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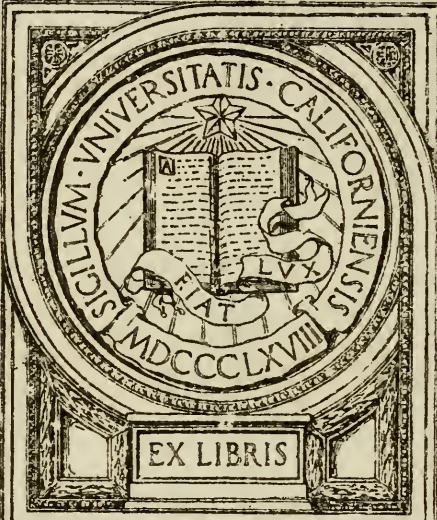
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Shakespeare--Bacon

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Shakespeare--Bacon

MRS. D. C. DODGE

“For what a man had rather
“Were true, he more readily believes.”

—*Francis Bacon*



DENVER, COLORADO
1916



Martin Droeshout fecit London

FROM THE DROESHOUT PRINT.

The Original Engraving Was Prefixt To the First Great Folio
Edition of the Shakespeare Plays Issued in 1623.

University of California
Compliments of
Mrs D. C. Dodge -
Denver - Colo.

To the Reader

This figure that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life;
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he has hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

Shakespeare—Bacon

MRS. D. C. DODGE

In this article I endeavor to state briefly:

- 1st. Origin of doubts of authorship.
- 2nd. Some names of doubters and Baconians.
- 3rd. Facts about the Actor Shakespere's life.
- 4th. Historical facts about Francis Bacon.
- 5th. Part of the cipher story of Francis Bacon.
- 6th. Quotations of men who knew Bacon and his own reason for not disclosing his authorship of the plays.

Who Wrote the Shakespeare Plays?

This question has interested the readers of all cultured nations for many years. The louder one cries "It was he," the more energetically the cry returns, "It was some other."

But how could the question arise, anyway? Has it not been answered from the beginning, Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare?

The modern reader thinks the question is easily answered, by showing the title page of his edition of Shakespeare, for in all modern editions one finds the name William Shakespeare. But it has not always been so. From the year 1591 there appeared in London numerous plays which now bear the name William Shakespeare, but which at that time were anonymous. In 1598 the name first appeared on some of these plays. In the years between 1591 and 1598 there appeared not less than ten plays, King John, Romeo and Juliet, etc., etc., all without any name. So dramas appeared, some anonymously, and some with Shakespeare's name, till the year 1616, when the Actor Shakespeare died.

In 1623, seven years after his death, the Folio edition of the plays appeared with Shakespeare's name. This contains thirty-six plays, fifteen of which had never been printed, and the majority of the rest were greatly enlarged and improved. It is a fact that Shakespeare recognized but seventeen of the plays during his lifetime by attaching his name to them, that about a half dozen appeared anonymously and remained anonymous, and that seven years after the actor's death, fifteen entirely new plays appeared, and at that time, 1623, the anonymous and new plays first appeared with Shakespeare's name.* Hence the matter is not so simple as the modern reader would like to believe.

For years a cloud of mystery surrounded the works of the poet, and after the appearance of the later quarto editions, as well as of the 1623 Folio, the mystery still remained.

Look closely at the picture from the Folio. You will notice that the face is a *mask*, with no expression, and that

*These statements are taken from Bormann and are about the same as Durning-Lawrence's. In the Bi-literal Cipher, p. 166, we read "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." (Deciphered from 1623 Folio.)

F. St. A.

the line where the mask joins the "figure" is easily seen. The coat is made up of the *front* of one right sleeve and the *back* of another right sleeve, so the whole is simply a *dummy figure*.

Notice also the Ben Jonson doggerel.

