

THE STORY  
OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS NEIGHBOUR—  
LORD BACON.

---

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE  
ST. ALBAN'S  
ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY,

*On Tuesday, October 14th, 1862,*

BY THE

REV. R. GEE, M.A.,

Vicar of Abbot's Langley.

---

WATFORD:  
SAMUEL PEACOCK, QUEEN STREET.

---

MDCCLXIII.



3

THE STORY OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS  
NEIGHBOUR—LORD BACON.

---

On the last occasion that I offered a Paper to this society I was obliged to shelter myself under our second title. I reminded you that we were Archæological as well as Architectural, and that some things fairly came under our cognizance as Historical Antiquarians, which were not expressly connected with buildings or builders. I require the same extension of your interests to-day. It seems to me that I have this afternoon to recommend to you, not only a subject, but a class of subjects. A society which, as ours, has attained the venerable age of 18 years, will run aground sometimes, not only for want of fresh readers, but for lack of fresh matter about which to read. We ought then to look indulgently upon any endeavours to open a fresh field for the labours of our friends and supporters. We may fairly appropriate to ourselves anything in the history of our county, which gave dignity and importance to it in old times. It may all be a fiction, but it is a natural and pleasing fiction which makes us feel a kind of property in the great men of our own town, village or county. Warwickshire is proud of its Shakespere. Bucks. shows where it afforded Milton a retreat from the plague, and where in a cottage, the very opposite to his city home in Cripplegate, he finished the Paradise Lost. Somersetshire shews at Wrington, the house where John Locke was born. And we, not to multiply more instances, at St. Alban's, show where Bacon was buried, and point out to our friends the pleasant slopes of Gorhambury, to which he clung with a mixture of pride and affection, when prudence would have counselled him to retire altogether to his old lodgings in Gray's Inn. It will be well then, I think

for this society to throw open its opportunities and collect an audience for those who like myself would tell Hertfordshire people about a Hertfordshire worthy. I look upon myself as something of a pioneer in this line of interest, and if I am rather greedy in taking such a notable as Bacon to my lion's share, I believe that in the History of the Cecils, Capels, and others, I leave much behind for other amateur biographers. Without intruding on the privacy of county families, they may yet succeed in interesting you in the story of those who are, by their greatness, common property. There are some Hertfordshire men who belong to all times. They have been known, feared, or loved, not merely out of the county but beyond the limits of the whole island.

My subject has been described to you in the circular as the story of "Lord Bacon." Perhaps I may as well state at the outset that I am aware that this very description is not quite accurate. It is so convenient, however, that with proper explanation it may fairly be retained. There were two Bacons whose names and labours have come down to us, and it has been necessary to distinguish them; so one has been called Friar Bacon and the other Lord Bacon. Roger Bacon was a Somersetshire man, supposed to have been born about the year Magna Charta was signed (1215), and at least was rightly described as Friar Bacon, unless he had some conventual name with which we are not acquainted. Francis Bacon was a lord, but was never "Lord Bacon." He was, if you please, "Lord-Keeper Bacon," "Lord Chancellor Bacon," but he never held a title in the peerage as Lord Bacon. His two titles appropriate him to us as in every sense of the words—"Our Illustrious Neighbour." In 1618 he was created by James I. Baron Verulam, and in the following year when the king was at Theobald's, in this county, by personal investiture, he was made Viscount St. Alban's, but he never sat in the House of Lords as Lord Bacon. It was under the name of St. Alban's that his corruptions were acknowledged. "Fr. S. Alban Canc." is the signature to the confession which I shall have, before I conclude, to bring so prominently before you. I need

hardly say that I wish the name of Bacon still retained in its honored use: Perhaps we might rather say Francis Bacon than Lord Bacon, but Bacon let it be to the end, though the title to which St. Alban's ears are so accustomed, as born by our Lord-Lieutenant and President, is well used by Tennyson in his *Palace of Art*; Tennyson says of his *Palace*—

Thro' the topmost Oriel's colour'd flame  
Two Godlike faces gazed below,  
Plato, the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,  
The first of those who know.

I am to tell the story of Lord Bacon—and I should like to begin by asking you how much you know of it? I have taken the trouble to extract the account given of him to young ladies in that rather commonplace compendium, *Magnall's Questions*. It is this:—"Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban's, born in London, 1561; died 1626. He was a man of universal genius, an illustrious philosopher and an eminent statesman; Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain in the reign of James the First; he has been justly styled the light of science and the father of experimental philosophy." I venture to think that we most of us have an inkling of the tale founded on Pope's well-known lines. The Antithesis—the glaring contrast between his good and bad qualities—is set out before us by the ill-natured poet in startling relief, and helps to engrave them on our memories. Pope's words are these—

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

So we think of Lord Bacon as of one whose virtues and whose vices alike are greater than other persons'. We know that he has written some very difficult books; that he once occupied the highest post that a subject can hold; that he then fell, on a charge of corruption, into retirement and disgrace. This is the Bacon of most men's conception; but it is not a conception which they are allowed to hold unchallenged. At different times since the date of his death several have stepped forward to rescue his reputation from the cloud that over shadows it. One such work I found in the British Museum, published in the year 1720, and the subject is warmly

debated even in the present year. Basil Montague, perhaps, reopened the discussion in the edition of Bacon published 1825, which drew forth Lord Macaulay's essay. Bacon's most gallant defender at this moment is Hepworth Dixon, the Editor, I believe, of the *Athenæum*. He says that the true defence of the great man is to tell simply and honestly the story of his life. The truth would then come out naturally, and be the best answer to the heavy charges which lie upon his memory. This seems a fair challenge, and I am encouraged by it to keep to my previously formed idea. I shall take the story of his life, and I shall take in order of time the three great blots which rest upon his fame. These will be—his conduct with regard to his patron, the Earl of Essex—his persecution rather than prosecution of the Somersetshire clergyman, Peachum—and lastly and chiefly his supposed corruption in the discharge of his high office as Lord Chancellor. Read it how we will we shall find his story will—

“Point a moral and adorn a tale.”

and I have only to say, once for all, of my own share in the narration, that not only have I no claim whatever to originality, but that I have really no power to weigh the truth and correctness of many statements which I have borrowed. I can only lay them before you, asking you to judge of their probable truth, as I do, by their likelihood, and by their seeming consistency with other facts that are ascertained.

