Vol. XLV. No. 162. Price 10/-

BACONIANA

Founded 1886

March, 1962

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Published periodically

LONDON :

Published by THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY INCORPORATED at Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1, and printed by the Wykeham Press, Winchester.

THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED)

Among the Objects for which the Society is established, as expressed in the Memorandum of Association, are the following :

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, statesman and poet ; also his character, genius and life ; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writing.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

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The subscription for membership is two guineas payable on election and on the first day of each succeeding January. Members receive a copy of each issue of BACONIANA, without further payment, and are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meetings.

Members would assist the Society greatly by forwarding additional donations when possible, and by recommending friends for election. Those members who prefer to remit their subscriptions in American currency, are requested to send $6.

SHAKE-SPEARES, SONNETS.

FRom faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauties *Roſe* might neuer die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy lights flame with ſelfe ſubſtantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy ſelfe thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds freſh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine owne bud burieſt thy content,
And tender chorle makſt waſt in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

VVHen fortie Winters ſhall beſeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery ſo gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of ſmal worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty daies;
To ſay within thine owne deepe ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſſe praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſeru'd thy beauties vſe,
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe
Proouing his beautie by ſucceſſion thine.

[Shake-speare's Sonnets, 1609. First Edition, first page.]

BACONIANA

VOL. XLV (76th Year) No. 162 MARCH, 1962

It should be clearly understood that BACONIANA *is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Society, but the Council does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed by contributors or correspondents.*

EDITORIAL

..... my words require an Age, a
whole Age perchance, to prove them,
and many Ages to perfect them.
Francis Bacon.

LET us turn first to the happy occasion last February when some of our members joined with the Gray's Inn Society in a commemorative dinner at which the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, proposed the toast of the evening to the immortal memory of Francis Bacon.

The vital part which Francis Bacon played in the history and traditions of the Inns of Court, and more particularly of Gray's Inn, is well known. It was right that a dinner should be held in Gray's Inn Hall to celebrate his quatercentenary; and since there was not over much time between the inspiration and the event to perfect the necessary arrangements, we would like to acknowledge with gratitude the help we received from the Treasurer of Gray's Inn, Master M. E. Rowe, C.B.E., Q.C., the Under Treasurer Mr. O. Terry and his staff, and from the late Captain W. Holden, M.B.E., the Librarian. Fortunately there were members of our Society living near London who were delighted to assemble at Gray's Inn on the evening of Friday, February 17, 1961, at the joint invitation of the Treasurer and our own Chairman.

The following were present: Master the Rt. Hon. Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor, Master the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, K.C.V.O., Master the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Sellers,

M.C., Master the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Devlin, Master the Hon. Mr. Justice Edmund Davies, Master N. L. C. Macaskie, Q.C., Professor H. A. Hollond, D.S.O., O.B.E., Mrs. Brameld, Miss E. Brameld, Miss M. Brameld, Mr. Bryan Bevan, Mr. T. D. Bokenham, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Campbell, Mr. Austin Coates, Mr. Noel Fermor, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Fraser, Miss Irene Hancock, O.B.E., The Rev. Douglas Harpur, Mr. C. J. Hemingway, Professor Pierre Henrion, Captain W. Holden, M.B.E., Mr. John Holder, Mr. James Maconochie, Commander Martin Pares, R.N., and Mrs. Pares, Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, Sir John Russell, Mr. Alan Searl, Mr. H. A. Sturgess, M.V.O., Mr. O. Terry, Mr. Philip Ure, Mr. J. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Woodward, Mr. T. Wright. The Treasurer, to our great regret, was unavoidably prevented from attending, but Master N. L. C. Macaskie, Q.C., one of Gray's Inn's senior Benchers, kindly consented to preside in his place.

The toast of the evening, " The Immortal Memory of Francis Bacon ", was proposed by the Lord Chancellor in a memorable speech, the notes for which he has kindly allowed us to print (see p. 15): it was seconded by our Chairman, Commander Pares. The Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. W. R. Matthews, then proposed the toast of Gray's Inn coupled with the Francis Bacon Society, and this was seconded by Professor Henry Hollond, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, representing Lord Adrian, the Master. Professor Pierre Henrion of the University of Versailles responded on behalf of the Francis Bacon Society. All the speeches, as one of the distinguished Benchers, Lord Justice Devlin, was kind enough to remark, were of a high standard. They were reported in *oratio obliqua* in the Easter Term (1961) issue of *Graya* and we give them here, as far as possible, in *oratio recta*. Our members will be specially grateful to Professor Henrion, who deputised for Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, for the fine speech which he made at very short notice. We venture to hope that, by printing these speeches for the benefit of members not present, we shall be providing a permanent record of the tributes paid to Francis Bacon by eminent men of law and of letters of our own day, as well as those of the past which they quoted.

After dinner, the company assembled in the Benchers' Library where there was an unusual display of fine pictures, manuscripts, and early editions of the works of Francis Bacon. The portrait of Bacon, by Cornelius Jansen, had been kindly lent for this occasion by its present owner, Miss E. M. Horsey. Among the books displayed were several rare editions of Bacon's *Essays*, and other works from Gray's Inn Library, a Baconian item of masonic significance, and two first editions of Bacon's Works in French, lent by Commander Pares. But perhaps the most interesting item on view was the Morgan Coleman manuscript lent by its owner, Mr. Ewen Macduff. This Elizabethan manuscript, dated 1592, contained illustrations, many of which were in colour, of the coats-of-arms of all the Kings and Queens of England from Egbert to Queen Elizabeth I. More than two hundred Royal persons were represented armorially in this manuscript, and only one commoner—Francis Bacon. On page 67, the last page of the manuscript, was the Bacon coat-of-arms, with the crescent sign denoting the younger son.

We conclude this very brief description of a most enjoyable evening with the two extracts from Francis Bacon's works which were printed at the beginning and end of the toast-card which was handed to each guest, and to which our Chairman drew attention in seconding the Toast. Bacon, as the undoubted prophet of the modern Scientific Method, is often blamed for what is now called the split between Morality and Science. Few people seem to remember his warning . . .

> That all Knowledge is to be limited by Religion and referred to use and action.
>
> (*Valerius Terminus.*)

* * * * * *

St. Albans City Week

Although the modern citizen of St. Albans may know little of Francis Bacon, there is undoubtedly a local pride in her most famous son. The Mayor, Alderman Dr. Elsie Toms, M.A., J.P., and the Corporation must be congratulated on organising a week's celebrations in honour of the quatercentenary of his birth on January 22, 1561, and on the Exhibition at the Town Hall. The week opened with a pageant, and a service

of remembrance in St. Michael's Church on Sunday, January 22, attended by a crowded congregation including the Bishop of St. Albans, the Mayor of St. Albans, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, The Master of the Rolls Lord Evershed, the Marquess of Salisbury, who read the lesson, Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, M.A., who gave the address, the President and representatives of the Royal Society, the Treasurer and representatives of Gray's Inn, and the Chairman of our Society. The Service, as a happy thought, included Bacon's translation of the 90th Psalm into verse; this was sung as the hymn preceding the address, and seemed, in that setting, particularly moving.

On Monday evening, Mr. J. G. Crowther gave a lecture at the Town Hall on " Bacon the Writer", and on Friday evening Lord Adrian, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, spoke on " Bacon the Scientist ". Professor Trevor-Roper's fine address at St. Michael's Church appears on page 32. Lord Adrian pointed out that Harvey's experiments on the circulation of the blood were brought to Francis Bacon's notice; an observation which will be of interest to some of our readers.

Although modest in size, the Exhibition was as interesting to the public as to the specialist in Francis Bacon's achievements. Colonel William le Hands, M.C., B.A., F.S.A., the Hertfordshire County Archivist, who was no doubt responsible for collecting and arranging the exhibits, wrote a most useful introduction containing numerous revealing details on the Bacon and Grimston families, many of which would interest our members. We hope to summarise these in a later issue. A charmingly written brochure—*The Bacon Family*—written by the late James Brabazon, Earl of Verulam, in collaboration with the St. Albans City Council, before his tragic death in October, 1960, was available at the Exhibition, and greatly enhanced the enjoyment of many visitors.

* * * * * *

The University of London Exhibition

Few public authorities other than the St. Albans City Council felt called upon to honour the quatercentenary, but an exception was the University of London. A natural pride in perhaps the finest extant collection of Bacon's works, including the

Durning-Lawrence Library, may have been responsible, but the Exhibition held in Senate House was of outstanding interest. It is doubtful if many were fortunate enough to see this apart from University students. The books on show included a high proportion of first editions, published in this country and the Continent, and a list of some of the more noteworthy items will be given in a future issue.

* * * * * *

The Press and the Radio

Notices of the quatercentenary, of varying length, appeared in a number of national and provincial newspapers, and a very fair article appeared in the London *Times*, of January 20. An animated correspondence also appeared in the *Radio Times* and in the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, during January and February.

The name of Francis Bacon, as England's great philosopher, is known to be revered in many continental countries; but we confess to having been agreeably surprised by the interest shown by Soviet Russia. A short but crystal-clear appreciation of Bacon's influence on succeeding times appeared in the *Soviet-Weekly*, for the week ending February 4, 1961. The fact that Soviet admiration for Bacon is directed to him chiefly as a " materialist philosopher " is an attitude which must be taken for granted. Many of us admire the mystical and spiritual side of his character, yet it is true to say that his altruism belonged to both worlds, the material as well as the spiritual; or, in his own words, " to the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate on earth ".

In Czechoslovakia, there was also considerable activity. Professor Ambros of Prague University, one of our most enthusiastic members, wrote several articles which have been published in periodicals and journals in that country. It was a profound disappointment to him and to us when, after friends in England had made arrangements for his journey to London to our dinner at Gray's Inn, the exit visa was not granted. Admittedly the notice was short, and perhaps we allowed insufficient time for the inevitable consultation with Moscow on this purely cultural matter.

The B.B.C., despite our representations, was apparently disinclined to organise a full-scale broadcast on Francis Bacon. Some of our members who saw the *Radio Times* of January 19 will have noted with regret the undue emphasis on the word "meanest" in Pope's paradoxical epigram. However the Editor was fair enough to publish Commander Pares' objections in the issue of February 9. On Sunday, January 22, at 10.10 p.m., the B.B.C. allotted half-an-hour on the Home programme for three successive speakers on Lord Bacon. This broadcast, short as it was, proved to be good. F. P. Wilson and J. G. Crowther both gave most interesting talks, but a new and uncompromising approach was made by Professor Benjamin Farrington. Characteristically he did not mar this commemoration of a great man with any disclaimers as to his moral integrity. By his kind permission, and with acknowledgments to the B.B.C., we recorded his talk, which appears on page 42.

* * * * * *

A Masque of Homage

On Saturday, July 22, members and friends of our Society assembled at Canonbury Tower to witness an Elizabethan Masque in commemoration of Francis Bacon, specially written for the occasion through the inspiration and enthusiasm of our Secretary and her two talented daughters, Elizabeth and Mary Brameld.

The masque, as a fashionable means of entertainment, was in vogue in England from Henry VIII's time to the Civil War. Thus it offers an appropriate art-form by which to recapture something of the atmosphere of 16th century social life and manners. It was right that the two performances of this Masque should have been presented in the Tower Theatre, and in the grounds of an ancient building which was at one time occupied by Bacon himself. Through the kind offices of our friends in the Tavistock Repertory Company, which now leases the Tower from the Marquis of Northampton, the Masque was first enacted in this appropriate setting.

The matinee and evening performances were well attended by members and their friends, and there was a full house on each occasion. Many months of research and preparation had

gone into the production, and the music, which was composed by Mary Brameld, and the dialogue, which she and Elizabeth skilfully adapted from contemporary works, were much appreciated by all who heard them. The costumes and lighting were equally effective. We acknowledge with gratitude the assistance and advice of the Tavistock Repertory Company, firstly in granting us the use of the Tower Theatre, and secondly in permitting several accomplished members of their company to appear in the cast. Our thanks are also due to Mr. R. C. Morrison for his generosity in providing the harpsichord, to Diana Higgins for designing and making the head-dresses and masks, to Anne Collis for so carefully reading all the parts and acting as prompter, and to Major-General and Mrs. Waterhouse for their kind hospitality at Canonbury Tower. Lastly, and most important, the Council has asked us to express its profound gratitude to the entire cast for their selfless devotion to our cause, and their punctilious observance of the rehearsals.

Many letters of congratulation have come from spectators of this Masque, and we are glad to say that its authors have been sufficiently encouraged to have the text privately printed as a permanent record of the occasion (see page 73).

* * * * * *

The Royal Commonwealth Society

Some years ago the late Sir John Cockburn contributed two excellent articles on Francis Bacon to the journal of the above Society. We are grateful to its present Editor for kindly inviting our Vice-Chairman to write in the September/October 1961 issue, on Bacon and the Commonwealth. This journal is distributed to over 30,000 members at home and overseas, and it is fitting that our great national heritage of the Commonwealth, for which we are so much indebted to this far-sighted statesman, should be acknowledged in this way before such a wide-spread and well-informed audience.

There have been several references in our journal to Bacon's vital role in founding the Crown colonies of Bermuda, Virginia, and Newfoundland. As a result of correspondence, our Chairman, who is most interested in this subject, wishes to qualify his statement in *Knights of the Helmet* that Sir George Somers

was the first appointed Governor of Virginia. In fact he was the first Admiral of the Colony—a political and not a naval appointment—though he did not reach his destination for some time. Available reference books do not seem to be altogether helpful on this point, but we are informed through the American Embassy Library that Lord delaWarr became the first official Governor, and Sir Thomas Gates the first Lieutenant-Governor; the latter being firstly shipwrecked on the Bermudas with Sir George Somers.

* * * * * *

Cryptology

We have not yet heard from Colonel and Mrs. Friedman in reply to the challenge of our cipher enthusiasts, conveyed in the Editorial of *Baconiana*, 161. If their answer is still a categorical refutation of all the evidence put forward, we should still be glad to know. Professor Henrion had given us some carefully qualified but detailed comments on the validity of the " squaring " system in his letter to the Editor (page 111), and this has given our cipherists good grounds for continuing to explore this system.

Our last issue contained no cipher articles, so we now include three short contributions. In one of these Commander Pares supplies the promised diagrams which were held over from *The City and the Temple*, and also tells us of an interesting find in the 1640 edition of *Shakespeare's Poems*. Apparently this supports the cryptographic keys in Ben Jonson's poem.

The other two cryptographic articles by Mr. T. D. Bokenham and Mr. W. E. Lovell are related, in as much as each poses the question of an " heir " to an " unsubstantial title ": Mr. Bokenham believes that Matthew Arnold must have been privy to a secret source of information about Bacon, and he agrees with Professor Henrion that the double acrostic in *Merope* could hardly have occurred by chance.

Mr. Lovell presents us with a possible cryptogram in the 1609 edition of *Shake-speare's Sonnets*, and this does not appear to conflict in any way with Mr. Eagle's masterly exposition in *The Friend and the Dark Lady*, which our opponents are finding hard to refute. The Ovidian inspiration in many of the Sonnets can scarcely be denied, and we congratulate Mr. Eagle

on a *tour de force*. This however is largely a matter for classical scholars, while Mr. Lovell's argument is addressed mainly to cryptologists. We could wish that our opponents in both these fields would come into the open, instead of remaining on the defensive. It should be quite possible, on the evidence we have submitted, for a cipher expert to decide on the possibility or otherwise of a cryptogram in the first edition of the Sonnets.

* * * * * *

Meeting with the Osler Club

To round off the year's events a joint meeting of the Osler Club and the Francis Bacon Society was held at Gray's Inn, on December 6th. The Osler Club is a well-known association of eminent medical men, and we are much indebted to Dr. D. Geraint James for inspiring and arranging this meeting. It was a very enjoyable gathering and included some of our friends in the Gray's Inn Society who had been with us at the Francis Bacon Dinner in February.

There were three speakers, and then a general discussion. Our Chairman, Commander Pares, led the commemoration of Francis Bacon by describing, briefly and vividly, five episodes in his life: the occasion in 1592 when he and his friends, Richard Field, Henry Gosnold, and Launcelot Andrews, rode down from Gray's Inn to Twickenham to escape the Plague: the Parliament of 1593 when Bacon risked his career by opposing the treble Subsidies: the Gunpowder Plot: the Commons debates on the union of England and Scotland: and that fateful journey which ended on Highgate Hill in Holy Week of 1626.