To the Reader

This Figure that thou here seest put

1 1 1
a a a

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;

2 1 1
b a a

Wherein the Graver had a strife

1 1 3
a a c

With Nature, to out-doo the life;

4
d

O, could he but have drawne his wit

1 1 a

As well in brasse, as he has hit

a a

His face; the Print would then surpasse

5 1 aa 1 1 a
e

All, that was ever writ in brasse.

a 1 1 a a 1

But, since he cannot, Reader, looke

1 a 1 1 1 1

Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

a aaa aaaaa

1. Begin with the first *F*, take first *r* which follows, and so on; we then read: Francis Bacon, His Booke.

2. Begin with the second *F* in same way, we read: Francis Bacon, His Booke.

3. Begin with the third *F*, etc., Francis Bacon, His Booke.

4. Begin with the fourth *F*, etc., Francis Bacon, His Booke.

5. Begin with the fifth *F*, etc., Francis B., His Booke.
Again—

A. Begin with first *F* and read Francis Saint Albans, His Booke.

B. Begin with second *F* and read Francis Saint Albans, His Booke.

C. Begin with third *F* and read Francis Saint Alb, His Booke.

D. Begin with the fourth *F* and read Francis Saint Alb, His Booke.

E. Begin with fifth *F* and read Francis, His Booke.

This is a progressive anagram which contains the author's name ten times. Can this be chance? I think not.

Notice also the line: "O could he but have drawn his wit." The same thought in Latin is printed on one of the earliest miniature pictures of Francis Bacon. Note also the last sentence: "Reader, looke not on his picture, but his booke." I know of no advice, in any sentence in any language which has been followed so completely. The whole world *has* looked on "his booke," and has, for centuries taken every fine trait of character found therein, and putting all together, has formed the mental picture of an ideal man, giving it the name William Shakespeare.

Having so long thought of Shakespere in this way, without paying attention to known facts regarding the actor, what wonder that, at first, most people resent any intimation that Shakespere was not wonderful, and could not have written the plays.

The name Shake-speare, was the pen name of Francis Bacon, made enough like the actor's name to conceal

Bacon's identity. Look further at the poems, at the beginning of the Folio, which are never found in modern editions. Ben Jonson wrote some, if not all of these.

In the longest one, which, if read carefully, is difficult to understand except as referring partly to Bacon, partly to the actor, and as being a veiled joke all through, we find the lines:

"To live again, to hear thy buskins tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that *insolent Greece* or *haughty Rome*
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

A few years later, when both the actor and Bacon were dead, Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," writes of the *wits* of Queen Elizabeth's time. He mentions the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Edgerton and several others, but Shakespere's name is not mentioned in the list. He closes with Francis Bacon, saying: "It is he who has *filled all numbers** and done that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to *insolent Greece* or *haughty Rome*. * * * He may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

In the first half of the 18th Century, that is, a little more than a hundred years after Shakespere's death, the first doubts as to authorship of the plays came to light. Since then doubters have increased, till now the task of mentioning their names would be a great one. I will, however, give a few. Lord Byron was a doubter; Disraeli wrote in 1837, "And who is Shakespere? Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he write one single play? I doubt it!" Lord Palmerston and Edwin Reed, not only doubted, but wrote strong books giving their reasons for doubting. John Bright wrote. "Anyone who believes that Shakespere wrote Lear or Hamlet is a fool."

Gladstone, Coleridge, Henry Hallam were all doubters. Our own Emerson, James Russell Lowell and Benjamin Butler doubted, and Whittier wrote, "Whether Bacon wrote the wonderful plays or not, I am very sure that the man Shakespere neither did nor could."

In Germany too we find many doubters; Goethe, Heine, Nitsche, Liliencron, among them. Bormann has written several able books claiming Bacon as the author. A librarian of the Royal Library in Stuttgart said once before a

*Ben Jonson defines POETRY as "expressing the life of man in fit measure, NUMBERS and harmony."

large audience, "You people may smile, but I tell you with absolute conviction that in fifty years no educated person or one capable of forming an opinion will believe that the butcher boy of Stratford wrote the plays or sonnets."

Mark Twain wrote a delightful book, "Is Shakespeare Dead." But notwithstanding his own doubts, he says in his characteristic way, that it will probably be the year 2209 before Shakespeare can be thrown from his pedestal.

I have given these names to show that there have been and are many intelligent, educated—yes, very noted people among Baconians, and one need not blush to be called by that name, even though it is not yet a popular name.