Francis Bacon was the eighth child of Sir Nicholas Bacon and of who seems always called (I cannot tell you why) *Lady Anne Bacon*. His father was Lord-keeper, an office let me explain, which has most of the duties of the Lord Chancellor without his peculiarly high rank. Sir Nicholas at the time of his illustrious son's birth was 51 years of age, and the husband of a second wife. He was an immense man, “huge in size,” (says Dixon) “gouty, asthmatic, high in flesh.” His wind was so bad, that according to Chauncy, he could not walk without the greatest inconvenience, even from Westminster Hall to the Star Chamber, where he heard

causes, though it was almost under the same roof as the hall. When he took his seat it was understood that no lawyer was to open his brief until the keeper by a blow upon the table with his staff, gave the signal that his breath was recovered and his attention was available. This little fact is worth noticing, as giving point, not only to that remark of Queen Elizabeth's that "the Lord-keeper's soul was well lodged—in fat"—but to another saying of the queen's which is attributed to different persons and places, but which H. Dixon says really was addressed to Sir N. Bacon, at Redgrave, in Suffolk—"My Lord," said the royal visitor, "What a little house you have gotten." "Madam," said the owner, "My house is well, but you have made me too great for my house."\* He was shrewd and kindly, and another of his sayings has come down to us. A thief named Hogg had the impudence to plead to his judge that the Hoggs and Bacons were related to each other. "Ah, my friend," said Sir Nicholas, "you and I cannot be of kin until you have been hanged." The mother of Bacon was of a higher stamp altogether. Her powers of mind make her an interesting addition to the list of cases in which illustrious men have been the sons of highly gifted mothers, justifying the expression which perhaps has some reference to this "that our best wit is mother-wit." Lady Anne was a daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, of Geddy Hall, Essex, and a Sister of Lord Burleigh's second wife. Her father had been tutor to Edward VIth, and some writers (as Clutterbuck) say that she had herself taught as well as learned with the boy king. She was a good scholar, corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewell, and translated his Apology from the Latin and Ochino's Sermons on fate and free-will from the Italian. In religion she was so earnest that her son felt justified in calling her a "Saint of God." Her only fault in that relation was her intolerance. She could not abide a papist in general, or Mary Queen of Scots in particular. Her strong point seems to have been her domestic skill. She was greatest as a

\*—Chancy claims this incident for Gorhambury, and Chaplain Rawley's account seems conclusive for the claim.

housekeeper, famous with her dovecotes and home-brewed ale. Once when a grand lady called at Gorham-bury she found her in the kitchen amid sweet herbs, jelly pots and game. Her step-son took her picture—he was no contemptible painter, and has a good place given him by Horace Walpole among the early painters, though perhaps there was a trace of a step-son's disparagement in painting his thrifty step-mother—standing in the pantry habited as a cook! This, I should think, was the picture spoken of in a MS entrusted to me by Lord Verulam, as the picture of the cook which a Lady Grimston caused to be covered by another painter, as to the shoulders, with a neck handkerchief, on the ground of the drapery being scanty.

Francis Bacon was not born at Gorhambury, but at York House, in the Strand, January 22nd, 1561, just three years before the birth of the other great Elizabethan light, Shakspeare. This York House was a residence purchased or built under a lease from the Crown, by Heath, Archbishop of York, after the real palace of the See, Whitehall, had been seized by Henry VIIIth on the fall of Wolsey. As afterwards it was made over to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, it may be identified by the side streets, George-street, Villiers-street, Duke-street, Of Alley, and Buckingham-street, which are still to be traced, or more ignobly by our recollection of Warren's jet blacking, at 30, the Strand, Villiers-street intersecting the Strand at No. 32. It was then a detached country house—court yard and great gates to the street, main front to the river, lanes, and fields, between itself and Whitehall. This house was greatly endeared to Bacon. It was the scene of his greatest triumphs and lowest humiliations, and it is urged that the desire of Buckingham to possess it was one great reason of Bacon's being left by the Court to his enemies. Francis Bacon had his name from his aunt, Frances Grey, married to his mother's brother William. She was niece of the father of Lady Jane Grey, and of course first cousin to the Queen of ten days. He is described to us as of a boyish beauty, entitling him to stand for one of Raffaele's angels.—Chubby Cheeks,



grey blue eyes, curly and silken locks. At ten years of age, he seems to have made the courtier's reply to the Queen, that he was just two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign, and was called by the Queen in return her little Lord-keeper. At twelve and three-quarters, he was sent to Cambridge, and lived with his brother Anthony in the house of Whitgift, the master. At sixteen, he left the University, not taking a degree, but, as he afterwards told his Chaplain, Rawley, having already in his mind the germ of his great work. He was then entered of Gray's Inn, and sent to France to learn French and politics. He was put in the suite of Sir Amias Paulett, and under the especial care of his wife, Lady Margaret Paulett. It was at this time that Sir N. Bacon died, and his death caused not only his son's return, but a very considerable alteration in his prospects. The poor Lord-keeper had his death brought on rather pitiably. It was at the end of the winter, and with a view to a little fresh air, he sat down to be barbered opposite an open window in York House, looking on the river. His hair and beard were both to be dressed, and during the operation, the patient fell asleep. The servant did not like to awake his master, who caught a cold, of which he died, reproaching the barber-servant with having killed him with kindness. Sir Nicholas was not buried at St. Michael's, but in Old St. Paul's, and it is said that some fragments of his tomb, saved from the fire, are still to be found in the vaults of the present Cathedral.

On the Keeper's death, his widow withdrew to Gorhambury, and this seems the place to speak of the Bacons' connexion with that property. Gorhambury had passed, by the marriage of a co-heiress of Sir Ralph Rowlett to a Maynard, into the Maynard family. They having a seat in Essex, sold Gorhambury to the Lord-keeper Bacon, who, says Dixon, bought it especially for his second wife; certainly he bought it about the time of his second marriage. The domain seems to have been very small as regards ornamental ground. Lord Verulam, yesterday, showed me a map or plan representing a very few acres taken in as the

park, though the property extended much further. The only house then on the estate was that built by Robert de Gorham, which stood below the modern and present house, and looking towards Præ Wood. The Lord-keeper built the house which is known to most of you as the Old House, whose ruin is still so interesting. It was begun in 1563, and took him six years in building. It cost £1,800, besides the timber from his own woods, the free-stone from the already plundered Abbey of St. Alban's, the lime, and the sand, and the profits, whatever this may mean, which might have accrued from burning bricks. It consisted of a quadrangle 70 feet square, with two piazzas (as Pennant calls them in his "Journey to Chester,") painted by Van Kœpen, with the story of Ulysses. The entrance led into a court, facing which was a porch of Roman architecture, the distinguishing feature of the present ruin. Over the arch was the grey marble stone engraved with an inscription, which states the house to have been finished in the 10th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and ends with the family motto which Lord Verulam still perpetuates, *Mediocria Firma*. The Chancellor Bacon built a porch to the house, but as in the Lambeth MS. the inscription is said to have been written by Sir Nicholas, this would not be the porch in question. The inscription is noticeable for making the second syllable in Elizabeth short—

Hæc cum perfecit Nicolaus tecta Baconus  
Elizabeth regni lustra fuere duo.