The principal speaker, Sir Geoffrey Keynes, F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., then read a profoundly interesting paper on Bacon, Harvey, and the doctors of their day. It would be quite impossible in this column to do justice to this paper, which was packed with most instructive research. However we understand that it may form part of a larger work on which Sir Geoffrey is at present engaged, and in due course become available to the reading public.

The last speaker was the distinguished surgeon, Mr. Dickson Wright, M.S., F.R.C.S., whose impressions of Bacon and Harvey were delivered with his customary wit, and with a

sardonic humour all his own. The meeting was then thrown open for discussion, during which there was a natural tendency for specialists in the medical world to prefer the achievements of Harvey and Gilbert, in their specialist fields, to those of Francis Bacon, who was described as a man who " played " with scientific experiments, and usually failed to drive them home. In opposing this rather narrow view of Bacon, Commander Pares said that he was not to be regarded simply as a scientist, in the modern and restricted sense of the word. His great achievements lay in the realms of statesmanship, philosophy and (if the expression may be allowed) the " science of science ". Bacon was a world figure whose writings and philosophy had become known and esteemed by every civilized nation.

OBITUARIES

We mourn the passing of our respected member Sydney Woodward, and offer our sincere sympathy to his widow in her sad loss.

He came from an illustrious family to whom the Society, and Baconians generally, will ever be grateful for their scholarly writings. His father and uncle, Frank and Parker Woodward, have left behind them an indelible record of great service to our cause.

Sydney Woodward became President of the Society in 1950, upon the death of Sir Kenneth Murchison, having previously served as Hon. Treasurer. When, following the last War, the Society found itself in difficulties, he helped considerably in putting things in order, and the finances on a sound basis.

His retirement to North Devon did not diminish his keen interest in the work of the Society, although he was perforce cast in a less active role; but it is a happy thought that his cousin Wilfred has taken his place on the Council, the Woodward tradition thus being maintained.

A matter which seemed to afford Sydney Woodward much pleasure was the fact that Mrs. Gallup stayed with his family in Nottingham when writing her great work on Francis Bacon's biliteral cipher; and so he was able to testify to Mrs. Gallup's integrity and complete honesty of purpose.

T.W.

It is with great regret that we record the death in South Africa last year of Arnold Shaw Banks. He was a deeply interested member of our Society, and we wish he could have been present in person, as no doubt he was in spirit, when some of us assembled at Gray's Inn last February, and again at Canonbury in July, to commemorate Lord Bacon's fourth centenary.

Of his home life and of his Masonic work it is not for us to speak, but rather for those who shared them. It may be

recorded however that he served the Order of International Co-Freemasonry—which makes no discrimination of sex—for more than forty years, attaining its highest degree. In his youth he was delicate and was educated as a day-boy at Tettenhall College in Shropshire. At the age of fifteen he went to Japan with his father, returning *via* America. In the first world war his active service in the R.A.S.C. took him as far north as Archangel. He was a deeply religious man, somewhat aloof, but with him (as with *The Happy Warrior*) there seemed to be "a constant influence, a peculiar grace". For many years he was Server at the Anglican Church at Woodham in Surrey; later he joined the Liberal Catholic Church. His interests were wide and included music, the Kabbala, astrology, and gardening. His last years were divided between South Africa and England, according to where his work lay.

It was through our mutual interest in *The Sonnets of G.S.O.* that we first became acquainted. These beautiful poems, like the Shakespearean sonnets from which they grew, are mainly philosophical. Their language, too, is nothing if not cryptic and they treat of the immortality of the Soul. Something of Arnold Banks' own philosophy is infused in them, and one, which appealed to him strongly, may perhaps be quoted as our valediction . . .

There is a land just hitherward of sleeping,
A husht last brink washed by the seas of dark,
A quiet shore where we turn ere we embark,
And see the pale lights fade, the grey mists creeping
Down the far hills where lay our day-time road,
And kindly homes gleam starlike through the gloaming,
And the wise fields at peace. Then tired with roaming,
We come to the lone wharf and lay our load
On the dim wherry's deck, and silently,
Sweet as farewells and tender beyond weeping,
The shadows fold us on the tideless deep
That ends all days and bears all days to be;
And we are held in the great water's keeping,
When hands have rest from labour and we sleep.

Many friends will miss Arnold Banks. Many will miss his understanding of music, his touch on the organ, his appreciation of the power of the spoken word. We Baconians will miss his half-amused, whimsical, but none-the-less stout-hearted support of our theory. His *day-time road* had taken him far North to the Arctic Circle, and Eastwards around the world. It was in the dark continent, where the Southern Cross runs high, that he closed his chapter of service, boarding the *dim wherry* of Charon, to be held for a term in the *great water's keeping.*

M.P.

THE SPEECHES AT THE FRANCIS BACON DINNER AT GRAY'S INN ON FEBRUARY 17, 1961

THE following is our record of the speeches made at the dinner in Gray's Inn Hall, commemorating the fourth centenary of Francis Bacon's birth. The circumstances of this dinner are reported in our Editorial, and an account of it was printed in *Graya* for the Easter Term, 1961. The principal toast was proposed by Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor, whose graceful and eloquent speech, coming from one whose career has taken him successively through the very same offices once held by Lord Bacon, namely, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General and Lord Chancellor, and who is also a Bencher of Gray's Inn, was doubly inspiring. Fortunately, this did not become an occasion when genuine praise of Bacon is marred by wearisome repetition of what the ignorant are pleased to call his faults. We had assembled to pay tribute to the memory of a very great man and, like our Chairman who seconded this toast, we believe all members of our Society will be grateful to Lord Kilmuir for his generous and discerning praise of his illustrious predecessor.

We also place on record our thanks to Dr. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, who, in his most engaging manner, coupled the Toast of our Society with that of Gray's Inn. Dr. Matthews, whose interest in philosophy is well known, and who is himself a member of the Gray's Inn Society, gave us a most interesting impression of Francis Bacon as one of the great Utopians. In seconding this toast, Professor Hollond, Fellow and sometime Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, said that he was representing Lord Adrian, the Master, who was unfortunately not able to be present. In a refreshingly concise and amusing speech, he reminded us that Francis Bacon, though not long in residence at Trinity College compared with Gray's Inn, is honoured today by being one of the very few members to whom full-sized statues have been erected.

Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who was to have responded to this toast, was unfortunately prevented from coming. Lord

and Lady Dowding, who were much missed, sent us their greetings by telegram and so, in a cable from Jamaica, did Sir Edmund and Lady Bacon.

To Professor Henrion, of the University of Versailles, we must express our gratitude for taking Lord Dowding's place at short notice and for so eloquently responding to this toast. His knowledge of Francis Bacon impressed us all, and our readers will find his speech particularly appealing.

Notes for a Speech by the Lord Chancellor on the Immortal Memory of Francis Bacon*

Honour of being Entrusted with this Toast

It is a manifold honour to be invited to propose this toast on this great occasion.

Any man would be indeed dull of soul if he were unaffected by rising for this purpose on a spot where Bacon may have stood.

No son of this inn could be unmoved by thoughts of Bacon, for when he first saw that statue outside he absorbed—through emotions as well as mind—that here was the *genius loci*. Equally, all members of the Francis Bacon Society look with pride to what the Society has done in spreading the knowledge of the great work of Hepworth Dixon in his powerful defence of Bacon. And among the writings that I know, your Society alone has recognised the importance of his approach.

No Lord Chancellor can look over the arches of the 1366 years of his office and view again that company some 200 strong, of which he is a member, without seeing the mental power of Bacon stand out from among us like a sudden mountain peak in a range of grass covered hills.

If any of my audience needs convincing as to how strait is the gate into the rare Elysian field of true and undisputed greatness let him canvass with his friends the candidates of the 20th century. After hours of bitter argument the answer generally is " Our brother Master Churchill—and who else ? "

* The speaker's sub-headings which appear in these notes did not form part of the speech, but are included in view of their interest.

Yet he would be a perverse oddity who would deny that quality to Bacon.

The Vanity of his Achievement

Diversification of effort is either a snare which brings its pursuer down hard and certainly among the second-rate, or a success whose very versatility is puzzling to the ordinary man.

When as in Bacon's case the chosen fields are law, politics, philosophy, literature and magnificence, what is certain is that one will be fortunate if one can give more than a fleeting impression in an after-dinner speech.

Yet take the law

It was once fashionable for inconsiderable lawyers to dismiss his legal attainments as a by-product.

Yet Holdsworth considered that his legal writings and arguments proved him " a skilful lawyer, a great jurist and an unequalled expositor of the law ".

He genuinely believed in the need for equity and faithfully followed Ellesmere's lead in giving it strength. Whatever our own path, a system of law in which trusts, mortgages and the administration of assets were not developed would have been poor indeed.

Above all, at thirty-five, he published his *Maxims of the Law*, which showed not only his love for the law, but the ability possessed by very different men like Mansfield Marshall or Atkin to see its future place in a changing society.

Though it ill becomes me to say much of the merit of having been Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor, broadly I would rather have challenged in forensic combat their critics than those who have held these offices.

Politics

It took me some time to explain to my own satisfaction why a man of Bacon's mental powers should have persistently importuned Burghley, Essex and James I for office.

I think the explanation is that those of us who have the political virus, who have the love for what F. S. Oliver called the endless adventure of the government of men, must always

be considering not only our political ideals and aims but the means of putting some of them into effect. In Oliver's words our eyes are not always fixed on the millenium or on the end of our noses but some way between.

Bacon was constantly looking for the person who would be the medium for putting his political science into effect. He was disappointed, and few of us are at our best in disappointment. So he said " All rising to great place is by a winding stair ".

Yet if he had succeeded with James I—who ought to have listened to him after all Bacon's work to integrate England with my native land;* if James had taken the advice in Bacon's papers about 1612-14; if the King had been content to show the lead and without pressure give his subjects a line to follow; if he had used prerogative government in the interests of the humbler classes and relaxed the restrictions on non-conformity as Bacon advised, there might well have been no civil war.

Perhaps Bacon had not the priceless political gift of a warmth of understanding which makes a man fellow to a beggar and brother to a king. For his part he had the consciousness of his own great gifts and the determination that they should be at the service of his country.

Science and philosophy

I am no scientist, and a rusty philosopher, but I should say that Bacon left this:—

A. His claim that a direct appeal to nature was the only way to truth, raised the function of the observer and depressed the mediaeval claim for ratiocination.

B. He did then set forth the widening intellectual breach between men of his day and the middle ages.

C. Through the practical tendency of his philosophy and his effect on Locke he was the father of English psychological speculation.

In his own words he " rang the bell which called the wits together ".

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* Scotland—*Editor.*

Boyle, Spratt, and Oldenberg concur in ascribing to the impetus of Bacon's writings the foundation of the Royal Society.

One hundred and twenty-five years after his death the French encyclopaedists had no doubt. You remember the famous words of Diderot and d'Alembert when they placed him at the head of these illustrious heroes of whom the others were Descartes, Newton and Locke, and said of him:—

> To consider the just and extensive views of this prodigious man; the multiplicity of his objects; the strength of his style; his sublime imagery; and extreme exactness we are compelled to esteem him the greatest, the most universal and the most eloquent of all philosophers.

LITERATURE

Yet in the end in his own words " My essays come home to men's business and bosoms ". They certainly remain the truth in all our lives.

> What is truth? said jesting Pilate and would not wait for an answer.
>
> Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.
>
> God Almighty first planted a garden and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.

If the glories of Gorhambury passed so quickly, we have a lasting reminder of this thought in Gray's Inn so well linked by my brother Hilbery.

I close with his trumpet call against the shoddy and second-rate in spirit and effort.

> Men argue and object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

I have a seconder, Master Treasurer, and I propose the toast of not merely the greatest son of our Inn but a great man—

" The Immortal Memory of Francis Bacon ".

Commander Martin Pares, R.N., seconding the toast, said:—

We feel very privileged to be here in Gray's Inn on this unique occasion and to have heard this toast so eloquently and so powerfully proposed. The generous tributes which, from the same great Office, you, my Lord Chancellor, have paid to

the memory of your illustrious predecessor, Francis Bacon, are doubly inspiring.

As your seconder, I feel a little conscious of the high standard you have set. But two recent visits to Gray's Inn have convinced me that judges are human; and also that, as a Naval Officer, I would not be expected to moderate my language! So, with the green light showing from the Bench, I will now go ahead.

When, after three and a half centuries a man is commemorated —not only in his own country but throughout the civilised world—there must have been something truly great in him. " Greatness " was the word used by Ben Jonson, and perhaps it is the only word to describe this extraordinary man.

There are two special tributes which I would like to pay to him, the first as to his charm, the second as to his integrity. But—just as Bacon himself often approaches his point under a barrage of classical quotations to which no one can take exception—so must I take cover under some of the tributes paid to him by famous men.

Pope compares him to Plato, Newton and Locke, and sees him as:

> " The greatest genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced ".

Emerson finds in him an extreme range and accuracy of vision:

> " . . . . the genius of Bacon is the extent combined with the distinctness of his vision. . . . It is the survey of a superior being, so commanding, so prescient ".

Shelley, characteristically, compares him with Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon and Milton, and sees in him the poet's gift:

> " Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestical rhythm, which satisfies the sense no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect ".

In the eyes of these judges Bacon's genius and philosophy are justified, and he is seen among the leaders of the human race. Harvey's joking remark that Bacon " Wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor " was perhaps truer than he knew. It was

that peculiar " executive " quality in Bacon's philosophy which, combined with his eloquence, made it so effective.

The great statesman, Bismarck, when asked what he thought was the most significant political factor of the day, replied without hesitation, " The fact that the North American Continent speaks the English language ". We must remember that it was Francis Bacon who, besides playing his own part in forging and fashioning our language, took the first practical steps to plant it overseas. He was from the beginning on the Council of the Virginia Company, and beside him sat the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. William Strachey, the Colony's first Secretary, dedicates his narrative to him as " the most noble factor of the company ".

You see, when Bacon sits in Council things begin to move; three centuries later we find his image engraved on the tercentenary Newfoundland postage stamp; and beneath it are the words " guiding spirit of the colonisation scheme ". It was not only for the Union of the two Kingdoms that Bacon laid foundations; it was also for a future and greater community of English-speaking peoples.

When one makes a special study of a great man's works, one becomes more aware of the depths. It is like turning one's eyes from a fine landscape, and bringing them to focus on a particular scene. Suddenly, half hidden amidst the green foliage, you become aware of a small flower of exquisite colour and beauty. Bacon's essays—in spite of their unbelievable compression—have often seemed like that to me. Suddenly one sees—illuminating the broad wisdom of his philosophy—a physical or natural image like a flower, always in attendance on the abstract thought.

" Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark."

" Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds, they ever fly to twilight."

" Fortune is like the market."

" Money is like muck, not good except it be spread . . ."

" I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word *impedimenta* is better."

" The division and quavering which please so much in music, hath an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moonbeams playing on a wave."

Images like these will translate into any language without loss of power. Bacon paints the world as it is, and not as our ideologies would have it.

It is true that in those days patronage was on the market—at the price of a flattering dedication. Even Ben Jonson succumbed to this custom, though it must have gone much against the grain! Ben was a man in whom the fire burned if he could not speak his mind, and I will call him as my witness, not only of Bacon's intellect, but of his integrity. I do not know of any finer compliment paid by one man of genius to a greater:—

> "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

Ben Jonson, of all men, would hardly have gone out of his way to make a record of his profound feeling for Francis Bacon if he had not been fully aware of the circumstances of his fall. He must have known that it was a political plot accomplished on a trumped-up charge. He must have known that Bacon submitted only at the King's entreaty and with a promise of Royal pardon.

In the words of the late Lord Birkenhead, Bacon "never had a trial". There was no properly constituted court; all the witnesses were examined in his absence; not one was cross-examined, and all were offered a free pardon. It is hard to imagine a more irresponsible way of collecting accusations against a great Lord Chancellor. Anyone who had ever made a gift or paid a fee to Bacon, or to one of his servants, and who had then lost his case, was invited to come forward and declare it a bribe, with a promise of complete amnesty and oblivion. But fees and bribes are two different things, and in those days it was customary for all judges to take fees. The published "interrogatories" are, therefore, completely misleading. In no single case was justice perverted: not one of Bacon's decrees was given on a promise, and of the many thousands not one was reversed after his fall.

