THE RIPPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

Published at Easter, Midsummer and Christmas.

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REV. F. A. CROW, O.S.B.,
Ampleforth College, Yorks.

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Ampleforth College, York.

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

No. 1. JULY, 1895.

FROM A PRINT OF THE YEAR 1592

A. and B.—Martyrdom of the Franciscans.
C. and D.—Martyrdom of the Abbots and Monks.

Seven Monks. An Earl. and a Knight.

A DECREE, long looked-for by English Benedictines, was signed by Pope Leo XIII. on May 7. We are now able to honour as "Beati" Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, John Thorne and Roger James of the same

monastery, Hugh Cook, or Faringdon, Abbot of Reading, John Rugg and John Eynon, monks of Reading, Thomas Marshall (also called Thomas Beche) Abbot of Colchester, Sir Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Sir Adrian Fortescue, Knight of the Order of Malta—all of whom suffered a cruel death in defence of the supremacy of the Holy See.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to relate the circumstances which led to the execution of the seven Benedictines here named. Their history has been admirably placed before their brethren and the public in a recent work of Dom Aidan Gasquet—a book as remarkable for its real research as for its historical sobriety.* It may suffice to recall that, in 1535, the Commissioners of Henry VIII. made their infamous visitation of many of the greater Abbeys, including Glastonbury and Reading, and that the Abbots of these two houses, with four of their monks, together with the Abbot of Colchester, were executed four years later—the six former on November 15, 1539, and the last on December 1, in the same year. The cause for which they died, and of which they made such a glorious confession, is perfectly clear and plain.

The records of the indictment and trial of Abbot Whiting are not to be found. Dom Gasquet thinks he never was really tried at all. He was secretly examined in the Tower by the agents of Crumwell, and then sent down "for his trial *and execution*" to Wells; but the trial seems never to have come off—only the execution. All the authorities, however, including Hale and Godwin, speak of his having been indicted for (or charged with) high treason. It is certain that he refused to surrender his abbey to the King. The King, therefore, in order to seize it, was obliged (in the terms of the Act of April, 1539) to make

* *The last Abbot of Glastonbury and his Companions. An historical sketch.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1895.

the Abbot a "traitor," and to cause him to be attainted. But "high treason" meant the upholding of the Papal Supremacy; it was the only treason alleged against him. And this is exactly what the greater number of contemporary writers allege to have been the reason of his murder. As Dom Gasquet quotes* a scribe, or preacher, of the

day—"Richard Whiting stuck hard by the Bishop of Rome and the Abbot of Reading, in the quarrel with the Romish Church."

Abbot Whiting was a man who had belonged entirely to Glastonbury—the richest, the grandest, and perhaps the

* p. 115

most numerous Benedictine House in England. He was born at Glastonbury, of one of those easy yeomanry families which abounded throughout the territory of the great abbey. Brought up in the abbey school, where poor men's sons as well as gentlemen were educated free and fitted for the universities, Richard Whiting passed in due time to "Monk's College"* Cambridge, where he took his degree, and where he probably became acquainted with the Blessed Richard Reynolds, a member of the holy and learned community of Syon House, Isleworth, and with the Blessed John Houghton, the Carthusian, both of whom were afterwards to be martyrs for the prerogative of the Holy See. After living as a monk at Glastonbury with exemplary piety for many years, and exercising many responsible charges, he was chosen, in 1525, at an advanced age, as Abbot. Himself a man of humble spirit, simple, upright and blameless (as we gather from many interesting notes in Father Gasquet's book), he ruled his monastery with efficiency and considerable strictness. The impudent Layton, the King's Commissioner, after a "visit" to Glastonbury in 1538, says, "the brethren be so strait kept they cannot offend; but fain they would if they might, as they confess, and so the fault is not with them."

The execution took place at Glastonbury, on Saturday, Nov. 15. The venerable Abbot, old, weak and ailing, was brought from Wells with his "complycys" (as Crumwell calls them), John Thorne and Roger James. He was dragged on a hurdle through the town of Glastonbury, to the top of the well-known hill called the Tor. There, after a most touching speech, in which, in the ancient monastic fashion, he asked pardon of friend and enemy, he and his two monks were hanged, and suffered all the indignities attached to the sentence of treason.

Hugh Cook, or Faringdon, Abbot of Reading, was apparently of a somewhat different stamp. He was recog-

* Now Magdalen College.

nized on all sides as a learned man; he was at one time a special favourite at Court, and was called by Henry "my own Abbot"; and he took no small share in the controversy against the Lutherans which preceded the promulgation in 1541 of the Six Articles. Father Gasquet has been fortunate enough to find among Crumwell's papers a most singular piece of invective, not improbably a draft sermon of Latimer's own. It has all that professional railer's easy and redundant abusiveness; and it is directed against the three Abbots with whom we are concerned. It is really worth quoting word for word, as a curious specimen of the kind of address which the king's apologists were expected to have ready—for St. Paul's Cross, for example. "I fear me," the writer says, "Hugh Cook was master-cook to a great many of that black-guard (I mean black monks), and taught them to dress such gross dishes as he was always wont to dress, that is to say, treason." . . . . "The King's highness of his charity took Hugh Cook out of his cankerous cloister, and made him, being at that time the most vilest, the most untowardest, and the most miserablest monk that was in the monastery of Reading, born to nought else but to an old pair of beggarly boots, and made him, I say, ruler and governor of three thousand marks by the year." Abbot Cook, it appears, was a most determined opponent of the Lutherans; he "could not abide" them—"called them heretics, and knaves of the new learning." He had the custom of offering Mass for the Holy Father once a week; and he protested that he would pray for him as long as he lived, "trusting that by such good prayers the Pope would rise again and have the King's highness with all the whole realm in subjection as he hath had in time past."

We gather that, at Reading, the Divine Office was carefully performed, the rules of silence kept, and the precepts of the Church attended to. The Abbot, as his

assailant avers, was "ever a great student and setter forth of St. Benet's, St. Francis', St. Dominic's, and St. Augustine's rules, and said they were rules right holy and of great perfectness." The Abbey of Reading was, at that time, a rendezvous of learned and pious men. A daily lecture on the Holy Scripture was given in the Chapter House. A first-class Grammar school was maintained in the town. The library of the abbey was frequented by scholars from all parts of the world. Members of the community were sent for to preach against heresy in the great London churches. There was constant communication with Glastonbury and other great Church centres. We find the Abbot forced into a most deplorable conflict with the diocesan Bishop, Shaxton of Salisbury, whose Lutheran leanings he detected and plainly exposed. There is one name to which the king's coarse advocate devoted a whole long paragraph of elaborate rhetorical abuse. This is a blind harper, called William Moor. He was well known to Henry, who had heard him and praised him on occasion of his visits to the Abbey. If, as Dom Gasquet suggests, he was the "Welshman, a minstrel" mentioned by Stowe, who was hanged a year after Abbot Cook, "for singing of songs which were interpreted to be prophecying against the King," it was a glorious termination to what seems to have been a devoted career. For he was the messenger between Reading and Glastonbury, "a traitorous messenger between the traitorous abbots," as the anonymous preacher calls him; and that he was held to be practically a member of the community (although not a monk) is proved by the fact that he was in the Tower, with many other Reading monks and townsmen, five days after the execution of the Abbot.

Abbot Cook, with his two monks, John Rugg and John Eynon, was hanged and quartered before the gate of his own Abbey, on the same day as Abbot Whiting suffered

at Glastonbury. He had been examined in the Tower, and it appears that he and his companions were actually tried at Reading. The trial was, as usual, a mockery. Dom Gasquet reproduces in facsimile, the curious entry in Crumwell's *Remembrances* (or memoranda) in his own handwriting.—"Item, the Abbot Redyng to be sent down to be tryed and executed at Reding with his complycys." We are told, by the preacher to whose invaluable but very offensive labours we owe so much, that on the scaffold the Abbot "confessed." He goes on to show that this confession was a renewed and most emphatic assertion of the Papal Supremacy, in which the martyr appealed to the venerable names of Warham, Stokesly (of London) Standish (of St. Asaph) and others, as upholders of the old traditions of the English Church. He was followed in a similar strain by Dom John Eynon—and then the executioner did his work on all three.

Thomas Marshall, or Beche, the last Abbot of Colchester, is thus referred to by Browne Willis, quoted by Dom Gasquet. "He was one of the three mitred parliamentary abbots that had courage enough to maintain his conscience and run the last extremity, being neither to be prevailed upon by bribery, terror, or any dishonourable motives to come into a surrender or subscribe to the King's supremacy; on which account, being attainted of high treason, he suffered death."

Although little is known of the life of Abbot Beche before its closing days, yet Dom Gasquet's discoveries give us a singularly clear and vivid picture of his religious views and of the temper of his mind. His devotion, piety and learning, were everywhere known and esteemed. The King's unscrupulousness and headstrong cruelty began to weigh upon his spirit from the earliest days of his six year's rule. He had greatly loved Fisher and More, and their fate oppressed him with sorrow and anxiety. He reverenced and venerated them as martyrs, and he could not

refrain from saying so at his own table, and indeed to all who visited him. He spoke his mind quite freely on the dangerous question of the supremacy. He said it was evil counsel that moved the King to claim the headship of the Church of England and to destroy the monasteries; and that all the water in the Thames, if it ran gold and silver, would not slake the covetousness of the King and his council; "a vengeance of all such councillors!" He sympathized with the Pilgrimage of Grace. "The northern lads be up," he is reported to have said, "and say plainly they will have no more abbeys suppressed in their country." He called Cranmer, Audley and others "arch-heretics," and wished the northern men "had them." And he emphatically declared that if ever the King got his Abbey of Colchester, it would be against his will, and against his heart. Many of the Colchester people had heard him thus speak his mind, and some of them, after sharing his hospitality and friendship, were ready at Crumwell's urging to swear away his life. He was hanged at Colchester on December 1, in the same year as the other two Abbots (1539). Abbot Beche was evidently a man of strong and serious character, penetrated with religious feeling, well-read in theology, and a downright, trustworthy Englishman—one of the best specimens of the highest type of English Churchmen.

Thus perished seven monks of the Old English Benedictines, in defence of the same cause for which More and Fisher, the Carthusians and the Friars, and many another priest and layman at the same time laid down their lives. They are now raised on earth to the honours of the martyrs, as they have long been crowned as martyrs in heaven.

It may be well to recall that the process, by which the first fifty-four of the English Martyrs (including Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher) and now these seven monks and two laymen have been admitted by the Church

to rank as "Beati," has been what may be called "equipollent" or "equivalent" beatification.

The processes of "Beatification" and of "Canonization" have been regulated in the most stringent manner by Pope Urban VIII., who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. When the idea of promoting the canonization of our English Martyrs of the Reformation period was first started—or rather revived—some twenty years ago, it was considered certain that every name among the 353 would have to go through the very searching examination prescribed by Pope Urban. With this view, a regular Commission was issued by the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in June, 1874, for the purpose of taking such preliminary evidence of martyrdom and miracles as would induce the Holy See to allow the Cause to be introduced. Two thick folios of manuscript, the result of the labours of this Commission, were forwarded to Rome in the autumn of the same year. The English Church owes much to the late Father John Morris S.J., who was the "Postulator" of the Commission—that is, who acted as advocate and brought up the witnesses—and to the Fathers of the London Oratory who devoted their time and labour to the work.

One day, after these depositions had been placed in the hands of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and had been subjected to a most severe examination by Monsignor Caprara, the Promoter of the Faith, who finally assented to the "introduction" of 309 names out of the 353 which the Commission had sent up—it occurred to Monsignor O'Callaghan, then Rector of the English College in Rome, now Archbishop, to show the Promoter an old book of engravings. Its history was this.

On the walls of the Church of the English College which was destroyed during the French occupation at the end of last century there had existed certain paintings of the histories of English Saints and Martyrs. These pictures

were executed under the authority of Pope Gregory XIII., the friend of Allen and the founder of Douai. This Pope was also the prompter of a series of frescoes of the early Martyrs, still existing and well known to most of us who have visited Rome—the vivid pictures in S. Stefano Rotondo on the Cælian; and it was the same artist who

FROM A PRINT OF THE YEAR 1592.

A.—Martyrdom of Bishop Fisher.
B.—Martyrdom of Sir Thomas More.
C.—Martyrdom of the Countess of Salisbury.

painted both sets—the celebrated Nicholas Circiniani called Dalle Pomerance. Of the English Martyrs represented in the College Church, the majority were canonized Saints. But there were nine pictures out of the thirty-six which referred to Fisher, More, and others down to the year 1583—the year in which they were

painted. The Promoter of the Faith, when his attention was drawn to the subject, at once saw the extreme importance of these nine pictures, and of the legends attached to each. They constituted nothing less than a proof of ecclesiastical veneration, or *cultus*, accorded to these Martyrs by Pope Gregory XIII. The pictures, as we have said, had perished. But the book presented by Monsignor O'Callaghan was a reproduction of them in copper-plate. This was its full title:—*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Trophæa; sive Sanctorum Martyrum qui pro Christo Catholicæque fidei veritate asserandâ antiquo recentiorique persecutionum tempore mortem in Angliâ subiere Passiones, Romæ in Collegio Anglico per Nicolaum Circinianum depictæ, nuper autem per Jo. Bap. de Cavalleriis æneis typis repræsentatæ. Cum privilegio Gregorii XIII., Pont. Max., Anno Domini MDLXXXIIII.*

The volume, brought out as it was with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, was not only an authentic and authoritative copy of the frescoes, but was itself a monument of *cultus*.

There is no author's name to this book. We read that of the engraver, Cavalieri, but not of the editor. An overlooked passage of Ribadaneira which Father Gilbert Dolan has compared with another in A'Wood, tells us to whom we owe not only the book, but in a great measure, the original paintings. This was the Rev. Father William Good, of the Society of Jesus. Of him, Ribadaneira says, "He was a man of tried virtue and learning, and especially well versed in the histories of the Saints of England, whose lives and acts he caused to be represented in colours on the walls of the Church of the English College, afterwards having the said paintings engraved on copper and collected in a folio volume and entitled *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Trophæa*, which was published without his name in Rome, 1584." But the curious fact, hitherto, it would

seem, but little noticed,* is that William Good was born at Glastonbury and brought up in the school of Glastonbury Abbey. Taking the date of his being admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1545), we find that he must have been fourteen or fifteen years of age at the execution of the Blessed Richard Whiting—which there is little doubt that he witnessed. A youth who lived at Glastonbury in those days lived in a centre of Catholic and ecclesiastical life. Father Good must have known, not only the things that happened at Glastonbury, but also the doings of the tyrant at Reading and Colchester; and we may set it down as certain that the picture which gives the three Abbots and their monks, was especially suggested and inspired by Father Good. When Elizabeth came to the throne, he "voluntarily left his native country for Religion's sake," says A'Wood, and entered the Society of Jesus at Tournai, in 1562.

Such is the history of the book which Monsignor O'Callaghan took to the Promoter of the Faith. The result was that, in his *Additio ad disquisitionem*, that official expressed fully his conviction that a number of our martyrs were "equivalently" beatified by Pope Gregory XIII. Accordingly, on December 29, 1886, the Holy Father approved of a Decree of the Congregation of Rites, by which Cardinal John Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and others to the number of fifty-four, were admitted as "Beati." A Decree of the previous December 4, had approved of the "introduction" of the cause of more than two hundred and fifty others, who would thenceforth be entitled to the name of "Venerable."

The Church, it need not be said, never admits a person to the honours of her altars unless she can give him a definite name. His individuality must be sufficiently distinct to prevent the possibility of his being confused with

* See however Gillow's *Biographical Dict.*—S. V.

anyone else. There are instances, in the histories of the early martyrs, of saints whose names were unknown, and whose sacred relics were honoured under such appellations as "Coronatus" or "Adauctus." But the relics were there—and if the martyr had no ascertainable name, he had a perfectly clear description. The Benedictine Abbots and monks who were represented in the English College paintings were not named. The twenty-ninth picture of Circiniani was divided into three panels. In one of these was represented the execution of the Abbots and monks, with the following legend: *Tres Reverendi Abbates Ordinis S. Benedicti necantur, et aliquot ipsorum Monachi laqueis suffocantur.* "Three Reverend Abbots of the Order of St. Benedict are put to death, and some of their monks are hanged." It was necessary to be sure who those Abbots and monks were; the more so because more than three Abbots had undoubtedly been put to death by Henry VIII., and because the number of the monks was left indefinite. Moreover, the two persons who suffered with Abbot Cook at Reading were by some writers called "priests," or "clerics." If a little more trouble had been taken—that is, if it had been sufficiently understood that a little more trouble was necessary—the sacred Congregation would probably in the first instance have admitted the identification at least of the three Abbots. But the Congregation of Rites is not supposed to have any imagination, or to be assisted in its deliberations by the "historical sense"; it is not a literary board but a judicial tribunal. On the whole, it was considered essential to have more definite proof; and consequently the seven Benedictines were omitted from the Decree of Dec. 29, 1886. This was a great disappointment to the whole Benedictine family, and especially to that Anglo-Benedictine Congregation, who justly boast of their unbroken descent from the monks of Glastonbury, Reading and Colchester.

It was understood, however, that the holy triumph of

the Benedictine Confessors of the Papal Supremacy was only delayed. Fresh and conclusive evidence must be produced and placed before the Sacred Congregation, and the identity of the personages placed beyond doubt.

It is well that there was in the field so learned, keen, and indefatigable a champion as Father Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B. We have to thank other Benedictines as well—and especially Father Gasquet, whose researches among the State Papers have proved of the utmost value. We can never be too grateful to the late Father John Morris, the chief promoter, up to the time of his lamented death, of the cause of our English Martyrs. We owe our best thanks to the Rev. Fathers Pollen and Thurston, S.J., who have so ably carried on Father Morris's work. But the weight of the labour on behalf of the Benedictines has fallen to Father Dolan, and it is especially to him that we owe the triumphant proof of the identity of the four unnamed members of the communities of Glastonbury and Reading who accompanied their Abbots to the gibbet and the quartering block.

As for the Abbots, every historian and every antiquary agreed in naming them. It was easy to collect passages from Sanders, Stowe, Hall, Godwin, Fuller, Dugdale, and others, all referring in explicit terms to the hanging of Whiting, Cook and Beche for "high treason," and most of them adding that it was for maintaining the Supremacy of the Pope. And when the promoters put in also the very letters of Russell and Collard (the creatures of Crumwell), the autograph of Crumwell himself, the Controlment Roll (where the actual sentences were registered), and lastly, the long screed of railing, quoted above, which Crumwell had caused to be prepared and then thrown among his own papers, where it waited till Father Gasquet dug it out—it was admitted without much difficulty that the "Tres reverendi Abbates" of the paintings meant the Abbots of whom we speak. It was

thought, at one time, that we should have to give up the four Monks. The Promoter of the Faith—who is sometimes familiarly called the Devil's Advocate—strongly insisted that the word "aliquot" was really too indefinite. As long ago as 1891 it was considered that the Venerable Abbots were virtually accepted; and it seemed that it was only the proverbial slowness of the Roman tribunals which delayed the formal Decree. The present writer recalls how, when he was in Rome in the spring of 1891, he and others did their best to hasten the wished for pronouncement. There were consultations with Father Armellini, S.J. (the untiring promoter of the Cause in Rome); there were appeals to influential personages like the Abbot of St. Paul's, Cardinal Parrocchi (the Vicar of the Pope) and Cardinal Sanfelice (Archbishop of Naples); there was a memorial to the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites (who was supposed to have it in his power to move a little faster if he pleased), and there were even a few words said to the Holy Father himself—whose gracious reply showed at least that he was quite willing to sign such a Decree when it should be presented to him. It began to be whispered, however, that the Sacred Congregation were really delaying in order to be able to include Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Adrian Fortescue. And then there were fresh efforts made to prove the identity of the four Monks. The way in which this was done, as revealed in the "Disquisitions" and "Additions" now before us, is an interesting study in canonical advocacy. The pleading of the Roman lawyer, working up Father Dolan's materials, may not be quite so classical in phrase as the *Pro lege Manilia*, but it is quite as earnest and in some places quite as warm. And it is gratifying to see that the paper so often referred to—the anonymous diatribe first quoted by Father Gasquet in his second volume on the Suppression of the Monasteries—seems to have been providentially preserved, like

a reptile in some geological stratum, for the express purpose of providing absolutely convincing proof, not only of the identity of the four monks, but also of the true cause for which all the Benedictines suffered.

Of Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, it is enough to say, in this place, that he was the principal leader in the rising of the Northern Lords against Elizabeth in 1569. That he was absolutely driven to this most serious—and, as the event proved, fatal—course, by considerations of personal safety and by the intolerable religious persecution, is clear from every source. He always professed himself a loyal subject of the Queen; and, as Cardinal Allen says, whatever may have been the reason of his rising or of his condemnation, there is no doubt whatever that he was offered his life if he would renounce the Catholic faith. Being attainted, he was beheaded at York without the formality of a trial, in 1572. He is the "quidam vir illustris" whose execution is depicted on the thirtieth of the Gregorian pictures.

