

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LORD BACON

FRANCIS BACON CRYPTICALLY REVEALS HIMSELF AS THE AUTHOR
OF *HAMLET* IN THE FIRST FOURTEEN LINES OF HIS IMMORTAL PLAY



Francis Bacon (after Van Somer)

1.

On 22 January 1621 Lord Chancellor Bacon celebrated his sixtieth birthday with a lavish banquet at York House for which the poet and playwright Ben Jonson wrote an ode entitled 'Lord Bacon's Birthday' in lines 'breathing of nothing but reverence and honour', in which he describes Bacon as his King and about whom, he says, there is some kind of mystery:

Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! And in the midst,

Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst!
 Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
 For whose returns, and many, all these pray:
 And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
 Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
 Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
 Fame, and foundation of the English weal.
 What then his father was, that since is he,
 Now with a title more to the degree;
 England's high Chancellor: the destined heir
 In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
 Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
 Out of the choicest, and their whitest wool.
 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
 For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own
 Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing
 In raising him the wisdom of my king.

[Spedding, *Letters and Life*, VII, p. 166; Lisa Jardine and Alan Stewart, *Hostage to Fortune The Troubled Life of Francis Bacon* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1998), p. 442]

In the last five years of his recorded life Bacon wrote, revised, expanded, translated and published an enormous body of his writings and works in Latin and English. This was carried out in his literary workshop at Gorhambury with the help of his 'good pens', among them the poet George Herbert, and the poet and dramatist Ben Jonson:

The *Latine* Translation of them [Bacon's *Essays*] were a Work performed by divers Hands; by those of Doctor *Hacket* (late Bishop of *Lichfield*) Mr. *Benjamin Johnson* (the learned and judicious Poet) and some others, whose Names I once heard from Dr. *Rawley*; but I cannot now recal them.

[Thomas Tenison, ed. *Baconiana. Or Certain Genuine Remains of Sir Francis Bacon* (London: printed by J. D. for Richard Chiswell, 1679), p. 60]



Ben Jonson

With Ben Jonson now living at Gorhambury, Bacon was busy gathering together from various manuscripts and printed sources all his Shakespeare plays for publication in what is known as the First Folio of the Shakespeare Plays. Eighteen plays had been previously published in quarto editions and another eighteen were to be published for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. Many of the eighteen Shakespeare plays previously printed in quarto editions were variously revised, amended, and expanded by the hand of the incomparable Rosicrucian Grand Master of poetry and drama with Ben Jonson preparing and writing some of the poems prefixed to the First Folio.



Old Gorhambury House

The preliminary page of the Shakespeare First Folio consists of a verse signed by Ben Jonson facing the Droeshout portrait. The same poet and dramatist living with Bacon at Gorhambury, and a member of his Rosicrucian Brotherhood, also provides another long commendatory poem 'To the memory of my beloued, The Avthor Mr. William Shakespeare', whom Ben has known for many years to be nothing more than a pseudonym, or literary mask, for his Rosicrucian Grand Master, Lord Bacon. The learned address '*To the great Variety of Readers*', signed by John Heminge and Henry Condell (both probably semi-illiterate and who certainly did not possess the learning for it), was most likely written by Lord Bacon alone, or with Ben Jonson.

The Shakespeare First Folio incorporating a number of Baconian ciphers is replete with Rosicrucian-Freemasonry imagery and symbols, and is dedicated:

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

At the time of the publication of the First Folio of the Shakespeare Plays its dedicatee William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, was secretly occupying Solomon's Chair in his magnificent capacity as Grand Master of all England:

authorities, and their mouthpieces, the orthodox Shakespeare biographers, editors and commentators. Its concealed author Bacon points out how easily the so-called learned or learned fools, and the rest of the credulous world, are easily deceived with enigmas and illusions. One of them being of his own creation which has misled and beguiled the universities and academia around the globe for centuries down to the present day:

For conclusion of our Confession we must earnestly admonish you, that you cast away, if not all, yet most of the worthless books of pseudo chymists, to whom it is a jest to apply the Most Holy Trinity to vain things, or to deceive men with monstrous symbols and enigmas, or to profit by the curiosity of the credulous; **our age doth produce many such, one of the greatest being a stage-player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition**; such doth the enemy of human welfare mingle among the good seed, thereby to make the truth more difficult to be believed, which in herself is simple and naked, while falshood is proud, haughty, and coloured with a lustre of seeming godly and humane wisdom.

[A. E. Waite, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians founded on their own Manifestos, and on facts and documents collected from the writings of Initiated Brethren* (London: George Redway, 1887), p. 96.]

OUR AGE DOTH PRODUCE MANY SUCH, ONE OF THE GREATEST BEING A STAGE-PLAYER, A MAN WITH SUFFICIENT INGENUITY FOR IMPOSITION

2.

FRANCIS BACON CRYPTICALLY REVEALS HIMSELF AS THE AUTHOR OF HAMLET IN THE FIRST FOURTEEN LINES OF HIS IMMORTAL PLAY



The play *Hamlet* is the most scrutinized play in the history of Western literature and Bacon's secret hidden authorship permeating its historical, intellectual and dramatic narrative is cryptically signalled from the very first lines for anyone with eyes to see. The first line prior to the commencement of the play has the pregnant stage direction '*Enter Barnardo and Francisco two centinels*' followed by Barnardo asking Francisco the profoundly meaningful question in the first line of the play 'Who's there?' (1:1:1). Francisco is the Spanish and Portuguese form of the masculine name Franciscus that corresponds to the English name Francis [he is entered in the baptismal register at St Martin's-in-the Fields as '*Franciscus Bacon*']. The name of the one sentinel Francisco (Francis) alongside the chosen name of the other sentinel Barnardo

**Francis Bacon's De Augmentis Scientiarum 1645
Bacon and His Literary Mask the Actor William Shaksper**

(Barnard/Bernard in English) is doubly significant. The two names placed together as Francis Barnard possess the Christian name of Bacon and initials of Francis Bacon, that read together point to Francis Bacon. The names *Francisco* and *Barnardo* also conceal an anagram of Francis Bacon. So in answer to the profoundly meaningful question 'Who's there', the answer is Francis Bacon, the secret concealed author of *Hamlet*:

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BARNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO Long live the King!

FRANCISCO Barnardo?

BARNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

FRANCISCO I think I hear them.-Stand! Who's there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

MARCELLUS O farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO Barnardo has my place. Give you good night

Exit Francisco.

[*Hamlet*: 1:1:1-14]

HAMLET

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story.

[*Hamlet*: 5:2: 296-301]

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LORD BACON

A PHOENIX



Statue of Francis Bacon at Gray's Inn