I stress these points, my Lord Chancellor, because today, in our schools, and in our broadcast talks, the true Francis Bacon is too often obscured by the intellectual monster depicted by Macaulay. We have no just cause to mar our respect for a very great man by giving voice to the smug disclaimers of the self-righteous. For Francis Bacon, no apology is necessary, least of all in Gray's Inn.

We look forward, my Lord Chancellor, to the day when the circumstances of his tragedy will be examined afresh without fear or favour, preferably by a lawyer. Macaulay's inexactitudes have influenced a generation. We believe that Bacon's actions, like his works, will justify themselves. We believe he was a man of clean hands and clean heart.

It is here in Gray's Inn that he would most wish to be remembered, for what he was, and for what he aimed to achieve. To him, as the first great missionary of science, we owe much of the comfort we now enjoy. There have been idle reproaches, attempts to blame him for the atom bomb and for all conceivable misuse of scientific knowledge, and even for being " utilitarian "! This is a narrow and mistaken outlook. Bacon had an almost religious conscience about the use of science. It is true that he was concerned to make the material world happier and more comfortable. It is true that to him the suppression of science was insanity. But according to him true Intellect must long submit to true Faith until the day when we shall know even as we are known. To him Science was " for the Glory of the Creator and the Relief of Man's Estate on Earth ".

Printed on your menu cards is Bacon's own answer to those who would condemn him. One is from an early work, the *Valerius Terminus*, and the other from the last page of the *De Augmentis*:—

> " . . . seeing that Knowledge is of the number of those things which are to be accepted with caution and distinction, and being now to open a fountain such as it is not easy to discern where the issues and streams thereof will take and fall, I thought it necessary in the first place to make a strong head or bank to rule the course of the waters, by setting down this position or firmament . . . *That all Knowledge is to be limited by Religion, and referred to use and action* ".
>
> " It is enough for me that I have sowen unto posterity and the Immortal God."

With these words, Master Treasurer, may I pass it back to my Lord Chancellor, to give this memorable toast?

Dr. W. R. Matthews, the Dean of St. Paul's, proposing the toast of Gray's Inn coupled with the Francis Bacon Society, said:—

It is a privilege to be allowed to take part in this commemoration of a very great Englishman and there could be no more appropriate place than this ancient hall in which that commemoration should be observed: we are, so to speak, remembering him in his own home.

When I was asked to speak, I underwent a great temptation. It happened that, at one stage in my career, I used to give university lectures on the History of Philosophy, and I could have sought out my old note-books and found there lectures on Francis Bacon and his philosophy which I might have inflicted upon you. I think I might have compressed it into just over an hour! The Lord Chancellor has already dealt with the contribution which Francis Bacon made to the development of the logic of discovery to what was, in effect, a new way of knowing. As I listened to him, I thought again of my professorial days, and the fantastic—and indeed almost blasphemous—fantasy crossed my mind that I might set the Lord Chancellor an essay on the subject; and I thought of a title, " The Importance of Prerogative Instances in Bacon's Theory of Knowledge and their Relation to modern Conceptions of Inductive Reasoning".

Bacon described himself as a herald of the new age. I think perhaps a more adequate term would be that of " prophet " of the coming scientific revolution and scientific civilisation. I do not think he saw very clearly the nature of scientific method, but he did grasp and state its fundamental principle. In this he was not perhaps so original as has sometimes been claimed, but there is one claim for originality which, I think, cannot be questioned. He is the first considerable thinker to have recognised the possibility of transforming human society and human life through science. He realised that knowledge is power in the sense of giving us power over nature, and thus utilising our knowledge for the " relief of man's estate ".

I would venture, this evening, to draw your attention to one particular aspect of Bacon's great *corpus* of written work, the *New Atlantis*. In some respects this, I think, is the most characteristic of his writings, in which many sides of his thought are brought together and the animating spirit of his intellectual life becomes evident. The *New Atlantis* is, of course, a book which can be classified as a " Utopia ". Utopias, the ideal societies which men have described, are a fascinating and revealing study: revealing, not only of the minds of their authors, but also of the societies and civilisations in which they lived. In passing, it may be worth remarking that utopias do not seem to be produced in such numbers today as they used to be even quite recently. Why this is, I would not like to say. Is it, I wonder, because we feel that we " never had it so good " and can't imagine anything much better? Or is it, on the other hand, that we feel so desperate that we have not the heart to hope?

Bacon's *New Atlantis*, when it appeared, was a new kind of utopia. No doubt we have all read it, and so I will not attempt to describe its details. Let me refer to some of the salient points. It is, I think, not a utopia in the ordinary sense of that word. As we have it, at least in its unfinished form, it is not a plan for an ideal society. There is very little about the general community of the inhabitants of Bensalem. The detailed description is reserved for Salomon's House and its activities. This is the matter which interested Bacon and is of most interest to us. He sketched as the centre of the island community the picture of a college of researchers, of men secluded in their absorbing intellectual activities, selected for their abilities and their devotion to knowledge, and dedicated. It was, says Bacon, " the noblest foundation that ever was upon the earth and the lantern of the Kingdom ". Its members were " devoted to the study of the works and creations of God ". All their endeavour was directed towards the discovery of " the true nature of all things whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and man the more fruit in the use of them ". Like most of the utopias with which I am acquainted, Bacon's utopia is certainly not a democracy, but a kind of aristocracy—an intellectual aristocracy.

Bacon's vision, which he expressed in this fiction of the island of *New Atlantis*, was far-reaching in including in its prophetic insight problems that are with us now. You remember that the new Atlantis is a society which is sealed off. Immigrants are not encouraged and indeed, are warded off. Its benefits are not for all mankind and its discoveries are not to be broadcast to the world; nor, indeed, are the discoveries of the fellows of Salomon's House for all citizens of Bensalem.

Bacon foresaw dangers in an indiscriminate and undirected scientific advance, so the *élite* residents in Salomon's House had their secrets and the results of their researches were released to the common people only gradually and selectively. Nor were the researchers free to pursue individual lines. The enterprise of Salomon's House is a common one and a co-operative one. We know very well indeed how real the dangers are, for we are actually facing them at this present moment; and we know, too, how the apprehension of these dangers has led to attempts to maintain secrecy with regard to some scientific discoveries and achievements by nations who dread the power which the knowledge of them would give to their enemies.

We know, too, that there has been, and is, a tendency to direct research along channels which are supposed to be particularly useful for some primarily political end. So much so, that in Soviet Russia, a biological theory rejected by most biologists became for a long time an orthodoxy to which all researchers in that country had to pay at least lip service. I fear that Bacon's foresight did not include the answer to these problems. The advance of science remains not only the source of very great benefits to mankind, but also the source of potentially overwhelming disaster.

I have mentioned that the new Atlantis is unfinished. No doubt this was partly due to the fact that Bacon was, at that time, more interested in other writings, but I think this was not the fundamental reason. The fact is, a scientific utopia never can be finished, because science itself is never finished. No one can do more than conjecture what the next development is likely to be. In Plato's *Republic*, the ideal society was essentially static: once the perfect city had been established, all change

must be repelled as the enemy. In Bacon's utopia, change is an essential element. It is, in truth, not an ideal society, but a society geared to progress. Change is not the enemy, but, according to Bacon's hope, capable of regulation and direction, so as to be always ameliorating the human lot.

I am bound to say that no utopia of which I have read has made me want to become a citizen of it, and even Bacon's new Atlantis would, I fear, not be particularly agreeable; but, of all those that I know, I think it would be the least intolerable, at any rate so long as one could be certain that one was a member of Salomon's House. In the case of Bacon, as in the case of other utopias, however, we may have the comforting thought—" it won't come in my time ".

It has sometimes been made a reproach against Bacon that he had a merely utilitarian conception of truth and regarded it as valuable simply because it might be useful. I am sure that this is an unjust accusation. Certainly Bacon emphasised the potentialities for human existence which were being disclosed by science, but equally certainly he regarded truth as a value in itself. Let me quote two sentences in conclusion which, I think, corroborate what I have said:

> " Truth, which only judgeth itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth which is the presence of it, and the belief of it, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."
>
> " Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth."

I would say that Bacon deserves our admiration most of all as a valiant servant of the Truth which, to him, was the highest good of human nature.

Professor Henry A. Hollond, Fellow and sometime Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, representing the Master, Lord Adrian, and seconding the toast, said:—

It would be a great honour to second in any place any toast proposed by so accomplished a speaker and a man of such profound learning as the Dean of St. Paul's. For me it is a particular privilege to follow him in this Hall in asking those present to express in the customary manner their regard for Bacon's own

Inn, and for the Society founded 75 years ago to keep his memory green. How could I fail to feel this in the home of a legal society many members of which have been my friends, in a gathering which I hoped would be presided over by the Treasurer for the current year, who was my pupil in Bacon's own College some 35 years ago?

We must not press the connection between Bacon and Trinity too closely, for he was only 12 years old when he became an undergraduate, and there was no such association between him and the College in later life as there was in the case of his nine years older rival Coke. But I must confess that during the Dean's speech the playful thought went through my mind that in describing Solomon's House Bacon perhaps had Trinity in mind.

But though Trinity must necessarily yield precedence to Gray's Inn in regard to him, still we of that College are entitled to do honour to him as to one of ourselves, and many of our Society have honoured him throughout the centuries—most recently among them our Master, Lord Adrian, whom in his unavoidable absence I, with due modesty, represent—and Lord Adrian's lifelong friend Professor Broad, the philosopher.

Bacon is one of the six members of our College whom full-sized statues commemorate in our recently beautified ante-chapel. He sits there plunged in speculative dream, heedless of his surroundings—heedless of Macaulay sitting opposite, who showed towards him as little objectivity as he showed towards many others.

It would not be appropriate for me, even if I were qualified to do so, to express views on any of the controversial subjects which fall very properly within the province of the Francis Bacon Society. There is plenty upon which we can agree during a convivial commemoration without treading on debated ground. We can agree to honour Bacon's unsurpassed command of the English language, whether in speech or in writing. Of how many speakers could it be said, as was said of him after an argument in court, 'Every man feared that he would make an end'? We can agree to honour his passionate advocacy of the advancement of knowledge of the universe. And we can

remember with gratitude his graceful expression of his love of gardens, to which Gray's Inn owed so much.

Without committing oneself to any of the conflicting theories as to the philosophical nature of corporations, one can safely believe that a Society is an entity distinct from the sum of its members, and I therefore associate myself, most respectfully and gratefully, with the Dean of St. Paul's in asking all present, whether they be members of one or other of the societies or not, to drink to the continued welfare and prosperity of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn and of the Francis Bacon Society.

Professor Pierre Henrion of the University of Versailles, replying on behalf of the Francis Bacon Society, said:—

A sense of duty is pleasant indeed when you have pleasant duties to perform. First it is a most pleasant duty to thank the Treasurer of Gray's Inn and the Chairman of the Francis Bacon Society for their kindness and courtesy in inviting foreigners to join you in these celebrations. I say " foreigners " in the plural because my distinguished colleague, Professor Ambros, of Prague University, should have been here. I know that this would have been a truly great occasion for him, and for all those of his countrymen who are so deeply interested in cultural relations. Unfortunately, he was prevented from coming by *red* tape; the administrative papers were not completed in time for his departure.

My second duty, a vital one in this Inn, this temple, of forensic eloquence, is to crave forbearance for any offence I may commit under the laws of Francis Bacon's native language. My third and chief duty lies with the towering genius we honour today, Francis Bacon.

I suppose I represent the average specimen of the many foreigners that have been fascinated by the great Francis since the contemporary days when his personality created an immense current of interest—and sympathy—among the *literati* abroad. My acquaintance with him dates back as far as my schooldays. You see, I had an intelligent teacher. He was not content with telling us how to ask the way from a British " bobby ". He went so far as to read Renaissance stuff in the vernacular with

his pupils. The meaning was often hard to grasp, but there was the music of the words and the deep human quality underlying the Renaissance literature.

I was specially interested, and not at all shocked, by the sometimes cynical realism of Bacon the essayist. I thought I sensed an immense goodwill pervading the worldly wisdom. Here, I felt, was an idealist making his compromise frankly, courageously, and how shrewdly, with the realities of human nature. Here I had a prophet who did not battle against evil by simply ignoring it, a prophet who could sympathise with our foibles without abetting them, a high priest who worshipped Truth before anything else.

I felt delighted at the curious rhythm of his thought. But under the solemn clothing of the prose, I could feel, too, the fine frenzy of the age, hard at work to keep itself in check. The many-faceted fancy of the elegant stylist appeared as a sort of mask, imperfectly hiding the truly humble secret soul of the profound thinker, that " meanest " servant of mankind, if I may interpret Pope's ambiguous epithet in its proper sense.

Some of the essays of this man, who procured the good of all men, appeared to me like clinical studies by a physician of the soul, aiming at restoring harmony and balance in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the individual. And I think the public man tried to do the same in the body politic. In order to achieve this, he had to leave the " ivory tower " and fight the battles of the world.

Even when a humble suitor, he knew the salt he was worth. He desired a great fate because he knew his greatness. *Il n'aurait pas voulu qu'on l'accusat de dormir.* And when the cup of bitterness was forced to his lips, he drank it to the lees. When I came to read Macaulay, I had no patience with that maker of oratorical soap-bubbles, that irresponsible distiller of venomous slander. If the two essayists met in another world—if they happened to be in the same subdivision of it—I am sure that Francis showed a forgiveness that I could hardly find in me to show; which simply proves that I have not yet completely grasped the true lesson of the Chancellor's life. One must indeed be the worthy master of a worthy soul to sacrifice one's

good name in the public eye, for this perhaps is the hardest and most meritorious form of patriotism.

And yet the greatest of men, that true aristocrat of mind and soul, did not wish to lose for ever the sympathy of his fellow-mortals. As you know, he appealed to foreign nations, asking them to vindicate his memory and reverse the judgment in the conscience of his fellow-countrymen in future ages ; a task that Macaulay was to make so hard. Impotent and obscure as I am, I have always done what I could to find the worthy and brotherly Will, under that much maligned name of Bacon, to help him climb again to the apex of the pyramid of the past.

The study of Bacon's personality—may his *manes* forgive my presumption—has always interested me because of its many mysteries, and two of them specially, which I might call the Paradox of Pride and the Paradox of the Jester.

As to the Paradox of Pride, he was famous for his magnificence, even when he could ill afford it. My fellow-countryman, Pierre Amboise, his contemporary, said he was born in the purple. He married in purple, *cap-a-pie*. But strangely enough, when I imagine his masquing about in this very Gray's Inn as a " Prince of Purpoole ", I always see, under the purple robe, a hairshirt next to the skin.

As to the Paradox of the Jester—Ben Jonson and even Macaulay bear witness to it—he could hardly pass a jest. He had a ready wit, as forensic virtuosos will often have; but what is more, and what is better, he had a sense of humour. But who am I to say this, since Frenchmen are normally supposed to dally with wit, but to be impervious to humour? Like many born jesters, I believe Bacon was a melancholy man at bottom. Called upon to make a caricature of himself, I could picture him, with a twinkle in his eye, inventing, not a Rabelaisian *bon vivant*, but a sort of naïve Quixotic fool, lean like a rapier, wielding an ineffectual lance at the ignorance and evils of this world—a sort of Jacques. I can almost hear the caricature he would make of the rhetoric of his own Essays: " I have the scholar's melancholy, which is maceration, the dreamer's which is fantastical, and my rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

And yet, Bacon's society was great fun for his friends, though I wonder if the jocularity was not a form of refined politeness, a heroical part he played brightly to entertain his friends, and to escape the dangers of taking himself too seriously. As he said in an Essay: "There be some whose lives are as if they perpetually played a part upon a stage, disguised to all others, open only to themselves".*

Ladies and Gentlemen, it warms my heart to see that my English friends are not ready to forget their strange genius. He was Francis the First in the realm of modern thought, ringing the bell, as he said, to call the wits together, and thus paving a royal road to the Royal Society to come. But in the circle of his friends he seems to have been first and foremost Francis Good Fellow.

