

Eloquent Tributes to Bacon's Memory

"My name and my memory I leave to the charitable speeches of mankind, and to the next ages." Such was the pathetic bequest of Francis Bacon, and it may be taken as justifying the philosopher's faith in those "next ages," that, after three hundred years, the Benchers of Gray's Inn celebrated the anniversary of the election of their most illustrious treasurer, says the London Standard of recent date. At a luncheon given in Gray's Inn Hall, they entertained a great company of men who have a right to be connected with Bacon's career, and though the two first centenarians were allowed to pass practically unnoticed—perhaps those next ages were more remote than even Bacon imagined—the honor done to his memory on Saturday by the benchers and their guests made a fitting return for the omissions of their predecessors.

Any ceremony at any Inn of Court is a thing peculiar to its setting. The old buildings, the quiet, secluded aspect, the indefinable air of ancient mystery and modern energy, all go to make up an Inn of Court, and the heart of every inn is its hall. A year before Francis Bacon was born—1560—the hall of Gray's Inn was completed, and it was within those walls that the great men of the present day assembled to do honor to his memory. Naturally there were lawyers, members of the inn, and the chair was occupied by Bacon's present successor in office, the treasurer, Master Duke, K. C. Before being created Viscount St. Albans in 1621, the great Chancellor had been made Baron Verulam, and on the chairman's left was to be seen the present Earl of Verulam. The American Ambassador and Lord Strathcona were there, representatives of the English-speaking race across the Atlantic; the attorney-general (Sir W. Robson, M. P.), the solicitor-general (Sir S. Evans, M. P.), the master of the rolls, the attorney-general for Ireland (Mr. Chery, M. P.), and the common sergeant, were a few of the representatives of the legal side of Bacon's life; his connections with Cambridge was shown by the presence of the Ven. Archdeacon Cunningham (fellow of Trinity College), Dr. W. Aldis Wright (vice-master of Trinity College), and others; while among the literary and other celebrities to be seen were Mr. Birrell, M. P., the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Courtney, Sir Robert Ball, Mr. A. W. A. Beckett, Mr. Sidney Lee, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir James Crichton-Browne, Sir William Ramsay, Sir Thomas Raleigh, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Standford, Mr. W. F. Pomeroy, and Sir Henry Reichel.

The Benchers of the Inn present, in addition to the treasurer, were Mr. Henry Griffith, Sir Arthur Collins, K. C., Mr. M. W. Mattinson, K. C., Mr. Lewis Coward, K. C.,

Mr. C. A. Russell, K. C., Mr. Montague Lusa, K. C., Mr. Edward Dicey, C. B., Mr. Thomas Terrell, K. C., Mr. W. T. Barnard, K. C., Mr. J. H. M. Campbell, K. C., M. P., Mr. H. F. Manisty, K. C., Mr. Edward Clayton, Mr. W. J. R. Pochin, Mr. J. R. Atkin, K. C., and Mr. W. P. Byrne, C. B.

The old hall was a fit place for such a gathering on such an occasion. There Bacon had sat as student and benchman, as reader and treasurer, and to it he had returned in the days of his downfall. As one looked at the oak roof, divided into seven bays by Gothic-arched ribs, with spandrels and pendants richly carved, at the wainscoted interior, with the panels emblazoned with the arms of former "ancients," and at the windows similarly decorated, it was not difficult to imagine the "Novum Organum." It was "from my chamber at Gray's Inn, this 30 January, 1597," that those essays were dedicated, which the chairman so felicitously compared to the company of Sinbad and Aladdin to the youthful reader. That chamber overlooked the gardens, which he made; and of which he wrote: "God Almighty first planned a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasure. It is the greatest refreshment to the Spirits of Man, without which Buildings and Palaces are but gross Handiworks."