The more one honestly tries to learn facts about the actor Shakespere, the more certain one becomes that he could not have been the author of the plays; and on the other hand, the more one learns of the life and works of Francis Bacon, the more one admires him and is obliged to confess that the knowledge and attributes he possessed, his knowledge of natural science, philosophy, ethics, law, medicine, psychology—all these are exactly reflected in the Shakespeare plays.

Miss Delia Bacon was the first to lift the veil of Baconian authorship. She was a cultured, finely educated American teacher. Emerson was greatly impressed with her ideas and gave her letters to friends in England, but when she presented her arguments to these English people, she was treated with scorn and ridicule that broke her heart. Since her time, 1856, hundreds of books and thousands of pamphlets have been written for and against the Baconian authorship.

Ignatius Donnelly's name is probably better known than any other author of Baconian literature, though he was advertised largely through ridicule. He sought to find the cipher which Mrs. Gallup later discovered, but failed to realize that the cipher is only in the italicized words of the original editions. He did find a lesser cipher and discovered part of Bacon's story.

Mrs. Henry Pott, an English woman with a large family of children, published "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies" in 1883. The MSS. form a part of the Harleian collection in the British Museum. These are nearly all in Bacon's handwriting and seem to have been kept by him as a sort of commonplace book, filled with brief forms of expression, phrases, proverbs, quotations, etc., which, though they do not appear in Bacon's recognized works, do

appear with wonderful distinctness in the *Shakespeare Plays*. Mrs. Pott also made a systematic study of parallel phrases and sentences on many subjects from Bacon's recognized works and the plays. She had three thousand headings, illustrating them with about thirty thousand quotations. Donnelly used these parallelisms largely in his book "The Great Cryptogram." This is a far more scholarly book than most people, who have not read it, suppose it to be.

Let us return to the few known facts about Shakespere. He was baptized at Stratford-on-Avon, April 26, 1564, was licensed to marry Anne Hathaway, November 28, 1582, and their daughter, Susanna, was born May 26, 1583. On February 2, 1584, twins were born to them. Nothing more is known of Shakespere till 1592, when his name is parodied in London as Shake—scene, in Greene's "Groatworth of Wit."

As to his education, all facts are wanting. *Perhaps* he went to school and *it may be* that some Latin was taught in the school. He *may* have been in a lawyer's office, but there is no proof that he was. As to his stay in London, little is known, though Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, after going through about three million documents, found something about a place where he boarded for a time. He was an actor and played minor parts like the Ghost in Hamlet. Later he became part owner of a theatre and returned to Stratford in the prime of life, buying New Place in 1597. After that he had money, and there are many records of loans he made and lawsuits he had, to collect such loans, between 1598 and the time of his death, in 1616. But that he ever sent any manuscripts to London, had any literary correspondence with anyone, a poet, an actor, a publisher; that he ever wrote a letter to anyone; that he had a library or even one book—all this cannot be proven. In his will, made in 1616 he mentions no manuscripts, books or anything of the kind, though he does speak of his "second best bed."

His five signatures are all different, and quite likely were written by the lawyer who made his will. Neither of his daughters could write. When he died, not a word was written by anyone lamenting his death or mentioning his works. Truly a strange thing if he were really the author of the most wonderful plays ever written!

Now let us turn to Francis Bacon, first speaking of his life as it is known in history. He was born in 1561, three years before Shakespere; was remarkably brilliant, so that when very young he attracted the notice of Queen

Elizabeth. She visited Sir Nicholas and Lady Anne Bacon often, both of whom were unusually intelligent and finely educated; and she often saw Francis and had him with her, calling him her "Little Lord Keeper." When between twelve and thirteen years of age, he was sent to Cambridge University and remained about three years, having in that time gained all that could be learned there, and criticising the methods of teaching used, especially those used in teaching philosophy. When about sixteen he was sent to France with the English Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, and remained on the continent between two and three years. ("Love's Labor Lost" tells something of these years.) He spoke and wrote French well, knew Latin, Greek, Spanish and Italian. He was recalled to England on the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who in his will left him practically nothing.

