

Showing contemporary opinion of Francis Bacon as Author,
Statesman, Upright Judge, Philosopher and POET

Manes Verulamiani

(Shades of Verulam)

32 Elegies written on the Death of Francis Bacon by his
Colleagues of Cambridge and Oxford. 1626

Published in Latin by Bacon's Chaplain, William Rawley 1626

Transcribed into English Verse 1927 by Willard Parker,
President, Bacon Society of America

* Electronically typed and edited by Juan Schoch (pc9323@gmail.com)
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MANES VERULAMIANI
(SHADES OF VERULAM)

Interpreted in English Verse

by

WILLARD PARKER

This is the title given collectively to thirty-two Latin elegies written by twenty-seven of Bacon's University contemporaries on the occasion of his passing away in April, 1626. They were collected by William Rawley, D. D., Bacon's first and last chaplain, and published by John Haviland, London, the same year.

They were translated into German by Edwin Bormann and Harvard University, in 1903, and again by William A. Sutton, S. J., and were published in the Tercentenary number of *Baconiana*, London, April, 1926.

But so far as I am aware, no effort has heretofore been made to reproduce these remarkable poems in verse, thus preserving in part at least the musical rhythm of the Latin originals. This I have endeavored to accomplish and I am glad to give all credit to the four distinguished and scholarly translators—two German and two English—who have preceded me, and to whose renderings I have referred with great freedom in formulating my own. To Professor and Mrs. Frank Lowry Clark, of Oxford, Ohio; and Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie, of Yonkers, N. Y., my thanks are due for most helpful suggestions.

My purpose in this work is to render the *Manes Verulamiani* more attractive and intelligible to the general reader, thus spreading the knowledge and appreciation of the great Francis among the rank and file of the people in whose service he labored and to whom he bequeathed the results of his toil.

The poems are, of course, replete with historic, classic, and mythological allusions, intelligible as ABC to the scholarly writers and their equally scholarly readers, but far over the head of the general reader of today. To meet this situation, I have multiplied explanatory notes much more copiously than my predecessors, and placed all the notes at the foot of the page for instant reference.

Of course, in translating verse into verse, some freedom must be exercised, but I have endeavored not to abuse this license, but to preserve the spirit and meaning of the original with all possible literalness.

In most cases, I have used the dactylic hexameter of Vergil, though in a few instances, other metrical forms automatically suggested themselves and were employed.

No one can peruse these extraordinary tributes paid to the memory of Francis Bacon and extolling in turn the judicial, governmental, philosophical, literary and poetical abilities of this many-sided superman as well as his irreproachable character and integrity, without realizing to the full what his contemporaries knew and thought of him and what the world at large is just beginning to find out "after some time be past."

The work of studying and rendering these poems has been most enjoyable and profitable, and in itself has well repaid the labor, but if, in addition it shall be the means of making the Manes not only available but attractive to a greater proportion of the average readers, the labor will be repaid a thousandfold.

WILLARD PARKER,
President, Bacon Society of America.

119 E. 19th st., New York City,
January, 1927.

Rawley's Introduction

Sacred to the Memory of

THE MOST HONORABLE LORD FRANCIS
Baron of Verulam
Viscount St. Alban
London

In the office of John Haviland
MDCXXVI

To the Reader, Greeting:

What my most honored Master Viscount St. Alban most highly valued, the favor of Academies and Men of Letters, that (I believe) he has obtained; for these insignia of love and grief indicate their great sorrow at his loss. Nay, verily, with no stinted hand have the Muses bestowed on him this token: (many of the best verses remain with me),* but as he himself delighted not in quantity no great mass have I raised. Moreover, let it suffice to lay these foundations in the name of the present age; every age will enlarge and adorn this edifice; but to what age is given to set the finishing hand.* is manifest only to God and the Fates.

G. RAWLEY, S. T. D.

* Did these suppressed poems tell more than the loyal chaplain was willing to divulge of his many-sided master? And will they some day come to light?

DEATH LAMENTATIONS FOR THE ALL-LEARNED
AND RENOWNED MAN, LORD FRANCIS
BACON OF ST. ALBAN.

Mourn, Oh! ye Lares (1) of Alban, likewise thou prototype Martyr, (2)
Passing of Verulam's sage;—be his hallowed fate ne'er desecrated!
Aye! thou good Martyr, lament, for no sad fate hath ever been sadder,
Saving thine own, when thou fellest beneath the dire cloak of another.

No Signature.

(1) Household Deities.

(2) St. Alban exchanged cloaks with a hunted Christian priest named Amphibalus, and was martyred in his
stead.

II

THE LITERARY WORKS OF BACON ARE CALLED
TO THE PYRE.

Instauratio Magna (1); saying of marvelous subtlety;
Twofold increase of all science; writ in the tongue of thy homeland.
Greatly enlarged in the Latin; Life and Death history profoundest
Bathed in the sweet Attic honey! Tale of the great Seventh Henry
Pass I not silently over; stories of love more refined (2) which
Still do interpret in spirit Great Bacon's Muse with a vigor
Choicer by far than the Muses (3)—The nine that are fabled in story,—
Rise in the flames of his funeral, Muses, your sire's pathway lighting.
Ages of you are unworthy,—Your Master (Oh! shame) is departed!

S. COLLINS, R. C. P.,
Rector of King's College, Cambridge.

(1) The Great Restoration.

(2) Obviously refers to unacknowledged works—love stories!

(3) Goddesses of Poetry, Arts and Sciences, Clio of History, Melpomene of Tragedy, Polymnia of Hymns, Erato of Music, Terpsichore of Dance, Urania of Astronomy, Thalia of Comedy, Erato of Love Poetry, Calliope, the chief, of poetic inspiration.