Here the Lord-keeper twice received the Queen. On the second time he built for her receptiou a gallery 120 feet long, and the expenses of the entertainment are preserved at length in the Lambeth MS. He seems to have improved in his hospitalities, as his letter to Burghley, on the first visit, is preserved, professing that "no man was more rawe in such matters." In 1577, on the second visit, he paid £105 for game of all sorts, £12 for cooks from London, £6 for loss of pewter, £2 for loss of naperye, £27 for spices, £6 for artichokes and herbs, £3 for vinegar and verjuice, and 30s. for the hire of certain articles. He slew twenty-five bucks and

two stags, and presented the Queen with a cup, and her servants with £12 5s. The Queen stayed from Saturday to Wednesday, and on leaving expressed herself gratified, and gave her portrait, by Hillyard, still preserved at Gorhambury.

I am recalled from the tempting use of the particular materials kindly placed at my disposal by our noble Chairman, to the Story of Lord Bacon himself. Gorhambury was left to the Keeper's widow for life, with reversion to her elder son Anthony, who entered at once upon the estates, and with Gorhambury were to go Redburn and Barley and Pinner-stoke. Here Lady Anne spent the remainder of her days, but her younger son, the only unprovided member of the whole family, had to turn in earnest to the law, and went to reside at Gray's-inn with his cousin Robert Cecil. Then began Bacon's embarrassments, and a course of borrowing which ended only with his life. He was hopelessly in the hands of the Jews before he was 30, and while his circumstances were so poor his staunch advocate Hepworth Dixon admits that he was weak in the love of dress and pomp, doted like a girl on flowers, scents, horsetrappings, garden ornaments and house furniture. Now, too, began a course of solicitation for office, which is blamed by those who take a severe view. "He was," says the article in the *Times* of last month, "the most determined beggar in history." Before he was 20 years of age he had applied to his cousins, the Cecils, for some post, though admitting that so early a position would be rare and unaccustomed. He made some good beginning at the bar, and at 23 he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Melcombe Regis, Dorset. He early took a lead in the House, and I think that we should in these days describe his politics as liberal-conservative of the Gladstone or Peel type. At 25 he was made a Bencher of his Inn, and at 28 Lent Reader. His brother Anthony now came home to live with him, and their future was bright, but their present very clouded. "No young fellow of Gray's-inn, waiting for the tide to flow, is sharper set for funds than the young knight for Middlesex or his elder

brother. Anthony tries to raise his rents, and some of the men about him—godless rogues as Lady Bacon says—propose that he shall let his farms to the highest bidders. Goodman Grinnell, who has the land at Barley, pays less than he ought; let him go out and a better man come in. But Goodman Grinnell speeds with his long face to Lady Ann. ‘What!’ cries the good lady to her son, ‘turn out the Grinnells! Why, the Grinnells have lived at Barley these hundred and twenty years!’ So the brothers have to look elsewhere. Bonds are coming due. A famous money-lender lives in the city—Spencer by name—rich as a Jew and close as a miser; him they go to, cap in hand, and with honeyed words. The miser is a good miser, and allows his bond to lie.” (H. Dixon.) Lady Ann sent them ale, pigeons and fowls to help their housekeeping, and on hearing that they had set up “a coach and luxuriant horses, at which the wise will laugh,” a letter, still preserved, full of good advice as to diet and hours and habits, but as the good lady laments, “My sons haste not to hearken to their mother’s counsel in time to prevent.” The plague now broke out, and Bacon taking refuge in his half-brother’s house at Twickenham, wrote an answer to Parsons the Jesuit. This increased his fame, and at 32 he sat in the House as member for Middlesex; taking a line with regard to supplies, which certainly seems patriotic and independent, but hardly of a kind to strengthen his interest with the Court or with Burleigh. It was about this time that he began that peculiar relationship with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, which it is difficult, perhaps, for us in our day to understand. We who have instituted competitive examinations to give all alike a fair start, can scarcely admit the seeming necessity which there was in those days for every ambitious man who wanted to rise, to attach himself to the skirts of some one who had risen. In Elizabeth’s reign, A.D. 1592, there were two factions, or heads of interests, the Cecil and the Essex party. The two Bacons joined themselves, unhappily, to the impetuous and ill-fated Earl. They entered into his service on terms so well understood and

arranged, that Mr. Dixon speaks of their wages, "Anthony was to have £1000 per annum as the Earl's foreign correspondent, and to live in his house. Francis, a remuneration as his legal adviser and political agent, which is called "his hire." We find the Earl exerting himself to procure for Bacon, first the post of attorney-general, then that of solicitor-general. The degree of earnestness with which he put himself forward is disputed. Some say that the suit was lost because Essex would not leave a game of tennis. Others tell us that the words of Essex remain written "I die unless I serve you." This is certain, that to atone for what he himself considered as the ill-consequence and maladroitness of his advocacy and patronage, Essex gave Bacon a present of land, which some call an estate. Mr. Dixon disparagingly calls it a "patch," and "a strip of land not worth more than £1,500," which sum for those times does not seem so contemptible. The Queen had been good to him; she had given him the reversion of a place in the Star Chamber worth £1,600; the appointment of her Counsel Extraordinary with a grant of Zelwood Forest—£40 per annum.

I must now encroach upon your recollections of English history to supply all that is necessary for our purpose to be known of Essex' career in Ireland, his insurrection, treason, defeat, and apprehension. We must come at once to that prosecution of Essex by Bacon, which is considered the first great blot on his fame. I think that what follows is a fair statement of Bacon's part in the earlier stages of the Earl's ruin. He advised him well for his good, he warned him of his rashness. He told him he was an Icarus trying to fly with waxen wings. He withdrew himself on open notice from his plans, and he spoke to the Queen repeatedly in his favour. So estranged had he become that in two years he saw the Earl only once. The question is whether Bacon was at liberty to prosecute on behalf of the Crown his former patron and benefactor, in whose household he and his brother may be said to have held posts, or rather whether the etiquette of his profession obliged him as Queen's Counsel to take a

