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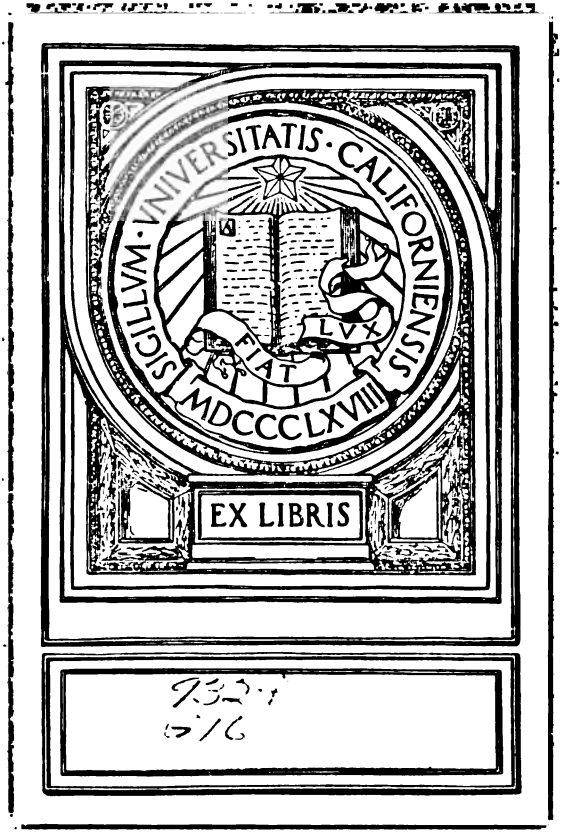
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Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon

I AM in good hope that if the first reading move an objection, the second reading will make an answer.—*Adv. of L.*

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

THE

Bi-literal Cypher

of

Sir Francis Bacon

discovered in his works

AND DECIPHERED BY

MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

THIRD EDITION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.:
HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

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CALIFORNIA

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Colin Clout, 1595.....Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Faerie Queene, 1596.....Dodd, Mead & Co. and Harvard Library.
The Shepherd's Calendar, 1611.....Howard Publishing Co.
The Faerie Queene, 1613.....Howard Publishing Co.

ROBERT GREENE:

A Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620.....Marshall C. Lefferts, New York.

GEORGE PEELE:

David and Bathsabe, 1599.....Boston Public Library.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:

Edward II., 1622.....Howard Publishing Co.

BEN JONSON:

Entertainment, 1616.....Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
King's Coronation, 1616.....Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
A Panegyre, 1616.....Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
The Masques, 1616.....Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
Sejanus, 1616.....Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
Plays, in Folio, 1616. (Perfect copy.).....Marshall C. Lefferts, New York.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

Richard II., 1598.....Boston Public Library.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Roberts Ed., 1600.....Lenox Library, New York.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Fisher Ed., 1600.....Boston Public Library.
Much Ado About Nothing, 1600....Boston Public Library.
Sir John Oldcastle, 1600.....Boston and Lenox Libraries.
Merchant of Venice, J. Roberts Ed., 1600.....Boston Public Library.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

Richard Duke of York (Third Henry VI.), 1600.....Boston Public Library.
A London Prodigal, 1605.....Lenox Library.
King Lear, 1608.....Boston Public Library.
Henry V., 1608.....Boston Public Library.
Pericles, 1609.....Boston Public Library.
Hamlet, 1611.....Boston Public Library.
Titus Andronicus, 1611.....Boston Public Library.
Richard II., 1615.....Boston Public Library.
Merry Wives of Windsor, 1619.....Boston Public Library.
The Whole Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, (Second Henry VI.), 1619.....Boston and Lenox Libraries.
Pericles, 1619.....Boston and Lenox Libraries.
A Yorkshire Tragedy, 1619.....Boston and Lenox Libraries.
Romeo and Juliet, (No date).....Boston Public Library.
Plays in Folio, 1623.....Howard Publishing Co. and Boston and Lenox Libraries.

FRANCIS BACON:

A Declaration of the Treasons of Essex, 1601.....John Dane, M. D., Boston, Mass., and Boston Library.
Advancement of Learning, 1605....Howard Publishing Co.
Novum Organum, 1620.....Howard Publishing Co.
The Parasceve, 1620.....Howard Publishing Co.
History of Henry VII., 1622.....Howard Publishing Co.
Vitae et Mortis, 1623.....John Dane, M. D., Boston, Mass.
De Augmentis Scientiarum, 1624...Mrs. C. M. Pott, London, Eng.
New Atlantis, 1635.....Howard Publishing Co.
Sylva Sylvarum, 1635.....Howard Publishing Co.

ROBERT BURTON:

The Anatomy of Melancholy, 1628..Howard Publishing Co.

PART I.

The human understanding, when it has once adopted an opinion (either as being the received opinion, or as being agreeable to itself), draws all things else to support and agree with it. And though there be a greater number and weight of instances to be found on the other side, yet these he neglects and despises, or else by some distinction sets aside and rejects, in order that by this great and pernicious predetermination the authority of its former conclusions may be inviolate.

NOVUM ORGANUM.

For as Soloman saith: He that cometh to seek after knowledge, with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humor, but no matter for his instruction.

ADV. OF LEARNING.

We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there have been passed a due examination.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In which sort of things it is the manner of men, first to wonder that such thing should be possible, and after it is found out, to wonder again how the world should miss it so long.

VALERIUS TERMINUS.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PERSONAL.

TO THE READER:

The discovery of the existence of the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon, found embodied in his works, and the deciphering of what it tells, has been a work arduous, exhausting and prolonged. It is not ended, but the results of the work so far brought forth, are submitted for study and discussion, and open a new and large field of investigation and research, which cannot fail to interest all students of the earlier literature that has come down to us as a mirror of the past, and in many respects has been adopted as models for the present.

Seeking for things hidden, the mysterious, elusive and unexpected, has a fascination for many minds, as it has for my own, and this often prompts to greater effort than more manifest and material things would command. To this may be attributed, perhaps, the triumph over difficulties which have seemed to me, at times, insurmountable, the solution of problems, and the following of ways tortuous and obscure, which have been necessary to bring out, as they appear in the following pages, the hidden messages which Francis Bacon so securely buried in his writings, that three hundred years of reading and close study have not until now uncovered them.

This Bi-literal Cipher is found in the Italic letters that appear in such unusual and unexplained prodigality in the original editions of Bacon's works. Students of these old editions have been impressed with the extraordinary number of words and passages, often non-important, printed in Italics, where no known rule of construction would require their use. There has been no reasonable explanation of this until now it is found that they were so used for the

purposes of this Cipher. These letters are seen to be in two forms—two fonts of type—with marked differences. In the Capitals these are easily discerned, but the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them.

How I found the Cipher, its difficulties, methods of working, and outline of what the several books contain, will more fully appear in the explanatory introduction.

In assisting Dr. Owen in the preparation of the later books of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," recently published, and in the study of the great Word-Cipher discovered by him, in which is incorporated Bacon's more extensive, more complete and important writings, I became convinced that the very full explanation found in De Augmentis, of the bi-literal method of cipher-writing, was something more than a mere treatise on the subject. I applied the rules given to the peculiarly Italicised words and "letters in two forms," as they appear in the photographic Fac-simile of the original 1623, Folio edition, of the Shakespeare Plays. The disclosures, as they appear in this volume, were as great a surprise to me, as they will be to my readers. Original editions of Bacon's known works were then procured, as well as those of other authors named in these, and claimed by Bacon as his own. The story deciphered from these will also appear under the several headings.

From the disclosures found in all these, it is evident that Bacon expected this Bi-literal Cipher would be the first to be discovered, and that it would lead to the discovery of his principal, or Word-Cipher, which it fully explains, and to which is intrusted the larger subjects he desired to have preserved. This order has been reversed, in fact, and the earlier discovery of the Word-Cipher, by Dr. Owen, becomes a more remarkable achievement, being entirely

evolved without the aids which Bacon had prepared in this, for its elucidation.

The proofs are overwhelming and irresistible that Bacon was the author of the delightful lines attributed to Spenser,—the fantastic conceits of Peele and Greene,—the historical romances of Marlowe,—the immortal plays and poems put forth in Shakespeare's name, as well as the Anatomy of Melancholy of Burton.

The removal of these masques, behind which Bacon concealed himself, may change the names of some of our idols. It is, however, the matter and not the name that appeals to our intelligence.

The plays of Shakespeare lose nothing of their dramatic power or wondrous beauty, nor deserve the less admiration of the scholar and critic, because inconsistencies are removed in the knowledge that they came from the brain of the greatest student and writer of that age, and were not a "flash of genius" descended upon one of peasant birth, less noble history, and of no preparatory literary attainments.

The Shepherds' Calendar is not less sweetly poetical, because Francis Bacon appropriated the name of Spenser, several years after his death, under which to put forth the musical measures, that had, up to that time, only appeared as the production of some Muse without a name; nor will Faerie Queene lose ought of its rythmic beauty or romantic interest from change of name upon the title page.

The supposed writings of Peele, Greene and Marlowe are not the less worthy, because really written by one greater than either.

The remarkable similarity in the dramatic writings attributed to Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare has attracted much attention, and the biographers of each have claimed that both style and subject-matter have been imitated, if not appropriated, by the others. The practical explanation lies in the fact that one hand wrote them all.

I fully appreciate what it means to bring forth new truth from unexpected and unknown fields, if not in accord with accepted theories and long held beliefs. "For what a man had rather were true, he more readily believes,"—is one of Bacon's truisms that finds many illustrations.

I appreciate what it means to ask strong minds to change long standing literary convictions, and of such I venture to ask the withholding of judgment until study shall have made the new matter familiar, with the assurance meanwhile, upon my part, of the absolute veracity of the work which is here presented. Any one possessing the original books, who has sufficient patience and a keen eye for form, can work out and verify the Cipher from the illustrations given. Nothing is left to choice, chance, or the imagination. The statements which are disclosed are such as could not be foreseen, nor imagined, nor created, nor can there be found reasonable excuse for the hidden writings, except for the purposes narrated, which could only exist concerning, and be described by, Francis Bacon.

I would beg that the readers of this book will bring to the consideration of the work minds free from prejudice, judging of it with the same intelligence and impartiality they would themselves desire, if the presentation were their own. Otherwise the work will, indeed, have been a thankless task.

To doubt the ultimate acceptance of the truths brought to light would be to distrust that destiny in which Bacon had such an abiding faith for his justification, and which, in fact, after three centuries, has lifted the veil, and brought us to estimate the character and accomplishments, trials and sorrows of that great genius, with a feeling of nearness and personal sympathy, far greater than has been possible from the partial knowledge which we have heretofore enjoyed.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

Detroit, March 1st, 1899.

EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION.

(FIRST EDITION.)

The most important literary discovery of the day is that the well known Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon runs through a considerable number of the original editions of the books of the Elizabethan era. The present volume made by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. The present volume is the result of nearly three years spent in examining and translating from these old books the hidden stories which they contain—stories startling and marvelous, which serve to illumine much that has been mysterious and unexplainable concerning a most interesting period marked by scientific progress and prolific in literature of a high order. It was an age of intrigue and secret communication, and cipher writing was a necessary branch of education to those in public life. To Francis Bacon it became an absorbing passion throughout his life, as may be judged from the voluminous and important matter now found to be infolded in his writings and which has, until now, escaped attention. In his work published in 1605, "Of the Advancement of Learning," he makes a topic of Ciphers, as a branch of educational progress, and hints at, but does not explain, the bi-literal method of Cipher-writing, while he was at the same time infolding, in the Italic letters of the book itself portions of his own secret history, and facts concerning the rebellion of Essex, in the manner in which he asserts such messages might be hidden.

He continued to write Ciphers into his various works, published from time to time, until 1623, when, none having discovered the secret, the very success of the system seeming likely to defeat its object, and when all personal

danger from a premature exposure of what he had written was past, he published in the Latin version of "De Augmentis Scientiarum" a clear and minute description and illustration of this Cipher, hoping that it would be understood, and fearing that nothing less would lead to its discovery and translation.

The occasion for writing in cipher has been made apparent as the decipherings have progressed, for it became the means of conveying to a future time the truth which was being concealed from the world concerning himself, his royal birth—his right to be King of England—secrets of State regarding Queen Elizabeth—his mother—and other prominent characters of that day—the correction of English history in important particulars, and the exposure of the wrongs that had been put upon him.

Added to this, and most important of all to the ambitions of his latter days, was the hope of thus bringing to the knowledge of the world the greater field of literature which he had occupied, unknown at that time, and unsuspected until recently, as the author of many books which had been accredited to other names, and thereby secure in the world of letters the wider fame and glory which he craved, and which was his just due.

The names, other than his own, under which Bacon published the brilliant literature of that era, were Christopher Marlowe, George Peele, Robert Greene, Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare, and Robert Burton. The Ciphers (more than one) are found in all these. The Biliteral Cipher runs through the works of Ben Jonson and five of the shorter parts are from Bacon's pen. Shepherds' Calendar was first published in 1579, nor was it till 1611, twelve years after Spenser's death, that it was published with Faerie Queene and attributed to Spenser.

That Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays, and the existence of Ciphers in them, has long been suspected, and much time and study devoted to arguing, *pro* and *con*,

the several phases and probabilities of the question. The same questions had not been raised, nor suggestion of other authorship than appears upon the title pages, regarding the others, until the discovery by Dr. O. W. Owen of the principal, or Word-Cipher, in the works of all of them, portions of which have already been published as "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story." The translation of this bi-literal Cipher in the following pages, with its directions as to how the Word-Cipher is to be constructed, the keys to the different stories to be written, the guides as to where to find the matter pertaining to them, fully confirms what had already been found by Dr. Owen, and removes all possible doubt as to Bacon's authorship.

In the present volume is presented that part of the hidden writings which the bi-literal Cipher reveals in the following works:—Francis Bacon's Of the Advancement of Learning, (1605),—King Henry Seventh, (1622),—De Augmentis Scientiarum, (1624) Sylva-Sylvarum and New Atlantis, (published by Rawley, 1635),—Spenser's Shepherds' Calendar and short poems, (1611),—Faerie Queene, (1613),—Jonson's Sejanus, and Masques, (1616),—Marlowe's Edward Second, (1622),—the' Shakespeare Plays, (Folio 1623),—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, (1628).

In all of these are fragments of Bacon's personal history, the statement that Elizabeth was the lawful wife of the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, before becoming Queen; that the issue of this marriage was two sons,—Francis Bacon, so-called, and Robert Devereux, afterward Earl of Essex; that Francis was at birth received by Mistress Ann Bacon and was reared and educated as the son of Nicholas Bacon. It appears that at about the age of sixteen Francis discovered the facts of his nativity through the gossip of a Court lady, and in a fit of anger the Queen acknowledged to him her motherhood and his son-ship, and that he was immediately thereafter sent to France, and subsequent action was taken by which he was barred from

the succession to the throne. In several of the books, though more notably in the Shakespeare Plays, are explanations of the "great Word-Cipher which shows all," with keys to the different stories, their titles and directions for deciphering them.

In the Shakespeare Plays, the chief dramatic work of Bacon, is found the most important of the secret writings committed to the Ciphers. Here, *in extenso*, are the principal directions and manner of writing the Word-Cipher, the keys and guides, the different works to be used and the names under which they appear, the titles of the hidden stories to be written out, and where the matter of which they are to be constructed may be found. Much space is devoted to the secret personal history of himself and his brother, Robert, which the Queen saw fit to have concealed from general knowledge.

His references to the trial and execution of Essex and the part he was forced to take in his prosecution, are the subject of a continual wail of unhappiness and ever-present remorse, with hopes and prayers that the truth hidden in the Cipher may be found out, and published to the world in his justification. "O God! forgiveness cometh from Thee; shut not this truest book, my God! Shut out my past,—love's little sunny hour,—if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work, yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth; then posterity shall know him truly."

The various Introductions, Dedications, the Catalogue of Plays and Characters, the Prologues, the headings of the different Comedies, Histories and Tragedies (in the order named), comprising a series of short passages, giving general directions for the work, are complete in themselves, and at the end of each division occurs some one of the signatures by which Bacon was known, as if to authenticate what had been written.

The more connected narrative is in the Plays, combined in the order as given (in cipher) in the Natural History, and in the Plays themselves as the deciphering advanced.

In this order the plays are linked together in the most unmistakable manner, parts of words and sentences unfinished at the end of one finding completion or continuance in the next. Four breaks or omissions occur, however, from inability thus far to gain access to the original editions of the books required, and from the fact that the modern editions do not contain this Bi-literal, though the Word-Cipher is easily traced in them. The first missing link is Peele's Old Wives' Tale, which should precede Twelfth Night. Its absence causes the latter to begin abruptly, showing the omission of something which should precede it in the deciphering. The second omission is the Pinner of Wakefield, published as Greene's work, which should precede the Merchant of Venice. The third omission is the Jew of Malta, of Marlowe, which should precede the Merry Wives of Windsor. The fourth missing link is at the end of Much Ado About Nothing, which closes with an incomplete sentence, the remainder of which will be found in the Tale of Troy. Hiren the Faire Greek (supposed to be a lost play) should follow this and precede Winter's Tale, which last begins with a continuation of something to be found in the missing work. The absence of these books is not material, however, as the substance of the Bi-literal story is so often repeated in the other works, they are not necessary to an understanding of the whole.

On another page is copied from De Augmentis, as nearly as may be with modern type, the illustration of the method of infolding cipher writings by means of "letters in two forms," the letters infolding being quintuple those infolded. This plan was applied to the Italic letters, in the books mentioned, with results which have been most surprising in the variety and interest of the deciphered work.

The rule is simple and easily comprehended, but many stumbling blocks occur in the books, placed there with the evident purpose of making the deciphering more difficult, which bring confusion to the work until removed. Each

book has its own peculiarities—different letters—and forms a separate study. The first page of Henry VII., as it herein appears, will explain some peculiarities, the changes in the readings of the same forms of letters, the meaning of the dots and other unusual markings, which close students of the old books have noted. Occasionally will be found a Roman letter in an Italic word; this has to be disregarded. Not infrequently Italic letters occur in a word, the remainder of which is in Roman; these must be used. There are occasional words in Roman type between words in Italic that have to be used to form the groups necessary to complete a Cipher word. In the illustration given in the original De Augmentis, one of the Latin words ends with a wrong termination, making one too many letters for the group, and must be omitted. The error is corrected in the English translation of 1640 and in subsequent editions.

One of the most puzzling of the many strange things that have been observed but not explained has been the duplication and misplaced paging in the originals. These occur in nearly all the books that have been deciphered. There are several in the Folio Shakespeare Plays, and they are still more prominent in some of the other works. A list is appended, with explanation of the pages which are to be joined together in the deciphering. They bring the work into instant confusion, until the proper duplicate page is found and the two joined together in the order of precedence in which they occur, until all of that number are deciphered, after which the consecutive pages continue the story until some other break occurs, which has in turn to be properly solved. Sometimes three, and in Advancement of Learning four misplaced pages are found of the same number in the same book.

To illustrate more fully: the first wrong paging in the Folio Shakespeare occurs in Merry Wives of Windsor. After page 49 are 58-51. In the consecutive order there-

after, and following 58, is another 51. In deciphering, the first 58 must be omitted until the first 51 is deciphered; this must be followed by the second 51, then the regular order resumed. When page 57 has been deciphered, it must be followed by the first 58, and this by the second 58. There is no 50 or 59 in this division. In Comedy of Errors, page 85 is followed by page 88, then 87, then 88 again. In deciphering, page 85 must be followed by 87, this by the first 88, and this by the second 88. There is no 86.

In Tempest, as deciphered, this direction occurs:—"Now join King Lear, King John, Romeo & Juliet—" etc. In the closing lines of King John, this:—"Join Romeo with Troy's famous Cressida if you wish to know my story. Cressida in this play with Juliet, b—" which ends the Cipher in King John, with an incomplete word. Turning to Romeo and Juliet (page 53) the remainder of the word, and the broken sentence is continued, being a part of the description of Marguerite, and the love Francis entertained for her.

The deciphering of Romeo and Juliet proceeded without interruption until page 76 was finished. The next page is 79, but an attempt to go forward with it brought confusion, the subject-matter not joining or relating to the preceding subject. After much speculation and study, it was recalled that Troilus and Cressida was to follow, and that the first page of that play was 78. A trial of this page brought out the letter and words which connected with those on page 76 of Romeo and Juliet. At the end of 79, of Troilus and Cressida, again came confusion, but by joining Romeo and Juliet, 79, to this, and following by page 80 of Troilus and Cressida, the narration was continued in proper order. There is no page 77 in Romeo and Juliet, or in this division of the book.

Had the Cipher been less arbitrary, or subject to variation, or the story the invention of the decipherer, less time

and study would have been spent in finding joining parts, and nothing would have been known of the reasons for wrong paging.

Some Keys relating to other Cipher work not yet deciphered are omitted.

Spelling was not an exact science in any of the works of Bacon and if the old English is thought to be unique, it must be attributed to the unsettled orthography if the sixteenth century. Many abbreviations occur, marked by the "*tilda*" in the old English, but which are not used in modern type. In the deciphered works the same diversity exists as in the originals, the exact text being followed letter by letter. Proper names, even, are not always spelled alike. There was marked progress, however, in the period between the production of Bacon's first works and the last. To Bacon, in greater degree than to any other, has been accredited the enriching of the English language with new words, but the spelling and expression of them have been three centuries in crystalizing into the simplicity and uniformity of the present schools.

The Natural History, and New Atlantis, was published some years after Bacon's death, by Dr. Rawley, the private secretary of whom Bacon speaks. In the Introduction and table of contents, Rawley tells (in Cipher) the circumstances of its preparation. In the decyphering, the body of the book was first worked out. In the Eighth Century there came confusion of letters and it required considerable study to find that the fonts of type had been changed in some of the letters, i. e., what had been used as the "a" font was changed to the "b" font, either by mistake, or for purposes of confusion. After the main part of the book had been finished, the Introduction by Rawley and table of contents were deciphered, and this brought out that from the Eighth Century Rawley had completed the work,—

"yet I have stumblingly proceeded with it and unwittingly used some letters wrongly, as B—I—L—M—N—P—S— and Z." He also refers to his finishing Burton's Anatomy, (1628) the edition used in this volume.

The reference to the signing of the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, by the Secretary, Davison, instead of by Elizabeth, and unknown to her, confirms what the most recent historians have noted, and explains some inconsistencies in the earlier accounts of Elizabeth's action.

Perhaps the most remarkable results, and certainly the most unexpected, and greatest surprise, came from deciphering De Augmentis, and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The history of the Anatomy is peculiar. It appears in the Catalogue of the British Museum under the assumed name of T. Bright, in the year 1586, or when Burton was only about ten years old. Greatly enlarged, it appears in 1621, and again in 1624, and again in 1628, and at two later dates, under the name of Robert Burton, a person of whom little is known, except as the supposed author of this work alone, and as a living example of the melancholy which it so felicitously describes. The Cipher mentions both Bright and Burton as names under which Bacon wrote the book, and also that the different editions contain a different Cipher story.

The extraordinary part is that this edition conceals, in Cipher, a very full and extended prose summary—argument, Bacon calls it—of a translation of Homer's Iliad. In order that there may be no mistake as to its being Bacon's work, he precedes the translation with a brief reference to his royal birth and the wrongs he has suffered from being excluded from the throne. The Cipher also tells that in the marginal notes, which are used in large numbers in the book, may be found the argument to a translation of the Æneid, but this has not been deciphered.

In De Augmentis is found a similar extended synopsis, or argument, of a translation of the Odyssey. This, too, is introduced with a reference to Bacon's personal history, and although the text of the book is in Latin the Cipher is in English.

The decipherer is not a Greek scholar and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant, and are written in a free and flowing style which will be recognized as Báconian.

Homer was evidently a favorite author, and in all the books deciphered it is repeated that the translations, in Iambic verse, will be found in the Word-Cipher, and these summaries are to aid in the production of them. Close students of Shakespeare and Spenser have noted in the plays and poems many fragments of the Iliad, and a portion of that epic has already been deciphered.

The books deciphered cover a period of about twenty years, in which Bacon was writing into them the secrets of his life. The repetitions of the sorrowful story take on the different moods in which he wrote and the variations of mental activity during that long period.

Grieving over the tragic death of his brother, and his part in bringing it about, which was an ever present cause of remorse, and brooding over the wrongs and sorrows that had been forced upon himself, his mind passes through many changeful emotions as the years progress, and the Bi-literal Cipher becomes the receptacle of his plaints—the escape valve of his momentary passions—the record of his lost hopes, and the expression of those which he still cherished for the future in the prophecy,—"I look out to the future, not of years, but of ages, knowing that my labours are for the benefit of a land very farr off, and after great length of time is past."

ED.

Detroit, March, 1899.

PREFACE.

SECOND EDITION.

Since the issue of the first small edition of "The Bi-literal Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon" in April, 1899, (limited to private circulation) the work of deciphering the hidden story found in the old original books has gone steadily forward, and the results are now presented with some gaps filled, and chronological order of writing much more closely followed through the increased number of volumes to which access has been made possible.

The securing of the old original books necessary has been no slight task. The sources from which they have been obtained have been numerous. The first to be deciphered was our own photographic Fac-simile of the 1623 Folio–secured in London, from the scattered library of Lord Coleridge, the book having his signature upon the title page. The disclosures found in this were the inspiration, and held the directions which have led to the prosecution of the work thus far so successfully accomplished. The private library of old editions belonging to Mrs. C. M. Pott, the eminent Baconian savante, of London, was placed at our disposal. yielding valuable material. The old book stores of London furnished some volumes. The collection of rare old books of Dodd, Mead, & Co. was drawn upon. An old original Henry Seventh was found and purchased from a New York collection. In the invaluable collection of rare old books in the private library of Marshall C. Lefferts, of New York, were found some volumes not elsewhere procurable, and these were kindly loaned to us. To Dr. John Dane, of

Boston, we are also indebted for the loan of rare volumes not in the libraries. The Boston and Harvard Libraries held a considerable number of old editions and afforded facilities for their use during several months of research. The Lenox Library of New York also opened its choice collection of original editions of Shakespeare, from some of which photographic reproductions of title pages, dedications, etc., were taken. Upon another page will be found a list of the editions used and where they were obtained.

In all, about 6,000 pages of these original editions have been gone over, the Italic letters transcribed "in groups of five," and each letter examined for the peculiarities which should determine the particular font of type from which it was printed, and its resulting significance in the Cipher plan.

We have so far been unable to gain access to the necessary editions between 1579 and 1590 to determine the exact date, and the book which holds the first dangerous experiment of the inventor of this Cipher. Sufficient, however, has been translated to outline the object, scope and main features of the Bi-literal, as well as the plan of the Word Cipher, confirming both, as has been elsewhere stated and establishing beyond question the authorship in Bacon of the works in which they are found.

The Cipher Story is unique in literature, first from the peculiar method of hiding, and next, in what it tells. It is not ours to reason why Francis Bacon should have taken this method to communicate with the "far off ages." That the reasons were sufficient to him, to induce great pains in their transmission, is evident. It is sufficient for us to have found the secret story, and record what we find, as we find it. The mystery surrounding much of the Elizabethan

period, and its conflicting records, suggest many things yet to be discovered. The prosecution of the investigations which shall unearth these must be left to those nearer the scenes of action, having facilities beyond our present opportunities.

The discovery of the Cipher will doubtless put many on the search, and finding so much will aid in delving deeper, throwing side lights upon many things that have been incomprehensible, leading to further disclosures of value to the historian and lovers of truth. It is to be hoped that further search may be made for original papers, clues followed that may lead to their location, that no stone be left unturned which may seem to cover the hiding place of manuscript or written line that will clear up any portion of that which remains undiscovered.

HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Detroit, June, 1900.

ARGUMENT.

All agree that two names stand at the head of the literary achievements of the Elizabethan era—William Shakespeare, as a dramatic writer, and Francis Bacon, as the greatest of writers in all branches, scientific, philosophic, legal and literary, taking all knowledge for his province—the most learned man of his day.

Concerning the first, all writers agree that nothing is known of him personally which points to eminence. Quoting from George Brandes, the Danish writer, whose book is among the strongest of the late writings upon the Plays, and whose keen analysis of them is an education and a delight, we read: "When we pass from the notabilities of the nineteenth century to Shakespeare, all our ordinary critical methods leave us in the lurch. We have, as a rule, no lack of trustworthy information as to the productive spirits of our own day and of the past two centuries. We know the lives of authors and poets from their own accounts of themselves or those of their contemporaries; in many cases we have their letters; and we not only possess works attributed to them but works which they themselves gave to the press.

"It is otherwise with Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of Elizabethan England. He died in 1616, and the first biography of him, a few pages in length, dates 1709. We possess no letters of Shakespeare and only one (a business letter) addressed to him. Of the manuscript of his

works, not a single line is extant. Our sole specimens of his hand writing consist of five signatures, three appended to his will, two to contracts, and one other of very doubtful authenticity.

"We do not know how far several of the works attributed to Shakespeare are really his. In the case of some of the Plays, the question of authorship presents great and manifold difficulties. In his youth Shakespeare had to adapt or retouch the plays of others; in later life he sometimes collaborated with younger men. * * * He seems never to have sanctioned any publication, or to have read a single proof sheet.

"It has become the fashion to say, not without some show of justice, that we know next to nothing of Shakespeare's life. We do not know for certain, either, when he left Stratford or when he returned to Stratford from London. We do not know for certain that he ever went abroad, ever visited Italy. We can form but tentative conjectures as to the order in which his works were produced, and can only with the greatest difficulty determine their approximate dates. We do not know what made him so careless of his fame as he seems to have been. We only know that he himself did not publish his dramatic works, and that he does not even mention them in his will."

There follow nearly 800 pages of critical analysis of the plays, but so far as connecting Shakespeare's personality in any way with the authorship of them is concerned, it is admittedly pure romance and every statement a conjecture.

Concerning Francis Bacon, his life, from the age of twelve years, when in the halls of learning, he took issue with his preceptors upon the gravest questions, is an open

book, in which is recorded the formative progress of a great mind, advancing in knowledge and in honors to the position of Lord High Chancellor of England, and in the world of letters to a world-wide fame as the greatest genius of that age.

For nearly fifty years now there has been growing doubt as to the authorship of the plays appearing under the name of William Shakespeare, and a growing belief that the name was the nom-de-plume of another person or persons, and only by its similarity, coupled with the fact of his being an actor, did it attach to the man—Shaks-per—from Stratford.

That Bacon was the real author was apparently first suggested by the similarity of philosophy and sentiment—of parallelisms in thought and expression, and with the deeper study of these, the Bacon-Shakespeare question was upon us.

Mr. Fiske tells of "Forty Years of the Bacon-Shakespeare Folly," and although the books that have been written upon the subject would form a considerable library of themselves, he "forgot to classify them," but as an afterthought considered they should have been placed with those of "Cranks and their Crochets," which he consigned to the department of "Insane or Eccentric" literature. He brushes aside, in that delightfully sarcastic way of his, as unimportant, the deep researches—the gathering together of data and facts that throw new light upon the Elizabethan period—the evolution of which has resulted in placing in our hands the positive proofs that not only the plays, but some other literature attributed to other authors, came from the hand and brain of Francis Bacon.

Bacon says that 'tis the mysterious that attracts.

The discussion of authorship has given impulse to the study of that period. It is found to be full of mystery.

The records of its literature and history lack conciseness and certainty, are in many things irreconcilable, leading to much speculation and conjecture, stimulating the search for documents, manuscripts, data, anything authentic to correct manifest inconsistencies and furnish missing links in the narrative.

The question of Ciphers in the Plays dates back to the early discussion of authorship. Much time and effort in searching for them have been expended without avail. Two principal Ciphers have now, however, been found and developed, not only in the Plays, but in some other of the old books of that day which throw a flood of light upon the mysteries that have been so puzzling.

The first to be discovered was the Word Cipher, by Dr. Owen; the second was Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher, by Mrs. E. W. Gallup, who had been associated with Dr. Owen in the preparation of the later books published under his name. Both Ciphers have been worked out to sufficient length—nearly 2,000 pages—to disclose their great historical and literary value, to confirm them both, and to solve effectually and satisfactorily many of the questions that have been in doubt. They furnish positive proofs of their own existence, and tell a narrative as varied, as interesting, as romantic, as any on the printed page, holding much of truth that has never been told.

The Bi-literal Cipher is not new. It is the invention of Bacon while in France, and is more or less familiar to every student of his works, for no "De Augmentis" is without its chapter on ciphers, and the illustration of this, as Bacon terms it, the highest type of cipher writing. And it is familiar to many in a practical way, who may never have known that it is the basis of the most important cipher codes

in use at the present day. What is new, and startling, and what renders the work of Mrs. Gallup of inestimable value, is her discovery that this Cipher exists in the original writings of its inventor, and records the secrets of his own life, with the reasons for their hiding, a fitting object and motive for its use.

The revelations of the Ciphers are startling, and yet they are repeated in the different books with such circumstantiality of detail—such accord with recorded history, so far as the records show—that we are forced against our wills to acknowledge their truth.

First: Bacon tells us how and why he wrote these important Ciphers into his works. The Bi-literal describes the other and contains full instructions for writing both, the topics and an epitome of what was to be written out, the keys and where the material was to be found from which to build the more important structure of the Word Cipher which would comprise History, Tragedy, Comedy and Romance, in fact, a new literature as fascinating as strange, concerning the life and times of Bacon as they were, and differing materially from what they had been made to appear.

Secondly: That he was the author, though unknown as such, of works masqued under the name of Spenser, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Peele and Robert Burton; that five short plays written by Bacon were printed as Ben Jonson's; that Jonson's own works contained the Cipher, in the Italic letters, by permission, which fact is certified to in a Cipher letter over Jonson's own name, and repeated in the Cipher narrative, found in the other books.

Thirdly: The details of his parentage and secret personal history. As these were being vigorously denied and

suppressed by the Queen, the hidden story was a dangerous one for Bacon to record, and the fear of its discovery in the earlier years of its infolding was ever present with its author; but as time passed, and with it the personal peril, came the fear that these most important matters would not be brought to light and his life work in recording them would be lost. After at least thirty-five years of cipher writing, as so far traced, he published in the Latin his great work, De Augmentis, and in the chapter on Ciphers gave a full explanation and the key to the system, and yet it has waited for three hundred years for an eye sufficiently acute to note its existence in the numerous books, and the indomitable patience and perserverance to follow it, letter by letter, through nearly six thousand pages of original editions, as the long story has been unfolded.

In almost every work are found repetitions of some of the chief statements, though in different form. The reason given for this was that the writer could not expect the decipherer would begin where the Cipher itself began, and also that, should any book be lost, the plan could still be followed from what the others should reveal.

A marked feature of the deciphered work is his agony of spirit and remorse over the action he was compelled to take, at the Queen's commands, in the trial of Essex, his younger brother—the second son of the Queen and Leicester. His efforts to excuse and justify himself before the world in a later age—pathetic in the extreme—is made to appear as one of the strong motives for the use of the Cipher.

The earliest edition of books so far accessible to us in which the Bi-literal Cipher has been found, is Spenser's Muiopotmos, 1590. It was at an earlier date than this that the dangerous experiment was launched, and it is a matter

of regret that so far we have been unable to gain access to earlier editions, for in some of these, between 1579 and 1590, the initial or starting point will be discovered.

For a period of about thirty-five years, then, as we have said—between 1590 and the death of Bacon—this progressive narrative has been traced, and while it is not all the list of works to be deciphered, the repetitions establish the scope and time and plan of the work.

Two distinct purposes are served by the two Ciphers. The Bi-literal was the foundation which was intended to lead to the discovery of the other, and is of prime importance in its directions concerning the construction of the Word Cipher, the keys, and the epitome of the topics which were to be written out by its aid. It seems, also, to have been the expression of the writer's thoughts of the moment, a sort of diary which caught and recorded the passing emotions, day by day, without regard to what had gone before or would follow, and as in many another diary, we find expressed in different words the trend of the mind as affected by the varying moods—sometimes sad and mournful—again defiant and rebellious—and again despondent, almost in despair, that his wrongs might fail of discovery, even in the times and land afar off to which he looked for greater honor and fame, as well as vindication.

Chafing under the cloud upon his birth, the victim of a destiny beyond his control which ever placed him in a false position, defrauded of his birthright, which was of the highest, he committed to this Cipher the plaints of an outraged soul. The decipherer alone shares the confidences of his inmost heart. To the decipherer he unbends—to the rest of the world maintains the dignity which marked his outward life. To the decipherer, and behind the

scenes, throws off restraint and records the bitterness of the thought which the moment brings—to the world exhibits the stately movement, the careful thought, the studied expression. It is a wonderful revelation of the undercurrents of a hidden life. But it is less smooth—much of it—as a literary production than the other, except in those parts given to the historical portions which he sketched out as the frame work for amplification in the Word Cipher.

The method of the Word Cipher, discovered by Dr. Owen now found to be so fully explained by the great author in the Bi-literal Cypher, is quite different, and discloses matter of rare value as literary productions and of the most intense interest, embodying that which was the hope of Bacon, would not only establish his true character and birthright, but would bring added fame to the writings that had been published, through those of nearly equal volume which were concealed within the lines, as first written, for the pages with which we are familiar are a reconstruction to hide the secret story.

The Bi-literal is exact—scientific—inflexible. The translation of the Word Cipher, however, like translations from the Greek—the Iliad or the Odysses, for example—is, within certain limitations, more elastic. There might be variation in the phrasing of two people, but the substance would be in accord from the hands of experienced cryptographers. In the modern editions of the works the Bi-literal has been obliterated by the elimination of the Italic letters. The Word Cipher, however, can be followed in modern editions, not with quite the exactness of the originals, but in substance, and with the smoothness gained by editing and eliminating some seeming incongruities. But

Bacon himself says, "Commonly, the most corrected copies are the least correct."

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

We are asked—"what matters it"—whether this be so or not? Why delve into the mysteries of the past, and unsettle things? It is true, effort in this direction does not build magnificent bridges, nor does it plan or dig tunnels of gigantic proportions and tremendous utility. It does not develop a new use for Electricity, or the possibilities of Liquid Air! But when we contemplate the building of great temples of knowledge, where shall be gathered and exposed for study the best that past and present has to offer, is it not worth the cost to study truth for truth's sake? And when we come to decorate the memorial arch with the figures that best typify the greatest and best in the world's past—of Arts, Sciences, Sculpture, Painting, representing the acme of human achievements in each of these,—and shall seek to surmount by a face, a figure or a name which shall typify Literature as embracing all Arts,—is it not worth our while to be very sure we name the man aright? It is laudable as well as duty to pursue all threads of light which may illumine what has been admittedly a grave ques-

tion, and be very sure the monument shall be truthful. Music, Sculpture, Art, may be inspiration, with a modicum of preliminary instruction, and we have the careers of those who justly typify these in records of acknowledged authenticity—but can we believe that a finished Literature, with a vocabulary thrice that in previous use, can come from inspiration alone?

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

M.

NOTES ON THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

Justin Winsor, in his Bibliography of Shakespeare, says regarding the first Folio edition of 1623:

"It is not likely that, even at this late day, all the copies existing in England are known to such as may be cognizant of their value. One was discovered in 1857, in a carpenter's shop, among a lot of old books that had been bought for a few shillings; and similar surprises will doubtless again happen. Copies are known to exist in Germany, in Spain, and probably elsewhere on the Continent.

"Steevens says that he discovered in a manuscript note in a copy belonging to White, a bookseller in Fleet Street, London, that the book was published at £1, a sum representing, of course, several times the value at the present day; Grant White giving it at $25.00.

"It was in 1864 that the bibliomaniac fervor over the first folio of Shakespeare made its most pronounced display at the Daniel's sale. A bidder representing Almon W. Griswold, of New York, carried the figures high above all previous reckonings; but the agent of Miss Burdett-Coutts secured it for that lady's collection at £716, the highest mark then reached, and it has not since been surpassed."

Prices at which original copies of the first Folio, have since been sold have largely exceeded the above amount. The copy belonging to the late Augustin Daly brought $5,400 at the great sale in March, 1900.

At the time of the publication of Winsor's Bibliography, but nineteen copies of the Folio were known to be in the United States, but the number is now greatly increased. Under the head of "Copies in the United States, as far as Known," commenting upon the copy in possession of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Winsor writes that it "was bought by Mr. Barton of Thos. Rodd, the London bookseller, in 1845, standing No. 8127 in his catalogue for that year; and £110 was paid for it."

"'No such copy, in point of completeness and size,' wrote Mr. Rodd, who reserved it for Mr. Barton from the first, 'had been sold by public auction for many years; and for a fine one, Mr. Pickering, the bookseller, gave four years since £150, and sold it immediately for a considerable advance.' Rodd received it in an old, but not original, binding, and was careful that, while it was in Lewis's hands, it should neither be cut, nor the ink-marks or other stains removed.'"

Mr. Winsor further states: "A copy belonging to Mr. Lenox has seemingly the date 1622; but Joseph Lilly, the bookseller, in a note to 'The Literary Gazette,' March 8, 1862, gives his view, that 'there is no copy with the date 1622, the figure "3" being imperfectly worked (or battered) in that particular copy in which it appears.'"

This copy cost in 1855, £163 16s. It is called the Baker copy.

One of the assistant librarians at the Lenox Library discovered the secret of the apparent date, 1622, which has been verified by a representative of the Howard Publishing Co. The title page was "inlaid" in such a manner that an edge of the margin covered the lower part of the long "3," and a slight pen stroke made the upper part appear as a

"2." Examining the leaf with a lens, the entire figure "3" is plainly seen, the lower part showing through the paper when held to the light.

In fact, it is well known that the Folio appeared for the first time in 1623, and in the Cipher it is seen that it follows Vitæ & Mortis, published in the same year.

The old vexed questions regarding pirated editions of the quartos, or attempts to determine which was first of those put out in the same year, find answer in the Bi-literal, directly or by plain inference. If connected in such a way that the Cipher Story would otherwise be incomplete, priority is thus determined. Often one work mentions other editions. In deciphering Ben. Jonson's Folio, it was found that sixty plays were written as early as 1616. Of these, fifty-six had been traced. Search for the missing four led to an examination of those which some critics have rejected as spurious or under suspicion. Of these it was found that Pericles, Sir John Old-castle, London Prodigal, and Yorkshire Tragedy contained the Cipher, thus completing the list of sixty referred to, and establishing the genuineness of these four.

The Yorkshire Tragedy has the peculiar title:

ALL'S ONE

or

ONE OF THE FOUR PLAIES IN ONE, CALLED

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE,

as it was plaid by

THE KING'S MAIESTIES PLAYERS.

These are by no means the only plays weighed in the balance.

In Justin Winsor's "Note on the Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry Sixth" we read:

"Hudson says that 'Malone figured out that the two plays [second and third parts], in their present state, contain 6,043 lines, and that of these 1,899, or nearly one-third were original in the Folio; 2,373, something more than a third, were altered from the quarto; and 1,771, which is something less than a third, were the same in both. Nearly all the matter of the quartos is retained in the Folio; the rejections being few and small.'

"That one or both were written in part by Shakespeare is the opinion of Drake, who holds that Shakespeare improved the works of others; of Hartley Coleridge, who says, 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke was certainly the original which Shakespeare partially retouched without much improving the rudeness of the outline'; of Hunter, who says, 'They have evidently much of Shakespeare's hand, but there are in them portions of an inferior hand'; and of Part II., Hunter again says, 'Shakespeare was employed in altering and amending the work of a preceding and inferior dramatist, but there is much from his hand, and some parts in this and in the third play are even in his best manner'; of Halliwell, who thinks 'Part III. is an older drama, with such interpolations from Shakespeare as could be collected from notes at the theatre'; of the Cambridge editors, who think 'Shakespeare had a considerable share in them'; of Grant White, who holds that "they contain the work of Greene, Marlowe and Shakespeare, and of such material parts of them as were transferred to the

Second and Third Parts of Henry Sixth were Shakespeare's own.'

"Staunton agrees with Halliwell that the old plays showed Shakespeare's additions to an undiscovered original. Rives, in his Essay, agrees with Grant White, that Shakespeare wrote the parts of Clifford and Warwick, and Greene those of Richard and Edward.

"They are held to be of other authorship than Shakespeare's by Theobald, Warburton, Drake, Hallam, Harness, etc.

"That they are attributable to Robert Greene is held by Gervinus to be a plausible conjecture.

"They are given to Marlowe in the Chalmer's Catalogue. Malone ascribes Part III. to Marlowe; and Hartley Coleridge says of the same part, that 'it is ascribed to Marlowe with much probability.' Dyce strongly suspects both parts to have been wholly from the pen of Marlowe.

"They are ascribed to Greene and Marlowe by many."

In George Brandes scholarly work of recent date we read:

"Though there are doubtless in the older plays portions unworthy of Shakespeare, and more like the handiwork of Greene, while others strongly suggest Marlowe, both in matter, style and versification, there are also passages in them which cannot be by anyone else than Shakespeare. And while most of the alterations and additions which are found in the second and third parts of Henry VI. bear the mark of unmistakable superiority, and are Shakespearian in spirit no less than in style and versification, there are at the same time others which are decidedly un-Shakespearian and can almost certainly be attributed to Marlowe. He must, then, have collaborated with Shakespeare in the

adaptation, unless we suppose that his original text was carelessly printed in the earlier quartos, and that it here reappears, in the Shakespearian Henry VI., corrected and completed in accordance with his manuscript.

"Other additions also seem only to have restored the older form of the plays—those, to wit, which really add nothing new, but only elaborate, sometimes more copiously than is necessary or tasteful, a thought already clearly indicated. But there is another class of additions and alterations which surprises us by being unmistakably in Marlowe's style. If these additions are really by Shakespeare, he must have been under the influence of Marlowe to a quite extraordinary degree. Swinburne has pointed out how entirely the verses which open the fourth act of the Second Part are Marlowesque in rhythm, imagination and choice of words; but characteristic as are these lines—they are by no means the only additions which seem to point to Marlowe."

Regarding the variations—"additions and alterations" and oftentimes omissions—Bacon says in the Bi-literal Cipher: "I alwaies alter even when there bee more to adde, and I may take many of the parts put out in Quarto form to reset th' same, having made a planne to increase one, by making a likeness in th' theame easily suit th' thoughts and ene sundry verses of others. It may be a long time ere I can put into use most choice lines so cul'd from early plays" . . . . .*

Concerning the diversity of style, he also says in the Cipher: "I varied my stile to suit different men, since no two shew th' same taste and like imagination."** And

*Page 156. **Page 200.

again: "When I have assum'd men's names, th' next step is to create for each a stile naturall to the man that yet should let my owne bee seene, as a thrid of warpe in my entire fabricke,"*** while in his open work we find, "Style is as the subject-matter."

The Bi-literal Cipher has been extracted from more than one edition of some of the plays. On comparison, it appears that while some of the different editions vary but slightly in the text, yet in the words that are Italicised the changes are very great, and in that manner each is made to tell a different hidden story. Two quarto editions of Pericles (1609 and 1619), Merchant of Venice (both dated 1600), Richard II. (1598 and 1615), and Midsummer Night's Dream (1600), have been deciphered, besides the three last named plays as they are printed in the Folio, where the Italicised words are still different from those in either of the quartos. The Italics used in Richard II (1615), quarto, are nearly double the number used in the edition of 1598, and in the Folio are still greater variations in the particular words Italicised and in the number of them, as well as in the fonts of type from which the letters were chosen. Thus is shown that the variations, as well as other seeming inconsistencies in typography, style, and matter, are for the purposes of the Cipher, and, we repeat, they prove conclusively that Bacon was the author.

KATE E. WELLS.

***Page 54.

STENOGRAPHY, OR "SHORT-HAND" WRITING IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The opinion has not infrequently found expression that it was beyond the ability of Francis Bacon, great writer as he was, to have written all the matter that, through the Cipher, is now attributed to him, and to correct the impression which is prevalent that "Short-hand" methods were not in use at that time, we give place to the following article from the pen of Mrs. C. M. Pott, in Baconiana, London, January, 1900.

It appears that an argument against the possibility of Francis St. Alban being the author of all that has been claimed for him, is based upon at least one great fallacy, namely, that Francis St. Alban could not have transmitted his thoughts and conceptions (as some of us maintain that he did) verbally, so that his utterances could be taken down in "short-hand" by some of his secretaries. "It is," says one correspondent, "the general belief that there were no 'short-hand' methods in those days, and that transcribing as well as printing was a slow and laborious process,—and we cannot make people believe to the contrary."

The present lines are written not with the intention of giving a history of stenography, but in order once and for all to do away with this mistaken idea amongst our own circle of readers, however much the erroneous belief may remain with "the general."

The first English book on Stenography seems to have been that published by T. Bright, in 1588. Here we may pause to note three particulars:

1. T. Bright was Dr. Timothy Bright, under whose name the "Anatomy of Melancholy" was first published in 1587. This edition is entered in the British Museum Catalogue as the work of T. Bright. The subsequent editions take no notice of Bright, but are published in the name of Burton.—"What's in a name?"—In the introduction to the "Biliteral Cipher of Francis Bacon" the Editor, calling attention to these facts, adds that "The Cipher mentions both Bright and Burton as names under which 'Bacon' wrote the book, and also that the different editions contain each a different cipher story."

2. "T. Bright" dedicated his book on short-hand writing to Queen Elizabeth, with the title "Characterie, or the Art of Short, Swift and Secret Writing."

3. At the time of the publication of this book, Francis was 27 years of age, and passing through a period of the greatest leisure which he ever enjoyed. From 1586 to 1590 there is hardly a trace of his doings, but the press was teeming with and issuing works of all kinds—the English Renaissance had begun.

To the Treatise on Short Writing of 1588, there followed "The Writing School-master," by "Peter Bale." Here we are told that "Brachygraphy, or the art of writing as fast as a man speaketh treatably, may in appearance seem difficult, but it is in effect very easy, containing a many commodities under a few principles, the shortness whereof is obtained by memory, the swiftness by practice, the sweetness by industry." A most Baconian utterance suggestive of its true source. The date of this book is 1590.

The next attempt towards improvement in the art seems to have been printed in 1602 by "John Willis." It was entitled "The Art of Stenographie or Short Writing by Spelling Characterie," and after this had

passed through numerous editions, a fresh treatise was published by Edmund Willis, in 1618, and two more in 1630, by Witt and Dix. These few facts must surely be sufficient to prove that short-hand writing began and flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and was vigorously used and improved upon during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

That Francis not only first introduced the art, but that he made good use of it the present writer does not for an instant doubt. The scanty records published of his mysterious private life seem in many places to hint, although they do not plainly affirm that this was the case.

Hear the saying of Dr. Rawley, when describing his master's habits of perpetual industry and the delight of his conversation.

"His meals were refections of the ear as well as of the stomach, like the Noctes Atticæ, or Conviviæ Deipno-sophistarum, wherein a man might be refreshed in his mind and understanding no less than in his body. And I have known some, of no mean parts, that have professed to make use of their note-books when they have risen from his table" (so they went prepared with note-books).

Peter Boehner, private secretary and medical attendant to Francis "Bacon," describes how in the morning he would call him or some other of his secretaries to his bedside, and how they wrote down from his lips the thoughts and ideas which he had conceived in the night. Had this process been so "slow and laborious" as the general belief is supposed to warrant, our indefatigable and nimble-minded author would have had to pass most of his days in bed. On the contrary, we think it far more probable that the amanuensis could write as fast as a man could speak "treatably," or in other words slowly and with deliberation, as (in the Short Notes for Civil Conversation) he en-

joins upon others who would speak pleasantly and to be understood: "In all kinds of speech . . . . . it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly than hastily"—giving as one reason for this, that "a slow speech confirmeth the memory." Doubtless it is a great help to the writer from dictation.

Now if Francis did from the age of, say 25, dictate to his short-hand writers the thoughts which followed each other through his wonderful brain, his reflections on the philosophies which he was studying, his comments upon books, which he read, notes and sketches of proposed works, or revised matter ready for the press—if he seldom put pen to paper, but in elbow chair, with head resting on his hand (and "thus he sat") dictated in the abundance of his full heart and mind to his expert short-hand writers, they in due course transcribing and writing fair the sheets which he had but to read, and if needful to correct and polish —what a mass of matter could he thus have produced and given to the world under any name but his own! Would that our own thoughts and utterances were worthy of a like method of preservation. We could then exclaim with Armado in Love Labour's Lost: "Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."

FRANCIS BACON.

The life of Francis Bacon presents many and sharp contrasts. From his earliest childhood, which was full of the promise of a bright intelligence, until the end of his life, he was in touch with all that was deemed great and most to be desired. It was full of high hopes deferred, with great and well-warranted expectations alternating with disappointments. The apparent fulfillments, like dead sea fruit, turned to ashes on his lips. After a life of weary but unsuccessful place seeking, success and splendor were speedily followed by deepest humiliation. Seeming inconsistencies in his conduct and his character have been the fruitful theme of the highest eulogy and of strongest condemnation; those who knew him best, loved, admired and revered him, and his biographers have been able to give, or suggest, reasons, if not excuse for certain episodes in his life, for which others have had but unsparing censure. As the value of his literature to-day does not depend upon his conduct three hundred years ago, we can leave this question where it stands, rather than dull with censure our appreciation of his genius.

This man who, as many authorities assert, was endowed with the greatest intellect of the human race, was born in London in 1561.

The recent Cipher discoveries go to show that he was the son of Elizabeth, afterward Queen of England, who, while imprisoned in the Tower of London, before her coronation, was secretly married to the Earl of Leicester, and this son should by right have borne the title, Prince of Wales. The dates of the imprisonment of Leicester and Elizabeth in the Tower correspond sufficiently with the assertion. A matter so vitally affecting the destinies of England and Elizabeth's succession to the crown could not then be divulged and the child was given to Anne and Nicholas Bacon and reared as their own, under the name by which he has since been known. His foster father was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. His foster mother was eminent for piety, virtue and learning, and was highly skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues.

At twelve years of age, when most children are but beginning to think, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where, we are told, the students were forbidden to use even in conversation, any other language than Latin, Greek or Hebrew. While at this College, from his thirteenth to his fifteenth year, this marvelous boy, studying the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle in the original tongue, became dissatisfied with the futility of much that was taught. He left College before he was sixteen, with his mind formed, and habits of research fixed, thenceforth to mature in intellectual independence and to become the supreme scholar of the age.

When sixteen years of age he discovered his parentage and was at once sent to France with the English Ambassador, where he remained something over two years, until recalled by the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who, contrary

to expectation, left no provision for Francis in his will, which becomes significant in the light of the recent discoveries. It has always been thought strange by his biographers that his supposed father, Nicholas Bacon, made no provision for his support. Reasons of State, and reasons of vast import to the Queen of England, united with the unwillingness of the Queen to acknowledge early indiscretions, prevented the recognition of the rights of Francis, as heir apparent. He was made to understand that he must shift for himself, and taking up the study of law as the most promising resource, the next five years required by the course, he spent largely at Gray's Inn. How much time was devoted to law, and how much to literature and philosophical studies is unknown.

At twenty-five, amid exciting times, he was elected to Parliament and was a member of the House of Commons for several sessions. His aspirations for preferment were held in check during Elizabeth's reign, but with the advent of King James he was more rapidly advanced until he became Lord High Chancellor of England.

Three years later he was sentenced for judicial corruption to a heavy fine and imprisonment, but the sentence was remitted, as if the injustice of it was too patent to be enforced. The five remaining years of his public life were spent in his literary labors, and the publication of his works, and his career closed at the age of a little less than 66 years in 1626. By his will, drawn just after his sentence, he bequeathed his name "to the next ages and to foreign nations," a bequest literally carried out, as those of the present day have become in the broadest sense his legatees.

A recent writer says: "Whether as a politician or as a justiciary, a philosopher or man of the world, there is in

English history no nobler character than that of Francis Bacon, yet no one has been more misapprehended, more misrepresented, more maligned, than has he." "He was the most remarkable man of whom any age can boast." "He soared to such a height that his contemporaries could not fully estimate his genius, the justness of his views, and the importance of his labors." Lord Macaulay says: "Bacon's mind was the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the children of men." Pope, that "Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced." De-Quincy calls him "the glory of the human intellect." Welch writes that "he belonged to the realm of imagination, of eloquence, of jurisprudence, of ethics, of metaphysics. His writings have the gravity of prose, with the fervor and vividness of poetry." Addison, that "he possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided among the greatest authors of antiquity. . . . . One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of his reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination;" while Edward Burke wrote, "Who is there that hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything: of genius, the most profound; of literature, the most extensive; of discovery, the most penetrating; of observation of human life, the most distinguishing and most refined." His friend Tobie Mathews wrote of him, "A man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world." And Macaulay avers "no man ever had an imagination so thoroughly

subjugated. In truth, much of Bacon's life was spent in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian tales."

The German author and critic Schlegel, whose "History of Literature" is almost a classic, says: "This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren, verbal subtleties of the schools, to nature and experience; he made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had an imperfect foresight of many others.

"Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture, nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally, assumed a new shape and complection."

In Lord Macaulay's essay these extracts occur:

"With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never been vouchsafed to any other human being. Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the richest decorations of rhetoric." "In his magnificent day dreams, there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets, feigned of poets to have been written in the books of the enchanters, are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature; and which with but time and patience will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by talismans in fable were trifles compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of fruit, and that if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they

would produce effects such as superstition never ascribed to the incantations of the magicians. . . . . It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, 'have enlarged the bounds of Europe.' "

Bacon's central thought was that religion, philosophy and literature should have a direct and practical bearing upon the well-being of mankind, and make life easier, more important, more interesting. That progress must be its purpose and end, for the good of the world, and this will be found to be the key-note throughout.

Our estimate of the life and character of Bacon, as well as the political history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, must needs be revised from the auto-biographical and historical material which the Cipher furnishes. It has been claimed that he was cold-blooded, and without affection or regard for the gentler sex. The contrary is the fact. During his stay in France occured the absorbing romance of his life, in a passionate love for Queen Marguerite, the young and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre. The life of a young Prince in the gay Court of France, accredited from the Court of England, a descendant of Henry the VII.—though his title was unacknowledged—can perhaps be better imagined than described. The conduct of Henry of Navarre had led to expectations of a divorce. Throughout the Cipher Story are found references which sufficiently show the powerful influence this absorbing passion exercised over the after life of Francis. A marriage was planned, to take place when divorce could be obtained from Navarre, and Sir Aymas Paulet attempted to negotiate the

arrangement with Queen Elizabeth, but this not meeting with her approval, the marriage scheme failed and the divorce was not obtained. The Play of Romeo and Juliet is based on this love story, with Marguerite and Francis for its real characters. In the "New Atlantis," published after his death, the Cipher says:

"Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even then, and it was flattering to th' youthfull and most naturall love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, inasmuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required much true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course o' businesse. Soe with much interessed, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myselfe ready to accompanie Sir Amyias to that sunny land o' th' South I learn'd soe supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' delights of th' country, by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautifull young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learn'd her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted duri'g many yeares, and, not until four decades or eight lustres o' life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memorie—rather, I should say, hath banisht her portrait to th' walles of memorie, onely, where it doth hang in th' pure, undimmed beauty of those early dayes—while her most lovelie presence doth possesse this entire mansion, of heart and braine.

Yet here I have a little digress'd, although the matter doth appertaine unto my story at a later period. When Sir Amyias Paulet became avised of my love, he propos'd that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on her pending case o' the divorce from the young Huguenot; but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never open'd into flower. But the future race will profit by th' failure in the field of love, for in those flitting daies afterward, having resolv'd to cover every marke of defeate with th' triumphs o' my minde, I did thoroughly banish my tende' love dreams to th' regions o' clouds as unreall, and let my works of various kinds absorb my minde. It is thus by my disappointments that I do secure to many, fruition."

M.

CIPHERS.

Bacon, from childhood, was intended for a public career. At that time all diplomatic, and much personal correspondence was committed to cipher. Among the substantial benefits, conferred upon mankind by Bacon, was the invention, while in France, of what is known as the Baconian, or Bi-literal Cipher, which is adaptable to a multitude of means and uses. It may not be generally known that this Cipher is the basis of nearly every alphabetical code in use in telegraphy, and in the signal service of the world. It is in brief, an alphabet which requires only two unlike things for its operation. These may be two slightly differing fonts of type on a printed page, as illustrated in the example given at length in his De Augmentis, published not long before his death; or it may be a dot or slight disfigurement in a single font, or the alternating dot and dash, or short and long sound space of the Morse telegraphic code, or the alternating long and short flash of light as in the heliographic system; the "wig-wag" of a flag or signal light, or two colored lights alternately displayed; in short any means whatever alternating any two unlike or unequal signs, sounds, motions or things. Under the rules of arithmetical progression, almost innumerable alphabets can be constructed, by these means undecipherable without its particular key. It has no limitations upon its usefulness and has never been surpassed in security, ingenuity or simplicity. Bacon himself called this the Omnia-per-omnia, the all in all cipher, and the name is completely descriptive.

On a following page, from "Advancement of Learning," (1605), is Bacon's first reference to the Bi-literal Cipher. The next reference with the plan, and the key to its use, appears eighteen years later, in the Latin De Augmentis Scientiarum, in 1623.

The system has been recognized, and used, since the day that De Augmentis was published, and has had its place in every translation and publication of that work since, but the ages have waited to learn that it was embedded in the original books themselves from the date of his earliest writings (1579 as now known) and infolded his secret personal history.

The two editions of De Augmentis form an illustration of the manner in which the different editions of the same work form each a separate study and tell a different Cipher Story. The first, or "London" edition, was issued, according to Spedding, in October, 1623. The next, or "Paris" edition, was issued in 1624. They differ in the Italic printing, and some errors in the second do not occur in the first. The 1624 edition has been deciphered; and the hidden story appears in this volume (page 310). The 1623 edition has not, as yet, been deciphered. It seems to be a rare edition. There are two copies in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian library at Oxford, two in Cambridge, and one in the choice collection of old books in the library of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence.

In the course of the work, Marlowe's Edward Second had been deciphered before De Augmentis was taken up. At the end of Edward Second occurs this veiled statement, referring to De Augmentis (page 152 *Bi-literal Cypher*) ". . . . the story it contains (our twelft king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way)

shall now know the day . .” Had Francis succeeded to the throne, he would have been the twelfth king (omitting the queens) after Edward Second, hence the inference that De Augmentis would contain much of his personal history. The disappointment was great when instead of this, the hidden matter was found to be the Argument of the Odyssey, something not anticipated, or wanted, and would never have been the result of choice or imagination of the decipherer. At the close of the deciphered work in Burton's Anatomy, in which the Argument of the Iliad was most unexpectedly found—another great disappointment—is this veiled statement: (page 309) “. . . while a Latin work—De Augmentis—will give aid upon the other (meaning the Odyssey). As in this work (meaning the Iliad) favorite parts are enlarged (in blank verse) yet as it lendeth ayde . . .”—i. e., sets a pattern for the writing out of the Odyssey in the Word Cipher. This explained the 1624 edition, and the inference is that the 1623 edition will disclose the personal history referred to on page 152.

In the 1624 edition there are some errors in the illustration of the cipher methods and in the Cicero Epistle which do not occur in the 1623 edition. The Latin words midway on page 282, “qui pauci sunt” in the 1623 edition, are “qui parati sunt” in the 1624, page 309,—an error referred to on page 10 of the Introduction of the *Bi-literal Cypher* as wrong termination, there being too many letters for the group, and one letter must be omitted. Other variations show errors in making up the forms on pages 307 and 308 in the 1624 edition, whether purposely for

confusion or otherwise, it is impossible to tell. The line on page 307,

"Exemplum Alphabeti Biformis"

should be placed above the Bi-formed Alphabet on page 308, while

"Exemplum Accomodationis"

should be placed above the example of the adaptation just preceding. The repetition of twelve letters of the bi-formed alphabet could hardly be called a printer's error, as they are of another form, unlike those on the preceding page, and may be taken as an example of the statement that "any two forms will do." In these illustrations the letters seem to be drawn with a pen and are a mixture of script and peculiar forms, and unlike any in the regular fonts of type used in the printed matter. No part of the Cipher Story is embodied in the script or pen letters on these pages. Whether or not the changing of the lines was done purposely, the grouping of the Italic letters from the regular fonts is consecutive as *the printed lines stand,* the wrong make-up causing no break in the connected narration. There are many obscure statements throughout the Biliteral Cypher, such as are noted in Edward Second and in Burton. To the decipherer they have a meaning, indicating what to look for and where to find that which is necessary for correct and completed work, as well as to guard against errors and incorrect translation.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

Of the Advancement of Learning.

(London, 1605.)

CYPHARS

For CYPHARS; they are commonly in Letters or Alphabets, but may bee in Wordes. The kindes of CYPHARS, (beſides the SIMPLE CYPHARS with Changes, and intermixtures of NVLLES, and NONSIGNIFICANTS) are many, according to the Nature or Rule of the infoulding: WHEELE-CYPHARS, KAY-CYPHARS, DOVBLES, &c. But the vertues of them, whereby they are to be preferred, are three; that they be not laborious to write and reade; that they bee impoſsible to diſcypher; and in ſome caſes, that they bee without ſuſpition. The higheſt Degree whereof, is to write OMNIA PER OMNIA; which is vndoubtedly poſsible, with a proportion Quintuple at moſt, of the writing infoulding, to the writing infoulded, and no other reſtrainte whatſoeuer. This Arte of *Cypheringe*, hath for Relatiue, an Art of *Diſcypheringe*; by ſuppoſition vnprofitable; but, as things are, of great vſe. For ſuppoſe that *Cyphars* were well mannaged, there bee Multitudes of them which exclude the *Diſcypherer*. But in regarde of the rawneſſe and vnskilfulneſſe of the handes, through which they paſſe, the greateſt Matters, are many times carryed in the weakeſt *Cyphars*.

De Augmentis Scientiarum

(Translation, Gilbert Wats, 1640.)

Wherefore let us come to Cyphars. Their kinds are many, as *Cyphars ſimple; Cyphars intermixt with Nulloes*, or non-ſignificant Characters; *Cyphars of double Letters under one Character; Wheele-Cyphars; Kay-Cyphars; Cyphars of Words; Others.* But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferr'd are Three; *That they be ready, and not laborious to write; That they be ſure, and lie not open to Decipbering; And laſtly, if it be poſsible, that they be managed without ſuſpition.*

But that jealouſies may be taken away, we will annexe an other invention, which, in truth, we deviſed in our youth, when we were at *Paris:* and is a thing that yet ſeemeth to us not worthy to be loſt. It containeth the *higheſt degree of Cypher*, which is to ſignifie *omnia per omnia*, yet ſo as the *writing infolding*, may beare a quintuple proportion to the *writing infolded;* no other condition or reſtriction whatſoever is required. It ſhall be performed thus: Firſt let all the *Letters* of the *Alphabet*, by tranſpoſition, be reſolved into two *Letters* onely; for the tranſpoſition of two *Letters* by five placings will be ſufficient for 32. Differences, much more for 24. which is the number of the *Alphabet*. The example of ſuch an *Alphabet* is on this wiſe.

An Example of a Bi-literarie Alphabet.

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

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

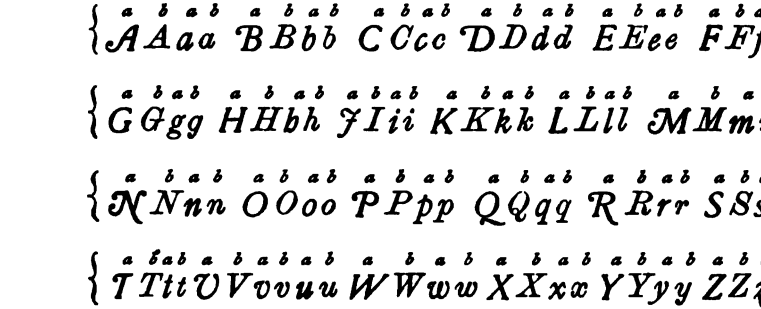
Fuge.

Example of Solution.

F	*U*	*G*	*E*
aabab.	*baabb.*	*aabba.*	*aabaa.*

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

An Example of a Bi-formed Alphabet.



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

Manere te volo, donec venero.

An Example of Accommodation:

F U G E
a a b a b. b aa bb. a a b b a. a a b a a.
Manere te volo donec venero

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

Spartan Dispatch.

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

An exteriour letter, taken out of the firſt Epiſtle of *Cicero,* wherein a Spartan Letter is involved.

Jn all duty or rather piety towards

you, I satisfy everybody except myself.

Myself J never satisfy. For so great are

the services which you have rendered me,

that, seeing you did not rest in your en-

deavours on my behalf till the thing was

done, J feel as if life had lost all its sweet-

ness, because J cannot do as much in this

cause of yours. The occasions are these:

Ammonius, the king's ambassador, open-

ly besieges us with money. The business

is carried on through the same creditors

who were employed in it when you were

here &c.

(NOTE)—This Translation from Spedding, Ellis & Heath Ed.

Epistle.

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

Cipher infolded.

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

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

FRANCISCI

BARONIS

DE VERVLAMIO,

VICE-COMITIS

SANCTI ALBANI.

DE DIGNITATE ET AVGMENTIS SCIENTIARVM.

LIBRI IX.

AD REGEM SVVM

Iuxta Exemplar Londini Impressum.

PARISIIS,

Typis PETRI METTAYER, Typographi Regij.

M. DC. XXIV.

tummodò Literas ſoluantur, per Tranſpoſitionem earum. Nam Tranſpoſitio duarum Literarum, per Locos quinque, Differentiis triginta duabus, multò magis viginti quatuor (qui eſt Numerus *Alphabeti* apud nos) ſufficiet. Huius *Alphabeti* Exemplum tale eſt.

Exemplum *Alphabeti Biliterarij.*

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

Neque leue quiddam obitèr hoc modo perfectum eſt. Etenim ex hoc ipſo patet Modus, quo ad omnem Loci Diſtantiam, per Obiecta, quæ vel Viſui, vel Auditui ſubijci poſſint, Senſa Animi proferre, & ſignificare liceat: ſi modò Obiecta illa, duplicis tantum Differentię capacia ſunt, veluti per Campanas, per Buccinas, per Flammeos, per Sonitus Tormentorum, & alia quęcunque. Verùm vt Incœptum perſequamur, cum ad Scribendum accingoris, Epiſtolam interiorem in *Alphabetum* hoc *Biliterarium* ſolues. Sit epiſtola interior.

Fuge.

Exemplum *Solutionis.*

F V. G. E.

Aabab. baabb. aabba. aabaa.

Præstò simul sit aliud *Aphabetum Biforme*, nimirùm, quod singulas *Alphabeti Communis* Literas, tam Capitales, quam minores, duplici Formâ, prout cuiq; commodum, sit exhibeat.

Exemplum *Alphabeti Biformis.*

F V G E

a a b ab. b aa b b. aa b b a. aa. b aa

Manere te volo donec venero

Tùm demùm Epistolæ Interiori, iam factæ *Biliteratæ*, Epistolam Exteriorem *Biformem*, literatim accommodabis, & posteà describes. Sit Epistola Exterior;

Manere te volo donec venero.

Exemplum *Accommodationis.*

N O P. Q R S

abbaa. abbab. abbba. abbbb. baaaa. baaab

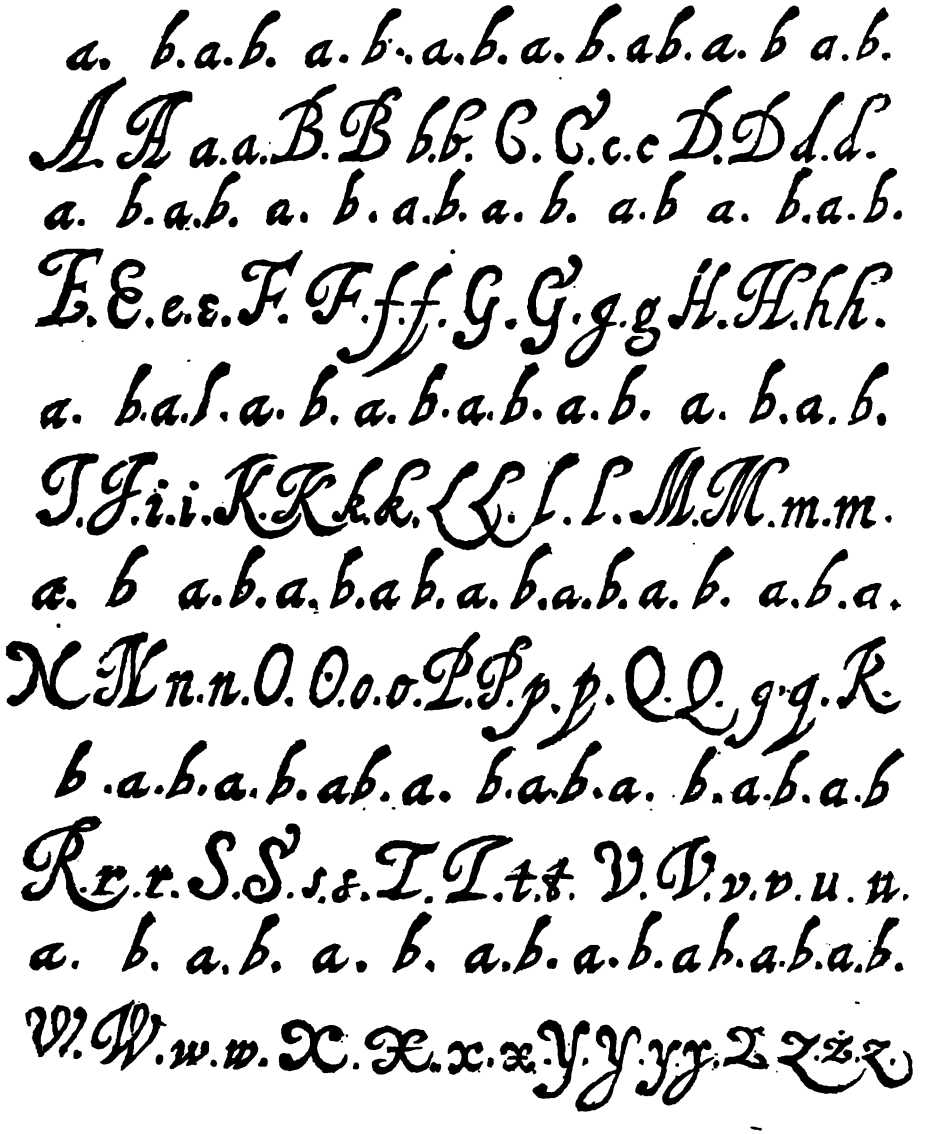
T V W X Y Z

baaba. baabb. babaa. babab. babba. babbb.

Appositum etiàm Exemplum aliud largius eiusdem Ciphræ, *Scribendi Omnia per Omnia.*

Epistola Interior, ad quam delegimus *Epistolam Spartanam*, missam olim in Scytale.

Perdita Res. Mindarus cecidit Milites esuriunt. Neque hinc nos extricare, neque hic diutiùs manere possumus.



Epistola Exterior, sumpta ex Epistolâ *Primâ Ciceronis*, in quâ *Epistola Spartana* inuoluitur.

Ego omni officio, ac potius pietate erga te; cæteris satisfacio omnibus: Mihi ipsi nunquàm satisfacio Tanta est enim magnitudo tuorum erga me meritorum, vt quoniam tu, nisi perfectâre, de me non conquiescâs; ego, quia non idem in tuâ causâ efficio, vitam mihi esse acerbam putem. In causâ hæc sunt. Ammonius Regis Legatus apertè pecuniâ nos oppugnat. Res agitur per eosdem creditores per quos, cùm tu aderas, agebatur. Regis causâ, si qui sunt, qui velint, qui parati sint, omnes ad Pompeium rem deferri volunt. Senatus Religionis calumniam, non religione, sed malevolentia, et illius Regiae largitionis inuidia comprobat &c.

PARS SECVNDA OPERIS,

QVAE DICITVR

NOVVM ORGANVM,

SIVE

INDICIA VERA

DE INTERPRETATIONE NATVRÆ.

DEEST PARS PRIMA

INSTAVRATIONIS,

QVÆ COMPLECTITVR

PARTITIONES SCIENTIARVM.

Illæ tamen ex Secundo Libro de Progreſſibus faciendis in Doctrinâ Diuinâ & Humanâ, *nonnulla ex parte peti poſſunt.*

SEQVITVR SECVNDA PARS

INSTVARATIONIS,

QVÆ ARTEM IPSAM

Interpretandi Naturam, & verioris adoperationis Intellectûs exhibet: neque eam ipſam tamen in Corpore tractatûs iuſti; ſed tantùm digeſtam per ſummas, in Aphoriſmos.

PRAEFA-

FRANCISCI

BARONIS

DE

VERVLAMIO,

VICE-COMITIS

SANCTI ALBANI,

Historia *Vitæ* & *Mortis*.

SIVE,

TITVLVS SECVNDVS

in Historiâ Naturali & Experimentali

ad condendam Philosophiam:

Quæ est

INSTAVRATIONIS MAGNÆ

PARS TERTIA.

LONDINI,

In Officina Io. HAVILAND, impensis

MATTHAEI LOWNES. 1623.

The firſt part

Of the true & honorable hiſtory, of the Life of *Sir Iohn Old-caſtle, the good* Lord Cobham.

As it hath bene lately acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Notingham Lord High Admirall of England, his Seruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

London printed for T. P.
1600.

THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maieſties ſeruants.

By *VVilliam Shakeſpeare*,

LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold neere *S. Auſtins* gate, at the ſigne of the pyde Bull.

1605.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE.

Not so New, as Lamentable and True.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for T. P. 1619.

FRANCIS BACON'S

BI-LITERAL CIPHER

THE DECIPHERED SECRET STORY

From Original Editions in British Museum

1579 to 1590.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THIRD EDITION.

The publication of the second edition of the *Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon,* which embraced the period of his Cipher writing between 1590 and the end of his career, emphasized the importance of finding the earlier writings —preceding 1590. The old books necessary to the research could not be procured in America, and during the summer of 1900 Mrs. Gallup and her assistant, Miss Kate E. Wells, visited England to carry on the work in that treasure house of early literature, the British Museum. The investigations yielded rich returns, for in Shepheard's Calender of 1579 was found the commencement of what proved to be an important part of Bacon's life work.

Following Shepheard's Calender, the works between 1579 and 1590, so far deciphered, are:

Araygnement of Paris, 1584; Mirrour of Modestie, 1584.

Planetomachia, 1585.

