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AS TOLD IN HIS SECRET WRITINGS AND IN OTHER
CONTEMPORARY RECORDS OF HER REIGN

BY

C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.

Drawings by

J. Y. DAWBARN, M.A., LL.M.

"Here in the Court th' story is but as th' tale that the olde wives
tell, as they sit in comfort by the fire, tho' it be told as truth
seldom accredited."—Cypher, p. 93*.

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1913.
To

MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

IN TOKEN OF REGARD.
A writer of an historical romance is not usually asked to vouch his narrative with authorities, and availing myself of such privilege I have avoided encumbering my text with notes which sadly interfere with the lilt of a story. But at the same time, to meet the wants of the more inquisitive, I have added a few references in which, for the greater number of my inventions, particularly the more outrageous ones, authorities may mostly be found; so where I have relied on others for my embroideries I have as far as possible used not only their matter but their very words and phrasing. This I find secures a semblance and atmosphere of reality somewhat difficult otherwise to suggest. A reader may perhaps have it that I actually believe in my own story; but surely it would be a slur on my art if at any rate for the time being I were otherwise than the most enthusiastic of my own disciples. And yet I am not entirely its originator. It is the echo from a far off land told with much
Preface.

witchery of style and matter and itself once more the echo, if not the very strain, of the music which in olden time all men found good. Nor will I ask more than I concede; and if the gentle reader will but believe with me till the last page is done I will task him no further. Then let him put it aside, and all that precedes it, and forget it—if he can. I could not, and so I wrote it out. And now I would that I had not, for it haunts me—and yet 'tis only a tale.

C. Y. C. DAWBARN.
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* This is the Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon, by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, published by the Howard Publishing Co., Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. The numbers given in the text are those of the pages of the THIRD edition, in which the quotations referred to may be found. See Appendix A.
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PART I.

The Historical Setting.
CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER

OF A

QUEEN.

The byeways of history
have always a fascination
lacking in the more polished and precise works of the
learned, and it is with somewhat amused satisfaction
one comes upon a letter of Mary Queen of Scots to
Elizabeth hidden away in a note in Hume's History
of England.\(^{(a)}\) It is only a little bit of gossip boiling
down the tittle-tattle and scandal of the times, and
really of insufficient dignity to be given more formal
place. But those with a weakness for reading notes,
especially in respectable historians, will in this
instance be fully rewarded. One gets behind the
scenes, so to say, and sees human nature beneath a
crown as well as in humbler folk; sees that in those
times the woman of keen brain and cutting tongue
could indulge in sweet feline amenities as well as the
most polished society lady of our own day. For many
years Mary had been a captive in England, and at
this time was in the custody of the Earl of Shrews-
bury. For a long time she lived in great intimacy
with his Countess, and then, alas! Mary was attractive,

\(^{(a)}\) Chap. 42.
men are susceptible, women are jealous, and the friendship came to an untimely end. Instead, a bitter enmity was established, and Mary took a method of revenge which enabled her to gratify her spite against both the Countess and Elizabeth at one and the same time. So she wrote a letter to the Queen, in which her extreme animosity breathes in every line; nor should we be surprised if the retort courteous took the form of a warrant, a scaffold and an axe. We do not say that poor Mary had no grievance, but she was playing with fire, for she was by no means as innocent of conspiracy as she would have the world believe. She was in touch with most of the discontented at home and abroad, with all of whom she managed to keep up communication, and at her trial it came out that she was in possession of the keys to no less than sixty cyphers. We do not say she was wrong. The very strength and weakness of her position was that, in the eyes of many, her right to the English throne was superior to that of Elizabeth herself. The successor to Mary of England should really have been this self-same Mary of Scotland, and no one knew this better and feared it more than Elizabeth herself and her shrewd old minister, her good Lord Burleigh. Some are inclined to speak of him as a respectable statesman of the useful sort, but he was the strong man for all that, and when the opportunity at last offered, no hesitation marked his policy, and whilst the Queen was vacillating Mary was being executed. And when the end came the country breathed more freely, and
The Letter of a Queen.

this seems to be about the only justification, and yet the best justification, for her death that has been handed down to us. And how Mary hated Elizabeth, and how other great ones hated her, we may judge as we read this lengthy epistle from her to her royal sister, commencing with its effusive false professions of regard for her Majesty’s honour. It is with such pain, (b) Mary writes, with such infinite regret she has to tell her Majesty of the wicked slanders that the Countess of Shrewsbury so delights in spreading about her. Not that we can believe anything—“ne croyons point”—for the epistle is in French. Who could, knowing the Countess and her spite against her royal mistress? Why, she had even told her that her Majesty had actually given a promise of marriage to a certain person; and more, before a dame of her chamber; and still more, that there had been intimacies between them usual between husband and wife alone. And other improprieties are hinted at and details furnished with a mock profession of disbelief founded on an insinuation that would be still more odious to her correspondent. Simier, Hatton, the Duc d’Anjou, each in his turn is malignantly referred to, and the Countess made responsible for the tales about all. The letter is fairly fully translated by Hume, but his measured periods are hardly in keeping with the more colloquial style of the original. Still, we cannot do much better than follow him as he thus continues it:—“...... that she was so conceited of

(b) Murdin’s State Papers, 560.
her beauty as to swallow the most extravagant flattery from her courtiers, who could not on these occasions forbear even sneering at her for her folly; that it was usual for them to tell her that the lustre of her beauty dazzled them like that of the sun, and they could not behold it with a fixed eye; (c) that the Countess had said —she added—that Mary's best policy would be to engage her son to make love to her; nor was there any danger that such a proposal would be taken for mockery, so ridiculous was the opinion that she entertained of her own charms. She pretended that the Countess had represented her as no less odious in her temper than profligate in her manner and absurd in her vanity; that she had so beaten a young woman of the name of Scudamore as to break that lady's finger, and in order to cover the matter it was pretended that the accident had proceeded from the fall of a candlestick; and that she had cut another across the hand with a knife, who had been so unfortunate as to offend her.” She then furnished other additional items of the same interesting description, and yet Mary poses before the world as a clever woman. Hume is inclined to attribute to this imprudent and malicious letter no little of the rigour of the subsequent proceedings against her; but Carte, in his History of England, (d) seems to have a doubt whether it and others from her pen ever reached her correspondent, for he writes:— "The Lord Treasurer Burghley took care to keep these letters from coming to Elizabeth's hands, but

(c) See note, end of chapter. 
(d) Vol. III. 828.
preserved them, and they were afterwards buried two feet under ground in his son's, the Earl of Salisbury's house at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. They were there found a few years ago in a stone chest, rolled up in woollen, and were shown by the publishers of Burleigh's papers to the late Master of the Rolls at his seat of Belbar in that neighbourhood, and to another venerable gentleman still living." Since then they have been printed, and can now be seen in extenso in Murdin's collection of State Papers, as to-day they have little more than an antiquarian interest.

But one thing is certain, delivered or not, it equally served Lord Burleigh. Whatever he did, whatever he designed, he had in it a complete reply to anything his own Queen might object to in the future. So probably it made him more relentless, for we know he was no little devoted to the mistress he served so faithfully.

And such is the picture drawn in all malice by a bitter woman; such the gossip and tittle-tattle of which we have been given a glimpse, and which yet does hardly more than smirch the surface show of our lion-hearted Queen. And now another contemporary record, and we are told how (84*) "we were often brought into her gracious presence. 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

(c) Page 560. (f) See note ante, p ix.
us with succeeding dismay or brimmed our cup immediately with joy.” And then (205): “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. . . . Her wisdom, however, saved her in this, as the love of devotion was the surface of her character, not a main current. . . . She did inherit much of the stern disposition that characterized her sire and grandsire. Henry sire shewed it less as it mingled with heartiness and fresh spirits, but as every Tudor down from our ancestors to one named Robert loved his own will and his own way Merry Harry . . . concealed some of it under a mask of good nature.”

And as in those days, so now, opinion is still divided as to this marvellous woman. And her “loving sister” Mary, with many an arrow shot at a venture, with one—the hint of marriage—nearer the gold than ever imagined, shows one side of the shield. And the other? What of it? It was not painted for her eye to rest upon—if so we had doubted it; nor yet by one loaded by her with benefits—we had then equally distrusted; but it has been handed down to us in secret writing by him whom of all men her Majesty most slighted—HER SON.
Note (p. 6).

As a sample of the extravagance of adulation referred to by Queen Mary the following is not an unfair example. Sir Walter Raleigh, having fallen into disgrace, wrote the following letter with a view to its being shown to the Queen. "My heart was never broke till this day that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years, with so great love and design, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus; behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all." And so on for twice as much more. (/) Murdin, 718.
CHAPTER II.

ROMANCE

AND

RUMOURS.

And how far do we find confirmation or corroboration of these kind suggestions of Mary by less prejudiced authorities? As regards Elizabeth's vanity and love of admiration, that hardly needs further mention. Exaggerated or otherwise, it was, as said, but a surface current of her character, and neither as woman nor Queen did it affect her true greatness. As to other matters, it is once more a case of looking below the surface, as such trifles add little to the pomp and majesty of a great history; and it is to novelists like Dumas or Scott one has to turn if one would see our Kings and Queens as men and women as well as monarchs. As regards the Scudamore incident, we find in the Sydney papers\(^{(a)}\) other lively instances of her Majesty's passionate temper, even to the extent of her beating her maids of honour when they angered her. So we have a letter from the Earl of Huntingdon to the Earl of Leicester,\(^{(b)}\) in which, "to ease my wounded heart," is a bitter complaint that "at my wife's last being at Court to do her duty

\(^{(a)}\) Vol. II. 38. \(^{(b)}\) Miscellaneous State Papers, 187.
as became her, it pleased her Majesty to give her a privy nippe especially concerning myself”; which privy nippe may possibly have been a metaphorical allusion to the Queen’s remarks, or, as Hume takes it, a literal statement of an unpleasant fact. But certainly the well-merited box on the ears that Essex got from her Majesty in the presence of the Council was very far from being metaphorical, and the impulsive, violent side of her character may be taken as well established.

And in her softer moments, what of her then? And if she never had any, then what of this most veracious of stories? But on the contrary, it rather seems that she as much thirsted for an honest love and a domestic happiness as the humblest maid in her kingdom. “King Henry loved a man,” (c) and like her father she was not prepared to marry to order, and she meant to be Queen, and she also meant to despise the convenances of royal life, and wed as she would, or not at all. We have a very interesting document transcribed from a manuscript in the Cotton collection, unfortunately destroyed by fire, but which bears every impress of being actually penned by her own hand. In it she discusses the pros and cons of marrying, and of marrying one of her own lords if so prompted by her affections.

Throughout it is a most admirable document: First, she elaborately discusses the question of marrying at all under three heads: in respect to God; herself; and the Commonweal; and having arrived at an

(c) Fragmenta Regalia, 100.
affirmative conclusion in favour of matrimony, she as fully discusses the respective advantages of marrying a stranger or one of her own subjects. The great objection to marrying at home instead of abroad is, that in marrying an Englishman, “she maketh him, but disparageth herself, whilst in marrying a stranger her honour is augmented.” To this she has conclusive answer that “it is no disparagement to marry a nobleman of England, for the nobility are the right arm of the prince, the nursery of the blood royal, and therefore they are called cousins by the Queen herself. The Kings of England never disparage themselves by taking Englishwomen to be their wives.”

So as an argument, rather in favour of matrimony generally than in favour of either party, she refers to “the comfort one hath of the other,” and in concluding the lengthy document she writes, “when the three accidental causes, Honour, Power, Riches, are respected in marriage, the Devil or the world are the broker and marriage maker.”

And so it is we have no record of any great alliance made by this princess, but rather she “a king’s daughter, gave a worthy precedent to all states, in that she would wed as her wishes dictated, not through negotiation and by treaty.”

And what really was the temperament of this mighty Queen? Was she in truth a Dian’s votaress, or did the blood of her father, Henry, and that of her aunt, Margaret, course swiftly in her veins? And if so, what

(4d) Somers, Tract I. 170.
was her first love story, what was her first early history?

On her father's death she was about fourteen, and we find her living at Hatfield, then a royal palace, with her stepmother, Katherine Parr, who was Henry's last wife, and who within a few months of becoming a widow had married Admiral Seymour. And here we see the young princess, under charge of Katherine Aschley, full of life and vigour, fond of her book and of a little gossip—of what Mistress Aschley had to tell her was being said in London, and more particularly about a certain personage; and for all she was the young King's "sweet sister Temperance"—a name he loved to write whenever he tried a new pen—we find her a regular tomboy, and brimming over with health and good spirits. And above all she seems to have loved jesting with the Lord Admiral Seymour—a frequent visitor in those days—and with his wife, the Queen Dowager Katherine Parr, whom he had just married. The three seem to have made a merry party and to have romped together in a lively fashion. On one occasion Mistress Aschley had to scold her charge for her dress being all cut to pieces by the Admiral, when her young scapegrace made excuse she could not help it, for the Queen held her whilst he did it. So the Lord Admiral treated her very jollily, kindly and familiarly, kissing her and smacking her and even visiting her in her room, where he was more or less unwelcome. But young girls of fourteen mature, and the poor Queen, sharer in all the fun at
first, seems to have become rather sad and, in the end, somewhat jealous of this bright and laughing girl. But we never see the Admiral other than true and affectionate to her during their short married life, and her quarrels were rather with his brother, who would not honour her as she thought her right. We have her letter to her husband, full of her annoyance. "My Lord, this shall be to advertize you, that my Lord, your brother, hath this afternoon a little made me warm. It was fortunate we were so much distant, for I suppose else I should have bitten him." (r)

This is not exactly the writing of one who would tamely stand by whilst her husband made love to another under her very eyes. However, her end came more speedily than was expected, and the Admiral now in all seriousness courted the young princess. History credits him with little but ambitious scheming, but there is nothing improbable in his having really loved her. As regards her it may have been another matter. He was old enough to be her father, but then he was just the man, a prototype of her Essex, to have truly won her affections. And correct or incorrect, there was considerable talk of a marriage between the two, and the Lord Admiral, not having been given to consulting other people, probably carried it through. A marriage in those days might be solemnized in the eyes of the public, the whole world being invited to rejoice at the ceremony, or it might be got through by a priest without any witness, notice, or other formality.

(e) Haynes' State Papers, 61 et seq.
But unfortunately for the lovers, a master spirit and intriguer ruled the Council, and this presumption of the Admiral suddenly blazed into high treason. In haste every track had to be hid and every shred of evidence destroyed: but notwithstanding, the Lord Admiral was found guilty and lost his head, whilst the princess was given a new and more reliable governess, at which we are told "she wept all that night and lowered all next day."

No incident in history is better authenticated than this passage of love between Elizabeth and the Admiral. The account of his trial runs into thirty folio pages or more of printed matter, and contains a verbatim account of the evidence on which he was condemned. That of Katherine Aschley is particularly full and graphic. It is she who tells us how the Admiral "wrated" (rotted) with her when he cut her dress, and from her we learn how Elizabeth was in danger of losing, if she had not actually lost, her heart to him, "That Mr. Ashley (sic), her husband—she says—hath divers times given this examinate warning to take heed; for he did fear that the Lady Elizabeth did bear some affection to my Lord Admiral, she seemed so well pleased therewith, and sometimes she would blush when he were spoken of. And one other told her so also, but she cannot tell who it was."

But with the death of the Admiral the whole incident was ended, and all that remained for Elizabeth

(\textit{f}) See Appendix B. \hspace{1cm} (\textit{e}) Haynes, 68 \textit{et seq.}
was a sad heart, fond memories, disgrace with her young king brother, and much experience, which in her case was probably far from being lost.

And from this time forth did the poor maiden pine in loneliness, true to her first girlish hero. Was she never again to love, or does the very incident give probability to her seeking consolation in another? The latter would seem the more correct conclusion. Without giving credence to all the scandals raked up by Mary, mostly void of proof, we do find her relations with Dudley more than a mere matter of surmise. Another Admiral Seymour, he was the very man to attract her. He was goodly in appearance and of brave carriage. At the tournament of Greenwich, along with Lord Hunsdon, he held the lists against all comers. More, he had been her playmate in childhood and her fellow prisoner in the days of her trial. But we have more than probabilities to work upon, though for our facts we must search the State records of Spain treasured at Simancas. In these our great historian Froude made a notable discovery, the original correspondence between Philip II. and De Feria and De Quadra, his ministers at her Court, and of it has made a fascinating volume. Here we see her as she was—proud, imperious, self-willed and masterful as she battled for her crown. She had been well educated in the school of adversity, and had learnt with later diplomatists that the true use of words is to conceal one’s thoughts. What is above all marked, is her changeableness and the way she drove her ministers nearly distracted. Constitutionally
she found a difficulty in coming to a conclusion, or, having come to one, in retaining it for four-and-twenty hours; placed as she was, it was enhanced tenfold. But really she needs little excuse. To wholly throw in her lot with one party was to invite instant destruction from another. Far wiser to let all hope, and all be dissatisfied. And more, remembering that it is extremists who voice the times, we must not forget that by conviction she was neither Protestant nor Catholic, but a Catholic with views moderated by the Reform movement. Thus, to both schools she was always unsatisfactory, for the moment she seemed secured she would realize she had gone further than she intended and again beat a retreat. Thus, all who had to do with her were well schooled in patience, and even Cecil, Lord Burleigh of future years, single-eyed in the cause of Protestantism, was more than once driven to the verge of resignation. Probably no monarch was ever more exasperating to deal with, but no monarch ever more successfully piloted his way through shoals and dangers. At the beginning of her reign, her Catholic subjects, in a majority, holding all the offices in the Army, Church and State, with France and Spain, thoroughly distrusted her. Each was anxious to destroy her, France in particular waiting to pounce upon her and give her throne to Mary, and she was saved only by the jealousy of Philip II. of Henry II., his great rival in Europe. And he, too, so far as Elizabeth herself was concerned—a heretic, child of a heretic, and protector
of heretics—he would have snuffed her out like a rush candle but for advancing his neighbour. As it was, he would embarrass her, wrong her, injure her, though at the critical moment he could never do other than support her. In the art of gaining time Elizabeth was a past mistress, and in this respect her hand was her most valuable asset. And this she dangled before each suitor in succession, but without, as we now know, the slightest intention of ever going a whit further. Her election had been made. She was madly in love with Leicester, and she was prepared to risk name, fame and crown rather than be parted from him. She was true to him then, she was true to him till death, she was true to him after death had divided them. Some speak of it as an ignoble passion, but she saw him not as others saw him. In her eyes he had every perfection, and those that were wanting in fact she supplied in her imagination. No doubt she may have thought she dissembled her passion to the world; no doubt she may have thought that in her advances and withdrawals with other lovers she was playing a very deep game; but the letters show that she was far from deceiving the acute ministers of Venice and Spain. A few extracts from the latter will show the course of her story. At the time, we must bear in mind that Dudley was the husband of Amy Robsart, whom he had wedded some ten years previously, when but nineteen, in the presence of King Edward. The marriage had not been a happy one, and neither in his adversity nor
prosperity had he made much of her or brought her to Court. And so in April, 1559, De Feria writes:—“They tell me that she is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley and will never let him leave her side. . . . He is in such favour that people say she visits him in his chamber day and night.” And still more important to Elizabeth, he says:—“Nay, it is even reported that his wife has a cancer in her breast, and that the Queen waits only till she die to marry him.”

Then we learn from him her sentiments as to her other lovers:—“She ridicules Ferdinand; she was told, she said, that he was a fine Catholic and knew how to tell his beads and pray for the souls in purgatory. Of Charles she seemed to know nothing, but she declared she would never have a husband who would sit all day by the fireside. When she married it should be to a man who could ride and hunt and fight.” And De Feria winds up his mission in England by telling his master:—“But the spirit of the woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place.”

Then De Quadra, his successor, takes his office, and for some time the burden of his epistles is the same:—“If your Majesty were to save her life a second time she would be no more faithful to you than she is now. If she can spread the poison and set your Majesty's Low Countries on fire she will do it without remorse.”

(a) Froude's History of England, c. 36.  
(b) Ib. c. 37.
of marriage with the Archduke Ferdinand, his master's nominee, are pending, which give more point to his following letter of November, 1559:—“I have learnt from a person who usually gives me true information, that Lord Robert has sent instructions to have his wife poisoned, and that all the dallying with us, all the dallying with the Swede, all the dallying which there will be with the rest, one after the other, is merely to keep Lord Robert's enemies in play till his villainy about his wife can be executed. I have learnt also certain other things as to the terms on which the Queen and Lord Robert stand towards each other, which I could not have believed. . . . For myself, I do not believe she will ever take the Archduke, whether he come or not, but her disorderly ways may bring some disaster upon her; and in that case the Lords might perhaps offer the Archduke the Crown and marry him to Lady Catherine Grey.”

Then Mr. Froude on his own account parenthetically remarks: “To attempt to discover Elizabeth's intentions from her language, is a wasted labour.”

In March, 1560, Philip's minister again writes: “Things are in a strange state. The Catholics look only to your Majesty. Lord Robert says that if he lives a year he will be in another position from that which he at present holds. Every day he pretends more and more; and it is now said that he means to divorce his wife.”

In September, 1560, he again tells his master,


(m) Ib. c. 38.
"The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the State and of the person of the Queen to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her, and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace to the peril of her health and life." (n)

This last remark should be noted. Then follows: "Last of all, he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill, but she was not ill at all; she was very well and taking care not to be poisoned; God, he trusted, would never permit such a crime to be accomplished or allow so wicked a conspiracy to prosper."

These events had resulted in grave trouble with Cecil, and in his threat to retire; and so with satisfaction he adds: "These quarrels among themselves and Cecil's retirement from office will do no harm to the good cause. We could not have to do with anyone worse than he has been, but likely a revolution may come of it. The Queen may be sent to the Tower, and they may make a King of Lord Huntingdon, who is a great heretic. . . . Cecil himself told me he was the true heir to the Crown: Henry VII. having usurped it from the house of York."

Then he adds the most important postscript: "Since this was written, the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly." The Queen said in Italian: "Que se ha rotto il collo." It appears that

(n) Froude's History of England, c. 39.
she fell down a staircase. (o) And now we have further details from a source nearer home. It is a letter of 28th October, 1560, with a very anxious inquiry from Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, our ambassador in France, as "touching the greatest matter of all, I mean the Queen's marriage." (p) It is to Secretary Cecil, and earnestly he begs him to prevent it if it has not yet taken place. "I conjure you to do all your endeavour to hinder this marriage, for if it take place there is no counsel nor advice that can help. As we begin to be already in derision and hatred for the bruit only, and nothing taken here on this side more assured than our destruction, so if it take place we shall be opprobrium hominum et abjectio plebis." In similar and still more anxious strain he writes again on November 17th, saying: "and lastly and chiefly, that they take it for truth and certain that her Majesty will marry the Lord Robert Dudley, whereby they assure themselves that all foreign alliance and aid is shaked off, and do expect much discontentation amongst yourselves. Thus you see your sore. God grant it do not with rankling fester too far and too dangerously."

And then we have a letter from his confidant telling him how matters stand. And his first piece of news is that Lord Robert had sent for him. "Being come unto me, he asked me whether the French Queen," our same Mary Queen of Scots, "had said that the Queen's Majesty would marry her Horse Keeper," and he

(p) Miscellaneous State Papers, 121.
continues: "Mr. Secretary must have shown your letter to the Queen, as only from her could Lord Robert have had it." This evidently rankled in Dudley's breast, and was an ingenious and insulting way of turning the fact that Elizabeth had made him her Master of the Horse. And in the end Throckmorton was repaid for his advice and the Queen's sneer by being poisoned, that is if all that is said about my Lord Robert in that scurrilous chapbook, "Leycester's Commonwealth," is to be believed. And the letter concludes with saying: "I think verily that my Lord Robert shall run away with the hare." After which he adds a dismal picture of the conditions then existing, saying: "Religion is neglected, all men are discontented, no man considered, captains sell their harness, and every man is for himself;" and every word more than dismally true, and one should read Mr. Froude's narrative in full to realize the extremely precarious position of the Queen and of Protestantism, so largely identified with her.

