ("Macbeth," I., 7); and finally degrades the man, as is repeated in "Antony and Cleopatra." Sad as he leaves us in the sunset of the earthly glory of Antony, there is even a greater sadness written in the fate of Cassio. With him it was not a habit, but an insidious temptation, yet it led him to his fall, and wrecked other good lives with his own. The result of my reading makes me believe that Shakespeare approved of stimulant in exceeding moderation; that he preferred beer to wine; that, even when one drank immoderately, it was better to drink beer than wine. The metaphysical tendency of Shakespeare's mind leads him to trace the influence of drink on the life of man to "make or mar," and its power to blind his vision in his relation to the Spiritual Ruler of the universe. It is impossible to classify Bacon's remarks on the same question without finding a contrast between the two authors so fundamental that *neither could* have written the works of *the other*.

Unfinished.

A SKETCH.

The afternoon rays of a fitful sunshine came glinting into the room through the half-opened window between the venetians, and a pleasant spring breeze, chilly with the north-east touch of an uncertain May, yet having in it a suggestion of summer warmth to come, played with the muslin window curtains, and, penetrating further, breathed freshly on the sick girl's face.

A small but bright fire burned cheerily in the grate, and the open door showed a glimpse through a staircase window of rapidly-budding trees in a garden, old-fashioned and large, although in the precincts of modern London.

A couple of caged birds twittered softly, and a white kitten dozed lazily on the rug. Ticking on a table by the bed was a tiny gold watch, and beside it a wee basket of the earliest strawberries procurable.

Rugs, dressing-gown, pictures, ornaments, flowers —all were more or less costly, and the girl lying there

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