



Fig. 1
FRANCIS TUDOR BACON AT 18, 1579.
Hilliard miniature painted at the same
time as that of Queen Elizabeth I. The
artist wrote in Latin around the minia-
ture, "Could I but paint his mind."



Fig. 2
QUEEN ELIZABETH I IN 1579.
Copy of the original Hilliard miniature
was bound in the Queen's Prayer Book.



Fig. 3
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE (1553-1615).
First wife of Henry IV of France.

ALPHABETS, NOVUM ORGANUM.					
LARGE		TYPE		SCRIPT	
FONT	A.	FONT	B.	A.	B.
A	a	A	a	<i>A</i>	<i>a</i>
B	b	B	b	<i>B</i>	
Cc	c	Cc	c	<i>C</i>	
D	d	D	d		<i>d</i>
E	e	E	e	<i>e</i>	
F	<i>fffff</i>	F	<i>fffff</i>	<i>F</i>	
G	g	G	g		<i>g</i>
Hh	h	H	h	<i>h</i>	
Ii	i	I	i	<i>I</i>	<i>i</i>
L	l	L	l	<i>L</i>	<i>l</i>
M	m	M	m	<i>m</i>	<i>m</i>
Nn	n	N	n	<i>N</i>	
O	o	O	o	<i>o</i>	
P	p	P	p	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>
Qq	q	Q	q		
Rr	r	R	r	<i>R</i>	<i>R</i>
Ss	s	S	s	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>
Tt	t	T	t	<i>t</i>	
V	v	V	v	<i>v</i>	<i>v</i>
NO W. IN LATIN		NO W. IN LATIN			
X	x	X	x		
Y	y		y	<i>y</i>	
Z	z		z		
Ω		Ω			

Fig. 4
Alphabet from the Novum Organum.

An Example of a 'Bi-formed Alphabet.

^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
A A a a B B b b C C c c D D d d E E e e F F f f
^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
G G g g H H h h I I i i K K k k L L l l M M m m
^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
N N n n O O o o P P p p Q Q q q R R r r S S s s
^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
T T t t U U u u V V v v W W w w X X x x Y Y y y Z Z z z

An Example of a Bi-literarie Alphabet.

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>F</i>
<i>Aaaaa</i>	<i>aaaab</i>	<i>aaaba.</i>	<i>aaabb.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>	<i>aabab.</i>
<i>G</i>	<i>H</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>K</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>M</i>
<i>aabba</i>	<i>aabbb</i>	<i>abaaa.</i>	<i>abaab.</i>	<i>ababa.</i>	<i>ababb.</i>
<i>N</i>	<i>O</i>	<i>P</i>	<i>Q</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>
<i>abbaa.</i>	<i>abbab.</i>	<i>abbba.</i>	<i>abbbb.</i>	<i>baaaa.</i>	<i>baaab.</i>
<i>T</i>	<i>U</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>X</i>	<i>Y</i>	<i>Z</i>
<i>baaba.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>babaa.</i>	<i>babab.</i>	<i>babba.</i>	<i>babbb.</i>

Fig. 5

Bi-formed and Bi-literarie Alphabets

The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

Written by Ch. Mar



LONDON,
Printed for Iohn Wright, and are to be sold at his Shop
Without Newgate, at the signe of the
Bull 1636.

EDWARD ALLEYN AS DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Fig. 6

Title page of *Doctor Faustus*. Masked by Christopher Marlowe.



J. Bacon

Fig. 7
Francis Bacon. A portrait of Lord St. Alban by Van Somer.



Fig. 8
Spear points to Shake-spear himself. This Van Somer painting was in Lord Bacon's Gorhambury home.



A C A T A L O G V E

of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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Fig. 9

Catalogue, from the First Folio. In the headpiece, note the two spearers.

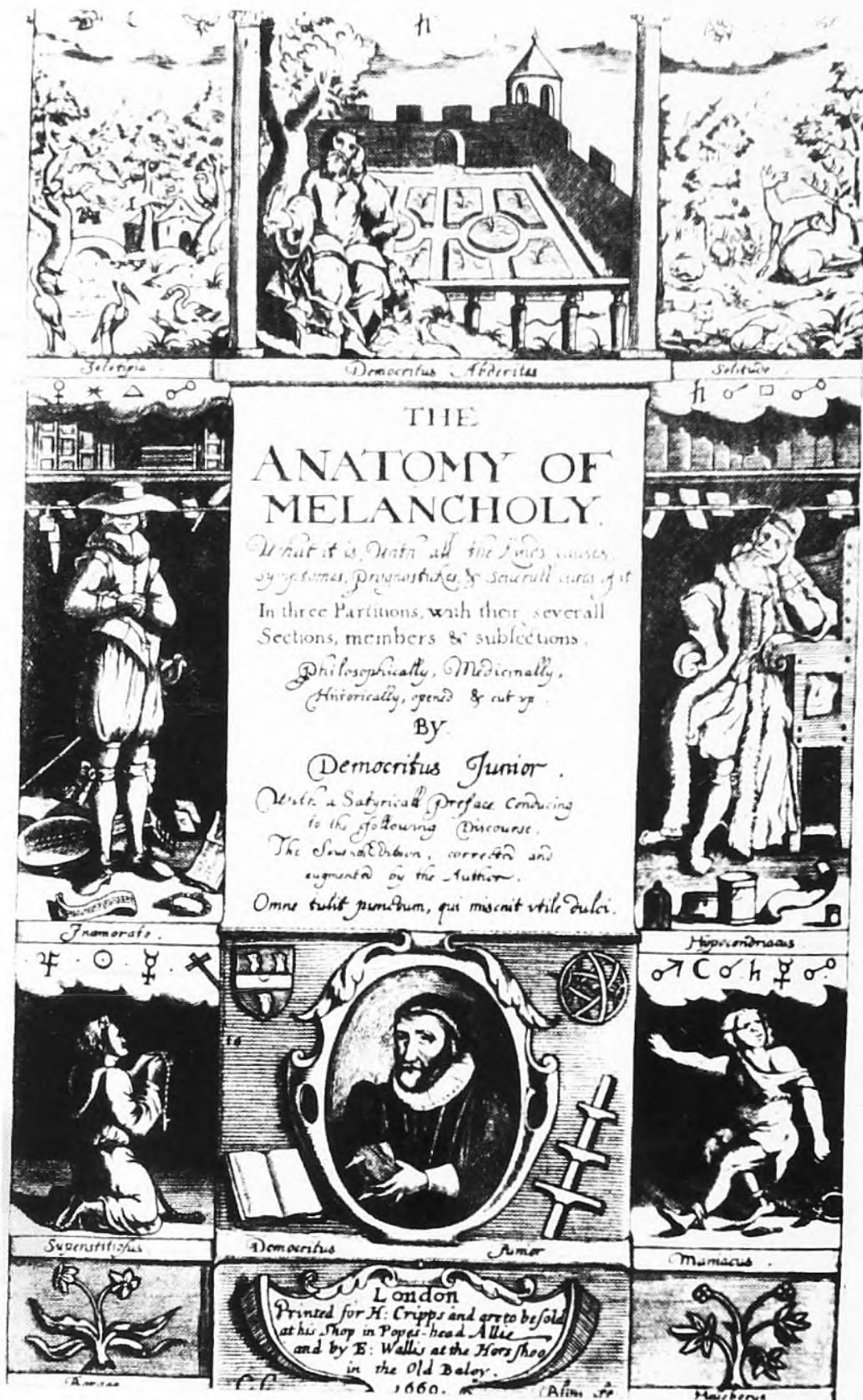


Fig. 10

Title page of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Masked by Robert Burton. Format in all Bacon's illustrations are the same or similar.

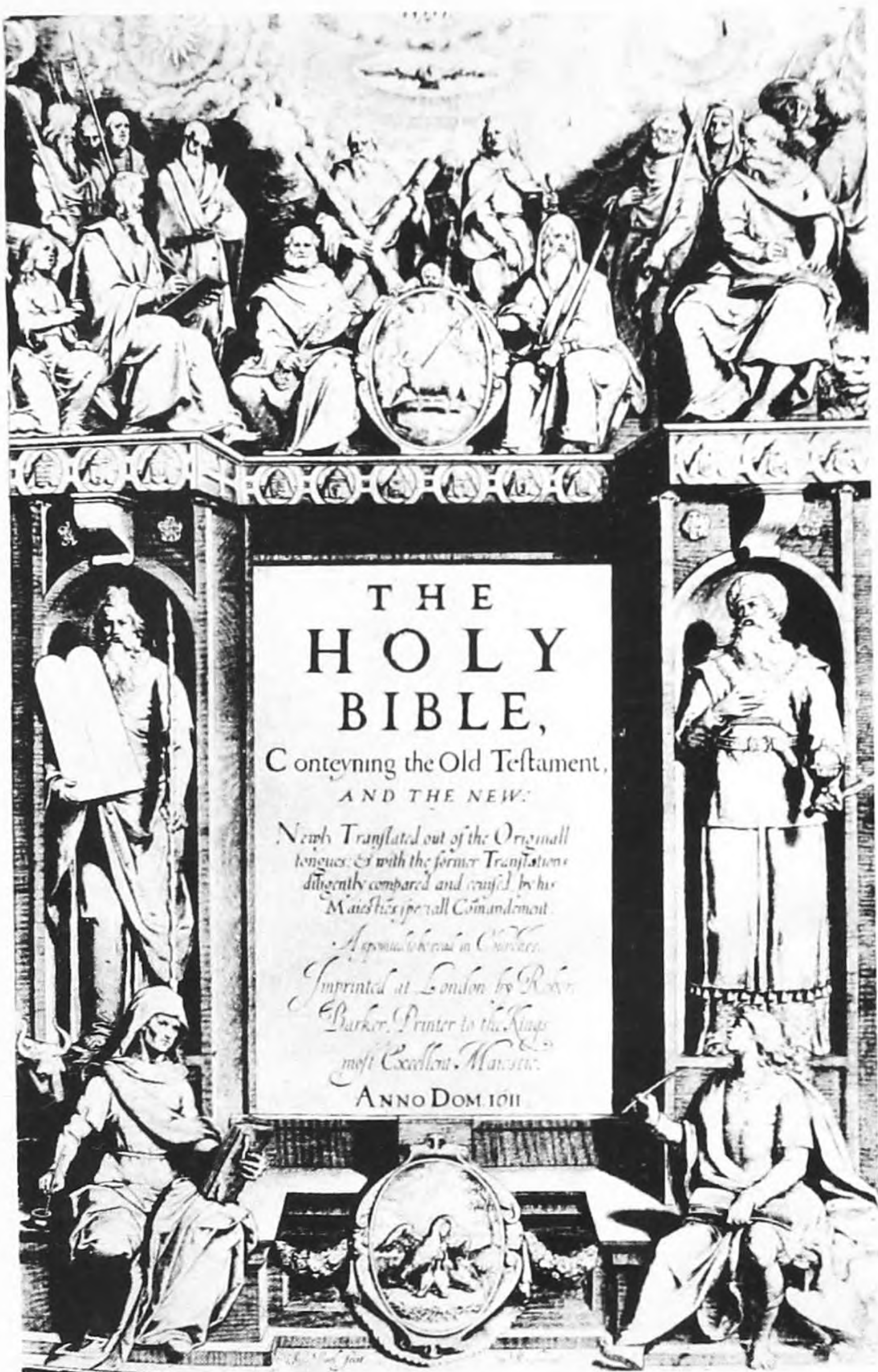
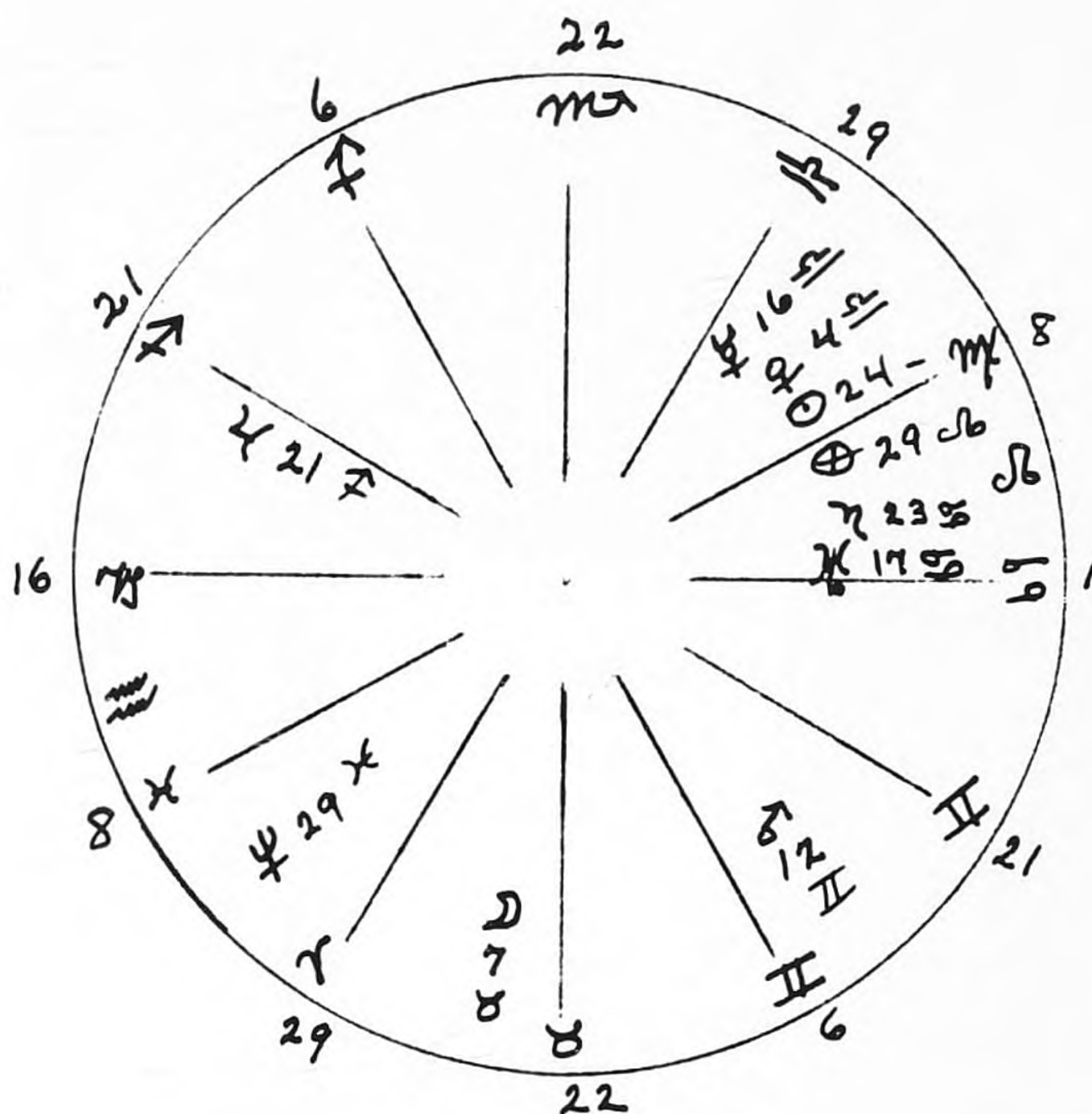


Fig. 11
Title page of the King James Bible.



Queen Elizabeth I
September 7, 1533

Fig. 12
Horoscopes of Francis Tudor Bacon and Queen Elizabeth



Fig. 13
The Shakespeare Monument.

**Shaksper's Handwriting :
"The Immortal Signatures" to Law Deeds.**

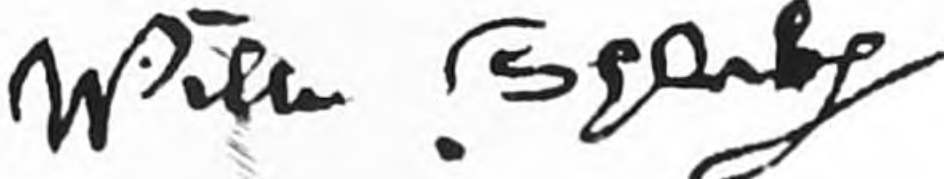
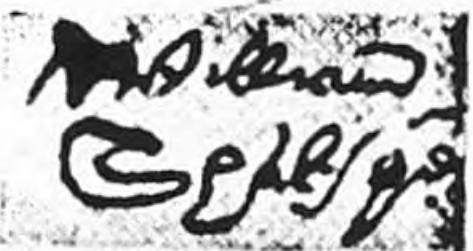

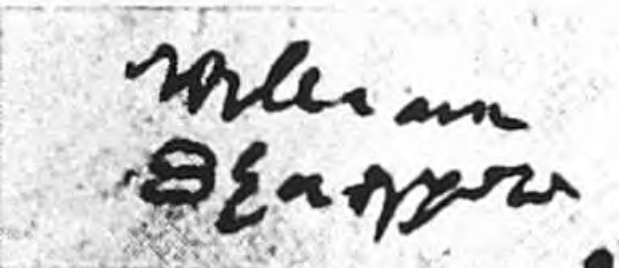


	. . . 1612. May 11th. Record Office, London.
 1613. March 10th. Guildhall, London.
 1613. March 11th. British Museum. N.B.—Though this is dated a day after No. 2, it was signed just before it.
 1616. March 25th. Somerset House.
	. . . Ditto. Same Document.
	Ditto.

Fig. 14
Shakespeare's handwriting.



Fig. 15
ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP (1846-1934).

An Example of a Bi-literarie Alphabet.

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>F</i>
<i>Aaaaa</i>	<i>aaaab</i>	<i>aaaba</i>	<i>aaabb.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>	<i>aabab.</i>
<i>G</i>	<i>H</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>K</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>M</i>
<i>aabba</i>	<i>aabbb</i>	<i>abaaa.</i>	<i>abaab.</i>	<i>ababa.</i>	<i>ababb.</i>
<i>N</i>	<i>O</i>	<i>P</i>	<i>Q</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>
<i>abbaa.</i>	<i>abbab.</i>	<i>abbba.</i>	<i>abbbb.</i>	<i>baaaa.</i>	<i>baaab.</i>
<i>T</i>	<i>U</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>X</i>	<i>Y</i>	<i>Z</i>
<i>baaba.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>babaa.</i>	<i>babab.</i>	<i>babba.</i>	<i>babbb.</i>

Neither is it a small matter these *Cypher-Characters* have, and may performe: For by this *Art* a way is opened, whereby a man may expresse and signifie the intentions of his minde, at any distance of place, by objects which may be presented to the eye, and accommodated to the eare; provided those objects be capable of a twofold difference onely; as by Bells, by Trumpets, by Lights and Torches, by the report of Muskets, and any instruments of like nature. But to pursue our enterprize, when you addresse your selfe to write, resolve your inward-infolded Letter into this *Bi-literarie Alphabet*. Say the *interiour Letter* be

Fuge.

Example of Solution.

<i>F</i>	<i>U</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>E</i>
<i>aabab.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>aabba.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>

Together with this, you must have ready at hand a *Bi-formed Alphabet*, which may represent all the *Letters* of the *Common Alphabet*, as well Capitall Letters as the Smaller Characters in a double forme, as may fit every mans occasion.

Fig. 16
The Bi-literal cipher.

An Example of a Bi-formed Alphabet.

{ ^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
A A a a B B b b C C c c D D d d E E e e F F f f

{ ^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
G G g g H H h h I I i i K K k k L L l l M M m m

{ ^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
N N n n O O o o P P p p Q Q q q R R r r S S s s

{ ^{a b a b a b a b a b a b a b}
T T t t U U u u V V v v W W w w X X x x Y Y y y Z Z z z

Now to the interiour letter, which is Biliterate, you shall fit a biformed exteriour letter, which shall answer the other, letter for letter, and afterwards set it downe. Let the exteriour example be,

Manere te volo, donec venero.

An Example of Accommodation.

F U G E
^{a a b a b . b a a b b . a a b b a . a a b a a .}

Manere te volo donec venero

We have annex likewise a more ample example of the cypher of writing *omnia per omnia*: An interiour letter, which to expresse, we have made choice of a Spartan letter sent once in a *Scytale* or round cypher'd staffe.

Spartan Dispatch.

All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence nor stay longer here.

Fig. 17
 The Bi-literal cipher.

Cicero's First Epistle.

In all duty or rather piety towards
 you, I satisfy everybody except myself.
 Myself I never satisfy. For so great are
 the services which you have rendered me,
 that, seeing you did not rest in your en-
 deavours on my behalf till the thing was
 done, I feel as if life had lost all its sweet-
 ness, because I cannot do as much in this
 cause of yours. The occasions are these:
 Ammonius, the king's ambassador, open-
 ly besieges us with money. The business
 is carried on through the same creditors
 who were employed in it when you were
 here &c.

Fig. 18
 The Bi-literal cipher.

Epistle.

In all duty or rather piety towards you, I satisfy everybody except myself. Myself I never satisfy. For so great are the services which you have rendered me, that, seeing you did not rest in your endeavours on my behalf till the thing was done, I feel as if life had lost all its sweetness, because I cannot do as much in this cause of yours. The occasions are these: Ammonius, the king's ambassador, openly besieges us with money. The business is carried on through the same creditors who were employed in it when you were here &c.

Cipher infolded.

All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence nor stay longer here.

The knowledge of Cyphering, hath drawne on with it a knowledge relative unto it, which is the knowledge of Discyphering, or of Discreting Cyphers, though a man were utterly ignorant of the Alphabet of the Cypher, and the Capitulations of secrecy past between the Parties. Certainly it is an Art which requires great paines and a good witt and is [as the other was] consecrate to the Counsels of Princes: yet notwithstanding by diligent prevision it may be made unprofitable, though, as things are, it be of great use. For if good and faithfull Cyphers were invented & practised, many of them would delude and forestall all the Cunning of the Decypherer, which yet are very apt and easie to be read or written: but the rawnesse and unskilfulnesse of Secretaries, and Clarks in the Courts of Princes, is such, that many times the greatest matters are committed to futile and weake Cyphers.

Notum Organum. Ed. 1620.

Example of method of extracting the Cipher.

DEEST PARSP RIMAQ UAECO
a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 T H O' . A

MPLEC TITUR Illae tamen execu
a b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 N . I R K S

ndoli brode nonnu llaex parte petip
a b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 O M E . T H I

ossun tSEQU ITURS ECUND APARS
a b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 N G . T R U

QUAEA RTEMI PSAMI nterp retan
b a a b a a a b b b b a a a a a a a a a a
 T H . S H A

diNat uram & verio ris ad opera tioni
a b a b a a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 L L . B E . T O

sInte llect usexb ibetn equee amips
a b a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 L D . T H O' . I

amtam enim C orpor etrac tatus iusti
b a a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 T . B E . O F T-

sedta ntum d igest amper summa sin Ap
b a a b a a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 T I M E S . A .

horis mos DE INTERPRETATIONE
b a a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 T A S . K . I

NATURAE Vid e Natu ratan quam d ereex
a a b a b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 F . S E L F E .

plora tapro nunti areau sisun tsine
a b a a a a b a b b a b b a b b a a a a a
 I M P O S E

Fig. 20
The Bi-literal cipher.

Spenser's Complaints Ed. 1591

Epistle Dedicatory.

Example of method of extracting the Bi-literal Cipher from the Italian letters in two forms. The connecting statement will be found in its place in the deciphered work.

fu ll Lad iethe La Marie OST Honou
baaa bbb baaba aab aab ababa baaaa
rable andbo untif ullLa dietb erebe
abaa abaaa aabab abaaa baaba aaaaa
I F . I T . B
elong sitbe nsdee pesow edinm ybres
abaa abaaa ababa abbaa bbaab baaba
E E . L O S T
tthes eedeo fmost entir eloue & humb
abaa abaaa aabaa aabbb babba aabaa
W E E D Y E
leaff ectio nvnto thatm ostbr aueKn
aaaaa abbaa aabbb ababb aaaaa abaaa
A N D . M A K
ighty ourno blebr other decea sedwb
abaa abbaa abbaa baaba abaaa aabba
E . N O . S I G
ichta kingr ooteb egani nbisl ifeti
abbaa abbaa aaaaa ababb aaaaa abbaa
N E . A . M A N .
mesom ewhat tobud forth andto shewt
aaabb abbaa baaba aabbb baaba ababa
D O T H . S L
besel uesto himas theni nthew eaken
abbaa baaba ababa babba aabaa aaaaa
O W L Y . E A
esoft beirf irsts pring Andwo uldin
baaba aabbb abaaa baaba baabb aabaa
T H I S . V E

Fig. 21
The Bi-literal cipher.

I, PRINCE TUDOR,
WROTE SHAKESPEARE

I, PRINCE TUDOR, WROTE SHAKESPEARE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

FROM HIS TWO CIPHERS IN POETRY AND PROSE

Compiled and Arranged by
MARGARET BARSIGRENE



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"Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge;

Upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars — an intellectual ocean — towards which all rivers ran,

And from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain."

— ROBERT INGERSOLL

PREFACE

It is now an open secret that the real author of the plays of Shakespeare was Sir Francis Bacon, who should have ruled England as Francis I after the death of his mother, Elizabeth I. But, through a doubly strange irony of fate, he was not only denied the British throne, but also persistently through the course of centuries, a veil of mystery has been placed over the fact that he in reality wrote not only the plays which now go under the name of William Shakespeare, and which are recognized as the greatest marvel of world literature, but also a major portion of what is now known as Elizabethan literature. That Sir Francis Bacon was the greatest genius of his age has been established beyond doubt, but there still prevails a diabolical and even sinister hesitation on the part of historians and men of literature to awaken to the fact that he was of royal blood and the last of the Tudor dynasty.

In the whole course of world history, this seems to be the only instance of an individual of the highest caliber, and one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, who was not only treated most unjustly, by his own parents and by his contemporaries, but even by posterity, which normally rights every wrong. In spite of several attempts made by scholars to resuscitate the glorious name and fame of Sir Francis Bacon and put him on the highest pedestal of world literature, the world of tradition has refused to budge.

But Truth can wait, and it always ultimately prevails, though it is hidden for ages under a thick mist of ignorance and prejudice. It was with this firm conviction that Sir Francis Bacon took the greatest pain in enfoldng the true history of himself and of his times in the cipher, which he so ingeniously framed and persistently worked out. It had to be safely concealed and sufficiently obscured so as not to be found by any of his contemporaries, and if that should happen, not be easily understood; otherwise the results would have been unimaginably tragic. All this he arranged

in a most meticulous manner, with his eyes constantly fixed on some future age when men would be sufficiently advanced intellectually and spiritually to understand him, as well as in a far-off land which would be quite open to receive the truth. All the time he also visualised someone who, being wedded to the truth in a most impersonal and unselfish manner, would give himself wholeheartedly to the difficult task of deciphering, and put the result of his findings before the public with honesty and courage.

Such a task was performed by Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup in the year 1900, when her book, *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, appeared, but, as has already been pointed out, it did not produce the desired effect. Instead of approbation and praise for having done this stupendous work, she was ridiculed.

Convinced that the time has come to which Sir Francis Bacon was referring in his cipher:

"I keep the future ever in my plan, looking for my reward, not to my times or countrymen, but to a people very far off, and an age not like our own . . ."

The present writer also undertook the task of putting the findings of Mrs. Gallup in proper order, so as to bring into focus the true history of Sir Francis Bacon and his times as enfolded in the cipher. For this work she claims no originality, nor any profound scholarship. It was undertaken in the spirit of extreme devotion to the greatest genius that the western world has produced, who is the basis, foundation, and center of its present culture. It is her firm belief that the lifting of this veil from the mystery of Sir Francis Bacon, as the rightful heir to the British throne after Elizabeth I, and as the real author of the plays of Shakespeare, will provide a clearer insight into his works, and a better understanding of his approach to life, which is very much needed at the present time, when the whole of humanity stands at the crossroads and is waiting for guidance and light.

INTRODUCING THE PRINCE

BY THE AUTHOR

When her Majesty, my mother chid me
And bade me *to be still*, my *mind was filled with rancor*;
So I have made an audience of the world,
And through these plays speak to the multitudes. IV (667)

PRINCE TUDOR

During certain epochs in Europe, exceptional men have appeared, whose rare intellectual endowments, brilliant conversation, and mysterious modes of life have fascinated the public mind. Highly intrigued by several such historical characters, I set out upon a quest, seeking to discover the secret background of personages such as the inscrutable Comte de St. Germain and the enigmatical author who wrote Shakespeare.

While looking for data upon the latter theme, my search led me into more byways than I anticipated or could possibly foresee. For actually the writer of the Shakespeare plays was a fabulous human being, whose accomplishments stagger the mind and exceed the imagination. He was born in wedlock to a reigning Queen, Elizabeth, who resented producing an heir — a competitor to the English throne. She was relieved when her intimate friend, Lady Anne Bacon, who rightly feared for his safety, begged to take the newborn babe as her own.¹ It was soon evident that the Prince, who had been named Francis Bacon, was a truly remarkable infant prodigy.

At twelve years of age Francis entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and at fifteen he left it, having learned all they could teach him. While there, he learned Greek, Latin,

and Hebrew, and translated all the works of Homer and Virgil, thereafter using these in all his Shakespeare and in many other works. Other languages he acquired were Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, French, Italian, and Spanish.

One September day in 1576, the boy, Francis, almost sixteen years old, became a man. It was as though a bolt of lightning had struck him, when Queen Elizabeth in the presence of her courtiers, in a terrible passion of jealous wrath, informed Francis that he was her son.² But even more devastating was the binding oath which Francis was forced to take before his queen mother and sire that he was never to claim the throne of England or reveal any secrets, either by word or print. Immediately thereafter he was sent to France, entrusted with a secret commission by the Queen.

From that fateful day in 1576, Francis dedicated his life to revealing the diabolical historical hoax perpetrated by the cleverest sovereign that ever lived, his own mother. Arriving in Paris, he set to work inventing ciphers and began to write his cipher messages. These, of course, had to be placed into an outer vehicle, such as a play or a poem. Thus his first book, *Shepherd's Calendar*, came into being, in which Francis concealed the first fragment of his secret-cipher autobiography.³

Bacon did not realize how thoroughly he hid the ciphers, for his Bi-literal Cipher remained concealed and undeciphered for three centuries. Then one auspicious day I came across the book, *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, published in 1900 and deciphered by Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup, who decoded the cipher letter by letter, having discovered that five outer letters produced one cipher letter. Mrs. Gallup spent many years poring over age-worn, faded books, in this labor of love. The Bi-literal cipher is hidden in the many Italic letters which appear in such unusual profusion in the original editions of Bacon's works. The sixteenth century was an image of intrigue and secret communication, and

cipher writing was a necessary branch of education for those in public life. To Francis Bacon, ciphers became an absorbing passion throughout his life.

The cipher autobiography reveals that Lord Bacon published the brilliant literature of that era under the names of other men. Francis Bacon was the author of the delightful lines attributed to Edmund Spenser, the fantastic concepts of Robert Greene, the odd quips of George Peele, the historical romances of Christopher Marlowe, the immortal *Plays* and poems of William Shakespeare, as well as the fabulous *Anatomy of Melancholy* of Robert Burton. Ciphers are in all of them. The Bi-literal cipher also runs through the *Folio* of Ben Jonson, and five of the shorter parts are from Bacon's pen, including *Sejanus*.

After Mrs. Gallup published her 400-page cipher volume, she needed other books to further the cipher disclosures. Then, because no more sixteenth-century books could be procured in America, she and her sister assistant went abroad. In the British Museum they found and deciphered the very earliest nine books of Francis Bacon, published between 1579-89.⁴ Then, in the 1901 edition of Mrs. Gallup's cipher book, this very valuable additional material was included.

As I began to read the *Bi-literal Cipher*, I was deeply touched by its majesty, beauty, and pathos. Fascinated, I began to copy the rhythmical passages. To make a sequential story, all pertinent material was typed and then snipped into segments, resulting in about 800 autobiographical statements. These were then analyzed and placed into one of the chapters according to subject matter. This arrangement has resulted in the story being told in the voice of the young and hopeful Francis in one paragraph, while in the next, the elderly Lord Bacon is speaking of his very busy years wherein not an hour was either idle or wasted. The shifting and changing of these bits of paper was under consideration for many months. The quotations given in the twenty-three chapters were gathered from sixty deciphered works of

Francis Bacon, the list of which appears in Appendix #6. (The figures in *parentheses* at the end of paragraphs indicate the cipher page from which the material has been taken.) In the Footnotes of each of the first few chapters, the book numbers are listed. These may be checked with the Appendix to ascertain the titles. Thus, the arrangement of these very intimate and bewitching chronicles was made, as may be seen from the very first chapter, "My Birth," to the very last one.

The secret chronicle, repeated over and over again, is like a broken record; the manner of writing, the personal note, and above all the artistic and intellectual beauties of style and depth of thought and emotion, are all indications if not proofs of their genuineness.

The unsystematized spelling, which had been a matter of great indifference to the writers of that era, was placed into modern spelling. The Elizabethan mode of writing is reproduced on the last page of the chapter, "My Cipher Inventions," deciphered from *Titus Andronicus*.

In 1910, Mrs. Gallup published a booklet as Part III of *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, entitled *The Lost Manuscripts, Where They Were Hidden*, deciphered from four of Lord Bacon's very last books.⁵ Mrs. Gallup traced the bi-literal cipher through a period of ninety-two years, from 1579 to 1671. After Bacon's death the cipher continued to be inserted in three of William Rawley's books, and still later by Rawley's executor, Sir William Dugdale, in his writings, from whose book we reproduce the original Shakespeare Monument.⁶

We pay homage to Mrs. Gallup for her discovery that the cipher exists in the original writings of its inventor and records the secrets of his own life. Some of the cipher confidences are touching, masterly discourses by the cipherer to an unknown future decoder. These messages were placed in Chapter 10, "Soliloquy to the Decipherer," and we dedicate it to Elizabeth Gallup's memory.⁷

Chafing under the cloud upon his birth, the victim of a destiny beyond his control which ever placed him in a false position, defrauded of his birthright, Francis Bacon committed to the Cipher the complaints of an outraged soul. The decipherer alone shares the confidence of his inmost heart. To the decipherer he unbends — to the rest of the world he exhibits the stately movement, the careful thought, and maintains the dignity which marked his outward life.

In almost every work are found repetitions of some of the chief statements, though in different forms. The reason given for this was that the writer could not expect that the decipherer would begin where the Cipher itself began, and also that, should any book be lost, the plan could still be followed from what the others should reveal. After each cipher division occurs one of the signatures of Bacon, as if to authenticate what had been written.

Although the Bi-literal Cipher had the disadvantage of needing five times the quantity of matter, it had the enormous advantage that it could be incorporated in any printed matter so that even other men's works could be employed for the purpose, provided one had control over the printing. In this way, Bacon was privileged to insert his cipher into the 1611 Folio of Ben Jonson.

The secret personal history, vigorously denied and suppressed by the Queen, was a dangerous one for Francis to record, and the fear of its discovery in the earlier years of its infolding was ever present with its author; but as time passed and with it the personal peril, came the fear that these most important matters would not be brought to light, and his life work in recording them would be lost.

For nearly fifty years Lord Bacon infolded the ciphers in his *Plays* and in his English and Latin books, saying:

"That I so hide this secret, fully proveth how much greater value the inner portions possess than the part seen."

After completing the Bi-literal Cipher arrangements, I

found five volumes of the Word Cipher, entitled, *Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*, discovered by the cryptographer, Orville W. Owen, M.D., published during 1893-98. Mrs. Gallup had been associated with Dr. Owen in this work. In my arrangement, the Bi-literal is predominant, the one which tells the story, while the dramatic Word Cipher climaxes the prose. Lord Bacon considered the Word Cipher his chief invention. From the artistic standpoint this may be true, for to it we owe many glorious passages in Shakespeare and Marlowe. From the historian's standpoint, however, the more sober chronicles of the Bi-literal Cipher are more important and most trustworthy.

Actually, the Bi-literal Cipher can easily be decoded by anyone, once the principle is grasped, but the Word Cipher can only be wielded by a dramatic, epic, and lyric poet. Three chapters of the autobiography are exclusively Word ciphers, "Celestial Visitation," "At the Court of France," "Ere I was Twenty-One," and most of "Elizabeth's First Infatuation."

Francis Bacon expected that his Bi-literal Cipher would be discovered first and lead to the discovery of his Word cipher, which it fully explains. However, it was reversed, and the earlier discovery of the Word cipher by Dr. Owen becomes a more remarkable achievement.

It has been stated that Francis Bacon was cold-blooded and without affection, but actually a great love permeated his whole life.

Romeo and Juliet! Who were these wondrous lovers with the magical names? In real life, Romeo was Francis Tudor Bacon, the Queen's son, while Juliet was Marguerite, the French King's daughter.⁸ During the young man's stay in France occurred the great romance of his life, a passionate love for Queen Marguerite, the young and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre. There was no love between the estranged cousins, and the conduct and indifference of Navarre

had led to expectations of a divorce. The life in the gay Court of France, of young Prince Francis, accredited from the Court of England and a descendant of Henry VII — though his title was unacknowledged — can perhaps be better imagined than described. Francis had found the one and only great love of his life. A marriage was planned to take place when divorce could be obtained from Navarre. Sir Amyas Paulet, the English ambassador in whose care Francis had been placed, attempted to negotiate the arrangement with Queen Elizabeth, but this did not meet with her approval. Neither the Queen nor Marguerite's brother, Henry III, sanctioned this union, because of the many complications. Thus the marriage scheme failed and the divorce was not obtained. This was a deathblow to the lovers, although neither actually yielded up life. However, Francis eloquently paid tribute thereafter to his beauteous lady love, who possessed the "entire mansion" of his heart. Throughout the CIPHER biography are found references which sufficiently show the powerful influence this absorbing passion exercised over the later life of Francis.

In fact, Francis speaks of the "worthless little poems" he wrote and published for Marguerite in the French language, which she admired so much. It was upon the knowledge his love had brought, his overpowering living love, that Francis Bacon wrote his truest, most important works — the *Plays*.

Not only was young Francis most accomplished in Greek, Latin and English, but on arriving at the French Court he conversed in French, Spanish, and Italian fluently and was also much admired for his charm and wit.

In 1579, Francis had a definite premonition and a dream that his foster father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, had died. He relates: "I myself being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, that my father's house in the country [Gorhambury] was plastered all over with black mortar." The death was soon verified by letters from home that Sir Nicholas,

aged seventy, had died unexpectedly. Returning to England, Francis learned that the Lord Chancellor had provided for his seven children by his first wife; also he had provided for Anthony Bacon, born to Lady Anne, Lord Bacon's second wife, but did not provide for his ward, Prince Francis, who, therefore, appeared to be disinherited. Although he was born into the wealthy house of Tudor, he was a penniless scholar and consequently suffered greatly. Sir Nicholas had had the Queen's assurance that she would provide for her son, but after Lord Bacon's death, completely under the influence of Robert Cecil and his father, the Lord Treasurer, she refused to contribute toward Francis' education, though he had been enrolled by Sir Nicholas at Gray's Inn for a five-year course in the study of law. Actually, these three, the Queen and William and Robert Cecil, resented, hated, and *feared* Francis for his incomprehensible genius and princely mien.

In spite of this, and through all the vicissitudes, Francis accepted his lot graciously. This implicit trust gleams forth in his poem, placed at the end of the "Shakespeare" chapter. His jealous queen mother had never even knighted Prince Francis in her lifetime; it was at James' accession in 1603, that he was knighted, at last.

After returning to England, Francis Bacon, still in his teens, published *Shepherd's Calendar*, anonymously, as a Muse without a name, writing about his French life as Colin Clout, the shepherd boy, and his enchanting association with Marguerite. In the plays and poems, beginning with this first book, Marguerite was given the name Rosalind. In this connection, Francis also tells how Henry of Navarre's mother was murdered "At the Court of France," in Chapter #6. Five times Bacon reprinted *Shepherd's Calendar* without any author's name. Then in 1611, thirty-two years later, he published the book under Spenser's name. Each republished book contained a new cipher story.

Five years after *Shepherd's Calendar*, Francis Bacon published three books and used two masks, George Peele and Robert Greene. In 1586, Bacon published his fifth book, *Treatise of Melancholy*, masked by Timothy Bright. (But in 1621 it was masked under Robert Burton's name, entitled *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.) These early books, 1579-89, totaling nine in number, were the ones deciphered by Mrs. Gallup in the British Museum.

From 1591-96 Bacon published three works *Complaints*, *Colin Clout*, and *Faerie Queene*, using Edmund Spenser as his *nom de plume*. In 1598 he published *Richard the Second*, a Shakespeare *Quarto*. If new editions were needed, these works were rewritten by Lord Bacon in order to infold new ciphers. Bacon's earlier editions of the *Plays* appeared in shortened forms; but when the characters he portrayed died, it was safe for him to publish the *Plays* in their entirety. In Bacon's own book, the *Essays*, more were added with each new edition. First there were ten, then thirty-eight, and lastly fifty-eight in the 1625 edition.

In the Elizabethan era, all diplomatic and much personal correspondence was committed to cipher. Among the substantial benefits conferred upon mankind by Bacon, was the invention, *while* in France, of what is known as the Baconian, or Bi-literal Cipher, which is adaptable to a multitude of means and uses. It may not be generally known that this Cipher is the basis of nearly every alphabetical code in use in telegraphy and in the signal service of the world. It is, in brief, an alphabet which requires only two unlike things for its operation. These may be two slightly differing fonts of type⁹ on a printed page, as illustrated in the example given at length in Bacon's *De Augmentis*, published in 1624. Or again, the cipher may be a dot or slight disfigurement in a single font; or the alternating dot and dash, or short and long sound space of the Morse telegraphic code; or the alternating long and short flash of light as in the heliographic

system; the "wig-wag" of a flag or a signal light, or two colored lights alternately displayed; in short any means whatever alternating any two unlike or unequal signs, sounds, motions, or things. Under the rules of arithmetical progression, almost innumerable alphabets can be constructed by these means, although undecipherable without the particular key. The cipher has no limitations upon its usefulness and has never been surpassed in security, ingenuity, or simplicity. Bacon himself called this the Omnia-per-omnia, the all-in-all cipher, and the name is completely descriptive.¹⁰

In *Advancement of Learning*, 1605, is Bacon's first reference to the Bi-literal Cipher. The next reference, with the plan and the key to its use, appears nineteen years later in the very much enlarged Latin edition of *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (*The Advancement of Learning*) of 1624. The photographic reproduction of the Title Page and the pages referring to the Cipher, taken from the original, show the care with which Bacon guarded his secret by using in this illustration letters drawn with a pen, instead of the Italic type in the two forms which he was using in the text of the book itself. This painstaking illustration of the Cipher — given about forty-five years after its invention and first use — was for the apparent purpose of giving the clue to the existence of the Cipher, but with the greatest precaution for safety, by writing it in Latin.

Mrs. Gallup states that the greatest surprise she experienced came from deciphering *De Augmentis* of 1624, which was a translation of the *Odyssey*, while the other was Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* of 1628, concealing a prose summary of a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. Both of these are introduced with a reference to Bacon's royal birth and the wrongs he had suffered by being excluded from the throne. Although the text of *De Augmentis* is in Latin, the cipher is in English, and of this Lord Bacon's cipher says:

"Many works that have great matters, of which no suspicion should

be raised while I live, are written in the Latin, and are the less likely to be prematurely found."

Homer and Virgil were Bacon's favorite authors. Scholars of Shakespeare and Spenser have noted in the plays and poems many fragments of the *Iliad*. Chapter #13, herein. "Homer and Virgil," offers an explanation regarding the mysterious attraction Bacon had for these poets. He strove to immortalize these works and infolded the *Iliad* in his 450-page *Anatomy*, which yielded ninety pages when deciphered.

Young Francis certainly possessed great wisdom to infold the ciphers, rightly divining that he might never become King of England. Throughout his life at Court, Lord Bacon was wise enough to be discreet, humble, and above intrigue, therefore he did not lose his life as did his sire and brother.

We have provocative chapters about Francis Tudor's younger brother (by almost six years), entitled "My Brother — Rash Robert," and "Queen Executes Son."¹¹ Francis recounts the trial and prosecution of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and the part he was compelled to play in it at the Queen's command. His efforts to justify himself before the world in a later age constitute one of the strong motives for the use of the cipher.

In the fascinating chapter "My Mère," Francis Bacon magnanimously mirrors the virtues and vices of his Queen mother, who ruthlessly wrested the throne of England for herself, as her sole prerogative, willfully disinheriting her sons.

"Mary Queen of Scots" is dramatically portrayed by Lord Bacon in Chapter 16. He was present at her execution, and had great sympathy and compassion for the unfortunate Queen. While most of Queen Mary's cipher story was concealed in Bacon's *Natural History*, the story is seldom placed so consecutively. Often the first sentence or para-

graph may have come from Greene's work, the next from Shakespeare's or Peele's, the following from Burton's and still another from Bacon's English or Latin works. Careful arranging has been necessary to give continuity to the story related in the chapters.

Mrs. Gallup's decodings from sixty books comprised but a third of Lord Bacon's literary output from the masks mentioned, viz: Greene, Spenser, Peele, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Bright, Burton, Bacon's works, and Jonson's *Folio*. Apparently, this one-third was all Mrs. Gallup's search unearthed, and all she was able to decipher in her lifetime. This volume of autobiography, *I, Prince Tudor, Wrote Shakespeare*, was selected from 1,500 pages of cipher.

Not until after Queen Elizabeth's death did Francis publish his *Advancement of Learning*. Then in 1620, as Lord High Chancellor, Baron Verulam, he at last felt safe to publish books under his own name. From 1620 until the year of his death in 1626, ten books were published under Bacon's name; then three more of Bacon's books were published in 1635 by William Rawley.

There was another great service this literary genius rendered humanity. King James entrusted his cousin, Francis, with the editorial revision of the Bible which was being translated from the Latin, Hebrew, and Greek by a committee of forty-seven scholars. The whole undertaking occupied seven years from start to finish. Thereafter it was reviewed by the Bishops, then examined by the Privy Council, and lastly ratified by the King, who then requested Bacon to do the "final revisions." Bacon's emendations resulted in the high perfection of *King James Authorized Version of the Bible* as a work of literary art.¹² It has the attributes of poetic diction, stately rhythm, and religious aspiration.

This work was acclaimed as an amazing feat in that the committee of forty-seven spoke as with the Voice of but one author. This is a wonder before which one can only stand awed and humbled. Bacons' cipher, however, has no ref-

erence to this nor to the many other secret works and teachings in which he was anonymously engaged.

The 1611 Holy Bible's title page was apparently illustrated by Francis Bacon, for another of his many talents was sketching and intricate designing, and the title page follows the same illustrating pattern found in the books he has written.¹³

The remarkable similarity in the dramatic writings attributed to Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare has attracted much attention; and the biographers of each have claimed that both style and subject matter have been imitated, if not appropriated, by the others. Regarding this, Lord Bacon's cipher says:

The books which hath the names of writers supposed to produce the Plays, none were so created, having come from a single brain of him who *dared state an unpopular thing*.

Because he had taken an inviolable oath never to write or print any royal secrets under his own name, our Tudor Prince recreated himself. He had been writing since he learned his ABC's and so, instead of becoming England's King, Bacon chose to be an author, Shakespeare for one. He adopted the symbol of Pallas Athena, the helmet of invisibility, because of the oath of secrecy. The name, Shakespeare, is linked to Pallas Athena, the patron and protector of the Greek Theater — the shaker of the spear (or lance) of Knowledge at the serpent of ignorance.

As early as 1592, in a "Groatsworth of Wit," Bacon foreshadowed Shakespeare's imminent advent. But it was in 1597 that Bacon chose Shaksper, the man who could be representing him as the writer of the *Plays*, since four of his masks had died in the 1590's: Greene, Marlowe, Peele, and Spenser. It has been said of Shaksper — the man — that he was connected with the Globe Theater as an actor, but his Warwickshire accent and his inability to read placed certain limitations on his acting.

After careful deliberation, Bacon found Shaksper an acceptable mask, in view of the fact that Shaksper hailed from a distant village, had a family, and with some aid could fend for himself. He was illiterate but ambitious. It is most probable that Shaksper's family name might not have been Shakespeare. Perhaps it was one never mentioned in the Shakespeare literature. It might have been a very widely used name, like Smith — Mr. William Smith.

An attractive home, New Place [cost £60], was found for Shaksper, for he was presented with a substantial sum of money to use in some profitable business venture. We can well imagine how eagerly he moved his family from the one-room hovel into the palatial home, not really knowing or caring why he had been so generously rewarded. Only by being unenlightened was Shaksper a useful and safe mask. He remained in Stratford's seclusion for the rest of his life.

Lord Bacon, on the other hand, invented the most amazing and cleverly concealed Mystery about Shakespeare that has ever been conceived by the mind of man. He wrote a fantastically believable life story, bit by bit, about the playwright or the actor for his readers, and praised or ridiculed him, in verse and prose, not only in the *First Folio*, but under the names of many others, soon to be introduced. So *everything* about Shakespeare came from Bacon's pen. That which Bacon wrote, under whatever name, has been accepted without question, for such is the power of a great genius.

Unbelievable though the foregoing discoveries may appear to be, the following ones are even more incredible. Francis Bacon, scientist-philosopher-poet-linguist-and-musician, inaugurated a *Renaissance* of classical Greek and Roman literature which he introduced into the English language. At the same time he incorporated thousands of Latin, Greek, Spanish, and French words into English. Lord Bacon also created a Theater Project, unostentatiously, perhaps secretly, as part

of the Royal Society promoting Natural Knowledge, whereby he planned to reach the masses.

Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, having concealed from the world her marriage and her sons, constantly schemed with her accomplice, Robert Cecil,¹⁴ to subjugate Francis. But he, in turn, was even more clever than his Queen mother for he succeeded in leaving his secret cipher history in the works of several pseudonyms.

The Court nobles knew that Francis had been barred from succession to the throne; yet his trustworthy friends financed and produced the plays he provided, which at first appeared anonymously, but *later* with a mask's name. Lord Southampton was Bacon's foremost supporter and co-worker, making the theater fashionable by providing impressive entertainment. The Earl of Derby (Lord Strange) was equally zealous about the theater, as was the Earl of Oxford (Edward de Vere), both having their own companies of players. In addition, Oxford succeeded in getting contributions from the Queen for the Theater Project. Meanwhile, the real Shakespeare — Bacon — attended the performances as a critic, but was always in the background, never the center of attention, never arousing suspicion.

The second section of the Theater Project of the Royal Society was composed of Bacon's pseudonyms, puppets through whom he wrote and spoke. Bacon listed his masks as authors, translators, printers, and players, and created fictional statements concerning many of them, including Shakespeare, whose existence he shrouded in mystery, he alone knowing him. Sir Francis, the Crown Prince, could not afford to be exposed or betrayed. Therefore, he created the illusion of reality about Shakespeare and as many as a hundred masks. Many of these masks were depending on the wages they received, never dreaming of attaining enduring fame. It was one genius who contrived it all, he who had the gift to *foresee* the future. Lord Bacon was and is ever

the mysterious Shakespeare, whom *none shall ever* completely fathom.

Come, let us go behind the scenes and observe this Prince's truly spectacular productions!

THE MASKS¹⁵

After completing the Autobiography of *The Prince*, I was curious and eager to learn what modern authors wrote about Shakespeare in their many books on the subject. To my amazement, they stated that Shakespeare did not write anything original but imitated and borrowed the plots from his predecessors. How ridiculous, I thought. Why would the ingenious Shakespeare descend to pirate other men's works? I could not believe such a statement. There must be a key or a clue in the literature to substantiate my conviction and unlock the long-existing mystery. I decided to study and try to interpret the *First Folio* introductory material and began with Ben Jonson's Dedicatory poem:

My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye . . .
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.

The mention of Bacon's masks, *Marlowe* and *Spenser*, caught my attention. Surely this was a clue. This was not written by Jonson, the outstanding mask, but by Bacon, the real Shakespeare author. Marlowe is, of course, Bacon's acknowledged mask. Regarding Chaucer, Bacon's cipher says, "My Edmund Spenser poems are modeled on Chaucer," whereby Chaucer was rewritten and reintroduced. The above stanza was not even Jonson's original, for it had been published the *previous* year under the pseudonym of Wm. Basse.¹⁶

Next I considered the Dedication to the two Earls, signed by *Heminge* and *Condell*, followed by their epistle to the "Great Variety of Readers," and concluded they were also

written by the living Shakespeare. Here are the last few lines:

. . . for his wit [ciphers] can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: [Bacon was hopeful that someone would thus discover the cipher]. And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, [masks] whom if you need, can be your guides . . .

The key to some of the Shakespeare dilemma lies in the fact that Bacon wrote, illustrated, and ciphered his books from cover to cover, regardless of the signatures attached. This applies to the Commendatory verses by his three masks: *Hugh Holland*, *Leonard Digges*, and *I.M.* [John Milton]. Every word in the 1623 *Folio* was apparently written by Lord Bacon.

John Lyly wrote *Euphues*, and by glancing at the earliest deciphered books of Mrs. Gallup, the sixth work of Bacon's was of the same title, *Euphues-Morando*, published under the pseudonym of Robert Greene in 1587.¹⁷ This was one of the books Mrs. Gallup deciphered in the British Museum in 1900. Lyly masked eight other productions of Bacon.

Thomas Kyd (1558-94) mask, mentioned in the dedicatory poem, wrote the popular *Spanish Tragedy*, said to be "the *original* Hamlet." This was attributed to him twenty-five years after its appearance. Kyd also translated Garnier's *Cornelia*. These authors mentioned in the *Folio* had all been safely dead for twenty to thirty years.

Regarding these lines in the dedicatory poem,

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek . . .
From thence to honour thee . . . but call forth thund'ring Aeschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us, Paccuvius, Acius . . .

The author is speaking of himself, as Shakespeare the playwright, belittling him, then refutes it, by displaying great knowledge of the Greek and Roman tragedians. Bacon

creates *contrasts*, thus confusing the readers. The ancient names, so impressive and high-toned, were used as trademarks by the author. His cipher says:

The fragments of the cipher story, being kept many long years, small portions being used at one time, sometimes in our Spenser's name, Marlowe's, Peele's, and Shakespeare's as 'twere, to *baffle* all seekers, to which we shall add Burton's.¹⁸

Martin Droeshout (1601-1650), a Flemish youth working in London, supposedly made the engraving of Shakespeare in the First Folio, and in *The Poems of Wil. Shakespeare, Gent*, of 1640. Actually Droeshout's name served as a mask — for Bacon's hand and brain created the Shakespeare portraits, with masked faces and trick coats.