And now, having learnt that Lord Robert had control of the Queen's person and that she had shut herself up in her palace to the danger of her health, and that Amy Robsart was no more, we have rumours of a private betrothal, leading up in two or three months to a startling letter from De Quadra to his master. And in the light of the following story it is written on a startling date, making one ask was a royal name and fame to be preserved at all hazards?

(?) 1641 edit. p. 30.
On January 22, 1560-1, he writes: "There came lately to me Sir Henry Sidney, who is married to Lord Robert's sister, a high-spirited, noble sort of person and one of the best men that the Queen has about the Court." And after much beating about the bush, Sir Henry arrives at the point: "The Queen and Lord Robert were lovers; but they intended honest marriage, and nothing wrong had taken place between them which could not be set right with your Majesty's help;" and that the death of Amy Robsart had been accidental, and finally ends with the amazing proposition that in return for his Majesty's consent to their being married they would assist in restoring the true religion. Then De Quadra says: "It is so bad a business that I durst not meet their overtures with cordiality, while, nevertheless, I thought it right to listen to them and report what they say to your Majesty. If we irritate them we may drive them into mischief. . . . I do not doubt that if there be a way by which the Queen can be brought to a better mind either in religion or in her relations with your Majesty—so long at least as her present passion lasts—it will be by this marriage. Of this I am certain, that if she marry Lord Robert without your Majesty's sanction your Majesty has but to give a hint to her subjects and she will lose her throne. . . . But I am certain that without your Majesty's sanction she will do nothing in public. . . . She is infatuated to a degree that would be a notable fault in any woman, much more in one of her exalted rank. . . . I ought to add
that this woman is generally believed to be out of her mind. . . . Some say she is a mother already, but this I do not believe.’’ And why behind the scenes this state of panic? What has occurred or is about to occur? Why is Philip thus earnestly courted? And this interview with Sidney is speedily followed up by one with Lord Robert, anxious to repeat the assurances; and about a month later, on February 23rd, by yet another with Elizabeth herself. At this he reports: ‘‘She replied after much circumlocution that she would make me her ghostly father and I should hear her confession.’’ ‘‘It came to this, that she was no angel,’’ followed by assurances she had resolved to marry neither him nor any one. Then as to his own attitude to her he said he could promise nothing without first taking instructions, but ‘‘As there is danger, however, that carried away by passion as she is, she may fly in some opposite extravagance, I would not leave her without hope.’’

Whether the bargain was ever closed or not we cannot say, but from this juncture we find Cecil taking firm control of religious affairs, and with her good will or without it he committed Elizabeth to a decided active policy against the Catholics. He had been in disgrace, but he was in disgrace no more. The very rumour of the arrangement had almost caused a riot in London—a stronghold of Protestantism—and it had been left to him to lay the tempest. Philip, in entertaining the proposals, with reason had asked for some earnest of Elizabeth’s good faith. He wanted
the Catholic bishops released, he wanted the Pope's nuncio received in England, he wanted England represented at the great Council of Trent. Instead, we find the Huguenots encouraged, the bishops more straitly shut up, Catholics brought to trial on most frivolous pretexts, and any recognition of the Pope either in his delegate or his council declined with more hostility than ever.

Cecil was having his way.

And here we note his change in attitude is so remarkable that we cannot help but ask, has he learnt some secret that has given him a hold over the Queen? There is no talk of resignation now. And as for her, when De Quadra upbraided her, he found her, he says, "embarrassed, surprised and evidently frightened," and then he says, "she spoke much in reply of her grateful devotion to your Majesty, and so I left her." And whilst his future letters breathe disappointment, there is none of the anger of a man who has simply been played with; rather he seems to sympathize with her in her exasperation at having to yield to another's will.

And a year passes, and Elizabeth has been attacked by small-pox. She is recovering, but she believes herself to be dying, and her first words when she has collected her senses are of Lord Robert, and she begs that he may be made protector of the realm. And her mind still running on the same subject, she said, "she loved Lord Robert dearly and had long loved him, but she called God to witness that nothing
unseemly had ever passed between them.” It was a solemn moment, and the assertion was obviously a voluntary one and, in the light of the rumours of her secret wedding-day, may have been a literal truth, but unless she was conscious of some act liable to misconstruction, why this anxiety to rebut what no one could have dared to charge?

And so we have letters and despatches, confessions and rumour, all of mighty importance in the world of that time and founded, we find, very much on a fact—a fact that the Queen loved Lord Robert very dearly, and a rumour that a private betrothal and an actual marriage ceremony at the house of a Lord Pembroke, or Puckering, as the case may be, had given sanctity to the relations between them. And are all the scandals to melt away in humdrum fashion, with wedding bells and a Church blessing, but, for reasons of State, muffled and spoke very low, so that only now, after three hundred years, the echo has reached our time. “Some say she is a mother already,” and by her own husband. How remarkably commonplace, not to say dull.

Poor Queen Elizabeth! and so you are to lose your character and fame as a fickle beauty and artful coquette in the prosy character of honest matron and foolish mother. If you might not box the ears of your own wayward boy, a boy with heart as big and fierce as your own, you, his mother and Queen, why, what next but might be said in your dispraise?

And if only he had been but your one boy. How your mother's heart would have thrilled with pride as you gave him to the world! But there's the tragedy of it; he was not, and his and yours and his brother's tale, so full of woe, has yet to be told.

Note (p. 27).

A marriage such as this we are told took place between Louis XIV, when he was forty-eight years of age and Madame de Maintenon when fifty, in their case the nuptial benediction being given by Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, her confessor Père de la Chaise and two other witnesses being present. We do not find she ever asked or took the position of Queen Consort, but on every occasion she was treated with most frigid respect.
And who was this Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, that he ventured such enormous pretensions? Let us go back a few years and follow his history, so far as it interweaves with our story. We know he came of an aspiring family. He was grandson of the Dudley of Empson and Dudley note, the two famous, or rather infamous, ministers of Henry VII. Other kings had curbed the arrogance of their nobles by an arrogance greater than their own. Henry more subtly undermined their power, and filled his coffers at the same time, with enormous exactions. "And as kings do more easily find instruments for their will and humour than for their service and honour, he had gotten for his purpose, or beyond his purpose, two instruments, these Empson and Dudley, whom the people esteemed as his horse leaches and shearers, bold men and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist. Dudley was of good family," barons of old time, "eloquent, and one that could put hateful business into good language; but Empson, that was the son of a sieve maker, triumphed always upon the deed done,
putting off all other respects whatever." (a) Dudley rose high in the employ of his master, being made Speaker of one of his Parliaments, to the great discontent of its members, and retained his confidence until his death. The next reign saw justice done, and Henry VIII. sought popularity by sacrificing them both to an indignant people. Finding all their acts had been done under cover of law, or by the late King's express order, they were executed on the fictitious charge of attempting to restrain the person of the King's Majesty. In a few months, however, Henry did justice to the young son of Dudley, whom he restored to his honours and fortunes. Like his father, he also rose high in the service of the King, who made him Viscount Lisle, and who, when he died, appointed him one of the Council of Regency during the minority of his son, Edward the Sixth. Through all this young King's reign, Dudley proved his great powers of intrigue. Made Earl of Warwick, the chief obstacle to his further advancement was the Admiral Seymour to whom we have referred, and who was a man with ambition restless as his own. This Seymour was brother to the Protector, the Duke of Somerset; but with adroit skill Dudley dissolved the love between the two, and turning to account the Admiral's courtship of Elizabeth, so inflamed the Protector against him that he brought about his trial and execution for high treason. (b) The power of the brothers thus

(a) History of Henry VII., F. Bacon, Bohn's Edit. 454.
(b) Camden, Intro. p. 6.
broken, he next as successfully plotted against the Duke himself, destroyed him, and then without a rival seized the supreme power in the State. Already of enormous wealth, he further appropriated the lands and title of the Duke of Northumberland, which Sir Thomas Percy, heir to the last holder, had forfeited to the Crown for the part he had taken in the late Yorkshire rising. Next he plundered the see of Durham of its vast wealth, and at the same time relentlessly persecuted Tonstall, its Bishop. Arrived at the zenith of his fortunes, he made provision for the future, and for the death of the young King by obtaining from him letters patent, signed by himself and his great lords, actually disinheriting both Mary and Elizabeth, and passing over both in favour of Lady Jane Grey, whom he had married to his fourth son, Guildford Dudley. And never was so great conspiracy so near achievement. For ten days Lady Jane actually wore the Crown. The nobility were so dominated by his personality, and so believed in his good fortune, that they did not dare to oppose him; and if it had not been for the bitter resentment and violent opposition of the more chivalric and less calculating people, it is doubtful if he would not have been fully successful. But they would have nothing of him; the very title Northumberland was desecrated in his person, and they rose in righteous wrath. The storm once raised was not long in gathering; a few short weeks saw him hurled from the pinnacle of his greatness, and he who had been master of a kingdom was now
piteously offering fortune, power and liberty for a few more days of wretched life. But in vain, and forgiveness in his case was impossible. Mary, however, as magnanimous as successful, in the hour of her triumph was content with his death alone; and whilst he was executed, Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, Guildford Dudley, were both passed over on account of their youth. So probably no further notice would have been taken of them had not the reverting to Catholicism caused much discontent in the country when once again indiscreet partizans, at the call of Sir Thomas Wyatt, raised the standard of revolt in her name. This time she met with no further clemency, and was executed in the Tower, her husband sharing her fate. But above all, the fanatical Catholics were anxious to implicate Elizabeth, in whom they rightly foresaw the greatest hindrance to their faith. For either heresy or treason they would have had her condemned. To this end the execution of Sir Thomas was delayed, whilst others of the meaner sort were killed or put to the rack that they might incriminate her. So she herself was sent to the Tower, that easy half-way house to the grave; and as the blood lust grew, and as innocents were sent to stake and torture for less and less cause, there was hardly a day when she could call the morrow her own, and when she was not within a hairbreadth of the block on which her mother and cousin had both perished. But whilst poor Anne Boleyn, gentle and timid, had been taken to the Tower

(c) See note, end of chapter.
trembling and hysterical, her high spirit never failed her, and she as calmly looked on all the paraphernalia of tyranny as in later days she looked on the scenes of revelry which she graced with her presence. Along with her—partner in misfortune now, partner to be in glory and prosperity hereafter—was also imprisoned Robert Dudley, this self-same Earl of Leicester of later years who was actually under sentence of death for high treason—a sentence which a less severe judge than Mary might have well left to be executed in due course of law. But his youth saved him, and when he found release it was to speedily secure advancement in the service of the Queen. As regards Elizabeth, historians are not agreed as to how her safety was secured, nor as to the attitude of her sister to her. Some would have it that the ancient quarrel between their mothers had sunk deep into her malignant (?) heart, and that she took a pleasure in branding her as illegitimate and degrading her in the eyes of her Court and in declaring Mary of Scotland to be her heir. Others, with more reason, show Mary "a most natural and loving princess," (d) in the more amiable light of a true sister, and one who really used her power to save her from her political enemies; whilst yet another school consider that her sentiments changed from time to time. Perhaps, however, Elizabeth owed her safety more than anything to the same rivalry between France and Spain which served her so well when Queen, and to the fact that Philip, soon to be the husband of

(d) Camden, Intro.
Mary, could tolerate anything better than the enhancement of his enemy. With Mary Queen of Scots next heir and espoused to the Dauphin, to make away with the Princess Elizabeth was to risk the kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland being adjoined to the French sceptre, "than which nothing was more dreadful to the Spanish greatness." And so he interposed, and—irony of fate—saved her who in years to come was to be his deadliest foe. But still, in justice to Mary, let us remember that had she really thirsted for her sister's blood, as some suggest, such considerations would have been too late to have saved her. There was only one obstacle between her and her will indulged to the maddest extent—her conscience—a conscience which, whilst it made her a bigot, forbade her being unjust. To that and to that alone did Elizabeth owe her life.

And here we ought to notice the extent of the power enjoyed by the Tudor princes in common with most princes of that age. It is essential to a proper comprehension of the times and of my story: from it most important conclusions follow, and it is impossible to judge rightly of either men or affairs without full knowledge of this cardinal fact. It was a despotism pure and simple, the Crown's prerogative extending to the property, liberty and life of every individual subject. Collectively the people enforced limitations, individually each was at the absolute mercy of the Crown, especially when its power had reached its

(*) Camden, Intro.
climax in the hands of Elizabeth. And then it reached a height that could not be maintained. Like a river retained by a lock till it grows deeper and deeper, Elizabeth by her iron will held back all resistance, but with the day of weakening came the day of flood, which with irresistible fury swept away the Crown for a time and for ever the old order of things. For herself she was served and approached like an Oriental despot, and we are told that "no one spoke to Queen Elizabeth without kneeling, though now and then she raised some with waving her hand. So wherever she turned her eye, everyone fell on his knees. . . . Even when absent, those who covered her table, though persons of quality, neither approached it nor retired from it without kneeling, and that often three times." (c) And from this excess of prerogative a most important result followed which affected society through and through, and especially men of thought. Man must commune with man whatever the peril, whatever the consequences. All ages testify to this. To unburden oneself to a friend at times becomes almost an essential of existence, and hence the success of spies and other traitorous informers. But in those days consider the effect on society when a religious doubt incautiously expressed might mean a death of agony, or rash political talk might subject one to the excruciating torture of the rack. Yes, the rack. For many years now and to come it was kept pretty busy, to say nothing of milder punishments such as the pillory and

(c) Hentzners' Travels, p. 36.
flogging. And the result was a flood of secret associations with their cabalistic signs, symbols and writings. The Catholics in their Jesuits and orders had their secret fraternities worldwide in extent. The Protestants, as numerous, equally found certain means to recognize the elect. Wise men had their organizations for the interchange and spread of knowledge, knaves and charlatans were equally banded together for their mutual profit at the expense of society at large. So every profession, trade, or calling had its own particular mystery, and there were words and calls which would assemble apprentices and workers in their thousands. And to this day some such societies have survived, as witness those of our gipsies, mendicants, and probably thieves, to say nothing of our Free-masons, who owe their vitality to these days of terror, when their noble end was the combating of tyranny, asserting the right to free thought and the promulgating of the truth. So, essential to all was a means of recognizing fellow members when present, and communicating with one another when at a distance. This gave rise to an infinity of signs, watchwords, and cypher texts. Then cypher writing was almost in general use—we have seen that Mary Queen of Scots had her keys to sixty—and every lord had his own private code. Some of these no doubt were puerile enough, such as a school-boy delights in, or such as are found in the agony column of the *Times*; but others were deep and unscrutable save to those actually masters of the secret. And it is to one of such cyphers
which for three hundred and fifty years has defied the
detection of all but the initiated, that this story owes
its inception. And now the key has not been given
away willingly; it has been and still is jealously
guarded, even to the extent of denying its very
existence, but the end of such mystery is now very near.

(348) "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,"
and human wits are not above such artifices as well,
but who will say that all is not now in vain? Not you,
my reader, at any rate. We have made a pact together
that we are both of us to believe my story—until it is
finished, after as we list—and my story is the story of
this cypher. But then the cypher does not exist. No?
Maybe not: but what if for the moment we imagine
that it does? It will cost but little, only a trifle of
effort, and how much it will add to the excitement if
we think that a real Queen was mother, a real boy was
lover, and a real man screamed in the agony of torture!
A soupçon of belief will make it all so much more real
and human—and of interest. Then why not believe,
and always with the qualification, only till the last page
is turned? And thus much for the historical setting
of my story.

(a) See Appendix A. and note ante, p. ix.
"Uncrowned."

Note (p. 32).

Her places of imprisonment varied from time to time. At one time she was incarcerated at Woodstock. There she wrote on a window shutter with charcoal the following lines:

O Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
   Hath fraught with care my troubled wit.
Witness this present prison, whither fate
   Hath borne me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed
From bonds wherewith innocents are enclosed,
   Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
    And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envoy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. MDLV.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth we know had a passion for learning more or less common to her circle, and excelled in music. Before seventeen she knew Latin, French and Italian, and indifferently well Greek. She was able to sing and play on the lute prettily and sweetly (Camden). Her cousin Sackville was writer of "Porrex and Ferrex," one of our earliest tragedies, produced before her at Whitehall in 1561; and her mother, Anne Boleyn, we know was an accomplished scholar.
PART II.

My Story: as Told in Cypher.\(^{(a)}\)

\(^{(a)}\) See note, p. ix, ante.
CHAPTER IV.

A SOUL.

WAS CARRIED TO

ITS BIRTH.

Plato's Republic.

And is there really a story in cypher? A little time ago I was walking down St. Martin's Lane, not in exactly the most picturesque part of London, and I was tired, and the roar of the streets jarred on me and I would have fled from it if I could. And then I saw a haven of peace—the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields calling on all such wayfarers to come in and rest awhile. It is a somewhat imposing but not very beautiful structure—in fact I am afraid it belongs to that period of our art when we had plenty of taste and all of it bad. And yet it called me; called me not for its picturesqueness nor charms, but simply for itself and for times that would be no more. And then I remembered it was here, or in the little church which it replaces, that the hero of this story was baptized, and that the original ancient register with the entry recording it was still to be seen. With somewhat listless curiosity I thought I would inspect it, but for the moment I had to wait, for the organ was still pealing and the devout still waiting its close.
So, for a while, I took a seat in one of the ugly, square, high-backed pews, well in keeping with its surroundings. And as time passed I sat and mused, wondering was there really this story in very truth or was it merely the creation of the vivid imagination of some able penman? And then some three or four hundred years had been rolled back, and I was in the centre of an old time mystery. A date was staring me in the face; it was the 22nd January, 1560-1, a date, we have already seen, of no little moment. Whether it was the dulness of the hour, the half light of the stained glass windows, or whether I was bordering on a state of semi-hypnotism were difficult to say, but the scene suddenly shifted and I was in a room not exactly rich in its appointments but somehow suggesting an air of no little distinction—an atmosphere of the great and mighty. And two only were in that room, with one poor wee little third. And the one was sweet, gentle, and deferential, the other strong, powerful, imperious, and self-willed. One could see she had passed through a stress of physical agony, but that her will was none the less dominant. And the one was pleading, pleading with tears with her royal mistress—for such the latter was—pleading on her knees for the life of that poor innocent. It was so wee, so helpless, so beseeching. No soft linen was there in which to wrap the puny little atom of mortality; a rough wool fold was enough for the little life to be extinguished before well launched on its earthly existence. But pleadings in the end—
perhaps a touch of motherhood joining forces—won the day, and the child was hers, sent by Heaven to take the place of her own dear little one called home almost before it had arrived. And such it was to be in name, reputation and fortune, and a strong oath bound the bargain on either side—never to be claimed, never to be disowned. And what a world of woe had been saved that little mite had that vow never been broken! How those two loved each other! Never was sweeter, fonder mother; never sweeter, fonder, and more devoted babe, child, and man. As years passed she grew sterner in character, he mightier in wisdom, but in the day of stress, as in the day of calm, their love was pure, tender, and reciprocated to the end. And some would say that child was born without a heart. And had it been so! And who, hearing its cry, but might still well say "rest and be forgiven" (173). "I was as a brat or waif the girl throws from all eyes to save her fortune and name. Hate is just in him who is made prey to the ills which do fall even upon a babe most innocuous if love is not waking as he sleeps. Even then I was taken forth, stript naked; the thin soft bands a child should feel, a rough spun woollen robe replaced. None saw or pitied my harsh, unkind, accursedly cruel usage, yet my mother was a wedded, honourable, and most royal woman."

And now another scene, leading up to the one just glimpsed at. We see its local colouring much now as then, for time has touched it lightly in essentials.
"Uncrowned."

It is a grim fortress, laughable before modern artillery, but in those days no mean protection to the beautiful river over which it frowned. And what a tale of hope abandoned, tears and misery its walls could unfold if but a tongue were given them! And it was the days to which we have referred, the days of the Catholic Terror, the days when a sister—and though that sister were a queen—could scarce save a sister's life. A young and not unlovely girl waited behind those grim portals the call that might at any moment summon her to face her Master and her God. As innocent, her mother had trodden the same sad way, and the same axe might also bring her rest. The throne to be hers was less substantial in those days than the dream which is forgotten with the morning’s sun. And so of her fellow prisoner, son of a mighty peer, also entangled in treason's net, young, handsome, and well favoured, and by destiny strangely one with her, for (134) "they came into our world not the same day only, but the same hour." For good or ill their fortunes had been thrown together. In life their hearts beat together, in death they might share the same scaffold. Other worldly relations and affairs were in the shadow of a dim and unreal past, the passing moment alone was theirs. The man had other ties, but they were in a fog of forgotten memories; the woman found in him the whole of her existence. And so in life troth was pledged, and in death the same gate might open eternity to both.

Sinners were they? He with another to love and
cherish! She knowing all and yet infatuated! Alone let those judge who in the last hour are faithful even unto death.

And then her call came not to a scaffold but a crown. And great, glorious, and magnificent, a right royal queen she proved. But that brief episode had left its impress on her life and that of the man she loved so truly to the end. An early fancy had once enthralled her, but that forgotten, she never again shared her heart with another. And who this royal woman? A mighty Tudor. In affairs more than a man; but in her weakness as a woman, his own for ever.

And was he worthy? We need not enquire. Let those answer who were tempted as he was.

And what was the nature of this temptation? Key to the sequel; key to the pathetic scene we have witnessed; key to there being this story at all; between this gay, gallant Dudley as he then was, and a fair princess and a crown matrimonial, was another to whom he had already given his name, and whom he had vowed to love and to cherish “till death do us part.” And it is a pitiable scene that now passes in review as we dream of the past. It has been pictured by the master wizard of the pen, though misdated some long years. But one moment a fair, sweet, glowing, but withal anxious despondent beauty, quick with the energy of life and vitality, and the next a mass of shattered human existence in the last throes of death itself. It is a marvellous piece of work that character drawing in “Kenilworth,” and yet sometimes the simple,
pathetic, inaccurate little ballad of Tickle is even more heart-stirring. But a few stanzas, as it fills in our tale.

CUNMOR HALL.
The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, the regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cunmor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

Leicester,\(^{(a)}\) she cried, is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove
Immured in shameful privity?

Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall,
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say,
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

'Mong rural beauties I was one—
Among the fields wild flowers are fair—
Some country swain might me have won
And thought my beauty passing rare.

\(^{(a)}\) He was not Earl of Leicester until some five years after her death.
A Soul was carried to its Birth.

But Leicester, or I much am wrong,
   Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
   Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
   The humble charms of solitude,
Your minions proud my peace destroy
   By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

Last night as sad I chanced to stray,
   The village death bell smote my ear,
They winked aside and seemed to say,
   Countess, prepare, thy end is near.

And now while happy peasants sleep,
   Here I sit lonely and forlorn,
No one to soothe me as I weep
   Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
   Still that dread death bell . . .

And ere the dawn of day appeared
   In Cunmor Hall so long and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard
   And many a cry of mortal fear.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
   And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
   The haunted towers of Cunmor Hall.

And such the terrible tragedy. And was Dudley mover in it? Above all, was his royal mistress implicated as well? Time has dealt hardly with the
man, but her fair fame has never been called in question. But there were possibilities, awful possibilities, in her case as well. As regards him (60), “A suspicion was general that the death that overtook his sweet wife could be laid to his charge. Aye, a treacherous stairway betrayed her step, falling beneath lightsome Amy’s foot, cast her violently on the paling below, and the tidings of her demise was not altogether news to one whose mind was too eager to hear it.”

And as regards her, innocent or guilty, how facts might be distorted. And enemies were many and malignant, and many a worse scandal had been built on far less modicum of reality. Two facts, and rumour of a third as told us in history. A murder on the 8th September, a birth in the following January, and between whiles a nuptial ceremony. What a text for Puritan fanaticism, now in its inception; what a subject of discourse for Catholic more irreconcilable! The child of adulterous intercourse, followed by murder. Innocent, she would tremble but the more, for she could see the awful probabilities. To make a Roman holiday, such a famous picture; to save a royal name, for this the butchery of this poor lady. She could hear it on every tongue, see it in every eye. And she who never trembled before a foe shuddered at the conjurings of her own imagination. And the evidence of it, the horror, the shame of it, that poor, sweet, puling babe!