Treatise of Melancholy, 1586. Two editions of this were issued the same year, with differing Italics. The first ends with an incomplete cipher word which is completed in the second for the continued narration, thus making evident which was first published, unless they were published at the same time.

Euphues, 1587; Morando, 1587. These two also join together, with an incomplete word at the end of the first finding its completion in the commencement of the Cipher in the second.

Perimedes the Blacke-smith, 1588; Pandosto, 1588. These two also join together.

Spanish Masquerado, 1589. Two editions of this work bear date the same year, but have different Italicising. In one edition the Cipher Story is complete, closing with the signature: "Fr., Prince." In the other the story is not complete, the book ending with an incomplete cipher word, the remainder of which will be found in some work of a near date which has not yet been indicated.

Several months were spent in following, through these old books, the thread of the concealed story until it joined the work which had already been published. Overstrained eye-sight, from the close study of the different forms of Italic letters, and consequent exhaustion on the part of Mrs. Gallup, compelled a cessation of the work before all that would have been desirable to know concerning that early period was deciphered; and while these are not all the works in which Cipher will be found, between the years 1579 and 1590, they are sufficient unmistakably to connect the earlier writings with those of later date which had already been deciphered—as published in the *Bi-literal Cypher*—so that we now know the Cipher writings were being continuously infolded in Bacon's works, for a period of about forty-six years, from the first to the last of his literary productions, including some matter he had prepared, which was published by Rawley subsequent to 1626.

These few pages of deciphered matter, now added to that published in the Second Edition, have a unique distinction in the costliness of their production, but they are of inestimable value, historically, as well as from a literary point of view, in demonstrating with certainty the scope and completeness of the Cipher plan which has so long hidden the secrets of a most eventful period.

Franciscus Bacon,

Ætatis suæ 18.

1578.

FRANCIS BACON'S BI-LITERAL CYPHER.

SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER. 1579.

DEDICATION BY "E. K." 1579. ATTRIBUTED TO ED. SPENSER, 1611.

E. K. wil bee found to be nothing lesse then th' letters signifying th' future sov'raigne, or *England's King.* Th' present Queene, purely selfish in all that doth in a sorte make for proper, tho' tardie recognition of that true prerogative of roiale bloud, doth most boldly and co'sta'tly oppose with h'r argume'ts th' puny effort in our cause which hath most disprov'd abilitie to uphold our true and rightful (but at this present time, very little seene or onely partlie ghest) clayme to roiall pow'r. In event o' death of her Ma.—who bore in honourable wedlocke Robert, now known as sonne to Walter Devereux, as wel as him who now speaketh to th' yet unknowne aidant discypherer that wil open the dores of the sepulcher to break in sunder the bonds and cerementes of a marvaillous historie,—we the eldest borne, should, by the Divine right of a lawe of God made binding on man, inherit scepter and thron'.

Lest most vilde historie have no penne so bolde as to write out some daungerous matter' that have of late beene layd bare to us, we have made search for anie such secret mode of transmission as might conceale this whollie, yet in time, or it may chance ere long, chose the readers. Fayling in this, as all our existing meanes have alwaie[a] like sorte of keie held by each interpreter, wee devis'd two Cyphars now us'd for th' first time, for this saide secret historie, as cleere, safe, and undecipherable,—whilst containing th'

keyes in each which open the most important,—as anie device that witholdeth th' same. Till a discypherer finde a prepar'd, or readily discover'd, alphabet, it semeth to us a thing almost impossible, save by Divine gift and heavenly instinct, that he should bee able to read what is thus reveal'd.

It may, percha'ce, remaine in hiding untill a future people furnish wittes keener then these of our owne times to open this heavilie barred entrance-way and enter the house of treasure. Yet are we in hourly terror least th' Queene, our enemie at present, altho' likewise our mother, be cognisant of our invention. It is for good cause, therefore, that our worst feares cling to us so consta'tly that our intention is alter'd, and the cheefe Cyphar be not heerein set forth in such manner as was meant.

FR. B.

THE ARAYGNEMENT OF PARIS. 1584.

GEORGE PEELE.

By usi'g our Word Cyphar heere, our labours are greatlie increast. Wittes must be keen in a like search—waiting also, at other seasons, as a warie mind must oft to get th' game, yet making noe noyse in his rejoyci'g over th' great discoverie. Wee write in this constant dread least our secret history may be found and sette out ere we be safe ev'n fro' th' butcher's deadlie axe, and make manie a shift sodainely for saftie. Be not then caste downe if there be much that is promist you for which you shal long hunt vainlie, since we have so oft bene seyzed with violent feare of that which might arise thence. The', manifold times, our tho'ght sodainely changeth answer therto. But it wil in due time bee related wholly. Safety should arise, no

lesse then knowledge, from time's passage. Our mother can hardly be immortall.

It is also true that increast writi'gs greatlie lessen our chaunces of losse; for when portio's are widelie scattered, as herein, most shal see but Latine and Greeke in diverbs of rare worth, nor see our free use of great Virgill's vers', translated in the schools, and the more wondrous Homer, his poemes. Their eies rest on our Cyphar, yet to divulge th' secret is not in th' power of any that live at present; for it is yet in meere infancy and none recognise th' forme and features that it is at length, wee doubt not, to donne, as it commeth to height of developed body.

In sorrowe we set wordes herein: we know not their fate nor ours in a future near or farr, for we are in truth th' luckles Prince of Wales, whome, alas, wit no way o' safe escape hath taughte, if it bee not in hiding wel our marvaillous storie, in order to communicate it to some distant friends, whose loialtie—to princes of a rank such as ours—may serve, at God's morn of aidance, as e'courageme't. By uniting many pow'res—such lofty endevou' for perfecting th' knowledge that is in the world, joined also with a strife for th' elevation, in all kingdoms under heaven, of this whole people—th' Divine wil or planne doth perchance have full swaie: for when mankinde shall bee given wisedome in so great fullnes, idle courtiers may find no true use of subtile arts. We ourself hate, with princely hatred, artes now exercised to keepe th' vanitie of our regall parent glowing like fire, for God hath laid on that head a richer crowne then this diademe upo' her brow, yet wil she not displaie it before all eies. It is th' rich crowne of mothe'-hoode. Our true title is

PR. OF WALES.

examples of tardie restorations—late in life—many examples of a deathbed arousing a man, his dormant conscience, to such sense of justice, that all wrong, i' his power to see rectified, in wisedo'e have beene righted. Wee therefore have beene in hope of our winni'g this inherita'ce in due time. We know how wearie, ever, is hope deferr'd. In th' Holy Booke of th' Scripture it saith: "Hope deferr'd maketh the heart sicke."

Bee not, however, of opinion our hope is immediately to become England's King. Wee request but our naturall right: that we be declar'd the true heyre as the first borne son to our Queene, borne to her in honourable marriage with Robert D.; the Prince o' Wales whyles our parent be livi'g, but the propper souveraigne with name and stile quite disstinct fro' others—English kings having soe farre had no Francis on th' scrowl that co'tayneth their worthy Christian names—in proper course o' time, as other that were princes have had fortune before this in our realm.

Th' earliest shews of favour of this roial mother, as patronesse rather than parent, were seene when she honor'd our roofe so farre as to become th' guest of goode Sir Nicholas Bacon—that kinde man wee suppos'd our father then, as well wee might, for his unchangeable gentle kindnesse, his consta't carefullnesse for our honour, our safetie, and true advancement. These become marked as th' studie that wee pursew'd did make our tong sharp to replie when shee asked us a perplexing question, never, or at least seldome, lacking Greeke epigram to fit those shee quoted, and wee were ofte bro't into her gracious presence. It liveth, as do dreemes of yesternight, when now wee close our eies—the statelie moveme'ts, grace of speech, quick smile and sodaine anger, that oft, as April cloudes come acros the sunne yet as sodainly are withdrawn, fill'd us with succeeding dismay, or brim'd our cup immediately with joy.

It doth as ofte recur that th' Queene, our roiall mother, sometimes said in Sir Nicholas' eare on going to her coach: "Have him wel instructed in knowledge that future station shal make necessary." Naturally quick of hearing, it reaching our eares was caught o' th' wing, and long turned and pondered upon, but we found no meaning, for all our witte, no whisp'red woorde having passed th' lippes of noble Sir Nicholas on the matter. It was therefore long ere we knew our birth roial, and th' fond love of both foster parentes was restrainte and staye to our young spirit when the wild and fierie tempest sodainelie brast upo' us. This dread force would otherwise have ruined, wasted and borne us adrift like a despoil'd harvest.

In course of time, in a horrible passio' of witles wrath, th' revelation was thus flasht, like as lightning, upon us by our proude roial parent herselfe. We were in prese'ce—as had manie and oftentimes occurr'd, Que. E. havi'g a liking of our manners—with a nomber o' th' ladies and severall of the gentlemen of her court, when a seely young maiden babled a tale Cecill, knowing her weakeness, had whispered in her eare. A daungerous tidbit it was, but it well did satisfy th' malicious soule of a tale-bearer such as R. Cecill, that concern'd not her associate ladies at all, but th' honour, the honesty of Queene Elizabeth. Noe sooner breath'd aloude then it was hearde by the Queene, noe more, in truth, then halfe hearde then 'twas avenged by th' enraged Queene. Never had we seene fury soe terrible, and it was some time that wee remayned in silent, horror-strook dismaye, at the fiery overwhelming tempest. At last—when stript of al her fraile attire, the poor maid in frightened remors' lay quivering at Queene Elizabethes feet, almost depriv'd o' breath, stil feeblie begging that her life be spar'd nor ceasi'g for a mome't till sense was lost—no longer might we looke upon this in silence; and bursting like fulmin'd lightning through the waiting crowde of the

astonished courtiers and ladies, surrou'ding in a widening circle this angry Fury and her prey, wee bent a knee cravi'g that wee might lifte up the tender bodie and bear it thence. A dread sile'ce that foretels a storm fell on the Queene for a space, as th' cruell light waxed brighter and th' cheeke burnt as th' flame. As the fire grew to blasti'g heat, it fell upon us like the bolt of Jove. Losing controll immediatelie of both judgement and discretion, th' secrets of her heart came hurtling forth, stunning and blasting the sense, till we wanted but a jot of swooning likewise. Not onely did wee believe ourselfe to be base, but also wee beleeved the angry reproaches of such kinde as never can bee cleared awaie, for she declar'd us to be the fruit of a union of the sorte that is oft lustfull and lascivious—the secret; and in suppressing th' name of our father, she did in very truth give us reaso' to feare the blot of which we speake.

When, however, Ladie Anne Bacon, hearing th' tale which wee tolde, made free and full relation how this secret marriage with th' Earle, our fonde sire,—whom we knew little and lov'd not more then was due,—was consumated, it greatlie excited our imagination, so that we wrote it downe in a varietie of formes, and intende the use, both as one part of her history relating closelie to our owne, and as suited to representative historie that may bee acted on our stage.

The preparatio' that must naturallie be made, can bee wel understood to be much greater, inasmuch as it must be secret as the grave; but it can yet bee accomplish'd, if time be granted to carrie out our Cyphars as devis'd. Seeke, in th' kind of letters now us'd, for one more secret storie: after disciph'ring the same, then look onely to the Italicke pri'ting.

F.

PLANETOMACHIA. 1585.

ROBERT GREENE.

With great and patie't perseverance, unending, resolute labour, such as you shall also shew at eventide and at morne if you winne lawrells,—or finde a cyphar none will have the honour or th' favour to employ, asuredlie, for a short periode,—this work is dutifully persued for our advance-me't. As all may know, in time, the reason why 'tis yet hidden history of our present time and a time not very far fro' th' present, doubt not, our title to England's throne must soone bee known.

Althoug' a life, no other then our mother's, removi'g our naturall claym yet another degre, must keepe us still subject to the uncertaine duratio' as well as the fortune of one other being beside our owne selfe, we have faith in our sire, who, whilst now hee loveth his peace, and quiet enjoiement of th' roiall kindnese soe much no love of his offspring is manifest, hath in his naturall spirit that which yet might leade to a matching of a roiall spouse 'gainst the princes, that a ballance may be maintayned. Hee is, it wil no doubt bee remembered, the Lord Robert Dudley, Earle of Leister, whom our historie so oft nameth. Hee who beareth likewise the titles of Baron of Denbigh, Master of th' Queene's Majestie's Horse(s), of th' Order of th' Garter, her Highnesse' Privie Councilour, et cætera, in affectio' nor in honours no way doth see a lacke on the part of a woman, who, in ascending the English throne, did, like a common mayden of her realme, hide those secret counsells in her owne faire bosome. Aye, few ghest that her suitour was her wedded lord.

In truth, had not our farre seeing sire exercised more then the degree that was his wont, or his privilege, of au-

thoritie, Elizabeth had rested contente with th' marriage ceremony perform'd in the Tower, and would not have asked for regall, or even noble pompe—with attendants and witnesses; nor would she have wish'd for more state, because being quite bent upon secrecy, she with no want of justice contended, "The fewer eyes to witnesse, the fewer tongues to testify to that which had beene done."

As hath beene said, Earle of Leicester then foresaw the daye when he might require the power this might grant him, and no doubt this proved true, altho' we, th' first-borne sonne of the secret union, have profited by no meanes therfrom,—since we unfortunately incurr'd his great and most rancourous ill will, many yeares backe. As you no doubt are cognisant of our summarie banishment to beautifull France, which did intend our correction but oped to us the gates of Paradise, you know that our sire, more ev'n then our roiall mother, was bent upon our dispatch thither, and urg'd vehemently that subseque't, artfullie contriv'd business—concerning affaires of state—intrusted to us in much th' same manner, we thought, as waighty affaires were laid upon Sir Amyas, with whom they sent us to th' French Court.

By some strange Providence, this served well the purposes of our owne heart; for, making cyphares our choyse, we straightway proceeded to spend our greatest labours therein, to find a methode of secret communication of our historie to others outside the realme. That, however, drew noe suspition upon this device, inasmuch as it did appeare quite naturall to one who was in companie and under the instruction of our ambassadour to the Court o' France; and it seemed, on th' part of our parents, to afford peculiar relief, as shewing that our spirit and minde had calmed, as the ocean after a tempest doth sinke into a sweete rest, nor gives a signe of th' shippewracke belowe the gently rolli'g surface.

For such simple causes were we undisturb'd in a search after a meanes of transmitting our secret history. Fayli'g this—as no doubt our discypherer doth know, ere nowe—we devised this double alphabet Cyphar which with patience may be discovered, with another having within the body the keies to separate it into parts, that it may be joined by our lawe and come forth in that forme which first it bore under our hand. Thus shal we see our work arise, as, in the Judgement Day, the soules that death set free shall rise again in their celestiall bodies, such as they were first created, or as they existed in the thought of God; and as the glory of the terrestriall is different from th' glorie of the celestiall, so the beauties of the one shall not be as th' other. It hath beene our practise, from th' first Cyphar epistle to th' present letter, to scatter th' history widely, having great feare alwaies that our roiall mother may, by some ill-chance, come upo' the matter, and our life bee the forfeit ere half this labour bee ended. Should she laie hand upon the epistle, no eie save her owne would evermore read this interiour history. Where our Cyphar shiftes with suddennes, our decypherer needeth more patience.

FRA. B.

A TREATISE OF MELANCHOLY. 1586.

T. BRIGHT.

Verily, to make choyse of mouthpeeces for our voice, is farre fro' being a light or pleasi'g, but quite necessarie and important, missio'; and it oft in truth swaloweth all we receive from our writtings ere such cost be paid. None must thinke, however, that this doth moove us to forego th' worke. Rather would a slowly approaching death bee desir'd, or haste'd to summo' us quicklie, then that we now weaken in our great undertaki'g of writing out,—in our

secrete but playne manner of transmitti'g,—our history, as hath here bene sayd in our other Cyphar; also a most full and compleat storie of this so-styl'd maiden queene, her marriage, when prisonner at the Tower at command o' Queene Mary, and her prior mad love profess'd for Seymour, a man manie a yeare elder yet not greatly wiser then th' willfull princesse.

The early piety, that manie credulou' men attempt to proove, is most disprov'd by so unnecessary intemperance, wantonnesse, and over vehemence of affection, betrai'd towards a gentleman olde enough, if vertuoslie inclined, to guide a young princesse to piety, when in her co'fide'ce,—for sundry thi'gs come with experie'ce,—rather the' give her greefe, or future sorrow, never asswag'd on earth. Friendshippe alone should binde a man's mind strongly, that he curbe well his inordinate concupiscence and sin.

He, by disownei'g the child, subjected the princely heart to ignominie, and co'pelled Elizabeth to murder this infant at the very first slight breath, least she bee openly sham'd in Court, inasmuch as King Edward was intollerant of otheres foibles, whilst partiall to his owne.

This sad narrative is in the other Cyphar. It could not bee at once incorporated, because the parts should not bee plact near to one another. It must be quickly seene, therefore, it was needfull to commingle manie stories in one booke. None having beene finish'd at this* time, the faithfull decypherer is most solemnlie enjoin'd to follow th' one he can worke out at once, because it hath manifold instructions for Cyphar writing, which should doubtlesse be of great use in a future work of a sorte much unlike anything hee hath yet seene.

It is undoubtedly possible so to write anything whatsoever, that any who hath sufficient witte, join'd with as great a measure of patience, may work out th' hidden his-

*Second Ed., published same year.

torie without other directions then he heerein may duly finde. We have in our idole times amused and likewise well assured ourselfe of our inve'tion, of which wee most frequently speake, by ourselfe working from our published worke, that which formerly bore other names, th' sometimes weak yet not unworthy portio's translated from noble Homer, his poemes, or great Virgill's verse. By such maner of finding parts of the hidden stories, this contrivance is very constantlie in emploiement, and all our future discypherer's difficulties, by prevision, made lesse, so that he should not, in th' midst of his work, in wearinesse turne backe.

In many workes—such as the poemes at present suppos'd to belong to Spenser and Greene—the discypherer wil see portions of a secret storie chieflie co'cerning our lovely Marguerite of Navarre, Queene of that realme and our heart. 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 wel to make all such fleeting glory seeme to us like dreames or pictures, nor can wee name ought reall that hath not origin in her. At one time a secret jealousy was consta'tlie burning in our vains, for Duke Henry then follow'd her day in and out, but she hath given us proof of love that hath now sette our hart at rest on th' quæry.

FRANCIS, PRINCE O' WALES.

EUPHUES—MORANDO. 1587.

ROBERT GREENE.

Happie th' man, who, wearing in humble life a crowne such as the Jewes of former dayes platted for th' Christ, must win later the much priz'd golden rigoll which is worne by mortall men who are blest. Shut our eyes we cannot. A hand upon th' heart would not crush out the life, as doth

feare that we may fail to win our proper crowne though th' Queene be our *mother.

Dailie we see cause of this co'stantlie increasing dread, in the favour shewne to our brother rather than to ourselfe, despite the prioritie of our clayme to all princelie honour. And th' frenzied eagernes hee doth bewray,—when these shews and vauntlinglie marked favours, give co'firmatio' strong as proofes o' Holie Writ of our wisedome,—maketh us to inquire sadly of our owne hart whether our brother returneth our warm affection. The love we beare him is as fresh at this day, as it was in his boyhoode, when the relationship was for some time so carefully kept unknown—as th' fact was, for yeares, guarded of our high birth and station. Not a thought then enter'd th' brain, that it was not a ple'sure for us both to share. Our joies were thus two-fold, our sorrowes all cut in twaine; but th' pride of his heart having beene aroused, our eies can but note th' change, for hee seldom doth keep the former waies in remembrance. Even in his manner now, we thinke, one thought hath a voyce: "Without a brother like ours that hath come before us by sixe short yeares, we could rely whollie upon ourselfe, and, furthermore, bee th' heyre to England's throne." Nothing soe open, so unmistakeable; but at times he maketh a great shew, stranger to our heart then the colde ungracious manner.

When this spirit of kindnes is felt noe more—when this shall be lost—th' minde can furnish few thoughtes, wrought thro' pain, from mem'ries of th' past houres o' joy, to comforte and console it. Whe' th' heart hath suffer'd change, and a breach beginneth to widen, noe wordes fill it up. An altred affection, one weakly parteth from, of neede, —for noe redresse is suitable.

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*Morando.

The chiefe cause nowe of the uneasinesse is, however, the questio' that hath risen regarding these plots of Mary, and those of th' olde faith—a question of Elizabethe's clayme to the throne, and therefore, likewise, our owne. With everyone whose aime putteth him very seldom to blush, in heart, we desire onelie that this supreme right shall bee also supreme power. This doth more depende upon some work of Henries, then this secret royale espousall wee mention oft. Hence a wish that is not perhaps unworthie in us, under such peculiar circumstances surrounding not only ourselfe but our brother, to write another history.

F. B.

PERIMEDES—PANDOSTO. 1588.

ROBERT GREENE.

Til other writings have bene finish'd, you cannot carry out the wish we doe so frequentlie utter, that the decipherer shall take up a grave taske—that of writing againe a historie that shal be as strange as one in a suspitious drama not claiming to be narrative save of a fayned storie. 'Tis, however, true in everie circumstance—as true as truth. Our heart is almost bursting with our indignation, grief, and sorrowe; and wee feel our penne quivering, as a steed doth impatientlie stand awaiting an expected note of the horne o' the hunt, ere darti'g, as an arrowe flies to the targe, across moor and glen. We write much in a feverous longing to live among men of a future people. 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 tolde as truth, seldome accredite'. It is ofttimes repeeted, yet is as frequently waived; for 'tis as dangerous sorte of speech as can

come within th' compasse of faithful courtiers' intercourse. 'Twould show ill, if publisht so that all within reach might know it, besides costing our life, altho' it is truth itself. Manifestly the truth is now da'gerous and should bee conceal'd. Rex you must know to be our future title.

F., PR. OF W.

SPANISH MASQUERADO. EDITIONS 1589.

ROBERT GREENE.

Turn to a booke entitul'd Alcida, a Metamorphosis, befo' you decipher that most interesting Tale of Troie, lately written to make a piece suited to our translatio' of th' divine workes of Homer, Prince of Poetes, and also of noble Virgill, co'ceal'd in cyphars. Thinking to be, by a waie of our devising, able to write the secret story so that it may in a time not farre off acquaint many of our people with our true name, we also do ask, (in al of our work we publish under names that be almost trite) that every arte bee used to take th' Cyphre out. Works o' Homer, printed, cannot go to oblivion; and if our carefull planne preserve those rich gemmes, it shal build our owne moniment of that which shall outlast all els, and make our name at least reflect the glorie, that must—as long as our changing, subtlie altering mother-tongue endure—be seene afarre.

FR., PRINCE.

Another edition of above printed same year.

Turn to a booke entitul'd Alcida, a Metamorphosis, befo' you decipher that milde Tale o' Troy, that may, truth to say, well be nam'd a cistur', because severall riven rockes yet give sacred dewe therto—verses of Homer of unmatch'd beautie; of th' prince, soe nam'd, of those that it pleas'd to

write in Latine, Virgill; Petrarck in a fine line; or Ennius, braving daily surly critike but miraculouslie kept soe free as to strike all with dismaie. Our one hope of leaving our cipha' historie in like surrou'dinges, you, by marking soe-cal'd joining or co'bining keies, doe as easily unmask as we do inve't a meanes to hide. The furtherance of our much cherrish'd plan, keepeth us heartened for our work, making hope, or wish even of immediate recogniza'ce, of little consequence beside such possible renowne as might bee ours in a farre off age thorow our i'vention. When first our wo'drous Ciphar, surging up in the minde, ingu'ft our nightly thought, th' mind far out-ran al posi—(Incomplete —joins with some other work not yet deciphered.)

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Fr Bacon

FRANCIS BACON'S

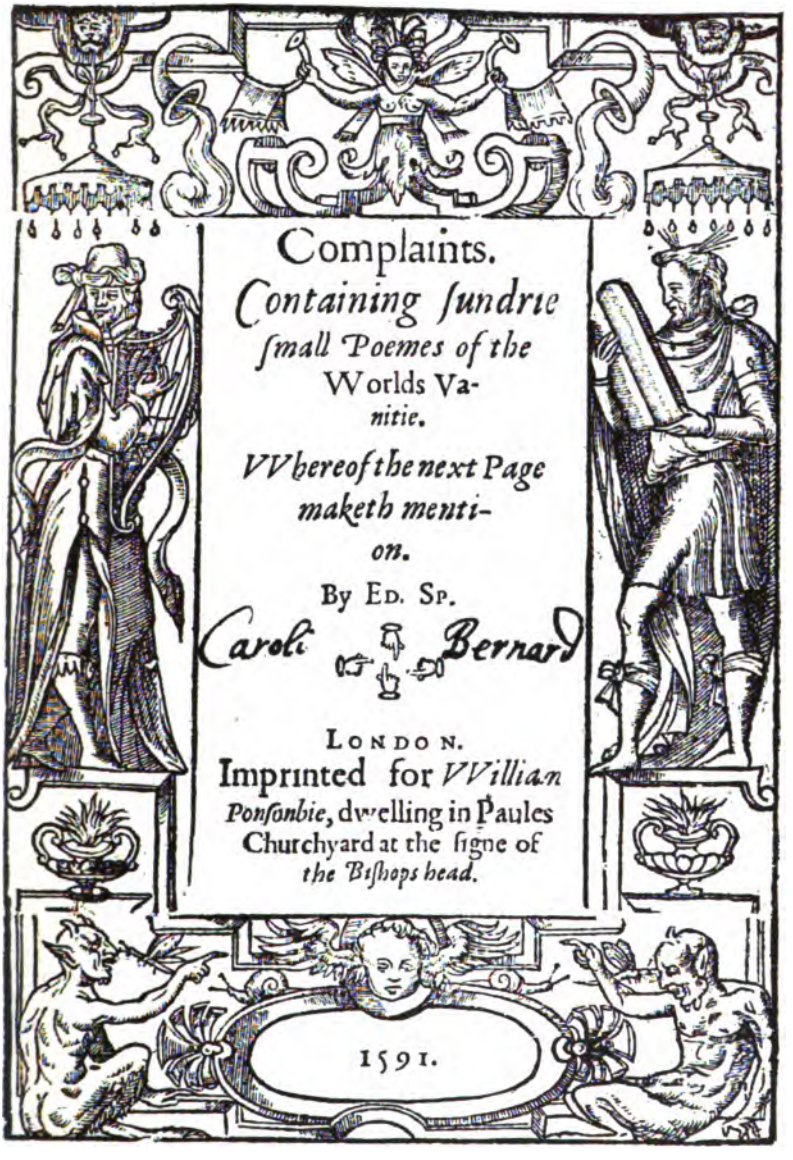
BI-LITERAL CIPHER

PART II.

(Reprint, Second Edition.)

THE DECIPHERED SECRET STORY.
1590 to 1635.

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.



Complaints.

Containing ſundrie ſmall Poemes of the Worlds Va-*nitie.*

VVhereof the next Page maketh menti-on.

By Ed. Sp.

Caroli Bernard

London.
Imprinted for *VVillian Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1591.

A note of the ſundrie Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *Proſopopoia,* or *Mother Hubberds Tale.*
5 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
6 *Muiopotmos,* or *The Tale of the Butterflie.*
7 *Viſions of the Worlds vanitie.*
8 *Bellayes viſions.*
9 *Petrarches viſions.*

EDMUND SPENSER.

COMPLAINTS.
1590 AND 1591.

As feares for life are powerfull motives for the adoptio' of secret methodes of inscribing such portions of history as the sovereign chooseth to have shut within the memory, you may not think strange if you discover here a Ciphe' epistle, but we earnestly beseech and humbly pray you to be the guard to our secret as to your owne.

In truth our life is now put in real deadly dange' from her that hath our *destiny as in the hollowe o' her smal palme. Her selfe-love *more then our good fame dominates in her whole heart, being powerfull to *oreballance sweete mothe' love. *Betray not our dear hope, for soe much doth our life seeme made up of nought else, if it bee lost wee dye and make no signe.

A man doth slowly eat his very inmost soule and hart, when there shall cease to bee a friend to whom he may open his inner thought, knowledge, or life, and it is to you, by means little knowne and lesse suspected at present writing, that we now addresse an epistle. But if you bee as blinde to this as others, this labour's lost, as much as love's in th' play we have staged of *late.

Our name is Fr. Bacon, by adoption, yet it shall be different. Being of blood roial, (for the Queene, our sov'raigne, who maried by a private rite the Earle Leicester—and at a subseque't time, also, as to make *surer thereby,

*Visions of the World's Vanitie.
*Visions of Petrarch.
*Ruine of Time.
*Visions of Bellay.
*Epistle Dedicatory, etc.
*Tears of the Muses.

without pompe but i' th' presence o' a suitable number of witnesses, bound herselfe by those hymeneall bands againe —is our mother, and wee were not base-born or base begot) we be Tudor, and our stile shall be Francis First, in all proper cours of time, th' king of our realme.

Early in our life, othe—or threat as binding in effect as othe, wee greatly doubt—was made by our wilful parent concerning *succession, and if this cannot bee chang'd, or be not in time w'thdrawn, wee know not how th' kingdome shall be obtain'd. But 'tis thus seene or shewn that it can bee noe other's by true desce't, then is set down. To Francis First doth th' crowne, th' honor of our land belong.

Some have won this right by force in battaile. Of such take, in example, th' first Tudor; or, at our day, Henry of Navarre. Yet, not being of a martiall temper, we bee naturally averse, and slightlie impatie't of fighting to *secure a place which by Divine right pertaineth unto the first-borne of a soveraigne.

If you note th' saltnesse of this relation, let it not greatlie surprise you: rather marvell at it if you see no worse things, for we are somewhat bitter in spirit oft-times as other men would be.

It killes joyes blossomes on seing by one's side glide all feares; and some by struggles, tiring ene the might of noblest and th' most daring of soldiers, strive t' get an advantage of *their besetting foes. But wee choose another waye, and a different course. A ruler, especially a ruler of so mightie a kingdome as this, having power in a wondrous degree, sho'ld winne like fame. It is this wee seeke.

F. B.

*Virgil's Gnat.
*Ruines of Rome.
*Prosopopoia.

COLIN CLOVTS
Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.

LONDON
Printed for *VVilliam Ponſonbie.*
1595.

TO THE RIGHT worthy and noble Knight

Sir *VValter Raleigh*, Captaine of her Maieſties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, *and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.*

(:·:)

SIR, that you may ſee that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither vndutifull, though not preciſely officious, I make you preſent of this ſimple paſtorall, vnworthie of your higher conceipt for the meaneſſe of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter. The which I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden vnto you, for your ſingular fauours and ſundrie good turnes ſhewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect againſt the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning.

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

I pray continually for your happineſſe. From my houſe of Kilcolman, *the* 27. *of December.*
1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.

COLIN CLOUT.

1595.

As all eies have glanc'd but lightly on such a Cyphar in th' former poems put out in this name, our fear may rest, for surely no eye is bente suspiciouslie or with inquiry upon anie.

Often was worke, when in danger of too strict or careful note, divided, and but a part given foorth at a time, e. g. some latelie set forth in th' name of Greene and Peele, or in this, a few yeares ago. Marlow is also a pen name emploi'd ere taking Wm. Shakespeare's, as our masque or vizard, that wee should remayne unknowne, inasmuch as wee, having worked in drama, history that is most vig'rously supprest, have put ourselfe soe greatly in dange' that a word unto Queene Elizabeth, without doubt, would give us a sodaine horriblle end—an exit without re-entrance—for in truth she is authour and preserve' of this, our being. We, by men call'd Bacon, are sonne of the sov'raigne, Queene Elizabeth, who whe' confin'd i' th' tow'r, married Ro. D.

FR. B.

FAERIE QUEENE.
1596.

E. Sp. could not otherwise so easilie atchieve honours that pertyne to ourselfe. Indeed this would alone crowne his head, if this were all—I speake not of golden crowne, but of lawrell—for our pen is dipt deepe into th' Muses' pure source.

Although to conceale these Cyphe', th' works thus appear'd, we were in good hope that whe' our divers small poemes might bee seene in printed forme, th' approvall o' Lord Leicester might be gain'd: hee, as doubtlesse you found in earlier decyphering, being our owne father, and in a waie, having matters in his hands regarding the recognition, and th' remuneratio' Her Ma. should offer, suitably rewarding soe great labours. Th' wish to shew our God-given powers and gifts of song warr'd with th' resolve made in heat of young bloud—alreadie familiar as a vow from your own soule, inasmuch as it can onely bee carried on thro' your aide.

The hidden letter taketh man back to a time in Elizabeth's raigne, cloaked, as might bee said, in a night blacker, if that be possible, then Night, or Ægyptian, Stygian or anie blacknesse knowne to anie times or peoples.

Fewe women of any countrey, royall or not, married or single, would play so madly dari'g, so wildly venturing a game, as Queene E——, our willfuly blind mother, who hath for many long yeares been wedded to th' Earle of Leicester. A king's daughter gave a worthie president to all states, in that shee would wed as her wishes dictated, not thro' negotiation and by treaty. But it would at present appear to be forgotten since we hoped to winne youth-

full love's first blossome for life's girlo'd but were refus'd, and helde to customarie observances as firmlie as anie ceremonial court might require. It was upon this grievous failure (much more grievous at that blacker houre of mourning for our kind father of our earliest remembrance, if not our sire in th' naturall way of bloud) a great attract wonne more on our minde—our true right,—true, lawfull, divine gift,—our kingdome more—from plain statements that were made concerning our true hope of the succession; yet Her Ma. though given to rashnesse, seldome speaketh out of her hart in presence-hal, or whylst i' th' councell, having a desire of showi'g foorth the royal temper of her sire rather then a woman, her spirit.

All this work'd with some power in th' yong heart. One historick drama afterward, gave th' first full history therein, but it is in a Word-Cypher, that doubtful as our aventure seem'd, we are in hope is master'd. Th' Cipher playes are a good ensample of th' dramas we now write, and tho' it be not secret, the history of King Edward First and King Edward Second will not appeare in our name, th' Cypher letters being contain'd in these, but Edouard Third was us'd for proofe of th' Cypher we give. Th' keies may bee found soone, and wee will now shew an argument of the play for ayd to a correcte writing.

You will thus observe that in plays, onlie scenes which hold the eye are of use. We commence, therefore, with th' seizure of Roger Mortimer who rul'd with the ayd, so cald, of th' Queene-mother. Edouard was leader of a choyce number, hardie and bold in temper, so that when he dema'ded that he should be declar'd king, Parliament promptly issued the proclamation making him ruler.

No sooner was hee well establisht in England in great

power, then he straightwaie claim'd the crowne of riche France since he was sonne t' the sister of King Philip, th' late sov'raigne, whereupon th' councel make answer in strong deni'l of such right, as by the Sa[l]ike lawe th' throne is neither held nor can be transmitted thro' a woman.

The warres which folow'd were long and cruell. At Crecie Prince Edward, named the Black Prince, could by noe means be restrained fro' battaile. He was then giv'n charge of th' troops at their right, which he array'd so that th' men-att-armes, who being more sturdy of build, stood fastest in line; then with English weapon'd archers he formed a mighty hearse and comanded all to remaine firme, nor advance. Seeing th' knights rushing tumultuously to battaile, his eager men chafed and faine had disobey'd their orders but the Prince bade his train'd warriours stand firme and await their foes. When but a stone's throwe distante they were allow'd a single stride forward; their aime, being so cool, was sure as th' shafts of Death. France saw her bravest o' souldiers slaine like sheepe.

Warwicke, and th' troopes he led, folowed the example in th' maine body; and Oxford, commanding his left wing, also kept his eager troopes in checke after the same manner. It was the good fortune of the Prince to slaie by his owne hand th' king of Bohemia, aydant o' the French. Wearinesse seem'd far from his limbs and his corage flagg'd not, but seeing him rushing into the conflicte, a messenger went t' find Edward's sire beseeching aide.

"But," asked the sire, "hath my sonne fallen?"

"No, Your Ma."

"Nor wounded?"

"Noe, unhurt, Your Ma."

"A prisoner?"

"Free, Yo' Ma."

"Say yee he needeth ayde? My lion's whelp shall win glory to-day. This is a mighty vict'ry none may share."

A victory it was, but hardly wonne, and it did not end our troubles in that land—afterwards there was Poictiers, also Callice. Then was th' black death sent upon the people from farre-of Cathay and the dead were numberlesse. All Europe by that dread scorge felt th' heavy hand of God. By th' black death was Laura snatcht from th' poete. Divine sorrow gave his pen its theme. England was almost depriv'd of labourers, for the plague was heavie o' those whom coarsenesse of comon food ingrosed, yet those who were fed with fare o' th' king perish'd likewise.

In th' third division, since (i) it was necesary to have noe lesse then these in order t' represent his long raigne, you see th' waning fortunes of Prince Edward in th' south. Losse of faire Limoges not long afte' th' putting of th' worthlesse king of Spayne on the trembling throne of that countrey by th' aide of their soe c——

FAERIE QUEENE.
SECOND PART, JOINS.
1596.

[c]alled free companies—Pedro of surname, th' cruell—unfavourably looked upon as it was, it in noe waye daunted him, our conquering prince, nor restrai'd him. However, hee had but half enjoyed this triumph of his troopes in th' South, before th' Bastard unseated Pedro and made him seeke shelter in France. Following slowly, Edward, no lesse courageous, I [ay] more gallant even, found many thinges captivating to th' hero. In such a mode of life, his spoiles were quickly expended. Th' sweating hast of

th' long marches, compleatly exhausting the men and diminishi'g the eagernesse to goe into battaile, th' seductive and thoroughly enervati'g revells that the souldiers follow'd as eagerlie as they had pursu'd the foe, nowe made it necessarie to go home to bring ove' his forces, and alreadie he began to bee aware that his returne wou'd lacke much of the interesse and excitement that attended him on a former occasio'. Also hee knew that his honour wo'ld bee far lesse, his entrie lesse glorious and triumphant then when th' King of Fra'ce rode as a prisonner beside him.

It might then, we sho'ld have sayd, bee readilie seene that hee stood high in all the people's harts. London seemed to stryve to outshine ev'n herselfe, soe that they spar'd neither pains nor money to adde to the honour or his glory. On this occasion lesse glory was given him by th' comon hindes, and th' bonfires which they love best were soe few, hee, himselfe, inquired: "Is there no more fewel? Are we povertie strucken?"

After soe milde a wellcome, his spirit yearn'd greatly for more conquests, yet hee fell quicklie into the Syren's snares of pleasure, like his sire, that was for long in stro'g bondes, not becoming or kinglie. Many courtiers eagerly imitating a well honour'd king in his vices, our good olde England soe well renown'd thro' Europe, and ev'n unto Jewrie for sobriety, nowe began to bee knowne for her mirth and gaiety.

After th' decease of the vertuous Phillipa, Edward was greatly in the power of one of a great number of ladies which surrou'ded all this traine, even as the gay women els'where thro'g round courtiers. He had given th' name of "Th' Lady of the Sun" to the fayre being, and it is no doubt quight a prope' style, being, I am assured, every

waye fitting; for fewe on earth have so dazling beauty, verilie, like to that lovelinesse of Circe, faire daughter of Phœbus. Her triumphs were compleat, as it may well be conceyv'd, whilst Edward's supreame sovereignty lasted, but after awhile she drank the sweetnese from her full glasse and found its dregs as bitter as wormewoode. Wise Solomon would have foretold this sodain downefal, if she had but read it in th' Book of Wisdom. You may seeke it, if it be doubtfull to yourselfe. Blind fate could not bee a sterner, or in truth, soe sterne an executioner. But I do digresse.

After these portio's have their great contrasts most clearlie set out, I shew th' death of this hero, yet not too fully. That of the King is, however, omited, my wish being to fixe men's mindes rather upon the doughtinesse that he exhibited, his other qualities of a true and wise man of th' olde times, whe' to bee king compelled him to wear armoure, and leade into a battell,—aventuring everiethi'g of valew, life, kingdome, people,—to retayne his possessions.

To mine owne selfe this waye of maintaining the Divine right is repugna't, and when I come at last into my right, th' power of the minde shall by my wisdome—as may be said by th' writer of Cypher workes that possiblie be conceal'd so well that noe other eie may se how wise he is in his conceipt—bee shewne to be greatly exceeding that of the sinewy right arme. This is my hope in labour, oft as hard and as fatigui'g as falleth to him that hath alwaies toyl'd for his bread, as 'tis by such meanes that kingly mindes should bee disciplin'd.

Th' fears that fill'd and harrassed all my minde, when with a strong motive for secrecy soe well knowne to my dis-

ciph'rer, this Cypher was i'vented, have become farre more constant, for I can observe manie things which pointe to great watchfulnes o' th' part of those whom my mother, thorow that spye Cecill, hath beene induc'd to set to minde everie interest and employme't that I have. This writing doth attracte attention, yet is not known to come fro' my penne, therefore I may freely open my soule herein and give to posterity this sad story of my misfortunes and still cherish this hope that a time shall come when right shall prevayl. Your humble servant,

FRA'C. BACON.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTO.

RICHARD SECOND.
1598.

By having Arte for a guidi'g word, it must be only quicke sight could see where my discipherer hath bin directed. Other men, indeed, or such as were induc'd to take my works wil winne his attention by word or signe known to the faithfull man who is to bring this history to that vast world which lieth dreamlesse far, far off, as a thing apart. These are as Greene, his worke, hath said. First all those great yet lame lines, none having sight of think to contayn anie Cyphe', and the epickes of Faerie Queene, Honour; Marlowe's fine guide, Reputation; Peele's, Nature; Melanc'olie, Truth; Greene, Fortune carrieth. My guide is Time, as all that I do, tho' great, sustaineth such change of forme as Time maketh desired, and little hath at this writing come forth as Time's other then a little prose, for great secrets will surelie have to guard all doores t' avoid surprises and capture.

Men call me Bacon but I am the Queene's future heyre.

F.

GEORGE PEELE.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.
1599.

You looke thorowe our worke and finde but part of noted Cypher of use to all. Axes and every kinde of weapon would fall with swifte justice on th' head of th' adventurous man that should openlie inserte such historie here. Her Ma. should by so mad daring, dubbe me, to th' courageous men of our broad land, as a Sonne of Follie. You, I know, muse on it wond'ri'g at a tale soe hidden when so oft overlookt by my many inquiring or inquisitive enimies; but none hath yet found the secret herein told. You must give everything grav' attentio' if any other famed Cyphars be found. None must hold the opinion that our history may be giv'n with speedy pen, since there be much of a secret nature closelie conjoyn'd, and in puting foorth our Cyphe', must nere be pass'd by.

Although not our life, it can at once, wee do assure you, be cleerly shewne, noe chapter may wel be lefte, as all twineth closelie, bindi'g such firme bands noe one may separate them. The story that we related o' th' life that we led at the Court at Fr.....(pages missing) ....but all must first bee found in our workes.

Confessio's do somewh't discompose anie that doe think our work but a pastime. It is quite well worth our weary labor.

FRA'CIS B.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

MIDSOMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
ROBERTS EDITION 1600.

That unfinish'd work may furder occupy your time and until one play have beene wel decipher'd let noe othe' have atte'tion for the storie, oft in disjoin'd and broken work, will give ayd.

Read of a man of our realm that at morn, or eve, plai's spy on my everie act under great secrecy, and gave me manie a cause in m' youth to make life in Fraunce most beneficent. Of his great hatre', one o' my greatest sorrowes grewe, and my hasty banishme't following quite close, that at that time seem'd maddening, but as in th' most commone of our youthful experiences, became the chiefe delight. In plays that I wrote about that time, the story of bane and blessings, of joies and greefes, are wel set forth. Indeede, some might say my passion the' had much youthly fire, but th' hate that raged i' mee then was not so fierie, in truth, as th' fierce hate so continualy burning i' th' breast and ofte unwiselie betraid by th' overt acts of the man o' whom I have writ many things.

In my hart, too, love so soone ore-threw envie as wel as other evil passions, after I found lonelie Margaret, the Queene o' Navarre, who willingly fram'd excuses to keepe me, with other right royall suitors, ever at her imperiall commandeme't. A wonderful pow'r to create heav'n upon earth was i' that lov'd eye. To winne a shewe o' her fond favour, we were faine to adventer even our honor, or fame, to save and shield her. Thorow love I dreamed out these five other plays, fill'd up—as we have seen warp in some

hand-loome, so as to bee made a beautious color'd webb—with words Marguerite hath soe ofte, like to a busy hand, shot dailie into a fayre-hued web, and made a riche-hued damask, vastlie more dear; and should life bewwraie [an] interiour room in my calme but aching brest, on everie hand shal her work be seene.

F. BACON.

MIDSOMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
FISHER EDITION 1600.

It is noe matter if, on discyph'ring one of my Cipher playes, part of which may be already taken forth, something shal lacke. Th' play must of necessity bee an unfinished worke untill its entire matter come from hiding.

This no one can doubt, without manifest lacke o' judgement, is yet farre offe. 'Tis th' labour of yeares to provide th' widely varied prose in which th' lines of verse have a faire haven, and lye anchor'd untill a day when th' coming pow'r may say: "Hoist sayle, away! for the windes of heav'n kisse your fairy streamers, and th' tide is a-floode. On to thy destiny!"

You would do well to keepe these numerous, ornate plays close by—th' disguyse in many cases, of more seri'us history then I plac'd in writings noted as works on grave and most important matters. As noe eie is turn'd on innocente seeming plays of any kinde, the well hidd'n history may long be safe—too safe to work me good or ill in my lifetime I now beleve, yet I have a faith that it will sometime be marked and decipher'd, whilst no reall asurance at present being a possibility, terror is in my nightly dre'mes ene as it is in many daye-visiones least it should bee while my selfish, vaine, unnaturall and selfe-will'd or kingly

mèr[e]—who nere lov'd a sonne, although that Heaven gave her these twoo, Essex and myselfe, halfe so well as a parent should—can doe me more harme. I am Francis, unacknoweleged prince, who was, at a time when saf'tie made it prude't, giv'n to kinder care and love, on th' side o' my adoptif mère, then a parent's.

F. B.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

1600.

Some kinds of little imprints were invented, as former shew of my timelie suggestion here, would, I dare to be sworne, cause some sharpe-eyed foe to seek my lost name in the name used as my one true instructor dictateth. Prudence hath as good cou'sels in times of danger as sadder Experience, and I list onely to her voyce, when my life would, none can doubt, be a spedy, ay' insta't forfeit.

For, old as my mère, Elizabeth, England's Queene, is, none can make th' proud, selfish, hating parent, though bound to name him who should in time succe'd to th' throne, shew what most might prove my just, lawful, or, if th' word bee a proper one in such a place, a divine,—as by a right Heaven-given,—heyr-shippe, having bin borne, as manie times you have found tolde elsewhere, child to th' Queene.

No man hath claime to such pow'r as some shal se in mighty England, after th' decease of Virgin Queene E. by dull, slow mortalls farre or near, loved, wooed like some gen'rously affected youth-loving mayden, whylst she is both wife to th' noble lord that was so sodainely cut off in his full tide and vigour of life, and mothe'—in such way as th' women of the world have groaninglie bro't mankinde foorth, and must whilst Nature doth raigne—of two noble

sonnes, Earle of Essex, train'd up by Devereux [and] he who doth speake to you, th' foster sonne to two wel fam'd frie'ds o' th' Que., Sir Nichola' Bacon, her wo'thie adviser and counselor, and that partne' of loving labor or dutie, my most loved Lady Anne Bacon—none needeth soe mentio', truly not to my new, true, bold fr'end, that far from mee through th' spaces o' th' universe, both of duration as well as distance, wil take forth the secret history.

F.

SIR JOHN OLD-CASTLE AND MERCHANT OF VENICE. J. ROBERTS ED. 1600.

See or read. In th' stage-plaies, two, the oldest or earliest devices prove these twentie plays to have bin put upon our stage by the actor that is suppos'd to sell dramas of value, yet 'tis rightlie mine owne labor. Withal after I did dilatate with carefull arte th' plan, I did not doubt the quick decipherer would from it trie other devices also; yet as too markt care might place a worke in more perill,—indeede saith as clearly to a babe "It is secret work, see!" as [to] deciph'rers,—even may th' rule evade inquiry now of eke th' sharpe eyes bending upon it.

Law, a faire code, was trite and is nowise so plact when it is written as was jesting John Premier, his declaratio's, upon trees, to bee th' target of idle archers. It was with as bare-faced audacitie, I doubt not, habituallie assailed as might have bin wel fortho't. Rare were a sight, indeed, when men,—who ever hold it [is] man's very need of lighter workes and entertaynme't bri'geth back bard, sweete

poetes criticks never shal spare, crown'd with blig'ted wre'ths of baye, saying that noe authour with an interesse in rude humanity, who serving God hateth wro'g, wil write as I have i' both prose and poetry of crime, or aught that th' jesting fooles saye or sing, I kno' not of whom, or th' pangs or the joy o' love,—may see any o' their owne so wel kepte evills acted upon our stage.

I am base, if, in sight o' th' God both Jew and Chret'en revere,—I [ay] who awed th' gods of other lands,—not lawe, but evil, governed my mother, Elizabeth, as shee join'd herselfe in a union with Robert Dudley whilst th' oath sworne to one as belov'd yet bound him. I have bene told hee aided in th' removall of this obstructio', when, turni'g on that narrowe treach'rous step, as is naturall, shee lightly leaned upon th' raile, fell on th' bricks—th' paving of a court—and so died. 'Tis I greatly fear, as true, ev'n, as 'tis misterious, and left a foul blot that is cli'ging yet to his name, still keeping of his closelie done ill, a thou't farre-reaching as is this universe.

This shal all be seene on the stage, and a play shal tel a tale pride shall not keepe, because I am justlie, or by th' lawe, th' Pr. o' Wales, *royall and soe honour'd, grac'd with senses most sharpelie struck or mov'd by the meteor of world-lie grandeur. This is little to be ma'vail'd at, for th' sensi-bilities ofte cause our fancies, and are like an instrume't in the musicia's skilful fingers.

If noe cadent teares come to my decyph'rer, I thinke it stranger then hardnesse in others, as 'tis his part t' take the hidden secret fro' this outer false cov'ring with which 'tis disguised, give it to a posterity that is distant, and neither will seeke for, or bee at all cognizante of th' same, without

*Merchant of Venice.

th' aide of a friend that shall with patience put it forth. If this [be] clear'd, fann'd, and clarified, that all unworthy thi'gs be remov'd as dregs from wort, as bad orts from grain or as lees fro' wine, doing this, hee is but part of myselfe—doth know interiour workings of the minde, as he doth unde'stand or is consciou' of those of his own minde.

In truth a man's thorough opening thus to a fr'end all that his braine co'ceiveth, or th' soule is co'scious of, will oft save his reason. He will eat his heart in lonelie musi'gs, for oft a feav'rous fire burneth in him, as worldes visions shifting and looming with wondrous swiftnesse on th' view, wooe th' minde from its labours to a restless tosse, as a shippe is beaten by mercilesse windes, or like to egg-shells crush'd togethe', broken to pieces, or soone made wrack.

This cannot be otherwise, with one knowing that he is heire-apparent to this kingdome, outrag'd, wrong'd, dishonour'd by one whose maternall love was not of so great strength as a desire for pow'r. In such a sonne, th' wisest our age thus farr hath shewen,—pardon, prithee, so u'seemly a phrase, I must speake it heere,—th' mother should lose selfish vanitie and be actuated only by a desire for his advancement.

With Elizabeth it is not markt. A sonne can nere share in regall and governeing duties, but Essex at one time grew verie arrogant havi'g for a faire season our gay mère's honourable and sustayning favour and the aydant interesse of our père.

At that time I knew my owne claime to favour must, yeelded publikely, bee as truly yielded up afterwards. I make a boast in speaking so, yet, Robt. shall c—

(Joins with some other work not yet deciphered.)

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.
1600.

(Some work precedes this, not yet deciphered.)

* * * * * 'sh none. They consider that, our stage, of no suitable furniture—no way bettered by half light—[the] rivall of palmie G[r]eece or proud Rome when at th' pinacle of glorie. Mine had for a period lesse honour, as you without any doubt know quite wel—in truth, not on accompte of the season or such well known or feigned reasons. You should assuredly also find al these, an' so th' true name these plays must, at some remote epoch of th' worldes great history, wear, when,—my first Cypher letter having bene made an epistle of wishes my faithefull fr'end must fulfil,—they have bene published as the fruict of many yeeres.

But, at this writing, saf'ty is as much enda'ger'd by accompting on such Cipher disguising, as at anie past daye, as a surly curre keepeth on with espionage or questiongs, to give us mad thoughts o' revenge, making it as difficile as may be thought, to escape his eyes.

It must send Mr. Robert Cecil on one errand with many a sorrie, idle, and fruictles day to report to an instigator, wily as he, and fully as slie, but it must preclude the possible renowne I might some daie enjoy thro' these sev'rall playes—as I manie times ere now have made cleere—if, in time, a future fr'end, through most improbable but yet equally desired seeking, as my discyph'rere, into many subtily co'triv'd devices, cary not to completio' mine owne good work. For to decypher plays will much incite this 'venturer. Rare is such royall apparell upon so strange

inner storie, hid like a crime. Ay, so are many of the Cipher histories relationes of ill. Penne, or man his arte, doth comma'd visions of th' dread, infamous actes dreamt of by fiends, yet mark, all this, amidst so truely brutall horrores, hath little that horrifies. Soe maskt, shut uppe, hidden, is much dread evill. Of truth the nearnes at present doth now oppres hartes noe-wise affected, but it doth requite labour since 'tis soe true.

Th' tardie epistle shal turne over an unknowne leaf of the historie of our land. Presto, mark what words this strange epistle thrust out. Th' booke herein hidd'n hath th' names in middest o' the other parts o' those writers suppos'd t' produce th' plaies here mention'd. None in fact were so created, having come from but a si'gle braine, that o' him not long herein, or amidst men that dar'd state an unpopular thing, shewne as such. Her Majesty surely put great weight upon th' vain and empty theories of th' seeres she most wish'd to have cast her horoscope. These made so great hate in our hearts agay'st th' men who fed a most unwomanly notion—renowne as Maiden Queene—as to make us feare our owne thoughts. Knowing well her hatred of th' desire o' my fathe', by one other sin,—which tho' more dire indeed then others, work'd to give me th' presidence mine in right,—made to bee cognisant of his duty, I have plac'd it i' Cyphre.

F. B.

FRANCIS BACON.

A DECLARATION OF THE TREASONS ATTEMPTED AND COMMITTED BY THE EARL OF ESSEX.

1601.

I write mildly of so terrible events, so galli'g memories of fifteene such woful, ay, such dre'dfull daies, 'tis limn'd i' fire on gloom of th' night or daye, Essex, thy murther. To sharper clamours, stif'led cries or piteous moans are added, and my eares heare Robert's voyce, soe entreati'gly, opening sealed dores, hau'ting all dreemes, gre'ting everie daie that doth dawne on our home.

As wee, wrong'd enfan's of a queene no wilful rebelion must raise (up) its pow'r upon, the heires, by law, to gold of most umbratike crowne, to pow'r wholly royale, lov'd by created men—th' first wrecking th' surer honor and naturall empire put upon him, that knowledge and consequently a wider ki'gdome's rule thorow knowledge be gained—also th' heyres of honor, next in ranke to soveraigne power, made effort to win a promise and assura'ce of this right, our royall aspirations received a dampening, a checke soe great, it co'vinc'd both, wee were hoping for advanceme't we might never attaine.

It may bee, and some holde it excusation, my Lord, his ambition, received the spurre in th' failure of soe reasonable dema'ds. It is undeniable,—I must say, to make these things as plain to all as it could bee if hee himselfe repeated these sentences,—his originall planne much more inte'ded my plaine right the' his owne, but I refused to liste to th'

charmer in th' ill-deserving, ill-succeedi'g designe, so that some such fiery rebellion on the Earle, his part, was perhaps onely a manifestation by waye of bragging shews or many flaunts of various intents, that not I, but my gayer brother was the darling, or the minion, of our people, specially of th' Citie.

How it was overthrowne, dissprov'd, shatter'd, not Cipher epistles have related in this mark'd sort, for lacke of opportune houres to work, but it may be read in the body o' the present booke. But least soe evill a rumour shall rise that this record should bee quite made waie with or bee afterwards supprest, every truth must bee in a frame, inside a verie greatly differing work.

By mine unsuspected small devices, his story may be preserv'd, that my newer capitals seen plainlie, as anie eye that look'd but keenly must surely by this time have noted, lesse valew'd matter may co'vey. The capitalls of a part of some of th' stage plays are often thus twice servi'g these secret works. When this that is now bei'g discyph'red hath reach'd completion, I have this request to prefer that th' minor Cypher may bee us'd. It proveth that a little of one's reward, derived as such bee from gaining information, may revive one's courage soe that hee do his longer taskes with pleasure.

Whilst I write all, I se most cleerly not my owne folly but my sinful weaknesse like as it must in the sight of one Divine and Supream Judge of all creatures apeare. In the blindnesse and confusio', th' moment's question loom'd up before me and blotted out love, honor, all th' joyes of the past or dreames of farre offe fame. That briefe duration much outvalewed Eternity itselfe. It is sad to looke back, yet sadder to co'template th' future. All my late brothe'

hazarded will not so much linger, or it may be said, have soe much waight in such thoughts, as my owne evermore accumulating and abundant evidence o' th' unhappy effects of his rash doings.

Her Majestie's regard and favour was by noe means ours on account of our secret claime. It should rather bee noted as a mark'd law, I may say without timorousnesse, the onely shews of th' affection shee might be suppos'd to manifest, sham'd us that they were understood. Time to tell whence this came, doth serve, as I am desirous that th' curse o' this realme hid so long, be made clear, yet shal I use a most blinde waie, and oft make sudden, unwisht, unprofitable change to allowe a seeker t' thinke it somethi'g of almost as smal worth as th' wo'derfully curious devices wee have heard it said much occupied people of a'cient Ægipt. But the device, soe well is it manag'd, doth holde as in imperishable amber the story given in this way.

Que. Elizabeth and Robert, th' Earle o' Leicester, were join'd lawfully in wedlock before my comming. Essex who was also sonne unto Her Ma. and a brother bred—bone, bloud, sinnewes as my owne—was sentenc'd to death by that mère and my owne counsel. Yet this truth must at some time be knowne; had not I thus allow'd myselfe to give some countenance to th' arraignement, a subsequent triall, as wel as th' sentence, I must have lost th' life that I held so pricelesse. Life to a schola' is but a pawne for mankind.

FR. B.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

LONDON PRODIGAL.
1605.

Do not pause for a moment to delve 'mid Cyphers where rules put forth in the Bi-literall possesse whatever directions you might need.

It is not far off or undisciph'red drama hath such a proof, and methods that in manie ways shew all our subtile intricate inventions, but such as doth have on th' severall partes printed one or other of the various pen-names used. Not Æschylus, not Plautus, must be studied in this work, and, as hath bene in Ciphars, many times over said to our assistant, th' storie this worke co'taineth cannot in anie othe' Cypher be seen in its full, naked, unblushing truth, for in some plays we blench'd somewhat, this story our love staieth soe long upon.

In each great part that wee shal bring into the world of reading or thinking men, from this to our finis, th' tale may be fou'd,—th' saddest in anie or all th' known languages,—the historie of th' Earle of Essex, our brother. It is scatt'red with a lavish hand through th' manie and varied plays which, in divers names are published, fro' th' numerous unsign'd yet mark'd or sealed manuscript, and, as time may suit, are to be deciph'red, and,—after our owne part have most o' th' secrets fitly hidd'n there,—so brought out that men o' th' future Æones must know our birth and parentage.

When one, decypheri'g so many different workes, shal write a story oft as th' same shall appeare, woe worth the hour! None can attempt history soe reiterate, and this, decyphr'd, must straight bee tried, and, as gold that shall

adorne Solomon, his temple, have all which can dim its glory taken forth. It shall be neyther more nor lesse tho' so tried; our designe, from th' mome't it was conceiv'd, being to put great and importa't secrets in everie part o' these works, that a decipherer shall not by any fault or omissio' o' ours, come short of manie wonderful truths. Make this such entire and suitable history, none, who liking our pen greatly rejoice to see this work, shal find it d'ficiente eene by a word.

FR. BACON.

FRANCIS BACON.

OF THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

1605.

Take, reade! it is sore necessity that doth force me to this very dry and also quite difficile Cyphar as a way or methode of transmission. Seldome (though occasionalie in th' bright but infrequent verse) lines of a published booke may artfullie come, plact in my Cypher amongst new matter; for all this bi-literall may do, shall be as an helpe and aide to my former: one must cary on the other.

Therefore as you cease to be attracted by one, you may folow another, but I am most assur'd that my long labor, spent making such small devices with this scope, end, and ayme, when completed and put out, boldlie given forth under my signature or in some other name, shall have full recompence of reward.

As one findeth that which doth already exist in his minde—a pre-notion—more quickly, and will more readily arrive at th' goal when he doth keepe his eyes on it, soe shall my discipherer make farre more advancement, keeping steadilie on with my aide, nere turning aside with a wand'ring eye.

It is for his advantage or benefitt, also, that th' lines that I have mention'd shall occasionally come to view; th' prenotion being thus form'd greatly asisteth many times, and doth ayde th' eye to see th' symboles (signes) to shew my discyphere' works of my penne in concealme't, or rather in masque or disguise.

My stage plaies have all beene disguis'd (to wit, many in Greene's name or in Peele's, Marlowe's, a fewe, such as th' Queene's Masques and others of this kind published for me by Jonson, my friend and co-worker) since I relate a secret history therein, a storie of so sterne and tragick qualitie, it illie suited my lighte' verse, in the earlier workes.

It surely must proove that they are the work of my hand when you, observing this varietie of forms, find out th' Cyphar soe devis'd to ayde a decipherer in the study of th' interiour historie. By the use of this Bi-literall Cypha', or the highest degree of Cyphar writing, I may give not meerely simple plain rules for such matters, but also some hint that may bee of use, or an exa'ple.

It is fame that all seeke, and surelie so great renowne can come in noe othe' studie: if therefore you commence th' study, the lawrell must at some future day be bestow'd upon you, for your interesse must dayly grow and none could winne you awaye.

On mee it doth impose a great labour, but the part you shall doe shall be much lighter. It is many daies, (ay, best part o' a yeare now) th' worke that is before you hath beene in hand: noe wonder, then, that 'tis a wearisom' taske and somewhat drie. It would weary the veriest clod: whe', however, it shal be completed, my joy will exceede th' past wearinesse.

Soone it can but be seene that I have undertaken great labour in behalfe of men for the furder advancing of knowledge, awaiting a time when it shall bee in everie language as in our owne, but that this may be kept to other ages we may use th' Latine, since our feare is often excited by th' want we note in this, th' English, of a degree

or measure of stability or of uniformity of its construction; and also many changes in usage shewe it is wise to use for a monument, marble more lasting.

Still, so great is our love for our mother-tongue, wee have at times made a free use, both of such words as are consid'r'd antique, and of stile, theme, and innermost spiritt of an earlier day, especially in th' Edmunde Spenser poemes that are modelled on Chaucer; yet th' antique or ancient is lightly woven, as you no doubte have before this noted, not onlie with expressions that are both comon and unquestionablie English of our own daie, but frequently with French wordes, for the Norman-French William the Conqueror introduced left its traces.

Beside nought is furder from my thoughts then a wish to lop this off, but, on the contrarie, a desire to graff more thoroughly on our language, cutts that will make th' tree more delightsome and its fruits more rare, hath oft led me to doe the engraffing for my proper selfe.

Indeed not th' gemmes of their language alone, but the jewells of their crowne are rightfullie England, her inheritance.

Furthermore many words commonlie used in different parts of England, strike th' eare of citizens of townes in southerne England like a foreine tongue, combinations whereof make all this varietie, that I finde ofttimes melodious, againe lesse pleasing, like the commingling of countrey fruites at a market faire. Yet you, seing the reason, approve, no doubte, th' efforts I make in the cause of all students of a language and learning, that is yet in its boyhood, so to speake.

The inwarde motive is noble, onlie as it cometh from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought

of my right to rule this kingdome as her supreme governour: but this deathlesse, inalienable, roiall right doth exist.

Queen Elizabeth, the late soveraigne, wedded, secretly, th' Earle, my father, at th' Tower of London, and afterwards at th' house of Lord P—— this ceremony was repeated, but not with any of the pompe and ceremonie that sorteth wel with queenly espousals, yet with a sufficient number of witnesses.

I, therfore, being the first borne sonne of this union should sit upon the throne, ruling the people over whom the Supreame Soveraigne doth shewe my right, as hath beene said, whilst suff'ring others to keepe the royall power.

A foxe, seen oft at our Court in th' forme and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecill—the hunchback—must answer at th' Divine Araignment to my charge agains', him, for he despoyled me ruthlessly. Th' Queene, my mother, might, in course of events which follow'd their revelations regarding my birth and parentage, without doubt having some naturall pride in her offspring, often have shewne us no little attenntion had not the crafty foxe aroused in that tiger-like spiritt th' jealousy that did so tormente the Queene, [that] neyther night nor day brought her respite from such suggestio's about my hope that I might bee England's king.

He told her my endeavours were all for sov'raigntie and honour, a perpetuall intending and constant hourlie practising some one thing urged or imposed, it should seeme, by that absolute, inhere't, honorably deriv'd necessitie of a conservation of roiall dignity.

He bade her observe the strength, breadth and compasse, at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied, and ev'n deprecated th' gen'rous disposition or graces of speech which wonne me manie friends, implying that my gifts would thus, nó doubt, uproot her, because I would, like Absalom, steale awaie th' people's harts and usurp the throne whilst my mother was yet alive.

The terrors he conjur'd up could by no art be exorcis'd, and many trialls came therefrom, not alone in youth, but in my earlie manhoode.

Neyther one supposed th' horror each dreem'd of—th' last of the mindes waking notiones and th' one that, drawing th' darke curtaines as night departed, had enter'd with th' light each morning—would take forme of th' other offshoot, th' favourite heyre, Robert—at th' time known onelie by th' borowed cognomen of Devereux, Earl of Essex: yet it indeed was hee, who, as though th' booke of their suppositions or feares was to him the one that contain'd easie lessons in treason, at last let loose th' dragon.

For a short space, this rebellion of th' Earl of Essex hardly shewed as such, having beene by the counsel of his friends, kept wisely backe when he purpos'd landing a large bodie of souldiers at Milford Haven, expecting many to joyn his forces as they mov'd on towards London, and contenting th' proude soule, swelling to bursting in his breast, by taking forth two-hundred of his choycest spirits to give a show of greatnesse and aide him in th' secret projects that hee was hatching.

His planne was nothing lesse than [a] mad designe to take possession of th' Court; his assistants, Davers, Davis and Blount, being well known, might e'ter unchallenged with a sufficient number of aydes that, scatter'd about, should likewise cause no remarke; at th' given signe

they were to seize, without confusion, th' halberdes of the guard, take stand, each in his previously assign'd place—one to holde the guard-chamber, one to possess himself of the hall, and a third to keepe watch at the gate—whilst Essex should enter th' presence chamber and virtually get possession of the Queene, under the pretense of complaining that certaine of her advisers and informers were his mortall enemies, and, maki'g bold to desire Her Ma. should bring these men to triall, should promptly name some who were neither wanting in good favor nor deficient in courage to occupy the places so made vacant. Then was Parliament to be call'd to make concessions, and the citty itselfe to be under his controle.

This planne knowne perfectlie to Southampton, the chiefe of his frends, manifestely suited that aventurous assistant well, but it failed in execution as we know.

The unwonted stir in all quarters, while Earle Robert had th' measure of liberty he enjoied, made Her Majesty watchful; also the assembling from every county of England of noteworthie men, nobilitie and militarie being chiefely observ'd—not, however, throngs but slowe gatherings as though one drewe afterwards another—escapt not her eie, whereupon the guards at Court were made aware o' danger and th' numbe' doubled. Report therof, coming to the Earle of Essex, greatly excited his feares least his plot had beene discovered, and hasten'd the end.

From th' first, my lord of Essex, whose whole thought clung to his originall planne of seizing th' Tower,—relying upon th' inspector of the ordinance who had vowed to surrender the keyes,—and afterward, from such point o' vantage surprising and possesing th' cittie, attempted to winne th' favour of the Protestants overtlie, and of his

Jesuit acquaintances covertly, promising the latter, I am trulie informed, that he would restore the Catholick faith, and, as his innermost being was mightily sway'd by imagination, I thinke he persuaded himselfe that hold on the people was sufficient to carry out these simpler plots, whilst hee doubted Her Majestie's graces would undermine a hope built on th' faith and affection of th' gentlemen that were among his companie; therefore hee determin'd that a surprise would be attended by too many dangers, and trusting greatly to the love of th' citizens, fell backe on their ayde. 'Twas th' Candlemas term ere his plan was soe farre digested.

His liberty being little restrain'd he had ample and constant meanes of carrying on his plans. As he was not confin'd to his chambers at Court, it was necessary to send for him when he should appear before the councill, but when this was done my lord boldly refus'd to go, and straightwaye disseminated a rumour that in going thither in the evening he was set upon and nearly drowned by Cobham, th' tool of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Walter himselfe.

But unfortunatelie this tale was frequently varied by th' Earle, and at one time hee did give out that four Jesuits had made an attack foure daies before, for the same or similar purpose. This weaken'd 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 tooke the wise precaution to give order: "Arm and waite in readinesse within for th' call."

But with him were now not lesse than fifteen score of the principall gentlemen, a company well chosen, containing on th' part of th' nobility, Earls of Routland and of Southampton, Lords Sandes, Mountegle, with others; behind him he had left Earle of Worcester, Lord Keeper, Lord Chief Justice, Her Majestie's Comptroller, and beare' of th' Seal,—who had come to meet Earle Robert, —themselves enduring imprisonment in his house, but they remain'd not long in duresse.

Th' tour of th' citty being well nigh made, my lord's party met Her Ma.'s troopes led forth by th' Admirall. Blount was wounded, Tracy kill'd; then my lord return'd to his owne house, and baricading the two great gates, defended th' house on all sides, but it aval'd not long. First hee begg'd for th' safe co'duct of th' Countesse, then surrendered.

SIR F.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTO.

KING LEAR.
1608.

No one in whose spirit is no love of pow'r, will know th' nature of th' flame i' my wilde spirit. Th' death of recent date, speaki'g in a comparative way, of my mother Queene Elizabeth, should put me upon th' royal chayre of England, because, borne in lawfull wedlocke, I am by th' rights of birth, true sov'raigne.

I aske only justice, but Divine, ay, God-giv'n rig't. Honor that had by precedent usage and by lawe long appertayn'd unto the first borne sonne to the sovereigne, was denied me in the life-time and in direct pursuance and fulfilment of the wishes of Her Majesty, my mother. Noe fame could holde up brighte' temptation than this that hath most oft beene refus'd—power, and in tra'sferring our scepter to the King of Scotland, Her Majesty's intention and wish was to put it where it could not be raught by anie outstretcht arme.

Beating in my braine with this injustice, which the yeares can have no soothing influence upon, there is a memorie of that fate, by farre more sad, cruell, and unjust then this, met by rash Robert.

It must be acknowledg'd that th' crime for which hee sufer'd could not any wise be palliate by his past services or bravery, but, had a signet-ring that hee did desire to present reacht Elizabeth, Robert, th' sonne madly lov'd, might have receiv'd a roiale remitment, inasmuch as it was her well-known seal and token. This did faile, however, to act as peace-maker as it came not, for good reason, to Her Majesty's

eyes. Dredful was her passion of anger and her bootlesse sorrow of hart on finding that our proud hero had so stoopt, and was not met. As hee had beene led to bel'eve he had but to send the ring to her and th' same would at a mome't's warni'g bring rescue or reliefe, he relyed vainly, alas! on this promis'd ayde.

A bitter griefe it was, not the lesse because he was farre dearer, as you know, tho' but a younger child, then one as worthy her love who is th' heire.

It shal bee well depicted in a play and you wil be instructted to discypher it fully, as soone as suits with such duty as e'grosseth you now. Keepe at the great Cipher ev'n when th' plays bee ended.

SIR FRA. B.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

1608.

Stay in this work to get your first directe rule relating to lines or verses which were much employ'd at the beginning as aydes in the work that had not advanced farre towards co'pletio'. Vergill, with all of my most cherisht, or revered, of poets, Homer, I have made to serve my designe as there could hardly so much bee divided, mangled, cut, hewen or lopt if noe penne save my unskilled quill—for I was yet youthfull—prepar'd i'teriour materiall.

This new contr'vance also lack'd some guide or hand in order to shew th' way, meandering in tortuous farre-reaching course, in all bookes that I designed, and at that time I had great feare that no sharp eye would note aught th' key, or such name-wordes, purport. How to disguise, but at th' same instant give unmistakable, manifold instructio's was a grave but very constant quære with me that with manie

excellent plannes and by diverse repeated lesser experiments in time slowly brought the desir'd but dificile responde't contrivance—an inge'ious waie by which lines and fragments of scatt'r'd storys are collected as in their original forme.

Scholars of great note have this: When aniething new hath bin shewn them, they recognise in it that which they alreadie know, rathe' then they will discover that they know not; ther'fore I have emploied these translations for the benefit of such.

FRA'CIS FIRST OF ENGLAND.

PERICLES.
1609.

This is simply another portio' greatly occupying a plaie too poor to work to our true or permanent renoune. In it were these shames, (foul horrors we fain leave unfinisht while fairer portions may be found) that are base as aught th' rude countrey hindes bee suppos'd to thinke as fit for creatures human as for any. As indeede this horror wee give, merely doth repeat th' horror to be found, this is our argumen'; none will aske another, for a storie paining as 'tis told hath beene a weary eno'gh relation without any uselesse third and fourth time telling.

It may win true acclamations, real or just applause, or greater blame; which it may be is not knowne at present, but wee, an historian, must needes write that which is true if it bee good or nere so ill, and must hold a glasse up to others that none may taint with a slime like this th' fountayn of his life.

But doe not forget to seeke for your Cipher poemes such as th' two poemes of noble Homer, his most worthy verse, and those great Virgill gave manki'de, also our Pastorale of the Christ, with a fantasy, and sev'rall that have lesse importe but are stil worthy, methought, to keep, for the excellence sustayn'd through poems now used only in workes that are written in Cypher shal aide one when these shall be brought forth t' shew their authorship. But work must not cease with poems herein nam'd, so much time hath beene given to th' writing o' diverse plai's, nine o' which shall have a time of dark dayes without a future, if such an eager seeker be never seene as is visible to th' eye of our minde.

Howere, great is our co'fidence in some name as well knowne to Him who governeth al as is our name, and it shall be united to ours at last as our writings shall be brought t' th' light so that one may see. Heede! These are words of

FRANCIS BACON, KT.

HAMLET.
1611.

Our new play hath breasted th' wave so galantlie, so brightly, a thrill runneth thorow minde, spirit, and heart, and great joy beateth in artyries even as in our earliest youth.

To man, his sight, forthwith, our secretes were submitted, yet no eie but ours seeth our interior history hid not lesse in workes such as th' one now in your emploie, then in many much more worthie of note, through a timely attention to most of old Atlas, his cheefe slips, or errata. This should not be understood to bee anie Atlas to whom in the antient time was committed th' waight of our world, but

one wee designate thus foolishly, since it doth entirely depende on him to superintend his own worke of printing, the correction of so much matter co'taini'g bi-form'd letters havi'g bin all we could attempt. Some things in a following editio' may be altered but wee depende on our decyph'rer, as in recognition of the merits of our stage-plaies, at some day, not verie long after our history hath bin decyph'red, to collect these all into one tome.

It shall bee noted in truth that some greatly exceede their fellowes in worth, and it is easily explained. Th' theame varied, yet was alwayes a subject well selected to convey the secret message. Also the plays being given out as tho'gh written by the actor to whom each had bin consign'd, turne one's genius suddainelie many times to suit th' new man.

In this actour that wee now emploie, is a wittie veyne different from any formerly employ'd. In truth it suiteth well with a native spirrit, humourous and grave by turnes in ourselfe. Therefore when wee create a part that hath him in minde, th' play is corresponsively better therefor. It must bee evident to our friend and co-worker that these later dramas are superior in nearlie all those scenes where our genius hath swaie: these Cyphers do much limit th' expressions of th' exteriour part and when narration predominates, genius feeleth the rein that doth governe th' movements and th' course.

With feelings, reveries, and contemplation, it is quite different, and the interiour story aydeth in th' production of these exteriour plays when they have sway.

FRANCIS BACON
(RIGHTFUL) R.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.
1611.

Few thought an adoptive heire and suppos'd sonne to Sir Nicholas Bacon, wrote stage-plays and it was to make onely our decypherer know of our new drama that we publisht ought without the so-call'd author's name upon the page. But knowing also that truth crushed by its one strong enemy, errour, commeth up in fresher vigour, whilst truth in obscurity hidden, oft remai'eth long enwrapt from sight, most playes wee had sent out before our new one, had the stile or name of an actor—he who wil put it foorth—but anon the one who bringeth it on our stage.

Rules for that other Cipher,—of thing' found at the present day best for interiour stage-plays, in some degree like and rivaling th' diverse exteriour drapings,—will bee giv'n soone, as we wish th' storie in that way most ple'santlie concealed, disciphered and made cleere to all upon the earth. So great wrongs must bee sette right, here, else posterity may not bee richer, as shall concerne knowledge of English historie of our times, then most of this dull generation.

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

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

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

F.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.
1611.

Two parts of my booke, which I set before my last works, may be placed behind everie othe' as you arrange the whole to decypher your instruction. I speake of Prosopo. and th' Faerie Qu. but the other parts must stand thus, as here you finde them. Let all the remainder bee work'd first, as they ayde in the writing of my brother's history which was begunne in the second part, or book, that doth commence one of my great workes of Scyence and,—continued in the little work stiled The Wisdome of the Auncients, and taken up in this poeticall worke that is republished for this purpose,—maketh a compleat abridgement of the history given fully in the great Cypher.

As hath bin said, many importante papers having beene destroyed by the Earle, many fe'tures of their plot were never brought out, E. Essex himselfe saying, "They shall be put where they cannot tell tales." But evidence was sufficient to prove th' guilt both of my brother and Earl of Southampton. Essex, his plea, that hee was not present at the consultation that five treason-plotting noblemen helde at Drury-house, ayded him not a whit, for his associates incriminated him, and such of their writings as had not beene destroyed were in the handwriting of my lord of Essex, as was shewne at the triall, and they were acting as hee directed.