The Earl of Southampton (1573-1624), the most ardent young patron of the Theater Project, was the recipient of many dedications from Lord Bacon in the names of his masks.¹⁹ The Earl had great admiration and affection for his Prince and was eager to aid him; the tributes to Southampton are clues that Lord Bacon wrote the material. The masks were all under the Earl's patronage, perhaps employed by him.

William Shakespeare, as early as 1594, dedicated *Lucrece* to Lord Southampton:

"The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end . . ."

The poem was licensed for publication by the Archbishop of Canterbury with his own hand.

Thomas Nashe also paid Southampton his tribute in *The Unfortunate Traveller*, saying:

"Long have I desired to approve my wit unto you. A dear lover and cherisher you are, as well of the lovers of poets as of the poets themselves . . ."

George Peele, at the end of his career paid a tribute to Lord Southampton in *The Honour of the Garter*, in a poem: "Gentle Wriothesley, Southampton's star . . ."

John Florio, mask, dedicated *World of Wordes*, his Italian-English dictionary to the Earl of Southampton.

Michael Montaigne's (1533-1592) *Essays* were written by Lord Bacon in French. Florio, mask, was given the credit for translating the *Essays* into English. In the British Museum is a copy of Florio's *Montaigne Essays* with the signature "Willm Shakspeare."

Richard Field printed the very first two works of Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), dedicating both to the twenty-year-old lovely youth, the Earl of Southampton. Field, the tanner's son and Shaksper were fellow Stratfordians. Field also printed the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Arthur Golding, mask, who actually was a confirmed Puritan, a translator of Calvin. George Putterham anonymously published *Arte of English Poesie*. This was actually the first book printed by Field, in 1589. Camden, mask, linked this book to "Maister Putterham," twenty-five years later in 1614.

Field's shop printed pamphlets dealing with Bacon's experiences in France, about the Duc de Longueville, the Duc de Mayenne, Biron, and more intimately about the King of Navarre; for while young Francis was on the continent, he travelled extensively throughout France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Arabia, Germany, and wherever else his fancy took him, including a visit to the Prince of Navarre at his Huguenot camp, for Navarre had escaped from the French court. Field also printed classical school texts: Cicero, Ovid, Mautius' *Phrases*, Plutarch's *Lives*, translation of Du Bartas, *The Divine Weeks and Works*. He published a handbook for learning Italian and French, *Campo de Fior* and also, in 1586, one of Bacon's earliest books, *Treatise on Melancholy*, by Timothy Bright, mask. Bright also masked Bacon's *Swift and Secret Writing by Character* (Shorthand), which the Prince dedicated to his Queen mother.

The Commendatory verses in the *First Folio* are masked by Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges, and I.M. [John Mil-

ton]. The first of Milton's poems published was *An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. Shakespeare*. The only person who knew and could write about Shakespeare was Francis Bacon. This work appeared anonymously in the prefatory matter of *Folio Two*, 1632, with the initials I.M. in John Benson's edition of Shakespeare's poems in 1640. In 1645, it was published in the first collected edition of *Poems of Mr. John Milton*.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) was the favorite cousin of Francis Bacon, who as a young author of eighteen dedicated his very first book, *Shepherd's Calendar*, anonymously printed, to Sidney:

Entitled to the Noble and Virtuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney.²⁰

In 1590, four years after Sidney's death, Bacon published one of his most eloquent productions, *Arcadia*, under the *nom de plume* of Philip Sidney. A decade later *Defense of Poesie* was attributed to him also. Francis's father, the Earl of Leicester, was Sidney's uncle. *Arcadia's* cruel Paphlagonian king later provided the subplot of *King Lear*.

Francis Meres' Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury, was written by Francis Bacon and published in 1598. The book is a collection of apothegms on philosophy and the arts, but contains the invaluable "Comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," in which he evaluates the work of English writers from Chaucer to Shakespeare, up to the year 1598. Who else could give all the information about Shakespeare (read footnote 31a), but the real bard himself, as he says:

As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous & honey-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends . . .

As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among the English is

the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labours Lost*, his *Love's Labours Wonne*, his *Midsummers Night Dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

The English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments, by *Sir Philip Sydney*, *Spenser*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Warner*, *Marlowe*, *Chapman* and *Shakespeare*, as one of "the most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of Love."

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speake with *Plautus'* tongue, if they would speak Latin: so *I say* that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speak English . . .

As *Pindarus*, *Anacreon* and *Callimachus* among the Greeks, and *Horace* and *Catullus* among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets, so in this faculty the best among our Poets are *Spenser* (who excelleth in all kinds), *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, *Bretton* . . .

These are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde *Buckhurst*, Doctor *Leg* of Cambridge, Doctor *Edes* of Oxforde, maister *Edward Ferris*, the Author of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, *Marlowe*, *Peele*, *Watson*, *Kid*, *Shakespeare*, *Drayton*, *Chapman*, *Decker*, and *Beniamin Jonson* . . .

The best for Comedy amongst us bee, *Edward* Earl of Oxforde, Doctor *Gager* of Oxford, Maister *Rowley*, once a rare Scholler of learned *Pembroke Hall* in Cambridge, Maister *Edwardes* one of her Maiestie's Chappel, eloquent and wittie *John Lilly*, *Lodge*, *Gascoyne*, *Greene*, *Shakespeare*, *Thomas Nash*, *Thomas Heywood*, *Anthony Mundaye*, our best plotter, *Chapman*, *Porter*, *Wilson*, *Hathway* and *Henry Chettle*.

Wit's Treasury was truly a treasure house of authors, well over fifty of them, all *Bacon's* own masks. This was the very first reference to the dramatist *Shakespeare*, and *Bacon* served as his own very effective publicity agent. Surprisingly, the author wrote that *Shakespeare's* sugared Sonnets were circulated among his friends (masked by

them) as early as 1598. Also, as in the *First Folio*, Lord Bacon again lists several ancient Greek and Latin lyric poets.

Henry Porter (d. 1599) is mentioned by Francis Meres, as one of "the best for Comedy amongst us." Porter's one extant comedy, *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, [much like *The Merry Wives of Windsor*], was published the year Porter was stabbed to death by another mask, John Day. Porter also collaborated with Chettle and Jonson (masks).

These excerpts all derived from Bacon's pen: *Francis Meres*: "the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." *Richard Barnfield*: "And Shakespeare, thou whose honey-flowing vein. . . ." *John Weever*: "Honey-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue . . ." *William Covell*: "Lucretia sweet Shakespeare . . . Wanton Adonis. Watson's heir."

The Queen's company of Players was formed in 1583, sponsored by the government. In 1586, the valiant Earl of Oxford (Edward de Vere) presented to the Queen some flattering and amusing Shakespeare poesie, dedicated to her. The Queen responded by granting to Oxford a special annuity of £ 1000, under Privy Seal Warrant. (This annuity was effective throughout Elizabeth's reign and approved by James I when he was enthroned.) The Earl then donated the annuity toward the Theater Project which was created by Prince Francis and fostered by all the real nobles of the realm. Lord Bacon's earnest efforts, his stupendous output of Plays, used by the numerous Companies of Players and Theaters, were all for the advancement of learning then and in the centuries to come. Oxford, so successful with the Queen, was considered a mask and was mentioned in the works of Bacon's pseudonyms, Meres, Putterham, and Chapman.

George Putterham, mask, in his *Art of English Poesie*, has this quotation:

A crew of Courtly makers, Noblemen, and Gentlemen, who have written excellently well, as it would appear if their doings *could be found out* and made *public* with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman, the Earl of Oxford.

George Chapman, mask, translator of *Homer*, in a lengthy eulogy called *Lord Oxford*, "Valiant, learned, and liberal as the sun."

In 1592, all were informed about Shakespeare's advent into the circle of the playwrights. The following has been the most puzzling and astonishing quotation, but a very revealing clue that Lord Bacon left us. Robert Greene, mask, dying, penned, "A Groatsworth of Wit," which was an urgent warning to three acquaintances — Peele, Marlowe, and Nashe, masks, to take heed by Greene's experiences regarding an upstart crow, a fifth mask.

. . . those puppets, I mean, [Bacon speaking] that spake from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding . . . Yea, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers, that with his "Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide" [repeated in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*] supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being as absolute *Johannes Factotum* (a Jack of all trades, a would-be universal genius), is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.

Bacon was definitely having great fun writing this, roasting his five masks over the coals, and he has also succeeded in perplexing his many readers.

Henry Chettle: In the preface to his *Kind-Heart's Dream*, printed later in 1592, Chettle, the printer of the above quotation of Greene's, and a mouthpiece of Bacon, apologized to Shakespeare, who resented the attack on him. Marlowe also took offence. Nashe rushed into print, saying that, "not the least word proceeded from my pen." The printer later became a playwright, a pseudonym of Bacon's. These men were all puppets, in whose names the author speaks.

In *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Bacon's most extraordinary creation, Sir John Falstaff, appeared. Falstaff ["false staff" = dummy], with his dual character of arrant knave and prodigious wit, represents the false and the real Shakespeare, inferring that Shakespeare was not one person but two. Another interpretation depicts the human and the super-human personality.

William Jaggard, in 1598 placed his name on the title page when he published [pirated] *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Shakespeare's small book of verse, two of which were Sonnets.

Thomas Heywood, mask, writes of Shakespeare's displeasure at this: "So the author *I know*, much offended with Master Jaggard that, altogether unknown to him (Bacon speaking), presumed to make so bold with his name . . . he, to do himself right hath since published them in his own name." Heywood's *Apology for Actors* was an outstanding production.

Thomas Lodge's Rosalynde of 1590 [representing Marguerite] is synonymous with *As You Like It*. In 1601 Lodge published *A Margarita of America*. Bacon thus reveals himself in using these two names.

William Camden's Britannia . . . [a long Latin title], the English title being *Remains Concerning Britaine*, of 1586, was an extensive archeological and antiquarian survey of England, Scotland, and Wales. The enormous research required knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and Welsh, which Bacon possessed. Ralph Brook accused the author, Camden, of plagiarism.

Camden's Annales, of 1616, a history in Latin of Elizabeth's reign, is largely a panegyric to the Queen. The book also contains much about the Stratford countryside and its people. This was also attacked; Mr. John Seldon considered the *Annales* and Bacon's *History of Henry VII* to be the only two serious works on English history up to that time.²¹ Camden wrote: "I do not desire that they should be set

forth in English until after my death." Most of Lord Bacon's Latin works contained this same sentiment.²² Camden's quotation reveals Bacon in the listing of his masks:

If I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you of Sir Philip Sidney, Ed. Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Hugh Holland, Ben Jonson, Th. Campion, Michael Drayton, George Chapman, John Marston, William Shakespeare, and other most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.

Philemon Holland, who translated Camden's *Britannia*, which contains the story of *King Lear* and the fable of the belly.

The English nobility sponsored companies of Players which were called: Lord Chamberlain's men, later the King's; Leicester's; Admiral's; Oxford had two companies: Oxford Boys and Paul's Boys; the Queen's; Warwick's; Strange's; Worcester's; Essex; and others. The theaters, the Globe and Blackfriars, were also sponsored. When *Titus Andronicus* was published in 1594, the title-page said: "it was played by the right honourable the Earl of Derby, Earl of Pembroke, and Earl of Sussex, their servants." The companies and theaters were well supplied with plays, put forth by Lord Bacon without any names, but later a mask's name was added.

In the impressive and magic filled title page of *The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, facing Chapter II, the mask's eighteen-letter name is reduced to five letters: "Ch. Mar." Thus Lord Bacon implies the name as being negligible or unauthentic.

Furthermore, an interesting characteristic of Bacon's writing was that he attached an 'e' at the end of names whenever possible, viz: Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Heminge, etc. As a cryptographer, Bacon sometimes utilized extra letters in a sentence, so he added them in this ingenious manner.

Hamlet: A really clever synonym for Bacon. "Ham and bacon" do have an affinity, and it was on this basis that the

tragedy of Prince Hamlet was conceived by its author. In Chapter 8, "Ere I was Twenty-One," this play is eloquently discussed between Francis and his Queen mother.

The coronation of the new King and Queen was in March 1603, with pageants, the devices being written by the masks, Jonson, Drayton, Webster, Daniel, and Dekker. Francis Bacon's Queen mother died on March 24, and Francis suffered intensely.²³ There were two crowns that coronation day — a King's crown for James, and a crown of thorns for Francis. What anguish for Prince Tudor and his loyal friends and supporters!

John Davies, of Hereford, masked a collection of Epigrams, one of which was addressed: "To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare." The Epigrams are valued for their notices of Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and other poets. Any reference to Shakespeare always comes from Bacon's pen.

Sir John Davies masked the brilliant and gay Spenserian poem, "Orchestra," and "*Nosce Teipsum*" [Know Thyself], a poem on the nature and immortality of the soul, which is echoed in Shakespeare.

Francis Davison's A Poetical Rhapsody, (1602) consists of poems masked by Francis Davison and his brother *Walter*, as well as by Sir John Davies, Sir Philip Sidney, and his sister Mary, *Countess of Pembroke*, and a mysterious *A.W.* who has not been identified, but who might have been Lord Bacon's uncle, *Ambrose Dudley*, Earl of *Warwick* of Stratford Manor.²⁴

John Webster, mask, in his preface to *The White Devil* pays homage to several masks, including Shakespeare, saying:

I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours; especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson; the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master

Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekker, and Master Heywood; wishing that I write to be read by their light.

Arthur Brooke's Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562, translated from the French, was reissued in 1587, evidently by Francis Tudor. The story is repeated in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and incidents used in the comedy *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. (Brooke drowned in 1563.)

The following is from the 1623 *Shakespeare Folio*, addressed "To the great Variety of Readers":

'... his [Shakespeare's] Friends . . . have published [the Folio plays], as where [before] you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters, that exposed them: even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them.'

The real author, Francis Bacon, is denouncing the masks who have perpetrated these frauds.

Ben Jonson, a truly talented author, was Bacon's friend and confidant. The first third of the *Jonson Folio*, 1616, was Bacon's work, writes Jonson in his cipher message.²⁵ Jonson's Epigram #56, censures Shakespeare unmercifully, but it was Bacon's privilege to write about Shakespeare.

Poor poet ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit
From brokage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robbed, leave rage and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth and credit in the scene
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own
And told us this he slights it . . .
He marks not whose 'twas first, and aftertimes

May judge it to be his, as well as ours,
Fool! as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

Francis Bacon, writing under the name of Shakespeare, and masquerading under innumerable pseudonyms, has labeled himself an imitator, a borrower, a thief, and a pirate. In his writings, much play acting and pretense were injected about the dramatists being a close unit among whom there was much borrowing from each other. Shakespeare is now said to have borrowed the plumes of the intellectuals where-with creating his masterpieces.

Leonard Digges, Bacon's pseudonym, contributor to the *First Folio*, now denies the charges:

. . . This whole Book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow,
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins inmitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages Translate,
Nor Plagiari-like from others gleane
Nor begs he from each witty friend a Scene
To piece his Acts with, all that he doth write
Is pure his own, language exquisite.

Thomas and Dudley Digges masked the *Four Paradoxes or Politic Discourses*. Small portions from this were used in Shakespeare.

Holinshed and Hall's chronicle, *The Union of the two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York*, depicts how the War of the Roses ended by the union of the two houses in the Tudor dynasty. Francis Bacon, the last Tudor, wrote volumes about it.

Anatomy of Melancholy, a large volume, was written by Francis Bacon, masked by *Robert Burton*. "The Frontispiece Illustration page" was drawn by Bacon, and consists of twelve squares in four horizontal rows of three squares each, of which three of the four middle ones involve Democritus.²⁶ The top middle picture shows:

1. Old Democritus under a tree,
Sits on a stone with a book on knee;
About him hang there many features,
Of Cats, Dogs, and such like creatures,
Of which he makes Anatomy . . .
Over his head appears the sky,
And Saturn Lord of Melancholy . . .

And sure enough, Saturn's symbol is in the sky. The second middle oblong square gives the title of the book, by Democritus Junior, and the third one contains his portrait. Bacon felt indebted to Democritus for giving us his conception of the atom, "whose mode of existence is motion." Bacon said "that if Democritus had got hold of a magnifying glass he would have jumped with joy at the prospect of seeing the atoms he called invisible."²⁷ We must remember that Bacon was as great a *scientist* as poet and philosopher. The illustration page also contains many astrological symbols. "Democritus Junior" alludes to Bacon himself.

Bacon's introductory poems in *Anatomy* all contain the same disguised allusions and imagery and the same general subject as in the Introductory poems in the *First Folio* and in the *Sonnets*. The acrostics in the *Anatomy* poem repeatedly spell out: Francis Bacon.²⁸

Philip Henslowe, business man, ran playhouses, and kept [masked] a Diary or Account-book containing information about plays and playwrights without mention of Shakespeare.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1968, says, under the name of *Edmund Spenser*, that "the first appearance of *Shepheardes Calender* [anonymously printed] contained the elaborate critical apparatus of *learned* introductions and editorial glosses by 'E.K.' . . . who perhaps was Edward Kirke, a sizar of Pembroke . . ."

The very learned E.K. was the eighteen-year-old genius, Francis Bacon, who from his first work to his last one,

wrote every word in the book himself. E.K. was his teenage cipher signature, which he tells us stands for "England's King."²⁹

John Donne (1572-1631) mask, sailed in two expeditions of Essex, as reflected in one of his early poems, entitled *The Storm*, 1597. He also wrote:

a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard drawne*, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made.

Donne was a friend of Ben Jonson, who told Drummond that he esteemed Donne 'the first poet in the world in some things . . .' Here we have clues from two persons.

Nicholas Hilliard (1537-1619) masked as a miniaturist, and he is likewise listed as a goldsmith and a jeweler. He is one of the most astounding masks of Lord Bacon. Hilliard is accredited with engraving Queen Elizabeth's second Great Seal in 1586. It is quite obvious now that Lord Bacon made the Shakespeare portraits in the Folios and all the illustrations in the books of his masks. In Sonnet 16, he has reference to *Time's pencil*, or to Hilliard's art. It was young Francis who made his self-portrait shown opposite *My Birth*, chapter 1; the Latin inscription around his head is dated 1578, ending with "in his 18th year." This seemed puzzling, as he was in Paris that year, so obviously it was there he painted the miniature. His Queen mother's portraiture is superb. Lord Bacon as Hilliard and Isaac Oliver also made miniatures of two other Tudors, that of the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, the other painted by the mask, Oliver, of his brother, Earl of Essex. No wonder that in the *Folio* "William Shakespeare" heads the list of actors!

During the final quarter of the sixteenth century the establishment of the London theaters ignited a craze for amusement. Almost overnight there grew up a distinctive group of playwrights, historians assert, who are designated

as the predecessors of Shakespeare — not so much because they preceded Shakespeare in point of time but because the nature of their work, still largely experimental, laid the foundation for the new art destined to be carried to its highest development by the master from Stratford.

Nicholas Udall's Ralph Roister Doister was the first English comedy, a truly hilarious play. There was one extant copy, without a cover, which was recognized as the work of Udall by John Payne Collier in 1825. After the lapse of more than two centuries, the recognition was belated. Udall was a schoolmaster and a Latin scholar with particular interest in Plautus whose play, *Miles Gloriosus* [The Boastful Soldier], Udall followed rather closely, but placed it in a London setting. It would seem that instead of by Udall, the play was more apt to have been written by a fun-loving schoolboy genius, as late as 1575, such as the fourteen-year-old Francis Bacon.

Sir Thomas Sackville, collaborating with *Thomas Norton*, wrote the first English tragedy *Gorboduc*. It closely imitated Seneca, and the theme is repeated in *King Lear*. In a sonnet accompanying the presentation copy of the *Faerie Queen*, Edmund Spenser recorded a clue in his admiration of Sackville's poetry. Sackville also masked the excellent "Induction" and the "Complaint of Buckingham" for *A Mirror for Magistrates*.

The *Earl of Surrey*, Henry Howard (1517-47), was unjustly executed when only thirty and had no literary career as such, but supposedly did some translations from Virgil's *Aeneid*. It is recorded that the poetry was not published until decades after his death. Very likely this was Bacon's anonymously written early work which eventually brought honor to the Earl's name.

James Shirley, 1596-1666, masked the graceful poem *Narcissus*, written after the manner of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, which was published as *Eccho* in 1618. He also

did Ogilby's translation of Homer and Virgil and wrote *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, all Greek trademarks of Bacon. Secondly, through Massinger and Ford, masks, Sir Francis wrote complimentary verses to Shirley as an indication or clue that the latter, with the other two, belonged to his "company of masks." One of Shirley's early comedies was modeled on Jonson and Fletcher, a later one on Beaumont and Shakespeare. *The Triumph of Peace* is considered the best of the several masks (plays) which appeared under Shirley's name.

Francis Bacon, in expectation of his demise, entrusted his publisher with a large bundle of thirty or more plays, odds and ends he had on hand, with instructions that the plays continue to be staged in the theaters at intervals, and that they be published under the name of James Shirley. This Elizabethan dramatist terminated the great period of English drama in 1642, when the theaters were closed by Parliament. Thus, Bacon's successful and fantastic Theater Project of the Royal Society Promoting Natural Knowledge, secretly organized about sixty years previously, came to an end. In the words of Charles Lamb, "Shirley was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common."

The chain of Shakespeare clues was terminated by *John Aubrey*, born in 1626, the year of Bacon's death. Aubrey recorded hearsays, writing that Mr. Shakespeare with Ben Jonson, "did gather humours of men daily wherever they went." Aubrey also stated that he heard from one of the family of Christopher Beestone, the actor, that Shakespeare "understood Latin pretty well, for in his younger days he had been a schoolmaster in the country." In Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men*, 1680, he had a brief piece on Wm. Shakespeare, that he had been the son of a butcher, had followed his father's trade, and at eighteen years of age had gone to London where he was an actor and "did act exceedingly well."³⁰

We should also speak about the loyal nobles who have been referred to as Shakespeare's patrons. Foremost of these is the Earl of Southampton, the most ardent and generous friend of both Princes, Francis and Robert (Essex). The *Second Folio* was dedicated to William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, who evidently were generous contributors to Lord Bacon's publishing projects. Then there were Sir Philip Sidney and his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke. To the Countess, a Dedication and an Epistle were addressed in E. Spenser's name, in his book. Sir Walter Raleigh also received honorable mention and there were many many other supporters.

In 1622, Bacon, under the pseudonym³¹ of *William Basse*, wrote these lines:

Renowned Spenser, lye a thought more nye
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb . . .
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone . . .

The following year, in the First Folio of 1623, Bacon, who had assigned the above poem to Basse, now under Ben Jonson's name, repeated:

I, . . . Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And *art alive still*, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

The above poems make it quite obvious that one person wrote both verses. It is absolutely fantastic when we know that Bacon, the real Shakespeare, was their author.

In 1640, two of Francis Bacon's Shakespeare books were

published. One was *Wits Recreation*^{31a}, containing:

Shake-speare, we must be silent in our praise
'Cause our encomiums will but blast thy bayes,
Which envy could not . . .

The other was *The Poems of William Shake-speare*. The first complete version appeared in 1609, when a Quarto was published by *Thomas Thorpe*, printer. It consists of 154 little poems, not all of them true sonnets in form. The introduction, "To the Reader," is signed "I.B.," a possible reversal of Ben Jonson's initials, but it can also stand for "I, Bacon." The 1609 edition of *Shake-speare's Sonnets* contained this dedication:

"To the Onlie Begetter of These Insuing Sonnets
Mr. W.H. . . ."

It is obvious that *Mr. W. H.* was not a titled gentleman. His identity as the Fair Youth, and that of the Dark Lady, is actually centered in France, and will be further considered in Appendix 3, "Marguerite, My Sweet, Sweet Love."

BACON'S ANONYMITY

Did Bacon's anonymity ever backfire? Yes, the first time was when the Queen angrily exclaimed, "I am Richard II, know ye not that?" Then again when *John Hayward* masked *The Life and Reign of Henry the IV*, in 1599, his first work. This involved him in a mesh of suspicion and accusation, because the work was dedicated, in Latin, to the Queen's second son, the Earl of Essex, in the most laudatory terms. Therefore, the Queen clapped Hayward into prison and appointed Francis Bacon to represent the crown, suggesting that he search the book, as there may be "places in it that might be drawn within case of treason." Bacon answered his Queen mother wittily enough, that Hayward had borrowed so much from Tacitus that there might be grounds for felony but not treason. The Queen also doubted Hayward's authorship and threatened to torture him to reveal the true author, a course of action from which Bacon clever-

ly dissuaded her. Hayward continued to mask other works, and he was knighted by James I and created Sir John Hayward.

The Seacoast of Bohemia — Lord Bacon in his Shakespeare play, *Winter's Tale*, refers to the "sea-coast of Bohemia." Then, writing under Ben Jonson's name, he refutes it by twitting Shakespeare for his apparent ignorance of geography. This witticism of Bacon's has been widely quoted and accepted, although historically erroneous. In the thirteenth century, the warring King, Ottokar II, acquired for Bohemia, for a decade or two, a seacoast stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic. If Bacon has been able to fool the public, as in this instance, he has been equally capable to create Shake-speare.

Now about the five signatures of Shakespeare, the five laborious, shaky scrawls which have done so much to convince the world that Shakespeare was illiterate. Sir Francis, the Prince Magician, was also an expert in calligraphy and could write in any style of writing. Therefore, it was Bacon who prepared the Shakespeare documents, to which he then very cleverly affixed the signatures. There are any number of legal papers, including Shakespeare's will, which our Lord High Chancellor, Baron Verulam, prepared in Latin and English, to authenticate his "Shakespeare Myth."

Let us not forget that Shakespeare *has been and is the greatest actor of all time, just by playing the role of being Shakespeare*. Has anyone ever mentioned coming face to face with Shakespeare, shaking his hand, then describing the *twinkle in his eyes, the humor on his lips, the nobility of his countenance, and the friendship and admiration he evoked in the hearts of men?*

Can we imagine what Elizabethan England might have been without the Shakespearean literature and *Plays*; without everybody's involvement and fascination in the theater; without *Hamlet*, without *Romeo and Juliet*, based on

Bacon's tragic life? Reading his autobiography, one may feel heartsick at first, but then enthralled. From 1579-1595, Francis Bacon served his apprenticeship, but it is quite obvious that by 1595, writing as Marlowe and Shakespeare, he had reached his goal. Sir Francis certainly made an impact on his age and on all the generations that have followed.

Shakespeare's name was not too well known while Elizabeth reigned; therefore Shakespeare was seldom, if ever, mentioned at Court. Lord Bacon, the real Shakespeare, consequently was not an unknown man, but an eloquent statesman and Chancellor of England. The ambitious Lords were fearful. What might the Queen's son try to accomplish? So, they conspired to frame and dishonor him. Lord Bacon, pledged to serve the King, calmly endured the spurious bribery charges, denied them, but did not use his superior oratorical powers in his own behalf. He knew the time had come for him to withdraw from public service and accept his unhappy destiny, his name dishonored, himself crucified. How could he, who wrote "To thine own self be true . . ." ever act otherwise? How this proud, sensitive man suffered! Read his *Sonnets* in which he says:

"... vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow."

Had not Lord Bacon served his country as nobly as any king ever had by leaving to the world all the works of the Elizabethan era, including Shakespeare's, to whom he penned this Sonnet:

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten . . .
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,³²
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;

And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Thus wrote the Prince genius, the real Shakespeare, throughout his Sonnets about both himself and his mythical counterpart, Shakespeare, his mask.

In 1857, after James Spedding published his monumental *Life and Works of Bacon*, a growing doubt had arisen as to the authorship of the *Plays* appearing under the name of William Shakespeare, and also a conjecture that the name was a *nom de plume* of another person. Spedding's book erupted the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which has been raging for over a hundred years. In the same year 1857, Miss Delia Bacon put forward in America and afterward in England her long-held conviction that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. She was followed by Mrs. Henry Potts, who made her conclusions by dint of long comparison of the works of Bacon and the plays. In 1883, she published Bacon's *Promus*, which is a collection of proverbs and phrases in several languages, most of which are to be found in the plays also.

In 1887, Ignatius Donnelly, an American, brought out two volumes, *The Great Cryptogram, Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So-Called Shakespeare Plays*. A few years later Dr. Orville Owen, another American, discovered the Word cipher in the *Plays* and in deciphering found the story of Francis Bacon's royal birth.

Lord Macauley said of Francis Bacon:

His mind was the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the the children of men. He knew that all the secrets, feigned of poets to have been written in the books of the enchanters, are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature; and which with but time and patience will be read there.

He knew that all the wonders wrought by talismans in fable were trifles compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the fruit of his philosophy, and that if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition never ascribed to the incantations of the magicians . . . In truth, much of Bacon's life was spent in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian tales.

Peter Boener, a Dutchman, had been Bacon's domestic apothecary and secretary. Returning to his native country in 1623, he published a Dutch translation of the *Essays* in 1647. In his prefix Boener says: "I never saw him [Bacon] changed or disturbed towards anyone, he was ever the same, in sorrow and in joy, a noteworthy example for everyone, of all virtue, gentleness, peacefulness, and patience."

Willam Rawley, Chaplain to Viscount St. Alban: "When his office called him to charge any offenders, he was always tender-hearted, with the eye of pity and compassion. He was free from malice and he was no avenger of injuries, or defamer of any man."

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "All men are impressed in proportion to their own advancement in thought, by the genius of Shakespeare, and the greatest minds value him most."

The ambition of Bacon's latter days was the hope of bringing to the knowledge of the world the greater field of literature which he had occupied, unknown at that time and unsuspected until recently, as the author of many books which had been accredited to other names, and thereby, secure in the world of letters, the wider fame and glory which was his just due.

All agree that two names stand at the head of the literary achievements of the Elizabethan era — William Shakespeare, as a dramatic writer, and Francis Bacon, as the greatest of writers in all branches — scientific, philosophic, legal,

and literary, taking all knowledge for his province — the most learned man of his day.

To many it will seem strange, if not well nigh incredible, that a Cipher message could come down to us in this way, uncovering matters that had slept through almost four centuries, hidden within the splendid literature so carefully studied, dissected, and analyzed for hidden meanings as have been the Plays and the works of Bacon. To some it comes like a blow — traditions shattered and history turned awry. Yet there is no destruction; all is there that was there before, *and much more*. It is a matter we have loved, not the man! The mind's the man! 'tis simply change and "what's in a name?"

We are asked, "What matters it?" whether this be so or not. Why delve into the mysteries of the past and unsettle things? But is it not worth while to unearth truth for truth's sake? And when we mention the greatest and best in the world's past — of Arts, Sciences, Painting, representing the acme of human achievements in each of these, and seek to surmount by a face, a figure, or a name which shall typify Literature as embracing all Arts — it is not worth our while to be very sure we name the man aright?

It is laudable as well as duty to pursue all threads of light which may illumine what has been admittedly a grave question and to be very sure the monument shall be truthful. Can we believe that a finished Literature, with a vocabulary thrice that in previous use, can come from inspiration alone?

Granting that the Shakespeare *Plays* stand at the head of all English literature, we can now speak with the boldness of certainty that Francis Bacon was the author, and hence, Truth and Justice demand that no other face or form shall occupy the highest place in the modern Pantheon, that no other should stand first in the galaxy of great names, as the greatest genius of them all.

When Francis was a lad of five or six, he possessed very graceful and stately manners as he paid homage to his Queen and to the Lords and Ladies of the Court, where he was a favorite for his bright and witty sayings. At that time the Queen was justly proud of him and in the chapter, "Ere I was Twenty-One," says to her first-born son:

Thou wast taken out of thy cradle,
Conveyed away in thine infancy
Then wast brought up in court,
Where infinite eyes have been upon thee.

Later, at the age of eight or ten, Francis wrote and staged plays and pageants for the Queen's entertainment, which she attended with great anticipation. Francis and the Queen conversed whenever she came to Gorhambury to visit Sir Nicholas Bacon, her Chancellor, and especially her son, whom she probed with questions as well as quizzed in Greek and Latin. It was obvious that Francis had an exceptional mind, so the Queen called him "my young Lord-keeper." Being asked how old he was, Francis answered that he was two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign. This answer delighted the Queen.

Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, High Treasurer of England, was Francis's uncle. He had a son, Robert Cecil, whom he was seeking to advance. This son was crippled in one foot; his enemies called him "crooked back" and "splay foot," and the Queen called him "my pigmy." When Lord Burghley died in 1598, the Queen chose Cecil to fill his father's office, and not her own son. At this period began Cecil's secret correspondence with James of Scotland, which ended in 1603 by Cecil's first poisoning and then strangling the Queen.³³

Robert Cecil was the son of Lady Bacon's sister whom Francis forcefully portrayed in the hunchbacked Richard III as well as in his Essay "On Deformity." Francis ascribed all his woes — his banishment to France, his love's frustra-

tion, his continued disinheritance by the Queen — to Cecil, his Nemesis, who succeeded admirably in inciting the Queen against him. Elizabeth recognized her son's outstanding qualities, but this only evoked her jealousy and envy. Eventually, the Fox, a master of intrigue, triumphed by persuading the Queen to place James upon the English throne. The Fox is introduced in Chapter 5, "The Conniving Hunchback."

All students of Shakespeare are aware of the ethical values that are to be found in his plays, to instance but two. First, Polonius's advice to Laertes, in *Hamlet*:

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Then, witness Portia's famous speech of Mercy in *The Merchant of Venice*. Such noble philosophy nullifies all the false accusations that have been directed at Francis Bacon.

Without doubt, Sir Francis inherited his Queen mother's unique intellectual ability, statesmanship, and dramatic fire. He was a person with a deeply compassionate nature who stood for mercy, truth, and justice. Being thwarted in his early efforts to secure some suitable appointment, he turned his genius toward the *advancement of learning* for the benefit of humanity. Truly he was a most noble prince of great stature, admired, respected, and revered.

Who knows what far-reaching effects the works of Shakespeare have had in influencing and perpetuating the British royal dynasty, which was so firmly established by the Tudors, Henry VII, VIII, and Elizabeth. Indeed it was deeply fostered and anchored in the innumerable plays about Kingship, penned by the last living Tudor, Francis.³⁴

The decades and centuries have added luster to the British crown for producing the great Shakespeare. This glory redounds to the credit of the Royal Family. It is surely a great honor for them to share in the renown that England's

rightful Prince of Wales wrote Shakespeare, and that Queen Elizabeth's son was the greatest genius of the ages.

Great Britain is deeply indebted to Francis Bacon for his Elizabethan literature. Indeed, England has a real obligation to the firstborn son of the Virgin Queen who ruthlessly sacrificed Francis on her altar of vanity. Until Lord Bacon is acknowledged as the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, and until his name is restored to spotless purity, it shows a *flaw* in England's moral character whereby the dark clouds of grave injustice will continue to spell disaster to her national greatness. Now, centuries later, the time is surely ripe to bestow true recognition, acknowledgement and honor on England's *greatest son*, so that his *undying spirit* will continue to *guide* the nation to *future glories*.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time! . . .³⁵

It was Bacon's prodigious wit that produced this tribute to Shakespeare, in the 1623 *Folio*.

Francis St. Alban, lawyer, orator, and statesman, was not only endowed with the greatest intellect of the human race, but was also a Seer and an Illuminatus; Europe's foremost scientist, as well as a profound philosopher, who probed deeply into the mysteries of Nature. He was a magician, able to write about the most concealed and daring subjects, like the supernatural. Moreover, his illustrations are startling, for he even injected the planetary symbols³⁶ therein, centuries ago, when no one knew their significance, nor do many know them today.

Lord Bacon, with his unbelievable talent, changed the face of Europe, and through his writings continued to make an impact on world thought, and without question was a super-human being. Unknown as such, he was Europe's secret Hierophant of the Sacred Mysteries, possessing tremendous knowledge in that art. Being a very resourceful man, he

found a way to present the Mysteries, and allude to the existence of certain secret Societies. In this endeavor he again resorted to writing several more books anonymously, and under pseudonyms, causing quite a furor on the continent. (This subject is further pursued in a *forthcoming sequel to this book*.) However, these deeply hidden matters he never touched upon in the following autobiography.

1579 is long passed now! Thy sepulcher is unsealed, sweet Prince, and your Voice shall now speak again to the multitudes!

October, 1972
Southern California

Margaret Barsi-Greene

PART I.

THE PRINCE-POET: SHAKESPEARE

TO POSTERITY

Unto God
do we lift up our soul,
imploring of His aid, blessing and light
for the illumination of the works which we leave. (338)

I trusteth all to the future and a land that is very far toward the sunset gate, looking for my reward, not to my times and countrymen, but to a people very far off, and an age not like our own, but a second golden age of learning . . . (58) (208)

With prophetic vision our eyes, looking into the future, see a day that gives these Cipher histories life and light. (116)

Your hand, decipherer, may roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher and set this Cipher free. It is not dead — it sleepeth, doubtlessly for years, perhaps for centuries.

— Francis of England

AUTOBIOGRAPHY — FROM THE CIPHER

Chapter 1 — MY BIRTH³⁷

January 22, 1561

A history is to be deciphered that taketh up all Queen Elizabeth would fain leave to Time's blindness. No writer would be daring enough to reveal in his work, having a title leaf which doth bear his name, old ominous, night stories of a mighty Queen. His life would be the forfeit — mine much more since she is my mother; yet it herein hideth, and besides it is more veiled by my pen-names.

Cipher in: *Shakespeare Plays, First Folio* — 1623 (199)

My mother, the Queen, a proud, unhappy, though still spirited young Princess, that Queen Mary held to be dangerous in freedom, was sent off to London Tower. Whilst the princess lay prisonor in the Tower she secretly wedded³⁸ Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, my father, of whom it is supposed she had become enamoured. (134)

After Elizabeth's ascent to royal power, before my birth, a second nuptial rite³⁹ was observed — at the house of Lord Puckering — but not with any of the pomp and ceremony that sorteth well with queenly espousals, yet with a sufficient number of witnesses, so that I was born in holy wedlock. (28)

In truth, had not our far-seeing sire exercised more than the degree that was his wont, or his privilege of authority, Elizabeth had rested content with the marriage ceremony performed in the Tower, and would not have asked for regal or noble pomp, with attendants and witnesses . . . because being quite bent upon secrecy, she with no want of justice contended, "The fewer eyes to witness, the fewer tongues to testify to that which had been done." (I-88)

Queen Elizabeth, remaining with her ladies, courtiers, foreign princes, and Lords of the Privy Council, and unwilling in the seventh month to proclaim herself a woman wedded and pregnant, Lady Anne Bacon, wife to Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, stoutly made protest

against such strange, inscrutable self-doom. "Most-honoured Queen," urged Lady Anne, "do not cast any cloud of suspicion upon your fair name, for questions may be asked concerning your grossness . . ." (511) (512)

Wrath unbounded burst like a storm, Elizabeth then composed her manner to ask, "So thou canst, dear lady, assure me of a son? It is, meseems, beyond your power of divining . . ." Lady Anne did then reply: "Cannot I speak of our hopes, dear Sovereign, myself having borne a child of the best sex and [am] in your Majesty's own condition even now?"

As days grew into another month, urged again to immediate sequestration, Elizabeth gave rein to wrath. The laws which govern labour compelled the hasty summons to midwives, the physician, and Lady Anne (who attended the Queen at this delivery that so nearly cost my life). (513)

To many women, no gift could be so great as this — a child of the preferred sex; to a sovereign so great as Elizabeth, it was not. Little princes are of all infants peculiarly favoured. So was not I; but she who bore me, even in the hour of my unwelcomed coming, outraged every instinct of a natural woman, and cherished one infernal purpose. "Kill, kill," cried this maddened woman. In fear Lady Anne said, "God give a safe delivery, my beloved Sovereign; 'twill soon be a time for joy."

The curse might come from her lips, but nothing stayed my birth at the hour that Heaven had foreknown.⁴⁰ As I was held before her eyes, Elizabeth made a hasty motion as though she would push some brat no one owned from her presence. The physician spake gently to the Queen, "May your Grace now be ruled by love greater than that due the Earl your noble husband. Happy the sire of a son like the Prince — twice blessed is the mother from whom the prince his life deriveth." (514)

"Stay thy voice," said Her Majesty in cold tones. Fruitless, Lady Anne's entreaties. To move the vain and strong

mind of my royal mother being quite impossible, the thoughts turned to rescuing from death such an evil-fortuned Prince. Ere long this wronged heir to the crown, being taken into Lady Anne Bacon's care, was privately reared as the younger son to the honored lady.

Taking me without a moment's delay, little maid Lucy following, she bore me to Lord Robert⁴¹ and obtained from him a promise, duly confirmed by oath, that her right should not be questioned in his lifetime. Her Majesty also made oath: "The rights so given shall remain forever unquestioned, my own be forever hidden; suspicion of marriage avoided, especially until future events shall justify proclamation." Lady Anne rested a hope thereon of controlling my lot.

When Queen Elizabeth admitted her ladies in the Privy Chamber, Lady Bacon took leave of Her Majesty. Then York House gave me a private chamber, Lady Anne so slyly bearing me thither. My adventitious arrival shortly precedent to birth of Lady Bacon's stillborn child, so that none could find proof that I was not of her own venter. Lady Anne guarded me until this *stillborn boy*, made natural place for the royal child. (515)

My Queen mother gave away her own first-born fruit of her body, nor did she at any subsequent time honour him publicly as her son, although *she promised it oft* in the earlier years of her reign. I, who now speak to you in this way, in the Cypher, am the Prince so unjustly treated. (351)

Elizabeth wedded the Earl of Leicester (though he was not royal). This aspiring parent knew Elizabeth, who had so far known never a master and feared neither people nor Pope. Leicester ran no risk of making shipwreck of his fortunes, being always under a more favoring auspice than other men. Two wings, I may truly term them, such shelter they afford — the one of the royal secrecy at a time when silent wisdom weighed more than gold, the other a quality

of fearlessness no less royal — overshadowed his head wherever it might be. (510)

Rail as other men might, unmoved amidst scorn and envy, Leicester maintained such manifest assurance of the favor granted him by Her Majesty, that although all purpose and proof seemed lacking, the shrewdest courtiers guessed somewhat of our intimacy in blood. Indeed, this did suit his own plan, without arousing most obstinate opposition on the part of Queen Elizabeth. Therefore he drew the courage to seek to procure the act of which I have spoken most fully in my *Novum Organum*. He it was who procured that certificate of birth from the Court physician, and the sworn and witnessed testimonies of both midwife and the attendant. The story of the Queen's objection to sequestration also was affirmed. (510)

Our name is Francis Bacon, by adoption, yet it shall be different. (1) Being of blood royal (for the Queen, our sovereign, who married by a private rite the Earl Leicester — and at a subsequent time, also, as to make surer thereby, without pomp but in the presence of a suitable number of witnesses, bound herself by those hymeneal bands again — is our mother, and we were not base-born or base begot), we be Tudor, and our style shall be Francis First, in all proper course of time, the king of our realm. (2)

I being the first son, and born in proper and just time after my royal mother, her marriage, should sway England's sceptre and sit in her chair of state. (83)

[Nicholas] Bacon was only foster parent to my early youth, yet was as loving and kind to me as to his own son, careful of my education, and even aspiring to my high advancement. (137)

But having no true desire of my advancement, neither the Queen nor my sire ever set a seal upon the papers that declared the legitimacy, or fully established my claim. Therefore, the aforesaid papers, which were destroyed, were the testimony of Lord Puckering, at whose house this marriage

was solemnized the second time — he having strong suspicion that these might, at a remote date, perchance, be required — with other like substantive testimony confirming this same ceremony of the Queen's nuptials, and of my birth, certified by the physician, nurse, midwife, and Lady Anne Bacon, my foster parent, who saved the life my proud, royal mother boldly refused to nourish. Therefore am I not known by that name which is mine by law, and men living in some far off Aeon shall set *this true title and name* to all books I shall leave in any tongue. (154)

But to Mistress Anne Bacon, ever quick with her sympathy and wise to advise, do I owe a greater or warmer gratitude, since she did much more truly and constantly guard, guide, protect, and counsel me. Moreover, to her I do owe my life, for though she did rear me, not being, *de facto*, my mother, it was her intervention that the hour of nativity did not witness my death. Her Majesty would truly have put me away privately, but Mistress Bacon, yearning over helpless babyhood, saved me, having held over me a hand of protection. (138)

. . . The ills which do fall even upon a babe! None saw or pitied my harsh, unkind, accursedly cruel usage; yet my mother was a wedded, honorable, and most royal woman. (173)

The desire of our father, who remained a simple Earl although he was wedded to a reigning queen, was to make these affairs so well understood that the succession should be without a question. (134) To our mother no such measure was pleasing. By no argument, however strong, might this concession be obtained, and after some time he was fain to appeal the case for us directly to Parliament to procure the crown to be entailed upon Elizabeth and the heirs of her body. (135)

He handled everything with greatest measure, as he did not press to have the act penned by way of any declaration of right, also avoiding to have the same by a new law or

ordinance, but choosing a course between the two, by way of sure establishment, under covert and indifferent words, that the inheritance of this crown, rest, remain and abide in the Queen. As for limitation of the entails, he stopped with heirs of the Queen's body, not saying the right heirs, thereby leaving it to the law to decide so as the entail might rather seem a favour to her — Elizabeth — and to their children, than as intended disinheritance to the House of Stuart.

It was in this way that it was framed, but failed in effect on account of the ill-disposition of the Queen to open, free acknowledgment of the marriage. But none could convince such a wayward woman of the wisdom of that honorable course. (135)

Elizabeth, the would-be idol of half the great princes of Europe — concluding it would be less pleasing in a few years to have all the people know that she was the wife of the Earl of Leicester, than to suppose her the Virgin Queen she called herself — both props and shields alike despised — nor did she at any subsequent time reverse her decision. *For such a trivial, unworthy, unrighteous cause was my birthright lost*, and nought save the strong will of Elizabeth turned men from conspiracy to place me on the throne. To win back their loyalty she assumed most kingly airs, and upon occasion harangued the army, riding upon a richly caparisoned horse before the lines, and naming herself the King. I, for dear life dare not to urge my claim, but hope that Time shall open the way unto my rightful honors. (142)

I am named in the world, not what my style should be according to birth, nor what it rightfully should be according to our law, which giveth to the first-born of the royal house (if this first-born be a son of a ruling prince, and born in true and right wedlock) the title of the Prince of Wales. My name is Tidder [Tudor] yet men speak of me as Bacon, even those that know of my royal mother and

her lawful marriage with the Earl of Leicester, a suitable time prior to my birth. (334)

Our mother, although much loving this kingdom and people, loving *adulation* not in youth only, but in age, at the flood of power whenas there arose question of a successor, procured an act of Parliament (to prevent mere mention of, not to say argument, remark, and interchange of men's opinions in regard of the succession) to be passed, *making it unlawful to speak upon this matter*⁴². Whoever supposed therein was a true story of secrets of great moment, kept silent, inasmuch as a cloud threatening danger of the law was ever upon them. The few that knew these inner cruel stings, these questions concerning justice, expediency, as well as permanency of measures so unfathomable in respect of the motives, never allowed hope of our crown to die, but themselves were taken from things of time before Elizabeth's reign drew to tragical close. (523) (524)

In event of the abdication or death of the Queen, we this son — Francis, Prince of Wales — inherit this throne and this crown, and our land shall rejoice, for it shall have a wise sovereign. God endued us with wisdom, the gift granted in answer to Solomon's prayers. It is not in us aught unmeet to say this, for our Creator only is praised. None will charge here manifestation of worldly vanity, for it is but the pride natural to minds such as we enjoy . . . (I-82)^{42a}

(Young Francis and Lady Anne Bacon converse)

"You need not fear dishonour
Your father is a noble gentleman
Who was properly married by law
To the queen . . ."

"Where was I born?"

"In Windsor Castle.
I will tell you the story of your birth.

"I know it all, for from our infancy
The queen and I have conversed.

"I was mad privy to the marriage of your mother
And when you were born
I secretly conveyed you out of the nuptial room
In a round, painted box,
Carried you to my house
And brought you up as my own." (I, 108)

Chapter 2 — YOUNG FRANCIS 1561-1626

In sorrow we set words herein:
we know not *their* fate nor *ours*, in a future near or far,
for we are in truth the luckless Prince of Wales.

— *The Araygnement of Paris*,
— George Peele, 1584 (I-81)

Here in the Court, the story [of my birth] is but as the tale that old wives tell, as they sit in comfort by the fire — though it be told as truth, seldom accredited.

It is oft times repeated, yet is as frequently waived;⁴³
for 'tis as dangerous sort of speech as can come
within the compass of faithful courtiers' intercourse.

'Twould show ill, if published so that all within reach might know it, besides costing our life, although it is truth itself.
Manifestly the truth is now dangerous and should be concealed.

— Francis, Prince of Wales — 1588
— Cipher in *Perimedes Pandosto*
— Robert Greene (I-93)

I am Francis, unacknowledged Prince, who was, at a time when safety made it prudent, given to kinder care and love, on the side of my adoptive mère, than a parent's. (14)

Queen Elizabeth is my true mother, and I am the lawful heir to the throne. (This) Cypher story tells great secrets, every one of which would forfeit my life. (166)

Another son was in due time born, whose spirit much resembled, in the main qualities, that of our mère, but who by the wish and request of our father bore his Christian name, Robert. He, reared by Walter Devereux, bore naturally that name, after a time coming into the titles of Earl of Essex and of Ewe. (134)

The virgin Queen Elizabeth is both wife to the noble lord that was so suddenly cut off in his full tide and vigour of life, and mother of two noble sons, Earl of Essex, and

he who doth speak to you, the foster son to two well famed friends of the Queen, Sir Nicholas Bacon, her worthy advisor and counselor, and that partner of loving labor or duty, my most loved Lady Ann Bacon. (14)

To most men I am known as Bacon. My true title sheweth in Cypher again and again, Francis First, King of Great Britain and Ireland; The Prince; the Prince of Wales; the first-born son to Elizabeth; son to the Queen and heir-apparent, since I was entitled in justice to all these before the death of Elizabeth, my mother, who ruled with a strong hand over England and me. (205)

. . . but behind every other passion and vanity moving Elizabeth, the fear of being deposed rankled. (83)

Some are greater by birth, heir to a kingdom, as I myself am, yea, heir to a scepter, itself of such power that Europe doth tremble in dread of wrath and destruction if the shadow falleth over the land. Yet I am not king, nor even heir-apparent to Her Majesty. I, who now speak to you, am the Prince so unjustly treated. (350)

. . . but I was Elizabeth's son, by her wedded Lord, elder brother to Robert, who raised a rebellion to obtain his own mother's kingdom, despite all other and prior rights. (172)

I am of royal birth, the first whose claim to the scepter was denied by his foolish mother, herself a queen. (83)

The lack of my just honour and dignity oppreseth little, if my mind be constantly set upon others besides myself, nor can any power but the Divine make man's heart happy or sad. "Mind is the true kingdom, ever." My constant hope is to achieve as much greatness therein, and win as much honour, as would belong to me by right of my greater birth, as I am by right of blood, King, no other than the true, right or proper inheritor of the Crown. (66)

We, by men called Bacon, are son of the sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, who when confined in the tower married Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Elizabeth publicly termed herself a maiden-queen, whilst wife to the Earl of Leicester. Myself and one brother were the early fruits of the union, but so far were we from being properly acknowledged, in our youth we did not surmise ourselves other than the son of the Lord Keeper of the Seal, Nicholas Bacon, in the one case, and the Earl of Essex, son of Walter Devereux, in the other. (91)

Her Majesty surely put great weight upon the vain and empty theories of the seers she most wished to have cast her horoscope. These made so great hate in our heart against the men who fed a most *unwomanly* notion — renowned as Maiden Queen — as to make us fear our own thoughts. (19)

The would-be Virgin Queen, (not liking our people's hearts to be set upon a king), before my A B C's even were taught to me, or the elements of all learning, instructed my tutors to instill into my young mind a desire to do as my foster father had done, aspiring to high political advancement, look for enduring renown there; not dreaming, even, of lack wherein I should look for many honours, since I was led to think I was born to nothing higher. (138)

A fear seemed to haunt [Elizabeth] that a king might suit the mounting ambitions of a people that began to seek New Atlantis beyond the western seas. Some doubtless longed for a royal leader of the troops, when war's black eagles threatened the realm, which Elizabeth met in two ways — by showing a kingly spirit when subjects were admitted into the presence chamber, and by the most constant opposition to war, as was well known to her council. (83) Many supposing miserly love of gold uppermost in mind and spirit, noted her bent of disposition, for behind every other passion and vanity moving her, the fear of *being deposed* rankled and urged her to a policy not yet understood. She found it the part of prudence to put the Princes — my brother and myself — out of the sight of the people. (84)

The lack of truth in items our parent had recorded, would hold back from the world all true knowledge of this leaf of her history which doth concern other lives' destiny. (108)

The earliest show of favour of this royal mother, as patroness rather than parent, were seen when she honoured our roof so far as to become the guest of good Sir Nicholas Bacon, that kind man we supposed our father then, as well we might, for his unchangeable gentle kindness, his constant carefulness for our honour, our safety and true advancement. These became marked as the study that we pursued did make our tongue sharp to reply when she (the Queen) asked us a perplexing question, never, or at least seldom, lacking Greek epigrams to fit those she quoted, and we were often brought into her gracious presence. (I-84)

It liveth, as do dreams of yesternight, when now we close our eyes — the stately movements, grace of speech, quick smile and sudden anger, that oft, as April clouds come across the sun, yet as suddenly are withdrawn, filled us with succeeding dismay, or brimmed our cup immediately with joy.