That entry in the register looms large now in the history of those times and fascinates us with strange
"A Soul was carried to its Birth."

interest as we examine it: "Jany. 25 Baptizatus fuit Mr. Franciscus Bacon, filius Dm. Nicho Bacon Magni Anglie Sigilli Custodis." Francis Bacon, son of Nicholas Bacon, the great philosopher, politician, lawyer, judge. Mr. Francis Bacon? Why Mr.? Why Bacon at all? What part has he in this story? What part?

He was that babe. Born on January 22nd, baptized on the 25th, he was the son of the great Queen. In the Jewish dispensation few things are more appalling than the vision of the Almighty visiting the sins of the fathers unto the third and fourth generation. It is the very crystallization of the cruelty of nature, but how remorselessly true! Leicester may have fallen short of his ambitious goal, her mother’s heart may have been wrung, but on that sad child the whole curse of his nativity in full force was wreaked. An old man, sad, solitary, and resigned, he writes (335): "‘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.”
CHAPTER V.

SECRET

NO

LONGER.

CREDIBILITY is given to these rumours by the atrocious cruelty with which they were stamped out. In the Calendar of State Papers is a report made to Lord Burleigh as to the open assertions of Mother Dowe of Brentwood, regarding the Queen having given birth to a child. And they simply burnt her alive for her tittle-tattle. It had been one thing to slander Elizabeth as a princess not in good odour with the Court, another when she was presiding at her council table with men eager to anticipate and do her behest even before uttered.

And so in 1562, Robert Brookes of Devizes was sent to prison for reviving the report, and in 1570, a Norfolk gentleman by name of Marsham had both his ears cropped, or rather cut off, for having dared to say: "My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen." [a]. We have already referred to the absolutism of the Tudor Sovereigns. The only limit to their power complete and entire, was the Tudor instinct

[a]: Dict. of Nat. Biog. XVI. 114.
never at fault, when not to go too far. They might burn, they might maim, they might torture, and not a finger raised to save their victim. 'Twas only when things really sacred—the pockets of their subjects leal and loyal—were generally involved that they had to move with circumspection. And these instances were hidden in no out-of-the-way corner, but have come down to us by the ordinary channels of history. And we also read how dangerous it was to give ear or tongue to idle rumours, and how (73) "there hath been strange proof that maids put their lives in numberless jeopardies, buying liberty of the thoughts and of the tongue with loss of liberty of the body: or that men even, when some strong drink loosed proper controllment of the member, through rash speech were suddenly reft of lands and treasure, and paid penalty to the height of her own pleasure. There needed no other pretext were this offender lowly, the noble was no way advantaged either; sundry were never in any case wanting to shew her the safe way to her will. . . . . It is told for truth, to our belief, in many such cases the rack was used, and one man suffered the loss of the offending member for his word." Gossip somewhat loses its charm when burning, ear cropping, a tongue plucked out by the roots, or the gentle rack may form a sequel of a pleasing chat. In those days, tales disapproved by her Majesty, though never extinguished, did not gather volume as they sped on their way.

And so in those early days the secret was well kept,
and as long as kept never was more welcome visitor than her Majesty to Gorhambury, the home of Francis. And so in his cypher he tells us (84*): "The earliest shews 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 asked us a perplexing question, never, or at least seldom, lacking a Greek epigram to fit those she quoted, and we were often brought into her gracious presence. 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 does as oft 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 reaching 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." So further he tells us (138): "Of a truth in her gracious moods my royal mother showed a certain
pride in me when she named me her little Lord Keeper but not the Prince; never owned that should be truly the rightful title I should bear.” And then he goes on to describe the scene which led to the first breach in these happy relations. In the meantime, the old scandal connected with his birth had been allowed to sleep these many years, and her relations with her husband had been put on a wise basis. (61) “For the space of nineteen or twenty years my father, gay Court idol as he was, guarded his secret and basked in the sunshine of royal favour. By degrees he was given title and style, suit ing so vain a mind better than would the weight of government were that 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

(6) A pretty tale may be attributed to this period. It is found in the Duke of Norfolk's confession on his arraignment for treason. He records “That when the Court was at Guildford he came unaware into the Queen's privy chamber, and found her Majesty sitting on the threshold of the door listening with one ear to a little child who was singing and playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling by her side.” The Duke would have withdrawn, but was told to enter. Beyond knowing from his "Sylva Sylvarum" and other works that Francis had more than a superficial knowledge of music, and that from a child he had access to her Majesty (see infra, Chap. XI), we cannot with certainty identify him as forming part of the picture, more especially as in the cypher there is no reference whatever to such an incident. At the same time his age—he would then have been about nine—would well fit in with the other details given. (See Appendix E.)
truly desired—next her Majesty; also she conferred upon him the Order of the Garter and diverse other marks of favour: whilst to bear out their stage play until their parts should be done, her Majesty, most like some loud player, proclaimed Baron Dudley, Earl of Leicester, suitor to Mary Queen of Scots, and at all admonitory protests which the harried husband uttered this wayward Queen went on more recklessly."

We have thus seen how the policy to her sons, initiated in the early days of her reign, was persisted in by the Queen. Several causes had contributed to this. Above all (83), "A fear seemed to haunt her mind 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. Many supposing miserly love of gold uppermost in mind and spirit, made but partial and cursory note of her natural propension so to speak, or the bent of the 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. The wars of Edward the Third—but who might be named the first amongst heroes—and of his bold son, known as Edward the Black Prince, of brave Henry the Fifth and her grandsire Henry the Seventh, as well as one
of her father, his short strifes, were not yet out of memory of the people. Many pens kept all these fresh in their minds. 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. And but for an accident, it had been no part of her policy to disclose to those most intimately concerned, her two sons, the fact of this relationship. Those in the secret kept it sacred, and it was she herself who, in a burst of passion, forgot her prudence after many years’ silence. Probably it is an echo of some such scene that we find in the letter of Mary Queen of Scots to which we have referred. The story as now told is somewhat melodramatic in its style, but this may be accounted for by Francis being but little over twenty-one or two when he wrote it, and not having yet recovered from the excitement of discovering he was the son of Elizabeth. (85*) “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 silly young maiden babbled a tale Cecil, knowing her weakness, had whispered in her ear. A dangerous tit-bit it was, but it well did satisfy the malicious soul of a tale-bearer such as R. Cecil, that concerned, not her associate ladies at all, but the honour, the honesty
of Queen Elizabeth. No sooner breathed aloud than it was heard by the Queen, no more in truth than half heard than 'twas avenged by the enraged Queen. 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.” And then he describes how the Queen assaulted the poor damsel, the courtiers and fine ladies looking on in an ever widening circle, until himself much moved by the scene, with bent knee he craved permission to bear the girl away from the room. Then, if possible, an even more frantic passion overcame the Queen, of which this time he himself was the object. “Losing control immediately of both judgment and discretion, the secrets of her heart came hurtling forth, stunning and blasting the sense” . . . . and (139) “in her look much malicious hatred burned toward me for ill-advised interference. . . . ‘You are my own born son, but you, though truly royal, of a fresh and masterly spirit, shall rule nor England or your mother, nor reign o’er subjects yet to be. I bar from succession for evermore my best beloved firstborn 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 a truth of the secret marriages as rightful to guard the name of a Queen as of a maid of this realm. It would well beseeom you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suiteth not to your kingly spirit. A son like mine lifteth hand ne’er in aid to her who brought him forth; he'd rather uplift craven maids, who tattle
thus whenere my face (aigre enow, ev’r they say) turneth from them. What will this brave boy do? Tell a, b, c’s? ’ Ending her tirade thus, she bade me rise—tremblingly I obeyed her charge—summoned a serving man to lead me to my home and sent to Mistress Bacon.”

Utterly distressed and broken down, fearing the worst, fearing he was only the base son of the Queen, he was taken home, and as the night drew on stole into his foster-mother’s room, and, bitterly weeping and sobbing, told her his story; and when his loved mother, weeping and lamenting, confirmed the fact that he was in truth the son of the Queen, he burst into a fresh flood of weeping, and uttered maledictions against the Queen, his life and all that it yielded. At length Lady Anne, rebuking him gently, told him to pause, and that Earl Robert, at the mere mention of this folly, would be in great wrath. Then he besought her say his father’s name; when, granting his request, she said, “He is the Earl of Leicester.” When the telling him made him cease to sob, she herself became more distressed, saying she had taken a solemn oath not to reveal his story to him, and that “Nevertheless, Queen Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of bald face denial of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her motherhood.” And then, seeing the tears drying on the boy’s face, she continued: “Her oath so broken robs me of a son. Oh, Francis, Francis! break not your mother’s heart. I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have been the son of my
heart. But night is falling. To-day I cannot longer speak to you of so weighty a matter. . . . Go now. Do not give it place in thought or word; a brain-sick woman, though she be a Queen, can take my son from me. Retire at once, my boy.”

“With farewell, her heart half bursting, she bade me leave her, and I, fond boy, kingly power dearly yearn to win, dream of golden sceptres, proud Courts, and by-and-by a crown on my innocent brow.

“In due course of time, however, I, at day’s meridian, was by my new-found royal mother recalled and given private audience. I learned from the interview and subsequent occurrences that the matter was truly to be margente of my desire, and that it was at present in fancy that I bore this lofty name, or a style other than that actually mine in my home. A princely name, it seemed, was one to be thought upon, not reckoned upon, as apt to be given me, for so all fabrics baseless—though one no doubt shall be even to the end of life busily constructing—in woeful ruins upon lowly shifting sands do fall.”
CHAPTER VI.

THE SPY.

The discovery of the secret was an unhappy one for Francis, and it pursued him as a curse through all his life. The Queen never forgot and never forgave. Until then she had shown him affection and been proud of him and loved to do him honour. After that they drifted further and further apart, until she grew to hate him as only mothers with affection turned sour can, (68) "until as Ben Jonson saith: she made it her religion to do injury to me." His birth once known and all her shame, her disappointments and her fears centred round him. His very birth was to rattle the skeleton of poor Amy Robsart, in whose murder enemies would say she was implicated. Then it was Francis who stood between her and the darling of her heart, her son the Earl of Essex. Put Francis on one side, and there was nothing but pleasant associations and delight in her relations with her boy so much her own. "Her boy with the great heart, she would pull down," as on one occasion she said angrily: "From the mother's side," as was suggested with most courtier-like suavity and grace in reply.
And equally with her shame and disappointment, was associated with Francis the haunting fear that like the Israelites of old the people might demand a king to lead them into battle, and that like Mary Queen of Scots a successful faction might depose her and crown her son in her stead. And this cankerling doubt was never allowed to sleep by the intriguing Cecil, son of the Queen's great minister Burleigh, of the same age as Francis, and jealous that his playfellow should thus suddenly become of superior consequence. And he was employed by the Queen to play the spy upon him, which he did with the greatest diligence, and what he wanted in discoveries he made up for by imagination. In James' reign he had the reputation of inventing as many conspiracies as he discovered, and of saving his Majesty's person from assassins imaginary as well as real, and of thus proving altogether a most indispensable minister. Perhaps watching his supposed cousin was not altogether a wasted apprenticeship as far as he himself was concerned, and certainly as long as he lived he was his evil genius and more than any responsible for his embittered relations with his mother. Thus, quoting the secret story (335), "he told her that my every thought dwelt on a crown; that my only sport amid my schoolmates was a pageant of royalty; that 'twas 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 duello of..."
fists if anyone presumed to share my honours or
depose me from my throne.” And Francis was fully
alive to his artifices, and in the whole of his story,
written in cypher, and running to 380 large 8vo pages,
he is the only man of whom he has a harsh or angry
word to say. He congratulates himself on his cypher
that (18) "it must send Mr. Robert Cecil on one errand
with many a sorry, idle and fruitless day’; but the
game for all that was with “Mr. Robert,” who to the
hour of his death never suffered a reverse, and
effectually checkmated Francis in all his desires.
Perhaps in his way he was as clever as Francis in his,
and he had one advantage, he was single-eyed to his
one end—his own advancement. And so we have (28):
“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 he despoiled me
ruthlessly. The Queen my mother might in course
of events which followed their revelations regarding
my birth and parentage, without doubt having some
natural 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 about my hope that I might be
England’s king. He told her my endeavours were all
for sovereignty and honour, a perpetual intending and
constant hourly practising some one thing, urged or
imposed, it should seem, by that absolute, inherent,
honourably derived necessity of a conservation of royal dignity. He bade her observe the strength, breadth and compasse 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 no doubt uproot her, because I would, like Absalom, steal away the peoples hearts and usurp the throne whilst my mother was yet alive. 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. Neither one supposed the horror each dreamed of—the last of the mind’s waking notions, and the one that drawing the dark curtains as night departed had entered with the light each morning—would take form of the other offshoot, the favourite heir Robert, at the time known only by the borrowed cognomen of Devereux Earl of 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.”

And this was so, but it was Francis who remained the object of her suspicion unto the end. Perhaps she had some justification if in his life and words he showed one tithe the feeling that is to be found in his cypher story. His lamentations are wearisome in their iteration, and with her keen instinct she may have seen into the bottom of his soul and read the cravings there. That she did him grievous wrong who can deny; but as is too often the case with weak humanity, instead
of trying to make him reparation in return, she only added to the wrongs she inflicted on him; and with each additional injury she hated him the more. No one can fail to see how, cypher story or no cypher story, she delighted to disappoint him, humble him, and compromise him all through his life. And yet, had she but once braved the world and taken him to her heart, what a devoted son she would have found in him! Wronged as he was, what a magnificent woman he still sees in her! In his eyes she is lovely; she is gracious; she has a will like the stern-hearted kings of yore; she is book-loving and learned; an imperial Tudor; of kingly spirit; most glorious and a mighty Queen. And had she only had a mother's heart as well! And yet as regards mankind, who shall say things as they are have not been for the best? We might have had another Antoninus Pius as a matchless ruler; but would the works he has given have been as precious or as complete? And as the failings of the Stuarts were the foundation of the liberty of mankind, the virtues of a Francis might have been the enthralment of generations yet to come.

But it made his tale a sad one.
CHAPTER VII.

A
ROYAL
BROTHER.

During the next few years we find Francis at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he went with his foster brother Anthony, staying there some three or four years. Here he was followed by his brother Essex, who, like himself, was wonderfully precocious. Francis entered when he was between twelve and thirteen, whilst Essex actually went up when he was but eleven. As regards Francis and the marvels of his genius and erudition, are they not all told in the books of the scribes, so why tabulate them again? In Peter Pan we have our boy who never grows up; in Francis Bacon our man who never was young, but invented all his mighty works in his cradle. Those were indeed “spacious times,” and truly there were giants in those days. They were not mortals as we are. Their very rustics could write sublimest verse in courtly phrase,\(^\text{(a)}\) and this without cognizance of the mother’s tongue as the gentles knew it. But it was the day of miracles, when darkness itself shone as the light, and witches and astrologers reigned in the land.

\(^\text{(a)}\) See Appendix C.
But, wonders apart, what we really do find in Francis is sufficiently marvellous to astonish our more prosaic century. He was amazingly clever beyond all men of any age, but he was not a monster as his pseudo biographers would have us believe. It does seem that the germs of many of his ideas that were so brilliantly developed in later years were of early origin, but we also know that it took years of experience, and indefatigable work, to bring them to perfection. And in no mind do we see its development, step by step, so perfectly displayed as in his. He wrote and re-wrote and wrote again, and every time with marked advancement as he pressed to an ideal, an ideal which he alone could conceive, but which even he could not always realize. His *Novum Organum*, for example, he penned no less than twelve times. And if for once I may moralize, I would point out how great an encouragement we poor humble folk may find in the progress thus made by this mighty intellect. We cannot start where he started, his *juvenilia* would make us proud whatever our age, but if, as he, we assiduously try to improve our powers, we, like him, may hope to advance on our early efforts. But only by his methods, by never-ending honest and well directed endeavour. Knowledge is not intuitive. Knowledge is only acquired by hard work, and stupendous as is the mass of original thought found in his writings, equally stupendous is the vast amount of acquired knowledge on which it is founded. Before

F
he advanced a new theory he made himself master of the old. So he never delivered a judgment before he could state the arguments for both sides better than their most fervent admirers could desire. Thus it was that he advanced surely, for he worked securely. It was this combination of qualities that made him so marvellous. He could learn without becoming the slave of his erudition, making learning his handmaid not his mistress, and he could dream, and muse, and invent without losing grasp of the past and the practical. Peering into the future he was never a visionary; digging in the past he was never a dry-as-dust. He alone has been able to transform society, for whilst he could create as a poet he could also direct as a master mason. And above all men he realized the complexity of society as well as of nature, and saw things more nearly as they are than any one short of the Almighty himself. No false perspective caused him to misjudge, no mistaken vision led him astray. But then it was he had with such infinite pains accumulated every possible fact. The poet may design, the artist may adorn, but if there be not a substratum of fact for the foundation the builder worketh in vain. And this is the great lesson this mighty genius bequeathed to the ages.

Nor could Essex in early youth have been far behind Francis in reputation. The great difficulty in after years is, to see men other than as we know them in their full maturity, and yet it is clear that Essex also was most exceptionally gifted. We are told that he was
born on the 10th November, 1567, entered Trinity towards the end of 1578, probably as now in the October term, and that he took his M.A. degree in 1582—not a bad record even for those days. And so we learn that in his manners he was peculiarly engaging; his temper mild, and marked by a graceful seriousness which approached to melancholy, and that he was distinguished for an elegance and fluency of composition of which his time afforded but few instances. In his writings we see how wide was his range of knowledge, and there are some critics who see in him the greatest master of English prose of his time. So he had a certain facility in versification, and the following extract affords a not unfair example of both. It forms part of a letter written by him to the Queen when he was in Ireland:

"From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief and travel; from a man that hateth himself and all things else that keep him alive what service can your Majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? Is it your rebels' pride and success must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison; out of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you."

(6) Lodge's Portraits, Essex.
"Happy he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, most secure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure,
Then wake again and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips and haws and brambleberry
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry,
Who when he dies his tomb may be a bush
Where harmless 'Robin' dwells with gentle thrush."

The thought is inflated, but great mastery of expression is evident, and also a fine ear for rhythm. Of course, what makes his brother's poems and works so incomparable is they are packed so tight with ideas. So in criticising it we must remember that none of the great Elizabethan literature we are familiar with was published before the Spanish Armada in 1588. And as regards Francis himself, all his works known as such, save ten essays which he published when he was thirty-seven, belong to the next reign. Had he died when Essex did we should never have heard of his name.

Prior to going up to Cambridge Essex had been brought up at Chartley as the reputed son of Walter Devereux, who for such service was repaid with the Earldom of Essex and the material advancement of his fortunes. Like Francis, Robert was kept in ignorance of his high birth for some years, but was early brought to spend his holidays at Court—a privilege which he seems to have little prized. In all his little
“flare-ups,” to use a schoolboy’s slang, with his royal and doting mother, he always had one unfailing way of bringing her to her knees; he simply withdrew from her presence, and would not return until his ruffled dignity was properly smoothed. And this it always was, and he soon became a very spoilt boy indeed. Not that he was ever put before his father; his father always came first with Elizabeth, and it was only when she was utterly broken-hearted over his death that she made Essex her one undivided passion and the light of her eyes; and, for that matter, Leicester spoilt Essex no less than the Queen. We know that when hardly more than a boy he took him with him to war; that he resigned his post of Master of the Horse, worth £1,500 a year, to make provision for him, and that when he died he left him Leicester House, his best suit of armour (that beautiful suit now to be seen in the Tower), and his Cross of St. George and his Garter, with the hope that he might wear it shortly. There was no limit to the favour shown him by both parents; so different to the treatment meted out to poor Francis. Nor did it end here, for Francis, always in fault, always to be scolded and slighted, always the bad boy of the family, was in addition to be passed over and his Crown given to his brother. (45) "To her, 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"; and Leicester, who “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 favour
the younger son made from day to day," was with the
Queen inclined to set aside his just claims, "liking
better their valiant lion-heart, thus they termed him—
howsoever unmeet or unjust." Leicester was never
as unfair as the Queen. The Queen, especially towards
the end of her life, would have ruthlessly brushed
Francis aside, would even have disparaged his birth,
as with bitter indignation he records that (11) "Her
Majesty should by so mad daring dub me, to the
courageous men of our broad land, as a 'Son of Folly.'"
Leicester tried to induce him to withdraw, representing
that he was a man of letters, and that it was a man of
war that the people wanted. In this he was undoubtedly
right. At this epoch—as possibly now at times—the
English were the most warlike and most war-loving
people in Europe. But the argument failed to convince
Francis, who thought it shameful to part with his birth-
right, and one of his most powerful chapters in his
"De Augmentis" (c) is in praise of the aphorism of Plato
that "States would then be happy when either kings
were philosophers, or philosophers kings."

But with all the favouritism shown and the injustice
done him, they never turned Francis against his
brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who
as tenderly reciprocated his affection. Francis never
repined that the Queen loved Essex so well; he only
sighed that she had no little tender spot in her heart
for him as well. And was he jealous of Essex? No.

(c) Book I. 59.
No one could love him too much. And it is a glorious man he draws for us, and he probably admired him the more that he had so much in full the qualities he himself was lacking in. He saw him rash, impetuous, of overmastering spirit, but so noble, so magnanimous, and so brave. (211) "Essex ne'er did ought in a spirit of revenge, but simply that he might win the due rewards of courage—or of valour, 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. Among millions a voyce like his reached our listening, most attentive ears. Wanting that sound, no other is sweet and this silence is pain."

And in another place he writes (210): "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 ne'er e'en slightly bend, and in the most of such trials no end (that most exasperating method of contest resulted in) could be worth much, as it was more frequently accidental than planned, therefore the peace could never long endure. Such a flitting sunshine is sometimes the brighter, more golden, more dazzling. Those who were of a
discreet disposition basked in the rays and smiled while fair skies did bend over us, but none knew when the tempest's wrath might change our bright day to black night and a darkness more dire, said some, than Egypt's plague, cover Heaven's dome." But the Queen only loved him the more. She (45) "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."

Biographers have been at a loss to know when the great friendship between the two had its first inception, and Spedding tells us that he can find no allusion to it earlier than 1591-2, by which time it had ripened into intimacy. But this was not for want of affection on their part, but simply that for some time they were not seen on the public stage together, and that directly they were, they were also observed to be greatly attached to one another. And to the end Francis is unchanged, and in his old age sad and reminiscent he recalls (211) "the love and tender regard that marked all our first sunny young days when we were not oft found to be out of harmony," ... (92*) 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." And then what alone ultimately led to a division between them was a question of policy. As years passed and they still remained unacknowledged, Essex grew more and more angry, and would deliberately
have forced the Queen to do them honour. Francis, on the other hand, was in favour of patience, of doing nothing rash, and of waiting for the day when a mother’s love should assert its power, and with awakened conscience render them their desires. And so long as Essex was guided by Francis, so long as the fiery spirit of the one was directed by the staid wisdom of the other, all was well, and then came the impatient outburst so truly fatal to both. And yet for all this the Queen so ill judged between the two, and in these early days of Francis was so fearful of him, that although so near the end of his course she would not even allow him to finish at Cambridge, and her mind was so distraught that she could never rest until she had actually got him safely out of the kingdom. We have narrated the sort of tales with which Cecil regaled her Majesty, and Elizabeth (335) “afraid of these 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 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 on that of grave Sir N. 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. 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 the secret commission had been entrusted to me which required much true wisdom for safer, speedier conduct than 'twould have if left to the common course of business.

"So with much interested 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 yet could this be due to the delights of the country by itself, for love of sweet Marguerite, the beautiful young sister of the King (married to gallant Henry the King of Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart."

And so he made venture into the wide world beyond the seas to learn of men and manners, to lose his heart and to dream of love.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURT OF FRANCE.