leading part. This is surely a case to be settled by precedent, and, as it is alleged, the precedents would have exonerated him from what ought to have been so painful. It is said that Sir H. Yelverton refused to plead against his patron Somerset, and Sir J. Walter against Sir E. Coke. While the question of prosecuting at all is open to grave consideration, it seems less necessary to examine the degree of gentleness with which Bacon conducted the prosecution. Lord Macaulay says he employed all his wit, his rhetoric, his learning, not merely to ensure a conviction, which was inevitable, but to deprive a prisoner of the benefit of such extenuating circumstances as might lead to a pardon. He compared his guilt to Cain's, and Essex himself to Pisistratus and Guise; and after his death he drew up, at the Queen's request, "A declaration of the Treasons of R. Devereux, Earl of Essex," which state paper, however temperately and forbearingly written, can hardly be said to be the production of one who expected or who wished to "speak his good word." His conduct in the cause cannot approve itself to our judgment. It would appear conclusively that it was open to grave censure, even in his own days, from the fact that he published three years later an elaborate apology, addressed to the Earl of Devonshire, (*qui s'excuse s'accuse*) and Macaulay thinks that his retirement from the representation of Middlesex was a proof of unpopularity founded on the fact. Hepworth Dixon finds in his parliamentary election a fact of exculpation, in that he was chosen by a double return for Ipswich and St. Alban's. I fear that in the latter days his election by this ancient town could hardly have been urged as part of what Dixon calls the highest compliment that could be paid to the purity of his political life. I content myself here with remarking upon this prosecution as one of the things in which Bacon came short. Whether it was worse than what others would have done, or whether there is any excuse or apology for it, seems not the question. We are judging a great man, and we see nothing great in his conduct. He does perhaps, just what another ambitious courtier would have done under the circumstances.

We now come to Bacon's wooing. About this time his brother's death added to his mother's (she died 1600, just before Essex' execution and Anthony died just after) put him in possession of Gorhambury, and the Queen gave him £1,200 out of Catesby's fine. Bacon before had had an attachment which I wish had not been to an heiress. At 36 he "fell in love," says H. Dixon, with a lady rich and of his kin. It was Elizabeth Cecil, grand-daughter of Lord Burghley, the widow of Sir W. Hatton, lovely, young, and the mistress of Purbeck Island, Corfe Castle and Hatton House. But she was dealt with by her grim old grandfather as part of his political patronage, and she was given to Bacon's great rival, Coke. Now, some six years later, in 1603, when Bacon was 42 years old he fell again in love with Alice, daughter of Alderman Barnham, whose widow was already re-married to Sir J. Pakington, the ancestor of the present baronet of that name. He was married on May 10th, 1606, at Marylebone Chapel. The Bridegroom wore purple Genoese velvet from cap to shoe. The bride, cloth of silver and ornaments of gold. She brought him £220 per annum, and the reversion of £140, and Bacon settled on her £500 per annum. Certainly there seems nothing mercenary in the amount received as compared with his settlement.

Next year, 1607, he attained the first great stepping stone for which he had been so long waiting. He was made Solicitor-General, and six or seven years later Attorney-General, having urged and pressed his claim on the office by appeals so importunate, that Mr. Dixon is hardly honest in ignoring them. Bacon says in one letter that perceiving how preferments at law were flying about his ears, it would be a kind of dulness or want of faith rather than modesty if he should not come with his pitcher to Jacob's well as others do. He disparages the present owner of the office to the King as too scrupulous, and professes that he himself will go roundly to work for the King. Nor are we happy to find that he owed his further rise so much to James's unworthy favourites, Carr and Buckingham, whose frequent applications to him for suitors showed that he admitted

their claim upon him and his obligations to them.

It was as Attorney-General that Bacon was concerned in the prosecution of Peacham. The facts of this case are capable of being stated unfavourably for Bacon. Dr. Goulburn speaks of him as "a poor old Somersetshire clergyman, the only charge against whom was that a sermon had been found in his study containing passages calculated to influence the people against the Government, which sermon, however, he had never preached, and which no one had ever seen but himself." Mr. Dixon says that he was "one of the most despicable wretches who ever brought shame and trouble on the Church. He was a libeller and a liar, a seditious subject, a scandalous minister, and a perfidious friend." Perhaps the defence of Bacon is not assisted by what he adds, that Bacon took a deep interest in the family of the Pauletts, in whose suite you will recollect he had been abroad. They were squires and patrons of Hinton St. George, Peacham's living. However, we are not sitting in judgment on Peacham but on Bacon. Peacham was brought up to London to be tried for a libel on his Ordinary. The "book" or "sermon" or "sheets," as it is called, then came into question as treasonable, and Peacham is said by Dixon to have charged the Pauletts and others with a guilty knowledge of its contents. He was then to be racked and tortured to see whether he would maintain or deny this on further interrogation. All, no doubt, was formally done; an order of council was issued for the torture, and Bacon went down to see its application. It is owned that Bacon, for his friends the Pauletts' sake, had a "passion" in the charge against Peacham stronger than the interest of an advocate in his work. There was a doubt started whether after all, Peacham's offence were treason, and the Attorney-General Bacon proposed a separate consultation of the Judges, some at least of whom were to try the case, to fix their opinions and to commit them to a view. This was done, and the right and wrong of the transaction must be judged according to legal precedent, which is quite out of my knowledge. Lord Campbell must be allowed to be no bad judge of legal



questions, and I am surprised to find how little weight is attached to Campbell's opinions on the life of Bacon, in matters relating so much to his own profession. Campbell's verdict is this—"It would be to confound the sacred distinctions of right and wrong to attempt to defend the conduct of Bacon in this affair or to palliate its enormity." He pronounces the consultation of the Judges to be "unusual and scandalous." As regards the torture it was only a few years later that in the assassin Felton's case the Judges declared that the application of torture was illegal, and we must admit that either Bacon's motives were corrupt, or that he was behind his age, and clung to the worst features of an antiquated system. His own "animus" in the matter is too apparent from his own words. He writes to the king, "I hold it fit that myself and my fellows go to the Tower to examine him upon these points." Thereby taking upon himself personally the responsibility of the act, which must rest on him officially as adviser of the Crown. He writes again that Peacham was "examined before torture, between torture, and after torture." Also that he himself would attack the Lord Chief Justice, "not being wholly without hope that when I have in some dark manner put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, he will not continue singular." Again, I leave the case with the lament that Bacon sadly comes short. There is a grave blot resting on this second stage of his career as there is on the first, and, as I grieve to think, we shall find that a larger and darker stain rests on his third stage.