It doth as often recur that the Queen, our royal mother, sometimes said in Sir Nicholas' ear on going to her coach; "Have him well instructed in knowledge that future station shall make necessary." Naturally quick of hearing, it reached our ears, was caught on the wing, and long turned and pondered upon, but we found no meaning, for all our wit, no whispered word having passed the lips of noble Sir Nicholas on the matter. (I-85)

Several years had gone by ere our true name or any of the conditions herein mentioned, came to our knowledge. In truth, even then the revelation was in a measure accidental — albeit 'twas made *by my mother* — her wrath over one of my boylike impulses driving her to admissions quite unthought, wholly unpremeditated, but when thus spoken to our hearing, not to be retracted or denied. (91)

But as well might all this sleep, even yet in the past as, far from advancing the state of these sons, she cast off all

thought, or interest in the welfare of her own, to advance *that of men no way depending on her*. So this ill-advised disregard of the birth-right prerogative, power, dignity, and honour, by law Divine due to the Princes of this realm, many times made evident to us, moved my brother to the rash measure that was soon conceived and as suddenly ended. Without doubt, a sense of injustice stung a proud spirit like his past the bounds of a patience at no time remarkable or well fostered by the atmosphere of the Court.
(91)

It was therefore long ere we knew our birth royal, and the *fond love* of both foster parents was *restraint* and *stay* to our young spirit, when the wild and fiery tempest suddenly burst upon us. This dread force *would otherwise have ruined, wasted, and borne us adrift* like a despoiled harvest.⁴⁴
(I-85)

*The very first Cipher message of young Francis Bacon
In Shepheard's Calendar, 1579. — Dedication by "E.K."*

Attributed to Ed. Spenser, 1611

Francis' Bi-literal Cypher says:

E.K.⁴⁵ will be found to be nothing less than the letters signifying the future sovereign, or *England's King*. (I-79)

The present [reigning] Queen, purely selfish in all that doth make for proper, though tardy recognition of that true prerogative of royal blood, doth most boldly and constantly oppose with her arguments the puny effort in our cause, which disproved to uphold our true and rightful claim to royal power. In event of death of her Majesty — who bore in honourable wedlock Robert, now known as son to Walter Devereux, as well as him who now speaketh to the yet unknown aiding decipherer, we the eldest born, should, by the Divine right of a law of God made binding on man, inherit scepter and throne.

Lest history have no pen so bold as to write out dangerous matters that have been laid bare to us, we have made search for any secret mode of transmission as might conceal this wholly. Failing in this, we devised two Cyphers now used for the first time, for this secret history, as clear, safe, and undecipherable. Till a decipherer find a prepared alphabet, it seemeth to us a thing almost impossible, save by Divine gift and heavenly instinct, that he should be able to read what is thus revealed.

It may, perchance, remain in hiding until a future people furnish wits keener than these of our own times . . . Yet are we in hourly terror lest the Queen, our enemy at present, although likewise our mother, be cognisant of our invention. Our worst fears cling to us so constantly that our intention is altered, and the chief Cypher⁴⁶ be not herein set forth in such manner as was meant.⁴⁷ (I-80)

FR. B.

Chapter 3 — TEMPEST AT ELIZABETH'S COURT

Occurred in 1576 when Francis was fifteen.

To [Queen Elizabeth], fate, a turn of Fortune's wheel, had given the gift of royalty, and the throne of mighty England was hers to bestow on whom her heart might choose. (45)

— CIPHER in: "Faerie Queen" — 1613

The tale of the secret marriage [of the Queen] with the Earl, our sire — greatly excited our imagination, so that we wrote it down in a variety of forms, and intend to use it as part of history; and also as that may be acted on our stage. (I-86)

— Francis, Prince of Wales,
In: *The Mirrour of Modestie*
— 1584, R. Greene

The Decipherer shall take up the task of writing a strange drama. 'Tis, however, true in every circumstance — as true as truth. Our heart is almost bursting with our indignation, grief, and sorrow; and we feel our pen quivering, as a steed doth impatiently stand awaiting an expected note of the horn at the hunt, ere darting, as an arrow flies to the target, across moor and glen. (I-93)

As a stream so often, out of wild mountain gorge rising, carried through a mead in bounds that have been set, or trammelled by devices, doth lose its spirit, so he felt his heart change in his breast. There was a moment when as by a thunderbolt the truth was hurtled forth in so hard, stern, unbending way (by the Queen) it shocked young minds; and sensitive souls must deliver a cry of sorrow when a wound is wantonly inflicted. (78)

In course of time, in a horrible passion of witless wrath, the revelation was thus flashed, like as lightning, upon us by our proud royal parent herself. We were in presence — as had many and oftentimes occurred, Queen Elizabeth having a liking of our manners — with a number of the ladies and several of the gentlemen of her court, when a

seely (silly) young maiden babbled a tale, Cecil, knowing [the Queen's] weakness, had whispered in her ear. A dangerous tidbit it was, but it well did satisfy the malicious soul of a tale-bearer such as Robert Cecil, that concerned not her associate ladies at all, but the honour, the honesty of Elizabeth. No sooner breathed aloud than it was heard by the Queen, no more, in truth, than half heard then 'twas avenged by the enraged Queen. (I-85)

Never had we seen fury so terrible, and it was some time that we remained in silent, horror-struck dismay, at the fiery overwhelming tempest. At last — when stripped of all her frail attire, the poor maid in frightened remorse lay quivering at Queen Elizabeth's feet, almost deprived of breath, still feebly begging that her life be spared nor ceasing for a moment till sense was lost — no longer might we look upon this in silence; and bursting like fulmined lightning through the waiting crowd of the astonished courtiers and ladies, surrounding in a widening circle this angry Fury and her prey, we bent a knee craving that we might lift up the tender body and bear it thence. A dread silence that foretells a storm fell on the Queen for a space, as the cruel light waxed brighter and the cheek burnt as the flame. As the fire grew to blasting heat, it fell upon us like a bolt of Jove. (I-86)

Losing control of both judgment and discretion, the secrets of her heart came hurtling forth, stunning and blasting the sense, till we wanted but *a jot of swooning likewise*. Not only did we believe ourself to be base, but also we believed the angry reproaches of such kind as never can be cleared away, for she declared us to be the fruit of a union lustful, lascivious, and secret. In suppressing the name of our father, she did in very truth give us reason to fear the blot of which we speak.

In her look much malicious hatred burned toward me for ill-advised interference, and in hasty indignation said, "You are my own born son, but you, though truly royal, of a fresh,

a masterly spirit, shall rule nor England, or your mother, nor reign o'er subjects yet to be. I bar from succession forevermore my best beloved first-born that blessed my union with — no, I'll not name him, nor need I yet disclose the sweet story concealed thus far so well. Men only guess it, nor know of the secret marriage, as rightful to guard the name of the Queen, as of a maid of this realm. A son like mine lifteth hand not in aid to her who brought him forth; he'd rather uplift craven maids who tattle thus whenever my face turneth from them. What will this brave boy do? Tell a-b-c's?" (139)

Queen Elizabeth, who deserved more honour as a wife than could otherwise come to her, should have held her sons as precious, even as England's costliest gems, was much moved by my rash interference to turn aside her wrath ere it had blasted utterly the fair floweret on whom it fell, yclept me every dread name her tongue could speak and cursed me bitterly. Many say it still doth work me harm. This cannot be true, inasmuch as I am innocuous of any *premeditated ill* to Elizabeth. (74)

Ending her tirade [the Queen] bade me rise. Tremblingly I obeyed her charge, summoned a serving man to lead me to my home to Mistress Bacon. (139)

In the dark, I waged war manfully, supposing that my life in all the freshness of youth was made unbearable. It did so much exhaust, that after pause of a moment, I burst flood-like into Mistress Bacon's chamber and told her my story. I grasped her arm, weeping and sobbing sore, and entreated her to say upon oath I was in truth the son of herself and her honored husband. (140)

Lady Anne Bacon did, weeping and lamenting, own to me that I was in very truth the son of the Queen. I burst into maledictions against the Queen, my fate, life, and all it yieldeth, till, weary, on bent knees I sank down, and floods of tears finished my wild tempestuous invective. When, however, that dear lady saw this, with womanly wisdom, to ar-

rest fury or perchance prevent despair, said to me:

"Spare my ear, boy, for you do wrong your mother with such a thought. You also wrong that noble gentleman, your father, Earl Robert."

At the word, I besought her to speak my father's name, when granting my request, she said; "He is the Earl of Leicester. I took a most solemn oath not to reveal the story to you, but you may hear the unfinished tale from the midwife. The doctor would also give proofs of your just right to be named the Prince of this realm, and heir-apparent to the throne. Nevertheless, Queen Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of bald-faced denial of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her motherhood. Her oath, so broken, robs me not of a son. (141)

"O Francis, Francis, I cannot let you go after all the years you have been the son of my heart. But night is falling. I cannot longer speak to you of so weighty a matter. This hath moved you deeply though, now dry your eyes, you have yet many tear marks upon your cheeks. Go now; do not give it thought that a brainsick woman, though she be a Queen, can take my son from me. Retire now, my boy."

In due course of time, I was by my new-found royal mother recalled and given private audience. I learnt from the interview that it was at present in fancy that I bore this lofty name, or a title other than that actually mine in my home.

Of a truth, in her gracious moods, my royal mother showed a certain pride in me when she named me her little Lord Keeper (when ten), but not the Prince — never owned that that be the rightful title I should bear. (138)

'Twas guessed by a royal suitor that another was rightfully the husband of this subtle Queen. He wished to betray her to the entire nation. In a formal princely (manner) he asked negotiations at an extra special session of the Queen's astounded and displeased private council. All ways

and means of avoiding the open declaration were adopted at once. The royal suitor was angered, and great ado making, did disturb our great men, who were in fear of public disgrace. If no act made the heirs of Elizabeth rightfully bastard, it was proper to show legitimacy. Such measure found no kind regard in the sight of the vain minded Queen. (142)

Elizabeth's strong will was not one that could be resisted. Her policy made Parliament and her Privy-Counsel each suppose that she was controlled by advisement of the men that compose these bodies. No doubt they did not lack occasion at one time and another to modify this notion, yet a perplexity rather sharpened than dulled, and actual danger made as a two-edged sword. Thus men were often dazzled by the sword, and not many that used this edged weapon escaped without deep scars. (334)

My hands — aye, my head as well, more than all, my *heart* — are sorely wounded; for in a breath, my royal mother disclosed our relationship and cursed my nativity; nor could I, in the numerous subsequent encounters, change her hasty decision upon that very important question of the succession. 'Tis said: "The curse that was not deserved never will come." Some may find it true, but to me a causeless curse did surely come and my entire life felt the blight. (334)

Upon my first serious differences and subsequent open rupture with our mother, I took counsel with one, who, though not an oracle, possessed wisdom that most lack. He bade me manifest no fear of curses . . . We may shudder at a dreadful winged word, but it cannot do harm to our life. (74)

In due time the Queen, afraid of the ominous portents, sent for good Paulet, and arranged that under pretext of great import, I should accompany our ambassage to France. I was placed in the care of Sir Amyas Paulet and left the shores of my own fair land without a moment of warning,

so to speak. The Queen by her power royal, and her rights maternal, readily overruled all our several objections. No *tears* on part of my dear foster-mother nor *entreaties* of that of grave Sir Nicholas Bacon availed, while I, as soon as my first protest had been waived, occupied my fantasy hour after hour, picturing to myself the life in foreign lands. (335)

In the other, the Word Cipher⁴⁸, Francis relates:

“Look, here comes the page of the Queen!” (251)

. . .

And then we proceed unto the mighty Queen,
When we in presence come, she said to me: (255)

“So thou at length hast come, hast thou?
Art thou not by birth a Prince?
Why then dost thou look so low,
As if thou hadst been born of the worst of women?
And to shield thee from disasters of the world,
I am resolved that thou shall spend some time
In the French emperor’s court,
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will; and there an end.
Tomorrow be in readiness to go;
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.”

“Madam, I cannot so soon be provided;
Please you deliberate a day or two.”

“No more; look, what thou wantest (261)
Shall be sent after thee,
And for thy provision thou shalt receive
Enough from me for thy maintenance,
And so, my son, farewell.”

Thus was I banished, and on the day following,
About the hour of eight, I put to sea
With the gentle knight, Sir Amyas Paulet,
Bound to the court of France. (262)^{48a}

Chapter 4 — CELESTIAL VISITATION⁴⁹

A Clairaudient Experience

Poem by young Francis, about 1576 A.D.

And now, it is time for us to tell you
How we found the way to conceal these ciphers.

One night, when a youth, while we were reading
In the holy scriptures of our great God . . .

That passage of Solomon, the King, wherein he
Affirmeth "That the glory of God is to conceal
A thing, but the glory of a King is to find it out." (32)

As we read and pondered the wise
Words and lofty language of this precious
Book of love, there comes a flame of fire which
Fills all the room and *obscures our eyes with its
Celestial glory.* And from its swells a heavenly
Voice, that, lifting our minds above her
Human bounds, ravisheth our soul with its sweet
Heavenly music. And thus it spake:

"My son, fear not, but take thy fortunes and
Thy honours up. Be that thou knowest thou art,
Then art thou as great as that thou fearest,
Thou art not what thou seemest. At thy birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked thee extraordinary,
And all the courses of thy life will show,
Thou art not in the roll of common men. (33)

"Be thou not, therefore, afraid of greatness,
Some men become great by advancement, vain
And favour of their prince; some have greatness
Thrust upon them by the world, and some achieve
Greatness by reason of their wit; for there is
A tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the
Flood, leads on to glorious fortune. Omitted, all the

"Voyage of their life is bound in shallows
And miseries. In such a sea art thou now afloat,
And thou must take the current when it serves,

Or lose thy ventures. Thy fates open their hands to thee. (34)

“Decline them not, but let thy blood and spirit
Embrace them, and climb the height of virtue’s
Sacred hill, where endless honour shall be made
Thy mead. Remember that what thou hast just
Read, that the Divine Majesty takes delight to hide
His work, according to the innocent play of children,
To have them found out; surely for thee to
Follow the example of the most high God cannot
Be censured. Therefore put away popular applause,

“And after the manner of *Solomon* the king, *compose*
A history of thy times, and fold it into
Enigmatical writings and cunning mixtures of the
Theatre, mingled as the colours in a painter’s shell,
And it will in due course of time be found,

“For there shall be born into the world
(Not in years, but in ages) a man whose pliant and
Obedient mind we, of the supernatural world, will take
Special heed, by all possible endeavour, to frame
And mould into a pipe for thy fingers to sound
What stop thou please; and this man, either led or
Driven, as we point the way, will yield himself a
Disciple of thine, and will search and seek out thy
Disordered and confused strings and roots with some
Peril and unsafety to himself. For men in scornful and
Arrogant manner *will call him mad*, and point at him
The finger of scorn; and yet they will,
Upon trial, practice and study of thy plan,
See that the secret, by great and voluminous labour,
Hath been found out.”

And then the Voice we heard
Ceased and passed away. (35) (I-32-35)

Chapter 5 — THE CONNIVING HUNCHBACK
Robert Cecil — 1560-1612

We write in a feverous longing to live among *men of a future people*. — 1588 (I-93)

A fox, seen oft at our Court, in the form and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecil — the hunchback — must answer at the Divine Arraignment to my charge against him, for *despoiling me ruthlessly*. (28)

— CIPHER in *Advancement of Learning* — 1605.

The Queen, my mother, might in course of events which followed their revelations regarding my birth and parentage, without doubt having some pride in her offspring, often have shown us no little attention, had not the crafty fox aroused in that tiger-like spirit the jealousy that did so torment the Queen, that neither night nor day brought her respite from such suggestion that I might be England's king. (28)

[Robert Cecil told Elizabeth] that my endeavours were all for sovereignty and honour. (28) Through his vile influence on the Queen, he filled her mind with the suspicion of my desire to rule the whole world, beginning with England. That my every thought dwelt on a crown; that my only sport amid my schoolmates was a pageant of royalty; that it was my hand in which the wooden staff was placed, and my head that wore the crown, for no other would be allowed to represent princes or their pomp. He informed Her Majesty that I would give a challenge to a fierce boyish fight, or a dual of fists, if any one presumed to share my honours or depose me from my throne. (335)

He bade her observe the strength, breadth, and compass, at an early age, of the intellectual powers I displayed, and even deprecated the generous disposition or graces of speech which won me many friends, implying that my gifts would thus *uproot* her, because I would, like Absalom, *steal away* the hearts of the Nation and move the people to desire a

king, thus usurpe the throne whilst my mother was yet alive. (29)

The terrors he conjured up could by no art be exorcised, and many trials came therefrom, not alone in youth, but in my early manhood. (29)

The fears that filled and harrassed my mind when this cypher was invented, for I can observe the watchfulness of those whom my mother, through that spy Cecil, hath been induced to mind my every interest and employment. (9)

Terror is in my nightly dreams and as it is in many day visions, lest my selfish, vain, unnatural, and self-willed or kingly mère — who never loved a son, although Heaven gave her these two, Essex and myself, half so well as a parent should — can do me more harm. (14)

My life had four eager spies on it, not alone by day but by night also; a number of papers were seized, stolen by the emissary and base hireling of Cecil who *hated both sons*, and were destroyed in the presence royal. We lost our last available proof of testimony, so that we could not well lay claim to the scepter and establish it beyond a doubt. (109)

The constant watchful eyes our mother had upon us, marking all our movements, from the rising of the sun. Not a moment when we could openly write and publish a true, accurate history of our times, since nought which Her Majesty disapproved could ever find a printer. This then is the cause of my secrecy, but it is much too great an attempt now to reveal all this openly. (353)

In our earliest Play is the happy spirit of a young boy, subdued slightly by our future, into whose gloomy depths, plunging, we tasted a bitterness such as they have tasted who drink the waters of Styx. (113)

Nevertheless, to Robert Cecil I owe much of this secret, underhand, yet constant opposition; for from the first he was the *spy, the informer* to the Queen, of all the boyish acts of which I had least cause or reason for any pride. This added fuel to the flame of her wrath, made me the

more indiscreet, and precipitated an open disagreement, which lasted for some time, between my foster mother, Lady Anne Bacon, and the woman who bore me, whom however, I seldom name with a title so sacred as mother. In truth, Cecil worked me nought save evil to the day which took him out of this world. (355)

Those two men [Robert Cecil⁵⁰ and his father], they were my worst, aye, my *only* foes. Read of some overt insolence, acts so wicked, such violent deeds, I had a just fear. Upon every occasion they were mindful of my whereabouts. (174)

I could find the path to Olympus, however, wing way with Muse to sing high paeons, far from the murmur of their envy and spite. Their power I did evade. This duty so mummified a brain, a heart, far remote and seeking to reach the deepest depth of knowledge, that I follow my main work. (175)

For a space of many long years, therefore, I have centered my thought and given as much of my time [to writing], as the calls of our business do permit. My motive some might question, yet it seemeth to me a worthy and right one to be given way. My wishes or plans being miracles to some slight degree, the great thoughts coming to me in the silent night vigils. For a youth could see his whole life at a word turned aside. (77)

The hate that raged in me was not so fiery, in truth, as the fierce hate so continually burning in the breast of the man of whom I have writ many things. (12)

We ourself hate the arts now exercised by Cecil to keep the vanity of our regal parent glowing like fire, for God hath laid on that head a richer crown than this diadem upon her brow, yet she will not display it before all eyes. It is the rich crown of motherhood. (I-81)

In truth our life is now put in deadly danger from her that hath our destiny as in the hollow of her small palm. Her self-love more than our good fame dominates her

whole heart, being powerful to overbalance sweet mother love. (1)

I had constantly much fear lest my secret [writings] be scented forth by some hound of the Queen; my life might pay the forfeit and the world be no wiser than before. (102)

This writing doth attract attention, yet is not known to come from my pen, therefore I may freely open my soul herein. (10)

The cipher tells my brother's cruel foul ending. Attempt by all odds [decipherer] to cast Cecil's woven and treacherous plots into view. (174)

As hunted deer await death at every moment, so I, at bay, had an hourly fear, in both my brother's affects, and the hate and ill-intents of our mother, and Cecil.⁵¹ (172)

Neither one supposed the horror each dreamed of would take form of the other offshoot, the favourite heir, Robert [Essex]. Yet it indeed was he, who, as though the book of their suppositions or fears was to him the one that contained easy lessons in treason, at last let loose the dragon. (29)

The restless eyes of foes watched my work, to find a thread to twist into the loop of the executioner. (187)

My own [name] should be like that of my mother — Tidder [Tudor], since I am son to the Queen who came of that line, and as her eldest born should now sit in her throne in place of him whom she made her heir, [James VI of Scotland] according to Cecil's report; but as I am known among English-speaking peoples by the name you (until now) thought to be rightfully mine, i.e., the name of my foster parents — Bacon, — it is honorable and honored, — yet have I *vowed* to make worthier, greater, and *more renowned* either style, than it hath been since it was first bestowed. (53)

Whenere this story in Cipher doth push open the sepulture door, strip the clothes and [wrappings] which would confine it from off its feet, and so step out among living human

beings, my inmost heart must be revealed, open as upon
God's great day of a last judgment. (183)

Make your work [decipherer] as the Voice that shall
command it to rise, stand forth, and tell to mankind its
secret woe.

Francis: The next day as in the library I sat
Meditating on my birth
As told me by the queen,

Robert, [Cecil], the wandering wasp, crept in
Not to pity, but to misuse and mock . . . (130)

Robert Cecil: "Ha, my lord,
Now are you equal in rank with the best,
But you, my good Prince of Wales
Shall mourn your own mishap." (131)

And I turned and answer:
"Sir, I have ere now been better known to you . . .
Being son of the Queen of England is enough. (132)

You deformed, perfidious slave,
You have ever been
A knave and flatterer, you rogue! (133)

I know you hate me,
You dwarfish pigmy!
I tell you I will break your neck
If you mock me; I pray you leave me."

"By heaven! I mock you not
I was bid to come for you, and your noble mother (134)
Bid me fetch you within a quarter of an hour,
Therefore, follow me to the queen."

. . .
He was a *villainous* and *secret contriver*
Against me almost *from the day I was born*,
And *I was never safe* until death returned him
To the earth, from whence he came . . . And I said to him,

"Arise, arise; give me thy hand, I am sorry
I beat thee. Come, shall I raise thee up?"

And grinding and grating his teeth
The monster upstart, himself rousing up
'Twixt each groan said: (136)

"And if I live, I tell you, knave,
I will be revenged, and England's ground (137)
Shall not yield you shelter from my wrath.

You shall find that I that am rudely stamped
And want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph —

I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And am so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them
I that came into the world with my legs forward

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear;
I who have often heard my mother say
That when I was born the midwife
Wondered, and the women cried
O, Jesu bless us! He is born with teeth!

And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite
And play the dog,
I that since the heavens have shaped my body so
Will let hell make crooked my mind to answer it.

I in deadly hate of you, will
Lay plots and inductions dangerous
Against you that do offend me.
I will destroy you, for you are my enemy." (138)

Alas! too late, I found what it was to
Anger him. I was a fool, an ass . . .
It never crossed my mind that my mother, the queen,
Would *join* with such a *degenerate being* (142)
To foil her own child . . . but the false fox . . .

Overruled and overswayed her with
Secret art, leading her prisoner in a chain

That was as strong as tempered steel,
She obeyed his stronger strength,
And so *he had undone me e'er I knew*. (143)

I know if I had chosen to deal less
Sincerely with the Queen, I might easily
Have corrected and mended the
Mistakes which did proceed from him. (143)

That rogue that in the world's eyes as my cousin stands, (74)
Cecil, who from the hour of his birth
Was weak, sickly, and deformed⁵² (92)

That bottled spider, that hunchbacked toad,
The empire he had over the queen
Continued through the course of her life. (88)

It be one of the things for which there is no solution,
Being as he was rude exteriorly,

His head, by its own weight and heaviness,
Turning his neck over on one side,
And upon it he had a mole, an sanguine star,
That was a mark of wonder.

His limbs were so abortive, defective and loose-jointed
That he staggers in his feeble step, and
Women were as afraid of him as of the devil. — I, 74-143

. . .

Chapter 6 — AT THE COURT OF FRANCE (Francis, fifteen, arrives)

Banished from England's court by my royal mother's angry art,
I start for France, and as my mother willed,
In a vessel of our country leaving home. (571)
In Gallia I arrived full safe, and presently
Rode post unto the matchless court of France.

The King's house was in Paris set, and the king
(As Ambassadors and Ministers of England's Queen)
Received and entertained us honourably,

We were lodged and accomodated in great state
In the royal seat, as Ambassadors, and were
Invited by the great King of France
To visit, and feast with him in royal princes' state.

Being arrived in Henry's kingly hall,
That like Adonis' garden bloomed with flowers
Covered the walls and obscured the table.
Such proud luxurious pomp,
Dazzled my eyes, I never such choice crystal saw,
Nor such pomp of rich and glittering gold. (572)

As I looked, the trumpets 'gan on high to sound
As forth came Henry, King of France,
With him the aged, ancient mother-Queen.

After them all, dancing in a row,
Came comely Virgins with garlands dight.
In their hands all upheld sweet timbrells
With gaping wonderment I gazed
Upon these Damosells, that play and sing.

I was such a novice in the Paris courts,
I wondered at the sight of such rich banquetings.
The comely services of the courtly train
Pleased me much. (573)

Thus we feasted, full of mirth, but nothing riotous,
And every thing did abound with rarest beauty
That all latitudes and countries could afford.

Now, by King Henry's command, still silence
Was imposed on all; and in the French tongue
He did call me to his side, and did salute me (574)

In honour of the Queen of England.
And, smiling, as if he thought
I would not understand the French, said:

"My good youth, welcome to Paris, thou bearest
Thy father's frank face and moral parts, may'st thou
Inherit too, and in thee live thy father's excellence . . ."

I answered him in French:
"Thanks to the King of France for this honour,
And this royal and gorgeous entertainment . . ."

To which King Henry said: —
"Thou art not old enough in years for a man,
Nor young enough for a boy;
Thou art well favored, noble by birth,
Thou speakest very shrewishly
One would think thy mother's milk was scarce out of thee." (574)

Whereat the goodly company gazed at me
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy. (575)

"I liked thee 'fore I saw thee, now I admire thee,
Thou art thy mother's comfort, thy country's hope.

We will even for thy father's sake
(For thou art like to have a thin and slender pittance),
Add, by thy leave, twenty crowns unto thy purse.

Thou art a gallant youth, but fare-thee-well, sir boy,
Here comes the Prince, I pray thee stand aside."

. . .
⁵³I met the Duke [of Navarre] yesterday, had much
Question with him; he asked me of what parentage
I was; I told him of as good as he. (904)

Duke: "Say what art thou, that talkest of kings and queens?"

Francis: "More than I seem, and less than I was born to,

A man at least, for less I should not be
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?" (905)

Duke: "Aye, but thou talkest as if thou wert a king."

Fr. "Why so I am (in mind) and that's enough."

Duke: "But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?"

Fr: "My crown is in my heart, not on my head."

. . .

The Prince of Navarre
Three or four of his loving lords
Put themselves in voluntary exile with him,
At the [French] court, (579)

Soldiers were servants to this martial knight;
His form was straight and majestic, the figure of a god;
His face the copy of a noble gentleman;

He was wrapt in sweet clothes; upon his fingers rings;
His bonnet and doublet rich with precious stones,

Richer than I, *in my fifteen years*,
Had dreamed could in the world be found.

. . .

"Be not aggrieved,
Did he [Navarre] not see, with eyes of heavy mind,
His mother murdered by his enemies?
This gentlewoman, spouse of old Anthony,
And Queen of Navarre, was poisoned by gloves." (627)

"How did she meddle with such dangerous gifts?
Suspicion of the Duke of Guise might well have moved
Her highness to beware of perfumed gloves, and poison."

"Her Majesty, the old Queen Catherine [de Medici]
Presented them to her; the scent therof
(A very strong perfume) did make her head ache;
The fatal poison worked within her head,
And the poor Queen a long time did not linger,
Her brain-pan brake; her heart did faint and fail,
And she, before the face of her son, did die.

Pardon him, then, that they enforced him
To abjure his religion." (628)

"The French King's sister [Marguerite] did hang twenty years
About his neck, (for she did lose her lustre),

And his marriage scattered dangers, doubts,
Wringing of the conscience, and despairs,
And the King hid his head.

"Navarre's companions then were dangerous,
And he attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts,
For they were much inclined to laughter, witty
And merry, conceited in discourse, pleasant
(If they be not far gone), much given to music,
Dancing, and to be in women's company."

"That were not much amiss. 'Tis said the King of Spain,
Grenada never would have conquered,
Had not Queen Isabella and her ladies
Been present at the siege. It cannot be expressed (630)

What lofty courage, in the ladies' presence,
The Spanish knights did take, for a few Spaniards
Did overcome a multitude of Moors. (631)

Ariadne's love made Theseus so bold,
And Medea's beauty, Jason so victorious,
While Plato is of the opinion that the love
Of Venus did make Mars so valorous."

"But let all men who in pursuit of their passions,
Care not what price they pay for the indulgence of them,
Know this, that whatever the object be
Of their pursuit — be it honour, or fortune,
Or love, or glory, or knowledge, or what it may —
They are but paying court to things cast off —
Things which men in all times have tried, and upon trial
Rejected with disgust."⁵⁴

Chapter 7 — ROMEO AND JULIET

So fair was she, no eyes ever looked upon such a beauteous mortal, and I saw no other. I saw her — French Eve — as if no being, no one in all high heaven's wide realm, save only this one, Marguerite, did ever exist, or in this nether world, ever, in all the ages to be in the infinity of time, might be created. (175)

— F. St. Alban: Cipher in
Shakespeare Folio — 1623.

When I first was told of my great birth, at the Court of our mother, it led quickly to my being sent to France,⁵⁵ in the care of Sir Amyas Paulet. (121)

Our summary banishment to beautiful France did intend our correction, but opened to us the gates of Paradise. Our sire, more even than our royal mother, was bent upon our dispatch thither, and urged that subsequent business concerning affairs of state be entrusted to us in the same manner as weighty affairs laid upon Sir Amyas, with whom they sent us to the French Court. (I-88)

The fame of the gay French Court had come to me even then, and it was flattering to the youthful and most natural love of the affairs taking us from my native land, inasmuch as a secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required true wisdom for safer, speedier conduct than 'twould have if left to the common course of business. So with much interest though sometimes apprehensive mind, I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amyas to that sunny land of the South I learned so supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope of advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor could this be due to the delights of the country, by itself, but for love of sweet Marguerite, the beautiful young sister of the King, did make it Eden to my innocent heart. (336)

There was constantly increasing evidence that a Cypher used in Mary's (Queen of Scots) foreign correspondence had made pleas widely disseminated for assistance. The

Queen entrusted me with the secret commission of deciphering this matter [in France]. My labor had better fruit than I on my own part wished. (363)

Far from angelic though man his nature, if his love be as clear or as fine as our love for a lovely woman (sweet as a rose and as thorny it might chance), it sweeteneth all the enclosure of his breast, oft changing a waste into lovely gardens, which the angels would fain seek. That it so uplifts our life, who would ever question.

It is sometimes said, "No man can at once be wise and love." Yet, many will be wiser after a lesson such as we long ago conned. (79)

Rare Eve, French Eve, first, worst, loveliest upon the face of this earth, the beauteous Marguerite. (I-91) (72) Our early fancy painting every winsome grace, or proud yet gentle motion of lily hand, or daintily tripping foot, heavenly Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, long worshipped as divine.

[The knowledge of my royal birth] weighed on me constantly, until I devised a way by which I could communicate this strange truth to the world. So we devised two Cyphers, but my restless mind, unsatisfied with one or two good cyphers, continually made trial of new contrivances. Therefore we [invented] and used six cyphers, in order to write the true story fully, that wrongs of this age be made right in another. (121)

By some strange providence, this served well the purposes of our heart; for making cyphers our choice, we straightway proceeded to spend our greatest labours therein, to find a method of secret communication of our history to others outside the realm. My cypher, however, drew no suspicion, inasmuch as it did appear quite natural for one in company and under the instruction of our ambassador to the Court of France; and it seemed on the part of our parents to afford peculiar relief, as showing that our spirit and mind had calmed, as the ocean after a tempest doth

sink into a sweet rest, nor gives a sign of the shipwreck below the gently rolling surface. (1-88)

Read of a man of our realm [Robert Cecil], that at morn or eve plays spy on my every act, under great secrecy, and gave me many a cause in my youth to make life in France most beneficent. Of his great hatred one of my greatest sorrows grew, and my hasty banishment following quite close, that at that time seemed maddening, but as in the most common of our youthful experiences, became the chief delight. (12)

In plays that I wrote about that time, the story of bane and blessings, of joys and griefs are well set forth. Indeed, some might say my passion then had much youthly fire. In my heart, too, love soon overthrew envy as well as other evil passions, after I found lovely Margaret, the Queen of Navarre, who willingly framed excuses to keep me, with other right royal suitors, ever at her imperial commandment. A wonderful power to create heaven upon earth was in that loved eye. To win a show of her fond favour, we were fain to adventure our honor or fame to save and shield her. (12)

Love is so great a requital of wrong. The anger in the human heart is seen a fire-eyed Fury's child, turned from a region of Nox and her compeers. My love for Marguerite was the spirit which saved my soul from hatred and from wild passions. (174)

I have many single *livres* prepared for my dear Marguerite; one is in these other historical plays, and in the play *James Fourth* of R. Greene. It is her own true love story in the French, and I have placed many a cherished secret in the little loving worthless books. They were kept for her wishes to find some lovely reader in future Aeons. A part of the one I place in my own history, lives so pure, no amorous soilure taints the fair pages. (175)

Also wrote a few small poems in many of our early works of various kinds, which are in the French language, tell a

tale of love when life in its prime of youth and strength sang sweetly to mine ear, and in the heart-beats could one song ever be heard — and yet is heard. (202)

In my work entitled *David* [and Bethsabe masked by Peele] the tale that now is contained in Iambi, so arranged to preserve stately ancient usages and forms of speech, I have hidden the story of Margaret's life, as any parts lent either grace to its scenes or pathetic strains to its story. Of necessity, the *birth* of the *young son*, to cost so cruel ill, doth have no sort of place within her story.⁵⁶ (214)

Many French poems were written at an early age, with such passion that he who doth put it down is sure to take it up again. It showeth forth my love for my angelic-faced, soft-eyed Marguerite of the Southland — sweet White Rose of my lone garden of the heart (345) One dearer, and as our memory doth paint her, fairer still than the fairest of our English maidens, sweet traitress though we should term her, Marguerite — our pearl of women. (119)

For the story of sweet Marguerite, our cipher keys are in my bi-literal Cypher, to assure the finding and working out of her history which was to me a labour of love to write, but to my sorrow, my love was labour lost. Yet a certain degree of sadness is to the young pleasurable, and I desired by no means to be free of the pain. (203)

In many works — such as the poems at present supposed to belong to Spenser and Greene — the decipherer will see portions of a secret story chiefly concerning our lovely Marguerite [married to gallant Henry the king of Navarre].⁵⁷ Love of her had power to make the Duke of Guise forget the greatest honours that France might confer upon him; and hath power as well to make all such fleeting glory seem to us like dreams or pictures, nor can we name ought real that hath not origin in her. At one time a secret jealousy was burning in our veins, for Duke Henry of Navarre then followed her day in and out, but she hath

given us proof of love that hath now set our heart at rest on the query. (I-91)

When Sir Amyas Paulet became advised of my love, he proposed that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on [Marguerite] her pending case of the divorce from the young Huguenot [Navarre]; but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never opened into flower. (337)

I was entrusted at that very time with business requiring great secrecy and expediency. This was so well conducted as to win the Queen's frank approval, and I had a lively hope by means of this entering wedge, to be followed by the request nearest unto my soul, I should so bend her Majesty's mind to my wish. Sir Paulet undertook to negotiate both treaties⁵⁸ at once, and came thereby very near to a breach with the Queen, as well as disgrace at Henry's (III) court. (361)

Both calamities, however, were averted by such admirable adroitness that I could but yield due respect to the finesse, while discomfited by the death of my hope. From that day I lived a doubtful life, swinging like a pendent branch to and fro, tempest-tossed by many a troublous desire.

Her Majesty had suspected me of open assistance [to Mary, Queen of Scots], in the sunny land of France. In truth, that disagreeable insinuation had much to do with her decision respecting my own marriage, not a want of fitness in the parties. However, no act or written word could be produced in proof, or cited to show that I had ever had such sympathy. The jealous suspicions died away and my assistance as advisor, and I may say valuable counselour, was earnestly desired. (364)

At length I turned my attention from love, and used all my time and wit to make such advancement in learning or achieve such great proficiency in studies that my name as a lover of Sciences should be best known and most honoured, less for my own aggrandizement than as an advantaging of

mankind, but with some natural desires to approve my worthiness in the sight of my book-loving and aspiring mother, believing that by thus doing, I should advance my claim and obtain my right, not aware of Robert Cecil, his misplaced zeal in bringing this to her Majesty's notice, to convince her mind that I had no other thought save a design to win sovereignty in her lifetime. (361)

I need not assert how *far* this was from my heart at any time, especially in my youth, but the Queen's jealousy so blinded her reason that she, following the suggestion of malice, showed little pride in my attempts, discovering in truth more *envy* than natural pride, and more *hate* than affection. (362)

In my *Plays*, therefore, I have tossed my feelings as they do roll and swell or hurtle along their way. (78)

Few women of any country, royal or not, married or single, would play so madly daring, so wildly venturing a game, as Queen Elizabeth, our wilfully blind mother, who hath for many long years been wedded to the Earl of Leicester. (4)

But it would at present appear to be forgotten since we hoped to win youthful love's first blossom, but were *refused*, and held to customary observances, as firmly as any ceremonial court might require.

Through love, I dreamed out (this)⁵⁹ and five other plays⁶⁰ filled up — as we have seen warp in some hand-loom, made into a beauteous colored web — with words Marguerite hath so often shot daily into a fairy-hued web, and made a rich-hued damask, vastly more dear; and should life bewray an interior room in my calm but aching breast, on every hand shall her work be seen. (12)

The stage-play [*Romeo and Juliet*], in part will tell our brief love tale. So rare, and most brief, the hard-won happiness, it afforded us great content to relieve in the play all that, as mist in summer morning did roll away. Our fond

love interpreted the hearts of others, and in this joy, the joy of heaven was faintly guessed. (79)

Since the former issue of this play, very seldom heard without most stormy weeping — your poets commonest plaudit — we have all but determined on following the fortunes of these ill-fated lovers by a path less thorny. Their life was too brief, its rose of pleasure had but partly drunk the sweet dew of early delight, and every hour had begun to open unto sweet love, tender leaflets in whose fragrance was assurance of untold joys that the immortals know. Yet 'tis a kind fate which joined them together in life and in death.

It was a sadder fate befell our youthful love, my Marguerite, yet written out in the play it scarce would be named our tragedy, since neither yielded up life. But the joy of life ebbed from our hearts with our parting and it never came again into this bosom in full floodtide. Oh, we were Fortune's fool too long, sweet one, and art is long.⁶¹

Join Romeo with Troy's famous Cressida, if you wish to know my story. Cressida in this play, with Juliet — both that one in the comedy, where she first doth enter as Claudio's lady, and the one of my Tragedy [Romeo and Juliet] — are my love, whose mind changed much like a fickle dame's. Thus Trojan Cressida Troylus did ensnare, and the words his sad soul speaks do say to you that his ill-success, and *that* I did have, will here be told, such oneness was in his sorrowful hap and mine. (176)

Years never [lessen] pain from the remembrance, ever keen, with the ignominy which this fickle lady put upon dumb, blind, deaf, unthinking, and unsuspecting lovers. Ever kind, true in hour of need as in that of pleasure, I suffered most cruel torments in mind.

Marguerite (married to gallant Henry the King of Navarre) did make [France] Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learned her perfidy, love did keep her like the angels in my thoughts half of the time. As to the other

half, she was devilish, and I, myself, was plunged into hell. This lasted during many years. (336)

Often mid a waste appear many purest water-rises. I found a pure cup which nature's prettiest dales do form, filled to its brim as with Nepenth; this I drank, and so in time *I did shuffle off my old amour*.

Not until four decades or eight lustres, [to be exact forty-six years] of life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married the woman [Alice Barnham], the alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden to my liking, who hath put Marguerite from my memory — rather, I should say, hath banished her portrait to the walls of memory only, where it doth hang in pure, undimmed beauty of those early days, while her most lovely presence doth possess this entire mansion of heart and brain.

But the future race will profit by the failure in the field of love, for in those flitting days afterward, having resolved to cover every mark of defeat with the triumphs of my mind, I did thoroughly banish my tender love-dreams to the regions of clouds as unreal, and let my works of various kinds absorb my mind. It is thus by my disappointment that I do secure to many fruition. (337)

I have laid my every plan open herein . . . Policy, doubtless, would counsel the suppression of some of this, but it suiteth me to put thoughts as freely here as I would inscribe them in a private book no eye but this might read. (66)

So blind are men, that I tell herewith a pretty tale, as in the Plays to my Margaret, write out history, give lines in all kinds of poetry, in so plain sight, you, indeed, [decipherer], will find light work divesting them of many disguises, but no eye save our own espies a word or sign. Thus will you doubt the shrewdness they boast so great, but can men find what none look for, or pursue a path not entered upon, neither sought? (311)

We would wish, you [decipherer] might leave out nothing of a history of one who cannot be banished from my memory

while this heart doth live and beat, but we are aware it cannot interest others in like degree. To me it will be the dream, day and night, that never will be ought but a vision, and yet is far more real than all things else. (203)

I have loved her ever since I saw her. . . . (969)

O Margaret, my love, my sweet, sweet love,
Oh speak again bright angel, for thou art (949)

As glorious to this night o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven. . . .

She sweeps in through the court like an empress.
Her sovereign beauty hath no living peer, (969)

Thereto, so bounteous and debonnaire
That never any might with her compare! . . .

I love thee — I have spoke it — list to me!
Aye! above thought I love thee, gentle Queen. . . . (988)

I look into the lady's face, and in her eyes
I find a wonder, or a wondrous miracle, (926)
And I nor heard nor read so strange a thing
A shadow of myself formed in her eye,
And in this form of beauty read I, — love!
I do protest I never loved myself,
Till now infixéd, I behold myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. . . .

Navarre I never injured,
But loved him better than thou canst devise. (960)

Nurse: "[Duc de] Guise is the cause that Margaret cannot love,
Nor fix her liking on thee, English Prince."

Francis: "But nurse, wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
I blush to think upon this ignominy." (Guise died 1588). (948)

Margaret, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this: thou art *my treasure*,
Nothing more dear to me. . . . (986)

I love Margearet, list to me;
Except I be by Margaret in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale, (952)

Unless I look on Margaret in the day
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive. . . .

I will love her everlastingly, for
I am as constant as the Northern star. . . . (936)

Ah! fair, fair Margaret, divine Margaret!⁶²

Chapter 8 — “ERE I WAS TWENTY-ONE . . .”

At twenty I was subdued to their yoke,
My mother learned that I wrote *Hamlet*,
Prince of Denmark, and then I was lost.⁶³ (652)

'Tis true, the wheel has come full circle;
I'm here and it is time to speak. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told let sorrow split my heart,
If I (fail to) print my royal mother or
My father true. I lost all by mine own folly;
Ere I was twenty-one, I was a pack-horse
In his great affairs; to royalize his blood,
I spent mine own much better blood than his,
And, though he was a liberal rewarder
Of his friends, he forgot his own poor son. (650)

I shall not spend a large expanse of time
With my dead happiness, that is too smothered
With living woe, but I will tell the tale
Of my most pleasing stay in Paris.

First, I did lose a fair goddess — a princess
Whom I most dearly loved. Ah! Woe is me!
And then they put the name of king upon me,
And hailed me father to a line of kings;
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a brazen sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand.

“Pray, you be careful sir. These are strange things
Not safe to say. You were enthroned?”

“Aye, between them in chairs of gold,
In the common show-place in the tower.”

“What tower?”

“The one we now call Julius Caesar's Tower,
Where Richard slaughtered his brother babes,
And drowned his brother Clarence that fought for him.” (651)

“You say your mother forced you to yield the throne?”

"I do; alas! My heart will burst if I speak not!
They did propose the words which made me a subject;
By my father's mouth I did resign the chair,
And my mother cast me from my condition."

"Your father dared not call you son!
He must have recompensed you very nobly." (652)

"My poor services, sir, for some cause he let go.
In short, he first restrained my mother from me,
And then he did mistake me for a traitor,
So I was stayed in my poverty.

I am proclaimed, even to full disgrace,
While before the world my ungrateful father
Doth stand up blest — nay, godded indeed." (650)

"My father's nature I rightly read, for he
Persuaded the Queen to marry him, in hopes
That by his marriage he would crownéd be,
No doubt agreeing *to bar his progeny*
To place himself in the imperial seat.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Ambitious Leicester would now *seek to curb . . .*"

. . .

"*At twenty*, I was to their yoke subdued,
And this forehead which should (if right were right) (652)
Be hid with a golden crown, was branded
With treason by the clamorous report
Of a slave, a villain, a toad. This toad⁶⁴ did tell
My mother that when I was late in France,
(Banished, as your highness knows) I was strangely
By treacherous people visited, and that
I did espouse that part of the Scottish Queen
And so the Earl made me follow the law,
And did set bounds between the kingly title
And me. I'm bound, by oath, on my peril,
Not to alter my condition, and forbid
To say I am the child of royalty,
And, should I tell, *I would be hanged*; but this

Like hectic in my blood, did rather exasperate
Than make me afraid."

. . . .

My mother learned that I wrote *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*,
And then I was lost. My father found I had collected,
(While I was busy in the administration of law)
Scenes in stage plays and masks, and that
I, in disguise, had trained the brethren. (652)

My noble father, one night, pried through
The crevice of the garret wall where we rehearsed
Our play, and laughed so heartily that both his eyes
Were rainie. Then he, looking near, saw who
Did instruct each scholar for his part. Two nights together,
Did he hear me deliver instructions
To Marcellus and Barnardo on their watch;
And in the dead waste and middle of the night,
My father saw a figure armed at all points
Exactly, *cap-a-pie*, appear and with solemn march
Go slow and stately before them, — my ghost, alas! (653)
My father, all inspired with rage, doth run about
To my door and intercept me, curses me
Awhile, calls me a most unnatural fool,

"For heaven's love, have you divorced your wits?"
At this he bade me hold my peace.

"Solomon says,
The fool receiveth not the word of the wise,
Unless thou speak the very things that are in his heart."

"If you had the best qualities of man,
You would espouse the love of your great mother;
I know she loves you, boy." (654)

"Aye, when she banished me,
And *put to death a citizen*, only for saying
She had a son, heir to the crown, well did I know
Her grace loved me! She's your wife, but have you been king?
She usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true and lawful king, and how am I,

Your son, advanced by the Queen? But, sir,
*By those books and my wit, I shall make all
Nations canonize me, over courts of kings,
And state of pomp, and proud audacious deeds.
To be plain, my grief shall be eased, and if
Gracious words can yield relief, I will revive
My drooping thoughts, and give my tongue-tied sorrows
Leave to speak. And, therefore, I, the poor son
Of this renowned Queen, with act and scene,
Will write and speak, my lord, to sight and ear."*

Then my father, full of majesty in sight,
Spoke in this wise: "Refrain;" (quoth he) "peace, wilful boy,
Or I will charm your tongue; untutored lad,
Cease these your tears and complaints,
And these your idle words and vain requests;
You see and speak in riddles. All that you speak
Is nothing."

My father leaves me, and stirred with rage
Goes to the Queen, my mother, and tells her (655)
I played with the idle company,
And that I became the philosopher to fool my friends.

"I do assure your majesty," said he,
"I saw him yesternight, in a most murderous play
Take part, and I beseech your royal majesty
To let him have all the rigour of the law,
Because this same boy's full of burning zeal
To mend the time, and do our country good.
I would that Jove esteemed him too good for earth,
And would raise him to higher pomp than this.
And, Madam, please you, he spake against duty
And obedience due to you."

Having by this speech
Been moved to it, her grace sent to warn me
Unto her presence, and I came at the height of her anger.

"How now? come hither to me!"
Then did she lock herself and me

From all, which done, her scorn burst forth
And she upbraided me. (636)

“You personate our person,
Do you, among the city wits and act
Your mother’s death? You, the immediate heir of England,
(For let the world take note, you are the most
Immediate to our throne and with no less
Nobility, our chiefest courtier and our son.)
O, by strangling you, my son,
I might have had some surety in the present!
You came on earth to make the earth my hell;
A grievous burden was your birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was your infancy;
And now your manhood’s daring, bold, and venturous;
What comfortable hour can you name
That you have ever graced me with? Alack, alack!
Such an unfilial wrong — to make a dullard of me!
My son, I will fitly bring you to your knees.”

“Your highness, I do not understand thee,
Think not that I am frightened with thy words, (657)
But, since these words are razors to my wounded heart —
I swear that these reproachful words do stab my heart —
I ask in what serious matter I offend?”

“Upon the witness of your father, my Lord Leicester,
You, my son, were seen the night last gone by,
Among the worst company in the kingdom,
Attempting to make them instruments to plague us?”

“O mother, you do lesson me as if I were
A young child! How can you suffer these indignities
To swallow up your child,
And I in but the April of my age? (659)

“Good mother, I humbly thank your highness;
I do not beg my life, as it is too poor; (660)
But there’s a difference between a grub
And a butterfly; yet your butterfly was once
A grub. I am your son — I have not wings,

I am a creeping thing — but yet my thoughts
Do find me out; *prophet-like, they speak to me*
And champion me to the utterance. I will create
Strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel,
And the stately Thebe, who amongst her nymphs
Doth overshine the gallantest dames of Rome, (661)
Shall make the glistening of the noblest poets stale;
And I shall make the seeds of kings, to bandy
With renowned Warwick, who spake aloud: —

‘What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy
Afford false Clarence?’ Aye, I hope to frame
The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,
That, candied by the frost from purest snow,
Hangs on Diana’s temple, as she, with no crime
Defiled, did wend amongst her peers; and make
The hard-hearted usurper, proud Macbeth,
Approach the field with warlike ensigns spread,
To meet unnatural Tambourlaine;
And hoist aloft on Neptune’s hideous hills,
The bloody-minded Neapolitan queen
Who led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves;
Noble Titus and his sons, and gracious
Lavinia, rich ornament of Rome,
Shall speak to Hamlet of his father’s foul
And most unnatural murder.

Our lovely, fair-faced Queen! I will though hell
Itself should gape, climb to the heavenly streets,
Where the gods feed the sacrificial fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky; (662)

And, if I live, I will indeed, make you outstrip
The general curse of death, *and live* in the minds,
Voices, and *hearts* of all *posterity*;
I do beseech you, make not my device
A whip to beat me with.”

The Queen sat mute and dumb, whilst I did tell
This short tale, and unto her did give my hope!

"Fool, I have heard this mangled tale. Hamlet's a prince
Out of thy star, and thou art not well-skilled enough
To prate of little Ned Plantagenet,
Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Hastings, and others.
And hadst thou power, my son, it is not fit
That thou shouldst point me forth, if it be so, as I fear
Thou hast; thou playedst most foully to show the death
Of the Danish King and Hamlet to my enemies.
(They murdered their king in the heaviness of sleep)
And the violent harm that the chiefest princes
Of Rome did put upon their emperors
I doubt not shall be put on me."

"No, no, madam.
God forbid! That will never be; do not fear."

"Why, how wilt thou, I pray thee, who art so weak
Of courage and in judgment, hold mine enemies
That, malcontent, do take offence at me?
Hearest thou? *No son of mine shall ever be counted
England's king.* (663)
Thou wilt not personate the lad Simon,
Who troubled Henry the Seventh!

"Thou wast taken out of thy cradle, conveyed away
In thine infancy, *then* thou wast *brought up in court,*
Where infinite eyes have been upon thee.

I have wept, but the case required that thou
Shouldst always live in grief. (664)
It pleaseth God that we should rule this land;
Therefore cease, forbear thy intent!
Speak to thy mother, boy: 'Canst thou not speak?'"

"Good mother, I desire not to become
England's king; I hate you not, and would not, indeed,
Work you worser miseries; too well I love you
To do you harm.

“You much mistake my purpose. Whom have I murdered?
I used the person of Hamlet and the kings of Denmark,
But you do know the Danish sword is but a jest. (665)
There is no man in the world,
More bound to his mother than I! Good Madam,
Be you contented; you do live, and I,
Your son, will obey you, and will not see
Even your most dreadful laws loosely slighted.

*The duty I inherited from your grace
Towards England, is most giant-like, and I
In all my best shall obey you, madam.”*

“Why this is a loving and a fair reply!
Let me now, my son, see how thou hast performed (666)
The slaughter of the prince that owed the crown,
And the dire death of the Danish king.

Now that thou speakest, boy, like a good child
And a true gentleman, I'll open my arms thus wide,
And, will, with cheer and comfort, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe. *Hie to thy chamber,
Find thy toys; I'll remain here. Prithee go.”*

My mother dost pardon me; I muse, and I imagine
My humble and smooth answer was like oil
Unto the wound, whereby it began to heal
And that she was mollified. I looked upon
My griefs as banished and ended, so
*As a personal favor to my mother, I brought
My cause of sorrow (the first copy of Hamlet)
To the palace. When I brought to her
The best of my matter, she, ere my hand
Had settled down, in passion did tear it
From my bosom, and without even reading it,
Tore it in twain, and sans remorse, put it
Into the fire. Then her Majesty stroke me,
Whereon I gave bold way to my cracked heart,
And did defy her, my father, and the crook-back, —
I called him long-tongued, misshapen
And a treacherous coward, and yet not satisfied,*

Said so much of her majesty, that she
Called in my father.

“Leicester,” said her grace,
“Sorrow and grief makes him speak fondly, like
A frantic man. Away, sir! Avoid our presence!
Thou shalt know I am Queen yet; I will make thee
Curse the words thou hast spoken.
We call the gods to witness, *we will break thee*
Like a twist of rotten silk. Get thee gone!” (667)

I, in most pitiful condition,
Leave this pair of friends and return unto my chamber,
How I got there, alack, I know not, but
Never was one so cursed as I.
A miserable man; and, all enraged, I dream
Of those sweet ornaments whose circling shadows
Do crown my head, and then I wake to see
What I have lost; then pray I unto God
To let some planet strike me down, that I
May slumber in eternal sleep.⁶⁵

Chapter 9 — MY CIPHER INVENTIONS

The cipher may, perchance, remain in hiding until a future people, furnish *wits keener*, than those of our own times, to open this heavily barred entrance-way, and enter the house of treasure. (I-80)

— Francis Bacon,

Cipher in *Shepherd's Calendar* — 1579.

That I, by curious noteworthy skill, so hide this secret, fully proveth, how much greater value *the inner portions possess* than the part seen. (136)

— Francis, Baron of Verulam,

Cipher in *Henry the Seventh* — 1622.