The Queen insisted that he study law in Gray's Inn, and he did so, though he himself says that he preferred literary work. In a letter, written when about thirty, he says, "I have taken all knowledge to be my provence."*

Elizabeth consulted him often, but never gave him any position of importance, though he and his friends urged her to do so. Robert Cecil was always his enemy and by his influence over the Queen, kept Bacon from receiving any position of trust. To Buckingham Bacon writes, "I recommend unto you principally that which has never been done since I was born, * * * that you countenance and encourage and advance able men in all kinds and degrees and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and son, able men were, by design and of purpose, suppressed."

As Bacon had been brought up in luxury and always had extravagant tastes, it was a great trial for him to be poor. He was often in debt, and his brother Anthony several times helped him to pay his debts. (Remember this the next time you read of Antonio and Bassanio in "Merchant of Venice.")

During the years when the plays were appearing, Bacon had no position and was not known to be busy. He was in Gray's Inn and wrote a few masks for festivals and helped the "Children of the choir," in producing these masks. In Dr. William Rawley's memoir of Bacon, he mentions his wonderful industry and the great rapidity with which he worked. Is it not natural to suppose that he *did*

*In some editions of Bacon's works the word PROVIDENCE is used and perhaps correctly.

work at this time and sell his literary work to increase his scanty income? In his letters he speaks of his "good pens," and asks a friend to send work for them, even tho' it be only translation, so he must have been working or he would not have needed helpers. His philosophical works were all written much later, after he was forty years old.

After James I ascended the throne, Bacon rose rapidly from one position to another, till he finally became Lord Chancellor. This position he held four years, losing it in 1621.

Two events in Bacon's life are misunderstood by most people who have not made a careful study of them. Spedding, Montagu, and William Hepworth Dixon give a correct idea of these events, but most of us have obtained our notions of the Essex trial and so-called bribery case from Pope and Macaulay. Pope's sentence, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," was enlarged into an essay by that marvelous writer of English prose, Macaulay. I have read that Bacon was a Rosierucian, and that the word "meanest" is commonly used by that order, in the sense of *humblest* or *lowliest*. "The wisest, brightest, lowliest of mankind," seems to me quite in keeping with Bacon's character.

Macaulay wrote his essay while in India and as in many of his works, was none too careful about investigating that which he stated as fact.

With regard to the Essex trial, Spedding says, Bacon's "conduct was much misunderstood at the time, by persons who had no means of knowing the truth, and has been much misrepresented since by writers who cannot plead that excuse," and adds, "I may say for myself that I have no fault to find with Bacon for any part of his conduct toward Essex, and I think many people will agree with me when they see the case fairly stated."

In the other trial, no *bribes* were received by Bacon. At that time every one took fees, from the King to the humblest servant. Bacon was one of the first to protest against the custom, but with a large establishment to maintain and practically no salary or pay from the government, he did what every office holder did, he accepted gifts.

Buckingham, the King's favorite, wanted his office to sell, as all offices were bought and sold at this time (tho' Bacon was an exception, as he did not pay a penny for his office.)

Coke, Cranfield, Churchill, Williams and others plotted

to take the seal from Bacon. His trial was a farce. The King had a private interview with him, advised him to throw himself upon his mercy, and not proceed with the trial, knowing there was too much scandal involved.

Bacon was ill, was over sixty years old, was anxious to give his time to literary work, so he followed the King's advice. His fine of forty thousand pounds was forgiven him, and he spent two days and one night in the Tower. In these brave words he speaks of his case, "I was the justest judge in England these fifty years, but it was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years."

To King James he wrote, "I wish that as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times, and when from private appetite it is resolved that a creature shall be sacrificed, it is easy to pick up sticks enough from any thicket, whither it hath strayed, to make a fire to offer it with."

Of about seven thousand verdicts which he rendered during the four years he was Lord Chancellor, not one was reversed. He lived to see all his enemies in disgrace, but no word of exultation passed his lips.