Sir Adrian Fortescue was a knight of the Order of Malta who was arraigned with the Blessed Margaret of Salisbury and Cardinal Pole, in 1541, and beheaded on Tower Hill on July 10 of that year, apparently as a partisan of Pole, whose book on the Unity of the Church had just reached Henry and caused him to strike at his mother and his adherents.

We may conclude with the words which Pope Gregory XIII. caused to be engraved below the first of the series of the pictures. "The English," he says, "have only one Catholic Temple left to them in the whole world—this Church of the Holy Trinity in Rome, over the high altar of which this painting is placed. Justly, therefore, have they caused to be described therein the noble contests of their martyrs, both of ancient times and of the present; that others may be moved to praise and to prayer, and that they themselves may be stirred up to

the like courage and constancy by the example of their forefathers and of their friends."

✠ J. C. H

A nos Abbés Martyrs.

La grande voix du successeur de Pierre
A révéillé des échos endormis:
Répudiant ses dédains ennemis,
L' Ile des Saints se recueille en prière.

Approchent-ils, les temps de paix promis
A nos héros triés dans la carriére?
Te verrons nous rendue a la lumière,
Fière Albion, et tes enfants soumis?

Sublime espoir, tu n'es point un mirage.
Moines martyrs, ce sera votre ouvrage!
Par Léon treize élevés sur l'autel,

Les yeux tournés avec lui vers Marie,
Vous sauverez votre noble Patrie,
Sa foi romaine, et son titre immortel.

Rome, fête de S. Hildebrand, 1895.

Two Months on a Troopship.

ONE cold afternoon in January, H. M. hired transport, the S.S. *Dilwara*, of the British India Co., steamed down Southampton Water, bound for Bombay, and carrying some 1,400 troops, 50 officers, a few ladies and two chaplains. A strong cold wind blowing from the NW. presaged a bad beginning to the voyage, and by the time it passed the Needles the ship was rolling and pitching heavily. Ranks were thinned at mess that evening, and even more so next morning, as we passed the Cornish coast where a few hours later a ship and ten lives were lost in the gale. The motion of a big well-found vessel like the *Dilwara* is very different however from that of the ordinary Channel packet, and discomfort is reduced to a minimum in its first class cabins; but one pitied the unfortunate guard as they lay wrapped in their blankets on the open deck, wet, cold and sea-sick; and little if any better was the lot of the other men, overcrowded and battened down in the suffocating hold. Over the horrors of that passage across the Irish Sea a veil shall be drawn, to be lifted only next evening as we sailed into the shelter of Queenstown Harbour. Here next morning a large contingent was disembarked and a somewhat larger one taken on board. Meanwhile, one's spirits and comfort were restored by a few quiet meals, and by a walk on shore to the fine Cathedral, and up the hills that overlook the unrivalled harbour. The storm had passed away as we once more steamed south that afternoon, and left the headlands of the Irish coast behind. Next day was Sunday, but very few attended church parade; the swell in the Bay of Biscay was too rough to admit of Mass being said, and many had not yet acquired their sea-legs. The rocky Cape Finisterre, with a fine range of monntains behind, told us next morning

that the dreaded Bay was safely passed, the sea grew calmer as we raced down the coast of Portugal, and next daybreak passed the long bold headland of St. Vincent. A lighthouse stands now in the old monastery where the saint's relics were once sheltered from the Moors, where long afterwards Prince Henry the Navigator planned the discovery of unknown continents, and before which, again long after, the great sea-fight took place which has brought the Cape into English history. That same day the little bay was passed which gives its name to the more memorable victory of Trafalgar; and late that evening as we hurried through the Straits, we could see the lights of Gibraltar and the mass of the Rock looming large and dim. Another morning revealed the magnificent range of the Sierra Nevada, all snow-clad, mystic, wonderful, shining in the rising sun—a vision of unearthly beauty!

One hardly expects one's first view of Afric's burning coast to be that of snow-capped mountains; but so it was next day, when the Algerian coast showed out in fugitive glimpses, the sky dark and lowering, cold rain-showers sweeping at intervals over a swelling sea, that under a strong northerly wind caught the ship on beam and caused it to roll unpleasantly. It was a feat to eat a meal that day, or even to keep one's seat; dishes and glasses flew out of the "fiddles" on the table; bottles and salt-cellars rolled from side to side, forks and spoons clattered over the saloon floor; and, in spite of comic situations and the humorous aspects of things, life was barely tolerable whilst it lasted. This was the end of bad weather, however; all henceforth was fine, bright, and cheerful.

A chaplain's life on a transport is pleasant enough for any one who likes the sea, and can make himself at home in military society. The Government gives him a captain's rank and pay; his fellow officers treat him with deference and courtesy; his duties are light, particularly on the outward voyage, when, of course, no invalids are

carried. Except for five or six days on each journey Mass could be said every morning—at which ten or a dozen would be present—in the officers' saloon on the upper deck. A stroll round among the men or a visit to the sick-bay serves to break the monotony, morning and afternoon; there are books to be given out to the men; and opportunites afforded them of coming to the Chaplain's cabin for instructions or confession. Church parade on Sundays is a more formal duty; an altar draped in the Union Jack is set up in a large open space between decks; and the whole Catholic contingent (with us some 300 strong) is paraded for Mass and a short sermon. Some serious work can be done among soldiers aboard ship; but, as a rule, Tommy Atkins is not pious; voluntary services have little attraction for him; and the whole life at sea, with its overcrowding and discomforts and irregularity, is not favourable either to private devotions or to missionary work.

Meals form an important element in the day's routine on shipboard. After an early cup of tea in one's cabin, breakfast follows at nine, and lunch at one; next comes afternoon tea, leading up to dinner at half-past six; with tea again, or something stronger, to follow. Mess each evening was a rather brilliant spectacle. Out of half a hundred officers on board hardly two or three belonged to the same regiments, so that the uniforms presented a splendid and bewildering variety. The scarlet and gold of the Line predominated, relieved by variegated *cummerbunds*; but, besides a few ladies, we had cavalry men in perfectly gorgeous waistcoats, and gunners in much simpler style; the less familiar mess-jackets of native regiments and Indian staff-corps were interspersed among the plain black of the Rifles and the navy blue of the ship's officers; whilst among them all, not the least picturesque and certainly the most venerable was the black monastic habit of the "Padre." After dinner entertainments of some

kind were frequently given either in the officers' music-cabin or on the troop-decks for the men: one night a concert, another evening Irish jigs or Highland reels, once or twice a nigger troupe. The stalwart captain of a Scots' Regiment played the bag-pipes in the garb of old Gaul. Sometimes a more elaborate "Sing-song" was arranged in the men's quarters to which Tommy Atkins contributed as well as his superiors. On such occasions the programme was more varied than elevated; dances, instrumental music, recitations, plays had their turn, but music hall ditties and the latest comic song predominated. The Protestant "padre" contributed sentimental and humorous anthems which were not always received with becoming reverence.

A long voyage in smooth waters produces a very friendly *camaraderie*; and if any of the passengers had been cold and distant in the Channel they rapidly thawed in the Mediterranean, and fairly melted in the Red Sea. All were good company, many were very intelligent; but there were some appalling revelations about general knowledge—the outcome of cramming for competitive examinations. I was once asked to settle a dispute as to whether Tennyson wrote "The Lady of the Lake!" One dashing young "sub." in the cavalry was overheard telling another—we were passing Mt. Sinai at the time—how Moses had gone up there in a fiery chariot; and another thought that the canticle which Moses sang after passing the Red Sea began with, "Onwards, Christian soldiers!" These young fellows had gained their commissions by passing examinations: they were the successful candidates, not the failures!

So the voyage went on, rather more monotonously than we had expected, for as we had no occasion for calling at Gibraltar or Malta, and as we passed them both at night, we missed the interest of these historic spots, and an agreeable break on the monotony of the voyage. There

was only Port Said to look forward to; and when, after three more days of pleasant sailing through summer seas we came to anchor there late one evening, all gladly hurried on shore. East and West mingle oddly in this modern town at the northern entrance of the Suez Canal; on its beach the flotsam and jetsam of the Indian and Mediterranean seas are cast up; and it bears the reputation of being one of the wickedest places upon earth! Except a gambling-saloon and a Mosque where you may more easily lose your money than your faith, it has little to interest a stranger; probably it looked its best at night under the half light of the moon,—the gay light of garish day would have flaunted, without gilding, its shoddy splendour and premature decay. Still to the traveller fresh from the West even Port Said offers some novel sights. Stately, turbaned Arabs in flowing white or coloured robes paced its streets, or offered us their donkeys, —noble looking beasts which seemed to resent their vulgar cockney names, "Grindoleman," "Lily Langtry," "Tara-ra-boom-de-ay," etc. Cunning Egyptian lads offered themselves as guides, jabbering scraps of slang or dialect which they had picked up from passing crowds of "globe trotters." One had just come from "Ecclefechan, Aberdeen and Auchtermuchty;" some called themselves "John Ferguson" after Mark Twain's famous *cicerone;* another hailed me with *Came er' ache tù'*,—a bit of gaelic familiar from Fort Augustus days! The strident sounds of a brass band proclaimed that an Alhambra had opened its doors as soon as the ship was signalled, and was drawing silly subalterns to its gaming tables. Streets are lighted and shops kept open half the night to reap the harvest which the reckless Englishman scatters after ten days at sea; and on the return voyage I found the same band discoursing harsh music to rows of empty chairs at half-past six in the morning! Alone I explored the strange silent streets, and passed quaint figures, hooded and robed, gliding quickly by or

squatting in groups by the road-side, until I came to the church where a cosmopolitan community of Franciscans ministers to the wants of some 7,000 Latin Christians. Here I was entertained with coffee, cigarettes and kirschwasser, and spent a pleasant hour chatting with the hospitable friars. The church's dedication to St. Eugenia recalled the brilliant days before the downfall of the Empire, when the French Empress opened the Canal which her cousin Lesseps had just completed.

A weird picture met our eyes on returning before midnight to the *Dilwara*. Pandemonium had sprung up around! Flaming torches and the glare of gas, oil and electric lamps threw a lurid light over the scene; dense clouds of smoke and dust arose all round, in the midst of which scores of dark, unearthly figures issued from the depths of black barges, screaming hoarse chaunts, and racing rapidly up narrow planks, tossed loads of coal from their shoulders, and then hurried back again below;— restless demons from the pit, shrieking, laughing, crying on Allah, or yelling beneath the blows of the kourbash. It was like a scene from the *Inferno*. So the fellahin of Egypt have always worked, in myriads, with noise and clamour, and with the lash! The coaling of a modern "ditcher" reproduces pictures from the obelisks, and shows how public works have been accomplished in Egypt from the building of the Pyramids to the digging of the Canal.

Leaving Port Said before sunrise the *Dilwara* with electric light at her bows made her way slowly through the Canal, and all that day we glided through the historic desert, flat, sandy, monotonous but not uninteresting. Little scenes by wayside stations showed the whole traditional East in miniature,—a group of palm-trees, three or four Arabs with a couple of camels, and the level stretches of wilderness beyond. As morning wore on a strong wind from the desert sprang up with a dense sandstorm against which it was impossible to steer. The big ship

drifted ashore. Awful prospect;—to be shipwrecked in the Canal! Nothing could exceed the admirable behaviour of the passengers and crew; the captain was calm, the chaplains collected; men dressed their ranks as calmly as on parade ground; there was no unseemly struggle for life-belts or rush for boats, though the Board of Trade certificate in the saloon showed that we had life-boats for 350, and nearly 1,800 on board! The timid did not shriek nor did brave men stand still. We went on tranquilly with lunch, and when the wind dropped resumed our voyage! Dreary marshes were all around us with flamingoes flapping over them and herons standing on one leg; a few hills of sand, the Bitter Lakes with Ismaila in the distance, and a gorgeous sunset, all crimson and gold and green, behind it. A pillar of smoke stood over us by day and a shaft of electric light by night. At dawn next morning we passed the spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez opening out a glorious panorama. On either hand was an outline of bold, jagged mountains, steep, barren, dry, coloured with gold of every hue in the changing light and the faint mist from yesterday's sand-storm. To the left lay the Desert of Sinai, the land without water where the tribes wandered, and over which for forty years hung the pillar of cloud and fire; and far away rose the crests of sacred Sinai, with the monastery of St. Catherine still crowning the awful spot where amid lightnings and thunder the Old Dispensation was proclaimed.

We were told that the actual peak of Mount Sinai is not observed from the Red Sea after passing Suez,—nor apparently the Commandments which were given there! It must be with reference to which belief that the Poet of Tommy Atkins so appropriately sings:—

> "O set me east of Suez,
> Where the best is as the worst;
> Where there ain't no ten commandments,
> And a man can get a thirst!"

The heat of the Red Sea, though very great, is by no means oppressive in February and March; modern appliances moreover mitigate its discomforts considerably. A thick double awning covers the deck on which life passes in one long lounge; the "punkahs" stir a breeze on the hottest days in the saloon; at night one sleeps on deck, or else the wind-scoops in the cabin port-holes catch every wandering breath of air. Then who shall tell the delight of sailing through those summer seas, warm and grateful after the northern winter, smooth and unruffled by a wave! Can one ever forget those long calm evenings, with the bright moonlight streaming over the sea, or the clear translucent sky in which new constellations shone, and the four jewels of the Southern Cross hung vertical in the midnight heaven! So we sailed out into the open spaces of the Red Sea, losing sight of land for three days until when nearing its southern limit we came upon a group of bare, fantastic, volcanic rocks, which are called "The Twelve Apostles" but which might be fragments of the Tablets of the Law hurled by a mighty Moses from Sinai into the sea. Passing Babelmandeb during dark we had a good view of Aden next morning, a deep bay with great steamers lying in it, long rows of barracks, and on the right a huge mass of rock, bare as a cinder, sheltering the town and bay. Leaving the British outpost behind, land is once more lost sight of for a week, during which we steam on straight and swift through the Indian Ocean, till early one morning we catch sight of distant mountains, and low islands nearer at hand; and then a tall lighthouse comes in sight; and then the domes and minarets of an eastern city all shining in the rising sun; and entering the great harbour of the second city of the Empire, we land at last in India.

J. L. C.

(To be continued.)

Welburn Hall. Kirby Moorside.

A VISIT which I once paid to Welburn Hall led the Very Rev. Prior to ask me to write some description of the place for the *Ampleforth Journal.*

Father Prior, no doubt, thought that articles or notes about some of the many historic buildings near the College, would recall to the minds of past students places interesting to them but perhaps now almost forgotten associations and memories, and that they could hardly fail to prove of some value (however imperfectly described) on account of the undoubted intrinsic interest and beauty of the buildings themselves.

Nations which have no history are said by someone to be happy. I do not know whether Halls come under the same category, but the condition of the man who has to write about a subject without a history cannot be described as felicitous.

Welburn Hall has no history whatever and no connection with historic names that I can hear of. A description of it therefore is not "a theme on which the muse might soar," but must be simply a collection of architectural notes, bolstered up with illustrations.

A half-timbered Grange-house, formerly belonging to Rievaulx Abbey, stood on the site, and a part of it, in a very ruinous condition, remained until very recent times, when it was pulled down to make room for the new additions to the Hall.

The Abbey-farm and estate at Welburn must have been very considerable as (according to Dugdale's *Monasticon)* it was valued at £39 18s. 5d. per annum in the Valuation Roll, (31 Henry VIII., Augmentation Office,) whilst the whole revenue of the Abbey and temporalities was only £278 10s. 2d. per annum.

The Welburn estate was given to the Abbey by Roger de Mowbray about 1150. The water-mill at Welburn belonging to the Abbey, of which there are no remains but which still gives its name to the Mill-farm, was valued at £2 13s. 4d. per annum.

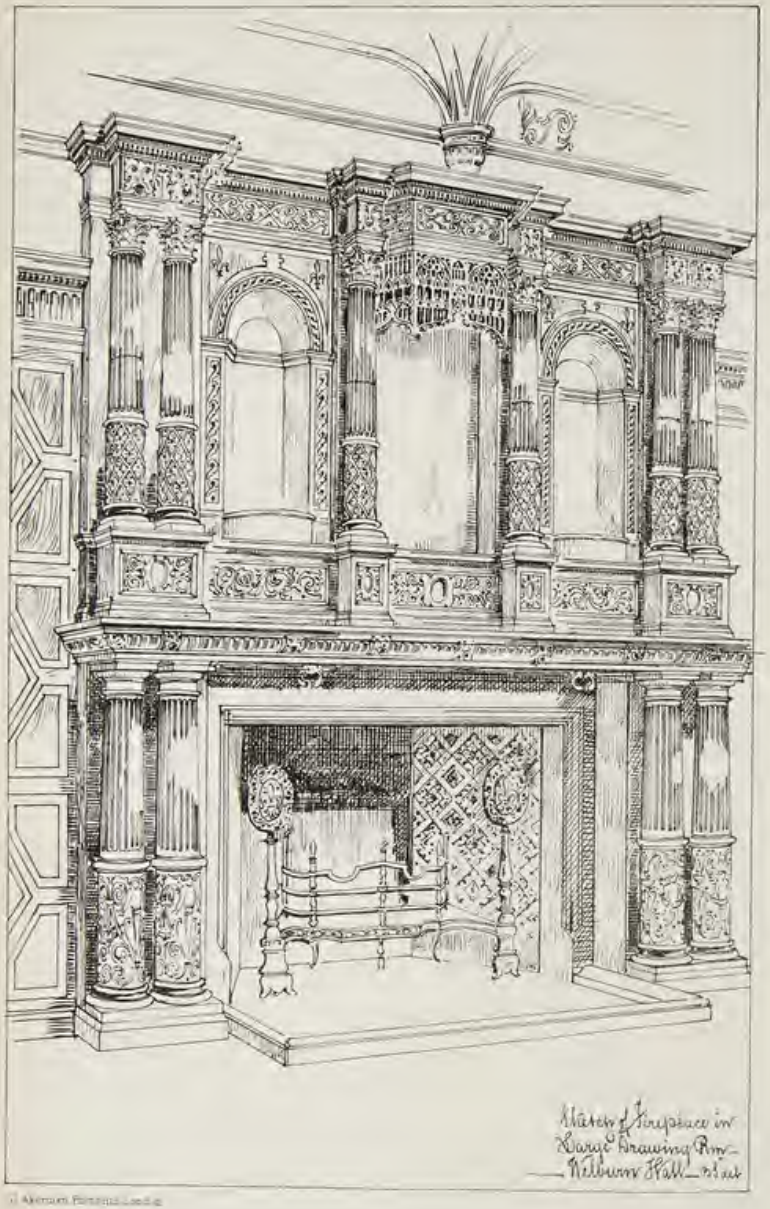
An entry, on the same page in Dugdale from which I have taken this information, giving the rent of a cottage at two shillings a year, reads strangely in these days of bloated rents, and shows the wonderful difference in the value of money.

At the dissolution of the Monasteries most of the lands belonging to Rievaulx Abbey were given to the Earl of Rutland, or exchanged for others elsewhere. (30 Henry VIII., 1538.)

The Earls of Rutland were descendants in the female line from Walter L'Espec, the founder of the Abbey in 1131. Adelina L'Espec, marrying a De Roos, brought all the estates of Walter L'Espec not given to Rievaulx Abbey to the De Roos family. After seventeen generations of that family the estates passed to the Earls of

Rutland on one of them marrying the sole heiress of De Roos. They passed again (temp. James I.) to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham when he married Katherine Manners the sole heiress of the Rutland family. The estates at Rievaulx, Helmsley and Kirbymoorside, after the death of the second and last Duke of Buckingham of that name, were sold by the executors to Sir Charles Duncombe, ancestor of the Earls of Feversham in whose possession they remain to this day.

The old part of Welburn Hall (the East Wing), was built by Sir John Gibson in 1603. The part of the old Rievaulx Grange-house that lasted to our time stood where the present south block of the house has been built. It is a very good example of the Yorkshire Manor houses built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and it is specially and unusually interesting on account of the picturesque grouping of the Dormers and Bay-windows at the end of the wing. Like all buildings of its type in Yorkshire, the exterior is very plain, having hardly any trace of the exuberant fancy with which builders of houses



further south adorned their work. It relies altogether for good appearance on the right proportion of the plain, mullioned windows and the effective grouping of the roofs and gables. There is no distinctive feature on the exterior to mark it as built in the late Elizabethan period, and, if its exact date were not known, it might with reason have been assigned to a much earlier date in the Tudor period. The decoration of the interior, however, is treated in an altogether different manner, and here we have the usual elaborate woodwork and plasterwork of that elaborate ornament loving period.

The old wing (Sir John Gibson's east wing) that past Amplefordians have been used to and remember, is the part chiefly referred to and illustrated in these notes, though the new work is extremely interesting, admirably designed in all its detail and admirably carried out.

Rough plans of the ground, first and second floors are given. Plans are rather uninteresting, but they are necessary to an intelligible description of the place. The purpose of most of the rooms on the ground floor has been altered in consequence of the new additions, but I have endeavoured to learn on the spot what the original arrangement was, and show it on the plans.