We must once more hasten; to the third scene, which places Bacon before us as Lord-keeper. Lord Egerton resigned the seals just before his death, and outlived Bacon's installation by only three days. Bacon received immediately a host of presents from suitors and friends, some of which, as Edward Egerton's gold basin and ewer and £400, were made charges subsequently as bribes. York house was purchased again of Egerton's son, as regarded its lease, and Dixon says was clothed by presents from the attic to the vault. He made his triumphal entry on his office on the first day of Trinity

Term, wearing his bridal suit of purple satin or velvet, and it is only fair to say that he set himself vigorously to work to clear the immense arrears of causes in his court. He found 3,600 causes awaiting him, and some of these were of ten or twenty years standing. He worked cheerily and courageously through these. In the first year he made 8,798 orders and decrees, and it is said that in the same short space he set 35,000 suitors free from the anxieties of Chancery. In January 1618 he received the higher title of Lord Chancellor and a peerage as Baron Verulam. He received also the power to bestow a second peerage on a friend or relative. He offered this to his half-brother Sir N. Bacon, of Redgrave, by whom it was declined.

We find Bacon now at the height of his worldly fortunes, He is troubled by gout and his health is weak; all these are but flies in the sweet ointment. He is now raised to the dizzy height which views so vast a fall. It is pleasing to stop here for a moment and to borrow from Mr. Dixon the entries which show something of kindness and a liberal and kindly, if not munificent, using of the good things in his hand. His almoner, Humphrey Leigh, gave away for him £300 per annum, and his accounts show the expensiveness of his small gifts to those who made him usual presents, (*e.g.*)

	£	s.	d.
To the man that brought cherries .....	0	2	6
„ woman „ hare .....	0	5	0
„ man „ grapes .....	0	11	0
„ sweetmeats „ .....	0	5	0
„ „ „ salmon .....	0	10	0
„ „ „ clock .....	5	0	0
„ „ „ book .....	0	10	0
Lord Salisbury's man—stag .....	3	6	0

He had his vension still more expensively from the King, as he gave the royal forester £50 for a stag.

To my lady's footman, cherries, Gorhambury	0	5	0
„ Clergyman at St. Michael's.....	2	10	0

This it seems was a quarter's payment of a yearly £10 to Abraham Spencer, the Vicar.

	£	s.	d.
To the musicians at Gorhambury .....	0	5	6
„ washerwoman who sent after the crane that flew from the Aviary .....	0	5	0
This Aviary, Aubrey says, was built at the cost of £500, at York House.			
To Mistress Spencer, Vicar's wife .....	3	6	0
Her maid .....	1	2	0
To the picture drawer for your Lordship's picture .....	33	0	0

This, says Dixon, was the portrait of Bacon by C. Janien. He came into England this summer, 1618. But Lord Verulam says they reckon it a Vansomer, and the two artists were exact contemporaries. Hildyard, the painter of Queen Elizabeth, and of himself, when a boy, received a gratuity of £1 as being an old man.

To old Mr. Hildyard, the painter .....£1 0 0

We now approach the charge brought against Bacon of bribery and corruption. We must do so with the two facts admitted to the full in Bacon's behalf. I. That those who accused him were not, perhaps, actuated by pure motives. They may have been the greedy place-hunters and place-sellers represented, who were simply anxious to have another change of offices. II. That Bacon's income as Chancellor was not paid by fixed salaries, but by fees and fines, which certainly passed very easily into bribes. His fixed fines were only £1,300 per annum. And it was expected of him to keep up an enormous state upon some other means. Dixon says that the receipts of Bacon's predecessor were £10,000, though he had actually no salary. Bacon, as attorney-general, had £6,000, of which only £81 was paid him by the king. On the other hand two things also must be remembered—I. That while there might be a doubt what was and what was not bribery, there was a holy and righteous sense at that day against whatever *was* bribery. Latimer's sermons are fairly appealed to by Lord Macaulay on the point, and also by Lord Campbell. Lord Macaulay quotes this passage—“Bribery is a princely kind of thievery. It is the noble theft of princes and magistrates. They are bribe-takers

now-a-days; they call them gentle rewards. Let them have their colouring and call them by their christian name—bribes.” This is the strong language from the vigorous old preacher, printed by Lord Campbell—“This is *scala inferni* the way to Hell, to be covetous, to take bribes to pervert justice. If a judge should ask me the way to Hell, I would show him this way. Lo, there is the mother and the daughter and the granddaughter. Avarice is the mother; she brings forth bribe-taking, and bribe-taking perverting of judgment.” To this we must add an extract from Bacon’s own Essay “Of Great Place.” Sad that one against whom twenty-two charges of bribery could be maintained should have written—“For corruption: Do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one, but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault but the suspicion.” II. The second point on this side is that all the facts were admitted. The defence turns on the character to be given them. This is very different from the case of Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, who, when accused of bribery, met the acts charged upon him with a stout denial of the receiving. We shall venture for ourselves to examine the character of some of these acts; first let us bring the accusation a little further. After many conferences and discussions on abuses in Courts of Justice, Bacon took to his bed, either being ill, or, says Lord Campbell, pretending illness. Then the Lord Chief-Justice Ley, being in the chair as his deputy, a formal accusation or impeachment for bribery is laid before the House of Lords by the Commons with particulars of the charges. He wrote by Buckingham to the House of Lords, asking for time and consideration; and to the King, saying that he flew to him on the wings of the dove, and that he was as clay in their hands. Parliament met after a short adjournment, and the twenty-eight charges originally framed were reduced to twenty-two; and Bacon sent in a general submission, praying that the loss of the seal might be his punishment. This submission was

refused as too general, and the twenty-two articles were presented to him that he might confess or disprove each and every one. He returned the charge sheet with an admission of each as fact, with considerable explanation and extenuation, and with this full condemnation as to the whole matter. "Upon advised consideration of the charge, descending into my conscience and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence." A commission of twelve peers, nine lay and three spiritual, was sent to him that he might authenticate his signature. His passionate words were "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." Now it does seem difficult indeed to exculpate a man so self-condemned. How can you hold a brief for a man who insists that he will plead guilty, and who is judged guilty and punished as guilty by his own age? I have never seen urged the only defence that seems available, which is that Bacon had "lost his head," and in a nervous panic, amounting to derangement or infatuation, confessed to what he would at any other time stoutly have denied. The defence, however, seems to be that there was a politic and prudent yielding to clamour on the part of Bacon and a compact with King James, that if he yielded the King would save him from the worst consequences. I need not say here how inconsistent this self-surrender and self-degradation are with true greatness, simple moral courage or self-respect. I will muster on their opposite sides the accusers and apologists as known to us generally. Against Bacon there will be Hume, Lingard, Hallam, Macaulay, Campbell and Foss. For him, Basil Montague, Hepworth Dixon, and in a qualified sense, Spedding, the editor of the splendid edition of Bacon now issuing. The facts as admitted would be considered gross bribery in the present day. Let us take one specimen, the ninth article of the twenty-two. He borrowed £2,000 of a Mr. Vanlore, who had a suit in his Court, and this only on his own personal security. This was a sum which at Bacon's death was refused by the Court as a debt, on