Francis, thou sleepest thy well-earned sleep in thy tomb, wherever it be, but thou dost not sleep yet in our memories.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for standing my alien prattle so long and with typically British fortitude; and I thank you for a jolly good dinner, with the sparkle of the wine of France (and other countries too) firing the glasses in honour of the immortal . . . Francis Bacon.

* *Of Friendship*, 1607 Harleian MS., and 1612 edition of the Essays. It is remarkable that this curious passage—omitted from the enlarged and beautiful 1625 version, and so from all modern editions—should have been thus noticed by the speaker.—EDITOR.

FRANCIS BACON AFTER FOUR CENTURIES

By Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, M.A.

(*Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of "Encounter"*)

An address given in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans on January 22, 1961

It is a pleasure to think of Francis Bacon, that "magnanimous Lord Chancellor" of England who, of all men, has given most fame to this city of St. Albans. How St. Albans basked in his greatness while he lived. "When his Lordship was at his country-house at Gorhambury," writes Aubrey, the briefest, most impressionist of his biographers, "St. Albans seemed as if the court were there, so nobly did he live"; and even now, wherever we light upon him, something of this magnificence remains. *Mediocria firma* indeed! That was the motto of his family, but has any man more majestically flouted the smug doctrine of the golden mean? And yet, with all his magnificence, there was nothing bizarre or vulgar about him, as about some of those too full-blooded Elizabethans. If Bacon loved brilliance, lavishness, show, he loved also beauty, elegance, refinement. We see it in his language, in that rich yet limpid, exquisite style; we see it in the world which he created around himself: "delicate" is Aubrey's favourite word for his gardens and woods and buildings; we see it in his love of music—he had music in the next room while he meditated—and, perhaps above all, in his scrupulous sense of smell: he designed his gardens so that "the breath of flowers", blowing freely or crushed underfoot, should "come and go like the warbling of music"; in his house, all the year round, "he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers" to "refresh his spirits and memory"; and "none of his servants durst appear before him without Spanish leather boots; for he would smell the neat's leather, which offended him". Even his ordinary metaphors are drawn from music and sweet smells; the subtle bonds of civil society are compared with the harmony of instrumental music, virtue with precious flowers, most fragrant when they are crushed. To the very

end Bacon sustained this elaborate but fastidious magnificence. In the days of his ruin he refused to sell his majestic oak-woods: he would not sell his feathers, he said. That man, said Prince Charles, seeing him unabashed—in some respects perilously unabashed—in his eclipse, " scorns to be snuffed out ".

But once he was dead, how soon this material magnificence evaporated! He left his finances in such shipwreck, that his executors refused their task. The university chairs in natural science which he had endowed by his will were never founded, for lack of funds. Of his great houses, York House in the Strand, where he was born, with its costly aviaries, which he had built, became the spoil of his treacherous patron, the Duke of Buckingham. Gorhambury, which he had inherited and beautified, adding portico and terrace, statues and stained-glass windows, slid, by an uncertain process, into the hands of " a glorified caretaker ", his old client and admirer, the husband of his niece, Sir Thomas Meautys. Later, Aubrey saw its gardens and groves desecrated, its Roman summer-houses defaced, " so that one would have thought the barbarians had made a conquest there ". Verulam House which he had built " at immense cost ", with its great carved staircase and ingenious *trompe l'oeil*, was derelict, and would be sold for £400 to two carpenters to break up. Bacon's variegated fishponds were " overgrown with flags and rush ", his gardens, once " a paradise ", had become " a large ploughed field ". Even his tomb in this church was not left unspoiled: his coffin would be pushed out to make room for a successor, not of his blood.

And yet, amidst this material desolation, how Bacon's fame had grown! Within a generation of his death he was a European hero. He was Verulamius, the philosopher of St. Albans, whose works were read and revered in Sweden and Poland, Bohemia and Transylvania, and would inspire the Royal Society in England, the Académie des Sciences in France. He was a historian too: his *History of the Reign of King Henry VII*, written in his eclipse, is the first work of philosophic history in our language: " it is a pity ", exclaimed an admiring enemy, on first reading it, " he should have any other employment . . . if the rest of our history were answerable to it, I think we should

not need to envy any other nation in that kind". And finally, he was seen, in retrospect, as the greatest of social and legal reformers, the man who, had he been heard, might have forestalled revolution in England. Such was his universally admitted genius that later generations have even discovered in him a remarkable, if concealed, dramatic poet: but that I think (with all respect to any of you who may hold those views) is perhaps going a little too far.

Of course there are some qualifications to be made. Everyone admits Bacon's genius but not everyone admires his character. He has been represented as a tortuous, even a treacherous politician; a flatterer of royal, even absolute power; a slippery, even a disloyal friend. If we abstract him from his own times and place him, as the Victorians too easily did, against a 19th-century background, it is easy to give colour to these charges. Bacon certainly lubricated rather than forced his way to power. "All rising to great place," he once wrote, "is by a winding stair," and since he got no help from his cousin Robert Cecil, who had his own way to wind, he attached himself to Cecil's great rival Essex and sought to wind upwards in his wake. When Essex was heading for disaster, Bacon (it can be said) nimbly deserted his patron and then—unforgettable moment—appeared in court as the accuser of his too generous, too impulsive, now fallen benefactor. Then, too, against the law of freedom, the Common Law, and its great Panjandrum, the avaricious, crabbed, cantankerous Sir Edward Coke, Bacon urged the majesty of the civil law, the law (it was said) of despotism: he would have the judges lions, but "lions under the throne". And finally, Bacon's career ended in disgrace, on a charge of receiving bribes, or at least gifts.

All these charges can be made; and yet, if we put Bacon back in his proper circumstances, how small they become! Bacon rose, as every politician rose in those days, and in many others. He followed Essex not merely as long as Essex promised success, but as long, and only as long, as his methods were legal and justifiable: it was when Essex went berserk that Bacon, after seeking vainly to reclaim, ultimately renounced his master. The "despotism" which he advocated was not absolute but

carefully institutionalised, a liberal, humane, reforming royalism, far more civilised than the earthbound *meum* and *tuum* of the common lawyers. Certainly he did not believe in government without parliament: " all reformations ", he told the King, " are best brought to perfection by a good correspondence between the King and his Parliament ". He did not even believe in royal control of parliament. When royal officials undertook to produce, by packing, a tractable parliament, Bacon was horrified. " That private men should undertake for the Commons of England! Why a man mought as well undertake for the four elements !" These are not the words of a courtier, an absolutist, a flatterer of royal power. Nor did Bacon, for all his extravagant, sensuous tastes, misunderstand or seek to suppress the " puritan " opposition. " Let me advise you," he urged the Duke of Buckingham, " that the name of puritans in a papist's mouth do not make you withdraw your favour from such as are honest and religious men." And as for the charge of corruption, that, after all, was a charge that could always be brought, and almost always was brought, against any man whose ruin was already resolved. If all rising in the court of King James was by a winding stair, all falling down was a straight and steep one; and at the bottom of it, by 1625, lay all the greatest English statesmen of the reign.

When all the charges against Bacon have been made and examined, what remains? One thing, I think, does remain. Bacon was not treacherous, not despotic, not corrupt, but he was a cold man. Not, of course, in imagination. The man who saw myths as the warmth of life, without which men's minds were " poor shrunken things "; the man who admitted that the cold, open light of truth does not show " the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight "; the man who approached nature not with the intellectual pride of the Schoolman but with something of the mystical passivity of the poet, was assuredly not a dry, cold rationalist. And yet emotionally, I think, he was somewhat cold. That " delicate lively hazel eye " was described by his own doctor, the great Dr. Harvey, as " like the eye of a viper ". That is what makes Bacon's contrast with Essex—the lyrical,

passionate, heedless, generous, disastrous Essex—so striking. Bacon's great rival and cousin, Robert Cecil, was a cold man too. Perhaps this coldness of both Bacon and Cecil came from their mothers. Their mothers were two of the three famous Cooke sisters: formidable, dominating bluestockings, indecently learned in the ancient tongues, but not, I think, very nice. Perhaps it is not an unmixed good to have a classically-educated, bluestocking mother. At all events, the intellectual greatness of Bacon, like the political greatness of Cecil, was rendered purer (in a sense) by being unentangled by any powerful bonds, undiffused by any genial warmth, of the heart.

But what intellectual greatness it was! Bacon, in his own words, took all knowledge for his province. He touched no subject which he did not change. With the perfect lucidity of a great lawyer he combined—a rare combination—a forward-looking imagination. At one and the same time he could, as few other men have ever done, both in science and in politics, both analyse the old world and envisage a new.

Consider him, for instance, as a philosopher of science. Bacon was not a scientist, like his contemporaries, Galileo and Gilbert, Kepler and Tycho Brahe, and we only provoke a just retort if we pretend that he was. He was, in his own words, *buccinator temporis novi*, the trumpeter of a new age. "I hold it enough," he wrote, "to have constructed the machine, though I may not succeed in setting it on work". He saw that great scientific discoveries were possible, but that they could not be realised without a new scientific outlook. And so he urged the new outlook: an outlook which can be expressed in two words, observation and induction: observation of Nature, induction from things observed, instead of deduction from philosophical or theological presuppositions. In the study of science, wrote Bacon, "we cannot hope to succeed if we arrogantly search in the cells of the human understanding and not submissively in the wider world". Nature must be observed, with reverence, before it could be interpreted, by however powerful a mind.

What an obvious truism, we exclaim, from our safe vantage-point in time: has it not been the basis of science from Bacon's

day to our own? But what a revolution it was then! All the prejudices, all the institutions of society were opposed to it. Other men had challenged that opposition in detail; but if they had sought to challenge it in general, they found that a great, sullen weight of orthodox ideology stood in their way. To move that weight, such men had felt the need of a rival ideology, and then, of course, they had found themselves in trouble. They had been branded as heretics. In Bacon's own lifetime, for holding views not very different from his, Giordano Bruno had been burnt in the Piazza dei Fiori in Rome, Vanini was burnt in the Place du Salin in Toulouse, and Campanella languished for thirty years in the dungeons of Naples. But Bacon neither languished nor burnt. Instead, he rose steadily upwards to be Lord High Chancellor of England.

How did he manage it? Largely, I think, because he was able, as few other men were—as even his own successors were not—to separate reason from ideology, from orthodoxy and heresy alike. With his serene, Olympian, disengaged intellect—that marvellous precision-instrument which moved so freely in that cool head—he detached his field of study from the established forms of religious belief, which he valued, and sought to preserve, not to destroy; for their destruction would entail the destruction of so much else. And why should they be destroyed? There was no need, he felt, to be a rebel or a heretic: historical continuity was too valuable to be sacrificed even to necessary change. Only let existing institutions make room for such change, and not crack through their own obstinacy in opposing it. To accommodate the new scientific method, let the clergy loosen their grip on matters which they did not understand; let heaven detach itself a little from earth, let us push it up a little higher, above the earth, so that we may freely observe the one and yet still revere the other; let faith separate itself from reason and leave room for mystery between: the mystery of Nature which the mind can then freely and humbly explore. As for dogma, Bacon had a saving formula for it: "the more absurd and incredible any divine mystery is, the greater honour we do to God in believing it, and so much the more noble the victory of faith". That, I am sure you will agree, is a very happy formula.

Bacon was not only a great natural but also a great political philosopher. This is often forgotten by those who study only his own personal politics, which were agile, serpentine, and questionable. But if we study his political and legal writings, his state papers, his letters and memoranda to King James and the Duke of Buckingham, his charges to the judges, his essays—and particularly his latest essays, " of Seditions and Troubles " and " of the True Greatness of Kingdoms ", we are, or should be, staggered by the brilliance of his diagnosis. In politics, in administration, in law, in the church, in society, in economy, he saw far deeper than those later and lesser reformers who, grown passionate with waiting, and blind with passion, fifteen years after his death loosed the avalanche of the Great Rebellion. In the 1630's it was his great rival Sir Edward Coke who was the legal hero of the reformers; by the 1640's, when the mere argument was over and the deep diseases of society were revealed, it was clear that it was Bacon, not Coke, who had been the real constructive reformer of state, law and society. It was not unjustly that, in the summer of 1641, that brief season in which, at last, and for the last time, solution seemed possible—that summer when the King had yielded, when Strafford had been destroyed, when peace had been made in all three kingdoms, and when Milton hailed (prematurely) " the jubilee and resurrection of the State "—almost all the works of Bacon were suddenly reprinted, and avowed disciples of Bacon were summoned to England by Parliament to lay the foundations of a new society. It was not unjustly also that the greatest of the 19th-century historians of that age, S. R. Gardiner—a man to whose Victorian, non-conformist prejudices, Bacon's tastes and morals were highly distasteful—wrote of him that " to carry out his programme would have been to avert the evils of the next half-century. No one ", he went on, " to whose mind the history of that half century is present can agree with those numerous writers who speak of Bacon's political work as inferior to his scientific. He was the one man capable of preventing a catastrophe by anticipating the demands of the age. Humanity would have been at least as much benefited if the civil war, with its attendant

evils, could have been made impossible, as it was by the completion of the *Novum Organum*".

For just as Bacon, the scientific theorist, though perfectly orthodox in religion, foresaw a new world for which the existing institutions of religion must and could make room, so in politics, though (in his own words) a "perfect and peremptory royalist", he foresaw a new society which the existing institutions of the state must and could accommodate. In fact, as we know, neither the Church nor the State responded to this persuasion. In the days of Charles I and Archbishop Laud Heaven was not pushed up higher: it was drawn down lower. Not the "new philosophy" but the great totem figure of the Schoolmen's Aristotle was set up in the universities. The old system in the state was not loosened, it was hardened into brittleness; and so, within a generation, it broke: England was overwhelmed, as Bacon also had forewarned it (and with marvellous prophetic accuracy he had forewarned it!) by revolution. Towards their own fragmentary and distorted glimpses of the new society, lesser men hacked their blind, mistaken way.

It is sometimes said that new societies can never be created without historical discontinuity: that conservative reform is a vain illusion, that all change requires the destruction of vested interests, which can only be violent, and that therefore revolution whatever its cost, is necessary. Those who hold this view must regard Bacon as an ambiguous figure, a man who saw and preached a new world but insisted, illogically in their view, on enjoying all the profits and delights of the old. They will point to the contrast between the social ethos of the Roundheads, the necessary storm-troopers (as they would say) of the Baconian revolution—stiff, stodgy, pious, philistine, provincial men—and this magnificent, fastidious, sceptical spendthrift who preached it; and they will say, it is not by such men that even peaceful revolutions are carried out: that Bacon, by his courtly tastes, was too wedded to the old Jacobean world, with its abundance and abuses and aristocratic *douceur de vivre*, to be the architect of a new. To this I will only reply that I see in history no evidence for this grim theory; that England has seen many combinations of revolution and continuity; and would not the

achievements of the Puritan Revolution, such as they were, have been greater if they had been achieved without that heavy price? If, instead of twenty years of blood and confusion, there had only been different bodies lying at the bottom of the steep, straight stair? If (to take one obvious instance) Ireland had been civilised, as Bacon urged, by a state-guided infusion of English capital, invested in agriculture, towns and education, instead of by conquest, confiscation, and eviction by a new class of penurious, rat-faced English adventurers? In Ireland, wrote Bacon, time was on the English side; "His Majesty taketh no pleasure in effusion of blood or displanting of ancient generations", and there were rational, peaceful means of reclaiming "the last of the daughters of Europe from desolation and a desert (in many parts) to population and plantation, and from savage and barbarous customs to humanity and civility". I find this a better and, in the long run, a no less practical message than the bloodcurdling, sanctimonious paeans of Oliver Cromwell among the smoke and carnage of Drogheda.