III

ON THE DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN,
BARON VERULAM.

While thou didst groan 'neath the burden of malady painful and lingering;
While thy life halted uncertain, tell me, what WAS Fate's intention?
Now I can see, for in April alone could'st thou die, when the flowers,
Tears and the sad Philomela (1)—nightingale with her lamenting
Follow the funeral cortege to thy eloquence, now for aye silent,

GEORGE HERBERT.

(1) The nightingale.

IV

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST HONORED MAN
AND LORD, SIR FRANCIS OF VERULAM,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN, LATE CHAN-
CELLOR OF ENGLAND

Art thou, oh, barren tribunal (A), still proud of thine insolent purple,
When thou beholdest the bier that is robbing the famed of their greatness?
Nay! be this day to the deepest humility now given over,
Turning to sack-cloth the pomp which thou at thy bar ever wearest.
Themis (1) shall carry, not scales, but the urn bearing Verulam's ashes;
Then let her weigh, but not Epherus (2), tipping the beam of her steelyard,
But Areopagus (2), adding its ponderous weight to the balance.
Greater the sage that we mourn than philosophy old and scholastic,
In its barbarian porch (3); loud groaned the axis revolving
When this pile fell, this structure of wonderful greatness; dissolved was the
Vault of the whole world of letters, wherein, with a brilliancy equal,
Graced he the citizen's garb, as likewise the toga of statecraft.
As, in the shades of Dis (4) wandering, still longed Eurydice (4) sadly,
Kisses on Orpheus (4) to lavish—Styx (4) waves first calm and then bounding,
As to his magical fingers rang out the lyre-strings—so Learning
Thrilled to his touch, when entangled deep in the webs of the Schoolman,
Raised high her crest 'neath his fingers; newly enlivened her sock-tread (5),

(A) House of Lords.

(1) Goddess of Law and Order.

(2) Literally, not one man but a mountain of rock. Figuratively, not one judge but the entire Court.

(3) Probably refers to the old Stoic Scholasticism.

(4) From the legend of the adventure of Orpheus and Eurydice in the lower world.

(5) Compare Ben Jonson's preface to Folio of 1623.

Oh, when his stage-shaking buskin (5) rose up so tragic, like Virbius (6),
Sprang into being the Stagerite (7) new-lived in Novum Organum,
Proud leaves Columbus the Pillars (8) Calpe and Abyla behind him,
Destined to give to his fellows new worlds and arts as a heritage;
Ardor of youth pushes forward, in spite of Fate's threatening and menace.
Who is the Ancient or Hannibal (9), fearing his sole eye's eclipsing,
Winnowing the Street of Suburra (10) with his victorious standards?
Who is the Milo (11) so powerful, courting the rage of the oak tree,
When his old shoulders are borne down heavier with age than the ox-weight? (12)
Vainly our hero bestowed upon Science eternal duration,
Yet, alas! found he in truth 'twas his sepulcher he had constructed.
Ecstasy tranquil, the thinking whereby his great mind philosophic,
Soaring past stars to Olympus (13), seeks, of all Good, contemplation;
There it abideth at rest—, is now to its earth-home a stranger;
Now it comes back;—then again it is coyly and playfully roaming;
Once more returns, till at last,—in earnest,—in secret withdrawing,—
Parteth the soul from the ailing body, and thus to Death leaves it.
Come then ye Muses of Mourning, gather incense from Libanus (14);
Be it a crime that the royal pyre with the flames of Prometheus (15),

(6) Hippolytus raised from the dead lived as Virbius.

(7) Aristotle, born in Stagira.

(8) Pillars of Hercules.

(9) Hannibal had lost an eye.

(10) Street and section of Rome occupied by booksellers where great excitement was caused by the approach of Hannibal's army. Does this refer to the excitement among piratical booksellers of London when the forthcoming Great Folio was announced?

(11) Great strong-man who was eaten by wolves when his hands were caught in the cleft of an oak.

Suggests Prospero's threat to Ariel.

(12) Milo carried a heifer on his back.

(13) Mount where dwelt the gods.

(14) Lebanon, noted for its cedars.

(15) Who stole fire from Heaven.

Filched from the hearth of the kitchen, should for his funeral be kindled.
And, if, by breezes more wanton, his sacred ashes be scattered,
Weep till each following teardrop joins in embrace with its fellows (16).
Burst be thy prison foundations, seek thou the royal Jacobus (17)
Showing that loyalty follows, even the true soul's hereafter.
Then, from Law's tripod announcing, shalt thou thine oracles utter
To the disciples of Themis (18). Thus ye blest dwellers in Heaven,
Be unto Astraea (19) renewed now the joy of her champion ancient;
Or else with Bacon return ye Astraea (19) even as aforetime.

R. P.

(16) Tears chase each other down the cheeks.

(17) James I, who died in 1625.

(18) Goddess of Law and Order.

(19) Goddess of Justice.

TO THE MEMORY AND MERITS OF THE MOST
HONORED FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN.

Mourn, Oh ye turbulent streams which were born 'neath the hoof-beats of Pegasus (1)
Turbid with weeping and mud-stained, hardly your dark load you're bearing.
Wither, green foliage of Daphne (2); fall till the dead boughs are leafless.
Wherefore, ye Muses (3), should longer your sad gardens bring forth the laurel?
Nay, let the axe-blade all ruthless hew down the trunk that's now barren.
He who alone was deserving of laurel-crown no longer liveth.
Verulam now in gods' citadel reigns—shines—the golden crown wearing;
And from beyond heaven's firmament seeth the stars adoration;
Grudging that wisdom of heaven should solely belong to immortals,
He would return it to earth, and restore it for man's elevation.
Of all earth's sons was none greater master of gifts intellectual;
None who survive him can marry so sweetly dear Themis (4) to Pallas (5)!
While he was flourishing poured forth the choir of the Aonids (6) sacred
Eloquence all in his praise, leaving none for lamenting or wailing.