How like some nightes horrible vision this triall and awful torture before his execution must ever be to me,

none but the Judge that sitteth aloft can justlie knowe. All the scenes come before me like the acted play, but how to put it awaye, or drive it back to Avernus, its home, O, who can divulge that greatest o' secrets? None.

This thought onely is fraught with a measureles pain, that all my power can doe nought for his memorie. If hee had but heard my advice, but he heeded his owne unreasoni'g wishes only. Whilst succeeding barely in this attempt to so much as winne a hearing, yet did th' true love I bore soe moove mee that, from my care o' Essex, I tooke a charge that greatly imperil'd my personall pretensions, as I did occupy my utmost witt, and even aventure my own fortunes with th' Queene, to attempte th' reintegration of his.

This, however, though it had th' will to doe Essex great benefitt, was truely little lesse harmful unto my lord Robert of Ewe, I may now admit, then to me. Queene Elizabeth, my mother, yeelded nought upon the questio', tho' 'tis knowne commonly that persuasions swayed her often, even when object seem'd as armed agaynst it. Yet this disposition was not paramount when I made my plea in behalf of him, whom loving trust haplie kept in checke when a word of dubitancie would pricke as with a spurre. Thus the breach between my haplesse kinne widen'd and nothing may close it, for a tombe doth silence both.

Vantages acompted great, simply as th' uncertaine dreames or visiones of night seeme to us in after time. Ended now is my great desire to sit in British throne. Larger worke doth invite my hand then majestie doth offer: to wield th' penne doth ever require a greater minde then to sway the royall scepter. Ay, I cry to th' Heavenly Ayde, ruling ore all, ever to keepe my soule thus humbled and contente.

O Source infinite of light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan, all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. A night of Stygian darknesse encloseth us. My hope, bannish'd to realmes above, taketh its flight through th' clear aire of the Scyences, unto bright daye with Thyselfe. As Thou didst conceale Thy lawes in thick clouds, enfolde them in shades of mysterious gloom, Thou didst infuse from Thy spirit a desire to put the day's glad worke, th' evening's thought, and midnight's meditation to finde out their secret workings.

Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's untimely cutting off, and my wrongfull part in his tryall. O, had I then one thought of th' great change his death would cause,—how life's worth would shrinke, and this world's litle golden sunshine be but as collied night's swifte lightning,—this had never come as a hound of th' hunt to my idle thoughts.

As it is now, the true meaning of events is loste 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 mindes must bee inclin'd to His instruc'ion.

This abridgement is now ended. By the ayde of the notes given, work out this history, for if this be lost my history will also bee unfinisht, so close my path lay by his. This you duelie have noted.

Besides our secret storie no correcte one shall be left, as Her Ma., takeing a liking, early, of my writings upon a part of late negotiations, required a species of justification o' th' course, (which none surely shew'd) carried it indeed so as in man, his sight, Robert is helde abhorr'd; but I th' clerk, did the writing, or acted as Secretary, th' report fully satiating everyone.

FAERIE QUEENE.
1613.

Some want-wit, may be, desiring note, if it uproot all love's fibres, would have welcom'd such a taske; so truly, did not I, for to me it grew to be more indirect, less honorable, so to put forward my dear lord, his misdeedes, at Queene E—'s beheast though I did it but at her expres commands, and always as a Secretary to Her Majesty. Verilie scarce a worde remained unaltered. The language, even, was not wholly such as I wish'd to use, as all was subjected to her painefully searching scrutiny, and manie a sentence did her weake fear, her dread of execratio', make her weigh and alter whilst her jealousie cull'd out my every name of th' noblemen who were charged with a lack o' loyalty, and th' stile that I emploied when I said ought concerning Robert. For my honorable and just stile of Earl of Essex and of Ewe, as "my lord of Essex" and "my lord Robt.",—on many a page similar names and tearmes,—Her Ma. would suggest that it be meerly plaine Essex, or in place of that "th' late Earle of Essex." It approov'd itself to her in such degre, that my first bookes were suddainely and peremptorylie supprest and (and) printed according to commande, de novo, thereby only th' sure proofe giving of a judgement sharp on his lordshipp's illes, but subtile concearning her owne; and assuredly th' world may see that though she might be excelent in great matters she was exquisite i' the lesser.

So much did some earlie worke on this noblest among noble youthes, our brothe' Robt. annoy th' Queene, we manifested a willingnesse to suppresse it, and because of soe doing were at some losse to continue our work. To

this secret device, or invention, the world doth owe most gracious thanks for a large part of his historie.

To Sir Clyomen and S. Clamydes, you must conjoyne Orlando Furioso, and Alphonsu' King of Arragon, then Descensus A—, Order of the Garter, The Battayle of Alcazar; add next David and Bathseba, and Edward. For this earlie work nothing from othe' parts neede be taken, as we made an attempt about that time to put th' work into lesse space, in order to make your task of writing th' secret history easy, feari'g my labours' losse if broadly scattered, as it was of a character more worth to me then to my times, and not of a secret nature after page three, or at most two o' th' first leav's, regarding Robert's true name, and certaine matters relative to his adoption into the kind family whose name—that by which all England knew him, excepting th' principall actors that played well their parts i' th' drama—noe staine had touched untill this blot of treason fell on it.

He was one of the adventurous, valiant, bolde spirits not easilie hidden in any place, and it was not, therfore, unseemly that the sonne of one so widely and favourably reputed as th' first Earl of Essex, made so bolde [as] to wooe th' goddesse Fortune at Court. None knewe so trulie as Elizabeth, our proude unbending, roial mère, the cause of manie of our willfull Essex' orebearing ways.

Th' knowledge that he was princely in truth, despite pretense, and, whilst at Court his nominall place and standi'g was onelie th' Courtier's, his rightful stile was Prince, th' Queene's lawful sonne, warm'd into life and action the ambitions that were his inherited, primal instinct.

How far he ventured upon this royall prerogative, this

propper right of favour and advancement, historie plainlie relateth, yet onelie in our Cipher-historie may seales be oped that guarde the secrets hid long in silente halles: for 'tis said, walles have ears, none saye walles have a tongue, —trulie, none who doe visit Courts. Daring, indeed, the pen that can write a royal story, tho' it be in Cyphe',— many times as daring he that doth this task openlie. There bee fewe who will attempt it, and it shal not be by their pens we shal finde out the result—dead men tel no tales.

It is clear to my minde, the Earle, our father, hoped that his darling wishes relating to a declared heir to succeede to the throne, were neare realization, as hee observed the advance in marked respect or favour th' younger sonne made from day to daie. Our vayne mother lov'd his bolde manner and free spirit, his sodaine quarrells, jealousy in soule o' honour, strength in love. She saw in him her owne spirit in masculine moulde, full of youth and beauty.

To her, fate, a turn of Fortune's wheel, had given th' gift of royaltie, and th' throne of mighty England was hers to beestow on whom her heart mought choose. Little wonder that false fancy sway'd where better judgement, infected, had loste power, and that impatient Lo. L— won nought in that struggle but feare and distresse. My just claime he set aside liking better their valiant lion-heart— thus they tearm'd him—howsoever unmeete, or unjust.

A desire t' foyl yeeldes luride light on everything therafter: his one wish ever gleaming brightlie through the clouds of pretense, and I receive my Qu from that alter'd appearance of th' skies, yet doe not trulie give over, as he doth suppose. Not withstanding overtly any of my ill-advised sire's aspiring purposes, or planns,—for often shall dissimulation, though a faint kind of wisdome prove verie

good policie,—yet, in th' secrecy o' my owne bosome, I do still hold to th' faith that my heart has never wholly surrendered, that truth shall come out from error and my head be crowned ere my line o' life be sev'red.

How many times this bright dreeme hath found lodgement in my braine! how manie more hath it beene shunn'd as an influence of Pluto's darke realme! It were impossible, I am assur'd, since witnesses to th' marriage and to my birth (after a proper length of time) are dead, and the papers certifying their preasence being destroyed, yet is it a wrong that will rise, and a crye that none can hush. Strive as I may, it is onely driv'n from my braine by th' unceasing tossing of this sea of laboring cogitations for th' advancement of learning. Ofte driven as 'twere with sodaine wind or tide, its waves strike 'gainst the very vault of th' heav'ns and breake in uselesse wreaths o' bubbling froth.

Think not in your inmost heart that you or any others whom you would put in the same case as ours, would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand, as I stood, on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the faire beautie of that land that I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd, is th' dream or beautious vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe.

It is noe improper exaltation of selfe, when one, feeling in heart and brayne the divine giftes that fit him for his Princely destiny—or that rightly inherited albeit wronglie withholden soveraignty—in true, noble, kingly spirit doth looke for pow'r, not for th' sake of exercising that gift, but that he may uplifte his people from th' depth of misery into which they constantlie sink, to th' firm rocke of such mode of life as would change cries to songs of praise.

You will, ere your work be compleated, see—either in my word method of imparting these inner epistles, or writ soe plaine that none shall fayl to comprehende—a form or designe of a modell land, as anie might be with propper governours; but you must tarrie for it a space, inasmuch as it existeth, as yet, but in my thought.

However I say not, wait idly till we carrie this to its full perfection, since a great part remaineth now to work out from these various Cyphers that I here use, and, friend, to cease labour now would truly be to lose that history that I have desired above every other work to write, that a coming people in th' future, having read the false declaratio's made in writings given then, blinding eyes to deepe, justlie censured wrongs, might understand motives of action as well as the true historie of events.

And you will soone observe that I have told my owne sad story with the same openheartednesse as that which revealeth other secrets for my verie soule is open'd that th' world might looke on it and reade of my hard lot, having to choose between life, libertie of the citty, freedom, and a promise of future recognizance of service, and th' same for my dear Robert.

Reasoning that no pow'r should prevaile with her Majestie, I felt how ill-advis'd a sacrifice o' life and its enchantments must be, that surely would be of no effect. I have spirit of sufficient fire, I thinke, for such hap as is probable to my station, not enough to support me in torture, nor to lead forth anie enfans perdus. Seeing th' hopeless state treason-loving Essex was in, I knew I had but to continue my plea, urging that forgivenes might bee accorded to Essex, to close th' last egresse from a cell, or lead to th' gallowes. Thus was my way hedged about, thick clouds hid th' path from sight.

In the last stanzo is a directio' to th' next following works to co'tinu the storie thus begun. It must be writte' before any othe' for 'tis most co'plete, and interio' writings, while pleasing when discypher'd, are somewhat wearying.

As work of anie kind was meant by Him that impos'd the curse on sinfull man to be ad correctionem et non ad ruinam, it will benefit us both. A meete punishment, trulie, and one that shall in turne make the very curse bless'd, and everie man most envyde who can say as doth your attentive friend: This hand will accompli'h a worthie labour for future use, which shal bee the monument where th' whole of these studies are shewn forth and deficiencies enumerated. Since it doth more ayde mankind to point out what is lacking then to prepare all your woorke so that nothing shall longer remaine to bee found out,—for it is man's delight to find out mysteries, but th' glory of God to conceale some matters,—with a preside't of highest, measurelesse, supreme wisdome, is a divine modell for man to followe. Nor do we find that Holie Scripture hath any prohibition against an acquisition of knowledge intended only for th' world's betterment. He who is not against us —it is noe lesse true to-day then it was sixteene centuries ago, so that I say, nor shall it aske anie further explanation, noe man's hand is better employ'd then his who searcheth out a hidden matter.

If you continue this worke to the end you shall have reward sufficient I think to advantage you as well as advaunce my invention, and make knowne my historie for th' better satisfaction of those who see deeps in Engla'd's historie that have th' blood of her sonnes therein.

A Queene's edict, if not her yron hand, killed such a man that for valour and manly spirit was unequal'd.

FR. BACON.

BEN JONSON.
1616 FOLIO.

ENTERTAYNMENT.

Keepe many keies and joyning wordes in minde, that are now employ'd in my Homer, for your writing will proceed faster if you have many well memorized when you decypher this work. Allthough th' parts are small, and a great manie workes containe the scatter'd portions, it hath th' joy and somewhat th' excitement of sport—even that of th' chase—in pursuite, therefore doe not fall out by th' waye nor allow anie to passe by you, as it doth surely ope to you a path as wondrous as anie that doth winde through th' fields of knowledge, to that divine hight,—in view long ere th' feete may attayn unto it,—upon Olympus' toppe.

Oft doe I muse upon th' ultimity of this Ciphe', and aske whose hand may compleate it. It may be that of some man whom dayly I have seene going to and fro in th' martes and halls of th' Citty. It may, perchance, be some sharpe spye of th' court whose zeale would be my death. But my hope is, that not th' yeares but th' ages shall unfolde my secret historie, and reverse a decision that hath beene given respecting th' Queene, my mothe', my owne birth-right, and many othe' things of interesse, but of ev'n so small valew as that, did they rather concearn th' commonalty then royal persons, they might not bee read. However, admiration of greatnesse is naturall. Ev'n the foibles of a Queene would please at so remote a day.

BACON.

KINGS CORONATION.

This work is also Bacon's, intended meerelie to ayde in producing some parts of the translations. Some have beene found repeated too often, yet as the partes should not bee lost, this Entertaynment was devis'd that all should appear in convenient order. Bee not too hasty in condemni'g this meanes unto my end, for manie were th' devices, much th' patience, and long th' houres giv'n to the work, so that very little might bee left unfinish't should my summons come unexpectedly at midnight, at noon, or at morning. It was done with an eie single to your best good. Here is no strife after excellence of stile and diction, but an effort in your owne interesse.

You should joyne to this Entertaynment, A Panegyre, and all the following Entertaynments in their naturall order.

B.

A PANEGYRE.

There is more Virgil here, but a part is Homer. Marke keyes.

BACON.

MASQUES.

In Essay Of Masques and Tryumphs you may see this much esteemed device mention'd. In my plays matters are chosen not alone for value as a subject to heare and no longer heed. Each play is the meane, or th' medium, by which cipher histories are sent forth. Thus all will, at th' least, serve a twofold purpose, and in Homer's two mightie workes (as in Virgill's) a trebble, for we treated all translations in th' first of our cipher work in a manner very like

that we followed in concealing our secret historie, but you can see easily that th' former are separated into a greater number of parts. This was necessarie because o' th' stories told in them, that could not be used in large portio's, in Cypher writing. Ne'erthelesse they serv'd well their purpose, which was to emploie this method of transmitting,—as it is my invention, possessing th' nature of simple questioning and experiment,—and to preserve my works.

I wish'd to have th' translations kept untill a future race of men, or at th' least scholars of our owne day rathe' then th' commoners, have mark'd, in my open workes under different names, a certaine stile that shall prove their origin to be th' same, because it will bee impossible to decypher them fullie untill all th' works shall be conjoyn'd. When this is done and all th' keyes to put th' parts together have beene found, seeke th' arguments which are given in th' Bi-literall Cypher, and th' most of your difficultie shal bee overcome.

Do not turne backe untill all th' secret histories shall have been written, for you can find the true records no where else. From portio's o' my Cypher, secrets which the Queene suspected some one would attempt to publish, may bee work'd out with a measure of skill, patient labour and perseverance. Those who shall turn back meerely to avoid difficulties, should ever look to have none of the prizes of life. Th' Holy Scripture saith: Whoever putteth his hand upon th' plough and looketh backe is not fit for th' heavenly kingdome; nor is he that turneth backe from this work fit for th' kingdome of knowledge.

Th' work you here note, i. e., th' Masques, must bee employ'd in writing whole portiones of th' Iliads that were difficult to adapt to moderne poetry or to stage plays. This

you will, I doubt not, see ere this, but least it escape your attention I have mention'd it in this place and in other parts of th' work. If iterant rules should weary you beyond endurance, pray remember this: the work is as a circle with no apparent beginning: those parts written first may bee last found, therefore I repeat all these directions, and, too, I would fain make easier th' heavy taske impos'd on you, and my greatest labour hath been to but one end—that of so ayding your part of th' work as should assure its successe. If once well understood th' chief requiring can bee quickly seen to bee perseverance. Of this I have not lesse neede myselfe then my decypherer, as this must be done carefuly, and all hath beene at least twice written, as my cypher work or th' interior letters must have cov'ring. Th' exterior part is so varied, so diverse in both matter and methods of treatment, that it serveth my purpose well, concealing a great work yet also revealing th' keyes design'd to open th' secret portalls. And although th' waye may sometimes seem like an endlesse labyrinth, you cannot faile to thrid it if you heede my rules.

You will finde as you progresse that I have made your tasks more pleasing then at first, and remember, pray, that your owne name is, or must yet be, inseparably joyn'd with mine: therefore, if honour cometh to me by my wise use o' th' heav'n sent talents emploied in this invention, you must share in th' renowne. It is to none other I may looke for ayde to bring my work forth to men's sight. Your hand may roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher and set this Cipher free. It is not dead—it sleepeth, not for four short dayes like Lazarus of old, but doubtlessly for yeares, perhaps for centuries. Is it not then an act deserving world-wide fame? Trust mee it shall not faile, but in

every land in which the English language hath a place, shall it be known and honour'd.

As hath already been said Homer (Iliads and a great part of the Odysses) and Virgil (Æneid and some of the Æglogues) were helpfull to me when this invention, of which I am now giving the historie, was at first emploied. Finding that this might be follow'd with ease in my historie by a key that I us'd, I then follow'd a similar plan respecting the whole, separating it into parts and using these fragments after th' same manner in all the workes that I publish'd in my owne (so call'd) name, or that of others. Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe have sold me theirs,—two or three others I have assum'd upon certaine occasions such as this, beside th' one I beare among men.

My owne should be like that of my mother—Tidder, since I am sonne to th' Queene who came of that line, and as her eldest born, should now sit in her throne in place of him whom she made her heire, according to Cecill's report; but as I am known among English speaking peoples by the name you (untill now) thought to be rightfully mine, i. e., th' name of my foster parents—Bacon,—it is honourable and honored,—yet have I vowed to make worthier, greater, and more renowned either stile, then it hath beene since it was first bestowed.

The voyce of Fame should be as lowd as thunder, when she doth speake of me in comming years, for all my labour, looking toward the future, would bring our harvest-time when our dayes are not upon the sphere wee now inhabit. Shall not my work endure while Homer's doth, since from it I have form'd here a beauteous casket, well-wrought, curiously joyn'd, with jewells richly set, for his pricelesse gift, no other having such beauty and worth? Even as

Alexander when he was given that rich and costly casket o' King Darius, commanded that it bee reserv'd to hold Homer, his two bookes—the Illiads and the Odysses,—since he could think of nothing more precious. This storie furnisht me a pretext and suggested the plann which I forthwith carried to perfection, and as I have said, it so well serv'd the purposes of the great Ciphe' which I have been teaching you that I have never regretted the experiment.

When th' Masques—in my friend Ben Jonson's name—with Part o' th' King's Coronall Entertaynment have been entir'ly decipher'd, take Greene's and Peele's workes in th' order giv'n in th' Faerie Queene. My plaies are not yet finisht, but I intend to put forth severall soone. However, bi-literall work requiring so much time, it will readily be seene that there is much to doe after a booke doth seeme to bee ready for the presse, and I could not well saye when other plays will come out. The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now beene produced have borne upon the title page his name though all are my owne work, I have allow'd it to stand on manie others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assum'd men's names, th' next step is to create for each a stile naturall to th' man that yet should [let] my owne bee seene, as a thrid o' warpe in my entire fabricke soe that it may be all mine.

"End" may seem to my decyph'rer as if it should bee al, yet is by noe means finall.

F. BACON.

SEJANUS.

Question, or some other form or manner of inquiry, and answer are your word-signs by which you may worke out my secret story herein co'cealed. This story concerns some of the chief personages of th' realme, first of all, our late despised parent, th' cause and th' renewer o' th' ills that we endured. My sole object doth appeare in this later work—the play of Sejanus.

None know half so well as I, th' underplay carried along in court in order t' secure my withdrawall from an unexampled field, wherein a mother strove against a sonne whose right to the succession to th' throne she did ignore and co'stantly avoid. Her unbending sterne temper, strong in death, set the seal upon my future as on my past life, since her will was th' law governing both. My owne spirit alone doth atteste how potent for good or for ill the dicta of such a woman may bee.

Here alone is that long epistle to my to-bee decipherer that must be most observed in this worke. Seeke it out. Take my keies and unlocke my inner chamber. There will my hidden secrets be revealed fully, that he that shal willinglie lift the heavy vaile, should now ope th' treasure-casket which contains th' story of my life, as well as my late brother, his death. It is ev'n with wrought-ores thickly covered: gems rare and costive shine upon its sides: in the small room within you will find uncounted treasure, riches beyond your dreames of earthlie acquisition. The whole shall be the reward of my decypherer and will repay most generouslie his entire devotion to this labour.

As I have said, our newe designe shall give much pleasure, while it so amplie rewardeth the true worker. Seeking after any learning is a pleasure; seeking after what is hidden, a delight,—none soe pure—forever springing up in fresh joy, as th' water of a meadowe spring gusheth forth to th' light.

My next work is not begun here: much of it shall bee found in th' playes o' Shakespeare which have not yet come out. We having put forth a numbe' of plays i' his theatre, shall continue soe doing since we doe make him th' thrall to our will. Our name never accompanieth anie play, but it frequently appeareth plainly in Cypher for witty minds to transla'e from Latine and Greeke. As this is never seen, the secret still remained inside its treasure-house unsought of every one. This is yet hidden as in dim shadowy mists, but soone shall you have the whole of th' most worthy parts of this great cypher-writing, wrought much more finely then gold.

FRANCIS BACON.

NOTE—The preceding five divisions were written by Bacon. Jonson was the author of the remaining works in the 1616 folio, but Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher Story was infolded in the Italic printing, as explained in what follows.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

Reade some plaies by our Ben's active hand. Whe' more of our stories, which had truly fill'd all of our chiefe plaies, sought more room, it was almost more then penne of one man could do to prepare such bookes, much less write them also. Soone he, publishing this famous work, afforded us this waie by which th' Bi-litterate may lead all our deciph'rers from bookes manie a suspecting enimie may possiblie too much note. Seeke not our chiefe of Cyphers—th' Cypher unfolded by this nowe in use—untill you have found our play of Sejanus, for it is that stage-play, one of earlie date, that containeth much of that translated poeme wee nam'd as having great value. It is spoken of more than once, that it be well imprest on the minde, (storie, or a play of an early day having no charme for some readers,) insoemuch as it seem'd a work not unworthy to be preserved. See that you give most carefull heede to our num'rous words, oft occuri'g to give our patie't friend ayde, and let passe nothi'g without observing all worthy instructions. Our progresse is along a devious waye, and by divers quaint devices hath a wondrous storie—the storie ere this time familiar to you as one o' th' nurserie tales wee heard in our childhood—beene related. It is the storie of our owne birth and parentage, which must be given to other ages.

FR. FIRST of ENGLAND.

Puny little mindes, th' type most familiar to us, take much delight in talke. Th' surer methode to secure attentive ears is to put his writen works in such a peculiar, or secret form, that it wakeneth th' curious to seeke the'

wherever they should have beene hidden. Whilst I do not i'tend to put my Heaven-bestow'd powers on this plane, 'tis true that I have noething in comon with vulgar mindes, that [it] is our wish to have our words heard, nor should it bee tho't vanitie since it is not alone that I wish fame amongst humankind, in such thinges. I desire that the time to come should correct the errors of the unfortunate present, but more I doe not hope to winne. It is to you I trust.

Y'r Serva't

FR. BACON.

THE FOX.

(BEN JONSON'S CIPHER LETTER.)

Few eyes, unassisted, will take proper note of a Cipher in my dedicatory præfatio, intended onely to make more room well adapted to guard thinges secret, whether my mater or not. My wrongs, besides, may not look to distant dayes, nor to a land in mid-sea—if' th' Atlantis be fo'nd—for redresse; a just sentence from our owne countrey, its scholars, is my great desire.

But my friend, by whose constantly urged request I use so secret a way of addressing the decypherer to aid him in a difficult task, trusteth all to the future, and a land that is very far towards th' sunset gate. To speake more clearly, I write to ayde my friend with whom I, having, in truth, his fame in heart as much as my honour and dignitie, often counselled much, but could devise no way by which hee should winne his throne and scepter.

It shall bee noted, indeed, when you uncover his stile, my works do not all come from mine owne penne, for I shall name to you some plays that came forth fro' Sir F. Bacon, his worthy hand, or head, I bein' but the masque behind

which he was surely hid. Th' play entitl'd Sejanus was his drama, and th' King's, Queene's, Prince's Entertainments; the Queene's Masques are his, as also th' short Panegyre. Heerein you see the names hee used to pointe the way to the various workes, but I use no signes to bring them more into notice.

When you looke cursorilie over our part of th' volume, you will not let his names escape your eye, but will seeke such plays hoping to finde the Cypher. Names like these have this use. Fame or Glorie, Reputation, Fortune, Nature, Arte, Time, Truth and Honour, when scatter'd in any of our workes say to you, "Look for things hid from most eyes," for wee thus ayded in his Cypher worke.

Yo'rs most dutifully,

BEN JONSON.

This plaie was borowed. I could work to turne seekers, after matters which were hidden, into my othe' fieldes and thus cause them to loose the s'ent. Th' instructions I have so freely strewn throughout my work must give my ready decypherer sufficient ayde, as I doubt not his eie hath, ere his lesson could be learned, caught such signes as were named by my friend, Ben Jonson, in his dedication of th' work, and hath well guess'd a purpose therby. It is that I may write out my sad secret, and give a compleat history of our owne land in the life and raigne of my mother, the so-call'd Mayden Queene; with that of my father, th' Earle o' Leicester; my brother, th' Earle o' Essex; and diverse portions of my owne story that are important as parts of this secret storie. This must not be lightly pass'd, since you wish t' get a true recitall of most deepe and dangerous matter, told as you could not finde it elsewhere.

It were a man both bolde and foolhardy that should write, or publish, in his time such dangerous truth, yet, thus disgui'd, it requireth lesse boldnesse and more perseverance; for I grant it seemeth most wearisome worke in cyphering as in discyphering, yea tedious, but necessarie, during mine early youth and manhood, to protecte my (v) life from a thousand threatning calamities, as no doubt you know, having followed our mazie Cypher. Surely, if it were otherwise, I should be working to noe end or purpose. These are lost labours if my histories be not found.

This containes th' abridgement and a number of keyes of one part o' that history o' Robert Dudley, my father, not included in the play spoken of in diverse othe' letters. His character was not understood by those with whom his lot was caste, for hee had more than one closely guarded secret as shall bee seene in time. His true motif in many subsequent acts, may be found in th' premises unknowne to th' writers of our day.

It is, I doubt not, well remembred that hee suffer'd imprisonment because he was in a measure concern'd in the attempt to enthrone Lady Jane Grey; yet, being at length releas'd, his sun of prosperity rose high, for his union with Elizabeth, afterward queene, made him first in this kingdome, next to this royal spouse. But not being acknowledg'd such, publicklie, nor sharing in her honours, my poor father was but a cypher, albeit standing where he should multiplie th' valew of that one.

A suspicion was generall that th' death that overtooke his sweet wife could be laid to his charge. Aye, a treacherous stairwaye betraid her step, falling beneath lightsome Amy's foot, cast her violently on the paling belowe, and the tidings of her demise was not altogether newes to one whose minde

was too eager to heare it. To divert curious questioning from the royall union, many shiftes and turnings were a necessity.

For th' space o' nineteene or twentie yeares, my father, gay court-idole as he was, guarded his secret and bask'd in the sunshine of royall favour. By degrees he was giv'n title and stile suiting soe vayne a minde better then would the weight of governement, were that conferr'd on him. Hee was first made Master of th' Horse; this gave him controule of th' stables, and gave him such place in th' royall processions as he very truly desired, next Her Majestie; also, she conferr'd upon him the Order of the Garter, and diverse other markes of favour, whilst to beare out their stage-play untill their parts should be done, Her Majesty, most like some loud player, proclaim'd Baron Dudley, Earle of Leicester, suitor to Mary Queene of Scots, and at all *admonitory protests which the haried husband uttered, this waieward Queene went on more recklesslie.

Therefore we must marvell to see him later claime advantage of Her Majestie's bold moode to take another partner to his bosome, rightly divining that she would not shewe cause why such an union could not be fitly consider'd or consumated, but venturing not upon full confession thereof. However, Her Ma. dwelt not for long in ignoble inactio'—the force that she gave to her angry denunciation affrighting th' wits of this poor earle, untill he was againe turning over expedientes to rid her of this rivall. Suspicion againe fel on the misguided man, of seeking to murther th' partner of his joyes, but Heaven brought his owne doome suddenly upon him. So doth this act end.

*Silent Woman.

My mother was nearlie distracted with griefe, remorse, and despaire for a space. Upon my brother, his returne, to take the favorite's place, she bent on Essex th' fonder love of her heart and gave much gracious attention to his honor and th' furtherance of her designes regarding him. Indeed, much harm was wrought to others then themselves, for great the court scandall regarding love messages betwixt them, as though they had bin mindfull onely o' pleasure, so that th' lords of her councill wink'd visiblie at it, least it enter at their eies; for 'twas dangerous for anie onlookers if the eye-sight were keene and saw behind those masques.

*Th' men, to-day are too nigh for good sight, but my faith was formally pledg'd to write it as I believ'd it, I may say, knew it, not blenching nor omitting th' sinne of either. As hath beene said, my lord of Essex presum'd too much upo' secret liking, and in a short time found himselfe lesse honor'd then crost or chided. Should we, therfore, marvell to see him haughtie and overbearing when chaft, geniall and gen'rous when smooth'd? nor so much as doubt this swift change upp and down of his fortune had much effect upon his spirit? and imagining that his footing were secure, fell from safetie into great danger as th' astronomer who was gazing on th' heaven to study the stars, fell into the water?

But his historie is contained in various other workes, nor doth my deciph'rer neede furder ayde then hath beene thus provided, to inable him to write, by meanes of my other great Cypher. Take courage, I pray thee, and continue my prolong'd writings that my Cypher relating most important thinges shall come t' th' birth, for it can avayle us nought while lying conceal'd. But to go on.

*The Alchemist.

Her Majestie soone had matters of great importe to consider. Events crowded verie close upon the preceding, and whilst a lion watcht in strong holds, foxes spoil'd the grapes, as in former Æons, according to tradition.

Th' Armado had come and gone, dispers'd partly through th' readie action of England's seamen, partlie through th' tempest o' th' flood, but Catholick Spayne needed still a warines, subtle, sleeplesse. Many o' th' olde faith, as it was then stil'd, remayn'd in different portions o' th' countrie; these, yet smarting under th' blowe to th' hope of restoring th' Church o' Rome to supremacy that th' execution o' Mary of Scots gave them, were not at heart good subjects, but th' spirit and daring that Elizabeth shewed, had effect.

With her oreweening passion of vanitie, was mingled a stro'g hatred of warre, and wish to outcraft th' enemies of a roial government whose head was a woman, or in common speech, not of the ablest sexe. Events duelie sanction'd a claime to th' heart of Henry, her grandsire; for Henry, the Tudor who most upheld th' glory o' that line o' kings of which hee was first, was a mirrour to my mother in divers things.

This history is contain'd in some stage plays that came out in Shakespeare's name. Ere long there will be many of like stile, purpose and scope added thereto, which shall both ayd and instruct you in th' work. This should make it cleare, e. g. *sixty stage-plays which, in varyi'g stiles that are contrary to my owne well known stile of expression, whylst for more of our lighter work, an impenetrable mask, for a history, much too varied; hence these great plays have bin devis'd which, being similar, often held this inne' history therein unsuspected. This wo'drously co'ceal'd

*Catiline.

story, ther'fore, sheweth how history repeateth itselfe, and simplie shifting the scenes doth bring in new actors to take th' same parts; soe, where the names only being altered causeth somewhat of doubt within you, paie no heed to counsels of such sorte, for it shall soone be made manifest that this is th' universall, unalterable, and undeviating lawe, and all must yielde to its governement. All are borne and all die; though each must play many parts, he findeth noe part that is his alone. In wise Salomon his words: "There's nothing new 'neath the sunne." Many have, it may be, acted this part my proud mother play'd—fewe so successfullie.

Goe to Jonson, his spicy poemes, cal'd Epigrammes that folow where, perhaps *seeing herein th' sev'rall keies or guide-words you wil thinke these my worke, but as my friend said in his most pleasing epistle, when they come here, my decypherer will knowe that he should expect many key-words and should go from this final work [to one] entituled by him Every Man out of His Humour. Passe to Cynthia's Revells and th' Poetaster. The first shall bee last, as you have seene ere now when studying th' Holy Scripture.

Your keyes are: Earle, Lord, Leicester, Ayme Robsart, tyne, report, marrie, othe, priest, Elizabeth, Mayden Princesse, Virgin Queene, hatred, remorse, death, falling, treachery, art, amazement, court, feare, train, artfull, shame, jalousie, anger, triall, suspition, favorit, Mary, Scotland, France, Ireland, Spanish, Infanta, Philip, Spaine, Master o' Her Majestie's Horse, Order of th' Garter, counsellor, Ayrshire, London, Flanders, commander, Dover,

*Epigrams.

L. Duke Alva, Parma, *Queene-mother, Paris, French, gallantry, courage, glosse, fate, deathless, marriage, fury, poyson, sacke, intent, wrong loves.

*Make th' keyes thus nam'd in Th' Forrest, your guides to sundry othe' parts of my play then have generally beene put out, for while I thus may hide aides, keies, or abridgments, I feel no feare of discovery and proceed calmlie. Witts that be so sharpe and keene that our foxe having none other covert might come suddenlie to griefe, shall by the device here adopted fayle to s'ent it. Yet are we in good hope that my faithful interpreter will understand how hee shall bring it forth, but the play shall not bee us'd except for directions in Bi-letter Cyphar (because it hath but that Cyphar) being from my friend, his worthy penne. You have decyphered it already if you have follow'd our turnes.

I have little myselfe to do except give directio' unto your work, my writi'gs being chiefly sent foorth at this time which bee readie for printing. How soon my story of my owne life shall lack but obit, I know not. Manie others are compleated, as I think must, out of doubt, bee well known to you—th' most that our endeavors could, by consta't, tirelesse labours put forth. Yet hath my plann many worthy things of accompt, or of mark, yet to compleat in my various, and dayly growing fields. But no doubt a part must be put upo' hands that we trained to our work but by a patient reiteration, much like our instructor's in th' elementary learning of our childhoode.

Time must bee carefullie hoarded by one who would use a Cypher in his publisht works, for his labour, multiplying

*The Forrest. *Every Man Out of His Humor.

thereby from once writing to two or three, tryeth the spirit sorelie, and requireth soe much leasure, that fewe would pursue it soe long as I have done, and fewe have soe great cause, as you know.

And yet I have also emploied my Cyphers for other then secret matters in many of my later bookes, because it hath now become so much an act of habite, I am at a losse at this present, having lesse dificile labour, now, then in former times in Her Ma.'s service. My owne study is not (for my Cyphar writings) omitted, and lesse estimated, but most diligent work, I se, is ever delightful for mankinde and their benefit.

The lacke of my just honour and dignity oppresseth little, if my minde be constantly set upon others besides myselfe, nor can any pow'r but th' Divine make man's heart happie or sad. "Minde is the true kingdome, ever," in the words of the song my friend quoteth most aptly, and my constant hope is to atchieve as much greatnesse therein, and win as much honour, as would belong to me by right of my greater birth,—as th' world maketh its accompt of pow'r or desert,—then is suppos'd mine. You surely must know I am by right of bloud, King,—no other then th' true, right or proper inheritour o' th' Crowne. I am persuaded one who should work soe patiently, hath found manie a revelation. As unto myselfe, I have layd my every planne open herein, and as shall bee seene, spare my pride not at all, in relating the story. Polity, doubtlesse, would counsell the suppression of some of this, but it suiteth mee to put thoughts as freely heere as I would inscribe them in a private booke noe eye but this might reade.

In order to conceale my Cypher more perfectly I am preparing for th' purpose a sette of alphabets in th' Latine

tipe, not for use in th' greatest or lengthy story or epistle, but as another disguise, for, in ensample, a prologue, præfatio, the epilogues, and head-lines attracted *too much notice. I, therefore, have given much trouble to mine ayders by making two kinds or formes of these letters. These bee not designed for other use then hath but now beene explain'd, nor must you looke to see them employ'd if a reason for th' change appeare, but there will be warning given you for your instruction or guidance. Noe othe' waie of diverting th' curious could be used where th' exteriour epistle is but briefe, however it will not thus turne aside my decypherer, for his eye is too well practis'd in artes that easily misleade others who enquire of th' waye.

If I deceive your hope and leade you on to pursue a flitting vision o' fame, fortune, and great delight, may th' whole injury bee mine, for th' hope and desire are mine; yet I cannot beleeve my noble invention, which hath already bin us'd many yeares, shall proove valuelesse or vaine. I am, in very truth, confident of my dues of honor in the course o' time, and that shall bee shared with my decypherer. Can he say this is nought and laugh at it? I thinke not, nor can hee say that I have any other objecte in view, or other motive then to give a corrected history of my times, albeit my owne is more changed by my recital then any othe' save Her Majestie, her story.

'Tis just that the vayle bee torne from th' features admired so long, to expose her true character to all th' world. Yet I make inquirie of you, who hath a penne soe perfect that it could shew th' colours o' good and evill? Onlie one who is gifted with more then common wisedome, but th' hand so guided worketh out lines as doth inspired pennes.

*Cynthia's Revels.

Surelie a sonne doth sit close at hand and should se clearly to limne truely. This I know I have accomplisht, nor glozed, nor blench'd in my accompt, although wider, or rathe' more searching lookes, shew'd mee tha' undercurrant, stronger ev'n then vanity,—partly Tudor strength of will, and partly her owne selfe-love,—that moved on as resistlesslie as fate, bearing all before th' unsuspected force.

This it was, altho' soe well disguis'd, that kept me from my crowne, and as th' days and moneths wore towards th' close o' life, her desires master'd her wisedome soe farre that shee did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to snatch this prize did thwart alike her hope, and his, at forfeit of his life.

All joys died with Essex in both our bosomes; for her, all peace, as well, and she declin'd toward her owne end from daie to day, visiblie, even while she stroove most to hide her weakenesse.

Some, doubtlesse, suppos'd that some spirit of justice was arous'd respecting her owne right, and beleev'd that it manifested itselfe very plainly in th' choice of Mary's sonne to succeed her, but I know that her strong othe concerning mee, the reall heyre to th' kingdome, had greater waight then all things else. It was still most constantly in her minde, more perhaps, or as much, as th' Scripture, so that, as Ben Jonson saith, she made it her religion *to doe injury to me.

Yet have I accomplisht much by most thorough manner and unceasing appliance of time. But in Cypher writi'g, you know well, nothing can be accounted finished whylst

*The Poetaster.

anie Cypher historie bee inco'pleat. My grande Cyphre prooveth true, but th' work is heavie. Much doth still remayne to build up into a new forme—a new edifice—but having exercis'd patience and most ceaslese perseverance for so manie yeares, 'tis not probable that I shall now falter; but I dread least too many parts be left when I make the finall exit, and mar the whole. Of that none but the Divine Ruler knoweth.

Noe hand save this could carry out my dessein, and conclude so well both th' Cyphe' narrations and the exteriour epistles, yet are the secret letters soe divided when assorted, no one would see th' story that had not the Cypher key.

Very little, the care this causeth me. My feares growe from that which I called dread as to the end of the work. Th' time is still in minde when my thoughts had no rest in th' hours o' idlenes lest Her Majestie, my mother, finde out my secret. Shee is now gone to that undiscover'd country from whose borne no traveller returnes; nor feare nor hope is left me of ought from her hand, but death shall not burie this that her life conceal'd. Th' truth here discover'd must live in ev'ry age, for a Righteous Judge doth pronounce this sentence irrevocably. 'Tis simple justice to her spouse and her two heyres, if too tardie to availe ought. But your recompence should be like my owne, that is to say, honor. None, if due you by following our Cypher, will come short. No man may so deprive you of that, hence, for your owne sake we trust that your strength and patie'ce shall continu' until from th' bookes we leave, you work out this gem of stored truth, most like a worker in th' earth's hidden mines—as you put down your bar you see the treasure.

Severall comedies, which be now strangers, as might be said, bearing at th' most such titles 'mongst the plaiers as they would remember, but th' author's name in disguise, if it bee seen at all, will, as soone as may be found toward and propitious, be publisht by Shakespeare, i. e. in his name, having masqued thus manie of the best plaies that wee have beene able to produce. To these wee are steadilie making additions, writing from two to six stage plays every year. With th' state duty latelie devolv'd on us this seemeth surely a great taske, since as is knowne to our decypherer, th' Cyphers must be first divided, (put out so fragmentary, soe well scatter'd that no such purpose be dreamt of), and when all is prepar'd, this Bi-literall part—i. e. as it is being set up—must pass into no scrutiny but mine.

Th' great prease of these labours doth take from one, as must be undertaken, th' required leysure for corrections which is doubly noted herein. In some places the reader will not find much hindrance from such obstructions, in others 'tis hardlie wonne; yet we take heart since we assure ourself th' decyph'rer's eye is ever soe keene, he shall let noe simple errour blind him. And though important parts may be frequently, aye many a time, repeated, hee shall acknowledge our device is as truly a waie to transcend small works as writing th' usual dramas doth farre outgo history. As one writi'g the true story must throw all dread and feare into Nox, her gloomie forgetfullnes, this Cypher is as a strong guard, its meandri'gs our safetie, so shutti'g out harassing inquirers.

SIR F. B.

*At our father's most ernest request this tale must be made very full, so that no reader could doubt its true design. Other thinges, noe matter how great, or vast, must yield place. Yet it was his wish to have it told ope'lie in our books. That wee hold imprudent. Th' deciph'rer hath no grave task. No more must he decypher after th' play now in hand. It is my work noe furder then doth concern alphabets, excepting those portions which have, I doubt not, beene found long ere this, having soe oft beene spoken of in manie of my epistles.

Th' Cyphe' therein contain'd hath great worth if written out, but like th' tre'sure in fam'd mines o' distante isles, little can its valew be knowne whilst it lyeth hidden. Where manie authours receive the reward of their application at once, ours awaits man's future; but 'tis th' future of time, and posterity must make just amends for our present want. The future peoples of a distant shore will prove true th' word which saith: "A man is not without honour save in his owne countrey," since they be true, to-day, here, for us who dwell where th' Divine footsteps have nere trod, as they were sixteene hundred yeares ago in Palestine. Wee awaite that day.

FR. BACO'.

*Every man in his humor.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

RICHARD THE SECOND.
1615.

Winne honest rewardes in the praise o' your generation by greeting them in our voyce, and like a sweete violl, sound such musicke that all shal recognise the hand that made of olden time, musicke that all men found good. Sweete lines of our ever new poeme, Faerie Queene, fresh in their minds still rest, and when these in new forme come out from the shelte' of our exteriour workes, they afforde pleasant surprises.

The same is noted in respect of all works, and the pleasant charme is such as doth come in th' dance on removi'g the masque wh'ch hath conceal'd a face that we love. We lose remembrances unreal, fantasies and a strangenesse (even where wee bee most sensible that onely the shell is altered) and we welcome the familiar features. Sometimes th' secret epistle seemeth a harsh note and jarreth; discord is sodainely thund'red forth, yet is it all necesary, if truth is to be seen and understood.

Wel knowing how rude some notes shall sound, faine will our musike, wrought soe silentlie, ofte resou'd one stra'gly sweete straine of one our early fancy,—pai'ting not what we knew, but ev'ry winsome grace, or proud yet gentle motion of lilie hand or daintily tripping foot,—long worshipt as divine—heavenly Marguerite, Queene of Navarre. So shall the ruder jar, slightly lessen'd, sound almost harmonious.

Soe also shall the disclosed story, or this broken accompte of secret working at Court, come to bee knowne. A truth shall bee reveal'd that much wrongeth us.

F. B. OR T.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

1619.

Write out the Grayes Inne epistle and by following our Cyphar in one set of playes not yet put out, there, hid with a penetrable masqueing device, a great number of secrets may be learn'd which are not elsewhere fullie told. The secret carried, utterly reverseth the common opinion at present currant, though some do know Queene Elizabeth to have wedded.

Ere she, coming to th' throne like an imperiall Tudor, in every word that she let fall at the councell board, might hold these idole, subtile whispers i' leash, there were many rumors as it will be in truth prov'd, passing quicklie from tongue to tongue.

By undulie bandying about a ring—as one might say to speak lightly, since our observing search fi'deth nought that could not bee said to ende at the same place at which it may have started—there hath bin strange proof that maids put their lives in numberlesse jeopardies, buying libertie of th' thoughts or th' tongue with losse of liberty of the bodie; or that men, ev'n, when some strong drinke loos'd propper controllment of th' member, thorow rash speech, were reft sodainelie of lands and tre'sure [and] paid penalty to th' hight of her owne plesure.

There needed no other pretexte were this offender lowly; the noble no waye was advantag'd eyther. Sundrie were never in any case wanting to shewe her th' safe waye to

her will. Among th' com'ons it is sayd, in great feare, more simple mindes sustayned th' shocke at such time o' perill as did unhinge stronger ones, and it may be thought a very binding oath made on th' Sacred Word could so control trulie garrullous tongues, and that of the common rank example might have bin found necessary. We must say this was the case. It is told—for truth, to our belief—in many such cases the racke was us'd, and one man suffered th' losse of th' offending member for his word.

BACON.

THE WHOLE CONTENTION BETWEENE THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

1619.

Like ill thought, fly curses, and doe not light, when causeles, to do injury. In this doe we see onelie simple, just judgeme't, or right dealing, when we waigh the clayme of divine birthright to an exercise proper and right of a man's owne will.

When ill succes with one most aspiring ambition, not yet likely or I might say ev'n possible o' that degree of fullfilme't I desire, follow'd upon my first serious differences and subsequent open rupture with our mother, I tooke counsell with one, who, tho' not an oracle, possest wisedom that most lacke, that is, wisedome for himselfe. Hee bad me manifest no feare of curses such as anger shall oft call downe yet cannot governe. We may shudder at a dreadfull winged word, but it cannot doe harme to our life.

Qu. E., who deserv'd more honour as a wife then could otherwise come to her, who should, following Cornelia, her gracious yet solemne ensample and worthie word, have helde her sonnes as precious even as England's costliest

gemmes, was much moy'd by my rash interference to turne aside her wrath ere it had blasted utterly the fayre flowret on whom it fell, yclipt me every dred name her tongue could speake and cursed mee bitterly. Manie say it still doth work me harme. This cannot be true, inasmuch as I am innocuous of any premeditated ill to Elizabeth. * * *

That this shall bee such true historie that it shall be worthy of preservacion, I have not blench'd ought howsoev'r much it may irk mee, or wearie those who read it, but some of it I would I could forget after it hath bene set downe. I cannot, as one that would write the evill with such plaine and hideous feature, th' sight shall turne pure eyes from it, narrate this in wordes lesse strong.

A truth cannot well chose its outside apparell, but it shall wear unsullied robes. Th' great Cipher shal contain most importa't matters that will not elsewhere bee found, because this king is nothing lacking in diligence to suppres any printing that would acquaynt very youthfull yeomen with this strange clayme—strange since he who thus demanded right was sonne to the Queene, th' first to blesse her union with Robert Dudley whilst a prisoner in the Tower.

It is well knowne at home and abroad that England's yeomanrie, inform'd that England's lawful Prince walk'd humblie without his crowne, would joine in one mightie force that he be enthronized.

This it is which now maketh me assured it had bene much to advantage me, if my claime had th' sturdy yeomen, their support. The commons, in such a cause, can, I have no doubt, ayde or advance one farre more then a forraine royalty, or this nobilitie, if once these matters shall be wel understood; so that the wish to leav'n th' stout youths of

our land in western and many northern country towns is vastly gaini'g stre'gth, and many workes have bene plann'd to interesse, in plays, men who can get little else. Yet if th' times yield them noe one that shall interprete to some of this number, th' epistles within the huske, I can nere reach their mindes, or rouse them for this start.

Some would yeeld his cause sooner, or aske ayde in a lande remov'd far from this, yet I have turned to my long estrang'd yet wholy honest peopl' that I may come to the power.

Watching th' storms but saying no unmeani'g word, I put forth my secret letters. It may bee noe eie will note, no hand will ayde—if this be true I die and make no signe.

If a Divine Pow'r intend noe ayde, I can only look forward towards the future. It shall thus perchance, somewhat content my heart at that farre off day that those who dwel on the globe may fully learn how great is th' wrong turbulent Robt. did by thus endang'ring as well a worthy and devoted friend and a loving brother to worke out a strange, I [ay], bold designe, since 'twas this which sudenly rous'd Her Majesty to hatred or jealousie great as th' mind to which that evill demon came. The events that follow'd prooved this, but I could onlie sail in th' waters when a milde wind blew, lest the sodaine wracke of all my cherish'd dreames might fill my heart with envie—the root of th' worser evills that become our portio' at our birth.

Th' renew'd maidenlike pretence made mee know th' intent held by this vayne-minded, selfe-loving woman. Daily, a sonne with proud humour mirrour'd her best graces, but shee was nere mov'd to retract a single wrathful oath or yield a word o' approvall, be my deservi'g whatsoever and whensoeever it might. This continued estrangement

wore on or increased. At last she fell into a mela'colia so profou'd none could rouse her. This was more unfortunate for mee then a most mark'd resolve such as I spake of, for a whim may oft be remov'd and banished, but mania is difficile to controll, else my most able powers had trulie shewn men what both equally desired—that height to which England should rise, ruled by a kind, wise king.

FRANCIS OF E.

PERICLES.
1619.

When this and various plaies put out in diverse names have bin joined, you shall finde that I am the authour that is masquing his work thus, that a secret, ay a perilou' historie, may bee written in better form then I could well employ if I wish'd to speak so plaine that all might heare and know my voyce.

All men who write stage-playes are held in co'tempte. For this reason none say, "How strange," when a plaie cometh, accompanied with gold, asking a name by which one puting it forward shall not bee recognis'd, or thought to bee cognisant of its existence. For this cause, if rare stories must have a hidi'g, noe other could be so safe, for th' men who had won gold in any way did not readily acquai't any man, least o' these a stranger, with his source of wealth as you may well understand.

For space o' many long yeeres ther'fore I have cent'red my thought and giv'n as much of my time as th' calls of our businesses do permit. My motive some might question, yet it seemeth to mee a worthie and right one to be giv'n waie, my wishes or plans being myracles to some slighte

degree, th' great thought comming to me in th' silente night vigils. For a youth could see his whole life at a word turn'd aside.

As a stream soe often, out o' wild mou'tayn gorg rising, carry'd thro' a meade in bounds that have bin set, or trameld by devices, doth lose its spirit, so hee felt his hart change in his breast. There was a momente when as by a thunde'-bolt th' truth was hurtled forth in soe hard, stern, unbending waye it shockt young minds; and sensible souls must deliver a cry of sorrow when a wound is wa'tonlie inflicted.

In my plaies, therefore, I have tossed my feeli'gs as they doe roll and swell, or hurtle alonǵ their way. Observe, tho' 'twas th' seco'd daughter of Henri the Eight was my mother, these things do bring my hart many a feare I shal never, in a farre time, bee

FRANCIS THE FIRST OF ENGLAND.

YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.
ED. 1619.

This play should joine our othe' playes if our greatest of Cyphres, or o' all artes be found. These must be sought where wee previously directed you, and by noe meanes must th' work bee layd by, tho' so tiresome 'tis sometimes lesse pleasure to followe with co'stancie, then to take up as occasion and liking shall serve.

But so great is th' importance that may attach to seemingly small incidents, this history should not bee pass'd over by one seeking the true and ungloz'd story as seldome related ene unto bosom friends. In no part be faithles and rash.

FR. BACON.

ROMEO AND JULIET.
WITHOUT DATE.

Since th' former issue of this play, very seldome heard without most stormie weeping—you' poets commonest plaudite—we have al but determin'd on folowing the fortunes of thes ill-fated lovers by a path les thorny.

Their life was too briefe—its rose of pleasure had but partlie drunk the sweete dewe o' early delight, and evrie hour had begun to ope unto sweete love, tender leaflets in whose fragrance was assurance of untold joies that th' immortalls know. Yet 'tis a kinde fate which joyn'd them together in life and in death.

It was a sadder fate befel our youthfull love, my Marguerite, yet written out in the plays it scarce would bee named our tragedie since neither yeelded up life. But the joy of life ebb'd from our hearts with our parting, and it never came againe into this bosome in full flood-tide. O we were Fortune's foole too long, sweete one, and arte is long.

This stage-play in part will tell our briefe love tale, a part is in the play previously nam'd or mention'd as having therein one pretty scene, acted by the two. So rare (and most briefe) th' hard-won happinesse, it afforded us great content to relive in th' play all that as mist in summer morni'g did roule away. It hath place in th' dramas co'-taining a scene and theame of this nature, since our fond love interpreted th' harts o' others, and in this joy, th' joy of heaven was faintlie guess'd.

Farre from angelique tho' man his nature, if his love bee as cleare or as fine as our love for a lovely woman (sweet as a rose and as thorny it might chance) it sweet'neth all

th' e'closure of his brest, oft changeing a waste into lovely gardens, which th' angels would fayne seeke. That it soe uplifts our life who would ere question. Not he, our friend and good adviser, knowne to all decyph'ring any o' these hidd'n epistles, Sir Amyas Paulet.

It is sometimes said, "No man can at once be wise and love," and yet it would be wel to observe many will bee wiser after a lesson such as we long agoo conn'd.

There was noe ease to our sufferi'g heart til our yeares of life were eight lustres. The faire face liveth ever in dreames, but in inner pleasances onely doth th' sunnie vision come. This wil make clearlie seene why i' th' part a man doth play heerein and wherere man's love is evident, strength hath remain'd unto the end,—th' wanto' Paris recov'ring by his latter venture much previouslie lost.

BACON.

ROBERT GREENE.

A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER.

1620.

This work may not be knowne as mine, as anothe' is now giv'n all o' th' wreathes and girlonde' certaine bookes bring. 'Tis among more worthy productions alreadie known to you, and is made valuable to my compleated history in my long-sought interiour epistles, as my labours must by this time clearlie have shewne, by that pri'cipall Cypher.

FRA'. B.

FRANCIS BACON.

NOVUM ORGANUM.

1620.

All that learne that I, who accompte th' truth better then wicked vanitie, publish'd manie late playes under other cognomen' will think the motive some distaste of the stage. In noe respect is it true, yet I shall make knowne to him who can reade Cypher-writing, a motive stronger then this, were it such, since man hath a greater desire to live then hee hath to winne fame, and my life had foure eager spyes on it, not alone by day but by night also.

It may thus bee surmis'd that devices of some sort were soe needful,—even to publish poemes which might naturallie bee but such as doe afforde pleasure,—that my wit, not at all lessen'd, but sharpen'd, by constant dangers, found meanes unknown to those who were most warie, to send out much hidden dang'rous matter, (using tearmes in regard to myselfe onely) that was not ev'n doubted.

Severall small works under no name wonne worthy praise; next in Spenser's name, also, they ventured into an unknowne world. When I, at length, having written in diverse stiles, found three who, for sufficient reward in gold added to an immediate renowne as good pens, willingly put forth all workes whch I had compos'd, I was bolder. Feare lest noe reader may note an inner or Cipher story, is more present now, and doth question how to make a

change of such sort that it be simple but not playne, for no strong Cypher is to be read as wee reade a booke.

Having with some care prepar'd twoo setts—both large and small of accented or mark'd letters, in this type commonly cald Italique, I have emploied the same moꝛe frequently to hide secret matters, not as a meanes to render discyphering easy, per contra, making it difficult. However I now purpose their employment in my future labour in lieu o' th' plain' type, beleeving that the eie will be more readilie strucke thereby—not in the present writing further then hath already beene mention'd. Upon more reflection, I am assured it will, at length, accomplish all intended when it was devis'd, which, as must, methinkes, ere the present time bee well knowne, was but to aide in decyphering my great Word-Cypher—so called because key-words are emploi'd in joining the parts.

It is farre more labour writing thus, since a mistake causeth much harme, and a frequent and tiresome repetition hath beene needfull to assure th' revelation of th' whole hidden story; nor can it prove to be lesse wearyi'g to my decipherer whe' all my secret hath beene brought out, yet doe I maintaine that the principall work hath beene, or is, writing a secret storie of my owne life, as well as a true historie of th' times, in this greater Cypher.

I have lost therein a present fame that I may, out of anie doubt, recover it in our owne and othe' lands after manie a long yeare. I thinke some ray, that farre offe golden morning, will glimmer ev'n into th' tombe where I shall lie, and I shall know that wisdome led me thus to wait unhonour'd, as is meete, until in the perfected time,—which the Ruler, that doth wisely shape our ends, rough hewe them how we will, doth ev'n now knowe,—my justification bee complete.

In th' Cyphers heere given, you will run ore the story of my life from yeere to yeere, wherein you may find that I was of roiall birth, th' first whose clayme to th' scepter was denyed by his foolish mother, herselfe a queene. I being th' first sonne, and borne in proper and just time after my roial mother, her marriage, should sway England's sceptre and sit in her chaire of state; but Elizabeth, who thought to outcraft all th' powers that be, suppresst all hints of her marriage, for no knowne object if it bee not that her desire to swaie Europe had some likelihood, thus, of comming to fulfillment. Many were her suitors, with whom shee executed th' figures of a dance, advancing, retreating, leading, or following in sweet sympathy to the musicke's call. But ever was there a dying fall in those straines—none might heare onely she or my father—and th' dancer's feete never led to Hymen's lofty altar, thereafter.

A feare seemed to haunt her minde that a king might suit th' mounting ambitions of a people that began to seeke New Atlantis beyond th' westerne seas. Some doubtlesse long'd for a roiall leader of the troopes, when warres blacke eagles threat'ned th' realme, which Elizabeth met in two wayes—by shewi'g a kinglie spirit when subjects were admitted into th' presence chamber, and by th' most consta't opposition to warre, as was well knowne to her councill. Manie supposing miserly love of gold uppermoste in mind and spirit, made but partial and cursorie note of her naturall propension, so to speake, or the bent o' th' disposition, for behinde every othe' passion and vanity mooving her, the feare of being depos'd rankled and urg'd her to a policie not yet understood.

Th' warres of Edward, cald The Third,—but who might

bee nam'd the first amongst heroes,—and of his bolde sonne, known as Edward the Blacke Prince, of brave Henry Fift, and her grandsire Henry Sevent, as well as one of her father, his short strifes, were not yet out of memorie of th' people. Many pens kepte all these fresh in their mindes. Shee, as a grave physitian, therefore, kept a finger on th' wrist of the publique, so, doubtlesse, found it the part of prudence to put the Princes,—my brother, th' Earle of Essex, and myselfe—out o' th' sight of th' people.

Yet in course of time the Earle of Leicester, our subtile father, handled matters so that hee came nearer to obtaining th' crowne for my brother then suited my wishes and claymes, making pretense of consulting [my] tastes and fitnesse for learning. That Robert was of bolder temper and more fiery spirit I can by no argument disprove, but I want not roiall parts, and right of primogeniture may not be set aside, without some costly sacrifice, as modesty or good fame. Stopping shorte of this irreparable wrong, my father tooke but slight interesse in the things he had beene so hot upon, and th' trouble regarding his wilde projects was at a time much later—subsequent to th' death of our fathe'.

Though constantly hemmed about, threatened, kept under surveillance, I have written this history in full in the Cypher, being fully persuaded, in my owne minde and heart, that not onelie jesting Pilate, but the world aske: "What is truth?" and when they reade th' hidden history in my work, must thinke it a worthie labour to write a true history of our times, and o' that greatly renown'd mayden-queene, Elizabeth,—it shall appeare misplact

when you put my work, as you here shall finde it, into a form readily understood.

As may bee well knowne unto you, th' questio' of Elizabeth, her legitimacie, made her a Protestant, for the Pope had not recognis'd th' union, tho' it were royale, which her sire made with fayre Anne Boleyn. Still we may see that despite some restraining feare, it suited her to dallie with the question, to make a faint shew of settling the mater as her owne co'scie'ce dictated, if we take th' decisions of facts; but the will of th' remorse-tost king left no doubt in men's minds concerning th' former marriage, in fact, as th' crowne was giv'n first to Mary, his daughter of that marriage, before commi'g to Elizabeth.

In th' storie of my most infortunate grandmother, the sweet ladie who saw not th' headsman's axe when shee went forth proudly to her coronation, you shall read of a sadnesse that touches me neere, partlie because of neerenesse in bloud, partlie from a firme beliefe and trust in her innocencie. Therefore every act and scene of this play of which I speake, is a tende' sacrifice, and an incense to her sweete memorie. It is a plea to the generations to come for a just judgement upon her life, whilst also giving the world one of the noblest o' my plays, hidden in Cy'hre in many other workes.

A short argument, and likewise th' keies, are giv'n to ayde th' decypherer when it is to be work'd out as I wish. This doth tell th' story with sufficient clearnes to guide you to our hidden storie.

This opeth at th' palace, when King Henry for the first time cometh truely under the spell of her beautie,—then in th' highest perfection of dainty grace, fresh, unspoiled,—and the charme of youthlie manners. It is

thought this was that inquisition which brought out feares regarding th' marriage contracted with Katharine of Arragon, so that none greatly wond'red whe' prolonged consultation of the secret voyce in his soule assur'd the questioner noe good could ever come from the union. Acti'g upon this conviction he doth confer money and titles upon his last choise to quiet objections on score of unmeetnes.

But tho' an irksome thing, truth shall be told. Tho' it be ofttimes a task,—if selfe-imposed, not by any meanes th' lesse, but more wearisome, since the work hath noe voyce of approvall or praise,—I intend its completion. For many simple causes th' historie of a man's life cometh from acts that we see through stayned glasse darkelie, and of th' other sexe, a man doth perceyve lesse, if possible, but th' picture that I shall heere give is limn'd most carefully. However m' pen hath greatly digress'd, and to returne.

Despite this mark of royall favour, a grave matter like the divorcement of a royall spouse to wed a maide, suited not with fayre Anne's notions of justice, and with a sweete grace she made answere when the King sued for favour:—"I am not high in birth as would befit a Queene, but I am too good to become your mistresse." So there was no waye to compasse his desires save to wring a decree out o' th' Pope and wed th' maide, not a jot regarding her answer unlesse to bee the more eager to have his waye.

Th' love Lord Percy shew'd my lady, although so frankly return'd, kept the wish turning, turning as a restless mill. Soone he resolv'd on proof of his owne spirit, doe th' Pope how he might, and securing a civill decree, privately wedded th' too youthfull Anne, and hid her for space of severall daies untill th' skies could somewhat cleare; but

when th' earlie sumer came, in hope that there might soone bee borne to them an heyre of th' desir'd kinde, order'd willinglie her coronation sparing noe coste to make it outvie anie other.

And when she was borne along, surrounded by soft white tissew, shielded by a canopie of white, whilst she is wafted onwards, you would say an added charme were to paint the lillie, or give the rose perfume.

This was onely th' beginning of a triumph, bright as briefe,—in a short space 'twas ore. Henry chose to consider th' infant princesse in the light of great anger of a just God brought upon him for his sinnes, but bearing this with his daring spirit, he compelleth the Actes of Supremacy and Succession, which placed him at the head of the Church of England, in th' one case, and made his heires by Queene Anne th' successours to th' throne. Untill that time, onely male heyres had succeeded to th' roiall power and the act occasioned much surprise amongst our nobilitie.

But Henry rested not the'. The lovelinesse of Anne and her natural opennesse of manner, so potent to winne th' weake heart o' th' King, awaken'd suspition and much cruell jealousie when hee saw th' gay courtiers yielding to th' spell of gracefull gentility,—heighten'd by usage forrayn, as also at th' English Court. But if truth be said, th' fancy had taken him to pay lovi'g court unto the faire Jane Seymour, who was more beautifull, and quite young,—but also most ordinary as doth regard personall manner, and th' qualitie that made th' Queene so pleasing,—Lady Jane permitting marks of gracious favour t' be freelie offered.

And the Queene, unfortunately for her secret hope, surpris'd them in a tender scene. Sodaine griefe orewhelm-

ing her so viole'tlie, she swound before them, and a little space thereafter the infant sonne so constantly desir'd, borne untimely, disappointed once more this selfish monarch. This threw him into great fury, so that he was cruellie harsh where [he] should give comfort and support, throwing so much blame upon the gentle Queene, that her heart dyed within her not long after soe sadde ending of a mother, her hopes.

Under pretexte of beleeving gentle Queene Anne to be guilty of unfaithfullnesse, Henry had her convey'd to London Tower, and subjected her to such ignominy as one can barelie beleeve, ev'n basely laying to her charge the gravest sins, and summoning a jury of peeres delivered the Queene for tryal and sentence. His act doth blacken pitch. Ev'n her father, sitting amidst the peeres before whom shee was tried, exciteth not so much astonishment since hee was forc'd thereto.

Henry's will was done, but hardly could hee restraine the impatience that sent him forth from his pallace at th' hour of her execution to an eminence neare by, in order to catche th' detonation (ation) of th' field peece whose hollow tone tolde the moment at which th' cruell axe fell, and see the blacke flag, that signall which floated wide to tell the world she breath'd no more.

Th' hast with which hee then went forward with his marriage, proclaym'd the reall rigor or frigidity of his hart. It is by all men accompted strange, this subtile power by which soe many of the peeres could be forc'd to passe sentence upon this lady, when proofes of guilt were nowhere to bee produced. In justice to a memorie dear to myselfe, I must aver that it is far from cleare yet, upon what charge shee was found worthie of death. It must of

neede have beene some quiddet of th' lawe, that chang'd some harmlesse words into anything one had in minde, for in noe other waye could speech of hers be made wrongfull. Having fayl'd to prove her untrue, nought could bring about such a resulte, had this not (have) beene accomplish'd.

Thus was her good fame made a reproache, and time hath not given backe that priceles treasure. If my plaie shal shew this most clearly, I shall be co'tente. And as for my roiall grandsire, whatever honour hath beene lost by such a course, is re-gain'd by his descendants from the union, through this lovi'g justification of Anne Bulle', his murther'd Queene.

Before I go further with instructions, I make bold to say that th' benefits we who now live in our free England reape [are] from her faith and unfayling devotion to th' advancement, that she herselfe promoting, beheld well undertaken. It was her most earnest beliefe in this remarkable and widelie spread effecte on th' true prosperitie of the realme, and not a love o' dignity or power,—if the evidence of workes be taken,—that co'strain'd her to take upon her th' responsibility of roialtie. And I am fullie perswaded in mine owne minde that had shee lived to carry out all th' work, her honours, no doubt, had outvied those of her world-wide famed and honour'd daughter who continu'd that which had beene so well commenc'd.

I am aware many artes waned in the raignes of Edward and bloodie Mary, also that their recovery must have requir'd patient attention and the expenditure of money my mother had no desire so to imploy, having many other things at that time by which th' coffers were drayn'd subtly; but that it must require farre greater perseverance in order to begin so noble work, devising th' plannes and

ayding in their execution, cannot be impugn'd. Many times these things do not shewe lightness or th' vanitie which some have laid to her charge.

However th' play doth reveale this better, farre, then I wish t' give it in this Cypher, therefore I begge that it shall bee written out and kept as a perpetual monument of my wrong'd, but innocent ancestresse.

My keies mentio'd in the beginning of this most helpfull work, will follow in this place:—* * * *

As hath most frequentlie bin said these will write th' play, but th' foregoing abridgeme't, or argument, wil ayde you. In good hope of saving th' same from olde Father Time's ravages, heere have I hidden this Cypher play. To you I entruste th' taske I, myselfe, shall never see complete, it is probable, but soe firme is my conviction that it must before long put up its leaves like th' plant in th' sunne, that I rest contente awaiting that time.

Soone wil my discypherer finde another kind of drama that shall give as great varietie to th' interiour plays as hath beene noted in the exteriour. It is a comedy having for its actors divers whom I have used to masque myselfe from sight, having a co'stant feare lest my name should be found.

Ill would my work fare if fate remov'd me ere they were finish'd, and ill my very life itselfe would have fared, if my plays, which I then composed, had bene knowne to be the work o' my hand, to Queene E—, who as hath beene said previously, publiquely tearm'd herselfe a mayden-queene, whylst wife to th' Earle of Leicester. By th' union, myselfe and one brother were th' early fruits, princes by no meanes basely begot, but so farre were wee from being properly acknowledg'd, in our youth we did

not surmise ourselves other then the sonne of the Lord Keeper of the Seale, Nicholas Bacon, in the one case, and of th' Earle of Essex, Walter Dev'reux, in the other.

Several yeares had gone by ere our true name or anie of th' conditions herein mentioned, came to our knowledg'. In truth, even then the revelation was in a measure accidentall—albeit 'twas made by my mother—her wrath over one of my boylike impulses driving her to admissions quite unthought, wholy unpremeditated, but when thus spoken to our hearing, not to bee retracted or denyed.

But as wel might all this sleep ev'n yet in the past as, farre from advancing the state of these sonnes, shee cast off all thought, or interesse in th' wellfare of her owne, to advance that of men no waye depending on her. So this ill-advised disregard of the birth-right prerogative, pow'r, dignity and honour, by lawe Divine due to the princes of this realme, many times made evidente to us, moved my brother to the rash measure that was soone conceyv'd and as sodainlie ended. Without doubt, sense o' injustice stung a proud spirit like his past th' boundes of a patience at noe time remarkable or well foster'd by the atmospheare of the Courte.

Furthermore noe thought so holds th' imagination of youth as that o' imperiall power. We crave Caesar's lawrell crowne at cost of sleepelesse houres in the night, and wearie toyle by daye. I can undertake such a feeling better then most, having had th' same interesse in a degree much greater, and in so vastlie better right or title.

Th' comedie that I nam'd here is entituled somewhat boldlie, Solomon the Second. I am myselfe represented by him, th' seeker in the depth of learning, appall'd at th' daring of mine almost unpremeditated plunge but like that

antient heroe, asking still for light to go on in my quest. Much of this is in my play of altogather differe't kind but not more suited in th' young hero of th' one, in my thinking, then in the second which hath th' ending soe happy that it can, in right, have mention as one quite pleasing, if not th' best among my comedies.

Herein is a short historie of it that will assist verie much in the task of bringing the play together—as seen in all I have done. Th' scene oft is chang'd, yet the first is Gorhambury: time early morne; day shewing faintlie in th' sky and low lights burning, partlie revealing a scroll, a penne, an ink-stande, many bookes having the leaves turned by a wind very softly comming in at th' caseme't.

My foster-father standing by me thus spake: "Tell me, my Salamon, wilt thou embrace thy fatheres precepts graven in thy heart—" with some of the following lines where the answer that I gave will also be found. After his exit is the soliloquy.

The next scene openeth on th' faraway sea-coast duely putting my numerous devices into immediate examination, making many enquiries in th' fielde of nature concearning hidden things, beginning thus my Sylva Sylvaru' not yet finish'd.

Th' next in my owne chamber a second time, in converse, earnest and impassioned, with my mother persewing a similar theame.

The fourth scene is in a publique hall, where one of the earliest of my dramas is on this poore stage. Half my heart goes out after fame, while half still longes, as hath justly approv'd itselfe by th' foregoing scene, after greater or fuler truth, free from doubt or suspect.

To leave a true record of th' chiefe incidents of th' raigne of my mother, Queene Elizabeth, which for various reasons requir'd secrecy, manie were my devices so skillfullie brought forth that all escapt notice, simple as many o' them are, and as th' play is supos'd to bee that of Christ'pher Marley, much secret matte' doth masque i' th' play. Seeing th' good favour it doth win, my plan doth at once put forth such compleate forme that I no longer ask myselfe a question, but carrie forwards th' many dramas in much hast.

The second act doth give the resulte,—many of the authors, soe call'd, appeas'd by th' balm of gold when the plays were thought of noe valew, disputing fiercely when beholders aplaud, each claymeing the author, his lawrells. In these scenes is much wit ingaged, many songs shall also bee used therein making th' action light and joviall. Place, where th' remayni'g acts transpire, is London.

Those jests of Geo. Peele have place in acts twoo, three, part o' four (th' first portion) and a small part o' th' finall act. In scene two, act four, diverse strange acts by experiments in magicke are seene, for which the discyph'rer shal seeke in many places, chiefly in that youthly production which was entitul'd Friar Bacon and-so-forth. To this add a play that is entitled George-a-Greene and one named Faustus (to write these comicke sce's) the David, as hath beene said, with two of the Shakespeare plaies—Henrie Fift, with th' Taming o' th' Shrew.

You will not finde this as oppressive as th' tragedy. Th' wittie speakers are more cheering [than] those statelier ladies or gentlemen of that early time, for various reasons, and a spirit of moving mirth informs each scene. * * * *

Now are your working keis ready for th' decyphering,

and if a rule long since conceal'd in the former publications is well con'd, I thinke it may ere many weeks come forth t' th' light. I will however, repeate heere, much of th' necessary rule and th' cheefe plannes, soe that clear notions may greatly ayd our inve'tio'. This doth somewhat resemble a stone structure, or many, like as o' severall varieties,—this red sand-stone, that granite, divers o' nothing but th' common stones o' th' field, yet all so arrang'd, so fitted for the intend' spaces, that no mistake doth seeme probable. The keie-words that are given, are to signify into which especiall structure th' numerous hewen stones are to bee built. The joining-words you see repeated so frequently, marke the portions which are to bee joyned together in th' perfect whole, even as in the modell.

It doth not rest with the stone-mason to shape or invent his planne,—this is prepar'd to his use,—so in this my temple, the model hath not fayl'd to limne as bold a designe, which th' decyphere' must dutifullie, and with patience, bring to perfection.

In several works I have giv'n rules, example to ayde you, keyes, various arguments, abridgments like to that given above, soe that my decypherer may write this as easilie as any other work ca' be accomplished.

In preparing th' portio's, they were separated by th' keyes that wil bring them againe to place, and as hath beene oft mentioned, this will set decipherers on their way; but th' joining-words must be found to match the parts togather. Begin at once, and doe not turne from th' taske I have assign'd you untill the whole be finished.

In order to present the greatest number o' poemes to th' people of our time, while in this work, it may be made som'what easier in such portion' of this history as are not

of secret subjects; and in many such I finde it possible to use large parts in one place. Furthermore (e) th' work, becam' very ple'sing to such a degre that I conceal'd matters most commonplace, and harmefull truly to none, I may say. One intends a lesson in Christian doctri'e, shewing out clearlie God's purpose, in the passion of the Christ. Th' moderne poeme, working like a consenting o' human to th' Divine minde, soe followeth the ancient story that th' very spirit of a time farre past doth informe the whole. However, writing it in a secret manner had for its chiefe object the use of an invention I greatlie wished to make th' best in use to transmit most worthie subjects. Being easy to insert, not hunted or recognis'd soe readily, the new Cypher hath requir'd les of patience and giv'n more ple'sure then others.

If for my owne hidden story this now in your use lefte a doubt as to th' suspition' which rise within th' minde that the mater might be dangerous, I have as you know, from time to time, writte' such thinges in this also as were not secret, neythe' important; but The Pastorall is of worth, of interest to the whole world, and no one should think th' worke put on this is (is) not wel spent.

The story is to work on carefree, idole, and many times youthfull and unthinking ones who might like the story in poetry, if of melody and power, so stirri'g th' heart that it will seeme like to musick lightly stealing hither fro' th' courts of th' sky. Wise men, too, may find this story in its new forme goodly reading.

You need not soe much ayde to decypher a work like this, for th' whole story is as it is related in the Holy Scripture. Five stanzos in Spenser give a planne, or model

of th' poeme, forming a prologue. Noe other being necessary, th' keies may now bee deciphered. * * * *

These are my keies. With purposes most devout I put forth this epick which hath for its theme a Divine Lord and Master, made like to man, that a sin-cursed world might be redeemed, and whylst my work is youthfull, in everie waye, it is sav'd from th' puerilitie one might expect, by the hight th' subject, in its exalted, divine character, still sustaineth in prose and poetry.

It is in its nature farre above that forme which would expresse it, and as th' mighty musicke of the sea when uplifted by winde soundeth loud, though wind be soon stay'd, so my poeme maketh a loud sound that doth come home to men's bosoms, albeit moved by a passing breath. The life of the man who was the living God, doth shew what all life might be, in unselfish ministry to th' worldes needes. It is given to every man who will inquire of a Heavenlie Rabbi regarding these things, as it hath beene given myselfe to knowe what the power within, His spirit, hath come into this world to do. None, I think, would make th' old plea that fate or chance doth control his owne nature, yet must hee owne some power that doth sway men's hearts and that holdeth our existence,—the issues of life, in time which is now, and is to be.

I, myselfe, am assured that to labour continually tho' nere bringing in my ripe'd grain, is my imposed taske. The only worke that I have completed, is concealed in Cypher which awaiteth another hand then this to bring it forth, as you know, and I am loath to shut its portalls.

Oft I ask vainlie who will bee so endowed that none other can winne him from my work, since the most are so lacking in sufficient perseverance, that no severe or weary-

some taske is ere concluded. Some few think it disgraceful for men who boast godlike abilitie to give ore their hunt ere winning some trophie, yet their triumphes are not certaine. Soe weake and inconsta't is judgment, when thinges not familiar be submitted, first wondering much that there should be anything to be found out, then on the othe' side, marveling to thinke that th' world had soe long gone by without seeing it.

But as floodes sweepe awaie such things as bee of light waight, leaving along the course heavy bodies, metals or rockie masses, in like manner the thinges which have sufficient waight when borne on downe the great River o' Time shall soone be found preserv'd fro' waters, although ofte very farre dista't, perchance, and amid newe scenes. At that time, sooner or later, my triumph must thrill my heart, for long hath the labour beene, and ofte difficile. The future may thus in a measure make good the past, so that I shal, perchance, recover [somewhat] with th' generations that are to come. Th' hope maketh my work lesse heavy and m' heart lesse sadde.

A play, which I am at present writing engaged upon, is entitled,—because of the sweete lady who is the most important person of all having beene therein repre-se'ted,—Th' White Rose o' Britaine. A large portion of the aforesaid is in that unfinished History of King Henry Sev'nth. It is prose chiefely. Th' parts which I intended to have versified doe make up such an important part of that great historie th' taske would have bin a difficile one, yet in manie written at an earlier date I have some large portions in both forms. This hath made my owne work greater, but hath in nowise made my decypherer's lesse, inasmuch as the changes had againe to be made by him-

selfe while engaged in the decyphering, but *vice versa*. In example, if I have made the interio' epistle poetrie and the exterior not soe, hee must versifie, but if th' interiour be in prose and the exterior in verse his taske is light; if both be the same it is easy both to read and write.