The ground floor seems to have been devoted to the drawing room, hall and staircase, and kitchen offices, and extended, no doubt, originally into the half-timbered part of the house, now pulled down. On the first floor are the large drawing room, the long gallery or drawing room, the state room or with-drawing room, the grand staircase, and the oratory. On the second floor is the ball room stretching the whole length of the wing. The bedrooms must evidently have been principally in the half-timbered part of the hall, and some may have been in the ball-room, now thrown into one long gallery. All the woodwork and wainscotting in the principal rooms is extremely handsome and elaborate, and it

is rather difficult to mark the line where restoration ends and new-designed work begins;—so deftly has it been restored and in such a conservative and careful manner.

The new work is designed in quite the spirit of old work, and executed in old oak out of the massive oak beams and timbers found in the old roof.

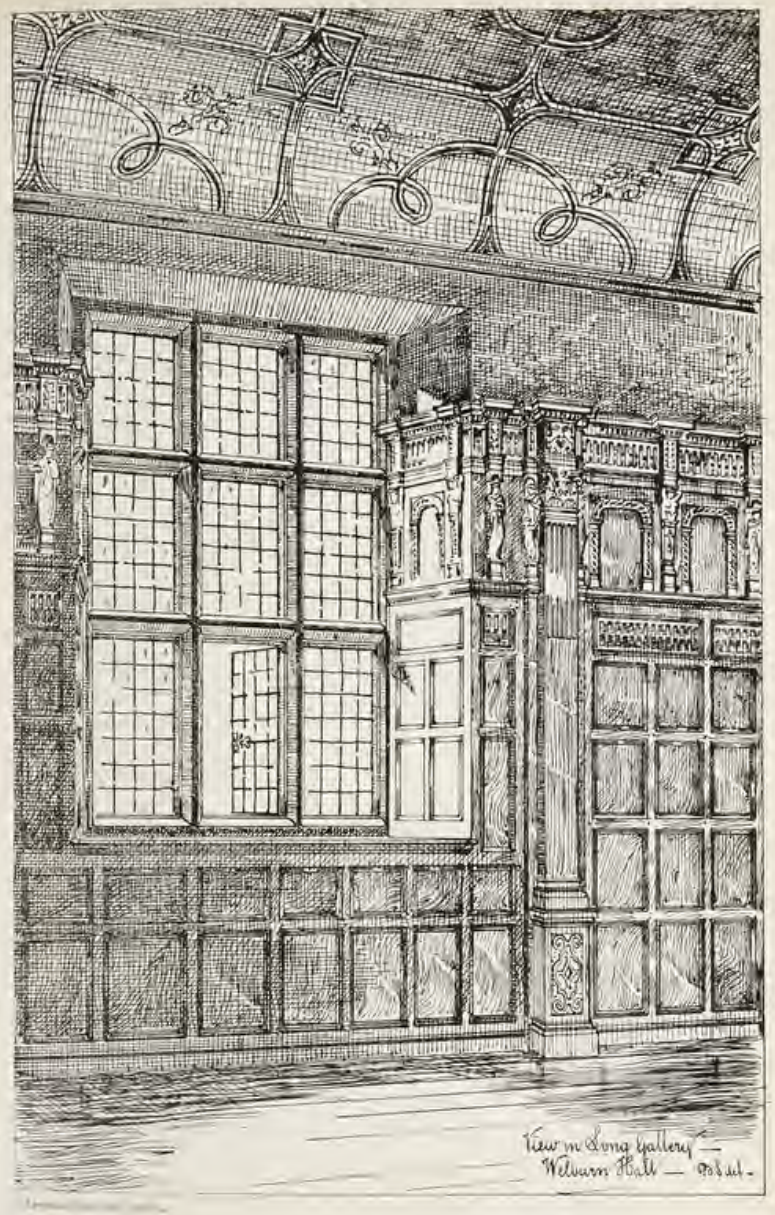
In the bay window at the end of the large drawing room are the armorial bearings of the families connected with the Hall; that of de Mowbray; of de Mowbray and Albini dimidiated; of Albini and Gornay dimidiated; of Mowbray and Gaunt dimidiated; of Rievaulx; of Saville; of Saville and Wood dimidiated; of Saville and Pudsey; of Gibson; of Gibson and Allot dimidiated; of Strangways and Robinson dimidiated; and of Robinson.

I cannot find out the date of this glass, or how the Saville family are connected with the Hall; an Albini married one of the heiresses of the last Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. The families of Strangways, and of Robinson, and afterwards of Cayley, owned the Hall in the last century.

The sketches given of the interiors of the large drawing room and the long gallery will explain, better than any amount of written description, the character of the decorations. Of the two external views, one, the north east view, shows nothing but Sir John Gibson's work; the other view from the south west shows the west front and south end of the Gibson wing, with its picturesque bay window and gable end, and part of the new south block.

Less than two miles from Welburn Hall is the market town of Kirby Moorside. There is hardly anything of interest to be seen there now. Its interest lies in its past history and the historic families that were once connected with the town.

These are highly interesting and thought-stirring. The church is of the rudest architecture—poor and elementary in the design of its stonework, thin and shallow in its



woodwork. It posesses none of the monuments and memorials of the illustrious families that once lived in Kirby Moorside and which one would expect to find there.

The poor architectural value of the parish churches in Yorkshire is very striking when compared with that of the churches in almost every county south of the Humber, more especially when one remembers that the Abbey churches of Yorkshire are justly reckoned amongst the most beautiful buildings in England.

Kirby Moorside, now a small sleepy market town, seems a very different place from what one can imagine it to have been in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then it must have been relatively a place of more importance, with two fortified castles of two important baronial families in the town, several churches (two churches are mentioned in Doomsday Book) and numerous monasteries and nunneries close by. The castles belonged to the families of D'Estoteville, and of Neville afterwards Earls of Westmoreland. They are now almost entirely destroyed ;— a small portion of one of the tower walls of the castle of the Nevilles only remaining, whilst of the castle of the D'Estotevilles only the moat marks the site where it once stood. Eventually all the lands and estates of the two families became united in the possession of the family of Neville, through the marriage of an heiress, descendant in the female line of the D'Estotevilles, with an Earl of Westmoreland.

The Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were one of the most powerful families of the North. They intermarried with the Royal House; and the Earls of Salisbury, Marquis of Montacute, Earls of Warwick and of Kent, Lords Latimer and Fitzhugh, and Bergavenny were some of the off-shoots of that noble stock. The last mentioned branch the Lords Bergavenny (now Marquis of Abergavenny) is the only one that has descended to our time.

The family reached its highest point of influence and

greatness in the reign of Edward IV., in the days of the Earl of Warwick, the King-Maker, when the Queen-Mother was a Neville and the two brothers of the King had each of them married daughters of the House. The last Earl of Westmoreland was the one who took a leading part in the abortive rebellion of 1570 (called by Froude the Ridolfi conspiracy), and which, from the importance of the high families implicated in it, threatened to shake Elizabeth from her throne. It cost Mary Queen of Scots, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Northumberland their heads. Westmoreland fled the country and his estates at Kirby Moorside and elsewhere were confiscated to the crown. The manor of Kirby Moorside was afterwards granted by James I. to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, from whom it descended to his son the second Duke, who died at Kirby Moorside in the greatest poverty.

The house is still standing, where, according to tradition the gifted and once powerful George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, ended his chequered career. Most of the readers of this Journal will remember the trenchant lines in which Dryden sums up his character in "Absalom and Achitophel." "A man so various that he seemed to be not one, but all mankind's epitome," &c., and the vivid word-picture the Wizard of the North gives of him in the pages of "Peveril of the Peak." But the lines of Pope on the final scene of his life at Kirby Moorside, though not very beautiful in themselves, nor strictly accurate, have always especially struck me as describing in a most dramatic way that almost tragic scene. The lines are well worn from quotation, but they are so exactly appropriate here that I must be excused for giving them.

"In the worst inn's worst room with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim,
. . . . . .
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousand ends."

Ever since reading these lines many years ago, this death-bed scene has always seemed to me the most pitiful subject on which one disposed to moralize could dwell. Born to the highest honours that a subject can hold; handsome, rich and highly gifted; adorned by nature and training with all the graces and accomplishments that men most covet and admire,—his would have seemed a career which should prove, if not useful to his country, at the least illustrious to himself. How different the reality to the what-might-have-been! Of the many brilliant and accomplished men who composed the circle of the court of Charles II., scarcely a single name will ever be remembered in history with any feeling of esteem. Vicious, not only in morals, but in the very principles and ideas of honour, they seemed to poison the life-blood of the nation at its very heart, and spread the evil influence of venality and corruption and the lowering of moral principles through every class of society throughout the country. Easily a leader in this circle of profligates, wittiest among the witty, astonishing everyone by his versatility, yet despised by all for his want of purpose and resolution,—the Duke of Buckingham lived a useless and baneful life, passed in the pursuit of frivolity, and in the gratification of every whim and passion;—not redeemed even, as in the case of his father or of Strafford, by any of whose half-noble errors, which, springing from high and masterful ambitions, are justly condemned by the moralist, but are ever deemed to brighten up the page of history.

After a wasted youth and manhood, and when on the borders of old age, he passed from the court a disgraced and ruined man, enervated in body, utterly broken in fortune, to die forsaken and disrespected in the mean garret of a village inn.*

Surely no preacher, however eloquent. could draw from his imagination a picture with a sterner, or more pointed moral than can be drawn from the actual career and end of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

BERNARD SMITH, F.R.I.B.A.

Old Drilling Days.

WITH SNAPSHOTS AT OLD SERGEANTS.

THE character sketch of "Our Drill Sergeant" in the last number of the *Diary* was excellent and most enjoyable. No one who ever met honest Jim Garnett could fail to recognize the "speaking" likeness there presented, and few, even of those who never had that privilege, could fail to appreciate from it the unique personality of the versatile old soldier, who, to put it mildly, is as skilful with his tongue as with his sword, who, apparently, is equally at home on the battle field or in the village "pub," in the Courts of Law or in the College cloisters, who can turn his guns with indifferent ease upon mad dogs or "beastly Turks" or "organized hypocrisy," and whose ambition is, if he cannot make boys gentlemen, at least to make them look like such.

But "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," and there were sergeants at Ampleforth before Mr. Garnett, and

* Not the present inn at Kirby Moorside but a house of even less importance.

though perhaps for long service and distinct individuality they may not bear comparison with him, yet one is tempted, by the success with which he has been portrayed, to put down a few impressions of his predecessors, in the hope that abler pens and clearer memories may be induced to complete the outlines and fill in the colours. But why call them "snapshots"? For three very adequate reasons. Photographic snapshots, as their victims at least will readily admit, are not always clear—are seldom quite true—are never complete. Your snapshot artist has no time in which to take observations, to arrange poses, or fix his focus. He has to get his picture where and how he can. With the best intention in the world he may aim his kodak and press his button, and the result may prove nothing better than a confused blur in which it is impossible to distinguish a top hat from a steeple, or a human face from a cow pasture. If the picture prove clear, it is often far from accurate. His hurried focus may take liberties with perspective which even a pre-Raphaelite would shudder at. It may turn a cherished feature into a hideous monstrosity, and has been known to fix an incipient smile, for ever and ever, into painful evidence of vacuous lunacy. And even granting the clearness and the accuracy, how often does the movement of a hair's breadth change the whole picture and eliminate the very object he wished to take? How often, when he has aimed his camera at some noble head, and gone his way rejoicing in the possession of "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," he finds on his plate only a pair of very ordinary boots with no indications of genius about them, or a broad expanse of concave matter that can only be identified by the presence of some waistcoat buttons!

Now if it is borne in mind that these are the impressions of nearly thirty years ago, the aptness of the title becomes apparent. They are merely uncorrected schoolboy impressions. The mental perspective of the average school-

boy is not always true; he seldom sees things in their proper relations or their due proportions to each other. His apparatus may be well appointed, but he is not accustomed to keep it steady, he does not take the trouble to focus it, and so while he thinks he has caught the face he only captures the boots. His views and memories, in fact his whole stock of knowledge, are neither more nor less than a collection of scattered mental snapshots which only the experience of years can rectify and piece together. But, as the Editor inexorably demands a few of these plates, I give them for what they are worth, only premising (if I may kill the simile outright) that as they have lain undeveloped in memory's "dark room" for so many years, they may prove even more blurred and inaccurate than they were originally. They are in no sense a connected story or even a complete sketch of anybody or anything; they claim neither historical, nor chronological, nor pictorial, nor any other kind of accuracy; they are the merest gossip—a rambling account of fugitive recollections that gather round our sergeants and drilling exercises of many years ago.

Sergeant Major Greaves was in command of the troops when I first joined the College ranks in 1867. He was a dapper little man, somewhat below the medium height, very precise in his dress and very punctilious in his manners, with side whiskers and a sandy moustache apparently cultivated with care. He lived at Helmsley and came twice a week to conduct the drill. I may say, par parenthèse, that Helmsley in those days played a much more important part in College concerns than it does now. Though the railway was well established, it still held the pride of place that belonged to it before the era of steam. It was our depôt and filled the same position then as York does now. The tailor, *i.e*, the *fashionable* tailor who made the "Exhibition" clothes, lived there; the boot maker who designed the Exhibition

bluchers lived there; the hatter who supplied the famous Scotch caps and "cheese-cutters" of those times lived there. Professor Beck the singing master, Charlie Newton the baker and original patentee of "Sudden Death," Cat Kay the plumber, Jonah Ward the joiner and "Pallida Mors," the grim old doctor, all came from Helmsley. Thither we sent for nearly all the necessaries of life—the provisions, the ironmongery, the china, the drugs, the oilcake and the hay. And so from Helmsley, in those days of its glory, came Serjeant Major Greaves.

I can picture him still as he made his appearance with gloves and stick each Monday and Thursday morning, and with a ceremonious bow presented the daily paper to the Prefect. It was a pleasant little civility, but we looked on it with somewhat jealous eyes, and would fain have seen it omitted. It seemed to us to symbolise the solidarity that existed between that exalted dignitary and the sergeant, and to bode no good to us in case of any possible court-martials. To our juvenile intuition it seemed nothing better than tampering with the fount of Justice at its source, and tempting Rhadamanthus with unholy bribes. Then, in rapid succession, came the orders to "Fall in! 'Shun! Number from the right! Wan! Tow! Thray!" and the business began.

As a new arrival, and a member of the distinguished Second Division of the Preparatory I was of course in the junior battalion, the battalion which, if it never shared in the honours of war, always received, and I suppose still receives, most of the hard knocks. The first few months were spent in mastering the quaint terminology and the mysteries of extension motions, balance step, etc., and the task was by no means easy. One problem in particular has left a marked impression on my mind. It was part of some intricate evolution in which we were told to "place the ball of the right toe against the heel of the left futt!" It was the cause of much trouble and confusion to the

unwary. Somehow the feet seemed to have a volition of their own independent of the control of the brain, and it was seldom the problem worked out correctly. If the young recruit chanced to look down at his feet, to see if his diagram was correct, he instantly heard in peremptory tones: "Number 4, hold your head up, sir! What are you stooping for? Chest expanded, hips drawn in, head well thrown back! Look straight before you, sir!" Here was a new problem to be faced, and while he was puzzling over it, the first had pretty well vanished from his mind. He hardly knew his right foot from his left, and he and they became somewhat mixed with the result that if the squad was ordered to turn to the right, Number 4 promptly faced to the left. A burst of merriment at his expense and he was threatened with a report at the end of drill.

These reportings, in the lower squad, were not infrequent and deserve a paragraph to themselves. Insubordination, inattention in the ranks and the thousand and one freaks of boyish spirit were the causes, and the procedure was most formal and impressive. "No. 4, No. 6, No. 15, step out of the ranks! 'shun! right turn, quick march!" and under guard of the sergeant they were marched off to the Prefect. Halting the prisoners and saluting the superior officer, the sergeant preferred his charges. "These young gentlemen, sir, have been very disorderly to-day. I can't make nothing of them. No. 4 has been upsetting the squad all morning, and won't do nothing right. No. 6 has been throwing orange peel about, and No. 15 has been kicking his rear rank man. I can do no good with them sir!" Strict martial law prevailed and counsel for the prisoners were never called upon. The sentence, as a rule, followed the charge without delay. "Very well—you three boys will take extra drill this afternoon and take no pocket money to-morrow." The Sergeant saluted and the culprits

were marched back, sadder, but perhaps, not much wiser men. On one occasion, I remember, a brilliant youth ventured to bandy words with the Sergeant, and in consequence became in our eyes quite a hero for a time. He was caught stitching a hand ball in the rear rank and was at once pounced upon. "Now, No. 11, put that ball away. How can you drill if you do that? put it away at once, sir! you can't do two things at once." "Yes, I can," said No. 11. "Oh, you can, can you! Here is a clever young man! Step out of the ranks sir, and tell the squad how you can do two things at once, 'shun!" No. 11 was fairly cornered and had to make good his words. "Why," he replied, "I can mark time and look at your nice moustache." The poor sergeant had not bargained for this. He blushed, coughed and spluttered, while the squad roared with laughter and applause. But it was more than the dignity of the British officer could stand, so looking things unutterable, and fiercely twirling the outraged appendage, he placed No. 11 under arrest, and marched him off to justice. Dead silence now. The prefect was immersed on that wretched paper and had not noticed the sally. "This young gentleman, sir, has been guilty of gross insubordination, and," with emotion, "has insulted me before the squad." The Prefect looked stern and waited the particulars of the charge. No. 11 seeing things looked grave, thought he had better supply them himself: "Please, sir, I only said he had a nice moustache." The Prefect's face was a study, as for a moment he struggled with the humour of the situation. But it was only for a moment. Law and order must be supported. With a brow as black as thunder and with a voice of preternatural gravity he pronounced sentence. "Very well—you will go on the walk after dinner and take no tart on Sunday."

It was by no means an unusual event for the whole

squad to be marched off and convicted, and almost always with the same result—extra drill for a week and no pocket money. Of the two I think we felt the first to be the hardest. It was no joke to be marched and countermarched for an hour under a broiling sun, while the more fortunate were playing cricket. Somehow or other they always seemed to enjoy themselves more on these occasions, at least the enjoyment was more ostentatious. It always seemed to us that they played more vigorously, cheered more loudly, and that altogether there was more fun than usual, as though they wished to emphasise our misfortune. As for the loss of pocket money—well, we were used to that. Whatever went wrong, that was sure to follow. Was a window broken anywhere, were a few apples missed, were the ink-pots filled with saw dust, was the playroom door barricaded, did the pigs on the farm show any unusual marks of attention, did anything unusual happen at any time or any where—then, sure as fate, the unfortunate II. Division had its pocket money stopped till the culprit was found. Our normal state was one of impecuniosity.

Though Greaves was thus a disciplinarian, yet he was withal a kindhearted man who took great pains with his work. I don't think I could say he was popular—disciplinarians seldom are. He was always called "Old Duggan." Why 'Duggan' I never knew; why 'old' is just as mysterious, for he was only a middle-aged man. 'Old' is a very elastic word that can be stretched to any meaning, from a term of affection to a signification of disgust. Like the chameleon, it changes its colour as it changes the object to which it is attached. Most boy adjectives are of this kind. They follow no ordinary rule of language. They are strictly copyright and protected, and no one possesses the correct key to their meaning but their youthful authors.

Greaves left us, I think in 1869, to join the Red River

Expedition. He sailed in the illfated "City of Boston," and neither ship, nor crew, nor passengers have been heard of since. Poor fellow! we were genuinely sorry and I think we forgave him all those extra drills when we heard his sad fate.

To him succeeded Serjeant Quinn of the Carabineers, a very different kind of man. He came from York, but in his speech at least was Cockney of the Cockneys. He was a red-faced, plethoric old warrior, with a fierce eye, a broken nose, and a well-dyed moustache; underneath which he carried some 18 stones of war material. Like his predecessor, he too was very precise in the matter of attire—the salient feature being a portentous hat of ancient build which he wore, after the military fashion, tilted well over one ear. This, and a habit of flourishing his umbrella as he talked, gave him a jaunty, devil-may care sort of air for one of his years. Our first curiosity naturally was to know what battles he had seen, and how many men he had killed. We were disappointed. We soon learned that the only battle he had taken part in was one in the canteen room, the decoration for which he wore between his eyes.

He was a cavalry man and had all a cavalry man's superb contempt for infantry. "Them fellows are only half-soldiers. Give me me hor-rse and me sword, and I'll make mince meat of any dozen myself." So we had to leave aside the tactics of Infantry and learn the Cavalry drill. Instead of "Quick march!" the order now was "Trot!" It was fine to hear Quinn roll his RR's and twirl his umbrella, as with a hoarse roar he gave the orders to "Trot," and "Gallop," and gallop we did with a vengeance, often bearing the old gentleman along with us with impetuous charge and accidentally prodding him with our sword-sticks. These accidents generally happened in the absence of the Prefect. By a fiction of drill we had horses now and the orders were to "Guard your

hor-rses' flank! Guard your hor-rses' head," etc., though I think it must have been more from our own weapons than from those of the enemy. "Now then No. 4, what do you mean by sweeping your sword round in that way? Do you want to cut off your hor-rse's tail?" No. 4 had been struck by the rear rank trooper and was only making vigorous efforts to retaliate. A favourite manœuvre of Quinn's was to assume the position of a field officer, which he did with portly dignity, and make the whole squad salute. "Line will advawnce with general sa-lewte! Now then look as grave as mustard pots and wheel round like a ditch!" We soon took the measure of the old swash-buckler. I am not sure about the "gravity of the mustard pots," but I do think that on more than one occasion he must have felt very much in a ditch.