I deposit,
WILLIAM BOSWELL.

(1) Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses, with a stroke of whose hoof caused to well forth on Mount Helicon in Boetia the poetically inspiring fountain Hippocrene.

(2) The Laurel.

(3) The inspiring goddess of poetry.

(4) The goddess of Law.

(5) The Goddess of Wisdom.

(6) The Muses.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST HONORABLE LORD
FRANCIS BACON, LATE LORD HIGH
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Oh, thou most daring example of heights of humanity's soaring;
Wondrous deliverer thou of mankind from the yoke of the ancients;
While thou restorest the arts—arts in this age all too meager,
How shall thy funeral be mourned, as the doleful cortege now approaches?
What are the fates now demanding? What tears can mourners now offer?
When with thy bold hand thou strippedest the covering robe of Dame Nature,
Feared she exposure of nakedness? Bared were her unknown recesses,—
No hidden cranny escaping? Or, having wedded the ancients,
Spurned she the modern embraces of a new consort and bride groom?
Or at last, hostile and envious of thy great work for the world-good,
Snapped she the threads of existence which should have longer extended?
E'en as Archimedes (1) lest he should soar past the bounds of the crystal (2),
Fell by the thrust of a soldier (3), has thy fate now met thee, Oh! Francis,
Lest thou shouldst finish thy labor,—finish the labor forbidden.

(1) A mathematician and mechanic, discoverer of the lever.

(2) Perhaps referring to the legend of Archimedes' destroying Marcellus' fleet by concentrated sunlight in mirrors at the siege of Syracuse.

(3) Archimedes was killed by a common soldier at the fall of Syracuse which his engineering skill had defended for two years.

VII

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST HONORABLE LORD
FRANCIS BACON, LATE LORD HIGH
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Some there be who, when departed, still would live on in the marble,
Trusting to long lasting columns, Memory—fame—immortality
Some in bronze, some in gold shining, self-deceived, think the fates cheated;
Others leave numerous offspring, scorning the great gods like Niobe (1).
Thy renown doth not depend upon columns engraven nor epitaphs,
Halting the steps of the traveler; and, who would claim thee as parent,
Be not the fruit of thy body, but of Jove's brain like Minerva (2);
Virtue be now thy first monument, second, thy books long-enduring,
Third thy nobility, Fate holding nought but thy body in triumph;
Thy mind and fame still surviving, ne'er shall thy poor clay be ransomed.

T. VINCENT,
Trinity College.

(1) Niobe, proud of her many children, was punished for scorning the mother of Apollo who had but two.
(2) Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, sprang from the brain of Jupiter.

VIII

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE LORD
FRANCIS BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT
ST. ALBAN.

In the times past, I bethought me, virtues so large, co-existent,
On Earth impossible, or else ever firm proof 'gainst Death's arrow.
Yet, as the heaven with stars filled, so has thy life been resplendent;
All of these graces were thine and thee to the grave all have followed.
Genius and eloquence flowing forth in a stream so tremendous,
Both equal ornaments they of philosopher, sage and of jurist.
Now I can see they existed, that they have passed from among us;—
But enough—unless he comes back, never will such traits return here.

I. VINCENT,
Trinity College.

IX

ON THE DEATH OF THAT MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND RENOWNED HERO, LORD FRANCIS
BACON, BARON VERULAM. A
THRENODY.

Muses, now pour forth your waters in loud lamentations perennial;
Yes, let Apollo (1) shed tears now as plentiful too as the water
Castaly's (2) stream overflowing; neither were our dirges meager,
To such a great loss befitting, nor our poor tears to such sepulchre.
Thou the nerve-center of genius, Yea, of persuasion the marrow,
Eloquence's stream (3) and the jewel most precious of letters concealed (4),
Bacon, the noble, art fallen by the three sisters (5) relentless!
Oh! how shall my verse, great Bacon, eulogize thee and thy labors,
Built for all ages, and born of Minerva (6) and thy matchless genius?
Filled with what beauty and learning profound is The Great Instauration (7);
Yea! with what light does it scatter the moth-darkened sages of old-time,
Bringing now wisdom from chaos; Thus will the hand of Almighty
Bring to thy tomb resurrection. Therefore thou diest not, Bacon!
Ever from Death, Grave and Darkness, The Great Instauration (8) will free thee!

R. C.
Trinity College.

(1) God of Poetry and leader of the Muses.

(2) Castalia, an ancient Fountain on the slope of Mount Parnassus sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

(3) Literally, Tagus of Eloquence. Tagus being the largest river in Spain.

(4) Latin "reconditarum." Obvious reference to Bacon's description of himself as a "concealed poet."

(5) Three Fates. Clotho the spinner. Lachesis the caster of lots. Atropos of the shears, the inevitable.

(6) Goddess of Wisdom.

(7) Bacon's great Philosophical work, "The Great Renewal or Resurrection."

(8) A comparison of his work with the General Resurrection.

X

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST HONORABLE
BARON VERULAM, ETC.