In Edwin Bormann's book, "The Shakespeare Poet. Who Was He? and How Did He Look?" he says: "In the play Henry VIII, which could not have been written before 1621, and which first appeared in the 1623 Folio, the fall of Wolsey is not represented according to historical facts. Two noblemen of high rank were sent to Wolsey to demand the great seal from him. Four men were sent to Bacon when the seal was taken from him and these four bore the same names as those appearing in Act III, Scene II of the Play." About the middle of the scene we find:

"Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey and the Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands
you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands;

* * *

WOLSEY. Stay;
Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

SUF. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

WOL.
Till I find more than will or words to do it—
I mean your mallice—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy;
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent:—now, who'll take it?

SUR. The King, that gave it.

WOL. It must be himself, then.

SUR. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

SUF. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,

* * *

That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection—this is my charge.

NOR. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little-good Lord Cardinal.
(Exeunt all but Wolsey.)

WOL. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again—

(Enter Cromwell, amazedly.)
Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your Grace?

WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself, now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!

CROM. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it!

WOL. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man.

* * *

Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master; seek the King;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee,
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,
Must, I then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master,
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say (Bacon)—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 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: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King;
 And—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell."
(Exeunt.)

I have given this well known quotation to show how a knowledge of Bacon's life adds to the interest of the Shakespeare plays.

Bacon *had* hung "on princes' favors;" he had been ambitious; and, as we shall see further on, had longed to be recognized as of royal birth. We find many hints which show this. At the time of his wedding he was dressed in "royal purple from head to foot." He was dressed in royal purple again when made Lord Chancellor, and was surrounded by all the "Vain pomp and glory of this world." He had experienced everything given in this scene, and still could say, "Be just, and fear not," "Corruption wins not more than honesty."

You remember about Bacon's death. He was riding in his coach and, as usual, thinking of something which might benefit mankind. He noticed the fresh snow, and tho't it a good time to try the experiment, to prove that cold would preserve meat, especially fowl. He stopped at the nearest provision shop, bought a hen, went into the fresh snow and stuffed the fowl with snow. (This was the beginning of our cold storage. Very few realize how many of our commonest comforts were given us by Francis Bacon.) He had never been strong, was much broken by hard work and still more by the worries of the positions he

had held. He was soon taken with a chill, and was too ill to be driven to his home, so stopped at the house of his friend, Lord Arundel. He was given a guest's room, which had not been occupied for a long time. The room was cold and the sheets damp. He grew worse rapidly, but did write or dictate a cheerful letter, in which the last words were, "The experiment was a success."

He died in a few days, was buried in the church at Saint Albans, and his old friend, Meautys erected over his grave a monument, his statue sitting. Not less than thirty-two poems were written lamenting his death.

His will is long and full of careful details, but I must quote a little from it. The second paragraph begins: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages. But as to that durable part of my memory, which consisteth in my works and writings, I desire my executors," etc. * * * Further on he makes the request: "Presently after my decease, let them take into their hands all my papers whatsoever, which are either in cabinets, boxes or presses and seal them up until they may, at their leisure peruse them."

He speaks of his wife, his servants, his friends, and the "poor of the parishes where I have at any time rested in my pilgrimage," remembering all. Much search has been made for these manuscripts. Some were taken to Holland for publication, but there is still mystery about many of them.

In Elizabeth's time and for years after, ciphers were very commonly used. It is said that the keys to sixty ciphers were found among Mary, Queen of Scot's possessions after her death. Francis Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," speaks of six ciphers.

Let us look now at the cipher story and Mrs. Gallup's work.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup was for many years a teacher. She assisted Dr. Owen in his word cipher work, and thus became interested in Bacon. She studied his works and was especially interested in his chapter on cipher in "De Augmentis," coming to the conclusion that he would not have given so much space to an explanation of cipher had he not intended to use it himself. She noticed that his examples were all given in italic letters and, after gaining access to original editions, found that a bi-formed alphabet is used in all italicized words. Applying Bacon's rules,

she classified these letters and found his story. She worked for about twenty years, deciphering sixty-one books which had been published between 1579 and 1671.

Mrs. Gallup's book, "Francis Bacon's Biliteral Cipher" cannot fail to interest anyone. She and her sister, Miss Kate Wells, are now living in Geneva, Ill., and Colonel Fabyan, a wealthy gentleman, is assisting them in every way to go on with their work, and will publish whatever they decipher.