When the famous Tichborne trial came on, Quinn was subpoenaed as a witness for the Claimant, in whom he firmly believed. He quite persuaded us that it only needed his evidence to restore the long lost Baronet to his ancestral estates. The late Lord Coleridge was just then pulverising the Claimant's witnesses and we were anxious to know how Quinn would comport himself. By his own account, the ordeal had no terrors for him. "I'd like to see the man, sir, that will make John Quinn of Her Majesty's Carabineers turn tail! they'll find their match in me. No beggarly lawyer will get a laugh out of me I can tell you." Well, if they got no laugh, they certainly got nothing else. In the witness box, counsel for the Claimant asked Quinn if he had been in the army with Sir Roger? "May be I was, may be I was not." "Did you ever know Sir Roger?" "Perhaps I did, perhaps I did not." "Come sir, answer the question, did you ever see him?" "May be I did, may be I did not," and not a word of evidence could they get from him. There was intense amusement in court when Sir John Coleridge announced that he would not cross examine the

witness and Quinn was ordered down, narrowly escaping committal for contempt of court. Next drill day he was greeted with loud cheers and cries of "Bravo Sergeant!" He wore his hat at a more jaunty angle and had a look of triumph in his eye. "I told you so. They couldn't make a fool of me. Those rascals of lawyers, sir, can twist the words out of a man's mouth to mean anything, but I'd like to see the man among them that can best old John Quinn!"

But the Exhibition day was the day of days for "old John." Then he always appeared resplendent in the glory of full regimentals, and a sight he was for gods and men. I have a vivid recollection of one such occasion. He had tried hard to procure a charger, and a yeomanry sergeant in the village had promised to lend him one, but at the last minute he sent word that the beast was leading hay and could not be spared. At least two hours before the inspection, Quinn and two valets disappeared inside the old "Common house" that used to stand at an angle of the present ball-place, and it was understood that he had withdrawn to prepare his toilet. At least sundry small boys, who chanced to stray in the neighbourhood of the windows and keyhole, were warned in vigorous tones to "Retire!" or the consequences would be awkward. When the hour struck, and boys and visitors were duly assembled, no sergeant was visible. Five minutes—ten minutes—twenty minutes passed, but still no sergeant. All eyes were turned towards the common-house, but it gave no sign. At last, when expectation was at its final gasp, the door was thrown open, and Sergeant Quinn, H.M. Carabineers, was discovered issuing forth in the gorgeous hussar uniform of 30 years before, brandishing a glittering sword, and roaring to the troops to fall in! It was a sight never to be forgotten. A perfect yell of delight burst from the boys and cheer after cheer came from the visitors, which he waved aside with haughty disdain.

Far be it from me to attempt to describe that fearful uniform with its towering busby, its spurs, its boots, its brilliant bullion its hundred straps and cords and belts that seemed to hang from every point of vantage, and cross and recross and interlace in a perplexing tangle like the rigging of a ship. No one familiar with British uniforms would ever look to the cavalry for examples of loose and flowing garments. And every one knows that the Eton jacket, though it suits a boy of ten, hardly befits the proportions of a warrior of 18 stones. And when it is remembered that the uniform was designed for him in the days of slim and graceful youth, it will be evident that it hardly suited the redundancy of those proportions to be cased with the rigidity of a billiard table. This became apparent as the day wore on, but he bore himself bravely, and only the confined breathing and the deepening hue of his face betrayed his Spartan determination to conquer difficulties. He walked mostly on his toes, with the cautious, prancing gait of one who knew it was dangerous to trifle with his surroundings, but as he warmed to his work, first one and then another button parted with a snap that, like Nelson's "fatal wound, spread dismay around." As the tide of war rose higher, his stock burst at the neck, and, finally, one magnificent but thoughtless sweep of his sabre caused his jacket to split at the spinal seam, and it hung in two parts from his shoulders, like cathedral banners—the tattered emblems of departed glory. How he ever managed to coax on that uniform is a mystery, but as tending in some way to solve the question, it was freely whispered in the ranks that some two hours before, he had been heard asking for the loan of a large shoe horn!

Quinn's career came to a rather inglorious ending. One winter afternoon some luckless wights were squadded for extra drill and an evil spirit prompted Quinn to drill them on the "square." There had been a light fall of

snow, and the Prefect had disappeared—*voila tout!* The opportunity was perfect, the temptation was irresistible. At the same time some three or four innocents were pacing the penance walk, book in hand. Suddenly, while Quinn was facing the troops "a globe of snow, hard-squozen, mischievous," fell, no one knew whence, and struck him full in the right ear. He turned like a tiger to those on the walk, but of course their backs were turned and they were poring attentively over their books. "Cowards" he yelled "I'll teach"——another ball, from the ranks this time, removed his beaver, and, as he stooped to rescue it, a regular volley was discharged at his procumbent form. The fat was in the fire now—in a double sense. The squad broke up in confusion, and, muttering sweet poetry, Quinn went off to bring the Prefect. He was not to be found, and as Quinn had his train to catch we were safe from justice for the time. We well knew that the reckoning would come next drill day and the sword of Nemesis would fall and avenge the insult. In the interval there had fallen much snow, and it lay thick on all the country round. Moved I know not by what impulse—possibly in despair of any hope of compromise—a large party waited his arrival by the road near the ball-place. There were hedges then along the road that afforded excellent cover for sharp shooters. We saw him labouring up the hill and ploughing into the deep snow with slow and heavy steps. His breath, in the clear frosty air, came as strong and frequent as the puffs of steam from a starting engine, and his hat on hand and the frequent applications of his bandana to his brow showed he was in difficulties. He must have spied danger as he rounded the ball place, for he stopped suddenly and bringing his umbrella to the guard, cried out: "Come on you rascals, come on. I care not for your snowballs I'll run you through alive with my umbrella. Come on, the whole lot of you!" There was just a second's hesita-

tion in accepting this invitation, when some wag exclaimed, "Line will advawnce with general sa-lewte!" I need not describe the rest. I can just remember that Quinn said a little more than he did in the witness-box, and it began to dawn upon me why troopers are credited with unusual felicity in the use of invective. It was about the last we saw of poor Quinn. He found the road between the station and the College too trying, he said, but had it not been for his braggadocio I think he might have had a longer reign.

A different type of soldier altogether was Colour-Sergeant Campbell, who came next. He was a short, spare, silent man, bronzed with the suns of many campaigns:

> "There was a hardness in his cheek,
> There was a hardness in his eye,
> As though the man had set his face,
> In many a solitary place,
> Against the wind and open sky."

He had fought all through the Crimea, through part of the Indian Mutiny, in the New Zealand War, and I believe also in one of the Chinese Wars, and had now retired, a weather-beaten old veteran, to end his days at Hovingham. There was no bounce nor swagger about him. He looked like one of those grim old soldiers, stern and resolute, of whom we read in the pages of Napier, ready to go anywhere and dare anything without question, but reluctant to talk about it once it is over. He had none of the erect carriage and elastic spring of the parade soldier. He walked rather like one who had marched much and was tired. He was no disciplinarian. It was easy to see that, after the serious business of life, drilling boys was to him something of a trifle. In his manner with them he was modest and shy—almost timid, and he winked at many small delinquencies. Yet, somehow, we all respected Campbell. We, instinctively I suppose, felt ourselves in

the presence of a real man, and, though he was the least polished of our sergeants, and though boyish spirits would occasionally effervesce, yet I cannot recall a single instance of any personal disrespect to Campbell himself. We liked him for the humble way in which he spoke of his own exploits.

"Had he been in many battles?" "Ay, that he had, too many." "What was it like?" "Well there is just a cloud of smoke, and you blaze away at it and never know what happens." "Had he ever killed a man?" "How was he to know, you fire at the smoke and that's all." "Had he ever bayonetted any one?" "Didn't he just say, you never know what happens," and not a word further could we get from him. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and so mysterious hints passed round that Campbell knew more than he wished to tell, and must have had thrilling adventures. Only once we surprised him. "Had he ever been hit?" "Yes, he had been in hospital a few times." "Had he seen many others hit?" "Of course he had, poor fellows," and he told of one dark winter night when he was sentinel on the extreme of the English left, where they touched the French lines, and how the French sentry used to meet him and have a short "*parley-voo*." "They were nice fellows them Frenchies and good kommrades," and this one in particular politely handed Campbell his little flask of Cognac "and mighty glad I was to get it of a night like that, I was just taking a sup, when there was a whistle of cowld air in front of my nose, and me poor Frenchie had his head taken clean off with a spent cannon ball. It gave me a cowld shiver I can tell ye, but I shouldered me gun and walked off, and I have the flask yet." "But" with boyish persistency, "was the very next man to you ever killed?" Ay, there was poor Tom—who was cut down at his side in the trenches before the Redan. It was the only time we ever saw the war devil in his eye. "The Rooshans were on us before we

could wink, and a big Rooshan split poor Tom's head with his sabre and he fell again me. Oh! it made me *mad*, and I gave the Rooshan the full of me gun, and then I druv me baynit in with all me might—but there now don't be axin me any more, for I won't be tellin' ye."

The feature of Campbell's drill was that he taught us "skrumishing." The Franco-German war was in full swing at the time and every day brought its tales of battles and death. We heard about the Franc-tireurs and their doings, and gave Campbell no peace till he initiated us into the mysteries of sharp shooting and skirmishing. I forget the minutiæ of the drill, but we found it wonderfully interesting, chiefly because we were not confined to straight lines and could advance anyhow and do pretty much what we liked. We had a great field-day upon one occasion. The squad was divided into two companies and No. 1 Company received these orders:

"D'ye see that slope there (pointing to the 'big slope')—that's a hill and the enemy's comin over the top of it. Now, when I say 'Skrumishers advance!'—do you sayze that hill, and when I say 'Down!'—down you go on yer bellies, so that if he pops his nose over, you can pepper him. And lie close; its a grate thing to show nothing out of cover. No. 2 Compny will guard No. 1 Compny's rare—for ye see the enemy mightn't come over the hill at all and if he tuk No. 1 Compny in the rare, it ud be a warm time for the compny. Do ye understand?" I should think we did, and never before were orders anticipated with such alacrity. "'Shun! No. 1 Company—skrumishers advance!" We advanced! "Skrumishers down!"

I can vouch for it that we gave a most intelligent rendering of the manœuvre, and, in half a minute, some thirty youths were comfortably disposed all over the slope. It was now No. 2's turn.

"No. 2 Company—'shun! right about turn! Open order from the right! Quick march! Double!!" We

could hear the steady tramp till the bounds' wall was reached. "Halt!" cried the sergeant. They were down the wall in a twinkling. The tramp continued. "Halt!" shouted Campbell, doing his best to follow. But the tramp sounded more irregular now and we heard peals of laughter from the distance. "Halt!" we heard once more, in louder but more distant tones. Then, seeing no sign of an enemy on the hill, we turned round on our backs, just in time to see the last of No. 2 Company vanishing below the cricket ground, and Campbell just level with "the tank" making frantic efforts to overtake them. It was no use. They were in full cry now, and the gap between them and the sergeant was widening fast. We cheered them on, of course, and the cheer brought out the "enemy" we least wished to see. We heard a stern voice from the square. "What are you boys doing here?" It was difficult to define. At last a youth of quicker perception than the others ventured to reply: "Please, sir, we're skirmishing." "Where are the other boys?" "Please, sir, they're skirmishing down the fields." "Where is the sergeant?" Silence. "Very well—you can all go and skirmish on the penance-walk for the present, and you'll all come into the study next month-day." We had a good view from the penance walk and could see the sergeant starting his return journey, just at the bend of the road. No. 2 Company was hopelessly disorganized. A few had halted and were wading in the brook, but the main body was well on its way to Fairfax's wood. They must have seen, by the position of No. 1 Company, that the "enemy" had had the best of it, so it was not until an hour or two afterwards that they straggled back into camp and were promptly dealt with. The sergeant, to do him justice, entered into the fun of the thing. All he said in complaint was: "The young gentlemen are a bit frisky to-day, sir, and I couldn't make them hear me when I cried, "'Halt!'"

Campbell did not long survive this incident. It was

evident that he had not the troops well in hand, and so he retired finally from active service.

And here I must bring these rambling notes to an end. There was another sergeant named Savage who succeeded him, but of him I can remember but little. I hardly saw enough of him to get even a snapshot likeness of him. All I can recall of him is that he was a big man who had been in India through all the horrors of the Mutiny, and that some of the sultry air of India still lingered in his temper. He too was very silent about his experiences. Of the sack of Delhi all he would say was: "It was hell, sir—for three days it was hell and we spared nothing!" In the beginning he was a martinet, and before he had had time to mellow down, I bade farewell to *Alma Mater* and all the ups and downs of College life.

Here end the snapshots. I trust no one will take them for "enlargements," for that process had not been invented. They are taken from the point of view of a schoolboy, but I have no wish to propose the conduct of boys in the sixties as a model for the conduct of young gentlemen of the nineties.

Saint Lawrence.

It was with the intention of blending with a short account of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence the romantic stories that have gathered about his name, that this paper was begun. But on consideration it seemed doubtful if such an object was advisable. One naturally hesitated to remix the corn with the chaff that had been winnowed from it with considerable labour. Loss in some way seemed inevitable; either by giving a legendary appearance to the truth, or a show of authority to a legend. It is

certain loss to let in the sun upon the unreality of a stage-scene; and it is doubtful if anything is ever gained by throwing coloured lights upon scenes of real life. Moreover, in the legends of St. Lawrence, a process of selection was compulsory; there was found to be, oftentimes, direct conflict between one and another of them; and, as the wildest invention has had its strenuous defenders, it was impossible to avoid taking sides—at least in appearance. Some historical discrimination was, therefore, demanded, no matter how the subject was treated. It would have been foolish to choose what seemed prettier, or more curious, at the expense of the truth. The reader may, therefore, be assured of good faith in any assertion in the following account of St. Lawrence, and may take it, unless distinctly stated otherwise, that it is founded upon more or less reliable evidence.

At the outset we are called upon to form a judgment of our own in a question on which folio-volumes of arguments have been written. What was the nationality of St. Lawrence, and where was his birthplace? Personally I have little doubt that he was a Spaniard. In the old martyrologies he is represented as saying to the Emperor at his trial "Hispanus sum, eruditus ac nutritus Romæ, et a cunabilis Christianus." This is supported by a strong and venerable tradition in Spain, and an almost universal acceptation until the 11th and 12th centuries. The "eruditus vel nutritus Romæ, et a cunabilis Christianus" of the old Gregorian Breviary (the words are an antiphon of the third Nocturn), instead of being the strongest argument in favour of the Saint's birth at Rome, tells, as I think, the other way. The quotation is plainly word-for-word from the same source as that of the martyrologies,—which source was doubtless the original "Acta Passionis S. Laurentii" no longer in existence. It seems to me therefore to prove the accuracy of the martyrologies if it proves anything. The omission of the "Hispanus sum" in the antiphon is

nothing strange and is simply for the sake of that brevity and conciseness which is the characteristic of the antiphons of the Breviary.

We cannot have equal certainty about the Saint's birth-place. The weight of tradition is in favour of Osca, now Huesca, a town in Arragon, and it points to a house called Loreto, said to have been the home of his parents, on the site of which a church dedicated to his honour was erected in the early centuries. An old MS. Breviary of the Church of Jaca words this tradition thus: "There was a man of venerable life, straight, simple and fearing God, of the name of Orentius. He was a citizen of Osca, who dwelt in a place called Loret, about two miles from the city. Who, noble and wealthy, took to wife a woman of exalted birth named Patience, of whom, in the first flower of her youth he had twin sons, Laurentius and Orentius. Them he taught to fear God; and when in process of time the youths came to the years of discretion, he sent them into the city to be schooled."

Though this tradition cannot be traced far enough back to give it any historical certainty, it must not be classed with purely imaginative legends such as the well-known one that Pope Sixtus, when travelling in Spain, found an infant under a laurel bush; that he brought it home with him and educated it and named it Laurentius from the laurel under which it was discovered. The names of his parents Orentius and Patientia (Prayerfulness and Patience begetting Laurentius, the laurel-crowned martyr) have indeed a suspicious aptness, but we must look upon it as a happy coincidence and not a poetical invention. For both the parents of St. Lawrence have been venerated as saints in Spain for a full thousand years; and the brother of St. Lawrence, Orentius II, has also a place both in the French and Spanish calendars, tradition saying further of him that he was taken reluctantly from the hermit life he had chosen to undertake the onerous duties of a Bishop.

How and when Pope Sixtus met with the youthful Lawrence must, probably, remain for ever pure conjecture. It is very certain, though the contrary has been advocated, that it must have been long before his election to the Pontificate. The tradition is generally accepted that Sixtus brought the young St. Lawrence from Spain; and if so, it could not have happened during the short months of his Pontificate. There was hardly time enough; the holy Pontiff was well advanced in years, and we should find it impossible to explain the "eruditus et nutritus Romæ." It is suggested, with far more plausibility, that Sixtus laboured for the conversion of Spain in his earlier manhood, and brought St. Lawrence back with him when he returned to Rome. A proof, that has been thought convincing, is advanced in support of this theory. Genoa has a Cathedral dedicated to St. Lawrence on its sea-front, and a sea-gate near it is called also by the name of the Saint. A tradition that cannot be traced very far back says that, journeying from Spain by ship, Sixtus and his youthful companion rested a night in a hospice when they had put into the port on their way south, and that afterwards the citizens, to commemorate the visit, built a church on the site of the hospice, and called the gate, through which the Saints must have passed, by the name of our martyr. But it is at least equally possible that the tradition grew out of the suggestive position of the cathedral and gate. It cannot be looked upon as a strange fact that Genoa should have a cathedral dedicated to St. Lawrence and it is nothing unusual that a cathedral should give its name to a neighbouring street or gateway.

There would be little use in my discussing here, or anywhere, the question raised as to the age of St. Lawrence when he was brought to Rome. Neither would it be profitable to entertain the claims of Saragossa that it educated the Saint and began at least his ordinations. "Eruditus ac nutritus Romæ" is the most definite and

authoritative statement on these points. And a further saying in the Acts of his Martyrdom "Et nunc, Pater, offer filium quem erudisti," seems to make the Saint attribute his training, at least in ecclesiastical matters, to Pope Sixtus. Sixtus, we are told, was a Philosopher of the School of Athens, who afterwards gave himself up to the study of the things of God, and was, therefore, a fit master for his great pupil in both sacred and worldly doctrine; fitter still because, as the Preface of St. Sixtus in the Sacramentary of Pope Gregory says, "quos erudiebat hortatu, præveniebat exemplo."

Concerning the ordination of St. Lawrence it will be sufficient to state, on the authority of Siricius, that, according to the custom of the time, he would be seventeen years old when ordained acolythe, and, with the usual two years interval between each step in Holy Orders, would be twenty-three when ordained subdeacon, and at least twenty-five when made deacon. That this was the custom of the early Church will be sufficiently proved by the decree of the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, which says: "It is the will of the Council that no one be ordained deacon before the age of twenty-five," and by the fuller decree of the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, A.D. 816: "The diaconate had its beginning in the tribe of Levi. . . . . It was commanded that they (the candidates) should have served in the Tabernacle twenty-five years and more. Which rule the Holy Fathers have also adopted in the new Testament."

Another discussion which can never reach final decision is, in which of the ordinations "mense Decembri" did St. Lawrence take part. It would be impossible to deduce any warranted conclusion without at the least a knowledge of the Martyr's age when he died. It is, however, exceeding improbable that he was ordained by Pope Sixtus. It was the custom from the earliest times for the seven deacons to choose one of their number "quem

industriam noverint" as their Archdeacon. It was not a Pontifical appointment and there is no reason to suppose that Sixtus took the election out of their hands.*

St. Lawrence then as Archdeacon under Pope Sixtus will most probably have been a deacon some years before the Pope was elected. Rome, at that time, had seven deacons who were called by St. Jerom "the seven angels of the churches" and the "seven golden candlesticks" of the Apocalypse. As deacons their chief duty was to minister during Mass. In those days their ministry was treated as necessary. "Sine hoc," writes St. Jerom of the office of deacon, "Sacerdos officium non habet." He says further that it is not lawful for priests "propter presumptionem" to lift the chalice from the table of the Lord unless it is handed to them by the deacon. (The reader will notice that this custom is borne witness to by St. Lawrence himself in the Acts of his Martyrdom. "Tu nunquam sine ministro sacrificium offerre consueveras.") A second duty, writes Pope Clement, is to be the "eyes of the Bishop," and also to look after the needs of strangers and other like offices, which, as he says, have reference to the worship and to the discipline of the Church.