However, in the short run, Bacon did not prevail, either in Ireland or in England, either in science or in politics. After his death his message, for a time, was fragmented. He had no intellectual heir. Of the young men who walked with him, taking down his aphorisms, in the "delicate groves" of Gorhambury, none continued, or in war and revolution could continue, his universal spirit. One of them, Thomas Hobbes, became the grim philosopher of counter-revolution. Rejecting altogether the Baconian belief in experience, he turned, in science, to the dogmatic certainties of mathematics, in politics to the monolithic symmetry of abstract power. Another of them, Thomas Bushell, reflected the variety of his master's inclinations in a different way. He became a brilliant company-promoter and mining-speculator, and alternated between the issue of marvellously seductive prospectuses for his uniformly disastrous projects, and retreat for Baconian meditation into remote island caves, which he tastefully furnished with skeletons, mummies and *memento mori*. Others, I am afraid, had less edifying careers, unsuitable for discussion in this place. But Bacon would not have minded. "I have no desire," he wrote,

" to found a sect, after the fashion of the heresiarchs." That is why he has outlasted the founders of sects. He had no physical heir either; but that too left him unconcerned. " Surely," he once wrote, " the noblest works and foundation have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed." The image of his mind is certainly still alive. Your presence here is proof of that.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRANCIS BACON

By Professor Benjamin Farrington
Emeritus Professor of Classics.

Bacon is rightly classed among the founders of modern science. But he was hardly a scientist in the usual meaning of the term. He was not pushed into research by some absorbing curiosity, like Harvey with the circulation of blood, or Gilbert with magnetism. He did not as a boy dissect every living creature he could lay hands on to see how it worked, like Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy. To speak truth, Bacon's interest in science was motivated by his concern for society. What roused him was the relation of scientific knowledge to human welfare. Here he felt strongly. Here his creative genius came into play. Here he left his indelible imprint on the world.

We now take for granted a relation between science and human welfare undreamed of in Bacon's day. But it was he who revealed it, and in doing so created a new field for public morality and a new hope for mankind. As soon as his meaning was grasped it seemed, as the poet Cowley put it, that, like Moses of old, Bacon had brought his people within sight of the Promised Land. A still greater poet, George Herbert, saw deeper into the moral aspect of Bacon's thought. He saw that Bacon had brought to light a new relation between man and nature. Nature, for Bacon, was one of God's books, the Bible the other. It was man's duty to learn to read the book of nature in order to fulfil the biblical injunction to serve his brother. Herbert was so moved as to call Bacon "the one true priest of nature and men's souls". Unhappily he said that in a Latin poem which remains little known. What the world does remember about Bacon is Pope's irresponsible epigram, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind".

As often happens with profoundly original characters Bacon was quite young when he understood what his life's work must be. He was about sixteen, a student at Cambridge, when he

" fell into a dislike of the Philosophy of Aristotle ". There is nothing remarkable about that. The best minds in England had been doing it for a couple of generations. What is important is Bacon's reason for his dislike. He found Aristotle's way of thought " barren of works for the benefit of the life of man ". Clearly it was a moral, not an intellectual, deficiency that Bacon condemned. As he put it later, he thought to aim merely at knowledge was aiming at the wrong goal, the true goal of science being " the relief of man's estate ". This was a momentous judgment, simple though it sounds. Soon great men, like Descartes and Leibnitz, were to feel its transforming power. Soon a new type of scientific institution, concerned as much with social utility as with truth, like the Royal Society in London, was to adorn many European cities. The world was committed to the idea of progress through science. A social conscience about the use of science was born.

How then, did Bacon come by this thought? The spirit bloweth where it listeth. But all the same we get some light on his moral formation if we set him in the background from which he sprang. He was the product of that specifically English humanism created by Colet, Erasmus, and More. The great liberation of the human spirit accomplished by these men was significant for Bacon's development in many ways. In religion its effect was to shift the emphasis from dogma to conduct. Culturally this change was matched by the substitution of the Bible for Aristotle. Its maturest political fruit was the *Utopia* of Thomas More. The thought of these men was absorbed by Bacon and given a new creative twist.

Like them Bacon insisted that religion must be known by its works. But it was a great innovation to make the same demand of science. Nobody expected traditional science as taught in the Schools to serve any practical end. Heartily did Bacon approve of the substitution of the Bible for Aristotle. But he drew out of the Bible a startlingly new meaning. For he interpreted his own philosophy of works as the fulfilment of God's promise to Adam of dominion over the universe. He was at one with More in deploring the spectacle of English poverty. But he had a constructive remedy to offer where More had

none. More had toyed with the idea of equal division of property. But equal shares of too little did not impress Bacon. He found a solution appropriate to his day, and to ours. Since More had written *Utopia* the first industrial revolution had been proceeding apace. Thus, while More had thought of wealth principally in the form of land, Bacon thought of it in the form of manufactured goods. He was therefore not forced to contemplate the subdivision of poverty but free to recommend instead the creation of plenty by the discovery of new productive arts. Thus did Bacon build, on the foundation prepared by Colet, Erasmus, and More, an ideal edifice which he called *Solomon's House*, the scientific heart of his utopia, the embodiment of his great ideal of science in the service of man.

Much has been written of Bacon's new scientific method, his new logic of induction on which he spent some thought. It should never be forgotten that he dropped this project before it was well begun. His reason, candidly stated, was that he had come to the conclusion that any intelligent researcher would discover the method for himself. It is much more helpful to talk simply of Bacon's new approach rather than of a new method. What Bacon called for was a great national, even international, effort to create a new kind of science that would issue in productive works. The basis for this, he said, existed already in the manual arts and crafts. He proposed that the great store of practical knowledge embodied in the arts should be collected, sifted, and made the starting-point of a fresh advance. All the materials used in the mechanical arts, with their quantities and proportions, all the processes of manufacture with their relevant details, should be got into writing. This he called making the mechanical arts literate or educated. This practical material, of proved but humble efficiency, should supply experience for the gradual creation of a genuine theoretical science of nature, from which, in due course, would spring new arts for the betterment of human life. Thus would man secure that dominion over nature which God had promised him.

And by dominion, Bacon meant dominion. He meant, in his own words, " the power to introduce radical changes and to shake nature in her foundations ". For " in things artificial

nature takes orders from man. Without man such things would never be made. By the agency of man a new aspect of things, a new universe, comes into view". There can be very few prophecies on record that have been so completely fulfilled as this.

Bacon was sometimes frightened by the prospect he had evoked. He knew that all power can be used for evil as well as for good. He knew the demoralising effect of luxury. But he was more frightened of failure, still more of failure due to any fault of his. The need was so great, and his trust was strong that men would find the wisdom to use the new power only for charitable ends. Thus began a life-long struggle to realise his ideal. The difficulty of his position was that he needed hosts of collaborators as well as large sums of money for museums, libraries, laboratories, schools. This need drove him into political life. He thought, if he secured a high position, it would bring him what he called " command of more wits and pens than my own ". He thought that, if he won the monarch's ear, the resources might be found for the new institutions. This running in double harness kept him in a perpetual crisis of conscience. The expenditure on official business of the time and energy required for his chosen, and, as he believed, divinely appointed task, weighed on his conscience. The work he did in his closing years after his fall is vast beyond belief. Nothing mattered so long as he could get human life and human knowledge back on the true path. Then knowledge would be truly knowledge of nature, and men would understand that even science is corrupt unless it be governed by charity.

THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE HOLY BIBLE: 1611

By Noel Fermor

The anniversaries of the foundation of the Royal Society, the death of William Harvey and the birth of Francis Bacon, and the 350th anniversary of the Authorised Version of our Bible, have all been commemorated during the years 1957/61. The suggestion is of a mighty recrudescence of learning, of a planned English renaissance, of a governing intelligence.

With such thoughts in mind, we visited the two Bible exhibitions held in London in the Summer of 1961, at Westminster Abbey, and Lambeth Palace Library. The latter was of especial interest, although—and the omission may be significant—no direct evidence of a connection between Francis Bacon and the Authorised Version has yet come to light. One or two possible clues, nevertheless, should be mentioned.

The original frontispiece to the New Testament included a number of masonic devices in the complicated design and we noticed in particular the light and dark " A's " which are such a distinguishing feature of the printing devices employed in works published for Bacon. At the 1604 Hampton Court Conference a new translation of the Bible was proposed by Dr. John Rainolds, President of Corpus Christi, Oxford. The Instructions to the Translators directed them " to send to any Learned Man in the Land, for his judgement of such a Place as might be obscure ". It would be difficult to ignore the possibility that Francis Bacon may have been a " Learned Man "; the sustained beautiful and majestic language of the 1611 Authorised Version can only be explained in terms of an over-shadowing literary and spiritual genius, guiding and inspiring the 54 translators.

It is remarkable that Bacon, with all his consummate reverence for Holy Writ, makes no reference to the 1611 Bible; since it is inconceivable that he would not have taken a keen interest in its compilation. The mystery deepens when we consider Bacon's

apparent ignorance of the Shakespearean Plays, or of their author, for these are the only other writings (apart from his own works) to be compared with the 1611 Bible for sustained beauty of language. Selden in his *Table Talk* (first published in 1689), said that "The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world . . . "; the suspicion that Bacon had taken part in the preparation of this, and also in the Shakespearean drama, is not to be dismissed lightly. It is, of course, common knowledge that the MSS. of all the Shakespeare Plays are missing, and it is a more than passing curiosity that there are only two surviving MSS. relating to the 1611 Authorised Version. They are firstly, a Bishop's Bible of 1602 with notes made by the translators, and secondly an actual translation of the Epistles of St. Paul and the Canonical Epistles, made by one of the scholars officially appointed for this purpose.

Both these were shown at the Lambeth Exhibition, and also the *London Printers' Lamentation of* 1660, attacking Messrs. Field, Newcombe and Hills, for allegedly having kept the manuscript copy of the translation "ever since 6 March 1655". All these MSS. are said to have been destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666.

Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, stated recently that

> . . . the literary qualities of the Authorised Version were great. It had always seemed extraordinary that, in spite of the centuries spanning the Old and New Testaments and the contrast in thought and language between them, the Authorised Version managed to preserve an essential unity and beauty of style. This was the style born in the great Elizabethan age, and we had never quite recaptured the directness and simplicity of that speech.

These remarks are peculiarly significant, coming from a literary man and a member of a famous publishing family, when we again recall that no fewer than 54 learned translators were employed in the preparation of the Authorised Version. These men were divided into six companies, two each at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and Westminster, their labours then being submitted to a board of revisers, twelve in all, who "polished" the copy and "provided much of the beauty".

Admittedly, strict instructions were drawn up for the translators, under the *aegis* of the Directors of each company, who were the Deans of Westminster and Chester, and the Oxford and Cambridge Professors of Hebrew and Greek; but these arrangements must surely have been proposed by someone in authority who was very close to King James I.

We are fully aware of the difficulties with which some of our members are faced in believing that Francis Bacon was concerned with literary activities other than the Shakespeare Plays and the works printed under his own name; for any such theory would pre-suppose an enormous output and years of wearisome labour. On the other hand, it should be remembered that (1) he is known to have employed a " school of good pens ", (2) genius of this high order cannot be subject to the conditions that would apply to a normal man, (3) by his own confession, Bacon took " all knowledge " to be his province, (4) if Bacon wished to hide his light (and he certainly commends this course in the *Advancement of Learning*) he would not, for obvious reasons, make it easy for posterity to *prove* his authorship of any literary works which he did not wish his contemporaries to suspect were his. We must therefore assemble the clues and then stand back and consider the implications.

Now Lambeth Palace Library was founded in 1610 by Archbishop Bancroft, and James I, we are told, took an interest, *appointing Sir Francis Bacon to advise him.* An early donor of manuscripts and books was William Camden, Bacon's friend and Ben Jonson's first schoolmaster, and the collections include the Bacon papers bound in sixteen volumes, containing the correspondence of both Anthony and Francis, authoritative treatises on heraldry and genealogy and early voyages and travels, notably to early colonial America. Readers of *Baconiana* will need no reminder of the fact that Francis Bacon was a founder member of the Virginia Council, and deeply interested in " affairs of State under the Tudors and Stuarts and of political affairs abroad in Italy, Germany and Spain " (*Lambeth Palace Library. A Short History*), all of which are dealt with in the Library MSS.

It is not our present intention to discuss *in extenso* the various studies made in the past by Baconians on the similarities of style in the 1611 Bible and the 1623 Shakespeare Folios, but perhaps we may quote other witnesses to support Rudyard Kipling's remark that " Shakespeare " had influenced the Authorised Version, for Kipling was not only a great man of letters but a profound thinker, whose opinion cannot be lightly dismissed.

In 1905 the Rev. Thomas Carter, D.D., in his book *Shakespeare and Holy Scripture*, asserted that " a careful study of the poet reveals a wide knowledge and use of scripture, and one is therefore justified in assuming that more remote parallels may have arisen from the same source ". Dr. Carter believed that Shakespeare originally used the Geneva Bible from which the Authorised Version was partly derived. This informed view is particularly interesting since he states " We know Bacon, Milton and many other great men of the Elizabethan period were trained in the version and used it to the end of life. No writer has assimilated the thoughts and reproduced the work of Holy Scripture more copiously than Shakespeare. As Dr. Furnivall puts it, ' he is saturated with the Bible ' ". Bacon wrote his essay, *On Unity of Religions*, and his *Confession of Faith*, besides a translation of the Psalms and other religious works. Was he not, as has been suggested, the originator of the English language as we know it today ?

The Preface to the 1611 Authorised Version of the Bible may well have been written by Bacon, judging by the style and adulatory address to the King, which are both typical of him. The writer says " we have not tyed ourselves to a uniformitie of phrasing, or to an identitie of words " and this was no idle statement since the 1611 Bible contains approximately 15,000 different words. Who else, other than Bacon, could have superintended this great effort, and cast it into such a homogeneous form ?

THE EXPLOITATION OF COINCIDENCES

(*A key to the cryptic seals illustrated by "E.M." in "The City and the Temple"*)

By M.P.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who wished to guide his brethren to some buried treasure in the back garden of a small house in a village. For security reasons he was unable to mention the name or number of the house, which occupied a central position in a long row of identical buildings. He therefore took a good look at the house and noted down a number of small points by which it might be identified; all of them being, in the first place, sheer coincidences. A small tree in the front garden, with a broken bough; a weathered and lichen-encrusted wooden gate; a tile missing from the front of the roof; a brass door-knocker and so on.

It occurred to him that, in order to make the identification more certain, some of the coincidences would lend themselves to further exploitation; so he cut a small notch in the gate-post, moved half a brick from the hedge to the road, and also found that he could remove or deface, as if by accident, one of the numbers or letters on the gate. Then in order to enable his brethren to memorise these directions he composed a short poem which could easily be memorised, and which had the effect of endowing these "coincidences" with even more significance.

Before he died, he allowed this poem to be printed in a collection of verse. But although his literary style was praised, his clues were not recognised and the treasure has not yet been discovered.

* * * * * *

It was by exploiting coincidences that Ben Jonson, in his day, contrived to draw the attention of posterity to a particular passage in the first folio edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The original author of this passage (whoever he was) had already inserted some obvious clues in the quarto text; obvious because verging

on the ridiculous. But Ben Jonson, when he came to prepare the first folio for publication, did not consider that these clues would suffice, or that enough textual " coincidences " had been " exploited ". He thought posterity would miss their meaning and would fail to discover the treasure. So when writing the preliminaries to the folio he re-examined this passage, slightly manipulated the spelling—which fortunately for him was variable in those days—and then introduced a number of additional clues into his dedicatory poem and also into the Dedicatory Epistle, parts of which are now known to be lifted whole from Pliny.

By arrangement with Ewen Macduff we now print the " crucial " passage in the First Folio which, if squared, will yield the anagram patterns which were first illustrated in *Baconiana* 160, on pages 24(b), (c) and (d). Some of our members have already located this passage, which occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V (2), in the scene which follows that in which the " long word " occurs. We print this passage in two squared diagrams, firstly as it is spelt in the quarto of 1598, and secondly as spelt in the folio of 1623 (See pages 56 and 57)

In our note on anagram patterns (*Baconiana* 160, page 23) we pointed out that, while a few of these seals (notably the " Horne " figures, and the Bacon cross) occur both in the 1598 quarto and 1623 folio texts, it is only in the latter that the figures which are keyed with Ben Jonson's poem are fully exploited. To enable our readers to locate these anagram figures in their respective diagrams, we have provided numbered co-ordinates and, as will be seen, these figures are closely interconnected and concentrated within a few lines of text.