Hark ye! again do our listening ears hear The Great Instauration (1)?
Bacon, once more, with face radiant, speaks in the great starry chamber (2).
Robed all in white he is listening, spotless as judge in all purity;
Dipped in Christ's blood is his mantle, given him by Hand Almighty (3).
"Earth, keep my body," he crieth; then to the stars makes his pathway.
Thus, thus, the noblest of spirits follows great Astres (4) skyward,
And with its vision unclouded true Verulam now beholdeth.

(1) Bacon's great work, also referring to the Resurrection.

(2) The Star Chamber, Civil and Criminal Court at Westminster, scene of much of Bacon's legal activity.

(3) This writer evidently knew of Bacon's perfect innocence of all charges brought against him.

(4) Goddess of Justice.

XI

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES (1)

Not in the bronze nor the marble liveth the great Seventh Henry,
But in thy page, noble Bacon. Henry, unite thy TWO roses,
Bacon a thousand will give thee, one for each word of his story.

T. P.

(1) Henry VII (Richmond) of the House of Lancaster (the Red Rose party), by his marriage with Elizabeth of York (the White Rose), united the two houses and brought to an end the Wars of the Roses, which had embroiled England for 30 years (1455-1485).

ON THE DEATH OF THAT MOST NOBLE AND
LEARNED MAN, LORD FRANCIS BACON,
BARON VERULAM, ETC.

Of the Aeonian (1) hand the glory most rare is now fallen,
And shall the seed be entrusted by us to the plains of Aeonian (1)?
Nay, if the goddesses stern (2) have the right to thus show their great power,
Break we the pens and be writings torn,—be they scattered in fragments!
Ah! what a tongue is now silent! Dumb is what eloquence stricken!
Nectar (3)—Ambrosia of genius, whither are ye now departed?
What has befallen us now, pray,—us—children poor of the Muses—
Since our Apollo (4) is gone, thus leaving our choir with no master?
If there availeth not labor, vigilance, care nor fidelity,—
If with a blow swiftly rendered, one of the Three (5) interposes,—
Why plan we purposes many for this brief span of a lifetime?
Why do we delve in the manuscripts, covered with dust and decaying?
Death's grim tribunal may summon us, quite in the midst of our efforts,
Striving to save from his clutches all worthy labor of others.
Why do I pour forth these vain words? Who shall speak, now thou art silent?
Scatter not violets of fragrance useless on thy holy speulchre!
Entomb thee not in the pyramid; safe is thy fame in thy volumes;
They are sufficient; these monuments, giving thee life everlasting.

WILLIAMS

(1) Aonia, a district in Boetia, Greece. Home of the Muses.
(2) The Fates.
(3) Wine of the gods.
(4) Leader of the Muses' choir.
(5) The Fates.

XIII

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD FRANCIS, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN,
BARON VERULAM, A MAN INCOM-
PARABLE.

Cease ye, for eloquent silence is by our grief now preferred,
Since he is dead who alone could charm the great circle of princes,
Intricate statutes resolving, boon to the anxious defendant.
Marvelous handiwork! Verulam old art restores and finds new ones.
Unlike the ancients, his daring challenges Nature's great secrets.
But she saith "Thus far! No farther! Leave unto those who come after,
"Some wonders still to discover. Be for thine own age sufficient
"Work by thy genius accomplished, by thy discoveries ennobled.
"Secrets I hold which the future ages shall proudly uncover;—
"Secrets I hold too which never aught but my own soul must cherish;
"Thine be the praise to have outlined this fair and beauteous body,
"Unto which no man can ever add or restore missing members.
"Thus like the artist Apelles (1) leav'st thou the painting unfinished—
"No other hand can complete it—add the lost parts of the Venus.
"Cease ye, for eloquent silence is by our grief now preferred."
Thus Nature spake; with blind fury, cut short his life and his labors.
Thou who shalt dare then to finish the warp he has left in the weaving,
Thou shalt alone understand him, him whom these monuments honor.

H. T.
Fellow at Trinity College.

(1) A Greek painter dating from days of Philip and Alexander. His greatest picture, Aphrodite Anadyomene, supposed to have been left by him a half-length figure and completed by a later artist.

XIV

ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN,
FRANCIS LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT
ST. ALBAN.

When o'er thee Death at last triumphed, cried he in wild exultation:
"Nothing in all the world greater could I have slain with my arrows."
All single-handed Achilles (1) mangled the great hearted Hector (2)
Caesar with one blow was murdered, yet at thee Death struck a thousand;—
Aimed thousand shafts at thy vitals, otherwise, could he have slain thee?

THOMAS RHODES,
Of King's Colledge, Cambridge

(1) Homer's Hero. Legendary Greek Warrior.
(2) Trojan Hero. Slain by Achilles.

IN MEMORY OF THAT MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF
MEN, FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN

Famed of old was Roger Bacon (1), who, Nature's forces revealing,
Followed the quest—eager—breathless. Honored was he by all England.
Optical Science uniting unto the Chemical wisdom;
Physical lore—Mathematics, joined unto Knowledge perspective;
Glorious works of his genius earned him a name most distinguished.
Also renowned was John Bacon (2). England is proud as his birthplace,
Who from the Scriptures most Sacred unlocked the oracles secret.
Then, when the same race had yielded many great pledges to England,
Famed through the world, it bore Francis, than whom none greater in genius!
What man of greater achievements? Who of an eloquence richer?
Such versatility wondrous, lo! is shown forth in his writings.
Which with a judgment most piercing censure the works of the Ancients (3);
And in his volume so modest, even The Great Instauration, (4)
Shows he his aims most stupendous;—Life and Death's Image, (5) Winds' History. (6)
Who with a spirit more lofty unraveled Art and all Nature?
Why give them separate mention? His works abound in profusion.