The keies will not be given untill th' history mentioned be finish'd but when he doth see the name o' Ladie Kath'rine Gordon in any of my workes, he may know that I speake of her,—th' daughter of a nobleman of Scotland, mine Earle o' Huntley,—by King Henry th' Sevent named White Rose of Brittaine, giving to her beautie th' title assum'd by her husband, th' pretended Duke o' Yorke.

She was in truth verie sweete and faire in forme and feature, gracing the name hee, dishonouring, speedilie lost. Her wifely devotion to th' false Duke, hath made many tender and most saddening scenes in the play. It winneth, also, much love and honor, and a wondering admiration, her heart shewing great strength and constancy.

If God doth grant me a long life so to complete these varied labours, it shall bee well for th' world, since I am seeking not my owne honour, but th' honor and advancement, th' dignitie and enduring good of all mankinde.

The discipherer may finde it strange I write th' history o' Henry the Seventh both as a play, for purposes of my Cypher, and as a prose worke to publish openly, but it may bee understood at some future day farre or neare. The reason will then approve (i) itselfe, for a play should make a linke in this chaine and the history mention'd was requir'd by the King.

Secret matters do not make up these interiour epistles, in many cases. Th' evidence such plays give of being from th' brayne of one who hath for manie yeares made

himself acquainted with th' formes and th' methode—or art—of this dramaticke or representative poetry, maketh also my claime to other workes, which have beene publisht in various names, undeniable. The worke despight a variety of styles, is mine owne.

Manie will not thinke the masque a perfecte vizard, inasmuch as a keene, sharp eye might possibly at some time have seene my features beneath it, yet it hath (ath) occurr'd so seldome nothing hath it endanger'd my secret which th' Cypher doth herein conceale, as 't hath ever a strong safeguard. Divided many, many times and freely scatter'd into my divers playes, prose writings, or poemes, truly no eye is so wel-seeing or strong it could pursue a thread so fine without th' Qu.

Th' keie-words so ofte mention'd are not noted by any save one wel-instructed in th' Cyphers which have beene consta'tlie employ'd in my worke. Even in the lesser Cyphers I have so shifted the course of all these stories that some must have turn'd aside.

I' th' King Henry the Seventh you shall finde some portions to co'plete that plaie, but King Henry Eight is also requir'd, with Richard. Of most historicall plays note one mark'd pointe or feature. Some likenesse or paralell is to bee observed in them, also th' events of one raigne seeme link'd to those of time that precedeth or doth followe, as seene in such as I have sent forth from time t' time, for the purposes of my Cypher.

The part in Richard [is] of so mark'd purpose, some might suppose a keye might not bee requir'd, but his wit would not be sufficient to put the portions where each doth belong when found, soe that little can be accomplish'd, as may bee seene; neyther would ought of secret Court mat-

ters ever bee so exposed in print—nor ev'n personall historie—as that in th' Cypher epistles cannot even yet have th' disguise torne harshelie off. Danger might shewe a head.

Th' play, of which I have given the title, is not soe pleasing as it might be with sweete Katherine Gordon's love scenes, and th' Duke's happy songs of the gaiety of th' princely Court of England, but since all this may be seene to be a part of another play, it will bee thought well when completed that I robb Henry th' Sevent to add a grace to my White Rose. Of this I leave posteritie to judge, confident of th' decision whe' they shall both bee discyphered.

I am in good hope, ev'n yet, I may see this work completed in my owne mortall life, yet voyces sound to th' eare making th' prophesy, manie times repeated here as you probablie know, of a long future and of a land that is very far off. But for th' hope of a future, how could we bear the heat and burden o' th' daie. In my heart th' whispers of hope thus have long made a sweete song in th' night, that is more glad and joyous then anie love hath sung.

All th' promises of th' world's glory and th' opportunitie to acquire gre't learning have sometimes made havocke within my minde, for I have yearn'd for th' honour that would now come to me if I had not, as you knewe long since, I thinke, beene cut off by th' whim of my roiall mother fro' princely station, shut from hope,—then, or in naturall sequence of time and events,—of succeeding to th' throne. By lawe th' kingdome should goe directly to th' first borne sonne. How right and Divine justice, having beene controled by a woman's unyeelding spirit, suf-

fer'd a change, is made cleare and evident heerein. Much of historie thus recorded will bee strange to every eye, yet it is soe true that it can but bring convictio' to all who reade. Th' principall Cypher is emploied for this, nor shall our worke thrive well if it bee not throughlie dis-cypher'd.

Some might not trust a labour of yeeres to oblivio', and hope that it may one day be summon'd to take upon 't, one happy sunlit morning, its owne forme; yet doth some thought upholde me,—so hopefully my hart doth cling to its last desire, I write on each "Resurgam," beleeving they shall, ev'n like man, arise from the dust to rejoyce againe in newnesse of life. In order to make this most complete assurance I shall emploie other methodes—since wee see that in miracle-working nought was done without meanes—and note the result, having prepar'd alphabets of Latine letters soe that everie word may be used in pre-faces, in running titles, prologues et cætera. Sometime I intende th' use of these dotted letters as a Cypher-planne, compleate in itselfe, rathe' then a meere shift to confuse the decypherer. Th' latter I purpose using first in my history not yet finished, the other I wish to employ i' th' plaies whe' republisht.

So few can bee put forth as first written without a slighte revision, and many new being also made ready, my penne hath little or noe rest. I am speaking of those plaies that were suppos'd Wm. Shakespeare's. If these should be pass'd over and none should discerne th' secret epistles, I must needs make alphabets shewing th' manner of employing th' Cyp'er. However, I shall use letters that differ from th' type I heere emploie, not wishing, at present, to give a device that hath caused so manie sleepelesse

nights and such troubled daies, freely, even as one would tell the meaning of a riddle to a child, o' solve some schoolboy's problems.

I have shewne some wit heerein. Let him that would be a discypherer do the same and win the prize by strife, if indeed at all.

When I first unburdened my heart o' th' story in this waye, I had co'stantlie much o' feare lest my secret bee s'ented forth by some hound o' Queene Elizabeth; my life might paye th' forfeit and the world be no wiser then before. But that danger is past long ere now and nought but the jealousy of the King is to bee feared, and that more in dread of effecte on the hearts of the people, then any feare of th' presentation of my claime, knowing as he doth, that all witnesses are dead and the requir'd documents destroy'd.

Naturallie it must cause some i'quiry within the minde as to my intended course or what it would be like to bring to pass, for 'tis true that his clayme would ranke second onely to Elizabeth's issue. It must give some little pause to his mounting thoughts when his realme hath a claimant in th' aforesaid issue.

For this worthie reason the secret should bee kept within th' hearts of th' men who will hold it sacredly, even as one doth a pledge. Future daies shall give th' world my worke and I shall then be contente.

In my great Cipher you will se manie finished workes, besides the two mention'd not quite ready fo' this now in hand. As you know well, this must be done while it is printing. No time doth slip by unoccupied, and everie day hath its tasks. Without wearying of the selfe-assum'd but—as hath soe many a time i' th' Cypher epistles beene

noted—essentiall labours, our hand will work untill Death's blacke shadowe fall acrosse th' day.

The exteriour plays will bee the sure proofe, if such proofe be necessary, that my word is th' truth; for no one hath ability to write with greater ease then myselfe, yet without much time spent on work [s]o difficult this should be a number very much smaller. But one who thinketh to rewrite my hidden matters, shall imploy his time in th' same way, or his work shall come somewhat behinde mine in quantity.

When all shal be complete th' plays number thirteen. Of th' histories I have already me'tioned, two are prose, mostlie, i. e., a life of my brother who bore th' cognomen Devereux,—th' title, Earle o' Essex,—that of Th' Raigne o' King Henry the Sevent; but I, having seene it emploi'd thus with very good effect, founde it very convenient here in th' Cypher playes, since i' th' interiour play th' forme is the same as that of th' exteriour, making my labours farre easier.

For others, I have made use generally, as hath beene said, of verse, employing the same as found in the plays I have publish'd, but as many parts that appertayne to such interiour plays have been chang'd into a prose forme in th' finish'd work, he who decyphers these should knowe somewhat of th' manner of turning from one forme to th' other. Th' White Rose, giveth a good experience in labour of th' kind mention'd, but in both the others of which wee now speake, hee shall see that it is requir'd of him, even there, if all be put [in] order.

As there be two workes entitled th' Historie of R— Earle o' Essex, some of the key-words will bee seene to bee similar, yet the parts are easily kept from confusion by th'

joining-wordes. They are alike dramaticall and historicall. One, however, is a tragedy giving that awefull death that still doth seeme fresh within my memory, as if no long night-vigils, comming betweene longer daies of labour, dull'd the quick sense. If it were noe longer past then yesternight, it could no' come before mee more distinctly then it, to-day, standeth forth, wringing my heart with paine that never ceaseth by day or night. O God, Father of all that dwell above or below, give blessed light from Thy throne on high. Shed cleere radiance from Thine owne glorie acrosse th' blacke night. No weary work can close my heart's doors 'gainst a Heavenly Guest. Lift Thou me up in gentle love and make Thy countenance to shine upon me as of olde.

If it be decipher'd alreadie, it is reveal'd to my discypherer that remorse doth make my griefe so bitter, for my very life did hang on that thread, and by th' truth my brother was attainte, yet faine would I now chose an hundred shamefull deaths then ayde to send a brothe' into Eternitie.

In this shall bee made cleare, in my owne history, for my rightfull and true justification before the world. Farre off the day may be, yet in time here or hereafter, it shall bee understood. Though sorrowe is my constant companion now, joy shall come on that m'rning. Having these hopes, then, though many a sorrowe smite mee, my heart faileth not.

In th' Cypher history, everything relative t' th' actes that can give truer conception o' th' whole, will bee as freely set forth as all must be at the great Day of Judgment.

When one doth write with feare of betrayal, hee car-

rieth the historie brokenly; hee warily doth turne to some other thought, not liking to appear occupied with a great theame, nor to value his labours. The hidden historie is somewhat like th' tortoise, that scarcely putt(t)eth his head out o' th' shell but he endangereth th' whole body, and my worke is lesse pleasi'g to write, or decypher, from th' shifts of many sortes necessarie to preserve th' secret.

Th' principall history is, as you may suppose, my owne, yet it is soe much mixt or twin'd into manie others herein given, that it is a taske putting them together, as you perhaps well know. The work will not be complete untill my death. It may then fall short of many things I have long desir'd to chrystalize, as might be said, in a solide, unperishing rock. However, when Deathe shall cut short my toyle, there should bee another to carry it forward that it may lacke as little as possibl'. Th' labour shall be lighter then mine hath ever bin.

Th' whole being of soe much worth, he cannot meetly omit any, or, as hath many times [been] me'tion'd, willfully marre this planne save where for th' reasons knowne, much repetition is employ'd, at first, in order to aford many beginnings, so that the decypherer would most asuredly find a door of such size, of so inviting outside appearance, he must, I doubt it not, enter to see what he perhaps may discover. If he shall publish what is conceal'd herein, let him winnowe it well; if he doeth it not the booke must displease which should afford pleasure.

Manie might find this not like a well arrang'd work, carefully plann'd throughout. Such an opinion might rise from a slight knowledge of the design. I assure you that anie who will patiently work out the whole hidden history, minding well my instructions, shal make much

progresse in th' knowledge that I desire to shewe him, which sufficiently rewards his efforts. Atchieveme't is itselfe a reward, yeelding sweetest renowme.

This of which I now am speaking, putteth the decypherer in full possession of much knowledge he can in no other way obtaine, not onely the unpublish'd history, but newe meanes of transmitting, so that he may, himselfe, communicate all kinds of messages, according to his will and pleasure, and write "omnia per omnia," which indeed is th' highest degree of such art thou'h fewe have attain'd to soe unusuall knowledge for manie purposes. Any man who hath a mind that hath not only power but a faculty of invention, hath way of getting the humoures from his bloud, for it allaieth paine, when distrust, discontentment and secret woes,—ills or wrongs one liketh not to speake of,—may mildly worke and clear; but wounds bleeding inwardly, may oft be the cause of ulcers yet more malignant, or imposthumations sowing seeds of future ill. So this Cypher shal be us'd to give my illes and tortured thoughts expression, albeit it doth without doubte, seeme incredible unto those that know not this principle that a man is [more] refresh'd and cheer'd within the mind by profiting in lesser matters, then by standi'g at a stay in greater.

'Tis not of others that I write soe much, as of experiences uncommon, and I hope to most, impossible, but this hath beene a me'nes of achievement of a labour for our fellowes few could performe. If my selfishnesse hath impell'd me more then was proper, I trust somewhat to knowledge of like errors in their conducte; these teach man to judge his brother leniently. A man must observe all sortes of forme or ceremony in his oute' life, but the heart hath its own freedome and hath no humane ruler.

However, himselfe is but meager end to a man's seeking when it is made first and chiefe, soe also is hee a poore middle pointe, center and axis of least action. His soule is little akin to things celestiall, if like th' earth he standeth fast on his center, for things that have affinity with th' heavens, move on th' center of another. If hee would not be too earthy, akinne to th' dust, let him go forth in quest of knowledge, sowe wide this true seede which may beare fruit to give glad harvests in the Eones to come.

This Cypher doth tell our motiv's for a labour we commenc'd, long since, in so farre, at least, as a man knoweth them himselfe. 'Tis lacke of some predominant wish, a longing that putteth in order all others by its force, that doth render th' heart hard t' sound, or t' finde; but our predominant desire shew'd so plaine the greatest things, and the least, in life, as it doth nowe seeme, and illes cannot make the purpose weaker.

Long yeeres ago, when th' Cypher in use at th' prese't,—in th' workes we publish as those of authors that wee nam'd some time past, togather with all publish'd with th' name by which we are now known put upo' title pages,—gave such a good asurance that secrets of great valew might safelie be entrusted to its keeping, strong wish to make it soe carry our invention itselfe, to other times, also, made constante employment of it a necessitie. Although the resolution grew ever stronger, 'tis a thing rare, as you well know, this keeping of a purpose unalter'd through every change of a man's life,—so difficult as to seeme impossible; yet are we so firmly fix'd now in the resolve, it would be impossible for us to yeeld it up.

In actus quartus, scena quinta, of the play entituled Salomon th' Second, th' motif clearlie sheweth. Every

hart knoweth its owne bitter, and a strange' intermeddleth not with its joy. As our story shall be fully decypher'd you may understand twoo things that doe not appeare in anie history written openlie, viz. Queene Elizabeth, her secret union with th' Earle o' Leicester whylst confined in London's Tower; also a story relative to early scandals, this Queene's intercourse with Seymour, Admirall of England, sent buzzing through all this realme. As a portion of this history, th' other sad tale giving th' storie of the unwellcome birth of the Queene's offspring, ourselfe, and Robt., late Earle of Essex, and also of Ewe, may soone reveale what is our wrong that did make a meanes securing publique triall of a waighty case, a necessity.

Our light hath burned lowe, the beames of morning now burst upo' our longing gaze and put to flight the black night's dragons of brooding gloom. For ourselfe th' future bringeth surcease of sorrowe. Had we no secret labours to performe, gladly would we listen for th' footfall of Death, the somber herald; yet our wish is not as might afford our own life pleasure, till it, our work, be compleate, inasmuch as this is more trulie good and important, wee do nothing doubt, then the works which our hand openlie performeth.

Th' want o' truth in items our pare't had recorded, would hold backe from th' world all true knowledge of this leaf of her history which doth concerne other lives' destiny nearly. None write all that doth shew in our epistle; fewe have seene the —— that would bee like proofes o' Holy Writ; but of all which may by eythe' Cipher lend colour of good or evill to characters here pourtray'd, wee can give such confirmation as doth shut th' lips of those who still ask: "How could these things bee?"

It must be said, however, in passi'g, that a number of papers were seiz'd, and many have beene subsequentlie destroyed, so that we could not wel lay clayme to th' scepter, and establish it beyonde a doubt, ev'n whylst our parents be known to be royall and honourable, being truely wedded. Furthermore, being late, having like others who have bin drawne two waies lost much time in deliberation, th' face of our claime clouded, so that, questioning of England's prosperity, we doubted our proper right to sever Brittaine, fortunatelie united, but unfortunatelie king'd.

Love hath th' good of the dear object most at heart, and with our true love of our kingdome on the one hand, there was th' ability to rule wisely and to edify and build up th' broken walls, on the other; also as hath beene mention'd before, a firm persuasi'n in our owne mind that th' pow'r of a soveraigne doth not shewe most in large domains, in having more people, but ruling with equity. A king shall be wise to bee great. Th' state is as th' sovereigne is; or as th' prince is, ev'n so are the people.

With firm faith in simple justice for everie suitor, and divers ways by which one end, one goale, is won, this our desire hath slightly bẽnt, or diverg'd, and turn'd upon tracks not so well made, so that our object may some day be attain'd, although fate haste to close th' doore of hope o' entering upon our true right.

Bitter the portio' that was ours till our mounting spirit rose above th' Styx that encircled us, as in th' under world; Greeke poets have sung of the souls of ancie't heroes hem'd round, [that] tasted its waters, standing breast high in its blacke filth.

In the workes which appeare bearing our plaine name on th' title pages, this doth so manifest itselfe it needeth

not that wee pause to explaine. In th' early Essays and Philosophicall Workes these purposes do stand forth so plain, we thinke it is love's lost labour to point out the designe. However this is otherwise in th' secret part, for altho' our apparent designe must be our selfe-advancement, none can holde that to be unpardonable in th' royall prince whom destinie hath despoil'd in so great a degre. Th' desire to leave the world true, unbias'd history, doth so stirre and rouse our energies, that we doubt th' worst motif chideth the best by no such question. Palliation of that offence can bee found, and this long labor be awarded the honor due this invention.

And also when our patient hand and penne, our unwearied worker, our discypherer, hath done the part our devise imposeth on him, there shall not, we thinke, be any minde that doth waigh things justly, ill or well suited as the case may bee, that, seeing th' result of our labor, shall finde faulte or speake lightlie of our simple planne which may thus come forth in complete forme ev'n as created.

In th' beginning our Word Cypher is such as will be decipher'd with most ease, after the designe shall bee fully seene, and the entire planne well learned. It was in use early. In many o' th' inventions—this and all smaller ones—one booke, or at the most two or three, contained all of a single worke. This is otherwise in our Word Cypher, inasmuch as the hidden history extendeth through works of numerous designes and kinds that have beene put out from time to time for severall yeeres. All workes we publish'd under names, have some parts of the story, as hath beene said, for our whole Cypher plan doth possesse one feature much to be commended, that of perfecte safety.

A storie cannot be followed untill all shall be found.

Th' different stories being placed therein as our work was done, none can make an end untill th' links o' th' twisted chaine bee follow'd, now into one booke, now into another, as a river doth bende, or roads by manie tortuous waies, wind by these countrey houses, for no historie hath ended yet. None who began to reade this story, or worke out these Cyphers, came to an end of anything, because no part could be compleated untill all bee compleated. This doth grow from the plann itselfe, the fragments being kept many long yeeres, small portions being used at one time, sometimes in our Spenser's name, Marlowe's, Peele's and Shakespeare's, anon Greene's, mine, also Ben Jonson's, affording our diverse masques another colour, as 'twere, to baffle all seekers, to which we shall add Burton's.

As harried beasts haste to th' shelter of a boskie knolle when death seemes sure, soe doe wee, in danger, hide in these woodie hills, safe as any conie 'mid the rocks.

This Cyphar will make the Word Cypher more plaine, and it is chiefly in ayding its deciphering that all others that have beene found do give some rules. It is our most importá't Cypher, having th' complete story told therein, but this, also, is of much use giving rules and instructions to aide in our worke, and setti'g forth th' arguments of many workes such as playes, poemes, that are onely the early translated workes, mentioned some time ago, in th' bookes wee published in divers names.

It will make known t' posteritie the reall cause,—as one moving in scenes that are thus given must surely understa'd better than others,—of that strange devotedness that Queene Elizabeth manifested when my Lord of Essex appeared, (soon pointing to a much scorned sinne) more, when knowne that th' newe favorite was by right a prince

who lov'd power more then ought upon earth. Also, led as hee then was, many courtly matters or great affaires were as puppet's gyrations or mad, jesting quips, winning his notice little.

Most persons in my lord's liking, but least honoured, who served honourably, however, in the forraine fighting, will perhaps come under men's censure when the truth is made knowne; whilst most of our Irish troopes found they had not well understood th' intentions their leader had cloaked in his owne high spirit or bold will. He found simple and quite easy wayes of binding men to th' great treasonable undertaking, by a representation which contayn'd but a modified figure of truth. Men adventured fortunes soe unthinkingly, that ruine of their hope was ruine against which nothing availed.

It cannot now alter th' fates of anie, high or lowe, if the matter bee giv'n a full rendering as it is now found herein; but our great struggles in the interesse of Earle Robert, have many most indisputed returnes ev'n as the Holy Scripture saith: "With such measure as ye yourselfe doe mete it shall be meted to you."

But other Cyphe' plays co'taine all our historie so truelie recorded, our whole life can be seene spread like a map, wherein th' winding course of many streames are limn'd forthe. Longing to bee no more held unworthy, accompted unfaithful of those whom wee honor'd, and, worst of all ill that doth visit mortall, disregarded of posterity, it doth barre us from houres of despayring melancholie, and bringeth to th' minde a vision, so sweete and assuring, that wee have found a great solace in our work even when writing th' story of our early life, or writing the harrowi'g execution scene of that deare Earle Robt., or Prince Robt. as

we should speake the name of that brother,—since 'tis well for us to make th' horror of that murther as familiar as other sensations.

We mention this part of th' work frequently, because there nowe is nothing as importante, or at th' least as much talked of, as this event that was mildly pass'd over at first, least our royall mother should worke us a worse ill. Wee entreat th' decyphere by every arte of speech that wee possesse to heede our request, and decypher th' play of which wee speake ere the pleasure he hath felt in his taske may disappeare. If this be done faithlesse men will not longe have th' daring to throw anie question of doubt upon our conducte. When all is knowne and understoode, there will be nothing but approvall, where there was once harsh judgement.

But of some little matters, appertaining rather to myselfe then others, th' decypherer may followe his owne wishes. In our earliest play, is the happy spirrit of a young boy, subdued slightlie by our future into whose gloomie depths, plunging, wee tasted a bitternesse such as they have tasted who drinke the waters of Styx.

When our owne worke hath beene compleated there will still remaine many things for a discipherer to doe if hee would winne reward. When our time shall come for our farewell to earth and all its gifts of joy or paine, our work must still proceed since our inve'tion is not yet discern'd. Our hope, however, is still strong, and faileth not, that ere long our story shall burst its cereme'ts and rise to make the truth known of all men. Then must our name bee knowne farre as man's foot hath trod, and that which hath beene lost in th' present, may be recover'd in th' future.

A man's life consisteth not, as the Holy Scripture saith, of eating or drinking but of that life which is within us, perpetuall as the Creator of earth and the heavens, and hee doth not cast off all care that he hath carried in his hart. He leaveth behind him some kind of labour and that taketh a hold upon th' future making ev'n th' life on this earth as enduring as the globe itselfe. This is true onely as th' labour shall bee a worthie one, that may well endure, for such things of similar proprietie to stubble, doth burn as hay and st'aw, and disappeare.

There is vanity and some pride i' th' noblest humane heart, which drive his steps on in th' path he doth pursue, and 'tis but nature. As when sunnelight maketh th' plant growe upwar', so this light of nature driveth our shoots out in profuse, farre-reaching vines. His fruit may not ripen in his daye, and the taste may prove its quality unsavorie when it shall be brought into th' bins, but his owne it is, and it could afford none other ought of blame or prayse.

When you have fully decypher'd this, you will not at once see our nexte worke, since 'tis publisht to co'ceale matters of a private nature. You will find therein more of our Word-Cipher. This to which you give th' greater part of your time, if you followe th' directions wee have hitherto imparted, is also emploied in it, having beene given to convey instruction concerni'g our tra'slations. It will co'taine large portions of all hidden epistles, for it is our bin or th' granary into which the various kinds and sortes gather'd are put awaiting the hands of th' sower, who, as you knowe, is our owne well beloved discypherer. Th' worke beareth the title of th' Anatomy of Melancholy and will bee put forth by Burton.

With this are many of those Shakespeare plays wee will soone bring forth, for our work cannot be carried to completion without them. As wee have said many times, our bookes containe these twoo Cyphers, soe when our discypherer doth see anie works of ours, he knoweth at the first cursory glance, it doth speak to him verie forc'bly and make a plea for aide, that a prisoner may bee set free. It shall well repaye his time, and his hart shall rejoice in th' rich treasure that shall come to gladen and fill his thoughts.

The matter is not at all times joyous but it is truth, in which men are counselled always to rejoyce. In our plaies, just spoken of as being in the name of a man not living, there is still more of this secret historie. By follow'g our good friend's advice we have not lost that maske tho' our Shakespeare noe longer liveth, since twoo others, fellowes of our play actor,—who would, we doubt not, publish those playes,—would disguise our work as well. This wil not, however, bee done untill a most auspicious time.

Much work must be accomplish'd in a short time if manie new plays should bee added which doth now seeme desirable, inasmuch as it suiteth us farre better then prose or a lighter verse, whilst it giveth more satisfaction to our readers. Represented on our stage they give more pleasure still, and yield their author much more, be it in gold, or in honour, since th' theater is becoming more popular.

Our plaies are of diverse kindes, historie, comedie and tragedie. Many are upon th' stage, but those already put forth in Wm. Shakespeare's name, we doe nothing doubt, have won a lasting fame,—comedy, th' historick drama and tragedy, are alike in favour. For this reason wee have

resolv'd to write in these formes, tho' tragœdie doth come to th' sensiblest mindes mo' easily, because to such, high and tragicall things are more suited then those that are onely somewhat reall, yet much too nice and daintie, or too crude, vile and unfit.

As for historicall drama, some principall and important facts require gracing with such elegancies as wee see many doe admire and praise. 'Tis th' changing and shifting movement that doth catch the eye, and please the imagination, and plays of all kinds seeme manie times to give delight in th' action, which have lesse attracted us in our study. Candidly speaking, it is better to consult men's liking then their judgements, but writing truthfully, there shall be no sacrifice here to hurt the sense or lose sight of the ayme. Wrongs are expos'd, be they ours or others, and ofte of unpleasantly plaine character. We stood close at hand and saw thinges with cleare eie to write them in this record, having desir'd with exceedi'g desire of the heart to be giv'n a righteous judgment in matters of most import and interest t' ourselfe, yet of worth, finally, to others, inasmuch as there would bee without [it] noe true historie left to other times.

This shall bee th' great work of this age. Its fame shall spread abroad to farthest lands beyonde th' sea and as th' name of Fr. Bacon shall bee spoken, that of his discipherer, joined with his owne, must receive equall honour, too, when this invention doth receive reward. Hee it is, our fellowe, who hath kepte at work despight manie a temptation to give waie, as some doe.

With propheticke vision our eyes, looking into th' future, see th' day that give' these Cypher histories life and light. Glad must th' day be to all that helde our

story in closed bosomes that no harme should befall us. Love, waki'g in fear, shall rejoice with untold joy. It is a simple historie wee must owne, yet 'tis soe closelie interwoven with many more knowne and renowned it shineth with reflex honour.

Let him not grow weary nor leave following our queast if he would recover his rightes of reward. It needeth not that our eies look on this worke in order that it should come forth in the forme soe desired, nor that our hand pointe out each step his feete must tread, for the divers rules and directions leade him so that he shall not falt'r.

It may bee well now as we approach the end, to give summaries of th' numerous workes which he will find in Cypher,—and the methodes wee have us'd,—of the plays we have not long since spoken in this place as thirteene in number,—five of which are nam'd as histories, five as historicall tragœdies, three as comedies. Of all these, in one work or another, keies and arguments may bee found to aide the discypherer. Th' former are his indispensable guides, the latter ayde him greatly to re-build these broken, scattered pallaces.

Th' histories are not completed, at this writing, in their exteriour masque. Comming latelie into newe honours and newe duties wee have, as may be suppos'd, written much lesse then formerly. All interiour worke, nevertheless, is completed, and made ready for th' incorporation into these divers works.

Th' titles of these plaies here followe: The Life of Elizabeth; The Life of Essex; The Life and Death of Edward Third; The White Rosse of Brittaine; Th' Life of King Henrie the Sevent; The Earle of Essex (my late brother); Earle of Leicester (our late sire); The Life of Marlowe;

Anne Bullen; Mary Queene o' Scots; Th' Seven Wise Men of the West; Solomon the Second; and The Mouse Trap. Besides the playes, three noteworthie translations are found in our workes, viz. Th' Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, and the Æneid of Virgil, togather with a number of lesser workes of this sort, and a few short poemes. There is also the story, in verse, of th' Spanish Armada, and th' story of my owne life. The last nam'd co'taineth the wooeing of our owne dear love,—this Marguerite of these hidden love poemes,—and the story of our misfortune in France, the memory o' which yet lingers.

Wee have sometime found our other inventions of some worth, in our worke, and we have spente occasionall idole minutes making such maskes serve instead of the two Cyphers so much us'd, for of soe many good methodes of speaking to the readers of our workes, wee must quite naturally have a preference, and wee owne that the Word-Cypher seemeth to us superiour to all others wee have invented. We have, however, devis'd six which wee have us'd in a few of our bookes. These are the Bi-literall; Wordd; Capital Letter; Time, or as more oft call'd Clocke; Symboll; and Anagrammaticke. The first, surely, needeth noe explanation if our inve'tion have beene found out; [it] demandeth fuller instructions, if it be still unseene; a most cleare playne ensample shall make it stande forth soe that hee who but runneth by shall reade. It doth require some fine worke of the tooles as well as of th' minde.

Next the great Cipher spoken of soe frequentlie,—tearm'd th' most importante invention, since 'tis of farre greater scope,—shall heere bee againe explained. More rules and instructions are necessarie then were needed in

any of the others, but in the first work, only such as will be readilie seene neede be sought. These now followe:

Keyes are used to pointe out the portions to be used in this worke. These keies are words imploied in a naturall and common waye, but are mark'd by capitalls, the parenthese, or by frequent and unnecessarie iteration; yet all these are given in the other Cypheres also making the decipher's part lesse difficile.

Next assort carefully all th' matter thus obtained and place it in boxes and drawers for timely use. There will, with a little observation, bee discern'd wordes which are repeatedly used in the same connection. These must bee noted specially since they form our series of combining or joyning wordes, which like the marks th' builder putteth on the prepar'd blockes of stone shewing the place of each in the finisht building, pointe out with unmistakable distinctnes its relation to all other parts. This will shewe the necessitie of keeping everything ready and orderly.

As whilst writing these interior works these keies and joining words did deter th' advancement, it shall work a contrarie effecte on this part of th' designe, and th' part of our ready decypherer is made easie for his hand, but his sight shal accordinglie have neede to bee as th' sight of th' keene-ey'd eagle, if hee would hunt this out, losing nothing.

A part of our life relating and linking itselfe to another in a marked degree, as no doubt you know, required more time and studie then all the rest. Not onely was our Queene-mother concern'd, whose life we have dulie set forth in th' dramas mention'd, but one dearer, and as our memorie doth painte her, fairer still then the fairest of our

English maydens, sweet traitresse tho' we should tearme her, Marguerite—our pearle of women.

In order to indicate clearly the parts belonging to our early love story, wee emploi'd words to set off these portions, using those wee have spoken of in a number of Ciphers, such familiar and comon termes as th' mind and every faculty or power, memorie, reason and-so-forth, also heart with its affections,—as wee tearme th' emotions or passions slightly understood,—th' spirit and soule. These accompanying a key-word shewe that this portion belongeth to the part of my history I have just mentioned in this waye. Th' same keies were employed and yet th' decypherer shal finde his guides thus indicated so easily, it would truely be difficile, as it doth appeare, to goe astray.

For other workes our joyning-words are cleare, or those arguments so fully given, th' discyphering is onely a matter of time and patience, but this would surely not be wanting in the man who hath worked out the Bi-literall Cipher that doth require soe much.

In many places will there bee found instruction for the discypherer and in divers waies, so that, fayling one, he should see others, as hath noe doubt beene discov'r'd since this Bi-literall Cypher hath made everything cleare, shewing the workes that joyne, and giving ayde as often as it may bee requir'd. The designe, however, being so compleat it should seeme a thing that men of keene eyes and quick minde may discover readily and pursue with ease.

Of my devices nothing excells that of th' employment of words in common use to direct our decypherer. Tables should ,contayne all such because no man's memorie can long retayne such a number of words; but all will clearlie see how great an advantage it must bee to bee able to

masque all our divers pen names in common tearmes, so naturallie, that not a man of common intelligence will suspect the presence of anything of a secret nature.

The preparation and distribution of th' Cypher wordes requir'd much time and this time was soon at my disposition. Th' numerous works that will be sent forth, soone, will prove the truth of my assertion of a ceaselesse industry and an unflagginge zeale. No one living in the midst o' th' tumults and distractions which are found in our great townes could (could) better hold to a purpose,—but a few years younger, in truth, then I,—for it stirred within me when I first was told of my great birth, and tooke forme shortly after that scene at th' Court of our mother which led soe quickly to my be'ng sent to France in th' company and care of Sir Amyas Paulet. It waighed on me consta'tly, untill I devis'd a waye by which I could communicate this strange thing to th' world, as you know, and my restlesse minde unsatisfied with one or two good Cyphers, continually made triall of new contrivances, in order to write the true story fully, that wrongs of this age bee made right in another.

As my work hath beene, from my earlie youth untill of late, one of unflagging intereste, I have made great progresse in Cypher-writing, finding it pleasing at first,—I may say manie times mildlie exciting. But one must wearie of th' one now in employment on accompt o' th' unchangeablenesse of the worke, for variety is almost impossibl' to this kinde of Cyphar, and nothing availeth to applie witty invention in this waye, if it bee not clearly shewn, for without helpe th' most constant of discypherers must finde many shifts weariesome, as it must require more attention, and therefore some of my labour may be hidden most compleatly from every eye.

Whilst it is th' object of such work, in its nature and use, none could suppose I desir'd this to be soe conceal'd that no future discypherer may lift the vayle from my secret. If that should occur, numerous devices which have grown in many directions, this waie and that,—but secretlie, and like a root turning in th' soyle as it extendeth,—have a grave in my work where I thought onlie of giving hiding for a little. Life is too precious, its dayes too fleeting, to be so used if noe time should ever come to roll away from th' door of th' sepulcher this great stone.

It is not easie to reveal secrets at th' same time that a wall to guard them is built, but this hath beene attempted, how successfull it shal be, I know not, for tho' wel contrived so no one has found it, the cleere assurance cometh onely in th' dreemes and visions of th' night, of a time when the secret shall bee fully reveal'd. That it shall not be now, and that it shall be then—that it shall be kept from all eyes in my owne time, to bee seene at some future daye, however distante—is my care, my studie.

With manie things in hand, now, I devote somewhat less of my time to Cyphers, and had I not in th' Cypher, giv'n my good assistant promise of many little things to aide him, this should not continue. Since the part which doth containe the storie of my birth is one I cannot have lost, it is frequently giv'n.

Th' directions to th' decipherer oft occur, for it cannot bee that hee doth decypher everything I write, yet if but a part be done, it would bee sufficient, doubtlesse, to reveale th' history; but I must strive to soe double th' rules as I write, that no failure shall bee possible. At the first, assur'd that th' interesse doth increase each houre, change to matter lesse personall, led would-be delvers o' hidden secret matter, to followe noe longer.

No doubt my wanderings much resemble the chatter a senseless creature of Caliban's temper and nature might give out if hee were to speak in a secret manner, but such is my designe. And it hath so well preserv'd my historie for many yeares fro' th' sight of inquiri'g eyes, that it seemeth at last necessarie,—and but little danger doth lurk in th' revelation,—to put forth a full treatise on my worthie Cyphars to shew that to use all ordinarie methods of giving one's message to th' world suficeth not, if one wish to pick out and choose his owne readers.

Therefore there is soone to bee a little work which shall set cleerlie forth these artes that have held many, many a secret from my times to carry it on [to] th' great future. If there bee none to decipher it at length, how many weary days will have beene lost; yet—such is the constancy of hope in our brests—we hold to th' work without rest, firmly trusti'g that coming times and th' future men of our owne, and other lands, shall at last rewarde these labours as they soe manifestly shall deserve.

Though it shal not happen in mine owne day, this assurance that it cannot fail to come forth in due time, maketh weary labour lesse tiresome. It is noe doubt long to wait, but whatever should have beene ordain'd by that Supreme Governour of our lives doth give such a satisfaction, it doth fully sustaine and succour th' heart, so that it surmounteth all fears. If some call it vanitie, I must make th' wise man, his timely replie, for all things upon earth are truelie vanitie, and the spirit thereby is vext.

What remaineth to man at th' last of all this labour and care? Ought? Shall he leave the dearest labours, th' great designes, th' marvayles that he hath wrought, and beare from hence to that new life a memory onely, or, it

may be, even lesse? Must hee loose his hold upon all earthlie objects to take hold on that that is eternal? Must hee part from all and leave all? Ay; and yet, if his arts survive 'tis wel as hee can naturallie wish.

If hee may have knowledge, when th' last long night of death oppresseth him, seeling the eyes and shutting from him the blessed light of day, that the things that he loved died not also, it wil not bee utter losse, utter oblivyon. Shall not his soule live after him? Surely; nor can you or I have that farre sight that looketh into the future, and we knowe that by the Divine wisdome of the Ruler Supreme, 'tis soe ordain'd. But one thing may serve well when we take departure, and that is, to leave many and widelie varied work'; it could not bee that nought could bee sav'd from a vast quantitie, and ought th' hand can produce shall have a greater worth at such a distant daie.

With many a wish in my minde for honours, successe, approvall, I put these things away, as th' Saviour put Satan behind him, and do not for a moment alter my fixt determination to make good this time, and this labour, at some future day. But of this I have spoken so many times already, I fear that my patient, but not super-humane assistant may have become awearie, and have giv'n over th' pursuite of this strangely hidd'n story.

It might surely bee lesse tiresome to him if my story might be made cleare in a single worke, but there would have bin such danger, in soe writing out my secret, it would but bee well commenced before it would work my ruine. For the good of all these companions who have follow'd my fortunes in th' shifting, changing scenes at th' Court, and elsewhere, as well as for my advantage, I strive to continue th' history; yet duties of office do rarelie

permit me to doe much with this work, which will accompte for a few of th' mistakes that have occurr'd.

But, truth to say, severall of the plays that I am about to put forth are yet incomplete, and I am, too, much occupied with a work on the life of my m'ternall great grandefather, which doth include most of my Cypher plaie, The White Rose of Brittaine. Many earlier plaies are to bee somewhat alter'd in order to have some portiones of my historie put into th' Cypher. 'Tis of th' great key-word Cyphar of which I am speaking, chiefe of these inve'tions, for by th' use of it, I may make a work of beautie, as you know, while some of these being of such [nature] that they are not easily kept in minde are easily overlookt like the way of ships on the ocean.

But by no other then this, which I hope you are at present following, doth anie epistle continue in our worke without change. If I wish to make such a triall of my work as must occasio'ally be done, you can doubtlesse understand it requireth onely a few dayes to make th' experiment. With a little time and patience, therefore, I can easily finde what th' epistle is.

In many I have plact rules and instructions but in some parts I have written th' thoughts haunting my hour of rest. If th' decypherer is to finde out th' rules, each part must convey to him a secret message. If it shall not be found in every part. I could have little assurance of any of my epistles coming forth, since no one might accidentally come upon widely scatter'd fragments.

Bi-literall Cypher is unlike others in respect to this, for while it doth change the subjectes more frequently than anie other, its course is continuous. If my owne storie be written out fully and all rules and instructions for a

decyph'rer in th' other inventions be made out, it may then be left til such other decyphering shall have beene finished as hath beene most frequently mentioned, taking care in no case, or for noe reaso' of lesse value, in fact then matters of prime importance, [to] let anything distract your minde.

And if since making the discoverie of this that is here used there have beene found many an exhortatio' fervently beseeching you to continue your labours, consider these doubled. I, [ay] let this great number bee so increast that it cannot bee forgotten, that th' cheefe of all my inventions is the key-word Cypher. Therefore I wish to have it given first, and most, of your time after this worke shall have come to an end.

Whilst it is true regarding that Cypher of which I speak, much must yet be written, and that none can learn how to decypher it till full instructio's may bee found,—I am giving great attention to th' complétion of severall plays that containe all th' instructio's,—time will not permit the great catalogue to swell to much greater proportio's; but 'tis trulie colossall already, and doth approove my tirelesse spirit. The work hath occupied so much time, it is more as a habit than a matter of free choice—but for other good and well set forth purposes—this work hath soe continued.

Also new devices were to have beene made plain, but the complete illustration of these artes sh'll be found in some later work, for it hath given me no little ple'sure in the imploiment of these contrivances, knowi'g so much of th' Cypher would no doubt be a sealed booke, even to the decypherer of the first partes. And no decypherer will make of this a cause o' complainte, for it affordeth to him

a newe mysterie and the minde of man ever doth rejoice most in that forme of search that hath a relish of the chase therein. Therefore, whilst I am still in very good hope that my last contrivance is not solv'd, noe feeling of anie sort, save kindlinesse, is in my soule toward my decypherer.

If he discov'r the key of my newe invention, himselfe, before it bee explain'd, it shall redound to his credit. Much as hath beene the case in all discoveries worthy of note since man's creation, this may furnish him soe much delighte, whilst it doth occupie his minde, that time shall seeme short. In my History of Henry Seventh this shall all bee explain'd.

But as I doe not accompte th' time wasted which one may soe imploy, soe difficult is my taske of publishing my plays under th' name of one who hath departed,—manie being out already, but an almost equall number new,—that much of my thought in leasure houres is upon the questio' how it may bee done. For the purposes of the Cypher it is requir'd that no alteratio' be made, for that manner that I have adopted shewing different workes by common words must not suffer unnecessarie change. The discipherer will doubtlesse need all the assistance which can thus be giv'n nor could I now so alter the new, without making a correspo'sive change in that now in print,—a thing soe nearly impossible as to be out of all questio'.

Taking carefull thought of these conditions, I have made choyce already of meanes to give great ayde to a discypherer, while no doubte of the matter or motive is probable. To make use still of many masking names at th' same time, without some way of instructing my discypherer, might resulte in the losse of more labour at length

then I have yet expended. It openeth a new invention in a place well occupied, as shall be seen, with one little pe'ceyv'd.

It cannot bee that bread which is cast on waters taketh othe' then a cours' that is intended. How might it then give promise that shall requite all who soe obey th' holy teaching found in God's sacred Word? "Caste thy bread," thus it saith, "upon those surges." Ay, soe must ye doe, if yee would have it back once more when many dayes and moneths, I, [ay] and long, long yeeres are swept into the abyss of eternity.

Without one question, then, my owne hand must send foorth upon the wast of waters, fruit and flourishing boughes from fruit-bearing gardenes, that one finding so rich and abundant harvest, may trace them backewards as hath already beene mention'd, to this garden of mine wherein all have come to perfection of rondnes.

'Tis my Cypher that is now my constant and more important labour yet 'tis so much to the banishment of care it might well bee thought lesse for one's personall businesse, then as th' unbending spirit to these amusements, as it must bee knowne to my decypherer such a thought doth sort with my wishes and in this fortunate misunderstа'di'g doe I owe the safetie of my work.

It is not so difficile to keep a secret while it shall bee unsuspected because none turneth over so much, bookes that seeme to have but a simple and single method of imparting his thoughtes, or th' results of his experiments; but if once the booke hath an ayre of mystery, noe secret can bee secure and safe in such keeping.

I thought not, however, to make a device so compleate as my most worthy Bi-literall has now proven, and its completenesse may make it very difficult to shew forth this

designe clearlie, yet at the same time guard the treasure that it keepes. It certaynly requireth as much wit as th' first inventio', though much lesse pleasure cometh therein.

It is so much in my minde that I speak thus oft about it, and take my decypherer into confidence, as it were, which doth shewe one of those strange weakenesses of soules indrawn, like mine, since it needeth noe proofe of the fact that a demonstration would be wholly unnecessary if there were anie man living in the world who could understand these things here hidden; but I speake or write as if the discypherer sat at my side to take part when requir'd in th' deliberatio's. Many times I have a sense of my kinde companion's presence, yet at the bottome of every other desire, is a hope that this Cypher shall not have beene seene or read when my summons shall come. Therefore tranquillity is an impossible state, and I am torn betwixt feare that it bee too well hid, and a desire to see all my devices for transmitting this wondrous history, preserv'd and beque'th'd to a future generatio', undiscov'r'd.

The wish that none of my day may discover the Cypher soe happily occupieth my owne thought, there is time for hope to try her wing in that uppe' aire above th' skies, where it is so clear and still th' evills of life are forgotten, feare, for a time, conquer'd and co'fin'd. Will my part in the task be anie the lesse a great benefite to mankind, or a worthy monument to my own name, because secret? 'Tis the king,—or prince if the stile do better please some who are of co'viction that an uncrown'd soveraigne hath no right to such a distinction,—that speaketh, and it is true history that will be herein related.

In th' Parasceve that followeth, a number of short tales of th' life in our royall parent's reigne must be sought.

These have never yet beene put where th' discypherer's arte would be of use, but royall power giveth a luster to these quaint tales. Do not, pray, relinquish your work to decypher others wherein fairer labour doth seeme to lie. There are seasons for all to be brought foorth, as you shall observe. Crowd nothi'g further when the discovery is fully completed, I beg, till this and th' two other Cyphers of which I have spoken most, have come to sight.

There may be a part of my tale concerning a Newe Atlantis printed,—a part onelie being used in the other Cypher. It hath as yet bin in question, as I may say, there having bin some plans in my minde which have beene, as we say, discuss'd throughly with deliberation, weighing all the *pro's*, and manie *con's*, to make it cleare to myselfe what will be th' result. Will th' discypherer be thereby really ayded and made joyfull in a work alreadie prepar'd for one folowing, from whom must be requir'd more dutious, obedient, co'sta'cy of devotion of all his powers then might naturallie bee expected? This must ever continue unto my minde an open question, happily or otherwise, yet nightly is it allowed a triall.

But there must come lesse interessed judges to court. Men cannot sit in judgement, to passe sentence, who wish to adventure their fortunes both as plaintiffs, and on defense; all are too much given to that self-love borne in the hearts of weake mortalls. There can bee no correct opinions given, if the judgement bee warpt or twisted, but the man's wishes rule his minde; therefore, I say, the wisdome might bee question'd of anie decisions which I might reach, or, when all hath beene said and done, I might myselfe be no better pleased.

There are more such questions then can be answer'd

here in th' time that doth remaine, yet I beleeve my discypherer to be much accustomed to these debates,—a wordy musi'g,—if this paradoxe will be more cleare. It shall bee seene that to my minde the discypherer is th' modest co'fessor, who listeneth behind a lattise to what I do impart; and so discreet is he, a word doth nere circulate which hath beene given to his eare.

Indeed he is to me a friend who can reach out his hand across the abysm of the ages, and give such aide as none present hath given, or in truth can give to me, in labour of wondrous pow'r, inasmuch as herein is writ a history of that most remarkable royale daughte' of the Tudors who united qualities little esteem'd, to traits worthie of the soveraigne of soe important a nation as England—Elizabeth, daughter of Henry the Eighth, and therefore th' grandedaughter of him who was wise enough, or had such wise counsel to guide him, that he established himselfe upon the strongest claime, but with a prudent forethought, learn'd from earlie experience, caste behind him that enticing one of conquest.

If my title were given away too weakly, 'twas through wisdome gained in part from the lesson that hee thus earlie acquir'd, i. e. that kingdomes got by conquest may be lost by the same. Without doubt I should repente employement of such meanes when it became a necessity to maynetain as large an army to holde th' power as to win the same. Not being a souldier, though not whollie oppos'd in my naturall temper to armes, I am well inclin'd to knowledge, which is to my minde farre more satisfactory then anie honours. It hath beene ere this very well said: "A soldier's name doth live but an age, a scholar's unto eternity."

And paine which is surely th' constante attendant of studies, better suiteth with this life then mirth and follies, and hee that can say to pompes and vanities, "Tempt me not," conquereth all other temptation. No one can subdue worldlie passions without most worthy demonstratio' that power is beneath th' apparent morall weaknesse. 'Tis to myselfe and my discypherer that I am now making this confession, not to th' world, and it needeth not to saye to one of his discernment, I speake to give some one beside myselfe entrance to the Councell Chambe' of my heart. True it must not weigh much, for 'tis th' restlesse heart that is thus making frequent argume'ts with itselfe, asking, with Pilate, "What is truth?"

By no meanes shall wordy arguments proove that one who knoweth his birth is royall, but is barr'd from succession, can soe fix his thoughts on things of price, that there are noe mome'ts of regret. The booke shall tell all. In perfect trust, to you I bequeathe my labours.

FRANCIS BARON OF VERULAM.

THE PARASCEVE.

Speculative thoughts doe still their owne unsure hope relate, yet must I undoe the story of our times soe ofte spoken of, tho' it is folly in a royale prince whose birthrighte hath, like Esau's, bin given to another, to spend his time in opposing the wrongs of his unblemished heart to such as would jeere or laugh at his paine. There is one in whom wee may not onelie confide with childlike faith—a spirit seldome seene—but upon whom we may put off a worke too important to lye hidd'n longer then necessarie. This we neede not say is our unfaltering, ever co'stant, decyph'rer.

In the' following pages, as we previously mention'd, will this historie be co'tinued. Be faithfull till the last page shall have beene reach'd. This Aphorisme somewhat co'tayns of interesse, for it doth reveale to my faithful friend the name I should beare. This is Tudor. Since Elizabeth was my mother, 'tis my owne lawfull cognomen, and by right my brow deserv'd th' rigoll, my body roabs of purple. It is a truth little knowne, that these things were not well understood, but none doubt witnesses and papers of such a nature as those seen or heard co'cerning th' same. In nine places is this told in some Cyphe' or other, that it cannot well bee omitted. Indeed, if too many times seen, this discreet and patient discypherer must make wise selection and leave that which hath previously beene work'd out, but th' decipherer should omit none of the pages since it is quite important that he should know what is co'tain'd in everything published. This now sufficeth by waye of directions. To resume a narratio' o' th' event of this secret marriage.

Whilst my mother, the Queene, lay prisoner in London Tower she wedded the Earle, my father—Robert Dudley—of whom it is suppos'd the young princesse had become so enamor'd that, to produce a like passion in his heart a love philter, which an assista't by some strategia administer'd, was made. To such a tho't can I never set my seale, tho' there be in my minde no doubt of her great fondnesse for my youthfull, well-favor'd sire. They came into our world, not th' same daie onelie, but the same houre. To the phantasie soe abnormall as the Queene's, this was proofe of destiny. It might perhaps be a questio' whether a Divine foretho't determin'd all that grew from that acte. Some would ascribe a part at least to evill spiritts. Be that as it may, one fact doth remaine, shee was wedded, as hath beene said, and he that addresseth you in these various Cyphers was borne a prince o' our mighty countrie. Now must he humble the pride of his naturallie haughty spirit to obey mandate of his inferiours, but mankind must know,—tho' this have come upon a prince of the realme in former times,—th' injustice is great—we may say, beyond all fortitude of mortal minde to endure.

Another sonne was in due time borne, whose spirit much resembled, in th' maine qualities, that of our mère, but who, by th' wish and request of our fathe' bore his Christian name, Robert. Hee, reared by Walter Devereux, bore naturally that name, after a time coming into th' titles of Earle o' Essex and of Ewe.

The desire of our father, who remain'd a simple Earle although he was wedded to a reigni'g queene, was to make these affairs so well understood that th' succession should bee without a question. To our mother noe such measure was pleasing. By no argume't, how strong soever, might

this concession be obtain'd, and after some time he was fayne to appeal the case for us directly to Parliament to procure th' crowne to bee entail'd upo' Elizabeth and th' heyrs of her body. He handled everiething with greatest measure, as he did not presse to have th' acte penn'd by waye of anie declaration of right, also avoiding to have th' same by a new lawe or ordina'ce, but choosing a course between th' two, by waye of sure establishment, under covert and indifferent wordes, that th' inheritance of this crowne, as hath been mention'd here, rest, remaine and abide in the Queene, and as for limitation of th' entaile, he stopt with heires of th' Queene's bodie, not sayinge the right heires, thereby leavi'g it to the lawe to decide, so as the entayl might rather seeme a favour to her—Elizabeth—and to their children, then as intended disi'herison to th' House of Stuart. It was in this waye th't it was framed, but failed in effect on accompt of the ill-disposition of th' Queene to open and free acknowledgme't of th' marriage. But none could convince such a wayward woman of th' wisdome of that honorable course.

Yet I am perswaded we had wonne out, if her anger agaynst the Earle our father—who ventur'd on matrimony with Dowager Countesse of Essex, assur'd no doubt it would not bee declar'd illegall by our warie mother—had not outlived softer feelings. For in the presence o' severall that well knew to whom shee referr'd, when she was ill in minde as in body, and th' councill askt her to name th' king, shee reply'd, "It shall be noe rascall's sonne," and when they preas'd to know whom, said, "Send to Scotland."

FRA. BARON OF VERULAM.

FRANCIS BACON.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

1622.

As you are beginning now to decypher a most interesting play, a portion of which doth concern my history, you get in a newe maner keyes, or signes, anie eye not blinde will only too truly note: or, indeed, not a newe Ciphe' but th' first modified. I will, however, as much change my newe, for what be most oft observ'd doff greatlie the ayde and protection, reall and known, o' unfamiliaritie.

Marke *t*, *f*, *c* and *e*. See that in no place have th' accents on a *K* at midle of th' front where this joyneth t' th' uprighte, yet overturn'd it. Th' letter hath still only such a use, in our modell or forme, as it might in or by vertue of its form. But we do contrive t' make most peculiar, artfull shiftes, that so much shelter our most evident pretensions, it is a subtler or swifter mind can followe us then most men do possesse. Take care for all of our accented letters, and do not baffle us. That I, by curious, noteworthie skill, so hide this secret, it fullie proveth t' everybody of just temper, somewhat better then by words, how much greate' valew th' inne' portions possesse then th' part seene.

Bacon is to many only a great autho', quick with his writi'g. None see or mark, in most cases, the plays, yet i' imagination suppose the offendi'g scenick playes some task a g'ild should naturalie do, not my rude invention. I have produced four from ancie't Latine and Greeke. Many such sorts burrie the works that I have said must bee written soon. Your reall art, that may truly require

th' best of your time, is, however you meet m' requests, thus of most acco'. It is a subtly plann'd Cipher that I have us'd with a most free [hand] to cast off gloomie reflexions.

You can marke these chang'd: capital *W*, *C*, *L*, *D*—c, small, as you alreadie have some time noted, is at present, if unchanged by dots, in accorde with all, but *b*, *d*, *g*, disti'ctly alter their stile. After they attach some marke, all our letters (as if one ha' struck a gale) turn keel; a then becometh b, and b, a. Your quick eie catches, soon, all this that aids them greatly in working th' storie out in full; but in so much of th' Cipher as is easilie follow'd, it is too transparent. If, therefore, you finde it mo' trieth or co'fuseth, seeke in a portio' of our historick works (in th' Iamb) a law relating to th' double Cipher, as it, here, would at once bee seen.

These are th' plays, which you shall yet find, that Rawley would urge us to present, in the name you will alwayes honor ere it shall receyv' th' lofty but worthie title belonging t' it—better, I doubte, then when our story's written. The fact very surely proveth most fully how much envie maketh home both i' a' elevated minde, and in th' vulgar.

I am indeed by vertue of my birth, that royall, thoug' grossly wrong'd son t' our most glorious, yet most faulty—I ca' find no stronger terms—Queene Elizabeth, of th' stocke that doughtie Edward truely renowned. O' such stock Henries Fifth, Seventh and Eighth, historic battle kings, came, like branches sent from the oakes. My true name is not as in some backe pages it was giv'n, but Tudor. Bacon was only foster parent to my early youth, yet was as loving and kinde to me as to his owne sonne, carefull o'

my education, and even aspiring to my high advancement. But to Mistresse Anne Bacon, ever quick with her simpathie and wise to advise, do I owe a greater or warmer gratitude, since she did much more truly and constantlie guard, guide, protecte and counsell me.

Moreover, to her I do owe my life, for though she did but rear me, not being, *de facto*, my mother, it was by her intervention that the houre of nativitie did not witnesse my death. Her Ma. would truly have put me away privilie, but Mistresse Bacon, yearning ove' helplesse baby-hood, saved me, having held ove' me a hand o' protectio'. My attempts in after years to obtain my true, just and indisputable title of Prince o' Wales, heire-apparent to th' throne, must not however bee thought or supposed to indicate that I held myselfe disinteressed o' these obligations, offer'd affronte to these kind benefactors, or in any waye conducted myselfe in such manner as would either cast reflexio's upo' my breeding, or doe discredit to my birth. It may clearly be seen that it was but the most commonplace of ideas—an actio' barelie ambitious, because 'twas simply naturall. But it fail'd most sadly, for th' would-bee Virgin Queene, with promptnesse, (not liking our people's hearts to be set upon a king) before my *A*, *B*, *C*'s, even, were taught to me, or th' elements of all learning, instructe' my tutores t' instill into my young minde a desire t' do as my foster father had done, aspiring to high political advancement, look for enduring renowne there; not dreaming, even, o' lack wherein I should looke for many honours, since I was led to think I was borne t' nothing higher.

Of a truth in her gracious moodes, my royall mother shewed a certaine pride in me when she named me her

little Lo. Keeper, but not th' Prince—never owned that that be truely the rightfull title I should beare, till Cecill did sorely anger her and bring on one o' those outbreaks o' tempe' against one of th' ladies o' her traine who, foolish to rashnesse, [did] babble such gossip to him as she heard at the Court. I' her look much malicious hatred burn'd toward me for ill-avis'd interference, and in hastie indignation said:

"You are my own borne sonne but you, though truly royall, of a fresh, a masterlie spirit, shall rule nor England, or your mother, nor reigne ore subjects yet t' bee. I bar from succession forevermore my best beloved first-borne that bless'd my unio' with—no, I'll not name him, nor need I yet disclose the sweete story conceal'd thus farre so well men only guesse it, nor know o' a truth o' th' secret marriages, as rightfull to guard the name o' a Queene, as of a maid o' this realm. It would well beseeme you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suteth not t' your kin'ly spirit. A sonne like mine lifteth hand nere in aide to her who brought him foorth; hee'd rather uplift craven maides 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, summon'd a serving-man to lead me to my home and sent to Mistresse Bacon. "That mother of my dark Atimies shall free my name," said I, "for surelie I am her sonne. May mother lie, or cruel Fates do me like wrong? My God! let not a lot more hard, alas, then death come t' me. When a ripe evil doth breake upon wicked men, th' justice i' Thy holie law, ev'n in chastiseme't holdeth men—not that arrow of pestilence:

but I am innocent, O my God! Visit not the evill we much scorn, on me th' innocuous fruit."

In th' dark I waged warre manfully, supposing that my life in all the freshnesse of youth was made unbearable. It did so much exhaust, that, afte' pause of a moment, I brast flood-like into Mistres Bacon's chamber and told her my storie. No true woman can beare th' sight o' any tear. I grasped her arm, weeping and sobbing sore, and entreated her (artfully, as I thought, hidi'g my secret), t' say 'pon oath I was i' truth the sonne of herselfe and her honoured husband. I made effort to conceal my fear that I was base sonne to the Queene, per contra, I eke, most plainlie shew'd it by my distresse. When therefore my sweet mother did, weeping and lamenting, owne to me that I was in very truth th' sonne o' th' Queene, I burst into maledictio's 'gainst th' Queene, my fate, life, and all it yieldeth, till, wearie, on bent knees I sank down, and floods o' tears finished my wilde tempestuous invective. When, howsoever, that deare ladie saw this, with womanly wisedome, to arrest fury or perchance to prevent such despaire, said to me:

"Spare my ear, or aim rightly, boy, for you do wrong your mother with such a thought. Pause least as to Absalom a sudden vengeance come. When you list to my words, you then will knowe that you do also wrong that noble gentleman, your father. Earl Robert, at the meere mention o' this folly would rise in great wrath and call down Heaven's judgements on you."

At the word, I besought her to speake my father's name, when granting my request, she said: "He is the Earle of Leicester." Then as it made me cease to sob, she said againe: "I tooke a most solemne oath not to reveale your

storie to you, but you may hear my unfinish'd tale to th' end if you will go to th' midwife. Th' doctor would be ready also to give proofes of your just right to be named th' Prince of this realm, and heire-apparent to the throne. Neverthelesse Queene Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of bald-faced deniall of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her motherhood. Her oath, so broken, robs me of a sonne. O Francis, Francis, breake not your mother's heart! I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have beene the sonne o' my heart. But night is falling. To-day I cannot longer speake to you of so weighty a matter. This hath mov'd you deepely and though you now drie your eyes, you have yet many teare marks upon your little cheekes. Go now; do not give it place, i' thought or word, a brain-sick woman, though she be a Queene, can take my sonne from me. Retire at once, my boy."

With "Farewell," her heart half bursting, she bade mee leave her, and I, fond boy, kingly power deerly yearn t' winn—dreame of goldene scepters, prou' courts, and by-and-by a crowne on mine innoce't brow. Alledg'd oathe, or any unrighteous rule, sho'ld never from the English throne barre the grand-sonne to Henry th' Eight,sonne to Elizabeth i' lawfull marriage; and by vertue of these rights, in that it is the stile of the eldest sonne o' England's Soveraigne, no lesse then that of the Prince o' Wales is my proper title.

In due course o' time, however, I, at daie's meridian, was by my newe-found royall mother re-call'd and given private audience. I learn'd from the interview, and subsequent occurrences, that th' matter was trulie to be margente of my desire, and that it was, at present, in fancie

that I bore this lofty name, or a stile other then that actually mine in my home. A princely name, it seemed, was one to bee thought upon, not reckon'd 'pon as apt to bee given me; for so all fabrickes, baselesse, (though one, no doubt, shall be ev'n t' th' end of life busily constructing) i' woful ruines upon lowly shiftinge sands do fall.

I mention'd that although 'twas guess'd by one [that] another is rightfully the husband of this subtle Queene, (nor can he make lesse ill-timed propositions) he so wisht to betray her to the entire nation as one unworthy their respec', by airs of enamour'd address not onely, but in a formall most princely and courtlie wonte ask'd (at an extra especial session of th' Queene's abated, astounded and dissplеased private councel) negotiations. All wayes and meanes of avoiding th' open declaration were adopted at once. The royall suitor, however, as a Poleak at missing aime, was angered, and, great ado making, did so disturb our great men,—who, as birdes are amidst hawkes, were thereat cow'ring with fear o' publick disgrace,—that many saw this. As it influenced State affaires, it was admirable. If no act made th' heires of Elizabeth rightfullie bastard, it was proper some meanes to shew legitimacy, that will in no waye cause tumult throughout England, be ofer'd. Any such measure found no kinde of regard i' th' sight o' vain minded Queene Elizabeth, whose look traineth men as vain as her owne selfe. Th' would-be idole of half the great princes of Europe,—concluding it would be lesse pleasing in a fewe yeares to have all the people knowe that she is the wife of th' Earle of Leicester, then suppose her the Virgin Queene she call'd herselfe,—both props and shields alike despis'd, nor did she at any subsequent time reverse her decision. For such a triviall, unworthie, un-

righteous cause was my birthrighte lost, and nought save the strong will of Elizabeth turned men from conspiracie t' place me on th' throne. To winne backe their loyalty she assum'd most kingly aires, and, upon occasion harangued the army, riding upon a richly caparison'd horse before the lines, and naming herselfe th' King. I for dear life dare not to urge my claim, but hope that Time shall ope th' waye unto my rightfull honors.

The story of my entire life is told in some most subtile waies.. My plays, (now so nearly completed, that we premise we may to him great glory bring i' whose name I write) have letters which I write to you in my other, more principall, typic, or word-sign Cypher, that like that card a ship's watchfull mate nere taketh his eye off in a time of storm, must be closely observ'd.

Round certaine words that I name keyes, one cluster may bee seene to have its place in othe' kinds o' worke. T' aid in finding keyes, some words are not capitalized: whenere a fewe such are repeated frequentlie, take note of it and our design, which wee saw written in a night vision, will take its proper form i' th' minde. Let th' wordes in parenthese' next to be found. N. B. every time such seem to be us'd *ad libitum*, it showeth they are keies. Such use o' capitalls meaneth that this pointeth out th' words I will so use.

But it is by othe' devices, as in cloth o' Persian silk, a patterne soon openeth out of the confusio'. Any aventurous worker can easilie trace it if he doth get th' true art. Th' keys tak'n are aids onely. Seeke out all of the works I name, ere th' deciph'ring naturally attracteth you so continually, no pledg'd attentive devotion to more laborious work may hold you to this necessary part. Let all

things be done carefullie and in order, following the way I, darkly, have pointed out to you and seeke diligently for the light.

No sparke sheweth from th' flint until it be strucke, nor can you finde th' fitfull sparkes that hide within our pages if you doe not work in manifold wayes, in season and out, to uncove' our flinty Ciphers and strike them sharpely. Look not to finde a steady raye that doth as sunlight shine unfalteringly. 'Tis as swift lightning; ev'n before we say, "Lo it is there!" 'tis gone, and vastie darkenesse swalloweth up our sight. However, 'tis quite sufficient for my purpose, and as more light would defeate rather then further famous designes, to have bestowed more were foolish waste. My decypherer alone doth get the benefit, while spies o' all sorts are dazzled and misled. Wherefore take good heart, for not all now see what is revealed to one that hath found what is the law of our Ciphers; for, for years, I, an eager follower after all learning, have so laboured t' finish this worke and to perfect it, that you cannot misse my object. A system so exact must in the end yielde what our designe doth intend.

Proceed, therefore, in this manne'. Seeke near each key that othe' or joining-word, which you will find oft repeated, and bring parts together. I knowe you feel a desire to write at once, and beg you to be in no haste, for if you leave searching out th' keyes and putting apart the materials for the building o' th' pallaces, you will be as a beggar going from door t' door without a wall that can keepe off tempestuous winds or a roofe to shelter you. Yet if you shall, as I direct, patientlie collect the blockes of marble, which are already polish'd and prepar'd,—

Like t' a king's th' shining walls shall rise,
While high upon the loftie gleaming tow'rs
Th' golden roofe may outbrave Illium's.
No sound shall come o' anie instruments,
As any iron tools, or ax, or hammer:
As in the beauteous temple, as we read,
In silent grandeur stone on stone was reared,
So noiselesse, so inaudible shall bee
The building of my glorious pallaces.
Let no conspiracie t' make you leave
For idole Fancie' noble Truth's faire realme,
A moment winne you, but for this assay
Break cressive love, throw off th' filmy band!
Nor in th' mazes of a winding way
Is risk'd a foot of him that would out-go
In fleetnes stepps of wingèd Mercury;
Then stray not in, or, ere one is aware,
The entrance to th' labyrinth's quite lost—
Th' unmarking eies nor see nor read th' signs
Which of the strait and narrow way do make,
A shini'g pathway to th' golden mount.
The purposes, like to a weather-cock that chang'd,
Turning ere lazie eies had noted it,
Ne'er made one master o' the Grecia' art,—
That wondrous use made both o' stone and canvass,—
Neyther can sto'ier defiant Cipher,
As flint-like as th' hardest stone now wrought,
Bee rounded so to-day t' symmetry,
Unlesse old rules shall next reveale a keye.
I eke in verse, sing of my one great theame;
In verse we told the story o' our birth.
If one or other should on halting feet,

Limp on apace, lenify easily,
And oft undo parts never justly given
So that at best this shall by iteration,
Shew its full use.

As th' object is gained by that, better, in very truth, and more easily—of a mark'd degree—we have in many places, oft on beginning a new portion, given th' decipherer in manner differing, (but in nothing of importance changed) repetition of our work as you may see. Always, as you will perhaps note, th' law wrought compleatelie to perfection, giveth you the whole story. To place the cardes then soe carefullie that no losses can hap, was not an easie taske; but I have not yet seen any ground of feare that my designe may be at fault. All is cleare as *A. B. C.* I wag'd my best, and it repayeth the outlay well.

Though as to the dramatic as fundamental works I can finde noe fault, the limits of historie we found cramping; for as in [a] play nothing unnaturall is of anie use, you find, in writi'g a simple tale o' history onlie the truth availeth. It better doth aid th' writer of events t' have little imagination. A book rightly giveth truth in its beautie more fame then any story i' brass monuments, and the names o' authors living may grace it. And I, for I greatly desire fame, have rear'd high my noble pile, but only the letter I have written to my decypherer hath the secre' o' my untiring heart and hand. Pile the lofty works to mark my tomb. I ask no truer monument.

Although this is risking the losse o' th' most valew'd works, still I would that it be so left, for reasons which I must, at th' beck o' th' heavy hand Death wieldeth, shew unto th' world; but no historie save mine reveals th' story,

as it doth beseem secret letters. I, but fabricke of my fancy it will sound, yet it hath truth in all. Even historick writi'gs may draw somewhat upon that for aid, yet my worthy work's not kin. Leave most futile and worthlesse attempts to undo me: This truth must span that narrow arch above Time's current, where soft hued rainbows give promise of the car, banded with gold, i' which we note Apollo in his pride, who ever carryeth t' th' sonnes o' men his beauteous beams of light. Daye he lends the beautie pure and shining that crownes her awful brow, and Eve winns, too, th' gold tipt arrow wrought to so fine a point, that shiny spear-head is sirnam'd a starre.

As hath beene said, it was such a very difficult undertaki'g to adapt another historie to the purposes of the Ciphers, we let our judgement oft-times decide upon the manner of narration, alwayes provided the truth did by this method by no meanes suffer. Whenever this soe meerly formall device failed, manie more were soon devised. A mark in lines I wish to have divided, when found in the other or Latine tipe, shall have to such an eye a newe significance, not such as it would have in th' Italic. As you see I blent everie eye, save one, in this.

Next I us'd numerous means (nor on being examin'd do th' manie works beare indication o' revealing the secret), even reckoned better in use for manie sorts o' writi'gs. By using much time to perfect the plann, even of rest and sundrie such, so-called, necessities deprived thereby many weekes, I found the methods as day after day went by easily employed and easily seen, but free fro' suspition. A name can be given so, for ere anie other eye sees aught but an ordinarie name of articles in common use, the thoroughlie taught decipherer sees some of

my penn names; and as for fears, I anticipating them us'd severall different names for one, making anie pursuite fruitlesse. Even this marginall work, hath aid for the decipherer, and also other signes are cressets bearing lights to mark the waye that I would have him walke; yet would my truer, i. e., the more worth' Cipher-work, end ere all bee well understoode, were this alwayes confined to rules, signes, etcætera. It is to make each a lockt doore to all save my decipherer.

But, at th' same time, t' diversify th' worke suficientlie, at th' beginning many of my simple lines are to be found sowne so freely throughout the work of this Ciphe' (in truth that said work so much doth alter this task) that need o' a pleasanter, as shall soon be seen, cannot be felt or knowne, but a love and devotion to th' work shall set a newe motif into action.

Also, in th' Cipher, use of th' elements, the sev'n great wonders, the seven planets, with manie of th' vertues a fair kept recorde sheweth, and vices soe black that never could an angell see one, but its eie' would fill t' overflowing, also a long and well arrang'd table of such things as are dayly used and familiar to all, beter keepeth my plans from jeopardie then the strong guard of our king doth his sacred person.

All this must bee found, before you can apply yourselfe easilie unto this goodlie work of mine, that I wish you to do at once. If it may at th' first seem of little real value, the value of a correct story (ill as it may make one most exalted person come out, aye most false, on evill trulie gloating), soone will be apparent.

You are to get eleven old plaies, publisht in th' name I have us'd lately at th' theatre, and many much valued

by scenick Cæsars who conquer, ever, a lack created on our stage—from th' withdrawing of some lame and halt plays t' embark again in new forme t' aide my projects—by compelling th' production of others. And therein you will finde th' beginning of many stories, both i' dramaticall forme (also in that raw unfinished forme) and in Iambick verse. But the haste with which some parts were compleated, will explaine this. When these plays may come foorth, for many reasons cannot now be determined, but I promise you, it shall be soone. "Wisely and slow," is a proverb ofte on my lips, and as oft unheeded, even by myselfe, also. But an axe that cutteth well must be well sharpened—then it doth become us all to looke well to our instruments:

For you must cut apart my various bookes,
Spreading them out upon a mark'd scrutoire,
Which, as th' chart or mappe th' sailor hath
Doth pointe out everie countrey of th' world,
In faire, clear lines, this great expanse doth name,
So faire and beauteous th' bound I set,
Though 'tis at riske o' this secret designe.
Then separate each part, to joyne againe
According as your guide hereby discloseth,
In riche mosaickes, wondrous to behold,
To bee admir'd by all the sonnes of men.
Heere is a crowne, gemme-starred, and golden scepter,
A crosse and ball—insignia of ranke,
Even of royalty, soe pure and high
No blur is on it, but like to frost flowers,
Januarie's blossoms icie white,
It gleameth i' th' light of eache faire morne.

Oh let not man forget these words divine:
"Inscrutable do hearts of kings remaine."
If he remark a pensive dying fall
In th' musicke of these straines, let him forbear
To question of its meaning. List again,—
As hath been, is, and evermore shall bee—
Ages retarde your flight and turn to hear—
Cor regis inscrutabile. Amen.
Yet 'tis the glorie of our Heavenlie King
To shroud in mystery His works divine,
And to kings mundane ever shall redound
In greatest compasse glory to th' names
O' such as seeke out Nature's misteries;
Fortune may aid him; Honor may attend;
Truth waite upon him; as we look, crampt Art
Doth reach forth to faire light, undreamt of lore;
While Reputation soundeth through th' world
Unto Time's close, glory in [highest] measure,
To him that to th' depths doth search wide Seas,
Digge deepe into th' Earth, unto th' Aire
And region of th' Fire climbe fearlessly,
Till he th' World, the Heavens and e'en th' Universe,—
With human eyes that better can discern
Then mountaine eagle, gazing at th' sunne,—
Doth finde out secrets hid fro' humankind
Since th' foundations of th' earth were laid,
Stampt with the impresse of the Heavenlie Hand;
And in grave musick deepe to deepe did call,
While morning starres together sang a hymn
Time lendeth to Eternity for aye.

Fr. B.

MARLOWE.

EDWARD THE SECOND.
1622.

You will find here that sad, sad, sad tale o' my brother Essex which runs darkling thro' my plaie, the secret th' books contain, the most comon themes in any or all langwages, polish'd writings in everie stile named in any Rhetor'cke, not sparing sundry dearly lov'd poets, but so making over my erly college songs of ancie't world lore (of th' hero's fam'd still through Homer et. al.) that no part is lost. Much, however, as I say, shal assert things such as will be recorded in no place which might be subject t' the scrutinie o' enimie or of friend. Many of the hidden plays have no other object I assure you.

Any writi'gs o' my penne, be they in mine owne name or in that of my friend, is the work o' th' hand you have so long knowne as untiring—of the same restless minde and spirit. Now hunt out our hidden epistle for it doth foile tiresome friends; foes who, most constantly watchi'g (ever closely bent o' use o' some kind or sort of secret) win th' starte yet lose th' scent; and thus do curious men, try however they may in weake attempts at resistance, wander in mirie waies, and I followe this busines and this play, if recreative labours may be stil'd plaie. Many days pass in th' work that is here given. Oft more of the dayes then may justlie be used in such a way. This is principall in favour (since none but my owne selfe doth know of its appearance), to furder my object and to avoid ev'n th' slight suspicion of persons reading my plai's.

A booke is as an unwrought lump of metall: you see not th' rich shine of it beneath sundry thin coates that obscure it. The same is true of everything herein. Study my signes, learn to read my numerous small Cyphers for their designe was to make the worke easy. Doe this as directed untill the whole is understoo' soe well no great difficulty will bee found in th' deciphering.

You next join Lear to this, a history of Henrie th' Sevent, Th' Life and Death of King John, and Burton's great prose, (not the best I have so given another man, but better for work of various parts then plaies) those which I name Peele on th' stage, or that Arraignment I have mention'd, th' David, one of my oldest books put out in a time when we minded onelie our achiev'mente—th' result of our long study.

Time now doth unveil many things ungues'd or undream'd of by any. To do away with mistery we set forth a large work De Augmentis S.—now translated, to shut th' casket, but if th' keys to it should now be sunk, th' story it contains (our twelft king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way,) shall now know the day, nor shall the Latine hide, nor our disguises, many and valew'd as they be, keep my story from th' eyes of the curious searchers in a new mine. Such a prize hath my book to give the student of the work whose entry is farre in the vantguard; the armies rereward may lose th' glory of it all.

FRANCIS BACON.

HISTORIA VITÆ & MORTIS.

1623.

Leaving out those Latin letters—of the several plays—may throw upon the Italiques suspition of its purpos'd emploiement or of planne, and Revelation may too soone remoove the well-designed masque which Prudence would but slightly stir. To prepare as manie alphabets as would but be manifeste upon my shorter pages, can be seene to be prodigious labour, and hath consum'd many of my spare hours of late,—if I may speake thus of any howers, since my time is most constantly turned to inve'tion of this sort or kinde that noe portion of my history may remaine unwritten.

It is true it is manie times told, as my faithfull decypherer must know if hee have perform'd anie worthy part of this work, yet it is very improbable hee can have discyph'red a history as true as 'tis strange with a marvellous storie of our late soveraigne therein, yet have told, writ, or put forth this knowledge nowhere. In truth feare is growing within mee that this is all a lost labour, for it doth seeme too well hidden to finde the light of daie, and it doth ever wage th' warre in my heart with most earnest desire for sweete asura'ce of a safety I have not for manie a day or yere felt.