The following directions may help the reader to locate the figures from their relation to the Bacon cross—the " Moniment without a tomb " which is shown in red in both diagrams; with this as a starting point the " horne " crosses (Fig. 4) may also be located. With regard to our puzzle page 24(d), it is enough to say that in each diagram the " C " of " Peace " in figure 7 is also the " C " of the Bacon cross. QHUIS is shown vertically in red in both diagrams, and the U and I of QHUIS are also the U and I of the " five vowels "; the I of QHUIS is the I of " Snip Snap "; the " O " of " quick and Home "

is the " O " of Bacon and the " A " of an " Olde Man " is the " A " of Bacon. It will be seen, therefore, that all these patterns are " felled " round the central Bacon seal. The " Wit-Age " cross appears in each diagram in a slightly different form, and is shown in red.

The " Marlowes mighty line " pattern (Fig. 5) does not occur on the quarto diagram. This is exactly what we should expect, since it is not keyed in the play, but only in the happy phrase in Ben Jonson's poem. The two Beaumont crosses are centred on columns 24 and 25, and, as we should expect, only in the folio.

In both diagrams (shown in red) there is a vertical acrostic anagram of the signature F. Bacon formed by the initial letter of every third line following the line which begins " Heere stand I ". In the folio diagram there is also a horizontal acrostic anagram of F. Bacon, using alternate letters in line two, which seems to have been perfected in the folio by altering the spelling of the word " anic ".

The significance of the number *three*, and a possible hint to look for acrostic signatures in the letters of every *third* line, is thought by Ewen Macduff to have been given in the last lines of *The Tempest* and also in *Love's Labour's Lost* in the following passages, which are otherwise unintelligible . . .

Every *third* thought shall be my grave
The Tempest V (1).

Moth: Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
Arm.: It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth: Which the base vulgar do call *three.*
Arm.: True.
Moth: Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is *three* studied, ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put ' years ' to the word ' three ', and study three years in two words, *the dancing horse will tell you.*
Arm.: A most fine figure!
Moth: To prove you a cipher.
Love's Labour's Lost I (2).

There is an authentic record of the dancing horse in *The Book of Days.* This was a performing horse in the early 1590's called Morocco, whose principal trick was to spell out words

by touching wooden blocks with letters painted on them. Morocco chose the correct letters which would spell either the word or its anagrams. *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was first printed in 1598, was most probably written when an allusion to the dancing horse was topical.

Besides the number *three* there are in Shakespeare pointed allusions to the number *one*. In *Baconiana* 160 (page 55) Professor Henrion has reminded us of the identification, recognised in cipher work, between the number One, the letter I and the words " myself " and " me ". " Why write *I* still all *One* ever the same " writes this author in sonnet 76. And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, when Armado says to Clown " I will *infranchise* thee " and Clown replies " O marry *me* to *one Francis* ", this is not only another " me one " identification. It deliberately associates the name Francis with " enfranchise " or " free ". A similarly pointed use of the word " free " occurs as the last word of what was probably . . . the last Shakespearean play to be written, *The Tempest*. It has always rather puzzled me why Prospero, the great magician who has just set everyone else free, should (at great dramatic risk) end the play by coming forward and begging the audience to set him " free ".

. . . now 'tis true
I must *be* heere *con*fined by you.
. . . . . .
Let your Indulgence set me *free*.
The Tempest. Epilogue.

Of course these things are nothing more than whispers from the open text. But let no one tell us that Francis should be spelt Frances, as our modern editors would have it. In the Folio and in the Quarto the spelling is Francis, to whom of course Clown could not well be " married ". But perhaps, in cryptic parlance, he could marry ME to ONE and both to Francis.

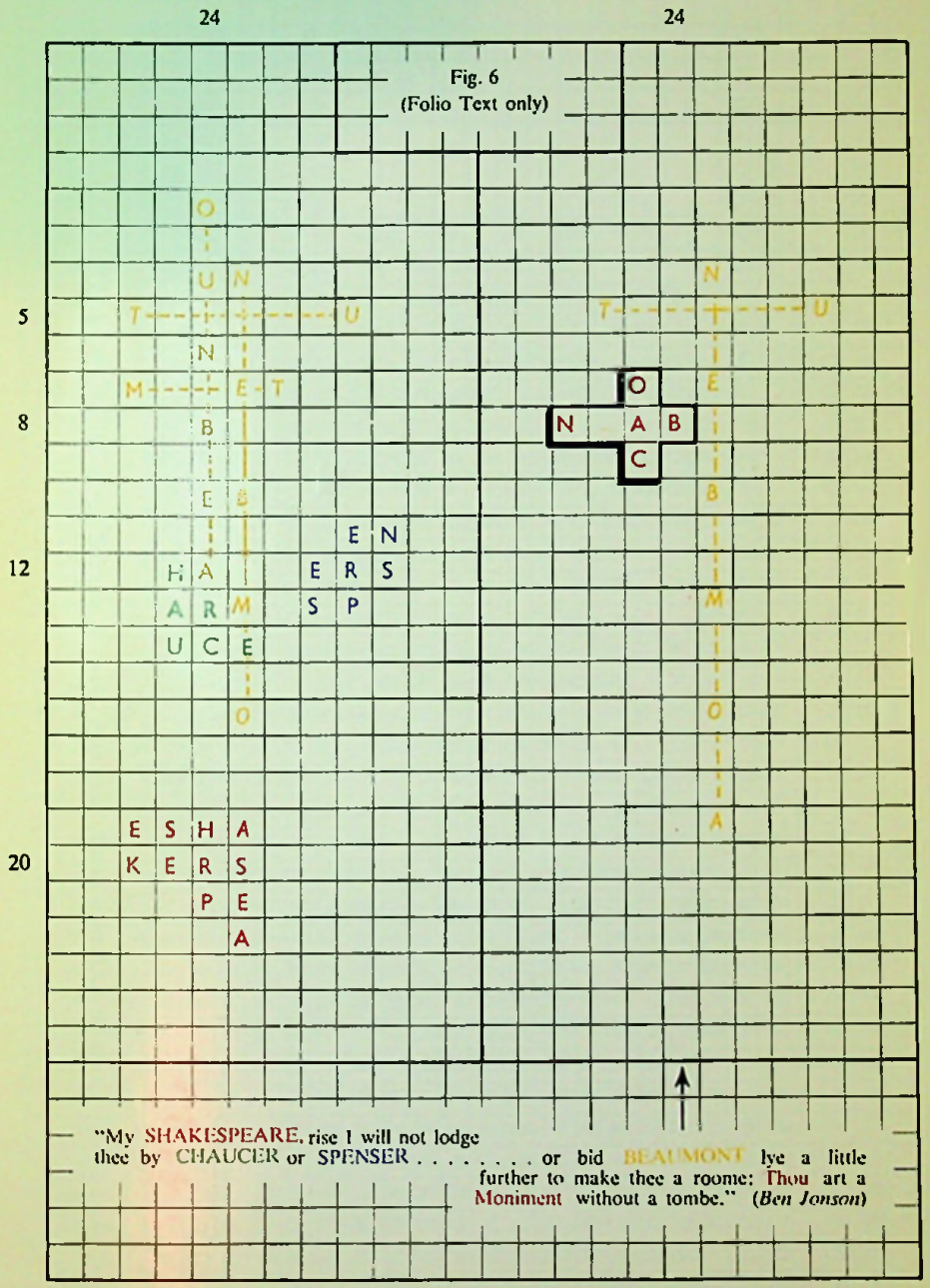
To return to our diagrams, the association of " horns " and " crosses " is found by Macduff to be strangely paralleled by an entry in the *Promus MS.* in Bacon's handwriting. It is on folio 83 and reads as follows:

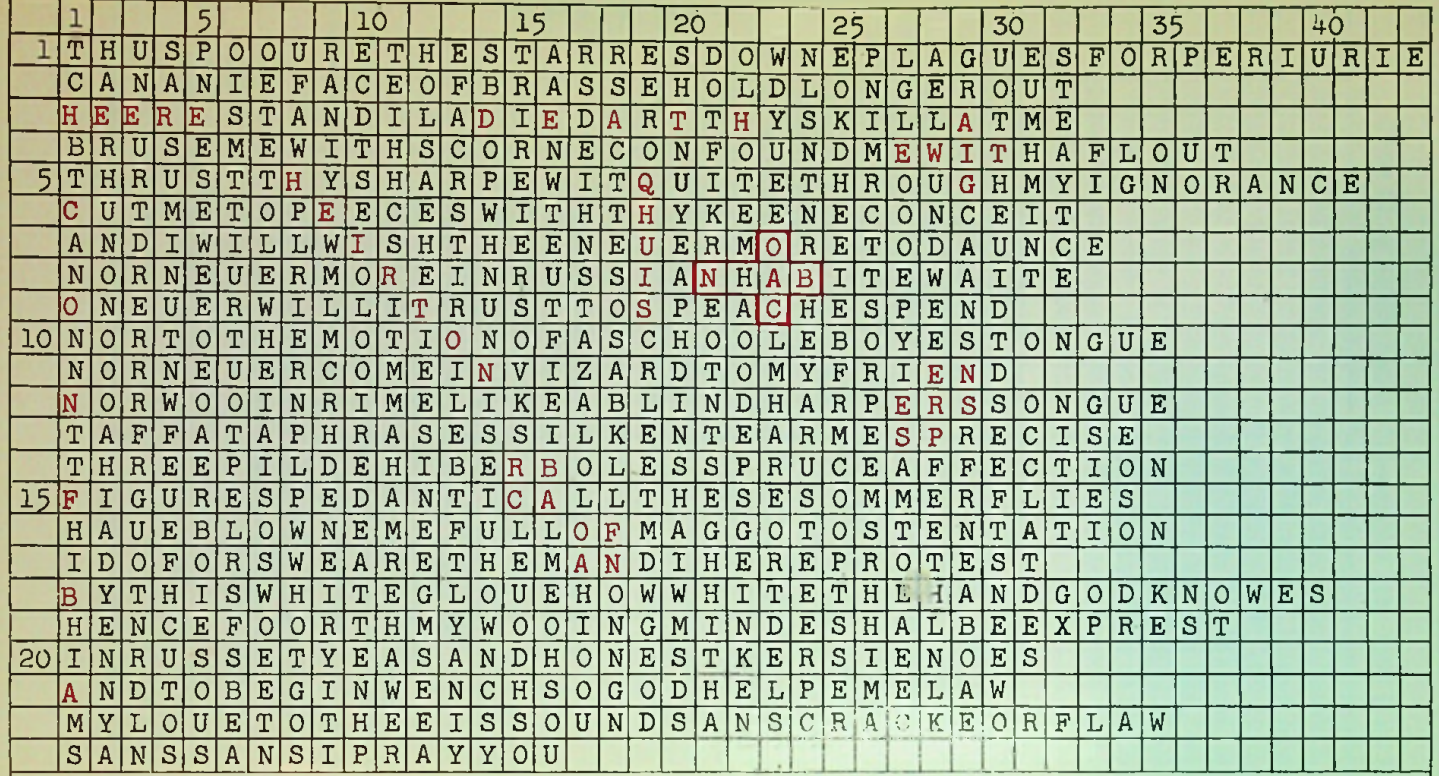
Corni contra croci, good means against badd,
hornes to crosses.

Folio 85 is boldly dated " December 5th, 1594 " in Bacon's hand, which makes it clear that he, if no one else, was thinking of horns and crosses at about the time when *Love's Labour's Lost* was being prepared for publication. If this was a coincidence, it was certainly well exploited ! " What is the figure? " asks Pedant, and Page answers " Hornes ". We must hold the author and his printer responsible for the fact that, when the crucial passage is squared, two adjacent anagram patterns, " a horne " and " hornes " each take the form of a cross, and both are interlocked with the Bacon cross which Ben Jonson called " a Moniment without a tomb ".

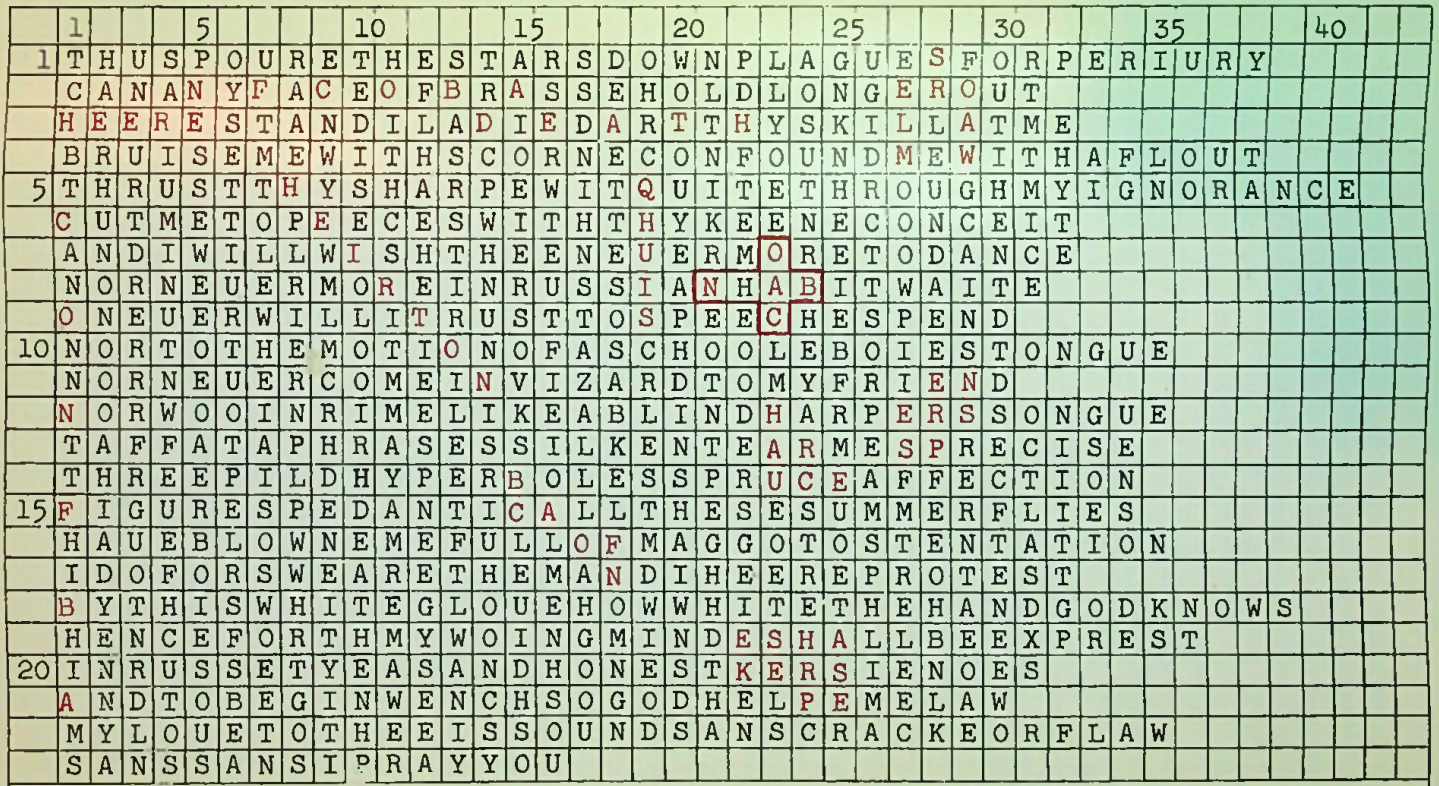
This Bacon cross, *four* letters long and *three* wide, is so important that it seems to be keyed once again in the phrase " your three-fold foure-fold Tombe " which I find in the 1640 edition of *Shakespeare's Poems*. It occurs in a laudatory sonnet addressed to Shakespeare by W.B. (probably William Bass), and one cannot help wondering whether it was inspired by Ben Jonson. It is evident that in this sonnet W.B. reinforces the cryptic keys in Jonson's folio poem. Spenser is now directed to lie " a thought more nigh " and the Beaumont crosses are here located from another standpoint, believed by Mr. Macduff to be equally valid. If this is so, it is a valuable corroboration of our method. Here is the sonnet in the spelling of the 1640 edition . . .

Renowned *Spenser* lie a thought more nigh
To learned *Chauser*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
A little neerer Spenser to make roome,
For *Shakespeare* in your three-fold, foure-fold Tombe;
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift,
Vntill Dommes-day, for hardly shall a fift
Betvvixt this day and that by Fate be slaine,
For whom your Curtaines may be drawne againe.
If your precedencie in death doth barre,
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchre!
Vnder this sacred Marble of thy owne,
Sleepe rare Tragedian *Shakespeare*, sleepe alone;
Thy unmolested peace in an unshar'd Cave,
Possesse as Lord, not Tennant of thy Grave.
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.