(1) Celebrated English Philosopher, 1214-1294. The late Prof. Newbold, of University of Pennsylvania, spent much time studying and interpreting the cryptograms in his work.

(2) Celebrated English Divine.

(3) Bacon's great work "The Wisdom of the Ancients."

(4) Bacon's Philosophical work, literally The Great Restoration.

(5) History of Life and Death.

(6) History of the Winds.

Part of them truly lie buried (7), but that some part shall be brought forth
Doth still ensure unto Francis, Rawley (8), his faithful Achates (9).

ROBERT ASHLEY,
Of the Middle Temple.

(7) Doubtless refers to his many pseudonymous works, buried under others' names.

(8) Bacon's chaplain who published his life and work under the title of *Resuscitatio*. He told much, half revealed much, but left much for the research of future ages.

(9) "Fidus Achates," the faithful companion of Aeneas, Prince of Troy.

ON THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH (1) BY
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS BACON.

Writer of Life and Death history, long life deservedst thou, Bacon!
 Yes! worthy life everlasting; why, pray, departed one, wilt thou
 Dwell with the shades and them cherish, slaying us who'll not survive thee.
 Life and Death history, Oh Bacon, of all of us hast thou written;
 But, who shall write thy great story, who, pray, of thy life or thy death?
 Give place, Oh Greece! Yield thee Maro (2), first tho thou be in Rome's story (3).
 Eloquence thine in supremacy; powerful of pen, great in all things,
 Famous in council, on platform; Aye, even Mars thou excellest,
 If Mars (4) to art proves submissive. Superman, thou in all titles,—
 Wealth thou despises, regarding gold as the breeze of the night-air;
 This world exchanging for heaven; earth for the stars and their brightness.

(1) Bacon's great work.

(2) Vergil's full name was Publius Vergilius Maro.

(3) Meaning that the greatest historians of neither Greece nor Rome are competent to write Bacon's history. Suggests Jonson's Preface to First Folio, and his article on Bacon in the Discoveries. In the former, he says:
 "Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
 Sent forth."

In the latter:

"He who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughtie Rome."

In the same paragraph, Jonson gives a list of the men noted for letters in his day but makes no mention of Shakespeare the Actor whom he mentions only in his connection with the theatre and plainly intimates his illiteracy.

(4) God of War. As Bacon was a man of Peace, this reference suggests that Mars was pictured as the Shaker of the Spear, Quirinus.

XVII

TO THE SAME MOST ELOQUENT MAN.

Let the best counsels, of Prudence, warned of a destiny higher
Add but the Master of Fable from Ithaca, (1) then hold you all men.

E. F.,
King's College.

(1) This couplet is admittedly and doubtless intentionally obscure. It reads as though intended as a warning to the other eulogists not to divulge too much of the high destiny for which Bacon was intended and to remember how as a poet "in a despised weed" he had wrought the good of all men.

XVIII

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST LEARNED AND
NOBLEST OF MEN, FRANCIS LORD VERU-
LAM, VISCOUNT OF ST. ALBAN.

Fallen alas! ere his time is the noble Day-star of the Muses (1).
Perished alas! is the sorrow and care of the great God of Claros (2).
Bacon, the darling of Nature, and of the world too; but strangest,
Of Death itself, special sorrow. Death would have spared him but Destiny
Cruelly claimed him. Melpomene, (3) chiding, spake thus unto Atropos (4)
"Never before wast thou heartless! Take the world, give back my Phoebus (5)!"
Ah me! alas! neither Heaven, Death, nor the Muse, Oh! my Bacon,
Nay, nor my prayers, were availing to bar thy fate melancholy!

(1) Goddesses of Poetry.

(2) An Ionian town noted for the temple and oracle of Apollo or Phoebus, leader of the Muses.

(3) Muse of Tragedy.

(4) One of the three Fates—the severer of the thread of human life.

(5) Apollo.

XIX

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

If thou wilt reckon Oh! Bacon what to mankind thou hast given;
If to the world and the Muses (1), creditor thou art remaining;
Love and Jove's (2) treasury, prayers, poetry, incense, the universe,
Heaven, the Muses (1) and sorrow never can balance the reckoning;
What can the arts then avail us?—envied no more are the ancients.
Therefore relent thee, Oh! Bacon; still to the world remain creditor;
Nature, alas! in her storehouse, hath not the wealth to repay thee.

(1) Goddesses of Poetry and Art.

(2) King of the gods.

XX

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME, ETC.

If but the worthy lament thee, then—then believe me, O Bacon,
There will be none who are mourners. Clio (1) and sisters of Clio (2),
Weep ye now truly, ye Muses; fallen is the Tenth (4), your choir's glory.
Never before has Apollo (3) bowed his head truly in sorrow;
When shall there e'er be another who with such full heart shall love him.
Never again be your number full and complete as aforesaid,—
Now must Apollo (3) content him with the Nine Muses—nine only (4)!

(1) Muse of History.

(2) Sister Muses.

(3) Leader of the Muses.

(4) A wonderful tribute to Bacon as a poet—the tenth Muse!