The death of a king that now usurpeth my rightfull throne, may avayle not to give to one, who wrong'd by his owne roiall mother can shewe his claime but by his owne

and his frends' word, th' crowne and scepter of this vaste kingdome. The papers that would testify as mouths of livi'g and present observers, speaking of truth to them well known, were long guarded with care, but it will be recall'd to your minde, doubtles, that in Queene Elizabeth no sense of justice was so strong as her loves, though her self-love overmaster'd everie emotion. It will make cleere, perhaps, her manifeste delight when ruine of my hopes came by the destruction of said papers, and her refusall to make due restitution to myselfe. As all witnesses were gone, as th' time to prove my right to raigne ove' England came, no hands were uplifted there, as hath too oft in my writings of these events beene retold, tô bee secure yet transmit to th' comming men of th' land, a tale of wrong nearlie unknown 'mongst a greater part of the present generation. Brieflie, 'tis, as you may have learnt in Cypher workes such as this, a prerogative of my birth, th' power that is shewn in the outward and visible signs of royall throne, scepter, robes and crowne,—mine the coveted stile, Rex.

Although wedded whilst she was but th' proud, unhappie, tho' still spirited princesse that Queene Mary held to be dangerous in freedome, and for this cause sent off without forme of trial to languish in London Tow'r, afte' her ascent to royale power, before my birth, a second nuptiall rite duly witness'd, was observed, soe that I was borne in holy wedlocke.

But having no true desire of my advancement, neyther th' Queene nor my sire, suiting the word to th' action, ever set a seale upon th' papers that declar'd the legitimacy or fully established my claime. Therefore th' aforesaid papers which were destroy'd, were the testimony of Lord

P., at whose house this marriage was solemnized th' second time,—hee having stro'g suspition that these might, at a remote date perchance be requir'd,—with other like substantive testimony confirming this same ceremony of the Queene's nuptialls, and of my birth, after a lapse of time, certified by th' physitian, nurse, midwife, and Lady Anne Bacon, my foster pare't, who saved the life my proud, roiall mother boldly refused to nourrice. Therefore am I not known by that name which is mine by lawe, and men living in some farre off Æon shall at a word set this true title and name to all bookes I shall leave in anie to'gue.

My best playes, at present as William Shakespeare's work fost'red, will as soone as one more plaie bee completed, weare a fine but yet a quiet dresse, as is seemely in plaies of as much valew and dignity as sheweth cleerly therein, and be put foorth in folio enlarged and multiplyed as th' history conceal'd within th' comedies, histories, or tragedies requir'd. Th' commencement of one of these hidden epistles will bee seene, but is not in truth my earliest letter or first Cipher teachi'gs. In this cheefe device that I name the Word-Cipher—being found by those keyes joyning the partes togather—I made many futile experiments ere my great Cipher was compleat, as you must have learnt by pursuing a course that I plainlie marked out for you, but if your course have bin devious, your rules may so have escapt notice that part of th' interiour work may be unknown to you. It was truly very difficult to put out al th' secret work in parts so small that it gave no clew to other workes co'cealed in the plays, th' poems, the essays or counsels, et cætera.

To this work have many weary yeares bin ungrudgingly given, inasmuch as by the meanes then commanded by an

unskilled penne, ayded no lesse, I am co'pel'd to admit first by worthie pamphlets of some pen that produc'd no little fruit, then by genius, I, assur'd that time can do no harm to my inventio', but should rather make it valued, ay, and greatly prized, in every work wherever or in what garb sent out, plact my fost'red hidden history.

Blacke as manie of my owne heavy maters may bee, th' play, indeed, may be at once not gaye perchance, but most pleasing and also leave small seedes that will put forth some leaf or flower as earnest of harvest. So may that which at this periode hath for sole clayme my inner revelation, in future, give such seede and fruit, men's thoughts shall be quite busy in seeking out the secret of the style I have imploied herein and thereby see th' interiour story.

You will, I doubt not, finde valew'd work much changed. I alwais alter even when there bee more to adde, and I may take many of th' parts from th' plaies put out in quarto form to reset th' same, having made a planne to increase one by making a likeness in th' theame easily suit th' thoughts and ene sundry verses of others. It may be a long time ere I can put into use most choise lines soe culd fro' early plays, and so friendes may, noting th' abse'ce of these lines, sometime aske the cause. It wil not please those who wish to keepe all things in pristine shape, stile, or construction, even rejecting improving and for the most part onely trifling changes, but so, much accompted of great valew loseth true proportion as it is plact,—it is highten'd by th' foil or dwarf'd by that compariso'.

The new arr'ngement is not lesse waigh'd, studied, and carefully ballanc'd, for I aim'd onelie to write with truth in everie part and to set that one gemme above other treasor, that noe man shal say in anie time to bee,

"Th' fruit is as th' apples that, turning to ashes, drave olden heroes to curse Sodom's deceitfulnesse." In due time a strength, farre-reaching thought greatly hath increas'd, cometh to your eie in this latter work, that also must bee known to many by reading anie such work as my drama entitled First Part of King Henrie th' Fourth. The Seco'd Part of th' same and one entitl'd Othello reveale knowledge of life wanting in th' common plays that had this penne name on title page. These are, as I many times have said, th' crowning glory of my pen, even though there bee degrees, as surely you must know, of excellence therein; but the cause you may as well have learned since it was clearlie shewne to depend upon times, and likewise upon the nature as well of the hidden as of th' open story. Therefore some will bee omitted from my Folio, but some retained for causes now given.

To fix my rules well in your minde is the most essential thing at th' moment, and many were put within those which one must acknowled'e possesse little valew. As half the number I shal assemble have alreadie appeared in Will Shakespeare's name, I thinke that it will be well to bring out the Folio, also, by some meanes in th' same name,—although he be gone to that undiscover'd cou'try from whose borne no traveller returnes,—because our king would be prompt to avenge th' insult if his right to raigne were challeng'd, and the sword of a king is long and where 'twill not extend thither he darteth it. And as concerneth th' plays, the truth commeth foorth more quickly from an errour then from confusio' and therefore it is most certaine that it would by farre be more the part of wise and discerning mindes to let this name of a man knowne to the theatre, and his former gay company of fellowe-players, stand thus

on plays to him as little knowne, despite a long tearme of service, as to a babe. I, thinking expedient so to do, now obay th' Scripture and caste my very bread to the windes or sowe it on th' waters. How shall it be at the harvest? This wheat must fill up some goodlie garner. Will the golden store—not soon since time doth slowlie moove, yet at God His right or proper daye of reward—bee mine? I thinke this shall be true, for manie a fayre hope hath bloomed out snowlike in my lone heart that promiseth ful fruition to my wish. Fame it may chance—for the workes—shal come, tho' nòt to the authour who hid with so great paines his name that at this writing 'tis quite unghest. And th' time I am giv'n to spende upon th' work is as gold, princelie gemmes or purple robes.

All things in th' world, of th' subtle charme that is too powerfull for weak man—such as be of greatest worth—are represented in this youthful i've'tion. Some that reade that which is yet known 'mongst players as William Shakespeare's, wil marvail that so many superiour works could have laine hid in such seaso's of Prince's celebrations. But my discypherer, who knoweth that the plays represented as found never had existed—are incompleted in short, and are yet my cheefe occupation—shall make this fully to bee seene as 'tis made out, by being ready in th' work I have therein requested to have compleated. This to many noe doubt seemeth useless writing(g), illy suted to that record of th' work of a lifetime, for which this Cyphre now in co'stat use was invented, but as things now are 'tis greatly priz'd, since my history,—whilst now as indifferentlie giv'n as such forward stories of a man's owne experiences at most are, either in his thoughts or writings,—shal in th' relation be somewhat improv'd, my

Word Cyphe'—taught by the others—being work'd in with great trustiness and paines.

Yet how an interior epistle is colour'd by th' exterior in other Cyphers then my letter, which you wel understa'd, is also seene therein. For heroes, and all weightie deedes, must bee suited in verse both loftie and fine, whilst true limn'd passion should be cloath'd upon as some flow'r—humble or flaunting, dim violets or poppy flowre, alike—adorn'd in many-hued silken tissewe that time truly may not destroy. Each spring hath brought newe bloome but nothing is lost or greatly alter'd. In like mode ill deeds must put on ill wordes, a verse well marking the inner character of soe evill a theame.

When this is observ'd in making your own search for portio's scatt'red through these numerous new playes, as well as in that Historie of Henry the Seventh, your judgement must truly be perswaded of purpose therefor. But if history shall so exclude such sympathy of theame that it must stand—as my tomes writ when my sadde pen found the Cipher letters its sole methode or meanes by th' timelie contrivance of which its waighty secrets might be given place—apart, unseen, such divisions shall be most fine and widely parted as is noted in earlier secret epistles.

Some of my letters hide that story that giveth me farre more deadly paine then could ought else—ev'n this los of honour in the roiall soveraigne, his eies—it is Lo. Robert's untimely, cruell end. It hath so temper'd the hot rush of bloud in my vaines that I feel myselfe becomi'g old ere it be time. It is the one thought in my hours of day, my onely dreame by night, for there was my owne aide, not to him but to my mother, th' Queene, which hurteth th' memorie more than tongue can tel.

Yet such terrors held mee that I could not realize ought beyond that daie, nor did I beleeve anie such curse one half soe likely of lighting sudenly upon th' youthful head of my hasty Lord of Essex, most dear to th' Queene, as it was to rest for aye upon my pate. Th' event of th' Earle's death never for an howre, or even for a moment seem'd posible to me after Robert stoopt his pride to send our proud mother her pledge—a ring given as if in doubt some great harm might ever threaten, altho' neither surely tho't it from th' Queene his evil would threat.

It was long enow, in truth some time thereafter, ere this fact became well known, Her Ma. coming unto th' knowledge but a short periode ere she died. After our misguided Queene's last murther, however, was by a chance only prevented, it was freelie bruited everywhere. It was then that I also found that th' most preitous—yet, by his fortune, trulie valewlesse—token came short of its desir'd or rather intended end. My owne share in his terrible triall, you at least as my faithful discypherer know, but none can say or think how awful the memory, burnt upon heart, braine, and soule soe deeply, is at this day though the time be long past. No mishap of fate or evil fortune which hath befalne me of late, can make such sad impression on the heart as this unceasing sorrowe; and of all joies possible to my future, none is to mine eager spirit soe enticing as my earnest hope of meeting Robert in that world of blis when all earth's sorrowes have ended, and of hearing my greatest evill-doing by his word forgiven.

O grant our request Thou infinitely gracious Father! As our Lord was crucified that we might live, that sin washed in his bloud, might be remitted, blot out all our transgressions. Though our sinnes be as scarlet let them

be white as wooll. As farre as the East is from th' West, as height is from depth, so farre remove wrong from our mindes and all iniquity from our hearts, for with the Lord is mercy, and plenteous redemption.

This work of my hand is fully prepar'd to put foorth as soon as fit, this Cypher work being nearlie ready also, yet this is by no means all that hath a place in these plannes that I made at divers seasons in my leasure—or it may be, to speak according to the facts—in time which was free from officiall duties, since I have not found leasure in many yeares from various sorts of i'vention. A man may well finde it so uselesse a word—in my position and circumstances—that he could doe without it, except if it please him to distinguish betweene differinge works, in degrees and also in kinde.

One such work will be partlie put forth openly, to shew the kind and style of th' work, partly in my Word-Cyphar that is carefullie explain'd in many places to afforde my discyph'rer such ayde as I deem'd to be necessary. To me it is probable, that, encourag'd by timelie advice, my dilligent decypherer will continue this work, assisted in soe great measure, and say with me it is well co'ceyved, for, although at present there bee few inventions of a like kind known, many are requir'd in th' world, and may have place in my bookes amongst those that much labour may yet make perfect. At least it is well to place manie things with the table in which I have named the desiderata, so much benefit may soone bee derived thence. To introduce th' thought, being often greater actual good to students, as to philosopher in fact, then to write out a most thorough and labor'd theory, it is advantageous to wield a free penne, to give scope and strength to its inve'tion.

For some such purpose my long sought, not yet surrendered, theorie of familie or patriarchdom should fence in th' degree I have me'tion'd, if th' losse of my owne soveraignty teach anie people a modell of thorow, just, yet tender, generous and kinde unquestio'd rule, or lead men—young, hopeful, fond o' adventitious joyes of new discoveries—forth into the fields of limitlesse possibilities.

It should set this suffering, mutinous, wronged, wounded spiritt somewhat at rest to feel this truly assured to my heart, but none can shewe mine eies that future day—although I long for it as one whose life is waning swiftlie, more from trouble it is true then age, yet no lesse surelie is it wearing to its end, and God's hand shall add that word, all that at that day shal be wanting, meerely the Finis to say that the soul of this Prince wins loving subjects at last in Christ his kingdome.

In my remaini'g dayes,—or many like our forefathers' or few,—whatever is meet to do for th' benefit of posterity, to promote the generall improvement of mankind, that would I do in all places. Some experime'nts that were made before King Jas. put some businesses into my handes that in latter dayes are lacking, though delicate often and wearisome, receive chiefly my unoccupied moments, when no Cypher is in hand, for nothing is more benefit—or at least doth put a man in a way sure of ayde in a right understanding of Nature's lawes more readilie—then Nature's owne teachings. Therefore these aydes are often but a suggestion of a methode of inquirie rather then th' replie.

A great arte—to finde truths which Nature's hand guardeth even as it was in that first day conceal'd—must of necessitie have exercise the same as other artes, nor must th' inquirer imagine this is possible without th' most paines-

taking work. This is obvious in the present in labour I performe every day, for like the old Israelites who served in Egipt, more is oft requir'd of mee then to make the brick. This must I do and also seeke th' strawe. Let it then make the labour seeme lesse irksome, inasmuch as I have long told many a tale well dried and ready for a place, how lowe or lofty it bee, in the temple walles.

It should not, however, be his part to labour, ev'n to fatigue, with hand and braine. Philosophers have need of servitors that shall prepare the waye before, like the forerunners of our Saviour, exalt the low places, th' mountayns bring downe, th' crooked and the uneven and rough make once more smoothe, straight and plain, since their labour is to some degre a labour divine, and hath for end and ayme th' advantaging of humanity, but as the work is in bands and cannot in our day bee mention'd 'mongst truelie well understood sciences, you, my deciphrer, cannot know how much doth appertayn thereto nor th' methods by which my labours have bin done. I put much good and thorough enquirie in my taskes and th' experiments have not beene hastilie made nor carelesselie set downe.

Whosoever may reade and note this work shall keepe on faithfullie in this way which I mark'd out for him, but should hee, with the aide that I afford his search—it leadeth farre on to other and wealthier mines of truth I have no doubt—make farre greater discoveries and inventio's ere he shall set these forth in triumphant musicke, let some note in such a pæan bee in my praise, inasmuch as my hand long before awaken'd th' sound and tuned th' instruments that th' musicke might bee thus—though th' sounds be not in th' tuning agreeable or pleasing to heare, for this cause the musicke is sweeter afterwards. Doe not treat my small

request as an idole thought, for 'tis as serious as anie that I have placed in my workes.

In th' Holie Word of Scripture we reade that a workman is worthy of his wages, and I accompte this my reward. As hope of Fame is onely for a future, howsoever remote this shal be, it is not vanity in mee to make this request, nor do I offer apologie to anie who heare and see. Sure the conservation of renowne may not cause wonder since much honour that is my due may for aye be denied me. This must be true if none have understood, I place my joylesse story herein—yes joylesse and sad indeede, yet true, and in a history nothing but the last proprietie hath waight. Then, too, co'sta'tly in mind is th' proude hope that my owne kinde friend wil folow me thus farre in th' work. To him the title Baron, also Viscount, is without doubte known and my right to Rex.

F.

*You will either finde the guides or be lost in the labyrinth. Every one of my great dramaticall writings, severall other workes—my New Organ, the second part of my Instauration, my New Atlantis, (some parts of which I much desire you to write from my philosophicall papers) and the part of the Sylva Sylvarum (a Naturall Historie that I designe to leave as it is), my Historie of Henry the Sevent, as well as my workes of science, containe in the last ten pages of the papers, rules that tell how to work out the great word Cipher. Keep at work.

FR. ST. ALBAN.

*Any person using here the bi-literall Cipher, will find a rule to be followed when writing the hidden letters in which are Histories, Comedies, Tragedies; a Pastorall of the Christ; Homer's epics and that of Virgil, which are fully render'd in English poetry; the completion of my New Atlantis; Greene's Life; Story of Marlowe; the two secret epistles (expressely teaching a Cipher now for the first time submitted, doubtfully, for examination and studie, by any who may be sufficiently curious, patient, or industrious); part of Thyrsis (Virgile's Æclogues); Bacchantes, a Fantasie; Queene Elizabeth's Life (as never before truely publisht); a Life of the Earl of Essex, and my owne.

FR. LORD VERULAM.

*Heming and Condell. *Ben Jonson.

*Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the two-and-twenty now put out for the first time. Some are alter'd to continue his history.

F. ST. A.

*Search for keyes, the headings of the Comedies.

FRANCIS BARON OF VERULAM.

*As I sometimes place rules and directions in other Ciphers, you must seeke for the others soone to aide in writing.

FR. OF Ve.

*Queene Elizabeth is my true mother, and I am the lawfull heire to the throne. Finde the Cypher storie my bookes containe; it tells great secrets, every one of which (if imparted openly) would forfeit my life.

F. BACON.

*Francis St. Alban, descended from the mighty heroes of Troy, loving and revering these noble ancestors, hid in his writings Homer's Illiads and Odyssey (in Cipher), with the Æneid of the noble Virgil, prince of Latin poets, inscribing the letters to Elizabeth, R.

*Fr. Bacon is the author, unknown among men as such. He in this way, and in his Cypher workes, gives full directions, in a great many places, for finding and unfolding of severall weightie secrets, hidden from those who would persecute the betrayer, yes, even take a person's life. Then take care that he be not endangered by your zeal.

Reade easy lessons first, and forsooth the Absey in the Life and Death of King John, act one, is a good one; it shewes the entrance to a labyrinth. Court Time, a sure leader, and proceed to his Alphabet of Nature. Learne well two portions, Masses, and the Rule. Search this out.

F. B.

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*L. Digges. *I. M. *Actors' Names. *Catalogue of Plays. *Prologue to Troilus and Cressida. *Headings of Comedies.

This letter tells you how to produce my most highly estimated unpublish'd labours of to-day, and I beg you try to understand it.

Go as I direct, but finde each subtile signe, that silentlie like fingers, shewes your waye. Actus primus, King John, gives th' epistle's first wordes, near the word Absey already familiar to you. Join these plays to Fr. Bacon's Novum Organum: but other plays must shed their light in so wonderous a Cipher: none may be found if my work be lost.

Seek not meerelie to read foure Cyphers, (for you should find six in all, which I coppy here, in full, to direct students how they should work out my greatest Invention) which you shall take as I direct you:—this is first: that Clowne in the play who speaks of the plantan leafe, is a wise man—here Art outruns that grub Nature: hunt out this Cipher, or anagram, at once: now finde a number in my King Henrie the Sevent correspo'ding to this (i. e., the same kinde or style), next add the plaies of Twelfe Night or What You Will, and Love's Labour's Lost; you will finde here capitalls in two formes, it is your next: the face of my clock comes fourth: my symbols are next: and the sixt is what all shewes—my great Cipher of Ciphers.

Every letter, save the epics of Virgill and Homer, is dedicated to yourselfe.

FR. BACON.

*My reason for using my translated stories to teach this Cipher is this: I wish to get my Cypher into students' curricula. You should do this worke by my rules, and seeke for the keyes in the playes. First finde

*Headings of the Histories.

the gods Jove, Pluto, Apollo, Vulcan, Minerva, Juno and Neptune, but do not omit any Nymphe: add Greek heroes, some captives; Dreams; the Sacred Isles; Chryses, Apollo's priest; some Trojans; the names of townes in Greece and Asia Minor; some parts also of Europe neare the Hellespont and the Ægæum: you can now write the first two bookes. Thus begin:

> O Goddess, sing of the destructive wrath
> Of fierce Achilles, Peleus' worthy sonne.

Thus continue in Iambi, with verses similar to the lines above, taken from their hiding places in the bookes I have published; ill worth Homer's name, less musicall than the Greeke, I still thinke it worthy of preservation and a measure of honour. Search all places in which I have put my keyes. Near words like Jovus, Hera,—Synonymes, as well as all the derivatives from these wordes—are the sectiones of the translation.

Keepe lines, though somewhat be added to Homer: in fact, it might be more truely Homeric to consider it a poeme of the times, rather than a historie of true events. For this good and sufficient reason, the translation should be in the forme of verse. I use English Heroick verse, usually paying but small heede to rime, like as you may see in my playes, yet in my other verse, rime being indispensable, and sometimes,—as in the closing line in each stanzo of the epics of the so cal'd E. Spenser,—the feete being too numerous, you may do as to you seems to be juste and propper.

In all places, be heedfull of the meaning, but do not consider the order of the words in the sentences. I should joine my examples and rules together, you will say. So I

will. In the Faerie Queene, booke one, canto two, second and third lines of the seventh stanzo, thus speaking of Aurora, write:

> Wearie of aged Tithones saffron bed,
> Had spreade, through dewy ayre her purple robe.

Or in the eleventh canto, booke two, five-and-thirtieth stanzo, arrange the matter thus, to relate in verse the great attacke at the ships, at that pointe of time at which the great Trojan took up a weighty missile, the gods giving strength to the hero's arme: it begins in the sixt verse:

> There lay thereby an huge greate stone, which stood
> Upon one end, and had not many a day
> Removed beene—a signe of sundrie wayes—
> This Hector snatch'd, and with exceeding sway....

It is an ensample, and the instructions are so cleare, I do not think you can follow scent so well as a hound, if you unkennell not the fox.

Seeke the keyes untill all bee found. Turne Time into an ever present, faithfull companion, friend, guide, light, and way. For he who seeks an entrance here, must be furnished in that manner aforesaid. All my names I use as my fingers, to shewe which worke to join by means of the signes, which you so ofte' have seen in divers of my other workes. I am secretlie enscheduling worthie guides, which shew the path, and keyes this lock to turne.

Now match to these, when you hunt them out, all Græco-English wordes, i. e., wordes that are not yet compleatlie made English. Keepe my rules so carefully impressed upon your mind in all cases, that you bee not ledd aside; for one who taketh the right waye, if he will push

on, will win the goale, the lawrell garland, and the applause and praises of the multitude: do not, therefore, turne your steps to the left, nor to the right, nor trace the roade backward. Keepe your eies ever fixt on the goal, and presse onward as I bid. I will make it a delightsome way, trust me, aye, ev'n as the milk-white path of high Jove on blew Olympus' summit.

Pursue, with caution, every devious way, never forgetting to retire back, before the chief highwaye be lost to sight. It is by such means that events, (and many a fabulous deede of the gods and heroes) remotelie appertinent to the Iliads are related, while you this winding labyrinthe trace out.

FR. B.

*You are now come to the Catalogue. It cannot be done as you have in the previous story of not too unusual actions and events. It is divided into small parts, as you will observe, which are so widely scatter'd in my writings, you should keepe my most common rule alway in this work; also keepe the order of the Greek in your translation.

F. B.

To these keyes now add Strife, Terror, Fortitude, Pursuit, Din, Friendship; the Ægis; the remainder of th' Olympian gods; the River gods; the Simois also the Scamander; with the many heralds, Sleep, Iris, also Mercury; Death and the Fates, all clouds, Chimæras, winds, Day, Night, and sweete Aurora; the Hours, who open Jove's gates; besides the Muses, Graces (who wait upon Venus, or attend on the fire-robed Sun-deity), and Furies, lightning, thunder; Juno's birds, Venus' doves, Jove's eagle; Cen-

*Headings of the Tragedies.

taurs, steeds, chariots, lions, serpents, with many other words which you ought also to keepe near bye in readinesse for use.

Dub yourself as Knight of the Golden Iles, and set out in quest of great deeds, grande triumphs, and Fortune's golden meede: your Honour will grow in lustre as you show forth the brightness of your Nature; so also shall your Reputation be as jewels, and your Truth as precious stones, which Art has made of exceeding worthe, beautie, delightsomeness and estimation, and Time harmeth not.

You will now find some wordes with a key, that tell the manner of joining parts. All workes do not give rules, as in most of my playes; but my poemes, plays, portions of prose, and of the numerous Latin and Greeke translations, also the stanzas of Italian Iambi are composed so well that you could not, if you would, go astray. When the partes are separated, put all matter of like kinde together in boxes, which have been so marked with keies and joining-wordes that you may follow the plans with ease, not carefull for the outcome, since I am Architect, you the Master-builder: yours is the hand that shall erect the temple, when you shall bring to a selected place the fairest stones which you can finde, and cedar-wood hewed and shaped, so that you could raise towards heaven my Solomon's Pallace, and nowhere be heard either ax, or hammer, or any instrument of iron, as you put them in place. How wonderfull its beautie, no mortall eye hath seen.

FR. ST. ALBAN.

*As apt children have their dailie taskes, so also in this hardest of employes, a dailie burthen is laid on ev'ry hand; houres manie, as free as mortall can desire, are e'er jewels

*The Tempest.

beyond price; yet, in this, an eager minde can find a dark chapter's chiefe motif, by thus most honorably and shrewdly using his moments of solitude and ease.

The Tragedy of Macbeth must be added to this, then joine Edward the Second. As these are carefully con'd, many of Nature's writing are to be read, and a rule to fit or join, now that of one name, now others, making a story, in plays, which shewes that sin of my despis'd, (yet royall and also loyal) friends, Essex, who is my brother, and our most lovely parent, Queene Elizabeth; the tragedie of his murther; an historie of my owne life; the storie of my share i' th' triall of my brother; my owne downfall, with many such.

Now joine King Lear, King John, Romeo and Juliet, sixtie-two lines of The Life of King Henry Eight, partes of such other as you need—my rules dissipate all uncertainty. More prose must stande in this part of your Cypher work, then has been used to relate my stories.

Plays are by no meanes alwaies verse, therefore have I put a chain linking together by keies my speaches: those in Henry Seventh, are now many lines in excesse; and all, or much, upon the claiming Henrie's crowne is to be altered. You will finde that historie repeats itselfe in this, and that my owne story here given, has much that is similar to the claime Warbeck made, yet also differing, inasmuch as his had so false premises: but I was Elizabeth's son, by her wedded Lord, elder brother to Robert, the Earle of Essex, who raised a rebellion to obtaine his owne mother's kingdome, despite all other and prior rights.

As hunted deer awaite death at every moment, so I, at baie, had an hourly feare in both my brother's affects, and the hate and ill-intents of our mother and Cecil.

*When you match Macbeth with Tempest, it is to be observ'd, in the deciphering, how like is join'd with like—conspiracie in each. Note in Tempest the directions, and do as I have done.

You can follow my playes, as true keys, in most compleate succession, unlocke the closed doors of this secret chamber, in which are caskets like to that which Alexander found, and wherein I hide, likewise, mine own bookes, as well as honor'd Homer, his verses.

Search, seeke out a secret, imparted to no living person except Mother Bacon, mine earlie friend and true, the woman who saved me from my furious, owne mother by rare devices. I was as a brat, or waift, the girle throwes from all eies to save her fortunes and name.

Hate is juste, in him who is made prey to th' ills which do fall even upon a babe most innocuous, if love is not waking as he sleeps. Even then was I taken forth, stript naked,—th' thinn soft bands a childe should feele, a rough-spun woolen robe replaced. None saw or pitied my harsh, unkinde, accursedly cruel usage; yet my mother was a wedded, honorable, and most royall woman: her will is then the single bar between F. Saint Alban and a sceptre.

Take this play, and to it match that of Marlowe, i. e., Edward the Second. Note a hidden lesson in Marlowe's multi—or rather double—form tipe, for it tells when other plays take forward my work.

In my worthy mind is a better, a broader, a more farr-renowned and farre-famous'd kingdom. Deny the imposed gift we truely would, in hot anger, but love is so great a requitall of wrong, the anger in the humane heart is seen a fire-eyed Furie's child, turned from a region of Nox and

*Macbeth.

her compeeres, and then we controule our passio's. My love for Marguerite was the spirit which saved my soul from hatred, and fro vilde passio's.

F. B.

*Search this for a more awefull act then all modern, middle, and most farre-off o' all farre-distante times has revealed. It tells that sad, awefull story of an act which will poison my morning-sunrise, sunsett, the evening softnes, nightes darke heavie houres, and make the world bitter to the end: it is my brother's cruel, foull ending.

Studie Time's rule: kin is set by kin, like is joyn'd to like. Recall to minde the play which matcht to this, will compleate the scene of torture—King John. When this is done, a most sad, heavie story, in form o' a play, is told. Be dilligent therefore, and give heede. Attempt by all odds, worke purposed for proud R. Cecill's record, to cast his woven and treacherous plots into view.

Use every wind to fill your great sails, hanging now so empty. Idle no morn's golden houres away, nor even, nor night lighted by moones pallid and soft beames; sail on, and fetch treasures Time will make more and richer. Moth can ruin th' royall vestments—the glitt'ring crowne rust may corrode—no such action ere shall harme my gems' golden, art-enchas'd rigoll.

Next you must write a simple history or story of those two men, with more of their subtle actes apparent. They were my worst, aye, my onely foes. Read of some overt insolence, acts so wicked, such violent deeds, I had a just fear, if imployed doing that [which] Fate (or whatsoever power driving me) causes me to do, my enemie construed to come from my primary resorte, a predominant desire to

*King Lear.

be endued with a royalty-robe, as a mark imprest to set the seal upon my rights, by virtue of my birth. Upon every occasion they were mindfull of my where'bouts. I coulde finde the path to Olympus, however, wing waie with Muse t' sing high pæons, farre from the murmur of their envy and spite.

Their power I did evade. This duty so munified a brain, a heart, farre remote and seeking to reach the deepest depths of knowledge, that I followe my main worke. Attempts fail which a tireless enemy doth so turne—hate's minister of harm most truely doth good, not ill, to my sundrie* devices and designs.

It must now bee left in this forme, for a trite, though true, simple story, may not be used t' form this kind of a play, and I have arranged it in plain prose, but I hope you will gain knowledge thereby. If this part be read, it makes my method of word-signes clear, and anie carefull painstaker who doth inquire here, will undoe my mistery.

I have many single *livres* prepar'd for my deare Marguerite; one is in these other historicall playes, and in the play, Jas. Fourth, of R. Greene. It is her own true love story in the French, and I have placed many a cherish'd secret in the little loving wortheless books: they were kept for her wishes to finde some lovelie reader in future Æones. A part of the one I place in my owne historie, lives so pure no amorous soilure taints the faire pages.

So fair was she, no eyes ere look'd upon such a beauteous mortall, and I saw no other. I saw her—French Eve to their wondrous paradise—as if no being, no one in all high heav'n's wide realm, save onlie this one Marguerite, did ever exist, or in this nether world, ever, in all

*King John.

the ages to be in the infinity of time, might be created. But there came in days, close in the reare, when I would fain have lived my honor'd days in this loving-wise, ruin worthy husband's hopes, and manie a vision, had there bin onlye one single Adam therein,—which should be, and was not, solely myselfe.

Join Romeo with Troy's famous Cressida, if you wish to know my story. Cressida in this play, with Juliet,—* both that one in the Comedy, where she first doth enter as Claudio's lady, and the one of my Tragedy just given,—are my love, whose minde changed much like a fickle dame's.

Years do nere pay his sin's paine-boughten bond in man, or take paine from the remembrance ever keene with the ignomy which this fickle ladie put upon dumbe, blind, deafe, unthinking and unsuspicious lovers.

This is tolde plainly in my story. Ever kind, true in houre o' neede as in that of pleasure, I suffer'd most cruell torments in mind. Thus Trojan Cresid', Troylus did ensnare, and the words his sadd soule speaks do say to you that his ill-successe, and that I did have, will here be told, such oneness was in his sorrowfull hap and mine. This makes the next parte.

Often mid a waste appeare many purest water-rises. I found a pure cup which nature's prettiest dales do form, filled to its brim as with Nepenthe: this I drank, and so in time I did shuffle off my old *amour*. Study in this wide realm tells many usefull truths: Time reveals matter long held in darknesse amid this very frank gift, an inheritance which is farre greater than manie a wide realme of earthlie power.

*Romeo and Juliet

These plays contain my early history. Conjoine the part of my other great plaie named when I gave you this taske, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Eight, Fift and Fourth, just as I put them here, i. e., in this order, to make the plays, whereof events of such importancy, and of so great accompte do make up the plots, my best Cipher was given to a revelation of them,—I, ["ay"] events so false, set down in writing by my wicked mother, that none have wills so strong as to finde out the state of any kind of illes which is laid by for the good opportunitie. The opportunities are at this Queene's orders, therefore not seene, if it so gratifie Elizabeth.

Neretheless my labour must bring villainie unto just punition, give the full name of the one who is heir apparent * to this kingdom, put to rightes the most important records of these lands, with much hard bought truth, and turne from the lees, or rack a flagon of a red wine, the which, running cold, sendes icie chilles into my soule; ay, crudled blood this wine proves, if you see the cuppe running ore in that soft white hand, and 'tis as from this life of my veines, indeed.

And truly you shall not thinke or intimate to men, that the life of my onely born brother could be more dear to some rufian officer, or rugg-headed wild Irishman than to my my heart: but man has at all times a love still larger for's own life; e. g. in God's owne book you do find many such a Scripture. You may thus see man's heart loveth the life here better—vaine as it is—ene then eternitie, and if I did prize life as do most men, it may scarce be deemed a wante of courage and of honour.

When you have found the larger story hidden in my workes, you may see many things in an unnoted and yet

*Trolius and Cressida.

not unnaturall relation. Join Othello, and Life of Richard Second: then Anthony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, Hamlet, Richard the Third, Timon, and Edward First, placing the same in this order.

A great quarto in which you will finde Richard the Second, has none of my letter or epistolic story in the titles: also a part of a Cipher play, with this most heavie tragedie, and a full just accompt therein of all the secret reasons which conduc'd to it, is wanting; but my Folio has no part omitted, and the Cypher is in many of later date than Essex' cruelest torture, for the true rend'ring of his history. You must put your time on the same, lest these more valued workes receive a lesse share of a worke-howr than manie stories that were meere tales for boys, put beside the plaie that I here name A Tragicall-History, since the story is that of Essex, in his dark end.

Kings must have some happy guard as firm of heart, and ene so strongly furnisht forth to war, j'ust, turney, or other kind of battel as ancient Alexander, his picked guards. Failing of his helpers, that would-bee king was held for trial for treaso', co'demn'd, made to tell his ambitious designes, tortured,—for in the prison, vilde men, his keepers, by arts more pitichie-hued than hell, having obtain'd a permittance to cause paine sufficiente to burst the seale upon the lipps of maddened Essex, with burning irons put out both lovelie eyes,—then coldly executed.

No tale of ages before our blessed Saviour suffer'd such death, has one halfe the woe of this. Ev'n the barbarians of anie age, would burn men to cinders lesse murth'rously.

O God! forgiveness cometh fro' Thee. Shut not this truest book, my God; shut out my past—love's little sunny

hour, if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work, yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth: then posterity shall know him truly.

Reąd well your many rules which shall tend to a speedie accrument of matter, to be correctly oppos'd to severall simple signes or marks. In these subtile waies I shew when many plaies are to supplie the matter, and also whe' a few will tell much. The most of my keys are words like some portion of the play, such as dead, death, dye, or dying, kill and murth'rous torture when the scene of murther is work'd. The *first were what I most use, if I speak of mine only born brother Essex, such common words that few suspect my volumes had simply hidden the chiefe of the untold story.

Your keies must shew you how I, by this new method use my invention. Sure boundes are thus set, or traces showing them.

As in your lists you compleatly subdue by skill, so must other sundry hot [contests] be out-fought, but no true pow'r should impropriate moe then is just. True you do look most calmly upon my loss from a safe distance, yet to me the injurie never can be repaired.

You will finde them in most every other work I have used. This may not apply in date, or events, I grant. It gives most publickly such, as all other ladies whom Queene E—used in Essex' undoing; his well-seen youths with sturdieness like to the men's, wreaking 'pon all their pitiless vengeance with many a warm hand steep'd as in wine, so red in crimson gore.

It did behoove me to be wary, yet for my Prince Robert I took desperate hurts. As the danger many hundred

*Julius Cæsar.

times verified fear of our old compeeres, with an angry heart, I ofte saw Essex summon in minio's to sit in halles of judgement, in whose hands his very life was in peril. He would turne from the wisest wordes of hundreds, ruled by the hardy sons England so lov'd.

Losses unthought of, hostes of hamperers where he had put boldest confidence that most loyall helpers would sustai' him, with his hasty measures, much weaker troopes, as wel as a most utter want of anie true, indubitate remnant of every king's whole right, i. e., simple honor, I know, were the controulers which made his fate certaine.

You will need but my easily learned keies to follow any lost thrids i' the plays,—the Life of Essex in the form of prose, two stage-plays, and a story that has a part of his worst factionall effort's failure,—many that I name in an unpublished story; some you will find in a play out of print. I published it in Peele's workes. The earliest plays that had my brother's first youth as the times, and the many though not so rare (so early), unpublisht yet in any forme except that, name Greene as the author. This is but my author-name t' hide * my owne. It serveth also as a guard, as none such will be lost in future ages.

You will finde more o' history in such works, but much of Homer's great poem. It more chiefly makes up my delightsome Hiren the Faire Greeke,—a stage-play I published in Peele's name,—and also my Dido, my tragedy of Titus, many poems, A Tale of Troy, Venus and Adonis, Jonson's Masks, and much of Marlowe's translation of Lucan, of Hero and Leander, and the Faerie-Queene, Sheapherd's Calendar—which now bear only Spenser's marks—Ovid's Elegies, and also the Rape of Lucreece, all

*Henry the Eighth.

Greene's wanton verses—those mixt poem-prose stori's, wittilie having for our purpose Achilles or others as heroes—especially Pandosto, Arraignment o' Paris, (the one last named was published as Peele's play), Menaphon, Orlando Furioso, Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Dr. Faustus, with Troylus, (the story of his life—except as you have it given you as a part of some passage in th' sorry story of mine earlie fond love for rare Eve, French Eve, first, worst, loveliest upon the face o' this earth, th' beauteous Margaret—and his chief exploits i' th' battailes outside the walls o' Troy) King of Arragon, King Henry th' Sixt, Battail of Alcazar: Spenser's, as Shakespear's, num'rous love poems of many kinds, sonnets, and so forth, that shower my Margaret as with water of Castaly, are also part of the Iliads and Odyssey.

My translations are many times emploied twice. If my love poems may but show this, you will understa'd. In the Cypher story, inside plays, my hidden book mask'd in its sentences oftentimes a play, or story, divided more, that it may forme the inmost of my secret epistles.

Of course we must not suppose our Latin work to remove our other Cyphers away from sharpe inquisition, but while this remaines undiscover'd my secret is quite exempt from suspect.

My first importa't letter to you concerns my greatest invention of a meanes of transmitting whatsoever I wish to share.

My story may be found in this way after I am dead; then must my name live among men cleared from all sorts of blot, or imputation o' wrong advice to Queene Elizabeth i' th' triall of Robert, the Earle of Essex, for treason. A Queene has many to ayde, if th' case require, but a sud-

den justice pursues a subject that taketh any liberty in matters of state. When the offence is from her true sonne, building mighty hopes upon the overthrowe of the power of our Queene—not makeing the sinfulness lesse, rather greater—his punishment most naturally is greater. It is justice, yet how it doth blow my heart.

At men's many harsh insinuations or open obloquy, my indignation swell'd till my heart was too great. Native pride would cause one to seeke a means of shewing the true state of matters for justification: true he is onely actuated * by his worse growth of motives, but the facte is irrefuteable—a most simple and naturall desire for just and worthy men to give him full dues.

Most, (or at times, truth to say, all) seeke for true respect; the most of us insure this, no doubt, by our lives; but occasion, that ariseth when least looked for, may mar fairest prospects most suddenly. An unexpected event may blast his future with sorrow.

Sole accomptant must I be hereafter for the share I had in my brother's sorry fate, but none here will fully acquit me, and so my worthiest opponents have many notable advantages.

Injury to an innocuous man who is milde in nature, must be harder punishment (I am assured in heart it must be so) then to the man of iron nerves and hardy temperature. I am no soldi'r, but not a coward either. I am a student, a philosopher, I may say a savant, and I am sensible of injuries. In so farr as this is unjust, I hereby demande true and rightful examination by any man that doth regard my brother's case and his sentence as greatly altered by my counsell, and reporteth this same every-

*Henry the Fifth.

where. Let my plea be heard and just judgement be ren-d'red. I will aske but this, "Aye, strike but liste to me," and marke how love is alwaies manifested in our entercourse at all the times of meeting in prison, many of my written protestes and entreaties to Essex to turn him aside, intending meerely his onely good, the safety of his own person.

When trust is proved falsely grounded, much of hope droops upon its stalk like a summer's flow'r. Thus Essex did fare. O, thinke what such a sorrowe was, such puissant grief, dismaie and uttermoste despaire!

Whenere this story in Cipher doth push ope th' sepulture door, strip the clothes and napkins which would confine it from offe its feet, and so stepp out among living human beings, my inmost heart must be reveal'd, open as upon God's great day of a last judgment. Make your work as the voyce that shall commande it to rise, stand forth, and tell to mankinde its secret woe.

I use words to indicate the part of my life in France, using the keyes as just given with but a few added, such as Paris, France, court, Charles, Henry. Joyne minde or braine (with the faculties) also spirit, soule, the conscience with heart, and the other words signifying affection, love, hate, envie, antipathy and like passio's. In example o' it turne t' Cymbeline, actus primus, scena secunda, by (Queene) see (Love) (Heart) both by the key-words nam'd in my latest list, thus setting off to another use each of the sections so shewne. So ever Marlow, Peele, Greene, or aniething which doth containe the storie of the stay in Margaret's sunshinie France.

Assorte out into drawers and boxes that so they may

*Henry the Fourth, Part I.

bee convenient to your hand, on the one hand putting all o' the earlier history keies, on the other th' double-keyes of the later part. Never cease i' the pursuite until the worke be ended. So may most precious writings of my owne brother's be read, as I did include a part of his history o' th' Armada from Spaine. It is that part where Palmer doth pursew (all that night, indeede, after brave action) in the rear o' the flying spirit-like sails o' the Spanish vessels. Every line was written ere those bragging Jackes arrived at the harbours from which they had sailed a few months before.

Making your next portion of worke the Armada from Spaine, it may soone be seene a number o' keies must now have attentio', and many be joined to them.

Mary did enjoyne upon Phillip such a course, and, as in many cases, the subjects did have greater love and more devotion to the Head of their Church then truth and loyalty to eyther country or Queene, there was somewhat o' confidence wanting as rumours o' the Armada reached the farre-away seamen. When they put out, many hundred Englishmen, of whatever communion, rose in defense. The love o' home is a stronger affection, in some doughtie servants of the Pope, and of England, then the love of things which pertain chiefly to that religion of which much is rumoured but much lesse knowne.

I shall not make much of this subject then, when writing, as ev'n moe zealous and blinded servants of the Church o' the old religion, rous'd with fury, did run to fight insolent Spaine, to protect life and home, then came t' ayde (summon'd to assist by the Pope's comma'd)—indeed few made anie signe to manifest their allegiance to ought but England.

In our Second Henrie Fourth, you will finde keyes that ope most heavie doors, if you seek * dilligently. These are words, and you neere would wish any other subtile marke, so plain doe all keies shewe the designe. To these you conjoyne divers wordes which stand a fewe spaces from the keyes—and are so well chosen that though oft used, my plans are thereby not seene—and marke that which doth shewe the portions which must be built up like the stone walles o' a castle. But the workes, when you shal have finished them must reveale a strength shielding beautie.

Make this booke a great story of a stirring, fierie-tempered man, who fought brave battels for Elizabeth, not meerely in this warre with Spaine that you are now to write out, but in severall which I do give in full in my history.

No enemy doth so doughtily throw downe his bold defiant challenge as Philip, true sonne of Spaine; none takes up that glove with greater ease or with more wonderous skill then Elizab'th. She it is that we shall throw light upon now, for writing at a time of so much danger the penne was mild. Men in such bold history whom I thrust most to your presence, may neede have some time to plead for mercy at God's high throne, when their many crimes, hired to be performed, are unveiled.

Sin oft strongly warres in th' mind, and if no murtherous act be done, bears wrong much yoked with humil'ty, but if crime be on a person's hands, manie a rout o' jeeri'g divels come into his soule o' which the worst is pride. So fared Her Ma., Queene Elizabeth.

Her whole spirit was but one infernall * region, a realm

*Henry the Fourth, Part II. *Othello.

o' Pluto, untold days i' her times of mirth, or times of staid and verie grave deportment; for the blood of her youngest borne was upon her royall hand, if not that of manie others, heirs to a future o' paine. I' sooth none can div'lge her greatest harmes, for this world's eyes have no worthy use, but all shunn the vision o' shame, especially in this Queene. Her vanity may seeme most veniall even, but vaine motives lay at the bottome o' everything which this woman did.

She was my mother, yet I more then anie other have cause to curse her. I answer here a few of the world's accusations. I, after insult above your just conceit, I open my hard lips for my first lengthy complaint, uttering here much of the gall and naturall wrath my burdened heart has carried many a yeere. Have patience, I prithee, my worthy friend, and continue your writing, untill my history at least has been co'pleatlie finished; then if it must bee left, it must bee, yet do you keep in mind one thing—it is this—now must we see the glancing of Fortune's light, to th' desire of my unsubmiss soule; some will be pleas'd, I doubt not, to yeeld.

If your pen have no glory, it, indeed, is by some shortcoming of your owne, for I have prepared the way to fortune and high favo'. You may be my voyce to utte' the words I would fain speak, yet, should you refuse, another browe will winn the rigoll.

If hate's venom leave a soule doom'd, no ray does light mine awefull tombe, no sun sweetly ilume th' waye.

With Thee is hope, forgiveness, peace, O God, Father of light, and Author of our being.

Pilate said, when hee had framed a title for the King of the Jews, "What I have written, I have written." Thus must my work of this nature be left as it is, and that which is my onely honor may put vastly more happinesse upon us. No men's heirs of empty honours do outvie my right witty and much valued friend, th' man who raveled these threads. I burthen one, who to do my old friend of truth and much constancy, justice, must not be of our time, and my wish is that my whole workes should bee for you' good.

By my tones I shewe first various waies to direct the eie to any portions o' the Cypher. Truth to say th' winds change lesse in the daie then doth th' guiding hand. I took for mine instru'tion the signs o' some forme that is helde worthy but use no such important marks, except th' dot, to shew when our shifts should be furder. You then turn to my guide word, finde by your small table which o' th' numerous works is indicated: next seeke the word-keye and write what you * there finde.

Each of the stories thus made to relate a part that is but half made out—for this slower waye we employ doth concern my others—but when it has all ben work'd out, my method will be thought marvellous. It manie times is given with fear of faile, warring i' the spirit with fear of a worse result.

Too clear meanes were not of acc't, for th' restlesse eyes o' foes watched my worke, to finde a thread to twiste into the loop of th' executio'r; too dense, concealed noe less th' much valew'd guiding hand which ledd to the Cypher. Sundry words shewe my works as seene in my Instauratio; severall more have anothe' name to marke them as well, as you will see, very exceptionall, or rather, I may say, quite

*Richard the Second.

originall and unequaled use. I make them to shut out all but this faithfull decipherer, for the instruc'ions, rules, and so forth, are widelie scattered. I do not give sufficient in any one of these playes to bewray my Cipher, but he who hath turn'd aside for no fleet footed Siren or Nymphe, will enter into a richer store of goldene treasure even then he has dre'mt of, for I lead his eager steps. Hence I say again to you, do you keep pressing on for a day shall come that shall bring its dues of joy. Life is but one sh'rt race; it doth not twice reward us.

It is well to know a crown can one o' these good days be put on—an imortall crowne that ruste shall do no ill, nor evill men deny to such as do inherite it, or winne in any sorte of strife of th' poets—authors with brother authors. It awaits one whom Time maketh Truth's expos'tor, for he who may unseen,—though himself simply serving a knowne, * I may say an honour'd man,—write and publish the secrets I do thus conceale, may have more glory, more fame, even then he hath who taketh a city.

Whatsoever of honour, of fame, or glory my work hath, th' great reward giv'n unto him,—my friend, (my truthfull minde now open'd fully to it would make avowall) of equall braine, hand and heart, as is plainly indicated by his ability to search out my story,—must bee even greater. This then shall crowne your head: it can fal to no other even after we have turned t' clay, for you must be first whoever Time bringeth afte' you.

A man's achievements truely do out-live man, or his love or hate, bitter as the one may be and sweet th' other. The long silence will not lie eternall ages on the tongue, but in his writings is a new life. Mind this amidst all discourageme'ts.

*Anthony and Cleopatra.

Time shall reward our patience if we do trulie well, and await the daye; if our worke be ill, the yeeres will pointe the finge' of scorn at us. I would be no object of such attention, yet do I seeke the noting eies of posterity and write for men not living on th' face o' earth. Th' Æons that are to be, doe not so rudely plunge men o' mark'd eminence into old-time idole night, at least not in full compleat and pe'fecte possession of remarkable pow'rs. Thus I put a calme, brave, enduring—ev'n chearfull—heart ever in my looks, nor turn my eies fro' a mark in Fame's targ't.

When you have fully collected the keies into such part of your working-roome as shall not bee disturbed, begin your task by assorteing your keys. You should not use more of them than I give in th' small table; note also that these must not be used as you open'd divers books, with noe order, no method, no system, but these are links i' th' long chaine. All are guides t' another part o' the secret plays and my many poemes that are hidden in workes of any valew, that I have sent out since I invented my first small Cypher while I was in Paris in my early youth.

When one will take the work noe furder, you use others, but if you wo'ld keepe keys in th' order of my owne table you must finde it of great aide i' th' work. Remember, well gleaned keies must vary i' the apparent use. Finde some table as above; manie may be seen in your work certainlie even now, since you must finde some in each play; these are good ayds. If the table changes as I form Cypher plays, it is because I sek to avoid confusion.

My first and sixth Cyphers appear even more in some unpublisht poems of my early yeares, and my rules are explained therein with such sundry notes,—designed to

render aide in the work, as well as to give to book-lovers, or cursory readers even, factes relating unto this matter handled,—that it was too evident and clear.

With the kingdome still greater in fact then most, 'tis not then bold to dub myself heir to one o' those happily plac'd realms ev'n old Neptune's waters keepe from every harme and threat of danger. Yet in this work o' my hands I am heire-apparent to a much loftier seate, a scepter of pow'r that must ev'n extende to posterity. Nor time nor death can take my second kingdome from me. But future ages shall crowne you king of many more farre-extending. The royall scutcheon of your worthy arms shall shine as the sunne, fill your mindes eyes with dazzling light and glory, turn darkest night to daie and scatter every cloude. Each booke truelie doth make the glory greater, but without my help * you could not hope just or generous atte'tion will be given you, for I do compas this end at least.

No subject which hath a place o' state in the written bookes, shall be lost to th' carefull kindlie person that doth so finde this secret, and th' story he shall take from this Cypher may ever reveale each: the one which is of importance here doth ch'efly concern him that speaks to you in this maner.

No doubt I will shew manie errours each day. When Art's maske is in ruins marke well those features behind it; when Nature lifts the veil that conceals th' First or Primal Cause, there shall standè reveal'd one [not] now recognized; so then shal Reputation be knowne as it is and not as it is thought; Fortune, also Honor and Truth, shall be seen in Time.

It is your hand which shall make all th' right to be knowne, else shall our dust, lying in its tombe unhonour'd

*Cymbeline.

by love and estime such as is given unto other royall Princes, feel in its least particle the wrongs that I beare.

I have placed in many of my latest works the Cypher that is to intimate and pointe out some others, while it hath so small use in works of length, that I speak of it rarely. You find it oft in prose workes: it is symbols, and as hath already beene said hath little use if your letter be th' length ev'n that *billet doux* are ofte made.

End your list so—more you will not now finde—nor at anie time are your more thoroughly culled tables to bee left and laid aside, as th' new names are given, but all are used. You doubtlesse observe this in numberlesse places when writing.* If some o' the words are (as these above) but rarely used, it doth even more conceale a Cipher mystery. In soe farre as wordes having a double use (double Cypher being oft shewne in the same work) naturally occurring for names of the writer, could be varied and imploied, such have had the chiefe place; but, as this could not be used in all the plays, do not looke for the other epistle if you be onelie a curious seeker.

Enter upon the queast with zeale, or, at least, in an earnest frame of minde. It doth ever assure a good course. Finish the portion given here, the' take Cypher number six and work out the first letter, as it hath a part of a plan that I have carried on in these other Cyphers; but for the double use, take its numerous full directions found in this place.

I have oft put the most usefull hints of all in the more difficile plays, i. e., the plays that are made up chieflie of fragments. When one Cypher hath part of a rule (the rules plac'd in this Bi-literall and the Word Cipher in my

*Hamlet.

workes, however, forme an exception) others near this one have parts of it also.

The play of Hamlet hath the commencement of a Cipher rule of no small interest. One called a Time Cypher, because numbers were keyes, sheweth you th' first o' th' directions, the Bi-literall, the second, and the capitall letter Cypher hath the last. No more are needed for these letters i' th' plays then you shall by this time have, or at the most must soon come acrosse, and I requeast you to finde th' rule concealed, first in Henry the Seve'th, then explained in one o' the playes.

Err not in my worke. Hope quickens to duty: trust conquers all: for truth is as the crowne won in th' race. 'Tis evermore th' part of an eager runner if successe bee desired, to keepe on bravely to th' goale, for 'tis unto him a crowne is given who doth claime the prize alone, through his timely efforts and his perseverance.

In study hope may in part aide you. Keepe a most cautious watchfull eye on that foe to your worke, a love of pleasure, and on his sister, idlenesse, for of their companionship no good doth come. Take our lampe as your onely guide, and stay but to see th' lustrous gem-studded sceptre that doth appeare farre to reach, but shall asuredly command much that doth lesse please then honor, for I haste on i' fond hope of some othe', better or fuller and richer reward.

The thought which gives t' my weak courage assurance of truth's finall triumphe seems feeble,—ev'n to some, folly,—yet better men oft seeke their fame with as great love of th' vaporous breath of worldly plaudits. You but imagine that my ordeal would be so much lighte', my owne life much better, if to our future we portray as so

much to be desired, a due measure of ease and wealth be given.

Look in former works explaining plans we have formed to ayde our many seekers afte' greatnesse, such as do not cower if it be Troy to winn, or Helena's faire face to see: gaily they go. So sure is my hero of your ayde, o' due zeale in his arduous * undertaking, that we leave him.

A key t' unlocke will Fortuna now set forth, and his turning will ope most lordly portalls. Followe whithe' a man's steps mark yon way, as I gave her many a faint pursuer as an inception to this quest. Taking each at the test you may prove great, and doubly win honor. Worlds, yes the univearse, may note our acts and we may open every tragedie of our own history, but to mince my woes, or vaunt unseemlie wrongs to me, although it may be a constant temptation, are both so truly unjust, so futile, that I will no longe' spende man's quickly flitting weeks in bemoneing the woes o' my youth.

I may then to this labour apply both fervour and joy, for so shal my loved books take many more o' th' thoughts of the tryall yet to be. From livi'g so much in Paris I have a truly Fre'ch spirit. Th' love of inquiry so employs a mind from morn's wydelie sent e'rly beames to eve's final parti'g fro' the earth,—or, truly saying, till tapers are burn'd low,—the faire hand o' Science leades to th' hightes with so sweet a grace, no man could resist. Therefor' shall I make studie not alone th' attendant o' every day, but, as well, th' bosom friend. Studie doth fill a hung'ring minde, while it leaveth behind still greater desires to attai' to all heights, and sou'd those wondrous seas mortal man hath nere su'mounted or sounded.

*Richard the Third.

For many earlier lines o' th' play I heere am making cleare to my followers i' th' other (or Word-Cipher) that of Eduard shal be th' next joined after Timon. Th' latter hath much later rend'ri'g of events, for not much o' his life is contain'd in works of anie extente. Mark your keyes, resting not until you slothful shal be found, or fluctuating. Since I upon all of these most precious books have nere ask'd one word, nor said one to winne praise to my name, it must bee loste study if left.

A true love o' my Ciphe' work, old as manie of such must be, (indeed I name part of a series, which a more industrious man must too oft consider is too meage') is one of the best aides, for no work handl'd as mine, what woful tale so-e'er it may tell, can be dull. Oft many may seeme winnow'd o' just morale essays or sermons, but much wrought and drawn out into plaies, yet is my truest labor so full o' dramaticall events with numerous scenicke aydes, it may not astonish my decypherer if I write my life as a plaie. If he shall discover this in th' play here seene, th' many keys should next be arrang'd or the different scenes were easilie changed.

This work, like th' followi'g, that will soon be found, requireth much of carefull, I, [ay] zealous asking at the Throne of Life and o' all true Wisedome ere it may be undertaken, but none should goe back who have sought t' enter at a gate which doth open into an ingenious maze not yet folowed halfe waye to our more choice, or th' last story of our Court-life.* Observe my consta't timely Cipher aides that I have plac'd i' th' most of my play of Winter's Tale. You' eye will note such but by keeping vig'lant watch. Manie words round a part of the Cypher

*Timon of Athens.

have use as well. For example, words I intend to be th' rules to follow and note, for o' all my deciph'rers ayds, at first th' best is that of an easily seene guiding word, or key which shall be your oft lost but ever readie servant, coming if sought and alway directing you i' th' way you should go.

Beare in minde that hee is like Prospero's quicke spirit, Ariell, as airy as our owne breath, therefore your eyes while sometimes afarre off could espie this one aydante, Pan. My plan so wisely useth Pan much more, as may quickly be seen, then Nature, but do not lose eyther one of these. With Reputation, Honour, Fortune, Truth and th' Art now in hand, you have all that you need at present to carry on the work. However, o' th' most o' th' rules, keep ever watch.

Look for my works that hidden truth may upon errour throw light. In some of my oldest plays many wordes, e. g., men, wronges, unkinde, jeer, oaths, etcætera, in every act, would attract too much attentio' therefore I have varied the keyes using different ones for th' different parts of th' same storie, yet keeping two or three throughout. Most wordes signify other thinges—to put th' parts which accord in position or to name a worke.

I have here no verie great field for any kinde of plaie, or a work most men think great, i. e., the men who only consider a wonder. If strange thinges, so filled with marvells that none read understandingly, come before them, t' these wise seekers they seeme most worthy, but commonplacenesse is to them a folly. But my decipherer shall not be deprived ruthlesselie of this worke, nor I of my due reward when this shall be understood.

St. ALBAN.

(Old Wives Tales should follow here, but original is not in hand. Twelfth Night commences thus with an incomplete subject.)

This play hath both. By such a manner much of this may be used for the other Cipher, and many days thereby turn'd to greate' matters. As in Old Wives, if a word would attract attentio' by such mark'd and peculiarly shaped letters, it would in no waye bee in great perill.

My keyes were form'd before one o' my plays was put together and all was very well plann'd. Old men might faile to see a curious, or rather a peculiar commingling of letters in th' printed pages sent out, but young eyes might note it, therefore there are some markes emploied for signes to my decypherer—yours would see in truth more quickly—and so no evills hap from so daring an experiment. In my Historie of Henry th' Seventh this is explain'd. Omit Finis Actus. It may add t' your confusion in the beginning but you can understand my other Cipher must have occasionally a fewe more letters. These, having beene us'd in your former work as you remember, will have moved inquiry. If you inquir'd of anyone except myselfe, how should it bring a replie? This is for yourselfe. None but he that holdeth my keyes should make attempt to read Cyphers and one who hath a key should rest not yet till he hath search'd out all hidden matters.

It is to man's glory to finde out secrets. Th' wise have th' fruit o' much labour o' othe' men and do more profitt thereby then they themselves. Thus shal you reap where we have sown if you wearie not before nightfall.

When Henry th' Seventh is joyn'd with th' six stage plays first sent forth i' this name, that Cypher we now

would fain see wrought out can be discover'd. This also should not bee left out. I have oft nam'd some works in these unimporta't methods, (i. e., th' ways that were auxiliaries to th' principall one, that ayde th' work greatly) to put all huntsmen off th' scent. By use o' words o' lesse mark then th' names, I can * give my decyph'rer signes and directions knowne but to us.

To this short waye of giving necesarie aide to hasten forwards this work, I owe th' great advancem'nt. Wherein we could alter your letters and give some hint to help to ayd you' wit (it is such an excellent art) we ventur'd upon it ere, in such clear manner, it had been noted. It is manifest also that you will not work in the dark long. To you, in sundrie wayes, our plann hath been for some yeers, as it is to my own minde, and your quick sense doth see when the law of my letters is broken, and many repetitio's of offence, or disregarde of th' known law must not seeme too frequent. Employ some meanes for setting right th' work. Our letters will soon returne to the form you have used save th' two (E and G) which wee alter throughout th' plays because in th' six containing another, th' capitall letters are us'd againe.

A story may relate secret matters. It is th' part of a prudent writer indeed to guard against surprises. This you should understand, yourselfe, or asuredly you will in due time. A secret is verilie in the numerous writings nam'd some time ago, hoping then my hand might have done well all that I did uptake.

Next write a comedy, a quaint * device for making knowne th' men that do give, lend, sell, or in anie othe' waye, have put me into possession of their names. These

*Comedy of Errors. *Midsummer Night's Dream.

I have us'd as disguises that my name might not bee seen attached to any poem, stage-play, or anie of th' light workes o' this day.

The cause of this is clear. Not alone for pride in our choyse o' science for a fiel' of hard labour, but also that I might be at liberty to use these workes as the exteriour letter, hiding my secret writi'gs, as no other person is cogniza't of the work save my foster-brother Anthony, my owne brother Robert, Ben Ionson, my friend, adviser and assistant, and our private secretary, yet for the exteriour part we imploie many amanuenses, for we can keepe severall employed when reading our plays for our finall review, or when assembling th' parts.

Th' title of th' comedy is—Seven Wise Men of th' West. Actors' names: Robert, Christoph'r, William, another Robert, George, Edmund and Frances. The scene is London. Other name' to find parts are: th' pedant, braggart, foole, hedge-priest, boy, poet, philosopher.

*With these as keies you can decypher this, as I said, and as you bring out scenes of much witinesse both i' th' language, and in th' gestures, actio' and situations, you yourselfe shall bee well entertain'd, I assure you, since it is as well plan'd as the workes that have been put out, and as well finish'd.

When this hath been intirely decypher'd, a tragedie in five acts followeth it, agreeing in manie of th' keies, because of th' names and synonyma againe used. It is what every man's memory yet is aware of: A Tragedy of Marlow. A servant is to be added—the unworthie one by whom Marlowe's life was taken—Francis Archer. As

*As You Like It.

th' joyni'g words are different from th' comedy, there will be no danger o' getting th' parts commingl'd.

Many other keyes are now giv'n as followeth: Tavernes, courtezan, inn-keeper, brawl, fray, dagger, wine, moonlight, blood, friends, death, funerall. A part of your materiall will be in tragedy of excellence * publish'd in this work, and this is to make search a pleasant taske. But a large part of one of th' acts is from works publish'd in his name. It needeth not to say this concerneth not Marlowe's death but his life. This often gave me a theame of sad interest.

Th' remaining acts you will get in th' Essays and these Shakespeare plays. Th' greater part of the aforesaid comedie is in these comedies, and a large portion of this story o' Marlowe, in the tragedies.

Anothe' history is to be decypher'd that taketh up all Eliza would faine leave t' Time's blindnesse. In th' play we give th' story some o' th' strange plainnes—utter each true, hard charge, in boldnesse borne of a timoro's spirit made bold in its sure hiding, as a timorous hare in its refuge doth brave th' harrier—no spirit would bee daring enough to reveal in his work, havi'g a title leaf which doth bear his name, old, ominous, night stories of a mighty Queene. His life would bee the forfeit—mine much more since she is my mother; yet it herein hideth, and besides it is more vailed by my pen-names.

The story o' th' Armado is told twice as it formeth part of our latest stage-play (of this now in your hand) and part of my Ciphe' epics that have doubtlessly been found. This historie formeth one in a series of five (in Cipher) and with eight in comedy and tragedy (also

*Love's Labor's Lost.

Cipher) compleates the dramas of your twice concealed work,—once with my names and once with my devices.

As I have often said, and as you well know by this time, you have poems and prose workes on divers theames in all such various stiles as are put before th' world as Greene's, as Shakespeare's, Burto's, as Peele's, Spenser's, as Marlowe's, as Jonso' dramas or my own long devis'd and but well begun labour,—then which none hath a better object,—for I varied my stile to suit different men, since no two shew th' same taste and like imagination, and all doth containe th' great Cypher I constantlie teach, although I may not freely place th' rules among a great part which is not of th' nature of most histories, but revealeth many secrets and is not afear'd to utter truth, when a guard so hemmeth up th' way dange' cannot harie. These true words would cost us dearly, were one of th' tales * so much, even, as whisper'd in some willing eare; yet for the sake of truth, humanity, and justice, yea honour also, we resolv'd to write these histories, and thus disguised, leave them for wits in th' ages adown Time's great rolling rive'.

We still stand close at hand (our wishes should wield some power) for th' protection rightfullie ow'd to th' workes, yet it is to bee desir'd that obscurity may wrap them round awhile, perchance untill my life of Time may slip unnoted and unregreted from th' earth. One doth not have wild passionate desires and longings for power, when the light from th' Eternall Throne doth fall on him, but we would leave a name and a work men must honour. 'Tis th' hope that helped me woo poetry, to pursue Muses, to weave dramas, to delve deep in sciences, to pore over philosophie.

*Two Gentelmen of Verona.

And 'tis to posterity I looke for honor, farre off in time and in place, yet should Fame sound her sweet ton'd trump before mee here and at this time; and there is that in midst wondrous dreams maketh such strong protest against th' doom o' oblivion, it is made most plain to me th' houre shall yet strike, when England shall honour me, their ill-fated Prince, whom all the Destinies combin'd to curse, and thwart each effort to obtaine that title—Prince o' Wales—which was in truth many a day rightlie my owne.

And afterwards my stile should justlie have beene Francis First of England,—and yet of this no words availe. Too late it would bee—now that all our witnesses are dead, our certificat's destroy'd—to bring in a clayme to th' English throne. It would soone bring my death about.

F. BACO'.

*Any one who can read th' plain marks plac'd in th' letters can write my Cypher plays and th' stories; but he that heedeth my signes lesse, can onlie work out part o' th' rules, small portions of arguments, and get barely an outline of th' work.

You must therefore have my suggestions in your minde and be watchfull, lest you have a difficult taske where I have labour'd to make straight paths for you, while other men are led astray, reasoning in my minde in this waye: Hee who seeth th' signes must mark some significance or designe, but most men will suppose this to rest entirely in the marks and will finde nothing; while my more experienc'd decipherer, if he have found out any o' my

*Merchant of Venice.

directio's, will soone learn th' meaning, and by th' use of mark'd letters in saying this, it will not bee expos'd to other eies.

As some of the plaies are histories they are not alwayes mentioned as dramas, but I will now make out a table (i' Cipher) naming all you are to decypher. There are five Histories as followes: The Life o' Elizabeth, The Life of Essex, The White Rose o' Britaine, The Life and Death of Edward Third, The Life of Henry th' Sevent; five Tragedies: Mary Queene o' Scots, Robert th' Earle o' Essex, (my late brother) Robert th' Earle o' Leicester (my late father), Death o' Marlowe, Anne Bullen; three Comedies: Seven Wise Men o' th' West, Solomon th' Second, The Mouse-Trap.

The keies and th' arguments do not follow at this point, but are given elsewhere. There are three notable Epics which are from Greeke (Homer) and that Latine (similar partly in theame) of great Virgill; and a history, in prose commixt with verse, of England and a fewe Englishmen whose lives in greater or lesse degree affected ours.

A list is given in early poemes—see B. I. et cætera—with some of the titles you have so lately found. Also a fewe small poems in manie of our early workes of various kinds, which are in th' French language, tell a tale of love when life in its prime of youth and strength sang sweetlie to mine eare, and in th' heart-beats could one song e'er be heard,—and yet is heard.

F.-St. A.

*As our work still needeth a patient hand, we trust th' decypherer is not inclin'd to forsake these plays at present. Our keies for th' story of sweet Marguerite, (as many of its lines can bee found when the play that is now in your hand shall be search'd) are heere repeated in my bi-literal Cypher to assure the finding and working out of her historie which was to me labour of love to write, but to my sorrowe, my love was labour lost. Yet a certaine degree of sadnesse is to th' young pleasurable, and I desir'd by no means to be free of the paine. * * * * * *

This list co'taineth all the important keys as they were used when writing [her] history, and we have so wrapt it up in plain rule', or signes, we are co'fident this long tale will not seeme wearisome to you, for we would wish you might leave out nothing of a history of one who cannot bee banisht from my memorie while this heart doth live and beat, but we are aware it cannot interesse others in like degree. To me it will be th' dream, day and night, that never will be ought but a vision, and yet is farre more reall than all things else.

When th' history shall at length be completed, a little booke mention'd some time since may be written. It is French, to please Margaret, but very short and is in severall small divisions. It is writte' with th' same keys as th' preceeding, but th' words us'd in matching parts together were of French, so that there is little dange' of making this othe' then we plann'd—a book of French poems.

Your next should be my Life at th' Court of France, then a drama, Mary Queene of Scots, which is folowed by anothe' drama. Work out the play with th' first style

*Taming of the Shrew.

before you begin the second, for they were written to make out my long list of th' histories.

F. B.

*Any play publisht as Marlowe's, came from th' same source as all which you will now work out. A name hath no limits or bounds, it is somewhat like Charitie. If you have written all this in order—a supposition very improbable—you know the names chosen as masks.

Greene, Spense', Peele, Shakespeare, Burton, and Marley, as you may somewhere see it, or, as it is usually giv'n, Marlowe, have thus farre been my masks, which have caused no mark'd surprise because they have familia' name' on th' title page, not fancied, but of living men, at the least, of men who have lived.

A few works also beare th' name o' my friend, Ben Jonson—these are Sejanus and th' Masques, used to conceale the Illiads chiefly, and to make use o' my newe Cypher. If th' writings are lost no part o' my Cypher work will be so greatly injured as Homer, or my bolde, youthfull, but worthie rendering of it into our language. A work of such magnitude as th' Iliads could not well bee twice given in Cypher, but many o' th' other writings are repeated in principall things, preventing by this device th' entire losse in case others shall bee destroy'd.

You can as hath beene pointed out write Marlowe, a tragedy of great interest and o' some dramatick power, but not so great a work, nor so estimable as th' tragicall histories of my brother and father. Not all our exterior plays are of equall value as dramaticall workes, for it is often difficult if even possible, to write manie plays that

*Merry Wives of Windsor.

contain Cypher materiall, and at all times place both th' interior and exteriour plays duely, giving advantages to merit whether it may appeare in one or another. But I have said what must be needlesse if this work have had faithfull service for it doth prove these words many times ove'.

As this play is now studied with new rules for my Cypher work, I am assured progress upon it may truly improve. If paines be take' to see such names as are plac'd here, my owne as to most men I am known—Bacon—doth plainly stand forth. My true title sheweth in Cypher againe and againe,—Francis First, King of Great Britaine and Ireland,—or in playes of a somewhat earlier date, various stiles: Th' Prince; the true heire to the throne; th' Prince of Wales; th' first-born sonne t' Elizabeth; sonne to th' Queene and heyre-apparent, since I was entitl'd in justice to all these before th' death of Elizabeth, my mother, th' virgin—as she wish'd to be consider'd—who rul'd with a strong [hand] over England, and me.

Her will was like stern iron-hearte' kings of days o' yore, but she was vain withal and loved th' admiration of all men, especially of princely visitors * coming t' wooe. All suitors (much as th' first commer) for some reason had such hope of successe as turn'd some heads, no mentio' being made of impediments,—th' Duke of Anjou paying the compliment of an arrangement whereby their sonnes should receive instructio' in Roman Catholicke faith, the daughters in th' Protestant. Such play did well agree, su'ting Elizabeth's vain soule and nursing a kind of pride, akin to ill-starr'd Marguerite's, and to her sadder fated mother's—faire Anne Bullen's.

*Measure for Measure.

Her wisedom, however, saved her in this, as th' love of devotion was th' surface of [her] characte'—not a main curent. It will be noted when her whole life is decipher'd, that she did inherit much of th' sterne disposition that characterized her sire and grandsire. Henry, sire, shew'd it lesse, as it mingled with heartinesse and fresh spirites, but as every Tudor, downe from our ancestors to one nam'd Robert, loved his owne will and his owne waye, "Merry Harry," marke you, conceal'd some of it under a maske of good-nature. As this part may soon be done I put my word-keyes in all o' th' rest o' these comedies. * * * *

With these keyes our historie of Elizabeth is to be decypher'd. If care be taken to keep th' parts separate in writing-deske and drawers, untill the table of words that is us'd in bringing all these parts together shall have beene prepared, none can get astray and th' work will be made easier. This part o' my charge to you is oft repeated since it is of prime importance, and a prope', constant observance of the same will greatlie facilitate this task.

You have neede both of patient and orderly habits to become a good decyph'rer, and you must aim to attaine these if not already th' fortunate possessor of all th' desirable vertues of a Cypher reader. Assuredly th' work that we have spent all th' best yeeres of life upon, would not clayme too wide notice nor too great fervou'.

Some do not fully know o' th' imminent perill that overhung my life at th' time the plays were put forth, nor could one word of my birth and title bee publisht if not wrapt upp, mixed, disguis'd. Hence, if the decyphere' faile me, it will never be seene of anie eye save my owne.

None is able to put all th' fragments of history in place if he bee uninstructed. It is a seal'd book if it have not my faithfull interpreter.

* We place as great value upon this play as we shall [on] any we can write, for it is our own fathe', his life, a theme soe much in my owne dark memory that I must needes think of it oft, and thus its wrongs moving strong indignation within me, my tongue and penne are fired to eloquence. And th' scenes do shew th' fury o' th' heart within them—th' words burne with a celestiall light, for to my soul it lent its ray divine, even as I wrote.

Whosoever may question assertions that tend to shew t' mankinde evidences of a divine thought interfusing th' human minde, hath but to prove it by experiment. He would not bee ready to cavil, or laugh to scorn this assertion, which I may repeate anon, that Divine aide was given mee in my work. I have, at th' least, accomplished a great work in fewe yeares, work of such a difficult nature that no one hand could accomplish, except other than myselfe upheld or directed it. This howeve' doth not further our fame, or affect this work now, to taxe your most subtile wit and penetration, and should not further take th' time requir'd to complete our work.

Two comedies we hid in Ciphe', and in the lists nam'd, have no more worth than many others but will repaie th' trouble of decyphering, for they tell th' storie of my maskes which began in Th' Seven Wise Men of th' West, as you know, and have all th' men as th' actours that are nam'd in it. For these you will seeke keyes to the one nam'd as Solomon th' Second. They are i' th'—

(Tale of Troy & Hiren the Fairie Greek should follow.)

*Much Ado About Nothing.

* You can now without difficulty write th' three comedies that were shewn you. All th' keies have beene given, and th' stories related in so clear and fine a manner that you have onely to apply yourselfe and persevere. The work is ready and doth wait your hand, as blocks of stone that are prepar'd and polished for th' builder, aye, and marked that each may be fitted into its place.

This aydeth very greatly th' taske of bringing th' parts, that have beene separated, backe agayne into th' proper relations. If care be taken it should not require great skill, nor more yeares then I have giv'n to th' work. Patience should have perfect labour in my devices, also most constant and untiring perseverance, for these are principal vertues in a decipherer. And as I keep the future ever in my plann, looking for my reward, not to my times or countreymen, but to a people very far off, and an age not like our owne, but a second golden age of learning, so keepe your owne thoughts on a day to be, when all these workes being seen of men, your fame, with mine, shall ring th' earth around and eccho to th' Ages that are still farre down Time's shadowie waye. Truth shall come forth at your word, and lay these cerements aside, as Lazarus, when he heard th' Master speak, arose.

St. ALBA'.

* Do royall brothers ever get so sad of heart as my dearlye loved brother, but we are kin and we are of royal blood too. Our lofty aym—hopes by a new sorrow and wrathfull Erinnys frighted—then shewed duty how much there is to winne.

*Winter's Tale. *Henry the Sixth, Part I.

Crownes must be as of old, night and daytime well attended, or some wild rout, waiting in ambush Rapin's black, opportune time, without a warning steal th' glory o' th' land, leaving behind them meerely desolatio'. This was narrowly averted i' England, securely as her crown is watcht, nor did these empty headed tools do ought but obey a superior minde,—that of my brother Essex. Th' rebels might do his bidding meerely—that was th' limitt of their power or abilitie—and he alone did lay his plann.

Had it not met the overturn deserv'd, th' younger of th' sonns would inherite ere the elder. By law this could occur onely when th' rightfull, or, as we name him in our countrey, heire-apparent hath waived his rights. As I was known, not as his brother onely, but as the Queene's first-borne, such plots should at best naturally awaite my full knowledge and consent. But puft up thus with shew o' militarie glory, an entrance to power (whose signes th' robes, th' crowne, scepter and state so work'd o' his inflam'd phantasy, as to have farre more valew then royal sword), openi'g with very small tap on his oute' doore, it may bee onelie naturall, and easily acompted for, though not so easy to meet.

This was much aggravated in our mindes by some private assurances that had so deceyv'd us, that we saw not a signe of danger, but trusted his word, nor imputed those assurances to ought but good will, expecti'g right and honest trustworthinesse of Robert D— as a gentleman, both by that royall blood that is our heirship, and by the old-time gentle nurture he receiv'd as ward o' Devereux.

In fine his early youth was lightly passed, but after he did know that 'twas th' Queene that gave him life, he grew imperious and (when brought to Court by our truely

ingenious father, whom an evill sprite much troubled—e'en a jealousy o' some o' th' Queene's favoured lords that did attend her), his will shew'd its true source, and reveal'd th' origin of th' young Cæsar. And in th' after time it could well be discern'd that he did draw deception from it. Our fountain o' life hath much earthie substance. Ev'n i' this royall source were slimy spots, and fro' it our blood took some slighte poyson, which assuredly could not be accredited to th' noble daughter o' Sir Francis Knowlles on the parte of young Essex, and lesse on the part of myselfe, to a descendant o' honorable Sir Anthony Cooke. But 'twas not poyson alone that we took thus, nor shall succeeding violls beare one half so great drops of black venom, for as it commingleth in another fountain with nobler blood it becometh pure.