the ground that it was a bribe. Take another, the twentieth charge. He admits borrowing £1,000 of Peacock, of St. Alban's, his good neighbour, without interest, security, or time of payment; an irregular and un-businesslike transaction, which, as Peacock had a suit in his Court, could not be separated in idea from the hope of favour to be shown him in his cause. Twenty-second charge,—the only other one we will notice, is, perhaps, the worst. He took £1,000 of the French Wine Company beforehand, as a consideration for obliging the English Vintners to purchase their wines, and he held in custody for a day or two some that were more stiff. This is admitted by Bacon to have happened precisely as stated above. If my own opinion be worth giving in the matter, it would be that Bacon found a bad system in existence, that he adopted and aggravated it; that his embarrassed means and his expensiveness made his proceedings more excessive and more glaring; that it was in his time that the public mind, just entering on that tremendous first-half of the 17th century, which did not leave the king his life, awoke to a purer code, and Bacon suffered as the victim of an impure system, with which, at least he had never grappled, and which a man of his calibre might have stemmed and turned. It is quite true that, as he himself says, the Wall had fallen on him, and he was not a Sinner above all that dwelt in the city; but, oh! what an excuse to make. If we do not feel that the expression of Pope yet applies, if we do not take upon ourselves to brand him here, as does Lord Campbell, as the meanest of mankind; we may say of him in this sense he deserved to be beaten with many stripes, in that he knew what was right and did it not.

The sentence passed upon Bacon was that he be fined £40,000, be imprisoned in the Tower, be incapable of office or of sitting in Parliament, and that he keep from the verge of the Court. Certainly it is in his favour how little of this sentence was carried out—how much was mitigated. For a month he lived quietly in York House, and had he not clung to it perhaps he might have escaped further molestation; but Bucking-

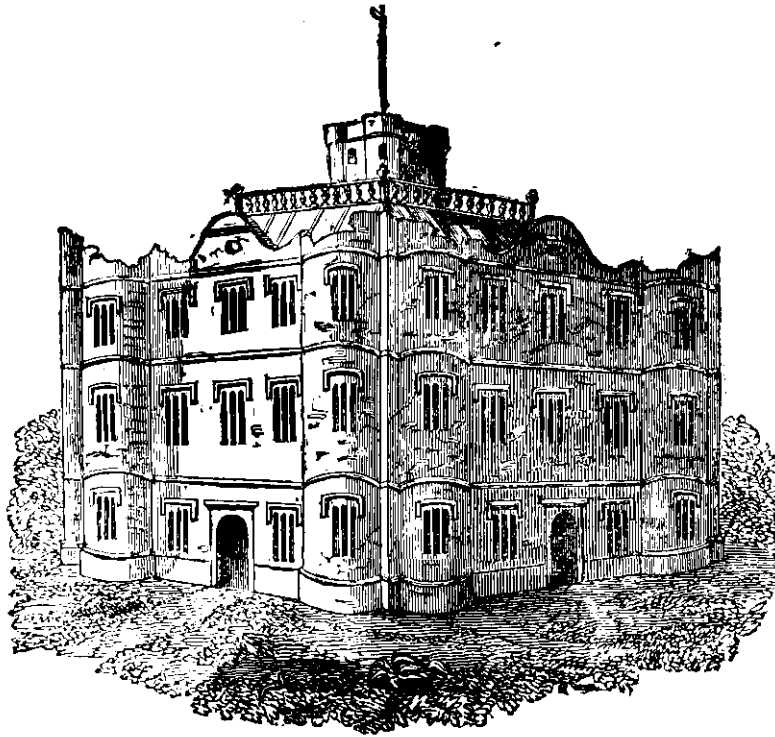
ham wanted the place, so May 31st, Bacon was carried to the Tower, but the next day he was liberated, and retired, by direction, to Parsons' Green, and after awhile, by the King's desire, he retired to Gorhambury. Our Lord Verulam will excuse my saying that he wrote to the King to declare that he would sooner be back in the Tower than at Gorhambury. "There, he says, "I could at least have company and conference. Here, I live on the sword's point of a sharp air, endangered if I go abroad, dulled if I stay within, and my greatest grief is that my wife must be partaker of this misery of my restraint." Yet he says on another occasion, "By reason of the sweet air I have obtained some degree of health." So at Gorhambury he stayed, and, in spite of himself, he slowly recovered some degree of health and spirit. In these days we should think little of his specifics of three grains of nitre daily in his broth, and rhubarb and white wine weekly; but Bacon's mind was by nature qualified, in the best sense of the words, to enjoy the country. Let me recommend to you his 45th and 46th Essays on building and gardening, and you will then understand how he could throw himself into his home buildings and improvements. He ceased to live at the Keeper's house on the ground that the water would not come to him, therefore he must go to the water. So down by the Pondyards, which H. Dixon calls the famous Byzantine Ponds, he built a fairy villa for himself, the only objection to which must have been its dampness and unfitness for an invalid aged 60. The ponds seem to be five in number, and says Aubrey, four acres in extent, though in Lord Verulam's map, with the adjoining ground in the enclosure, they seem at least seven acres. Aubrey's description is that which is given in Dixon's and other books, but as the extracts in the lithographed history of Gorhambury are more extensive than in most, I will venture to read to you from that:—

"This house did cost 9 or 10 thousand the building, and was sold about 1665 or 6 by Sir Harbottle Grimston, Baronet (now Master of the Rolls) to 2 carpenters for fower hundred poundes, of which they made eight hun-

dred pounds. Mem. There were good chimney pieces, the roomes very loftie, and were very well wainscotted. There were two bathing rooms or stufes whither his Lordship retired afternoons as he saw cause. The tunnells of the chimneys were carried into the middle of the house, and round about them were seates. The top of the house was well leaded. From the leades was a lovely prospect to the ponds, which were opposite to the east side of the house, and were on the other side of the stately walke of trees that leads to Gorhambury house: and also, over that long walk of trees, whose tops afford a most pleasant variegated verdure resembling the works in Irish stitch. The kitchen, larder, cellar, &c., are under ground. In the middle of this house was a delicate staircase of wood, which was curiously carved, and on the post of every instertice was some pretty figure, as of a grave divine with his book and spectacles; a mendicant friar, &c., (not one thing twice.) Mem. On the doors of the upper story on the outside (which were painted dark umber) were figures of the Gods of the Gentiles: viz., on the south door, 2nd story. was Apollo; on another Jupiter with his thunderbolts, &c., bigger than the life, and done by an excellent hand, the heightenings were of hatching of gold, which, when the sun shone on them, made a most glorious shew. Mem. The upper part of the uppermost door on the east side, had inserted into it a large looking-glass, with which the stranger was very gratefully deceived, for after he had been entertained a pretty while with the prospect of the ponds, walks and country which this door faced when you were about to return into the room, one would have sworn, *primo intuitu*, that he had beheld another prospect through the house: for as soon as the stranger was landed on the balcony by the *concierge* that shewed the house, would shut the door to put this fallacy on him with the looking-glass. This was his lordship's summer house, for he says one should have seats for summer and winter as well as cloathes.