Before we continue the personal narrative of Francis, a glance at his new surroundings may well repay us. We know that about this period the French Court was one whirl of polished folly, gaiety, dissoluteness and wickedness. In times of plague and awful visitations we read how excessive religious beseechings alternate with the wildest abandonment, and this suggests the tone that more or less prevailed in the highest circles in those times. The licentious Francis the First, of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" fame, had ornamented his Court with two hundred beautiful maids of honour, and neither in purity nor manners had it improved as years passed by. His successor, Henry II., was married to Catherine de Medicis of evil memory, who could not even appeal to bigotry as a condonation of her infamy. By her he had several children, all famous in history, and whom she dominated by her over-mastering spirit. There were their three sons, who successively mounted the throne as Francis II., Charles IX. and Henry III. respectively, and their daughters Elizabeth and Margaret, in whom
we are keenly interested. Francis II. as Dauphin was married to Mary Queen of Scots, who seems to have been devoted to and much loved by her sisters-in-law, over whom her influence seems to have been for good. Charming letters are still in existence in which she urges them to study and to the improvement of their minds. The elder, Elizabeth, seems to have been perfect in her character and disposition, as well as very lovely. As a child she had been affianced to Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain, but on that monarch seeing her likeness he fell in love with her himself, and married her instead. This is the more interesting, as it was about this same time that he was carrying on his insincere courtship with our own good Queen Bess. On 17th November, 1558, his unhappy wife Mary went to her rest, having with Spain embroiled her country in the war with France which lost us Calais. On April 2nd, 1559, after protracted negotiations, during which active hostilities were suspended, Philip made a treaty with Henry II., and on June 24th married his daughter Elizabeth, to whom he was much attached. Between the same dates, he and Elizabeth of England carried on their little stage flirtation for the benefit of the rest of the world. That his wedding might be appropriately celebrated he had a magnificent auto-da-fé, well attended by all the nobility and gentry of his Court. But notwithstanding the blessing such solemnity was warranted to ensure, the nuptials were followed by a terrible tragedy. His son Don Carlos, to whom she
had been betrothed, was no less infatuated with Elizabeth than himself, and the hate of his father for supplanting him so unhinged his mind that it became necessary for that affectionate parent to rigorously imprison him and so occasion his death, unless in fact he had him actually murdered.

He is well known as the Demon of the South, and is typical of a class of mind that then existed that could be unutterably base and at the same time do the fiend's work in the name of religion. Elizabeth's sister Margaret is even more celebrated for her marvellous beauty and charms, but unlike her in purity, was as frail as irresistible. So she seems to have been equally brilliant in her conversation, for Cardinal Richelieu tells us how she was surrounded by men of letters whom she loved to hear talk, and from whom she learnt so much that her conversation far exceeded that of any other woman of her time, and in fact was more than could have been expected from one of her sex. But she also was a sacrifice to her birth and her times. Her one great passion was for the Duc de Guise, that prince of princely men. And it was reciprocated with infinite tenderness. And then the King, her brother, stepped in with fury between them, and de Guise only found safety by the speedy marrying of another. And then Margaret was made a pawn in the terrible religious game being played. The Huguenots were to be lulled into false security, and Margaret was to be the bait to entrap them. It was proposed she should marry Henry, later on Henry IV.,
the son of the good Jeanne, Queen of Navarre. The terms were arranged, and in company with the great and noble of their party they came to Paris. The Queen of Navarre had heard much of the evil of the French Court, but on visiting it, found it a Babylon worse than she had ever imagined. Her own Court had been a pure one where they had striven after higher things, and the contrast was the more shocking to her. But she was never to return, and soon after her arrival she died, some say of poison, in this to her strange land. This did not prevent the marriage of Henry, now King of Navarre, being proceeded with, and on August 18th, 1572, the nuptials were solemnized. Owing to his convictions or those of his party, he would not be married within Notre Dame, and a platform was erected before its portals where the wedding might be celebrated. Ill omens accompanied this union from the commencement. It was noticed by more than one observer that, asked if she would be his bride, Margaret made never reply, and that like a doe pierced with arrows her eyes sought and found those of the Duc de Guise, upon whom the King frowned most furiously. So that the contract might be the more sacred, more solemn, it was signed and sealed in blood. True, too true! les noces vermeilles, as the bruitting of the matter was. And then the gorgeous dance and entertainment, the magnificent pageantry, the fitting allegory of Paradise and Hell, the shows, the joys, the rejoicing so general and universal:—and all but prelude to the butchery to follow; a butchery that was for once to
make Philip laugh with joy and Pope Gregory order a mass of thanksgiving. \(^{(a)}\) But for the latter’s exultation we might have acquitted religion as religion of much of the infamy of that awful massacre, and charged it more to the politics of the time, ever ready on both sides to make religion its tool; but Gregory unnecessarily appropriated to himself and his cause the shame and horror of that crime. We know that Catherine had coquetted with the Huguenots, and was more actuated by policy than fervour, and, unable to unite, had deliberately determined to destroy the sectaries that menaced the kingdom and its safety. It is said that Charles IX. was an unwilling accomplice at first. Maybe, but once the awful slaughtering commenced and he became blood mad. He raved, he shouted, he cursed, and with his own hands seized a musket to shoot those he thought to be escaping. And his end and punishment was terrible. His last hours were those of the accursed. Delirium tremens suggests untold horrors, and such were his. He screamed aloud in fear in his last agony at blood, blood everywhere, a sea of blood. And none to attend him—the irony of it—but a Huguenot nurse. And so the awful massacre went on. Figures may be exaggerated, but they ran into many thousands. And a thrill of horror shook the world then and ever since. And so in that Court for generations good and evil hardly existed as intelligible terms; man’s moral nature was stunned; and as with all evildoers the very existence of virtue was

\(^{(a)}\) See note, end of chapter.
denied. The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip, could no more believe in the virtue of women than this Court could believe that such a thing as "good" still existed. The blow struck at Protestantism in France alone failed of completeness because of the character of Henry of Navarre himself. His history—and, like Henry VII., he fought his way into empire—reads like a romance. In the massacre he escaped to his wife's room, and there secured safety. She was in a state of stupefaction. With her husband she had been kept in complete ignorance of the plot, and it had burst as unexpectedly and in all its full horrors on her as on him. As for him, though his life was spared, he was kept close prisoner, and was not allowed to return to his own country. As regards his wife there was little love between them, but a certain bonne camaraderie seemed to have governed their relations with one another. They were the feathers of fortune, blown together by a wind that brought unhappiness to both; and if they were not in love, at least no angry disagreements poisoned their lives. And so in justification of both, the gallantries of Henry, the love stories of Margaret, let us never forget the ill omened knot that had tied them together. No doubt in an immoral age they were immoral, but much may be forgiven for disregard of nuptials like theirs on the eve and as part of the woe of St. Bartholomew's Day.
Note.

As regards the mass of thanksgiving referred to we ought to observe that some say that it was due to a mistake. News travelled slowly in those days, and we are told that Pope Gregory had been wrongly informed that the Huguenots had made an attempt on the life of the French King which had been frustrated, and it was for this the mass was celebrated. Probably there is something to be said for this version, for that astute statesman must have realized that from a Catholic point of view it was as fatal a blunder as when Calvin burnt Servetus at Geneva in 1553, which was abhorred by the whole Christian world, and which did more to arrest the prosperous tide of the Reformation than any other event in history. It was Mary's reign that established Protestantism in Elizabeth's. Her extreme bigotry frightened all the moderates into the camp of the enemy.
CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE'S LITTLE SUNNIE HOUR."

It was into these scenes that Francis was thrown some three or four years after the terrible massacre. We have no full account of how he spent his years there, but we know he came within the fascination of its goddess, and it is not difficult to read between the lines. We know he was with the Court, and with it travelled from Paris to Blois, Blois to Tours, Tours to Poictiers, where he stayed a while, and, more interesting still, we know from the gossip of Signor Cancellieri that at some time or other, when wandering further afield, he presented himself as a candidate to the Academy of the Lincei at Rome and was not accepted, and we also know, poor moth, that he would never be farther than he could help from the flame that singed his wings so badly. Where she held sway, there would we look for him. And the atmosphere of that Court, how congenial it would prove! We English have always been very much in earnest, and with us serious talk has become our second nature. Not so with our quick-tongued, light-fancied, cheerful, bantering neighbours. With them the bright and
gay predominate, and Montaigne \(^{(a)}\) is in happy vein and in accord with his countrymen when he says that in table talk he preferred the pleasant and witty before the learned and grave. The light, polished raillery marked with such perfect courtesy and manners that we find in a Biron or a Katherine,—developed with maturity in a Benedict and Beatrice,—was no exotic amongst these effervescing natures, however strange it might be in our more sober country. So, probably, none quicker to be affected by this airy trifling, and to go one better than any, than this lad in the intoxication of love and happiness. We know he was a man of infinite wit. We know, as Ben Jonson tells us in after years, that the only flaw in an oratory that held his hearers spellbound, so that their only fear was lest he should make an end, was that he could never resist or pass by a jest. And this when a grave, sad and reverend seigneur. Then what must he have been when young, buoyant, inspired by his divinity and all going as he hoped! And how, as in a mirror, we seem to see them all in "Love's Labour Lost," the only tale in the folio brimful of nothing but pure, unalloyed fun, happiness and good spirits. And how well we find the plot laid in the grave Court of Navarre, the one spot in Europe where even a remote possibility could be given to the self-denying ordinance, the basis of the story. So in it we have lovers' sighs, mistresses' displeasures and hearts' despairings, but the whole is of the order of the child's tale—"and they all lived

\(^{(a)}\) Chap. 27.
happy ever after.” It would seem that soon after this Henry, having failed in one or two attempts to escape, at last succeeded at a grand hunt held on the 3rd of February, 1576, when he left behind him, as was reported, the two things he cared about least in the world—his wife and the mass. Both to him were reminders of weak actions he would have forgotten. A prisoner, *la mort ou la messe* was offered him, and he chose *la messe*; and as regards his wife, he disdained his marriage as a kind of weakness on his part. And so the sentiments were largely reciprocated by Margaret, though, as we know, neither had any animosity against the other. Perhaps thrown together for the first time without prior entanglements, they might have proved a congenial pair. He was grand enough man to win any woman, and she fascinating enough to charm any man. But fate had ordained otherwise. There had been no love between them in the first instance, and their nuptials had been consummated with a sacrament of blood. She was innocent of it all, but in that fearful terror his own life had been in direst peril, and all his dearest friends had been murdered. Yes, could it have been otherwise. And so he had left her and she was lonely; and who would not console and comfort this beautiful woman in despair? And this fell to Francis’ lot, and the only sadness in it was, there was another sympathetic as himself. De Guise, though married, had never forgotten his first love, and she was still mistress of his heart. Still

(*) "Two Queens of France," Gearey, 107.
Francis, free and unattached, made happy progress in her affections, and abandoned himself to the overwhelming passion of his life. We do not find in these particular secret writings of his, a connected narrative of his love story, but only a few scattered allusions to Margaret, which however are enough to outline a very beautiful picture. The full account has yet to be deciphered if the text in which it is embedded can ever be discovered. Here he tells of (345) some French poems in which it is to be found, written at an early age and of little worth save to finish the history.

"It sheweth forth my love for mine angelic faced, soft-eyed Marguerite of the Southland, Sweet White Rose of the lone garden of the heart . . . and which (202) tell a tale of love when life in its prime of youth and strength sang sweetly to my ear, and in the heart beats could ever one song be heard and yet is heard . . . . one dearer, and as our memory doth paint her fairer still than the fairest of our English maidens, sweet traitresse though we should term her, Marguerite, our pearl of women." (175) So he says that he has many single livres prepared for his dear Marguerite, in which is her own true love story in the French, and, he tells us: "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 aëons. . . . So fair was she, no eyes ere looked upon such a beauteous mortal, and I saw no other. I saw her French Eve to their wondrous paradise as if no being, no one in all high heaven's wide realms 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. But there came in days close in the rear, when I would fain have lived my honoured days in this loving wise, [the text is unsatisfactory here] ruin worthy husbands’ hopes and many a vision, had there been only one single Adam therein which should be and was not solely myself . . . . (91*) 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 constantly burning in our veins, for Duke Henry 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."

These extracts given are by no means in chronological order, but they indicate the course of his love story. We then learn how Sir Amyas Paulet became his confidant, who, as soon (337) as he became avised of his love, proposed to negotiate a treaty of marriage and appropriately urge on her pending case of the divorce from the young Huguenot (361). We have learnt that he was sent to France ostensibly to get through certain business, and this having been finished so as to win the Queen’s approval, he had lively hopes to also gain the request nearest to his heart. But in this he was doomed to failure. We know how intimately Mary Queen of Scots was con-
nected with the French Court by family ties and interests; how she was own dear sister by marriage of this self-same Margaret; and Elizabeth (364) suspected him of openly trying to assist her. In addition, it had been Cecil’s misapplied zeal in convincing her that he had no other design than to win sovereignty in her lifetime that had resulted in his practically being banished. That the Queen should then consent to his alliance with the sister of the French King, and in addition to strengthening his position bring an ambitious rival into the field, was highly improbable, and in fact caused her the utmost annoyance; and Sir Amyas (362), who acted in his behalf, came very near to a breach with the Queen as well as disgrace at Henri’s Court, for having even countenanced it, and in the end only escaped disaster by an adroitness which, whilst it ruined his hopes, at the same time commanded his admiration for its finesse. And so young Francis was once more in dire disgrace; nothing he could do could placate or reconcile his Queen Mother, and poor Margaret was again sacrificed in the game of kings. And so the fond lovers gave themselves up to melancholy and sorrowful reflections. (203) “Yet a certain degree of sadness,” says the wise, keen philosopher when he is old and reminiscent, “yet a certain degree of sadness is to the young pleasurable, and I desired by no means to be free of the pain.” And so they whiled away the few hours left them, and in his immortal Romeo and Juliet they saw the history of their own sad tale as well, when death
is not the most tragic ending to an unhappy story of love. So in a new edition of this never-dying work he tells us that (79) "Since the former issue of this play, very seldom heard without most stormy weeping . . . 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 ope 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 plays 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 flood tide. O! we were fortune's fool too long, sweet one, and art is long.

"This stage play in part will tell our brief love tale; a part is in the play previously named or mentioned as having therein one pretty scene acted by the two. So rare—and most brief—the hard-won happiness it afforded us great content to re-live in the play all that as mist in summer morning did roll away. It hath place in the dramas containing a scene and theme of this nature, since our fond love interpreted the hearts of others, and in this joy the joy of Heaven was faintly guessed."
"Far from angelic though man his nature, if his love be as cleare or as fine as our love for a lovely woman —sweet as a rose and as thorny, it might chance—it sweetneth 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 ere question? Not he our friend and good adviser, known to all deciphering any of these hidden epistles, Sir Amyas Paulet.

"It is sometimes said, No man can at once be wise and love, and yet it would be well to observe, many will be wiser after a lesson such as we long ago conned.

"There was no ease to our suffering heart till our years of life were eight lustres. The faire face liveth ever in dreams, but in inner pleasances only doth the sunnie vision come. This will make clearly seen why in the part a man doth play herein, and where man's love is evident strength hath remained unto the end,—the wanton Paris recovering by his latter venture much previously lost.''

And then we have another picture of Margaret, this time drawn in more detail, as the fair Cressida of the folio. Once more how sweetly seductive she is, though the wily Ulysses measures her up at a glance, and we wonder whether Francis, like Troilus, was only to be convinced by the evidence of his own eyes. But be it as it may, Francis is never bitter, never soured in his appreciation of her. When he even abuses her it is with affection in his every phrase. (12) "In my heart, too, love so soon o'erthrew envy
as well as other evil passions" (he has been speaking of Cecil who had brought about his banishment to France, which seemed maddening to him at first), "after I found lonely 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 even our honour or fame to save and shield her. Through love I dreamed out these five other plays, filled up (as we have seen warp in some hand-loom so as to be made a beauteous coloured web) with words Marguerite hath so oft like to a busy hand shot daily into a fair 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." So again (181), we have "the sorry story of mine early fond love for rare Eve, French Eve, first, worst, love-liest upon the face of this earth, the beauteous Margaret." And we have seen how her very home he learned so supremely to love (336), and how she made it his Eden, his earthly paradise, and then he says, "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." And so poor Troilus. "This lasted during many years, and not until four decades or eight lustres of life were outlived did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married the woman
who hath put Margaret from my memory, rather I should say hath banished her portrait to the walls of memory only, where it doth hang in the pure undimmed beauty of those early days, while her most lovely presence doth possess the entire mansion of heart and brain.' And so in the cypher story he tells us there will (72) be many a harsh note that jarreth, many a discord thundered forth, that the truth may be seen, and then—"Well knowing how rude some notes shall sound, fain will our music wrought so silently, often resound one strangely sweet strain of one our early fancy—painting not what we knew, but every winsome grace or proud yet gentle motion of lily hand or daintily tripping foot—long worshipped as divine—heavenly Marguerite Queen of Navarre. So shall the ruder jar slightly lessened sound almost harmonious.'

And such the story of his love.

In another passage addressing his decipherer to be he says (72), "win honest rewards in the praise of your generation by greeting them in our voice and like a sweet viol, sound such music that all shall recognize the hand that made of olden time music that all men found good."
CHAPTER X.

RECALLED.

And so the day came when farewell had to be said. We still find traces of their corresponding, still of their occasionally meeting, but the great excitement was practically at an end. Margaret left France to rejoin her husband in Navarre. The two met on excellent terms, but each led that independent life that has so tarnished the fame of both. As for Francis, the death of his foster-father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was made the excuse for his recall to England, where he arrived more or less in disgrace and in pecuniary embarrassment. Sir Nicholas hitherto had apparently been the channel through whom he had received his allowance, but on his death, as might have been expected, of course, had made no provision for him in his will. It cannot have been an oversight. The will is a very long and elaborate document, and his own children are most carefully and specifically provided for. He remembers Francis to this extent: he leaves a sum to Lady Anne to be used in bringing up Francis and Anthony, and he also left Gorhambury to Anthony for life, and then settles it on him and his children, with remainder to Francis if he should die without any of his own issue
to succeed him. And this was all, and we know the result, that at many times he was in extreme straits for money, and in one case even to the extent of being actually subjected to a process of outlawry at the suit of a Jew usurer.\(^{(a)}\) In all his money troubles his foster-brother, Anthony, seems to have been his good angel, and there are many indications that they not only had a common purse but common pursuits that knit them together in the closest friendship.

Ostensibly, he was called to the Bar, and he took lodgings at Gray's Inn, where Anthony at one time joined him, and where he lived for many years on the best of terms with his brother members. But from the very first he exhibits the liveliest distaste for his profession, and Campbell tells us "he made a strenuous effort to avoid the necessity of taking to the study of the law;"\(^{(b)}\) and also informs us that "the Cecils not only refused to interest themselves for their kinsman, but now and for many years after—that he might receive no effectual assistance from others—they spread a report that he was a vain speculator and totally unfit for real business." Spedding also remarks that "it is easier to understand why Bacon was resolved not to devote his life to the ordinary practice of a lawyer, than what plan he had to clear himself of the difficulties which were now accumulating upon him and to obtain means of living and working."

And here, no doubt, was one cause of serious

\(^{(a)}\) Campbell's Chief Justices, I. 260.

\(^{(b)}\) Campbell's Lord Chancellors, II. 279.
disagreement with his royal mother. She did not wish to acknowledge him, and she did wish him to seek advancement at the Bar as his foster-father had done. But he never loyally fell in with her wishes, and simply would not devote himself to it, not for want of interest or want of ability, but simply that it was *infra dig.*, and he preferred to pout as a prince in disgrace than to openly demean himself in a calling not fitting to one of royal birth. There is no doubt he had a high sense of his dignity, especially in his younger days, and what this sentiment would be we can imagine from an incident that actually befell his cousin Sir Philip Sidney. He is one of the few men of whom we are unqualifiedly proud that he was an English gentleman. We remember—who does not?—the immortal act at Zutphen, when, himself sorely wounded, and water brought him, he saw the longing eyes of a dying soldier fixed on it, to whom he handed it, with the simple words "Thy necessity is greater than mine." But on one occasion he had been grossly insulted on a tennis court by the Earl of Oxford in most brutal manner, and for no cause, and could only challenge him to a duel. This, however, the Privy Council deemed it their duty to prevent, and, failing to do so directly, they besought the Queen to interpose, which she did in the following flattering epistle, no doubt most soothing to a high spirit already sorely ruffled. She laid before him the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen, and the respect inferiors owed to their superiors, and the
Recalled.

necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, with other arguments of an equally complimentary nature. The duel did not take place. If such the relation between Lords and Commoners, what of the dignity of the blood royal and its relation to both? And in all his life we never find in Francis the slightest leaning to democracy. In his parliamentary life, and in his works, secret and open, we always find him the advocate and supporter of the Crown’s prerogative. With this he combined the highest idea of the duty a sovereign in his turn owed to his people, but it was the duty of a father to his child, of a God to his people.

And so it is that we find he has no interest in the law as a profession, and it is only when the Attorney-Generalship falls vacant that he and his brother Essex suddenly display a lively interest in it. And synchronous with this is his exceptional appearance in Court for the heir of Lord Cheyney, which has certainly remarkable, if not slightly dramatic features. Thus we are told that it was expected that several noblemen would put in an appearance to hear him, and that there was a good assembly of learned judges, who showed him extraordinary respect. We can understand the excitement there would be if our own Prince of Wales condescended to appear in open Court for a client! So Lord Burleigh sent his secretary “to congratulate unto him the first fruits of his public practice.” Whatever these words mean, certainly the

(c) Lodge’s Portraits, “Sidney.”
words "first fruits" do not suggest a very extensive practice as a lawyer. And then we have these two young men insistently advancing a claim to the Attorney-Generalship, then, as now, the prize of the legal profession, and worth, according to Lord Campbell, £7,000 a year, and in opposition to Coke, the greatest lawyer of his or any day. Coke's career had been one of phenomenal brilliancy. His fame had been as sudden and as striking as that of Erskine in after years. His fees were so great and numerous that the advisers of the Crown interfered to prohibit his buying more landed estates, as he was growing too big for a private gentleman. After his first brief he was in every important case, and, above all, he always made himself extremely useful to Burleigh, and to those who could serve him. By such he was always to be relied on. Thus in those days torture was a common incident in the preliminaries to trial, and particularly, as Lord Campbell tells us, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when many individuals were committed on real or imaginary charges of being concerned in plots against the Government or the person of the sovereign. For the convenience of inflicting torture to force confession, the place of confinement was usually the Tower of London, and thither did Mr. Attorney repair to examine them while under the rack, and whole volumes of examinations in these cases, written with his own hand, are still preserved in the State Paper Office.\footnote{And when, as}

\footnote{Campbell's Chief Justices, I. \textit{251}. See also Appendix D.}
Recalled.

Campbell also tells us, "Patriotism was his only resource," (c) he proved how dangerous he could be as a slighted enemy. (f) Hallam has also remarked that for all his patriotism he had been "a flatterer and tool of the Court till he had obtained his ends," whilst James himself seems to have read him truly, for he observed that his patriotism proceeded from disappointed ambition, and that "He is the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England." (k) And it was against such a man that this youth, nine years his junior in age, of but eight years' standing at the Bar, and, be the reason what it may, with little or no practice, presumed to tilt a lance; and bitterly Coke resented the action of the brothers, and bitterly he repaid both. Essex he hounded to his death; Francis to his fall. "But now in God's most just judgment"—he said with his usual brutality at Essex’ trial—"he of his Earldom shall be ROBERT THE LAST that of the kingdom thought to be ROBERT THE FIRST." (a)

And really, short of being the Queen's sons, was there ever in history presumption equal to that of these two young men? Whatever pretensions had Francis? His reputed father was practically a self-made man, his brother being but a salter in the City, (r) and well was Essex asked to give "one pre-

(k) Campbell's Chief Justices, 319. (a) Ib. 252.
(r) See note at end of chapter.
cedent for so raw a youth being promoted to so great an office.” And Essex himself, who was he to so conduct himself that he could with any colour of reason be addressed as he who “of the kingdom thought to be Robert the First”? And here were the two calmly demanding the highest paid post in the kingdom.

But the Queen was obdurate. She could only justify such an appointment by a recognition of sonship she was determined not to make, and the post went to Coke, as undoubtedly it should have done. Concerning the Solicitorship there was more doubt, but in the end it was given as a legal appointment and not as a Court sinecure, and so Francis continued in the unfortunate position of having “to think how to live and not merely living only to think.”

Note.

In Masham’s diary there is an interesting entry, 20 April, 1562:—“The xx day of Apriell was mared in the parrych of St. Donstanes-in-the-est Master Bacuns dowther, the salter, and broder unto my lord keeper of the selle of England,” and a great wedding took place, some of the Council also being present.