I know of no one who has made any money out of Baconian research or writing. Several wealthy men, like Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence have been willing to use their fortunes, either in publishing their own books and presenting them to libraries and interested people, as Sir Edwin did, or have paid for the publication of the works of talented and industrious people, who lacked money to publish their own writings. Mr. Dawbarn, the author of "Uncrowned," says: "Had Mrs. Gallup invented her story, she would surely have written of the Actor Shakespere; then her book would have been in every library in the world and she would have had not only honor and renown, but wealth. As it is, having told the truth as she found it, she has been ridiculed, is unknown except to a few, and has little of this world's goods."

I visited Mrs. Gallup about two years ago. She was living very modestly, spoke almost reverently of the "Great Philosopher," showed me how she did her work, and was so earnest and unassuming about it that I could not then, and cannot now, doubt its genuineness.

From the publisher's preface to Mrs. Gallup's "Biliteral Cipher" I quote, "As to the work Mrs. Gallup has brought forth, there has been much speculation. One of two alternatives is enevitable—she has deciphered it from the labors of Francis Bacon, or it is the creation of her own imagination; there is no middle ground. In any case, she must be credited with indomitable patience and persistency; with marvelous industry and zeal. If she has invented the story, she must possess a transcendent imagination and a genius of the first order approaching the creative powers of Bacon himself."

Mrs. Gallup closes the first chapter of her second volume thus: "That the cipher message is enclosed in the books I have deciphered I *know* from years of hard and exhaustive study. There is no more doubt of the existence of the cipher than there is of the Morse alphabet and its use at the present day. The study has been of thousands of

pages; comparison and classification of hundreds of thousands of italic letters, and I have the right to claim and insist that I know."

In the cipher Mrs. Gallup found Bacon's diary, the hidden story which he dared not disclose during his lifetime, or he would have lost his head as his brother Essex did. He tells that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who were secretly married in the Tower when each was about twenty-one years old. As Leicester forced a monk to marry them and there were no witnesses, a second ceremony was later performed with witnesses, in the home of the Earl of Pembroke, after Amy Robsart had been put out of the way in the most cruel manner. (Corroboration of this may be found in the Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. 16, P. 114 under the heading *Dudley*.) Further it appears that Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, was the second son of this marriage, born six years later, and that there is no registry of his birth in the register of the Essex family, though the birth of all his supposed brothers and sisters is carefully registered. Before the birth of this second son, the Queen had the report given out that she had smallpox, though she was about the only person of her time who had no pock marks.

When Francis was born, Lady Anne Bacon was a lady in waiting. Elizabeth cried, "kill, kill," but Lady Anne begged the Queen saying, "Give him to me, I will care for him." The Queen required her to take an oath that she would not reveal his origin. Lady Anne was at this time herself expecting the birth of a child, but as it was born dead, it was easy for her to keep the secret of the adopted son.

When Bacon was about sixteen, he learned the secret of his parentage through a young lady of court, who mentioned the fact in his hearing. Elizabeth became exceedingly angry and said, "You are my own son, but you, though truly royal, of a fresh and masterly spirit shall rule nor England nor your mother, nor reign o'er subjects yet to be." From this Francis feared he was an illegitimate son, and in great distress went to Lady Anne, who then told him the true story of his birth.

In a short time Francis was sent to France to be gotten out of the way, and while there he fell desperately in love with Margaret De Valois, and hoped she might become divorced from Henry of Navarre, for whom she cared nothing,

and marry him. Elizabeth did not approve of this and recalled him to England. (In "Romeo and Juliet" and in "Troilus and Cressida" we find this love story of Francis and Margaret.)

Robert Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was Bacon's constant enemy, who always assured the Queen that her eldest son had but one object in life—to drive his mother from the throne. Francis believed that Elizabeth would have recognized him and his younger brother had it not been for Burleigh's influence.

It must be remembered that Elizabeth had to combat the question of her own legitimacy and Francis would have had to do the same. You remember how she delayed in naming James I her successor. Had she then acknowledged Francis' right to the throne, she would have given the lie to her whole life and re-opened the question of responsibility for the death of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, her son Robert, Earl of Essex, her husband's first wife, poor Amy, and probably of Leicester, also. Was this not enough to appal a weak old woman, as was the Queen at this time?