“From hence to Gorhambury is about a little mile, the way easily ascending, hardly so acclive as a desk; from hence to Gorhambury in a straight line lead three





VERULAM HOUSE,

As built by Lord Chancellor Bacon about 1620, A.D.

parallel walks : in the middlemost three coaches may pass abreast : in the wing walks, two. They consist of several stately trees of the like growth and height, viz., elm, chestnut, beech, horne-beam, Spanish ash, cirvice tree, &c., whose tops (as aforesaid) do afford from the walks on the house the finest shew that I have seen, and I saw it about Michaelmas, at which time of the year the colors of leaves are most varied. The figures of the ponds were thus : they were pitched at the bottoms with pebbles of several colors, which were worked into several figures, as of fishes, &c., which in his Lordship's time were plainly to be seen through the clear water, now overgrown with flags and rushes. If a poor body had brought his Lordship half-a-dozen pebbles of a curious color, he would give them a shilling, so curious was he in perfecting his fish ponds, which I guess do contain four acres. In the middle of the middlemost pond, in the island, is a curious banqueting house of Roman architecture, paved with black and

white marble; covered with Corinth slate, and neatly wainscotted."

I confess that I could almost wish that he had not committed himself to carrying out in actual erection his grand ideas of buildings. Verulam House scarcely seems worthy of the conceptions set out in the Essay on Buildings. He employed his leisure here in enriching his Essays with additions, working at his History of Henry VIIIth, and translating his Advancement of Learning, in which he was assisted by the famous George Herbert. The History of Henry VIIIth was revised by the King, and dedicated to the Prince of Wales; though Bacon maintained against the King the two words "epidemic" and "debonnair." At this time also, he was granted a pension of £1,200 per annum. He had £600 from the Alienation Office, and his estates produced £700. He complained, however, not without some grounds, that his former honours had put him above the means of getting his living, and the misery into which he had fallen deprived him of the means to subsist. His circumstances were very straitened, and it was said that he used to send to borrow a bottle of beer so often of Lord Broke that at last the butler had orders to deny him, which meanness, says Aubrey indignantly, does him more discredit than the friendship of Philip Sidney did him honour. Yet at this time a neighbour hearing of his necessities, and proposing to buy of him his favourite Oak Wood at the back of the old house—"What, man," said he, "would you have me pluck out my feathers?" On his application his fine of £40,000 was remitted; but, to secure him from his creditors, assigned to four trustees. "I can now," wrote Bacon to the King, "I thank God and you, die and make a will." And soon after, a general, though still qualified pardon for Lord St. Alban's, passed the Great Seal. He was allowed to come as near to London as Highgate, and a little later, having made over to Buckingham the coveted lease of York House, he was set free from all restraints whatever. He received £1,300 for York House, of which sum he gave £100 to Lady St. Alban's for her personal uses. He

hired Bedford House in the Strand, but soon gave that up, and went back to his old lodgings, Coney Court, Gray's Inn. He still clung to too great state. Prince Charles meeting him once with outriders and a great equipage, said of him, "Do what we will this man will not go out with a snuff." Here he lay for some time, sick in body but active in mind; not summoned to the next Parliament, but still so anxious for employment that he pressed hard for the Provostship of Eton, then vacant. He was unsuccessful, and it was given to Sir Henry Wotton. He now dictated his *Sylva Sylvarum* to his chaplain Rawley, and Hobbes was busy in the translation of his *Essays*. A still more complete pardon was issued, which Mr. Dixon calls the reversal of his sentence, and which, I conclude, left him free to sit in Parliament. His *Apophtegms* were dedicated, together with his translation of the *Psalms*, to George Herbert. But he was now so sick that when the Marquis D'Effiat, a French diplomatist and scholar came to visit him he found him in a darkened room. "You resemble the angels," said the flattering Frenchman, "we hear of them but cannot see them." "Oh," said Bacon, with true wisdom, "my infirmities tell me that I am a man." We are now arrived at the beginning of Charles' reign, and Bacon was summoned to his first Parliament at Oxford, though unable to attend, and in Christmas of this year he made his will. It seems strange that his great apologist should take this opportunity of telling us that Bacon could feel proudly satisfied that his gifts had been nobly spent, and that his work was well-nigh done. Bacon's own words were more like what Shakspeare has put into Wolsey's mouth—"The talent which God has given me I have mispent in things for which I was least fit." In his will he declared that he left his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. He directed that he should be buried in St. Michael's Church, for says he, it is the only Christian Church within the walls of Verulam, and there is my mother buried. He left £40 to St. Martin's, in which he was born; £50 to St. Michael's, in which he died,

“because,” he said, “the day of death is better than the day of birth;” £20 to the Abbey, St. Stephen’s and St. Peter’s; £30 to St. Andrew’s, Holborn, because Gray’s Inn was within its bounds. Then he left a very ample provision to his wife, far beyond her marriage settlement. This, I regret to say, by a codicil, he revokes, as he says, for just and great causes, and, as he adds, leaves her to her rights only. As she had left him just previously, it does not seem unfair to understand that the revocation was in displeasure, and that as he died childless, so he died without the ordinary attentions and kindnesses due to a husband. He bequeathed legacies to his friends and his servants, and he imagined that there would be a residue of £400 per annum to found Lectureships at the Universities on Natural Philosophy and Physical Science. I have now only to describe his death. The winter 1625—6 was unusually severe, and Bacon spent it at Gorhambury, hard at work on the *Sylva Sylvarum*. In the spring he went to Gray’s Inn, and rode out occasionally through the snow, which even in April lay thick upon the ground. Driving one day with his physician, Dr. Wetherborne, towards Highgate, the sight of the snow unfortunately put it into Bacon’s head that flesh might be preserved by cold snow as well as in salt. He acted upon the idea. As he was writing on Antiseptics, he would try the experiment. He stopped the coach, bought a fowl at a cottage at the foot of Highgate-hill, and, according to H. Dixon, himself plucked and drew it. I am glad to say that his chaplain, Rawley, states that the old woman, or some one else, “exenterated” it, and Bacon took up the snow in his palms and stuffed it into the fowl. Immediately after this he was smitten with a sudden cold chill. He drove to his friend Lord Arundel’s house, and was put, in the absence of the family, into a damp bed, that had not been slept in for a year. A pan of coals made the matter worse, and though he recovered enough to dictate a letter to Lord Arundel, and to say that his house was very happy to him, yet he died a week after, April 9th, 1626 (Easter Sunday) of what Hobbes called suffocation, but Mr. Dixon, perhaps, is