(2) Campbell’s Chief Justices, 251.
(7) Montagu, Life of Francis Bacon, c. 1.
CHAPTER XI.

THE SERVICE

OF

THE QUEEN.

We have referred to the extraordinary presumption of these young men in demanding the Attorney-Generalship and then the Solicitorship for Francis on any hypothesis but that of being of royal birth, and equally extraordinary are Francis' own letters demanding some office of profit from his reputed uncle, Lord Burleigh. He desires to serve her Majesty "not as a man born under Sol that loveth honour, nor under Jupiter that loveth business . . . but as a man born under an excellent sovereign that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities." . . . "And the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me, for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend nor my course to get. Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends, for I have taken all knowledge to be my providence (province)." . . . And so he seeks some office . . . . "And if your lordship will not carry me on I will not
do as Anaxagoras did who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty; but this I will do, I will sell the inheritance that I have and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service" . . . . and more in a similar strain. And who was he to thus threaten? Why did not Lord Burleigh simply reply, "My Dear Nephew—You must really act as you are advised. Your affectionate Uncle"? But instead an attempt had to be made to satisfy him, and he was given the reversion of the clerkship of the Star Chamber, worth some £1,600 a year. But there is no doubt that at this time he was useful to the Queen. Many facts point to this. Her matchless Secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, died about now (1590), and the post was vacant some six years. Then she early made Francis her "Counsel Extraordinary," the first appointment of this character, and also had him returned to Parliament—at least we cannot see anyone else likely to have done so—and certainly in her own speeches we find unmistakeable traces of his pen. Then we know she saw him constantly, for a letter he wrote to Lord Howard shows this. Much bitterness was aroused against him later on in connection with Essex' execution, as he was credited with being the Queen's principal adviser in the matter. In his own exculpation he says, "The root no question of it is, partly some light-headed envy at my accesses to her Majesty,

\[a\] Campbell's Lord Chancellors, c. 51.
which being begun and continued since my childhood, as long as her Majesty shall think me worthy of them I scorn those that shall think the contrary." (h) And whatever her fears or her distrust of him, and which no doubt varied from time to time, she must undoubtedly have more or less advised with him, and in his open letters, so to say, we have every impress of their being inspired, to use a modern term. The great trouble of her reign, still more of those that succeeded it, was the religious one. In dealing with this difficulty he must have been invaluable to her, especially if she would only have followed his advice. We know that he was above all men in his profound wisdom, marked from his early manhood, and that more than any he could appreciate the niceties involved, for he was in touch with parties of the extremest views; and then above everything, like his Queen Mother, he thought royally. He was of no party, all were his subjects now or to be, and he would have them find in him their master certainly, but far more their best friend. So important was religion in those days—it could elevate poor humanity till it found glory in every suffering; it could sink it until demons themselves were less cruel—that for a moment we must have regard to Francis' attitude to it, as it is otherwise impossible to understand his character. The marvellous part is, how clearly and how soon he saw the path which subsequent experience has marked out as the true one. His one end was unity, and he saw no

(h) Montagu, c. 3.
difference that a wise king acting in the interests of all might not adjust, and so save the country from the curse of adjacent kingdoms, a nation divided against itself. No doubt his clear sight was due to his exceptional position, as well as exceptional powers. Above faction, and yet loving dear ones of most opposite opinions, he only thought of the good of all.

With his foster-mother, Lady Anne—austere, strong, but withal so dear—he could fully realize the views of the fanatical Protestants, the Puritans then coming into some prominence; and with many of the royal household he could equally realize those of the Catholics, and above all, with both he saw the best in them and not the worst, as is the case with polemical disputants. He could see the ninety per cent. of good and agreement common to all, and was not to be misled into regarding the differences as the all-essentials of their creeds. And let us recall that crisis in our history when the Spanish Armada threatened our liberties: when the last hour of English liberty was thought to be come. As in the Indian Mutiny, this was a time when men might well be forgiven if they lost their heads; and, as might be expected, the Catholics were regarded with universal distrust. But not so with Francis; he knew them far too well, and thus in his secret story he writes that as there was fear, (184) "in many cases the subjects did have greater love and more devotion to the head of their Church than truth and loyalty to either country or Queen, there was somewhat of confidence wanting as rumours of the Armada
reached the far-away seamen. When they put out, many hundred Englishmen of whatever communion rose in defence. The love of home is a stronger affection in some doughty servants of the Pope and of England than the love of things which pertain to that religion of which much is rumoured but much less known. I shall not make much of this subject then when writing, as even more zealous and blinded servants of the Church of the old religion, roused with fury, did run to fight insolent Spain to protect life and home than came to aid summoned by the Pope's command; indeed, few made any sign to manifest their allegiance to aught but England.” And so, (185) 
“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.” “If she would cease to defend the Low Countries; build up the religious houses dissolved in her father's time; restore the goods taken by reprisal from the Spaniards, and admit the Romish religion throughout her kingdom, then she might have peace.” Thus the insulting ultimatum of Spain. And the scorn of her reply: “Ad Græcas hæc fiant mandata Kalendas” (“Your master's pleasure shall at latter Lammas be fulfilled”)(c) And so her scorn of excommunication “to be slighted as senseless lightning.” And how fitting her speech to her soldiers at Tilbury, a fair example of her son's assistance: “My loving people, we have been per-

(c) Camden, Intro. 1.
suaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery, but assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects." And thus she addresses them at length.

And as to the Catholics, so to the Puritans. Elizabeth and her Court, so largely Catholic in sentiment though Protestant in policy, hated them as sectaries pure and simple, and saw nothing in them but wanton disturbers of the peace. Francis, with deeper insight, knew how much spiritual life there was in the movement. He knew too well what a real power it was in his foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon. But a glimpse at her as typical of the time. F. Allen, a friend of Anthony who is abroad, is writing to him of an interview he has just had with his mother at his request. She is afraid he is being contaminated by a Mr. Lawson, whom she has had arrested as a Papist on his coming to England, and will not let go again for fear he return and corrupt her son. "Mr. Lawson is in a great necessity, and your brother dares not help him in respect of my lady's displeasure. . . . . Also tears in her eyes, she wished when she heard of Mr. Selous' imprisonment you had been fairly buried,

(4) Hume, c. 42. Those who would see other examples of his style can see numerous instances in Bacon's History of Henry VII.
provided you had died in the Lord. When you have received your provision, make your repair home again, lest you be means to shorten her days, for she told me the grief of mind received daily by your stay will be her end; also saith her jewels be spent for you, and that she borrowed the last money of seven persons." He also tells him that Lord Burleigh wanted Lawson freed, but that Lady Anne was obdurate. 17th August, 1589.

And of this same Lawson, Lady Anne herself also writes: "I can hardly say whether your gout or his company were the worse tidings," and all because he was a Catholic. (e)

And Francis saw the hopelessness of trying to stifle the movement, and knew that to refuse a vent for such spirits was to cause a conflagration. And so he would have given them all possible latitude in the exercise of their own belief, but he would not trust them to dominate those with whom they differed. "Ministers of the word were impatient of delay," (f) but were no better fitted to have power for this reason, whilst Catholics of the extreme type were no less dangerous. But the bulk of the nation were neither Catholics nor Puritans, but rather Catholics moderated by Puritanism, or even more correctly stated were Catholics who preferred the earlier and simpler faith of their fathers without the innovations of later times. And this was the party with whom Francis seems to have been in most general

(e) Spedding, I. 109.
(f) Camden's Annals, Intro.
accord, though at the same time, as regards any particular dogma, it is difficult to find any opinion he ever gives. It is an amazing feature, how, in an age torn by religious conflict, he could so completely detach himself from religious party. And it was not that he was irreligious or indifferent. On the contrary, he was a man with deep convictions, and in the essentials of Christianity, we know from his secret writings, he was orthodox in his views. Thus, (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." So, (104) "O God, Father of all that dwell above or below, give blessed light from thy throne on high. Shed clear radiance from thine own glory across the black night. No weary work can close my heart's doors against a Heavenly Guest. Lift thou me up in gentle love, and make thy countenance to shine upon me as of old." Again, (186) "With thee is hope, forgiveness, peace, O God, Father of light and Author of our being. . . ." (160) "O grant our request, thou infinitely gracious Father. As our Lord was crucified that we might live, that sin washed in his blood might be remitted, blot out all our transgressions. Though our sins be as scarlet, let them be white as snow. As far as the East is from the West, as height is from depth, so far remove wrong from our minds and all iniquity from our hearts, for with the Lord is mercy and plenteous redemption." And he concludes his own writing in cypher with the
prayer, (338) "Unto God do we lift up our souls imploring of him aid, blessing and light for the illumination of the works which we leave."

And whilst thus orthodox his tolerance is that of our own day, and in his attitude to religion we find the germ of the principles of liberty so magnificently and generally developed by his great successor Herbert Spencer. These two marvellous minds have much in common, each being such a profound thinker and still so practical. And as regards religion, Francis desired that the power should be in the hands of the moderate men, whilst at the same time he would secure to everyone the fullest freedom in the exercise of their own particular belief, only restraining it when it took the form of menacing others or existing conditions. But to let the power drift into the hands of either extreme; to compel the moderates, who were the very ramparts of the nation, to ally themselves with one or other party and so divide the country into bitter factions, as on the Continent, was simply to court disaster. The end to be aimed at was the unity of the nation and the unity of the Church, combined with the utmost latitude of opinion on the part of individual members.

No doubt, in the extremists were to be found those who were usually most in earnest over sacred matters, but such earnestness was rarely combined with sufficient regard for the opinions of others. Thus they were rarely content to be the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," the only sure method of propaganda,
but instead, heedless of the suffering they caused, heedless of the antagonism they aroused—in the end fatal to their hopes—they would rather precipitate matters and force their views on others, however unwilling to accept them. We are now agreed that for one man to dictate to another what he must believe is not to be tolerated, and as this immortal philosopher also taught, we also know that new opinions have to be carefully insinuated, not bludgeoned into mankind. Seed may be sown, but time is all-essential for the golden grain to ripen. Try and hasten the crop and you will probably destroy it in its entirety. And in his day he saw the rocks ahead; he also saw how they were to be avoided, and he must have groaned in spirit as he saw the helmsman of the State making for destruction. How wise his advice to James was we know, how little it was followed we read in the catastrophe of his house. And Francis simply longed for his fellows and humanity to benefit by his wisdom and experience. He would have been the pilot and have saved the ship. And who now doubts his ability? The amazing feature about him is this sense of power which is suggested whenever he is with us. He never consults,—he only advises. He is never wrong. He only fails through the poverty of his instruments, and "I have taken all knowledge for my province"—absurd arrogance in another—in him is but the statement of a simple fact. And he would have had his crown. For himself he would have had it, but far more he would have it for the sake of his people
themselves. But it was not to be; and so it came to pass that as in the rest of Christendom, the country, in the name of its Master, was to be divided into two hostile camps of brother-hating irreconcilables. And this legacy of evil has been handed down to us, and that we have now a divided Church in our midst, to our great sorrow, is that he never came into his inheritance.
CHAPTER XII.

UNDERCURRENTS.

Francis we know was a man of contemplation, not a man of action, and therefore we cannot expect to find him figuring largely in the annals of the country, but still we may well ask what were the fruits of his genius during his mother's reign. Alone attributed to him under his own name are a few essays, some ten, which he published when he was thirty-seven, and not another work by which he is known. His first great work, his "De Augmentis," was not given to the world until he was forty-five, in the reign of James I. So we know the Bar did not occupy him, and the other vocations we have mentioned would not account for a tenth of his time. What did he do? The plays he wrote and so much loved are equally but trifling. Why, Lopez de Vega, so Hallam tells us, wrote over 2,000 and had 300 printed,\(^{(a)}\) so the 30 or 40 which are to be attributed to this period would be a mere bagatelle. We know his energy was titanic, his powers superhuman, and his output terrific. Where do we find the results?\(^{(b)}\) Consider what he did in his

\(^{(a)}\) Lit. of Europe, II. c. 6.

\(^{(b)}\) Mr. Parker Woodward, in "Tudor Problems," has made a most excellent attempt to fill in this gap in our literary history.
last five years. Of this we have precise information
given us by his chaplain Rawley, who was also his
secretary and biographer, and note, he is not telling
us hearsay but what he actually saw, and for mis-
representing which he has no conceivable motive.

"The last five years of his life being withdrawn
from civil affairs and from an active life he employed
wholly in contemplation and studies. A thing whereof
his lordship would often speak during his active life,
as if he affected to die in the shadow and not in the
light, which also may be found in several passages
of his works. In which time he composed the greatest
part of his books and writings, both in English and
Latin, which I will enumerate (as near as I can) in
the just order in which they were written. The His-
tory of the reign of King Henry the Seventh;
Abecedarium Naturaè; or a metaphysical piece which
is lost, Historia Ventorum, Historia Vitae & Mortis;
Historia Densi & Rari, not yet printed; Historia
Gravis & Levis, which is also lost; A discourse of
a war with Spain; A Dialogue touching an Holy
War; The fable of the New Atlantis; A preface to
a digest of the laws of England; The beginning of
the history of the reign of King Henry the Eighth;
De Augmentis Scientiarum, Or the Advancement of
Learning put into Latin with several enrichments
and enlargements; Counsels civil and moral or his
book of essays likewise enriched and enlarged; The
conversion of certain psalms into English Verse; The
Translation into latin of the history of King Henry
the Seventh; Of the counsels civil and moral; Of the dialogues of the Holy War; Of the fable of The New Atlantis, for the benefit of other nations. His revising of his book De Sapientia Veterum Inquisitio de magnete; Topica inquisitionis de luce & Lumine, Bothe these not yet printed. Lastly, Sylva Sylvarum. These were the fruits and productions of his last five years."

And then in addition we must remember that not only did he work himself but he employed clerks to assist him. We have his letter to his foster-brother, Anthony: "I have an idle pen or two," and so he asks him to send him some more writing to keep them employed. So when disappointed over the Solicitorship we find him threatening to retire to Cambridge with a couple of good men. Again, one asks, what was the work he must have been turning out so voluminously? and remember, his working life was from fifteen to sixty-six—fifty years at least.

And wherever we do actually see him it is the same; we see him working fast and working easily. The work he turned out as Lord Chancellor reads like a fairy tale. Perhaps the figures given do belong to that airy realm, as one cannot possibly credit them, not even divided by ten. It is said that in his first four terms no less than 8,798 orders were made, and 35,000 suitors freed in his Court from the uncertainty

(*) Life of Francis Bacon, W. Rawley, D.D.
(c) Montagu, Note PP.  (d) Ib. Note XX.
and vexatious delays of the law.\(^{(c)}\) "Fresh justice is sweetest" was one of his maxims, but the facts sound apocryphal, though at the same time, mythical or not, they still show the reputation he had for getting through business, and which we are told he accomplished and made pleasant by his promptitude, vivacity and courtesy.

But the mainspring of his life was work. Was he in good health and spirits, just the time to work. Was he depressed, what solace like work? Were his fortunes advancing, what truer return could he make to mankind than work? Were they overthrown, what consolation but work? We find this in every period of his life. We need not refer to his Cambridge career. The tales of that period border on the fabulous. But he is in disgrace. He is sent to France, and immediately it is excuse for working at a cypher of amazing ingenuity, which he tells us all about in the 1623 edition of his "De Augmentis."

He falls violently in love, and is "for whole volumes in folio" of verse, sonnets and other trifles only precious that they tell her name. Much nonsense has been written about these self-same sonnets, due to the impossibility of matching them to the supposed author, but Coleridge is undoubtedly right when he says they expressed an actual passion and were addressed to a woman. Two or three are difficult to explain; but when has it been that happy lovers have not had some little catch words reminiscent of scenes known to them-

\(^{(c)}\) Hepworth Dixon, Story of Lord Bacon, 336.
selves alone? And we pass on. He is in disgrace; he returns to England; he has to say farewell to love, and he turns to the sciences (361) "less for my own aggrandisement than as an advantaging of mankind, but with some natural desires to approve my worthi
ness in the sight of my book-loving and aspiring mother, believing that by thus doing I should advance my claim and obtain my rights, not aware of Cecil, his misapplied 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 life-
time," with the result "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."

Then follows the terrible calamity of Essex, and he can only dull remembrance of that frightful horror by drowning thought in work that shall be for the benefit of humanity. Lastly, during James' reign we know how he laboured, and what he did after his fall is in evidence.

It sounds wonderful when we add up the results of patient, methodical work during a long life of mediocrity, but when that work is that of the greatest genius of the world as well, the results border on the miraculous.

So here we see Francis in his power, but only to see that even his very power but served to keep him from his throne.
In his irresistible energy and abilities, combined with a sweetness of temper that made all men his friends—even Lord Campbell does tribute to "his amiable qualities, which won their way to the heart"—are we surprised that the Queen saw a danger at all hazards to be avoided? True that he never asserted the slightest right in her lifetime, but the menace was always there, and equally true that he always went in terror of her, though, probably, to only anger her but the more. Her boy Robert stood up to her till fire flew like from flint and steel cracking together, and she simply adored him; he sought to conciliate, and she treated him with still more scorn. She was, no doubt, horribly unjust; she, no doubt, acted foolishly and sacrificed unnecessarily the happiness of all three, but then she had a keen sense of self-preservation. All her life she was surrounded by enemies, and before the execution of Mary Queen of Scots had stunned the more fanatical Catholics very dangerous ones. She was liable to secret, as well as open attack. In those times assassination and treachery were the order of the day. She had but to look at her neighbouring countries, Scotland and France, to see and fear, if she ever knew what fear was. Rizzio, Murray, on the one hand; Coligny, De Guise, Henry III., and the wholesale massacre of St. Bartholomew on the other. Nor was the enthusiast Babington's plot against herself wholly mythical. And was she to arm all these deadly foes with another shaft? Was she to acknowledge Francis and all the horrors of the
murder of Amy Robsart attending his birth? And so often had her hand been tried to be forced, that she grew to regard her crown and safety as being dependent on secrecy being maintained. Philip of Spain was the first to try, to so force her simply to make her bring obloquy on herself. We know no king was kept more precisely informed of the facts existing in Elizabeth’s Court, at the beginning of her reign, than he was by his minister De Feria. We also know that at this time he was so infatuated with Elizabeth de Valois as to grievously wrong his son, and in the end murder him, and yet we have him gravely making proposals of marriage to his sister-in-law, an alliance forbidden by his Church. And knowing all this, and having a very shrewd guess that (142) “another is rightfully the husband of this subtle Queen (nor can he make less ill timed propositions), he so wished to betray her to the entire nation as one unworthy their respect; by airs of enamoured address not only, but in a formal, most princely and courtly wont asked, at an extra special session of the Queen’s abated, astounded and displeased private council, negotiations. All ways and means of avoiding the open declaration were adopted at once. The royal suitor, however, as a Poleak at missing aim, was angered, and great ado making did so disturb our great men—who as birds are amidst hawks, were thereat cowering with fear of public disgrace—that many saw this.”

We have seen that Leicester also was no less anxious
to compel the Queen to an avowal, though in the end his conduct more than anything prevented her making it. In a book called "Leycester’s Commonwealth," printed abroad and surreptitiously scattered far and wide in England, and the which no vigilance could suppress, we have a list of iniquities attributed to him, which, if the one half were true, would make him one of the wickedest men that ever lived. The extreme of his elder brother, known as the good Earl of Warwick, he was made out to be guilty of murder, poisoning, adultery, and every other deadly sin. He met his end, we are told, by drinking a potion he had given to his dear wife Lettice—at daggers drawn with his other dear wife, Lord Sheffield’s widow—and which in mistake she presented him with instead. He had returned to her fond embraces suffering from a slight distemper, and what more potent for good than his own draught? He took it, slept, and forgot to wake again. Now in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, side by side, they lie together in effigy in a magnificent monument, erected by the inconsolable widow many years before her own decease, and who thus defied the Queen. And what led up to the scene was, that Leicester, stung by the Queen’s wicked pleasantries that she loved to plague him with, in his turn covered his gallantries more than once with the form of marriage, preceded, as was also said, by the murder of inconvenient husbands. At Court, no one dare so much as hint at the disagreeable news before the Queen, until Simier, the French Agent, indifferent to her thunder, made
the revelation. The explosion was tremendous, and Simier, suddenly seized with a frightful sickness, thought well to fly post-haste the country and Leicester's kindly attentions. But the Queen, who never varied in her love for him till the day of his death, was content with a burst of wild passion, and then made it up and forgave him, but never forgot. So when he was gone, Essex destroyed and she on her death-bed, as ever she visited her displeasure on Francis, her first-born, and cutting him off from his inheritance, would have "no rascal's son to succeed her."

And how Essex tried to force the Queen's hand, and how in truth he did prove a very Absalom, remains to be told, but here we only note how in all things it was the same, and whether it was his own prodigious learning or industry which frightened the Queen, his father's guilt that angered her, or Essex' erring which estranged them, every force tended to the one end, to deprive Francis of his crown.
CHAPTER XIII.

AS

SEEN

IN VERSE.

One could almost wish the cypher story had not been told. It is a sad man we see, and we would not have it so. Is it always to be of our greatest that the world knew them not; is it always to be of our greatest that only in suffering are the profoundest depths to be sounded; is it always to be for our greatest to die that we might live? And so it is we read with no little pleasure of the delight he found in his plays. Crossed in love, ambition hopeless, in them he finds a solace. (36) “Our new play 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.” Thus he writes in his cypher of 1611, and we can rejoice that all was not shadow in his day of life. And he tells us (39): “We can win bays, laurels, garlands and renown, and we can raise a shining monument which

(a) This is from the Stratford Monument as it was in 1656, before it was titivated and furbished up for the faithful to worship at.
shalt not suffer the hardly won, supremest, crowning glory to fade. Nere shall the lofty and wide-reaching honour that such works as these brought us be lost, whilst there may even (e’er?) a work be found to afford opportunity to actors (who may play these powerful parts which are now so greeted with great acclaim) to win such name and honours as Wil Shakespeare of the Globe so well did win acting our dramas. That honour must to earth’s final morn yet follow him, but all fame won from the authorship (supposed) of our plays must in good time—after our own work putting away its veiling disguises standeth forth as you (the decipherer) only know it—be yielded to us.” So as regards his plays generally, he who created so many characters also wrote in character to suit the supposed author, and he tells us: (37) “In this actor that we now employ is a witty vein different from any formerly employed. In truth it suiteth well with a native spirit humourous and grave by turns in ourselve. Therefore when we create a part that hath him in mind the play is corresponsively better therefor.”

And which was the play that gave him so much pleasure? If one were to hazard an opinion one would be inclined to think it must have been “The Tempest.” The earliest note of this play is that it was acted before the King and his court on Hallowmas night, the 1st November, 1611, at Whitehall. Against this is the fact that it is referred to in the cypher found in the 1611 edition of “Hamlet,” which would
necessarily involve a certain amount of delay in its insertion, though not a great matter when once Francis became a wealthy man. But still the reply to this objection may well be that it was what we should now term a "command performance," due to its very success, and that its original performance may have taken place some little time before. "A Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline" also both date about this period, and both are so entrancing either might easily answer to the reference. But still "The Tempest" is of such exquisite beauty, and in addition to being so honoured has the first place given to it in the folio, that on the whole we incline to think it was the one intended. But play-writing with all its delights must still have been a fearful joy, and perhaps none the less dear for that. To write polished lines for the luxury of it as a courtly exercise of wit was one thing, but to write for one's living was indeed to be sunk in the depths. In fact for a man in those militant days to earn his living at all, certainly by anything useful, was to be shamed in the eyes of his fellows. And to write plays, "such riff-raff as dramatic writings," which Bodley declared should never have place in his library now so famous at Oxford. Plays? Verily he had need be crowned in fact not to be the by-word of society. One of his sonnets to Margaret shows what he felt on the matter:

Oh for my sake do you with fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breed;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer’s hand,
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.\(^{(a)}\)

So on more than one occasion his plays, especially that of “Richard the Second,” nearly led him into very serious danger. The Queen had a very shrewd idea who wrote them. Children love a game called “Hot Pot and Barley Beans,” where they hunt for a toy and are told they are hot or cold, according as they get near to or away from the object of their search. Well, more than once, directly her Majesty got literally scorching hot, she immediately sheered right off. Such was the case with Hayward, which is thus pleasantly related in the apophthegms. The book of deposing King Richard the Second and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Doctor Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, whether there were any treason contained in it? Who, intending to do him a pleasure and to take off the Queen’s bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, “No, madam; for treason I cannot deliver an opinion that there is any, but very much felony.” The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked how, and wherein? Mr. Bacon answered, “Because he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus.” So, in the first trial of Essex the part she allotted to Francis to deal with was this self-same

\(^{(a)}\) Sonnet CXI.
treausurably literature, to which he demurred, "It would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales." And having got so near, she pressed the subject no farther.