In Rome, in addition to these ordinary duties, the seven deacons had the charge of the fourteen districts, each ministering to two. From this they were called "Regionarii diaconi," a name changed in the reign of Pope Sylvester into "Cardinales." Later still, in the days of Pope Gregory the Great, their number was augmented to fourteen,—one to each district, where before each had had care of two.

It was the office of Archdeacon St. Lawrence filled at the time of his death. In many respects this was the

* The "Judicium" or choice mentioned in the Acts of Martyrdom, would most probably refer to the choice of St. Lawrence for ordination by Sixtus when Archdeacon.

highest dignity in Rome after that of the Pope. The Archdeacon was the Pope's Vicar and had governing power over the clergy, to advise and rebuke and judge between them. It was his special duty to examine those who were offered for ordination and present them, if worthy, to the Bishop. To him also was intrusted the care of the treasures of the church, their distribution as alms to the poor and, in St. Lawrence's time, their transmission as subsidies to needy churches in foreign lands. The office was suppressed by Pope Gregory VII. and that of Pontifical Chamberlain substituted in its place. In the days of Sixtus and Lawrence it was so high a dignity that it might well have been looked upon as the step to that of Pope. Was it not the Archdeacon Stephen who succeeded, after St. Lucius had reigned two years, to Pope Cornelius; and again the Archdeacon Sixtus who succeeded to Pope Stephen? A precedent that suggests a possibility that the Archdeacon Lawrence would have succeeded to Pope Sixtus had he lived long enough.

The Roman deacon was distinguished by a *title* taken from the house to which he was attached;—in each case the house afterwards was made into a Basilica. That of St. Lawrence as Archdeacon was "in Cyriacâ," afterwards the title of Stæ. Mariæ in Dominicâ.* This was the dwelling of a noble Roman matron, of the family of the Emperor Vitellius, who, thirty years a widow, placed her house and goods at the service of the Church and the poor. It was here doubtless that St. Lawrence dwelt; it was here most certainly that the Saint distributed to those in need; and this house was probably one of those in which daily Mass was said—not impossibly the Mass of Pope Sixtus, at which St. Lawrence ministered. The Roman Archdeacon retained the title borne by St. Lawrence as long as the office existed and, next to the *statio* at the

* Dominica is a latinised form of Cyriaca.

Lateran Basilica on the First Sunday of Lent, the statio on the Second Sunday was at Sta. Maria in Dominicâ.

There is another question connected with St. Lawrence at this period, to which an answer can be given and which may be found of interest. This is, what was his appearance and how was he dressed? The old writers speak of his great beauty, though they leave us no description. The nearest to a description of our Saint is a catalogue of the bodily perfections of St. Epiphanius, as recorded for us by St. Ennodius who lived at the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century. There is no need to quote it, since it is some twenty lines of vivid adjectives and ornate comparison, which attributes every beauty of feature, complexion and expression, and every grace of limb and movement to the Saint. What is interesting in the matter is that the Duke of Burgundy of that epoch declared that, to his judgment, St. Epiphanius was a second Lawrence both in merit and beauty of countenance. As to his garments in public he will have worn most probably the pallium of the philosopher. This was a customary dress of the clergy in those days of persecution as one attracting the least attention. He will have worn his hair cut short in the manner of the Romans. And, in functions of the church, his dress will have been a white linen garment similar to the alb; sandals, which were worn also by priests and bishops; the colobium, a white silken garment, without sleeves, reaching to the feet (the usual dress of the Emperor in a function) and, over all, the stole worn in the manner deacons wear it now. The dalmatic (a colobium with sleeves) was not then in common use; although it is on record that it had been worn by Commodus, and in the Acts of St. Cyprian, written by Pontius the deacon, the Saint is described as divesting himself of a dalmatic.

After the persecution of Decius, which St. Lawrence must have lived through, there had been in Rome a few

years of complete peace. Valerian, the Emperor, for three years treated the Christians as his best friends. Then his mind became poisoned against them. First, he issued an edict forbidding Christians to hold public meetings and threatened with exile all Bishops who showed themselves in public, and especially in important cities. Then in the year 1010 A.U.C. A.D. 259, Memmius Fuscus and Pomponius Bassus, Consuls, in the month of June, proclamation was made of a fresh and bitter persecution of all Christians, but especially the clergy, who, for the most part were well-known, having ministered freely and publicly in the delusive security of a few years peace. Apparently no very great savagery was at first anticipated; for though Pope Sixtus, as a measure of precaution, removed the relics of SS. Peter and Paul to a hiding-place in the Catacombs, it was made into a solemn ceremony by being deferred to the appropriate Feast of SS. Peter and Paul on the 29th of the month. Moreover Sixtus was walking openly in the streets with some of his assistant clerics when he was arrested. It is with this sudden blow, struck at the head of the Christian religion, that the "Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence" begin.

A word first as to the authority of these Acts. It may be taken as certain that an authentic copy of the Acts would be entirely reliable. It is asserted that the Ecclesiastical Notary was an official, created, in the first instance, to record and describe the trial and sufferings of the martyrs. Not that all the stories of the martyrs are to be looked upon as official documents, but that there were such official histories, drawn up by authority, with an "imprimatur" which allowed them to be read publicly in the churches, though not in the churches of Rome. It is a further question whether such Acts as are in existence now, are faithful copies of the authentic record. In the case of St. Lawrence no full and trustworthy copy is known to exist. But in the quotations we find in St.

Ambrose and the old Breviary and in the older Martyrologies, especially that of St. Ado, who lived in the ninth century, we have what must be nearly a complete word-for-word transcription of the old chronicle. They all agree even in words and phrases, and no serious error seems to have crept in, except that the execution is said to have taken place during the persecution of Decius. This was a mistaken correction, made, says Baronius, on the authority of Eusebius, who, in a moment of carelessness, substituted Decius for Valerian in his Ecclesiastical History.

St. Lawrence was not with the Pope when he was arrested. But when, after a trial before the Emperor sitting in senate in the temple of Tellus, Sixtus was committed to the Mamertine Prison, St. Lawrence was there to meet him as he left the court, and the well known dialogue took place between the two Saints which is quoted in full by St. Ambrose. "Whither are you going, my Father, without your son? Holy Priest, whither do you hasten without your deacon? Never yet have you sacrificed without your minister. Are you angry with me, my Father? Or have you found me wanting in some way? Make a trial of me your chosen minister and see if I prove unworthy of your choice. Can you refuse my company in your martyrdom,—me to whom you committed the dispensation of the blood of the Lord, me your help in the administration of the Sacraments? Let not your fortitude throw doubt upon the wisdom of your choice. An unworthy disciple reflects upon his master. Oh, how many have proved themselves illustrious rather by the courage of their disciples than by their own! And do you, my Father, show your fortitude in your son; offer him up whom you have trained; so that, confirmed in the sight of all in your choice of disciples and ennobled by their companionship, you may receive your crown."

Then Sixtus said: "It is not that I am forsaking you,

my son, but that you are reserved for a nobler contest. We old men are chosen for light work; you, in the flower of your youth, for the more difficult victory. Weep not; your time will soon come; after three days you will follow me. It is only the proper interval between the diaconate and the priesthood. You are not one of those who can conquer only under the direction of a master. It is not as though you needed help. What good can my companionship do you? I leave you heir in full to my sufferings. It is the weak disciple who goes before because he needs the eye of his master; the strong man is left behind because he can look after himself and can do without guidance. So Elias could leave Eliseus behind him. And I can confidently leave you to show after me such courage as I possess." Then the "Acta" of St. Sixtus adds that the the Holy Pope, as he was dragged away, cried out to St. Lawrence: "I give you the goods and treasures of the Church to divide amongst the poor as you think best."

In obedience to this command St. Lawrence went at once to his home in the house of the widow Cyriaca on the Cœlian hill, "where dwelt also," says the chronicle, "many priests and Christians and clerks hiding from persecution," and washing the feet of all the Christians, he made a distribution amongst the poor. Here, by the sign of the cross, he healed Cyriaca of grievous pains. Going thence to a village called Canarius, he found many Christians in the house of Narcissus, one of the faithful; there also he washed the feet of all and distributed alms amongst the poor. A miracle again marked the visit of the Saint; with the sign of the cross he restored his sight to a blind man called Crescentius. Then, when he had made his round, St. Lawrence hastened to meet the Pope on his final journey to the place of execution. Once again he urged Sixtus to take him with him saying "Holy Father, do not leave me behind; I have used the treasures as you commanded me." Now, however, apparently through the

use of the word "treasures," the attention of the soldiers who were guarding Sixtus and his two companions seems to have been aroused, and St. Lawrence is seized and dragged before the Tribune. At the same time a messenger is sent to the Emperor to tell him of the fact and that their prisoner had hidden treasures in his charge.

Silver and gold St. Lawrence has none now, but other and better gifts he distributes freely in the name of Jesus Christ during the course of his passion. In prison he finds a blind man named Lucillus whom he catechizes and baptizes, and, with the waters of baptism, the darkness is washed from his eyes. The rumour of this draws a multitude of blind men to the prison whom, with the sign of the cross, he restores to sight. These miracles bring about the conversion of his gaoler Hippolytus, who also believes and is instructed and baptized. In the morning the Saint is brought before the Emperor Valerian who begins by bidding him not to be obstinate but give up the treasures he is hiding. This request gives occasion to St. Lawrence for the first of those playful repartees which characterize his passion and seem to be forced from him by the high-spirits excited by the certainity of his martyrdom. "Give me two or three days," he says, "and I will bring them to you." This request was naturally granted and the holy martyr fills up the time by summoning, from all parts of Rome, the blind and lame and poor and infirm and hiding them in the house of Hippolytus.

On the third day, therefore, St. Lawrence is taken to the palace where the Emperor and prefect are awaiting him. Valerian asks him straight away; "Where are the treasures you promised to show us?" The Saint introduces into the palace his collection of miserables and cries out: "Behold here are the treasures—eternal treasures which neither diminish nor waste away and are found scattered in each and every place." The lesson and the humour are thrown away on the angry Emperor, and the prefect rudely breaks

in and bids the Saint sacrifice to the gods and put away the sorcery in which he trusted. St. Lawrence answers with the remark: "how is it you let the devil force you to say to Christians, 'sacrifice to devils'?" Valerian in anger orders him to be beaten with scorpions and the Saint satisfied that his martyrdom has begun, gives thanks to God "who has found him worthy to be ranked among His servants."

A show of instruments of torture to try to frighten him; a mock trial in the temple of Jupiter; another command to sacrifice and a reference again to hidden treasures; and the Saint says "Truly I have confidence in my treasures and am secure in their possession." The Emperor has him beaten with rods which only provokes the Saint to say further, "see, wretched men, and know, how, with the treasures of Christ, I am triumphant and do not feel your torments." He is beaten still more violently and red-hot irons are pressed to his sides. Then he breaks out into words of prayer "O Lord Jesus Christ, God of Gods, * have mercy on thy servant. When accused I have not denied thee, when questioned I have not failed to confess Thee the Lord Jesus Christ." He is torn with leaden scourges and still prays "O Lord Jesus Christ, who for our salvation deigned to take the form of a servant to free us from the yoke of devils, receive my spirit."

Evidently the Martyr thought his end was come; but a voice was heard telling him that his trial was not yet over. He is stretched upon the rack, and again scourged with scorpions, but smiles still, and ever prays;—giving God thanks for his great mercies and his present consolations, praying also for those around him. The fruit of this prayer is the immediate conversion of one of the soldiers, who exclaims that he sees a beautiful man wiping the wounds of the Saint and prays St. Lawrence to stand by him. Afterwards, when the holy martyr is taken back from the torture chamber to the palace, the soldier comes up to him again,

* "Deus de deo" a phrase afterwards introduced into the Nicene Creed.

bringing a little water and asking to be baptized. St. Lawrence pours the water upon his head and straightway he cries out unquestioned "I am a Christian, I am a Christian," so exciting the wrath of the Emperor that he is ordered out to be beheaded.

A very brief respite is granted to the suffering Martyr, for in the night time he is again brought before Valerian, who, with the idea of treasure and sorcery still haunting his superstitious and greedy mind, once more displays the instruments of torture in the vain hope to shake the courage of the Saint. To further questioning, St. Lawrence answers simply "I am a Spaniard, nursed and schooled at Rome, and a Christian from my cradle." "Sacrifice to the gods," the Emperor shouts, "or the whole night will be spent in torture." The Saint answers with the beautiful words, "Night with me now is not darkness; it is all light." They bruise his mouth with stones, but he smiles, still giving thanks to Christ the God of all things. A gridiron with three bars is brought out; he is cast upon it and lighted sticks thrust beneath. With iron forks they feed the flames and saying, "a sacrifice to God is a troubled spirit," the Martyr offers himself aloud to God, "a sacrifice in the odour of sweetness." They still heap the fires beneath him and then speaking of the live coals as refreshment to him, the Holy Martyr says, in the words he used before, but now more triumphantly, "The Lord knoweth that when accused I have not denied, when questioned I have confessed the Christ." Even in the agony of death he has still a smile and a sparkle of humour, for, after uttering again and again thanks to God, he turns to the tyrant saying, "one side is done enough; turn and begin to eat." Then, with another prayer of thanks to God that he will find the gates of Heaven open to him, he gives up the ghost.

A strong and beautiful soul, whose every thought and every word was beautiful—one seems to see the fire of his

torments burning away the film that covers but lightly the pure gold beneath; the touching playfulness of youthful courage, the tender fortitude of a pure heart, the sweet patience of one who loved God with his whole heart and mind and strength.

J. C. A.

Laurence Sterne at Coxwold.

"Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourned, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn
Where Genius, Wit and Humour sleep with Sterne?"

DAVID GARRICK.

THE recent discussion in Parliament on the proposed statue to Cromwell has raised a very nice question in ethics, which may be roughly stated in this way:—Can a man be a really great man who is not also a good man? Or, may we distinguish between his greatness and his goodness, and honour him for the one quality, while deploring his lack of the other? That Cromwell was a great man who did great things in a strong way is certain; that he also wrought great crimes, and did much wrong, is equally certain. Nay, there are some, and those not a few, who would maintain that his greatest crimes were his greatest deeds, and that to honour him at all is to perpetuate the memory of one whose chief, if not only claim to greatness is that he was a regicide, a vandal, and a tyrant. Leaving the question as the House of Commons did without an answer, we may say that a similar question faces us in the case of Laurence Sterne. That he is a great English writer with a power of humour, and satire, and pathos, and a choice of language surpassed by few, is undoubted; but that he prostituted those gifts to creations of uncleanness and indelicacy, that with little exception, almost all he has written is blighted and poisoned with the taint of indecency, is also true. Can such a one fairly take rank among our English Classics—or should he not rather be consigned to oblivion, not because he had no powers, but because having great powers he misused them?

The judgment of time, has, perhaps, relieved us from pronouncing one of our own. Sterne's works, whatever they were in his own time, are gradually, but surely, falling out of popular favour. They are not much read by the general public, and perhaps it is well that it should be so. In the great libraries, they have, and always will have, a place; in the dusty and forgotten shelves of collectors they may still be seen, but if he is to be regarded as a classic, then—like most other classics—he will be read by an ever-narrowing circle of student readers, and to them he will do no harm, for they can pick the pearls from the slush without staining themselves.

It will be seen from this that it is in no spirit of hero worship that we write of Sterne at Coxwold, but we might as well write the history of England and leave out Cromwell and Charles II., as write of Mowbray Vale and make no mention of Sterne. Rightly or wrongly he is one of the lions of the neighbourhood, just as much, in his way, as Byland Abbey, or Rievaulx, or Gilling Castle. And as these and their surroundings and histories will one day find a place in the Journal, we have thought that a few notes on Sterne and his work at Coxwold may not be unacceptable, and may help to stimulate a little interest in the rich historical associations that lie close about us.

When the great Marlborough had completed his famous victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet he left several regiments in Flanders to see that the Treaty of Utrecht was faithfully carried out. In one of these, viz., Chudleigh's regiment of foot, Roger Sterne, was ensign. Shortly after the regiment's return to Clonmel, Roger's wife gave birth to Laurence Sterne, Nov. 24, 1713. Just before this event the regiment had been disbanded and the Sterne family betook themselves to their relations in Yorkshire. After living there a year they went to Dublin on the re-establishment of the regiment. For eleven years Laurence accompanied his father from barrack to barrack, from Ireland to England and back again. While the regiment was at Wicklow their relative Mr. Fetherstone invited them to stay with him at his parsonage at Animo. "It was in this parish," says Sterne in his own memoir, "that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt: the story is incredible but known for truth in that part of Ireland where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."

At the age of eleven he was sent to Halifax Grammar School and remained there till 1732. Sterne tells the

following anecdote of himself while at this school. "The master had the ceiling of the schoolroom new whitewashed: the ladder remained there; I one unlucky day mounted it and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure that I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received." In 1732, his cousin Richard Sterne, as Roger Sterne had died the previous year in Jamaica, sent him to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1736. While he was here, he formed unfortunately a lasting friendship with Mr. Hall Stephenson whose influence did not tend to good.

After receiving his degree, he went to York and placed himself under the patronage of Dr. Jacques Sterne, Archdeacon of York, who obtained for him the living of Sutton-on-the-Forest. About this time he became acquainted with Elizabeth Lumley, and after two years of apparently most sincere attachment, married her. As we shall see later on, they soon became heartily tired of each other, though which of the two was to blame is not clear. His wife brought to him as her marriage dowry the living of Stillington: and in addition to this, Sterne soon became the Prebendary of York. He remained nearly twenty years at Sutton, doing duty also at Stillington, and occupying his time with books, painting, fiddling and shooting. He seems to have had a local celebrity for his wit, of which we give here but one instance. He was sitting in a public house at York one day with some clerical friends, when a young fellow came in and annoyed them by speaking freely on religious subjects, but especially on the hypocrisy of the clergy. The stranger asked Sterne what was *his* opinion on the subject. The latter dryly replied by telling him that his dog was reckoned one of the most

beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good-natured, but had one infernal trick which spoilt all his good qualities: "He never sees a clergyman but he immediately flies at him." "How long may he have had that trick, sir?" "Ever since he was a *puppy*," was the reply, and it revealed the satire.

It was not till Sterne had reached the forties' that he thought of writing for the public. His first essay was, "The History of a good warm watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a petticoat for his wife and a pair of breeches for his son. A political Romance." This was written against Dr. Topham who wished to hand down his lucrative benefice to his wife and son, against the better claims of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York and friend of Sterne. As soon as Dr. Topham heard of the satire he gave up his pretensions, and the pamphlet was suppressed. In all probability this short work made Sterne feel his real strength, and as it is conjectured he was in want of money, he conceived the idea of writing a novel. He was a great reader, and seems to have amused himself by filling his mind with such discussions of mediæval physicians and Catholic schoolmen, as by a stroke of the pen might easily be turned into the ludicrous. His novel then was to be a mixture of Cervantes and Rabelais, which would afford him an opportunity of vindicating his own character and of caricaturing one or two of his neighbours who had been scandalised by his levity as a parish vicar.

In the year 1759 he surprised all those who knew him by publishing at York the first two volumes of his novel under the title of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent." The work was very unfavourably received by many of the Yorkshire gentry, but as soon as it reached the London market it was received with the greatest applause. Sterne went up to London to superintend the publication of a second edition, and at the same time to receive the

adulation of his enthusiastic admirers. "My rooms," he writes, "are filling every hour with great people of the first rank who strive who shall most honour me." He was invited out to dinner by all the nobility, and it is said of him that he made engagements for three months. Perhaps no one ever received so great a demonstration for literary achievement.

Amongst the aristocracy that flocked to pay him honour was Lord Fauconberg; and his admiration did not end in empty praise, but he presented Sterne with the curacy of Coxwold, "a sweet retirement in comparison with Sutton." Probably few readers of this journal will need any description of Coxwold. As it was ten, twenty, thirty years ago, so it is to-day, and so it probably was in the days of Sterne and for centuries before him—one of the neatest and prettiest villages of Yorkshire. Suffice it to say, that it is built on the slope of a hill and forms one wide street which gracefully curves as it descends to the foot of the village. It is proud of its little hospital, its quaint and cozy inn and its Free Grammar School founded by Sir John Harte, Knight, citizen and grocer of London. * At the crest of the hill stands the Church of St. Michael, which is enriched with buttress, gurgoyle and parapet and an octagonal tower quite a unique ornament in this part of the country.