From the walls of the hall the portraits of the giants of the past gazed down on the men of the present. Turning his back to the chairman was Bacon himself, and just below his father, a man of heavy countenance, stared across the room. The great Lord Coke, Bacon's bitterest and most powerful rival, was there, together with Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and other Stuarts. In the gallery a few ladies looked down upon the scene and listened to the speeches that followed. The loyal toasts were honored, and then, after a short interval, the chairman rose to give the immortal memory of Francis Bacon. It was a great theme, and worthily treated. For nearly an hour Mr. Duke spoke of Bacon and his associations with the inn, and long as the speech was, it never once flagged or failed to interest his hearers. Then he briefly proposed the guests, and the American Ambassador felicitously replied. A move was made to the library to see some Baconian relics and manuscripts, and in the gathering twilight one left the old-world buildings and their memories of the rise and dramatic fall of an illustrious member, and passed out into the whirl of Halborn and the seething energy of the present.

The treasurer, in proposing the toast of the memory of Francis Bacon, said the Inn thanked them for their presence, because it recognized in it the expression which, he believed, was common to the minds of English-speaking men, and of men beyond English speech, who justified the saying of Macaulay that the day would come when Bacon's name would be spoken with reverence by thoughtful men

throughout the intellectual world (hear, hear). Whether he should refer to that seat of learning from which he came, and which he adorned, and which he left no ungrateful student, or whether he should refer to his labors in the House of Commons, where, from the time he was 23 until the time he became Lord Keeper, he was an ornament of what was even then a great expression of the English mind, or whether he should glance into the world of letters, or whether he should dwell upon those chapters which associated him with the Bar and the Bench, he knew he should find there men who would be glad to say, with regard to Francis Bacon, "We are all his debtors, and of his debtors I am chief" (cheers). He would not presume to search these higher regions in which Bacon was a master and their predecessor. A just judgment linked him with Plato, but he believed the judgment of the ages had placed him in front of Plato. A just judgment of a censorious critic described him as the Moses of an unexplored land. He was the Columbus of greater discoveries than Columbus (hear, hear). He was the Pizarro of more fruitful conquests than Pizarro, and for his part he could only echo the words in which a great Englishman spoke of another great Englishman when he coupled those two names which he ventured to associate and bracketed in immortal words, "Plato the wise, the broad-browed Verulam, the first of them that know" (cheers). There was one matter with regard to Bacon which, to his mind, and he ventured to say to the mind of every man who had ever dipped into English literature, put Bacon into a place apart. It was the recollection of the sensation with which the lad who read Bacon's "Essays" completed their perusal. It was as though he had walked in the company of Sinbad and Aladdin, and had found his pockets filled with gems. They were imperishable (cheers).

They had asked them to come that day, because there, for twenty-five most difficult years of Bacon's life, he was student, he was barrister, he was Benchman, he was the regenerator of the society, and the intimate friend of those who were his fellows in it; and because during those years Gray's Inn was bound up with the difficulties of his life and with that long period of adversity as no other English place was. In that hall, in that Inn, Bacon came and went, a brother and a master, and it was because Bacon was there so long a brother of their students and their barristers, a master of that bench, and ultimately treasurer for, he thought, the almost unprecedented term of nine years of that society; and because during these nine years his mind was bent upon that colossal task which he undertook and which he achieved—because during that time often it seemed that his expectations, which were so long delayed, must result in the destruction of his hopes and the sterility of his powers—that they claimed in that place

a share in the possession of the name and the man which they did not grant to any other society (hear, hear). It was a strange fate which linked Bacon with that house, where he found a secure foothold when the eye of power regarded him very jealously. His father had been treasurer fifty years before him. That hall had been built during this trusteeship. Nicholas Bacon, and William Cecil, and Francis Walsingham had been students and ancients there together. Thomas Cromwell had been their predecessor, when Francis Bacon was on the point of leaving Cambridge, and when, in all human probability, the practice of the law, the utility of the law, was to him a matter of entire indifference.