A POEM OF CONDOLENCE TO BOTH
UNIVERSITIES

If but my prayers Oh! ye Sisters, joined unto yours had prevailéd,
 (Ah! premature our complaining), never in vain were loves' strivings;
 Even as love oft concealeth strife-seeds of rival affections (2);
 Then by our tears we had gained thee, Bacon, the Learned—Apollo (3)—
 Ever thy fatherland's darling. What more could nature or virtue?
 Thereby the fruit hast thou given,—Meed of thy great name undying
 When all our wisest ones read thee, vowed they that unto thee solely,
 Fitted the power to speak ever. Goddesses (4) stern have refused him
 Both unto you and to usward. Ah! why so seldom concede they
 Aught to the longing of mortals. Worthy was he of the heavens,
 Yet are our prayers not importunate, craving that here he might tarry.
 Oh! happy fate, since to mourn thee is but a joyful eulogium;
 Stay your just wailings, ye sisters; know that we cannot all enter
 In the sad pyre of his funeral. He was both yours and ours ever.
 Strife there arose then betwixt us, (2) doubting which love was the greater.
 Your grief and ours are now common. Such a tremendous catastrophe
 Could not descend from the heavens down upon one single earth-spot.

WILLIAM LOE,
Trinity College (5).

(1) Oxford and Cambridge.
 (2) Refers to the rivalry between the two Universities.
 (3) Master of the Muses.
 (4) The Fates who cut off his thread untimely.
 (5) Cambridge. College of Henry VIII where Bacon attended and studied under Whitgift at the instance of Queen Elizabeth.

XXII

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN

Even while Verulam's sage filled the ages with copious volumes,
Death gazed detesting upon them, hating such marvelous labors.
Hated he all genius' monuments,—writings the funeral pyre scorning (1).
Therefore, while still the pen wielding, even with frail hands full weary,
While the scroll yet was unfinished, came the black Theta (2) to end it.
Yet shall thy writing, Oh, Bacon, live on, enduring thro' ages.
Reaching thy latest descendants, all despite Death's intervention.

JAMES DUPORT, T. C.

(1) Death hated the writings which defied him.

(2) The initial letter of the Greek word for Death.

XXIII

TO THE PASSERBY VIEWING THE MONUMENT
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD FRANCIS

Thinkest thou, Oh! foolish traveler that this cold marble is hiding
Phoebus' (1) own chorister;—leader of the great band of the Muses?
Thou art deceived then! Avaunt thee! Verulam shines in Olympus (2)
And lo! the boar (3), great Jacobo (4) glitters in thy constellation.

(1) Apollo, leader of the Muses, Goddesses of Poetry.

(2) A mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, regarded as the special home of the gods,
hence used as synonym for Heaven.

(3) Bacon's crest.

(4) James I, Died, 1625.

ON THE DEATH OF HIM—THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND DISTINGUISHED IN LETTERS, IN WIS-
DOM AND INNATE NOBILITY,—LORD
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST.
ALBAN. (1).

Not I, nor Naso (2) himself, were he in land of the living
Could with his verse, Oh! great Bacon, pay to thine obsequies tribute.
Poetry comes as the product of mind all serene and untroubled;
But our sad hearts are beclouded, since thou by Fate art o'ertaken.
Filled is the world with thy writings, e'en as thy fame fills the ages.
Enter thou then into rest, since sweet thou hast found it to do so.
What thou hast written, Oh! Bacon, in exaltation of learning,
That has exalted thine own head throughout the world without measure.
Short is my song—nay, 'tis nothing, but were it given to poesy,
Power to restore thy life, Bacon, How much would I then contribute?

C. D.,
King's College.

(1) Such tributes as this and many others constitute a grand refutation of the slurs, cast by the ignorant upon Bacon's character.

(2) Publius Ovidius Naso (Ovid), Roman writer of elegies and poems.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT LORD, LORD
FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM, VIS-
COUNT ST. ALBAN.

He who was law's moderator,
Freed from law, is now arraignéd
At Death's bar, thus clashing our realm
 With Rhadamanthus (2).
He who taught wisdom's great master (3)
Use of the New Organ (4), falleth
And by Death's own ancient method (5)
 Loosens his own limbs (6)
Truly Fate from vicious premise (7)
Draws conclusion to his ending
And would show if sense or reason
 Dwell in unjust fates.
Who showed Nature's hidden secrets, (8)
To the future age revealing,
Has to Nature, kindly stepdame, (9),
 Paid his bounden dues.
Now he dies full of art's riches,
Showing, in his death, art's great length;
Showing, too, how life is fleeting,
 And, how lasting fame.
He who was the brilliant day-star,—
He who trod great paths of glory,—
Passes and now shines in splendor,
 Fixed in his own sphere.

(1) Note the beautiful meter of the original of this poem, now, perhaps, for the first time reproduced in English.

(2) One of the judges of the other world. The picture is that of one great judge being tried by another!

(3) Aristotle, the most famous and influential of Greek philosophers.

(4) Bacon's new method as contrasted with that of Aristotle.

(5) Even his new method would not save him from Death's old one.

(6) Disintegrated his body.

(7) Reference to the old syllogistic style of reasoning—premises and conclusion. This stanza appears almost like a pun.

(8) Refers to Bacon's Natural History.

(9) A wonderful expression.

A FUNERAL HYMN

Under this tomb lies his body, of the grave spoil undeservéd;
 Outer marble tells his virtues, Yes, and even thus does virtue,
 Making its impress on marble, teach the pious stone of language,
 While she is for flight preparing. So will our hearts also furnish
 Everlasting tomb, that marble may, with men together, laud him.

HENRY FERNE,
 Fellow of Trinity College.

XXVII (1)

TO THE STATUE OF THE MOST TRULY LEARNED
 AND NOBLE MAN, LORD FRANCIS BACON.

He who denies thou hast numbered,
 Eighty Decembers, he gazes
 Not on thy brow but thy writings,
 For, if a virtue most hoary,
 And Wisdom's wreaths make an ancient,
 Then wert thou Nestor's (2) own senior.
 Yea, if thy features deny it,
 "Wisdom of Ancients" (3) shall prove it.
 That is the sign of thy long life.
 For to outlast the crow's lustrums (4)
 That is not life, but the rather
 Power to enjoy thy past living.