But whatever the danger, it seems as if he could not have avoided writing them, do as he would. No one can read them without seeing they were an outlet for his overcharged heart. In later years, alone, solitary, with no dear one of his own to love, he had to live in his creations. In dreamland only was he happy. There, Miranda is in truth his very dear daughter; but when he would clasp her in his arms with the morning light she vanishes to leave him sorrowful and longing. All the plays are more or less autobiographical, and all have some words, phrases, characters, or situation directly traceable to himself or his surroundings.

We touched on Miranda, for Prospero is so obviously himself, but for an instant look at the perfect womanhood he so generally depicts. He is the one writer who can at will draw a lady with all the varied attributes of her sex, and yet make her neither simpering and foolish, nor masculine and impossible. And who can help but love and worship his heroines so pure, so true, so good, and withal so strong? Have we not here an echo of his early home life, of that matchless woman his foster-mother, Lady Anne, so all that is truly feminine and sweet and yet so able, determined, and strong-willed? But listen to her letter to her son

(a) Montagu, Life, 66.
Anthony: "Be not speedy of speech nor talk suddenly, but when discretion requireth and that soberly . . . . courtesy is necessary, but too common familiarity and talking in words is very unprofitable, and not without hurt taking ut nunc sunt tempora. Let not Lawson, that fox, be acquainted with my letters. So fare you well, and the Lord bless you and keep you for ever and ever. Your Mother, A. Bacon." Or again; "Believe not every one that speaks fair to you at your first coming. It is to serve their turn. Regard your health and serve the Lord in truth." (a) And another extreme, how gently in Ophelia is touched that saddest of all sorrows, when mind and body no longer act in harmonious concert. And then his Margaret, how often is she his inspiration, supreme in Juliet and yet a model for the faithless fickle maiden who can be false, but never other than gentle. And equally his courtiers are never dependent on their clothes to prove their quality. In other words, he draws gentlemen because he simply shows us his friends as he lived amongst them. The last part a great actress risen from the ranks learns to play, is that of a simple lady. Several times we have seen "Our Boys" attempted by amateurs, and been pleased they really so looked the parts. On the other hand, it is a play absolutely beyond professionals unless of the highest class: that subtle something, the atmosphere of the gentle home, is wanting. And it is the atmosphere of courts and

As Seen in Verse.

palaces, with their noble lords and haughty dames, their gentle youths and well-born maids, that one seems to breathe in all the scenes this matchless wizard draws. And let us quit the light and gay, and turn to the melancholy and profound, and again, where do we better anticipate the philosophy of this many-sided man than in a Jacques, a Hamlet, a Touchstone, and in no mean degree in Falstaff himself? Or leave the drama and once again see him as he writes his histories. Here is no mere narration interesting as of national importance only, but here is the keen zeal of a man full of his own family tree.

To us the Edwards and Henries, the Tudors, the Lancasters and the House of York are but great names. To Francis they were ancestors, whose blood flowed in his own veins, and whose prowess he revels in and loves to relate. And what a similar trumpet note we find in the cypher story (137): "I am indeed by virtue of my birth that royal, though grossly wronged son to 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 V., VII. and VIII., historic battle kings, came like branches sent from the oaks. My true name is not as in some back pages it was given, but Tudor. 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. But to Mistresse 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."

And in one or two of the tragedies we find the strongest personal note. In "Hamlet" we see the man himself in his vacillations and hesitations. It is the same in his secret writings, it is summed up in one of his matchless phrases on the evils of procrastination: "Not to decide is to decide." This is intensely introspective. It was thus he lost his crown. For "to be or not to be" substitute "to claim or not to claim my kingdom," and know the man as no biographer yet has done. Again, "Timon of Athens" we also fear may be a terrible piece of self-history. It is in his latest and most measured style, but written with tears of blood. The iron has entered his soul, more so than is shown in the cypher story; it is the outpourings of a broken and outraged heart at war with a God-forsaken humanity. It is confession wrung by torture from a broken spirit. We can only hope that it may be exaggerated for dramatic effect, and no final expression of the suffering he endured. But as regards this, we have yet to learn the secret history of that conspiracy against his name and fame. As with everything connected with this remarkable man, his fall was as dramatic as his taking his seat as Lord Keeper a few years before had been. In those days it was usual for a Lord Chancellor on first entering upon his office to go in procession to Westminster from the City, and it was an occasion when friends
could or could not, as they please, unite to do him honour. And in his installation we see how his own times loved and honoured Francis. All the world united to acclaim him, and since the days of the great Cardinal Wolsey never had there been so magnificent a procession. Upon the first day of term, "the seventh day of May, he made his solemn proceeding to Westminster Hall, in this order:—First, the writing clerks and inferior officers belonging to the Courts of Chancery; next the students of the law; then the gentlemen of his own family; after them the Serjeant-at-Arms and Bearer of the Great Seal, on foot; then himself on horseback, in a gown of purple satin, riding between the Lord Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal; next, divers Earls, Barons and Privy Councillors; then the Judges of the Court at Westminster, whose place in that proceeding was assigned after the Privy Councillor.-. And when he came into Court the Lord Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal gave him the oath, the Clerk of the Crown reading it." And we learn from other sources that besides did accompany him all knights and gentlemen that could get horses and footcloths, and that he was accompanied by most of the nobility, with other gallants to the number of two hundred, and there was a great deal more bravery and better show of horse than was expected in the King's absence, but both Queen and Prince sent all their followers, and his other friends did their best to honour him. So, further, all London turned out to

(e) Tennison's Baconiana, 253.
acclaim him, and he rode through crowds of citizens, of players from Bankside, of Puritans and Catholics, like a victorious Roman General returning in triumph. And he fell. No contemporary rejoicing reaches our ears. No exultation over his fallen greatness. No judgment of Heaven on an unrighteous judge. His fellows saw it, as it was, a simple move in the political game, and of which Coke had been chief engineer. Here we do not propose to argue for or against its merits, but simply to state three salient facts. As Attorney-General he had been in receipt of £6,000 a year;—Campbell estimated the post as worth £7,000— as Clerk to the Star Chamber of another £1,200 or £1,600; and then as Chancellor to the Prince of Wales of further fees in addition. He became Lord Keeper, and his direct salary was £918:15s. This was supplemented with presents, which he took, and he was charged with being corrupt. Some of these were New Year gifts, the practice of receiving which by those in office was universal, from the monarch down. Others had been actually presented in open Court by counsel for the successful litigant, whilst yet others were given him for acting not as a judge, but as an arbitrator, and arbitrators to this day invariably charge a fee before they deliver their award. So this fee has to be paid by the party taking it up. To take up an award and find it against one is the last drop of bitterness in the cup of a litigant, and one’s feeling then is like those who made charges

\(^{(d)}\) Montagu, 202.
against Lord Bacon, they had given a present and he had decided against them. But the practice of judges taking a reward from a successful litigant was then a general practice, and of this but one authority. We find it in "The Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Scene 1, where Bassanio addresses Portia at the close of the famous trial scene, saying—

"Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu thereof
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withal."

We all know the learned judge preferred a ring as a token of regard, and why; and we only note this one fact further: the first edition of this play was printed in 1600, and so was not manufactured for the occasion.

But Coke had given his "tit for tat."

In public he still bears him proudly, and Prince Charles, returning from hunting, espying a coach attended with a goodly troop of horsemen, who, it seems, were gathered together to wait upon the Chancellor to his house at Gorhambury, smiling, said, "Do what we can, this man scorns to go out like snuff." But now, for the first time in his cypher writing, he accepts the fact his throne is never to be his. (312) "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." Bitterly he rebels
against his condemnation so grievous and unjust.
(358) "When my very soul doth lie, as the souls of men shall, before Our Father's judgement 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; and in old countries where learning doth flourish shall new knowledge grow from these experiments or inquiries when the natural laws have been more carefully sought. It must be well seen in many persons' experience that while fortune hath somewhat of a woman's nature, hastening her steps when'er pursued, studies and learning may be said to woo their lovers. Knowledge will reward all who seek the real spirit or beautiful outward form. No ardent follower was e'er unsatisfied, if he faltered not nor wearied in the race up the lofty steeps of Olympus, and 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 o'er my head."

And in his life were many to do him justice, amongst whom was his friend and confidant, Ben Jonson.

"My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only
proper to himself in that he seemed to me, ever by his works, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed 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.”

(e) Montagu, Life, 425.
CHAPTER XIV.

"GOLD,
YEA,
FINE GOLD."

And now only with the closing scenes of life do we see that hope has been finally abandoned. All through his years the one dominant note in his character was that struck when as a child he first learnt the secret of his birth. (141) "And I fond boy, kingly power dearly yearn to win, dream of golden sceptres, proud courts, and by-and-by a crown on my innocent brow." All very natural, but in the sequel sadness itself. It embittered his life, it poisoned his early career, and it shattered his dream of love. Through it his peace of mind was destroyed, and in his early years it deteriorated his very character itself. And here we are relying on no imperfect records. His letters were written to be scanned by vigilant and malignant enemies. His actions have been misconstrued, being seen from an imperfect point of view, but in his cypher we have the man himself. No man can write 382 octavo pages about himself, his life, and hopes, and works, without fairly completely revealing himself as
he really was. His cypher story is not exactly memoirs, diary, correspondence or autobiography, but with something partaking in character of all, is in the very best form to show him free of every disguise. Its very limitations conduce to this end. It did not lend itself either to correction or alteration, and it is clear there was little that Francis dared to commit to preliminary notes or draft. Much of what he tells seems to have been worked in almost direct, and this accounts for the innumerable parenthetical sentences, always a tendency, here exaggerated to a fault, and the involved expressions by no means as rare as one could wish. And in his early years it is a poor note of disappointment, of hope deferred, that runs through it all. He is full of the great injustice done him, and it is self, and his rights and his wrongs, that fill line after line of his lamentations. And bitter was the sorrow, fierce the fiery furnace of suffering that he had to pass through before the true gold that was in him was fully made known. His sad love story—and perhaps Margaret inflicted on him all the suffering a glorious woman in the meridian of her beauty can do, who plays with an infatuated youth—but only added to his sense of the injustice done him, and still more agonizing distress was needed before his lesson was fully mastered. And then and only then, broken, contrite, and self-condemned,

(a) "Bacon's mind with its fulness and eagerness of thought was at all times apt to outrun his powers of grammatical expression."—Spedding.
do we see the man his fellows so well loved. Yes, he thinks of crowns, dreams of crowns, writes of crowns to be his, but self-obsessed, of enormous powers, with head-turned learning he is the son of the Queen, and it is his wrongs, his disappointment that corrode his soul; yes, it is all very natural—what of ourselves if we suddenly found ourselves heirs of the Rockefeller millions, to be then deprived of them, would we retain a sane equilibrium of mind? But truth to tell he does not draw us to him, it is little the affection he inspires. And then the change, and he is so humble, so self-abasing. Till then he had towered above humanity and he knew it, and now none so little in his own eyes. Historians have united in collective scathing condemnation of the part he took in Essex' trial, true without knowledge of the real inwardness of that terrible incident; the mob of his day would have torn him to pieces for the part he had taken against their favourite, but amongst all his judges none so bitter as himself. Essex is murdered. He is another Peter to deny his brother, and his wailing self-accusation, his iterated self-condemnation, his very refusal to attempt any justification command our sympathy, when the very finest defence would have left us unmoved. (159) "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." . . . (160) "Of all joys possible to my future, none is to mine eager spirit so enticing as my earnest hope of meeting
Robert in that world of bliss when all earthly sorrows have ended, and of hearing my greatest evil doing by his word forgiven.’’ So he still desires a crown, but that he may uplift his people from their misery. He still pursues his studies, not that he may attract her Majesty and so persuade her to acknowledge him, but that he may add to the store of knowledge for his fellow man. In a passion of work he tries to forget for a while the terrible scene of Essex’ horrible death, but his work is now sanctified by the desire to use his mighty powers in the service of his God and the people, his people—his detachment from party religious or political is not the least remarkable feature of his writings—yes, his people, the children over whom he should have ruled. So the spirit of agnosticism of early youth gives way to a simple piety, and in all the terrible scenes he has gone through he would still see the divinity that rules all things and has fore-ordained them from the beginning. “A divinity doth shape our ends, rough-hew them how we will,” were no mere words of the boards for him, but the distilled essence of the humble spirit that still would say to its master, “’Tis thy will and therefore the best.” But he found it hard to see it was for the best at times, and how sadly he sums up his life, when speaking of his cypher he tells us (164) “I place my joyless story herein; yes, joyless and sad indeed.”

“My joyless story,” that is all, and yet what volumes of unhappiness in three such simple words!

"Gold, Yea, Fine Gold."
CHAPTER XV.

ON

DIZZY

HEIGHTS.

Few characters stand out more heroically than that of noble Essex. He is our Achilles, peerless in courtliness and high courage. In learning, spirit, graciousness, and above all things in headstrong rashness he was his mother exaggerated, and she gloried in him, but in common with his brother—as the cypher story tells us—(90) "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 of the Earl of Essex, Walter Devreux, in the other. 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 it was 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. 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 birthright, prerogative, power, dignity and honour, by law divine due to the princes of the realm, many times made evident to us, moved my brother to the rash measure that was soon conceived and suddenly ended. Without doubt 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. Furthermore no thought so holds the imagination of youth as that of imperial power. We crave Cæsar’s laurel crown at cost of sleepless hours in the night and weary toil by day. I can undertake such a feeling better than most, having had the same interest in a degree much greater, and in so vastly better right or title.” And well it had been for Essex had he also never known of his high birth. He had been sweet and gentle in disposition, he became the incarnation of pride—handed down to and thought supremely ridiculous in his son—and his haughty spirit and arrogant temper in the end cost him his life. (209) “In fine his early youth was lightly passed, but after he did know that it was the Queen that gave him life he grew imperious, and (when brought to Court by our truly ingenious father, whom an evil spirit much troubled, even a jealousy of some of the Queen’s favoured lords) his will showed its true source and revealed the origin of the young Cæsar. And in the after time it could well
be discerned that he did draw deception from it. Our fountain of life hath much earthy substance. Even in this royal source were slimy spots, and from it our blood took some slight poison which assuredly could not be accredited to the noble daughter of Sir Francis Knowles on the part of young Essex, and less on the part of myself to a descendant of the honourable Sir Anthony Cooke. But 'twas not poison alone that we took thus, nor shall succeeding vials bear one-half so great drops of black venom, for as it commingleth in another fountain with nobler blood it becometh pure."

From this time on until the final catastrophe Essex' career was one of unparalleled brilliancy. His were nothing but caresses; poor Francis, left to fend for himself, even knew the humiliation of being arrested for debt. And Essex repaid the Queen, adventurous spirit that he was, by his persistent efforts to get away from the "old woman"—his phrase—and be in the thick of battle and of danger. We have seen that in 1585 he was taken by his father with him to Holland. In 1587 he distinguished himself at Zutphen, where his cousin Sir Philip Sidney met his death wound, and on his return, as we have seen, his father gave up being Master of the Horse in his favour, and this enabled him when in public to be in close attendance on the Queen.\(^{(a)}\)

\(^{(a)}\) Imagine one favourite thus acting to a young and handsome successor. And suppose he made a virtue of necessity, and it was by the Queen's will he resigned, would he have followed it up by leaving him his Star and Garter?
In 1588, when superior skill was above all needed to meet the awful attack threatened by Spain, and when its "Invincible" Armada had set sail, she chose this youth, just of age, to command her horse, and decorated him with knighthood, then a splendid order, and frequently denied to the noblest of her old servants.

In 1589, having been refused leave by the Queen to join a small fleet that was to attack the coast of Spain, he set off secretly, and later the Queen wrote that if he had reached it Knollys and Drake were forthwith to send him back safely. He, however, would not return; joined in a landing party, over which the Queen was so enraged that she ordered Sir Roger Williams, who allowed it, to be put to death.\(^{(5)}\) Then, in 1590, he angered her exceedingly, for he married the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and forsooth because he had taken a wife without her consent and below his degree: —below his degree, indeed,—and historians marvel at the phrase and never see beneath the surface. However, it does not lessen the affection of the Queen, which, by the way, his wife does not object to, and in 1591 we find him in France with the army before Gournay, but he has not been there ten days before his fidgety mother would have him home again. Returning as a naughty boy who had played truant, he was received with smiles, and stayed a week with her in jollity and feasting. Then at last, with tears in

\(^{(5)}\) St. John's Life of Raleigh, I. 196.
her eyes, she acceded to his request to let him return to repair his honour, and we next find him allowed to take a force of four thousand troops to assist Henry IV. of France in the siege of Rouen. After being summoned home he is allowed to remain, but the Queen's concern for his safety still pursues him. Sir Christopher Hatton, her Lord Chancellor, writes to him not to hazard himself over-venturously, saying, "You have many ways and many times made sufficient proof of your valientness . . . . therefore, both in regard of the services her Majesty expecteth to receive from you, and in respect of the grief that would grow to the whole realm by the loss of one of that honourable birth, and that worth which is sufficiently known (as greater hath not been for any that hath been born therein these many and many years), I must even before Almighty God pray and require your Lordship to have that circumspection of yourself which is fit for a general of your sort."—Dated 5th Oct. 1591.

At this time his position was enough to make a wiser head giddy. He was courted by the young nobles, was the leader and patron of the military men; the Puritans, now becoming a formidable body, arrogantly claimed his protection, the Catholics looked to him, and the discontented of all classes courted him with assiduity. However, we are not attempting an account of his life, and so here shall only further mention the two expeditions which had such disastrous effect on his life. In 1597, he had if possible enhanced his brilliant reputation by the part he had taken in the
capture of Cadiz. The fleet had made fruitless attempts
to land at St. Sebastian’s, and Essex strenuously
recommended an attack on the ships and galleys in the
bay. When at last through his impetuosity it was
agreed to, he threw his hat into the sea in the
extravagance of his pleasure. Then he was told the
Queen’s secret orders were, he was not to command
the van in an attack. Again promising to be a very
good boy, to take very good care of his precious self,
he was allowed by the Admiral to take part, with the
result he soon broke through the opposing lines and
was in the very thickest of the opposing fire. Of
course, it was very disobedient of him, but in his case
disobedience was of no moment, and the following
year his mother made him Commander-in-Chief of both
land and sea forces to again act against the Spanish
fleet in what was known as the “Island Voyage.”
With Sir Walter Raleigh as one of his vice-admirals,
they made for Fayal, when by some means or other
they got separated. Whether by accident or design,
Sir Walter arrived before the main fleet, and without
waiting for it to come up, at once made a successful
attack. As to Essex, he had “wiped his eye,” and
Essex was proportionately and most royally furious.
The officers made it up between them, and Raleigh
had to apologize. Essex, who was placable as well as
hasty and passionate, was soon appeased, but from that
day Raleigh became his mortal enemy, and never
rested until he had washed out the blot on his
escutcheon with his blood. On the whole the expedi-
tion was not a success, as the Spanish fleet escaped; and they only captured three ships, which, however, were so rich that they sufficed to pay the expenses of the expedition. And then he returned home to be further mortified. During his absence, Admiral Howard had been created Earl of Nottingham, his reduction of Cadiz being assigned as the reason. This affront, and the fact that it gave the Admiral precedence over him at Court, so angered Essex that he retired to the country, and was only to be recalled and placated by the Queen raising him to the splendid dignity of the Earl Marshal of England, which once again made him the first subject in the land. But he had added another implacable enemy to the number of his foes. And now grim fortune took hold of him and never left him until he was done to death by Cecil and these same men. The next year or two are simply years of pure insanity and madness. The breach between himself and his mother was of the most trifling description in its inception; it ended in his conspiring against her very throne. So false, so foolish, so perfectly ridiculous the position into which he allowed himself to drift. He had but to wait a few years, his mother was an old woman near seventy, his brother was to be passed over and the Crown would be his. And even then his fortunes would not have miscarried but for the treachery and wickedness that intercepted the ring he sent to his royal mother. Of this, however, in its place.
CHAPTER XVI.

“CRY,
TROJANS,
CRY!”

About this time there was trouble in Ireland which was extremely difficult to grapple with. The natives were poor and had few possessions beyond their cattle, and were so entrenched in their bogs, woods and other fastnesses, that it was not easy to take decided measures against them. Further, about the beginning of 1599 they had been able to take Sir Henry Bagnall at a disadvantage and secure a brilliant success. This furnished them with arms and materials of war, and gave their leader Tyrone a great reputation as the saviour of his country. The rebellion was so serious that Elizabeth decided it must be put down, and made proportionately great preparations. She then selected Lord Mountjoy to take the command, when Essex practically insisted on being chosen instead. The Queen, who had good judgment when her feelings allowed it to have sway, did not see in Essex the heaven-born general that he saw in himself, and would have kept to Mountjoy. But, evil omen, whilst Francis
and his friends begged him to leave the command alone,—there was no fame to be got hunting vagabonds through quagmires,—his enemies united to facilitate his being gratified. And really he conducted himself as if to specially annoy the Queen. The Earl of Southampton had incurred her displeasure by marrying without her consent, and Essex had been specially enjoined not to employ him. Wholly disregarding such orders, he made him his Master of the Horse. The Queen reprimanded him and told him to recall his commission, which instead of doing Essex replied by arguing out the matter, and only complied when the commands were sternly repeated. Next he assumed the prerogative of royalty, and made a considerable number of knights, much to her indignation, and in addition so managed the whole affair as to get nothing but discredit for it; and then to crown his imprudence, learning the Queen was not pleased at the unexpected issue of this enterprise, the greatest and most expensive she had fitted out, he left his army and post haste came back home. And the Queen was delighted to have her boy back, and his reception was warm and affectionate. But a little reflection, on the suggestion of her council, satisfied her that though he was her boy,—and how she loved him—yet all said he had been a very naughty boy, and really it was necessary he should be punished: Two in a family with too big hearts was a bit unworkable at times, and, after all, she was his mother,—and she was the Queen.
And never in all his life was Francis so dear to his mother as when he pointed out to her how little vice there was in this mettlesome animal of theirs, at most only an excess of frolicsome high spirits, with, perhaps, a little headiness and self-will. And as he defended her dear boy her heart absolutely warmed to the son to whom she was so unkind. But here they were one,—both loved that boy. But still, as said, it was thought well he should be called to answer for his misdemeanours, which he did at a kind of private inquiry, from attending which Francis excused himself on the plea of ill-health. This over, and had the Earl acted with but reasonable consideration for his mother, the matter had been ended. But no! He did not. He posed as one aggrieved, and the people, who made him their idol, thought he had been unfairly treated, and never knowing her own mind two days together, the Queen determined upon justifying herself in their eyes by a public inquiry. And this, like the private hearing, was a performance in which all the parts were very nicely played, and in which Francis took the part of counsel for the Crown, employed to make a speech for the defence. Read it through: not a word, not a thought, not a sentence but went for peace between mother and son. So Essex was very properly humble. He expressed most proper contrition, and made a due and proper show of abasement. And so all ended with great satisfaction to the Queen, and to all who loved him well. He was dismissed with an admonition very much of the
order, "not guilty, but don't do it again," and was simply told to regard himself in the nominal custody of the law. There were many little by-plays in the principal act, but this in effect was the sum of it all. Then it suddenly blazed into an entirely different affair. Essex had been forgiven, but still the Queen was not pleased with him. Devoted mother as she was, still she could not help but see he had not behaved well. No doubt he was perfectly ready to completely and quite nicely forget all about it. In fact, he was altogether too ready to forget it. So much so that when her ministers suggested his lesson needed impressing on him she rather agreed with them. And she gave effect to it in a not unreasonable way. Essex was entitled to a patent for sweet wines; it was falling in, and he was desirous of having it renewed. She thought well at least to delay the favour, giving as her reason, "an ungovernable beast must be stinted in his provender." And never was playful reason followed by greater disaster. We have seen how he was one of those impetuous, explosive natures, who never held the same opinion ten minutes together, and to his utter misfortune his burst of passion took the form of absolute rebellion to her, who, though his mother, was still his Queen. Unhappily, he was surrounded by foolish and unsound advisers, and without pause he was hurried from one mad step to another. He acted on pure impulse, and his conduct was simply the braggadocio and folly of a man who has had too much to drink. Nor was there
stay for anyone concerned. Friends he had outraged
and alienated, departing from all his pledges and
promises; and enemies—well, the gods don’t twice
deliver a Samson bound into one’s arms, and they
rejoiced with unholy joy as he plunged deeper into
the pit.