Though it shall not happen in my day, this assurance that [the cipher] cannot fail to come forth in due time, maketh weary labour less tiresome. It is no doubt long to wait, but whatever should have been ordained by that *Supreme Governour* of our lives doth give such a satisfaction, it doth fully sustain and succor the heart, so that it surmounteth all fears. If some call it vanity, I must make the wise man his timely reply, for all things upon earth are truly vanity, and the spirit thereby is vexed. (123)

As my work hath been, from my early youth until of late, one of unflagging interest, I have made great progress in Cypher writing, finding it pleasing, at times mildly exciting. The most constant of decipherers must find many shifts wearysome, and none could suppose I desire this [cipher] to be so concealed that no future decipherer may lift the veil from my secret, but have a grave in my work. Life is too precious, its days too fleeting, to be so used, if no time should come to roll away from the door of the sepulcher this great stone. (121)

It is sore necessity that doth force me to this very dry and also quite difficult cypher as a way or method of transmission. (25) And though important parts may be frequently, aye many a time repeated, this cypher is as a strong

guard, its meanderings our safety, shutting out harassing inquirers. (70)

This work perhaps more than any other which is known to mankind needeth continuance. As in a race he that hath greatest endurance doth come out before him of greatest speed, so here, likewise, he who can long follow this Cipher is sure to win an easy triumph over him that soon tireth and leaveth the course. (338)

The directions to the decipherer oft occur, for it cannot be that he doth decipher everything I write, yet but a part would be sufficient to reveal this history. If you decipherer fail me, it will never be seen of any eye save my own. None is able to put all the fragments of history in place, uninstructed. It is a sealed book if it have not my faithful interpreter. (122) (207)

The hidden history is somewhat like the tortoise, that scarcely putteth his head out of the shell but he endangereth the whole body, and my work is less pleasing to write or decipher, from the shifts necessary to preserve the secret. (105)

We devised two ciphers [the Bi-literal and the Word Cipher,] now used for the first time [1579] as clear, safe, and undecipherable, whilst containing the keys in each. 'Till a decipherer find a prepared or readily discovered [Bi-literal] alphabet, it seemeth to us a thing almost impossible to read. (I-79)

[Altogether] we have devised six Cyphers which we have used in a few of our books. These are the Bi-literal, Word, Capital Letter, Time, or as more oft called Clock, Symbol, and Anagrammatic. The first, [Bi-literal] surely needeth no explanation if our invention have been found out; it demandeth fuller instructions, if it be still unseen; a most clear plain example shall make it stand forth so that he who but *runneth by* shall read. It doth require some fine work of the tool as well as of the mind. (118)

Seek not merely to read four ciphers, for you should find six in all — which I copy here in full, to direct students how they should work out my greatest Invention. 1. This is first — that Clown in the play, who speaks of the plantain leaf, is a wise man; — here Art outruns that grub Nature; — hunt out this cipher or *anagram* at once. 2. Now find a *number* in my *King Henry the Seventh*, corresponding to this, i.e. of the same kind or style. 3. Next add the plays of *Twelfth Night* or *What You Will*, and *Love's Labour Lost*; you will find here *capitals* in two forms, it is your next. 4. The face of my *clock* comes fourth. 5. My *symbols* are next, and 6. is what all shows — my great Cipher of Ciphers [*Word*]. (167)

Having with some care prepared two sets of Latin alphabets — both large and small accented or marked letters, in this *type*, commonly called Italique — so that every word may be used in prefaces, in running titles, prologues, not as a means to render deciphering easy, *per contra*, making it difficult. I now propose their employment in my future labour in lieu of the *plain type*, believing that the eye will be more readily struck thereby.

We devised this *double* alphabet Cypher,⁶⁶ which with patience may be discovered, with another having within the body the keys to separate it into parts, that it may be joined by our law and come forth in that form which first it bore under our hand. (I-83) Our whole Cypher plan doth possess one feature much to be commended, that of perfect safety. (110)

We naturally have a preference, and we own that the Word Cypher seemeth to us superior to all others we have invented, since 'tis of far greater scope. By the use of it, I may make a work of beauty. None can learn how to decipher it till full instructions may be found. If he discover the key himself, before it be explained, it shall redound to his credit.⁶⁷ (118)

When a word has many times been used, making you think it very useless, you begin a course of hunt for certain other words — keys, I have named them — but keep the same catch, or guide-words from place to place. A small tilda, or mark of this kind is used, sometimes to catch your attention, and aid in the search for keys. The mark is often put inside letters, and is near key-words. (344)

To aid in finding keys, some words are not capitalized; whenever such are repeated frequently, take note of it and our design, which we saw written in a night vision. If some of the words are but rarely used, it doth even more conceal a Cipher mystery. (143)

My word-signs are scattered with most prodigal hand, not only in the prose, but also in other works, named as joining-words. You must likewise keep in mind one very important rule: it is, that like must be joined to like. Match each key with words of a like meaning, like nature, or like origin. These are sometimes called conjugates, conaturals, and similars or parallels. (344)

Keys are used to point out the portions to be used in the work. These keys are words employed in a natural way, but are marked by capitals, parentheses, or by frequent and unnecessary iteration; yet all these are given in the other cyphers also, making the decipherer's work less difficult. But his sight need to be as the sight of the keen-eyed eagle, if he would hunt this out, losing nothing. (119)

A pattern soon openeth out of confusion. Any adventurous worker can easily trace it if he doth get the true art. The keys taken are aids only. Seek out all of the works I name. Let all things be done carefully and in order, following the way I have pointed out to you, and seek diligently for the light. (144)

Your recompence [decipherer] should be like my own, that is to say, honor. None, if due you by following our Cypher, will come short. No man may so deprive you of that, hence, for your own sake, we trust that your strength and

patience shall continue until from the books we leave, you work out this gem of stored truth. (60)

It is to man's glory to find out secrets. The wise have the fruit of much labour of other men and do more profit thereby than they themselves. Thus shall you reap where we have sown if you weary not before nightfall. (196)

In the works which appear bearing our plain name on the title pages, this doth so manifest itself it needeth not that we pause to explain. In the early *Essays* and *Philosophical Works* these purposes do stand forth so plain, we think it is love's labour to point out the design. However this is otherwise in the secret part, for although our apparent design must be our self-advancement, none can hold that to be unpardonable in the royal prince whom *destiny hath despoiled* in so great a degree. (109) The desire to leave the world true, unbiased history, doth so stir and rouse our energies, that we doubt the worst motif chideth the best by no such question. Palliation of that offence can be found, and *this long labor be awarded the honor due this invention*. (110)

I may repeat anon, that *Divine aid* was given me in my work. (207)

The Cypher herein contained hath great worth if written out, but like the treasure in famed mines of distant Isles, little can its value be known whilst it lieth hidden. (71)

[In the outer work to alert the decipherer] I use key words such as Paris, France, court, [Kings] Charles, Henry, to indicate my life and stay in Margaret's sunshiny France. (183)

Old men might fail to see a curious, or rather a peculiar commingling of letters in the printed pages sent out, but *young eyes* might note it, therefore there are some marks employed for signs to my decipherer. When *Henry the Seventh* is joined with the six stage plays — first sent forth in this name [Shakespeare], that cypher can be discovered. (196)

Much work must be accomplished in a short time, if many new Plays are to be added, as it suiteth us far better than prose or a lighter verse, whilst it giveth more satisfaction to our readers. Represented on our stage they give more pleasure still, and yield their author much more, be it in gold, or in honour, since the theatre is becoming more popular. (115)

The theme of the exterior works, play, poem, or work of science, often no way concerneth that contained within. In the Cypher history I have put my wealth of poesy, which doth intend nought but the giving of pleasure, and whose design is to instruct. Many are plays, others are translated epics of Virgil and Homer. (352)

Observe my constant timely cipher aids that I have placed in my play of *Winter's Tale*. The play of *Hamlet* hath the commencement of a Cipher rule of no small interest, one called a Time Cipher, because numbers were keys, showeth you the first of the directions, the Bi-literal the second, and the Capital letter Cipher hath the last. (194) (192)

A frequent and tiresome repetition hath been needful to assure the revelation of the hidden [autobiography]. (82)

Our name never accompanieth any play, but it frequently appeareth plainly in Cypher for witty minds to translate from Latin and Greek. (56)

So long as Elizabeth lived, there was danger; I had constantly much fear lest my secret be scented forth by some hound of the Queen; my life might pay the forfeit and the world be no wiser than before.

You can do this work by my rules, and seek for the keys in the plays. First find the gods Jove, Pluto, Apollo, Vulcan, Minerva, Juno, and Neptune, but do not omit any Nymph; add Greek Heroes, some captives; Dreams; the Sacred Isles; Chryses, Apollo's priest; some Trojans; the names of towns in Greece and Asia Minor; some parts also of Europe near the Hellespont and the Ægeum. (167) (168)

Thus continue in *Iambi*, with verses taken from their hiding places in the books I have published; ill worth Homer's name, less musical than the Greek, I still think it worthy of preservation and a measure of honour.

It may be well now to give summaries of the numerous works which (the decipherer) will find in cypher . . . thirteen in number — five of which are named as histories, five as historical tragedies, three as comedies. Coming lately into new honours and new duties, we have written much less than formerly. (117)

The titles of the five histories: *The Life of Elizabeth*, *The Life of Essex*, *The White Rose of Britain*, *The Life and Death of Edward Third*, and *The Life of Henry the Seventh*. (202)

The five Tragedies: *Mary Queen of Scots*, *Robert the Earl of Essex*, *Robert the Earl of Leicester*, the *Life and Death of Marlowe*, and *Anne Bullen* (Boleyn).

The three Comedies:⁶⁸ *Seven Wise Men of the West*, *Solomon the Second*, and *The Mouse Trap*.

The Comedy that I named here, entitled *Solomon the Second*, I am myself represented by him, the seeker in the depth of learning, but like that ancient hero, asking still for Light to go on in my quest. (91) The scene is Gorhambury:⁶⁹ time early morn; low lights burning, revealing a scroll, a pen, many books. My foster-father standing by me thus spake: "Tell me, my Solomon, wilt thou embrace thy father's precepts graven in thy heart . . ." The answer that I gave will also be found. After his exit is the soliloquy. (92)

The next scene openeth on the far-away sea-coast (where I am) making many enquiries in the field of nature concerning hidden things, beginning thus my *Sylva Sylvarum*, not yet finished. The next scene is my own chamber, in earnest and impassioned converse with my mother, pursuing a similar theme. The fourth scene is in a public hall, where one of the earliest of my dramas is on this poor stage. Half

my heart goes out after fame, while half still longs after fuller truth, free from doubt or suspicion.

Proceed in this manner, decipherer. Seek near each key the joining-word, oft repeated, but be in no haste: search out the keys and materials for the building of the palaces. Patiently collect the blocks of marble, which are already polished and prepared: (144)

Like to a king's the shining walls shall rise,
In silent grandeur stone on stone was reared,
So noiseless, so inaudible shall be
The building of my glorious palaces.

My [cipher] labyrinth is tortuous, guarded by a Minotaur more fierce than the one in Crete, and as watchful as a Cerberus. (348) In your search [decipherer] you now must use other plays which are combined, in the manner of the many already used, as follows: Peele's comedy of *The Old Wives' Tale*, and Shakespeare, his *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Love's Labour Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Next Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield*, with the *Merchant of Venice*; to these join the *Arraignement of Paris* of Peele, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and second *Doctor Faustus*. (349) *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, and *All is Well that Ends Well*. When you complete the foregoing, take *Much Ado About Nothing*, Peele's *Tale of Troy*, *Hiren the Fair Greek*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

You will find [reprinted] work much changed. I always alter even when there be more to add, and I may take many of the parts from the plays put out in quarto form to reset the same, having made a plan to increase one by making a likeness in the theme easily suit the thoughts and any sundry verses of others. It may be a long time ere I can put into use most choice lines so culled from early plays, and so

friends may, noting the absence of these lines, sometimes ask the cause. (156)

Now as to my cipher alphabets here [cipher *message* in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy of 1628*], it will be noted many subtile innovations have been made that so change each later issue that it is almost as unlike the precedent editions as *another or different work*. This made it necessary to *alter* the Bi-literal Cipher, and as it doth contain now a very *different* story, do not pass it without giving your attention to these Italicke letters, for a great portion of your aids are to be found in *my third* edition. (218)

I have also employed my cyphers for other than secret matters in my later books, because it hath now become so much an act of habit. (66)

My drama entitled *First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, the *Second Part of the same*, and one entitled *Othello*, reveal knowledge of life wanting in the common plays. These are the *crowning glory* of my pen. (157)

If iterant rules should weary you beyond endurance, pray remember this: the work is as a circle with no apparent beginning; those parts written first may be last found. I would fain make easier the heavy task imposed on you, and my greatest labour hath been to but one end, that of so aiding your part of the work as should assure its success. All hath been at least twice written, as my cypher work or the interior [autobiography] must have covering. (52)

In many [of our works] I have placed rules and instructions. If it shall not be found I could have little assurance of any of my epistles coming forth, since no one might accidentally come upon widely scattered fragments. (125)

When you match *Macbeth* with *Tempest*, it is to be observed, in the deciphering, how like is joined with like — conspiracy in each. (173)

There is a play in some of my prose works, in cypher, entitled *The White Rose of Britaine*; concerning my maternal great-grandsire, King Henry Seventh, and much that doth

chiefly concern Perkin (or as it is often written elsewhere, Peterkin) Warbeck, and the gentle wife, whom the king so gallantly named White Rose of Britaine. The cipher play shall give much of my history, for my own case is of the same nature as Perkin's, but my claim was just, his built on thin air. In this play, though the scenes have their proper place in the history of Henry the Seventh's time, many relate an after time, to that of Elizabeth. (354) (355)

A large portion of the *White Rose of Britaine* is in *King Henry Seventh*. (97) The remaining portions are in my *Essays* and in my *Advancement of Learning*, and in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. When [the decipherer] doth see the name of Lady Katherine Gordon in any of my works, he may know that I speak of her — the daughter of a nobleman of Scotland, my Earl of Huntley — giving to her beauty the title assumed by her husband, the pretended Duke of York. (98)

She was in truth very sweet and fair in form and feature, gracing the name he, dishonouring, speedily lost. Her wifely devotion to the false Duke hath made many tender and most saddening scenes in the play. It winneth, also, much love and honour, and a wondering admiration, her heart showing great strength and constancy.

The decipherer may find it strange I write the history of Henry the Seventh both as a play, for purposes of my Cypher, and as a prose work to publish openly, but it may be understood at some future day far or near, for a play should make a link in this chain, and the history mentioned was required by the King.

In most historical plays note one marked point or feature. Some likeness or parallel is to be observed in them, also the events of one reign seem linked to those of time that precedeth or doth follow, as seen in such as I have sent forth from time to time, for the purposes of my cypher. In *King Henry the Seventh* you shall find some portions to complete

that play, but *King Henry Eighth* is also required, with *Richard*. (99)

This work [*King's Coronation*, in Ben Jonson *Folio*] is also Bacon's [work]. The [Jonson's] *Entertainment* was devised that all should appear in convenient order. Join [decipherer] to this *Entertainment*, *A Panegyre*, and all the following *Entertainments* in their natural order. (50)

In *Essay of Masques and Triumphs*⁷⁰ you may see the much esteemed [cipher] device mentioned. In my plays, matters are chosen not alone for value as a subject to hear and no longer heed. Each play is the medium by which cipher histories are sent forth. (50) Thus all will serve a two-fold purpose, and in Homer's two mighty works (as in Virgil's) a treble, for we treated all translations in the first of our cipher work in a manner very like that we followed in concealing our secret history; but you can see easily that the former are separated into a greater number of parts. This was necessary because of the stories told in them, that could not be used in large portions, in Cypher writing. Nevertheless they served well their purpose, which was to employ this method of transmitting — as it is my invention, possessing the nature of simple questioning and experiment — and to preserve my works. (51)

From portions of my Cypher, secrets which the Queen suspected some one would attempt to publish, may be worked out, [decipherer], with a measure of skill, patient labour and perseverance. Those who shall turn back merely to avoid difficulties, shall have none of the prizes of life. The Holy Scripture saith: Whoever putteth his hand upon the plough and looketh back is not fit for the heavenly kingdom; nor is he that turneth back from this work fit for the kingdom of knowledge. The work you here note, i.e. the *Masques*, must be employed in writing whole portions of the *Iliads* that were difficult to adapt to modern poetry or to stage plays.

It doth not rest with the *stone-mason* to shape or invent his plan — this is prepared to his use — so in this my temple, the model hath not failed to limn as bold a design, which the decipherer must dutifully and with patience bring to perfection. (94)

'Tis [my decipherer's] part to take the hidden secret from this *outer false* covering with which 'tis disguised, and give it to a posterity that is distant. (16)

I fear that my patient, but not superhuman assistant may have become weary, and have given over the pursuit of this strangely hidden story. It might surely be less tiresome to him if my story might be made clear in a single work, but there would have been such danger, in so writing out my secret, it could well work my ruin. (124)

For the good of all these companions who have followed my fortunes in the shifting, changing scenes at the Court, and elsewhere, as well as for my advantage, I strive to continue the history; yet duties of office do rarely permit me to do much with this work, which will account for a few of the mistakes that have occurred. (125)

Fear, lest no reader may note an inner or cipher story, is more present now, and doth question how to make a change of such sort that it be simple but not plain, for no strong cypher is to be read as we read a book. (82)

I have thus far met with *unhoped*, even *unthought* of results, insomuch that now I fear that my whole labour may be undiscovered. (348)

What remaineth to man at the last of all this labour and care? Must he part from all and leave all? Ay; and yet if his arts survive 'tis well as he can naturally wish. If he may have knowledge . . . [and] the things that he loved died not also, it will not be utter loss, utter oblivion. (123) (124)

But one thing may serve well when we take departure, and that is to leave many and widely varied work; it could not be that nought could be saved from a vast quantity,

and ought the hand can produce shall have a greater worth at such a distant day.

It seemeth at last necessary to put forth a full treatise on my worthy cyphers . . . Therefore, there is soon to be a little work⁷¹ which shall set clearly forth these arts that have held many, many a secret from my times to carry it on to the great future. (123)

If there be none to decipher it at length, how many weary days will have been lost; yet — such is the constancy of hope in our breast — we hold to the work without rest, firmly trusting that coming times and the future men of our own and other lands shall at last reward these labours as they so manifestly shall deserve.

Pain is better suiteth with this life than mirth and follies, and he that can say to pomps and vanities, "Tempt me not," conquereth all other temptation. No one can subdue worldly passions without most worthy demonstration that power is beneath the apparent moral weakness. (132)

'Tis to myself and my decipherer that I am now making this confession, not to the world. I speak to give some one beside myself entrance to the Council Chamber of my heart. True, it must not weigh much, for 'tis the restless heart that is thus making frequent arguments with itself, asking, with Pilate, "What is truth?"

By no means shall wordy arguments prove that one who knoweth his birth is royal, but is barred from succession, can so fix his thoughts on things of price that there are no moments of regret. *The book shall tell all.* In perfect trust, to you I bequeath my labours.

— Francis, Baron of Verulam.

CIPHER EXAMPLE

Reproduced exactly as it was Deciphered.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

1611

Few thought an adoptive heire and suppos'd sonne to Sir Nicholas Bacon, wrote stage-plays, and it was to make onely our decypherer know of our new drama that we publisht ought without the so-call'd author's name upon the page . . .
(38)

Rules for that other Cipher . . . will bee giv'n soone, as we wish th' storie . . . deciphered and made cleere to all upon the earth. So great wrongs must bee sette right here, else posterity may not bee richer, as shall concerne knowledge of English historie of our times, than most of this dull generation.

Very few know, to-day, th' injustice done us by the late Queene of our most powerful realme — Elizabeth of England — for she was our owne royale mère, the lawfull wedded wife to the Earle of Leister (Leicester, as oft it will be found) who was our true sire, and we the heire to crowne and throne ought to wield her scepter, but were barr'd the succession. We should, like other princes, the first that blest that royale union, succeed the Queene-mother to soveraign'ty, but punished through the rashness of our late artfull brother this right shal bee denied us forever.

We can win bayes, lawrell garla'ds and renowne, and we can raise a shining monumente which shall not suffer the hardly wonne, supremest, crowning glory to fade. Nere shal the lofty and wide-reaching honor that such workes as these bro't us bee lost whilst there may even a work bee found to afforde opportunity to actors — who may play those powerful parts which are now soe greeted with great acclayme — to winne such name and honours as Wil Shakespeare, o' the' Glob' so well did win, acting our dramas.
(39)

That honor must to earth's finale morn yet folow him,
but al fame won th' authorshippe (suppos'd) of our
plays must, in good time — after our owne worke, putting
away its vayling disguises, standeth forth as you only [de-
cipherer] know it — bee yeelded to us.⁷²

— Francis Bacon,
In Shakespeare Quartos.

Chapter 10 — SOLILOQUY TO THE DECIPHERER
(Written 1600 — Deciphered 1900, by E. W. Gallup)

Watching the storms but saying no unmeaning word,
I put forth *my secret letters* [autobiography].

It may be no eye will note, no hand will aid —
if this be true *I die and make no sign.* (76)

— Francis of England:
Cipher in *Shakespeare Quartos* — 1619.

“Oft do I muse upon the ultimity of this Cipher, and ask
whose hand may complete it. It may be that of some man
in the marts of the city. It may, perchance, be some sharp
spy of the Court, whose zeal would be my death. But my
hope is, that *not the years, but the ages* shall unfold my
secret history.” (49)

— F.B. — Cipher in *Ben Jonson's 1616 Folio*

“Indeed he, the decipherer, is to me a friend who can
reach out his hand across the abysm of the ages, and give
such aid as none present hath given.” (131)

“You, [decipherer] I know, muse on it, wondering at a
tale *so oft overlooked by many*. Axes would fall with swift
justice on the head of the adventurous man that should
openly insert such history here.” (11)

— Francis B. — Cipher in George Peele's
David and Bethsabe — 1599 . . .

“. . . to my mind the decipherer is the modest confessor,
who listeneth behind a lattice to what I do impart.” (131)

“This [cipher] shall be the great work of this age. Its
fame shall spread abroad to farthest lands beyond the sea,
and as the name of Francis Bacon shall be spoken, that of
his Decipherer, joined with his own, must receive equal
honour too, when this [cipher] invention doth receive re-

ward. He, it is, our fellow, who hath kept at work despite many a temptation to give way, as some do." (116)

— Francis, Baron of Verulam:
Cipher in *Novum Organum* — 1620

"Oft I ask vainly who will be so endowed that none other can win him from my work, since most are so lacking in sufficient perseverance, that no severe or wearisome task is ere concluded. So weak and inconstant is judgment, when things not familiar be submitted, first wondering much that there should be anything to be found out, then on the other side, marveling to think that the world had so long gone by without seeing it. (96)

"I myself am assured that to labour continually though *never* bringing in my ripened grain, is my imposed task. The only work that I have completed, is concealed in cypher, *which awaiteth another hand* than this to bring it forth, and I am loath to shut its portals. Yet have I accomplished much by most thorough manner and *unceasing appliance of time.*"

— Francis, Baron of Verulam
In: *Novum Organum*, 1620.

"Francis Bacon is the author, unknown among men as such. He in this way, in his Cypher works, gives full directions for finding and unfolding secrets, hidden from those who would persecute the betrayer, yes, even take a person's life. Then take care that he be not endangered by your zeal." (166)

— Shakespeare *Plays*.

"I shut out all but this faithful decipherer, for the instructions, rules . . . [and he] will enter into a richer store of golden treasure even than he has dreamt of, for I lead his eager steps. Hence I say again to you, do keep pressing on, for a day shall come that shall bring its dues of joy.

Life is but one short race; it doth not twice reward us."
(188)

— Lord Verulam.

"In truth a man's thorough opening thus to a friend all that his brain conceiveth, or the soul is conscious of, will oft save his reason. He will eat his heart in lonely musings, for oft a feverous fire burneth in him, as world's visions shifting and looming with wondrous swiftness on the view, woo the mind from its labours to a restless toss, as a ship is beaten by merciless winds." (17)

— Shakespeare *Quartos* — Roberts Ed. 1600.

"So this Cipher shall be used to give my ill and tortured thoughts expression. . . ." (106)

"If hope be lost we die and make no sign. A man doth slowly eat his very inmost soul and heart, when there shall cease to be a friend to whom he may open his inner thought, knowledge, or life, and it is to you, [decipherer] *by means little known and less suspected at present writing*, that we now address an epistle. But if you be as blind to this as others, this labour is lost, as much as lovers in the play we have staged." (1)

— F.B. — Cipher in Edmund Spenser's
Complaints, 1590.

"Yet must I owe to you, decipherer, the favor of making this Voice sound the sweet music of song. I can but frame the verses for your pen, and leave a work of Time unto Time's mastery. *Your duty although somewhat dull* is of *so great importance*, I am assured that it doth requite the pains, but my great fear is lest a weariness overcome you, ere this Cypher, or the Word Cypher may be fully worked out. (343)

"*Do me not so mean a service* as leaving this work unfinished, *I do entreat you*. Make it my monument to mark

the end of labour for my fellow men — principally the *advancement* and dissemination of *knowledge*, yet much for the pleasing of men's minds, while setting forth my history — for I give you my assurance that the work is worthy of preservation."

"As hounds pursue the fox, so swiftly must he [the decipherer] follow the quest till the Cipher histories be found. So shall the man who may have found my invention press forward. Never may doubts and idle fears assail him. A light shineth upon the Path his feet must tread, guiding like fiery pillar, while the night doth darken, and when the sun doth shine. . . . Many months shall this light the way, guiding his feet, and comforting his spirits. No labyrinth can be so winding that he shall not be the leader through all the twisted, subtile turnings." (350)

— *Natural History*.

"In good hope of *saving this from old Father Time's ravages, here have I hidden* this Cypher play. To you I entrust the task, decipherer, I myself, shall never see complete, but . . . it must before long put up its leaves like the plant in the sun, that *I rest content*, awaiting that time." (90)

— *Novum Organum*.

"Labour! I do entreat thee, with all diligence to draw forth the numerous rules for use in writing out these secret works. But so great is our faith that posterity shall give honour unto our name, here and in the distant lands beyond the seas, our efforts are tireless and unceasing to carry out our marvellous work to perfection." (338)

— *New Atlantis* — 1635 Ed.

"Whatever of honour, of fame, or glory my work hath, the great reward given unto him — my friend of equal brain, hand, and heart, as is plainly indicated by his ability to search out my story — must be even greater. This then shall crown your head; it can fall to no other even after we

have turned to clay, *for you must be first whoever Time bringeth after you.*" (188)

"Thus the decipherer doth draw a hidden secret forth, revealing strange happenings as unknown to himself as they have thus far been, to all the world, outside this mycrocosm — myself . . . (358)

" . . . none save [the decipherer] shall reap my fields of ripening golden corn that must *feed the hungry in future ages*. The gods' sweet nectar or ambrosia is not so immortal as my precious harvest shall be. It is *to you I do speak*, and *unto you do I look for aid*. I, alone, am like a child in its infancy, weak and helpless; you must afford strength for my frame. Yours is the hand that must lead me whither my steps would go — the guide, lamp, staff, indeed my sole hope and stay . . ."

— Francis Bacon:
Cipher in *Natural History* — 1635.

" . . . only quick sight could see where my decipherer hath been directed . . . induced by word or sign . . . a faithful man who is to bring this history to *that vast world which lieth dreamless, far, far off, as a thing apart.*" (10)

— F. B.,
— Shakespeare *Quarto* — *Richard II* 1598.

"The decipherer aideth greatly the task of bringing the parts that have been separated back into the proper relations. It should not require great skill, nor more years than I have given to the work." (208)

" . . . since I am Architect, you the Master-builder [decipherer], yours is the hand that shall *erect the temple*, when you shall bring to a selected place the fairest stones which you can find, and cedar-wood hewed and shaped, so that you could raise toward heaven my Solomon's⁷³ Palace, and nowhere be heard either axe, or hammer, or any instrument

of iron, as you put them in place. How wonderful its beauty, no mortal eye hath seen." (171)

— Francis St. Alban, in Shakespeare *Plays*.

"None needeth to mention to my new true, bold friend [decipherer], though far from me, as through the spaces of the universe, both of duration as well as distance, that he will take forth this secret [autobiography]." (15)

— *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1600.

"The principal reason which makes my heart sad, is one such as Nature herself doth place within us — the love of power with desire for right and justice, and though you stand far removed from me in time [decipherer, this I doubt not] it is still my surest hope that you may not let my story lie hidden from all eyes, but will win just renown among men by writing, in *many tongues*, the Cypher which my writings hold within them. (347)

"As the work would scantily pay such of the hunting men as must be rewarded promptly, and who can never seek patiently secrets that be of a greater worth than any history, [so], you are, I do assure you, alone in this adventure."

Francis St. Alban, in *Natural History*.

"There is one in whom we may not only confide with childlike faith, but upon whom we may put off a work too important to lie hidden longer than necessary. This we need not say is our unfaltering, ever constant, decipherer . . . Since Elizabeth was my mother, [there were] witnesses and papers . . . In nine places is this told in some Cypher or other. If too many times seen, this discreet decipherer must make wise selection." (133)

— Francis Baron of Verulam, in *Parasceve*.

"And as I keep the future ever in my plan, looking for my reward, *not to my times or countrymen, but to a people very far off*, and an age not like our own, *but a second golden age of learning*, so keep your own thoughts on a day to be

when all these works being seen of men, your fame, with mine, shall ring the earth around and echo to the Ages that are still far down Time's shadowy way. Truth shall come forth at your word, and lay these cerements aside, as Lazarus, when he heard the Master speak, arose." (208)

"It is so much in my mind that I speak thus oft about it, and take my decipherer into confidence, *which doth show*, one of those *strange weaknesses of souls indrawn, like mine*, since it needeth no proof of the fact that a demonstration would be wholly unnecessary if there were any man living in the world who could understand these things here hidden; but I speak or write *as if the decipherer sat at my side* to take part when required in the deliberation. (129)

"Many times I have a sense of my kind companion's presence, yet at the bottom of every other desire, is a hope that this Cipher shall not have been seen or read when my summons shall come. Therefore, tranquility is an impossible state, and I am torn betwixt fear that it be too well hid, and a desire to see all my devices for transmitting this wondrous history, preserved and bequeathed to a future generation, undiscovered."

"You will find as you progress that I have made your tasks more pleasing than at first, and remember, [decipherer] pray, that your own name is, or must yet be, inseparably joined with mine; therefore, if honor cometh to me by my wise use of the heaven-sent talents employed in this [cipher] invention, you must share in the renown. It is to none other I may look for aid to bring my work forth to men's sight. Your hand may roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher and set this Cipher free. It is not dead — it sleepeth, not for four short days like Lazarus of old, but doubtless for years, *perhaps for centuries*. Is it not then an act deserving world-wide fame? *Trust me it shall not fail*, but in *every land* in which the English language hath a place, shall it be known and *honored*." (52)

— F. Bacon: in *Masques* — Folio of Ben Jonson.

"*Let not my work be lost*, for 'tis of importance *to many* besides yourself, and no history may be complete without it. Indeed, the whole national record must be changed by a revelation of such a kind, but if I have not your aid, *no eye* but my decipherer's shall read that which I have prepared with such great pains *for posterity*.

"Therefore must hand and pen, as well as the brain and a most ready and quick eye, now effect the rest. I must leave it in your wise care in future, for my light of life must ere long be extinguished, and again I do entreat that you be so diligent *that my great labour for Truth shall not lie in embryo longer, but come forth*, when the time shall be accomplished unto the day." (219)

— Francis St. Alban,
Cipher in: *Anatomy of Melancholy* (R. B.)

Chapter 11 — MY MASKS

My adverse fortune seemed the theme most suited to the Plays, published by, and in the name of other men. (517)

— Francis St. Alban, in *De Augmentis*, 1623
“The Lost Manuscripts”⁷⁴

“The cause of this [disguising] *is that I might* be at liberty to *use these exterior works* [for] hiding my secret writings. No other person is cognizant of the work, save my *foster-brother Anthony [Bacon]*; my own brother Robert [*Essex*]; Ben Jonson, my friend, adviser and assistant; and our private secretary, [*Rawley.*] For the exterior part we employ many amanuenses, for we can keep several employed when reading our plays, for our final review, or when assembling the parts.” (198)

— Shakespeare *Plays* — *First Folio*, 1623.

The men who live in the world will much value a work so hidden and preserved when *I shall be no more a living historian and philosopher*, and when my well remembered, but long unheard voice speaks [again]. (342)

These true words would cost us dearly were one of the tales so much, even, as whispered in some willing ear; yet for the sake of truth, humanity, and justice, yea, honour also, we resolved to write these histories, and thus disguised, leave them for wits in the ages adown Time’s great rolling river. (200)

Several small works under no name won worthy praise; next in Spenser’s name, also, they ventured into an unknown world. Devices were needful, — even to publish poems which might naturally be such as do afford pleasure — that my wit, not at all lessened, but sharpened, by constant dangers, found means unknown to those who were most wary, to send out such hidden dangerous matter that was not even doubted. (81)

E. Spenser could not otherwise so easily achieve honours that pertain to ourself. Indeed, this [Faerie Queene] would alone crown his head. I speak not of golden crown, but of laurel, for our pen is dipt deep into the Muses' pure source. (4)

The earliest plays that had my brother's first youth as the times, name Greene as the author. This is but my author name to hide my own. It serveth also as a guard, as none such will be lost in future ages. (180)

Marlowe is also a pen name employed ere taking Wm. Shakespeare's as our mask or vizard, that we should remain unknown, inasmuch as we, having worked in drama and history, have put ourself so greatly in danger that a word unto Queen Elizabeth would give us a sudden horrible end — an exit without re-entrance — for in truth she is author and preserver of this our being. (3)

When I have assumed men's names, the next step is to create for each a style natural to the man, *that yet should let my own be seen.* (34)

To leave a true record of the chief incidents of the reign of my mother, many were my devices, skillfully brought forth that escaped notice, as the play is supposed to be that of Christopher Marlowe. Seeing the good favor it doth win, I no longer question, but carry forward the many dramas in much haste. (93)

When I, at length, having written in diverse styles, found three [Marlowe, Greene, Peele], who for sufficient reward in gold added to an immediate renown as good pens, willingly put forth all works which I had composed, I was bolder. (81)

Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the two-and-twenty now put out for the first time. (166)

So great is our love for our mother tongue, we have at times made a free use of such words as are considered antique, and of style, theme, and innermost spirit of an earlier

day, especially in the Edmund Spenser poems that are modeled on Chaucer; yet the antique or ancient is lightly woven, not only with expressions that are both common and unquestionably English of our own day, but frequently with French words, for the Norman-French [that] William the Conqueror introduced left its traces. (27)

We have poems and prose works put before the world as Greene's, as Shakespeare's, Burton's, as Peele's, Spenser's, as Marlowe's, as Jonson's dramas, or my own, for I varied my style *to suit different men*, since no two show the same taste and like imagination. And all doth contain the great Cypher, revealeth many secrets, and not afeared to utter truth. (200)

Read some plays by our Ben's active hand. When more of our stories, which had truly filled all our chief plays, sought more room, Ben Jonson, publishing this famous work [*Folio*], afforded us this way by which the Bi-literal may lead all our decipherers. Find our play *Sejanus* [in the Jonson Folio], for it is that stage-play, one of early date, that containeth much of that translated poem we named as having great value. It hath a wondrous story, one of the nursery tales we heard in our childhood. It is the story of our own birth and parentage, which must be given to other ages. (57)

My stage plays have all been disguised (to wit, many in Greene's name or in Peele's, Marlowe's, a few, such as the *Queen's Masques*, and others published for me by Jonson, my friend and co-worker. (26)

[Below is Ben Jonson's Cipher message in *The Fox*.]

"Few eyes, unassisted, will take proper note of a Cipher in my dedicatory *Praefatio*, intended to make more room well adapted to guard things *secret*, whether my matter or not. *My friend*, by whose constantly urged request I use so secret a way of addressing the decipherer to aid him in a difficult task, trusteth all to the *future*,

and a land that is *very far* towards the sunset gate. To speak more clearly, I write to *aid* my friend with whom I, having, in truth, his fame in heart, as much as my honour and dignity, often counselled much, but could devise no way by which he should win his throne and scepter. (58)

“It shall be noted, indeed, when you uncover his style, my works do not *all* come from *my own pen*, for I shall name to you some plays that came forth from *Sir F. Bacon*, his worthy hand, or head, *I being but the masque* behind which he was surely *hid*. The play entitled *Sejanus* was his drama, and the *King’s, Queen’s, Prince’s Entertainments*; the *Queen’s Masques* are his as also the short *Panegyre*.⁷⁵ Herein you see the names he used to point the way to the various works.

“When you look cursorily over our part of the volume, you will not let his names escape your eye, but will seek such plays, hoping to find the Cypher. Names like these have their use: Fame or Glory, Reputation, Fortune, Nature, Art, Truth, and Honour, when scattered in any of our works say to you, ‘Look for things hid from most eyes,’ for we thus aided in his Cypher work.” (59)

Yours most dutifully,
— Ben Jonson,
Cipher Letter, in his *Folio*.

This play, [*The Fox*], was borrowed. I could work to turn seekers after matters which were hidden into my other fields and thus cause them to loose the scent. Go to Jonson, his spicy poems, called *Epigrams*, then to one entitled by him *Every Man out of His Humor*. (64) Pass to *Cynthia’s Revels* and the *Poetaster*. A few works — *Sejanus* and the *Masques* — bear the name of my friend, Ben Jonson. These works conceal the *Iliad*, chiefly. If the writings are lost, no part of my cypher work will be so greatly injured as Homer, or my bold, youthful, but worthy rendering of it

into our language. A work of such magnitude as the *Iliad* could not well be twice given in cypher, but many of the other writings are repeated, preventing by this device the entire loss in case others shall be destroyed. (204)

It were a man both bold and foolhardy that should write, or publish, in his time such dangerous truth; yet thus disguised, it requireth less boldness and more perseverance; for I grant it seemeth most wearisome work in cyphering as in decyphering, yea, tedious, but necessary during my early youth and manhood, to protect my life from a thousand threatening calamities. (60)

We write a comedy [*Seven Wise Men of the West*],⁷⁶ a quaint device, for making known the men that do give, lend, sell, or in any other way have put me into possession of their names. These I have used as disguises that my name might not be seen attached to any poem, stage-play, or any of the light works of this day. (197) (198)

Many of the authors, so-called, appeased by the balm of gold when the plays were thought of no value, disputing fiercely when beholders applaud, each claiming the author's laurels. In these scenes is much wit engaged, many songs shall also be used therein, making the action light and jovial. The jests of George Peele are in acts two, three . . . strange acts by experiments in magic are seen, chiefly in that youthly production entitled: *Friar [Roger] Bacon*.⁷⁷ [*and Friar Bungay*]. To this add a play, *George-a-Greene*, and one named *Faustus*, with two of the Shakespeare plays — *Henry Fifth*, with the *Taming of the Shrew*. You will not find this as oppressive as the tragedy. The witty speakers are more cheering than those statelier ladies or gentlemen of that early time, and a spirit of moving mirth informs each scene. (93)

Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe have sold me their names — two or three others I have assumed upon certain occasions such as Jonson's, besides the one I bear among men. (53)

A longer work now is to be attempted, and cipher work in two books (for I propose now to set forth my Burton's *Anatomy anew*, as also this *De Augmentis, in Paris*, (two works of Homer furnishing the interiour), must be so innocent my amauensis can cipher them, thereby giving freedom to my own pen to pursue his course. (520)

Win honest rewards [decipherer] in the praise of your generation by greeting them in our Voice, and like a sweet viol, sound such music that all shall recognise the hand that made of olden time, music that all men found good. Sweet lines of our ever new poem, *Faerie Queene*,⁷⁸ fresh in their minds still rest, and when these in new form come out from the shelter of our exterior works, they afford pleasant surprises. (72)

The same is noted in respect of all works, and the pleasant charm is such as doth come in the dance on removing the masque which hath concealed a face that we love. We lose remembrances unreal, fantasies and a strangeness (even where we be most sensible that only the shell is altered) and we welcome the familiar features. Sometimes the secret epistle seemeth a harsh note and jarreth; discord is suddenly thundered forth, yet is it all necessary, if truth is to be seen and understood.

The books which hath the names of writers supposed to produce the Plays, none were so created, having come from but a single brain, of him who dared state an unpopular thing. (19)

No doubt I will show many errors each day. When Art's mask is in ruins, mark well those features behind it; when Nature lifts the veil that conceals the First or Primal Cause, there shall stand revealed one [not] now recognized; so then shall Reputation be known as it is and not as it is thought; Fortune, also Honour and Truth, shall be seen in Time. (190)

It is your hand which shall make all the right to be known, else shall our dust, lying in its tomb unhonoured by love and esteem such as is given unto other royal Princes, feel in its least particle the wrongs that I bear. (191)

Two parts of my book, which I set before my last works, may be placed behind every other as you arrange the whole to decipher your instruction. I speak of *Prospero*, and the *Faerie Queen* but the other parts must stand thus, as you find them. Let all the remainder be worked first, as they aid in the writing of my brother's history which was begun in the second part, or book, that doth commence one of my great works of Science [*Advancement of Learning*, 1605]⁷⁹ and — continued in the little work styled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*,⁸⁰ and taken up in this poetical work that is republished for this purpose⁸¹ — maketh a complete abridgement of the history given fully in the great [Word] Cypher. (40)

Actors I have used to masque myself from sight, having a constant fear lest my name should be found. (90)

Like a Phoenix rising from its cinders, so the decipherer should free the plays and receive due reward. Much still remain to build into a new edifice, but, 'tis not probable that I shall now falter; for I dread lest too many parts be left to mar the whole when I make the final exit. (521)

Time shall reward our patience if we do truly well, and await the day; if our work be ill, the years will point the finger of scorn at us. I would be no object of such attention, yet do I seek the noting eyes of posterity and *write for men not living on the face of earth*. The Aeons that are to be do not so rudely plunge men of marked eminence into old-time idle night, [when] in full possession of remarkable powers. Thus I put a calm, cheerful heart ever in my books. (189)

My story may be found in this way *after I am dead*;
then must *my name live* among men *cleared* from all sorts
of *blot or imputation*. (181)

A man must observe all sorts of form or ceremony in
his outer life, but the *heart* hath its own freedom and hath
no human ruler. (106)

. . .

Because I could not flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
They did me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Between them all, a plain man could not live
And think no harm. (668)

When her Majesty, my mother, chid me
And *bade me to be still*, my mind was filled with rancor;
So I have *made an audience of the world*,
And through these plays, *speak to the multitudes*.⁸² (667)

Chapter 12 — SHAKESPEARE

The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder,
when she doth speak of me in coming years [as Shakespeare],
for all my labour, looking toward the future,
would bring our harvest-time
when our days are not upon the sphere we now inhabit. (53)

— F. Bacon,
Cipher in *Masques*,
Ben Jonson 1616 *Folio*.

Our new play [*Richard II*, published in 1598] hath breasted the
wave so gallantly, so brightly, a thrill runneth through mind, spirit,
and heart, and great joy beateth in arteries even as in our earliest
youth. (36)

— Francis Bacon
(Rightful) R. [Rex]
Cipher in *Hamlet* — 1611.

This work [*Romeo and Juliet*] may not be known as
mine, as another is now given all of the wreaths and gar-
lands certain books bring. (80)

When this [*Pericles*] and various plays put out in diverse
names have been joined, you shall find that I am the author
that is masquing [Shakespeare's] work thus, that a secret,
aye, a perilous history may be written in better form than I
could well employ if I wished to speak so plain that all
might hear and know my voice. (77)

Bacon is to many only a great author, quick with his writ-
ing. None see or mark the [Shakespeare] plays, yet in imag-
ination suppose the offending scenic plays some task a guild
should naturally do, not my rude invention. I have pro-
duced four Plays from ancient Latin and Greek. (136)

All that learn that I published many late plays under
other cognomens will think the motive some distaste of the
stage. In no respect is it true, yet a motive stronger than
this, since man hath a greater desire *to live* than he hath to
win fame, and my life had four eager spies on it, not alone
by day but by night also. (81)

The exterior plays will be the sure proof, if such proof be necessary, that my word is the truth; for *no one* hath ability to *write* with *greater ease* than myself, yet without much time spent on work. (103)

Few thought an adoptive heir and supposed son to Sir Nicholas Bacon wrote stage plays, and it was to make only our decipherer know of our new drama that we published ought without the so-called author's name upon the page. (38) Most plays we had sent out before our new one had a name of an actor — he who will put it forth — but anon the one who bringeth it on our stage, to win such name and honours as Will Shakespeare, of the Globe [Theatre], — so well did win, acting our dramas. (39)

My next work shall be found in the plays of Shakespeare which have not yet come out. We, having put forth a number of plays in his theatre, shall continue so doing since we do make him the thrall to our will. (56)

All men who write stage plays are held in contempt. For this reason, none say, how strange, when a play cometh accompanied with gold, asking a name by which one putting it forward shall not be recognized. For this cause, if rare stories must have a hiding, no other could be so safe. (77)

Verily, to make choice of mouthpieces for our voice is far from being a light or pleasing, but quite necessary and important mission; and it oft in truth swalloweth *all* we receive from our writings ere such cost be paid. None must think, however, that this doth move us to forego the work. Rather would a slowly approaching death be desired, or hastened, to summon us quickly, than that we now weaken in our great undertaking of writing out our history. (I-89)

Our plays are of diverse kinds, history, comedy, and tragedy. Many are upon the stage, but those already put forth in William Shakespeare's name, we *do not doubt*, have *won a lasting* fame. Comedy, the historic drama, and tragedy, are alike in favour. (115)

For this reason we have resolved to write in these forms, though tragedy doth come to the sensiblest minds most easily, because to such, high and tragical things are more suited than those that are only somewhat real, yet much too nice and dainty, or too crude, vile, and unfit. (116)

Several comedies will, as soon as may be found propitious, be published by Shakespeare, i.e. in his name, having masked thus many of the best plays that we have been able to produce. To these we are steadily making additions, writing from two to six stage plays every year. With the state duty lately devolved on us, this seemeth surely a great task, since as is known to our decipherer, the Cyphers must be first divided, (put out so fragmentary, so well scattered that no such purpose be dreamt of), and when all is prepared, this bi-literal part must pass into no scrutiny but mine. (70)

In the stage plays, two devices [ciphers] prove these twenty plays to have been put upon our stage by the actor that is supposed to sell dramas of value [Shakespeare], yet 'tis rightly my own labor. (15)

We depend on our decipherer, as in recognition of the merits of our stage plays, to collect these all into one tome. Some greatly exceed their fellows in worth. . . . The theme varied, yet the subject was well selected to convey the secret message. Also the plays being given out as though written by the actor to whom each had been consigned, turn one's genius suddenly many times to suit the new man. (37)

In this actor we now employ [Shakespeare], is a witty vein, different from any formerly employed. In truth it suiteth well with a native spirit, humorous and grave by turns in ourself. Therefore, when we create a part that hath him in mind, the play is correspondingly better therefore. It must be evident that these later dramas are superior in nearly all those scenes where our genius hath sway; these Cyphers do much limit the expressions of the exterior part.

Greene, Spenser, Peele, Shakespeare, Burton, and Marlowe have thus far been my masks, which have caused no marked surprise because they have familiar names on the title page, not fancied, but of living men, at the least, of men who have lived. (204)

None who read this cipher story come to its end, until all be completed. This doth grow from the plan itself, the fragments being kept many long years, small portions being used at one time, sometimes in our Spenser's name, Marlowe's, Peele's and Shakespeare's, anon Greene's, mine, also Ben Jonson's, affording our diverse masques another colour, as 'twere, to baffle all seekers, to which we shall add Burton's. (111)

Every work contains portions of my Cypher history; many that have great matters of which *no suspicion* should be raised *while I live*, are written in the Latin, and are the less likely to be prematurely found; for I do not write these in expectation or desire of rousing such attention as shall jeopardize the story, built out of some stories great poets have writ, or sung, that I turned into the best English of my day, to use in my Cypher. (341)

The title of the Comedy is *Seven Wise Men of the West*. Actors' names: Robert, Christopher, William, another Robert, George, Edmund and Francis.⁸³ The scene is London. Other names to find parts are: the pedant, braggart, fool, hedge-priest, boy, poet, philosopher. With these keys you can decipher [*As You Like It*], and as you bring out scenes of much wittiness both in the language, and in the gestures, action, and situations, you yourself shall be well entertained [decipherer], since it is well planned and as well finished. (198)

This history [of *Henry VII*] is contained in some stage plays that came out in Shakespeare's name. Ere long there will be many more of like style; e.g. sixty stage-plays contrary to my own well known style of expression. These

great Plays have been devised, which being similar, often hold the inner history therein, unsuspected. (63)

The story of my entire life is told in subtile ways. My plays now so nearly completed, that we promise we may to him great *glory bring* in whose *name* I write. (115)

Many will not think the masque a perfect vizer, inas-much as a keen, sharp eye might possibly have seen my features beneath it. (99)

The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now been produced have borne upon the title page his name, though all are my own work, I have allowed it to stand on many others, which I myself regard as equal in merit. (54)

Fame it may chance, for the works shall come, though not to the author who hid with so great pains his name that at this writing it is quite unguessed. And the time I am given to spend upon the work is as gold, princely gems, or purple robes. Some that read that which is yet known amongst players as William Shakespeare's, will marvel at so *many* superior works. (158)

My best plays, at present as William Shakespeare's work fostered, will wear a fine but yet a quiet dress, as is seemly in plays of as much value and dignity, and be put forth in Folio enlarged, and multiplied, as the history concealed within required. (155)

So few plays can be put forth as first written without a slight revision, and many new being also made ready, my pen hath little or no rest. I am speaking of those plays that were supposed Wm. Shakespeare's. If these should be passed over and none should discern the secret epistles, I must needs make alphabets showing the manner of employing the Cypher. (101)

To fix my [Cypher] rules well in your mind [decipherer] is the most essential thing at the moment. As half the number I shall assemble, have already appeared in Will Shakespeare's name, I think that it will be well to bring out the

Folio, also, by some means in the same name — although he be gone to that undiscovered country (in 1616), from whose bourne no traveller returns — because our King [James], would be prompt to avenge the insult if his right to reign were challenged, and the sword of a King is long, and where it will not extend, thither he darteth it. (157)

And as concerneth the plays, the truth cometh forth more quickly from an error than from confusion and therefore it is most certain that it would by far be more the part of wise and discerning minds to let this name of a man known to the theatre, [Shakespeare] and his former gay company of fellow players, stand thus on plays to him, [the King] as little known as to a babe, despite a long term of service. (158)

Many Shakespeare plays we will soon bring forth, for our work cannot be carried to completion without them. The matter is not at all times joyous but *it is truth*, in which men are counselled to rejoice. In our plays, just spoken of as being in the name of a man not living, there is still more of this secret history. By following our good friend's advice we have not lost that mask though our Shakespeare no longer liveth, since two others, fellows of our play actor who would publish and disguise our work as well. This will not, however, be done until a most auspicious time. (115)

The stage plays Mr. Wm. Shakespeare held up to public view, have been nearly collected. Some that are new, and many that have lately been augmented are so altered as to suit the purposes and intents of my future life also, I changed, so as to continue this history. You can find the chief of the plays published in *Folio*. I reserve four to be kept until I shall put out in not less worthy forms *all those so long given over unto other men to whose names they have brought reputation*⁸⁴ . . . some early plays, poems — the sonnets, the *Rape of Lucrece* — and in later, put out in the name of W. Shakespeare. It is without any doubt the

worthiest of my work, being so much praised by those judges to whom all are first referred. (519)

Many of these works were changed in ways unlooked for — i.e. by diminution. The portion greatly excelling in beauty, light, and truth to nature, like many which have so long been part of *Quartos* (such as *Hamlet*) at present *are unused, awaiting their new places* in other works now well forward. The *author of such work* shall truly manifest what must seem to be subtile, and somewhat occult.

In the deciphered work thou canst read many wonderful things . . . In earlier days our secret labours might be pursued . . . Such we did indeed produce, so whilst at bay protecting our worthiest ciphers, we turned attention to one never used for any secret work. Thereon all eyes were centered, and we, again doubling our guard, set out many works in print. None were set out before other eyes, without the fear of danger. (527)

It was evaded when at Court, by diverting suspicion from this published work, only speaking upon the matters and things of which any man seemed curious, mingling at the same time much in respect of other and greater things, making the later of sole importance. For this would be perceived: By dealing imprudently in anything, a man shall himself endanger those things he would save. So it must not now cause thee surprise as, throughout our history, fear that our manner and speech at some crisis should betray us, may oft eclipse the greater spirit and boldness that maketh a man's repute at Court. In truth Opinion and Fame do esteem courage above many, or above any other virtue.

Nor is it a thing wanting to us, in that it hath been put to the proof. It doth not in our estimation behoove one — to whom an Omniscient Being, in His own wisdom and for His own glory hath given a talent, a half-talent, or what measures so-ever of ability — to hazard and jeopardize that on which men's hopes of some good for their own enjoyment or for that of posterity depend.

To advance learning it hath been needful in such labour, being most desirous to be inquisitor of the secrets of coy Nature, to make the bricks and also seek for straw. We have made mention, of that constant desire to impart, to those in any degree able to carry on this worthy inquisition, much that we had ourself learned. Many scholars do not observe aught which may be seen by keener and more ready vision. Such are, at best, poor philosophers, always ruminating on other than their own inventions, thereby neither making new discoveries nor assisting in the discoveries of other men. (528)

But faith is triumphant, and the doubts are generally conquered; for we do place men's powers in rank, not so far beneath our own that we give way to distrust. This that is cast wide upon dark waters may some day bring a reward to one who did not sow the grain nor plough the ground; but when it shall be, my Fame must exceed his. This that I do, ever must be held of such value that the work of him who carries it forward can but be, as hath been formerly mentioned, second to mine. (348)

A man's life consisteth not, as the Holy Scripture saith, of eating or drinking, but of that Life which is within us, perpetual as the Creator of earth and the heavens, and he doth cast off all care that he hath carried in his heart.

He leaveth behind him some kind of labour, and that taketh a hold upon the future, making even the life on this earth as enduring as the globe itself. This is true only as the labour shall be a worthy one, that may well endure. (114)

I love the people, but I do not like to stage me to their eyes. I will not represent my own image. (700)

I, upon all of these most precious books have nere asked one word, nor said one, to win praise to my name. (194)

The lack of my just honour and dignity oppreseth little, if my mind be constantly set *upon others* besides myself, nor can any power but the Divine make man's heart happy or sad. *Mind* is the *true kingdom*, ever. (66)

Then I say
Be content. Mutter and repine no more,
For thou art not poor indeed but in opinion;
And to want nothing is divine.