It needs little imagination on our part to picture the surprise and reverential awe with which the simple peasantry would expect Mr. Sterne, the favourite author of the day, when in June 1760 he left London for his new home at Coxwold. Lord Fauconberg would see that everything was ready at the parsonage, and his new parishioners would vie with each other in sending their best presents. How he liked his new home which he christened Shandy Hall, and which has been known by that name ever since, Sterne

* The present vicar of Coxwold has been master of this school over fifty years, but for the last thirty has not had any pupils, and the endowment has been transferred to other charities in accordance with the late Educational Bill.

himself shall tell us. "I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live,—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hambleton Hills) can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard; and not a

parishioner catches a hare or a rabbit or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. . . . . I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage." This last epithet of cottage is more applicable to his parsonage than that of "hall." The house indeed is quaint and possessed of a fine kitchen chimney. The little room facing the road with the kitchen at its back is said by those who now occupy Shandy Hall to have been Sterne's private study. Up to a recent date his quill pen was shown to visitors, but has now disappeared. The present vicar is in possession of his study chair

and kindly invites all his guests to sit in it, and, if they like, to wish for his power of Humour. The following small anecdotes, as yet unpublished are all that can be gathered of him while at Coxwold. Mr. Sterne one day was taking a friend of his to see the church. The latter noticing the arms of the Fauconbergs on the outside, remarked, "I see the squire intends it to be known he is the patron." Sterne at once replied "Oh yes, but wait a little, till you go inside and then you will see that this is the house of my Lord." Any one who has been in Coxwold church will see the force of this remark. The altar is nothing; but the chancel is filled with gorgeous monuments in Elizabethan and Georgian styles, erected to the Fauconberg family.

A great friend of Mr. Sterne has handed it down that only once did he see him out of humour. On asking him what might be the matter, Sterne replied, "I have just received a letter from my wife informing me that she is coming home next week." Whether the sturdy Yorkshire farmer appreciated the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Sterne is not known. The poet Gray remarks that when reading his published sermons he sees Sterne "often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience."

Before proceeding further with his life it will be well here to remind the reader of the different characters in Tristram Shandy. Naturally one would expect that Tristram himself would be the hero, but no: how can he be? He is not born till the third volume, and not breeched till the sixth. And in the eighth and ninth he does not appear at all. Tristram's father, the philosophic Mr. Walter Shandy, is joint hero with his brother Captain Tobias Shandy. The novel begins by the profound preparations of Mr. Shandy against the birth of Tristram, and almost immediately the author describes in three delightful chapters the character of the Rev. Mr. Yorick,

who of course will have to baptize the child. Under the name of Mr. Yorick, Sterne vindicates his own character and certainly produces a most favourable impression. He bases his "apologia pro vita sua" on that well known scene in the fifth act of Hamlet where the gravedigger suddenly strikes his spade on the skull of one he had buried three-and-twenty years before. Hamlet did not recognize it until the clown, still feeling the trickling of a flagon of wine which the owner of the skull had once poured down his back, told him, "This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester." Hamlet taking up the skull exclaimed: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy . . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" In many respects Mr. Yorick the parson, and Mr. Yorick the king's jester tally exactly. Sterne by nature and by his bringing up did not take serious views of life. Pleasure and jest were more to his taste. It is not surprising then that as a parish vicar he left little impression on the people of Coxwold. They have scarcely any traditions about him and they seem to think it is their duty to say as little as possible of their former pastor, contenting themselves with remarking "A funny man, sir, to be a clergyman, and to write such books." Some of them regard him as having been Lord Fauconberg's jester. However pleasing Mr. Sterne painted his own character, yet the manner in which he plays the jester throughout his works is quite at variance with a clergyman's respectability. And if we turn from his works to his letters, we shall find that they, far from allowing us to pardon him as a man (if we could not as a writer) make us condemn both the writer and the man. It is scarcely the place in this brief essay to speak of Mr. Sterne's relations with his wife. Whatever may have been the faults of Mrs. Sterne in being unable to appreciate his humour, yet he was far from being a good husband. His letters to different ladies show us that Mrs. Sterne has good reason for jealously, and that their estrangement was really his fault. However, for the sake of his daughter, Lydia, whom he loved most sincerely, he always treated Mrs. Sterne with respect and kept her purse as heavy as his means would allow.

After the three chapters on Mr. Yorick, Sterne begins to have revenge on his enemies by caricaturing the local physician in the person of the little Catholic Doctor Slop. We are next introduced to my uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim. In the formation of these two characters, in their Hobby-horse schemes—their fortifications—sieges and blockades on the bowling green, Sternes eleven years barrack's life proved invaluable. My uncle Toby is no other than Roger Sterne, the Ensign, and Corporal Trim is probably a kind old soldier whom Sterne had vivid recollections of. Many a winter's night around the fireside must Roger Sterne have yawned on the great exploits of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the pet and precocious little Laurence that sat at his feet would let nothing escape his memory. It is "my uncle Toby" that shows Sterne's creative power, and it is in him that Sterne will always be read. Captain Tobias Shandy is the type of guileless good nature, a pleasant old man of affectionate simplicity. The other characters of Tristram Shandy these limited pages will not allow us to touch upon.

From June to December he worked hard at vols. III. and IV. in quiet Coxwold and went up to London to see them through the press. Again he made another signal triumph. Everyone was eager to have him at dinner, and so many, and so pressing were the invitations that he could not tear himself away from London till the beginning of July. He soon set himself to work at the next two volumes. In a letter about this time he laughingly complains that the coronation of his

majesty George III. had cost him the value of an ox; which was to be roasted whole in the middle of the town; and his parishioners would, he supposes, be very merry on the occasion.

Perhaps it ought to have been mentioned before this, that Mr. Sterne had never enjoyed a very strong constitution. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. In 1761, an asthmatic cough troubled him, and his constitution began to show signs of breaking up. The South of France, he thought, would suit him better than England, and he obtained leave of absence from the Archbishop of York. Accordingly as soon as he got vols. V. and VI. through the press, he left England for France, and received a warm welcome in the literary circles of Paris. Thence he went to Toulouse where his wife and daughter joined him. His health did not permit him to return to Coxwold till June, 1764, after an absence of thirty months. In September, he tells us that he went with some friends to spend a fortnight at Scarborough. On his return he applied himself in his peaceful cottage to two more volumes of Tristram, and though the two previous ones had not been received with much applause, the seventh and eighth called back some of the former enthusiasm, when they appeared in January, 1765. He was once more the favourite at dinner parties. Towards May he came back to Coxwold to get ready his second set of Sermons for the public. As winter approached he again turned towards the South, and in October began his second and last continental journey, now become famous as being the subject of his "Sentimental journey through France and Italy." At Montreuil he picked up a French valet "La Fleur," who forms a delightful character in the "Sentimental Journey." In July, 1766, he was back again at Coxwold working at his ninth volume of Tristram. It was received with the usual demonstrations, and Sterne remained in London till May,

enjoying his dinners, and writing the not very edifying "Yorick to Eliza" letters. Returning to Coxwold, in June, he left Tristram Shandy incomplete, and purposed to write his Sentimental Journey in four volumes. He was already in a very low state of health, and his new book taxed his brain, caused him many a weary hour, and wore out his spirits and body. But at length he finished his first volume and left Coxwold late in December, 1767, little knowing he was to see his favourite retirement no more. His new work came out in February, and had, perhaps, a greater success than that of Tristram Shandy. Not only was it received by the English public, but it was translated into at least five European languages. The French were delighted with it, and thought it, as they do still, his best work. It is composed chiefly of little sketches replete with pathos and humour, and the whole is told with exquisite grace.

As soon as the Sentimental Journey had made itself known, his apartments in Old Bond Street were crowded by the tide of admirers, which, he complains, quite exhausted him. It had been better for him to have left England, but he was not aware that consumption was undermining his frame. He speaks in a letter to his daughter Lydia, on February 20, of "this vile influenza," but he tells her "not to be alarmed for he will soon be better." But the letter is not written in a hopeful tone and in the next letter which was written to a Mrs. James, we learn that he was at death's door with a pleurisy. The same letter entrusts to her care his daughter Lydia, and goes on to say, "if I die cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you have so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into."

Three days after this letter of repentance was written the end came. Of one who had spent so much time away from home, it is no matter of surprise that he died away from home, with only strangers to nurse him. But after

all there is a certain amount of the sensational in his death. As he lay exhausted on his bed, he complained that his feet were cold and requested the female attendant to chafe them. But the cold crept higher and higher, and suddenly he said "now it is come." He then put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and doing this he died. As soon as his eyes were closed the nurse, so tradition says, rewarded herself by stealing the gold sleeve-links from the dead man's wrists. Those who loved to have him at dinner thought little of him now, and the remains of Mr. Sterne were attended by only two mourners, as the funeral made its way to the new burying ground of St. George's, Hanover Square. But if we must believe another story his bones were not allowed to rest in peace. On the night of the 24 March his body was taken up by a band of body-snatchers, and sent to the professor of Anatomy at Cambridge. When his body came to be examined in the dissecting room, one of the members present fainted on recognizing the features of his friend, Mr. Sterne. Even if this story be not true (and it has not much evidence in its favour) yet after all his grave was neglected, and it was not till several years after that two brother masons erected a tombstone, inscribing these words, "near this place lies the body of the Reverend Lawrence Sterne, A.M."

We have already kept the reader long. Of Sterne's character we have said enough in the foregoing pages, and though it is not for us to take upon ourselves the responsibility of consigning Mr. Sterne to Pluto, as Thackeray does, we cannot help but repeat as we lean in spirit over the grave of Sterne, "Alas, poor Yorick!"

ARMS OF TOWN, 997. ARMS OF BENEDICTINES. ARMS OF PROVOST. ARMS OF TOWN, LOUIS XIV.

The Buildings at Dieulouard.

At the head of this article there are engraved four escutcheons. Those of chief interest to us are the first and second; that of the Benedictines 997, and that of the town of Dieulouard of the same date. A disciple of Mr. Ruskin would see in them, without hesitation, a poetical fitness worthy of the devout and chivalrous ages of faith. The arms of the little Benedictine Abbey of Dieulouard are *azure*, signifying the heavenly peace of the cloister, and the abbatial staff *or*, with the hand bearing it *argent*; —the golden jurisdiction of sinless authority. Then we have the arms of the town—*gules*, with two swords supporting the crozier; a devout commonwealth recording, as its chief duty, its readiness to shed its blood in defence of its beloved convent. It is really a pity, however, that this reading of the symbols can hardly be maintained. The probability is that the arms of the town are more ancient than those of the monastery. The third escutcheon will help to explain the true heraldic meaning of the devices. It is the arms of the Provost—the prince-bishop of Verdun, who was owner of the castle and temporal lord of the place. The name Dieulouard seems to have belonged originally to the fortress, which was built by, or at least came into the possession of, the prince-bishops, in days when such a protection was valuable to them. The escutcheon has the crozier and a sword on an azure ground. It may be read Dieuloovart (the oldest spelling of the name) God guard

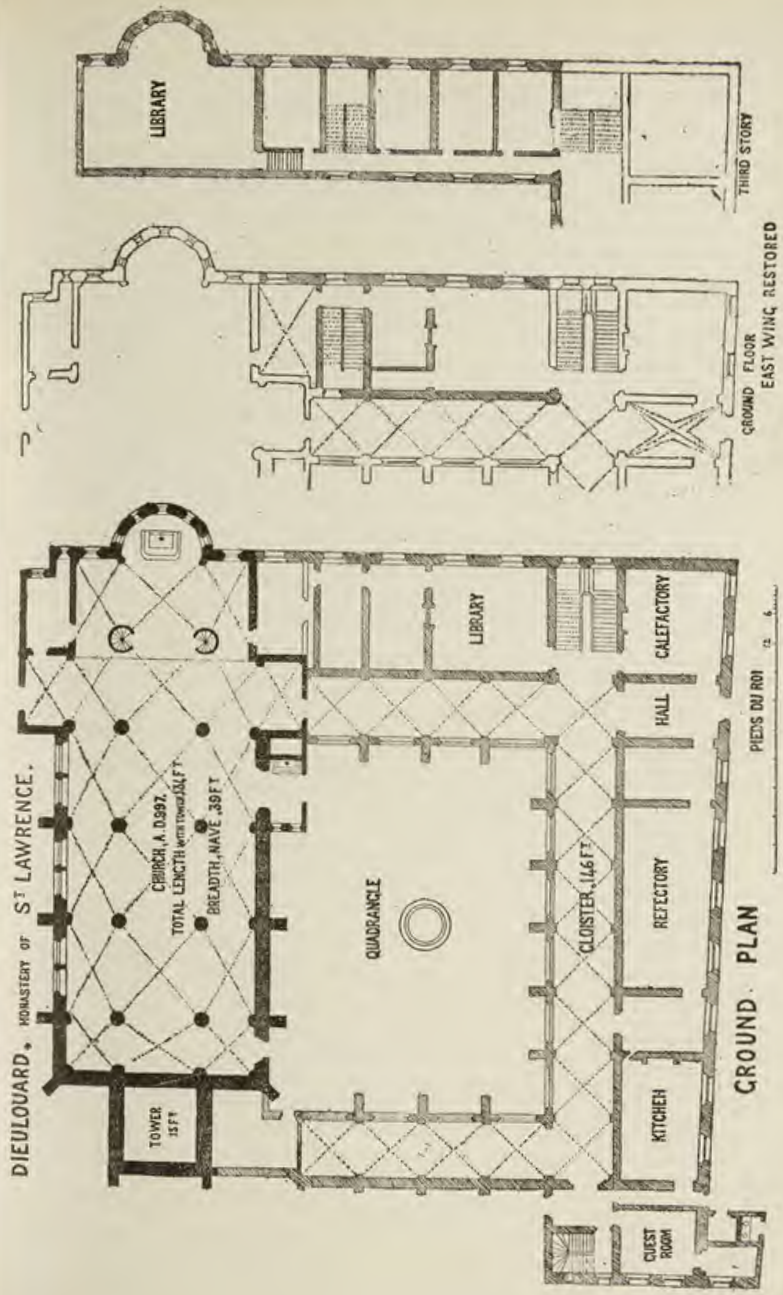
him;—azure and the sword, the protection of heaven to the bishop (the crozier); whilst the citizens have as the field of their escutcheon gules,—the bloodshedding protection of the soldier. The Benedictine arms will therefore lose their poetical significance and mean simply the jurisdiction of the prince-bishop who founded the Abbey. And the three nails on the Provost's shield will possibly signify the chief treasure in the possession of the Bishop—no less a treasure than one of the sacred nails of the Crucifixion; a relic to be as jealously guarded as the life of the Bishop himself.

MONASTÈRE DE S^T-LAURENT DE DIEULOUARD

1 Brasserie | 2 Monastère | 3 Eglise

It was Heimon or Haymon, Bishop of Verdun, who built and founded the old Benedictine Abbey somewhere about the year of our Lord 1000.* There was a little complication about matters in the beginning. The land on which the monastery was built belonged actually to the Abbey of St. Germanus of Montfaucon, its feudal rights to the Bishop of Verdun, and it was in the diocese of the Bishop of Toul. Haymon arranged matters by an

* The date upon the perspective of the monastery which we have reproduced is acknowledged to be an error. Mr. Bussienne now ascribes the building of the church to the year 997.



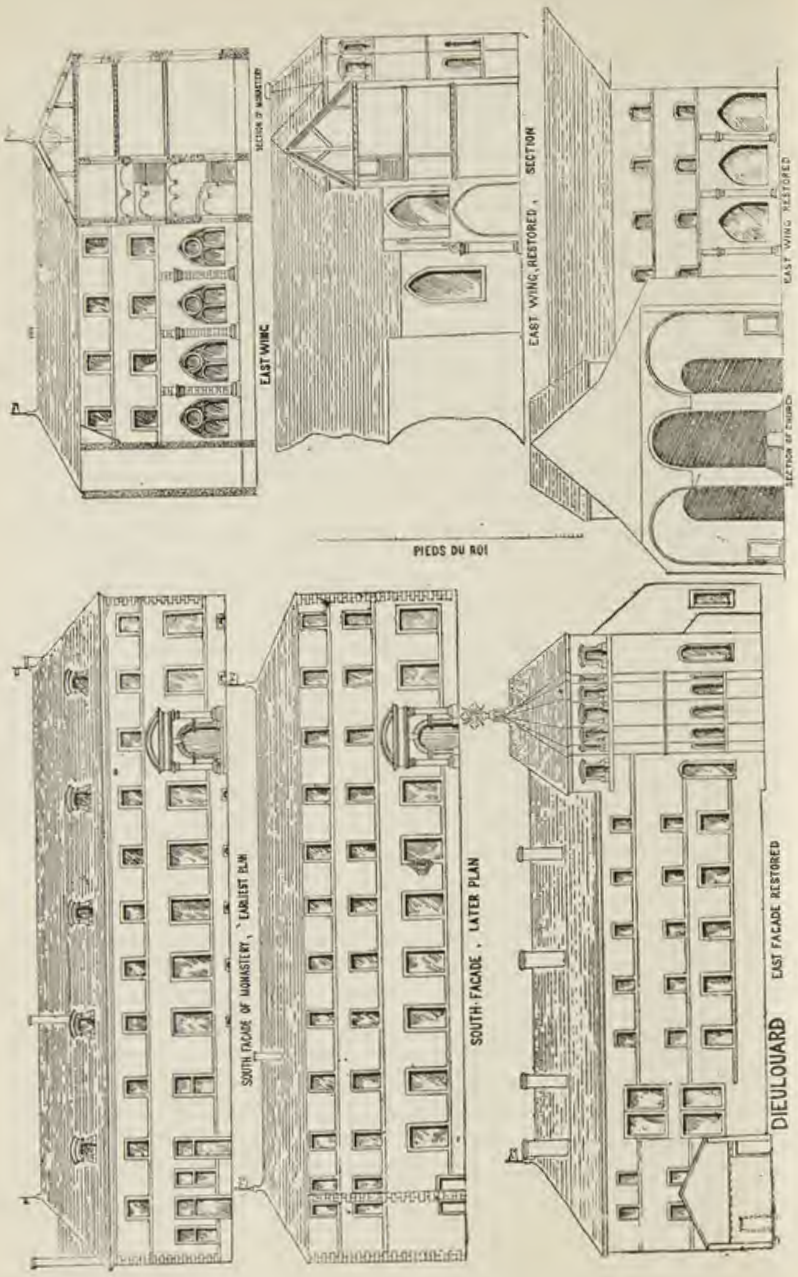
exchange of land with the abbey of Montfaucon, with the proviso that Dudo, the Abbot, should receive from the Dieulouard monks a ninth part of the tithes; ordering at the same time that he and his successors should be looked upon by the monks as their temporal Lord, whilst the Bishop of Toul was recognised as their spiritual Pastor. This arrangement, as we learn from Mabillon, was formally ratified by the Emperor Conrad, at the petition of Gisla his wife and Henry, his only son, in the year 1028, three years after Haymon's death and during the episcopate of Raimbert his successor. In 1602 the possessions of the monastery were given to the newly-established Primatial See of Nancy, and the buildings with the ground on which they stood came into the possession of the English Benedictines in 1606. *

The plans that are reproduced with this article prove with some certainty that the only remnant, in the time of our ancestors, of the buildings erected by Haymon was the Basilica. A glance at the section shows a vaulted nave and aisles under a single elbowed roof; narrow round-headed windows (where undisturbed); an apse; and a crypt half-visible from the nave under the raised floor of the chancel:—all familiar characteristics of the oldest churches of that part of France. In the ground plan we find broad, mullioned-windows on the north side of the nave—probably one of the improvements of the Anglo-Benedictines for the sake of better light. It is probable that the tower was rebuilt in later times, but otherwise the church, when it came into English hands would have been much the same as that erected by Bishop Haymon.

* In the life of St. Fingenius we read that a Benedictine monk of the name of Haimo succeeded him as Abbot of St. Clement at Metz. This, however, does not seem to be the Haymon who built Dieulouard. St. Fingenius was Abbot of three monasteries at the time of his death,—of St. Vito at Verdun, of St. Clement, and of St. Symphorian at Metz. The latter monastery was given to the Saint, who was of Irish birth, to be a home of Irish monks "ut suique successores Hibernienses monachos habeant, quamdiu sic esse poterit."

A peculiarity of the south wing should also be attributed to the original buildings. It is hardly to be conceived that the outside south wall should not have been drawn parallel with the inner walls of the cloister without good reason (vide ground plan). And about the only reason that can be suggested is that it marked and followed the boundary of the property. This must necessarily have been at the time of first building; for if afterwards the south garden passed into the hands of people who did not own the house, the line of the buildings would have been the dividing line of the properties. No one could imagine a division of property which would necessitate the pulling down of the outside wall of a house to rebuild it askew.

Worthy of notice are the two plans of the south facade of the Monastery, if only because there are two of them. One is older presumably than the other, though it is possible that they were alternate plans offered for selection. If we assume a difference of age, then we are bound to look upon the one that has an extra storey and more accommodation as later than the other. This assumption is confirmed by the condition of the plans which are now in the archives at Nancy. That with the fewer rooms is much older in appearance, on discoloured paper and drawn in faded ink. With its quaint dormers it is also the prettier design; another point in favour of its age. But it is not very ancient, since the style of its design would not carry us further back than about A.D. 1500. I am inclined therefore to take this elevation as representing the main monastery when it came into English hands and the later facade as the English restoration. Not particularly creditable to them perhaps from an artistic point of view—square-headed windows of the plain and useful pattern, no picturesque dormers, but a sound third storey with doubled accommodation in the top storey. To the exiled English also I am inclined to attribute the bastard-Gothic of the cloister windows. It has no connection with the



early French Renaissance of the buttresses (which have no appearance of being an after-thought) and it suggests a pathetic if somewhat far-away reminiscence of the cloisters of Westminster or Gloucester. It was probably the finest thing in Gothic the monks and the workmen of the neighbourhood could manage between them. Unmistakeably English, in its very conception as a necessity, is the outhouse attached to the west end of the south facade as shown in the ground plan. Probably nothing of the kind had been seen in the country side before the arrival of our forefathers.