And the result was woe, woe, and yet more woe.
The massacre of St. Bartholomew stirred the world,
but it was so appalling it stunned the imagination:
The world still weeps at the death of Essex
CHAPTER XVII.

"AUT CAESAR
AUT NULLUS."

And once more he is on his trial, and this time it is a very serious affair indeed. The Queen also has lost her balance, and she sees for the time in very fact a pretender to her throne. We know her fears, her life's nightmare of being supplanted. For once, more the traitor than son she sees in Essex, and is ready to brand everyone with his infamy. None escape her suspicions, and it is but a little flame to light and turn her fury on her scapegoat, the wretched Francis. They all act in a whirl, a delirium, Raleigh alone playing the part of a fiend, alone pressing remorselessly to his determined end. Francis is half hypnotized with terror, even the rack and torture with death itself being very real spectres to haunt his waking dreams. All are suspect, and he knows the way with the suspect. Nor have we forgotten the volumes of depositions taken by Mr. Attorney-General Coke in the Tower, so convenient for such examinations. And Francis had to play his part. He does not defend himself, we shall not try. He should have
died with Essex. He would it had been so when all was over. Never again is he to be free from that awful vision, Essex' death. We see Lady Macbeth washing the blood from her hands, it is Francis himself in his despair washing the blood from his soul.

(42) "O source infinite of light, ere time in existence was save in thy creative plan, (was) all this tragedy unfolded before thee. A night of Stygian darkness encloseth us. My hope, banished to realms above, taketh its flight through the clear air of the sciences, unto bright day with thyself. As thou didst conceal thy laws in thick clouds, enfold 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 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. O had I then 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 night's swift lightning—this had never come as a hound of the hunt to my idle thoughts. As it is now, the true meaning of events is lost to me. The heavens declare God's glory, but Scripture doth speak nowhere of his will being thus declared. In order to undertake this our minds must be inclined to his instruction." As a young man he had inclined to agnosticism; in maturity he writes, "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philo-
sophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.” “I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism because his ordinary works convince it.”

And once again in his deep religious feeling we see the sweet influence of his foster-mother he so deeply revered. Devout and learned daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor of Edward VI., Puritan in her religious emotions, her boys from infancy had been taught to believe in the power of prayer. And with prayer Francis dedicated to God his great work, the Novum Organum. With prayer Francis sought a blessing on himself and the kingdom that should have been his, and with prayer he approached the Almighty in the terrible trouble that now overwhelmed him. Yes, he had sinned, but was all repentance to be denied him? And bitterly did he repent. In sackcloth and ashes did he repent, and therein is why he is so very human; therein is why all who knew him best loved him most.

But the dreadful Act has yet to be played. The Queen is not to be conciliated, and Robert gives way to most

(a) Essay, Atheism.
frantic and foolish designs, though with a certain promise of success due to his enormous popularity. Like Rehoboam, he despises the counsel of the old men, and as Francis tells us, (180) "With an angry heart I oft saw Essex summoning minions to sit in halls of judgment in whose hands his very life was in peril." And his plot was worthy of his advisers. (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 aids that, scattered about, should likewise cause no remark; at the given sign they were to seize, without confusion, the halberds of the guard, take stand each in his previously assigned place—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 pretence 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, should promptly name some who were neither wanting in good favour nor deficient in courage to occupy the places so made vacant. Then was Parliament to be called to make concessions, and the City itself to be under his control. 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—not however throngs, but slow gatherings as though one drew afterwards another—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 the original plan of seizing the Tower—relying upon the inspector of the ordnance 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, I am truly informed, that he would restore the Catholic faith; and as his innermost being was mightily swayed by imagination, I think 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 upon their aid. 'Twas the Candlemas term ere his plan was so far digested.

"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. But unfortunately this tale was frequently varied by the Earl, and at one time he did give 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 Southampton, Lord Sandes, Mounteagle, with others behind him he had left, Earl of Worcester, Lord Keeper, 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.

"The tour of the City being well-nigh made, my lord's party met her Majesty's troops led 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."
The Earl’s trial for treason took place on the 19th February, 1600. It was a miserable affair. Essex had terribly deceived his friends who had stood by him so steadfastly on the last occasion; and perhaps the severest thing we find Francis saying of him is, that owing to his private assurances (209) “we saw not a sign of danger but trusted his word, nor imputed these assurances to ought but goodwill, expecting a right and honest trustworthiness of Robert D—— 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.’’ Whether it was to justify himself in their eyes or as a veritable gambler’s last throw, he hopeless drifted into a worse and worse position, pleading not guilty, and alleging he had not aimed at the Queen but only at her ministers who sought his life. Even if true it were no defence, and Francis showed the sophistry of the argument and urged him to adopt his wisest course and once again throw himself on the mercy of his mother. Camden, an eyewitness, and to whom we are largely indebted for
what transpired, tells us, "Surely all this was done like a friend, while he studied to put Essex in grace with the Queen." But Essex preferred his own quibble and a painful incident resulted. On the last occasion Francis, to win back the Queen, had drafted two letters to be shown her, one from his foster-brother Anthony to Essex, and another from Essex in reply. And well the letters served their end, and she was considerably mollified by the sentiments expressed. And now, in breach of all faith, Essex appealed to such letters, which he reminded Francis he had penned, as proof that Francis knew he had enemies. Even if it were so it did not help his cause a whit, but it hopelessly and for ever compromised Francis with the Queen. And as Francis foresaw, there could only be one end to such attitude of the Earl—the conviction that followed. But this was only a part of the by-play, little understood save by those in the inner circle, and Essex, like a noble animal at bay, fought manfully and towered above his adversaries, as before all things he sought to save the life of his friend Southampton.

And now he was in the hand of his tormentors, and he, Francis, had appeared against him. Never, never could he forgive himself. And the sequel was appalling. The Queen vacillated in appearance—in reality waiting for him to seek her forgiveness. He had a ring, the pledge of her love, the assurance of her favour, if he would stoop his proud spirit to send it, and it was never sent. And events took their course.

(a) Montagu, Life, 79.
As for Francis he was paralysed. It needed but little for him to be sent to join Essex in the Tower. Since the letter incident the Queen could not bear his presence, and nothing he could say but might be misconstrued, and to urge forgiveness might close the egress of Essex' prison. (172) For himself (as he tells us) "as hunted deer await death at every moment, so I, at bay, had an hourly fear in both my brothers' affects and the hate and ill intents of our mother and Cecil." And his heart shrinks and fails him as he says: (47) "I have spirit of sufficient fire, I think, for such hap as is probable to my station, not enough to support me in torture nor to lead forth any enfans perdus." (8) And so he had appeared against his brother at his trial, and cannot now put out any helping hand to save him.

And the end came. Cecil, it is true, showed signs of weakness, maybe of relenting, but Raleigh was pitiless and determined. He wrote to Cecil: "I may not be wise enough to give you advice, but if you take it for good council to relent towards this tyrant, you will repent it when it shall be too late. His malice is fixed and will not evaporate by any of your mild courses." And then he tells him Essex will put it down to her Majesty's pusillanimity, not to him, and the less he makes him the less he will harm him. As to after revenges, he says, fear them not; and he examples Burghley and the death of Norfolk, when his son "followeth your father's son." Then he instances Somerset, and Northumberland, and Kello-

(8) A line of foot soldiers put in front of cavalry.
way, and Horsey. Then he tells him to look to the present, where his (Essex') son is the youngest earl in the kingdom, and presently, "Will Cecil (his own son) shall keep as many men at his heels as he and more." "But if the father continue he will be able to break the branches and pull up the tree root and all. Lose not your advantage, if you do I read your destiny. Let the Queen hold 'Bothwell' whilst she hath him. He will ever be the canker of her estate and safety. Princes are lost by security and preserved by prevention. W. R." (c) And Cecil hearkened to his advice, and history (d) tells us that after some days spent in the solitude of the prison, Essex' proud heart was subdued, not by the fear of death but by the sentiments of religion, and that persuaded by his spiritual directors he never could obtain the pardon of Heaven unless he made full confession of his disloyalty, he gave to the council a full account of his criminal designs as well as of his correspondence with the King of Scots. He spared not even his most intimate friends, such as Lord Mountjoy, whom he had engaged with him, and he sought to pacify his present remorse by an atonement that at any other time in his life he would have deemed contemptible and vile, and more blameable than the attempt, the object of his penitence. Sir Harry Nevil in particular he accused, whose guilt alone had been that knowing his treason he had not revealed it. And then owing to his extreme popularity, which might lead to fear

(c) Murdin, 811.  (d) Hume, c. 44.
of a commotion by the people if he were before their eyes, after this exemplary repentance he was privately executed within the Tower itself. One goes over the Tower and is shown the room where he was lodged, and "ROBART TIDIR," the signature he chiselled by the door below, is still to be seen. And one is told he was the only man executed within the walls. Great ladies like Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey finished their earthly career inside, but men were executed without on Tower Hill, in the face of the city. And Essex was the only exception to the rule. But surely this was the loss of a great opportunity. Surely like meaner criminals turned off at Tyburn he, who turned Queen's evidence, would have made an improving speech and an edifying end. Yes, he, the noble, lion-hearted Essex, died betraying his associates. He may have done. Others suffered on his depositions; but, dear man, he was affected by the sweet influence of religion. Not so! foul lie, foul slur on his fame. On the contrary, every word he said was wrung out of him by agonizing torture inflicted by men crueler than fiends. (20) "I write mildly of so terrible events, so galling memories of fifteen such woeful, ay such dreadful days. 'Tis limned in fire on gloom of the night or day, Essex, thy murder. To sharper clamours, stifled cries or 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. . . . Whilst I write 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 and confusion the moment’s question loomed up before me, and blotted out love and honour, all the joys of the past or dreams of far off fame.” . . . (159) “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. Yet such terrors held me that I could not realize ought beyond that day, nor did I 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 after Robert stooped his pride to send our proud mother her pledge, a ring, given as if in doubt some great harm might ever threaten, although neither surely thought it from the Queen his evil would threat.” And there was no one to save him, and so ensued that sad awful act (174) “which will poison my morning sunrise, sunset the evening soft-ness, night’s dark heavy hours, and make the world bitter to the end, it is my brother’s cruel foul ending.” (178) “. . . 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 vile 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. No tale of ages before our blessed Saviour suffered such death has one-half the woe of this. Even the barbarians of any age would burn men to cinders less murthrously.

"Oh, God, forgiveness cometh from thee. Shut not this truest book, my God. Shut out my past, love's little sunny hour, if it so please thee, and some of man's worthy work, yet Essex' tragedy here show forth, then posterity shall know him truly."

And thus it was, and only was, that the noble Essex had discovered those who had put their trust in him.
CHAPTER XIX.

SUNSET
IN
CLOUD.

And he was dead, and (68) "All joys died with Essex in both our bosoms; for her, all peace as well; and she declined to her own end from day to day, visibly, even while she strove most to hide her weakness." Poor, poor Queen! poor, poor mother! And further agony was before her. Essex had humbled himself; Essex had sent the ring and it had not been delivered.

She had signed the warrant for his execution, only to as quickly countermand it; she had resolved on his death only to be overcome with a new fit of tenderness, and all the while was tearing out her heart waiting for the ring—that never came. Was she never to have the opportunity of saying once more, "Forgiven"? No, never! never in this world! We have not forgotten how to save her Burleigh had pressed on the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. It had worked well. To save themselves Raleigh and Cecil had rushed that of Essex, and it worked better. Raleigh was in the Tower when Essex met his end. Historians consider it a great blot on his fame, and the people of the day said it was to feast his eyes with...
the death of an enemy. We can only pray it may not have been for more hellish business still. Cecil, “the fox,” valued appearances. In public he relented, and the Earl of Essex was much overcome by pious reflections, forsooth.

Public affairs went well, but Elizabeth was incapable of receiving any satisfaction. A Spanish carrack worth a million dollars had been seized. The Irish rebellion ended and Tyrone had made submission, but only to add to her depression. Her thoughts went back to the triumphant return of her darling from Cadiz, when in an especial fit of tenderness she had given him her ring, with the promise that into whatever disgrace he might fall, whatever prejudice she might have against him, if he but returned it, it would ensure him a loving hearing and her certain grace; and, doubting her affection or too proud of heart, he had never sent it. And then the Countess of Nottingham was dying, and she sent a message to the Queen, begging her to see her before her end. And the Queen visited her, and the Countess, piteously praying her forgiveness, had a terrible confession to make. Full of remorse, terrified at the approach of death, she told the Queen how in his prison the ring Essex held had been confided to her by mistake for her sister, on the sacred promise she would deliver it to her Majesty, but how she had been prevailed on by her husband, who was Essex’ implacable enemy, to betray her trust. And history further tells us that the Queen, astonished by the incident, burst into a furious passion. She shook the dying Countess in her bed, and crying aloud, screamed at
her, "That God might pardon her, but she never could!"

Then she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation, she even refused food and sustenance, and throwing herself on the floor she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions and declaring life to be an insufferable burden. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal, but sighs and groans were the chief vents which she gave to her despondency, and which though they discovered her sorrows were never able to assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet leaning on cushions which her maids brought her, and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. At last, on the 24th March, 1603, she fell into a lethargic slumber which continued some hours, and she expired gently without further struggle or convulsion in the seventieth year of her age and the forty-fifth of her reign.

So a dark cloud overcast the evening of that morning which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe.\(^{(a)}\)

And Cecil announced that the Queen had declared James of Scotland her successor.

And the people cried, "God save the King!"

\(^{(a)}\) See note.
Note (p. 163).

This account is largely taken from Hume, c. 44, who follows Strype, Vol. i, p. 276, and Birch’s memoirs. In these, p. 506, a pathetic incident is related by a correspondent in England to a Scots nobleman, of which the original is in the Advocates’ Library at Edinburgh. He says:—“Our Queen is troubled with a rheum in her arm which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my Lord of Essex’ death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex.”

So about the same time the French Ambassador writes to M. Villeroy that having desired audience of the Queen, “She desired to be excused for some days on account of the death of the Countess of Nottingham for which she had wept extremely and shown an uncommon concern.” Thus to the end is shown what command the Queen had over herself, though, of course, she was entirely surrounded by the Cecil and Raleigh clique, and nothing repugnant to their interests was likely to be repeated to the world.

So her very declaration of James as her successor was only found in Cecil’s interpretation of what she really intended, and probably in death as in life she never changed in her unalterable resolution to nominate no one. However, it is probable other cypher writing deals with this fact, when this and other mysteries will be cleared up.
CHAPTER XX.

. REQUIESCAT

IN

PACE.

And here our particular story ends. There is peace after the storm, but much the peace when desolation reigns where a city once had been. With the death of the Queen and the advent of James, Francis' hopes of the succession were ended. Whatever else Essex had done, he had shattered this day-dream. The people execrated the Queen for the death of Essex, and it had wrung her heart when they ceased to cheer her as before; and Francis went in danger of his life, for the people knew he had entrée to her Majesty and credited him with being adviser and chief mover against the Earl. And had it been otherwise, he was far too broken-hearted to venture an appeal to the God of War. Nor was he a martial man,—had he been this also, then, indeed, he had been more than mortal. No doubt there are repinings over his throne taken from him, but repinings quite as much at lost opportunities for doing good as at lost self-aggrandisement. (41) "Ended," he writes, "is now my great desire to sit in British throne. Larger work doth invite my hand than majesty doth offer. To
wield the pen doth require a greater mind than to sway the royal sceptre. Aye, I cry to the Heavenly Aid ruling over all ever to keep my soul thus humbled and content.” And so, self-reproachful, he remains to the end. And yet there was his side, and a very decided one. Essex was not simply asserting himself against the Queen, but trampling under foot his rights as well. And no one realized this better than he did, but still he reminds himself of it only to dismiss it, as he writes: (211) “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. But one thing, more even than pleasing and happy variation of this one theme crowds on my brain. O heavenly day! illume this night of earth, for I am lost in the many turns of this wide waste of desert. Let light divine shine as in Moses his weary way, when he was guided through the sea across wilds untracked to lands the people were after trial given to possess in peace, and lead me to my rest.

“The pain the memory of my part in the trial gives, 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 others’ good.
The labour of hands and head shall better raise my monument up to men’s sight than marble fair, choice ebony or brass.” Still no resentment, only pain for what he had done and a fear of the future, now so lonesome and void, and only to be redeemed by work for others’ good. And that this was no mere profession, no mere lip service on his part, we have abundant evidence—nay, more than evidence, the very thing itself—in his works and writings, which have so benefited mankind. And shall it ever be said of him who raised humanity one step nearer God, that he himself had never looked upon the face of the Almighty? Reason repels such thought, experience scorns it, and the Scriptures themselves tell us that men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.

And yet one trouble begets another. Anthony had always been as a devoted brother to both Essex and Francis. It is strange that his intimacy never extended to the Queen, for in one of his letters he writes, “though I am so unfortunate as to be a stranger to her Majesty’s eye,”(a) yet he was intimately mixed up with the works and fortunes of both the brothers. He was not physically very strong, and the death of Essex proved too much for him, and he died the same year. And as if Fortune had not enough shafts in her quiver with which to pierce him, yet again his dear foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon, who had been ill in the spring of 1600, became unbalanced in her mind about the same time, and probably from

(a) Montague, Note 4(e).
much the same cause. And her sad state lasted practically until her death in 1610, and during the whole time she was lovingly and tenderly nursed and cared for by her more than son Francis. Thus he repaid her devotion in his early years by faithful watching and more than woman's sympathy in the closing scenes of her life.

So no doubt the ill thoughts of those who condemned him for the part he had taken against Essex—not that by one word he had aggravated his position—pained him the more that he could never truly state his real defence. And so it is from those years onward he lives in the future when the truth shall be made known. "Remorse," he tells us (104), "doth make my grief so bitter for my very life did hang on that thread, and by the truth my brother was attain'd, yet fain would I now choose"—and he is now an old man of sixty-two—"an hundred shameful deaths than aid to send a brother into eternity, In this shall be made clear in my own history my rightful and true justification before the world. Far off the day may be, yet in time here or hereafter it shall be understood. Though sorrow is my constant companion now, joy shall come on that morning. Having these hopes then, though many a sorrow smite me my heart faileth not. . . . Oh God, Father of all that dwell above or below, give blessed light from thy throne on high. Shed clear radiance from thy own glory across the black night. No weary work can close my heart against a heavenly guest. Lift thou me up in thy
gentle love, and make thy countenance to shine upon me as of old."

And so he presses on with his work. He enters the service of King James, and never varies in his unswerving loyalty to him. Sometimes he reproaches himself with having given away his throne too easily, but if it were so (131) 'twas through wisdom gained in part from the lesson he thus early acquired; 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 honours. It hath been ere this very well said: A soldier's name doth live but an age, a scholar's unto eternity." Furthermore, being late in asserting his claim—(109) "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. Love hath the good of the dear object most at heart, and with our true love of our kingdom on the one hand, there was the ability to rule wisely and to edify and build up the broken walls on the other: also as hath been mentioned before, a firm persuasion in our mind, THAT THE POWER OF A SOVEREIGN DOETH 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 sovereign is, or as the prince is even so are the people.

And from time to time he thinks it may yet be intended that he shall enter into his kingdom, but (213) "old men have been laid in the tomb, and children have become men, yet this matter is in its feeble condition. 'Tis still in the cradle, nor can I have great hope to see the maturity of this dearly loved long-cherished dream, promise,—I might use a still stronger or truer word since it is sometimes—expectation. Then, too, sometimes the prize doth seem quite near—the bow in all the clouds doth give me most trust in the Divine eye watching the course of human life, guarding, guiding every footstep, and sharing our many woes." But it is not to be, "yet in the work of my hands" (190), he tells us "I am heir apparent to a much loftier seat, a sceptre of power that must even extend to posterity. Nor time nor death can take my second kingdom from me." And over the gulf of ages he sees light breaking. (108) "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 sombre herald; yet our wish is not as might afford our own life pleasure till it our work be complete." . . . (100) "I am in good hope even yet I may see this work completed in my mortal life, yet voices sound to the ear making the prophecy, many times repeated here as
you probably know, of a long future, and of a land that is very far off. But for the hope of a future how could we bear the heat and 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.’’

And so with confidence he waits the appointed time. He has sinned against his brother, he has lost his crown and he has been misunderstood, but God he knows will make all right in the end. (82) “I have lost therein a present fame that I may out of any doubt recover it in our own and other lands after many a long year. 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 as is meet 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.’’

Not far from London, some twenty miles by rail, is the pleasing village of St. Alban’s. And there we see the little country church, relic of old times. And it is with awe and reverence we enter it, for there in his unpretentious grave, with simple monument erected by his friend, rests he who is the subject of our pen. And there he sleeps his last sleep, and he is lying side by side with her whom he revered, honoured and loved before all women, her to whom in his last will he gave the most sacred of all titles, that of mother.
CONCLUSION.

And such my story, story of a man of infinite greatness, and of infinite sadness; and yet not my story, nor that of a well-loved American lady, but his story reaching us after many years. And you, my reader, have concluded it, and you have no doubt as to whose voice you hear. Another Thomas—and how much do we poor doubters owe a Thomas!—another Thomas may demand the print of the nail, the mark in his side, but we in the presence of the master know him because he is himself. We are with him; a few more or less corroborative details do not affect us, listening to his sweet tongue, and only asking to listen. And his voice has a strange enchantment for us, as it is to us that he directs his words. Yes, it is to us that he tells his hopes and fears, his disappointments and his longings. To those of his own day he only showed a fair carriage and brave face,—to us the breaking heart within. True it is he was much loved, much courted by his contemporaries, but the safe haven from storm and stress and battle was denied him, the dear home with loved ones to welcome, and with happy talk bid brooding care begone. He had no fond ones to love and to cherish, the few on whom he had lavished the affection of his great heart had been called home and left him desolate, or harder still,
had proved unworthy. Lady Anne, Anthony, Essex were no more, and Marguerite, with tale so dismal, so poor, so sorry, and she who had banished Marguerite to the realms of memory only, and Buckingham, bright lad, loved more than son, all wanting, sadly wanting in the end. It is in a dumb animal he seems to have best found a perfect sympathy, and we see him in one of his rare flashes of anger, when a man is rough to a beast for which he has an affection: "Every gentle man doth love a dog," he saith with such biting indignation that it has been remembered to our own time.

And it is with us he communes. Many a dreamer has lived in an Utopia more real than his actual surroundings, but never has it been given to dreamer to see visions and at the same time to sow the good seed which, in the fulness of time, in a plentiful harvest of golden grain to be garnered in, is to make that Utopia a reality. Years have passed, generations have come and gone, but it is with us he is in spirit. His thoughts are our thoughts, and his works are the best and most up-to-date works of our time. We add to them as he would have added; we press onward as he would have us press onward; we do not change. And he has been dead near three hundred years! We can scarcely conceive his incomparable greatness. Can we imagine one of our time who, in the year 2214, will still be as a household word? In divers times God has spoken by his prophets: and that they are his prophets is that their message is as fresh to-day as
the day when uttered: Burning truths can never age; they know neither time nor decay.