more correct in saying that he died of congestion of the lungs. He was buried, as we all know, in St. Michael's Church, which one biographer calls a picturesque and lonely church. Lord Campbell says that there is no account preserved of his funeral, and that he believes that it was unhonoured and unattended. Sir T. Meautys, who was his secretary, friend, and cousin, and who had married his half-brother Nathaniel's daughter Anne, erected at his own expense, the beautiful statue which is so well known to you. Sir Henry Wotton wrote the inscription, which states him to have unravelled the secrets of Physical and Civil Science, and then to have fulfilled the law of nature, which declares that compounds must be resolved into their constituents. Lord Verulam tells us that there is no identification of his actual remains, but that in the large Gorhambury vault there are seven old and unidentified coffins, one of which might be Bacon's. I grieve to add that he died insolvent. All six executors named in his will refused to act, and in July, 1627, administration was given to Sir T. Meautys and Sir R. Rich, as two of his creditors. It was, perhaps, by some amicable and equitable arrangement that the demise of Gorhambury, made by Bacon, was carried out. Bacon left Gorhambury to Sir Thomas and Lady Meautys, and they enjoyed the disposition in their favour. Her mother was a daughter of Sir T. Gresham, and her portrait is at Gorhambury, though not spoken of with praise in the papers put into my hands. She is painted as dressed in white, with a pink bird. After his death she married Sir Harbottle Grimstone, and as she had no child the property would have reverted, after death, to the Meautys, but Sir H. Grimston, being in possession, bought the reversion of the property from the son by the first marriage, or next of kin, Sir H. Meautys. So Gorhambury came into that proprietorship of which I would venture to say "*Esto perpetua.*" Of Anne Bacon, the inheritrix of Gorhambury, I may include some brief mention from Burnet's history of his own times, as Burnet lived ten years with Sir H. Grimstone, and says that his second wife, Anne Bacon or Meautys "was the humblest, the devoutest, and best-tempered person I

ever knew. It was really a pleasure to hear her talk of religion. She did it with so much elevation and force." He adds that she dressed very plainly, and visited frequently the jails, and took much charge of the education of poor villagers.

I have now finished my rash attempt to sketch the "Story of our Illustrious Neighbour;" but will detain you a few minutes longer while I say a word on his writings, and venture to end with some very brief estimate of his character. I feel almost sorry in case of a temporary Baconian *furor* being excited in St. Alban's to think how little of his writing is within the reach of ordinary readers. I can scarcely ask the ladies present to read his "Great Instauration," his "Advancement of Learning," or his "Novum Organum," but I can recommend to you his Essays, they are short, pithy, admirably instructive, and most interesting, as bringing before you in the original shape, some of those grand sayings which have passed from pen to pen and from mouth to mouth ever since his day. Bacon himself compared them to the reformed coin, where the pieces are small but the silver is good. Lord Campbell says no compositions in any language will bear to be so often perused and re-perused. These Essays have been published by Parker in a very attainable little volume, and more cheaply still by Chambers, in a pamphlet shape, for some 9d. or 10d. I would also recommend to you Dr. Goulburn's Lecture on Bacon, published by Nisbet for 3d. I feel that we must all take shame to ourselves that in these days of new books we forsake the old. If ever you have the courage to grapple with anything from Bacon's own pen, you will be reminded of what he says in his 50th Essay on Studies. "Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." And, as he says, a few lines further, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man."

And now for a word as to the judgment I venture to pronounce upon him. It is the advantage of an archæological subject, that there seems no breach of charity or respect in speaking of one who has for 200 years been

dead to the things and the persons of this earth. If there be any characters not in the Holy Book, from which we are at liberty to learn, it must be these giants of earlier days. Their vast proportions have made them stand out for good or evil, from the common sized men among whom they lived. Bacon is such an one. As to his knowledge we can add nothing to the praise quoted from our own Laureate, that he was "the first of them that know." As to his faults I think that they may all be traced to this head—he was a worldly man. Remember that I, as a country clergyman, am bound to consider any character, if at all, by the Bible standard, and I am, I consider, assisted in my judgment by this simple clue to his weaknesses. He lacked peculiarly the heathen virtues; he was not a Diogenes begging his Alexander to stand out of the sun; nor was he Horace's philosopher,

"Who with unattracted eye  
Glittering heaps of gold could spy."

He loved the world, and the things of the world; its prizes, its baits; he coveted its honours; he grasped at its titles; he made its riches necessary to his enjoyments; he fawned upon those who had it in their power to enrich or to ennoble him. He was abject in adversity, while he was sullied in prosperity. As the admirable review in the *Times* says, "He pursued throughout life, with remarkable pertinacity, the objects of meaner men. His moral nature was peculiarly flexible and sorely tried at its weakest point. He was unequal to the sharp trials of a narrowed income." I will not say of him, with one writer, that he had no heart; nor with another, though the simile to me is striking, that he is as Balaam, the son of Beor, the man whose eyes were open, which had heard the words of God and seen the vision of the Almighty, yet who loved, at least, the ways of unrighteousness. But I adopt that other simile, against which a third biographer contends. We have here as it were an image whose head is of gold, but whose limbs are of iron and clay. And the baser parts are all the more base, because of the fineness and value of the precious metal that is in the compound. It is from a

sense of this glaring inconsistency that some men's judgments have been so hard upon Bacon. It is from an actual aversion to acquiesce in such alloy and adulteration that some others have striven gallantly but unsuccessfully against the judgment of Bacon's own day, his own confession, and the evidence of facts. But we do best, I think, when we accept the case as it really stands. We draw the best moral from the tale when we learn how little the noblest gifts of the mind can do for the sanctification of the heart or the happiness of the life. We are more satisfied with our own meaner parts and lower places, when we find what high winds blow on these high hills. In a word we take to heart the Gorhambury motto of 16th and 19th centuries—*Mediocria Firma.*

Hearts good and true  
 Have wishes few,  
     In narrow circles bounded,  
 And hope that lives  
 On what God gives,  
     Is Christian hope well founded.

Small things are best ;  
 Grief and unrest  
 To soaring minds are given,  
 While little things,  
 On little wings,  
     Lift little souls to heaven.

FABER.