Besides this personal history, Bacon tells in his cipher story that he used the names of Spencer, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Burton and Shakespeare for his writings. These men undoubtedly assisted Bacon and were probably among the "good pens" above mentioned. Look carefully for anything definite about the life of any of these men; it is very difficult to find. In one place in the cipher Bacon writes that he was able to produce more witty plays after he had the actor Shakespere, who was evidently a sort of Falstaff.

With Bacon's knowledge of his parentage, as well as from his position as lawyer, member of Parliament and courtier, not to mention the higher positions he later occupied, he could not allow himself to be known as a dramatist, as the standing of actors and playwrights was at that time of the very lowest. Besides, there was much in the plays which depicted the history and scandals of the times, so it would have been dangerous to own their authorship. You remember that Shakespere left London in 1597. His supposed authorship of the plays was probably the reason for his flight from London.

Bacon intrusted the carrying on of the cipher and the revelation of his story at the proper time to Doctor Rawley, his devoted friend, secretary and chaplain, and to Ben Jonson. Both these men had assisted him in the preparation of the 1623 Folio, and much of his other work. Doctor

Rawley states, in cipher, that he intended to disclose the authorship of the plays, but if you think a moment of the history of the times you will easily understand why he postponed so doing.

The constantly increasing evils during James I's reign and many of the troubles which led to Bacon's fall, continued to increase, till they brought on the uprising which caused Charles I to be beheaded. In Cromwell's time the Puritans allowed no plays to be given. When Charles II and James II returned from France, they cared only for light French dramas.

Dr. Rawley died about 1670, without making the disclosure. Ben Jonson, who also knew the secret, was dead, and it was years before the Shakespeare plays were again produced. When they did return to favor, people naturally accepted the Shakespeare name and dummy picture of the Folio Edition, as genuine.

Do not forget that Francis Bacon was really Prince of Wales, and should have been Francis I, King of England. For years he cherished the hope that his right to the throne might be recognized and felt that he had the ability to become a good king. It was no light matter to give up this wish, though we can realize that the work he did was far greater than any he could have performed as king.

In order to show how Bacon's ability was recognized, I quote a few paragraphs, written by men who knew him well.

Doctor Rawley says of him: "I have been induced to think that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him, for though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions within himself."

Ben Jonson wrote: "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed ever by his works one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that have been in many ages. In his adversity I prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want; neither could I condole in word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

In the 1640 Edition of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," the publisher uses this sentence in his long preface:

“The author is Sir Francis Bacon, a name well known in the European world, a learned man, happily the learnedest that ever lived since the decay of the Grecian and Roman Empires, when learning was at a high pitch.” There are several testimonials at the beginning of this book. I quote a few sentences from Frenchmen of note. One writes: “* * * Sir Francis Bacon, by many degrees off holds the first rank, both for the vivacity of his spirit, eminency of his learning and elegancy of his style.” Another: “Judgment and memory never met in any man in that height and measure that they met in him * * * but he ever valued himself rather born for other men than himself.” And Sir Tobie Matthew writes: “I have known a great number whom I much value, many whom I admire, but none who has so astonished me, and as it were, ravished my senses, to see so many and so great parts, which in other men were wont to be incompatible, united, and that in an eminent degree, in one sole person.”

A letter of his reads thus:

“Most Honored Lord:

“I have received your great and noble token* and favor of the 9th of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your lordship’s vouchsafing so to visit this poorest and unworthiest of your servants. It doth me good at heart, that, although I be not where I was in place, yet, I am in the fortune of your lordship’s favor, if I may call that fortune, which I observe to be so unchangeable. I pray hard that it may once come in my power to serve you for it; and who can tell, but that * * * so strange desires may do as much?

“Sure I am that mine are ever waiting on your lordship; and wishing as much happiness as is due your incomparable virtue, I humbly do your lordship reverence.

“Your Lordship’s most obliged, and humblest servant,
“Tobie Matthew.