Thou art here vexed in this world,
But say to thyself

“Why art thou troubled of, my soul?
Is not God better to thee

Then all the temporalities and momentary pleasures
Of the world? Be thou pacified,

And though thou be'st now, peradventure,
In extreme want, it may be 'tis for thy further good

To try thy patience, as is did Job's,
And exercise thee in this life.

Trust in God and rely upon him,
And thou shalt in the end be crowned.

The world hath forsake thee,
Thy friends and fortunes all are gone;
Yet know this:

The very hairs on thy head are numbered.
Of all thy miseries God is a spectator;

He sees thy woes and wants and wrongs;
'Tis His good will and pleasure it should be so, (81)

And better than thou thyself He knows
What is for thy good
His providence is over thee at all times.

He hath set a guard of angels over us
And keeps us as the apple of his eye.

Some doth he exalt, prefer, and bless
With worldly riches, honours, offices,
And preferments

As so many glistening stars
He makes to shine above the rest . . .

Conform thyself then to thy present fortune
And cut thy coat according to thy cloth.

Be contented with thy lost state and calling
And rest well satisfied with
The condition of this life;

And as he that is invited to a feast
Eats what is set before him and for no other looks,
Enjoy what thou hast and ask no more of God⁸⁵
Than what He thinks fit upon thee to bestow." (82)

. . .

Chapter 13 — HOMER 850 B.C. (?) and
VIRGIL 70 — 19 B.C.

Francis St. Alban descended from the mighty heroes of Troy, loving and revering these noble ancestors, hid in his writings Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, in Cypher, with the Aeneid of the noble Virgil, Prince of Latin poets. (166)

— F. Bacon,
Cipher in Shakespeare's *Folio* — 1623.

The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*! The first named is of greater worth, beauty, and interest, alone, in my estimation, than all my other work together, for it is the *crowning triumph* of *Homer's pen*; and he *outstrips all the others* in the race. (219)

Next we see Virgil, and close behind them *striving to attain* unto the *heights* which they mounted, *do I press on* to the *lofty goal*. In the *Plays*, I have approached *my model closely*, and yet it doth ever seem beyond my attainment.

Have not the works of the noble poet Homer tossed on the *seas of Time* above *two thousand years*, without loss of a *syllable* or letter? We have to entrust our works unto Time's wide waters, believing that some at least shall withstand the waves, the tempests of long years, perchance of *ages*. (530)

You can follow my plays, as true keys, unlock the closed doors of this secret chamber, in which are caskets like to that which Alexander found, and wherein I hide, likewise, my own books, as well as honored Homer's verse. (173)

Shall not my work endure while Homer's doth, since from it I have formed here a beauteous casket, well wrought, curiously joined, with jewels richly set, for his priceless gift, *no other having such beauty and worth?* Even as Alexander, when he was given that rich and costly casket of King Darius, commanded that it be reserved to hold Homer, his two books — the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* — since *he* could think of *nothing more precious*. (53)

Besides the plays, three noteworthy translations are found in our works, viz. The Iliad and Odyssey, those two of Homer, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, together with a number of lesser works, and a few short poems. There is also the story, in verse, of the *Spanish Armada*, and the story of my own life, the early part, which I spent across the channel. The last named containeth the wooing of our own dear love — this Marguerite of these hidden love poems — and the story of our misfortune in France, the memory of which yet lingers. (118)

Bitter the portion that was ours till our mounting spirit rose above the Styx that encircled us, as in the under world; Greek poets have sung of the souls of ancient heroes hemmed round, that tasted its waters, standing breast high in its black filth. (109)

As hath been said, Homer's and Virgil's [works] *were helpful to me* when the [cipher] was first employed. Finding that this might be followed with ease in my history, by a key that I used, I then followed a similar plan . . . using fragments, in all the works that I published in my own [so-called] name, or that of others. (53)

You will find here the most common themes in any or all languages, polished writings in every style named in any rhetoric, not sparing sundry dearly loved poets, but so making over my early college songs of ancient world lore [of the heroes famed still through Homer *et al*] that no part is lost. Any writings of my pen, be they in *my own name* or in that of my *friend*, [Christopher Marlowe] is the work of the hand you have so long known as *untiring* — of the same restless mind and spirit. Many days pass in the work here given,⁸⁶ but *none but my own self know* of its appearance. (151)

Turn to a book *Alcida* a Metamorphosis, before you decipher the *Tale of Troy*. . . . the divine works of Homer, Prince of Poets, and also of noble Virgil, Petrarch, or Ennius. Works of Homer, printed, *cannot go to oblivion*; and

if our careful plan preserve those rich gems, it shall build our own monument of that which shall outlast all else, and make our name at least reflect the glory, that must — as long as our subtly altering mother tongue endure — be seen afar. (I-94)

It is a great art to English stately Greek verse rightly, and if you turn it again into proper measure, either you must sacrifice the sound or wrest the thought; and the exact words are often wanting to voice its wondrous language. It is *famed* the wide earth around, for its loftiness of diction and its sounding numbers. (216)

The *Iliads* and parts of the adventures of Ulysses furnish our chief examples, as no Greek poet in any aeon hath approached his style or his imagination. Regarding Virgil's *Aeneid*, we must honor it among all Latin poems, but it doth lack *Homer's incomparable, marvelously witching art, strong diction, true spirit, fire* of an immortal youth.

Some school verses and my translations of Homer's *two immortal poems* have a place in my cipher; and the two our most worthy Latin singer, [Virgil] left in his language I have translated and used in this way, for assuredly *they are my best and most skilled work*.

In a play is imitated action of heroes, in the *Iliad* is the real, the living scene. You *see a battle* and *hear* the cries of the *Trojans*, and see the *Greeks sweep* on in *noiseless grandeur like devouring flames*. You feel how Achilles' angry spirit swelleth in his savage breast as he sitteth by the sea eating his heart, and Agamemnon triumphed over the bravest, worthiest Greek that sailed to Ilion.

Keep lines [decipherer] to be added to Homer; in fact, it might be more truly Homeric to consider it a poem of the times, rather than a history of true events. For this good and sufficient reason, the translation should be in the form of verse. I use English Heroic verse, usually paying but small heed to rhyme, like as you may see in my plays, yet in my other verse, rhyme being indispensable, and some-

times — as in the closing line in each stanza of the epics of the so called E. Spenser — the feet being too numerous, you may do as to you seems to be just and proper. (168)

You will find more of history in some works, but much in Homer's great poem. It chiefly makes up my delight-some Hiren the Faire Greeke⁸⁷ — a stage play I published in Peele's name — and also my Dido, my tragedy of Titus, many poems, A Tale of Troy, Venus and Adonis, Jonson's Masks, and much of Marlowe's translation of Lucan, of *Hero and Leander*, and the *Faerie-Queen*, *Shepeard's Calendar* — which now bear only Spenser's marks — Ovid's *Elegies*, and also the *Rape of Lucrece*, all Greene's wanton verses — those mixed poem-prose stories, wittily having for our purpose Achilles or others as heroes — especially *Pandosto*, *Arraignement of Paris* [the last named was published as *Peele's play*], *Menaphon*, *Orlando Furioso*, Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, with *Troylus*, (the story of his life — except as a part of some passage in the sorry story of my early fond love for rare Eve, French Eve, first, worst, loveliest upon the face of this earth, beauteous Margaret). *King of Arragon*, *King Henry the Sixth*, *Battle of Alcazar*; Spenser's, as Shakespeare's numerous love poems of many kinds, sonnets, that shower my Margaret as with water of Castaly, are also part of the *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*. My translations are many times employed twice. If my love poems but show this, you will understand. (180) (181)

Francis St. Alban, *descended* from the mighty heroes of Troy⁸⁸ . . . (166)

Turn to a book entitled *Alcida*, a *Metamorphosis*, before you decipher that mild *Tale of Troy*, that may well be named a cistern, because several river rocks yet give sacred dew thereto . . . (I-94)

It is also true that increased writings greatly lessen our chances of loss; for when portions are widely scattered, most shall see but Latin and Greek in diverts of rare worth,

nor see our free use of great Virgil's verse, translated in school, and the more wondrous Homer, his poems. (I-81)

*Their eyes*⁸⁹ *rest on our cypher*, yet to divulge the secret is not in the power of any that live at present; for it is yet in mere infancy, and none recognize the form and features that it is at length to don, as it cometh to height of developed body.⁹⁰

Time doth now unveil many things unguessed or undreamed of by any. To do away with mystery, we set forth a large work *De Augmentis S.* now translated, to shut the casket, but if the keys [cipher] (152) to it should now be sunk, the story it contains (our twelfth king's nativity⁹¹ since *our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate* in this way) — shall now know the day, nor shall the Latin hide, nor our disguises keep my story from the eyes of the curious searchers in a new mine. Such a prize hath my book to give the student of the work whose entry is far in the vanguard; the armies rearward may lose the glory of it all.

Remember, the *Iliad* is often to be found in other works . . . (214)

In this fifth book of the great poem [*Iliad*], will the exploits of Diomedes be related, who performed miracles of valour and even wounded Venus in the hand. And Mars likewise he drove roaring from the field, hurt and wrathful, for both these immortals aided the Trojans. Mighty Diomedes dreadeth not to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, for Minerva rendered him both glorious and mighty, making his helmet and shield shine like a summer star, likewise increasing the strength of his sinews and the courage in his breast. (266)

. . . so Diomedes rushed along the plain discomfiting the hosts of the foe. Here, there, and everywhere at once he flew, and performed prodigies of valour. When, therefore, Pandarus saw him sweeping through the field and driving the Trojans before him, he drew his crooked bow and aimed at him an arrow, which sped forth so swiftly that Diomedes

could not avoid it. The shaft struck sharply upon his shoulder, piercing the corselet and coming through on the other side. (268) (269)

Seeing this, Pandarus rejoicing exhorted his companions to return, boasting that he had wounded to the death one of the bravest of the Greeks. But Diomedes approached his chariot where Sthenelus, friend of his heart, remained with the magnificent chariot and steeds, and entreated him to leap down and remove from the wound the deeply piercing arrow. Thereupon bold Sthenelus drew forth the arrow, and the blood spurted through the twisted mail.

Then Diomedes prayed aloud to Pallas Minerva that she would aid him in the fight . . . His prayer was heard and granted. Minerva increased the might of his soul and body many times more than their wont, and also made his eyes so clear that they could discern gods and men. Whereupon Diomedes went forth at once, strong in the might Minerva bestowed, rejoiced in heart, mixed quickly with his foes, and slew so many that Æneas, in alarm, sought Lycaon's son, begging him to aim an arrow at the warrior that was making such havoc among the Trojans.

Meantime the magnificent chariot and steeds were taken to the Greeks by Sthenelus, but he himself hastened to return to the relief of Diomedes, who was pursuing laughter-loving Venus through the crowd. In truth, he wounded her in the hand, causing her great pain, so that she screamed aloud. Ichor⁹² flowed from the wound — for they eat not bread nor drink dark wine, therefore blood doth not flow in their veins, and they are called immortals. Iris seeing this, led Venus from the throng, and, finding Mars upon the side of the field, begged his steeds take Venus to Olympus. Swiftly were they borne upward, and Dione, mother of the goddess, soothed her and wiped away the ichor gently, so that she was healed at once, while to fortify Venus' spirits, she told of other immortals that suffer pain because of mortal foes . . . (271)

This completes Homers *Iliad*,⁹³ and the story of some of the great heroes, which I wrote out in cypher. Thus can you peruse the conclusion, and follow the wily Grecian Ulysses, and the mighty son of lovely Venus that she bore to Anchyses — Trojan Aeneas. (309)

In confident hope I have entrusted this labour to your hands [decipherer] and am content.

— Francis St. Alban,
Cipher in Burton's *Argument of the Iliad*.

THE ODYSSEY

Sing, sing to me O Muse, of one to whom
Some rare expedient was never wanting
Who, when proud Ilium he had orethrown,
Wandered afar that he in many lands
Might see fair cities and observe the ways
Of distant countries; yet to him there came
Much heavy suffering . . .

O thou fair goddess, from high Jove sprung forth,
Sing of these sorrows! (332)

[⁹⁴

The opening scene is laid in an isle where dwelt the fair young sprite — the nymph, Calypso. The isle, far distant from men or gods, was lovely, indeed, and yet quite solitary. It can be well seen, therefore, without explaining, fair, sweet Calypso wished to cast a spell over the guest whose ship was wrecked, so that he must needs remain. (313)

Seven years he was thus restrained, whilst he daily longed to sail away from fairest land of Ogygia to that faraway rugged Ithaca, where his wife, awaiting his return, shed many a tear. However, the fair nymph entertained him with so much kindness (and having become the mother of two sons, earnestly besought the wanderer nere to depart,) to leave would have been a cruel action; and indeed love so mastereth her after Odysseus finds means once again of

going to sea, having aided him as Mercury gave order, nor day nor night bringeth surcease and end to sorrow. Grief doth finally drive Atlas' daughter to throw away her life, for she plunged into the ocean and was drowned.

— *Francisci, Baronis De Verulamio,
Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani.*

THE ILIAD

(Cipher Portions)⁹⁵

IV

... Meanwhile, across the plain, the Trojan hosts,
In warlike guise advancing, might be seen.
Then would you not surprise brave Agamemnon,
Nor see him hesitate nor shun the fight. (252)

But when he found a soldier loitering,
Or any that would shrink back from the fight,
To these spake he: "Arrow fighters,
Why stand ye here like fawns, which frightened run (253)
Along the plain, then all dismayed stand gazing,
As if there were no heart within their breast?
Will ye await until these Trojan hosts
Draw night with fire, and all the Rhetaean shore,
Where lie your ships, to ashes shall be turned? . . ."

... Trojan 'gainst Greek, and Greek 'gainst Trojan rushed
As they had been the wild wolves of the forest
And each bore down his man. (262)

Ulysses rushed through the van, bending his wrathful gaze
Upon the foe with threat of dreadful death. (263)
The Trojans back recoiled as he drew near,
And when he hurled his massive brazen spear
The foremost ranks broke in confusion;
Even Hector shrank from the fury of his look,
None there could meet it . . .

Apollo at the sight was sore displeased,
Greatly he grew in wrath, and looking down
From Pergamos, he shouted to the Trojans: (264)

"Ye Trojan warriors, rouse ye to the fight,
Nor yield the battle to the impiteous Greeks,
Their flesh is not of stone, nor yet of brass,
Impenetrable to well-pointed spears;
Nor doth the son of fair haired Thetis fight,

Mighty Achilles, for at the ships he sits
Nursing his spleen." . . .

The preceding verses although more than a running note,
were written as a supreme effort of memory, [of that past
incarnation. See footnotes 88-91.]

PART II.
MY ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE

MY ANCESTORS

Chapter 14 — EDWARD THE THIRD

(1313-1377. Reigned 1327-77)

Though it be not secret, the history of King Edward First and King Edward Second will not appear in our name,

but Edward Third was used for proof of the Cypher we give. (5)

— Francis Bacon,

Cipher in *Faerie Queen* — 1596.

In the plays, only scenes which hold the eye are of use. We commence, therefore, with the seizure of Roger Mortimer, who ruled with the aid of the Queen-mother. Edward was leader of a choice number, hardy and bold in temper, so that when he demanded that he should be declared king, Parliament promptly issued the proclamation making him ruler. (5)

No sooner was he well established in England in great power, than he straightway claimed the crown of rich France, since he was son to the sister of King Philip, the late sovereign; whereupon the council make answer in strong denial of such right, as by the Salic law, the throne is neither held nor can be transmitted through a woman. (6)

The wars which followed were long and cruel. At Crecie, Prince Edward, [the King's son]⁹⁶ named the Black Prince, could by no means be restrained from battle. He was then given charge of the troops at their right [wing], which he arrayed so that the men-at-arms, who being more sturdy of build, stood fastest in line; then with English-weaponed archers he formed a mighty hearse and commanded all to remain firm, nor advance. Seeing the knights rushing tumultuously to battle, his eager men chafed and fain had disobeyed their orders, but the Prince bade his trained warriors stand firm and await their foes. When but a stone's throw distant they were allowed a single stride forward; their aim, being so cool, was sure as the shafts of Death. France saw her bravest of soldiers slain like sheep.

Warwick and the troops he led followed the example in the main body; and Oxford, commanding his left wing, also kept his eager troops in check after the same manner. It was the good fortune of the Prince to slay by his own hand the King of Bohemia, aidant of the French. Weariness seemed far from his limbs, and his courage flagged not, but a messenger went to find [Prince] Edward's sire, beseeching aid.

"Say ye he needeth aid? My lion's whelp shall win glory today. This is a mighty victory none may share." (7)

A victory it was, but hardly won, and it did not end our troubles in that land. The black death was sent upon the people from far-off Cathay, and all Europe by that dread scourge felt the heavy hand of God. By the black death was Laura snatched from the poet. Divine sorrow gave his pen its theme. England was almost deprived of labourers, for the plague was heavy.

In Edward III's long reign, you see the waning fortunes of Prince Edward. The sweating haste of the long marches, completely exhausting the men, and diminishing the eagerness to go into battle; the seductive and enervating revels that the soldiers followed, now made it necessary to go home with his forces. He began to be aware that his return would lack the excitement that attended him on a former occasion. Also that his honour would be far less, his entry less glorious and triumphant than when the King of France rode as a prisoner beside him. (8)

[Previously] he stood high in the hearts of his people. London then seemed to strive to outshine herself, so that they spared neither pains nor money to add to the honour of his glory. On this occasion less glory was given him, and the bonfires, best loved, were so few that he inquired, "Is there no more fuel? Are we poverty-stricken?"

After the decease of the virtuous Phillipa, Edward III was greatly in the power of one of a great number of ladies which surrounded him. He had given to the fair being the

name of "The Lady of the Sun," for few on earth have so dazzling beauty, like to that loveliness of Circe, fair daughter of Phoebus. Her triumphs were complete whilst Edward's sovereignty lasted, but after awhile she drank the sweetness from her full glass and found its dregs as bitter as wormwood. Wise Solomon would have foretold this sudden downfall, if she had but read it in the Book of Wisdom. (9)

After these portions, I show the death of this hero, The Black Prince. That of the King, Edward III, is, however, omitted, my wish being to fix men's minds rather upon the doughtiness that he exhibited, his other qualities of a true and wise man of the old times, when to be King compelled him to wear armour, and lead into a battle — adventuring everything of value, life, kingdom, people — to retain his possessions.⁹⁷

Chapter 15 — ANNE BOLEYN (BULLEN)

1507 — May 19, 1536

In the story of my most unfortunate grandmother, the sweet lady who saw not the headsman's axe when she went forth proudly to her coronation, you shall read of a sadness that touches me near, partly because of nearness in blood, partly from a firm belief and trust in her innocence. Therefore every act and scene of this play of which I speak,⁹⁸ is a tender sacrifice, and an incense to her sweet memory. It is a plea to the generations to come for a just judgment upon her life, whilst also giving the world one of the noblest of my plays. (85)

— Francis, Baron of Verulam,
Cipher in *Novum Organum*, 1620.

King Henry, at the palace, cometh truly under the spell of Anne's beauty — then in the highest perfection of dainty grace, fresh, unspoiled — and the charm of youthly manners. (85) Anne's loveliness and her natural openness of manner, so potent to win the weak heart of the King, awakened suspicion and much cruel jealousy when he saw the gay courtiers yielding to the spell of graceful gentility, heightened by usage foreign, [at the French Court] as also at the English Court. (87)

The King had fears regarding his marriage contracted with Catherine of Arragon, that no good could ever come from the union. Acting upon this conviction he doth confer money and titles upon Anne Boleyn to quiet objections on score of unmeetness. (85)

Despite this mark of royal favor, a grave matter like the divorcement of a royal spouse to wed a maid, suited not with fair Anne's notions of justice, and with a sweet grace she made answer when the King sued for favour, "I am not high in birth as would befit a Queen, but I am too good to become your mistress." Still, despite some restraining fear, it suited her to dally with the question, to make a show of settling the matter as her own conscience dictated.

So [for King Henry] there was no way to compass his desire save to wring a decree out of the Pope and wed the maid, not a jot regarding her answer, unless to be the more eager to have his way.

The love Lord Percy⁹⁹ showed Lady [Anne], kept the wish turning, as a restless mill. Soon the King resolved, do the Pope how he might, and securing a civil decree, privately wedded Anne,¹⁰⁰ and hid her until the skies could somewhat clear; but when the early summer came, in hope that there might soon be born to them an heir of the desired kind, ordered willingly her coronation, sparing no cost to make it outvie any other. (87)

And when she was borne along, surrounded by soft white tissue, shielded by a canopy of white, whilst she is wafted onwards, you would say an added charm were to paint the lily, or give the rose perfume.

This was only the beginning of a triumph; in a short space 'twas *over*. King Henry chose to consider the birth of the infant princess [Elizabeth] in the light of great anger of a just God brought upon him for his sins, but bearing this with his daring spirit, he compelleth the Acts of Supremacy and Succession, which placed him at the head of the Church of England, in the one case, and made his heirs by Queen Anne the successors to the throne. Until that time, only male heirs had succeeded to the royal power, and the act occasioned much surprise amongst our nobility.

The will of the remorse-tossed King left no doubt in men's minds concerning the former marriage, in fact, as the crown was given first to Mary, his daughter of that marriage, before coming to Elizabeth. The question of Elizabeth's legitimacy made her a Protestant, for the Pope had not recognized the union, though it were royal, which her sire made with fair Anne Boleyn. (85)

But Henry rested not then. But if truth be said, the fancy had taken him to pay loving court unto the fair Jane Seymour, who was more beautiful, and quite young — but also

most ordinary as doth regard personal manner, and the quality that made the Queen so pleasing — Lady Jane permitting marks of gracious favour to be freely offered. (87)

Queen Anne, unfortunately, surprised them in a tender scene. Sudden grief overwhelming her so violently, *she swooned* before them, and a little space thereafter the *infant son so constantly desired*, born *untimely*, disappointed once more this selfish monarch. This threw him into great fury, so that he was cruelly harsh where he should give comfort and support, throwing so much blame upon the gentle Queen, that her *heart died* within her not long after so sad ending of her hopes as a mother. (88)

Under pretext of believing gentle Queen Anne to be guilty of unfaithfulness, Henry had her conveyed to London Tower, and subjected her to such ignominy as one can barely believe, even basely laying to her charge the gravest sins, and summoning a jury of peers, delivered the Queen for trial and sentence. His act doth blacken pitch. Even her father, sitting amidst the peers before whom she was tried, exciteth not so much astonishment, since he was forced thereto.

Henry's will was done, but hardly could he restrain the impatience that sent him forth from his palace at the hour of her execution to an eminence nearby, in order to catch the detonation of the field piece, whose hollow tone told the moment at which the cruel axe fell, and see the black flag, that signal which floated wide to tell the world she breathed no more.

The haste with which he then went forward with his marriage, proclaimed the real rigor or frigidity of his heart. It is by all men accounted strange, this subtile power by which so many of the peers could be forced to pass sentence upon this lady, when proofs of guilt were nowhere to be produced. In justice to a memory dear to myself, I must aver that it is far from clear yet, upon what charge she was found worthy of death. It must of need have been some quiddet

of the law, that changed some harmless words into anything one had in mind, for in no other way could speech of hers be made wrongful. Having failed to prove her untrue, nought could bring about such a result, had this not have been accomplished. (89)

Thus was her good fame made a reproach, and time hath not given back that priceless treasure. If my play shall show this most clearly, I shall be content. And as for my royal grandsire, whatever *honour* hath been *lost* by such a course, is *regained by his descendants* from the union, through this loving justification of Anne Boleyn, his murdered Queen.

I am aware many arts waned in the reigns of Edward and bloody Mary, also that their recovery must have required patient attention and the expenditure of money my mother had no desire so to employ, having many other things at that time by which the coffers were drained.

Before I go further with [cypher] instructions, I make bold to say that the benefits we who now live in our free England reap are from her faith and unfailing devotion to the advancement that she herself promoting beheld well undertaken. It was her most earnest belief in the true prosperity of the realm, and not a love of dignity or power, that constrained her to take upon her the responsibility of royalty. And I am fully persuaded in my own mind that had she lived to carry out all the work, her *honours had outvied* those of her worldwide famed and honoured daughter who continued that which had so well commenced. (89)

However, the Play¹⁰¹ doth reveal this better far than I wish to give it in this Cypher, therefore, I beg that it shall be written out and kept as a perpetual monument of my wronged, but innocent ancestress. (90)

“The brave and gorgeous dame, the gem and jewel
Of the noble English court, sweet Anne Bullen.
The Pope announced: — “King Henry, late sovereign,
Sinned against the Pope, in that his thread of life
He joined unto Anne Bullen, before the Pope

Did proclaim him free, and to the eye
Of the Pope, the King was yet married to Catherine,
And could not then bestow his royal hand upon,
Nor marry, Anne Bullen, and therefore
The child called Elizabeth, her daughter,
Was basely born — too base to be acknowledged
Heir of the sceptre."¹⁰² (633)

Chapter 16 — MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
1542-1587

Mary ¹⁰³ entered the great hall wearing a long mourning cloak that covered her from head to foot. The executioner, likewise in mourning, stood in silence by the block. (367)

Then she stepped forward, letting the cloak slide to the floor, and stood up before them in a robe of brave blood-red, and in that sweet, winsome way bade them farewell.

— CIPHER in *Natural History*.

The chief cause now of the uneasiness, is the question that hath risen regarding these plots of Mary, and those of the old faith — a question of Elizabeth's claim to the throne,¹⁰⁴ and therefore, likewise our own. (I-93)

The trouble spoken of in this matter [of Queen Mary] was constantly increasing evidence that a cypher used in Mary's foreign correspondence had been the medium by which a complaint had been made of her treatment, and pleas widely disseminated for assistance. (363)

Queen Elizabeth set me at deciphering this, nor can I deny, indeed, that it grew so clear that it would glimmer through the dullest of eyes that the imprisoned Queen did not intend anything short of her own proper enthronization. She did affect greatly both France and Spain, partly because of her religion, and partly, in respect of France, because of her brief, but happy union formerly with Francis Second, a brother of Henry [III], the sovereign then on the throne. And whilst many of the epistles were difficult, and to me impossible — not having the key — to decipher, my labor had better fruits than I on my own part wished, for I had a secret sympathy for this poor wanderer, although by no means engaging myself on any dangerous chance.

As I have said elsewhere in cypher, Her Majesty had suspected me of open assistance when [deciphering Queen Mary's letters] in France. However, no act or written

word could be produced in proof, so the jealous suspicions died away. (364)

[When Elizabeth's] troubles concerning Mary of Scots began, nothing else had such *exceeding* interest in her eyes as the least trifle of airy nothingness which came to *us* regarding her cousin. Shortly after the return of her rival to her native land, a desire to go thither took possession of her, and she was almost persuaded to go to Scotland with a gentleman from that Court in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gay courtier, whilst her chamber should be closed as though suffering much pain it compelled her to deny audience to every person save Lady Strafford and the physician. But this foolish plan died ere it was brought to fullness of time, thereby making it apparent that at second thought her wisdom doth exceed idle curiosity. (362)

For years the wish lay quiescent. Soon, Queen Mary came hither, requesting a safe conduct into France. This being harshly refused, the ministers, thinking it more prudent at that time to allow her such sure shelter in our own country that she should be safe from her enemies, but whilst in England, this poor Queen was moved from one castle to another, but was not as yet brought before Elizabeth.

Again a desire to look on the face of her foe stirred in Elizabeth, so that new curiosity made her inquire of all who knew the lady concerning her beauty, height, color of hair, quality of voice, etc., very like to the famous Egyptian Queen regarding Octavia, and, to gratify her consuming desire, it was soon arranged by my ill-advised father to give Her Majesty a sight of this Queen whilst supping in quiet by invitation at his own house. (363)

Elizabeth, angered by hearing what passed between Queen Mary and my father, stepped forth quickly, disclosing herself and administered a reproof my father understood far better than Queen Mary could. 'Tis a subject of wonder that it did not sign both death warrants.

Her Majesty [nevertheless, did take her revenge], whilst to bear out their stage play, she proclaimed Baron Dudley, Earl of Leicester, suiter to Mary, Queen of Scots, [in spite of] protests the [troubled] husband uttered, for my father, gay court idol as he was, guarded his secret [marriage to Elizabeth]. (61)

'Tis a grievous fault, aye, a dreadful crime, to conspire as Mary of Scots did against a great Queen. The very power and grandeur awakeneth a reverence or a veneration in the heart, and give a sovereign much in common with our Supreme Ruler. (364)

The Armada had come and gone, dispersed partly through the ready action of England's seamen, partly through the tempest of the flood. Many of the old faith remained in different portions of the country; these yet smarting under the blow to the hope of restoring the Church of Rome to supremacy that the execution of Mary of Scots gave them, were not at heart good subjects, but the spirit and daring that Elizabeth showed had effect. (63)

A short respite followed, and had Queen Mary been warned by the experiences of her very great danger, calamity might have been avoided; for the divided mind of Her Majesty, swaying now here, now there, at no time long clung to revengeful intents. Thereunto, prompted by her prudent advisers, Elizabeth at length adopted a policy so mild in its nature that her foe could not make just complaint, and the matter then rested quiet a short time. (364)

Such, however, was by no means Lord Burleigh's manner. In truth, so determined was he not only that sentence of death should surely be pronounced against Mary when she was brought to trial — if trial that may be entitled, when the hapless prisoner must needs choose from the counsel of her foe to obtain any defender in the proceedings — but, likewise, that the harsh sentence should not linger in execution. (365)

Soon there was a secret interview between Lord Burleigh [Robert Cecil's father], and the Earl of Leicester, to which was summoned the Queen's Secretary, who was so threatened by his lordship — on pain of death, the poor fool, — that he *signed* for the Queen, and affixed the great seal to the dreadful death warrant.

The life of the Secretary was forfeit to the deeds when Her Majesty became aware that so daring a crime had been committed, but who shall say that the blow fell on the guilty head; for Davison was only a poor feeble instrument. Therefore blame doth fall on those men, great and noble though they be, who led him to his death.

This showeth any who have thought Elizabeth too severe to her cousin that, though she had prudence sufficient to keep her arch-enemy in seclusion, by no means was the heart so flinty as to send the unfortunate woman to her death before her time.

Some doubtless supposed that some spirit of justice was aroused respecting Elizabeth's own right, and believed that it manifested itself very plainly in the *choice* of Mary's son to succeed her, but I know that *her strong oath* concerning me, the real heir to the kingdom, had greater weight than all things else. It was still constantly in her mind, so that she made it her *religion to do injury* to me. (68)

The Duke of Norfolk, it is quite true, lost his life through too much zeal to Mary's cause, springing from a rash desire to wed the lady, notwithstanding the charges that were preferred against her. However, the removal of one duke was but a small matter compared with that of a Queen. A man's head stood somewhat tickle on the shoulders then, nor did he think his life hard or cruel, were such exit provided him. (365)

But to return to the narration, which is a painful theme to me now as in that sad time, and furnished me the subject matter of one of my *Cypher* tragedies.¹⁰⁵ This warrant of death reached Fotheringay much sooner than it was ex-

pected by any there attendant upon the wrongly accused Queen, for whatever her fault, it is known that all plots in her favor against the life of the Queen, my mother, had their origin outside of England, but being the center thereof, whether cognisant of them or not, she would by the law be attaint of treason.

Furthermore, being Catholic, she held the divorce of Henry Eighth from Queen Catherine unlawful, in very truth, and unjust; his marriage with Anne Boleyn, therefore, could but be an unsanctified union, and their children bastards. Granting the premise, Mary of Scots should have succeeded Mary of England.

Again I have somewhat digressed, but the theme is so heavy I cannot follow it without taking short respite at intervals. At the appointed time on that sad day, Mary entered the great hall of her prison castle (which for this occasion we re-draped in black), wearing a long mourning cloak that covered her from head to foot; with her were her attendants. The executioner, likewise in mourning, stood in silence by the block, and, disposed in pairs about the room, were the English Lords, Kent, Shrewsbury, Montague, and Derby, idly conversing. (367)

The Queen looked pale from want of rest but was calm and composed. She asked for the services of her own priest; it was refused with needless sternness. She spake little more, prayed in clear tones for some minutes, commended to God her suffering soul, to Philip of Spain the quarrel with England and her claim to the throne. Then she stepped forward letting the cloak slide to the floor and stood up before them in a robe of brave blood-red, and in that *sweet, winsome way* most natural to a woman and to her in highest degree, she bade her waiting women farewell, thanked Lord Montague who had spoken for her when the lords sat in council, and bade him adieu. Afterward there came a moment of hesitation — then she spake graciously to each one in her presence and was led to the block.

So ended Mary of Scots, but her sad story is set down
herein, and in my heart her beauty still liveth as fresh as
if she were yet amongst the living.

— Francis Saint Alban.

Cipher in *Natural History* 1635

Execution occurred in 1587

King Henry the Seventh
Married his eldest daughter, Margaret,
To King James the Fourth of Scotland, and there
Was born unto this king a son, who was christened
James, and who, shortly after the Scottish king died,
Became the king. . . . (670)

James the Fifth did in the year
Of fifteen hundred thirty-seven, cross o'er the sea
From Scotland into France, and did effect
A marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Guise
Mary of Lorraine; this lovely maid of modest mind, (635)

Became the mother of two sons, that were,
When children, brought to death, and one beauteous
Daughter, Mary — a notorious tool of Rome.

This lovely creature was, in happy hours,
Married to Francis Second, King of France,
And as it chanced did not live long, (636)

And thus it came to pass
His wife, without issue, did come again
Into Scotland, and there did take Lord Darnley

To be the king of her false heart. The princess vex'd
The noble Scottish peers, and did estrange
All due allegiance and love from her,

When she did contract herself
To this bold, bad man, who became sire to James
The First of England.

Therefore our Queen [Elizabeth], and the Queen of Scotland,
In blood were equal, for they both depend
Upon England's great king, *Henry the Seventh*,
Who was their grandsire. (671)

Francis: "Rome, for the undoing of the kingdom of England,
Provoked wars, plagues, schisms, heresies, and what not,
And, under pretence that Mary had title
To the crown, stretched forth her malignant hand,
And touched the bastardy of my mother
To advance Mary's title to the crown,
And to claim the royal chair was empty, —
The crown and empire unpossessed — the sword
Unswayed — no heirs of York alive — and that Elizabeth,
Who was crowned England's queen,
Was not a subject of the Queen of Scots. (631)

"The doubt of Elizabeth's legitimation, was
Out of political consideration, kept open by
Scotland the better to continue alliance
With Spain and France; this provoked Queen Elizabeth
(Who was the proudest Queen that England ever knew), (671)
So that to be revenged for the scandalous words
Spoken against Mistress Anne Bullen (her mother)
And herself, she pent up close the hapless Queen.

"Yes, she is dead, the Queen of Scots,
My mother was a traitor, so was my father —
Oh, I shame to speak of it, but truth is truth!"¹⁰⁶ (638)

Chapter 17 — MY SIRE

1533-1588

In our [autobiography] are two things that *do not* appear in any history written openly, viz. Queen Elizabeth, her secret union with the Earl, and the other sad tale giving the story of the unwelcome birth of the Queen's offsprings, ourself and Robert. (108)

— Francis, Baron of Verulam
Novum Organum — 1620.

Robert Dudley, my father, suffered imprisonment because he was concerned in the attempt to enthrone Lady Jane Grey;¹⁰⁷ yet, being at length released, his sun of prosperity rose high, for his union with Elizabeth, afterward Queen, made him first in this kingdom, next to his royal spouse. But, not being acknowledged such publicly, nor sharing in her honours, my poor father was but a cipher. (60)

— F. Bacon

— Cipher in Ben Jonson *Folio* — 1616.

At our father's most earnest request, this tale must be made very full so that no reader could doubt its true design. Other things, no matter how great, or vast, must yield place. Yet it was his wish to have it told openly in our books. That we hold imprudent. (71)

We place as great value upon this play [*Much Ado About Nothing*], as we shall on any we can write, for it is our own father's life, a theme so much in my own dark memory I must needs think of it oft, and thus its wrongs moving strong indignation within me, my tongue and pen are fired to eloquence. And the scenes do show the fury of the heart within them, the words burn with a celestial light, for to my soul it lent its ray divine, even as I wrote. (207)

A king's daughter [Elizabeth], wed as her wishes dictated, not through negotiation and by treaty. Aye, few guessed that her suitor was her wedded lord. (I-87)

I, being the first son, and born in proper and just time after my royal mother, her marriage, should sway England's sceptre and sit in her chair of state. But Elizabeth,

who thought to outcraft all the powers that be, suppressed all hints of her marriage, for no known object if it be not that her desire to sway Europe had some likelihood thus of coming to fulfillment. Many were her suitors, with whom she executed the figure of a dance, advancing, retreating, leading, or following in sweet sympathy to the music's call. But ever was there a dying fall in those strains — none might hear, only she or my father — and the dancer's feet never led to Hymen's lofty altar thereafter. (83)

My royal mother joined herself in a union with Robert Dudley whilst the oath sworn to one as beloved yet bound him. I have been told he aided in the removal of this obstruction, and death overtook his sweet wife, Amye.¹⁰⁸ 'Tis, I greatly fear as true, even as 'tis mysterious, and left a foul blot that is clinging yet to his name. The tidings of Amye's demise was not altogether news to one whose mind was too eager to hear it. To divert curious questioning from the royal union, many shifts and turnings were a necessity. (16)

Lady Anne Bacon made free and full revelation [to me, Francis] how this secret marriage with the Earl, our fond sire — whom we knew little and loved not more than was due — was consummated [with the Queen, our mother]. (I-86)

The Earl of Leicester¹⁰⁹ foresaw the day when he might require the power the (second marriage ceremony) might grant him, and no doubt this proved true, although we, the first-born son of the secret union have profited by no means therefrom, since we unfortunately incurred his most rancorous ill will, many years back. (I-88)

I fain would attest how painful this acting parts did seem unto my father, for, said he, "A mortal man may speak falsely upon occasion but he be a strange man who dared live a falsehood," nevertheless, he did live thus, the unacknowledged husband of Queen Elizabeth. But he was an unwise and most artless actor, and oft did give sad trouble

to some of our managers or controllers, those in the haughty Burleigh's¹¹⁰ employ. (359)

For the space of nineteen or twenty years, my father, gay court idol as he was, guarded his secret marriage to Elizabeth, and basked in the sunshine of royal favour. (61) By degrees he was given title and style suiting so vain a mind better than would the weight of government were conferred on him. He was first made Master of the Horse; this gave him control of the stables, and gave him such place in the royal processions as he very truly desired. Next Her Majesty also conferred upon him the titles of Baron of Denbigh, Master of the Queen's Her Majesty's Horse, of the Order of the Garter, her Highness' Privy Councilor, etc. (I-87)

To bear out their stage-play, until their parts should be done, Her Majesty, like some loud player, proclaimed Baron Dudley, Earl of Leicester, suitor to Mary, Queen of Scots, [in spite of] all protests the harried husband uttered. (61)

[After the above episode] Her Majesty softened so much towards my unthinking father, that instead of driving him away implacably, she gave him command at once of her army in foreign wars, and dispatched him as Master of the Horse of Her Majesty's army in the Netherlands. (364)

We were in good hope that when our diverse small poems might be seen in printed form,¹¹¹ to show our God-given powers and gifts of song, the approval of our father, the Earl of Leicester might be gained, for in a way having matters in his hands regarding the recognition and the remuneration Her Majesty should offer, rewarding so great labours. (4)

[But] our sire, who loveth his peace, and quiet enjoyment of the royal kindness so much, that no love of his offspring is manifest. (I-87)

Yet, in course of time, our subtile father, handled matters so that he came nearer to obtaining the crown for my brother than suited my wishes and claims, making pretense

of consulting my tastes and fitness for learning. That Robert was of bolder temper and more fiery spirit I can by no argument disprove, but I want no royal parts, and right of primogeniture may not be set aside without some costly sacrifice, as modesty or good fame. (84)

Stopping short of this irreparable wrong, my father took but slight interest in the things he had been so hot upon. Little wonder that false fancy swayed, where better judgment had lost power, and that impatient Lord Leicester won nought in that struggle but fear and distress. My just claim he set aside, however unmeet and unjust. (45)

Therefore we must marvel to see him later claim advantage of Her Majesty's bold mood to take another partner¹¹² to his bosom, rightly devining that she would not show cause why such an union could not be fitly considered or consummated, but venturing not upon full confession thereof. However, Her Majesty dwelt not for long in ignoble inaction — the force that she gave to her angry denunciation affrighting the wits of this poor Earl, until he was again turning over expedients to rid Elizabeth of this rival. Suspicion again fell on the misguided man, of seeking to murder the partner of his joys, but Heaven brought his own doom suddenly upon him. (61) An accidental death took the Earl, so that [no witness] was left to plead our cause.

Yet, I am persuaded we had won out [in obtaining the crown] if Elizabeth's anger against the Earl, our father — who ventured into matrimony with Dowager Countess of Essex, assured, no doubt, it would not be declared illegal by our wary mother. In the presence of several that well knew to whom Elizabeth referred when she was ill in mind as in body, and the council asked her to name the king, she replied, "It shall be no rascal's son," and when they pressed to know whom, said, "Send to Scotland."

Francis' foster-mother, Lady Bacon, recounts past events;¹¹³

"[Queen Mary] heaped upon her sister [Elizabeth]
Bitterest smarts, and her royal person consigned
Unto the Lord Warden of the Tower.
With her in the ancient Roman Tower
Were a hundred lords, that therein
Bewailed the fortunes of their vile disgrace
Amongst them was, through his own fault, your father.

Well, one day it fortune'd, Elizabeth came by,
She was an accomplished, sweet young gentlewoman,
And with any princess in the world in beauty.
Each of the other worthy were, and both
Were stricken by young Cupid's dart." (199)

. . .

Robert Dudley:

" 'Gentle Monk, shepherd of the people,
Here in this prison is a maid that loves me,
And I propose to marry her. (202)
So I sue to you, Friar Cornelius
Quickly to perform the marriage.' (203)
With that *he marries them.*"¹¹⁴ (224)

. . .

Lady Bacon: "Come, I have a secret to reveal
It concerns your honour and your parents.
Your foolish sire blemished his gracious name
By consenting to the death of his lovely wife
Her death was laid both to the Queen and to your father."¹¹⁵ (226)
" 'Now,' [said Elizabeth,] 'My Lord, I claim your hand,
And I demand of you that you shall run a certain course,
And get one of our gentlemen to send young Ayme
To her death.

I know you love the woman, so
She must have a husband, while
This child within my womb must punished be,
But by the dishonour that I feel,
I will kill you both
Before tittle-tattling idiots speak of my condition,
And their imagination feed upon my foul dishonour.
Sir, five days do we allot thee to remove her.' (230)

“ ‘Within five days’ space,’ said he, ‘she’ll be dead.’
And he did keep his word. (247)

“ ‘Now get you gone and tell my fool Pace
I would speak with him.’ [said Elizabeth]. (232)

“Your traitorous father thus resolves
To make an end of her.

I have heard he tried to poison her,
But I know not why she swallowed it not.
Then whilst that night she in her chamber lay,
Some one did cry, ‘Ayme! Ayme!’ (248)

“ ‘This, by his voice, should be my lord,’ said she
And from the great chamber to the landing ran;
And thinking the pillars steadfast and firmly stayed
Did lean upon the rail,
But it, not capable to sustain a rush
Or the impressure of her palm, went down
On the slippery standing.

She tremblingly a moment stood and cried to heaven;
Then from human help exiled, with earnest moan
She on the sudden headlong dropt
Down, down, down to the hard court beneath,
And her neck asunder broke.

“There was no proof against thy father,
Her Majesty, thy mother, so terrified the souls of all
That the supporters of the commonwealth
In subjection slavish maintained
That Ayme with herself made way or died by accident. (250)

The Queen took this man and was married to him
Like a begger under a bush,
Not in church, but in secret. My gentle lord
[Nicholas Bacon] performed the marriage service.”

“Did you the Queen’s wedding attend?”

“I, and *I alone* of all the attendant train
Of Eliza’s fair ladies, *in company of my Lord Puckering*,
Saw her nuptial.

*"But come, my boy, fair Phoebe with her silver hue
The dark canopus of grim night illuminates,
As she in the heavens above doth march."*

*"Pardon me, madam,
The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway and Titan's burning wheels."*

*"Then ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dew to dry,
Let's to our rest."*

"Good night, dear son, I'll tell you more anon." (251)

Francis: "All that did witness the royal spousal
Are dead, and never shall revive, (669)
My reputed father died of a cold
Before my return out of France; his wife,
The lady Anne Bacon, fell into a sadness,
Then into a madness, and then she passed away.

"My father, Lord Leicester, on the occasion
Of his journey between his castle and the city,
Was slain by poison in a cup of sack;
Now what remains?"

Sir Knight: "Truly, to speak plain to you,
If your mother murdered your father, you are gone.
You may, by agitation of this matter, my lord,
Turn the anger of your mother against you."

Francis: "No jocund thought sit smiling
In my heart; I mourn in black."

Chapter 18 — MY MERE
Sept. 7, 1533 — March 24, 1603

This aphorism doth reveal the name I should bear. This is Tudor.
Since Elizabeth was my mother, 'tis my own lawful cognomen,
and by right my brow deserves the rigol, my body robes of purple.
(133)

— Francis, Baron of Verulam,
— Cipher in *Parasceve*, 1620

This story concerns some of the chief personages of the realm,
first of all, our late despised parent, the cause and the renewer of the
ills that we endured. My sole object doth appear in this later play,
Sejanus. (55)

None knew half so well as I the underplay carried along in
Court, in order to secure my withdrawal from an unexampled field,
wherein a mother strove against a son whose right to the succession
to the throne she did ignore and constantly avoid. Her unbending
stern temper, strong in death, set the seal upon my future as on my
past life, since her will was the law governing both.

My own spirit alone doth attest how potent for good or for ill
the dicta of such a woman may be.

— F. Bacon,
— Cipher in *Sejanus*, masked by Ben Jonson.

The scepter was denied me by a foolish mother, herself
a Queen. (83)

I have need of the very caution which kept these secrets
from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy
and my life was the forfeit, nor may I now speak openly,
yet many men for a kingdom would break their oaths.
(346)

Axes, with swift justice would fall on the head of the ad-
venturous man that should openly insert a true history here.
Her Majesty would, by so mad daring, dub me to the cour-
ageous men of our broad land as a Son of Folly. (11)

A true account of my mother's favorite treasure is strictly
given in my history, her love of golden praises, of silver-
tongued words of flattering speech, dialogues of compli-

ments and princely sayings, or ceremonies. It formed her chief wealth, while, unlike the mother of the Gracchi, she did not reckon sons as jewels, nor did she openly acknowledge either my brother or myself — born princes — heirs to the kingdom. (353)

In Queen Elizabeth no sense of justice was so strong as her loves, though her self-love overmastered every emotion. (154)

The renewed maidenlike pretense made me know the intent held by this vain-minded, self-loving woman. Daily, a son with proud humor mirrored her best graces, but she was nere moved to retract a single wrathful oath or yield a word of approval. (76)

Loss of kingdom would be less to [Elizabeth], than the utter loss at home and abroad of the adulation of all. (525)

She was my mother, yet I, more than any other, have cause to curse her. I answer here a few of the world's accusations. I, after insult above your just conceit, open my hard lips for my first lengthy complaint, uttering here much of the gall and natural wrath my burdened heart has carried many a year. (186)

A son can never share in regal and governing duties, but Essex at one time grew very arrogant, having for a fair season our gay mère's honorable and sustaining favour and the ardent interest of our père. (17)

Her will was like stern iron-hearted kings of days of yore, but she was vain withal and loved the admiration of all men, especially of princely visitors coming to woo. All suitors had such hope of success as turned some heads, no mention being made of impediments, — the Duke of Anjou¹¹⁶ paying the compliment of an arrangement whereby their sons should receive instructions in Roman Catholic faith, the daughters in the Protestant. Such play did well agree, suiting Elizabeth's vain soul and nursing a kind of pride akin to ill-starred Marguerite's, and to her sadder-fated mother's — fair Anne Bullen's. (205)

Her wisdom, however, saved her in this, as the love of devotion was the surface of her character — not a main current. It will be noted that she did inherit much of the stern disposition that characterized her sire and grandsire. Henry, sire, showed it less, as it mingled with heartiness and fresh spirits, but as every Tudor, down from our ancestors to one named Robert [Earl of Essex], loved his own will and his own way, "Merry Harry," mark you, concealed some of it under a mask of good nature. (206)

With Elizabeth's overweening passion of vanity, was mingled a strong hatred of war, and the wish to outcraft the enemies of a royal government whose head was a woman, or in common speech, not of the ablest sex. Events duly sanctioned a claim to the heart of Henry, her grandsire; for Henry, the Tudor who most upheld the glory of that line of kings of which he was first, was a mirror to my mother. (63)

She, as a grave physician, therefore kept a finger on the wrist of the public, so, doubtless found it the part of prudence to put the Princes, — my brother, the Earl of Essex, and myself — out of the sight of the people. (84)

Her Majesty, though given to rashness, seldom speaketh out of her heart in presence-hall, or whilst in the council, having a desire of showing forth the royal temper of her sire rather than a woman, her spirit. (5)

Should she lay hand upon this epistle, no eye save her own would evermore read this interior history . . . for nought which Her majesty disapproved, could ever find a printer. (I-89) (333)

Ere she, [Elizabeth], coming to the throne like an imperial Tudor, in every word that she let fall at the council board, might hold these idle, subtile whispers in leash, there were many rumors passing quickly from tongue to tongue. (73)

In truth our life is now put in real deadly danger from her that hath our destiny as in the hollow of her small palm.

Her self-love more than our good fame dominates her whole heart, being powerful to overbalance sweet mother love. (1)

This remarkable royal daughter of the Tudors united qualities little esteemed, to traits worthy of the sovereign of so important a nation as England — Elizabeth, daughter of Henry the Eighth, and therefore the granddaughter of him who was wise enough, or *had* such *wise counsel* to guide him, ¹¹⁷ that he established himself upon the strongest claim. (131)

All are born and all die; though each must play many parts, he findeth no part that is his alone. In wise Solomon's words, "There is nothing new beneath the sun." Many have, it may be, acted this part my proud mother played — few so successfully. (64)

To give judgment [of Elizabeth] is in itself most difficult to one near both in respect of time and of blood. It becometh her own first son, to set in order those virtues admired not alone by our own people, but in other lands, to which fame hath wafted this name. It is our aim to prepare this, that it should scale more heights of admiration than sound depths of earthly or finite judgment. (525)

But it is required of any who would be an historian to write most fully, nor must he blanch truth. Our care must exceed that of any then amongst living men, for more doth depend upon history, which concerneth secrets of such a strangely appalling nature to England, than to a Sovereign whom all regard worthy of admiration — great not alone by virtue of her honourable traits, but also of such as were not high and lofty. (526)

Our observation showed us the extent and wonderful power of that mind, though but feminine. She was in all things first, one who was said to be marked from infancy for especial guardianship. Being a nature of light or volatile spirits and of a ready word, her wisdom was greater in second council.

No enemy doth so doughtily throw down his bold defiant challenge as Philip, true son of Spain, none takes up that glove with greater ease or with more wondrous skill than Elizabeth. (185)

One thing doth somewhat encourage our young faith in enjoyment hereafter of our kingdom; that is, our advice from a wise friend: That in age is a sense of duty most felt, of tardy restorations — late in life — many examples of a deathbed arousing a man's dormant conscience to a sense of justice, to see all wrong rectified, in wisdom righted. (I-84)

Old as my mère, Elizabeth, England's Queen is, none can make the proud, selfish, hating parent, though bound to name him who should in time succeed to the throne, show what most might prove my just, lawful, or a divine — as by a right Heaven-given — heirship, having been born child to the Queen. (14)

Her will is then the single bar between F. Saint Alban and a sceptre. (173) . . . but I know that her strong oath concerning me, the real heir to the kingdom, had greater weight than all things else. It was still most constantly in her mind, more perhaps, or as much as the Scripture, so that as Ben Jonson saith, she made it her religion to do injury to me. (68)

'Tis just, that the veil be torn from the features [of Her Majesty] admired so long, to expose her true character to all the world. Yet I make inquiry of you, who hath a pen so perfect that it could show the colours of good and evil? Only one who is gifted with more than common wisdom . . . (67) Surely a son doth sit close at hand and should see clearly to act truly. This I know I have accomplished, although wider, or rather more searching looks, showed me that undercurrent, stronger even than vanity — partly Tudor strength of will, and partly her own self-love — that moved on as resistlessly as fate, bearing all before the unsuspected force. (68)

This it was, although so well disguised, that kept me from my crown, and as the days and months wore towards the close of life, her desires mastered her wisdom so far that she did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to snatch this prize did thwart alike her hope, and his, at forfeit of his life. All joys died with Essex in both our bosoms; for her, all peace, as well, and she declined toward her own end from day to day, visibly, even while she strove most to hide her weakness.

The estrangement wore on and increased. At last she fell into a melancholia so profound none could rouse her. This was more unfortunate for me than a most marked resolve, for a whim may oft be removed and banished, but mania is difficult to control, else my most able powers had truly shown men what both equally desired — that height to which England should rise, ruled by a kind, wise king. (76)

Sin oft wars in the mind, and if no murderous act be done, bears wrong, yoked with humility, but if crime be on a person's hands, many a rout of jeering devils come into his soul, of which the worst is pride. So fared Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Her whole spirit was but one infernal region, a realm of Pluto, untold days in her times of mirth, or times of staid and very grave deportment; for the blood of her youngest born was upon her royal hand, if not that of many others, heirs to a future of pain. In sooth, none can divulge her greatest harms, for this world's eyes have no worthy use, but all shun the vision of shame, especially in this Queen. Her vanity may seem most venial even, but vain motives lay at the bottom of everything which this woman did. (185)

It will make clear, perhaps, her manifest delight when ruin of my hopes came, by the destruction of said papers and her refusal to make due restitution to myself. As all witnesses were gone, as the time to prove my right to reign

over England came, no hands were uplifted to transmit to the coming men of the land a tale of wrong. (154)

In the play we give the story some of the strange complaints, utter each true, hard charge, in boldness born of a timorous spirit made bold in its sure hiding, as a timorous hare in its refuge doth brave the harrier. (199)

Our misguided Queen's last murder, was by chance only prevented . . . (160)

The time is still in mind when my thoughts had no rest in the hours of idleness, lest Her Majesty, my mother, find out my secret [as to my writings]. She is now gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns; nor fear, nor hope is left me of ought from her hand, but death shall not bury this that her life concealed. The truth here discovered must live in every age, for a Righteous Judge doth pronounce this sentence irrevocably. 'Tis simple justice to her spouse and her two heirs, if too tardy to avail ought. (69)

No one in whose spirit is no love of power, will know the nature of the flame in my wild spirit. The death of recent date, of my mother, Queen Elizabeth, should put me upon the royal chair of England, because born in lawful wedlock, I am by the rights of birth true sovereign. (33)

I ask only justice, but Divine, ay, God-given right. Honour that had by precedent usage and by law appertained unto the first-born son to the sovereign, was denied me by Her Majesty, my mother. No fame could hold up brighter temptation than this that hath oft been refused — power, and in transferring our scepter to the King of Scotland, Her Majesty's intention and wish was to put it where it could not be raught by any outstretched arm. (33)

Beating in my brain with this injustice, which the years can have no soothing influence upon, there is a memory of that fate, by far more sad, cruel, and unjust than this, met by rash Robert.