The reader will notice several plans connected with the East wing of the monastery. First there is that on the full ground plan, and an elevation looking upon the cloister which belongs to the same design. (It may be distinguished by its having a section of the south block joined to it.) The other plans I have marked *restored* and are ground plans, sections and elevations of a rebuilding of this wing. They are plainly a restoration for the architect has marked with red the walls that needed to be rebuilt, leaving the walls that were standing unshaded. It seems to me that these plans tell the story of the great fire on October 13, 1717. It will be noticed that in the large ground plan the library is on the ground floor. Our history tells us that the fire broke out in a room adjoining the Library, where was housed Archbishop Giffard's priceless collection of ancient MSS. bequeathed to his *Alma Mater*, at his death. The library and all that it contained was completely destroyed and one account says that the whole monastery was burnt to the ground. The plans, however, hardly bear this out. At least, we may think, the walls of the south block were intact, as also the cloister of the East wing saved by its stone-vaulted roof and buttressed wall. The design has reference only to the building up of a new east wing and joining it on to the church and south block. Moreover the rebuilding was not begun until 1721, and we

can hardly think that for three years the monks dwelt in the houses of the villagers.

In the restoration plans the chief new feature is the position of the library. It is now placed in an apsidal room constructed in the roof of the sanctuary. To provide an entrance from the monastery, the roof of the east wing is joined on to that of the sanctuary; in the older plan it is cut short, and hipped back to keep it free from the church. This is not conjecture; for the architect has written Bibliothèque to mark the position of the library in his plan. The winding pillar-staircases in the ground plan of the church show that this room existed before, and the novelty is its direct connection with the monastery, and its use as a Library. An unfortunate arrangement; for it is probably to this we owe the destruction of the church at the Revolution. Then, our history tells us, the library was again burnt—a significant fact since it means also the destruction of the roof of the old Basilica. Probably no harm was intended to the church, but, through the direct connection between the roof of the church and the monastery, once the convent buildings were on fire, nothing could save the library and church.

Local tradition tells us that the old ground floor library was changed into a dispensary, where the monks distributed pills and drugs, and their famous "ongand et complatre fortifiant." The plans of restoration show how a passage was made from the sacristy for the convenience of the sick into a waiting room, which opened into a large dispensary (the old library) with a long recess, probably a cupboard for drugs. The plans show also a slight extension of the transept roof; one of the windows of the cloister being sacrificed for the sake of enlarging the little chapel built out from the church where the nave meets the south transept, and for the sake also of a little room standing on the flat roof of the cloister,—perhaps another chapel, or a place where the sick monks could

attend the services of the church through a window in the transept wall. A very noticeable fact in these plans of restoration is the absence of any windows to the crypt beneath the sanctuary.

In one respect the fire will have been a boon to the inmates of St. Lawrence's. A letter, written in 1701, speaks of the whole building as being in rather a ruinous condition. As rebuilt by Dom Francis Watmough everything will have been put in complete repair. The general arrangements will have been much as before. The guest house at the west end of the south block; the Prior's rooms overhead; next to the guest-room the kitchen; the refectory with its buttery-hatch; the hall opening into the south garden, and last room of all, at the east end, the calefactory. The choir was not very commodious, unless we are to suppose that the feet of the French king (pieds du Roi) were those of a giant. A two-storied addition, still standing, was made in later days, on the east side, in a line with the calefactory; was this as a residence for the President? It has a little garden in front of it called still the Prior's garden—hardly likely to be the true name, since the Prior lived at the other end of the building—but not improbably the President's garden. Certainly, it might equally well have been the noviciate—though a very small one, to be proposed, and unsuccessfully tried, as a common noviciate for all Anglo-Benedictine novices in 1771. But, perhaps, Fr. Watmough's newly-restored east wing was intended for the noviciate, since it has separate staircases of its own.

The Fireman's Button; a Burlesque.

ONE summer's morning, I had just finished breakfast and was on the point of going out, leaving my friend Deadlock Bones, who was suffering just now with one of his fits of lethargy, still in his bedroom. For days past he had amused himself by sitting with his violin on his knees, occasionally playing in a dreamy way one of Paganini's most difficult extravaganzas or, as his mood changed, alternating with some Egyptian harmonies which by his extraordinary powers he had deciphered from some hieroglyphics in the British Museum.

Before going on with my narrative, let me say here that nothing in my intercourse with this most extraordinary man had struck me more than this triumph of musical translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics into harmonious sounds.

Professor Max Buffer, Dr. Stagg and Herr Hogwasser had studied these hieroglyphics for years, and, for them, the crocodiles and storks and pairs of wings, with the various pothooks—some right way up and some wrong way down—had only meant frivolous memoranda of the price of Egyptian corn or a tide-table of the Nile; but the transcendent genius of my friend had driven him one night to leap out of bed, hail a benighted cab and, bribing the police at the British Museum, to rush into the Egyptian Antiquity room, where, striking a match and lighting a small wax taper which he never travelled without, he had—but let me relate this most interesting incident in his own words. "I had long thought that in these hieroglyphics there was a rhythmic repetition, a logarithmic sequence of numbers—either a ready reckoner, or *musical rhythm arranged in a preconceived order of time.* In fact, guided by this idea, and assuming the Stork—a

frequently recurring image—to be a common chord—major or minor according to the arrangement of standing on one leg or on two, and proceeding from this idea to work out a system of accidentals, either flat or sharp from the way in which certain dots or dashes were arranged, I had found a most remarkable thing;—treated by my mode of translation, I found that two rows of hieroglyphics, when played upon my violin, gave the exact melody of "Uncle Ned."

"On going to bed on the night in question I had only one problem unsolved, and before sending this key to a new world of music to the London and Paris Academies, I wanted this difficulty to be cleared up. A possible solution had occurred to me as I lay wakeful in bed. Such momentous issues were at stake that I rose, although it was midnight, and made my way to the British Museum:—but I have not yet told you what the difficulty was. It was *the division of the music into bars.*

"Of course it was possible that the Egyptian musicians did not adopt any division of the kind. The monks who wrote the music of ecclesiastical plain-song frequently dispensed with it. And yet I thought the Genius of the Egyptian idiosyncrasy was one requiring the fullest development of order and arrangement. I, therefore, greatly desired to find an additional proof of the nationality of the music in a further evidence of its being according to the character of the people, who, I assumed, had written the music.

"This night an idea flashed upon me. Can I find at recurring equal intervals any figure which may mean the commencement of a bar? I had looked in vain for any such recurrence, but now the thought struck me:—Can there be any peculiarity of position—not the same *figure* recurring—but the same *position?* Yes! the problem was solved.

"On reaching the celebrated Memphis stone, brought

home in fragments in five ships by Sir Theodore Dry, and afterwards pieced together, I found that *every fourth figure stood on its head.*

"My task was accomplished and I went home to bed with a higher opinion than ever of my own extraordinary gifts. And, in passing, I may inform you that there is little original music composed now; what we get is, for the most part, but a transcription of Egyptian Music hall songs from the hieroglyphics at Thebes or at Memphis. Even the abstruse science of counterpoint may be better learnt from Egyptian hieroglyphics than from the works of Bach and De Witt."

But to return. I was waiting for my friend Deadlock Bones, when a knock came to the door and immediately there entered a respectably dressed, middle-aged woman, who, after a few preliminary remarks, informed me that she wanted help to find a missing letter.

My friend Deadlock Bones presently came in and, when the woman apologized for her intrusion as a poor woman and a stranger, he instantly replied: "You are not quite so much a stranger to me as you think. I know a great deal about you; your name is Mary Smith, and you are a widow; your trade is that of a washerwoman; you lodge over a tobacconist's shop, and you were born in Yorkshire."

The woman staggered to a chair and only saved herself from fainting by fanning herself with a pocket handkerchief, at the same time gasping out "All true, Sir, but 'owever did you find it out?"

Deadlock Bones smiled with his usual inscrutable smile and said that these were mere trifles and self evident, though indeed he had never heard of her 'till that moment. I made a mental note that I would ask him to explain his mysterious power later on, and I will give the reader the benefit of my information when my story hangs fire a little, as probably it will very soon.

Deadlock Bones drew up his spare figure and stood with his back to the fire, his long fingers pressed tip to tip against each other, his eyes half closed, and his whole face betraying the receptive faculty in full working-order.

The facts of the case were simply these. Mrs. Smith (I may say at once that *was* the woman's name) had a son in America who for years had been trying to persuade his mother to join him in the United States. At last he had scraped together enough money to pay for her passage. This money in American greenbacks had reached her yesterday morning. The poor woman had gone out to work leaving the precious letter containing the greenbacks on her table. Returning in the evening she found the letter gone. Her first thought was to go for the police, but, on consulting her landlord (who was indeed a tobacconist as Deadlock Bones had discovered), she had been dissuaded from that course. This man had been engaged in the celebrated *Emerald Teapot Case* and knew of Deadlock Bones' superiority to the police force in difficult questions. So on his recommendation Mrs. Smith had come to my friend.

After hearing the particulars, Deadlock Bones walked to a sideboard, where he cut for himself a slice of beef; eating at the same time a roll, and drinking a cup of coffee. He declared himself ready.

"We will come with you," he said.

"We," said I, "do you want me?"

"Yes, Thompson," he replied; "if you will be good enough to accompany us. And bring with you remedies for a suffocated man."

How could he have come to the conclusion that we should have a suffocated man to deal with? Yet he had and rightly so. All I can say is that truth is stranger than fiction, and I am sure that the readers of these papers must often have been convinced of this fact.

We were led to a small back street, in an obscure part

of Wapping, to a mean looking house, the front room of which was converted into a *Tobacconist's* shop. Our washerwoman friend (yes, she was a washerwoman; Deadlock Bones was right in this also) lived in a garret at the top of the house.

Her room-door was locked. Before unlocking it Deadlock Bones said: "Now, in entering this room, kindly keep your feet extended as far as possible in a lateral direction, so as not to disturb the dust left by previous visitors in the centre of the doorway. But perhaps you will let me enter alone."

He did so. I was surprised to see him carefully examine every inch of the uncarpetted floor. Presently, he stopped, and taking out the powerful lens, which he always carried, examined with it a small shining ring which was just visible in a crack of the boards. With his penknife he successfully extracted a *fireman's button*.

To my surprise, he placed it carefully on his right temple. "Ah," he said, "this button was worn within thirty-six hours. It still retains the faintest possible indication of human warmth. *My* temple alone could have detected it; for many years I have studied the faint indications of the warmth of human bodies distinguishable by this method, and my perception is so delicate that I seldom make a mistake. And now to trace the button. Do you know a fireman?" he asked Mrs. Smith. She replied that she did not. But of course, she added, Mr. Shag the tobacconist had a nephew who was a fireman, only she did not know him.

"Ah," said Deadlock Bones, "that will do, you are quite sure you locked the door when you went out, that no one else has a key, and you kept your's in your pocket?"

On receiving affirmative replies to all these questions, he carefully examined the room—a small room, with only three openings, a door, an attic window, and a rather large fire-place. First, he examined the lock of the door, it had

not been tampered with; then he looked up the chimney, nothing to be seen there; lastly, he turned to the window, "I see," he said, after he had looked out, "he came in this way. Look at the rain-water pipe recently loosened; but he felt it give and dared not return by the way he came; the pipe would most certainly have broken. Which way did he go then? A fireman can climb, and perhaps he went up the chimney. Can we get on to the roof?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Smith, "there is a trap-door just over the landing."

We soon reached the roof. No soot, no mark of footsteps. Deadlock Bones looked down the chimney. He looked, he listened, presently he applied one end of his cane carefully to the edge of the chimney-pot and took the other end between his teeth. After a moment's silence, he gave a sigh of relief. Calling me aside, he said in a whisper:—

"Thompson, the fireman is in the chimney. I will return to Mrs. Smith's room, but do you slip down to the tobacconist's shop, and fetch up a quarter of a pound of Scotch snuff."

I did so, and wonderingly I saw Deadlock Bones carefully place the snuff in a little heap on the hob of Mrs. Smith's fireplace, and, borrowing her bellows, by a skilful action he caused the snuff to fly up the chimney. The effect was remarkable; a series of violent sneezes was heard, and presently the author of the sneezes appeared in the shape of a burly young fireman who came down in a cloud of soot.

As soon as he recovered his senses by the aid of my restoratives, he confessed that he had stolen the letter—not however, as a vulgar robber, but rather as a disappointed lover. For some time the charms of the widow of the late Mr. Smith had filled him with most unreasonable jealousy and seeing the postman deliver a letter to her, he had determined to find out if it were not from some

favoured swain. At the moment of reading it he had heard our footsteps outside the door and had darted up the chimney.

My readers will be pleased to hear that when Mrs. Smith departed to America, she was not alone—she was no longer Mrs. Smith but Mrs. Something-else, and was accompanied by a fine young man who may perhaps make his mark as a volunteer fireman in the United States.

On enquiring of my friend how he had so quickly discovered Mrs. Smith's name, and the other circumstances connected with her, he treated his astonishing insight very lightly.

"She was a washerwoman," he said, "clearly; the peculiarly pink, wrinkled and unnaturally clean hands, told me that at once."

"She was also a widow. This was evident, although she did not wear weeds, for I saw that a small hole in her apron had been patched with a fragment of the peculiar white crêpe with which widows' caps are adorned. And on the hem of her dress I saw two small flakes of an unsmoked cigar, and also a little powder of snuff which told me that she came from the home of a tobacconist."

"But how did you know her birthplace and her name?" (Her birthplace it afterwards appeared was Oswaldkirk and her name, Mary Smith.)

He replied, "she was clearly Yorkshire, for she asked me if I was *too throng* to attend to her, and said she was 'nobut a poor woman!' Surely that was Yorkshire enough for anything."

"And her name?"

"Ah!" he said, "sometimes you must make a bold guess, and I simply took the two commonest names in England *Mary—Smith*."

W. J. Boddy.

The College Diary.

Only nine boys remained during the Christmas holidays. J. Dawson returned to complete his preparation for the Matriculation Examination in January. Mr. F. Bégue left for Barton-on-Humber to prepare for ordination. Mr. G. Pentony also left to the regret both of College and Community.

Dec. 23. One of the most violent wind-storms ever experienced. Several of our noblest trees were rooted up.

Jan. 16. School opens. Considering the frightful weather the attendance creditable. Only one boy had left, F. Heptonstall, and his place was taken by J. O'Hagan. J. Hoban came a few days afterwards. Mr. W. Smith, Jun., came to spend a few weeks with us.

The winter was of Arctic severity. From New Year's day we had a daily recurrence of terrible snow-storms. A train returning from Kirby Moorside was buried in a snowdrift. Several hundred deer perished of cold and starvation on Lord Feversham's Moors.

Jan. 17. Election of Captain. E. Traynor was voted but declined the honour in order to devote himself more thoroughly to study.

Jan. 20. A second voting. L. Farrell was returned and selected the following officers as his coadjutors: Secretary, M. Willson; Librarian of Upper Library, V. Dawes; Office-men, Buggins and Heywood; Gas-men, McCann and Nevill; Clothes-men, Parker and Daniel; College-men, Adamson, Briggs and Johnstone; Common-man, Galavan.

A football match had been arranged for this day, but the great depth of snow on the ground rendered play impossible. Two other matches had to be abandoned for the same reason. Altogether the year was not a propitious one for football. However, we took advantage of the snow to enjoy some pleasant sledging and tobogganning; every form of sleigh turned out, from the bottom of a soap box to the "barge" which had iron runners and carried six passengers. The carpenter did good business.

The snow rather spoiled the skating though constant attempts were made to keep the football field, which was flooded as usual,

in good condition. The visits of the sweepers to the pond could not keep pace with the constant falls of snow.

Feb. 7. Month-day. Devoted altogether to sleighing and tobogganning.

Feb. 8. T. Murphy returned from Canada, where he had been home for a holiday. He is studying for the Intermediate in July.

Feb. 14. An invitation from Sir George Wombwell to skate at Coxwold. Several of the Religious and the Matriculation class went and spent a pleasant day over a game of hockey. Lunch was sent out to the skaters from the Priory.

Feb. 25-6. On both these days a musical interlude, entitled "The King of the Cannibal Islands," was played. The piece was much appreciated on both occasions, but especially on the second when it was slightly lengthened and the players acted with more spirit.

March 1. St. Chad's.

March 2. Month-day.

March 10. Mr. G. Pentony and Mr. Forshaw paid us a short visit.

March 12. Feast of St. Gregory. Pontifical Mass by the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley. Meeting of the Committee to discuss *The Ampleforth Journal*. A general game of football.

March 13. A play-day given by Fr. Prior at Bishop Hedley's request.

March 14. Fr. Hildebrand left with Fr. Prior for Blackpool on account of his health.

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. In the morning a game of Football between the adherents of the Shamrock and the Rose, and in the afternoon a game of rounders. National feeling was strong on both sides and in each game those who fought under the banner of St. Patrick were victorious.

March 18. Wilfrid Pentony left for Waterloo with Fr. Francis.

March 21. The Feast of Our Holy Father. High Mass. A game of football between the Poetry Class and the Lower Library. The latter were victorious.

March 25. Fr. Luke Rivington began the discourses of a Retreat to the Community.

March 31. Passion Sunday. Bishop Lacy ordained Fr. Aidan, priest; Brs. Austin, Edmund, Bede and Vincent, deacons; and Brs. Paul and Bernard sub-deacons. We offer them our heartiest

congratulations. In the evening his Lordship gave Pontifical Benediction.

April 1. Feast of St. Stephen Harding. Fr. Aidan sang his first Mass in the presence of Community and boys, and several of his friends. Afterwards all came up to the altar for his blessing.

April 3. Harry Priestman paid us a farewell visit before leaving England for the Barbadoes.

April 7. Holy Week. On Wednesday Fr. Whittle arrived to give the usual Lenten Retreat to the boys.

April 14. Easter Sunday. Pontifical blessing was given by special permission of His Holiness the Pope, after the general Communion of the boys.

Guests at Easter-tide: Messrs. Cheney, Dawson, G. Pentony, M. Worthy, Mackenzie, FitzGerald, Connor, P. Lacy, C. and F. Hines, P. Carroll, Greenwood, J. Dawson.

The annual football-match with the Old Amplefordians. A pleasant game ended in a victory for the Collegians. J. Dawson, who had left so recently, played for the Visitors. G. Smith left.

April 14. Visit of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lambert bringing three sons, Gerald, Wilfrid and Paul.

April 15. Long walks into the country. A telegram in the evening announced the sad news of Wilfrid Pentony's death at Bournemouth. Paco Heywood left for Oxford.

April 16. Football-match with Kirby-Moorside. The College won.

April. 17. Funeral of Mr. Chas. Langdale of Houghton Hall. Fr. Prior and some of the Community went to sing the Requiem.

Wilfrid Pentony's body, brought from Bournemouth by his brothers, was met at Gilling by the school and carried in procession to the College church.

April 18. Funeral of Wilfrid Pentony. A Solemn Requiem was sung by Fr. Francis, assisted by Br. Paul as Subdeacon. A funeral discourse was preached by Fr. Wilfrid. The body was afterwards laid in a grave in the cemetery in the College grounds.

April 22. Frs. Denis Firth and Leo Almond came to pay a short visit. Fr. Paulinus Hickey came for his annual Retreat.

April 23. Feast of St. George.

April 24. Visit of Mr. Bernard Smith.

May 2. Month-day. Matriculation Class went to Pickering and spent a pleasant day.

May 3. Fr. Anderson came to make a Retreat. Mr. Raby also came to spend some time with his old friends.

May 4. Visit of Madame Cournollet and friends. The Cricket season commenced with the Colts match. The eleven won. D'Andria distinguished himself among the Colts by his bowling.

May 13. Frs. Gregory Browne and Vincent Wilson came for their Retreat.

May 15. Month's mind of Wilfrid Pentony—Solemn Requiem, Mass and absolutions.

May 19. Mr. Willson paid us a visit for a few days.