“P. S.—The most prodigious wit, that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship’s name, *though he be known by another.*”

The Latin Edition of the “Advancement of Learning” was published in 1623. In the same year, as I have already stated, the Folio Edition of the plays appeared. Bacon presented a copy of the former to the University of Oxford,

*Probably a copy of the 1623 Folio

and I am inclined to think he also presented a copy of the Folio, with the request that his authorship should not be made known. I quote the letter of thanks he received to see if you do not agree with me:

“Most Noble and ——— Most Learned Viscount:

“Your honor could have given nothing more agreeable and the University could have received nothing more acceptable than the Sciences. And those Sciences which she formerly sent forth poor, of low stature, unpolished, she hath received elegant, tall, and by the supplies of your wit (by which alone they could have been advanced) most rich in dowry. She esteemeth it an extraordinary favor to have a return with usury made of that, by a stranger (if so near a relation may be called a stranger), which she bestowes as a Patrimony upon her children; and she readily acknowledged that though the *Muses** are born in Oxford, they grow elsewhere. Grown they are and under your pen, who, like some mighty Hercules in learning, have by your own hand further advanced those pillars in the learned world which by the rest of that world were supposed immovable.

“We congratulate you, you most accomplished Combatant, who by your most diligent patronage of the virtues of others, have overcome other Patrons, and by your own writings, yourself. For by the eminent height of your honor you advanced only learned men; now at last (Oh, ravishing prodigy) you have also advanced learning itself.

“The ample munificence of this gift lays a burthen upon your clients, in the receiving of which we have the honor; but in the enjoying of it the emolument will descend to late posterity. If, therefore, we are not able of ourselves to return sufficient and suitable thanks, our nephews of the next age ought to give their assistance and pay the remainder, if not to yourself, to the honor of your name. Happy they, but we how much more happy, to whom you have pleased to do the honor of sending a letter written by no other than your own hand; to whom you have pleased to send the clearest instructions for reading (your work) and for concord in our studies, in the front of your book. As if it were a small thing for your Lordship to enrich the *Muses* out of your own stock unless you taught them also a method of getting wealth. Wherefore this most accurate pledge of your understanding has been with the most solemn reverence received in a full congregation, both of the Doc-

*Is this word ever used except when referring to poetry?

tors and Masters; and that which the common vote placed in our public library every single person has gratefully deposited in his memory.

“Your Lordships most devoted servant,

“The University of Oxford.

“From our Convocation-house,

“December 20, 1623.”

Does it not seem as though this letter and the one which immediately precedes it point strongly to Bacon's authorship of the plays?

Bacon's own words regarding his authorship I now quote from the Cipher story: “All that learn that I, who account the truth better than wicked vanity, published many late plays under other cognomen, will think the motive some distaste for the stage. In no respect is it true, yet I shall make known to him who can read cipher writing a motive stronger than this, since a man hath a greater desire to live than he hath to win fame, and my life had four spies on it by day and by night.

“I maintain that the principal work hath been writing the secret history of my own life, as well as the true history of the times, in this great cipher.

“I have lost therein a present fame that I may, out of any doubt, recover it in my own and other lands after many a long year. I think some ray of 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 unhonored as is mete, 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.

“Francis, Baron of Verulam.”

Francis Bacon learned to “wait unhonored,” not only to *wait*, while he lived, but wait centuries after his death. His brother Robert, Earl of Essex, could not wait, and attempting to gain the throne, lost his life and gained nothing. His name has gone down in history as a brilliant courtier who failed in everything.

Francis Bacon set himself a worthy task and though he “lost a present fame,” he accomplished the task. He did for the English language what Martin Luther did for the German language, and what Ronsard and his friends, called the *Pleiade*, were doing for the French language when

Francis Bacon was in France. He made our language a settled language. He was the moving and directing spirit in that advancement of learning in England in the Sixteenth Century, which has been entitled the Renaissance. Reverently he did this work. In his *Writer's Prayer* we find, "Thou, O Father, who gavest the visible light as the first-born of Thy creatures and didst pour into man the intellectual light as the top and consummation of Thy workmanship, be pleased to protect and govern this work, which coming from Thy goodness, returneth to Thy glory."

To us his message is, "In perfect trust, to you I bequeath my labors."

Francis St. Albans.

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