24
24
Fig. 6
(Folio Text only)
5
8
12
20
"My SHAKESPEARE, rise I will not lodge thee by CHAUCER or SPENSER . . . . . or bid BEAUMONT lye a little further to make thee a roome: Thou art a Moniment without a tombe." (*Ben Jonson*)

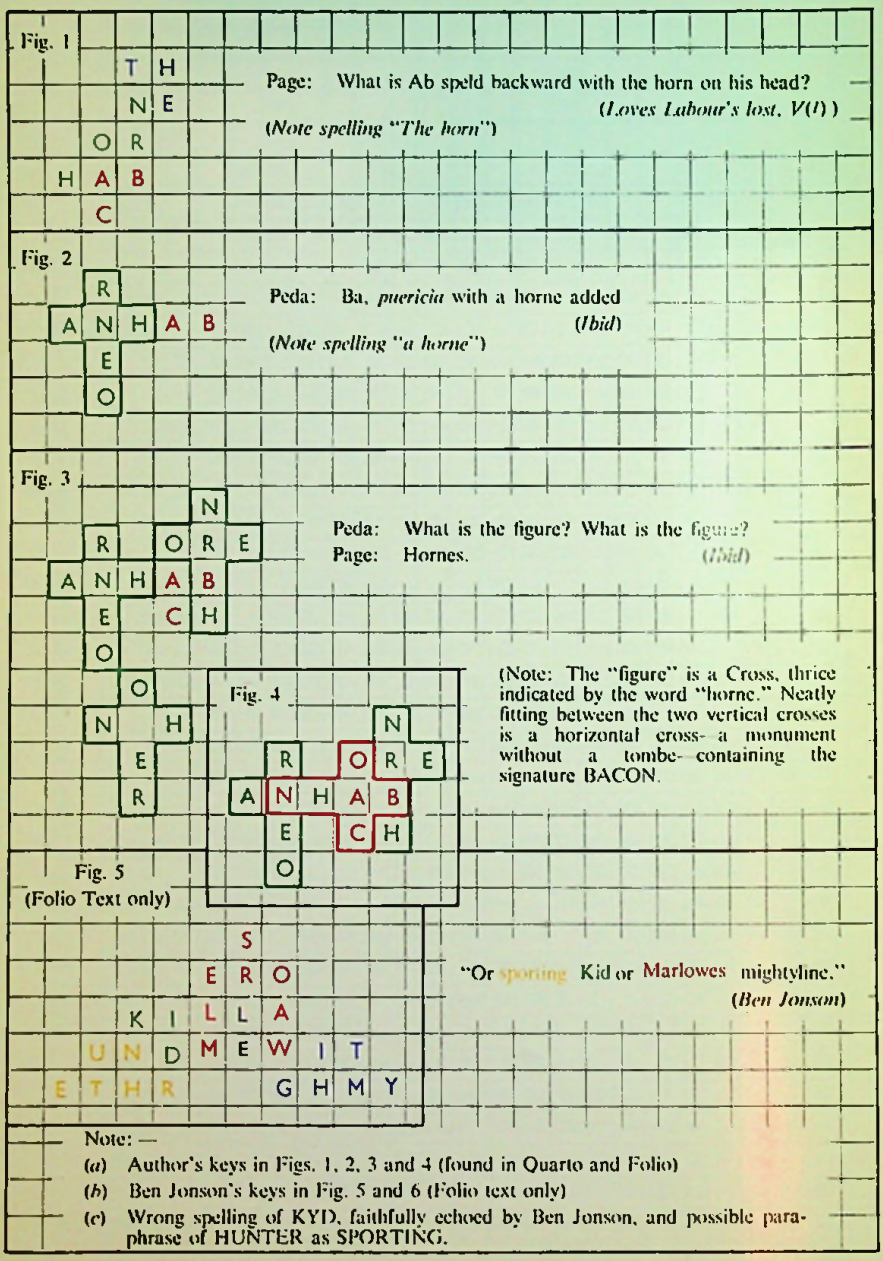


LOVES LABOR'S LOST, V(ii) lines 394-416, as spelt in the 1st Quarto of 1598



LOVES LABOUR'S LOST, V(ii) lines 421 - 443, as spelt in the 1st Folio of 1623

N.B. "The precise (in this practice) are only bold with H, either in omitting or retaining ... licentiates, lest they should prejudice poetical liberty, will pardon themselves for doubling or rejecting a letter if the sense fall aptly, and think it no injury to us... W, S for Z, and C for K, and contrariwise." (Camden's Remains 1614.)



Note: —

(a) Author's keys in Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4 (found in Quarto and Folio)

(b) Ben Jonson's keys in Fig. 5 and 6 (Folio text only)

(c) Wrong spelling of KYD, faithfully echoed by Ben Jonson, and possible paraphrase of HUNTER as SPORTING.

More seals in other passages of Jonson and Shakespeare will be described by Ewen Macduff in a book which he hopes shortly to publish. The diagonal figure HEIRTON* and the horizontal acrostic DEATH (shown in red) are among the clues which he intends to elucidate. It was, so he says, in line 21 of our diagrams that he received his first hint . . .

And to *begin*, wench, so God helpe me *law*.

The fact that some modern editors have found it necessary to change " law " into " la! " (which makes confusion worse confounded) convinced Mr. Macduff that the word " law " must have been meant originally. Apparently it was an indication where to " begin ". The entrance was not hard to find when it was observed that the initial letters of lines 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, taken consecutively, spelt the word CANON.

* i.e., *the phrase HEIR TO THE THRONE, stripped of its duplicated letters.*

MEROPE

By T. D. Bokenham

C Claims ever hostile else, and set thy son—
NO No more an exile fed on empty hopes,
A And to an unsubstantial title heir,
B But prince adopted by the will of power,
A And future king—before this people's eyes.
CON Consider him! Consider not old hates!

Matthew Arnold.

In Professor Henrion's delightful article in *Baconiana* No. 160 (March, 1960) we are reminded of the attempt made by the Friedmans in their *Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* to ridicule claims to acrostic signatures appearing in " the glossy margents of such books ". The Friedmans give—as an example of pure chance—two Bacon signatures appearing in close proximity in Matthew Arnold's tragic drama *Merope*, and Henrion effectively points out not only the immense odds against such an acrostic occurring by chance, but also the very pertinent clues in the open text of Arnold's six lines quoted above. These indicate a pretty clear parallel in the life of the hero of this drama to the inner life that many now believe was Francis Bacon's.

While not pretending to classical scholarship, I have recently attempted a little research on the subject of Merope's life which I believe may be of interest.

According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* Merope was the name of several figures in Greek mythology.

(1) She was the daughter of Cypselus King of Arcadia and was married to Cresphontes, Ruler of Messenia, by whom she had three sons. Their Kingdom was seized by Polyphontes who forced Merope to marry him. This story has furnished the subject of tragedies by Euripides, Voltaire, Maffei, and Matthew Arnold.

(2) She was the daughter of Atlas and wife of Sisyphus, and was one of the Seven Pleiades; but remained invisible, hiding her light for shame at having been the wife of a mortal.

These references are from Apollodorus and from Ovid's *Fasti.*

Now Arnold's poem deals with the first of these stories and it tells us that Merope's husband and her two eldest sons had been murdered by Polyphontes but that the youngest son had been sent away and concealed. This son Aepytus, when he grew to manhood, planned to avenge his kinsmen's death, and to seize his rightful kingdom. It is in fact the basic plot of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* though the source of that play is from the ancient Danish legend found, as George Brandes reminds us, in *Saxo Grammaticus* which in 1559 was reproduced in French in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (both books " doubtless " being part of our Will's extensive but somewhat elusive library at Stratford!).

Arnold's interest in the story is similar to Shakespeare's in that it enables both authors to contrast the effectiveness of a resolute action on the one hand, with a resolution which is " Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought " on the other. This, of course, is not by any means all that makes up that great Shakespearean drama, but the conclusions of both authors are similar, and in fact the poem *Merope* might well have been written as Arnold's comments on *Hamlet.*

Matthew Arnold, we know, was a great admirer of Shakespeare and if, as Professor Henrion suggests, he was also a Rosicrucian, the following lines from *Merope* would be significant. Aepytus, in order to deceive Polyphontes, has come in disguise to give news of his own death, and is describing how during a stag-hunting expedition in Arcadia he (as Aepytus' friend) and Aepytus had arrived at the Orchomenian plain and the nameless Stone Coffins.

> But still over his speech a gloom there hung,
> As of one shadow'd by impending death;
> And strangely, as we talk'd, he would apply
> The story of spots mention'd to his own;
> Telling us, Arne minded him, he too
> Was saved a babe, but to a life obscure,
> Which he, the seed of Heracles, dragged on
> Inglorious, and should drop at last unknown,
> Even as those dead unepitaph'd, who lie
> In the stone coffins at Orchomenus.

Again, describing his supposed death:—

> But of the prince nothing remain'd, save this,
> His boar-spear's broken shaft, back on the lake
> Cast by the rumbling subterranean stream;
> And this, at landing spied by us and saved,
> His broad brimm'd hunter's hat, which in the bay,
> Where first the stag took water, floated still.

This was, as stated, a stag hunt and it is strange that a boar-spear should have been used for such an occasion. Even mention of the broad-brimmed hat seems somewhat significant, for it is just such a hat which adorns the head of Francis Bacon in the engraved portraits of him which prefix the early editions of his works. It appears in Van Somer's portrait of him and in the solid marble of the monument at St. Albans. Bacon's curious hat was a subject of comment in his own day and may have had a masonic origin. Only in the early French editions of his works (printed shortly after his departure) does Bacon appear hatless.

If we now turn to Matthew Arnold's sonnet on Shakespeare it would not be difficult to give to some of these fine lines more than one meaning.

> Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
> Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
> Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
>
> Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
> Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
> Spares but the cloudy border of his base
> To the foil'd searching of mortality;
>
> And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
> Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honoured, self-secure,
> Didst tread on earth unguess'd at—Better so!
>
> All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
> Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

The words in the first line, " Thou art free " almost seem like an answer to Prospero's last words in *The Tempest* " Let your indulgence set me Free ". This last word, apart from its Masonic association, is of course significant; it is the basic meaning of the words France and Francis. " That victorious

brow ", of the last line, recalls the phrase " Broad-browed Verulam ", while the image of the " loftiest hill " calls to mind Abraham Cowley's lines to Bacon in his poem to the Royal Society.

> Bacon like Moses led us forth at last
> The barren wilderness he pas't
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blest Promised Land
> And from the Mountain Top of his exalted wit
> Saw it himself and showed us it.

Let me not, however, detract from the line in Matthew Arnold's third verse *Didst tread on earth unguess'd at*, which is so pregnant with meaning and which forms the climax of the first three verses of this lovely tribute to the silent " Master of the Muses Choir ".

Here, then, is our problem. A single allusion would probably be a coincidence, but a whole chain of them—the Spear, the Boar, the victorious " brow ", the lofty hill, and, above all, the implications of the word " Free "—raises doubts and invites inquiry. These could carry a special meaning to the initiated, or those who *knew* something, *i.e.*, to the brotherhood of an Order, for instance. But if Matthew Arnold wished to impart a hint to the layman, something more definite would be needed. Why not an almost perfect acrostic palindrome—a truly " shining secrecy "—in the margin of those very lines in which the poet proclaims an heir to an unsubstantial title ?

Surprisingly, there is just such another reference to an unsubstantial heir—a " tender heire " in the open text, a " Tuder heire " in the Hidden Seal—in the Shakespeare Sonnets in the first printed edition of 1609 (see frontispiece). And, as Mr. Lovell shows us, it is keyed to an acrostic seal on the dedication page of this edition.

A KEY TO SHAKE-SPEARE'S SONNETS

By W. E. Lovell

The first edition of the *Sonnets*, and the sole authority for the text of all but two,* was printed at London in 1609. It is a small quarto with unnumbered pages and included 154 numbered sonnets and *A Lovers Complaint*. On the title page the author's name is ostentatiously hyphenated; it is also clearly hyphenated in the running title on every leaf of the sonnets, which occupy most of the book (signatures B to K). The dedication is peculiar and is printed and punctuated as follows . . .

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSUING.SONNETS.
Mr.W.H.ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR.EVER-LIVING.POET.
WISHETH.
THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.
T.T.

By " squaring " this curious dedication we obtain the following diagram . . .

---

* Sonnets 138 and 144 appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

T O T H E O N L I E B E G E T T E R O F
T H E S E I N S U I N G S O N N E T S
M R W H A L L H A P P I N E S S E
A N D T H A T E T E R N I T I E
P R O M I S E D
B Y
O U R E V E R L I V I N G P O E T
W I S H E T H
T H E W E L L W I S H I N G
A D V E N T U R E R I N
S E T T I N G
F O R T H
T T

Here we find a vertical TEWDOR descending into a set-square SEVEN, which, if not corroborated elsewhere, could be regarded as no more than a coincidence. However, the arrangement and syntax of this dedication are extremely peculiar, and almost proclaim a hidden meaning.

There is also something very unusual about the *last* page of the Sonnets, in which the collation signature " K ", at the foot of the page, is printed many times larger than the corresponding signature on other pages. The page-connecting word, which in this case is the indefinite article " A ", is also printed in unusually large type; and slightly above and to the left of the letter " K ", the word FINIS is printed in the same bold capitals. This enormous " KA " is no new discovery, and has often been noticed before; so we might do worse than hunt on the old scent. Reading backwards and upwards from the last letter " A " we get " A K si ni F ", strongly suggesting " A K(ey) is in F ".

It must be confessed that, in transposing the letters of " is " and " in " we are taking some liberties. But, as every cryptologist knows, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if eventually we find a key in " F ", this will be justified. Now if we are persistent, and if we try to correlate these " coincidences " by finding something which has reference to them all (*i.e.* to the number SEVEN, the letter F and the word TEWDOR) we shall in the end be rewarded. Squaring the

last sonnet having proved fruitless, we proceed to the first, and when that is squared, we find the solution staring us straight in the face.

The seventh letter of each of the first seven lines makes a column of adjacent letters in which we can already discern a suspicious TUD. If this column is taken as the upright stem of a gigantic F, and provided with its horizontal arms, the pattern will include a neat acrostic of the words " A TUDER HEIRE "; and remember the spelling of the Welsh name " Tudor " varied considerably in those days—other variants being Tydyr, Tider and Tidder.

Here is the first Shakespeare sonnet in the spelling of the 1609 quarto edition:—

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorle makst waft in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

By squaring this sonnet and showing here the relevant part of the diagram we obtain the following result:—

F R O M F A I R E S T C R E A T U R E ....
T H A T T H E R E B Y B E A U T I E S ....
B U T A S T H E R I P E R S H O U L D ....
H I S T E N D E R H E I R E M I G H T ....
B U T T H O U C O N T R A C T E D T O ....
F E E D S T T H Y L I G H T S F L A M ....
M A K I N G A F A M I N E W H E R E A ....
T H Y S E L F E T H Y F O E T O T H Y ....
T H O U T H A T A R T N O W T H E W O ....

Inside this gigantic " F ", which now forms the pattern of our acrostic, the words " A Tudor Heire " are spelt in sequence in the set-square or gallows pattern. Neatly bisecting this pattern in line 4 is the open text phrase " His tender heire ". A further point might be made: there is another interconnected pattern in the shape of a cross formed by " heire " and the royal monogram " ER ".

```
    E                          E
H E I R E     or perhaps   E R H E I R E
    R                          R
```

But these, after all, are mere embellishments (like the surmounting R.I.P.) and not " keyed ". The point to be decided is whether our huge " F " with its internal message is, or is not, intentionally keyed by " Tewdor Seven " in the Dedication. This I must leave to the reader, contenting myself with the reflection that, whether we like it or not, the message begins in the 7th letters of the first 7 lines, and the key is indeed in " F ".

BOOK REVIEWS

Themes and Variations in Shakespeare's Sonnets, By J. B. Leishman. (Hutchinson, 1961.) Price 35*s*.