G. NASH,
 Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

(1) Note the changed meter into which this poem seems to fall naturally.
 (2) The oldest of the Greek councilors before Troy. The sense is that if Wisdom be an indication of age, Bacon's writings show him older than Nestor, despite his younger features.
 (3) Bacon's work "The Wisdom of the Ancients."
 (4) Literally, periods of five years.

ON THE RECENT FLOOD.

Swollen, unbarred were the waters,
 Floods Eridanus (1) had loosened,
Fear fell on all men, reminded
 Of the disaster of Pyrrha (2),
Fear that the waters would rise up,
 Sweeping with like inundation.
This were but tears and wild anguish
 Offered for him newly sainted,
Man of renown, I speak truly,
 Rivers do weep at thy passing,
Much more the human hearts' sorrow,—
 Hearts of thy fellow men saddened.

JAMES.

(1) The River-god of the Po in Italy. It overflowed in a great inundation shortly before the writing of this poem.

(2) According to the flood-legend of Greece, corresponding somewhat with the Bible account of Noah, Zeus, King of the gods, sent a flood to destroy mankind for wickedness. Deucalion, King of Phthia and his wife, Pyrrha, were alone saved, being commanded to build a chest in which they floated and which in nine days landed on Mount Parnassus. See "Atlantis, the Antedeluvian World," by Ignatius Donnelly.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MAN MOST NOBLE,
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN,
BARON VERULAM, ETC.

Shall we then mourn for thee also?
 Thou mad'st the Muses (1) immortal,
Yet could'st thou, Bacon, thyself, die?
 Inhale no more heaven's breezes?
Winds and the air which deserved not
 That thou shouldst write of their story (2).
Truly in rage, Fate, unconquered,
 One pyre at last has demanded (3),—
Noble and rare, spurning triumphs
 Too commonplace, would show power.
Greater the woe which this day feels
 Than past year's plague visitation (4).

(1) A wonderful tribute to Bacon's poetic ability.

(2) "History of the Winds."

(3) Unconquered Fate demands one great noble funeral pyre, spurning commonplace triumphs, to show her power.

(4) Plague visited London in 1625.

XXX (1)

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE MAN,
FRANCIS BACON, SOMETIME KEEPER OF
THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

What! has war arisen 'mongst the gods then?
Pray is Saturn in his court now suing (2)
Jove, his son, his kingdom to recover?
Leaves the stars, having there no attorney,
Wings his way to earth where soon he finds one
Fitting to his purpose, Bacon, whom he
With his scythe mows down and forthwith forces,
Justice to administer and champion
His cause 'gainst his son before the angels.
What! Thus do the gods need Bacon's wisdom?
Or has Astraea (3) the gods forsaken?
Even so it is! For she abandoned
All the stars and long has sedulously
Unto Bacon ministered on earth here.
Saturn never passed more prosperous ages
In the days named "gold" in poets' story (4),
Than did we when Bacon's wisdom judged us;
Therefore did the gods us mortals envy,
And deprived us of this greatest treasure.
He is gone—is gone—the word suffices
For our grief, that he is dead we say not;
What more need of raiment somber, See! See!
Where our pen itself flows with black tincture.
Dry will run the Muses' fount, resolving
Into tiny tears, April (5) drips sorrow.
Rage the spring winds in fraternal discord!
Verily each moan from deep heart drawing!
Universal benefactor! all things
Loved thee living, and thy death are mourning.

HENRY OAKLEY,

Trinity College.

(1) Note Trochaic Pentameter used in this poem.

(2) Jove (Jupiter or Zeus) had dethroned his father, Saturn (Cronus), and made himself King of the gods. This poem depicts the father bringing suit against the son to recover his Kingdom and calling Bacon from earth to represent him at the court!

(3) Goddess of Justice who abandoned the stars to minister to Bacon here.

(4) The "Golden Age."

(5) Bacon passed away in April, the month of showers.

ON THE LINGERING ILLNESS BUT UNEXPECTED
DEATH OF HIS MOST NOBLE MASTER,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN

Death first drew nigh and attacked him,
 But was repulsed, I bethought me
That he repented his purpose,
 And the fell crime he attempted.
But as a general of shrewdness
 Draws off his forces besieging,
Only to strike the unwary
 Soldiers when rendered incautious,
Even so Death, all relentless,
 And to the Muses most hostile,
Knowing him skillful in fending,
 Suddenly struck him the death-blow.
Gladly would I with my weeping,
 Bring my poor eyes to destruction.
But—ah—me—I must preserve them
 Fresh for his books which they love so.
Thus am I glad in producing,
 On tear-stained pages, this poem;
No bit of salt is there in it,
 Save what the salt tear hath given.

WILLIAM ATKINS,
His Lordship's Domestic Servant.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD FRANCIS BACON,
BARON VERULAM AND LATE CHANCELLOR
OF ALL ENGLAND.