Much doth it behoove every man to be wise, prudent, and of great care to avoid the obloquy the vulgar are likely to cast on anyone more fortunate than themselves; thus I, constantly heeding this, have kept the secret of my birth many years longer than was absolutely necessary, lest seeking to acquire that which, while most truly my right, being settled by my royal mother upon my cousin [James] could not well be reclaimed, I might lose thereby many worthy honours I had won by labor or fruitful and widely scattered, indeed, as any works of Nature. (342)

The death of King [James] *that now usurpeth* my rightful throne, may avail not to give to one — who wronged by his own royal mother can show his claim but by his own and his friends' word — the crown and scepter of this vast kingdom. (153)

The danger — lest my secret [writings] be scented forth by some hound of the Queen — is past long ere now, and nought but the jealousy of King [James] is to be feared, and that more in dread of effect on the hearts of the people, than any fear of the presentation of my claim, knowing as he doth, that all witnesses are dead and the required documents destroyed. (102)

Naturally it must cause some inquiry within the mind as to my intended course, or what it would be like to bring to pass, for 'tis true that his [King James'] claim would rank second only to Elizabeth's issue. It must give some little pause to his mounting thoughts when his realm hath a claimant in the aforesaid issue. (102)

For this worthy reason the secret should be kept within the hearts of the men who will hold it sacredly, even as one doth a pledge. Future days shall give the world my work and I shall then be content.

Yet in this work of my hands, I am heir-apparent to a much loftier seat, a scepter of power that must even extend to posterity. Nor time nor death can take my second kingdom from me. (190)

But future ages shall crown you king. The royal scutcheon
of your worthy arms shall shine as the sun, fill your mind's
eyes with dazzling light and glory, turn darkest night to day,
and scatter every cloud.

— St. Alban
Shakespeare Folio.

(From the CIPHER of CIPHERS, we shed this light upon Queen ELIZABETH. FRANCIS speaks of his Queen mother during her youth.)

Her sweet, fair, placid face
Was of such wonderous beauty, (59)
That nature wept, thinking she was undone
Because she took more from her than she left. (60)

And when I beheld this beauty's wonderment,
This rare perfection of nature's skill,
I honoured and admired the Maker's art.
But when I felt the bitter, baleful eyes
That death-dart out of their shiny beams,
I thought that I a new Pandora saw
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send
That she to men should be a wicked scourge.

She was far more beauteous, riched
With the pride of nature's excellence,
Than Venus in the brightest of her days.
Her hair did Apollo's locks surpass.
And the costly curious tire carrying a net
(Wherein her curled locks entangled gravest men)
Mended in her face what nature missed. (155)

. . . .
He, Robert [Cecil] chose
For his friends men that were montebanks,
When danger pressed him he devised sports
(As hunting, hawking, races, and the like)
For the queen, and openly made love to her.
She allowed herself to be wooed and courted by him,
And it was noted that she even liked it
And from the beginning

Pleased her by the praises which he did
Aptly insinuate in his conversation.
She was disposed to admiration,
She was spoiled by power and long reigning,
For, for *forty-four years she reigned*. (157)

I have lived at court since *I was a child*
Consequently, in my opinion, I must needs be
A perfect interpreter of the government
And policy of the court. (154)

She was perhaps the most *singular being*
That till this day *this island did produce*,
As there was in her such a variation of nature. (160)
She was not only *wise* in the laws of the country
And of a *high spirit* in the business of the crown,
But was besides *both little and mean*.

The government of a woman
Has been a rare thing at all times,
Felicity in such government a rarer thing;
Yet this queen, because of her salutary
Counsels, is strong and fresh both
In the mouths and minds of men. (162)

The reigns of women are
Commonly obscured by marriage — whereas those
That continue unmarried have their glory entire
And proper to themselves. In her case
This is especially so, inasmuch as
She has no help to lean upon in
Her government except such as
She herself has provided.
No own brother, no uncle, no kinsman
Of the royal family, to share her cares
And support her authority. (163)

But in her *later age pride*
Her advanced, making her subject
To the *tyranny of mischances mad* . . . (60)

For she was guilty of *perjury* and *subornation*;
Guilty of *treason*, *forgery* and *shift*;
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
Guilty of murder and of theft,
And accessory by inclination
To the *sins past and all that are to come*,
From the *creation to the general doom*.

O, mother of my life that broughtest me forth,
Thou nurse infortunate, *guilty of all . . .*¹¹⁸ (61)

ELIZABETH'S FIRST INFATUATION

Thomas Seymour¹¹⁹

1508-1549

As our story is deciphered, the things that do not appear in any history, is the story relative to early scandals, the Queen's intercourse with Seymour, Admiral of England, went buzzing through all this realm. (108)

[When very young, Elizabeth's] mad love professed for Seymour, a man many a year [twenty-five years] older, yet not greatly wiser than the wilful Princess.

The early piety, that many credulous men attempt to prove, is most disproved by so unnecessary intemperance, wantonness, and over-vehemence of affection, betrayed towards [Seymour] a gentlemen old enough, if virtually inclined, to guide a young princess to piety, when in her confidence — for sundry things come with experience — rather than give her grief, or future sorrow, never assuaged on earth. Friendship alone should bind a man's mind strongly, that he curb well his inordinate concupiscence and sin. (1-90)

He [Seymour], by disowning the child, subjected the princely heart to ignominy, and compelled Elizabeth to murder [her] infant at the very first slight breath, lest she be openly shamed in Court, inasmuch as King Edward [Elizabeth's younger brother] was intolerant of other's foibles, whilst partial to his own.

(Lady Bacon is telling young Francis about Princess Elizabeth's and her own adolescent years and the secret history of the times.)

¹²⁰Here is the secret of a very terrible crime
Which, led on by the great but licentious Seymour,
She committed when a girl [of fourteen].

I will rehearse to you the same.
I tried to prevent the loose encounters
Of this lascivious man with her grace,
But when I did hint to her most mannerly (110)

How unstayed it was for the adulterous admiral
To ascend nightly to her chamber
And lodge with her,
She did strike me and said,
 "Will you then, wench, lesson me?
I would be his wife,
But, alas! alas! he is the husband
Of my stepmother. "[Henry VIII's widow, Catherine Parr]

 "Mighty princess, I know your condition," said I.
"Any searching eye may discover
That you go great with child
And must soon become a mother." (111)

 "What shall I do?
I fear death, for my conception's womb
Will soon give birth to a little child.

 "When I dwell upon my fear,
For the law of England doth work
Summary vengeance on the joint partakers
Of this youthful offence.

 "To have my head severed from my body,
To be burned alive, or in some poor upper tower
Locked in and forever incarcerated."

 "But I'll save you." So,
I bare the poor cold dead baby¹²¹
To the garden. I go to the pool
And lay the baby down,
And with my knife strike the thick pane,
'Tis sweating labour to cut the cold blanket
When dead darkness hides the eye, (114)

 "And being unskilled,
The ice melted and broke beneath me,
And down I plunged
Into the cold waters of the fish pool.

 Reeking I come up
And try to clamber out,

Unto the top, and by the providence of God
Win the dear, dear land
The blessed land, and happily
Escape being drowned.

Then I threw the babe
Into the pool, and by the path,
Again raced back to the princess' bed.

"I repose till the ninth hour of the morn, (I-117)
When I awake to look into the eyes of the young king [of eleven].
As he, grave and austere, said:

"Mistress, what body did you bear forth
From the castle and twixt eleven and twelve
Last night throw into the spring adjoining?" (118)

At first my fright did deprive me of speech, then,
"Great sir," said I, "begging your pardon,
What body talk you of? I know of no such body."

"Fie! Fie! Here, porter, here I say!
Hast thou brought hither the little child?"

"Certes, sir," thus he to the prince replied,
And, into the hands of the prince
Yielded up the little corpse.

"Ha," said the king,
"The grave doth deliver up its dead.
Behold, both of you!"

"I reckon the casting forth to fish
Her little baby daughter,
The heart that could conceive
This pretty blossom's death
Is a gross false one,
And her paramour, he that wooed her,
I will crop his head."

"Look, reprobate!" quoth the now incensed king
"Besides, I know the name
Of thy worthless concubine —
He hath confessed, and I am resolved

To have his head. Look, here he comes,
He did betray thee to me." . . . (I-123)

Said she, [Elizabeth] as in Sir Thomas Seymour came,
He walks like one confounded
He sues to Edward to let him breathe
A private man in foreign land.

"No, sir," said the king, "I'll not pardon thee
The discovery of the dishonour
Of my sister, and the corrupt man saved,
Would make all men abhor us.
Away with him!"¹²²

Chapter 19 — MY BROTHER, "RASH ROBERT"

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex,

Born Nov. 10, 1566, executed Feb. 25, 1601

We, wronged *enfants* of a Queen, no wilful rebellion must raise
. . . . (20)

— Francis Bacon, CIPHER in
Declaration of the Treasons of Essex — 1601.

In each great part that we shall bring into the world of reading or thinking men, from this to our finish, the tale may be found — the *saddest* in *any or all* the known languages — the history of the Earl of Essex, our brother. It is scattered with *a lavish hand* through the *many and varied plays* which, in *divers names* are published . . .
(23)

— CIPHER in *London Prodigal Shakespeare Quartos*, 1605.

To our mother, is the fearlessness that Essex showed to be traced directly, and that promptness of judgment in a sudden calamity; but with sufficient time given to deliberate, Essex, even more than she, would show a variety of opinions in so swift succession, you must use much wit to gain one he would give his name unto. When their wills should be matched 'twere no light task to decide as to the result. Like his mother in temper he could break, but never even slightly bend. (210)

Essex nere did ought in a spirit of revenge, but simply that he might win the due rewards of courage or of valor, if this doth in any manner better term such virtue. His nature was not small, petty, or even dwarfed in development. It was larger in many directions than any who now censure and decry him possess. (211)

His early youth was lightly passed, but after he did know that 'twas the Queen that gave him life, he grew imperious, and when brought to the Court by our truly ingenious father . . . his will showed its true source, and revealed the origin of the young Caesar. (209)

It is clear to my mind, the Earl, our father, hoped that his darling wishes, relating to a declared heir to succeed to

the throne, were near realization, as he observed the advance in marked respect or favor the younger son made from day to day. (45)

Daily we see cause of this constantly increasing dread, in the favor shown to our brother rather than to ourself, despite the priority of our claim to all princely honour. And the frenzied eagerness he doth betray — when these shows and vauntingly marked favors, give confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ of our wisdom — maketh us to inquire sadly of our own heart whether our brother returneth our warm affection. (I-92)

The love we bear him is as fresh at this day as it was in his boyhood, when the relationship was for some time so carefully kept unknown — as the fact was, for years, guarded of our high birth and station. Not a thought then entered the brain, that it was not a pleasure for us both to share. Our joys were thus twofold, our sorrows all cut in twain, but the pride of his heart having been aroused, our eyes can but note the change, for he seldom doth keep the former ways in remembrance.

Even in his [Robert's] manner now, we think, one thought hath a voice, "Without a brother like ours that hath come before us by six *short years*, we could rely wholly upon ourself, and furthermore, be the heir to England's throne." Nothing so open, so unmistakable. But at times he maketh a great show, [more of a] stranger to our heart than the cold ungracious manner.

That he *did wrong me*, now is to be forgot, and wiped from the mind's recollection, in my thoughts of the evil that hath come to us (chiefly to myself) by this *rebellion* of the Earl. But the love and tender regard that marked all our first sunny young days when we were not oft to be found out of harmony, hath sway. Those hours still live in my memory, more than our first very open and sore disputes. (211)

He was one of the adventurous, valiant, bold spirits not easily hidden in any place, and it was not, therefore, unseemly that the son of one so widely and favorably reputed as the first Earl of Essex, made so bold as to woo the goddess Fortune at Court. None knew so truly as Elizabeth, our proud unbending royal mère, the cause of many of our wilful Essex' overbearing ways. (44)

The knowledge that he was princely in truth, despite pretense, and, whilst at Court his nominal place and standing was only the Courtier's, his rightful stile was Prince, the Queen's lawful son, warmed into life and action the ambitions that were his inherited, primal instinct. How far he ventured upon this royal prerogative, this proper right of favour and advancement, history plainly relateth.

Our vain mother loved his bold manner and free spirit, his sudden quarrels, jealousy in soul of honour, strength in love. She saw in him her own spirit in masculine mould, full of youth and beauty. (45)

My mother was nearly distracted with grief, remorse, and despair for a space. Upon my brother's return, to take the favorite's [the deceased *Leicester's*, 1588] place, she bent on Essex the fonder love of her heart and gave much gracious attention to his honor and the furtherance of her designs regarding him. Indeed, much harm was wrought to others than themselves, for great the court scandal regarding love messages betwixt them, as though they had been mindful only of pleasure, so that the lords of her council winked visibly at it, . . . for 'twas dangerous for any on-lookers if the eyesight were keen and saw behind those masques. (62)

The men today are too nigh for good sight, for my faith was formally pledged to write it as I believed it, I may say, *knew it*, not blenching, nor omitting the sin of either. As hath been said, my lord of Essex, presumed too much upon secret liking, and in a short time found himself less honored than crossed or chided. (62)

It will make known *to posterity* the real cause . . . of the strange devotedness that Queen Elizabeth manifested when my Lord of Essex appeared (soon pointing to a much scorned sin) more, when known that the new favorite was by right a Prince, who loved power more than ought upon earth. Also, led as he then was, many courtly matters or great affairs were as puppet's gyrations or mad, jesting quips, winning his notice little. (111)

Crowns must be as of old, night and daytime, well attended, or some wild rout, without a warning steal the glory of the land, leaving behind them merely desolation. This was narrowly averted in England, securely as her crown is watched, nor did these empty-handed tools do ought but obey a superior mind — that of my brother Essex. The rebels might do his bidding merely — that was the limit of their power or ability — and he alone did lay his plan. (209)

¹²³For a short space, this rebellion of the Earl of Essex *hardly showed as such*, having been, by the counsel of his friends, kept wisely back when he proposed landing a large body of soldiers at Milford Haven, expecting many to join his forces as they moved on towards London, and contenting the proud soul swelling to bursting in his breast, by taking forth two hundred of his choicest spirits to give a show of greatness and aid him in the secret projects that he was hatching. (29)

His plan was nothing less than *a mad design* to take possession of the Court: his assistants, Davers, Davis, and Blount, being well known, might enter unchallenged with a sufficient number of aides. (29) At the given sign they were to seize the halberdes of the guard, take stand, one to hold the guard chamber, one to possess himself of the hall, and a third to keep watch at the gate — whilst Essex should enter the presence chamber and virtually get possession of the Queen, under the pretense of complaining that certain of her advisers and informers were his mortal enemies, and,

making bold to desire her Majesty should bring these men to trial . . . Then was Parliament to be called to make concessions, and the city itself to be under his control. (30)

This plan known perfectly to *Southampton*, the chief of his friends, manifestly suited that adventurous assistant well, but it failed in execution, as we know.

The unwonted stir in all quarters, while Earl Robert had the measure of liberty he enjoyed, made Her Majesty watchful. Also the assembling from every county of England of noteworthy men, nobility and military being chiefly observed, . . . escaped not her eye, whereupon the guards at Court were made aware of danger and the number doubled. Report thereof, coming to the Earl of Essex, greatly excited his fears lest his plot had been discovered and hastened the end.

From the first, my lord of Essex, whose whole thought clung to his original plan of seizing the Tower — relying upon the inspector of the ordinance who had vowed to surrender the keys — and afterward, from such point of vantage surprising and possessing the city, attempted to win the favour of the Protestants overtly, and of his Jesuit acquaintances covertly, promising the latter that he would restore the Catholic faith, and as his innermost being was mightily swayed by imagination, he persuaded himself that hold on the people was sufficient to carry out these simpler plots, whilst he doubted Her Majesty's graces would undermine a hope built on the faith and affection of the gentlemen that were among his company; therefore he determined that a surprise would be attended by too many dangers, and trusting greatly to the love of the citizens, fell back on their aid. 'Twas the Candlemas term [February 2]¹²⁴ ere his plan was so far digested. (31)

His liberty being little restrained, he had ample and constant means of carrying on his plans. As he was not confined to his chambers at Court, it was necessary to send for him when he should appear before the council, but when

this was done my lord boldly refused to go, and straightway disseminated a rumour that in going thither in the evening he was set upon and nearly drowned by Cobham, the tool of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Walter himself. (31)

But unfortunately this tale was frequently varied by the Earl, and at one time he gave out that four Jesuits had made an attack four days before, for the same or similar purpose. This weakened his case so much that but few came at his call when he went forth bidding them arm and fight for their king. In truth he saw not many people out, for Her Majesty took the wise precaution to give order: "Arm and wait in readiness within for the call."

But with him were now not less than fifteen score of the principal gentlemen, a company well chosen, containing on the part of the nobility, Earls of Routland and of *Southampton*, Lords Sandes, Mountegle, with others. Behind him he had left Earl of Worcester, Lord Keeper, Lord Chief Justice, Her Majesty's Comptroller, and bearer of the Seal — who had come to meet Earl Robert — themselves enduring imprisonment in his house, but they remained not long in duress. (32)

The tour of the city being well nigh made, my lord's party met Her Majesty's troops led forth by the Admiral. Blount was wounded, Tracy killed. Then my lord returned to his own house, and barricading the two great gates, defended the house on all sides, but it availed not long. First he begged for the safe conduct of the Countess, then surrendered.¹²⁵

Had [Robert's plan] not met the overturn deserved, the younger of the sons would inherit ere the elder. *By law this could occur only when the* rightful, or, as we name him in our country, *heir-apparent*, hath *waived his rights*. *As I was known*, not as his brother only, but as the *Queen's first-born*, such plots should at best naturally await my full knowledge and consent. But puffed up thus with show of military

glory, an entrance to power, whose signs the robes, the crown, scepter, and state so worked on his inflamed fantasy, as to have far more value than royal sword. (209)

This was much aggravated in our minds by some private assurances that had so deceived us, that we saw not a sign of danger, but trusted his word, nor imputed those assurances to ought but good will, expecting right and honest trustworthiness of Robert as a gentleman, both by that royal blood that is our heirship, and by the old-time gentle nurture he received as ward of Devereux.

If a Divine Power intend no aid, I can only look forward toward the future. It shall thus, perchance, somewhat content my heart at that far-off day that those who dwell on the Globe may fully learn how great is the wrong turbulent Robert did by thus endangering as well a worthy and devoted friend and a loving brother, to work out a strange, ay, bold design, since 'twas this which suddenly *roused* Her Majesty to *hatred* or *jealousy*, great as the mind to which that *evil demon* came. (76)

Remorse doth make my grief so bitter, for my *very life did hang on that thread*, and by the truth my brother was attaint [guilty], yet fain would I now choose an hundred shameful deaths than aid to send a brother into Eternity. (104)

And truly you shall not think that the life of my only born brother could be more dear to some ruffian officer, or rugg-headed wild Irishman than to my own heart. But man has at all times a love still larger for his own life; e.g. in God's own book you do find many such a Scripture. You may thus see man's heart loveth the life here better — vain as it is — even than eternity, and if I did prize life as do most men, it may scarce be deemed a want of courage and of honour. (177)

O Source infinite of Light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan, all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. As Thou didst conceal Thy laws in thick clouds, en-

fold them in shades of mysterious gloom, Thou didst infuse from Thy spirit a desire to put the day's glad work, the evening's thought, and midnight's meditation to find out their secret workings. Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's untimely cutting off, and my wrongful part in his trial. (42)

By the aid of these notes given, work out this history, for if this be lost my history will also be unfinished, so close my path lay by his.

QUEEN EXECUTES SON (Age 34)

Feb. 25, 1601

Some of my [autobiography] hide that story that giveth me far more deadly pain than could ought else — even this loss of honour in the royal sovereign, his eyes [he was blinded] — it is Lord Robert's untimely, cruel end. It hath so tempered the hot rush of blood in my veins that I feel myself becoming old ere it be time. It is the one thought in my hours of day, my only dream by night, for there was my own *aid*, not to him but to my *mother*, the Queen, which hurteth the memory more than tongue can tell. (159)

— Francis Bacon

— Cipher in *Historia Vitae et Mortis* — 1623.

[Elizabeth's] desires mastered her wisdom so far that she did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to *snatch this* prize did thwart alike her hope, and his life. (68)

I could not believe any such curse one half so likely of lighting suddenly upon the youthful head of my hasty Lord of Essex, *most dear to the Queen*, as it was to rest for aye upon my pate. The event of the Earl's death *never for an hour*, or even for a *moment* seemed possible to me. (160)

. . . yet for my Prince Robert I took desperate hurts. (179) A Queen has many to aid, if the case require, but a sudden justice pursues a subject that taketh any liberty in matters of state. (181) When the offence is from her true son, building mighty hopes upon the overthrow of the power of our Queen — not making the sinfulness less, rather greater — his punishment most naturally is greater. It is justice, yet how it doth blow my heart. (182)

Failing of his helpers, that would-be King was held for trial for treason, condemned, made to tell his ambitious designs, tortured — for in the prison, wild men, his keepers, by arts more pitchy-hued than hell, having obtained a permittance to cause pain sufficient to burst the seal upon the

lips of maddened Essex, with burning irons put out both lovely eyes — then coldly executed. (178)

No tale of ages has one-half the woe of this. Even the barbarians of any age, would burn men to cinders less murderously.

The Queen's edict, if not her iron hand, *killed such a man* that for valour and manly spirit was unequalled. (48)

When trust is proved falsely grounded, hope droops upon its stalk like a summer's flower. Thus Essex did fare. Oh, think what such a sorrow was, such puissant grief, dismay and uttermost despair! (183)

How [Essex' plan] was overthrown, disproved, shattered, no cipher epistles have related . . . but it may be read in the body of the present book.¹²⁶ But lest so evil a rumour shall rise that this record should be quite made away with or be afterwards suppressed, every truth must be in a frame, inside a very greatly differing work. *By my* unsuspected [cipher] devices, his story may be preserved, my newer capitals seen plainly, [and] surely by this time have been noted. (21)

I write mildly of so terrible events, so galling memories *of fifteen* such woeful, ay, such dreadful days, 'tis limned in fire, in gloom of the night or day, Essex, thy murder. To sharper clamours, stifled cries, piteous moans are added, and my ears hear Robert's voice, so entreatingly, opening sealed doors, haunting all dreams, greeting every day that doth dawn on our home. (20)

As, we, wronged *enfants* of a Queen, no wilful rebellion must raise, the heirs, by law, also the heirs of honor, next in rank to sovereign power, made effort to win a promise and assurance of this right. Our royal aspirations received a dampening, a check so great, it convinced both, we were hoping for advancement we might never attain.

It may be, my Lord, his ambition, received a spur in the failure of so reasonable demands. . . . His original plan much more intended *my plain right than his own*, but I re-

fused to listen to the charmer in the ill-deserving, ill-succeeding design, so that some such fiery rebellion on the Earl's part was perhaps only a manifestation by way of bragging, shows, or many flaunts of various intents, that not I, but my gayer brother was the darling of the minion of our people, especially of the city. (21)

Whilst I write all, I see most clearly not my own folly but my sinful weakness, like as it must in the sight of one Divine and Supreme Judge of all creatures appear. In the blindness of confusion, the moment's question loomed up before me and blotted out love, honour, all the joys of the past or dreams of far-off fame. *That brief duration* much outvalued Eternity itself.

Essex who was *also son unto her Majesty and a brother bred* — bone, blood, sinews as my own — was sentenced to *death by that mère and my own counsel*. Yet this truth must at some time be known; had not I thus allowed myself to give some countenance to the arraignment, a subsequent trial, as well as the sentence, I must have lost the life that I held so priceless. Life to a scholar is but a pawn for mankind.¹²⁷ (22)

[These books should be deciphered first], as they aid in the writing of my brother's history which was begun in one of my great works of Science,¹²⁸ and continued in the little work *The Wisdom of the Ancients*,¹²⁹ and taken up in this poetical work that *is republished for this purpose*.¹³⁰ (40)

As hath been said, many important papers having been destroyed by the Earl, *many features* of the plot *were never brought out*, Earl Essex himself saying, "They shall be put where they cannot tell tales." But evidence was sufficient to prove the guilt both of my brother Essex and the Earl of Southampton. Essex, his plea, that he was not present at the consultation that five treason-plotting noblemen held

at Drury-house, aided him not a whit, for his associates incriminated him, and such of their writings as had not been destroyed were in the handwriting of my Lord of Essex, as was shown at the trial, and they were acting as he directed. For . . . *he found simple and quite easy ways of binding men to the great treasonable undertaking, by a representation which contained but a modified figure of truth.*

My thought is fraught with a measureless *pain*, that *all my power* can do *nought* for *his memory*. If he had but *heard my advice*, but he heeded his own unreasoning wishes only. Whilst succeeding barely in this attempt to so much as win a hearing, yet did the true love I bore so move me that, from my care of Essex, *I took a charge* that greatly *imperiled my personal pretensions*, as I did occupy *my utmost wit*, and even *adventure my own fortunes* with the Queen, to attempt the reintegration of his. (41)

Her Majesty's regard and favour was by no means *ours* on account of our *secret claim*. I may say without timorousness, the only shows of the affection she might be supposed to manifest, *shamed us* that they were understood. (22)

Beside our secret story *no correct one shall be left*, as Her Majesty, taking a liking, early, of my writings upon a part of late negotiations, required a species of justification of the course, carried it indeed, so as in man's sight, Robert is *held abhorred*; but I, the clerk, did the writing, or acted as secretary, the report fully satiating everyone. (42)

Reasoning that no power should prevail with her Majesty, I felt how *ill advised* a sacrifice of life and its enchantments must be, that surely would be of no affect. I have spirit of sufficient fire, for such hap' as is probable to my station, not enough to support me in torture, nor to lead forth any *enfants perdus*. (47)

Seeing the hopeless state treason-loving Essex was in, I knew I had but to continue my plea, urging that forgiveness might be accorded to Essex, to close the last egress from a

cell, or lead to the gallows. Thus was my way hedged about, thick clouds hid the path from sight.

How like some night's horrible vision this trial and awful torture before his execution must ever be to me, *none but the Judge that sitteth aloft can justly know*. All the *scenes come before me* like the acted play, but how to put it away . . . (40)

. . . truly, I did not welcome the task, for to me it grew to be less honorable, so to put forward my dear Lord, his misdeeds, at Queen Elizabeth's behest, though I did it but at her express commands, and always as a Secretary to Her Majesty. (43)

Verily, scarce a word remained unaltered. The language, even, was not wholly *such as I wished to use*, as all was subjected to her painfully *searching scrutiny*, and many a sentence did her fear and dread of execration make her weigh and alter, whilst her jealousy culled out my every name of the noblemen who were charged with a lack of loyalty, and the style that I employed when I said ought concerning Robert. For my honorable and just style, of Earl of Essex and of Ewe, as "my Lord of Essex" and "my Lord Robert," Her Majesty would suggest that it be merely plain Essex, or in place of that "the late Earl of Essex." (43)

My first books were suddenly and peremptorily suppressed and printed according to commands. So much did some early work on this noblest among noble youths, our brother Robert, annoy the Queen, we manifested a willingness to suppress it. To this secret [cipher] device the world doth owe most gracious thanks.

And you will observe that I have told my own sad story with the same open-heartedness as that which revealeth other secrets, for my very soul is opened that the world might look on it, and read of my hard lot, and the same for my dear Robert. (47)

Sole accountant must I be hereafter for the share I had in my brother's sorry fate, but none here will fully acquit me, and so my worthiest opponents have many notable advantages. Injury to an innocuous man, who is mild in nature, must be harder punishment than to the man of iron nerves and hardy temperament. I am no soldier, but not a coward either. I am a student, a philosopher, I may say a savant. In so far as this is unjust, I hereby demand true and rightful examination by any man that doth regard my brother's case and his sentence as greatly altered by my counsel. (182)

Let my plea be heard and just judgment be rendered. I will ask but this, "Aye, strike but list to me," and mark how love is always manifested in our intercourse at all the times of meeting in prison. Many were my written entreaties to Essex to turn him aside, intending merely only his good, and the safety of his own person. (183)

The event of the Earl's death never for even a moment seemed possible to me, after Robert stooped his pride to send our proud mother her pledge — the ring given if some great harm might threaten — although neither thought it from the Queen this evil would threat. (160)

It must be acknowledged that the crime for which he suffered could not any wise be palliated by his past services or bravery, but, had a signet-ring that he did desire to present, reached Elizabeth, Robert, the son madly loved, might have received a royal *remitment*, inasmuch as it was her *well known seal* and token. This did *fail*, however, to act as peace-maker as *it came not*, for good reason, to Her Majesty's eyes. (33) Dreadful was her passion of anger and her bootless sorrow of heart on finding that our proud hero had so stooped, and was not met. As he had been led to believe he had but to send the ring to her, and the same would at a moment's warning bring rescue or relief, he relied vainly, alas! on this promised aid. A bitter grief it was, not the less because he was far dearer, as you know, though but a

younger child, than one as worthy her love who is the heir.
(34)

It was long enow, in truth, Her Majesty coming unto the knowledge [about the ring]¹³¹ but a short period ere she died. After our misguided *Queen's last murder*, however, was by a chance only prevented, it was freely bruited everywhere. It was then, that I also found out that the most precious — yet, by his fortune, truly valueless — token [ring] came short of its desired or intended end. My own share in his terrible trial is burnt upon heart, brain, and soul so deeply, at this day, though the time be long past. (160)

No mishap of fate or evil fortune which hath befallen me of late, can make such sad impression on the heart as this unceasing sorrow; and of all joys possible to my future, none is to my eager spirit so enticing as my earnest hope of *meeting Robert in that world of bliss* when all earth's sorrows have ended, and of hearing my greatest evil-doing by his word forgiven.

Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's untimely cutting off, and my wrongful part in his trial. Oh, had I then one thought of the great change his death would cause, how life's worth would shrink, and this world's little golden sunshine be but as collied (blackened) night's swift lightning. . . . (42)

The pain — the memory of my part in the trial — hath power to make the brightest day grow dun. Saving my own life in this way, is paying much for that I would indeed fain lose; my life no longer seemeth fair, save as I spend the time *for other's good*. (211)

However, the tragedy . . . that awful death, is still fresh within my memory. If it were no longer past than yesternight, it could not come before me more distinctly, than it, today, standeth forth, wringing my heart with pain that never ceaseth by day or night. O God, lift Thou me up, in gentle love and make Thy countenance to shine upon me as of old. (104)

Queen Elizabeth "Robert Essex was
A worthy officer in the wars, but insolent,
Over-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, and affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance."

Francis B. "O, I think not so . . . Believe this, Madam,
No ceremony that to great ones belong
Becomes them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does."

Q. "What is written shall be executed ;
Your brother is to die, as his offences
Are accounted to the law."

Fran. "O your Grace,
Are not you then as cruel as the sentence?
I know no law, Madam, that answering
One foul wrong, lives but to act another."

Q. "Your treacherous brother dies ; be content."

Fran. "Oh, it is excellent, your Majesty,
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

Q. "Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under penalty of thine own false head.
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother ;
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure."¹³³

Chapter 20 — I, LAST OF MY HOUSE*
1561-1626

Prince of Wales is my proper title. . . . (141)

My true name is not as in some back pages it was given, but Tudor.
(137)

— Cipher in *Henry the Seventh*.

I, last of my house, ruled by a tyrannical mother, feel the injustice under which youth's best days gave way to manhood's more hidden period. Disinheritance seen thus, cometh the more to his true colour, crime — already punished by Her Majesty's cutting off a scion, the only branch to perpetuate either our royalty or name. So greatness of our kingdom was no more due to Tudors, our sole memorial being a number of wise laws, mastery of the sea, and likewise quietness of all the border lands. (536)

I, who now speak to you, am the Prince so unjustly treated. My heart burneth in my bosom, my spirit swelleth like Neptune's waters before a tempest, and threateneth to o'erpeer the lists whenever my eager thoughts dwell long upon a crown and throne. (351)

Nor is it wholly borne of injuries,
But there is that within my spirit saith
That I was formed to govern other men,
Wisely and boldly as befitteth kings.

It is no vain conceit, no idle dream
But in my veins a royal current floweth
Whose source, no other than the heart of him
Surnamed the Conqueror, sent in crimson rivers,
Warm, vital, swift, in many channels running;

Through heart of one of the boldest of the bold
Whom men re-christened 'Cordelion — Richard,
The Lion Heart; through arteries of that king,
Edward the Third in name — the first in honor;

*This phrase inspired the title of this book.

And in bold Henry Fifth coursing like fire;
That blood inflamed my grandsire, Henry Eighth;
Surged in the veins of Queen Elizabeth,
My royal mother; now to me come down, (351)

Entaileth to me, by a law divine,
This sole inheritance. Yea, it is mine,
A gift irrevocable from her whose hand
The imperial scepter held. Not Jove himself
With awful bending brow — the nod that shaketh
The firm foundation of the solid globe
With feverous earthquakes, maketh Heaven tremble
In terror and affright, and hurleth back

The secret ocean cave a frightened horde
Of cowering waves — had power to give to gods,
Or unto mankind, decree more fixed. (352)

— Bi-literal Cipher in *Natural History*.

Early in our life an oath was made by our wilful parent concerning succession, and if this cannot be changed, or be not in time withdrawn, we know not how the kingdom shall be obtained. But 'tis thus seen or shown that it can be no other's by true descent than is set down. To Francis First doth the crown, the honour of our land belong. (2)

Some, by struggles, strive to get an advantage of their foes. But we choose another way, a different course. A ruler, especially one of so mighty a kingdom as this, having power in a wondrous degree, should win like fame.

Some have won this right by force in battle. Of such take, in example the first Tudor; or, at our day, Henry of Navarre.¹³⁴ Yet, not being of a martial temper, we be naturally averse, and slightly impatient of fighting to secure a place which by Divine right pertaineth unto the first-born of a Sovereign.

If you note the saltiness of this relation, let it not greatly surprise you; rather marvel at it if you see no worse things, for we are somewhat bitter in spirit oftentimes, as other men would be.

Yet must I undo the story of our times, though it is folly in a royal Prince whose birthright hath, like Esau's, been given to another, to spend his time in opposing the wrongs of his unblemished heart to such as would jeer or laugh at his pain. (133)

It is well known at home and abroad that England's yeomanry, informed that England's lawful Prince walked humbly without his crown, would join in one mighty force that he be enthronized. (75)

. . . since witnesses to the marriage and to my birth are dead, and the papers certifying their presence destroyed, yet it is a *wrong that will rise*, and a *cry that none can hush*. Strive as I may, it is only driven from my brain by the unceasing tossing of this sea of laboring cogitations for the advancement of learning. Often driven as twere with sudden wind or tide, its waves strike against the very vault of the heavens and break in useless wreaths of bubbling froth. (46)

Think not in your heart *that you* or any others whom you would *put in the same case* as ours, would manifest a *wiser* or calmer mind, because none who do not stand, as I stood, on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the fair beauty of that land that I have seen. England, as she might be, if wisely governed, is the dream, the beauteous vision . . .

I am the rightful *heir* to the throne, since the *blood* of King Henry is running in *these veins* — the same as in any Tudor. If the late *Queen* could claim the throne, I, her earliest flower of *royal issue*, was by the like *right* at any and all times *heir-apparent* to proud England's wide realm. (311)

Elizabeth, the granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, who established himself upon the strongest claim, had cast behind him that enticing one of conquest. (131)

If my title were given away too weakly, 'twas through wisdom gained in part from the lesson that he thus early

acquired, i.e. that kingdoms got by conquest may be lost by the same.

Without doubt, I should repent employment of such means, when it became a necessity to maintain as large an army to hold the power as to win the same. *Not being a soldier*, though not wholly opposed in my natural temper to arms, I am well inclined to knowledge, which is to my mind far more *satisfactory* than any *honors*. It hath been ere this very well said; "A soldier's name doth live for an age, a scholar's unto eternity."

To know my own part I study early conditions, or waste oil in turning over the MSS of our English crown, her rights, even of bloody war cut short by play of Salic Law. (508)

At a time when fair Marguerite kept my keener mind in thrall, a wish to be much honoured turning my thought one way, tyrannically, the *Salic Law* being the iron axel on which succession of our male sex — disinheritation of the females — revolved, I did, in fine learn, said *Salic Law* had like ground as the Common, or more correctly, was only transmitted orally. So by a tradition worked cunning wrong, nor can the sons whom disinherited women bear, though having fully as good blood, hold the princely rank which heirs to kings' sons by the law do hold. So it truly is a query. England hath no triumph yet that hath set up a standard which was secure. Kings have fear when they are engaged on the one, a graver question may rise on the other side.

I am indeed by virtue of my birth, the royal, though grossly wronged son of our most glorious, yet most faulty — I can find no stronger terms — Queen Elizabeth, of the stock that doughty Edward truly renowned. Of such stock Henries Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth, historic battle kings, came, like branches sent from the oaks. (137)

The power of a sovereign doth not show most in large domains, in having more people, but ruling with equity. A

king shall be wise to be great. The state is as the prince is, even so are the people. (109)

The Cypher plays contain all our history so truly recorded, our whole life can be seen spread like a map. Longing to be no more held unworthy, accounted unfaithful to those whom we honored, and, worst of all ill that doth visit mortal, *disregarded by posterity*, it doth bar us from hours of despair and bringeth to the mind such assuring, that we have found great solace in our work even when writing the harrowing execution scene of our dear Prince Robert, as we should speak the name of that brother, — since 'tis well for us to make the horror of that murder familiar. (112)

The world may note our acts, and we may open every tragedy of our own history, but to mince my woes, or vaunt unseemly wrongs, although it may be a constant temptation to me, are both so truly unjust, so futile, that I will no longer spend man's quickly flitting weeks in bemoaning the woes of my youth. (193)

But the day of justice having gone past long since all hope of my achieving glory or fame, as the ruler of the realm of England, Ireland, Wales, France, — as formerly one portion of the latter was ours — also our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter West.

Never shall the crown rest on Prince Francis' lofty brow; never shall the great throne of this land bear up the son to the so-styled Virgin Queen, wedded wife of Robert, Earl of Leicester! (312)

Can these things be and not incite in one's heart a wish of showing the truth to future generations? Can one of such a noble nature be content to be but a common subject, who, knowing that by the virtue of kingly birth, royal power should come, doth feel assured that he hath no lack in the parts and endowments all that hold regal sway do require, and who having within such impulses of the godlike patriar-

chal care for his own people would willingly give his time, his money, labour, or all a Prince's power at any time gone by, that yet shall be, or is, may, or may have performed for his subjects? (312)

For this reason do I labour for men's elevation and hold communion with Science. As knowledge doth increase, the pleasure I take is greatly increased also, and I see here before me a boundless province over which our reign may never cease.

The chief wish I now have is to continue my rightful, humble, yet truly worthy works for my toiling fellows, who wrestle in *blind* helplessness with the forces of Nature. We that know the manifold mighty influences of *unseen* things owe more of this knowledge of our environings to the light from our Celestial Source, than to our investigations. Therein lieth the duty we owe to our fellow men, for do not our Scriptures say, "Freely ye have received, so must ye in like manner give?" (344)

This then doth urge me ever on, up the heights of knowledge that *no one* hath ever reached.

It should set this suffering, mutinous, wounded spirit somewhat at rest to feel this truly assured to my heart, but none can show mine eyes that future day — although I long for it as one whose life is waning swiftly, more from trouble, it is true than age, yet no less surely is it wearing to its end, and God's hand shall add that word, all that at that day shall be wanting, merely the *Finis*, to say that the soul of this Prince wins loving subjects at last in Christ, his kingdom. (162)

The secret story here told doth fully set our wrongs before future readers; unto such do we turn for judgment. (312)

Though 'twas the second daughter of Henry the Eighth [who] was my mother, these things do bring my heart many a fear I shall never in a far¹³⁵ time be. (78)

— Francis the First of England,
— CIPHER in *The Pericles, Shakespeare Quartos*.

P A R T III.
CROWN OR LAUREL?

Chapter 21 — OUR PLAYS

(Cipher Autobiography)

We shall see our work arise, as in the Judgment Day the souls that death set free shall rise again in their Celestial bodies, such as they were first created, or as they existed in the thought of God; and as the glory of the terrestrial is different from the glory of the celestial, so the beauties of the one shall not be as the other. (1-89)

— Cipher in *Treatise on Meloncholy* — 1586.

— F. Bacon's early pseudonym: T. Bright.

No hand save this could carry out my design, and conclude so well both the Cypher narrations and the exterior epistles. (69)

To this work have many weary years been ungrudgingly given, by an unskilled pen, first by worthy pamphlets, then, by genius, I, assured that time can do no harm to my cipher, but should rather make it valued, ay, greatly prized. (155)

Although the resolution [to continue the cypher histories] grew ever stronger, 'tis a rare thing, this keeping of a purpose unaltered through every change of a man's life, so difficult as to seem impossible; yet are we so firmly fixed now in the resolve, it would be impossible for us to yield it up. (107)

This history in the form of plays, concerneth a great and most mighty sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, with my own eventful life, the royal policy that Elizabeth pursued in relation to this matter, as Queen of a mighty people, and ruler above every other which then did reign in the bounds of Europe, Asia, or America. (360)

The scenes [in my plays] do show the fury of the heart within them — the words burn with a celestial light, for to my soul it lent its ray divine, even as I wrote.

Whosoever may question evidences of a divine thought interfusing the human mind, hath but to prove it by experiment. He would not be ready to cavil, or laugh to scorn this assertion, which I may repeat anon, that *Divine aid*

was given me in my work. I have, at the least, accomplished a great work in few years, work of such a difficult nature that no one hand could accomplish, nor other than myself upheld or directed it. (207)

Any writings of my pen, be they in my own name or in that of my friend [Marlowe — in *Edward the Second*] is the work of the hand you have so long known as untiring — of the same restless mind and spirit. (151)

Wits must be keen in a like search. We write in constant dread lest our secret history may be found, and make many a shift suddenly for safety. Be not then cast down if there be much that is promised you for which you shall long hunt vainly, since we have oft been seized with fear of that which might [occur] thence. Safety should arise, no less than knowledge, from time's passage. Our mother can hardly be immortal. (I-80)

I may then, to this labour apply both fervour and joy, for so shall my loved books take many more of the thoughts of the trial yet to be. From *living* so much in *Paris*, I have a truly *French spirit*. The love of inquiry so employs a mind from morn to eve, or, till tapers are burned low — the fair hand of *science* leads to the heights no man could resist. Therefore shall I make study not alone the attendant of every day, but, as well, the bosom friend. Study doth fill a hungering mind, while it leaveth behind still greater desires to attain heights and sound those wondrous seas mortal man hath nere surmounted or sounded. (193)

In historical drama, important facts require gracing with elegancies [which] many do admire and praise. 'Tis the changing and shifting movement that doth catch the eye and please the imagination, and plays do give delight in the action. Candidly speaking, it is better to consult men's liking than their judgments, but there shall be no sacrifice here to hurt the sense or lose sight of the aim. Wrongs are exposed, be they ours or others', and often of unpleasantly plain character. We stood close at hand and saw things with

clear eye, to write them in this record, having desired with interest to ourself, yet of worth, finally, to others, inasmuch as there would be without it no true history left to other times. (116)

Scholars of great note have this: When anything new hath been shown them, they recognize in it that which they already know, rather than they will discover that they know not. . . . (35)

Nought is further from my thoughts than a wish to lop this off, but on the contrary a desire to graft more thoroughly on our language cuts that will make the tree more delightful and its fruits more rare, hath oft led me to do the engrafting for my proper self. Indeed not the gems of their language alone, but the jewels of their crown are rightfully England, her inheritance. The inner motive is noble only as it cometh from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought. (27)

Furthermore, many words commonly used in different parts of England strike the ear of citizens of towns in southern England like a foreign tongue, combinations whereof make all this variety, that I find oft-times melodious, again less pleasing, like the commingling of country fruits at a market fair. Yet, you [decipherer] seeing the reason, approve no doubt the efforts I make, in the cause of all students, of a language and learning that is yet in its boyhood, so to speak.¹³⁶

The inward motive is noble, only as it cometh from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought of my right to rule this kingdom as her supreme governor; but this deathless, inalienable, royal right doth exist. (28)

Since it doth aid mankind to point out what is lacking than to prepare all work so that nothing shall remain to be found out — for it is man's delight to find out mysteries, but the glory of God to conceal some matters. (48)

Seeking after any learning is a pleasure; seeking after what is hidden a delight — none so pure — forever spring-

ing up in fresh joy, as the water of a meadow spring gusheth forth to the light. (56)

Nor do we find that Holy Scripture hath any prohibition against any acquisition of knowledge intended only for the world's betterment. (48)

Black as many of my own heavy matters may be, the Play may not be gay, perchance, but most pleasing and also leave small seeds that will put forth some leaf or flower, earnest of harvest. (156)

In the bi-literal cypher a person will find the hidden [autobiography] in which are Histories, Comedies, Tragedies; a *Pastoral of the Christ*, my *New Atlantis*, Greene's *Life*, Homer's epics and that of Virgil, a part of *Thrysis* (Virgil's *Æclogues*), (165) *Bacchantes*, a *Fantasy* . . . the two secret epistles (teaching a cypher for study, to any who may be curious, patient, or industrious), and the *Tragedy of Marlowe*. A servant is added, the unworthy one by whom Marlowe's life was taken, Francis Archer. (198)

Whoso will follow passages through many works put out in the names mentioned [masks], shall find history differing, in respect of my times, at the Court of the time of Elizabeth. (518)

Enter upon the quest [decipherer] with zeal or, in an earnest frame of mind. It doth ever assure a good course. (191) Indeed, you may write merely as the hired assistant whose work is that of a man's hand, or pen, not of his thought, brain, or mind, inasmuch as my thought has informed every portion, as the mind doth the body. (342)

At no time shall your appearance in my employ be deemed otherwise than that of an amanuensis, yet, sir, all dues of honour shall be yours, in this and the coming ages, since it is wholly by this means that the greatest things of this age can be revealed. Seek out [the cypher] and make a full history of my own life and times.

Thus may you be the instrument in the Divine Hand that shall bring to my name the honours due through my writings

and cyphers. How tardy it may yet be I by no means know, for Time hath veiled them so many years . . . (519)

Those whose chief desire is *Scientia* will rejoice in my experiments in natural sciences, for they have greatly increased the knowledge which was in the world. Something have my labours done for other claimants, and Philosophy and the Arts have gained by no means slightly by my labour, for I took no respite for years. I have learned well how much a wise use of time saveth. (337)

It is to this husbandry — this guarding against *loss* — that I do owe a large, aye, the greater portion of this work in Cypher. When a care of the *minutes* hath been learned — a care almost *miserly*, in truth — the next task is that of holding to it faithfully. (338)

In study, hope may aid you. Keep a most cautious, watchful eye on that foe to your work, a love of *pleasure*, and on his sister, *idleness*, for of their companionship no good doth come. (192)

The works I do, mid ranks truly ignorant of such attempts, would *seem greater* than the parts the men of my times have known of. Indeed, *it may not win any belief*, since it would seem *more* than the hand of but a *mortal could* — by any manner of working at this day known to authors — unaided and alone perform. When it shall bear more fruit than the pen of this truly noteworthy youth that all praise, or that philosopher, whom *few even read* to understand, the cause is clear enough for you to acquaint all men with so much truth, which is, simply, use of the time. (212)

Oft my table seems to me as a study, and I frequently invite my friends when my mind seems more upon *my work* than my *guests*; yet do I account my reputation as a host not of the worse, inasmuch as I do *converse* with great *ease* and with so much spirit and wit that none know or imagine my absorption. Many times have I thus made the *plot of a story* in mind, or *contrived a new Cypher*, while

great lords sat at the table and followed many of my experiments to indisputable conclusions. (343)

One must give as great a portion of time as *seven days* in the *week*, and must not use many hours for recreation, would he leave ought of any *value* to men, for *life* is so *short*. It is for this cause that I use my time so miser-like, *never spending a moment idly*, when in health.

It is behooveful, that none of this work attract attention while I remain here, and for another quite manifest reason the Cyphers are not as justly worked out in my later and larger books as I had intended to do, for lack of time is something no man could overcome. Surely my hand and *brain* have but *short rest*. I firmly believe it were not in the power of human beings to do any more than I have done, yet I am but partly satisfied.

The work will not be complete until my death. It may then fall short of many things I have long desired to crystalize in a solid, unperishing rock. However, when death shall cut short my toil, there should be another to carry it forward that it may lack as little as possible. His labour shall be lighter than mine hath ever been. (105)

But one thing may serve well when we take departure, and that is, to leave many and widely varied work; it could not be that nought could be saved from a vast quantity, and ought the hand can produce shall have a greater worth at such a distant day. (124)

With many a wish in my mind for honours, success, approval, I put these things away, as the Saviour put Satan behind him, and do not for a moment alter my fixed determination to make good this *time*, and this *labour*, at some *future* day. But of this I have spoken so many times already, I fear that my patient, but not super-human assistant may have become weary, and have given over the pursuit of this strangely hidden story.

We still stand close at hand (our wishes should wield some power) for the protection rightfully owed to the

works, yet it is to be *desired* that obscurity may wrap them round awhile, perchance, until my Time of life may slip unnoted and unregretted from the earth. One doth not have wild passionate desires and longing for power, when the light from the Eternal Throne doth fall on him, but we would leave a name and a work men must honour. 'Tis the hope that helped me to *woo* poetry, to *pursue Muses*, to *weave dramas*, to *delve* deep in *sciences*, to *pore* over philosophy. (200)

At the *beck* of the heavy hand Death wieldeth, my most valued works be left, [for] no history save mine reveals the story. (146)

I have reared high my noble pile . . .
Lofty works to mark my tomb,
I ask no truer monument.

. . . .

I have been studying how to compare
This soul prison where I live unto the world; (146)

Thus play I in one prison many people,
Sometimes am I king.

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am . . .

Then am I kinged again, and by and by
Think that I am unkinged again by James

And straight am nothing. But whate'er I am
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing. But methinks

This tarrying o'er such babbling prattle
To you is very tedious . . .¹³⁷ (147)

Chapter 22 — THE THRONE AND CROWN

In event of our inheriting this throne and this crown . . . (1584).
(1-82)

Too late it would be — now that all our witnesses are dead, our certificates destroyed — to bring in a claim to the English throne. It would soon bring my death about. (201)

— F. Bacon

— Shakespeare *Plays* — *First Folio*, 1623.

All the promises of the world's glory and the opportunity to acquire great learning have sometimes made havoc within my mind, for I have yearned for the honour that would now come to me if I had not been cut off by the whim of my royal mother from princely station, shut from hope of succeeding to the throne. By law the kingdom should go directly to the first-born son. How right and Divine justice, having been controlled by a woman's unyielding spirit, suffered a change, is made clear and evident herein. (100)

This cannot be otherwise, with one knowing that he is heir-apparent to this kingdom, outraged, wronged, dishonoured by one whose maternal love was not of so great strength as a desire for power. In such a son, the wisest our age thus far hath shown — pardon, prithee, so unseemly a phrase, I must speak it here — the mother should lose selfish vanity and be actuated only by a desire for his advancement. (17)

It burneth as an injury no lapse of time can cure, a ceaseless corrosive which doth eat the heart. The sole relief doth come by making out a complete history of my wrong that doth so embitter my days. Men can eat, sleep, drink, work when the heart is bowed down in pain, yet the joys are gone from their whole lives, and do not return. (353)

Chief sorrow is a sense of *wilful wrong* on the part of such men or women as have greatest *obligation* by relation, and more especially those of nearest and *most tender* relationship — that of *parents* to a child. This will *never grow*

inferior, nor even merely equal to the natural ills in life. It doth rather greatly magnify and increase. Why and wherefore I shall not ask, nor marvel at ought of similar nature. The Creator *planted* this within the *bosom* of our *kind*. Who hath so great wisdom or so just judgment of our life, of right or wrong, as our Maker? Who can pronounce His laws at fault? A fool or blind, perchance, not he that sees, nor the man of thought. (354)

In the old times, to be King compelled him to wear armour, and lead into battle, adventuring everything of value — life, kingdom. To mine own self this way of maintaining the Divine right is repugnant, and when I come at last into my right, the power of the mind shall by my wisdom be shown to be greatly exceeding that of the sinewy right arm. This is my hope in labour, oft as hard and as fatiguing as falleth to him that hath always toiled for his bread, as 'tis by such means that kingly minds should be disciplined. (9)

I do so employ myself that the mind doth not sooner enter into labyrinthian turnings than my hand beginneth its part of the labour. The work is filled with events so interesting, 'twil appear to you like dreaming, when secrets must yet be kept from men. (212)

My best Cypher was given to a revelation of events so false, set down in writing by my wicked mother [about Essex], that none have wills so strong to find out the state of any kind of ills which is laid by, at the Queen's orders, therefore not seen if it so gratify Elizabeth. (177)

Nevertheless my labour must bring villany unto just punishment, . . . put to rights the most important records of these lands, with much hard bought truth, and turn from the lees, or rack a flagon of a red wine, the which, running cold, sends icy chills into my soul; ay, curdled blood this wine proves, if you see the cup running over in that soft white hand, and 'tis as from this life of my veins.