And yet precious as are his works, even more precious is his example. Great as are his writings, if they were one and all blotted out from this hour and we would but master the lesson of his life, we should be richer in God's grace than ever in memory of man. And why should we only enter into one-half of our inheritance? why in the beauty of the gift must we be blinded to the greatness of the giver? Is it that we can never forgive his cynicism; a cynicism that would see human nature as it is and not as we could wish it to be? The great surgeon cuts and carves the quivering flesh like a mason chiselling a block of stone. But would he be great did he otherwise? would he be reliable? would he be of any service whatever? So he that would help humanity must know humanity as it is. And because he did know humanity and all its limitations and possibilities, and because with all its failings he still loved humanity, though he never allowed his love to dim the clearness of his vision, therefore it is that in our own generation humanity is so immensely indebted to his labours. And he would have us even yet more indebted if we would but realize that his method of attaining excellence is the true and only method. The greatest of his works—the embodiment of his teaching in his marvellous verse—did not drop perfect like manna from heaven, but, even commonplace in some of its earlier stages, only attained its matchless beauty
step by step, and through unending toil. Our rising genius of to-day is afraid lest he spoil his originality by research. Let him turn to the most original mind of the ages and he will find that he never feared to drink deep of every fount of learning, and was content with nothing less than all knowledge for his province. We have known musician, artist, poet and many another fail of their high destiny from this poor, simple reason—fear to contaminate their inspiration with the teaching of others. But if they will only learn this lesson from his life, if they will only learn that the true alchemy which alone turns all to gold is work, research and study, they will rise to heights they never thought to attain; their fellow man will proportionately benefit, and this story will not have been wholly in vain.

I will conclude with an expression of simple thanks to the lady who deserves so well at our hands for having shown us our greatest countryman in a new and more perfect light.
APPENDIX A.

THE MACHINERY OF THE CYPHER. (p. 37)

The machinery of the cypher here referred to will be found described by Bacon in his Advancement of Learning, Book VI., Chap. I., p. 221 of Bohn’s Edition. It was first described in his 1623 Edition of this work, and more precisely still in the 1624 Paris Edition, which gives a very full account of it. Here he says, “to prevent all suspicion we shall annex a cypher of our own that we devised at Paris in our youth, and which has the highest perfection of a cypher, that of signifying anything by everything, provided only the matter included be five times less than that which includes it.” By a transposition of two letters, signs, or other signals through five places, thirty-two different arrangements can be made, but for an alphabet only twenty-four are required. He then gives the following biliteral alphabet formed by ringing the changes on a’s and b’s:—

A. aaaaa  G. aabba  N. abbaa  T. baaba  
B. aaabab  H. aabbb  O. abbab  U. baabb  
C. aaaba  I. abaaa  P. abbbba  W. babaa  
D. aaabb  K. abaab  Q. abbbba  X. babab  
E. aabaa  L. ababa  R. baana  Y. babba  
F. aabab  M. ababb  S. baabab  Z. babbb

This alphabet is the basis of the Morse telegraph code where dots and dashes are used, and of light, flag, and other forms of signalling where two movements are used. Bacon used for his purpose two fonts of italic letters, one font representing a’s, and the other font representing b’s. Whilst it is extremely difficult to allocate the different italics to their respective fonts, the difference in the italics used is obvious to most superficial observation.
Thus, for example, the writer recently witnessed flag-signalling being practised by a squad of soldiers in the filled up fosse of the Tower of London. That different motions were used was obvious; to follow them was bewildering in the extreme.

The story of the cypher is what Mrs. Gallup with infinite labour and pains has found in the two fonts of italic letters used in all the works published by Bacon. As he says, he commenced it in his youth, and it is found in writings associated with him as early as 1579, when he was but eighteen, and it is used by him continuously until the end of his career. The number of works in which it is found is very numerous; in fact, successive editions of the same book seem to have been published apparently for no other reason than to afford a medium for additional cypher matter. A small work was twice reprinted in the same year without any alterations save in the italic letters used. The main story told is that he was the son of Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, and that the Earl of Essex was his younger brother. From the number of books in which the story has had to be distributed, it is very disjointed, and much of it is repeated with wearisome iteration, and the frequent addresses to his decipherer-to-be we feel could have been well dispensed with. The central fact that he is the son of Elizabeth is told in nearly every particular work, which means it is repeated some fifty times or more. He gives his reason. He was not certain in which book his cypher would be first discovered, and he wished to at once strike the attention. In this he forecasted correctly, for the first work in which his story was deciphered was dated 1623, the earliest books being far more rare and only discovered considerably later.

We have incidentally referred to the style of the cypher. Spedding refers to his known style being at times involved owing to the parenthetical sentences he uses, due to a superabundance of matter, and certainly in his earlier cypher this fault is much exaggerated. At times it has been a great temptation to "edit" his writing to make it clearer, but it has been a temptation that has had to be resisted other than to modernize the spelling. As it stands it is the man himself in every word, and it is the man himself we want to see. At times the matter is unequal and the
style faulty, and both show how much his formal works owe to revising and diligent polishing. His *Novum Organum* he wrote out twelve times, which may be some consolation to us plodding dunces who can imitate him in industry, if in nothing else. His cypher was gold hot from the mint, and as such it has its own fascination. Who would exchange Dr. Johnson's dashed off description of scenes in his letters for the same formulated in his rounded and polished sentences? So the cypher as it is, who would have it otherwise? Speaking from memory, I think it is Bacon himself that tells us that the true charm of letter writing is where one sentence suggests the next, and where there is no labouring or touching up of the narrative. This certainly seems to have been his method in this cypher. He seems to have simply poured into it his thoughts without premeditation, order, or arrangement, and just as an artist's sketches have often a vigour and truth wanting in the finished picture, so these rough notes have a realism wanting even in the matchless work of Spedding itself.
APPENDIX B.

MARRIAGES IN THE FLEET. (p. 15)

It was not until 1754 that clandestine marriages were put an end to by law. By Lord Hardwicke's Act it was then made felony to solemnize marriages except in church or chapel or without banns or license. Other marriages were declared to be null and void.

Nor was the Act passed a day before it was wanted. Fleet marriages, in the Mint, Mayfair and Savoy, were as scandalous as they were numerous and profitable. Business was eagerly sought by the reverend gentlemen who performed the ceremonies. Their advertisements were common: "Marriage with a license, certificate and Crown stamp at a guinea, at the new Chapel next door to the China shop near Fleet bridge by a regular bred clergyman." Another is "ready to wait on any person in town or country"; whilst another "carries on business at his own lodging," where the clock is always kept at canonical hours.

Others were employed by keepers of marriage houses, usually tavern-house keepers as well, with whom they divided the fee. In this case the landlord further earned his share by acting as clerk. For a small extra fee the entry could be copied into the regular register of the house, or kept out if secrecy were to be maintained. Such was the marriage of the Duke of Hamilton to the youngest of those goddesses the Gunnings, whom he espoused with a ring from a bed curtain. And still more reprehensible practices were engaged in where objecting parties were entrapped and married against their will. So acute parish officers got rid of expensive female paupers by marrying them to men in other districts, and thus securing them a new domicile.
APPENDIX C.

IN COURTLY PHRASE. (p. 64)

The folio plays seem to have been written with the one idea of making the critics, especially the smaller fry (names were invidious), supremely ridiculous. Burning their fingers with preposterous adulation of an absurd and ludicrous forgery—an Ireland masterpiece or a Droeshout painting—original, save the mark!—they vow never again! forgetting that after all a critic cannot escape thinking for himself however much he may try. So here one question for them. Where did the Stratford rustic get the beautiful, polished, courtly language in which he wrote his "Venus and Adonis," "first heir of my invention"? Where did he acquire, unless to the manner born, that pellucid purity of expression that almost rivals the immortal muse of Andrew Lang, who so exquisitely writes:

"Many a thing divinely done
By Chippendale and Sheraton."

Yes, where? The question is nearly as puzzling as the immortal poser, which was the first, the owl or the egg? If the owl, from what egg? If the egg, by what owl? Did their hero get into society—because he held nags so nicely—and there pick up his polish; or did he acquire his polish on the sterquinarium, *alias* midden heap, his father was fined for keeping on the highway of his peasant village home, and so get into society? But his verses are polished. Hence the inquiry, which was first, his polish or his entrée? If the polish, how did he get it without being in society? If his entrée, for what was he initiated? Quite an interesting perplexity. But the orthodox having created a new heaven and a new earth, and an island never existent to fit him in, need never stick at a trifle like this. The answer is as suggested by the text. He was a miracle, and if faith is needed for its acceptance—well, they have oceans of it.
APPENDIX D. (p. 96)

THE USE OF TORTURE UNDER THE TUDORS AND STUARTS.

In the famous essay on Bacon by Macaulay, we see this great writer at his very best and very worst. Interesting, animated, full of life and vigour, but with a woeful disregard of facts, it is less than worthless as a biography, it is misleading. The Bacon as there portrayed never existed; he is no more a real personage than a Squeers of Dotheboys Hall, or a Danglars of Dumas. He is not even a type. He is an inconsistency. Nothing could be a more critical or a more brilliant description of his immortal works; nothing could be a more eloquent tribute to what he has done for humanity; and yet nothing is so impossible as the man he has drawn. The result is just as grotesque as were a goal-bird to try and defame Howard as a self-seeker or a dying soldier to decry Florence Nightingale as eaten up with selfishness.

The one end of Bacon’s works was the good of mankind. This is a fact never controverted and never in dispute. But because no man ever more cynically sets out the means by which such end is most likely to be attained, careless observers are inclined to see him far otherwise than he really was. Above all men he was intensely practical. He was not a vapid preacher of platform platitudes like so many a so-called reformer of to-day, who would sooner spoil a cause than spoil a speech, but he knew how necessary it was to avoid friction if progress was to be made, and to adapt means to ends.

Reforms were to be insinuated, suggested, led up to; men were to be influenced, drawn, magnetized, never driven, and if he sometimes has a contemptuous view of how his fellows are to be attracted, it would seem the fault is rather with them than with himself. He knew humanity, its foibles and weaknesses, as well as its virtues, and he acted accordingly. As regards one or two instances in his life personal considerations, no doubt, did weigh
with him. We could wish that for once he would have told Cecil what he really thought of him. It would have soothed his feelings and been a satisfaction to our own. But it would infallibly have been followed by a coroner's inquest within a week had he done so. For years he only lived on sufferance, and the hand that destroyed Essex could as easily have found means to destroy him as well.

To a certain extent some of the strictures of Macaulay are excusable, as he wrote in ignorance of the central fact that Bacon was the son of Elizabeth, and for years after her death had to walk with the greatest circumspection to be allowed to live at all. He realized the position. He had either to make a bid for the crown and win or lose all on the venture, life included, or satisfy James and Cecil that they need have no fear on his account. Thus without the key some of his letters are difficult to understand; in fact, without the key it is difficult to understand how Bacon could have been of sufficient importance to have written them at all. As a mere barrister with no practice, no wealth, no family, no standing, generally unpopular for the part he had taken in the trial of Essex, really what particular interest had he in the King or the King in him? Thus we pass by the comments of Macaulay in this part of his essay. When, however, we come to the lurid picture he draws of the part taken by Bacon in the examination of Peacham, we find it more difficult to excuse him. Nor do we here so much blame him for his strictures as for his absolute indifference to the actual facts on which they are based.

According to him, Peacham was a poor old clergyman of over sixty, who was persecuted for holding treasonable views, but which, however, had been found only in a sermon that had been seized in his study, and which had never been delivered and was never intended to be delivered: Such evidence was insufficient to secure a conviction which the King was very anxious to obtain: Bacon, the ever ready instrument of tyranny to curry favour with him, undertook to pervert the law by tampering with the judges and to pervert the fact by putting the unfortunate creature to the rack, so that amidst his yells in torment he might extract a confession on which he could
be tried and executed: That torture was illegal, and that he knew it was illegal, was of no moment so long as the King was pleased and he secured advancement. Then there follows a panegyric on Coke, who nobly condemns such practice as contrary to the law. Campbell, who is rarely guilty of original research, and adopts Macaulay with all the fidelity of an admiring junior following a leader, rather spoils the picture of Coke by telling us of his little visits to the Tower, and the volumes of depositions there taken by him to which we have referred in the text. As a matter of fact, Coke was present at more victims put to the question than probably any other ten lawyers of his time taken together, and yet when he said torture was illegal, he was perfectly honest and perfectly correct, nor did he condemn himself for what he had done. It was illegal at Common Law; more, it was unknown at Common Law, and when two warrants were addressed to Common Law judges directing it to be inflicted, they were returned unexecuted. They had no jurisdiction.

The fact was, the infliction of torture was outside the law altogether. To order it was a prerogative of the Crown, and we have already seen how enormous this prerogative was. It extended to the property, liberty and life of every individual, and included the power to put to torture as well. Under Elizabeth the prerogative reached its high-water mark—"the Queen willed it," being sufficient answer to any caviller. Not so with her successors. Their prerogative was more and more challenged, and its exercise more and more resented. And thus it was in the case of Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, that Charles was anxious to have him tortured under a Common Law process as he did not wish to resort to his prerogative, but the judges declaring it illegal at law, and he not being prepared to act on his own motion, Felton had to escape.

(a) So of its extent we still have evidence to-day in the unlimited right of the King—true not to punish, but to remit any punishment inflicted by a Court of law for any and every offence whatsoever.
As an act of prerogative, torture had not always been known in England. The rack, known as the Duke of Exeter's daughter, was first introduced by that nobleman in the year 1447, in the reign of Henry VI. From his day it was pretty continuously used, and certainly was not allowed to rest in the time of Elizabeth. Probably her reign was a record one in this respect. An incomplete register shows fifty-five several letters or warrants in the Council book from the 5th November, 1551, to the 21st May, 1640, the majority of these being when she was in power, with, in addition, the whole batches of examinations that Coke was so busy conducting. Its use with steadily diminishing frequency continued through the reigns of James and Charles; did not wholly die out in the Commonwealth, and even so late as William and Mary is supposed to have been once resorted to. At first it had been used to punish and break up gangs of more or less common criminals, but gradually the theory and practice evolved was that it and torture generally were only to be used when the King's person or his Crown were immediately involved, and when, to use the phrase then current, there was "vehement" reason for believing the prisoner to be in fact guilty of the crime which he was to be compelled to confess; or else that he knew of accomplices against whom he would not give evidence. Further, as we have seen, its infliction was always on motion of the King himself or of his Privy Council acting in his name.

We see that all these formalities, Crown involved, presumption of guilt and initiation of proceedings by the Council, were strictly regarded in the case of Peacham, and the following is a copy of the actual warrant under which he was examined:

18th January, 1614-5.

COUNCIL BOOK.

A letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, Kt., His Majesty's Secretary of State, Sir Julius Caesar, Kt., Master of the Rolls, of His Majesty's Privy Council, Sir Gervasus Helwi, Kt., Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Francis Bacon, His Majesty's Attorney-General, Sir Henry Montagu, Kt., His Majesty's Serjeant at Law, Sir Hy. Yelverton, Kt., Solicitor-General, Sir Randall Crewe, Kt., His Majesty's Serjeant at Law, and Francis Cottington, Esq., Clerk of His Majesty's Privy Council, and to every of them. WHEREAS Edmund Peacham, prisoner, is charged with writing a treasonable book and refuses to declare the truth, and for
as much as the same doth concern His Majesty's sacred person and government, therefore this is to require you and every one of you to repair to the Tower to examine, and if perverse and not otherwise willing to tell the truth to put him in the manacles. For which this shall be your sufficient warrant.

It was under this warrant that Peacham was proceeded against, and on the true facts being known every one will say with very good cause. So far from being an innocent poor old clergyman he was a very wicked old man. He was Rector of Hinton, within the diocese of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. For some reason or other he fell foul of him and libelled him so scandalously that the Bishop appealed for protection to the Archbishop of Canterbury. After a most admirable and impartial hearing he was on December 19th, 1614, found guilty and deprived of his living. During the course of the proceedings a number of leaves forming a book—not sermon, as misstated by Macaulay—in which were most scurrilous attacks on the Crown, was impounded and brought to the notice of the Privy Council. In it, amongst other propositions, was maintained that if the King were excommunicated and deprived by the Pope, it was lawful for anyone to kill him. Then without any justification whatever, as a piece of gratuitous malice, he implicated Sir John Sydenham and several of his neighbours to whom he bore a grudge by saying that they had either seen or helped him in the writing. On this statement the Council fearing another conspiracy like that of Guy Fawkes, then only a few years old, had them arrested and brought to London. They solemnly protested their innocence, and fortunately for themselves in the end established it, but not before the Council determined to get to the bottom of the matter and had issued the warrant for the examination of Peacham. He should either acquit or convict them, that was their firm resolve. If he would not declare the truth he was to be put in the manacles—not put to the rack as misstated by Macaulay; a misstatement by no means of no importance, as the rack, by simply dislocating non-vital joints, caused more acute and prolonged agony than any other form of torment ever invented, whilst in this case the manacles even failed to compel a response.

(6) Story of Lord Bacon, by Hepworth Dixon.
Appendix D.

And what was the part of Bacon in the matter? Simply that of examiner. It was the Privy Council and the King who initiated proceedings; it was the Privy Council and the King who had him put in the manacles, and his part alone was to take down the man’s replies.

But at the same time Bacon, probably in common with every other member of the Privy Council, was keenly determined that innocent people should no longer be kept in prison on the mere accusation of such a man. Therefore he writes to the King: “Submitting myself to your Majesty’s high wisdom, I think myself bound in conscience to put your Majesty in remembrance whether Sir John Sydenham shall be detained upon this man’s impeaching in whom there is no truth.”

In the end Peacham was tried for treason—a trial in which Bacon took no part—was found guilty and sentenced to death. However, execution was stayed, and the King and Council were satisfied that he should be kept in prison, where he died in March, 1616.

And so much for this incident. As always, Bacon only needs the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to be made plain to be seen, not as perfect, one does not say that, but as inestimable in his moral attributes as he was great in his mental powers and attainments.
The following are two pretty extracts from the Sylva Sylvarum:—Century II. 113. "There be in Music certain Figures or Tropes almost agreeing with the Figures of Rhetoric and with the Affections of the Mind and other Senses. First, the Division and Quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light; as the Moon beams playing upon a wave. Again, the falling from a Discord to a Concord, which maketh great sweetness in music, hath an agreement with the affections, which are reintegrated to the better, after some dislikes; it agreeeth also with the taste, which is soon glutted with that which is sweet alone. The sliding from the Close or Cadence hath an agreement with the figures in Rhetoric which they call Prater Expectatium; for there is a pleasure even in being deceived. The Reports and Fuges have an agreement with the figures in Rhetoric of Repetition and Traduction. The Tripla's and Changing of times have an agreement with the changes of motion; as where Galliard time and Measure time are in the medley of one dance.”

Century III. 225. "The sweetest and best harmony is, when every part or instrument is not heard by itself, but a conflation of them all, which requireth to stand some distance off. Even as it is in the mixture of perfumes, or the taking of the smells of several flowers in the air.”

In these extracts we have another aspect of the poetical temperament, the quick appreciation of analogies. That Shelley should have found in Bacon so kindred a spirit would have been a little remarkable had he been the mere dry-as-dust philosopher he was once thought to have been. Thus Shelley wrote, long before anyone thought of attri-
buting the folio plays to him:—"Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. . . . Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods, which hurry the persuasion onward on a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than of a man. Lord Bacon is, perhaps, the only writer who in these particulars can be compared to him." (page 53)

Designs on binding. These, as well as the motto and the sceptre on the back, are from the frontispiece to the first edition of Bacon's Henry VII., published in 1622. The French heraldic lily is the paper-mark from the Oxford edition of 1640 of the Advancement of Learning, and the letters F. E., a signature used at times by Francis in the cypher, are somewhat significant. Equally so, the tailpieces, pages vi, xii and 192, taken from his life by Rawley, and which assign to him the Crown, Tudor Rose, and other insignia of royalty. These I accidentally happened on when hunting for ornaments to complete the cover. The top ornament is the ordinary Henry VII. grille, which my brother added when working out my crude ideas. During the preceding pages I have abstained from things polemical, chiefly that they are so wretchedly dull, but now I shall no doubt be told that these accidentalas are but coincidences. It may be so, but so many such accidentalas have occurred during the course of my writing—but witness the series of remarkable events clustered round the wonderful date January 22nd, 1560-1, and so marvellously fitting in with the De Quadra correspondence buried for three hundred years—that what was commenced with a somewhat flippant idea of telling a mere story has in the end developed into a very serious unfolding of authentic history. And that this is so seems the more certain from the very poverty of the criticism of the present sceptical school. The misfortune is that the story of the cypher also largely involves the authorship of the folio plays. It is only an incident, but a most unfortunate one. The "orthodox" have assumed such an air of infallibility, have
been so foolishly virulent and intemperate in their abuse of their Baconian brothers—for whom they have kindly provided Colney Hatch and other suitable places of abode—that they have left themselves no way of graceful withdrawal from an untenable position. Hence the cypher story has met with the most rancorous attacks, and the more rancorous that it has been so little read. "It involves Bacon being author of the folio plays. Bacon never wrote such plays. A book therefore that does involve Bacon having written them is an obvious forgery, and as such is unworthy of perusal." Such the syllogistic argument by which Mrs. Gallup's masterly work has been almost universally thrown on one side. Had it established—as it might well have done had the facts been otherwise—that Shakespeare was the author of the plays; that he was the intimate friend of Bacon; had it given incidents of his life and snatches of his talk, there is not a doubt it would now be on the shelves of every library, public or private, in England and America, and every history of those times would have been re-written in the light of its statements. But as it attributes the folio authorship to Bacon, therefore it is wholly unbelievable. No doubt there are few now who regard the forgery theory as tenable—a forger seeking money and fame would obviously have adopted the creed in popular vogue, and would have dished up fare the orthodox would have revelled in—but the very statements it contains, though in fact made by Bacon himself, are yet no more to be accepted on that account. He was a self-seeker; a false friend; a corrupt judge and a cruel torturer of an old clergyman, as well as sycophant; base, mean, and the embodiment of every small and contemptible petty vice. So, as a climax, he was a liar, and in his cypher writings would have filched from his brother countryman the glory of the plays. The most capable advocate of such "orthodox" alternative theory is Mr. Albert E. Calvert, in his "Bacon and Shakespeare." Naturally I disagree with him in every particular; but at the same time I would speak of him with all respect as at least he has fairly perused the cypher story which he criticises, whilst most of its more blatant abusers have rarely read a line.
And this is his résumé of the whole matter:—

"All Bacon's confessions, if true, prove him to have been a bastard, but this logical and inevitable conclusion he repeatedly denies. He claims his mother's name; and for his father a nobleman whose wife was living at the time of his bigamous marriage with Elizabeth. If the marriage was valid, why were Leicester and the Queen re-married at the house of Lord P., and in what year did the second ceremony take place? But although anti-Baconians maintain that Bacon was not a fool, and therefore could not have seriously advanced such claims; that if he had done so, he would have made a more plausible story of his wrongs; that he was not a dunce, and therefore could not have written the 'maudlin and illiterate drivel' attributed to him by Mrs. Gallup, it is still inconceivable that this cypher story is a gigantic fraud. Mr. Andrew Lang, who makes no doubt that Mrs. Gallup has honourably carried out her immense task of deciphering, has arrived at the conclusion that Bacon was obviously mad." And this is Mr. Caldecott's own solution of the problem, for thus he concludes his developed argument: "The absolute proof of the authorship of the Plays is promised—but again, we shall get no more than what Bacon considered constitutes proof. In reality it will form part of a gigantic fraud, committed by one of the cleverest men that ever lived, it will disclose a flaw in 'the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men'; it will prove, up to the hilt, the madness of Francis Bacon."

Thus he ends his volume, and here we principally note the wholly unsympathetic note in his references to Francis. But the fact is, to Mr. Caldecott Francis is never other than Bacon, the Bacon of history, the Bacon we know. But to himself he was no such man. He was not Bacon at all, but the son of the great queen. Perhaps he was a bastard. Then thrice cursed should be the parents, not the poor babe brought into the world unwelcomed and unblessed. And if he raged against his hard, his cruel, his wicked destiny, are we to mock him for his wretchedness? I sympathize with Mr. Caldecott. I know how long it has taken myself to realize the identity, so to say, of Francis,
Appendix E.

but until we do we cannot fully enter into his life, his work, his thoughts, or his utterances. Of course, it may be possible that in claiming to be the son of the queen, Francis was also mad. It may be so, but such hypothesis contrasted with the plain, simple, straightforward tale that we have been able to extract from his own story seems hardly a probable one. However, that is for the reader himself to decide.
Uncrowned; a story of Queen Elizabeth and the early life of Francis "Bacon"