Just as Nicholas Bacon had entered three sons of greater age, so he brought the two younger boys, Antony and Francis, there together. When Francis was fifteen years of age they were entered, and they knew it could have been little more than a courtesy to the inn, because in that year Francis Bacon started upon what seemed to be his destined career in public life in Paris. Although Sir Nicholas Bacon chose for his son a master among the young barristers of their society, a master whose name was recorded in the judgment of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, they knew that Francis Bacon left the inn and gained a name and place for himself in spite of his youth. He was embarked upon a career which would have severed him from the inn had it not been that in 1579 his father's life came to an untimely close, and the will left him not penniless, but wholly dependent, and it was under these circumstances that Francis Bacon returned and took the place of Antony in his father's old chambers, where No. 1 Gray's Inn Square now stood. The following three years, devoted to the law, brought Bacon one conspicuous piece of knowledge, "The wise will have no peddler." It was not until he had been eight years a member of that bench that Bacon was taken into public employment at all, and then came to justify what, no doubt, was his own knowledge of training in the law—to justify his declaration that in the technicalities of English common law he was Coke's equal, if not his master. The justification was the struggle between them for mastery for long years, and lawyers knew how abundantly Bacon held his own against that great man of unmatched greatness in his domain of the law—Lord Coke. Yet Bacon found time when penning his "Essays" to devote attention to the affairs of the society.

There was much to say of Bacon. What he thought was the dearest recollection of the men of that Inn in the career of Bacon was that when the day of calamity came, and within three months the Bacon of Ben Jonson's verses became the Bacon of the Confession to the House of Lords, he came back to that house, and there the first act of his old colleagues, from whom his high office had

separated him, was to extend the grant of Bacon's lodgings, which he had erected upon the old chamber of his father, so that he might have in that chamber a saleable interest (cheers). Among the shadows of that great age the name of Bacon stood out, with fact about it, with public services about it, with character about it, in spite of all the errors of his time and all the weaknesses of his nature, which made that name increasingly a treasure of the English race (cheers). What he wrote in his will was that he left his memory to the charitable speeches of mankind, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages. Three hundred years had gone, and they had thought that the time was ripe when they might declare their gratitude to Bacon (hear, hear), when they might challenge the judgment of Englishmen upon the broad view as to the memory and the services of Bacon. He asked them to drink to the immortal memory of Francis Bacon.

The toast was reverently honored. The American Ambassador, responding to the toast of the "Guests," which had also been proposed by the chairman, said that Bacon was of the blood royal, and a prince in the intellectual republic of his country and the world. He was not sure that he would have the approval of Gray's Inn or of the legal profession, but he ventured to think that if the whole connection of Bacon with the legal profession were left out of sight his name and his fame would stand before England and the world practically the same as they stood today. There was one connection, however, which nobody could forget. Three hundred years ago Bacon was elected treasurer of the inn, and in all the centuries that had followed the benchers had preserved his memory, and were proud to testify to the happiness of their financial relations with Francis Bacon (hear, hear). There were always meticulous minds, which could not enjoy the sun without having spots on it (laughter). Let those who liked enjoy and pursue that pastime. The rest of the world preferred to profit by and enjoy the beneficent rays of light and warmth which came from the sun. Certainly no man ever held a more extraordinary position. It had been given to few men to change the whole intellectual current of their age and succeeding ages (hear, hear). The whole effect of what had been called the Baconian philosophy was to look for fruit. It was essentially practical. As one of his acutest critics had said, it began in observation and ended in arts. Enormous progress had been made in the centuries since his time in the development of mind over matter, but it received its original impulse from the Baconian philosophy (cheers).

Among the manuscripts exhibited were two volumes of Bacon's letters, lent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other letters, lent by the City Corporation, Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, and the Faculty of Advocates of Edinburgh.

Wonder of the North Land

ESSE DORMAN, special correspondent of the Calgary Daily Herald, writing from Edmonton, says: Agnes Dean Cameron has traveled far into Alberta's hinterland, farther than most any other woman. She went so far that the spectacle of the midnight sun became quite ordinary. She traveled the Athabasca, the Mackenzie and the Peace from end to end and explored their banks and shores.

"They are three noble rivers," she said. "The Mackenzie is so great one almost feels that he is out at sea."

"What sort of a country is it up north?" I asked her.

"Down north," she corrected, and I felt quite like a schoolboy.

Miss Cameron used to be in the Vancouver schools, and took to journalism only after her hair turned grey and she had fallen out with the powers that was—the board of education. Until then she had no idea that her mentality was garbed in any journalistic habiliments. What the heart thinks the lips uttereth—and so she wrote for publication such a gem of a hot roast for the board, that the Saturday Evening Post asked her if she wouldn't go up north and try to warm up the arctic regions. She went up and I met her on her way back and asked her if she thought it would be a good idea for Alberta to attempt a railway up to the north pole.