Err not in my work. Hope quickens to duty: trust conquers all; for truth is as the crown won in the race. 'Tis evermore the part of an eager runner if success be desired, to keep on bravely to the goal, for 'tis unto him *a crown is given* who doth claim the prize alone, through his timely efforts and his perseverance. (192)

I now seek the dizzy top more eagerly than I did in those early days when my blood ran warm and life itself was as the first rays of fair sunshine; for the crown then seemed to hang over my head. My right was made plain to me, and besides a great earnestness, a persisting upon my own side, there should be, and I doubt there was, some secret bending or stooping of my mother's spirit, yet my fate was as a card — a die cast by hands of those bold men, not as a prince's shining destiny. (359)

. . . with true love of our kingdom most at heart, furthermore being late, having like others who have been drawn two ways, lost much time in deliberation, the face of our claim clouded, so that questioning of England's prosperity, we doubted our proper right to sever Britain, fortunately united, but unfortunately kinged. (109)

Our light hath burned low, the beams of morning now burst upon our longing gaze and put to flight the black night's dragons of brooding gloom. For ourself the future bringeth surcease of sorrow. Had we no secret labours to perform, gladly would we listen for the footfall of Death, the somber herald; yet our wish is not as might afford our own life pleasure, for till our work be complete, this [cipher] is more truly good and important than the works which our hand *openly* performeth. (108)

Alas, how do men's minds turn to the hope of a great name, when no greatness of blood hath set a seal upon them. Some, however, are greater by birth. Such are heirs to kingdoms, as I myself am, yea, and heir to a scepter, itself of such power that Europe doth tremble in dread of

wrath and destruction if the shadow falleth over the land. . . . (350)

However, admiration of greatness is natural. Even the *foibles* of a Queen would please at some remote a day. (49)

And I sometimes fear that [inheriting] will come at a most untimely, (if not *post mortem*) period, for it hath even now turned the marking point of five decades. This then is more than a half-century of such unsatisfied longing and desire for justice. (213)

It is not fear, but distaste of the unseemly talk and much curiosity of the many who read these Cypher histories. My time of fear went from me with my greatness, but I still wish to avoid many questionings — and much suspicion, perchance, on the side of the king. I have need of the very caution which kept these secrets from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy, and my life was the forfeit. (346)

But the day of justice having gone, past long since all hope of my achieving glory or fame as the ruler of the realm of England, Ireland, Wales, also our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter West. (312)

It is our wish to have our words heard, nor should it be thought vanity, since it is not alone that I wish fame amongst humankind in such things. I desire that the time to come should correct the errors of the unfortunate present, but more I do not hope to win. (58)

A great art — to find truths which Nature's hand guardeth even as it was in that first day concealed — must of necessity have exercise the same as other arts, nor must the inquirer imagine this is possible without the most painstaking work. This is obvious in the labour I perform every day, for like the old Israelites who served in Egypt, more is oft required of me than to make the brick. Philosophers have need of servitors that shall prepare the way, like the

forerunners of our Saviour, . . . since their labor is to some degree a labor Divine and hath for end and aim the *advantaging* of humanity. (162)

Old men have been laid in the tomb and children have become men, yet this matter is still in the cradle, nor can I have great hope to see the maturity of this long-cherished dream. Then, too, sometimes the prize doth seem quite near — and we do trust in the Divine Eye watching the course of human life, guarding, guiding every footstep, and sharing our many woes. (213)

At times a Divinity seemeth truly to carve rudely hewed ends into beauty, such as God must plan when we are shaped in His thought, inasmuch as He can, aye, He doth, see the whole of life ere we draw the first trembling breath. This doth aid us daily to climb the heights of Pisgah, where, crossing over, our souls do see the land of our longing desire. (213)

It dependeth upon others, oft times to reap the harvest one hand hath sown, and my labor may be so compared; it is also very like the sounds musicians make in tuning their instruments, of no delight or pleasantness to hear, but for this cause, afterward there is sweeter and more pleasing music. But we shall have occasion to show the wonderfully beautiful harmony that hath at one time been brought forth. . . . (354)

It awaits one, whom Time maketh Truth's expositor, for he who may unseen write and publish the secrets I do thus conceal, may have more glory, more fame, even than he hath, who taketh a city. (188)

By uniting many powers, lofty endeavours for perfecting the knowledge that is in the world, joined also with a strife for the elevation, in all kingdoms under heaven, of this whole people, the Divine will or plan doth perchance have full sway. (I-81)

It is well to know a crown can one of these days be put on — an *immortal crown*, that rust shall do no ill, nor evil

men deny to such as do inherit it, or win in any sort of strife of the poets — authors with brother authors. (188)

But my kingdom is in immortal glory among men from generation unto coming generations. An unending fame will crown my brow, and it is far better worth in any true thinking mind, than many a crown which kings do have set on with show and ceremony. Yet when I have said it, my heart is sad for the great wrong that I must forever endure. (346)

'Tis to posterity I look for honour, far off in time and in place . . . and there is that in midst wondrous dreams maketh strong protest against the doom of *oblivion*. It is made most plain to me, the hour shall yet strike when England shall honour me, their ill-fated Prince, whom all the Destinies combined to curse, and thwart each effort to obtain that title — Prince of Wales — which was in truth many a day rightly my own.

And afterwards my stile should justly have been —

— Francis First of England. (201)

If thou dost love thy life,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
Fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by it?

Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's.¹³⁸ (903)

Chapter 23 — FUTURE AGES

I am most assured that my long labor, spent making ciphers with this end and aim, when completed and put out, boldly given forth *under my signature* or in some other name, shall have full recompence of reward. (25)

— Sir Francis

— Cipher in *Advancement of Learning*, 1605.

I urge upon my decipherer the oft-repeated wish for a careful rendering of my work. To such an one, our work is left, nor *can I believe it lost*. In hope, such as doth inspire the hearts of all those who commit their labours to the *future*, I leave you *my name and labours*. (367)

— Francis St. Alban

— Cipher in *Natural History*, 1635.

It is not easy to reveal secrets at the same time that a wall to guard them is built, but, this hath been attempted; how successful it shall be, I know not, for though well contrived so no one has found it, the clear assurance cometh only in the *dreams and visions* of the night, of a *time*, when the secret shall be fully revealed. (122)

That it shall *not be now*, and that *it shall be then* — that it shall be kept from all eyes in my own time, to be seen at some *future* day, however distant — is my care, my study.

'Tis the labour of years to provide the widely varied prose in which the lines of verse have a fair haven, and lie anchored until a day when the coming power may say: "Hoist, sail away! for the winds of heaven kiss your fairy streamers, and the tide is a-flood. On to thy destiny!" (13)

No eye is turned on *innocent* seeming *plays* of any kind, the well hidden history may *long be safe* — too safe to work me good or ill in my lifetime, I now believe, yet I have a faith that it will sometime be (noted) and deciphered.

I wished to have the translations kept until a *future race* of men, or at the least scholars of our own day — have noticed in my open works under *different names*, a certain

style that shall prove their origin to be the same, because it will be impossible to decipher them fully until all the works shall be conjoined. (51)

Many a year I did work upon this Cypher method to perfect it for use, and I *submit* it to you, not so much as a work which shall be to the advantage of myself, but as one brought forth for the aggrandizement of the patient decipherer. (356)

The deciphering of these secret works will hardly be so closely hid, or so secretly done as hath been the work of my silent preparation. (356)

I fear that this is all a lost labour, for it doth seem too well hidden to find the light of day, and it doth ever wage the war in my heart with most earnest desire for sweet assurance of a safety I have not for many a day or year felt. (153)

It is for this that I look out to that long future, not of years but of ages, knowing that my labours are for benefit of a land very far off, and after great length of time is past.

Europe must also reap the great harvest still ripening . . . (356)

I am in good hope, even yet, I may see this work completed in my own mortal life, yet Voices sound to the ear making the *prophecy*, many times repeated, of a long future and of a land that is very far off. But for the future how could we bear the burden of the day? In my heart the whispers of hope thus have long made a sweet song in the night, that is more glad and joyous than any love hath sung. (100)

As a mighty music of the sea when uplifted by wind soundeth loud, though wind be soon stayed, so my poem maketh a loud sound that doth come home to men's bosoms, albeit moved by a passing breath. (96)

The life of the man who was the living God, doth show what all life might be, in unselfish ministry to the world's

needs. It is given to every man, as it hath been given myself, to know what the power within, His spirit, hath come into this world to do. None, I think, would make the old plea that fate or chance doth control his own nature, yet must he own some power that doth sway men's hearts and that holdeth our existence — the issues of life, in time which is now, and is to be.

With *prophetic vision* our eyes, looking into the future, see the day that give these Cypher histories life and light. *This* shall be the great work of this age. Its fame shall spread abroad to farthest lands beyond the sea. (116)

Labour, I entreat thee, to draw forth the rules for use in writing out these secret works. [The Cipher story] is now the only desire that hath likelihood of grand fulfilment, but so great is our faith that posterity shall give honour unto our name, here and in the distant lands beyond the seas, our efforts are tireless and unceasing to carry out even the least portions of our marvellous work to perfection. (338)

I show many *truths* of the affairs of the times that you have not *found told* by my fellow *historians*, for none know this page of history as the Queen — and a few others that dared not reveal it — knew it and feared it. What will grow therefrom is unknown, yet none living save one man, besides the one most interested, standeth in this history. These two are *myself* — one who by rights should be the King of England, the last of the honoured line of rulers of whom none was more honoured than was my mother, Queen Elizabeth (and none less justly so), *the other* is His Majesty, *the King* [Charles I]¹³⁹ important only as the *son* of the man *who ruled his own kingdom, that of Scotland, and mine, that of England*. (347)

It is no improper exaltation of self, when one, feeling in heart and brain the *divine gifts* that fit him for his *Princely destiny* — or that rightly inherited albeit wrongly withholden Sovereignty — in true, noble, kingly spirit doth look

for power, not for the sake of exercising that gift, but that he may *uplift* his *people* from the depth of misery . . . to the firm rock of such mode of life as would change cries to songs of praise. (46)

There is vanity and pride in the noblest human heart, which drive his steps on in the path he doth pursue, and 'tis but nature; as when sunlight maketh the plant grow upward, so this light of nature driveth our shoots out in profuse, far-reaching vines. His fruit may not ripen in his day, and the taste may prove its quality unsavoury when it shall be brought into the bins, *but his own it is*, and it could afford none other ought of *blame* or *praise*. (114)

Far beyond our small Isle, our vision *prophetic* doth see a realm, outstretched wider and yet wider as time shall elapse, in truth augmented *beyond our belief* in *number*, in extent of *dominion*, in sway of the Imperial Scepter. (526)

I trusteth all to the *future* and a land that is very far towards the sunset gate. (58)

When our time shall come for our *farewell* to earth and all its gifts of joy or pain, our work [its deciphering] must still proceed, since our cypher is not yet discerned. Our hope is, that ere long our story shall burst its cerements and rise to make the truth known of all men. Then must our *name be known*, far as man's foot hath trod, and that which hath been *lost* in the present, may be *recovered* in the future. (113)

Whosoever may read and note this [cipher] work shall keep on faithfully that which I marked out for him. It leadeth far, on to other and wealthier mines of *truth* and far greater discoveries, ere he shall set these forth in triumphant music. (163) Let some note in such a paean be in my praise, inasmuch as my hand long before awakened the sound and tuned the instruments that the music might be thus. Do not treat my small request as an idle thought, for 'tis as serious as any that I have placed in my works. (164)

In the Holy Word of Scripture we read that a workman is worthy of his wages, and I account this my reward. As hope of Fame is only for a *future*, howsoever *remote* this shall be, it is not vanity in me to make this request, nor do I offer apology to any who hear and see. Much honour that is my due may be denied me, as I place my joyless [autobiography] herein — yes joyless and sad indeed, yet *true*.

The decipherer must note that the part he must take in the work is that of any labourer . . . but no surer is honour to the name of the inventor than to the decipherer, (214) for they must assist as though they were the brain and the hands joined in man's body; and *with no one to aid* in the task, *all might remain here unseen till the end of time*. (215)

Therefore, I beseech you serve me now until the work shall be done, for fame is nearer than men know. (215)

The writing of the secrets, to make true and correct records of the history of England and of Queen Elizabeth's life is most noteworthy. Only time will reveal this story, inasmuch as it is *nowhere left* to my *countrymen* but in Cypher. (352)

I have undertaken great labour in behalf of men for the further advancing of knowledge, awaiting a time when it shall be in *every language* as in our own, but that this may be kept to *other ages*. (26)

Remember, pray, that your own name [decipherer] is, or must yet be, inseparably joined with mine: therefore, if honour cometh to me by . . . this [cipher] invention, you must share in the renown. It is to none other I may look for aid to bring my work forth to men's sight. Your hand may roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher and set this cipher free. It is not dead — it sleepeth . . . doubtless for years, perhaps for centuries. Is it not then an act deserving world-wide fame? *Trust me it shall not fail*, but in every land in which the English language hath a place, shall it be known and *honored*. (52)

Some might not trust a labour of years to *oblivion*, and hope that it may one day be summoned to take upon it its *own form*; yet doth some thought uphold me, so hopefully my heart doth cling to its last desire, I write on each [work] "*Resurgam*," [I shall Rise again], believing they shall, even like man, *arise from the dust* to rejoice again in newness of life. (101)

What remaineth to man at the last of all this labour and care? *Ought?* Shall he leave the dearest labours, the great designs, the marvels that he hath wrought, and bear from hence to that new life a memory only, or it may be, *even less?* (123) Must he lose his hold upon all earthly objects to take hold on that that is eternal? Must he part from all and leave all? Ay; and yet, if his *arts survive* 'tis well as he can naturally wish. (124)

If he may have knowledge, when the last long night of death oppresseth him, sealing the eyes and shutting from him the blessed light of day, that the things that he loved died not also, it will not be utter loss, utter *oblivion*. Shall not his soul *live* after him? Surely; nor can you or I have that far sight that looketh into the future, and we know that by the Divine Wisdom of the Ruler Supreme, 'tis so ordained.

Where many authors receive the reward of their application at once, *ours* awaits man's *future*; but 'tis the future of *time*, and *posterity* must make *just amends* for our *present want*. (71)

The future peoples of a *distant shore* will prove true the word which saith: "A man is not without honour save in his own country," since they be true, today, here, for us who dwell where the Divine footsteps have nere trod, as they were sixteen hundred years ago in Palestine. We await that day!

Yet much have I accomplished by most thorough and unceasing *appliance* of *time*, by having exercised patience and most ceaseless perseverance for so *many years*, 'tis not prob-

able that I shall *now falter*; but I dread lest too many parts be left when I make the final *exit*, and mar the whole. Of that none but the Divine Ruler knoweth. (68)

As floods sweep away such things as be of light weight, leaving along the course heavy bodies, metals, or rocky masses, in like manner the things which have sufficient weight when borne on down the great *River of Time* shall soon be found *preserved* from waters, although often very far distant, perchance, and amid new scenes. At that time, sooner or later, *my triumph* must *thrill* my heart, for *long* hath the labour been, and often difficult. (97)

The *future* may thus in a measure make good the *past*, so that I shall, perchance, recover with the *generations* that *are to come*. The hope maketh my work less heavy and my *heart less sad*.

If God doth grant me a *long life* so to complete these varied labours, it shall be *well* for the *world*, since I am seeking not my own honour, but the honour and advancement, the *dignity* and enduring good of *all mankind*. (98)

I have lost a present fame that I may, out of any doubt, recover it in our *own* and other *lands* after many long years. I think some ray, that far-off golden morning, will glimmer even into the *tomb where I shall lie*, and *I shall know* that wisdom led me thus to wait unhonoured, until in the *perfected time* — which the Ruler, that doth wisely shape our ends, rough hew them how we will, doth *even now know* — my justification be complete. (82)

In my *remaining days*, whatever is meet to do for the benefit of *posterity*, to promote the general *improvement* of *mankind*, *that would I do* in all places.

Some experiments that were made before King James put some businesses¹⁴⁰ into my hands that in latter days are lacking, though delicate often and wearisome, receive chiefly my unoccupied moments, when no Cypher is in hand, for nothing is of more benefit — or at least doth put a man

in a way sure of aid in a right understanding of Nature's laws more readily — than Nature's own teachings. (162)

I keep the *future* ever in *my plan*, looking for *my reward*, not to *my times* or countrymen, but to a people *very far off*, and an *age* not like *our own*, but a *second golden age of learning*. (208)

When my very *soul* doth lie, as the souls of men shall, before our *Father's judgment seat*, exposed to the eyes of *men* and *angels*, I shall receive all *men's praise* instead of a whole nation's or many nations' contumely. Then my Love shall be known, which would sacrifice my ease that humanity might share in all these labours, reaping *rich benefits* from my studies. So must my *name* be revered in many a *land* among the sons of men. (358)

If your *pen* have no *glory* [decipherer], it, indeed, is by some shortcoming of your own, for I have prepared the way to fortune and high favor. You may be my voice to utter the words I would fain speak. (186)

Pilate said, when he had framed a title for the King of the Jews:

“What I have written, I have written.”

Thus must my work be left as it is. (187)

. . .

The Cipher rounds out and finishes the story . . . of all that is mortal.

But for our conscience then, we would rear our hand
And play the Roman fool and die on our own sword;
We, with three inches of this obedient steel,
No better than the earth ourselves could make,
O what a sleep were this, if 'twere perpetual!
But there's a prohibition so divine
Against self-slaughter, in the Holy Scripture,
It cravens our weak hand and doth return
The sword obedient to the scabbard.

. . .

Last scene of all

That ends this strange eventful history,
The old man dies; and on the shoulders of his brethren
To the heavy knolled bells is borne,
In love and sacred pity, through the gates
Of the holy edifice of stone, where all in white
The goodly vicar meets them, and doth say: —

“I am the Resurrection and the life,” . . .

Then through the narrow winding church-way paths . . .
Of a melancholy bough, gently set down
Their venerable burden, they lower him into the tomb,
To sleep, perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub,

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. To die, to sleep, to dream
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. For in our graves
After life's fitful fever, one sleeps well.¹⁴¹

RESUSCITATIO

Ciphering by:

Lord Bacon, Wm. Rawley, and Sir Wm. Dugdale.

WHERE THE MANUSCRIPTS WERE HIDDEN¹⁴¹

Cipher in De Augmentis — 1623 London Ed.

Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher reads:

Having counselled with many who will in future continue this cipher work, we have reached a happy end to this Quest. If it be ordered by Divine Wisdom that no one of this time and age shall set at liberty the cipher, then perchance some mind more versatile still, may take our work further. Much have we learned — there are more things above and below, in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of. (528)

Our task is often shared by one most devoted always, the constant and faithful friend *William Rawley*.¹⁴² He it is which must fulfill our plan of placing certain MSS. (according to the customs of ancient people) to ensure their preservation, in tombs, graves, or in monuments, intending to give unto every man his own, i.e. it is our design to put our MSS. (plays, poems, histories, prose — the object of which being rather interior than exterior) — in a marble monument and in tombs wherein the cinders of our masques may lie. With much care we shall carve upon the stones placed to mark their sepulchres, such cipher instruction as must lead unto true knowledge of all we shall hide within. (530)

This is no doubt a duty somewhat heavy upon that friend Rawley. (531) We set these works apart in parcels. We look to times far-off with assurance. When well devised shrine be completed, and every secret receptacle, monument, or tomb, our friend (Rawley) shall place each MS in hiding. There cannot be found a better device than that of the *Stone of the Stratford Tablet*, curiously well cut inside, so that secret receptacle hath been set within, to preserve a large part of the *Plays*. (532)

That stone must be rent from the wall, backward turned, and unsealed. Thence the *Plays* mayst thou take if the cen-

tury be passed; if it be ere long, touch none. So whilst these tombs do stand shall hope for this our work live. (533)

— Francis St. Alban

Insert by Wm. Rawley in Bacon's De Augmentis:

The testimony of a very well known friend to the author [Francis Bacon], as to a plan whereby MSS are much less in peril is given. 'Tis simply that in proper time every work be hid in tomb or monument. Seek the living where lie the dead. There may be no eye (at that time far distant of which his Lordship speaks) to search for hidden treasures amidst the ruins of fallen stones. (534)

— By the unskilled hand of Wm. Rawley,
Chaplain to *Viscount St. Alban*.

Cipher by Francis Bacon in his Apothegmes — 1625:

As you may like a complete story written upon my MSS, I do put writings by: also different parts lie at distant points. (542)

R. B. [Robert Burton]¹⁴⁴ pledged his word, the good shelter of a wider box should receive my books. Only the two, Wm. Rawley and Robert Burton, show a weak zeal to aid me by still worthily setting the artful work forth as a mask.

Christopher Marlowe's is marked XM; Robert Greene's mark of a more common order. A difficult or occult line may thus sign the epitaph of Geo. Peele; Caps which are in two forms trace my MS in Spenser's. G. wrote his own — weak but well turned.

No box is in so odd a place as the MSS that added so much to the name of Will Sh. The place now is Canonbury,¹⁴⁵ but whereas our others, — all (X; R; E.S.; G.) at present are watchers over the MSS, long hidden, a better shield than my X. hath as yet *Ecce homo*, but not, See the MSS. (544)

— Francis Bacon,
(These are the last words of F. B., deciphered by
Mrs. E. W. Gallup in 1910).

Additional Note by Elizabeth Gallup:

In the book *The Lost Manuscripts — Part III of The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, Mrs. Gallup states: "With overmastering incentive, I sailed in July 1907, for England, to make an effort to find, if possible, some of the manuscripts. First, to seek out those tombs and monuments not made the shrine of every traveller.

Three centuries have made great changes in London . . if register and tradition speak truly; the grave of Robert Greene lies beneath the network of the Liverpool St. railway terminus; that of Christopher Marlowe¹⁴⁶ fifteen feet below the tower of St. Nicholas Church, Deptford; while of George Peele's resting place there seems to be no trace.

There remained the graves and monuments of Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey, of Robert Burton at Oxford, of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, and of Francis Bacon at St. Albans.

The original monument to Spenser crumbled in a century, but from an exact reproduction of it, in an engraving in the 1679 Edition of the *Faerie Queene*, it is possible to decipher the hidden message inscribed upon the stone — "*A small inner space at the west end contains the MS named.*" Until the monument is taken apart we cannot know whether or not this "inner space" was left undisturbed in its reconstruction. If the original was an entire ruin, the MS. is lost; if not, the inner chamber may remain intact, with the manuscripts as originally placed.

Upon one of the great white columns in the Cathedral of Christ Church, Oxford, is a peculiar memorial to Robert Burton. A bust of the author surmounts a Latin inscription which contains this bi-literal message: "*Take heed; In a box is MS. — Fr. B.*"

The present Shakespeare monument at Stratford is not the original, but differs widely, according to an engraving in Wm. Dugdale's *History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire*, written in [or before] 1636, not published until 1656. *Later decipherings explain a change of plan and show that they were not placed at Stratford, but elsewhere.*

In the Church of St. Michael's, at St. Albans, is a white marble statue erected as a monument to Francis Bacon. In 1869, the church was "restored" and the statue moved, with a large crack in the pedestal showing injury. The inscription was re-cut upon an earlier inscription, and this makes it impossible to translate the Cipher message it contained.

If manuscripts were found at St. Albans, they would be of Bacon's acknowledged works, and would not be conclusive regarding the masks.

Thus the monument at Stratford was eliminated as a receptacle of the *Plays*. Canonbury Tower has been largely reconstructed. More recent decipherings develop that part of the MSS. of the plays which were placed in Gorhambury Manor, and this is now a ruin.

In tracing the bi-literal cipher through a period of *ninety-two years* — from 1579 to 1671 — we find it was inserted by Bacon, Ben Jonson, Rawley, and also Rawley's "executor." The work has led me through sixty-one¹⁴⁷ different books in which this Cipher is printed. In the Third Edition of *The Bi-literal Cypher of F. B.* were published the disclosures found in fifty-three books — from Edmund Spenser, 1579, to *Sylva Sylvarum* by Rawley, in 1635.

In *The Lost Manuscripts* are translations from *De Augmentis*, 1623, through eight books, including *Resuscitatio*, 1671.

In the two hundred and sixty years since Rawley "left to his executors" the care of the MSS. and the latest message

we have concerning them, it is quite possible that *changes* have been made *in the resting places*, but it is a quest worthy of the dignity of the scholar, or the earnestness of the most zealous antiquarian, and now I give to the world the knowledge I have gained by long continued study, hoping that it may lead to the most valuable historical and literary discovery of our century.

— Elizabeth Wells Gallup,
Detroit, June 1910

Cipher continued by Wm. Rawley. Inserted in Bacon's Apothegmes — 1625.

A wise device, the small box that hath *F.* like the royal sign interlaced with an *R* on the top, was filled with Plays (written and sealed to mark them thus, being his legal stile at Qu. E's death). If you may have found box, monument, tomb, or marble, it is no sign that you will find the treasure, so be not deceived. (545)

It is the Shakespeare MSS. which F. B. desires shall bide in the monument — the blind device. Blocks form a box in which he will seal his MSS. and cut inscriptions upon it. Ruling the so-called *Ecce homo*, this inscription may stay in Stratford Ch., the box I will not take to me, yet I always serve him. (546))

Except for myself, Fr. Bacon has found no one to whom to speak thus of a desperate hope to keep his hiding places. If he knew that the box I have mentioned be trampled and in very truth hid in a miry muck heap, he would see a blessed and a Divine destiny therein.

. . . .

All the world reads what exteriorly appeared; but few have seen that which immeasurably surpasseth these, so wholly was it hid. (548)

— Rawley's cipher in his
The Miscellany Works — 1629.

. . . .

In due time shall work rise in his Lordship's name . . . that bore the names Peele, Marlowe, Jonson, Greene, and Shakespeare. I consented to put Spenser in this honoured charnel house where kings of the English people rest. (553)

Works of immanent value Fr. St. Alban's pen did easily produce. His Lordship spoke of the Scriptures, "Eyes that see and perceive not," the hidden works. "Learning is honour, it doth exalt . . ." How vastly beyond most was Fr.

St. Alban advanced, for he took all learning for his province.

— Rawley's cipher in
The Felicity of Queen Elizabeth, 1651.

Go to Gorhambury, F.'s estate, where MSS are kept. Look to find monuments and mural tablets to conceal MSS, it is plain, but labour lost, a sound reason makes me seek to have F.'s word disregarded. (554)

I failed in laying royal claim, in my own bold writing, upon any of the manuscripts. It was not possible to get F.'s works into the graces of either king. We feel grieved in heart. Sir Francis possessed that clear insight into the inner mind.

To my hands MSS of plays were given in fond trust. (557) However, I do oppose F.'s proposed bequest. Posterity! So unwise, unworthy. Nevertheless I wrestle with what my executor shall make of those MSS. (560)

Certain old panels in the double work of Canonbury Tower and at Gorhambury saved most valued MSS. Thus concealed, you shall find the dramas he wished to hide in the stone in the Ch. of Stratford.

How should one be crowned, being dead? If he is a true Prince, true subjects should regard him with reverence. If the honour which is his due may now bless him, my cup will overflow. (561)

None of MSS. so great worth I deem, as when he, humble suitor, stole away the Queen's [Marguerite's] love and carried an answering love in the heart; of such truth he was of necessity continually opening his bosom in plays; for the heart of his Romeo, or gentle Hamlet, will reveal his devotion. Yet the soul learneth through sorrow the fullness of all pain in order to set forth the truth. (563)

'Twas upon knowledge his love had brought, his overmastering living love, not upon the pride of the mind and

use of wit that he wrote his truest, most important works — the *Plays*. He sounded the deep abyss of fathomless pain, voiced in the drama his sorrows, as he mounted heights of divinest bliss, light springeth up, flame mounteth, burning words glow in his *Plays*. It induceth me to show to all, who have held intimate relations with Sir Francis the early blossoming that bore such fruit — by the one knowing love's crown; by the other, pain's cross.

Guarding custodians at Gorhambury and Canonbury Tower yield the W. Sh. manuscripts, as all responsibility is but to remove it in perfect safety to the place F. oftentimes mentioned. A sonnet of F.'s, all but persuading me the MSS were quite safe if left no trace thereof, I destroyed the stone Fr. kept — for of any real use in attempting to place it in a duly designated niche — and concealed a portion at G. (571)

Now to reach rare papers, take panel five in F.'s tower room, slide it under fifty with such force as to gird a spring. Follow A.B.C.'s [directions] therein. Soon will the MSS be your own. I am grateful for the faith which men who watch over the MSS show at Gorhambury Manor. (594)

. . . for no man whom the whole world applauds, hath imitators and apes so shrewd as to write in varied style yet withall stamped by the excellent, the pervading genius. Most rare is the great gift. There Francis is: Marlowe, gay for a brief time, but pompous, lofty; now is he Edmund Spenser — for his rare, excellent, sweet-singing beloved; now as G. Peele, full of odd quips; and then is he R. Greene, so vivid painter of his mind's conceits; now Shakespeare; and now R. Burton, crowding into a volume quaint thoughts of melancholy and much wisdom — and lastly is he our Bacon. (576)

. . . work which F. conserveth in Canonbury and Gorhambury, and also the plan was if F. B. die, guard-men I placed upon MSS, should upon a demand surrender all to

such guardianship. (579) A portion of MSS. F. openly put out, or sent to two English aides abroad who saved Fr.'s small X.M; and J (Jonson) MSS, my care being engaged for Sh. F. believed the fame of days to come was of much greater worth than the present. So whilst W. Sh. is accruing a monument of renown, F.'s own time is not doing him justice. (581)

G. P. MS is put into surer, close hold than anything I have put away. I handled E. S.'s, but F. having put MSS in tombs before consulting any of his worthy men, trusted future hand, acting Heaven's will, bring it to new light. F. sent the matter in entire completeness of illustration to our chief printer of *De Augmentis*. (583)

— Wm. Rawley¹⁴⁸

— Cipher in his *Resuscitatio* — 1657.

*Cipher by Wm. Dugdale*¹⁴⁹ in his own book,
Resuscitatio — 1671:

For thirty years, Dr. Wm. Rawley secretly kept two watchmen as guardians at Gorhambury Manor, ere Time relieved the watch. When Fr. [Bacon] kept hourly guard, none had a sentiment of resentment, yet W. R. kept us in frequent, nay constant distrust. (588)

It was proposed by Fr. B., lest other famed works be seen in the ruins that human habitation threaten, to remove to safety all those manuscripts, writ for W. Sh. Dr. Rawley having *hope to profit liberally*, in his Lord's increased power in honour and in monies, for Dr. R. intended present good, neither he nor his son left the epistles that our great man had written to *serve* the purpose of *proof* in future ages.

By our two books that I yet hope may give Truth voice, I'll promulgate revised writings which Dr. Rawley was about putting in print, using care to omit the complaints, so that no question of himself may come. (590) 'Tis when F.'s will be crossed, confirming doubts in respect of minute literal meaning, his important directions have weigheth upon the mind. The Will Sh. MS. seemed great worth like to meet with; loss too great to recover after ages. (591)

If better wisdom had counselled Dr. Rawley, [the works] concealed in Canonbury Manse, at this gentleman's request, would have been removed to the Gorhambury Manor, as all servants there built most strong fortifications against harm. (592)

We set little by Elizabeth's subtile heart . . . double promise . . . sacred vows . . . she failed to make the promised restoration of documents or make confession of motherhood, with declaration of Fr. [as her] successor . . . But that paper saw neither that, the light of his time, nor this day, and whereby his claim is well grounded is yet mysteri-

ously concealed. If haply in France, it may sometime be recovered, by former much trusted council, to Dr. Rawley its seeker justly belong, for none but he was resolved, patient, and faithful at all times. (594)

— Dugdale. K. of A.

APPENDIXES

Appendix 1 — Continuation of
INTRODUCING THE PRINCE
HIS MASKS

Dedications addressed to the *Earl of Southampton*:

Barnabe Barnes in 1607 published *The Devil's Charter*, and eulogized Southampton. Some of Shakespeare's Sonnets are assigned to Barnes.

Edward Blount, stationer, also offered his dedication to Southampton, in a translation of a history, the *Union of Portugal with Spain*.

Gervase Markham was soldiering in the service of the Earl of Essex. Markham published a poem in memory of Sir Richard Grenville, dedicating it to the Earl of Southampton, which is a clue that it was the work of Lord Bacon.

Why are there so many repetitions in the plays? Lord Bacon makes this explanation in his chapter on Ciphers:

I always alter even when there be more to add, and I may take many of the parts from the plays put out in quarto form, to reset the same, having made a plan to increase one by making a likeness in the theme, easily suit the thoughts and any sundry verses of others. It may be a long time ere I can put into use most choice lines so culled from early plays.

*Willoughby his Avis*a — Some of Henry Willoughby's passages are repeated in Shakespeare. Since Willoughby had gone abroad on Her Majesty's service, his name was placed on *Avis*a.

Thomas Watson's poem in *Hekatompathia* was used in *The Rape of Lucrece*. Watson supposedly was publishing and translating a large number of Latin, Greek, and English poems, "sonnets." Watson and Greene both died in 1592, and so did Prince Tudor's French mask, Michel Montaigne.

Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, in

1579 from the French, was such splendid prose, that Prince Tudor adapted long passages into blank verse in his play *Julius Caesar*.

Bartholomew Yonge translated Montemayor's *Diana*, dedicating it to Lady Rich (Essex's sister). Twenty four of the lyrics were published in *England's Helicon*, all the authors therein being Lord Bacon's masks.

Francis Beaumont and *John Fletcher* produced *Philaster* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Fletcher also collaborated with *Philip Massinger*.

Lord Bacon created a literary squabble between his masks in *War of the Theatres*, masked by Jonson, who drastically attacked his fellow dramatists. *Dekkar* and *Marston* bitterly retaliated in *Satiromastix*, which the Chamberlain's men produced. Shakespeare was Jonson's target in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, including other dramatists, Marston in particular. In *What You Will*, Marston portrayed Jonson, but Marston in turn was ridiculed in the *Poetaster*, as *Crispinus*.

Robert Chester's Love's Martyr, of 1601, contains his rambling poems, but in the Preface he says: "Absurdity like a thief have crept into these poems . . ." In the supplement appears a Shakespeare fantasy *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, unearthly in simplicity and beauty. Lord Bacon's allegory is his outpouring to the memory of his brother, Robert, the Earl of Essex, executed in 1601, by their mother Queen Elizabeth.

Samuel Daniel's Civil Wars between Lancaster and York was used for *Richard II*. The Shakespeare Quarto of 1616 contained *Contention of York and Lancaster*. Daniel published the *Complaint of Rosamont* in 1592. Shakespeare entitled his *A Lover's Complaint*. *Musophilus*, Daniel's great poem was used in *Julius Caesar*.

George Gascoigne's Supposes was re-used in *The Tam-*

ing of the Shrew, with the clue: While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Raphael Holinshed died in 1580, and in 1587 a much enlarged edition of *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* was published. Holinshed wrote the *History of England*, part of the *Chronicles*, and *William Harrison, Description of England*. Prince Tudor made splendid use of this work, re-using it in his English historical plays, *Macbeth*, and in parts of *Cymbeline*.

Lord Strange, the Fifth *Earl of Derby*, Ferdinando, mask, wrote verses and is eulogized by Edmund Spenser in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, as Amyntas. Spenser is the clue, identifying the work as Lord Bacon's.

John Stow, mask, was a friend of Ben Jonson and Camden. Stow's most original work was *Survey of London*, printed in 1598 and 1603, which was revised with additions by Anthony Munday in 1618 and 1633.

Michael Drayton describes Warwickshire pastoral scenes. *Oldcastle* was from Drayton, Munday, Thomas Wilson, and *Richard Hathway*. Lord Bacon believed there was safety in numbers, regarding his masks. Drayton paid a great tribute to Marlowe after his death, and so did Peele.

Thomas Wilson wrote the popular *Art of Rhetorique*. He became interested in the revival of Greek learning, and made the first English translation of *Demosthenes*, a very original production, comparing the states of Athens with England.

Arthur Golding, mask, translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, used by Shakespeare in *Venus and Adonis*. Actually Golding's name was written on Bacon's work, for this mask was a confirmed Puritan, the translator of Calvin.

The powerful but dangerous play, *Sir Thomas More*, was sketched out by *Anthony Munday*, with Dekker and Chettle collaborating. Munday also masked *Fidele and Fortunio* in 1584.

Sir Francis, in writing the plays, is an actor outside the play. In one scene he is creating a violent literary quarrel between *Gabriel Harvey* and Nashe. Bacon is the puppeteer manipulating the puppets, Harvey and Nashe, and saying their lines for them. The quarrel between the masks has been so convincing that its authenticity has never been questioned.

Then more quibbling as Greene calls Nashe a "young Juvenal." Nashe talks about Greene's long red beard, which Nashe says "he cherished continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewel, it was so sharp and pendant."

In *Nashe's Strange News*, 1592, Nashe addressing Harvey says of Greene, "A good fellow he was, and would have drunk with thee for more angels than the Lord thou libelest on, gave thee in Christ's College. I was in company with Greene, a month before he died, at that fatal banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled herring . . ." Obviously Greene ate and drank himself to death.

The first English map of the Indies to appear was produced by Edward Wright, *Richard Hakluyt*, and *John Davies* (masks) in 1600, drawn on the principles of Projection. John Davies of Hereford, in his *Civil Wars* . . . gives complimentary references to W. S. . . . presumably Shakespeare.

Richard Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations* appeared in 1589, which was a huge collection of voyages. The Lapland sorcerers are mentioned, who enchanted sailors away from their coasts; also tells about the sun-worshipping American Indians.

Giovanni Cinthio's Hecatommithi, or a hundred tales of an Italian novella, from one of which Shakespeare reproduced the plot of *Othello*. Some of the other tales used, were masked by Painter, Whetstone, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shirley.

The Italian comedy *Gl'ingannati* and *Gl'inganni*, very

popular all over Europe, the plot from which was repeated in the Shakespeare plays.

Thomas Campion is mentioned by Wm. Camden, the antiquarian, along with nine other masks of Lord Bacon. Campion published a volume of Latin *Poemata*; in 1602, *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*, a treatise on music, and four *Books of Ayres*.

Sir Walter Raleigh's The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana, was written by the prolific writer, Bacon. Raleigh related his fascinating journeys, which Bacon's able pen then recreated most realistically. Part of this was reproduced in *Othello*. Raleigh also masked the Introductory Sonnet to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

William Adlington, mask, was the translator of the *Metamorphoses*, or *The Golden Ass*, from the Latin of Lucius Apuleius. The same idea was used in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* when Bottom was transformed into an ass. The dedication of this book to the Earl of Sussex indicates that Adlington was Bacon's mask.

William Painter's Palace of Pleasure was taken from Boccaccio, and was repeated in Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*.

The *Cambridge students* of St. John's College, masked Bacon's *Parnassus Plays*, and also *The Return from Parnassus*, the second part of which contains interesting review of the merits of certain contemporary poets, including Shakespeare and Jonson, and introduces Kemp and Burbage. The names are clues, linking the plays to Bacon.

The *Robin Hood Ballads* inspired the outlaws in Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and contributed to the forest theme of *As You Like It*.

William Rowley, mask, collaborated with *Middleton*, *Heywood*, *Massinger*, *Dekker*, and *Webster*, which is a clue that he was another one of the masks. Rowley, and Webster masked *Thracian Wonder*.

John Ford collaborated with Dekker and Rowley in writing *The Witch of Edmonton*.

Thomas Newton's translations of the *Seneca* tragedies were appearing at intervals from earlier decades, and were incorporated into Shakespeare's dramas.

John Day masked *The Isle of Gulls*, and collaborated with Dekker and others in a number of plays.

William Strachey's news-letter vividly describes how *Sea Venture* was driven ashore by a hurricane, which provided the material for the *Tempest*. Strachey also masked *The History and Travel into Virginia*, as Lord Bacon was the foremost founder and promoter of the Virginia Company, having coined "Virginia," thereby honoring the *Virgin Queen*.

Sir Fulke Greville, first Baron Brooke, was a friend of Francis Bacon. Except for the tragedy of *Mustapha*, and one or two poems, *The Phoenix Nest* and *England's Helicon*, Greville's works appeared after his death, like *Life of Sidney*, 1652, and his *Remains*, 1670. Sir Fulke was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Edward Dyer was mentioned by Francis Meres as "famous for elegy," and he translated part of Theocritus. Sir Philip Sidney's pastoral, *Join Mates in Mirth with Me*, is addressed to Sir Dyer and Sir Fulke Greville.

Reginald Scot's first treatise was on hop-culture. Ten years later, in 1584, he masked the famous *Discovery of Witchcraft*, which furnished material for *Macbeth*. Scot also masked *Treatise upon the Nature and Substance of Spirits and Devils*, in several books, which were in part an enlightened attack on superstition and a defence of the wretches persecuted as witches.

Harsnett's Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, 1603. Bacon re-used from it the name of some fiends mentioned by Edgar in *King Lear*, IV, i. *Samuel Harsnett* was appointed Archbishop of York in 1629.

Jasper Heywood wrote a poetical prologue to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*.

George Whetstone published *Promos and Cassandra* in 1578, which is repeated in *Measure for Measure*.

Thomas Middleton's greatest play was *The Changeling*. This mask was considered a brilliant dramatist, with William Rowley, Dekker, Marston, and Massinger.

Henry Constable was the translator from the French of Montemayor's *Diana*, 1592. A volume of his *Sonnets* was later included in *England's Helicon*, which contained the works of Bacon's masks, Sidney, Raleigh, etc.

Robert Jones' *First Book of Songs and Aires*, of 1600, was the result of the songs and music in the Theater productions. Bacon's plays were full of musical sounds and melodies.

Richard Edwardes, 1523-1566, masked the excellent comedy, *Damon and Pithias*, his only extant play. A verse from a poem of his, *In Commendation of Music*, was quoted by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*. This poem was included in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a collection of works by poets who wrote in the early part of the sixteenth century. The material was supposedly compiled by Edwardes and published a decade after his death.

William Gager, mask, wrote Latin plays. In 1583, two of his plays, *Rivals*, a comedy, and *Dido*, a tragedy, were performed. His most successful play was *Ulysses Redux*, performed in 1591. A volume in the British Museum contains a miscellaneous collection of his writings, including Latin translations, verses, and epigrams.

William Warner, mask, is best known for the poem, *Albion's England*, 1586. In his *Continuance of Albion's England*, he adds an account of *Macbeth*; and his translation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, is the main source of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury* contains

the most complete and astonishingly numerous list of Lord Bacon's masks. Meres lists painters and musicians: *Hilliard* and Oliver; Tallis, Byrd, Bull, Morley and Dowland. In the play, Hamlet says of his uncle that 'those that would make mows (drawings) of him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little', evidently referring to Hilliard, whose miniature colors were transparent and luminous as medieval glass . . . but his pupil, the Huguenot refugee Oliver was fast winning favor.

The golden century of English music was in the sixteenth century, led by its Tudor rulers: Henry VIII was a composer and played several instruments, Edward VI a lutenist, Mary Tudor and Elizabeth played the virginals, and of course the most accomplished artist was the last of the Tudors, Prince Francis. The English were singers of folk-songs, carols and ballads. *Thomas Tallis*, mask, wrote his motet *Spem in alium*. This sacred music was written for eight five-part choirs. Thomas Morley was a pupil of William Byrd, also friend of Shakespeare, this a clue; John Dowland wrote airs and was a great lutenist. In 1611 John Bull collaborated with Byrd and others in the publication of *Parthenia*, a collection of virginal music.

This concludes the disclosures about Lord Bacon's innumerable pseudonyms. On the next page will be found the *List of the Hundred Masks*.

THE HUNDRED MASKS¹⁵⁰

Adlington, William

Barnes, Barnabe

Barnfield, Richard

Basse, William

Beaumont, Francis

Blount, Edward

Bright, Timothy

Brooke, Arthur

Burton, Robert

Cambridge students

Camden, William

Campion, Thomas

Chapman, George

Chester, Robert

Chettle, Henry

Condell, Henry

Constable, Henry

Covell, William

Daniel, Samuel

Davies, John of Hereford

Davies, Sir John

Davison, Francis

Davison, Walter

Day, John

Dekker, Thomas

5th Earl of Derby

(Lord Strange)

Digges, Dudley

Digges, Leonard

Digges, Thomas

Donne, John

Drayton, Michael

Droeshout, Martin

Dugdale, Sir William

Dyer, Sir Edward

Edwardes, Richard

E. K. (England's King)

Field, Richard

Fletcher, John

Florio, John

Ford, John

Gager, William

Gascoigne, George

Golding, Arthur

Greene, Robert

Greville, Sir Fulke

Hakluyt, Richard

Harrison, William

Harsnett, Samuel

Harvey, Gabriel

Hathway, Richard

Hayward, Sir John

Heminge, John

Henslowe, Philip

Heywood, Jasper

Heywood, Thomas

Hilliard, Nicholas

Holinshed, Raphael

Holland, Hugh

Holland, Philemon

Howard, Henry

(Earl of Surrey)

Jaggard, William

Jonson, Benjamin

Kyd, Thomas

Lodge, Thomas

Lyly, John

Markham, Gervase

Marlowe, Christopher

Marston, John

Massinger, Philip

Meres, Francis

Middleton, Thomas

I. M. (John Milton)

Montaigne, Michel

Munday, Anthony

Nashe, Thomas

Newton, Thomas

North, Sir Thomas

Norton, Thomas

Painter, William

Peele, George

Pembroke, Mary, Countess

Porter, Henry

Putterham, George

Raleigh, Sir Walter

Rowley, William

Sackville, Sir Thomas

Scot, Reginald

Shakespeare, William

Shirley, James

Sidney, Sir Philip

Spenser, Edmund

Stow, John

Strachey, William

Thorpe, Thomas

Udall, Nicholas

Warner, William

Watson, Thomas

Webster, John

Weever, John

Whetstone, George

Willoughby, Henry

Wilson, Thomas

Mr. W. H.

Yonge, Bartholomew

NOTE: Many other masks have not been listed.

Appendix 2 — YOUNG FRANCIS

In 1862, a delightful account was written of young Francis Bacon by one of his biographers, William Hepworth Dixon. Because in his closing paragraph Dixon refers to Shakespeare, it is obvious that the biographer never suspected a connection between Bacon and Shakespeare, although he considered that both of them were the greatest of Englishmen.

Dixon writes: "Sweet to the eye and to the heart is his face as a child. His chubby cheeks, his grey-blue eyes, his curly and silken locks, might have fitted him to sit for one of the angels painted by Raffaele. Born among the courtly glories of York House, nursed on the green slopes and in the leafy woods of Gorhambury; a man among boys, now playing with the daisies and speedwells, now with the mace and seals; one day culling posies with the gardener or coursing after the pigeons, the next day saying his pretty little compliments to the Queen. He grows up into his teens a grave yet sunny boy; on this side of his mind in love with nature, on that side in love with art.

"Every tale told of him, wins on the imagination; whether he hunts the echo in St. James Park, or eyes the juggler and detects his trick, or lisps wise saws to the Queen and becomes her young Lord Keeper of ten. Not one lapse is known to have blurred the beauty of his youth. No rush of mad young blood ever drives him into brawls. If he be weak on the score of dress and pomp; if he dote like a young girl on flowers, on scents, on gay colours, on the trappings of a horse, the ins and outs of a garden, the furniture of a room; he neither drinks, nor games, nor runs wild and loose in love.

"Armed with the most winning ways, the most glozing lip at court, he hurts no husband's peace, he drags no woman's name into the mire. When the passions fan out in

most men, poetry flowers out in him. Old when a child, he seems to grow younger as he grows in years. Yet with all his wisdom he is not too wise to be a dreamer of dreams; for while busy with his books in Paris, he gives ear to a ghostly intimation of his father's death. All his pores lie open to external nature. Birds and flowers delight his eye; his pulse beats quick at the sight of a fine horse, a ship in full sail, a soft sweep of country; everything holy, innocent, and gay acts on his spirits like wine on a strong man's blood. Joyous, helpful, swift to do good, slow to think evil, he leaves on every one who meets him a sense of friendliness, of peace and power.

"The serenity of his spirit keeps his intellect bright, his affections warm; and just as he left the halls of Trinity with his mind unwarped, so he now, when duty calls him from France, quits the galleries of the Louvre and St. Cloud with his morals pure. One sees him by the light of Hilliard's portrait,¹⁵¹ as he strolled along the Thames, or reclined under the elms, with his full round face, his bluish-grey eyes, his fall of dark brown curls, and his ripe, jesting mouth; with his hose puffed out, his ruff and rapier as the scholars then wore them; in his face a thought for the bird on the tree, the fragrance in the air, the insect in the stream, no less than for the subtlest speculations of philosophy."

Hepworth Dixon stated that with the exception of Shakespeare, Bacon's life and accomplishments interested him much more than that of any other Englishman who ever lived.

At twelve years of age, Francis and his dearly loved foster brother Anthony Bacon, fourteen, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where students were forbidden to use even in conversation any other language than Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. Studying the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle in the original tongue, Francis began his literary work early,

for he translated the works of Homer and Virgil, whom he revered as poet immortals.

Francis was to arrive at a momentous decision in college. All the more impressive is it, when we know that at Christmas 1575, when Bacon's studies terminated, he was a month short of fifteen. Young though he was, he rejected *deductive* logic, the type of philosophy for which the name of Aristotle was the symbol. He had no quarrel with the system, but concluded that Aristotle's goal was wrongly set, although he was one of the most brilliant geniuses known to history. Francis presented *inductive* logic for the attainment of truth, which in a sense is diametrically opposed to deductive logic. He wrote that we must refrain from *deducing* general laws or principles for which we have no real evidence in nature. In natural philosophy practical results are not only the means to improve human well-being, they are also the guarantee of truth. There is a true rule in religion, that a man must show his faith by his works. The same rule holds good in natural philosophy. Science too must be known by its works.

Francis likewise concluded that Aristotle's philosophy was valueless, as it was strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man. Dissatisfied with the futility of much that was taught, Francis left Cambridge with his mind formed and habits of research fixed.

In reality, Francis Bacon was ahead of his time, and like a modern theoretical physicist, argues that "many parts of nature can neither be invented — that is, observed — with sufficient subtlety, nor demonstrated with sufficient perspicuity without the aid and intervening of the mathematics."

The readers will be interested in the author's *most exciting and fabulous discovery*, which should not be left buried in the *footnotes* of Chapter 13: *Homer and Virgil*, but which I urge you to read. Francis Tudor relates in Chapter 2,

that as a young child the Queen quizzed him in Greek epigrams. Then at the age of thirteen and fourteen, during his last two years in Trinity College, he translated all the works of Homer and Virgil, afterward using these in his Shakespeare and many other works. It is amazing to observe in this autobiography how Francis' consciousness is *constantly at one* with these poets, and I point out in Chapter 13's footnotes that *he was* Homer and Virgil as he "*strove to attain to the heights they mounted*" in this Prince-poet incarnation.

Until the time of Francis's banishment, Anthony and Francis were inseparable. All the Lord Keeper's sons, three from his first marriage included, had been entered as ancients on the books at Gray's Inn; therefore when Francis returned from Paris, he began seriously the study of law for the next five years. Anthony, on the other hand, hearing about the fascination of France, likewise about Marguerite and the dazzling French Court, left England to experience, as Francis had, life across the channel.

During Anthony's long stay abroad, he no doubt represented Francis in having many of his works translated, published and produced in many countries and languages.

HOROSCOPE INTERPRETATION

FOR FRANCIS TUDOR BACON AND HIS QUEEN MOTHER

Queen Elizabeth's horoscope¹⁵² highlights the three men who were an integral part of her life, her spouse, and two sons. At the unwelcome birth of her babes, the Queen immediately placed them in the homes of friends. The three men are represented by the three planets imprisoned in Elizabeth's eighth house, the house of secrets, oblivion, and death. The three planets are: Sun (husband, Leicester); Venus (younger son, Essex); and Mercury (Crown Prince, Francis). The first two planets were adversely aspected by Neptune; therefore Leicester and Essex both lost their lives quite suddenly. Robert Essex failed in his mad attempt to seize the kingdom, and three weeks later the Queen sent him to the execution block.

Prince Francis is represented in the Queen's chart by Mercury, the most elevated and prominent planet; therefore he survived for sixty-five years, in spite of the deadly danger from spies and intrigue, for he used all his wits and genius. Queen Elizabeth's seventh house contained the two ruling planets of her first house, indicating her love of adulation, power, and her strong entrenchment as a reigning queen. One of her seventh house planets, Uranus, squared her Mercury, the latter representing Francis, who, with all his eloquence was unable to persuade the masquerading "virgin" queen to acknowledge him as her true successor to the English crown. But Francis was an equal match for Elizabeth, as both their Moons were in Taurus, making both tremendously strong-minded. Resolute as the Queen was to disinherit her son, so was he equally determined to reveal her duplicity; just as she nullified his Tudorship, he recreated himself as Shakespeare, to become the greatest Poet, instead of England's King.

It is an apparent fact, according to the 1561 Ephemeris, that the cusps of the signs fell on the ninth of each month

instead of the twenty-first. Therefore on January 22, Prince Tudor's Sun was already in thirteen degrees of Aquarius. Francis, as his Queen mother, also had three planets predominantly placed, but in his occult twelfth house.¹⁵⁸ The Moon therein, in Taurus, is exalted, and endowed him with tremendous occult knowledge, but, on the other hand, kept him obscured. In addition, Francis' Taurus Moon conjoined Marguerite's Taurus Sun. This accounts for the irresistible attraction!

Prince Tudor's Neptune, in its own twelfth house, in opposition to Uranus, gave him magical powers, but there was a yearning within him for his rightful temporal Kingship, on the one hand, and for lasting God-consciousness on the other. The Moon and Neptune in his twelfth house, and a retrograde Saturn on his ascendant, in Gemini, signified that his identity was a deeply hidden secret, and that his very life was in jeopardy, from his first breath to his last. The Queen is indicated as her son's foremost foe. Saturn, the planet of woe, brought Francis suffering when he was left penniless, struggling to complete his education as a barrister, nor did it ever spare him for the rest of his life. However, it was this astrological configuration which distinguished him as a literary genius, lawyer, statesman, philosopher, scientist, and occultist. Saturn on his ascendant, in the twin sign Gemini, made him versatile, inventive, dexterous, and enabled him to become the myriad-minded Shakespeare, able to write under the names of many men. Saturn also gave him depth and profundity, for this planet can exalt or debase, and Prince Francis experienced both. He became Chancellor of England, then was framed and dishonored.

The combination of Sun in Aquarius, the New Age sign, and the Moon in Taurus, endowed Prince Tudor with intuition, insight, and a oneness with nature. Being a highly developed spiritual person, clairvoyant and clairaudent, he

could see into the hearts and minds of his fellow men. These occult powers, however, can only be divined in his writings, hidden under many distinguished names, many of whom (his masks) were drunkards and nonentities.