Mr. Leishman is Senior Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Oxford, and it is at once apparent from his book that he is " a scholar and a ripe and good one ". His studies of Greek and Roman literature, particularly Ovid and Horace, of the Renaissance poets of Italy and France, and of Shakespeare's English predecessors and contemporaries, are proof enough of the wide range of reading which he has been able to apply in order to demonstrate similarities in the Sonnets of Shakespeare.

Yet he expresses no astonishment at the proposition that one of " these harlotry players " (to quote Mrs. Quickly) whose education, even if he did attend the little school at Stratford, would scarcely have been more than elementary, was so well-read. Are we seriously to believe that the parallelisms detected by Mr. Leishman, and by Sir Sidney Lee (see Chapter XI on " The Conceits of the Sonnets " in the 1916 edition of *A Life of William Shakespeare*) are merely accidental? The repetitions of thoughts and ideas, expressed in much the same phraseology, are too numerous to entertain such a theory. The poets quoted are Petrarch, Tasso, Ronsard, Ovid and Horace, and even the Greek lyric poet Pindar, to which also might have been added the Byzantine epigrammatist, Marianus, who wrote in Greek, and supplied the source of the last two Shakespeare sonnets. Nor must Plato be omitted, for as Sir Sidney Lee and others have pointed out, " Shakespeare often caught in his sonnets the Platonic note with equal subtlety ".

Mr. Leishman does not question the authorship of William of Stratford, but this book has the effect of making the orthodox position still more difficult, if not impossible. On the more important aspect as to what the sonnets really mean, who or what is intended by the " friend " or by the " dark lady ", he has no solution to offer. He simply says very briefly, that he favours William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, as the " friend ":

> "Herbert seems first to have come to London in the Spring of 1598, but Shakespeare might well have addressed the first sonnets to him while he was still at Wilton—perhaps at the suggestion of Samuel Daniel, who had been Herbert's tutor, and whom Shakespeare must surely have known, or even at the suggestion of Herbert's father, the second Earl of Pembroke, to whose company of players Shakespeare may have belonged before he joined the reconstituted Lord Chamberlain's men in 1594 ".

All this is typical Stratfordian " biography "! There are no less than five gratuitous flights of fancy in these few lines which, being " such stuff as dreams are made on ", should not really have been inserted in a work of this nature.

He rejects Mary Fitton as the " dark lady " and offers no substitute, and he fails to relate Ovid's clear allusion to his genius as " the better part of me " to the employment of the same phrase in sonnets 39 and 74; for this proves without any doubt that what is here represented is a dramatised figure of Shakespeare's own mind or genius, a figure as unsubstantial as an " Ariel " or a " Caliban ". The poet could hardly have asked a Pembroke or a Southampton the question,

What is your substance, whereof are you made?

and then gone on to supply the answer that his " friend " is a " shadow " which creates other shapes or shadows, just in the same way that Prospero (with the aid of Ariel) produces Juno, Iris, Ceres and " several strange shapes " to do his bidding, and makes them vanish " into thin air " when he wishes.

George Wyndham, in his edition of the *Sonnets* in 1898 was perhaps in advance of his time in arguing that the " Idea " (i.e. *Image*) of Beauty embodied in the " friend "—of which all other things of beauty are but *shadows*—is also Truth, and is a development from this Platonic theory. Drayton, in his " Idea " sonnet 13—obviously writing in a remote imitation of Ovid on the perishable nature of material things in contrast to his verse—writes of his Muse:

O sweetest Shadow, how thou serv'st my turn!
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sun;
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,
Whilst moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn;
That everything whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his shadow my love's story read.

" Shadow " means, as in Shakespeare's sonnet 53, an image or reflection. Proteus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, calls the portrait of Sylvia " a shadow "—" To your shadow I will make true love ". I am sure the use of many words in unfamiliar and sometimes obsolete meanings has added to the difficulties of understanding the Sonnets. No commentator, so far as I know, has yet explained what is meant by the word " lend " in this sonnet:

What is your substance, whereof are you made
That millions of strange shadows on you 'tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

" Lend " means here to give or bestow. It is so used in *Venus and Adonis* (539) " Her arms do *lend* his neck a sweet embrace ". It also occurs in *Henry VIII*, III (2):

As I will lend you cause.

Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost* says that poesy is " full of strange shapes ", and Shakespeare writes in this sonnet:

And you in every blessed shape we know.

How can any supporter of Southampton or Pembroke reconcile all this with any mortal being? In sonnet 20, he had already stated that the object of his affection is " A man in hew, all hews in his controlling ", and " hew " means the same as " shape ". Some editors have, in their perplexity, altered the Quarto reading to " A man in hue, all hues in his controlling "! This delineation of creative beauty (of which the poet says Adonis is but a poor imitation) is said to have an eye constantly rolling and " gilding the object whereupon it gazeth " which reminds one of the lines spoken by Duke Theseus about " the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven " and turning to shapes what he sees in his imagination, and by what he creates " steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth ". And that is what Rosaline says of the young poet-philosopher, Biron, and also what Sidney in *The Apologie for Poetrie* says of his ideal poet.

It is puzzling to me that Mr. Leishman should have studied sonnet 124—which he quotes in full, pointing out that " the poet's love is not like the child of Time and Chance and Fortune, and is, therefore, unaffected by them "—and should still believe that this could refer to some young nobleman. The nobility were most liable to fall " under the blow of thralled discontent " in those perilous times, and in this sonnet, Shakespeare takes comfort that his " beloved " is secure from the vicissitudes and dangers to which " the child of State" was vulnerable. His " dear love " has no concern with political intrigue:

It fears not policy that Heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic.

Mr. Leishman notes with surprise that " there is no physical description or details about the friend ". If, as I maintain, this is not a corporal being, then there is no cause for surprise. He also observes that " nowhere is there evidence that Shakespeare's friend loved him at all ". Of course not; a fictitious shape or figure cannot return admiration. How extraordinary that Mr. Leishman misses the obvious conclusions. He goes so far as to say that " Shakespeare, the most clear-sighted of poets, is also the most visionary ", yet he does not seem to realise that the " friend " is visionary !

Nowhere, in the book, is there a reference to the all-revealing sonnet 62 in which Shakespeare confesses to the " sin of self-love " and that it has completely taken possession of him, and can then write in the concluding couplet, " 'Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise ".

In conclusion, one cannot but express disappointment that Mr. Leishman, after quoting the epilogue which concludes the *Metamorphoses*, and after noting the expression " the better part of me " which Ovid

applies to his immortal part and Shakespeare's repetition of this in sonnets 39 and 74, should still miss the key as to what the " friend " represents. Incidentally the Oxford English Dictionary is incorrect in giving sonnet 39 as the first example of the phrase. These lines spoken by Pallas in the anonymous masque, *The Arraignment of Paris* (generally ascribed to Peele and written in 1584) are not only earlier but confirm my own interpretation as to what is intended by the " beauteous and lovely youth " (54):

> Sift it as you please, and you shall find
> This beauty is the *beauty of the Mind.*
> And see how much the Mind, the better part,
> Doth overpass the body in desert.

This theme of Beauty keeps recurring in the sonnets and No. 54 is wholly devoted to it. Shakespeare opens it with:

> O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
> By that rich *ornament* which Truth doth give.

Bacon, in a letter to Rutland in 1595, writes:

" The greatest *ornament* is the inward *beauty of the Mind* ".

R. L. EAGLE.

Prodigal Puritan. A Life of Delia Bacon,
By Vivian C. Hopkins. (Harvard University Press.)

This colourful and personal story of Delia Bacon's life will be welcome to our readers, particularly the new light that is shed on her younger days. The book is really in two parts—a biographical sketch and an epilogue—and we review it accordingly. Over the question of the Shakespearean authorship, we are confronted with an obvious difficulty; for just as the biographer herself is clearly committed to a belief in the orthodox Shakespearean legend, we as Baconians are mostly in sympathy with the unorthodox view; and it happens to be this view which formed the greatest factor in shaping Delia Bacon's life.

The most far-reaching fact of this colourful sketch—which incidentally makes a fascinating story of New England life in the last century—may well be the inherent proof that Delia Bacon was not a lunatic. Apparently, for most of her life, she was a brilliant and charming person who worked herself to the point of mental breakdown in the vain hope of opposing Shakespearean orthodoxy. Of course many people (with the possible exception of those who have read Nathaniel Hawthorne or Theodore Bacon) have jumped at the chance of dismissing Delia Bacon as a congenital maniac. But no one who reads the story of her life as it is given by Miss Hopkins can continue to do that.

At the beginning there is a good deal of heart in the book, but as the story proceeds, the biographer becomes somewhat absorbed in the task of " debunking " her subject; and the tragic figure of Delia eventually becomes little more than that of an exhibitionist. This is a little unfair, because it was here in England, between 1853-57, that the strongest passion of her life reached its climax; yet it is this part of her life which the biographer treats with disdain. It is unfortunate that this last stage in Delia's life—the stage in which she was deeply absorbed in the unfoldment of the philosophy of the Shakespearean drama—is envisaged as a monstrous delusion.

Perhaps this is natural in a biographer so strongly orthodox, but it presents her with difficulties. Being out of sympathy with the controversy, she is tempted to report Delia's theories in such a way as to discredit them. It might have been better to have left the reader in some suspense as to the final verdict, instead of making this obvious on every page.

The book, which undoubtedly fills a gap in the realm of literary biography, is written in the conviction that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is over and done with. This may be so in the minds of the orthodox, to whom all unorthodoxy appears as lunacy! But if it should ever become an accepted fact that Francis Bacon contributed something of his great learning and personal charm to the construction of the Shakespearean drama—as the missing Fourth Part of his Great Instauration—this biography will have miscarried. Delia Bacon's devotion and the real greatness of Francis Bacon himself may still be vindicated.

Having subjected Miss Hopkins' book to this rather critical analysis, we still urge our members to read it; but to take, as its companion, Commander Pares' masterly little study *A Pioneer*. Then Delia Bacon's message, rather than her personality defects, will live on in the mind of the reader.

N. F.

The Real Francis Bacon, by Bryan Bevan. (Centaur Press.) Price 25*s*.

The year 1961 marked the fourth centenary of the birth of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban. It is fitting that the occasion should be marked by the appearance of a biography written by a member of the Francis Bacon Society; a book representing the first public vindication of the great Lord Chancellor's character for some years.

Whatever view is taken of the Shakespeare authorship, all thinking people must contemplate with shame and disquiet the calumnies which still disfigure the school history-books, and which owe their existence to that brilliant but recklessly irresponsible writer, Lord Macaulay.

Mr. Bevan, notwithstanding the refusal of any publisher to accept his book for publication if it included a chapter on the Shakespeare problem, has succeeded in presenting to readers an appreciation of Bacon's work which reveals an unbiased approach to this subject which has long been overdue. Yet the homely and easy style completely refutes the common idea that the theme is dry-as-dust. In our view it holds the reader's interest at a quickening *tempo* until the intellect and imagination are sated; but the reader is stimulated to enquire further into the mystery that still surrounds this extraordinary man.

N.F.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *Baconiana*.

Dear Sir,

So much has been written about " Honorificabilitudinitatibus " that I hesitate to put my sixpenn'orth into the ocean. To my way of thinking there is a straightforward solution to the problem of the superfluous " I's " which no one seems to have noticed. I am sure everyone agrees that the 33rd line of page 136 in the 1623 Folio " What is A b spelt backwards ? ", and the reply " B a, pueritia, with a horn added ", provide an obvious clue as to the point at which to begin spelling backwards in the long word. This is quite clearly shown in *Baconiana*, 160, on page 82 and, if we take this hint, we get BACIFIRONOH. Now what grounds are there for disregarding the superfluous I's, the letters H and perhaps the first O of HONOR? Firstly it is common cipher practice to disregard the letter H (it is mute in the case of HONOR anyway) and if required the letter O can be treated as nothing; secondly, I think I can show a better authority for disregarding the I's than by an interpretation of the obscure phrase " UNUM CITA "—the method suggested by Medio-Templarius.

In my opinion the 1609 first edition of the Sonnets gives us the key. The pages of this little book are unnumbered, while the Sonnets themselves are numbered 1 to 154. Now the long word occurs on page 136 of the folio, so let us refer to Sonnet 136, and you can see how long the odds against the key falling in this Sonnet by accident would be. I take the following lines as containing the clues we want . . .

I	" In things of great receit* with ease we proove,
AM	Among a number *one* is reckon'd *none*.
T	Then in the number let *me* passe *untold*,
T	Though in thy stores account *I one* must be
	For *nothing* hold *me* so it please thee hold,
	That nothing me . . .

From line four we see that " I " equals " one ", from line two that " one " equals " none ", and from line three that " I " or " me " must pass " untold ". To rub it in, lines five and six confirm that " me " should be held as " nothing ".

By rejecting the " I's " (*i.e.* by letting them pass " untold ") we have reduced the word BACIFIRONOH to BACFRON or BACFRONO, depending on whether we drop one of the O's as a null, as would also

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* " great receit " could be the long word with all its magnitude and significance.

be permissible in cipher work. If we keep both O's we can, by one simple transposition, extract the Latin seal FR BACONO—FRANCIS BACON, which is exactly what I have shown can be extracted, in the form of a rectangle at perfect six-letter intervals, from the first speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* (see diagram on page 22 of *Baconiana*, 160). If we permit ourselves to drop one of the O's as a null, then we get the normal English signature Fr. Bacon.

I agree with " M.P " that Bacon must have come across the rare long word in Continental literature, and that explains why he analyses it in his papers of the Harleian Collection, and why it is scribbled on the cover of the Northumberland Manuscript. He must have perceived that the first 11 letters of the word contained the 7 letters of his most normal signature in almost correct reverse sequence. Lastly I find that Bacon's peculiar interest in this word is suggested in the *Promus* MS. (folio 86 *recto*) by the entry " ministerium meum *honorificabo* ", in his own handwriting.

Yours faithfully,
Ewen Macduff.

* * * * * *

(*Extract of a letter from Mr. H. S. Shield to Commander Pares.*)

Dear Commander Pares,

Some time ago, I think I posed the question " Why Pallas Athene ?" as owner of a helmet of invisibility; I then suggested Pluto as the owner, and I find in a transcript of Bacon's *Promus*, folio 97: " Plutoes Helmett; secrecy, Invisibility ". Perhaps that settles it for the Knights of the Helmet ? There is much more in the *Promus*, and I do not suppose that I can find it all out. But, as we may expect, it is revealing. Bacon seems much intrigued by two Spanish refrains: the first is " Al que madrugar, Dios le ayuda " (God helps the early riser), of which Bacon's version (f. 83) is:—

" Mas vale a quien Dios ayuda que a quien much madruga ".
(Better for him whom God helps, than for him who rises betimes.)

The second is:

" No por mucho madrugar amanece mas temprano ".
(Rise early as you may, the sun won't rise any sooner.)

Bacon (f. 112) quotes almost the exact words, presumably with approbation. We know from other sources that he wasn't an early riser !

I am reading Durning-Lawrence's *Bacon is Shakespeare*, which I do not remember to have seen before. On many points, I agree, on others I fancy that he is concealing something. That the year 1910 was to see the whole revelation seems now a wishful thought. If possible, the fog

is even thicker now ! I agree that Shaxper of Stratford was completely illiterate, and it was a merry jest of Bacon's to choose *him* as the POET !

I now think that Bacon had seen the Vulgate, since your *Promus* reference to *Ministerium meum honorificabo* (Romans xi. 13) is exact. *Honorificabo* was clearly a word that fascinated him, and he could hardly have failed to see how his own name fitted into it. In fact I observed it myself, some time ago, when lecturing to the Fellowship on the Latin in *Love's Labour's Lost*. So I noted this entry in the *Promus*.

Corni contra croci. Is this the Italian of those days? It may be a saying, I can't check that. I suppose it to mean, " Show a bold face against adversity ", it is nothing to do with the horns of a cuckold, with which Shake-speare makes such play! As you say, it may have influenced the writer or editor of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was composed for publication (in our version) *circa* 1594—roughly the date of Bacon's notes in the *Promus*.

I have some notes on the true meaning and interpretation of Ben Jonson's lines facing the Folio dummy, and his remarkable descent from the sublime to the ridiculous in the six lines to the " Sweet Swan of Auon ". The latter being partly derived from a passage in Horace, that I don't remember seeing pointed out before. Of this more anon . . .

Yours sincerely,

H. S. Shield.

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