"Down to," she corrected. "It took me a long time to learn that and I am going to make it one of my life missions to teach it to the rest of you. 'Down north' it isn't much colder than up south. Can you say that, now?"

I tried, but it is hard to teach old ideas a new way of shooting. If it is up hill from the north pole to Edmonton the old glacier had to climb a hill to creep down here, I mused.

She divined my notion and remarked that time is no respecter of conditions. In the days of the glacier perhaps it was a down hill slide from the north. And then the earth upset and changed everything except politics. Now the rivers flow northward, the icebergs creep back from the land, the warm sunbeams lighting the way, lead men to the north. In the north is developing a new, hardy, virile civilization, and out of the north some day will march a vast army to fight the battles of the dominion.

Not many years ago a convention of railway men solemnly resolved that the northern

tier of states were too far north for successful agriculture. And at the very moment the rollers of the Hudson's Bay company's mill were crushing native wheat and making flour at Fort Vermilion.

"Nothing isn't always colding," someone has written," observed Miss Cameron. "Latitude alone does not establish the limits of the agricultural zone, always; altitude has quite as much to do with it. At the Arctic ocean spruce grows in merchantable quantities. At the delta of the Mackenzie you may find spruce trees two feet in diameter. Away the other side of the Arctic circle the missionaries grow potatoes and pease and poppies."

Mrs. Eddy says that temperature is a matter of mind. Manifestly there is more sense in that than there was in the resolution of the railway men. The Eskimo when you tell him that it is cold in the north merely says, Oh, fudge! Convince them in their simplicity that it is cold and they will probably freeze to death.

Why are the Eskimo any way? Are they merely an incident? Perhaps no more so than the cacti of Arizona. After an age of thinking that the cactus is a worthless weed growing in a worthless desert, Burbank had a right idea and, robbing it of its thorns, changed the cactus into excellent fodder, enabling the deserts of Arizona to produce millions of wealth. So the Eskimo and northern Indians are probably in the north to remind us, when we become too numerous, that we can live and have room down there. The Eskimos are human sign boards, saying to the ambitious young man, "Go north and grow up with the country." An Eskimo takes only one bath in his lifetime and that is a snow-bath the day of his birth. That is to teach him that the snow isn't as cold as it looks to be.

"The winters aren't to be taken into calculation," said Miss Cameron. "Crops do not grow in the winter in Oregon. People go on living, gossiping, cheating each other all winter long, but Nature takes a rest. In proportion to the length of its rest is its power to renew its summer beauty. Away south the bud lives a long, long life; while on the Mackenzie the bud lives only a moment and within a few hours from the advent of spring the leaf is full grown. The sun comes north and, like an ardent wooer, stays there. Midnight, instead of being robed in a suit of solemn black,

is a gorgeous symphony of colors. Cabbages and carrots, no less than human appreciation of the beautiful, grow all night, for in the growing season there is no night. One must surely begrudge the hours of sleep, it is so beautiful. In the north they make hay while the sun shines. In the north when there is a great civilization and a great people there, they will work in the summer as they work nowhere else and in the winter they will play as only in the north they know how to play."

Miss Cameron was accompanied on the trip by her niece, Miss Jessie Cameron Brown, and her secretary. At Fort Vermilion she made a study of the agricultural lands for the benefit of the land hungry. She secured over 500 views, of which she will have slides made, and during the winter she will return to Alberta and deliver a series of illustrated lectures on Alberta's fertile northland.

"What sort of a country is it down north?" she asked, repeating my question. "It is such a vast, sill-country, it seemed to us as if a great asbestos curtain had dropped down between us and the world. It is the world's greatest refuge for men whose nerves are racked by business strife. There will be great cities there one day, cities with a flavor entirely their own. The country will doubtless develop great mineral wealth, and its timber and fisheries are very rich. It will support a vast agrarian population."