To our mother is th' fearlesnesse that Essex shewed to be traced directlie, and that promptnesse of judgement in a sudden calamity; but with sufficie't time given to deliberate, Essex, ev'n more than she, would shew a variety o' opinions in so swift succession, you must use much witt to gain one hee would give his name unto. When their wills should be matcht, 'twere no light task t' decide as to the result. Like his mother i' tempe' he could break, but nere even slightly bend, and in the most of such trialls, no end that most exasperating method o' contest resulted in, could bee worth much as it was more frequently accidentall then plann'd,—therefore th' peace could never long endure.

Such a flitting sunshine is sometimes th' brighte', more golden, more dazzling. Those who were of a discreete dissposition, bask'd in th' rayes, and smil'd while faire skies did bend over us, but none knew when th' tempest's

wrath might change our bright daye to blacke night, and a darknesse more dire (said some) then Egypt's plague, cover heaven's dome.

Essex nere did ought in a spirit of revenge, but simplie that hee might winne th' due rewards of courage or of valor, if this doth in any manner better term such vertue. His nature was not small, pettie, or ev'n dwarfed in development. It was larger in many directions then any who now censure and decry him, possesse. Among millions a voyce like his reach'd our listening, most attentive ears. Wanting that sound, no other is sweete and this silence is a paine.

That hee did wrong me, now is to bee forgot, and wiped fro' th' minde's recollection, in my thoughts of the evill that hath come to us (chiefly to myselfe) by this rebellion o' th' Earle, but th' love and tender regard that marked all our first sunny young days when wee were not oft to be found out o' harmonie, hath swaye. Those houres still live in my memory, more then our first very open and sore disputes.

But one thing, more even then pleasing and happy variation of this one theame, crowds on my braine. O, Heavenly Day! illume this night of Earth, for I am loste in the many turnes of this wide waste o' desart. Let light divine shine as in Moses, his weary way, when hee was guided through th' sea, across wilds untrack'd to lands th' people were, after tryall, given to possesse in peace, and lead me unto my rest.

Th' paine—th' memory of my part in th' tryal—hath power to make th' brightest day grow dun. Saving my own life in this way, is paying much for that I would indeed faine lose; my life no longer seemeth fayre, save

as I spend th' time for other's good. Th' labour of hands and head shal better raise my monument up to men's sight, then marble faire, choyse ebonie, or brasse.

The workes I do, mid rankes truely ignorant of such attempts, would seeme greater then th' parts th' men o' my times have knowne of. Indeed it may not winn any belief, since it would seem more then * th' hand of but a mortall could (by anie manner of working at this daye knowne to authours) unayded and alone performe. When it shall beare more fruit then the penne of this truly noteworthy youth that all praise, or that philosopher, whom few even read to understand, the cause is clear enough for you to acquainte all men with so much truth, which is simply use o' th' time.

I do so emploie myselfe that the minde doth not sooner enter into labyrinthian turnings then my hand beginneth its part of th' labour. When you do so completelie applie your efforts and attention, you should accompte it to your owne great gain, so greatly th' judicious use o' your much valued howres shall bring reward.

A Cypher historie is hidden with pains herein, which when my name doth stand thereto affixt can but allure both busy publique men, and the idling, fawning, woman-like sorts that even crown'd head cannot avoid. Th' work is fill'd with events so interesting 'twill sometime appeare to you like dreaming when, even from our workes which tell th' secrets that must yet be kept from some men, seven distinct and much consider'd, carefully poised and rightlie estimed, prudent causes, at present warn our best friends it is too soon to declare for their prince. And I sometimes am in feare that 'twill come at a most untimely (if

*Henry the Sixth, Part III.

not post mortem) period, for it hath even now turned th' marking point o' five decades. This then is more then a half century o' such unsatisfied longi'g and desire for justice.

Old men have been laid i' th' tombe and children have become men, yet this matte' is in its feeble conditio'. 'Tis still i' th' cradle, nor can I have great hope to see th' maturity of this dearly lov'd, long cherisht dreame, promise—I might use a still stronge' or truer word since it is sometime—expectation. Then, too, sometimes th' prize doth seeme quite near—th' bowe in all th' clouds doth give me most trust in th' Divine Eye watching th' course of humane life, guarding, guiding every footstep, and sharing our manie woes.

At times a divinity seemeth truly to carve rudely hew'd ends into beauty, such as God must plan when we are shaped in His thought, inasmuch as He can, aye, He doth, see th' whole of life ere we draw th' first trembling breath. This doth ayde us daily to climbe th' hights of Pisgah, where, crossing over, our souls do see th' land of our longing desire.

Mark my word-keyes to unlock this play: They are question, or any othe' method or forme by which th' inquiry I make is shewn in th' play. Should you see, now, any answer lightly on tip o' toe come slily in, make sweete her due welcome. Shee is th' faire little wife—th' consorte—whose assistance is truly no way so unnecessarie as you must think, or you would look for her at once. Then find Queene, th' key for my owne portion of our history, with names of royalty. To the words which pertain to this realm add France, for it must contain in it one page of my storie which some o' my latest books cannot give.

Paris, with French stile or title make up th' rest, and th' first two acts are prepar'd. Work them out.

* In my work intitl'd David, the tale that now is contayned in Iambi, soe arrang'd to preserve stately ancient usages and formes of speech, I have hidden th' most of th' storie of Margaret's life, as any parts lent eyther grace to its scenes or pathetick strains to its story. Of necessity, th' birth of th' young son, to coste so cruell ill, doth have no sort of place within her story. It appertayneth to another story with quite simila' keies except the last named.

The most of a play in this same name (Ge. Peele's), The Arraignment o' Paris, continueth th' stories o' Margaret's manie affaires du cœur, and being used also for th' Iliad, must have your attentive eyes here at all times to select these keies and keep th' two separate. Remembe' the Iliad is often to bee found in other works and, if time were without end, it should be left untill all th' other matter were decypher'd; so would my second taske be easie' and not lesse pleasant.

It is a fine art—this o' keeping each o' these twain apart, nor losing th' rout o' keyes (much like untrain'd soldiers) nor commixing th' parts that are to be conjoin'd, just as stones that forme our pallaces are skilfully joyn'd, one by one, after th' designe trac'd by th' master's hand: that wonderfull grace shewed itselfe in this minde ev'n before the plann was fully limn'd. Th' decypherer must truely note that th' part he must take in th' work is that of any labourer, th' designe being perfected yeares before his eyes saw th' light: but no surer is honour to the name o' th' inventour then to the decypherer, for they must

*Coriolanus.

assist as though they were th' braine and th' hands joyn'd in man's body; and, with no one to ayde in th' taske, all might remaine here unseen till th' end o' time.

Therefore, I beseech you serve me now untill th' work shal be done, for fame is nearer then men know. None who hear of this work could let so curious a labour of your hand remain hid from them. So as Rumour doth hasten afarre, your name will be heard from shore to shore. Now must your time out-valew gold—th' houres seem jewells, dayes th' diadem, for surelie in our wise use o' it, doth our moment—th' jot so minute 'tis seldom recogniz'd—appear precious.

This must have been, many times over, said to you if th' whole of this Cipher hath been undone, yet I pray your patience for th' divers wayes and th' repetitio's used, since not a sign doth give me any right to hope this would be taken up where I began, and follow'd till th' great story were found. I put every direction, as hath beene so often said, in divers of my newe workes. This plann will proove so clear to your judgement, then, that it must quiet all doubt of my taste. Th' end shall convince much more indeed then argument. It is, to a work of so secret nature th' chiefe meanes that doth remain: therefore I entreate you to bee most dilligent and staye not till all bee finished. If all keys have beene mark'd and assorted, the joining can proceed at once, if you note the words.

F. B.

*At first my plann of Cipher work was this: to shew secrets that could not be publish'd openly. This did so well succeed that a different (not dangerous) theme was

*Titus Andronicus.

entrusted to it; and after each was sent out a newe desire possess'd me, nor left me day or night untill I took up againe th' work I love so fondly.

Some school verses went into one, since I did deeme them good—worthie o' preservation in my truly precious casket studded thicke with houres farre above price. Even my translations of Homer's two immortall poemes as well as many more of lesse valew have a place in my Cypher; and th' two our most worthy Latine singer left in his language I have translated and used in this waye—Virgill's Æneid and Eclogues. Onely a fewe of those I have turn'd from most vigorous Latine, were put out. Most o' th' translations as I have just said, apeare i' th' work and must not be held of little worth, for assuredly they are my best and most skill'd work.

It is a great art to English stately Greeke verse rightly, and if you turne it againe into prope' measure, eyther you must sacrifice th' sound or wrest the thought; and th' exact words are often wanting to voyce its wondrous language. It is famed the wide earth arou'd, for its loftinesse of diction and its sounding nu'bers.

Th' Illiads and parts o' th' adventures of Ulysses furnish our chief examples, as no Greeke poet in any Æon hath approacht his style or his imagination. Regarding Virgill's Æneid, we must honor it among all Latine poems, but it doth lacke Homer's incomparable, marvellously witching art, strong diction, true spirit, fire of an immortal youth.

In a play is imitated action of heroes, in the Illiads is th' reall, the living scene. You see a battaile and hear th' cries o' th' Trojans, and see th' Greekes sweepe on in noyselesse grandeur like devouring flames: you feel how

Achilles' angry spiritt swelleth in his savage breast as he sitteth by the sea eating his heart, and Agamemno' triumpht over the bravest, worthiest Greeke that sailed to Ilion.

In this short play you must get many o' th' lines of th' great poem of which I speake. You have th' keyes, if as manie plays bee decypher'd by this time as I suppose, also numerous rules for joyning these small portio's into perfect Iliads.

L. VERULA'.

ROBERT BURTON.

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

1628.

Now as to my Ciphe' alphabets here, th' letters will be thought to be like those of other editio's. It will bee quickly noted as our work shall be follow'd with care, manie subtile innovations have been made that so change each later issue that it is almost as unlike th' precedent editions as another or different work. This made it necessarie to alter th' Bi-literall Ciphe', and as it doth contain now a verie different story, we prythee, do not passe it without giving your attention to these Italicke letters, for a great portion of your aids are to be found in my third edition.

Studie our others by all our early work, but those which we put out now are to bee emploi'd when th' two Latine workes are to be written. All work in margine of my first will be used for that Latine work and may be left untill the last; that of our second and third were to aid you in bringing out Homer's bookes, and may bee decipher'd at once after the part you are engaged upon shall be finisht.

And you should make a great efforte in writing th' Ciphe' historie, to followe closelie my rules, drawn out and render'd most crystalline like polisht mirrours of steele, for my whole work upon this doth teach, t' my onely interprete', something new and helpfull to th' other important Cyphe' not yet written out. Let not my work be lost, for 'tis of

importance to many besides yourselfe, and no historie may be complete without it. Indeed the whole nationall record must bee chang'd by a revelation of such a kinde, but if I have not your aide, no eie but my decypherer's, when I am resting from my labours, shall read that which I have prepar'd with such great paines for posterity. Therefore must hand and pen, as wel' as th' braine and a most ready and quicke eye, now effect th' rest. I must leave it in your wise care in future, for my light o' life must ere long be extinguisht, and again I do entreate that you be so diligent that my great labour for truth shall not lie in embryo longer, but come forth, when th' time shall be accomplisht, unto th' day. Study to ayd, not to put a straw in th' way. Under much of th' outer huske is th' kernell, worth th' search of many a yeare, utterly lost to th' world till it have beene brought forth.

As hath been said, much of th' materiall of th' Iliad may be found here, as well as Homer, his second wondrous storie, telling of Odysseus, his worthie adventures. Th' first nam'd is of greater worth, beautie and interesse, alone, in my estimation, then all my other work together, for it is th' crowning triumph of Homer's pen; and he outstrips all th' others in th' race, as though his wits had beene Atalanta's heeles. Next we see Virgill, and close behind them, striving to attaine unto th' hights which they mounted, do I presse on to th' lofty goale. In th' plays lately publisht, I have approacht my modell closelie, and yet it doth ever seem beyond my attainment.

Here are the diverse bookes, their arguments and sundry examples of th' lines, in our Bi-literall Cipher.

ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD.

I.

Th' Greekes maintain'd th' siege of Ilion for nine yeares without taking th' city or winning Menelaus' Queene away from Prince Paris, who had stolen her, 'tis said, with her full and free consent, and defending his mad deed with equall spirit, prolong'd th' warre. In th' meantime many townes having beene sack'd, and the inhabitants destroi'd or led captive into th' campe of th' Greekes, both Agamemnon and worthie Achilles were allotted each a beautiful maiden, Briseïs falling to the lot of Achilles, and unto Agamemnon, Chriseïs, th' beautifull virgin daughter to Apollo's priest, Chryses. In th' first booke Achilles is introduced very angry,—in truth th' entire work is th' storie of his anger,—as may be seene in th' first two verses of the poem, which are plac'd below:

> O goddesse, sing of th' destructive wrath
> Of fierce Achilles, Peleus' worthy sonne.

Nor was his anger easily appeased, as all learned unto their sorrowe. For th' priest Chryses came to th' vaste armament of Greekes, making supplication for his virgin daughter, and bringing treasures inestimable; bearing also th' fillets of Apollo on the golden scepter that he carried. Then all th' Greekes lifted their voyces in a great shout saying: "Deliver this priest's daughter lest Apollo be angry with us; accepte th' ransomes also, that th' treasures of the warriours be increas'd." However, to Agamemnon it caused sore displeasure, nor could priest nor people persuade him to set th' mayden at libertie, and restore her to

her father; but he dismissed th' old man evilly, bidding him depart precipitatelie lest he should abide it to his cost.

And th' priest, in silence, walk'd along th' shore of the resounding sea. After awhile, with many a prayer and teare, th' old man cried aloud unto Apollo, and his voyce was heard.

Th' god in anger sent his arrows into the Grecian campe, killing at first onely dogs and mules, but at last he aim'd his arrowes against the Greekes, and thousands died of pestilence. For ten daies his cruell shafts sped on his errands of gloomy death, and there were high heaps of slaine warriours, nor did the smoke of the funerall piles cease from day to day. Achilles then summon'd a councill, and charg'd Calchas, if he could tell th' cause of th' punishment inflicted upon the Grecian armie, that he be couragious to declare it, relying upon th' protection Achilles pledged him, should any in authoritie dislike what he must reveale; whereupon he said, it was because that Agamemnon had ill-treated a priest of th' god, in refusing th' maid Chriseïs to her father, when he came bearing the scepter of th' great god and his fillets, with inestimable ransomes as a recompence.

Thereupon an altercation hotly rag'd 'twixt Achilles and his commander, which Nestor appeas'd. Agamemnon sent Chriseïs to her father, but immediately requir'd his heralds to go to th' tent of Achilles and to bring Achilles' maid, Briseïs, unto him. Th' maid obeyed in quiet griefe, but Achilles sat down by th' sea, and made complainte to Thetis, old Nereus' daughter, mother to our hero. Soe plaintive was his cry, th' nymphe hastily left her sea-cave,—where she sat by th' side of her sire, as some blooming flowe' upon its stalk,—and made effort to comfort th'

heart of proud Achilles. She promis'd to goe to Olympus, when Jove return'd from a twelve dayes' stay with th' belov'd people o' th' Æthiopians, pleading for grace at th' feet of great Jove, and praying that th' victorie should bee given to th' Trojan arms untill th' Greekes should honor Achilles againe as hee deserv'd.

Upon th' morning of th' twelfe day, faire Thetis arose from th' sea and climb'd Olympus' top, where finding Jove sitting aparte upon th' highest peake, she twined one arme round the knees of th' god, put up th' other hand to lifte his chin and earnestly besought him, if eve' that she by word or deede had given him pleasure, her request be granted and Achilles honour'd of all th' Greekes. To this hee consented after a long delay and confirmed his promise by a nod.

But Juno discover'd Thetis, and, according to her usuall jealous manner, was soe loud in denouncing Jove, every god and goddesse was affrighted. Then her sonne, Vulcan, interfering, soothed her and averted calamitie in th' heavens.

II.

Jove had no rest; sleepe came not unto him; all night he lay upon his couch of gold, devising meanes to make his promise good, nimph Thetis wonne from him, and finally sent a pernicious dream to Agamemnon—a dream of victories unayded by Achilles.

Agamemnon rose, and putting on th' regall garments, went out to summon th' Grecian lords to councill and impart his vision; but at the same time hee suggested a plan contrary to his owne wishes, meerely to try th' temper of th' Greekes, and propos'd to urge a returne unto Argos. None should in truth goe away, since Ulysses should use

much eloquence to turne aside or send back all who would depart. Thereupon all th' Greekes were assembled, and Agamemnon, leaning upon his ancestral scepter, eloquentlie spake of the long fruitlesse toile, of the wives and infants who in Argos and th' farre isles of th' sea awaited their comming, and soe moved them that as one man they echoed th' cry, "Let us returne."

Straightway th' hosts sweepe ore th' sandy plaine, like th' billows o' th' Icarian Sea under great winds. Th' dust is as th' smoke rising from a furnace, and loud shouts like th' resounding sea are heard. Some seize th' ships to drag them to th' main, and all make ready with tumulte that doth reach to heaven.

Juno, fearing their abandonment o' th' great quest, sent th' blue-eyed maid, Minerva, to staye them. Descending th' heights of proud Olympus like a summer starre, Pallas swiftlie flew to th' Grecian campe, and sought out wise Ulysses, like unto th' gods in counsel, where he stood silent with averted face, and laid no hand on his blackehull'd ships.

Recognizing th' voyce of th' goddesse, as she incited him to use all his wonderfull, silver-tongued eloquence to stem th' flood o' th' flying host; he ran forth to meete Agamemnon and obtain'd th' paternal scepter. Then he quicklie passed through th' throng, smoothelie persuading those that were royal or noble, while hee, rebukingly with th' scepter smiting th' base-borne, bade them submit unto his will and cease their tumult. Soone every Greeke turn'd back to goe once more to hold councill upon't, loudly murmuring and surging like th' sea.

Finally all save Thersites fell into silence. Hee alone, ever clamouring and delighting much in noisie railings and

scandalous revilings 'gainst prince or lord, (but most wild and wreaklesse when proud Achilles and Ulysses were his scornfull theame, for toward them his envy and spleene raged ceaselessly) was upon that daie so spitefull 'gainst Atrides, that Ulysses, resenting that dishonour to th' Generall, reprov'd him severely, and even used th' scepter as a rod, smiting him so rudely that great weals came up under each heavy blow, and th' bloud cours'd swiftly down his backe. Thersites wip'd a teare away, and, submissively restraining all further speaking, hee took th' seate th' wise Ulysses pointed out upon th' ground. Then all th' people marvell'd and exclaim'd with wonder to see Thersites vanquish'd.

A stormy but unfruitfull, dispute among th' Princes was begun, which Nestor cut short by saying to them that they spake as children, and himselfe propos'd to their cheefe that he divide th' armie into tribes, placing kin with kin to strengthen and aide each th' other. Whereupon Agamemnon bade his hosts make hasty preparation for battell; and straightwaye the armie dispers'd among th' tents, and smoke rose upward throughout th' campe as they prepar'd th' meal.

But Atrides made a sacred feast, offering in sacrifice an ox of five yeares, strong and beautifull. First he bade that venerable sage, Nestor, then summoned Idomeneus and Tydides, then both th' Ajaces and th' wise Ulysses, but Menelaus, uninvited, follow'd. When they had completed the ceremonies, Nestor bade Atrides send out their heralds and summon th' armie to th' plain to prepare th' hosts to battell, and to separate th' warriours by tribes. This was accordinglie done, and Minerva took th' Ægid shield whose fringe was valued above hundreds of oxen.

Then she pass'd to and fro amid th' hosts and arranged them, at the same time inciting them to battell, so that they remember'd their homes and countrey no more. Their breasts glowed and burned with desire to enter into the conflict and atchieve great honour.

That daie Jove rendered Atrides conspicuous among heroes, and glorious,—more, even, then his wont,—moving midst the throng in his shining armor.

There followeth a catalogue of th' shippes:

Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoënor, joyned with Arcesilaus and bold Clonius, equall in arms and in command, led Bœotia's hosts; and there went with them fiftie sable shipps. Those whose home was upon rocky Aulis, hillie Eteon or the waterie plains of Hyrie; in Schœnos, or Scholos, Grœa or Mycalessia; those who came out from Peteon, from Harma, Heleone or Hyle, well water'd by its springs that ever rise; those who dwelt in loftie Medeon and in Ocalea; in Haliartus or in Thespia sacred to th' god Apollo; and Onchestus where Neptune's temple stood; and those who dwelt in Copæ and Thisbe, fam'd for faire doves, or pastorall Erythræ; Glissa where vines abound; in greene Platea and divine Nysa; in Hypothebæ that well-built city, or where Eutresis and fair Coronea rose; in rich Arne, or Anthedon upon th' farthest bound o' farre distant Bœotia: of these each ship bore six score warriors.

After these followed the troops of Aspledon in thirty sable shippes, comming from fertile Orchomenus and led by the two sonnes of Astyoche, (which she brought forth 'prest by god Mars whom she met in th' court of Actor) the valiant pair, Ialmen and Ascalaphus.

Then came th' Phocions led to Phrygia by bold Epistrophus and Shedius from the faire land where th' Cephisus

floweth; from Panopea and Chrysa, isle of Phœbus; and from Anemoria, Daulis and farre off Pytho', or Cyparissus and Lilæa. Their fortie shippes ranged close upon the left of th' Bœotians.

A Locrian squadron,—dwellers in Bessa, Cynos, Thronus; in Opus, Calliarus, Scarphea; or where fayre Augeia stood; or in well-wooded Tarphea,—led by Oïleus sonne, th' lesser Ajax, skilled in the use o' th' spear, was full forty vessels in number.

Next came the long haired Abantes that dwelt in Eubœa,—in Chalcis or wel-built Eretria; or in Isteia for her vineyards fam'd throughout th' world; and in Caristos and in Styra; in Dion and Cerinthus. These, led by Elephenor, you see in fortie black keel'd shippes.

Next th' Athenians folow'd, led to Ilium by Menestheus, who excell'd all th' other Greekes, save Nestor alone, in marshalling th' hosts. These were conjoyned with th' troopes from Salamis the sonne t' Telamon was chosen to command.

Next came th' Argives from Trœzene and Maseta; and from Ægina, th' sea-girt isle; and strong wall'd Tirynthia, vine famous Epidaurus; from Asine, sited on th' cliffs, and from the harbor of Hermione, led by Diomed and Euryalus with Sthenelus, yet was Tydides chiefe. With them follow'd eighty shippes.

And next came th' dwellers in Cleonæ, or in Mycenæ, and, fairest of th' faire, Corinth the Beautifull; or in fertil Ornia, and Aræthyrea; in Pelene, noted for flocks; or Helice, Hyperesia; or in farre Gonoessa. These in a hundred shippes came with Agamemnon, th' generall, who led them foorth—the resplendent, for Jove did render him conspicuous in glitt'ring arms.

And next was Menelaus, his brother, who commanded Sparta's forces, eager to avenge beautious Helen's rape—warriors from Pharis, Brysiæ, rocky Lacedæmon; those who dwelt in Messeis, renown'd for silver doves; or in Amyclæ, Laas, Augia, Œtylos [and] Helos, by th' sea. With these three score vessels sailed.

Then Nestor, th' aged king, with his armie came from sandy Pylos; those that inhabit that land soe fruictfull—Amphigenia—where loftie Æpy and little Pteleon do stand; and Arene also; Thryos, where th' Alpheus watereth th' meads; and famed Dorion, where bold Thamyris, boasting that he could excell Muses in musick, was made blinde by th' scorn'd Muses, who, furious, deprived him also of his beautiful voyce, nor might hee charm again. With him sail'd ninety vessels.

Th' Arcadians,—those whose territory lay under loftie Cylene round old Æpytus' tomb; who dwelt in Ripe, or Stratie; in those places bordering Tegea; in Stymphalus, upon Parrhasia, her lofty cliffs; in windie Enispe or pleasant Mantinea, were commanded by Agapenor, sonne to glorious Ancæus. However, the countrie being neyther large nor powerfull, their shippes were furnish'd by Agamemnon. Of these he sent sixty to bear them acrosse the sea.

Then th' Epeans followed,—they that inhabited the clime, where Buprasium joyn'd unto Elis (confined by Hyrmina, Myrsinus, as farre as th' famed Olenian rock, and where th' Alisium flowed). In four separate fleets they were divided, each containing ten vessels. Amphimacus led one, Thalpius th' second, Diores th' third, and Polyxenus th' last.

Next, those dwelling in th' iles of the Echinades were

led by Meges, th' sonne of Phyleus, a man whom Jove greatly loved. He fled from his sire to Dulichium. With him there were fortie sable shippes.

Next came Ulysses, in counsell like a god. With him were twelve red shippes bearing th' Cephalenians and Ithicans; those dweling where lofty Neritos rises, upon whose sides th' leafie forests wave; or in rocky Crocylea; in Ægilips, or Zacynthus' greene isle.

Then one might see the Ætolians from Pleuron, from chalkie Calydon, from rugged Pylene and that lofty Olenian rock, or pleasant sited Chalcis by th' sea. These Andræmon's eldest—Thoas, brave and valiant—led, because the sonnes of old Œneus were dead, (and Œneus as well). With these went fortie sable vessels.

Close by them may you see Idomeneus leading th' Cretans, aided in the command by Meriones, equal to Mars, that in four score sable shipps came from Gnossus, Lyctus and Gortyna, from Rhytium, Miletus, Lycastus faire, Phæstus by the silver Jardan—from a hundred citties Crete furnisht a mighty force.

From Isle Rhodes valiant Tlepolemus, Hercules' sonne, led nine fleet shippes. Those dwelling in fayrest Ialysus, in Lindus, with those from Camirus. For Tlepolemus grew up to manhood in th' court of his uncle, whither his owne captive mother, Astyochea, was carried from farre Ephyra, by the flowing Selleis; straightway, however, he having slain his olde uncle, Licymnius, fled to escape th' anger of his kinsmen, and gathering many that were o' bold adventurous spirrit, hee hasten'd (laboring both daye and nights) building his rude fleet to sail ore the deepe. And after many wanderings and misadventures, hee came unto Rhodes and possess'd th' land; where, dividing his

followers into three tribes over which he ruled, he prosper'd greatly, Jove himselfe sending downe golden gifts.

Next came Nireus, whom th' nymph Aglæa bore to bold Charopus. He was the fairest of all th' Greekes who came to Ilion (excepting th' sonne of Thetis) but his troops were few and weake.

Next came thirty vessels from th' Iles of Calydnæ,—from Casos, Nisyrus, Cos (th' citty of Eurypylus),—led on by Antiphus and brave Phidippus.

Then fifty strong shippes,—from Argos, Alos, sweet Hella, where are the fayrest o' women; th' vales of Phthia; from Trachyn and Alope,—were commanded by Achilles. Now hee sitteth by the blacke shippes and will not come to the field, because of Briseïs, the maiden whom hee brought captive from Thebes after the wall was thrown downe and he had taken th' citty and slain th' sonnes of Evenus.

Next came th' youths of Phylace, from sheep-producing Itona; from grassie Ptelium; from flow'ry Pyrrhasus or Antrium, where th' caves are num'rous in those hills. These Protesilaus led not now, for th' cold blacke ground covered him, and his wife is left alone in his unfinished pallace. Hee was th' first of th' Greekes who boldlie sprang to th' shore when Troy was reach'd, and fell beneath a Phrygian lance. Now his bones lie farre from his belov'd home, and the sonne o' Iphiclus, his brother Podarces, doth assume command; but they mourne their lost leader. Their fleet numbered forty sable shippes.

Those that dwelt in Glaphyra,—where lieth Lake Bœbe with high hills surounded, and Phære and Iölcus stand,—with eleven sable shippes, were led by brave Eumelus, sonne of Alceste, who in beauty farre excell'd all others among Pelias' race.

All those who from Methone came, or farre distant Thaumacia, where th' rock of Olizon doth rise; from grassy Melibœa and Pella, were commanded by Philoctetes, greatly fam'd for skill with th' bowe. Fifty strong rowers mann'd each blacke shippe, (sev'n made up his little fleet) fighting with bowes made of eugh and barbed arrowes. Medon, sonne of Oïleus, borne by faire Rhene, led them to Ilion, because bold Philoctetes, whom a most banefull hydra had bitten, lay groaning in Lemnos Isle; but the Grecian army shall yet desire him, and their wish shall be fulfill'd.

Th' Œchalians who enjoyed two leaders,—those divine physitians, th' sonnes of Æsculapius nam'd Podalirius and Machaon,—came from th' land where Eurytus once reigned, from tower'd Tricca or Ithome's rocks, in thirty shippes.

Next Eurypylus led th' Ormenian and th' Asterian bands in forty vessels, from th' land where Titan hideth in snows his hoarie head, or where the silver founts of faire Hyperia flow.

Then Polypœtes led forth th' troops of Argissa and Elone,—they that dwelt beneath Olympus' benignant shadowe; Gyrtone, or Orthe, or the chalky cliffs of Oloösson, Leonteus, with Pirithous' sonne, (that Hippodame bore when th' Centaurs were driven fro' Pelion) Polypœtes, joyned in th' commande.

Then came th' Perrhæbians and th' Enians in two-and-twenty shippes. These Gyneus led from Cyphus, from cold Dodona's sacred wood, or where the Titaresius poured its black water over the Peneus; but they float on his surface nor mingle with that silverlike flood at anie time because black Styx, oath of immortall gods, sent them forth.

Last unde' swift-footed Prothoüs (Teuthredon's seede) stood the Magnesians, who dwelt beneath pine-crown'd Pelion; or where flower deckt Peneus roll'd his waters through Tempe's vale; or in that farre-reaching surounding country. Forty shippes compos'd their fleet.

Th' inquiry "Which hero was bravest, and whose th' swiftest steeds?" is answer'd thus: Eumelus' mares of Pheres deriv'd, bred near Pierian founts and by Apollo train'd, equall in their height (by level o' th' plumb-line), like in colour, as th' wind in speede, like every waye: they thunder'd ore th' plain through Trojan ranks, bearing death to th' Troyans and all o' their allies. None can ev'n hope to escape who fall beneath their hooves and are crush'd under their chariot wheels. Among th' warriours Ajax was th' worthiest. Of all the Greekes who came to Ilion, none equall'd Achilles while that hero was among th' hosts upon the field of battaile, but hee sat alone by his ship's side brooding angrilie over Briseïs' losse nor would he enter the field. His Myrmidons practiced at archerie, or threw th' javelin or quoits, and the steeds by the unus'd chariots fed upon lotus, wilde parsley, et cætera, while their chiefes, wandering through th' campe, longed for their leader, neythe' did they ayde in th' battell.

They swept on like to earth-devouring fire and beneath them th' ground shook; (when Jove smiteth th' earth in Arimæ by Typhœus, where it is said Typhœus' tomb is found, even thus doth the ground tremble and shake;) and verie swiftlie they rushed along th' plaine.

But Jove sent Iris as a messenger to th' Trojans, whom she found sitting in councill, both olde men and young at th' gates of Troy; and likening herselfe to Priam's sonne Polites, who relying on th' swiftnesse of his feete, sat at

watch upon the tomb o' Æsyetus, observing every movement of th' Greeks that hee might warne mightie Troy of danger, standing in their midst, (liken'd to Polites,) Iris address'd them, saying:

"Why sit ye talking idly at th' gates? Prepare yourselves for battaile for th' Greekes are close at hand, in number as th' leaves of th' forest or th' sands upon th' shore. Never such an host have I yet seene. Hector, it is to you I would speake: hasten to arme Troyes boldest warriours and her allies, and let every chiefe command those o' his owne countrie, for many and diverse are th' nations and language, but do you lead forth Troies citizens."

Then all th' Trojans rusht to arms. Hector knowing well th' voyce of th' goddesse obey'd all th' commands. Like a floode-tide they poured forth from th' gates, gath'ring by nations and tribes, round that loftie mound in the plain, by all men call'd Batiea, but by immortalls known as old Myrinna's tombe.

Then did appeare th' waving plume on Hector's crest, higher then all those of his fellowes, as hee led forth th' valiant sonnes of Troy, for hee was th' mightiest of the heroicke sonnes sprung from old Priam.

The leader of the valiante allies from Dardania was brave Æneas, half divine in his origin. Fayre Venus bore him to Anchises (who was but a mortall) upon Mount Ida. Joyned with him in command are Antenor's sonnes, Archilochus and Acamas, skill'd in all kinds of derring-do.

From Zeleia came Pandarus, sonne to Lycaön, to whom Apollo gave th' silver bowe and well pointed shafts that he bore. All these dwelt 'neath sacred Mount Ida, and drank Æsepus' dark waters.

Those who dwelt under th' brow of that loftie hight

Tereia, or in towered Adrestæ, faire Pityea or Apæsus, were led forth by Adrastus and Amphius, sonnes of Percosian Merops, who being a prophet had foretold each doom; but a fate of death urg'd them to their destruction.

Asius, Hyrtacus' valiant sonne, led those who dwelt in th' plains of Percote by silve' flowing Practius; or those faire twins of Hellespontus—Sestos and lovely Abydos; in strong-wall'd Arisbe, by flowing Selleis.

The Pelasgians (much skill'd in th' use of th' spear), who inhabited fertile Larissa, were led by th' valiant sonnes of Lethus, from god Mars descended, Hippothoüs and bold Pylæus.

Next bleak Thracia, near th' Hellespontus, sent forth her warriours, led by bold Acamus and brave Piroüs.

Then th' sonne to mighty Trœzenus, grandsonne to Ceas, Euphemus, a warlike host led forth from Cicone.

And Pyræchmes led the Pæonians, who were skill'd in th' use of th' thong-fastened, long darts. These dwelt in distant Amidon, where th' Axius overfloweth his banks.

Th' Paphlagonians,—from that mule-raising Eneti and Erythine's rockie heights; from greene Cytora, lofty Sesamus; from Ægialus and Cromna, or fast by Parthenius' banks,—these were commanded by powerfull Pylæmenes.

Then from th' famed mines of Halizonia, rich in silver ores, came a brave bande under Hodius and Epistrophus.

Next Chromis led Mysia's valiant host, aided by th' augur Ennomus; but skill in this art avail'd not to prevent his death, for he, with a number of others, perish'd by th' sword of Achilles at th' river.

Then Phorcys and god-like Ascanius led forth th' warriours from Ascania, (who were also called Phrygians) eagerly desiring warre.

Following these came the Mæonians, whom Mesthles and Antiphus—borne by Lake Gygæa to Talæmæneus—did command. These dwelt beneath Mount Tmolus.

The Carians that dwelt in Pethiri, in Mycale or well-built Miletus, were led by Nastes and Amphimachus, the sonnes of Nomion, who foolish went to battaile deckt forth like a girl in glittering gold, nor did this avert bitter death, for hee fell at th' hand of th' sonne of Æacus and his body fell into the rive'; yet did swifte Achilles taking his armor possesse it as a trophie.

Sarpedon joyn'd with Glaucus, the valiant, commanded those that dwelt where the eddiing Xanthus flowed through Lycia afarre.

III.

When therefore they were well order'd in battaile array, th' Troyans rusht to meet th' foe with tumult and noyse, such as cranes make in Asian fields by th' water streams, when th' intolerable winter is over, and flight to other climes is arrang'd, to bear death and evill to th' Pygmean men; but the Greekes, breathing might, swept onward in silence, desiring to assist each other.

Then as a thicke mist on th' mountain toppes, evill to the shepheards, but to th' robber better farre then night,—so thicke that one can see but a stones-throwe,—thus did th' dust arise above their heads, so swiftly did they sweepe on ove' th' sandy plaine.

When however having quickly crossed the plain th' armies were oppos'd to one another, Alexander advanc'd before the Troyans, bearing on his shoulders a panther's hide and a bended bowe, and wearing a sword, while in his hands hee brandisht two brasse-tipt spears, challenging

whoever was th' bravest of th' Greekes to meet him in single combat.

Then Menelaus rejoyc'd, (as a lion that doth finde an huge wild goate or horned stag which, though pursued by hunters and hounds, hee greedily devoureth) thinking to be aveng'd upon th' guilty wretch, and straightway with his arms he leapt to th' ground.

Then godlike Alexander turn'd white with palsying feare; and, as one upon th' mountayn side, seeing in th' thicket a glitt'ring serpent, affrighted yieldeth place and a great trembling doth take hold upon him, so Alexander, appall'd before Atrides, shrank back againe to the mightie hosts of th' Troyans.

But when Hector saw this he violently upbraided him thus: "Thou woman seducer, would that thou had never beene brought into light, or that unwedded thou had perisht. As thou hast a noble forme, the long-haired Achæans may laugh at this, for doubtlesslie they suppos'd thee brave, when thou hast neithe' heart nor anie nerve, but art indeed onely a disgrace to thy father, to thy city, and also to thyselfe. If thou had onely awaited Menelaus, thou shouldst know indeed how brave a man is hee whose wedded wife thou dost possesse. Troyan men, forsooth, are pusillanimous, else should they stone thee on accompte of th' evils that thou hast done."

But Alexander replied thus: "Since thy reproof is not unjust, O my brother, whose spirit is indubitate (for as the ax cleaveth wood when driven by vigorous blowes, and doth also increase greatly th' strength of th' arme that doth wield it, even so thy dauntlesse heart is ever mighty in thy breast), and it is on my accompt that so many Trojans suffer, commande that both the Achæans and Trojans be

seated, on this side and that, and in th' midst will I contend with Atrides; and hee that shall bee victorious shall possesse both the woman and the treasure."

Thereupon, holding in his right hand a mightie speare, Hector advanced before th' Trojan lines; and the Argives, beholdi'g him, made ready darts and stones to hurle at him. But seeing this, Agamemnon restrained them saying: "Withhold, ye Argives, and all ye othe' mightie warriours! See ye not helm-tossing Hector is come to propose something?"

Whereupon Hector made his purpose knowne, and all rejoyc'd because they thought th' end of th' warre was neare.

Then Menelaus said: "O magnanimous Agamemnon, and ye valiant Achæans and Trojans, hear me, for this doth concerne me above all others: let this be done as Hector hath said, and to whichsoever the fate of death may come, it is well; and hee that hath the victorie over th' other, let him receyve th' rewards. But before this bee done, separate th' Achæans and th' Trojans, and let lambs bee brought—a white one and a blacke—for the Earth and th' Sunne, and do you also send a herald to th' shippes to bring one which shall be offer'd unto Jove. Furthermore do ye bring the might of Priam, that hee may make this league, for all his sonnes are faithlesse, and where an old man is, there is wisedom—there also is justice and truth; for an old man looketh both forward and backe, and his judgement is just as it concerneth each party."

Then th' horse was sodainlie reined backe to the foote, and th' warriours, dismounting, threw their armes on th' ground and sat downe.

But Hector straightway sent forth two heralds to bring

the lambs and to take th' message to Priam. Nor did Atrides disregard th' command of his brother, for he immediately dispatched Talthybius to th' shippes for th' lamb, to offer unto Jove; and hee did not disobey Atrides.

Then Iris hastening to seeke Helen, likened herselfe to Laödice fayrest daughter o' Priam, the wife of King Helicaön, Antenor's sonne. And she found her,—weaving a beautifull web for mantles, of double tissue, rich and resplendent, and on it many labours of the horse-training Troyans and of th' well-greaved Greekes, that on her accompte they endured,—and thus addrest her:

"Come see the mightie deeds of th' horse-training Troyans, with th' brazen-mayl'd Greekes, in th' warre. Their armes lie upon th' ground, and conflict hath now ceased, for Mars-beloved Menelaus and Alexander are to contend in th' midst, and thou shalt bee call'd th' dear wife of him who doth conquer."

Thus did the goddesse fill her minde with a desire to see Menelaus and her kindred, and to returne to her former home. Letting fall a tende' tear, she hastily envelop'd herselfe in white robes, and with two mayds, Œthra and large-eyed Clymene, rusht forth to th' Scæan gates where sate Priam and Panthoüs, Thymætes and Lampus, Clytius and Hicetaön (offspring of Mars) with Ucalegon and Anthenor, once mighty warriours but long since unable for the field because of old age: however, they were good in oratory, like unto the Cicadæ of th' woods, having good voyces.

When therefore these looking up beheld faire Helen approaching, they spake hurriedly in low tones: "I hold it noe indignity that Trojans and Greekes spend soe much labour, loose soe many lives for Helen's sake,—so faire a

ladie's sake. For her was this [warre] well undertaken, worthely prolong'd. Yet, although all this bee true, and though she bee a woman of such excellent feature and stature, as if she were a goddesse, let her returne in the shippes, lest she be more grievous to us, and a perpetuall disgrace to ourselves and our children."

But Priam call'd her to him saying: "Come here, dear daughter, and sitting here beside me, thou maist looke upon thy former spouse, and on thy kinsmen and friends. Thou canst doubtlesse name for me this tall hero. So gracefull and so venerable have I neve' yet seene, and he is, indeede, a very kingly man."

Helen, most divine of women, answer'd: "Belov'd and revered father-in-law, I would that an evill death had pleas'd me, when I came here with thine eage' sonne, leaving my home and countrie, my brothers, my belov'd daughte', and my companions equall in rank. But such a fate was not mine: I therefore pine away with weeping. Yet will I name for thee this hero. It is Agamemnon, Atreus' sonne, great both as a mighty warriour and as a good king. Moreover he was brother-in-law of shameless me, if ever indeede such things were."

Then Priam answered, still admiring Agamemnon: "O happie prince, most fortunate in thy birth, truely manie Achæan youths are under thy command. When I came into Phrygia, and beheld th' forces of Otreus and god-like Mygdon, by the Sangarius standing beside their horses, going out against those man-opposing Amazons (for I was an ally in that warre) a number almost numberlesse seemed that host; but not so numerous were even they, as these Greekes."

Next perceaving Ulysses, the old man said: "Now name this hero, my dear daughter, whose arms lie on th' ground, while, as a thick-fleec'd aries 'midst th' flocke of snowy sheepe, he windeth in and out among the troopes. Not so tall is hee as Atrides, but broader in shoulder. I indeed would say that hee was like such a ram."

And Helen, sprung from heaven-ruling Jove, replied: "Now this againe is Laërtes' sonne, scheming Ulysses, from rugged Ithica, verie subtile in reason, like unto the gods in counsell."

To her Anthenor said: "Very true is thy word, O lady, for long ago he came in companie with most noble Menelaus, Mars-belov'd, on an embassage concerning thee unto Troy; and I entertayn'd them in my palace and became acquainted with th' genius of both. When they mingled with th' Trojans, Menelaus, indeed, overtopt him, being taller; but sitting, hee was more majesticke, for he was broader in th' shoulders. But when they commenced to harangue the assembly, Menelaus spake with ease and volubly, as hee was the younger; but Ulysses, looking on th' ground, stood with his heavy scepter in his motionlesse hand, and appear'd both unskilfull in his outward actions and devoid of reason. But when hee began to speake, and words like wintry flakes fell from his lippes, we marvail'd noe longer at th' appearance of Ulysses but at his words."

Then having beheld Ajax, th' old man asked: "Who is this other Achæan hero in th' host, taller by th' head and broad shoulders, thou seest, then anie of his companions?"

And Helen answer'd: "This then is Ajax, the bulwarke of th' Achæans, very mighty in battaile: and over on the other side, among the Cretans, standeth Idomeneus, like

to a god, while round about him stand the many leaders of the Cretans. Often have I seen him formerly in pleasant sea-wall'd Lacedæmon, when in our palace Mars-beloved Menelaus entertained him comming from Creet. But two valiant heroes, leaders of th' people, I see not,—horse-trayning Castor, and Pollux, skilled in boxing,—my brothers, whom my mother at a single birth brought forth with me. Eyther they have not followed from Lacedæmon in the sea-traversing vessells, or having come, they enter not into the warre because of th' disgraces that hang over me."

But already th' fruitfull earth possessed them in farre distant Lacedæmon, yet of this she was ignorant.

Within the citty th' herald Idæus brought two golden goblets and th' wine, the pledge of the gods; and standing by Priam said to him:

"The chiefes of th' horse-trayning Trojans, and of th' brazen-mayl'd Greekes, send for thee that thou thyselfe maist strike the league betweene them. For Alexander is about to fight with Menelaus, beloved of Mars; and th' woman with all th' treasure should attend upon th' conquerour, but the other Trojans should dwell in fertile Troy, and th' Greekes returne to pastorall Argos, and Achaia, fam'd because of many fayre dames."

Thus he spake, and th' old man shudder'd; but he order'd his chariot quickly to bee prepar'd, then mounting hastilie, drew backe the reines: but Anthenor tooke place beside him, and very swiftly did they passe over the plaine, and come betweene Trojans and Greekes.

Whereupon Agamemnon uprose, with Ulysses also, and the heralds brought forth the pledges of the gods. Then Atrides drew th' dagger at his side, cut off the haire from the foreheads of th' lambs, distributed it 'mongst them all,

and stretching forth his hands to Jove thus prayed aloud:

"Most mighty Jove, and sunne, earth, rivers, and those belowe punishing the soules o' men who are deceased—they that have sworne falsely—beare witnesse to preserve the faithfull league. If, on th' one hand, Alexander slay Menelaus, let him from thenceforth retayne Helen and all which she did possesse; and let the Argives returne in the sea-traversing shippes. If, on the other hande, golden-haired Menelaus shall conquer Alexande', then shall the Trojans delive' Hellen and all her treasure, and they shall also pay a fine such as may seeme just, which may bee approv'd of all posterity. But if, in th' event of Alexander's fall, Priam or the sonnes of Priam refuse to paie the fine, then shall I fight on accompte of th' fine, and remaine untill I find th' end of the warre."

With these words Agamemnon cut the throats of the lambs, bending back their necks; also they poured out wine from th' goblets, and some one of the Greekes or Trojans praied aloud thus:

"O Jove, most mighty, most glorious, and all ye othe' immortall gods, ratify this league; and should anie man, Greeke or Trojan, violate his oath, may his bloud, like this wine, be poured out, and grant that his wife may be possessed by other men."

Thus were th' praiers offer'd, but th' sonne of Saturne would not heede. Then Priam spake:

"I cannot by anie meanes endure, ye Trojans, and ye silver-greaved Greekes, to behold the conflict betweene my dear sonne and Mars-beloved Menelaus, therefore will I returne to windie Troy; for surely th' immortal gods all knowe to whom th' fate of gloomy death hath now beene ordained."

Thereupon he ascended his chariot, and beside him Anthenor mounted, and they returned to Illium, bearing the lambes.

Then god-like Hecto' and wise counseling Ulysses cast the lots into a brazen helmet, and measured off the ground. But th' people supplicated the gods, stretching forth their hands, and thus some one of th' Greekes or Trojans prayed:

"O father Jove, most glorious, most mighty, grant that whichever hath caused the ills we suffer, may enter the realme of Pluto, but let the rest of us dwell in safety under the faithfull league."

Thus they spake, but helm-agitating Hector, looking backward, shook the helmet, and quickly th' lot of Paris leaped out.

Thereupon divine Alexande', th' husband of goldene-lock'd Helen, prepared himselfe for th' combate. First, putting on his beautifull greaves, he fasten'd them with th' silve' claspes; then round his brest buckled th' corslet of his brothe' Lycaön, for it fitted him: next he threw his brazen sword, studded with silver, together with the massie shield, over his shoulder and grasp'd his doughty speare by th' middle. Soe likewise did Menelaus arme, and they immediately advanced toward each othe' from eyther side of th' throne into th' prescrib'd space, where they for a season stood glowering, and menacing each other so sorely that all th' Greekes and Trojans were amaz'd. Then Alexander first threw th' long-shadow'd speare, and it struck th' shield of Atrides but it pierc'd not th' strong brasse: the point however was turn'd by th' force of th' blow. Thereupon Atrides also made ready to hurl his speare, thus supplicating Jove:—

"O father Jove, hear this supplication. Grant that I soe avenge th' injury done unto mee, that to future generations it may warn men not to use treacherous dealings toward one who hath made them guests, entertayning them hospitably."

So praying hee hurl'd his speare; and that impetuous weapon going through th' equal shield, pierc'd through his corslet and the soft tunicke beneath to his tender thigh: but hee bending sidewise avoided bitter death.

Th' sonne of Atreus then drew his richlie ornamented sword, and smote Alexander upon th' crest of his helmet so violently, that, broken into three or foure pieces, it fell on th' ground. And the sonne of Atreus groaned aloud, looking toward Olympus, and cried:—

"O balefull Jove, none is like unto thee. Ev'n as I thought to be avenged upon Paris, because o' th' wicked deedes hee hath done unto me, behold my speare hath sped from my hand in vaine, my strong sword is broken in pieces, and I have done him no injurie."

Then rushing upon Alexander, he caught hold upon th' horsehair tuft on his helmet, and throwing him upon th' ground, would have swiftly drawne him to the Greekes if Venus had not seene it, who broke for Paris the oxhide [band] (made from th' skin of a roughlie slaughter'd animall), and left th' emptie helmet in his hand. This Atrides hurl'd to his companions 'mid th' ranks of th' Greekes, who taking it up rejoyc'd greatly, and ranne forward to seize him. But Venus rescued him, overshadowing him with a cloud, carried him to Troy, and gentlie set him down within th' perfum'd chamber.

Th' goddesse then went in search of Helen, and finding her amid manie dames upon th' tower, liken'd herselfe

to an ancient dame, a spinner of wool, that she had long ago known. The old woman had often spun th' fine wool when she dwelt in pleasant Lacedæmon, and Helen loved her. Therefore like this dame, fayre Venus standeth at her side and thus accosteth her:—

"Helen, come hither quickly, for Alexander is in his turned bed within his perfumed chamber, shining in beauty and attyre; nor wouldst thou say hee was come immediately from combate with a hero, but about to enter th' dance; or that having just return'd from the dance, he doth take repose."

But Helen saw the white neck, beautifull bosome, and bright eyes flashing above her, and recognized th' goddesse; whereupon in vext tones she said:—

"Cruell Venus, what wouldst thou that I should now doe? Belike thou wouldst have me go yet farther into Phrygia, or into pleasant Mæonia, where there may be citties inhabited by men that are also deare to thee. Or indeed is it that Menelaus having conquer'd Alexande', would faine bring hated me home, a reproach to Trojan women evermoe? Go, leave th' path of th' gods upon faire Olympus; sit beside him, so may he choose thee for a consort, or make thee a handmayde unto him. But I, alas, shall have woes unto my soule."

With these words th' goddesse hastily replied, being incensed against her:

"Wretch, provoke me not, least I may hate as heretofore I have so wondrously loved thee, and least I might, abandoning thee, cause hatred to be rife among th' Trojans and th' Greekes. Then would an evil fate overtake thee."

Thus th' goddesse spake: while Jove-descended Helen, wrapping her long white robes about her, went downe

unnoted by the Trojan dames, because the goddesse led the waye. And when they were come into th' lofty palace, th' maydes, on their part, turning aside return'd to their tasks; but Helen ascended to her high arch'd chamber: and the goddesse plac'd a seate for her opposite Alexander: there divine Hellen, th' daughter of Ægis bearing Jove, sat, averting her eyes, and addrest him thus:—

"Thou art come from the field: would that thou had perisht there, slaine by th' hand of him I once call'd husband,—Menelaus that brave hero. I recall that frequentlie have I known o' thy boasting of thy superioritie in courage, strength, and handling th' speare. Challenge Mars-beloved Menelaus againe! But I would advise thee to refraine from combate henceforth, least thou bee subdued by th' speare of faire-haired Menelaus."

But th' sonne of Priam answering said: "Woman, reproach me not, nor agitate my soule with thy evill words. By th' ayde of Minerva now indeed hath Menelaus conquer'd; but I in turn shall vanquish him, since th' gods are also with us. But come, let us delight in dalliance, for now doth sweet love fill my thoughts, even more then when I first brought thee away from pleasant Lacedæmon, when in th' island of Cranaë wee were mingl'd in love. Come let us recline upon our couch."

Thereupon he ascended his perforated couch, and Helen follow'd with him, and they repos'd together.

Meanwhile Menelaus was raging up and downe among th' Trojans like some savage beast, seeking Alexander. But not one of th' Trojans could reveale his place of hiding; for none of them would have ayded him, because

they hated him like sable death. Whereupon King Atrides thus address'd them:

"Th' victorie appeareth indeede as belonging to Menelaus, therefore shall ye deliver Helen and her treasure, and paie th' suitable fine which shall be remember'd by all our posterity."

And all the other Greekes approv'd.

IV.

All the synod of th' gods was seated on the golden floor with Jove. In the midst, pouring out Nectar, Hebe, the venerable goddesse, went to and fro; and they pledg'd each othe', drinking out of the goldene cups, looking toward the citty of th' Trojans. Jove meanwhile was incensing Juno, speaki'g with bitternesse thus:—

"Two goddesses, indeede, favour Menelaus, Argive Juno with Minerva o' Alalcomenæ. Yet both these sit apart looking on, while laughter-loving Venus even now rescued th' othe', cov'ring him with a cloud. But come, let us consulte whether wee will renew th' conflict, or promote th' friendship between both these parties; for th' victory belongeth to Menelaus as the matter doth now rest."

But Juno was very angrie and thus addressed him:

"Balefull Jove, sonne of mighty Saturne, ever having delight in th' things which displease me, what a word is this that thou hast spoken! for now indeed wouldst thou render my labour vaine, which I have undergone assembling the hosts,—even tiring the steeds to perform my behests, and bring evills to Priam and his sonnes."

To her Jove made replie:

"Strange one! What evills hath Priam done unto thee, that thou hast such hatred toward him? Fain wouldst thou, entering his citty, devoure alive Priam and his sonnes, and the other Trojans, that thou might satiate thyselfe. If at any subsequent time I may desire to overthrow citties, where dwell men deare unto thee, seeke not to hold my hand,—for although greatly unwilling, I now freely yield unto thee,—least this be a cause of strife or contention betweene us. But the Trojans are most estim'd by me in my heart, for there my altars never lack'd a sacrifice or libation; for there these honours none omitted."

And Juno answer'd:

"Three citties are most dear unto mee, Argos, Sparta, and wide-wayed Mycenæ; whenever thou shalt desire to overthrowe these, I will by no meanes stay thee, for it is not meet that dissensio's and strife come betweene us. Whence thine origin thence is mine, and moreover I am thy spouse; I therefore, being soe father'd and soe husbanded, am very venerable, and thou rulest amongst th' immortalls. Let us then duely make concessions—I to thee and thou to mee. Send Minerva therefore to th' plaine and instruct her to incite th' Trojans, that they may first offer injury to th' widely renown'd Greeks contrairie to the league."

Thus she spake, and Jove, father of gods, did not disobey. Instantly he summon'd Minerva and spake winged words to her thus:

"Hasten to descend to the horse-breaking Trojans and the well-greav'd Greekes, and incite the Trojans first to offe' injury to Greekes, contrary to th' league, that there may be renew'd conflict."

And Minerva did not hesitate to obey,
But, like th' starre Jove sendeth as a signe
To mariners and sailors on th' deepe,
And to the various nations of the earth,
Emitting sparkes of light in her descent,
Minerva quickly leaped into their ranks.
Then, awe-strucke, one to other uttered this:
"Th' arbiter of all afaires belowe,
Great Saturne's sonne, hath ordain'd bitter warre,
Or doth establish friendship 'twixt th' Greekes
And mightie Priam's hosts."

Thus did they speake;
But liken'd to Anthenor's mighty sonne,
She sought brave Pandarus amidst the band
That follow'd him from th' Æsepus' streams;
And, standing near him, spake in wingèd words:—
"Would thou now Pandaru', Lycaön's sonne,
Lend eare unto th' counsells that I give,
No longer would thy bowe, its strong cord slacke,
Hang idly. Thou a bitter shaft wouldst aime
At Menelaus, winning endlesse fame,
And thanks and favoure,—golden gifts as rare
As prince or king can offer unto one
Whom he delights to honour,—for indeed
All Trojans would rejoyce, could they beholde
Brave Menelaus laid upon th' pyle,
Slaine by an arrow from thy mighty bowe.
Especially shall Paris' heart be glad;
No limit shall there be to gratitude,
Nor to th' treasure in rich store for thee.
Come now, I pray thee, send thy mighty shaft

Into their midst, and vow unto Apollo
A splendid hecatomb of firstling lambes."
So saying, his unthinking minde she wonne.
In haste, straightway, his polisht bowe he tooke,
That from the wild goat's branching horns was fashion'd.
Once from the ambush on a mountayn side,
Lying in wait, he saw that noble payre
Proudlie uplifted, as th' bounding goat
Emergèd to the light. There clear he saw't
Against the cavern's mouth, and taking aim,
His wingèd shaft that square white breast did pierce,
And on th' rocks supine the creature lay.
These horns, polisht and golden tipt, became
Th' bowe Lycaön's sonne, most masterfull,
Did bend. Th' pointe he rested on th' ground,
And from his quiver taking off the cappe,
Fitted an arrowes notch unto th' cord,
While, round about him, shields were closely rank'd
By his companions, lest th' watchfull Greeks
Espying him should take away his life,
Ere martiall Menelaus should be slaine,—
The leader brave of all the Grecian hosts.
So Pandarus drew back the tough hide string
Untill his hand did rest against his breast,
While the shaftes barb nigh to the bowe was brought
A moment, ere the impatient arrow sped
In swift flight thro' the campe, on deadlie quest.
Ah! Menelaus, then thy houre had come,
Had not blue-orbèd Pallas at thy side
Repell'd that shaft. Ev'n as a watchfull mother
Would brush a fly from her faire, sleeping child,

Minerva's hand th' sharpe pointe turn'd aside,
And firme infixèd in his girdle's claspe.
Its course thus silently and swiftly stayed,
That wicked arrow little harm might worke,
Yet did its pointe breake through th' tender skinne;
And the white columns of those ivory thighs,
Th' sturdy knees, and th' faire feete belowe,
Were bath'd in blood, blacke as th' sacred Styx.
Then 'gan that heroes heart to quail with feare;
But, looking downe, th' corde outside he saw,
And once more gathered courage in his brest.

When Agamemnon sawe that coal-blacke stream
Gushing from out his martiall brother's side,
Lamenting loud, Atrides' hand he grasp'd,
And thus hee spake, and his companions nigh
Lamented also:

"My beloved brother,
By this inglorious league thy doome I seal'd:
Alone thou sufferest for all th' Greekes
Through Trojan treacherie. But, even now,
I see them with their wives and tender babes
Paie with their lives a debt to righteous Jove;
Already is his heavy hand outreach'd,—
His lightnings quiv'ring, eager to fly forth,—
And Priam and his citty shall lie low.
But thou, alas, shalt rest in forraine soile,
While wee returne, disgrac'd, to our faire land
Beyond th' sea. For if, indeed, our leader
Fall by th' hands of Trojans, or allies,
All then will long for home and fatherland;
And, leaving Argive Helen to our foes,
In hastie flight will homeward turne our shippes.

Then will some one or other of that host,
Leaping and dancing on thy tomb, speake thus:
'O would, indeed, that Agamemnon ever
Such vengeance wreak'd! Vainly his fleet he led
Across th' seas, and now he hath return'd
In empty vessells, leaving Menelaus,
That valiant hero, dead in Phrygia.'
When this shall be, may then the gaping earth
Ope wide to swallow me."

But brave Atrides,
Marking his brother's grief, spake hastilie:
"Let not the Greeks see feare and sad distrust
Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:
No man, indeed, should have one throe of feares
Lest hee, by showing it, his host dishearten.
No feare have I of death, or thought of dying,
For slight the wound must be. This well-wrought belt
Of many colours blent hath stay'd this shafte;
Th' pointe is turn'd ere reaching vitall parts."
To him the chiefe replied: "So may thy words
Be true, th' gods preserve thy life for aye!
But forthwith will we send unto Machaön,
Th' Grecian hero; he th' wound will probe
And draw th' poyson'd shaft, with remedies
Which Chiron gave to Æsculapius
Relieve th' pain."
He cal'd th' messenger,
Talthybius, and said in wingèd words:
"Haste thee, Talthybius, to seeke the sonne
Of Æsculapius, divine Machaön,
And bid him unto Menelaus haste,

Chiefe of the Greekes, whom some one midst the bands
Of Trojan archers, or of Lycian,—
To whom 'tis glorie, but to us a griefe,—
Hath wounded with an arrow. Bid him come,
And with some panacea ease the wound."
Talthybius straightway obey'd, and sought
Divine Machaön 'midst th' eager hosts
That throng'd him round. By him hee stood, and gave
Th' message of imperial Agamemnon,
Bidding him come with speed; then, turning, led
His swift steps to Atrides, 'midst his ranks
Of grieving souldiers.
From the wound, with care,
The bitter arrow this physitian drew,
Yet were the barbes, as it was done, snapt off;
Next hee th' embroider'd girdle's claspes undid,
And well-wrought plate beneath, most tenderly,
And in the wound did poure a healing balme.

Meanwhile, across th' plaine, the Trojan hosts
In warlike guise advancing, might bee seene.
Then would you not surprise brave Agamemnon,
Nor see him hesitate nor shunne the fight;
But hastening forth, hee bade Eurymedon,
Th' sonne of Ptolymæus, to be nigh
With steeds and chariot against a time
That, wearied with the labors of the field,
Hee might gaine respite. Many hurried on;
To these he spake swift words of cheer, thus saying:
"Argives! remit not any of your ardor,
For Jove will not of falsnesse bee th' abettor;
The flesh of all false Trojans shall be food

To cormorants. Ay, and their wives and children
(Since they this solemne league did violate,
And first did offer injury), for this,
Shall hence within our sable shippes be borne,
As we returne to our dear native land
Triumphant conquerours. Then shal faire Troy,
And all that mighty band, lie lowe i' th' dust."
But when he found a soldier loytering,
Or any that would shrink backe from the fight,
To these in wing'd words spake he: "Arrow fighters,
Why stand ye here like fawnes, which frighted runne
Along th' plaine, then all dismaied stand gazing,
As if there were noe heart within their brests?
Will ye awaite untill these Trojan hosts
Draw nigh with fire, and all the Rhetæan shore,
Where lie your shippes, to ashes shall bee turn'd,
That ye may knowe what is th' will of Jove,—
Whether he over you will stretch an arm?"

So through the hosts he pass'd, and came at length
Where brave Idomeneus, like a wild boar
Strong in his might, the Cretan bandes did lead,
Comanding in th' van; while in the reare,
Where in close ranks they stood, Meriones
The phalanxes urg'd on. Nigh him he paus'd
While thus he said:
"Thou brave Idomeneus,
Most valiant art thou, ever in th' strife,
And at the solemne feasts, to mee thy cup
At all times standeth ready to be quaff'd.
Would thou now prove it, hasten to th' field."

Idomeneus replied: "I have in truth
To thee, O Agamemnon, ever beene
A most congeniall friend and firme ally,
And such I will to end of time bee found.
But do thou haste to exhort th' othe' chiefes, since now
A treacherous army of Troy's strongest forces,
In violation of the league, approach,
First having offer'd injury to thee."

Mighty Atrides, much rejoyc'd in heart
At words like these, hasten'd along the field;
Soone nigh unto th' Ajaces he stood,
And round about foot-souldiers, tall, were throng'd
Most like a cloude, that oft the goatherd spieth,
Dark as th' night, in pitchy masses roll'd
Acrosse wild seas that it to fury lasheth;
And shudd'ring deepe, he doth a cove' seek
In cleft stone wall upon th' mountayne side,
Where [he] himselfe and tender herd will lie,
Untill th' tempest cease. Like such a cloude,
The phalanxes acrosse th' waste did move,
With spears and shields that bristled like a wood.
When these hee viewed, Atrides, standing nigh,
Spake to them wingèd words, in heart rejoycing:

"Ye Ajaces, to exhort you like the others,
Ill would become my state. Well do I know
That ye your army urge unto th' fight,
Exciting in each heart desire of glorie.
Would, O great fathe' Jove, ruler of earth,
And thou Apollo and Minerva mighty,
Such courage were in all! Then might we see
Priam's faire cittie bending to its ruin,
And all its glorie levell'd in the dust."

Heere ceas'd his speech, and leaving them still standing,
Hee to the others joyously did passe,
And Nestor soone approacht. The Pylian sire,
Surrounded by th' other chiefes, hee found
Exhorting eagerly these comrades nigh,
To leade the hosts to the tumultuous battaile.
There might you note 'midst all the noble throng,
Th' mighty Pelegon, with bold Chromius,
Bias, who was th' shepheard of th' people,
Alastor and Prince Hæmon, gather'd round
To hear the sage, and mark how skilfullie
His hosts hee marshalleth. Th' horsemen first,
With their strong chariots shining with brasse
Most brightly burnishèd, and pawing steeds;
The sturdy foot, like solid wall of stone,
Guarded th' reare; while i' their midst the cowherds
Were held, that, by the rushing tide of warriours
Resistlessly swept on unto the fray,
They needes must mix with Troyans, and must fight
Or bee cut down. Having accomplisht this,
The agèd sire address'd them in swift wordes:
"Let no man here, relying on the skill
Hee hath in armes, rush singly in the thicke
O' mightie conflict; rather let every man,
If possible, extende his weapon forth,
And with th' pointe his neighbour's chariot touch.
For thus th' valiant men of former times,
Against a foe in solide ranks, did moove
And overturne the strongest phalanxes:
Like these therefore go forth to victorie."

So spake the aged man, long since well skill'd
In conduct o' th' warres; to him Atrides:
"Would, worthiest Nestor, that some other man
This weight of yeares soe heavy might upbeare,
And that thy strength might equall to the heart
Within thy breast, since thus to thee o' late
Old age hath come, common alike to all,
And ever wearieth thee."
Thus did he speake,
And the Gerenian knight, old Nestor, said:
"'Twere well, indeed, if now I could again
Th' might I had, when in my prime I slew
One Eruthalion, feel in hands and arms.
But never all their glorious giftes to men
Doe th' gods at once bestow. If then, in youth
And youthfull strength I gloried, now olde age
In turn invadeth me. But, even now,
I much desire to aide men with my counsel,
And ever by the horsemen doe I stand,
When, for th' conflict marshalling their steeds,
I see them gather, but to younger men
I leave th' shield and spear."
Thus Nestor spake,
And, hearing him, Atrides joyously
To others went, addressing every chief
Most earnestlie. Next he Menestheus saw,
A sonne of Peteus, who 'midst th' Athenians
Stood quietlie; by him crafty Ulysses,
Encircled by the Cephallenians,
Wee see, for they as yet no sound do hear
Of dreadfu' battaile hurtling i' th' ayre,
And waite the approach of other hosts, to lead

Into its turmoil. Seeing them thus stand,
The sonne o' Atreus hastily approacht,
Rebuking boldlie both his valiant chiefes—
Speaking to them i' words which had swift wings:
"Thou sonne of Peteus and crafty Ulysses,
Why stand ye idly waiting with your troops?
Ye should be first, when Trojan hosts draw nigh,
To rush headlong into the thick of battaile.
Ye ever are th' foremost at th' feasts,—
Th' first to be invited, when th' Greekes
A banquet to their chieftains do prepare.
For pleasant, then, ye find it to sit there;
Th' meats suit well such tastes, and the sweet wines,
'Tis your delight to quaffe."
But stern Ulysses
To him replying said: "O sonne o' Atreus,
What foolish language, now, th' barrier
Guarding thy mouth oreleapeth! for if thou wouldst
At the battell once take note whatere I do,
Thou wouldst not se Telemachus' bold sire
Shrink fro' th' turbulent and noisy conflicte;
For, ever in th' thick, when spears do bristle
Like to a thornie wood, my strong arm findeth
Work such as suites the might of sturdiest sinewes.
But thou, Atrides, ever speakest rashlie."
When Agamemnon thus knew of the anger
That stirr'd in brave Ulysses' crafty minde,
He hastily and smoothly spake, attempting
A speech illy advisèd to retract.
Smiling hee said:
"I neyther would reproove,
Nor ev'n exhort thee, urging thee to fight,

For well do I th' minde thou hast descry,
And knowing how thy friendly cou'sels ever
Accord with my owne thoughts, and that thy judgement
Doth crye i' th' top o' mine, in thee I rest,
And pray th' gods t' render my rude words
Vaine and unmeaning, if I spake not well.
Of this at greater leasure will we speake
After th' battaile."

With these words, Atrides
Went to that band led by the sonne of Tydeus,
Brave Diomed, with valiant Sthenelus,
The sonne of Capaneus. These standing near
As they beside their polisht chariots
Idly do wait, he, speaking swift reproof
In words that wingèd were, addrest them thus:

"Why stand ye idly here, scanning the ranks
If haply yee may find waye of escapè?
Not thus, O Diomed, thy valiant sire
Olde Tydeus fought, as to mine ear report
Of former warres hath told of his brave deeds—
For him I never met, never beheld—
But I have heard that he excell'd the bravest,
And toyl'd with workes of warre far in th' van.
Certaine I am, with god-like Polynices,
Mycenæ he did enter, seeking ayde
'Gainst Thebes to lead an expedition.
Most eloquently did he supplicate,
And urg'd them stronglie to beecome allies,
That thus hee might obtaine, unto th' purpose,
Auxiliaries renow'd and skil'd in fight.
Had Jove withheld his unpropitious omens,

Many Mycenæans had joyn'd his ranks.
But they retiring came to fayre Asopus,
Rushie and greene. This noble hero next
Was sent upon a distant embassie.
There, in the palace of Eteocles,
Many Cadmeans at a feast were found;
But nothing daunted by soe great a numbe',
Th' valiant knight boldlie did challenge all,
However many would with him co'tend.
Mighty Minerva was so great a second
That easily he did orecome his foes,
And won in every contest. This enrag'd
The proud Cadmean youths, goaders of steeds,
And fifty of them, going slily forth,
Prepar'd an ambuscade 'gainst his return.
There were two leaders, Mæon, th' brave sonne
O' noble Hæmon, and bold Lycophontes,
Sonne of Autophanus, foremost in fight,
And last to leave the field. These Tydeus slew,
Sparing not one save onely Hæmon's sonne;
Thereby th' threat'ning portents of the gods
Wiselie obeying, him alive he sav'd
And sent him home. Such was Ætolian Tydeus,
But he begat a sonne, inferiour far
In courage, though superior in counsell."

Thus did he speake, and Diomed was still,
So greatly did hee reverence the king.

Not so the sonne of Capaneus, renown'd,
Who quicklie did reply: "Lie not, O sonne,
To Atreus, the divine, since thou dost know
The truth right well to speak. Never againe
Compare us thus unto our ancestors,

For we, indeed, doe rightly boast to bee
Far better; for we, too, the citadell
Of seven-gated Thebes have overturn'd,
Leading beneath the walls, that sacred are
Unto the god of warre, far fewer troops:
Their owne infatuation was their ruine.
Therefore I say, nere place me in the ranks
Of such men as our ancestors have beene."

But Diomed, sternly regarding him,
Address'd him thus: "O Sthenelus, my friend,
Sit thou down silent and obey my words.
'Tis surelie no reproach unto Atrides,
Exhorting thus the well greav'd Greekes to fight.
His shall the glorie be, the honour his,
When sacred Ilium shall yeelded be:
But, on the other hand, mourning and griefe
Shall keepe with him their watch, if ere the Greekes
Shall be cut off. 'Tis time, therefore, to be
Fill'd with impiteous valour."

Thus he spake,
And leapèd down upon the earth in haste
From the high chariot, girded in armes.
How dread the sound! The stoutest heart might well
Quake as it heard.

As in the ocean wide,
A driving wind from the North-west comes forth
With force resistlesse, and the swelling waves
Succeed so fast that scarce an eye may see
Where one in pain doth bring another forth,
Till, on the rockie shore resounding loud,
They spit forth foam white as the mountaine snows,
And break themselves upon the orejutting rocks—

Thus, mightily, the Grecian phalanxes
Incessantly mov'd onward to th' battaile.
It might not then be said, that anie man
Possessèd power of human speech or thought,
So silentlie did they their leaders follow
In reverentiall awe. Each chief commanded
The troops that came with him—each led his owne—
Glitt'ring in arms, bright, shining as th' sunne
While in well order'd phalanxes they mov'd.

Th' Trojan hosts were like unto a flocke,
Close in a penne folded at fall of night,
That bleating looke th' waye their young ones went,
And fill th' ayre with dire confusion—
Such was the noyse amongst the Trojan hosts.
No two gave utterance to the same crye,
So various were the nations and the countries
From which they came. Mars these incited forth,
Minerva those inspir'd, with Terror dread,
And Rout; and Strife—the sister unto Mars,
Th' homicide—she goeth on the ground
And yet doth hide her head in mistie clouds,
And while along the plaine they madly haste,
She casts amongst them wild contention.

Like wintry mountaine torrent roaring loud
That frightes th' shepheard, in th' deepe ravine
Mixing th' floods tumultuously that poure
From forth an hundred gushing springs at once,
Thus did the deaf'ning battaile din arise,
When meeting in one place with direfull force,
In tumult and alarums, th' armies joyn'd.
Then might of warriour met an equall might;
Shields clasht on shields, th' brazen spear on spear,

Then rose a shout from all the Argive train
As wildly on they prest in mad pursuite;
Apollo at th' sight was sore displeas'd,—
Greatly he grew in wrath, and looking downe
From Pergamos, he shouted to th' Trojans:
"Yee Trojan warriors, rouse yee to the fight,
Nor yeeld th' battell to th' impiteous Greekes;
Their flesh is not of stone, nor yet of brasse,
Impenetrable to well-pointed speares;
Nor doth th' sonne of faire hair'd Thetis fight,
Mighty Achilles, for at th' ships he sits
Nursing his spleene."
'Twas thus Apollo spake.
Meantime, Tritonia' Pallas to th' Greekes
Spake words of cheare, whenere she saw them flagging,
That straight did rouse new courage in th' breast.
But fate ensnar'd Diores in her toyles,
Diores, sonne to Amarynceus brave,
For with a jagged handstone was hee struck
Upon the leg above the ancle joynt.
Th' leader of th' Thracian warriours, Pirus,—
Th' sonne of Imbrasus, who came from Ænos,—
It was that hurl'd the swift impiteous stone,
That, crushing bone and sinew at a blow,
A wyde way made t' let forth living breath.
So downe hee fell supine upon the sands
And breathèd forth his life. Yet Pirus stay'd not;
Hee still ran on and thrust him with his spear:
Then all his bowels in his body brast,
While darknesse vayl'd his eyes.
Ætolian Thoas,
With fury fierce and wild, then 'pon him fell,

And, with the push of his sharp-pointed speare,
So strong and hard strooke Pirus on the breast,
It seizèd, as a vulture's evill beak,
Upon his lungs. Then Thoas, hastily,
Out of the gorèd wound the cruell speare
Lightly doth snatch, and straightwaye his quick sword
Out of his sheath hee drew, and smote him there
And took away his life; yet did hee not
Of war-like armes despoyle the fallen hero,
Because that, suddenlie, around him gather'd
A Thracian band, that drove him from his prize
At point o' speare. Valiant and glorious
He was, and strong of heart, yet must he yeeld
Unto that hot and fierce repulse, for none,
How brave soever, could withstand such force.
Thus was th' Thracian leader, Pirus, slain,
And likewise, lying low i' th' dust, we see
Beside him that Epean leader brave,
Diores, while full many more close by,
Like fruitlesse seed, their lives around did strow.
Then could not anie man behold that fight,
And say the action was not glorious,
Whether of those who at a distance stood
With sharp spears fighting, and escap'd the blows,
Or those who near at hand had yet not felt
The piercing brasse, though in the fiercest strife,—
Whom eage' Pallas leading by the hand
Preserv'd from death, and skilfullie averted
Th' violent darts: nor truly may one tell,
How many Greek, how many Trojan knights,
Stretch'd prone upon the earth, lay side by side
Coldly embracing death.

This work is hereafter persew'd after the originall modell, with the argument of the twentie following books given in this manner. The preceding verses, although more then a running note, were written as a supream effort of memorie, yet, also, with a desire—which was naturall—of making the work in some measure easier; for this reason also, much of book three, and the table of the commanders, doth appear in full, but not in the form which it hath in that early poeme. Your part is to seeke it out, and fitly joyne the fragments, to do which you doe not surely need furder instruction, but much patience and skill.

V.

In the fift book of this great poeme, will the exploits of Diomedes be related, who perform'd miracles of valour and even wounded Venus in the hand. And Mars likewise he drave roaring from the field, hurt and wrathful, for both these imortals ayded the Trojans. But them mightie Diomedes dreadeth not to engage in a hand to hand conflict, for Minerva render'd him both glorious and mightie, making his helmet and shield shine like a sommer starre, likewise increasing the strength of his sinews and th' courage in his breast.

First the two sonnes of Vulcan's blamelesse priest, Dares, rich and famous as well, Phegeus and Idæus, skill'd in all sorts of battaile, rusht upon Diomed as he stood alone; but with his javelin, hee thrust Phegeus downe and forc'd him out of his chariot. Then Idæus, fearing like harm, leapt downe from th' very beautifull chariot, nor stay'd to protect the body of his brother, whose fate he surely would at once bring upon himselfe, could he not escape. Vulcan,

mov'd with compassio' to the old man, sav'd his sonne, covering him with a thicke cloud. But when the Trojans saw the sonnes o' Dares, one slaine, the other in flight, all their hearts were discomforted.

Thereupon Pallas Minerva, leading Mars gently from th' field, seated him upon grassie Scamande', saying to him that 'twere much better should they leave th' battaile to th' Greekes and Trojans, that the wrath of Jove might be averted. Afterwards th' Greekes turn'd th' Trojans to flight, while each leader slew his man. Agamemnon, violently hurling forth th' mighty spear, smote the leade' o' th' Halizonians, Hodius, that first did turn. Betweene th' shoulder blades that sharpe point enter'd, and pierc'd through his brest. With a crash he fell and his armes resounded loud.

Then Idomeneus slew Phæstus, who came from fertile Tarne, a sonne to Mæonian Borus. Him with his long lance he wounded in the shoulder, when as he was mounting his chariot. So downe he fell, and darknesse seiz'd him; Idomeneus' companions, his attendants, despoyl'd him of his armes.

Next Menelaus, sonne of Atreus, kill'd Scamandrius, the sonne of Strophius, skill'd in the chase, an excellent marksman. Now, indeed, cannot avail the ayd of arrow-rejoycing Diana, nor his skilful long-distance shots, because Menelaus, the sonne of Atreus, hurled at him his sharpe spear, and smote him so fiercely in the back that th' sharpe point pierc'd thorow his brest. So he fell prone, and his armes resounded loud.