Verulam's hero in dying, brings to the eyes of the Muses (1),
Sadness and tears, therefore think we, none after death can be happy.
Even the old Sage of Samos (2), think we, is filled with unwisdom.
Surely he cannot be happy, when his own Muses (3) are mourning;
For that his love for himself is not greater than that for the Muses
Clotho (4) imperious dragged him—spirit unwilling, feet struggling,
Up to the stars. Shall we think then, Phoebus' (5) powers dormant, or useless
Herbs of the Clarian Apollo (5)? Nay, unchecked was power of Phoebus (5),
Neither lacked those herbs their virtue,—both were still potent in fullness.
But know that Phoebus (6), then, fearing Bacon as King of the Muses,
Healing withheld from his rival; hence are our tears and our sorrow.
For although Verulam's hero Phoebus in all else exceeded,
In one sole art was inferior,—in the art only of healing.
Shadows and ghosts are ye Muses, well-nigh Jove's pale troop infernal (7),
If indeed ye are yet breathing, and my poor eyes not deceived;
Though I can scarce think that after he is gone you could survive him.

(1) Goddesses of Poetry and Art.

(2) Pythagoras, who taught the doctrine of happiness after death.

(3) The Muses represented as Bacon's hand-maidens.

(4) One of the three Fates—The Spinner of Life's thread.

(5) Apollo of Claros, here in his capacity of god of healing.

(6) Apollo in character of King of the Muses fearing Bacon's rivalry.

(7) Without Bacon's leadership the Muses were in danger of demotion to the rank of infernal deities.

If then some Orpheus (8) hath brought you back from the dead, and you are not
Visions my sight now deceiving, learn ye now deep lamentations;—
Sad songs,—shed tears in abundance;—look ye how copious the tear-flood.
Muses I recognize truly, aye, and their tears; for a single
Helicon (9) barely suffices. Even Parnassus, submerged not
Under the waves of Deucalion (10), Marvel! will hide 'neath these waters.
He, through whom ye have your being, perished in truth; he who nourished
Still the Pierian (11) goddesses,—fed them with all of his rich art,
When he perceived that the arts here, held by no root like seed scattered
Over the soil, languished—withered—taught he to grow arts of Pegasus (12)
Even as spear of Quirinus (13) swiftly grew into a laurel.
Since 'tis thro' him that the Helicon Goddesses (14) learned then to flourish.
Ne'er shall the lapse of the ages dim his renown or his glory;
Nor could his great spirit's ardour longer endure that, neglectful
Of thee, Minerva (15), Divine one, men should remain. His pen, godlike,
Honor restores, and Apollo (16) dissipates clouds that had hid thee;
Also he routed the darkness, bred of blear age and senility;

(8) Refers to Orpheus' descent alive into Hades, to bring back Eurydice.

(9) Mountain-range in Boetia, abode of the Muses.

(10) See note to poem XXVIII regarding the flood-legend of the Greeks. Parnassus not submerged by that flood will be covered with the Muses' tears.

(11) Pieria was birthplace of Orpheus and the Muses.

(12) Winged horse of the Muses.

(13) Romulus, shaker of the spear, which thrust into the ground, took root and became a laurel. A clear allusion to Bacon's fame under the pseudonym of Shakespeare.

(14) The Muses.

(15) Goddess of Wisdom.

(16) God of Poetry.

New and wise methods restoring; tearing the thread Labyrinthine (17);
But a new wisdom supplying. Truly, the wisest of ancients
Never had eyes so discerning; they were like Phoebus (18), arising
Over the shore to the eastward; he like Apollo (18), at mid-day
Even like Typhis (19) essayed they over the ocean to voyage;
Yet did their frail vessel hardly launch from the coast of their starting.
He, on the other hand, knowing Pleiades (20), Hyades (20) sisters,—
Syrtes (21), and Scylla's (22) fierce watch-dogs, well knows the dangers to shun them,—
Well knows his vessel to pilot guided by mariner's needle.
They begat Muses but infants, his were full-grown from the birth-hour.
Theirs were but mortal,—divine his. His Instauratio Magna (23)
From other writings the palm snatched, while slunk the sophists in squalor.
Aye, even now Pallas (24) steps forth shining as serpent with new skin.
Thus doth the Phoenix (25), arising, gaze on his ashes paternal.
Aeson (26) renews now his youth-bloom while Verulam (27), now restoréd,
Boasts of its new walls, is hoping glory of old to recover.
But see how brightly his eyes gleam,—brighter than all mortal vision;
As of State mysteries he chanteth,—singing the great laws of Nature,—
Singing the secrets of princes,—as tho' to both he were Minister.

(17) Reference is to the Labyrinth at Gnoссия in Crete and to Bacon's phrase "Filum Labyrinthi"—the Clue of the Labyrinth.

(18) Sun-god.

(19) Pilot of the Argonauts who sought the Golden Fleece. The reference is to the fact that the Ancient Philosophers were hardly able to start their ship on the sea of learning, but Bacon through superior knowledge completed the voyage.

(20) Constellations to guide the mariner.

(21) Two dangerous gulfs.

(22) A sea-monster or dangerous rock.

(23) Great Restoration, Bacon's work.

(24) Goddess of Wisdom.

(25) A fabulous bird which arose in renewed youth from its own ashes.

(26) Brother of Jason of the Argonauts. Committed suicide but was restored to life and youth.

(27) The old castle being rebuilt.

Celebrates Henry, who, priest-King, firmly united both roses.
But far too lofty for ONE Muse are these sad strains, let not Granta (28)
Unhappy hear them, but court-ears. Since to such lips has our Granta (28)
Offered her breasts, she has full right,—Greatest of offspring,—to praise thee.
She has the right to extinguish thy funeral fires with her weeping!
Yea, a right has she to pluck thee out from the midst of the burning!
Yet our poor muse cannot bring thee praises, for thou art the singer,
And thine own notes can best laud thee. Yet will I sing of thy praises,
E'en as I may, and if art fail, still will my grief be thy eulogy.

THOMAS RANDOLPH,
Trinity College, Cambridge.

(28) River Cam, hence Cambridge.