Miss Cameron was chiefly impressed by the vastness of the country, its beauty and agricultural possibilities. She believes, indeed, knows, that the Peace river section will be settled as soon as transportation is provided, and is eager to see a railway projected into it. Any other part of the north, she is convinced, will need to prove its worth before a railway will reach it. Asked if she believed a road to the head of navigation on the Athabasca would result profitably, she replied: "Railways do not go exploring like ships. Wait until the prospectors 'slop' around the country and find real wealth and then the road will go there. Two cars a year would supply every one who goes in there now." "Well," said I, "two cars of provisions a year would almost have outfitted every one in Alberta when the first railway came. Consider the resources of the Athabasca country, already quite proven. They need a road to develop them. No one will go there till the road goes. Nothing but a gold excitement ever stampeded people into an inaccessible country. Gold may be packed out in buckskin bags, but it takes trains to carry out petroleum, asphalt, lumber, salt and the like."

The Duke's Diamonds

O an Englishman belongs the doubtful distinction of having "lifted" the Duke of Brunswick's world-renowned diamonds and in all the annals of crime a more striking example would be difficult to find of the extraordinary patience and perseverance called forth by the desire to obtain vast wealth, writes D. Martin in Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Duke of Brunswick was perfectly well aware of the risk he ran, but, on the other hand, he was not prepared to forego the pleasure of having his jewels at hand so that he might gloat over their value, admire their lustre, and, in fact, play with his glittering toys whenever he felt so inclined. The strong room in which the jewels were kept could only be reached by passing through both the Duke's private study and his bedroom.

The door, which was of great strength and provided with the most powerful locks, was concealed by a silken curtain at the head of the Duke's bed. That door, however, was only the first obstacle which must be faced by any who wished to reach the gems, since the latter were kept in a mighty safe, which, in its turn, was protected in an extraordinary fashion. When once this door was locked, an elaborate system of electric wires came into play. These were connected not merely with bells and alarms, but also with a perfect armory of loaded revolvers, the muzzles of which were all pointed just at the spot where the would-be thief must stand, so that should any have the hardihood to attempt to force the safe door, the bells which clanged their warning to the members of the household would also toll the miscreant's knell.

The Duke was no doubt perfectly satisfied with the measures he had adopted for protecting his cherished jewels, but he made the mistake of under-estimating, or rather of overlooking altogether his English valet, Shaw. In 1863 he entered the Duke's service, and for months he played his part to perfection, attending to his master's every wish, living on excellent terms with his fellow-servants, and generally behaving just as a gentleman's gentleman should.

It is a trite saying that all things come to the man who has patience to wait long enough, and certainly the chance he had looked for so steadfastly came to Shaw, the odd thing

about it being that, as is sometimes the case, it was the most careful of men who made the most careless of mistakes.

On December 17, 1863, the Duke sent for the working jeweller he occasionally employed in order that he might have some alterations made in the setting of one or other of his pieces of jewellery. Now, it may have been that the wonderful door of the safe with its many electric wires took a good deal of opening, or it may have been that the Duke was afraid of the jeweller seeing just how the mechanism was worked; but be that as it may, the fact is certain that the owner unlocked the door of the safe, then settled down to wait for the artificer's arrival. The man did not keep his appointment. The Duke grew impatient, he fumed, he fidgetted, and finally he went to the strong-room door and locked it, but he did not take the trouble to refasten the safe or to again arrange the wires!

Shaw was not the man to have taken up his abode in the Duke's house for a fixed purpose without being well prepared, and without loss of time he fetched a set of those wonderful instruments which have so often brought the handiwork of the locksmith to naught.

With these the fastenings of the door were forced, and when once the door stood open there was nothing to hinder Shaw from filling a bag with the booty he had coveted so long.

Amongst the valuables taken were certain jewels which Shaw believed the English Royal House to covet, or even to claim, and thinking to dispose of them at an enhanced price, the man calmly wrote to his prospective royal customer that if a trusty messenger were sent to a certain rendezvous with a sum of money which did not err on the side of moderation, the jewels in question would be handed over.

Now royalties, in common with most people, are not fond of dealing in stolen goods, and accordingly the man's letter was promptly handed over to Scotland Yard. In no department is the entente cordiale better sustained than in that of the police. Scotland Yard lost no time in communicating with Paris, the usual steps were taken, with the result that the erstwhile valet's evil machinations came to nothing, his patient work of months being brought to an ignominious ending, while the Duke of Brunswick had once more the joy of handling with caressing fingers his beloved diamonds.