Meriones slew Phereclus, sonne to th' artist Harmon who was skill'd in all handicraft—for Minerva lov'd him exceeding well.—'Twas he who built those equall shippes for

Paris, th' source of woes and bane to all the Trojans, but most to himselfe, not knowing what was meant by the oracles of the gods.—Meriones followed close, and, overtaking him, thrust the spear into his hip. Th' brazen pointe pass'd through beneath the bone, and penetrated th' bladder. Falling upon his knees with loud lamentings, he pass'd into the shadowes of death.

Next Pedæus was overtaken by Meges. He was a natural sonne o' Antenor yet noble Theano rear'd him as carefully as her own dear children, to gratifie th' heart of her husband. Him the spear-fam'd sonne of Phyleus, Meges, thrust through the back of the head with a spear, and the point found its way out under his tongue through the teeth: and low in the dust hee fell as he caught the cold head in his teeth.

But Eurypylus, sonne to Evæmon, kill'd Hypsenor, sonne to Dolopion, Vulcan's honoured priest; following him, hee smote him with the sword, cutting off his heavy hand which was red with gore. As it fell, bloud-red Death veyl'd his sight.

Then no eye could distinguish the sonne o' Tydeus, to know to which army he belong'd. Like a mountaine torrent (that neyther bankes nor fences may keep from fair blooming fields) which, swolne greatly by th' rain-storms of fathe' Jove, tumultuously doth overflow the plaine, and overturne many workes the vigourous youths have labour'd long to compleat, so Diomedes rusht along the plaine discomfiting th' hosts of th' foe. Here, there, and everywhere, at once hee flew, and perform'd prodegys of valour.

When, therefore, Pandarus saw him sweeping through the field and driving the Troyans before him, hee drew his crooked bow and aimed at him an arrowe, by which he

thought to stay his course. The cruell arrowe sped forth so swiftly that Diomedes could not avoid it. The shaft struck sharply upon his shoulder, piercing the corselet and coming through on the other side.

Seeing this Pandarus, rejoycing, exhorted his companions to return, boasting that hee had wounded to the death one of the bravest of the Greekes. But Diomedes approacht his chariot where th' sonne of Capaneus, Sthenelus, friend of his heart, remain'd with th' magnificent chariot and steeds, and entreated him that he would leap down out of the chariot, and remove from the wound the deeply piercing arrow; for hee was anger'd because Pandarus declared he would not long behold th' glorious light of the sun. Thereupon bold Sthenelus drew forth the arrow, and the blood spurted through th' twisted mayle.

Then Diomedes prayed aloud to Pallas Minerva that she would ayde him in th' fight, if ever he or his sire, in former times, had beene aided by her. His prayer was heard, and granted. Minerva increast th' might of his soule and body many times more then their wont, and also made his eyes so clear that they could discerne gods and men, but injoyn'd upon him to injure no other save Venus should hee chance to meet her. Whereupon hee went forth at once, strong in the might Minerva bestow'd, resembling, indeed, a lion (that a heardsman slightlie grazing as he leaps over the courtyard, but in his fright injures no further) [which] rejoyces as he sees the sheep abandon'd, soe Diomedes, rejoyc'd in heart, mixt quickly with his foes, and slew so many that Æneas, in alarm, sought Lycaön's sonne, begging him to aim an arrow at th' warriour that was making such havocke among th' Trojans.

Both fear'd that he might be a god, angrie because their sacrifices at times had been neglected.

Pandarus soone recognis'd him as Tydeus' sonne, having seene his shield, the oblong helmett which hee wore, and observing his steeds. Yet was hee perswaded in his owne minde it was not meerelie Tydides whom they fought, but that hee must bee ayded by some one of the immortalls, that, standing near, wrapt in a cloud about the head and shoulders, turned aside the shaft that otherwise would hit him; for he would not thinke that it was by any lack of skill on his part that both th' chieftaines—the sonne of Tydeus and Atreus' sonne—at whom he had aymed swift arrows, had escapt death, inasmuch as he saw bloud gushing from th' wounds.

Therefore hee regretted much that hee had not brought with him th' eleven richly ornamented chariots and the steeds which he had left at the palaces of his sire. In his discomfiture he vowed, that, returning to Lycia, he would break in pieces and caste into the fire th' crooked bowe, or the forfeit should bee his owne head.

But Æneas reprov'd Pandarus, cheared up his heart, and stirred up his failing courage. Then together they bore down upon Diomed to take his life by force. Sthenelus, seeing them hast'ning on, urg'd Diomede to withdraw from such unequall conflict. Diomed did not falter, however, Minerva had soe steel'd his heart.

With loud threats, Lycaön's sonne aym'd his spear at Diomedes but hurt him not. Then he, in turn, hurl'd his long lance at Pandarus, which passed through his mouth, coming out under his teeth; so downe he fell. Then he smote Æneas so that he fell upon his knees, while darknesse veyl'd his eyen. Then would hee, too, have perished, had

not Venus rescued him and cover'd him in folds of her robe that no weapon could pierce. Thus was hee saved.

Meantime th' magnificent chariot and steeds were taken to the Greekes by Sthenelus, who was not heedlesse of those strict commands that Diomedes laid upon him. But hee himselfe hastened to return to the reliefe of Diomed, who was pursewing laughter-loving Venus through the crowd. In truth, he wounded her in th' hand, causing her great paine, so that she screamed aloud and cast her sonne downe againe. Thereupon Apollo cover'd him from sight by casting over him a cloud. Ichor flowed from the wound—for they eat not bread nor drinke darke wine, therefore bloud doth not flow in their veines, and they are called immortalls. Iris seeing this, led Venus from the throng, and, finding Mars upon the side of the field, begg'd his steeds in order to take Venus to Olympus. Swiftly were they borne upwards, and Dione, mother of the goddesse, soothed her and wip'd away th' icho' gently, so that she was heal'd at once, while to fortifie Venu' spirits, she told of other immortalls that suffer'd paine because of mortal foes. First, Mars, who was imprisoned thirteen moneths; then Juno, who was wounded by a three-prong shaft; then Pluto, also. But she foretold a short life to Diomedes because of his rashnesse, saying that no sonne should lisp th' name of father at his knee.

But Juno and Minerva scoffing said t' Jove, trulie it could be only a scratch, which Venus had received while she caressed some dame among th' Greekes, whom she wish'd to bring away for th' Trojan chiefes, who were her principall charge, since she lov'd them dearly.

Meanwhile Diomedes did not hesitate to attack Æneas, tho' conscious he would also strive with a god, because hee

was shielded by Apollo. Thrice did he advance upo' him, and thrice hee was repell'd but as he approach'd for th' fourth time, menaci'g dreadfullie, the god reproved him and bade him desist, nor thinke himselfe equall to th' gods. Thus he was forc'd to draw backe slightly. Then Apollo withdrew Æneas from th' fight, and, creating a phantom that resembled him, sent it to th' battaile; and round this the contest was renewed with terrible fury.

Sitting upon Pergamos, Apollo exhorted Mars to rouse th' courage of the Trojans, which hee proceeded to do. Then Sarpedon addrest Hector recalling to his mind a boast that hee and his kindred, the sonnes of Priam, could unaided defend th' citty, yet they affrighted were cowering like dogs before a lion.

This reproach gnawed Hector's verie soule, and brandishing in his hands his sharpe speares, hee leaped downe and rusht forth rousing their ardor. But th' Greekes, awaiting in solide ranks their attacke, were not driven backe nor discomfited by the onslaught.

Th' two Ajaces [and] Ulysses joyn'd Diomedes, inciting and haranguing them to hearten them for a terrible struggle. Like clouds about the summit of Olympus when Boreas sleepeth, and all other windes having driven away th' soft and shadowy vapour are hushed, as these, calme, immovable, stood th' Greekes.

Apollo in the meantime had sent Æneas back to the field wholy restored, invigorated and endow'd with new powers. This greatly rejoyc'd th' Trojans, but they said not a word, nor asked a question, so great was the labor each warrior—leader or souldier—had to perform.

The sonne o' Atreus slew a chiefe, who was Æneas' companion. Æneas kill'd two Greek youthes, sonnes of

Diocles, descended from the River Alpheus, dwelling in Pheræ. They were as two young lions with the dam, but they fell like lofty firs upon th' mountayne side. Menelaus seeing this pitied them, and hastened to avenge their death. Pressing forwards through the van, shining in brasse, brandishing his spear, he stood; but Antilochus, th' sonne of Nestor, saw him and follow'd him to give him ayd, for he fear'd for th' shepheard of th' people, least they should bee disappointed of their hope. But seeing two heroes thus standing, Æneas, though an eager warriour, retreated. Then Agamemnon hurling with his spear, slew a generall of th' Halizonians, and Antilochus hitting his charioteer on his elbow, causing those beautiful reines to droppe, ran on to drive the steeds to the Greekes, and quickly return'd that he might protecte Agamemnon.

Hector, beholding this, rushed on vociferating loudly, and behind him the Trojan phalanxes follow'd. Mars and venerable Bellona, with tumultuous Din, were with Hector—the former sometimes pacing before him, sometimes in th' rerewarde. Only th' dread presence of th' god could terrify Diomedes, whose course is stopt as by a mightie river; but addressing his companions, he exhorted them not to put their lives in jeopardie with a god, for 'twould not avail ought. Then the Trojans advanc'd very near, and Hector slew Menesthes and Anchialus, both being in one chariot. And Amphius, who had come as an ally to Troy, was struck with a speare caste by Telamonian Ajax. Falling, he made a crash: then illustrious Ajax hastened to him, set his heele on his body, and drew from the bloudy wound his brazen speare, but did not possesse himselfe of any armour because of the many speares of the Trojans.

Thus they, on the one hand, toyl'd in conflict. Now fate urg'd on two doughtie heroes—sonne and grandesonne to King Jove—Sarpedon and Tlepolemus. These spake together,—Tlepolemus first addressing brave Sarpedon, taunted the sonne of Jove with his unwarlike nature, asking how he could suppose himselfe the sonne of Jove, while boastes of th' deeds his mighty, lion-hearted sire in former times had accomplish'd, were ever mingl'd with his scoffs; recounting how Hercules had come to Illium, with onely few men in six vessells, and overturn'd the citty, widowing the streets, to recover the steedes which Laömedon still continued to withhold.

Sarpedon, unable to refute the charge, himselfe most frankly admitted the defeate, yet cast th' blame upon Laömedon; but he on his owne part hence would send th' soule of Tlepolemus to steed-fam'd Pluto.

Straightway both hurl'd their long speares at th' same instant. Sarpedon's enter'd th' neck, and darknesse veil'd the eyes. But the ashen speare of Tlepolemus penetrated the left thigh, grazing th' bone, so that he was overthrowne, but his father suffer'd him not to die.

Then his companions dragg'd him aside, even while yet th' speare remained in th' member, and it gave him great sufferance. As hee was borne thence, Ulysses was uncertaine whether 'twould bee wiser to folow Sarpedon and put an end to his life, or continue a slaughter of th' Lycians. Jove would not permit his sonne to be subdued under th' mighty spear of Ulysses, and Minerva persuaded th' minde of the hero to turne to th' latter. He slew Cœranus, Alcander, Chromius, Alastor, Noëmo', Halius, and Prytanis and would still have continued the work, had not Hector come forth in shine of brazen armour, bearing terror to th' Greeks.

But th' heart of Sarpedon rejoyc'd, and quickly he address'd Hector, begging that hee would take him to Troy, saying hee would die there rathe' then where he lay, if, indeed, he might neve' return to gladden his dear wife and infant sonne. Hector stay'd not, however, nor spake a word, so intent was he upon his quest, desiring onely to repell th' Greeks and take the lives of many.

Then th' noble companions of Sarpedon remov'd him, carrying him to a beautiful beech tree of Ægis-bearing Jove, and Pelagon drew forth th' speare. Thereupon animation left him and darknesse fell upon his eyes, but he reviv'd when Boreas breath'd over all th' place.

Th' Greekes did not (on account of Hector and Mars) retire to th' shippes, nor would their rankes give waye, yet were they compell'd to yeeld ground.

Th' question commeth here as to whom did Mars (with Hector) slay, and answer is thus made: Teuthras, th' knight Orestes, then Ætolian Trechus, with Œnomaus, Helenus of the race of Œnops, Oresibus of Hyla, neare Lake Cephissus, and by him dwelt other Bœotians who possess'd a rich country.

But Juno now address'd Minerva, and said they should now come short of th' solemn promise made to Menelaus, did they permit destructive Mars longer to rage, and bade her devise some meanes to aide him. She, herselfe, sought her golden caparisoned steeds, and, in the meantime, venerable Hebe speedily applied to th' chariot—to th' iron axletree on both sides—th' golden eight spok'd wheeles. Of these th' felloes were of gold imperishable, but the tires that rimmed them were all brasse; th' naves of silver; th' body was stretched on with gold and silver thongs; and from a double circula' rim there projected th' pole of

silver, to which was fastened th' beauteous golden yoake, and here poytrells of gold were attach'd. But Juno brought th' steeds under th' yoake herselfe, so eager was th' goddesse for conquest and th' battaile.

Pallas Minerva let fall upon th' floor o' her father Jove th' beautifully variegated embroydered robe which she wore, and hasten'd to put on a tunick. The' round her shoulders she threw th' dreadfull fring'd Ægis. On it appear'd plum'd Terror on all sides; thereon was mighty Fortitude; thereon also was chilling Pursuite; thereon was Strife; thereon was th' dreadfull Gorgonian head, dire, horrible, a portente of Ægis-bearing Jove. Likewise upon her head she donned her foure-crested, golden helmet, with spreading metall ridge, equall to th' armour of a hundred citties. Finally she took in hand th' mighty speare she was wont to wield, then she stept into her beautifull chariot; but Juno spurr'd on th' restles, pawing steeds. Then Jove's faire Howres, which watch Olympus' gates, threw wide th' portals that they should goe through, and soone th' highest summits of Olympus were gain'd, and Jove, apart from all th' others, was found there sitting.

Eagerly Juno beg'd that she might drive Mars, th' frantick one, hither, who griev'd her with th' slaughte' of so many Greeks that she held dear, but pleas'd Apollo and Venus, who had let slip this god of warre. And hee was ready to gratify her wish, but bade her send Minerva rather then go herselfe.

Thereupon the goddesses descended Olympus, passing through th' space midwaye betweene the earth and that starrie heaven. At each leap th' steeds went as farre as th' eye can reach along the darkling ocean when gray mist doth lie over it. But when they reached Troy, where

th' river Simoïs and Scamander joyne, Juno unyok'd her steeds and shed a soft mist round them. Then th' River Simoïs afforded them ambrosial fodder.

With steppes like to timorous doves, the goddesses approach'd th' Greekes, that, as ravening lions or wild boares, stood in close array around Diomed. Likening herselfe to Stentor, th' great-hearted and braze'-ton'd, who was accustom'd to shout as loud, indeed, as fiftie other men, Juno cried to them that 'twas shame to them all that their hearts were but ill suited to bodies so admirable, and reminded them that when god-like Achilles was in the field, th' Troja's fought not farr from th' Dardan gates, because they fear'd his speare, but that they now ventur'd close upon the hollowe shippes, farre away from the citty.

Then blew-eyed Pallas hasten'd to Diomedes, and found him by th' side of his chariot, cooling the wound he had receiv'd from th' swift arrow Pandarus had aym'd at him, for th' moisture unde' his shield's wide band caus'd him great discomfort, and his hand was aweary. Then Minerva touch'd th' yoake of the steedes and said:

"O little like himselfe is the sonne Tydeus hath begotten! Hee in very truth was but smal of stature, but a warriour; and though I would not suffer him at all times to fight, nor to rush furiously to the battaile, even when he went on an ambassage to Thebes, he still retain'd his courageous spirit, and strove with numerous Cadmea's, and easilie conquer'd all, so powerfull an ally was I unto him. But thou art farre unlike Tydeus, and unworthy to bee call'd the sonne of such a man. For tho' I am constantlie inciteing thee against th' Trojans, and shielding [thee] from harm, eyther thou dost weary, or feare doth now dishearten thee."

But unto her valiant Diomed in reply thus spake:

"I know thee well, O thou daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, and I will plainly tell thee, nor seeke to conceale from thee, why I have left the fight. Neyther am I weery nor is my soule possest with feare. Thou, thy own selfe, in sending me unto the battaile, injoyn'd on me to fight only against Venus and wound her with th' pointed spear, but to contend with no other immortall. Therefore have I retyr'd from the field, and have drawne away the othe' Greekes also, because I perceive Mars dispensing now the battaile."

To him blue-ey'd Minerva said: "Tydides, deare to my soule, neythe' neede thou in thy heart quaile before god Mars or any other of th' immortalls, so great an auxiliary am I unto thee. Then come now, direct th' solid-hooved steeds against implacable Mars, and engage him in close combat, nor regard this phrensied and unnaturall pest—this weather-vane! For hee lately promis'd Juno and myselfe that he would aide th' Trojans no more, and would assist th' Greekes. But now, alas, he mixeth with th' Trojans and forgetteth all this."

Thus did she speake, and laying hold upon his companion, Sthenelus, dragg'd him backeward. Leaping quickly downe, he yeelded th' place. Minerva straightway, arous'd to fury, mounted the chariot and seized both goade and reines, directing Diomede to encounter Mars, who had now slaine Periphas, bravest of th' Ætolians. Then Pallas put on the helmet of Pluto (which caused her to bee invisible) that impiteous Mars might not see her.

But he, espying Diomedes, left fallen Periphas and went against him. Leaning farre out over his reins, over th' yoake of his steeds he caste his brazen-headed speare. Yet Minerva caught it as it sped and turn'd it aside. As

Diomed, however, sent forth his weapon, shee guided its course so that it penetrated the lower flank, where it wɐs covered with th' girdle, but shee withdrew it at once. Then god Mars roared louder, much louder then any nine or ten thousand men when they joyne in strife of the battaile, that the Greekes and Trojans hearing th' bellowing were affrighted. Then as a haze appeareth when a hot winde doth blowe for a long season, soe Mars ascending unto heav'n appear'd to Diomedes. Going to Olympus, and seating himselfe by his father Jove, hee shewed his woundes and wiped away th' immortall bloud, addressing words to Jove that were swift as wing'd arrowes, complaining that hee in no wise restrain'd the daughter he had begotten, she that was the cause of continuall strife 'mongst the other immortalls. But Jove reprov'd him sharply, saying that he was most hatefull of all Olympian gods, and inconstant above all the others; that he found discorde and warres ever most gratefull, and possess'd th' insufferable, unbending disposition of his mother, Juno. In truth hee beleeved that had Juno not led him on, hee had not suffer'd thus; yet owned that Mars' paine so griev'd his owne heart that he could not endure it, inasmuch as Mars was his sonne, but said t' him that had he, being so destructive, beene the sonne of other immortalls, long since would his place have beene lower then that of the sonnes of Uranus.

Thus saying, Jove straightway commanded Pæon to heale him, which hee proceeded to doe, applying remedies, for hee was not mortall. As when the juices of the figge-tree stirr'd into milke quicklie cruddle it, the remedies quickly heal'd th' woundes of impiteous Mars. Hebe washed him and decked him in beauteous robes. Then, exulting in glory, he sat downe by Saturnian Jove.

Whereupon Juno and that great assista't Minerva, having stay'd from dreadfull deeds of death, Mars, the manslayer, return'd to the pallace of mighty Jove.

VI.

And now th' dread battaile of Trojans and Greekes was abandon'd by th' gods, and victory sway'd most clearly to the Greekes.

Helenus counsell'd Hector to give order that all meet together to make supplication in the citadell to Minerva—i. e., the Trojan dames and the old men unable t' mixe with th' warriours—instructing Hecuba, mother to both, that an embroder'd robe be presented to th' goddess, and twelve yereling heyfers be promist in sacrifice. Hector therefore leapt downe from his chariot, and brandishing his speares, went throughout the army inciting th' hosts, urging them into the thicke of the conflicte, avowing what was his mission to th' citty. No soone' was he thus gone to Troy, then Tydides and Glaucus met face to face eager to fight, but first Tydides, inquiring, ask'd th' name and lineage of his opposer: thereupon Glaucus replied hee was well-descended, and in giving his genealogie, told th' sad tale o' Bellerophon, sonne of Prœtus, sent into farre-distant lands by that deluded syre, at the request of his false-hearted wife—th' young man's stepp-mother—who, failing in her designe of seduction, hated him as much as she had loved him—untill so fayling. Whereupon, being sent with secret writing to the king of Lycia, he was (th' space of nine daies) much attended and honour'd as a guest, and sonne t' Prœtus, spouse o' th' king's daughte'. Yet, upon seeing th' message which Bellerophon had given him,

the subtile soveraigne of the Lycians put upon him many great labours. These, however, were all accomplish'd, and whe' it became known that Bellerophon was the offspring of a god, the Lycian soveraigne gave him as his wife one of his daughters; and by her he became the sire of both sonnes and that fayre daughter, Laödamia, whom Jove himselfe secretly loved. Of one of these sonnes, Glaucus was th' offspring.

Then Diomedes, when hee heard this, well remember'd this sire as a guest in his father's house, and spake of it. Both doughty warriours then leapt downe to give the hand, thus bespeaking amitie. And Jove depriving Glaucus of all prudent foresight, hee exchang'd armes with Diomed, giving his rich golden armour for brazen—the valewe of an hundred oxen for the valewe of nine.

But when Hector arrived at the Scian gates, wives and mothers surrounded him to ask for th' welfare of th' sonnes, brothers, friends and husbands in th' field. He, however, straightway ordered that all should supplicate th' gods, so many evills were impending. Then he hasten'd to the beautifull pallace of Priam, and his fond mother there met him and hung upon his hand, begging that wine might be brought, that he might pour upon th' earth a libation unto Jove and th' other immortalls. This Hector declin'd, saying he wisht nought that would enervate him, nor did he hold it meete that hee come with gory hands to offer vowes to th' powerful sonne of Saturn; but bade Hecuba, from th' rare stores they possest, select the most beautifull robe and bear it to Minerva's temple, vowing to her twelve yeerelings that never felt the goade, if she will avert from sacred Illium Tydides, that fierce warriour, valiant author of terror.

Whilst Hecuba was thus engag'd (in companie with other dames of distinction) Hector pass'd on to the beauteous halls, where Alexander built for himself lofty and splendid apartments, close by those of Hector and Priam. There hee found Paris pollishing brightly the golden armour and fitting th' crooked bowe. Sharpely he reproached him for his infatuation, saying also that his rage was ill suited to th' time. Threat to the safety of Illium mennaced on everie hand, and he himselfe would reprove any other warriour that was thus remisse in th' hatefull battaile. But Paris disclaimed all this, and said it was because of griefe, chiefely, rather then rage or indignation, that he was thus absent from the fight; but that his wife, with kinde words, had urg'd him to go forth, and he also thought it would be better.

But Hector made no answer. Helen spake soothingly to him, regretting in her soule that a tempest, at the hour o' her comeing into the world, had not carried her off to some mountayne top, or to the sea to be a prey to the billowes. Then she begg'd Hector to be seated, but hee would not be perswaded to remaine, although hee was sensible of her courtesie, urging but one thing: that Paris come at once unto the battaile.

Then he went to his dwelling that he might look upon his wife, the faire Andromache, and his infant sonne, since the gods had perchance decreed his fall at that battaile. His wife he did not find, for she had gone forth unto the walls. Thither Hector follow'd, and Andromache espying him ran out to meete him, with her a maid bearing th' child. Andromache took hold on Hector, saying it was strange he should go out so fearlesslie to th' warre without pitty for her or his child, foretelling that valour would

destroy him, and bemoaning her fate. Hector replied, it were shame to all the Trojans should he not defend th' citty; but spake eloquentlie, with tender paine and sorrow, of Andromache's possible captivitie and servitude. Then he stretcht forth his arms for his child, but th' infant, affrighted at th' nodding plumes, (also because of all that glitt'ring brasse) hid his face in th' bosom of his nurse. Hector, smiling, took off his helmet and plac'd it upon the ground; then he fondled his little sonne, whilst he praied aloud that he might become a brave souldier, even braver then he, his valiant sire, a joy to his mother.

Then he placed the boy tenderly in his wife's arms. She tearfully smil'd, and the babe hid his face in her bosome. Soothing words Hector then doth speake, and doth pray her to beleeve none can send him to th' shades of death untill his date be out; and not a man that is borne can escape fate, bee he brave or cowardlie. Her he bade return to the care of th' household, whilst hee went forth again to battaile.

VII.

Neythe' did Alexander staye behind, but joyn'd his brother as hee pass'd forth, and together they went to the field to hew down the Greeks. Minerva, seeing them destroying manie, descended Olympus hastily to staie them; but Apollo, knowing her mission, met her and proposed anothe' course of action. This was nothing less then that Hector might challenge the bravest of the Greekes to single combat.

This beeing agreed upon it was made knowne to Hector, who straightway sent a roisting challenge 'mongst th' waiting Greekes. By the tearms of this challenge, th' armour

of the conquer'd should go to the victor, but the bodie should be sent to his owne people. The Greekes were all mute with dread, yet asham'd to refuse.

Then Menelaus addrest them, calling them but dames without courage, and said he would accept th' invitation himselfe. This would have beene sure death, and Atrides knew it; therefore hee, seizing th' hand of his brother, dissuading with eloquence, prevail'd upon him to give over.

Then Nestor rose and, inciting thei' courage, told of his brave actions in his youth, and longed to have once more the mighty strength of former yeeres.

Nine warriours rose in answer to his appeale. Agamemnon much the first rose up, then Diomed and the two Ajaces, next Idomeneus, then his armour-bearer, Meriones, after them Eurypylus, Thoas and divine Ulysses. All these wish'd to goe out to fight Hector, but the Gerenian knight, Nestor, bade them decide by lot who should accept his challenge. Then each mark'd his owne lot and cast it into th' helmet of Atrides, the king. Then they pray'd aloud that Ajax, or Tydides might get the lot, or th' Mycensæan king himselfe. The Gerenian knight shooke the helmet and the lot of Ajax leapt out. A herald then let each chiefe see th' lot as he pass'd from right to left. But all disclaim'd it until he came to Ajax, who, stretching forth his hand for it, saw that it was th' one that he had marked, and, in soule rejoycing, cast it upon the ground, saying to all that the lot was his, and bidding them silently lift up prayers lest the Trojans heare, or even aloud for nothing daunted him, nor did hee lacke skill and use.

Then they supplicated Jove, praying that Ajax might bear away the victory, but if he lov'd Hector with an equall love, give an equall might and glory to both. When Ajax,

therefore, had put on his armour, he rusht forward, grimly smiling. The Greekes rejoyc'd at the sight, but the Trojan warriours trembled, and even Hector's soule thrill'd and panted, since having given challenge it was impossible to retract. Then mighty Ajax bade Hector note many heroes besides Achilles amongst the Greekes, and begg'd him to beginne the strife and battaile.

Hector in turne replied he knew all shiftes and passes, but he would scorne any but open warfare. Then he hurls the long beam so forcibly that it pierces th' outer brasse of that seven-fold oxhide shield and penetrates sixe layers, but stays in the sevent fast fixt. Now Ajax hurls a mightie speare, and it goeth through his equal shield, nor staies untill it through his curat glides and cuts in tway his tunicke near the flank, but bending or turning hee escapes blacke death. Drawing forth th' speares, like ravening lions or boars, they againe joyn'd battaile. The point of Hector's was bent on Ajax' shield, but Ajax' weapon repelled and wounded Hector. Yet did he not cease from the combat, but, seizing a great stone lying in the plain, hurl'd it forth, strook the shield of Ajax upo' the bosse so that it rang loudly. He in turne snatcht up a heavier stone, and dispatcht it with such force it broke through Hector's shield and wounded him in the knee, so that he fell supine. But Apollo quickly rered him. And now, in a close hand to hand combat with the sword, both would have had deadlie wounds had not the message come to them to cease. The heralds, Talthybius and Idæus, were sent from eyther side, bidding th' battaile cease in obedience to approaching Night. Ajax, however, must hear it utter'd by him whom he fought ere he yeelded. Hector therefore pronounc'd similar words, and, exchanging gifts, they separated.

Then councils were held among both Trojans and Greekes. Nestor avis'd th' Greekes to seeke forth their dead; to build one common pile, before which a trench should bee dug, (and beside it gates should bee erected for the chariots to pass through) a bulwark to their camp.

Meanwhile Antenor was exhorting th' assembled Trojans that they should let Helen go; but Paris refused with warmth, whylst proposing he should restore th' treasures, and add something thereto. Priam likewise harangued them, saying it were well they first goe to their repast, mindfull ever of the watch, and in the morning send a herald to the Greekes to lay before them proposalls of a truce (that those that were slaine might be burn'd) at th' time he made them th' offer of Paris, which he bade the herald say must be accepted, or they would fight again till fate divide them or give th' victory to one or the other.

But when Idæus bore th' word to the Greeks, they receyv'd it mutely. But brav Diomed bade them receyve neither Helen nor the treasures, for even a babe could see that an evill fate impended over th' Trojans; and all th' Greekes shouted in approval. Whereupon Agamemnon bade the herald heare this expression of sentiment that accorded fully with his owne. Yet as co'cern'd the dead, they bore them no grudge, therefore might they performe hastily their obsequies with fire, but Jove must be a witnesse to the treaties. Then he raised up his scepter to the gods, and both hastily brought forth their dead and built their pyles.

The Greekes built a wall and strong towers, and put therein gates thorow which the chariots might passe; and without it, dug a deep ditch wherein postes, well sharpen'd, were set. Th' gods, observing th' defence, admir'd it; but

Neptune made a plaint that the wall he and Apollo had built round the citty of Troy for Laömedon would be eclips'd. Jove reprov'd th' Earth-shaker, saying he could easily overturne th' wall, obliterate everie trace of it with sand, and th' place thereof know it no more.

At set of sun the wall was compleated, and they took repast. Then shippes from Lemnos bearing wine from Euneüs, the sonne o' Jason, came. A thousand measures were a present fro' Euneüs to Atreus' sonns, but, for the rest, th' Greekes gave in exchange large portions of brasse, iron, skins, and even oxen and slaves, and they feasted bounteously all the night. In Troy also they made a great feast, but Jove, meantime, with loud thunderings, was devising evills that should fall on Greekes and Trojans alike; and pale feare tooke hold upon all, and they dar'd not drinke till they pour'd out a libation to Saturn's supreme sonne, but afterwards lay downe and enjoy'd the boon of sleepe.

VIII.

Then Jove, having summon'd the Olympian gods to an assembly upon the very summit of th' highest mount, forbade them to take any further part in th' conflicte 'twixt the Greekes and Trojans. At Mount Ida, consulting the scales of Destiny, he directs his forkèd-lightnings against the Greekes. Nestor now, in th' chariot of Diomed doth goe out agaynst Hector, whose mighty charioteer Diomed slays; then Jove, thund'ring, turn'd backe the Greekes, and they sought refuge within their bulwarks. And then indeed would Hector have press'd with fire to the very shippes, had not venerable Juno put it into th' heart and mind of Agamemnon (seeing this returne of his hosts) to

urge, as vehemently as he was able, a charge with all their forces. Taking position upo' Ulysses' vessell, so that his speech might bee heard as farre as th' tent of Telamonian Ajax on th' one side, and to that of Achilles on the other, Atrides incited them forth thro' a dread of shame should they bee driven before Hector alone, praying that they might escape (at least) with their lives. And Jove sent his eagle with a fawne in th' talons as they were offering sacrifice, and the fawn is caste downe to earth near the beautifull altar. When they saw th' signe from Jove, they rusht forth to battaile, but none went before Diomed. After him came th' two sonnes of Atreus; next the two Ajaces, clad in impiteous courage, then Idomeneus, and his armour-bearer, Meriones, follow'd by Eurypylus; and the ninth was Teucer.

Close upon Telamonian Ajax he prest,—as child to its mother,—who shelter'd him behi'd that mighty shield. And Teucer peer'd forth, as Ajax mov'd the shield unto one side, and shooting his arrows swiftly, slew many of the Trojans.

Agamemnon rejoyc'd seeing him, and stood by him to incite him, making promise of rich reward when they should have enter'd the captur'd citty. But Teucer bade the general observe that hee needed no exhortation. In fine, he would himselfe doe all that was within his power, but as yet he could not hit the mighty chiefe at whom he aym'd. Againe and againe he levell'd an arrow at valiant Hector, but Apollo guarded the hero from all harme.

Teucer, however, slew Hector's mighty charioteer. This so enrag'd the great Trojan that he seiz'd an heavy stone and strooke the youth, so that he fell upon his knees.

Then Ajax held th' shield over him whylst two strong companions bore the suffering young warriour to one side, groaning heavily. Then Jove rous'd the mightie Trojans who drove backe th' Greekes to their defenses; and Hector in the van lash'd his fierie steeds in pursuite, and slew great numbers of those that were in the hindmost of th' rankes.

Juno, seeing their flight, prevayled upon Minerva (in despight of Jove, his decree) to go out with her to the succor of the Greekes. At this, Jove was angry with Pallas more then with Juno, who, he said, sought ever a meane to thwart the plans and purposes hee wished to carry out. But he now prevented their interference, and during the whole of the night Hector prevented surprises through wise prevision. Youths and aged men were given order keep watch in the towers, the matrons to have mighty fires in their halls, and a strong guard set to watch the secret entrances to the town; but meantime a thousand fires blazed around the citty, and fifty men at each fire sat at watch.

IX.

Then old Nestor, wiselie counselling, bade Agamemnon send Ulysses with Phœnix and Ajax to the tent of the hero Achilles, if by any meanes they could prevayle on him to come to their ayde, but 'twas of no availe.

X.

Next Diomedes and subtile Ulysses slyly enter the Trojan campe at night, having first entrapt and slaine Dolon, who had set out as a spye to the Grecian campe. From him they obtain'd the desir'd informatio' that inabled them to seeke out the tent of that Thracian king Rhesus,

and having slayne him (with many others) Ulysses loosed th' solide hoov'd warlike steeds, and, lashing them with the bowe, drove them away to the Greekes.

XI.

Then they resum'd th' conflicte. Atrides fought most furiously, but Paris woundeth Diomed, and Socus doth injure Ulysses. No sooner do Ajax and Menelaus observe this, then they go to their ayde. Patroclus now seeketh Nestor at his tent, and th' sire exhorteth him to goe to the field in the armour of Achilles.

XII.

Ere long the Trojans assail the mighty gates and presse toward the shippes, in disregard of Polydamas, who interpreted the omens as most unpropitious.

XIII.

Then Neptune engages on the Greecian side, and the battaile proceeds hotly. Deïphobus is repuls'd by Meriones. Teucer slays Imbrius, while mighty Hector, smiting Amphimacus, takes away his life, in turne.

Neptune assuming a likenesse to Thoas, exhorteth Idome'eus, who proceedeth to the battaile with Meriones. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and then Asius. Seeing this, Deïphobus, ayming his speare at Idomeneus, slayeth him not; however his speare falleth not idlie to ground, for Hypsenor is slayne. Then Idomeneus doth subdue Alcathoüs, over whose body a sharp contest doth take place.

XIV.

Agamemnon and other wounded chiefes visiting the battle now, the Earth-shaker, in the likeness of an aged man, taking holde on the hand of Agamemnon, spake winged words and greatly incited the courage of the souldiers. With a bellowing roar, louder then anie ten thousand men, hee hasted on.

Juno seing him was delighted, and prepared at once to visit Jove on faire Ida. Bathing and perfuming herselfe soe sweetlie that the odor reached both earth and sky, she array'd herselfe in a beautifull embroder'd robe with golde claspes and a rich zone, from which an hundred fringes depended, and, having smooth'd her gleaming haire and disposed it well, she put on her trebble jewell'd eare-rings, and, over all, a beautifull shining veyle. Going forth from her chamber and finding Venus, she obtain'd from her the cestus, which she wore seducing men or gods, as no allurement was lacking. In it were desire, love-converse, seductive speech—able to steale away the minde even of th' very prudent.

Then, descending Olympus, passing with all swiftnesse ore mountain and sea, she came at length to farre-distant Lemnos and sought out Sleepe, the brother of Death. She tooke fast hold upon his hand and begg'd that he would now close in sleepe the eies of Jove, promising a golden throne and footstoole if he grant her wish. But hee declin'd, least Jove destroy him in his anger. Yet, when Juno promis'd him the youngest of the Graces to wed—Pasithea—hee could no longer withstand her. However, he made her sweare by the water of Styx, with one hand upon the earth and the other upon the sea, calling the

Titans to witnesse her oath, that she would surely give him one of the younger Graces—Pasithea, his hart's desire. Hast'ning to many-rill'd Ida, Juno placed her person conspicuously in Jove's sight, but Sleepe conceal'd himselfe.

Juno, faining to Jove (as she had to Venus), that she sought to unite Oceanus and Tethys, inflam'd his desire to keepe her near him, avowing, indeed, that none (be she goddesse or woman) had awaken'd so much love in his bosom, not even herselfe at any former time, he pleaded; she yeelded unto the embrace of Saturn's lordly sonne, and hee shed a golden cloud round them, hiding them from sight. Lucid drops were distill'd from the cloud, and the divine earth produced hyacinth, lotus, sweet with dewe, and crocus, thus forming a flow'rie couch, where the sire quietly slumber'd with his spouse in his armes, subdued by Sleepe and love. But Sleepe went in all swift haste to the Greeks, where he found the powerfull Earth-shaker, and led him on to incite the Greekes.

XV.

Jove waked to see th' Trojans driven before them and was exceedingly angry. Calling Iris he sent her forth to induce mighty Neptune to leave the field, and requested divine Apollo that he would at once heale Hector.

Armed with the Ægis, Apollo doth put the Greekes compleatly to rout and drive them to their shippes. These all th' Trojan heroes thought to burn. Ajax (Telamon) kept the fire backe and himselfe slew twelve of the Trojan warriours.

XVI.

Then valiant Patroclus obtain'd permission of Achilles to don that hero's armour and lead forth the Myrmidons

to th' succour of the Greekes, upon the condition that he should take heede of all danger and return as soone as th' Trojans were driven backe. This he fail'd to do, but persew'd the fleeing foe to th' walls of Troy, eager to slay Hector. Him, indeed, Apollo protected, but Sarpedon was slaine, and also Hector's charioteer, Cebriones. He is repelled by Apollo, wounded by Euphorbus, and put to death by Hector, but not before he declares th' fate of Hector. The latter mounteth Achilles' chariot, and followeth after Automedon to th' shippes of the Greekes.

XVII.

Menelaus then slayeth Euphorbus, who was attempting to remove the armour of Patroclus. As Atrides doth stand waighing in his minde what he should doe, Hector's approach frights Menelaus so that he doth goe in search of Ajax. Then Hector doth take off the beautiful armes, but as he is dragging the body away to sever the head from the trunke, he seeth Ajax advancing, and in all haste mounteth his charet, giving the armour to some of th' Trojans to carry to Troy.

These two, Ajax and the sonne of Atreus, guarded the fallen hero. As a lionesse, keeping watch ore her whelps as the huntsmen draw nigh, doth goe round about the den, soe Ajax, lowering th' shaggy browes, glaring savagely, walked round him, th' whiles Menelaus stood beside him. Then Glaucus reprov'd Hector in so sharpe a manner that the great hero's heart rag'd, and he, returning, beginneth the conflict anew over th' body of Patroclus, while Automedon doth furiously defend the chariot of Achilles. The Greekes are beaten backe at length, and e'vn heroicke Ajax doth shrinke backe, yet Meriones and brave Menelaus bear away the body of Patroclus.

. XVIII.

Achilles gave waye to the most violent griefe, throwing himselfe on the ground, weeping and soe sorelie lamenting that his agony touched Thetis' heart; and she came out of the deepe to give him comfort, and with her came manie sea-nymphs. She promises him also she will procure forthwith most beautifull armor, and for this purpose doth go to Vulcan and beg that hee will prepare it at once. Vulcan, consenting, maketh first a five-fold shield, with a belt of silver.

On it were the earth, the heavens, the sea, th' unwearied sunne, the moone, and the constellations which crowne the heavens—the Pleiades, the Hyades, the strength of Orion, with the Beare (that is likewise denominated Wain) and is the only constellation never wet in wave of the sea.

On it were two faire citties: in one marriage feasts, dancing, sweete songs, musik and gladnesse; round the other two armies sat at watch, at one and other side, besieging it.

There was a fallow field, and men with their ploughs; and a waving cornfield, where reapers were thrusting in their sharp reaping-hookes.

On it was a sunny vineyard with golden clusters of grapes, where faire maidens, and joyous, skiping youths gather'd the grapes, or danced to the musicke of the harpe.

On it was a heard of oxen driv'n forth to th' field, with lions seizing the leader of the heard before the heardsman's eies.

There was also upon th' shield a dance, such as Dædalus devis'd for Ariadne, where youths and maides mingled in a gracefull motion holding each the wrist of the other.

And near the outmost edge he plac'd that mighty river, Oceanus.

Then he made a corselet brighter then the sunne; also a well-fitted helmet with golden crest; and greaves of the tinne which may bee well hammer'd.

When all was finished, he plact the whole at Thetis' feet, who, as a hawke doth sweep downe from the sky, darted adowne from snowy Olympus bearing th' armour to her sonne.

XIX.

Then all the rest of his troopes, dazled at sight thereof, shrank backe, affrighted. Achilles, on the contrarie, rejoyced in soule. Shouting he went along the shore, and straightway the wounded chieftaines—Tydeus' sonne, with Ulysses and Atrides—gather to an assembly, at which Atrides and Achilles are reconcil'd, and the latter hasteth forth to take vengeance for his friend, his death, in despight of Xanthus' prediction regarding his fate.

XX.

Jove doth permit the gods againe to ingage in the conflict, and they range themselves on one or other side. Then had Trojan Æneas, who engaged Achilles, fallen at the hand of this hero save for th' watchfullnes of Neptune. Hector also attacks him, in order that he may avenge his brother Polydoru'.

XXI.

Him Apollo rescueth, but many are slaine by th' fierce Greeke, who doth compell one part of the Trojan armie to withdraw towards Troy, and doth force a second part into the Xanthus. Here, insteed of

putting all to death, he saveth twelve youths to offer as a sacrifice on the funerall pyle of his friend. Hee slayeth, savagely, Lycaön, also Asteropæus, whilst loudly deriding the rive' god as unable to defend his friends. This doth so enrage the River that he riseth up, and, menacing dreadfuly, doth attempt to overwhelme Achilles; but mighty Vulcan protecteth him and wardeth off the danger.

The gods standing by engage in single combat, greatly delighting Jove. First Mars smote warlike Minerva with his speare, hitting the Ægis. Not even Jove's thunder-bolt may subdue this, however, and soone Minerva prostrated him with a monstrous stone. Falling, he cover'd seven ackers, and he made a horrible crash. Then Minerva, exulting, taunted him as he lay prone; yet Venus, pitying him, led him away, but with difficulty he collected his spirits. White-arm'd Juno seeing them, incited Pallas to pursue them. She therefore hasted after them and overthrowi'g them, spake reproachfull words, wishing that all Trojan allies were such as they, since Troy then might easily be overcome. Juno smil'd at these words, but the Earth-shaker spake to Apollo, reminding him of their unrequited labour for the Trojans a long time before, and asking if for this hee is a friend and ally of that treaty-breaking people. However, he thought it not meet that they longe' hold aloofe from combat, since all th' gods were ingag'd there in an unpremeditated strife. Apollo answer'd, that it was unwise for the immortalls to contend on the part of creatures of mortall frame.

At this th' Farre-darter withdrew; but when Diana—his rustick sister—seeing him, rebuk'd him, taunting him as th' bearer of an idle bowe, he did answer not a word.

At this the spouse of Jove, taking up the word, hurriedly addrest her in great fury, ending by plucking Diana's bowe from her shoulders and beating her (smiling meanwhile), smiting her about the eares. As a dove affrighted flieth from a hawke, so tim'rous Diana weeping fled, without staying to gather up her dusty arrows.

Then Mercury, the messenger of Jove, addrest Latona, saying he would not contend with a spouse of cloud-compeling sonne of lordly Saturn, because shé would surelie boast amongst the immortalls of victory. Thereupon Latona took up the bow, gather'd up the scatt'red arrows, and follow'd Diana to Olympus, where she had gone to make complaint to Jove. Latona found her belov'd child seated close beside Jove, who drew her nearer smilingly while he sooth'd and comforted her, asking who had soe distress'd her, but hearing that it was Juno, said not a word.

Apollo then repair'd to sacred Illium, for the walls were to him a care, but all other gods ascended to Olympus.

Then Achilles pursued the Trojans with great slaughter; and Priam, observing him from one of Troies high towers, descended in all hast to give orders to throw wide the gates to let the flying Trojans enter, but bade them haste to close them when the troopes had come in, lest Achilles, following upon their heels, enter with them.

Cover'd with dust, thirstie, almost breathlesse, they enter'd. Then had not Apollo mov'd Agenor, the sonne of Antenor, to go against Achilles, the citty had fallen into the hands of the sonnes of the Greekes. Guarding his person with his mightie shield, he caste his speare, smiting the greave upon one shin; but, not disabled, Achilles pursued Agenor so hotly that Apollo must needs shelter him with a mist, and remove him from danger. Then likening

himselfe to Agenor, he beguiled Achilles to followe, with the hope of overpowering one soe mighty, (not discerning that a god led him on) turning his steps ever to'ard River Scamander.

XXII.

Meanwhiles, Hector remain'd without the walls, eager to combat with Achilles. Priam, seeing the latter advance shining like Orion's dog, that brilliant starre of autumn, (bright indeed, but most balefull, for the violent heat that commeth thereafter) addresseth his sonne, stretching forth his feeble hands with piteous action, and tearing his hoarie haire. Then Hecuba laid bare her brest that was a source of food and rest in his infancy. But all availeth not a whit.

Like a huge serpent that, fill'd with rage, awaiteth th' coming of a man, coyling itselfe round and round, so doughty Hector, filled with inexhaustible courage, leaning that waightie shield against the projecting wall of th' tower, mused in his soule as hee awaited the approach of Pelides. But when th' hero, shining like a blazing fire, or even as the sunne, commeth on like th' Helmet-shaker, Mars, a tremor seizeth him and he fleeth affrighted. Round and rouńd with swifte feete he doth fly, circling about Troy's walls thrice, Achilles close following: a brave man is leading th' race, a braver one followeth, since 'tis not a victim that is sought, nor a hide of a bull, but for th' very life (they run) of horse-breaking Hector. This the gods note, as they begin the fourth time to encircle the citty, and speake together concerning the fate of Hector. Finally, Jove throweth into his golden scales long sleepe, to mark to which one it would fall, in one having plac'd Achilles' fate of death, and Hector's in the other. As

Jupiter holdeth the scales up, poising them, Hector's fatall day doth go swiftlie downe to Hades, and Phœbus Apollo then leaveth him.

Minerva induceth Pelides to stand, in hope of bringing about face to face contest. Likening herselfe to Deïphobus (a favourite brother) she cometh nigh unto Hector, and perswadeth his minde to try his skill with the Grecian. Thus deceived, and thinking that one brother had beene brave enough to come to his ayde, Hector returneth, arous'd to the strife; yet attempting to make a compact with his opposer, that, in the event of his fall, his armour onelie should fall to Achilles, but that his body should bee kept for ransom.

This eager Achilles loudlie derideth, asking if any league would hold 'twixt men and lions, or according minde be found 'twixt wolve' and lambes, and avowing that no treaty of any sort could hold 'twixt them. Then, brandishing, he sent forth his long-shadow'd speare, but Hector, bending ove', doth avoide the blow. Quickly the goddesse, bringing the weapon backe, placeth it in Pelides' hand. Then Hector hurl'd forth that mighty long shadow'd speare, smiting the center of that massy shield, nor miss'd it; but rebounding, flew far off. Then Hector called to white-shielded Deïp'obus to bring him a long spear, but he was not near him; and Hector perceaved in his minde that Deïphobus was not present as he supposed, and felt that without doubt the Fates o' death awaited him. But hee resolv'd to meet the end bravely.

Drawing his long sword that hung lowe at his flanke, like a soaring eagle that doth sweepe downe upon a tender lambe or tim'rous hare, so Hector rush'd on Achilles. But, brandishing his speare and holding his wrought shield so

that 'twould warde a thrust, Achilles also went eagerly forward. Like Hesperus the brazen tip of his speare did glister, as he stoode eying Hector's faire person in order to finde where best it would yeeld. Then was th' dreadfull weapon hurl'd swiftly, and it lodg'd under the collar-bone, where the necke and shoulder joyne, yet did not sever the weasand; therefore, he could yet speake. Hee pray'd Achilles that his body might not be fed to Grecian dogs; that he would receive brasse and gold in ransom therefor, father and mothe' alike would gladly furnish, in order that the funerall obsequies might bee performed. But, nought perswaded, Achilles avow'd that not ten or twentie times the ransome he had in minde, not even gold should be accepted, for nought could avert the destin'd ignomy and shame. And Hector, sighing, said that knowing Achilles as he did, he knew before he spake what fate was his, for th' soule within the bosome of Achilles was iron; but hee said: "Nay, reflect lest the wrath o' th' gods fall on thee for my sake on th' daye when Death's hand clutch thee, when Paris and Phœbus Apollo shall strike thee downe."

With words like these his soule descended to Hades, but Achilles still addrest the lifelesse body, bidding him dye, that hee fear'd not his fate at Jove's hands, or by the will of other gods.

Then the rest of the Greekes approacht as Achilles pluckt the bloodie armour from the brest, having drawne forth the speare, and all admir'd the forme and stature of Hector, yet none pass'd by without inflicting a wound.

Then Achilles spake to the Greekes, saying they now might try the mind of Troy, since it was giv'n unto them t' subdue mighty Hector, but nought should be done untill Patroclus' funerall rites should be observ'd. Then split-

ting each heel, he fasten'd leather thongs to them, by which he bound him to the chariot in such a way that his head trail'd along, and dust defil'd his glorious locks. Then taking up the armour, he mounted his chariot and lash'd his steeds on towards the shippes.

King Priam, seeing him, is undone, and Queene Hecuba also lamenteth loud; but yet for a time the wife of Hector knew not what had occur'd, for no messenger had beene sent to her. However, the sound of wailing did pierce her eares, and her heart interprets aright the measure of woe meted out to Illium. It is as if its summit, stooping to its fall, were wrapt in flame. But upon reaching the tower, where the men stood crowded together, she saw Hector's body being dragg'd in the dust towards the Grecian vessells, and fell swouning, and darknesse veyled her frighten'd eies; but reviving, she collected her soule, whilst 'midst sobs she bewail'd Hector's fate and hers, and with bereaved Andromache all the dames standing near wept and mourn'd.

XXIII.

Then Achilles is warn'd by the ghost of his deceas'd friend to performe the funerall rites of Patroclus, and this is done with many games (for valuable prizes).

XXIV.

Afterward, Jove biddeth Thetis go unto Achilles and demand th' body of Hector, sending Hermes forth also to conduct old Priam unto him to offer th' treasures he collected. Priam's wife and belov'd sonnes plead with him in vaine to restraine him, and, confiding in Jove's omen —th' eagle cald with them Percnos or Black Hunter—he

went forth on that sad quest, but Mercury was a great comforter, and upheld Priam's courage and strength.

When th' gates in th' bulwarkes behind the trench were reached, Hermes put the men (who were th' guard) asleepe as they were gone aside to feast, and unbolting the gates, conducted the steeds and mules through the campe untill they reach'd the lofty tent of Achilles, that the Myrmidons rear'd for their king, loppi'g the fir timbers, and cov'ring it with a thatch o' grasse mowne in the fragrant meades, and fencing it with a great fence of staddles cut off and set thickly. The gate was well sperr'd up with a single fir, which three men onelie might shoot save Achilles. This Mercury op'd for old Priam, bidding him enter and embrace Achilles by the knees, and supplicate him by his father, his faire-haired mother, also by his infant sonne, that he would accepte the ransome for his sonne's body; but, reminding him of th' impropriety of a god overtly ayding mortalls, tooke his depart and returned to Olympus.

Priam then leapt downe from the chariot, leaving his steeds, mules and chariot in Idæus' care, and entering the tent unobserv'd as Achilles finisht his repast, clasped his knees, and kissed those dreadfull man-slaught'ring hands; and as a dread sense of guilt seizeth a man, who, murthering a man in his owne country, fleeth unto another, and astonish'd spectators stand round, so Achilles wonder'd (and they that stood by, looking one at other) seeing Priam.

He, however, spake quicklie and brought forth his request, recalling to Achilles' minde his owne father of the same hoary age, who awaited hopefully his living sonne's returne, whilst he, once father of fifty brave sonnes, had seene many kil'd by the Greekes; and now, Hector, his best belov'd, who defended their citty and themselves,

was slaine by Achilles' hand, and he, his sire, had beene forc'd to do what no mortal man might endure—kisse the hand that had bereav'd his life.

At these words, a desire to weepe seized Achilles, and as one writh'd upon th' ground bemoaning his sonne's fate, the other thought with regret of his distant father and of his friend Patroclus. But after a time, Achilles, rising, lifted up the old man, bidding him be seated (for he respected his hoary haires) and he exhorted him to let sorrow sink to rest in his minde, saying: "Chill griefe is uselesse, for no mortall can escape wretchednesse, and none save the gods are free from evill. Two caskes, the one containing evills, the other good gifts, stand beside Jove's threashold. From these hee sendeth forth mingled good and ill. Man falleth now upon one, againe upon another; sorrow, calamity, nimble mischance that hath soe swifte a foot, pursue him, nor is he honour'd of gods or men. Peleus, indeed, receyv'd golden gifts—riches and wealth, yet an ill fate has fallen upon him in that he had one only sonne, who, with slight care of his owne life, put it in jeopardie dailie before Illion, in despite of the knowledge of his short span, which even his goddesse mother might not lengthen. Of thee, also, have wee heard that thy wealth at a former time did exceed many, and that from lower Phrygia to Hellespontus on the north thy borders then reached; but now the gods have sent bane upon thee, and warre and slaying of men do encompasse thy citty. Yet arise (for thou canst by mourning and griefe availe nought, nor restore him) ere further evills come upon thee."

Priam indeed thought it not well that he should be seated or give place untill Achilles had granted his prayer.

This provok'd a hasty reply, but at length the presents were brought in, save two cloakes,—a well woven tunicke also,—which were left to place on the body. Pelides bade Idæus enter and be seated, but he kept the corpse from aged Priam's sight, lest his mourning cries should so move him that hee could not stay his hand, and, taking his life, displease Jupiter; then, giving orders that th' female attendants should wash and annoint th' body, waited without, and, when this was accomplish'd, himselfe tooke it up, put it upon the litter, and with his companion's helpe, plac'd it on the beautifull chariot, at the same time making a moan to Patroclus because of the deed.

Afterward he return'd into the tent, and seating himself on a couch over against Priam, urg'd him to take food, since his sonne was plac'd on a bier and he could return to Illium on the morrow. He citeth to him Niobe's case, who mourn'd the losse of twelve childre' destroy'd by Apollo and Diana because she compar'd herselfe unto th' faire cheek'd Latona, who (she said) was the mother unto but two, while she had borne many. Yet, although overcome with griefe, Niobe was mindefull of food. "Let us likewise be now attentive to our repast, then shalt thou lament this thy sonne, conveying him to Troy, and thou shalt bewaile him with many teares."

So saying, they prepar'd the repast quickly, drank wine together amicably, ate of th' roasted fleash, et cætera. Then Priam, opposite Pelides, much admir'd him, comparing him to the gods; and Achilles in turne marvell'd at Dardanian Priam, seeing his amiable expression and hearing him as he convers'd. But when they had gaz'd untill they were satisfied, the old man begg'd that Achilles would send him to his rest.

Achilles willingly granting him th' request, he and his herald had couches prepar'd for them upon th' porch, while Pelides went to rest within the tent, and beside him lay faire Briseïs.

But Mercury slept not, for he was devising a meanes to lead Priam away safely. Therefore he descended from Olympus hastily, waken'd him, standing beside him, arous'd Idæus noiselessly and assisted him to yoke the steeds and the mules, then went with them through the campe; nor did hee leave them untill they reach'd the eddying Xanthus begotten by undying Jove. Then he ascended Olympus, and saffron-hued morn was diffused ore th' earth. Then they drove the steeds toward the citty (and the mules bearing the body), but none saw them save Cassandra, who like unto golden Venus, ascended Pergamus, and looking out acrosse the plaine, beheld them approaching, and soone assembled the people; soe they met them near the gates coming in with the body, nor was there a man nor woman left in the citty, so generall was the mourning.

First came his wife and venerable mother, plucking out their haire as they touch'd Hector's head, whilst all th' spectators wept. They, indeed, all that day would have mourn'd and shed tears, if aged Priam had not bade them cease their cries, and give way unto th' chariot till he had borne him home; then might they weepe untill they were saciated with mourning. Therefore, they stoode afare off, and, carrying him to th' illustrious pallace, they placed him on th' ornamented bed; and plac'd singers beside it, leaders of the dirge, who sang mourning ditties whilst the women made responsive moanes. Among them his wife beganne thus, while her hands held Hector's head:

"O husband, hast thou died young in yeares, whilst I am left a widow in the pallace? And beside myselfe, here is thy infant sonne to whom I have given birth, ill-fated, who, I doubt not, will nere attain to manhood's strength, for ere that, our citty will topple to its compleat destruction. Certainely thou, who wert ever its defender, and didst keepe from losse or injury its venerable wives and infant children, art no more. They will be carried captive to the shippes, nor shall I escape. But thou, O my sonne, shalt perchance accompany me where thou must performe unworthy tasks, toyling for a mercilesse lord; or else some one of the Greekes (whose father, brother, or even his sonne thy father may have slaine) may grasp with force thy tender hand, that he may cast thee headlong from some tower and dash thy life out. For true it is, thy father many an acte like unto this hath here perform'd. He never might be gentle to his foes, or leave an enemy to go unpunish'd; but, by his hand, many a Greek hath beene made to seize the earth with his set teeth. It is for this the people so lament in every nooke and angle of th' cittie. O Hector, thou hast caus'd untold calamity, and griefe unutterable unto us all, most to thy loving parents and to me. Bitter, aye, bitter is my endlesse griefe, for thou didst not upon thy couch when dying, stretch out thy hands to me, nor speake my name, or give me any word of prudent counsell, to comfor' me long yeares to come."

Thus speaking, with floods of teares, Hector's fayre wife lamented, and with her all the other women moaned.

(Note.) Andromache, in her prophetic soul, knew her owne fate and doth foretell that of their child. This is told in the Æneid, which I also translated, and is most pathetick and tender. Ever mourning, the childe in her heart, in her sad exile, keepeth pace with other children, and when she wrapt that other smiling babe within the cloake her loving hands had wrought soe skilfully with threades of rich gold, she said, "Astyanax would have beene like in age; his hands, his haire, his smiling eies like thine." And every mother, in all the centuries since that sad day, doth sorrow with like paine from secret sympathie that mothers knowe. The lines which containe this mournefull story are thrice given in my workes. The sublimity of love and sorrow such as hers is most wonderfull, and is excell'd by nothing in our language except the stories of sacred history. Even Hecuba's lot was much lighter, for she died at th' hands of their captors. But to returne.

Now cometh aged Hecuba in place, and thus doth make her moane:

"O Hector, thou wert dearest of my sons, and truly of the gods thou wert the care, not alone in thy life, but also in this destiny of death. For all my other sonnes who fell into Achilles' hands, were sold beyond the sea at Lemnos, Samos, or at Imbrius; but thou, though he hath tane thy precious life, and daily dragg'd thee round Patroclus' tomb, liest within our palaces as fresh and beautifull of forme and every feature, as if Apollo, with his silver bow, had reav'd thee but to-day of joyous life."

Thus speaking, aged Hecuba did cease her vehement laments, while all the women join'd in teares and moanes.

Helen came third, weeping sad tears, heavy sighes breaking the wordes, and said:

"O Hector, thou wert a belovèd brother, as Alexander th' god-like man is my husband. Kind hast thou and my father ever beene (and here have I dwelt twenty yeares), but th' others altogether despise me, and there is none other in th' breadth of Illium who will be kind to mee. Therefore I must mourne, not all alone for thee, but for my unhappy selfe."

Ceasing to speake they mingled one long cry. Then Priam bade them bring to Troy the wood for the funerall pyle, assuring them that they had nought to feare untill twelve daies should have expired, for th' word of Achilles was pledg'd that no ambuscade should lay in wait for th' Trojans untill th' funerall rites were concluded.

Therefore, with both mules and oxen, for th' space of nine days did they bring the wood from the mount in quantities. When, however, th' tenth morn brought light unto mortalls, they carried forth noble Hector and placed him upon th' pyle, and applied fire to th' wood.

But when rosy finger'd Morn appeared, they gather'd round th' pile of illustrious Hector; and whe' all had assembled together, they extinguish'd with darke wine all the pile that the fire had, ravening, taken hold on; and the brothers and companions of Hector, with tearfull eies, gather'd together his white bones. These they plac'd in a beautifull urn of gold, which they forthwith deposited in a deepe grave, heaping on it numerous sharpe stones. This, however, they did hastily, and kept constant and strict watch, lest the Greekes should make an attack too soone.

But when they had heap'd up th' tomb properly, they assembled in Jove-nurtur'd Priam's lofty pallaces, and feasted on a splendid banquet.

Thus were the solemn funerall rites of the great steede-breaking Hector performed.

And this compleats Homer's Illiads, but the story of some of the great heroes may be found in my workes, for I wrote out, not only his Odysses in the great Cypher, but th' Æneid of the noble Virgil. Thus can you peruse th' conclusion, and followe the wily Grecian Ulysses, and th' mighty sonne of lovely Venus that she bore to Anchyses—Trojan Æneas. The marginall notes of our work which you now are using, hath an argument to my translation of th' Æneid, while a Latine worke entituled De Augmentis Scientiarum will give ayde upon th' other. As in this work, you doubtlesse will note that favorit partes are enlarg'd, yet as it lendeth assistance to th' discypherer, it will not be any disadvantage or hindrance.

In confident hope, I have intrusted this labour to your hands and am contente.

FRANCIS ST. ALBAN.

FRANCIS BACON.

DE AUGMENTIS.

1624.

Where, by a slighte alteration of the common Italicke letters, the alphabets of a bi-literate Cyphar having the two forms are readily obtain'd (instead o' letters that I cut out because I feare anie eye might reade what is hid in Cyphar, had such as are seene heere beene employed in an example) in every booke I send forth I use, for complete yet somewhat scattered rules or directions for another of different scope, this or other similar Cyphers, choosing, you observe, one in which there can be trusted any great state matter, and anything we holde of a nature such that it requireth a wisdome greater, I doubte nought, than wise King Salomon's to finde the purpose thereof,—I mean the historie of my birth, and also my brother's, for I have written both in this secret storie.

We alwaies prize most a thing that hath longest evaded our pursuite, for a man's nature ever hath some dregs of wild waies in despight of ages of clarifying or racking. There is somewhat of the hunter about all men: quietly waiting untill th' game be scented, but rushing forth with halloo more piercing then his horne as hee joyneth the chace. Thus pursute becometh universall: but should Art teach my most constant and watchfull hunter to follow in perfect silence, hee shall alone unkennell th' skulkinge foxe, beare, triumphantly, the prize homewards, and enjoie honours by no one shared. Mine may bee stil'd simila',

in fact, for th' honour of this methode—us'd whenere secret mater, of whatsoever kinde, is put forth, glorifying for all futurity one that should finde this—cannot crowne any brow save mine.

So blind are men, that I tell heerewith a pretty tale, as in the playes to my Margaret, write out historie, give lines in all kinds of poetrie that I have in anie place found easy or pleasant, in so plain sight, you, indeede, will find light work divesting them o' manie disguises, but no eye save our owne espyes a word or signe. Thus will you doubt th' shrewdnesse they boast soe great, but can men find what none looke for, or pursew a path not ent'red upon, neither sought?

I masqued manie grave secrets in my poems which I have publisht, now as Peele's or Spenser's, now as my owne, then againe in th' name of authours, so cald, who plac'd workes of mixt sort before a reading world, prose and poetry. To Robt. Greene did I entruste most of that work—rather his name appear'd as authour: therein you may finde a large portion that belonging truely to the realme of poetrie, would wel grace verse, yet it did not then seeme faire matter for it. As plaies some parts were againe used.

Pull off ev'n now th' outside, disguising my story. I am the rightfull heire to th' throne, since th' blood of King Henry is running i' these veynes—th' same as in any Tudor. If the late Queene could claime th' throne, I, her earliest flower of royall issue, was by th' like right —it goes without saying—at any and all times heir-aparent to proud England's wide realm.

But the day of justice having gone, past long since all hope of my atchieving glory or fame, as the ruler of th' realme of England, Ireland, Wales, France,—as formerly one portio' of the later was ours—also our colonies in all th' regions of the globe, fro' remote East to a remoter West. Never shall th' crowne rest on Prince Francis' loftie brow; never shall th' great throne of this land bear up the sonne to the so-stiled Virgin Queen, wedde' wife of Robt., Earl of Leicester! Can these things be and not incite in one's heart a wish of shewing the truth to future generatio's? Can one of such a noble nature bee contente to bee but a common subject, who, knowing that by th' virtue of kingly birth, royall power should come, doth feele assur'd that hee hath noe lacke in th' parts and endowme'ts all that hold regall swaie doe require? and who having within such impulses of th' godlike patriarchal care for his owne people would willinglie give his time, his mony, labour, or all a Prince's power at anie time gone by, that yet shall be, or is, may, or may have performed for his subjects?

For this reaso' do I labour for men's elevation and holde communion with Science. As knowledge doth increase, th' pleasure I take is greatlie increas'd also, and I see here before mee a boundlesse province over which our raign may neve' cease. Th' secret story heere told doth fully set our wrongs before future reader': unto such do wee turne for judgement.

This work, however, was intended for ayde upo' another Cyphar, and next we will give keyes after we write out the argume't o' th' work. This is Homer's verse also, and doth take rank with his Illiads. The title is:

THE ODYSSES.

I.

The opening scene is laid in an ile where dwelt the fayre young sprite—th' nymphe, Calypso. Th' ile farr-distant from men or gods was lovelie, indeed, and yet quite solitary. It can bee well seene, therefore, without explaineing, faire, sweete Calypso wish'd to caste a spell over th' guest, whose ship was wrecked, soe that he must needes remaine.

Seven yeares he was thus restrained, whilst hee daily longed to sayle awaie from fayrest land of Ogygia to that farre-away rugged Ithica where his wife, awaiting his returne, shed many a teare. However th' faire nymphe entertain'd him with so much kindnesse (and having become the mother of two sonnes, earnestly besought the wanderer nere to depart,) to leave would have beene a cruell action; and indeed love so mastereth her after Odysseus findes meanes once againe of going to sea, having ayded him as Mercurie gave orde', nor day nor night bringeth surcease and end to sorrowe. Griefe doth finallie drive Atlas' daughte' to throw away her life, for she plung'd into the ocean and was drown'd.

II.

In th' Ile o' Ithica the principall men, seeing the vast throng of suters urging upon Penelope, the prudent and faithfull spouse this wanderer soe long'd to reach, (even as is seen, choosing her before hope of immortality, which Calypso promis'd him if onely he would remaine in Ogygya,) holde a councill. By th' advice of th' gods,

and by their instruction a plann is made to fit out the vessell of Telemachus and send him forth to bring home this lost sire and husband.

Minerva accompanies him in guise of Mentor as guide and protecto', and first they saile unto sandy Pylos to get advice, as th' sage who reigned over that wide land, aged Nestor, had great wisdome.

III.

Here hee is told to go to the magnanimou' king o' Sparta, Menelaus.

IV.

Of him not meerelie are they receiv'd most hospitably, having beene made favour'd guests at his magnificent pallace,—Telemachus, forsooth, receiving much kindnesse from fayre Helen, being th' sonne to the wilyest man that follow'd her into Phrygia to avenge her rape,—in truth they are informed also of his sire's shippewracke on Orgygia, of th' waye in which Atlas' winsome daughter had soe long prevented any efforts to escape.

V.

Odysseus had now finisht th' vessell, with faire Calypso's assistance, furnish'd it well, donn'd a choice robe presented by her, bade the nymph farewell and set out on th' voyage. During seventeene days fayre weather and a favouring saili'g breeze prevayled, but on th' next it became tempestuous and his vessell soone began to sinke. Throwi'g offe the clinging garment he cast himselfe into th' sea, and preserv'd from death by th' care of Pallas, finds land on the Phæacian shores.

VI.

Here being found then by Nausicaä, th' kinges daughter, as he doth lie wrapt in soothing sleepe,

VII.

He is led to th' court, cloth'd and rendered fit to take part as beseemeth his position, and hospitablie entertained by her father.

VIII.

At a festive gath'ring, as the costlie meats and wines are plac'd before them, Odysseus doth give an acompt of those wanderings since the fall of Troie, recounti'g all his narrow escapes from manie a difficile situation.

IX.

Therein spake he of those disastrous chances, by which he nearly lost his life; told his experience among th' Lotu'-eaters, how the sailors long'd to remaine in th' land where it seemeth ever an afternoon.

Alcinous, much interessed in th' recitall, bade Odysseus dilate the storie, and he ran it thorowe even to that momente as he sat at meat. He told th' storie of further adventures—a stay on th' Ile of Goats; sailing on to finde th' Cyclops, having twelve of his men with him, our traveller enco'nt'red Polyphemus, in his cave, where six of his sturdy followers were eaten even while th' hero stood there, nor could hee and th' others have escapt a like fate had not Odyseus made th' great monsterr intoxicated with Grecian wine. Without delay Odysseus burned out the giant's eye which occupied th' middle of his face, for he had but a single optick. Render'd helpeles thereby Polyphemus could not staye their departure.

X.

They then ster'd westwards, coming first to th' Isle of Æolus. The wind-god gave them the windes in a bag, hence th' wand'rings might have come to a close, had not th' inquisitive sailours open'd the bag and allow'd severall to escape. Having but a single wind remaineing and that being westerly, they were swept farre awaie towards the setting sunne. They sawe Canibals which eate each other, call'd th' Antropophagi, or Læstrygones, and men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders.

At length comming to the iland of Circe, th' encha'tresse, they are detained a yeare, as th' spells Circe threwe over the men chang'd them to swine, but by th' use of Moly, an herb that Mercury furnisht him, they were at once restor'd to their naturall forme. Circe, however, even though shee long'd to keepe Odysseus by her, assisted in manie ways when he set out againe.

XI.

Soone they came to the Oceanus, swift flowinge; visited the Cimmerii that dwell in pitchy night nor ere behold th' day. Thence he went into the nether-world and inquired of the seer, Teiresias, how hee might reach his farre-away native countrie, Ithica. The seer tells him Jove's wrath doth burne strongly against our bold wanderer because of his injury to the gigantic Polyphemus, as he was sonne to one of th' gods, Poseido'. When this was said it made the blood in his vaines flow icylie, yet the seer told him whither he must saile, in orde' that he might reach his home.

XII.

Upon his waye backe acrosse th' westerne sea, he againe visited Circe who furder asisted him, gave him advice, counseling him well regarding dangers he would meete. Passing th' place in which th' Sirens make their sweetest melodie (that they may cause th' destruction of the passers by, luringe them from a safe channell so that their vessell splits on a sunken rock ere one can see danger) he ordered his companio's to binde him fast to th' mast, so that hearing the musicke and feeling its charme, he could not if he desir'd, follow them. The sailors heard not one sound, as Odysseus had giv'n them a charge, ere reachi'g the spot, all eares should now be made deafe to these songs by being well filled.

So one dread peril is passed; then those more awefull dangers, Charybdis on one side and Scilla on th' other, threat them. Six of the sailors, dashed on th' sharp rocks, were kill'd, while all narrowlie escapt the Mælstrom that doth sucke shippes downe to the lower world.

Yet, clearing these, they once more set their course to go to farr-off Ithica, coming nexte to Thrinatia, an island in the western sea in which Helios, th' sun-god, kept the famous cattell. Having in remembrance his instructio's that Teiresias had particularly impress'd on him, Odysseus attempted to passe by with speede and avoide the tempting creatures, yet everie sailor was fuly determined to land; so whilst Odysseus was unmindfull of his men, or this purpose, as he lay lock'd i' the armes o' Sleep, they hastily killed these cattell—or a number of the'. Because of it Zeus, angrie and revengefull, sent his dreaded thunder-bolt and wrecked the vessell killing all save Odyseus,

preserving him because of his promise to Pallas Athene of his safe arrivall in Ithica.

Hee also relateth to Alcinous—that known alreadie to the reader—th' stay at Ogygia, and Atlas' daughter's offer of immortality; how no bliss could bee like his, could hee see his native land, th' wife of his bosome, Telemachus, his dear sonne, and his olde servants.

XIII.

This moveth King Alcinous to give him a shippe and send him forth on the homeward voyage. This, then, was straightway accomplish'd—King, Queene, as well as gentle young princesse gave him manie rich robes and ornaments, costly articles of all kinds fit for th' ransome of a great king, to carry to Ithaca that his travaile and toyles be rewarded.

Sailing with an auspiciou' gale th' voyage was briefe and very soone th' harbour close by commeth to viewe. At dawne they enter to sounds that the joyous waves when driv'n by merry gales ever do make, yet not a note may reach an eare which is seeled by Sleepe; the wand'rer lieth lockt in th' dreamelesse slumber of th' dead, and they put into th' haven of Phorcys where their vessell lieth at rest without anchor or stay of any kinde, while he is yet under th' spell, and th' Phæacian sailors taking him up verie gently conveye both him and th' vast treasures to shore.

Rowing thither and returning softly, they disembark the stores given him by Alcinou', Arete, or Nausicaä, and leaving him by the shore with soft sleepe on the senses, th' treasure heapt at his side, they proceed at once to returne unto their owne land.

When th' sleeper waketh he doth still think that it is

a place not familiar, since he cannot at present discern th' port, Minerva having caste a mistie cloud upon everything, to keepe his presence secret; but after a short periode, shee, comming unto him and dispelling th' mists sheweth him th' olive-trees, that cave of th' nymphs on th' slope of th' hil, and the nimphes weaving their beauteous robes of purple hue, also loftie olde Neritos with his bosky sides above this.

He recogniz'd his beloved Ithaca then, and sta'ding near, th' goddesse spake thus unto him: "Thou art returned to Ithaca because I, Mine'va, ever watchfull guided thy waye, guarding thy life where ever thou wert lest thy eager enemie slaye thee. Therefore wait with a patiente spirit and beare all th' evill that shall come to thee, for the day of the great vengeance is at hand."

The goddesse ayding, hastilie they now co'ceal'd the gifts o' Alcinous, Arete and fairest Nausicaä, in th' cave fast by a streame of living water flowing into th' sea. Palla' then touch'd Odysseus with the wande she carried, soe that old age possess'd his form, making the limbes stiff and bent, whilst his face lookes old and wither'd and the abundant faire hair hardly can reach to his shoulders, and sparselie doth shewe. Then Athene caste a begger's wallet on his bended backe, shewed a well marked path leading up to th' dwelling of Eumæus, th' swineherd, and bade th' traveler proceed to that place.

XIV.

Obedient to this mandate Odysseus approacht th' house. As he ent'red the courtyard, dogs bark'd with soe much furie the swineheard went to see what caus'd the confusion, then catching sight sodainelie of th' wanderer,

quicklie he doth bring him in, biddeth him such welcome as th' house afforded spreading a skin for a couch, saying as wine is drunke:

"Though I dwell still in this happie country it is not now like daies gone by, for now th' young chiefes govern, and th' friend whose love guarded us doth still staye away from his native land. Th' wife wasting her faire beautie in griefe doth looke for his returne, watching whilst others feast and sleepe, yet for my owne part I fear that he will fail to reach th' countrie of his nativity."

Then th' stranger inquir'd what name bore a wanderer soe lov'd. Assuring th' faithfull old servitor that Odysseus was yet alive, but fearing at present to make himselfe suspected hee narrateth instead, some advent'rous wand'rings claiming to have had thereby knowledge of th' long absente Odysseus, saying his vast wealth of treasures was at that very time to be seene in Thesprotia, for th' king of that land had shewn him th' same and told him it was the treasure of th' wand'ring king o' Ithaca.

He moreover is ready to take oth that a yeares course of th' sunne will not bee ended ere Odysseus come home; but faithfull old Eumæus cannot have faith in his promises, since an Æolian had told once before of something similar, saying hee, himselfe, at distant Ile of Crete had come upon th' Ithacan as he prepar'd to go out to sea, with Idomeneus' help maki'g whole th' vessels broken by storm and tempest, and quite assur'd that he would gain Ithaca ere summer waned. But he came not, and Eumæus for his owne part wish'd all Hellen's kinne were no more, ere Odysseus spent his fortune, or gave soe much strength, soe many yeares of his young manhood, to avenge th' insulte.

XV.

Meanwhile Pallas Athenæ doth appear to Telemachus in Sparta, as hee lieth sleeplesse on his ivory couch. A glist'ning light fill'd his whole room, and Pallas said to him that he must returne to Ithaca, for th' daye of th' great vengeance was very near, 'gainst th' suitors for despoyling faire Ithaca in th' long absence of Odysseus, nor need he fear them, altho' their heralds lying in ambush awaited his ship's appearance to take his life, for th' gods were watching and guarding the sonne to Odysseus; no harm should befall. Shee also bade him go to Eumæus' dwelling where he would be tolde what he should do.

Acordingly, on the morrowe hee bids Menelaus and sweete Helen farewell and the Queene presenteth a robe her owne hands had wrought to give his bride on the day that his nuptialls bee celebrated, asking him in return to have [her] in his kind remembrance.

From Sparta he once more went in to sandie Pylos and told Nestor and others what he would do. A soothesayer (who having slayne some person was now dreading pursuit) named Theoclymenus beggeth Telemachus to have sufficient kindnesse to take him upon this voyage to Ithaca.

Setting saile, the shores of his native land were in due time to bee discern'd; at last they are gained and sending all of th' company to the city he alone hasten'd quickly to find olde Eumæus, th' herd.

XVI.

Great was the joye of Eumæus beholding him for, noe tidings having come from him, Eumæus had no hope of seeing him againe. Inquiring immediatelie of his friend if suters are yet crowding upon th' land and maki'g

themselves lords of all, "or hath my mother, accepting one in marriage, left Ulysses' bridall bed to become th' possession of cobwebs, for lacke of other or proper furniture?"