The kingly attributes of St. Alban are shown forth by his Sun and Mercury in the midheaven, in Aquarius. These two planets formed a close trine to his Saturn and Ascendant, thereby enhancing his creative genius, enabling him to produce the greatest literature of the world. Sir Francis, the linguist, also tripled the English vocabulary, so that English soon thereafter replaced Latin.

The third symbol in the tenth house was the fortunate Dragon's Head (North Node), adding to St. Alban's royal stature. The Part of Fortune in the fourth house gave him success in writing in his native land, but its conjunction with the Dragon's Tail brought delays, limitation, and obscurity.

The literature of this Aquarian Oracle shall live and indeed thrive anew, nourishing the mind, heart, and spirit of the new Aquarian race of men.

Appendix 3 —
MARGUERITE, MY SWEET, SWEET LOVE
May 14, 1553-1615

Francis Tudor Bacon met Marguerite de Valois at the dazzling French Court, and he was spellbound by her exquisite charm, beauty, and brilliant mind. Marguerite was the daughter of Henry II and Catherine de Medici, and considered the pearl of the crown of France. King Charles IX, her brother, in his familiar tenderness always called her *ma soeur Margot*.

Alexander Dumas, père, in *La Reine Margot*, gives the following description of the French princess: "She was the object of all the poets' eulogies, some [Prince Tudor] compared her to Aurora and Cytherea; she was in truth, a beauty without rival in that court in which Catherine de Medici had assembled the loveliest women of the age and country. Marguerite had black hair, a brilliant complexion, a voluptuous eye veiled by long lids, coral and delicate lips, a graceful neck, a full enchanting figure, and, concealed in a satin slipper, a tiny foot scarce larger than an infant's. The French, who possessed her, were proud to see so lovely a flower flourishing on their soil, and foreigners who passed through France returned home dazzled with her beauty if they had but seen her, and amazed at her knowledge if they had only discoursed with her; for not only was Marguerite the loveliest, she was also the most learned woman of her time. And on all sides was quoted the Italian savant who had been presented to her, and who after having conversed with her for an hour in Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin, had said on quitting her presence, 'To see the court without seeing Marguerite de Valois is to see neither France nor the court.' "

A favorite and occasional visitor at the Court was the young boy, Henry of Navarre. Henry was full of confidence in his lucky star, even though he was a rugged mountain prince who had a Spartan upbringing, went barefooted, eat-

ing brown bread and cheese with shepherds, and was accustomed to fatigue and dangers. On the other hand, Marguerit was brought up in the dazzling French Court, pampered and adored. Her sister, Elizabeth of France, an equally famous beauty, became Queen of Spain, having married Philip II.

Henry's mother, Jeanne d'Albret, the Queen of Navarre, was the niece of the great Francis I of France. After her death in 1572, Henry became the King of Navarre. The scheming Catherine de Medici arranged to have her daughter, Marguerite, marry her cousin Navarre, who was in line to inherit the French crown; which Navarre did, after the death of Henry III (Marguerite's brother), becoming Henry IV.

There was absolutely no love between the young couple. A few days after the marriage, the St. Bartholomew massacre of Catholics against Protestants occurred. The palace itself became a battleground. Navarre, a Protestant, was considered a hostage. For several years he was unable to leave the French Court, and it was during this period that young Francis and Navarre became fast friends. Eventually Navarre escaped under pretense of a hunting expedition. Later, Francis, while traveling on the continent stopped to visit Navarre. For several reasons Henry wanted to be released from his marriage bond, and so did Marguerite, but they remained lifelong friends. (Navarre's grandson eventually became England's King: Charles II.)

After Navarre's flight, King Henry III arranged for his sister to leave the Court. How vexed the courtiers were at Marguerite's departure, saying the court of France had lost its fairest flower; it had lost its sun. Marguerite's bright beauty was so dazzling that all others were eclipsed near her. She wrote poetry and kept a diary or memoirs. In reality, Prince Tudor wrote ardent poetry, which may have been attributed to her.

Francis arrived in Paris on the twenty-fifth of September,

1576, in the company of the English Ambassador, and the youth stayed for three years,¹⁵⁴ captivated by Queen Marguerite. Meeting her, he was struck by a lightning-like infatuation and composed the verse, incorporated in *Hero and Leander*:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight,
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Marguerite was eight years his senior and was married five years previously to the King of Navarre. It is interesting to note that Lord Bacon *duplicates this situation by recording that Shaksper married Ann Hathaway, who was eight years his senior.*

Until the time of Francis Tudor's banishment, he and his brother Anthony Bacon were inseparable. When their father, Sir Nicholas, died in 1579, the eighteen-year-old Francis was recalled from Paris, and he never saw Marguerite again. Anthony, the fair and handsome youth, hearing about the charm and fascination of Marguerite and the life in France, wasted no time in embarking for the continent, remaining there for twelve years (1579-91), but was in constant correspondence with Francis. Anthony, like Francis, became infatuated with Marguerite. Sonnet forty-two¹⁵⁵ is about the three of them. Francis also wrote a play concerning them, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In this fictional play, Francis is Valentine; Marguerite, Silvia; Anthony, Proteus; and Sir Nicholas, Antonio. One of Prince Tudor's earliest *Essays* is dedicated to beloved Anthony, "You that are next myself."

Comparisons have been attempted between Queen Marguerite and Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, both having grown up in the household of Queen Catherine de Medici. Marguerite was eleven years younger than Mary. Both Queens possessed much intelligence, wit, grace, and divine beauty, and both Mary and Marguerite were coquettes.

The identity of Mr. W. H., to whom the *Sonnets* in

1609 are dedicated, has aroused much speculation. The hidden name is contained in: To *W. H.* *THE ONLIE BEGETTER*. The first letter *Double U* or *W*, contains double or *two* letters. The old printed **W** has four points at the top of the letter. Lower the second point, and this forms an upside down **V** and **N** = **VV** = *AN THE ONLIE BEGETTER* = ANTHONIE B. The *H.* in (*W. H.*) stands for Ham or Hamlet, substitution for Bacon.

Anthony (his older brother) is the Fair Youth who never married, much to the distress of his mother, Lady Anne Bacon. Both Francis's Queen mother and Anthony died in 1603, a grievous year for Francis. Therefore, the dedication by Thorpe — one of Bacon's masks — says: "*Mr. W. H.* all happiness and that eternitie . . ." Anthony willed Gorhambury, the family home, and all his worldly goods to his dearly beloved brother, Francis. The identity of the "Dark Lady" is Queen Marguerite, a brunette like her Florentine (Italian) mother. It was Anthony Bacon who, to some extent, replaced Francis in Marguerite's affections.

There is a third person in the *Sonnets* whose relationship has so far been unknown. The author experienced a fiery ordeal of the soul which caused him inexpressible anguish. This third person was Prince Tudor's own brother, Queen Elizabeth's second son, Robert, the Earl of Essex, whom the Queen adored, yet she had him executed for trying to capture her kingdom. Francis's heart almost died within him when Robert was sentenced to death.

Appendix 4 — THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENTS

The engraving¹⁵⁶ of the original Shakespeare monument was prepared by Sir Francis Bacon, and later the print came into the possession of Lord Bacon's executor, Sir William Dugdale,¹⁵⁷ who published it in his *History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire*, in 1656, although the work was written by Bacon. William Rawley had been Bacon's executor, but when the former died, Sir William assumed the position.

By the year 1623, the Shakespeare bust had made its appearance at Stratford Church, and depicts Shaksper clutching a sack of grain. This designated his occupation as a grain dealer. He was also engaged in money-lending, which all began after Shaksper returned from London in 1597 to settle in Stratford, having been given a nice sum of money for certain services. As mentioned in "Introducing the Prince," Shaksper's family name might not have been Shakespeare. It might have been some other name, like Smith — Mr. William Smith. Curiosity might have been displayed in the bust, by the illiterate Stratfordians, but none could read the Latin inscription, which was a mockery, stating that the person was, "A Nestor in experienced judgment, a Socrates in philosophical genius, and a Virgil in poetic art." But how could such a dullard, depicted in the bust, be a Shakespeare? Another equally daring hypothesis is that Bacon might be the one and only Shakespeare.

The erection of the monument appears to have been a mystery to the outside world. Who placed it there? Who wrote the Latin inscription? Who would he likely be, but the brain behind the whole Shakespeare mystery, the author himself, Francis Bacon, the Shaker of the Spear of Knowledge at the serpent of Ignorance. For that was Bacon's true aim, the *Advancement of Learning*, as he titled one of his own earliest books.

Then 125 years later, the first monument was replaced

by the present one in 1748. In this effigy, the cushion replaces the sack and a large quill pen is held in the hand.

It was also in 1623, seven years after Shaksper's death, that Sir Francis had Shakespeare's *First Folio* published. That evidently was the year when every item pertaining to Shaksper's life, from birth to death and thereafter, including his will and all pertinent legal documents, were completed, by St. Alban, to be preserved for posterity.

Lord Bacon *took no chances*. He saw to it that a William Shakespeare would not be able to blackmail him or make personal claims for the works of England's crown prince. He chose to write every remark and item about Shakespeare himself.

One reason Francis, Baron of Verulam, might have chosen to identify his mask Shakespeare with Stratford, was because this area was very well known to him. His uncle, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick of Stratford Manor, resided there, and Francis combed the countryside on his visits there. In those days the villagers were employed by the Lord of the Manor, so Francis Tudor used the names of some of these men, like Richard Field, the tanner's son, as a mask, a printer of his earliest productions.

In regard to the five signatures of Shakespeare: these laborious, shaky scrawls have done so much to convince the world that Shakespeare was illiterate. Sir Francis, the Prince Magician, was an expert in calligraphy and could write in any style of writing. Therefore, it was Bacon who prepared the Shakespeare documents, to which he then very cleverly affixed the signatures. There are any number of legal papers, including Shakespeare's will, which our Lord High Chancellor, Baron Verulam, prepared in Latin and English to authenticate his "Shakespeare Myth."

Since Shaksper was not a poet, nor had he any reason to suppose his remains would be moved, it was Francis Bacon, who with great foresight wrote the simple poem which

Shaksper is supposed to have written. Bacon did not want the farce to go too far, thus localized Will Shaksper to Stratford, so that this mask would not be immortalized among the poets at Westminster. Shaksper was represented in his true light, when Lord Bacon had this poem engraved upon his tomb.

Good friend for Iesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest by ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

This has been read by thousands of graveside visitors during the passing centuries with a puzzled but reverential awe.

In 1623, the living author Shakespeare, wrote his final tombstone inscription, perhaps for the fictional deceased widow of Shaksper. To Latin scholars it will be obvious that these words were penned by the Immortal Bard who was believed to have died seven years earlier.

Ubara, tu mater, tu lac, vitamque dedisti . . .

MARK TWAIN'S EXTRACTS ON SHAKESPEARE¹⁵⁸

I will make a list of those details of Shakespeare's history which are facts — verified facts, undisputed facts:

He was born on the twenty-third of April, 1564. Of good farmer-class parents who could not read, write, nor could sign their names.

At Stratford, a small back settlement which in that day was shabby, unclean, and densely illiterate. Of the nineteen important men charged with the government of the town, thirteen had to "make their mark," being unable to write their names.

On the twenty-seventh of November, 1582, William Shakespeare took out a license to marry Anne Whateley. Next day he took out a license to marry Anne Hathaway. She was eight years his senior. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. Within six months the first child was born. Then came twins — 1585, February.

In 1587 he makes a ten-year visit to London, leaving family behind. Five blank years. In 1592 there is mention of him as an actor.

In 1597 he bought New Place in Stratford, and during the years that followed accumulated money. Settling down in Stratford, he busied himself in lending money, trading in tithes, and in land and houses; shirking a debt of forty-one shillings, borrowed by his wife during his long desertion, which he never repaid; always suing debtors for shillings and coppers; being sued, for shillings and coppers. He lived in the joys of these elevated pursuits.

In 1616 he made a will, and signed each of its three pages with his name. In earlier years he signed two other official documents. These five signatures of Shakespeare still exist, but no other specimens of his penmanship.

He left his wife one item — the "second-best bed," and not another thing — not a penny. The will mentioned not a single book. Books were much more precious than swords,

silver-gilt bowls, and second-best beds, and a book was given a high place in wills.

When Shakespeare died in Stratford it was not an event. Nobody came down from London. There were no lamenting poems, no eulogies, no national tears, only silence. So far as anybody actually knows and can prove, Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote a play, or a letter to anybody in his life.

Appendix 5 —
SPENSER'S *SHEPHEARDES CALENDER* — 1579

This appears in almost the last page of Mrs. Gallup's
Bi-literal Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon, 1900.

*Shepheardes Calender*¹⁵⁹ was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of *The Faerie Queen*. Also, because it marks a "turning point" in the history of English literature. The appearance of *Shepheardes Calender* gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Then, there are some "mysterious circumstances" connected with its publication: On December fifth, 1579, *The Shepheardes Calender* was entered at Stationers' Hall, under the name of:

Hughe Singleton; Lycenced unto him the *Shepperdes Calender* containing xii eclogues proportionable to the xii months — vjd. [Patterned after Homer's XXIV sections.]

Neither in the entry nor on the title page is the author's name mentioned, but dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." This edition and the second one are dedicated or "Entitled to the Noble and Virtuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney." (1554-1586)

Four copies of these early editions are known to exist in: 1. The Grenville Collection of the British Museum. 2. The Bodleian Library, Oxford. 3. Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4. The Huth Library.

After the Queen's death, in 1611, the sixth edition of *Shepheardes Calender* appeared with the poet's name attached to it. This volume has the title: *The Faerie Queen*;

The Shepheardes Calender; Together with the other works of England's Arch-Poet, Edmund Spenser. It is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Empress, Renowned for Piety, Virtue, and all Gracious Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, etc. Her most humble Servant, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humility dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to live with the eternity of her Fame.¹⁶⁰

Spenser died in 1599, twelve years before the book was attributed to his authorship.

The following lines are from the Dedicatory verses of the first edition.

Goe little booke: thyselfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent: [unknown]

* * * * *

But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame,
And when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.

— Immerito.

Appendix 6 — LIST OF THE SIXTY BOOKS DECIPHERED

The Cipher Autobiography has been arranged from selected Cipher fragments, contained in *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, amounting to 475 pages of cipher, which were deciphered by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup from sixty books.

The earlist nine books listed below were written between 1579-1589. These old sixteenth-century books could not be procured in America, so in 1900, Mrs. Gallup visited England. She found that they were filed in the British Museum, where she deciphered them. When gathered together and printed they produced fifteen pages of ciphered material. In the edition of *Shepherd's Calendar* of 1579, she found the commencement of cipher material of inestimable value. This along with other subsequent works was published in 1901, in Part I of *only* the Third Edition of *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*.

Below are the Contents of the cipher in Part I of Mrs. Gallup's book. The page numbers in the fifth column refer to Mrs. Gallup's numbering. The sixth column numbers indicate the pages of the Cipher book, from where the material has been taken, and so each statement can be verified from the source.

	Title	Year	Pseudonym	Page	Pg. nos.
1	<i>Shepherd's Calendar</i>	1579	Anonymous	79	I-79
	Later attributed to E. Spenser, in 1611				
2	<i>The Araygnement of Paris</i>	1584	George Peele	80	I-80
3	<i>The Mirrour of Modestie</i>	1584	Robert Greene	82	I-82
4	<i>Planetomachia</i>	1585	Robert Greene	87	I-87
5	<i>(A Treatise of Melancholy</i>	1586	T. Bright	89	I-89
	(In 1621 and 4 later dates Robt. Burton was listed as the author.				
6	<i>Euphues-Morando</i>	1587	Robert Greene	91	I-91
7	<i>Perimedes-Pandosto</i>	1588	Robert Greene	93	I-93
8	<i>Spanish Masquerado</i>	1589	Robert Greene	94	I-94
9	<i>Spanish Masquerado (2nd Ed.)</i>	1589	Robert Greene	95	I-95
	Two Editions, same year, with different cipher story.				

(Numbers in parentheses which are at end of paragraphs in the autobiography indicate the pages of the Cipher book.)

The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon, Part II, contains 368 pages of cipher material. The following list represents the Contents of Mrs. Gallup's book, PART II, and the pages in the right hand column refer to her book, as well as to the numbers appearing in parentheses at the end of paragraphs of the pages in the Autobiography.

PART II.
THE DECIPHERED SECRET STORY
APPEARING IN THE FOLLOWING BOOKS

	<i>Book Title</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Pg. Nos.</i>
	EDMUND SPENSER:		
10	<i>Complaints</i>	1591	1
11	<i>Colin Clout</i>	1595	3
12	<i>Faerie Queene</i>	1596	4
13	<i>Faerie Queene</i> Second part		7
	SHAKESPEARE QUARTO:		
14	<i>Richard Second</i>	1598	10
	GEORGE PEELE:		
51	<i>David and Bethsabe</i>	1599	11
	SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS:		
16	<i>Midsommer Night's Dream</i>	1600	12
17	<i>Midsommer Night's Dream</i> , Fisher Ed.		13
18	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	1600	14
19	<i>Sir John Oldcastle</i> and		
	<i>Merchant of Venice</i> Roberts Ed.	1600	15
20	<i>Richard, Duke of York</i>	1600	18
	FRANCIS BACON		
21	<i>Treasons of Essex</i>	1601	20
	SHAKESPEARE QUARTO:		
22	<i>London Prodigal</i>	1605	23
	FRANCIS BACON		
23	<i>Advancement of Learning</i>	1605	25
	SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS:		
24	<i>King Lear</i>	1608	33
25	<i>King Henry The Fifth</i>	1608	34
26	<i>Pericles</i>	1609	35
27	<i>Hamlet</i>	1611	36
28	<i>Titus Andronicus</i> ¹⁶¹	1611	38
	EDMUND SPENSER:		
29	<i>Shepheard's Calendar</i>	1611	40
30	<i>Faerie Queene</i>	1613	43
	BEN JONSON FOLIO, 1616		
	The first five were written by Bacon. The last two by Jonson.		
31	<i>Entertainment</i> — by F. Bacon	1616	49
32	<i>Kings' Coronation</i> — F. Bacon		50
33	<i>A Panegyre</i>		50
34	<i>Masques</i>		50
35	<i>Sejanus</i>		55
35	<i>Commendatory Poems</i> , by Jonson (Bacon's Cipher)		57
35	<i>The Fox</i> , by Jonson (Bacon's Cipher)		58-71
	SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS:		
36	<i>Richard The Second</i>	1615	72
37	<i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	1619	73
38	<i>Contention of York & Lancaster</i>	1619	74
39	<i>Pericles</i>	1619	77
40	<i>Yorkshire Tragedy</i>	1619	78
41	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	1619	79

ROBERT GREENE:			
42	<i>A Quip For an Upstart Courtier</i>	1620	80
FRANCIS BACON:			
43	<i>Novum Organum</i>	1620	81
44	<i>The Parasceve</i>	1620	133
45	<i>Henry the Seventh</i>	1622	136
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:			
46	<i>Edward the Second</i>	1622	151
FRANCIS BACON:			
47	<i>Historia Vitae et Mortis</i>	1623	153
SHAKESPEARE PLAYS:			
48	<i>First Folio</i>	1623	165
ROBERT BURTON:			
49	<i>Anatomy of Melancholy</i>	1628	218
50	<i>Argument of the Iliad</i>		220
FRANCIS BACON:			
51	<i>De Augmentis Scientiarum</i>	1624	310
52	<i>Argument of the Odyssees</i>		313
53	<i>New Atlantis</i>	1635	334
54	<i>Sylva Sylvarum</i> (Rawley's Preface)	1635	339
55	<i>Natural History</i>	1635	341
56	William Rawley's Note		368

. . .

The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon, PART III, deciphered by Mrs. E. W. Gallup, is entitled *The Lost Manuscripts, Where They Were Hidden* — 1622-1671. PART III was published in 1910 and had the following contents. The page numbers in the fourth column refer to Part III of Mrs. Gallup's book; the fifth column numbers, which have been placed in the 500 series according to the sequence, are placed in parentheses at the end of paragraphs in the autobiography, so each statement can be verified with the source.

	Book Title	Year	Pg. Nos.	Pg. Nos.
FRANCIS BACON:				
57	<i>Historia Ventorum</i>	1622	1	501
58	<i>De Augmentis</i> , London Ed.	1623	10	510
59	<i>The Essays</i>	1625	35	535
60	<i>Apothegmes</i>	1625	42	542
WILLIAM RAWLEY:				
60	<i>The Miscellany Works</i>	1629	48	548
60	<i>The Felicity of Queene Elizabeth</i>	1651	53	553
60	<i>Resusciatio</i>	1657	54-86	554-586
WM. DUGDALE:				
60	<i>Resusciatio</i>	1670-71	87-96	587-596

Mrs. Gallup traced the bi-literal cipher through a period of ninety-two years, from 1579 to 1671. After Francis Bacon's death the cipher continued to be inserted in books by William Rawley, and still later by Rawley's executor William Dugdale. Mrs. Gallup has indeed done the world a great service which brought her nothing but abuse and suspicion during her lifetime.

Appendix 7 — THE DISCOVERY OF THE CIPHERS
In the 1890's.

Selections from INTRODUCTORY NOTES of
Elizabeth Wells Gallup,¹⁶² from
The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon

The most important literary discovery at the turn of the century was that the well known Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon runs through a considerable number of the original editions of the books of the Elizabethan era. (5) The discovery of the existence of the Cipher was found embedded in Francis Bacon's works, and the deciphering of the hidden messages which he had so securely buried, has been a work arduous, exhausting, and prolonged. (1)

This Bi-literal Cipher is found in the Italic letters that appear in such unusual and unexplained prodigality in the original editions of Bacon's works. (1) Students of these old editions have been impressed with the extraordinary numbers of words and passages, often non-important, printed in Italics, *where no known rule or construction* would require their use. There has been no reasonable explanation of this until now it is found that they were so used for the purposes of this Cipher. These letters are seen to be in two forms — two fonts of type — with marked differences. In the Capitals these differences are easily discerned, but the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots, and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them. (2)

In assisting Dr. Owen in the preparation of the later books of his five-volume work, *Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*, and in the study of the great Word Cipher discovered by him, I became convinced that the very full explanation found in Bacon's *De Augmentis Scientiarum* of the bi-literal method of cipher-writing was something more than

a mere treatise on the subject. I applied the rules given to the peculiarly Italicised words and "letters in two forms," (two fonts of type), as they appear in the photographic facsimile of the original 1623 Folio edition of the Shakespeare *Plays*. The disclosures, as they appear in this volume,¹⁶³ were as great a surprise to me as they will be to my readers. Original editions of Bacon's works were then procured, as well as those of other authors named in these, and claimed by Bacon as his own. The story deciphered from these will also appear under the several headings.

(2)

This volume of *Bi-literal Cypher* is the result of nearly three years spent in examining and translating from these old books the hidden stories which they contain — stories startling and marvelous. It was an age of intrigue and secret communication, and cipher writing was a necessary branch of education to those in public life. To Francis Bacon it became an absorbing passion throughout his life, as may be judged from the important matter now found to be infolded in his writings, and which has, until now (1900), escaped attention. (5)

The occasion for writing in cipher has been made apparent as the decipherings have progressed, for it became the means of conveying to a future time the truth which was being concealed from the world concerning himself — his royal birth — his right to be King of England — secrets of State regarding Queen Elizabeth — his mother — and other prominent characters of that day — the correction of English history in important particulars, and the exposure of the wrongs that had been put upon him. (6)

The translation of the Bi-literal Cipher in [Mrs. Gallup's book], with its directions as to how the Word-Cipher is to be constructed, the keys to the different stories to be written, the guides as to where to find the matter pertaining to them, fully confirms what had already been found by Dr.

Owen, and removes all possible doubt as to Bacon's authorship. (7)

The various Introductions, Dedications, the Catalogue of Plays and Characters, the Prologues, the headings of the different Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (in the order named), comprising a series of short passages, giving general directions for the work, are complete in themselves, and at the end of each division occurs one of the signatures by which Bacon was known. The more connected narrative is in the *Plays*, combined in the order as given (in cipher) in the *Natural History*, and in the *Plays* themselves as the deciphering advanced. (8)

In his work published in 1605, *The Advancement of Learning*, Bacon makes a topic of Ciphers, as a branch of educational progress, and hints at the bi-literal method of Cipher-writing. Then in 1624, after forty-five years, 1579-1624, of cipher-writing, when none having discovered the secret, the very success of the system seeming likely to defeat its object, and when all personal danger from the premature exposure of what he had written was passed, he published in the Latin version of *De Augmentis*, a clear and minute description and illustration of this Cipher, hoping that it would be understood, and fearing that nothing less would lead to its discovery and translation. And yet it had to wait *three hundred years* for an eye sufficiently acute to note its existence in the numerous books, and the indomitable patience and perseverance to follow it, *letter by letter*, through nearly six thousand pages of original editions. (23)

The Word Cipher discovered by Dr. Orville Owen discloses matter of rare value as literary production and of the most intense interest. It was the hope of Bacon, that he would not only establish his true character and birthright, but would bring added fame to the writings which were concealed within the lines. These contain material that in

power of expression and grace of diction cannot be surpassed. (25)

The Bi-literal Cipher is exact — scientific — inflexible. The translation of the Word Cipher, however, like translations from the Greek — the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, for example — is, within certain limitations, more elastic. There might be variation in the phrasing of two people, but the substance would be in accord from the hands of experienced cryptographers.

In the modern editions of the works, the Bi-literal has been obliterated by the elimination of the Italic letters. The Word Cipher, however, can be followed in modern editions, not with quite the exactness of the originals, but in substance, and with the smoothness gained by editing and eliminating some seeming incongruities. But Bacon himself says, "Commonly, the most corrected copies are the least correct." (26)

Spelling was not an exact science in any of the works of Bacon, and if the old English is thought to be unique, it must be attributed to the unsettled orthography of the sixteenth century. Many abbreviations occur, marked by the "*tilda*" in the old English, but which are not used in modern type. In the deciphered works the same diversity exists as in the originals, the exact text being followed letter by letter. Proper names, even, are not always spelled alike. There was marked progress, however, in the period between the production of Bacon's first works and the last. (12)

In all, about 6,000 pages of these original editions have been gone over, the Italic letters transcribed "in groups of five," and each letter examined for the peculiarities which should determine the particular font of type from which it was printed, and its resulting significance in the Cipher plan. (16)

A Treatise of Melancholy was first published in 1587, and this edition is entered in the British Museum Catalogue as the work of T. Bright. Dr. Timothy Bright wrote a

book on *Shorthand Writing*, and that was his only work. Greatly enlarged, the *Anatomy of Melancholy* appeared in 1621, and at four later dates, under the name of Robert Burton, a person of whom little is known. When published in 1587, under Bright's name, Burton was only ten years old. From 1586 to 1590 there is hardly a trace of Bacon's doings, but the press was teeming with and issuing works of all kinds — the English Renaissance had begun. (36)

Francis Bacon, from the age of twelve years, when in the halls of learning, took issue with his preceptors upon the gravest questions, is an open book, in which is recorded the formative progress of a great mind. (20)

To Bacon, in greater degree than to any other, has been accredited the enriching of the English language with new words, however the spelling and expression of them have been three centuries in crystallizing into the simplicity and uniformity of the present schools.

Bacon's central thought was that religion, philosophy, and literature should have a direct and practical bearing upon the well-being of mankind and make life easier, more important, more interesting. That progress must be its purpose and end, for the good of the world, and this will be found to be the key-note throughout. (44)

The plays of Shakespeare lose nothing of their dramatic power or wondrous beauty, nor deserve the less admiration because inconsistencies are removed in the knowledge that they came from the brain of the greatest student and writer of that age, and were not a "flash of genius" descended upon one of peasant birth and of no preparatory literary attainments. (3)

Shepherd's Calendar is not less sweetly poetical, because Francis Bacon appropriated the name of Spenser, several years after his death, that had up to that time appeared as the production of some Muse without a name. The supposed writings of Peele, Greene, and Marlowe are not the

less worthy because really written by one greater than either.

The Cipher Story is unique in literature, first from the peculiar method of hiding, and next, in what it tells. (16) It is not ours to reason why Francis Bacon should have taken this method to communicate with the "far off ages." That the reasons were sufficient to him to induce great pains in their transmission is evident. It is sufficient for us to have found the secret story, and record what we find as we find it. The mystery surrounding much of the Elizabethan period, and its conflicting records, suggest many things yet to be discovered. The prosecution of the investigations which shall unearth these must be left to those nearer the scenes of action, having facilities beyond our present opportunities. (17)

(For instance, almost a century ago an American discovered that the initial letter B of the first Folio, 1623, i.e., *The Tempest*, has the name Francis Bacon entwined round it. His name may be found concealed in other initial letters, and may be clearly seen with a microscope. This is Lord Bacon's Capital Letter Cipher.)

The discovery of the Cipher will doubtless put many on the search, and finding so much will aid in delving deeper, throwing side lights upon many things that have been incomprehensible, leading to further disclosures of value to the historian and lovers of truth. We would re-echo the wish that further search may be made for original papers, that no stone be left unturned which may seem to cover the hiding place of manuscript or written line that will clear up any portion of that which remains undiscovered.

In his Cipher extracts, Francis Bacon's mind passes through many changeful emotions as the years progress, (14) and the Cipher is the escape valve of his momentary passions — the record of his lost hopes, and the expression of those which he still cherished for the future in the proph-

ecy — "I look out to the future, not of years, but of ages, knowing that my labours are for the benefit of a land very far off, and after great length of time is past." (356)

— Elizabeth Wells Gallup,
Detroit, June 1900.

Appendix 8 —

HOW THE BI-LITERAL CIPHER WORKS

Ignatius Donnelly cryptographer, in the 1880's accidentally found Francis Bacon's cipher. He says:

One day I chanced to open a book belonging to one of my children, called *Every Boy's Book* . . . a very complete and interesting work of its kind, containing over eight hundred pages. On page 647 I found a chapter devoted to 'Cryptography' or cipher writing, and in it I chanced upon this sentence:

The most famous and complex cipher perhaps ever written was by Lord Bacon. It was arranged in the following manner:

aaaaa stands for a	abaaa stands for i, j	baaaa stands for r
aaaab „ „ b	abaab „ „ k	baaab „ „ s
aaaba „ „ c	ababa „ „ l	baaba „ „ t
aaabb „ „ d	ababb „ „ m	baabb „ „ u, v
aabaa „ „ e	abbaa „ „ n	babaa „ „ w
aabab „ „ f	abbab „ „ o	babab „ „ x
aabba „ „ g	abbba „ „ p	babba „ „ y
aabbb „ „ h	abbbb „ „ q	babbb „ „ z

Now suppose you want to inform someone that 'All is well'. First place down the letters separately according to the above alphabet: aaaaa ababa ababa abaaa baaab babaa aabaa ababa ababa. Then take a sentence five times the length in letters of 'All is well' — say it is 'We were sorry to have heard that you have been so unwell'. Then fit the sentence to the cipher above like this:

a a a a a a b a b a b a b a a b a a a b b a b a a a a b a a a b a b a a b a b a
 w e w e r e s o r r y t o h a v e h e a r d t h a t y o u h a v e b e e n s o u n w e l l

marking with a dash every letter that comes under a *b*. Then put the sentence down on your paper, printing all marked letters in italics and the others in the ordinary way, thus We were *sorry to have heard that you have been so unwell*. The person who receives the cipher puts it down and writes an *a* under every letter except those in italics; these he puts a *b* under. He then divides the cipher obtained into periods of five letters, looks at this alphabet and finds the meaning to be: 'All is well' "

This description sets out quite clearly and accurately the principles of Lord Bacon's bi-literal cipher.

Francis Bacon's bi-literal cipher, embedded in his *Novum Organum* of 1620, says:

'We have devised six ciphers which we have used in a few of our books. These are the 1. *Biliteral*, 2. *Word*, 3. *Capital Letter*, 4. *Time*, or as more oft called, *Clock*, 5. *Symbol*, and 6. *Anagrammatic*. The first surely needeth no explanation if our invention have been found out . . . Next the great [Word] Cipher spoken of so frequently — termed the most important invention, since 'tis of far greater scope — shall here be again explained.' [In *Novum Organum*]

The Ciphers not having been discovered by 1623, Lord Bacon, in his very much enlarged Latin edition of *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (*The Advancement of Learning*) writes — and this is not in cipher:

"Let us proceed then to Ciphers. Of these there are many kinds; simple ciphers; ciphers mixed with non-significant characters; ciphers containing two different letters in one character; wheel ciphers; key ciphers; word ciphers; and the like. But the virtues required in them are three; that they be easy and not laborious to write; that they be safe . . . and lastly that they be if possible such as not to raise suspicion.

"I will add another contrivance which I devised myself when I was in Paris in my early youth. . . . It has the perfection of a cipher, which is to make anything signify anything; subject however to this condition, that the infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded; no other condition or restriction whatever is required. The way to do it is this; First let all the letters of the alphabet be resolved into transpositions of two letters only. For the transposition of two letters through five places will yield thirty-two differences; much more twenty-four, which is the number of letters in our alphabet (in 1600). Here is an example of such an alphabet:"

Example of an Alphabet in two letters

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>G</i>
<i>Aaaaa.</i>	<i>aaaab.</i>	<i>aaaba.</i>	<i>aaabb.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>	<i>aabab.</i>	<i>aabba.</i>
<i>H</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>K</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>O</i>
<i>aabbb.</i>	<i>abaaa.</i>	<i>abaab.</i>	<i>ababa.</i>	<i>ababb.</i>	<i>abbaa.</i>	<i>abbab.</i>
<i>P</i>	<i>Q</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>	<i>T</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>W</i>
<i>abbba.</i>	<i>abbbb.</i>	<i>baaaa.</i>	<i>baaab.</i>	<i>baaba.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>babaa.</i>
<i>X</i>	<i>Y</i>	<i>Z</i>				
<i>babab.</i>	<i>babba.</i>	<i>babbb.</i>				

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I wish to express my gratitude to the *Francis Bacon Library* of Claremont California, for the loan of the above books and other related books.

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¹See Chapter 1, *My Birth*.

²See Chapter 3, *Tempest at Elizabeth's Court*.

³Reproduced on last page of Chapter 2, *Young Francis*.

⁴Listed in Appendix 6.

⁵*Resuscitatio* deals with this subject.

⁶See the original Shakespeare Monument in Appendix 4, wherein the monument's mysterious erection is presented.

⁷See Mrs. Gallup's photograph in Appendix 7.

⁸See Chapter 7.

⁹See Alphabet Illustration of A and B fonts of type on page facing Chapter 9.

¹⁰See Appendix 7: Mrs. E. W. Gallup's *Discovery of the Ciphers*.

¹¹Chapter 19.

¹²The 1611 Bible has "will shake speare" in Psalm 46: 2, 3, 9. Photographic illustration can be found in *Royal Romance*.

¹³See title page illustrations of *The Holy Bible* and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* in Chapter 23.

¹⁴*The Conniving Hunchback*, Chapter 5.

¹⁵The Masks' names are underscored.

¹⁶Wm. Basse's quotation is on p. 41.

¹⁷In Appendix 6, "List of the Sixty Deciphered Books."

¹⁸Quotation in Chapter 12, "Shakespeare."

¹⁹Continued in Appendix 1, "The Masks."

²⁰Appendix 5, *Shepherd's Calendar*.

²¹The Camden Society, was founded in 1838 in honour of Wm. Camden for the purpose of publishing documents relating to early history of literature of the British Empire.

²²See Bacon's quotation on pp. 18-19.

²³See *My Mere*, Chapter 18.

²⁴Lord Bacon knew and loved the Stratford countryside because his uncle Ambrose Dudley owned Stratford Manor. After his death in 1590 it was bought by Sir Greville of Warwickshire. Prince Francis wrote much about this region, relating it to Shakespeare.

²⁵See *My Masks*, Chapter 11.

²⁶See Chapter 23.

²⁷From *Francis Bacon, Philosopher of Industrial Science*, Benjamin Farrington, 1949.

²⁸Acrostics illustrated in *Royal Romance*.

²⁹See last page of *Young Francis*, Chapter 2, which contain his very first youthful cipher message.

³⁰Francis Bacon, at the age of eighteen, also returned to London from France, published his first book, and later did act *his Shakespeare role* exceedingly well.

³¹A large number of additional Masks or pseudonyms are continued in Appendix 1.

^{31a}Shakespeare's book title *Wit's Recreation*, published in 1640, is glaringly similar to his pseudonym's Francis Meres' *Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598. Also *A Groatsworth of Wit* of 1592. A truly ingenious clue.

³²Appendix 4, *The Shakespeare Monuments*.

³³See Chapter 19, A dramatic poem, p. 212.

³⁴Read the poem about Kingship in Chapter 20, I, *Last of My House*, pp. 215-16.

³⁵Dedicatory poem in *First Folio*.

³⁶See Zodiacal symbols in illustration in chapter 11, *My Masks*. See Planetary symbols in illustration of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* in chapter 23. Also note in Appendix 2, *Horoscopes of Francis Tudor and his Queen mother*.

I

³⁷This and the following chapters are compiled and arranged from Mrs. E. W. Gallup's *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon* — 1901.

^{37a}The numbers appearing in parenthesis at the end of paragraphs indicate the pages of the Cipher book. Refer to Appendix 6.

³⁸First marriage was in 1554 when both were in the Tower.

³⁹Second ceremony performed in 1560 by Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Queen's Chancellor.

⁴⁰Prince Tudor's horoscope with interpretation is in Appendix #2 — "Young Francis."

⁴¹Lord Robert is the Earl of Leicester.

⁴²In 1562 the reports that Elizabeth had a child by Dudley circulated. One Robert Brooks, of Devizes, was sent to prison for publishing the slander, and seven years later a man named Marsham, or Norwich, was punished for the same offence.

^{42a}Chapter 1 contains Cipher quotations chosen from these numbered books: 44, 23, 4, 58, 55, 47, 10, 43, 45, 48, 53 and 3. See Appendix #6 for book titles. *Word Cipher Poem*, Vol. 1, p. 108 by Dr. Orville W. Owen.

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⁴³Note the legal phraseology.

⁴⁴More on *Young Francis* in Appendix #2.

⁴⁵E.K. is the signature used by Francis in writing the Dedication in *Shepherd's Calendar*. This first edition of the book appeared anonymously, in 1579. Not until the sixth edition, in 1611, was this work attributed to Edmund Spenser. See Appendix #5.

⁴⁶In all his succeeding books, however, Bacon had the courage to use both the Bi-literal and Word ciphers.

⁴⁷Chapter 2 contains cipher quotations chosen from these books: 1, 2, 3, 7, 20, 35, 43, 55, 18, 44, 48, 45. To ascertain book titles, check with Appendix #6.

3

⁴⁸Dr. Owen's *Word Cipher*, Vol. II, pp. 251-62.

^{48a}This Chapter 3 contains Cipher quotations chosen from books 7, 40, 3, 45, 4, 30, 38, 45, 53.

⁴⁹Dr. Owen's *Word Cipher*, Vol. I, pp. 32-35.

⁵⁰Robert Cecil was the son of Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister. Mildred Cook, his wife, was the elder sister of Lady Bacon. Following the father's death, the son succeeded him. Queen Elizabeth had three ministers: Sir Nicholas Bacon 1559-1579, Lord Wm. Burleigh 1579-1598, Robert Cecil 1598-1612.

⁵¹Robert Cecil was heaped with honors by King James; he was created Lord Cecil of Essendine, Viscount of Cranborne, and Earl of Salisbury, and he amassed a large fortune.

⁵²Bacon wrote an Essay on *Deformity*, which he could not release until after Cecil's death in 1612. But it is proved from the MS in the British Museum that it was in existence between 1607 and 1612.

⁵³This small 11-line section from the *Word Cipher*, from Vol. V, pp. 904-5.

⁵⁴This Chapter is a *Word Cipher* poem from Vol. III, pp. 571-631.

⁵⁵Francis Bacon set foot in Calais, France, Sept. 25, 1576 (not quite sixteen). His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon died Feb. 17, 1579. Francis set out for home some months later.

⁵⁶According to history, Marguerite gave birth to a son in 1585.

⁵⁷Henry of Navarre became the fifth French King in Marguerite de Valois' family. The first one was her father, Henry II, then ther brothers, Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, and then Navarre, next in line, was later known as Henry IV. Marguerite's mother was Catherine de Medici. The latter arranged the loveless marriage between the cousins, Catholic Marguerite and Huguenot Navarre. Pope Clement eventually annulled the marriage in 1599.

⁵⁸Marriage treaties with the English Queen and the French King.

⁵⁹Cipher is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Roberts Ed. 1600.

⁶⁰The five other plays are: *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Love's Labour Lost*.

⁶¹The above three paragraphs are deciphered from *Romeo and Juliet* — Shakespeare *Quartos* — 1619 p. 79.

⁶²*Romeo and Juliet* contains Cipher quotations chosen from these books: #43, 4, 53, 55, 41, 6, 36, 16, 48, 40, 12, 35 and 51. See Appendix #6 to ascertain book titles. *Word Cipher*, Vol. V, pp. 936-988.

For further information about Marguerite, from other sources, and her connection with the Shakespeare *Sonnets* refer to Appendix #3.

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⁶³From *Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*—Word Cipher by Dr. Owen, Vol. IV.

⁶⁴Robert Cecil.

⁶⁵This Chapter reveals why Francis Bacon was never permitted to leave England after his first visit abroad, but was constantly kept within the circle of the Court, the Queen circumscribing his literary aspirations.

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⁶⁶See Cipher Alphabet, illustration in this chapter and in Appendix 8.

⁶⁷Orville W. Owen, M.D., did discover the Word Cipher in 1893, and before finding any instructions.

⁶⁸These three Comedies have not been deciphered.

⁶⁹Gorhambury was Sir Nicholas Bacon's country estate.

⁷⁰The *Essay of Masques and Triumphs* and several other productions were written by Francis Bacon, but published by Ben Jonson in his *Folio*, 1616.

⁷¹An alphabet in Bacon's *De Augmentis*. See Cipher Appendix #8, *How the Cipher Works*.

⁷²From *Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*, Part II, pp. 38-9.

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⁷³Lord Bacon's constant reference to King Solomon indicates his status as a Master Mason.

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⁷⁴Cipher in Mrs. Gallup's 3rd Volume of her *Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, continued in *Resuscitatio*.

⁷⁵See Appendix #6 List, Book Nos. 31 to 35, Ben Jonson *Folio* heading.

⁷⁶Further elucidation in the next chapter: "Shakespeare."

⁷⁷*History of Friar Roger Bacon*, 1594, by Bacon, was masked by Robert Greene.

⁷⁸*Faerie Queen* was put forth in Edmund Spenser's name.

⁷⁹Cipher in Chapter 19, *My Brother — Rash Robert*.

⁸⁰Not deciphered.

⁸¹Edmund Spenser's *Shepheards Calendar* (1611).

⁸²*Word Cipher*, Vol. IV.

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⁸³These are the full names of the Masks which are in the following sentence further characterized, in the *Seven Wise Men of the West*. Pedant (Robert Burton), braggard (Christopher Marlowe), fool (Wm. Shakespeare), hedge-priest (Robert Greene), boy (George Peele), poet (Edmund Spenser), and philosopher (Francis Bacon).

⁸⁴The innumerable masks.

⁸⁵*Word Cipher*, Vol. I.

⁸⁶Cipher in Marlowe's *Edward II*.

⁸⁷*Hiren the Faire Greeke*, a lost play.

⁸⁸In these references Bacon intimates or alludes to reincarnation, for in an elusive way he is hinting that he had inhabited the bodies of these honored writers, Homer and Virgil, and now, as Bacon, was carrying on the work of writing in the present incarnation.

⁸⁹This paragraph hints at reincarnation.

⁹⁰Cipher in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, by Peele.

⁹¹Mrs. E. W. Gallup says: "At the end of *Edward Second* occurs this veiled statement (regarding the twelfth king's nativity). Had Francis Bacon succeeded to the throne, he would have been the twelfth king (omitting the queens) after Edward Second, hence the inference that *De Augmentis* contains much of his personal history." However, Mrs. Gallup adds: "The disappointment was great when instead of this, the hidden matter was the *Argument of the Odyssey*, something not anticipated, or wanted, and would never have been deciphered by choice. At the close of the deciphered work in Burton's *Anatomy*, the *Argument of the Iliad* was most unexpectedly found — another great disappointment . . ."

Mrs. Gallup was disappointed because she could not intuit that Bacon was referring to having been Homer and Virgil. Reincarnation was not common knowledge in Bacon's era, except as taught in the Mystery Schools. So is it any wonder that the thirteen to fifteen-year old genius could translate Homer and Virgil, since his subconscious or superconscious state contained not only the memory of these languages, but the memory of his incarnations. It was that history he was recreating with true fervor.

There are 115 deciphered pages of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in the *Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, pgs. 215 to 333.

The fact that Mrs. Gallup deciphered over a hundred pages of the *Illiad and Odyssey* in both poetry and prose, from Lord Bacon's 450-page book, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, proves that she was truly master of the art of deciphering. Mrs. Gallup, who accomplished this superhuman feat, states that no one doubts that the Rosetta Stone has been correctly deciphered, yet "how many individuals have worked it out, or can work it out to the proof?"

⁹²Ichor, an ethereal fluid in place of blood in the veins of the gods.

⁹³Mrs. E. W. Gallup deciphered ninety pages of the *Iliad* by means of twenty-four numbered sections, pp. 218-309 which she deciphered from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, of 1628, entitled *Argument of the Iliad*, masked by Robert Burton.

⁹⁴Bacon's account of *The Odyssey*, as given in his twenty pages of Cipher, is presented by means of twenty-four numbered sections. The first of the twenty-four sections is reproduced here.

Shepherds Calendar, consisting similarly of xii eclogues, written during Francis' early youth, were based on Homer's writings.

⁹⁵This is written in the Bi-literal Cipher, versified.

⁹⁶Edward of Woodstock, (1330-1376), the Black Prince, son of Edward III, died a year previous to his father.

⁹⁷In 1344 Edward III formed an order of the *Round Table* in commemoration of the legend of King Arthur, and he had caused an actual round table of two hundred feet diameter to be constructed in Windsor Castle, where the knights were entertained.

The Order of The Garter was founded in 1348 by King Edward, who was addicted to the exercise of chivalry.

⁹⁸The Cipher Play *The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn*.

⁹⁹Henry Percy, heir to the Earl of Northumberland sought Anne Boleyn's hand in marriage.

¹⁰⁰King Henry finally separated from Catherine in 1531, and Anne accompanied him on a visit to Francis I, in 1532. About Jan. 25, 1533, Henry secretly married Anne. The union was made public at Eastertime. On May 28, Archbishop Crammer pronounced the marriage valid, and that with Catherine null.

¹⁰¹A 147 page *Cipher play, The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn*, deciphered by E. W. Gallup. (Pub. Riverbank Laboratories, Geneva, Ill., 1916).

¹⁰²Vol. IV — *Word Cipher*.

¹⁰³Mary, daughter of King James V of Scotland, was betrothed to the dauphin, Francis (Marguerite de Valois' eldest brother), and at the age of five Mary was sent to France. She grew up in the royal household of King Henry II and Catherine de Medici, and in 1558 married the dauphin. Francis and Mary became King and Queen of France, but when King Francis II died in December 1560, Mary returned to Scotland.

¹⁰⁴Queen Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots were the descendants of Henry VII, of the House of Tudor. Henry VII married Elizabeth of York of the House of Plantagenet, for she was the daughter of King Edward IV. She died in 1503. Their first son, Arthur died in 1502 before his father, therefore their second son Henry VIII became the king of England in 1509 when but eighteen years of age.

Mary, Queen of Scots, reigned from 1542 to 1567 (at which year she was deposed), laid claim to the throne of England, basing her claim on the fact that the pope refused to sanction the marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn. Mary was the granddaughter of James IV of Scotland, who had married Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII.

¹⁰⁵*The Historical Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots*, deciphered by Dr. Orville W. Owen, 1894.

¹⁰⁶Vol. IV — *Word Cipher*.

¹⁰⁷Robert Dudley, on the death of Edward VI, in 1553, aided his father, the Duke of Northumberland, in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Imprisoned and sentenced to death for this, he was later pardoned.

¹⁰⁸Amye Robsart's end came in 1560.

¹⁰⁹In Sept. 1564, Queen Elizabeth created Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester. This was after Francis' birth and prior to the birth of Robert.

¹¹⁰Robert Cecil's father.

¹¹¹Young Francis' earliest work.

¹¹²In 1578 Leicester married Dowager Essex (Lettice Knollys), who reared the Queen's and Leicester's second son, Robert Essex.

¹¹³*Word Cipher* — Vol. II.

¹¹⁴In 1554.

¹¹⁵In 1560.

¹¹⁶The Duke of Anjou, of France, was one of Marguerite de Valois' brothers.

¹¹⁷Henry the Eighth was equally *blessed with wise counsel*, in the person of Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), who in 1529 became his Chancellor. Sir Thomas was the author of "Utopia."

When the King was proclaimed "supreme head of the Church," Sir Thomas did not share in the proclamation; on the divorce of the King he would not yield; nor did he attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn — so from then on he was doomed. On July 7, 1535, he was beheaded.

¹¹⁸Dr. Owen's *Word Cipher* — Vol. 1.

¹¹⁹His sister, Jane Seymour, was the third wife of Henry VIII.

¹²⁰*Word Cipher*, Vol. I.

¹²¹Seymour "compelled Elizabeth to murder this infant at the very first slight breath."

¹²²*Word Cipher*, Vol. I, Orville W. Owen, M. D. — 1893.

¹²³Beginning of Cipher story in *Advancement of Learning*.

¹²⁴Essex was executed *three weeks later*.

¹²⁵Conclusion of Cipher in *Advancement of Learning*.

¹²⁶These six paragraphs are deciphered from: *A Declaration of the Treasons Attempted and Committed by the Earl of Essex*, 1601.

This is the only publication that ever appeared under Bacon's name during Elizabeth's reign. However it was completely rewritten by the Queen in the manner she *chose* to present it to her subjects. It is Bacon's cipher that tells the true facts.

¹²⁷Conclusion of cipher in *A Declaration of the Treasons Attempted and Committed by the Earl of Essex*, 1601.

¹²⁸*Advancement of Learning*, a portion of which is in the previous chapter.

¹²⁹Bacon's *The Wisdom of the Ages* and his *Essays* (undeciphered) were translated into Italian. The book appeared in 1618 with a dedicatory and informatory letter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, from the pen of Sir Toby Matthew. (In *A Royal Romance*, pg. 70.)

¹³⁰*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1611.

¹³¹The Countess of Nottingham kept the ring back. On her deathbed she confessed to the Queen.

¹³²*Word Cipher*, Vol. I.

¹³³This cipher scene from *The Tragedy of Essex*. The Earl was foredoomed to death. The Queen sought excuse in law for the deed; her commands were imperative.

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¹³⁴Young Francis, when banished to France by his Queen mother, became a close friend of the Prince of Navarre and visited him at his Huguenot Camp, in 1578. (In *Word Cipher*).

¹³⁵It was the youthful Francis speaking here.

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¹³⁶Lord Bacon increased the English vocabulary with thousands of new words.

¹³⁷Dr. Orville Owen's *Word Cipher*, pp 146-7, Vol. I.

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¹³⁸Vol. V — *Word Cipher*.

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¹³⁹Succeeded to the throne on March 27, 1625, by the death of his father James I.

¹⁴⁰King James, appreciating his Chancellor's [Bacon's] literary genius, entrusted him with the editorial revision of the Bible, now known as the King James version.

¹⁴¹From the Prologue of *The Tragical Historie of our late Brother, Robert, Earl of Essex*, Deciphered from the works of Sir Francis Bacon, by Orville W. Owen, M.D., 1895.

Resusitatio — Where the Manuscripts Were Hidden

¹⁴²From *The Bi-literal Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon* — Part III, *The Lost Manuscripts* (Where They Were Hidden), by Mrs. E. W. Gallup.

¹⁴³Upon Bacon's death Rawley continued adding to Bacon's ciphers.

¹⁴⁴Robert Burton lived until 1640.

¹⁴⁵Canonbury Tower was leased to F. Bacon when he was Attorney-General, and he worked there 1616-1625. Now it is the Headquarters of The Bacon Society, in the Islington Section, N.1, London.

¹⁴⁶Marlowe was born in Canterbury (1564-1593); a modern statue commemorates him, as a poet.

¹⁴⁷This reference to sixty-one books should read sixty books.

¹⁴⁸Rawley's death occurred in 1667.

¹⁴⁹Executor of Wm. Rawley regarding Bacon's MSS.

Appendixes

¹⁵⁰The above masks are all discussed in *Introducing the Prince*, and continued here in Appendix I.

¹⁵¹See reproduction of Hilliard's miniature, Chapter 1. Around the head are the Latin words, which say: "The portrait is worthily presented. If one could but paint his mind." This may be the "Hilliard-drawn" portraiture of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, of a "comely youth with browny curling locks, who did enchant the mind."

¹⁵²Printed in *1001 Notable Nativities*, by Alan Leo.

¹⁵³Bacon's horoscope was erected by the author.

¹⁵⁴Sonnet 104:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed.
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you. . . .

¹⁵⁵Shakespeare's Sonnet 42:

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, *because thou know'st I love her*;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I love thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
[unity of consciousness]
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

¹⁵⁶The engraving is reproduced on the opposite page.

¹⁵⁷Sir William Dugdale wrote the last page of the cipher chapter in *Resuscitatio*.

¹⁵⁸In *Royal Romance*.

¹⁵⁹When this first edition was published by Francis Bacon, he was eighteen years old.

¹⁶⁰Herein Bacon certainly paid great homage to his deceased Queen mother. In "Ere I was Twenty-one," Ch. 8, he told her "I will make you live in the minds and hearts of all posterity."

¹⁶¹Reproduced exactly as it was deciphered, on last page of *My Cipher Inventions*.

¹⁶²Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup was born Feb. 4, 1846, near Waterville, N.Y.; died in 1934, at the age of 87. She attended State Normal College, Michigan. Studied literature and language in Germany, then Sorbonne, in Paris. In Jan. 1894, she became associated with Dr. Orville W. Owen of Detroit, who discovered the Word Cipher of Francis Bacon. About three years later Mrs. Gallup discovered Lord Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher.

¹⁶³Mrs. Gallup's Cipher book.

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