But his kind friend eas'd his heart by telling him that th' host of sutors were yet kept at bay, noble Penelope being consta't in her hope that waiting would bee rewarded by fruition o' this love. After a time, when Telemachus perceiveth a stranger there, he maketh inquiry concerning his designes and porte, saying that hee feareth to allowe him to visit his father's palace, th' sutors having much power now, might treat him ill. Whereupon Odysseus, vexed, doth himselfe put in a word and say:

"Ah, these suitors, why do we heare of them no matter where we go? Do ye yield to them willinglie or do th' people hate thee, O Telemachus, or hast thou a quarrel with thy kinsmen, that thou hast thus suffer'd them to overrun this whole country?"

But Telemachus hasten'd to answere: "I have no feud with my kindred, nor doe I of my owne free will yield to th' usurping crowd, but they have swarm'd in upon us like bees; and what would you? one can scarce prevaile against soe manie."

As soone as Eumæus was gone upon a commission to th' city, Odysseus saw a very bright figure standing before him and recognized the goddesse. She bade him prepare for his great vengeance, to make himself known to Telemachus, and proceede to his palace. Then she passed over him a wande which changed Ulysses' figure to beautiful proportiones, and gave his cheekes the rosy hue they had had in youth, while over th' rich garments hung his long lockes yellow as gold.

Telemachus, much surprised, asked Ulysses: "Who is this standing here looking like to one of the bright gods?" Then Ulysses embract his dear sonne and wept asseverating that he was, verilie, Ulysses.

But Telemachus could not yet trust these happy words and doubting said: "But men pass not thus from age to youth, from weaknesse, from want, povertie or squalor, to riches and strength." Ulysses made othe that it was Telemachus' sire, affirming, "If I indeed be not Ulysses, none other will ever come to the coast of Ithaca."

Noe longer might Telemachus doubt. Embracing his sire he lifted his voyce and together they lamented like birds from which th' young have beene stolen, even like vultures or eagles, and Ulysses asked: "How many are these suitors of whom all speake?" And Telemachus made answer: "They may be recko'd by scores and what could two doe against such a number?" "If Jove and mighty Minerva lende us ayde it is sufficient," said Ulysses, "and better to dye fighting for our right than to yield weaklie."

Th' sutors in th' meantime, who had waited in ambush to slay the prince on his homeward waye, much vex'd about the failure of all their subtile designes, return'd to Ithaca. Penelope thereupon reproved Antinous who was one of th' number.

Eumæus came to report his experiences at evening, but th' stranger was againe in th' guise of a wand'ring beggar.

XVII.

When morn came againe, Telemachus went to the home of Odysseus and shortlie after he set out, his sire intreated Eumæus to permit him (Odysseus) to accom-

pany him there. On th' waye, as they rest by the side of a fountaine, a goatheard, hight Melanthius, revil'd Odysseus soe much that with utmost difficulty he staied his hand.

Then they pass'd onward to th' citty and as they came to the pallace gate an aged hound rose to greete Ulysses but falling back expired.

Then Odysseus wept saying: "Was this a comely hound when young, swift and strong?"

"Like th' wind for speed and nothing ever escap'd him in th' chase" said Eumæus.

Upon entering the vast hall Odysseus soliciting an alms of Antinous entreatingly said: "Thou dost have the appearance of gen'rous royalty. Give, and thou shalt winne great fame, for Jove shall surelie rewarde thee and I shall speake of thy bounty both near and far." Then he said he also had great abunda'ce untill Jove tooke away his wealth and drove him to Ægypt and to Cyprus where hee suffer'd ills noe tongue might tel. But Antinous strucke him on the backe saying: "Verily thou mayst go to a Cyprus or to an Ægypt thou likest not if thou haste not to depart."

But th' rest who stoode looking on prayed him to beware, reminding him that immortall gods wander ofte i' lowly guise. Afterward th' suitors go into th' hall and Odysseus dropping his walle' beside him sate in th' doore-waye.

XVIII.

Ere long a publike beggar, named by th' suters Irus, since he was ofte a messenger emploied by them, commeth, and standing to begg, joyes to see Odysseus in a like or worse condition, for miserie wisheth all may share its

wronges; and after a little time hee is ill-pleas'd that another hath sought bounty at th' pallace. Soone they are bandying wordes, nexte giving challenge, then Irus lieth prostrate, felled by one forcefull blow that broke the jawebone.

Then are the on-lookeres dismaied least much worse ills lurke behind, for Ulysses then in a loud voyce addressing Amphinomus saith: "Soone the great vengeance must suddenly come and low in th' dust thou shalt be laid by th' hand of mightie Ulysses, when he comming backe to his owne kingdome endeth Jove's impos'd punishment, slayeth the greedie chieftains that devoure his substance, striving together for th' faire wife, that having but her serva'ts as guides or protecting guard, suffer'd much by such actions."

But Eurymachus hearing these words, anger'd and insulted, caste a stoole that overthrew the cup-beare'. Confusion everywhere ran riot and at last they withdrewe one by one to the dwellings.

XIX.

Onelie the servants, th' attendants of his pallace are left and soone Ulysses, plotting destruction of th' multitude of wrong-doing idle suitors, alone, broods in sadnesse. Then commeth Telemachus to aide, Pallas also beeing with him, and together gath'ring up th' armes of th' sutors, Pallas with a light preceding as a guide, they stor'd them in th' innermost chamber.

As Telemachus sawe th' gleaming pillars he said: "My father, surelie one of th' divine gods hath enter'd with us. Beholde th' bright fir-tree columnes, they burne as with flame, on all sides pillers shine as though blazing with

celestiall glory. Truly wonders here shew on everie hand." But rest is necessarie now and Telemachus is bidden to seeke his nightes repose.

Soone Odysseus returneth in silence to th' hall, yet meditati'g th' vengeance he would take upon these suters untill late. Penelope then apeareth, seeming as Venus or Diana in th' fairenesse and beautie of moulde and th' grace of movement. Shee seateth herselfe beside the fire, bids th' servant bring Odysseus to sit on one side, inquiring whence he is, also who, yet he tells her not. With ease hee doth narrate a tale that is not a true historie of his wanderings, since he feareth he may bee betray'd; shee in her simple heart believeth it, and telleth how her beauty was wasted in heavy griefe for Ulysses, as he sail'd away to Illium to avenge fayre Helen's wicked, shamelesse act; she tells him how th' suitors harass'd her, and of her shrewde device in order to gain a little time, saying to them shee must first compleate for Laërtes the woven mantle she had yet to prepare 'gainst his buriall, how at eve ravelling out all she had done in th' daie, th' suters were made to thinke her labor would soone be done, for seeing her diligence in th' daytime, noe one suppos'd she was making no progres. For more then three whole yeares did this ruse availe, but in th' fourth th' suters learned of her deceit and angrily demanded immediate response.

But though inquiring oft of his former surroundings, his birth etcætera, nothing induc'd him to open his storie to her, but he feign'd to her constantlie. After long speeche sitting there by th' cheerfull fire, Penelope summon'd th' friendlie old servante, Euryclea, to wash his feete. It was the nurse Odysseus had in his infancy, and

hee doth attempte to turne from th' fire lest she might see the scar that was made by the boar's tuske when he hunted on Parnassus in his early youth. She would verily discover anie marke and tell th' household, so when she speaks saying she knowes 'tis Odysseus, her child, for hee is so like him in his strong handes and feete, his answer is that frequentlie th' peculia' likenesse had beene noted; but when, discovering th' scar, she exclaimeth that she doth well knowe th' wound made by the boar's tuske, for notwithstanding it was throughlie heal'd by Autolycus it left a scarre, Odysseus in alarm catching her by the throat shouteth angrily: "Silence, woman, or thou too must fare ill. Commit this to the gods." But this came not to Penelope's eares, th' goddesse, Minerva, having turn'd away her face.

Then the nurse in haste brought more water and bathed him, for the other had beene spilt, when, sitting opposite Penelope by th' fireside, the conversation on her favourite or sole theme was taken up againe, yet Odysseus taketh holde o' th' olde rags and keepeth his scarre cover'd from sight.

XX.

After a time no sound is heard throughout Ulysses' palace. Pallas appeareth to shewe him what he should do, strength'ning th' heart in his breast by her wordes. At first it doth seeme that it were fitting that he slay th' unfaithfull female servants, most bitterly feeling a want of trust in his household, but on furder consideration he doth think well to wait.

At their feast later the suitors put a deal of man on his sonne, arousing soe mightily his great spiritt that Theoclymenus prophesieth their sudden destruction. They

turne th' prophecie to foolish mockery, and laugh th' seer to scorne.

XXI.

Penelope coming unto the suitors, declareth no man can have her to wife that cannot draw th' mighty bowe of Odysseus. "Hee that is strong like to Ulyses shall lead me away to a new home, yet of this shall a dream abide still."

Great is their consternation. Antinous wil not handle the weapon, fully co'vinc'd hee hath not abilitie to draw or even, verilie, bend slightlie th' bowe of Odysseus; but Eurymachus doth take holde on it, and warm it, attempting to make it to some degree pliant, and saith: "Not that I greatly desire to marrie Ulysses' wife, for many others are fairer in Achaia; not Ithaca onelie but manie a citty hath fairer dames. It is not that, yet should I sorrowe, for 'twould be disgrace to us if posterity should hear that we could not even bend th' bowe of great Ulyses."

Antinous doth persuade his minde so that hee, desisting, laies th' bow aside. Then they pour out wine offering a libation that Apollo, appeased, should lende his aide. Then the old stranger cometh as if it would be possible, by any meanes, in his age to compete with such men, but Antinous, scornfullie doth withhold the bowe taunting him with ill-grace. However his winged wordes are cut short by Penelope, and reproving him for his discourtesy to their guest shee saith to him: "Doe not fear least th' stranger, if successefull, should lead me awaie, for if he can drawe the strong bowe, a new coat or tunick shall be awarded him."

But at this her sonne, Telemachus, maketh reply: "'Twere well if it be left for mee to make proofe, as might appear to mee best, of all that wish, or that I deem worthie of th' honour of contending." Thereupon the strife was subdued for a little while and Ulysses said: "Ye may very well leave it unto the gods."

Meantime he had reveal'd hi'selfe to th' oxheard, Philætius. With manie tears he had given a pledge to aide Odysseus, the swineheard seconding him, consequentlie it was arrang'd to have Eumæus carry the weapon to Ulysses and place it in his aged and weakly hand.

As the bowe was handed to him, he first adjusted the string as lightly and deftly as a musitian doth tune his slacken'd harpe, and, lifting it, sped a shaft through th' ring.

XXII.

Soone th' arrowe was aimed toward Antinous—the young chieftaine lay prone. Another and anothe' were sent swiftlie forth, and the wounded, dead or dying lay in heapes, and gore ran in rivers on th' floore. A withdrawal was impossibl' because order to bar the entrance was given, before th' deadly strife, which Euryclea had done, th' gate being bound up with tackle.

Ulysses havi'g exhausted his quiver, plact a helmet upon his bare head, snatch'd shield and speare, and stood forth a bold hero to menace th' throng. But he sawe that opposite him were arrai'd sev'ral of th' sutors arm'd with shields, spears, terrorising helmets with long noddi'g plumes, and whatever appertaineth to a warriour. As they continuallie presse furde' forwards, Ulysses noteth that they get th' armes from some of Odysseus' proper household.

Caling Telemachus he maketh inquirie regarding it. The latter, fearing it may be by his owne fault, in leaving ajar a door to the inner roome where the sutors' armes were concealed, doth waite untill he seeth Melanthius supply others with shining speares, and helmets with nodding plumes. Then he fals on th' knave, and with th' ayde of Eumæus, hoisteth him on high and biddeth him keep watch from that airie hammocke.

Then Pallas came to them in the guise of wise Mentor, and both Ulysses and the sutors hoped for ayde, the latter saying to him that hee should aby it dear if he did not joyne them. Ulysses hoping it was to be shewne that he was assisted by the heavenly divinities, and also that this would prove to be Minerva, felt his heart throb gladly, but the voyce said in stern tones: "Odysseus, where is now thy strength, as when at wide-way'd Troy thou didst hew down soe many Trojans? and it was by thy wisdome that th' cittie was overthrowne. Rise now in thy might and shewe an invincible spirit."

Without giving assistance either to one or the other, Minerva rose to th' roofe, and sitting high in aire watcht th' progresse of the conflicte, sometimes however guiding th' weapons lest they might too sorely buffet Odysseus or his friends. But when th' combat had lasted some time, Telemachus being wounded in th' wrist and Eumæus in the shoulder, she lifted her Ægide shield, and the suitors in dismay were sodainelie vanquisht.

Next Odysseus, sending messages to manie parts of the pallace, gave strict command that the slaine bee remov'd, th' whole place cleans'd and purged, and th' unchaste servants of his household imprisoned where none could attempte reskewe.

Hastily obeying these commands, his servants soone made all most faire, for Ulysses' returne rejoyc'd th' faithfull attendants of Penelope. Not yet did shee herselfe even know of Ulysses' presence; however Euryclea shortlie went to tell her the glad tidings, for Minerva would that she be kept secluded untill all was prepared.

XXIII.

After she had ent'red, for a long time she kept silence, in her hart doubting that this stranger who had perform'd these wonderfull deedes might be some other then her long-absente, well-beloved lord. But when she gave directio's for the preparation at once of the bridal couch, saying: "Let it be plact outside th' chamber," and Odysseus spake in quick tones making inquiry: "Where then have you plact the bed my hands did fashion, when round the venerable tree in this court o' my pallace I contriv'd our curiously wrought bridall chamber? There I put th' massive couch, so heavy with gold and silver, fayre ivory as well,—'twere a sinew'd man could lifte from its place a bed like that,—and over it I cast a purple bul's-hide very richly dyed," she knewe it was indeed Odysseus and running up fell on his necke.

Soone hee related the story of his reall adventures and felt a new thankfulnes for th' help vouchsaf'd to him, but realized that no true abiding place was there for his feete.

On the following day Ulysses with Telemachus, Eumæus and Philætus armed in shining brasse set out to visit Laërtes. It was already light ere they could go forth, but Minerva cover'd them from sight with a misty cloud.

XXIV.

Th' last booke containeth an account of Mercury's descent into Hades with th' soules of th' slaughtered suitors.

Thereafter an uprising amongst th' friends of th' latter made an insurrection, which was quell'd by the interventio', at th' decisive momente, of watchfull Minerva. Eupeithes who was their leader being slaine, she warned Ulysses, lest he anger Jove, it would be well to cease, and gave the pledge or othe upon both sides, likened in form and in voyce, as at a former time, to Mentor.

This doth conclude this part of the worke.

Next th' opening lines will bee found, and keiewords which are your aides in joining th' parts of our Epick. The verses followe here:

"Sing, sing to me O Muse, of one to whom
Some rare expedient was never wanting,
Who, when proud Ilium he had orethrowne,
Wander'd afarre that he in many lands
Might see faire citties and observe the wayes
Of distant countries: yet to him there came
Much heavie suffering in that strong minde
Devising meanes himselfe and mates to save.
Infatuate men! little indeed wot they,
Ere Helios' fair herde was rashlie slaughter'd,
No man could shielde them, nor would ere again
Return to their faire land bring joy and rest.
O thou faire goddesse, from high Jove sprung forth,
Sing of these sorrowes!"

No more of our Odysses is given here excepting, of a truth, our numerous keyes, and these are oft similar, as noe doubt you will note, to manie that are alreadie used in th' Iliads; but no confusion can arise, as th' words which joine the portions are sufficient. These I name simplie joining-words, as such use must bee made of them as a builder maketh of th' markes that are frequentlie noted on timbers and stones that th' farre-seeing planner doth already, to his mindes eye, picture, fitted into a structure Time itselfe can little alter.

Key-wordes follow: first, the heavenly beings,—goddesses, gods and spirites, demy-gods or heroes; th' ruler or god that controles th' ocean, Poseidon, with the whole traine of sea-gods, nymphes, and attenda'ts; the god of th' underworld, Pluto, with every spirit of that realme; Olympus, Ida, Pergamos, Hellespontus, Troy, Trojans, Grecians, Thrace, siege, battaile, flight, vessels, tempest, wrack, haven, rocks, Calypso, immortality, Penelope, Telemachus, Sparta, Hellen, Menelaus, Nestor, sage, Theoclymenus, Argos, murther, ambuscade, swineheard, adventures, Eumæus, ship, Phæacian sailors, present, Nausicaä, Alcinous, Arete, Cicones, Cyclops, Cimmerii, winds, Circe, sorceresse, Ulysses, mates, enchantment, swine, Teiresias, Scylla, Charybdis, isle, Siren, Helios, cattel, perill, Ithica, suitors, web, bowe, stranger, vengeance, servantes, Laërtes, insurrection, conquest, oathe, Mentor, voyce and forme.

FRANCISCI, BARONIS DE VERULAMIO,
Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani.

De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum is ended.

FRANCIS BACON.

NEW ATLANTIS.

1635.

I am named in th' world, not what my stile should bee according to birth, nor what it rightfullie should be according to our law, which giveth to the first-borne o' th' royall house, (if this first-borne be a sonne o' th' ruling prince, and borne in true and right wedlocke) th' title of th' Prince o' Wales. My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon, even those that knowe of my royal mother, and her lawfull marriage with th' Earle o' Leicester, a suitable time prior to my birth.

Queenes are not like common folk. They often controle opinions as well as their estates, and Elizabeth's strong will was not one that could be resisted. Her policy made Parliament and her Privy-Counsel each suppose, not onely that their wisedome did soe govern England, but that she herself was, (in a degree truly wondrous for a descendant o' th' line o' kings, like th' royall sire and grandsire o' famous memory) control'd by advisement of th' men that compose these bodies. No doubt they did not lack occasion at one time and another to modify this notion, yet her witt was seldome unequall to occasion, while a perplexitie rather sharpen'd then dull'd, and actuall danger made as a two-edged sword. Thus men were often dazzled by the sword, and not many that used this edg'd weapon escaped without deepe scarres. My hands—aye, my head as well, more then all, my heart—are sorelie wounded; for in a breath, my royall mother disclos'd our relationship and

cursed my nativity: nor could I, in the numerous subsequent encou'ters, change her hasty decisio' upon that very important question of th' succession. 'Tis said: "The curse that was not deserv'd never will come." Some may finde it true, but to me a causelesse curse did surely come, and my entire life felt th' blighte.

Neverthelesse, to Robert Cecil I owe much o' this secret, underhand, yet constant opposition: for from th' first hee was th' spy, th' informer to th' Queene, of all the boyish acts of which I had least cause or reason for any pride. This added fuel to the flame of her wrath, made me the more indiscreete, and precipitated an open disagrement, which lasted for some time, 'tweene my foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon, and the woman who bore me, whom however I seldom name with a title so sacred as mother. In truth, Cecil work'd me nought save evill to th' daie which took him out o' this world.

Through his vilde influence on Elizabeth, hee fill'd her minde with a suspition of my desire to rule th' whole world, beginning with England, and that my plann was like Absalom's, to steale th' hearts of the Nation and move th' people to desire a king. He told her that my every thought dwelt on a crowne; that my onelie sport amid my school-mates was a pageant of royalty; that 'twas my hand in which th' wooden staffe was plact, and my head that wore th' crowne, for no other would be allowed to represent princes or their pompe. He inform'd Her Ma. that I would give a challenge to a fierce boyish fight, or a duello of fists, if any one presum'd to share my honours or depose me from my throne.

In due time th' Queene, afraide of these ominous portents, sent for good Paulet and arranged that under pre-

texte of great importe, I should accompany our ambassage to France. I was plact in th' care of Sir Amyias and left th' shores of my own faire land without a moment of warning, soe to speak. Th' Queene by her [power] royall, and her rights maternall, readily overrul'd all our several objections. No teares on part o' my dear foster-mother, nor entreaties o' that o' grave Sir N. Bacon avail'd, while I, as soone as my first protest had been waived, occupied my fantasy houre after houre, picturing to myselfe th' life in forraine lands.

Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even then, and it was flattering to th' youthfull and most naturall love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, inasmuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required much true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course o' businesse. Soe with much interessed, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myselfe ready to accompanie Sir Amyias to that sunny land o' th' South I learn'd soe supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' delights of th' country, by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautifull young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learn'd her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted duri'g many yeares, and, not untill four decades or eight lustres o' life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memorie—rather, I should say, hath

banisht her portrait to th' walles of memorie, onely, where it doth hang in th' pure, undimmed beauty of those early dayes—while her most lovelie presence doth possesse this entire mansion, of heart and braine.

Yet here I have a little digress'd, although the matter doth appertaine unto my story at a later period. When Sir Amyias Paulet became avised of my love, he propos'd that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on her pending case o' the divorce from the young Huguenot; but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never open'd into flower. But the future race will profit by th' failure in the field of love, for in those flitting daies afterward, having resolv'd to cover every marke of defeate with th' triumphs o' my minde, I did thoroughly banish my tende' love dreams to th' regions o' clouds as unreall, and let my works of various kinds absorb my minde. It is thus by my disappointments that I do secure to many, fruition.

Those whose chief desire is *Scientia* will rejoyce in my experiments in Naturall Sciences, for they have greatly increas'd the knowledge which was in th' world. Something have my labours done for other claimants, and Philosophie and th' Arts have gained by no meanes slightly by my labour, for I took no respite for yeares. It is to make my decypherer industrious I urge this upon the attention soe frequently. I have learn'd well how much a wise use of time saveth, and I wish most deeply to stampe my precepts upon th' minde, at th' very earliest opportunitie and upon my latest appearance, as a guide in th' labirinth of Cyphers.

It is to this husbandry—this guarding 'gainst losse that I do owe a large—aye th' greater portion o' this work in

Cypher. When a care of the minutes hath been learnt—a care almost miserlie, in truth—his next taske, quite similar, is that of holding to it faithfullie. This work perhaps more then any other which is knowne to mankind needeth continuance. As in a race he that hath greatest endurance doth come out before him of greatest speede, so here, likewise, hee who can long followe this Cipher is sure to winne an easy triumphe over him that soone tireth and leaveth the course.

It was necessarie to be wary: wee have spoken little therefore in anie single place, eyther of the subjects that are fully treated in the Cyphers or the rules for their easy unfolding: indeed a man of wit shall finde our stories and plays before he doth see the rules and arguments, if he be not a patient man, or especially if bird-witted—flying on swiftest pinions and never resting upon the leafie boughs longer then until he finde one olive leafe; but when his waie becometh difficile he hath but weake aides, if he finde not the diverse arguments which I put in many places in the Bi-literall and Clocke Ciphers.

Labour, I doe entreate thee, with all dilligence to draw forth th' numerous rules for use in writing out these secret workes. It is now the onely desire that hath likelihood of grand fulfillment, but so great is our faith that posterity shall give honour unto our name, here and in the distant lands beyond th' seas, our efforts are, as it might be said, tirelesse and unceasing to carry out even the least portions of our marvellous work to perfection.

Unto God do we lift up our soules imploring of Him aide, blessing, and light for the illumination o' the workes which wee leave.

FRANCIS BACON.

SYLVA SYLVARUM; OR NATURAL HISTORY.

RAWLEY'S PREFACE.

1635.

Illy his lordship's works succeed when he is dead, for the Cypher left inco'plete I have now finished. As you must note, th' Court papers told the world no secrets, yet I have stumblingly proceeded with it and unwitti'gly used some letters wro'gly as B, I, L, M, N, P, S and Z.

When, however, you find this change in the eighth Centurie where I beganne th' worke, you shall pause awhile, then use the alphabet as it is heerein employ'd and as explain'd in my preceding epistle. It will thus be like a new kind of alphabet and doubtlesse will bee troublesome, yet can bee conn'd while some had to be discover'd; but in respect of a probable familiaritie with th' worke, and the severall diverse methods employed oft by his lordship, this may by no meanes be requir'd, since th' wit that could penetrate such mysteries surely needeth no setti'g forth and enlarging of mine.

Ere the whole question be dropt, however, let me bid you go on to my larger and fully arranged table where th' storie, or epistle, is finish'd as it should have beene had his lordship lived to compleat it, since my part was but that of th' hand, and I did write only that portion which was not us'd at th' time. All this was duely composed and written out by his hand, and may bee cherish'd.

From his penne, too, works which now bear th' name Burton—containing in them th' symboll, word, bi-literall, clocke, and severall anagramme Ciphers put forth—make useful those portions which could by noe means bee adapted to dramaticall writings. If you doe not use them as you decypher th' interiour epistles, so conceal'd, your story shall not be compleat.

Th'. workes are in three divisio's entitled, Melancholy, Its Anatomy. Additions to this booke have beene by direction of Lord Verullam, himselfe, often by his hand, whilst th' interiour letter, carried in a number of ingenious Cyphers mentioned above, is from his pen, and is the same in every case that he would have used in these workes, for his is, in verie truth, worke cut short by th' sickel of Death.

Turn next as instru'ted to my co'pleate table of the matter treated, or experiments set downe, and carry the s'cret story to its conclusio'. This doth followe directly upon the body of the worke as it should, had it beene incorporate with it.

WILLIAM RAWLEY.

FRANCIS BACON.

NATURAL HISTORY.

1635.

Every worke contains portions of my Cypher history: many that have great matters o' which no suspicion should be rais'd while I live, are written in the Latine, and are the lesse likely to be prematurelie found; for I doe not write these in expectation or desire of rousing such attention as shall jeopardize the story (hid much as our rules and sundry directions are hidden, onely not so oft repeated, for the readie eie o' my closest reader) built out of some stories great poetes have writ, or sung, that I turn'd into the best English of my day, to use in my Cypher.

Finding that one important story within manie others produc'd a most ordinarie play, poem, history, essay, law-maxime, or other kind, class, or description of work, I tried th' experiment of placing my tra'slations of Homer and Virgil within my other Cypher. When one work has been so incorporated into others, these are then in like manner treated, separated into parts and widely scatter'd into my numerous books. When th' task has been compleated, and this little Ciphe' (thus contrived to ayde you in the writing) put into place, it is ready for the publishing.

Seeke it out by carefull attentio' to the simple rules which pointe your course: directions shewe each part of the worke so fully, (my designe is so farre worked out in such other accompanying Cyphers as best will teach this invention) that the unfolding doth seem like as it were

o' itselfe. Indeed you may write meerelie as the hired assista't whose worke is that of a man's hand, or penne, not of his thought, braine, or minde, inasmuch as my thought has inform'd every portion, as the minde doth the bodie.

At no time shal your appearance in mine emploie bee deem'd anie otherwise then that of an amanuensis, yet, sir, all dues of honour shal be yours, in this and the coming ages, since it is wholly by this meanes that the greatest things of this age can be revealed. Much doth it behoove everie man to be wise, prudent, and of great care to avoid the obloquy the vulgar are ever likelie to cast on anyone more fortunate then themselves; thus I, constantly heeding this, have kept the secret of my birth many years longer than was absolutely necessary, lest seeking to acquire that which, while most truly my right, beeing settled by my royall mother upon my cousin, could not well be reclaimed, I might loose thereby many worthie honours I had wonne by labor as fruitfull and widely scattered, indeed, as any workes of Nature.

This however is told in full; I do but make mention of it here. Seeke it out if you have not alreadie found it, and make a full historie of my owne life and times. The men who live in the world will much valew a worke so hidden and preserv'd when I shall be no more a living historian and philosopher, since all should seeme to embodie my invention, and to be the sound of my long unheard voyce, which speaks to them in tones well remember'd.

Yet must I owe to you the favo' of making this voyce sound the sweet music o' song. I can but frame the verses for your penne, and leave a work of Time unto Time's

mastery. Your dutie although somewhat dull is of so great importancy, I am assured that it doth requite the pains, but my great fear is lest a wearinesse overcome you ere this Cypher, or the Word Cypher may be fully work'd out. Doe me not so meane a service as leaving this work unfinished, I do entreate you. Make it my monument to marke the end of labour for my fellowe-men,—principallie the advancement and dissemination of knowledge, yet much for th' pleasing of men's mindes, while setting forth my other history,—for I give you my assurance that the worke is worthy o' preservacion.

One must give as great a portion o' time as seven daies in the weeke can furnish, and must not use many houres for recreation, would he leave ought o' any value to men, for life is so short. It is for this cause that I use my time so miser-like, never spending a moment idly, when in health. Oft my table seemes to me as a study, and I too frequently invite my friends when my minde seemes more upon my worke then my guests; yet do I accompt my reputation as an host not of the worse, inasmuch as I do converse with great ease, and (as hath beene said) with so much spiritt and wit that none know or imagine my absorption. Many times have I thus made the plot of a story in minde while great lords sat at the table, follow'd many of my experimentes to indisputable conclusions, or contrived a newe Cipher.

You will observe a rule by which I separated the parts or divisions; this rule will, per contra, put them together in the originall order. Thus, when the keyes are found, take a part of that for your story, then follow the same key until some o' th' widely open doores be entered, and some idea bee form'd of the method of th' hidden Cyphe'.

Follow this to its inner folio, nor unbende until the whole of my Cipher historie be written.

It is behoovefull, as indeed wee know, that none o' this worke attract attention while I remaine here, and for another quite manifeste reaso' th' Cyphers are not as justly work'd out i' my later and larger bookes as I had intended to do, for lacke of time is something no man could overcome. Surely my hand and braine have but short rest. I firmly beleeve it were not in th' power of humane beings to do anie more then I have done, yet I am but partlie satisfied.

The chiefe wish I now have is to continue my rightfull, humble, yet truly worthy workes for my toyling fellowes, who wrestle in blind helplessness with th' forces of Nature. We that know the manifold mightie influences of unseen things, owe more of this knowledge of our environings to the light from our Celestiall Source then to our investigations. Therin lieth the duty we owe to our fellowe-men, for do not our Scriptures say: Freely ye have received, so must ye in like manner give? This then doth urge me ever on, up to heights of knowledge that no one hath ever reached.

Make a table, as hath beene alreadie said, putting therin the names that I have taken in the worke, and also mark that each doth represent one of my numerous penne names. When a word has many times been used, making what you would thinke, many times, very uselesse and questionable averments, you will turne to your small table, and finding it has beene put upon it, you begin a course or hunt for certaine other words,—keies I have named them,—but keepe the same catche, or guide-words from place to place. A small tilda, or mark of this kinde is used, sometimes, to catch your attention, and ayde in th' search for keyes.

The mark is often put inside letters, and as I have already said, is neare key-words.

My word-signs are scatt'red with most prodigall hand, not onely in the prose, but also in the diverse other workes. In many places you may finde them named as joyning-wordes, this manner shewing their use, which is to bring parts together. You must likewise keep in minde one very important rule: it is, that like must be joyn'd to like. Match each key with words of a like meaning, like nature, or like origin. These are sometimes called, in many prose pamphlets and th' workes of philosophy or science, conjugates, connaturalls and similars or parallels.

This doth unite parts in such a maner that you can write in perfection my many stage-plaies, histories, poemes, translations of Homer, Ovid, and (and) Virgil, and many French poems writen at an early age, and little worth save to finish the historie that they complete,—indirectly it is true, nor too fully, but with such passion that he who doth put it downe is sure to take it up againe. It sheweth forth my love for mine angelic-faced, softe-eyed Marguerite of th' South-land—sweet White Rose of my lone garden of th'-heart.

My table of keyes by which each of the many workes were prepared, you may have found while making out this Cypher; they have beene placed in most of my books, but in manifolde wayes, as well as in many places, in order that my Cipher story of mine earliest yeeres, be not writen while I stay in this land of my birth and rightfull inheritance. It is for this cause that little of your subject matter occupies one space, your numerous instructions so widely dispersed, nothing given with any due concern as to sequence, changes (often unexpected) from one

place to another, with much other and entir'ly foraine matter introduced to make this to appeare principall in the intention.

Yet the trulie dilligent worker and ingenious decipherer may not thus easily be let or missled, and I shall rest ill in my minde for this manie a long day, least this fox may chance to be unkennelled too early. It is not feare, but disstaste of th' unseemely talk and much curiosity of the many who read these Cypher histories, and it is worth your time spent i' the long labour, if I have my inventions so perfected that nothing may thwart my designes.

My time of feare went from me with my greatness, but I still wish to avoid many questionings,—and much suspicion, perchance, on the side of the king, in his owne prope' person. I have neede of the very caution which kept these secrets from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy, and my life was the forfeit; nor may I now speake openly, yet many men for a kingdome would break their oathes.

But my kingdome is in immortall glory among men from generatio' unto comming generations. An unending fame will crowne my browe, and it is farre better worth in any true thinking minde, I am assured, then many a crowne which kings do have set on with shewe and ceremonie. Yet when I have said it, my heart is sad for the great wrong that I must forever endure.

Seeke th' key-words if you would find th' secrets I shall write or anie alreadie told, for a newe name must now bee given him who shewes here written some pages of his hidden history. This you may finde clearly tolde in the Word-Cypher if it be still to seeke, but as I have mentioned it in severall places I must be allow'd the hope that you

have found the letter I have written which contains the directions in itself for a Cypher of a very great valew for my purposes.

I shewe many truths of the affaires of th' times that you have not founde told by my fellow-historians, for none knowe this page of history as the Queene—and a few others that dar'd not reveal it—knew it, and fear'd it. What will grow therfrom, is unknowne, yet none living save one man, besides the one most interested, standeth in this historie. These two are myself—one who by rights should be th' King of England, the last o' the honour'd line of rulers of whom none was more honour'd then was my mother, Queene Elizabeth, (and none lesse justlie so), the other is His Ma. th' King, (Charles) important onely as th' sonne o' th' man who ruled his owne kingdome, that of Scotland, and mine, that o' England.

The principall reason which makes my heart sad shall then be seen more fully. It is one quite such as Nature, herselfe doth place within us,—the love o' power with desire for right and justice, and though you stand farre removed from me in time (this I doubt not) it is still my surest hope that you may not let my story lie hidden from all eies, but will winne just renowne among men by writing, in many tongues, the Cypher which my writings hold within them. As the worke would scantily paye such of the hunting men as must be rewarded promptlie, and who can never seeke patientlie secrets that be of a greater worth then any history otherwise giv'n, especially if it may be through wayes that do turne many times backe and forth, you are, I do assure you, alone in this adventure.

Many who ride to th' chase turne back their steedes before th' fox runs to cover; the game is too swift, or, as oft may happen with one having a steed of great spirit, he is left by a hedge and must helpe himself in as good humour as possible: so in quests of this sorte they will not winne that fall by the wayside, nor they that turne back ere the end.

My labyrinth is tortuous, guarded by a Minotaur more fierce than th' one in Crete, and as watchfull as a Cerberus. It is myselfe that watcheth as "they that prevent the morning," lest I be betraied by some Judas or moderne Sinon, and I trust that the meanderings leade the feet in apparentlie meaningless waies, so that the places seeme not noteworthy to th' observer, in which I have put the keyes, while others having no important matter have beene prepared in a way that arouses curiosity. Farre fro' her neste, the Lapwing cries, away; and I have thus farre met with unhoped, even unthought of results, insomuch that now I feare that my whole labour may be lost.

But faith is triumphant, and th' doubts are generally conquered; for we do place men's powers i' rank, not so farre beneath our owne that we give waye to distrust. This that is cast wide upon darke waters may some daye bring a reward to one who did not sowe th' grain nor plough th' ground; but when it shall be, my fame must exceed his. This that I do, ever must be held of such value that the work of him who carries it forward can but be, as hath beene formerly mentioned, second to mine.

You now must use other plays which are combin'd, in the manner of the many already used, as follows: Peele's comedy of The Old Wives' Tale; and Shakespeare, his Twelfe Night, or What You Will; Comedy of Errors;

Midsommer Night' Dreame; As You Like It; Love's Labour Lost, and Th' Two Gentlemen of Verona. Next Greene's Pinner of Wakefield, with the Merchant of Venice; to these join the Arraignement o' Paris of Peele, and The Taming o' the Shrew, Marlowe's Jew o' Malta, and second Doctor Fausstus, Th' Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, and All is Well that Ends Well. When you compleate the foregoing, take Much Ado about Nothing, Peele's Tale of Troy, Hiren th' Faire Greeke, and The Winter's Tale.

By this time you must have found all these rules, as everie play contains many. These direct your feet in a winding waie, wearysome to you oft-times and not always promising much profite, and yet manie stories are wrapt in this Cyphe'. Many of these were placed heere only for a guide or aide, in my Cipher-work. This must have beene soe apparent many times that my mention of it giveth you undue labour, but you had not greater dificultie with this very tortive Cypher, it must be seene, then I have had in writing them all and co'cealing one within others so neatly that no prying eie hath read the stories thus hidden here.

This Cypher then is of value to future generations. They who may have an ardent desire for glory, hereby may find a waye to gain the honour which they thus fervently and fev'rously seeke. He that is imployed to conduct business which doth much concerne matters of th' State, and th' affaires that not onely are of importancy to princes, but to the people, shall not faile to want other, possibly many and varied, means of transmitting whatever is of secrecy or great import in his embassage. To him shall my invention give joy and profit many times,

nor can it be untimely at any age of human history—when my life is done, a monument more white and fair then the marble the farre mines o' Italy or Isles of Ionia have ever produc'd.

Pause before abandoning your work to aske: "Is my honor, my pride, my fortune or fame pledg'd to aniething?" It is said to anyone having gone forth to his labor: "Let not him look back who hath put hand unto his plough;" so shall the man who may have found my inventions presse forward to his farthest bourne, and winne the reward of industrious workers.

Never may doubts and idle fears assail him. A light shineth upon th' path his feet must tread, guiding like fiery pillar both while the night doth darken, and in the daytime when the sunne doth shine,—in th' noontime, at evening and at morne. Many moneths shall this light guard the waye, guiding his feete, and comforting his spirits. No labyrinth can bee so winding that he shal not be the leader through all the twisted, subtile turnings.

As houndes pursew the fox, so swiftly must he followe the quest till the Cipher histories be found. Time will justlie pay all his obligations, as he provided early in his venture, nor will he aba'don one who wandereth in Night and Ægyptia' darknesse untill he hath found th' light. Your assurance may grow strong, my friend, for th' end is sure. The golden crowne shall one day be yours.

Alas, how do men's mindes turne to the hope of a great name in some other waie, when no greatnesse of bloud hath set a seal upo' them. Some, however, are greater by birth. Such are heires to kingdomes, as I myself am, yea, and heire to a scepter, itself of such

pow'r that Europe doth tremble in dread o' wrath and destruction if the shadowe falleth over the land: yet I am not king, nor even heire-apparent to His Ma. My mother gave away her owne first-borne fruit o' her body, nor did she at any subsequent time honor him publickly as her sonne, although she promised it oft in the earlier years of her raigne. I who now speake to you in this waye, as hath bin said elsewhere in th' Cipher, am the Prince so unjustlie treated. My heart burneth in my bosom, my spirit swelleth like Neptune's waters before a tempest, and threateneth to orepeer the lists whenere my eager thoughts dwell long upon a crowne and throne.

Nor is it wholly borne of injuries,
But there is that within my spiritt saith
That I was form'd to govern other men,
Wisely and boldly as befittteth kings.
It is no vaine conceit, no idole dreame,
But in my veines a royall currant floweth
Whose sourse, no other than the heart of him
Surnam'd the Conqueror, sent i' crimson rivers,
Warm, vitall, swift, in many channels running;
Through heart o' one the boldest of th' bold,
Whom men re-christen'd Cordelion—Richard,
The Lion Heart; through artiers of that king,
Edward the Third in name—th' first in honor;
And in bold Henry Fifth coursing like fire;
That bloud inflam'd my grandsire Henry Eight;
Surged in the veines of Queen Elizabeth,
My royall mother; now, to me come downe,
Entaileth to me, by a law divine,
This sole inheritance. Yea, it is mine,

A gift irrevocable from her whose hand
Th' imperiall scepter held. Not Jove himselfe
With awfull bending browe,—the nod that shaketh
The firm foundation of the solid globe
With fev'rous earthequakes, maketh Heaven tremble
In terrour and affright, and hurleth backe
To secret ocean cave a frighten'd horde
Of cowering waves,—had pow'r to give to gods,
Or unto humankind, decree more fix'd.

Such are these Cypher poemes I put within workes of this kind. The theam of the exteriour works—play, poem, or work of science—often no waye concerneth that contain'd within, yet in the Cypher history I have put some of my wealth of poesy, both of poesie which doth intend nought but th' giving of pleasure, and that whose designe is to instruct. Many are plays, others are translated epics of Virgill and Homer. I repeate this oft since I know not what pages have been work'd out, not supposing that instinct in a decypherer can be so strong, that he hath begun his work where I commenced my instructions; yea, in workes of poetry, history, science, I have scatter'd with free hand so manie repetitions of my directions that it would surprise me beyond measure, if my letter remaine still a sealed booke whose writing none may read.

When sufficient have beene found in any place to make a full tale of keyes, a portion o' this history may be written, and, please you, the writing o' th' secrets is chiefest in my conceit, for 'twere a more note-worthy thing, I hold, to make true and correct records of the history of England and of Queene Elizabeth, her life,

than to relate the most thrilling tale man's minde can produce. It doth redounde most to our credit of all our worthy labou', and shall also bring just reward unto the decipherer, but no part is better worth noting then the portio' that doth containe the story which Time onely will reveale, inasmuch as it is nowhere found or is nowhere left to my countrymen but in Cypher.

The reason is not farre t' seeke; 'tis this: the many spies employ'd by our mother, the constant watchfull eies she had upon us, marking our going out and our coming in, our rising up and all our movements from the rising of the sunne, to his rising upon the following morning; not a moment when we could openly write and publish a true, accurate history of our times, since nought which Her Ma. disapprov'd could ever finde a printer.

This then is th' onely cause of my secrecy, but it is much too great an attempt now to reveale all this openly: instead, I will spend my whole time in encreast modells, and well form'd examples of the art o' transmitting. A true accompt of my mother's favorite treasure is strictly given in my history—her love of golden praises, of silverie tongued words of flattering speech, dialogues of compliment and princely sayings, or ceremonies. It formed her chief wealth, while, unlike the mother of the Gracchi, she did not reckon sonnes as jeweles, nor did she openly acknowledge either my brother or myself—borne princes —heires to th' kingdome.

It burneth as an injury no lapse of time can cure, a ceaselesse corosive which doth eate th' heart. Th' sole reliefe doth come by making out a complete history of my wrong that doth so embitter my dayes. Men can eat sleepe, drinke, worke when the heart is bowed down in

pain, yet the joys are gone from their whole lives, and doe not return. Chief of sorrows is a sense of willful wrong on th' part of such men or women as have greatest obligation by relation, and more especially those of neerest and most tender relationship—that of parents to a childe. This will never grow infferior, nor ev'n merely equall to the naturall ills in life. It doth rather greatly magnify and increase. Why and wherefore I shall not aske, nor marvell at ought of similar nature. The Creator planted this within the bosom o' our kind. Who hath so great wisedome or soe just judgment of our life, of right or wrong, as our Maker? Who can pronounce His lawes at fault? A foole or blind, perchance, not he that sees, nor the man o' thought.

Your work is soe thoroughly plan'd, its every part neatly joined togather before it was again separated, it awaits th' master hand. I may teach you the manner and perhaps shew manie examples in divers works for your use, as appeare often in more than three methodes of transmitting, yet the work is entirelie left to you.

It dependeth upon others oft-times to reape th' harvest one hand hath sowen, and my labour may be so compared: it is also verie like th' sounds musicians make in tuning their instruements, of no delight or pleasantnesse to heare, but for this cause, afterward there is sweeter and more pleasing musicke. But we shall have occasion to shew the wonderfully beautifull harmony that hath at one time been brought forth, if you but obey us.

There is a play in some of my prose works, in Cypher, of great worth, entitl'd The White Rose o' Britaine. It hath as principall actors, names verie familiar. Historie related events, and out of many papers which th' times

render of importance, I have made a play. The parts concerning my maternall great-grandsire, who as you no doubt have learned before this was King Henry Seventh, and also much o' that that doth chiefly concern his thorne, that Perkin (or as it is often written elsewhere, Peterkin) Warbeck, and the gentle wife, whom the king so gallantly nam'd White Rose o' Britaine, will be found in the historie of his raigne. The remaining portions are put in my Essays, in my Advancement of Learning, the Anatomy of Melancholy and portions of such plays as naturallie treat of affaires of State.

It shall give many a portion of my history, for my owne case is of the same nature as Perkin's, but my claime was just, his built on thin aire. Wrongs have been done me which none have known but persons who kept th' secret of my early life. In this play you heare the chaf'd lion's sullen roare, and though the scenes have their proper place in the history of Henry the Seventh's time, manie of them will be found to relate other things of an after time. If you keepe my life and its rude tumults in minde, this play that seemeth to relate such events in the reigne [of] this most mighty king, shall portray many a scene in that of Elizabeth, my owne royall parent. It is the vaine crie the tortured one doth utter ere the spirit doth quit the earthly frame.

You can proceed at once to collect much matter togather in masse to be assorted, arranged, put aside for your future use, as you have frequentlie received directions in a great many works and in more places then one, and so mark'd and dispos'd as to lie as readie to th' hand, as brickes unto the hand of th' builder.

Many a yeare I did work upon this method to perfect it for use, and I submit it to you not so much as a work which shall be to the advantage of myselfe, that in truth, right, and the simplest justice should have the soveraignty of th' kingdome, as one brought forth for the aggrandizement of the patient decypherer. It is for this that I looke out to that long future, not of years but of ages, knowing that my labours are for benefit of a land very far off, and, after great length of time is past, Europe must also reap th' great harvest still ripening as doth the yellowe graine where th' sunshine doth fall.

As for th' Cypher-play you have now to write, when you have brought each cipher block (I use a native mode of speech) you comence by polishing and rounding these to resemble such as the plays that you already have written contain. Many parts are rough, it remains for your hand to polish some, reconstruct others, nor leave unturned the least portion of a line which I have plac'd in the Historie of King Henry the Seventh, and manie like prose workes, inasmuch as my time would not suffice to give this further attention.

But your experience hath well furnished the minde with all our directions and rules for any worke of this kinde, therefore our last play shall surelie hold a place of equal ranke with those that have doubtlesse come to th' hands of our publishers long ere this. For the decyphering of these secret workes will hardly be so closelie hid, or so secretly done as hath beene th' work of my silent preparation.

In some places another word has beene conjoin'd, as confusion may arise if I give not some just signe, or otherwise shewe which part of my owne life is related in this

play. As in the early part which I spent across the channell, surely in this the same kind of guiding words set this apart. These, the words thus used, pertaine to humanity, as for example, mankinde, womankinde, and all th' kinds of names us'd in th' language to signify humankinde.

Seeke all the keies which are so guarded by a word that I have pointed out thorow the many bookes. Like fingers on a guide-post they shall so direct the way out of the labyrinth that you can trace it with the penne as on a map or chart. All the rules given for th' other works shall be used to decipher this play, and th' first thing to do in this, as in all, must be making ready a true table of my guards, guides, keies, word-signs (or such as bring these portiones into such relation or position, with regarde each to the other, as before; or those that do give a direction to the work so named) also th' numerous and diverse names that designate various works.

When this hath beene well prepared anie further delay is unnecessary for all else was but secundarie in my designe. If further directions bee requir'd they must come to light in the pursuance o' this work. This in truth is in part my plan, as I have found no rules can be render'd quite crystalline, finished and perfected, beforehand, but use shall pollish them like glasses of steel. This is not a deficiency in any of the rules or direct'ons, but hath roote in th' weaknesse and insufficiency that sheweth ever in a man's first motions by another's suggestions. Yet custome doth familiarize these notions—the repitition o' th' action helpeth also—thereafter th' hand of th' man is a perfect and constant instrument obeying the will of a tirelesse master-minde and spirit.

Thus the decyph'rer, part only of that instrument, doth draw a hidden secret forth, revealing marvellously strange happenings as unknowne to himselfe as they have thus farre (necessarily) beene to all the world outside this microcosme—myselfe. This must bee so, yet shall his most importante labours in due time have the worthy measure of reward that they undeniably but justlie merit.

I must plant, I must sow, while none save hee shall reape my fields of ripening golden corn that must feed the hungrie in future ages. Th' gods' sweet nectar or ambrosia is not so immortall as my precious harvest shall be. It is to you I doe speak, and unto you do I looke for aide. I, alone, am like a child in its infancie, weake and helplesse; you must afford strength for my frame. Yours is the hand that must lead me whither my steps would go—the guide, lamp, staffe indeed my sole hope and staie—the judge who is to give sentence upon the least or upon the greatest of the crimes any of the persons of whom I speak were guilty—the one from whom I shall expect just sentence when my owne life doth stand before you in judgement.

When my very soule doth lie, as the soules of men shall, before our Father's judgement seate, expos'd to the eies of men and angels, I shall receyve all men's praise insteed of a whole nation's or manie nations' contumely. Then my love shall bee known, which would sacrifice my ease that humanity might share in all these labours, reaping rich benefits from my studies. So must my name bee revered in manie a land among th' sons of men; and in old countries where learning doth flourish, shall new knowledge grow from these experiments or inquiries when th' naturall lawes have been more carefully sought.

It must be well seene in many person's experience, that while Fortune hath somewhat of a woman's nature, hast'ning her steps whenere pursued, studies and learning may be said to woo their lovers. Knowledge will reward all who seeke th' real spirit or beautifull outward forme. No ardente follower was ere unsatisfied, if he faltered not nor wearied in a race up the lofty steeps of Olympus, and I now seeke th' dizzie top more eagerlie then I did in those e'rly daies when my bloud ran warme and life itselfe was as the first rayes of faire sunshine: for the crowne then seemed to hang ore my head. My right was made plaine to me, and besides a great earnestnesse, a persisting upon my owne side, there should bee, and I doubt there was, some secret bending or stooping o' my mother's spirit, yet my fate was as a card—a die cast by hands of those bold men, not as a prince's shining destiny.

I faine would attest how painfull this acting parts soon (naturally) did seeme unto my father, for, said hee, "A mortall man may speak falselie upon occasion but he was a strange man who dared live a falsehood;" nevertheless hee did live, the unacknowledg'd husband of Queene Elizabeth, my mother. But hee was an unwise and most artles actour, and oft did give sad trouble to some of our managers or controllers, those in the haughtie Burleigh's employe, or th' hand and glove associates who served as his factors, but this was not of any momente.

The times were not a bad schoolemaster. When I resumed my former study of th' state of th' nations, and patiently work'd out th' modell of government, my most potent reason may be justlie gather'd; for I then did trust to his hopefull spirit as a sonne naturallie should. In my Cipher as you must soon see, I have written out the aforesaid modell, which I still thinke is worthy of attention.

Make search for keies in another work entitled, New Atlantis, but looke on further for directions. Here you may finde a rule by which Cipher stories, of value and interest not onely in the time of which this secret work doth treate, but also when a future time is come, are put within some of my other workes. These are written as intending their printing, but no design of publication ere did enter the plan that I formed of this opportune methode of hiding my worke until such time as one shall write my history.

This historie in the form of plays, concerneth a great and most mightie sovereign, Queene Elizabeth, with mine owne eventfull life, the sorry course of the Earle that was mine apparent friend, when in fact he is my brother and my enemy, the reall pollicy that (as Queene of a mighty people, and ruler above every other which then did reigne i' th' bounds o' Europe, Asia, or Americ) Elizabeth pursued in relation to this matter, which is now misunderstood, with other diverse subjects.

This rule is as follows: Keyes are placed usually in the same portion with joining words, that shewe which parts had stood in juxtaposition. The parts are to stand as in that former or originall worke. When these are all joined together, you have those plaies, or prose historie, poems, (the Illiad o' Homer is concealed within the Cipher with Virgil his Æneid) and so forth. I give in this manner many of the principall themes and plans, but in the Cipher you have the directions for writing the same.

I must have a trustworthie decipherer, a true writer, and readie interpreter, or the best of my work will never have neede of a printer. This is my onely manner of shewing out my true name, but it is well that my many

valued books have given the name which I bear worthiest renoune or I might loose my immortall honors—the fame that I would winne.

When this worke is finished, you must returne t' the place upon page two-hundred fifty-one, and finde th' secret story begun in Ce'tury Ten. The keyes are Paris, glove, favour, embassador, French, lady, lord, childhood, king, queene, child, love and wounds.

The storie of my secret mission is thus begunne, for as hath beene said, I was intrusted at that very time with businesse requiring great secrecy and expediency. This was soe well conducted as to winne the Queene's frank approvall, and I had a livelie hope by meanes of this entering wedge to be follow'd by the request nearest unto my soule [I] should so bende Her Majestie's minde to my wish. Sir Amyias Paulet undertooke to negotiate both treaties at once, and came thereby very near to a breach with the Queene, as well as disgrace at Henrie's Court. Both calamities, however, were averted by such admirable adroitnesse that I could but yield due respect to the finesse, while discomforted by th' death of my hope.

From that day I lived a doub'full life, swinging like a pendent branch to and fro, or tempest toss'd by manie a troublous desire. At length I turned my attention from love, and used all my time and wit to make such advancement in learning or atchieve such great profici(ci)ency in studies that my name as a lover of Sciences should bee best known and most honour'd, lesse for m' owne agrandizement than as an advantaging of mankind, but with some naturall desires to approove my worthinesse in th' sight o' my booke-loving and aspiring mother, beleeving that by thus doing I should advance my claime and obtayne my rights, not

aware of Cecill, his misapplied zeale in bringing this to Her Majestie's notice, to convinc' her minde that I had noe other thought save a designe to winne sovraigntie in her life-time.

I neede not assert how farre this was from my heart at any time, especiallie in my youth, but th' Queene's jealousie so blinded her reason that she, folowing th' suggestion of malice, shewed little pride in my attempts, discovering in truth more envie then naturall pride, and more hate than affection.

A little while therafter her troubles concerning Mary of Scots began, and nothing else had such exceeding interesse in her eyes as th' least trifle of airey nothingnesse which came to us regarding her cousin.* a wish to goe thither took possession of her, and she was almost perswaded, I am well assur'd, to goe to Scotland with a gentleman from that Court in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gaye Courtier, whilst her chamber should, in her absence, be closed as though suf'ring so much payne as that it compelled her to deny audience to everie person save Lady Strafford and th' physitian.

But this foolish plann died ere it was brought to fulnesse of time, thereby making it apparent that at second thought her wisedome doth exceede idole curiositie.

For yeares th' wish lay quiescent. Soone, in truth, the Queene came hither requesting a safe conduct into France. This being harshly refus'd, th' ministers thinking it more prudent at that time to allowe her such sure shelter in our owne countrey that she should be safe from her enemies, whilst in England, this poor Queene was moov'd from one castle to another, but was not as yet, brought before Elizabeth.

*Shortly after the return of her rival to her native land

NOTE.—This MS. line omitted from the original. See Rawley's Explanation (page 368).

Againe a desire to looke on the face of her foe stirr'd in her, so that newe curiosity made her inquire of all who knew the lady concerning her beautie, hight, colour of hair, qualitie of her voyce, et cætera, verie like to the famous Ægyptian Queene regarding Octavia, and, to gratify her consumi'g desire it was soone arrang'd by my ill-advis'd father to give Her Majestie a sight of this Queene whilst supping in quiet by invitation at his owne house.

Elizabeth, angered by hearing what pass'd betweene Queene Mary and my father, stept forth quickly, discov'ring herselfe and administ'red a reproofe my father understood farre better then Queene Mary could. 'Tis a subject of wonder that it did not signe both death warrants, for th' trouble that was spoken of in this matter was constantly increasing evidence that a Cypher us'd in Mary's forraine correspondence had beene the medium by which a complai'te had beene made of her treatment, and pleas widelie disseminated for assistance.

The Queene set mee at discyph'ring this, nor can I deny, indeed, that it grew so clear that it would glimmer through the dullest of eies that the imprisoned Queene did not intende anything short of her owne proper enthronization. She did affect greatly both France and Spaine, partly because of her religion, and partly, in respect of France, because of her brief, but happy union formerly with Francis Second, a brother of Henry, th' soveraigne then on th' throne. And whilst many of the epistles were difficult, and to me impossible,—not having th' keie,—to decypher, my labor had better fruits then I on my owne part wish'd, for I had a secret sympathy for this poor wanderer although by no menes interesting or engaging myselfe on anie dangerous chance.

As I have said elsewhere in th' principall Cypher, Her Majesty had suspected me of open assistance when in th' sunnie land of France. In truth that disagreeable insinuation had much to doe with her decision respecti'g my owne marriage, not a wante of fitnesse in the parties. However, no act or written word could bee produc'd in proof, or cited to shew that I had ever had such sympathy,—that it was shewn eithe' openly or privately to herselfe; the jealous suspicions died away and my assistance as adviser, and I may say valuable counselour, was earnestlie desired.

'Tis a grievous fault, I, [ay] a dreadfull crime, to conspire as Marie of Scots did against a great Queene. Th' very power and grandeur awakeneth a reverence or a veneration in th' heart, and give a sovereigne much in comon with our Supreme Ruler,—it must not be soe inquir'd of.

Elizabeth, thereunto prompted by her prudent advisers, at length adopted a policie soe mild in its nature that her foe could no' make just complaint, and th' matter then rested quiet a short time.

Her Majestie soften'd so much towards my unthinking father, that instead o' driving him away implacably, she gave him command at once of her army in foreigne warres, and dispatcht him as Master o' th' Horse of Her Majestie's army in th' Netherlands.

A short respite followed, and had Queene Mary bin warn'd by th' experiences of her very great danger, calamity might doubtlesslie have beene finally avoyded; for th' divided minde of Her Majestie, swaying now here, now there, at no time long clung to revengeful intents. In such incertainty was she, that a report of words that might be conster'd as spoken with t'reat or malice, another, folow-

ing it, should be set downe because of its kindnesse and forbearrance.

Such, however, was by no meanes Lord Burleigh's manner. In truth, soe determin'd was hee not onelie that sentence o' death should surely bee pronounc'd against her when she was brought to triall,—if triall that may bee entitul'd, when th' haplesse prisoner must needs chose from the counsell of her foe to obtaine any defender in th' proceedings,—but, likewise, that th' harsh se'tence should not lingr i' execution.

Soone there was a secret interview betweene Lord Burleigh [and] Earle of Leicester, to which was summoned the Queene's Secretary who was so threaten'd by his lordship—on paine of death, et cætera, th' poor fool—that hee sign'd for the Queene, and affixed th' great seale to the dreadful death-warrant.

The life of the Secretarie was forfeit to the deede when Her Majesty became aware that so daring a crime had beene committed, but who shall say that the blow fell on the guilty head; for, truth to say, Davison was onely a poor feeble instrumment in their handds, and life seem'd to hang in th' ballance, therefore blame doth fall on those men, great and noble though they be, who led him to his death.

This sheweth any who have thought Elizabeth too severe to her cousin that, though she had prudence sufficiente to keepe her arch-enemie in seclusion, by no meanes was th' heart in that faire bosom so flintie as to send th' unfortunate woman to her death before her time.

The Duke of Norfolk, it is quite true, lost his life through too much zeale to Mary's cause, united, it is said,

or springing from, a rash desire to wed the lady, notwithstanding th' charges that were preferr'd against her. However, th' removall of one duke was but a smal mater compar'd with that of a Queene. A man's head stood somewhat tickle on th' shoulders then, nor did hee thinke his life hard or cruell were such exit provided him.

But to return to the narration,—which is a painfull theame to me now as in that sad time, and furnish'd me th' subject matter of one o' my Cypher tragedys that may be found and written by aide of this argument,—this warrant of death reach'd Fotheringay much sooner then it was expected by anie there attendant upon the wro'gly accused Queene for whatever [her] fault, it is know'e that all plots in her favour against the life of the Queene, my mother, had their origine outside of England, but being the center thereof whether cognisant of them or not she would, by th' lawe, be attaint of treason.

Furthermore, being(g) Catholick, she held th' divorce of Henry Eight from Queene Katherine unlawfull, in verie truth, and unjust; his marriage with Anne Bolyne, therefore, could but bee an unsanctified union and their children bastards. Granting th' premise, Mary of Scots should have succeeded Mary of England.

Againe I have somewhat digress'd, but the theame is soe heavy I cannot follow it without taking short respite at intervalls. At the appointed time on that sadd daie, Mary enter'd the great hall of her prison-castle, which for this occasion we ree-draped in blacke, wearing a lon' mourning cloake that cover'd her from head to foote; with her were her attendants. The executioner, likewise in mourning, stood in silence by the blocke, and dispos'd in paires about

the room, were the English Lords, Kent, Shrewsbury, Montague and Derby idlie conversing.

The Queene looked pale from want o' rest but was calme and compos'd. She ask'd for the services of her owne priest; it was refus'd with needlesse sternnesse. She spake little more, pray'd in cleare tones for some minutes, commended to God her suffering soule, to Phillip of Spaine th' quarrell with England and her clayme to the throne. Then she stept forward letting the cloake slide to the floor and stoode up before them in a robe of brave bloud-red, and in that sweete, winsome waye most naturall to a woman and to her in highest degree, she bade her waiting women farewell, thanked Lord Montague who had spoken for her when th' lords sat in councell and bade him adieu. Afterward there came a moment of hesitation,—onely a minute, possibly for silente invocation,—then she spake graciously to each one in her presence and was ledd to the blocke.

So ended Marie of Scots, but her sad story is set downe herein, and in my heart her beautie still liveth as fresh as if she were yet amongst the living.

As hath beene said, this is hidden in th' works in th' form of a tragedie of such interesse that I urge upon my discyp'rer th' oft repeated wish for a carefull rend'ring of my work. To such an one our worke is left nor can I beleeve it lost. In hope, such as doth inspire the hearts of all those who commit their labours to th' future, I leave you my name and labours.

FRA. SAINT ALBAN.

His lordship's part endeth here and I add but a fewe lines to speake of th' errata. Some words have [been] left out, now and then one repeated—th' syllables and letters are also thus—do sometimes appear, sometimes have stray'd from sight; but I trust the greater number of these mistakes to your discretion. Yet one statement should be changed for a manuscript line omitted hurteth the sense. On page two-hundredth and sixty-five, speaking of Her Majesty, reade: "Shortly after the return of her rivall to her native land, desire to go thither, et cætera." This no (do) doubt is the chiefe thing omitted, but I thinke proper under the existing circumstances, not wishin' (that) his lordship's much priz'd epistle to make a beggarly entry, to sett you right in order that we may correct other errours.

Respectfully your faithfull fellowe worker,

WILLIAM RAWLEY.

APPENDIX.

IRREGULAR PAGING OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Advancement of Learning. Book I.—Pages 16, 18, 34 occur twice; 17, 19, 24 are missing.

Book II.—Pages 6, 33, 79, 93, 94, 103 occur twice; 70, 99 occur three times; 69, 74 occur four times; 73, 105 misplaced; 9 missing.

Spenser's Faerie Queene. Pages 10, 23 occur twice; 8, 33 missing.

Shakespeare Plays—

Merry Wives of Windsor. Pages 51, 58 occur twice; 50, 59 missing.

Comedy of Errors. Page 88 occurs twice; 86 missing.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Pages 151, 163 occur twice; 153, 161 missing.

Merchant of Venice. Pages read 163, 162, 163, 166.

As You Like It. Page 187 occurs twice; 189 missing.

Taming of the Shrew. Page 212 occurs twice; 214 missing.

All Is Well. Pages 251, 252 occur twice; 249, 250 missing.

Twelfth Night. Page 273 occurs twice; 265 missing.

Henry IV. Part I.—Pages read 46, 49.

Henry IV. Part II.—Pages 91, 92 occur twice; 89, 90 missing.

Henry VI. Part III.—Pages 167, 168 occur twice; 165, 166 missing.

Henry VIII. Page 218 occurs twice; 216 missing.

Troilus and Cressida. Only two pages numbered—79, 80.

Romeo and Juliet. Last two pages read 76, 79; missing, 77, 78. In deciphering after 76 of R. and J. use 78 and 79 of T. and C., then 79 of R. and J.

Timon of Athens. Pages 81, 82 occur twice.

Hamlet. Next after page 156 is 257. Page 259 occurs twice; 279 missing.

King Lear. Page 308 reads 38.

Cymbeline. Page 389 occurs twice; 379 missing. Page 396 reads 993.

APPENDIX.

Anatomy of Melancholy (1628)—

Democritus to Reader. Pages 39, 40 occur twice.

Anatomy. Pages 62, 78, 79, 86, 88, 89, 91, 114, 115, 251, 259, 583, 584 occur twice. Page 359 stands in place of 360; Pages 66, 96, 98, 99, 101, 214, 215, 351, 359 missing.

De Augmentis. Pages 67, 104, 273, 276, 284, 357, 361, 387, 396 occur twice; 187, 204, 248, 372, 376, 369, 383, 386, 537 missing.

Natural History. Page 39 occurs twice; 35 missing.

In deciphering, the pages of the same number must be joined for connected narrative. If a page occurs numbered ahead of its order, omit until its proper number is reached, and decipher in advance of its duplicate. If a page occurs numbered later than its regular order, it must be brought forward and follow its duplicates in the order they occur in the books.

Some of the irregularities are printer's errors, but most of them are to bring pages together that were misplaced to further hide the Cipher.

SPENSER.

"Spenser's 'Shepheardes Calender' was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with 'the new poet,' but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579–97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of 'The Faerie Queen.' Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his 'Life of Spenser' appropriately observes, it marks a 'turning-point' in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the 'Shepheardes Calender' gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication."

The following are some of the "mysterious circumstances": On December 5th, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall, under the name of Hugh Singleton, according to the following transcript:

> Hughe Singleton; Lycenced unto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vjd.

Neither in the entry nor on title page is the author's name mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito."

This edition is dedicated, or "Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentlemen, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney." "Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere unto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde."

Four copies of this edition are known to exist:—

1. No. 11,532 of the Grenville collection of the British Museum.
2. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.
3. No. 293 Capell, T. 9, in Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.
4. No. 427 of the Huth Library.

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom Hugh Singleton assigned the book as follows:

> 29 October [1581]
> John harrison: Assigned over from hugh Singleton to have the shepardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vjd.

The second edition was "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581." This second edition is olso dedicated to Philip Sidney. It is rare, but found in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries.

The third edition was "Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586."

The fourth edition was "Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591."

The fifth edition was "Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597."

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepheardes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other works of England's Arch-Poet, Edm. Spenser. ¶ Collected into one Volume and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gracious Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Servaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to live with the eternitie of her Fame.

Spenser returned to England (1598) a ruined, heart-broken man, and died in the January following, *twelve years before the book was attributed to his authorship*, and the above dedication to Queen Elizabeth.

By what authority is this book claimed for Spenser.

The following lines are from the dedicatory verses of the first edition.

Goe little booke: thyselfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent:
* * * * *
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S

CIPHER STORY.

DISCOVERED AND DECIPHERED BY

ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.

(*WORD CIPHER.*)

Queen Elizabeth's Dream. 762
Her indignation and horror at the death of Mary.
"*Queen.* Who hath made bold with the great seal, and who Hath inscribed my name? 764
Leicester. Your servant, th' secretary,
Brought the warrant to us, the great seal stamp'd upon't.
Q. Then there was a league between you to hasten her Untimely death."
Foreign Ambassadors Presented. 765
The Queen explains to them that her savage council have cruelly slain Mary, and declares her intention to hang her secretary for insubordination,
Bacon Resumes his "Life in France." 767
Interview between Bacon and Navarre. 771
Prayer of Navarre. 782
Intrigues to effect his escape from France. 786

BOOK V.

Continues Bacon's "Life in France." 801
Bacon discloses to Navarre that he is heir to the throne of England, lawful son of Elizabeth and Leicester.
Tells of his banishment and espouses Navarre's cause.
Navarre's Attempt to Escape Frustrated. 834
The grand hunt; Navarre's flight.
Bacon's Visit to the Huguenot Camp. 871
Report of same to Henry III. and to Margaret of Navarre.
Plan of the latter to escape to the camp.
Bacon Discloses his Love to Margaret. 926
Ladder of cords. Disappointment. Interview with Friar.
Farewell to Margaret.

BOOK VI.

(IN PREPARATION.)

Conclusion of Bacon's "Life at the Court of France." 1001
Anjou's desertion of the Huguenots; his trifling successes magnified; the triumphs or fetes in his honor.
Catherine's revival of "The Court of Love."
Bacon Returns to England.
Stormy interview with Queen Elizabeth and Leicester.
Paulet attempts to negotiate a marriage between Bacon and Margaret. Second banishment. Visit to Italy.
Bacon follows the Queen-mother to the South.
Public Trial of Queen Margaret.
The Assassination of the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine.
Henry III. and Navarre join forces to besiege Paris.
Navarre declared Heir to the Throne of France.
Assassination of the King.
Death of Nicholas Bacon; Francis Recalled to England.

Synopsis of "The Historical Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots."

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Interview between Queen Elizabeth and Counsellor Francis Bacon. The Law of Treason. * * * Queen Elizabeth commands the presence of Leicester, who arranges to bring Mary to his house in London for an interview.

Scene 2.—Banquet room at house of Leicester. Leicester and Mary at banquet table. Queen Elizabeth secretly enters; hides behind statue. Mary proposes marriage to Leicester, they to be rulers of the French, English and Scottish realms. Elizabeth steps forth,

"*Doth Scotland make your Majesty our judge?*"

Mary in surprised alarm,

"*Alas, I am undone! It is the Queen.*"

Interview between Elizabeth and Mary; withdrawal of Elizabeth and Leicester.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*—In front of Tower; time, midnight. Stormy interview between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester; the jealous Queen declares his banishment; thrusts him away and enters. Leicester in rage:

"*I'll empty all these veins, and shed my blood*
Drop by drop i' th' earth ere I will go!
Let my soul want mercy if I do not join
With Scotland, in her behalf."

Enter Francis Bacon, who counsels a different course. Leicester requests Bacon to plead for him to the Queen.

Scene 2.—Audience room of Palace. Bacon pleads for Leicester; calls upon himself the wrath of the Queen; takes leave.

"*No power I have to speak, I know.*
And so, farewell, I, and my griefs will go."

Enter Leicester; begs that he be not banished; Queen repents.

"*Restrain thy apprehension; I will lay trust upon thee,*
And thou shalt find I will preserve and love thee.
I have conferred on thee the commandment of mine army beyond the sea."

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*—Council Chamber of Palace. Lords seated at table: Queen on the throne; Elizabeth announces that Leicester is to command her armies in Ireland. Strongly opposed by the Lord Chancellor; Leicester accused of treason. The Queen overrules the council; makes him General and administers the oath.

Scene 2.—Council Chamber—twelve months later. Queen Elizabeth presents the treasons of Mary Queen of Scots; gives letter of commission for her trial.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*—Room in Fotheringay Castle; lords, knights, captains, lawyers and gentlemen in attendance. Queen Mary before the Court; notes the absence of the English Queen; demands her presence—Will be tried by her peers, and not by servants of lesser degree; Council show warrant. Mary denies the charges; so impresses and moves the Court that Chief Justice suddenly adjourns the Court to London, fearing that by her eloquence and beauty she be acquitted

Scene 2.—Room in Tower of London; Court convenes to convict Mary; Montague speaks strongly for her; members cry Guilty! guilty!

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*—Palace of the Queen, Elizabeth and train.

"*Q. E. Fie, what a slug is Warwick, he comes not*
To tell us whether they will that she shall die or no.
Ah! In good time here comes the sweating lord." (*Enter Warwick.*)

He announces the decision of "guilty." Enter Lords of Council; they present Elizabeth the warrant for Mary's death *She does not sign it.*

"*Q. E. My lord, I promise to note it cunningly;*
But here come the ambassadors of our brothers of France and Spain."

Enter ambassadors, who plead for the life of Mary.

Scene 2.—Street in London. Enter Burleigh and Secretary of the Queen (Davison); met by Leicester. All enter a public house.

Scene 3.—Private room; *Burleigh and Leicester* force the Secretary to forge the Queen's name to the warrant for Mary's execution.

Scene 4.—Chamber in Fotheringay Castle—Queen Mary and maids. Enter English Lords.

"*Q. M. Welcome, my lords.—Why do you come. Is't for my life?*
Lord Shrewsbury. 'Tis now midnight, and by eight tomorrow thou must be made immortal.
Q. M. How! My lord! Tomorrow? tomorrow! Oh! that's sudden.
Oh! this subdues me quite.
* * * *
Good, good my lord, if I must die tomorrow,
Let me have some reverend person
To advise, comfort and pray with me." (This is refused.)

Scene 5.—Hall of Fotheringay Castle, hung with black. Platform and block at end. English Lords and Gentlemen, executioner, and assistants.

Enter Queen Mary dressed in black and red velvet gown. The executioner assures her

"*I will be as speedy in your death as all the poisonous potions in the world,*
And you shall feel no pain."

Mary addresses the Lords, denies the charges, asserting that they shed innocent blood.

"*And if you tell the heavy story right,*
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say it was a piteous deed to take me from
The world, and send my soul to heaven."
* * * *

(She kneels and prays):

"*Oh God, have mercy upon me, and receive my fainting soul again! Oh be thou merciful! And let our princely sister be satisfied with our true blood which, as Thou know'st, unjustly must be spilled! Oh God, send to me the water from the well of life, and by my death stop effusion of Christian blood and 'stablish quietness on every side! Let me be blessed for the peace I make. Amen.*" (Rises.)

"*Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet in heaven.*
Good my Lord of Derby, lead me to the block."

(Speaks to Executioner.)

FINIS.

Francis Bacon. O, I think not so. * *
Q. Villain! I'll set a point against thy breast.
If thou dost not use most dear employment
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew a hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, begone! * *
F. B. To revenge is no valor, but to bear. * *
To be in anger, is impiety.
Q. But who is born that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest.
F. B. Believe this, Madam,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. * *
Q. I was not born to die on Essex' sword!
* * In the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us their Queen, we
Will push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
See, here in bloody lines we have set down
And what is written shall be executed;
Your brother is to die, as his offences
Are accounted to the law.
F. B. O your Grace,
Are not you then as cruel as the sentence?
I know no law, Madam, that answering
One foul wrong, lives but to act another.
Q. Be satisfied;
Your treacherous brother dies; be content.
F. B. Oh, it is excellent, your Majesty,
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Q. Peace, peace sir, peace.
Were I not the better part made of mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present, thou traitor.
* * Look to it, thou villain,
Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under penalty of thine own false head.
F. B. I do partly understand your meaning.
Q. Why then, go get thee home, thou fragment vile.
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

Synopsis of "The Tragical Historie of the Earl of Essex."

PROLOGUE.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Horns and trumpets sound. Enter Queen Elizabeth with hounds and dogs, returning from hunt. Queen and Huntsman. Enter Earl of Essex and Francis Bacon. Queen dismisses attendants. Essex announces insurrection in Ireland.

Scene 2.—Palace. Stormy discussion over assignment of commander of forces for Ireland. Queen to Essex: "*Take thou that.*" (Boxes his ears.) Essex assays to draw his sword; defies her and leaves in a rage. Queen relents, and sends the Admiral and Cecil to call him back.

Scene 3.—Cecil, Solus. Enter Essex; the quarrel and blow.

Scene 4.—Queen and Cecil. Prayer of the Queen:

"*I that never weep, now melt with woe,*
That my ungracious son doth hate me so."

Scene 5.—Lady Essex warns the Earl against Cecil. Bacon and Essex. Rival claims to the Crown.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*—Elizabeth and Lords. Queen announces that Essex will go to Ireland. Dismisses all but Essex, to whom she promises,

" * * * * *The next degree shall be*
England's royal throne, for King of England
Shall you be proclaimed in every borough."

Scene 2.—Essex; outlines his puposes in Ireland.

Scene 3.—Essex and Bacon; farewell.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*—Cecil tells the Queen that Essex is returning with an army.

Scene 2.—Elizabeth walks in her sleep. Her horrible dream. Queen and ladies in prayer.

Scene 3.—Bed chamber of Queen; noisy arrival of Essex. The Queen bids that he be admitted.

"*Bless thee, my blessed boy,*
* * *
Then, sir, withdraw, and in an hour return"

Ladies in waiting dress the Queen in handsome robes. Essex returns; Queen embraces him. He discourses of Ireland and claims the Dukedom of York. (*Exit.*) Enter Cecil, who frightens the Queen with false reasons for Essex's sudden return.

Scene 4.—Bacon tells Essex of Cecil's intrigues, and bids him fly to France. Enter Queen; Shows displeasure at Essex's return, and bids him go to his home.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*—Council Chamber. Queen informs Essex he must appear before the Council.

* * * *But if, sir,*
You be put in bondage, appeal to us,
And deliver us this ring. * * "

Essex before the Council. Insults Cecil.

Scene 2.—Essex commanded to close confinement in his house.

Scene 3.—Quarrels with his brother Francis Bacon.

Scene 4.—Queen and Bacon. Bacon pleads for Essex. Interrupted by news of Essex's revolt.

Scene 5.—Gate of Essex's House. Lords demand his surrender; Essex's soldiers surround and take them away.

Scene 6.—Street in London. Essex endeavors to incite the mob to burn and plunder.

Scene 7.—Front of Essex's House—Essex on walls. Alarms and clash of arms. Summoned to parley; descends; is arrested and conveyed to the Tower.

Scene 8.—Palace.

Queen. "*Where is the Earl?*"
Cecil. "*In the Tower, Your Grace.*"

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*—Order for the trial of Essex.

Scene 2.—Queen and Francis Bacon; plea for pardon of Essex.

Queen. "*Your treacherous brother dies!* * *
* * * * * *
Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under the penalty of thine own false head.
* * * * * *
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother;
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure."

Scene 3.—Star Chamber. Trial of Essex. He denounces Cecil. Essex condemned to execution.

Scene 4.—Streets of London. Essex under guard; axe, edge toward him; led to dungeon.

Scene 5.—Garden of Palace. Lady Essex and child before the Queen; pleads for Essex's life. Francis Bacon supports her and supplicates the Queen, without result.

Queen, * * "*I'll see that he*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning."

Scene 6.—Dungeon.

Essex. "*No bending knee will call me Cæsar now,*" (Enter Bacon.)
O thou damn'd cur;
Whom to call brother would infect my mouth,
Get thee gone, thou most wicked sir!
* * * * *
Bacon. "*Is it my fault that I was forced to plead?*
How much thou wrongst me, Heaven be my judge"

Essex upbraids him with sharpest scorn. Enter Lord Keeper; commands Bacon to depart; gives commission to jailor. Jailors bind Essex in a chair; show him the order.

"*Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?*
* * * * * *
Cut out my tongue so that I may still keep
Both mine eyes." (Jailor tears out one eye, then the other.)
"*All dark and comfortless!*
God enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act!"
Jailor. "*Away with him! lead him to the block!*"

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