May 23. Cricket-match at Rudding Park. The College won. We append the scores :—

COLLEGE.		RUDDING PARK.	
Rev. B. Hayes, c. Thompson, b. Webster	1	Hon. H. Hawke, b. Pentony	44
Mr. J. Raby, c. Hill, b. Webster	8	Webster, c. Hayes, b. Turner	19
J. Galavan, b. Bennett	34	Thompson, c. Turner, b. Pentony	13
Rev. P. Pentony, b. Thompson	44	Fairfax, c. McLoughlin, b. Quinn	16
J. Quinn, b. Bennett	6	Rev. F. Wood, b. Pentony	0
Rev. A. Turner, b. Bennett	5	Wharton, b. Pentony	4
Mr. McLoughlin, c. Hill, b. Bennett	17	Cade, b. Quinn	3
R. Connor, b. Thompson	9	Hill, not out	11
P. Buggins, l.b.w., b. Bennett	0	Bennett, b. Quinn	1
J. Potter, run out	0	Carroll, b. Pentony	2
E. Traynor, not out	3	Pennington, c. Galavan, b. Pentony	2
Extras	16	Extras	4
Total	143	Total	119

May 27. Opening of the new church at Helmsley, dedicated to Our Lady. The choir attended, and High Mass was sung by Fr. Prior. Fr. Prest, O.S.B., preached the sermon.

May 29. Fr. Hildebrand returned to College not much benefited by his absence.

May 30. Cricket-match with Castle Howard on the College ground. Scores as under :—

COLLEGE.		CASTLE HOWARD.	
Schofield (pro.), b. Harper	19	R. Blades, b. Schofield	14
Mr. J. Raby, c. Sprent, b. Harper	25	E. Skilbeck, b. Pentony	18
Rev. B. Hayes, c. Vester, b. Boyes	16	J. D. Peacock, b. Pentony	4

J. Galavan, l.b.w., b. Boyes	0	J. Tindall, b. Pentony	2
Mr. McLoughlin, b. Boyes	14	H. Boyes (Capt.), b. Pentony	19
J. Quinn, b. Boyes	1	H. Tiplady, c. Galavan, b. Schofield	6
R. Connor, h.wkt., b. Smith	14	Dr. Sprent, c. Galavan, b. Schofield	0
P. Buggins, c. Smith, b. Peacock	19	A. Foster, b. Schofield	0
V. Dawes, b. Smith	0	H. Smith, b. Schofield	0
Rev. P. Pentony, not out	2	W. Vester, b. Schofield	0
Rev. A. Turner, c. Vester, b. Peacock	0	J. Harper, not out	2
Extras	11	Extras	7
Total	121	Total	72

June 1. The cricket-eleven known as the P.E.C.C which had been rising into prominence for some time, enboldened by their almost uninterrupted successes against other teams, challenged the first eleven. They showed that their self-confidence was not misplaced as they proved the victors.

June 2. Visit of Mrs. and the Misses Hayes.

June 3. Frs. Placid O'Brien and Maurus Lucan came to make their retreat. Mr. Fishwick paid us a visit.

June 4. The first eleven played St. Peter's School at York; the second elevens met at home. We are sorry to have to record defeat in both instances.

1st. eleven.

ST. PETER'S		COLLEGE.	
A. M. Sullivan, b. Quinn	34	P. Buggins, b. Shepherd	2
R. M. Nevile, b Quinn	1	J. Quinn, b. Shepherd	15
H. Wheelwright, c. Quinn b. Connor	14	J. Galavan, b. Shepherd	5
M. Hingston, c. and b. Nevill	10	R. Connor, l.b.w., b. Shepherd	1
J. Shepherd, (Capt.), b. Traynor	0	C. Swarbreck, b. Shepherd	0
B. Hudson, c. and b. Quinn	4	E. Traynor, b. Shepherd	4
R. S. Russell, b. Quinn	8	J. Potter, (Capt.), c, Bailey, b. Nevill	0
E. J. Joicey, l.b.w., b. Nevill	2	V. Dawes, b. Shepherd	8
G. Yeld, b. Nevill	0	A. Swarbreck, b. Shepherd	3
R. H. Bailey, not out	5	K. Weighill, b. Shepherd	0
J. P. Watson, b. Nevill	5	G. Nevill, not ou	15
Extras	9		
Total	92	Total	53

2nd eleven.

J. Metcalf, b. Stourton	3	J. Stanton, c. Bingham, b. Ford ...	5
H. Greeves, b. Mawson	20	A. Hayes, c. Paver-Crow, b. Greeves	0
J. Ford, b. Mawson	2	G. Farrell, b. Greeves	0
L. Moiser, c. Ennis, b. Stourton ...	2	Hon. Nigel Stourton run out... ...	6
C. Cass, run out	1	E. Daniel, (Capt.), b. Ford	0
N. Roy, c. Daniel, b. Mawson ...	1	A. Magoris, c. Paver-Crow, b. Ford	0
J. Winn, b. Mawson	6	R. Adamson, b. Ford	2
R. Bingham, b. Mawson	0	J. Murphy, run out	2
E. Carter, b. Magoris	4	B. Mawson, c. Paver-Crow, b. Greeves	4
R. Paver-Crow, b. Magoris	0	E. Murphy, not out	4
T. Romans, not out	1	J. Ennis, b. Greeves, ...	2
		Extras	0
Total	40	Total	25

June 8. P. Buggins, J. Parker, R. Willson and V. Dawes went to Birmingham for the London Matriculation Examination. Fr. Bégue was ordained priest at Nottingham.

June 9. The Malton Charity Sermons. The Ampleforth College Choir, consisting of "forty trained voices" assisted. Frs. Sub-prior and Clement preached.

June 10. L. Farrell and E. Traynor went to Leeds to be examined for Matriculation.

June 11. The York Pilgrimage in honour of St. William.

June 13. Feast of Corpus Christi. Bishop Lacy came to give Confirmation to fifteen of the boys. Several also made their First Communion. The usual Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The weather prevented the Procession from leaving the buildings.

Fr. Fletcher who had come for the Feast gave a variety entertainment in the evening—the "Jam" being especially appreciated.

June 16. Sunday within the Octave. The usual Procession, attended this year by an unusual congregation. Fair weather.

June 17. We were glad to see Fr. Bridges, an enthusiastic friend of St. Lawrence's, at the visitors table. Frs. Maurus Carew and Egbert Turner came for their Retreat.

June 18. The Thirsk cricket-match. The fixture reached its majority with this match. We have to thank the energy and persistence of Mr. Swarbreck, who, in 21 years, has never failed to

bring or send an eleven. This year rain fell heavily until nearly 12 o'clock and the wicket was soft and treacherous. Both teams were strong, but with each the scoring was low. Thirsk went in first and made 84. We started well with Br. Austin, and Mr. Raby, but then a rot set in and nine wickets were down for 37. Hard hitting by Mr. McLoughlin and steady defence by Potter raised our hopes, and amid intense excitement the Thirsk total was passed by two. The batsmen were carried in triumph off the field.

THIRSK.		COLLEGE.	
Horner, c. Connor, b. Schofield ...	15	Rev. A. Hind, c. Ayre, b. Lazenby	8
Wright, b. Schofield	5	Mr. Raby, b. Wheater	10
Atkinson, b. Pentony	3	Rev. W. B. Hayes, b. Lazenby ...	1
Hansell, b. Pentony	5	Schofield, c. Bolton, b. Lazenby ...	7
Peat, c. Potter, b. Quinn	15	Rev. A. P. Pentony, run out... ...	0
		Rev. J. C. Standish, c. Peat, b. Lazenby	5
Wheater, c. Quinn, b. Pentony ...	4	J. Galavan, b. Lazenby	3
Lazenby, c. Connor, b. Pentony ...	15	Mr. G. McLoughlin, not out... ...	45
Ayre, b. Quinn...	10	R. Connor, b. Lazenby	0
J. Swarbreck, b. Quinn	6	J. Quinn, b. Horner...	0
B. Swarbreck, b. Pentony	0	J. Potter, c. Hansell, b. Wheater	6
Bolton, not out...	4	Extras	2
Extras	2		
Total	84	Total	87

In 2nd innings Thirsk scored 89 for 6 wickets.

June 29. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Return match with Castle Howard (away). Another defeat.

CASTLE HOWARD.		COLLEGE.	
E. Southall, b. Schofield	55	Mr. Raby, c. Blades, b. Blackburn	1
A. Bradshaw, c. McLoughlin, b. Schofield	0	Schofield, b. Southall	2
R. Blades, b. Pentony	1	Rev. T. A. Hind, b. Southall ...	0
H. Boyes, b. Schofield	0	J. Galavan, run out	0
		Rev. A. P. Pentony, st. Blades, b. Blackburn	14
J. Tindall, b. Schofield	1	Mr. McLoughlin, c. Southall, b. Blackburn	0
H. Tiplady, st. Pentony, b. Schofield	5	R. Connor, b. Southall	0
F. W. Bradshaw, b. Pentony ...	0		
W. H. Knagg, c. Pentony, b. Schofield	3	J. Quinn, b. Southall	1

Revatson, Potter, b. Schofield	16	P. Buggins, b. Southall	4
J. Harper, b. Pentony	0	G. Farrell, b. Blackburn	2
		J. Potter, not out	7
Extras	14	Extra	1
Total	95	Total	32

In 2nd innings Castle Howard scored 134.

June 30. The Thirsk Choir-day. Fr. Clement preached both sermons.

July 1. Canons Wade and Willson came to stay with us a few days.

July 2. Month-day. Return match with St. Peter's. Again our old adversaries were victorious both away and at home. In the 2nd eleven contest Magoris did the hat trick.

COLLEGE.		ST. PETER'S.	
P. Buggins, c. Sullivan, b. Shepherd	5	J. Shepherd, c. Connor, b. Quinn	5
J. Quinn, c. Shepherd, b. Hingston	5	R. Nevile, run out	6
J. Johnstone, c. Hudson, b. Shepherd	18	H. Wheelwright, b. Nevill	2
J. Galavan, b. Hingston	2	A. M. Sullivan, b. Quinn	16
R. Connor, c. Hudson, b. Hingston	6	B. Hudson, c. Stourton, b. Connor	31
J. Potter, b. Hingston	1	E. J. Joicey, b. Galavan	4
Hon. Nigel Stourton, b. Hingston	7	M. Hingston, c. Nevill, b. Connor	28
G. Nevill, c. Sullivan, b. Hingston	0	R. H. Bailey, b. Quinn	3
C. Swarbreck, run out	0	R. F. Russell, run out	1
A. Swarbreck, c. Sullivan, b. Shepherd	0	J. P. Watson, not out	4
G. Farrell, not out	0	G. G. Yeld, st. Farrell, b. Johnstone	12
Extras	3	Extras	9
Total	47	Total	121

In 2nd innings the College scored 84 for 4 wickets, Johnstone making 33, and Buggins 19.

July 4. Cricket-match with Ripon Grammar School. Weather cold and rainy. Another defeat.

COLLEGE.		RIPON.	
P. Buggins, c. Wood, b. Day	25	Daniel, c. Johnstone, b. Nevill	26
J. Quinn, b. Day	1	Wood, b. Quinn	4
J. Johnstone, c. Daniel, b. Day	0	Skene, c. Connor, b. Johnstone	5

J. Galavan, b. Daniel	0	Day, c. Buggin, b. Nevill	0
R. Connor, l.b.w., b. Day	17	Hartley, c. Potter, b. Quinn	0
J. Potter, b. Daniel	0	Thompson, c. Potter, b. Nevill	10
P. Daniel, b. Daniel	0	T. Tattersall, b. Magoris	4
G. Nevill, c. Hartley, b. Daniel	1	Whitney, not out	7
		E. Tattersall, c. Stourton, b. Johnstone	0
Hon. Ed. Stourton, not out	6	Isgar, b. Quinn	1
A. Magoris, c. Day, b. Daniel	2	Robinson, b. Quinn	0
G. Farrell, b. Daniel	0	Extra	1
Extra	1	Total	58
Total	53		

July 8. Upper Library outing to Scarborough. Fine weather An enjoyable day with the usual seaside amusements.

July 11. Solemn Commemoration of Our Holy Father. Cricket-match with Mr. Whincup's Knaresborough team. The match ended in a draw.

KNARESBRO'		COLLEGE.	
T. Sellers, c. McLoughlin, b. Pentony	29	Rev. W. B. Hayes, run out	0
H. Benson, b. Schofield	2	Schofield, not out	32
Rev. A. W. Sewart, c. McLoughlin, b. Schofield	11	J. Johnson, b. Sellers	7
C. W. Whincup, c. Pentony	9	Rev. A. P. Pentony, run out	2
E. Meluthorpe, b. Schofield	0	J. Galavan, b. Benson	7
		Mr. McLoughlin, c. Luty, b. Meluthorpe	4
J. Luty, st. Pentony, b. Schofield	11	R. Connor, b. Benson	3
F. Smith, b. Schofield	11	J. Quinn	Did not bat.
A. R. Stoker, c. Galavan, b. Schofield	5	P. Buggins	
W. Benson, b. McLoughlin	8	G. Farrell	
H. Bell, not out	1	J. Potter	
R. Whincup, b. Schofield	1		
Extras	5	Extras	9
Total	93	Total	64

July 13. Close of the extremely early hay season. Mr. Perry is to be congratulated on his foresight in utilising the beautiful weather of the last few weeks.

July 14. First full-dress rehearsal of the Opera.

July 15. Oxford Local Examinations commenced to-day under the presidency of Canon Hudson. They will end on Friday evening.

Our good wishes and farewell to Robert Willson and John Potter who leave for Belmont on the completion of the term.

Owing to the Oxford Local Examinations the choir and band feast has been postponed until Saturday, July 20.

The Debates.

Feb 2. The first debate was distinguished by a speech from Mr. W. Smith an old parliamentarian. He spoke of the benefit he had received from the practice of debating. Mr. Farrell thanked his electors for his position of Captain and expressed regret that Mr. Traynor had been unable to undertake the office. Mr. Potter raised the question of the Athletic Sports, a subject that failed to excite enthusiasm.

Feb 17. An interesting discussion on a petition to the Upper House presented by Mr. Heywood asking an increase of voting power to the Upper Library. Mr. Byrne opposed the petition amid the cheering of the assembly. Mr. Traynor and Mr. McCann also opposed. Mr. Murphy criticised the arguments of former speakers and proposed as an amendment a distinction of voting power between the Upper and Lower Libraries. The meeting was adjourned.

Feb. 20. Continuation of the adjourned debate. A new amendment was proposed by Mr. Potter limiting the effect of the petition to the voting for Captain. A good speech by Mr. A. Byrne, a member of the lower grammar class, defending the rights of the Junior members, was well received. The amendments were rejected. The meeting adjourned.

March 3. Mr. Heywood now amended his petition, but after Mr. Connor, Mr. Byrne Senr. and Mr. Nevill had spoken against it, both the amended petition and the original motion were rejected by the House. At Mr. Traynor's request the Football Bill was read.

March 9. Complaints against the Government by the opposition; the Government triumphed. The Captain addressed the school on the question of practice for the sports.

April 28. Thanks from the Captain on his election. The Racquet rules and Cricket Bill read.

May 16. Compliments to the Government on the success of their administration.

July 16, 1895

M. Willson.
L. Farrell.

Wilfrid Pentony. R.I.P.

Only thrice before have the annals of Ampleforth recorded the unpleasant fact that it falls to our lot to announce in this, the first issue of our Journal—the death of one of the students. During the hundred years that have nigh elapsed since the first boy made his home within the walls of the college, only three times has the icy hand of death thrust itself into our midst and grasped its victim in the fulness of life. If there is one place in the world where death is an unwelcome visitor, where death seems, one might almost say, unnatural, it is in a college, in which life, giving the lie to nature, would appear a perpetual spring, where the bloom of health ever keeps its tint and the sap of strength its vigour. But as, on a treacherous night in May, the cold blast sweeps over the fair face of nature withering with its keen breath the tender flower, so has death stolen into the very sanctuary of life and made us feel the force of that truth that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' On its first entry into life, our Journal has to chronicle the death of one of our students. Wilfrid Pentony came to Ampleforth in the month of January 1885. He was then nine years of age. Home-sickness did not throw the gloom of

melancholy over his spirit. We well remember him the day after he came swinging on the trapeze in the gymnasium, as happy as the day was long, thoroughly at home. This may be called the feature of his life here. The college was his home; he threw himself heart and soul into its life, was genial and kind towards his companions, friendly, and respectful towards his masters, a loyal and devoted son of his Alma Mater. Of an ardent temperament the out-door life of the college had a great attraction for him. It is related of him that he was captain of a cricket team and in the middle of an exciting match was seen standing in the centre of the field, scoring, umpiring and cheering on his men at one and the same time. This was the spirit with which he entered into the game. He was the most persistent yet pleasantest of opponents. Nor had the intellectual life of the college scarcely less attraction for him. Of a quick and intelligent mind he held his own with boys many years older than himself and by degrees rose to the top of the school. Anyone who had to deal with him in later years could easily discern, below the ripples of joy that danced and sparkled on the surface of his soul, a depth of earnestness and lively interest in the deeper truths of life. He felt

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things
> Fallings from us, vanishings."

Accordingly, when he came to decide on his future career, no one was surprised to learn that he had applied for permission to take the habit of St. Benedict. Preparatory to his doing so, he went last year to spend a few months in Belgium, and here the great change set in which was to cut short the life which had opened full of promise. On his return to Ampleforth after last midsummer vacation the difference in him was painful to witness. His eyes had lost their brightness, his cheeks had grown pale, a racking cough seemed to torture his whole system. The dreadful truth was forced upon us:—he had come back to England to die. Still he was cheerful, full of hope, never suspecting the presence of the spectre that was visibly hovering over him. He would walk down to the football field, chafing at the cruel kindness of the infirmarian who forbade him to play and assuring us that "next week" he would take up his old position in the field. Thus the winter wore on and the springtime came. How he had longed for the green leaves, and the songs of the birds and the glad sunshine which would be certain, he said, to cure him! It was an early spring and it seemed to have come at his request proffering health with its bountiful hands. It met him more than half way but his feeble hand in vain strove to grasp it. Every means was tried to work a change, and at last it was decided that a long voyage might arrest the consumption that was gnawing his life gradually away. Towards the end of March he left us for a voyage longer far than he anticipated. The doctors at Liverpool saw clearly that his state of health did not allow of his taking a long voyage, that to set sail would be an invitation to death. "He went to Bournemouth," here we are quoting the beautiful words that were spoken at his funeral "where everything that kind relatives and skilful nursing could do was done to restore him, but in vain. He sank rapidly, but no one, least of all himself, thought the end was so near. Only ten days before, when all hope of recovery had vanished, it was thought good to warn him, so that he might prepare for death. Can we wonder that the news at first shocked him, that with youth's bright hopes of life before him, he shrank from the cold thought of death? Can we wonder that he wept and sobbed, and throwing his arms round the Sister who watched him, cried out, 'Oh! I am so young to die!' There was a struggle for a time in his mind, a short sharp struggle

expressed in his own words: 'God's will be done; I am ready for God's will, but I am too young to die.' Then, on the third day, seeing the good Sister moved to tears, he asked in his child-like way: 'What are *you* crying for? If it comes to that I will never cry again;'—and he never did. The struggle was over and grace had conquered nature. From that moment he was no longer a child. He faced death with all the confidence of a Christian victor, and prepared to meet it with all the fervour of his soul. 'Tell me all about heaven' was his constant request. 'I am not afraid to die. If God wills, it is better I should die now than live to be a bad man.' . . .
He sank rapidly during the day (Easter Monday), but was perfectly conscious almost to the last minute, and perfectly cheerful and resigned. Almost his first greeting to his brother was: 'Well, what must they think of me at Ampleforth, coming all this way only to die?' At about five o'clock, he said: 'Have you finished your office? Tell them all to come up and say good-bye—I feel that I may die to-night, and should like to say good-bye before I am unconscious.' Then, seeing the tears they could not restrain, he said: 'Why are you crying? you ought to be glad. I'm not afraid to die,'—and then he added, what, my dear boys, I trust you will all, one day, be able to repeat—'No, I've made so many good Retreats, I ought not to be afraid to die.' His confessor then gave him the last blessing, and they knelt to say the Litany for a Happy Death. They spoke softly, so as not to disturb him,—but he asked what they were saying, and when told, answered cheerfully: 'Say it aloud!' and then he asked them to say an Act of Contrition, which he repeated, and when that was done he asked vehemently: 'Say it again!' and then again and again many times. . . . . And so, in the midst of prayer and peaceful resignation, he breathed his soul into the hands of God."

Fr. Prior had kindly obtained permission from the

Superiors of the Congregation to clothe him in the holy habit, but the end came so suddenly that his brother, who had the permission with him, arrived too late to communicate the welcome news. Fr. Prior followed up this kindness by offering his relations the privilege of having the funeral at Ampleforth and a grave in the monastic cemetery. This was gratefully accepted and on Easter Wednesday evening the body arrived at Gilling, It was met by the boys at the station and they walked in procession behind the hearse to the college. Office of the Dead was said that night at which all the boys assisted, and then the lid of the coffin was removed in order that all might take a farewell look at the features of their dead companion. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on the following morning by Father Francis, the brother of the deceased, and after those touching words were spoken, of which an idea may gathered from the considerable quotations we have made in this memoir, the procession passed over the bridge and wound along the hill side to the retired monastic cemetery, accompanied by the plaintive strains of the Miserere and the sobbing of many hearts. The burial service was read, the priests sprinkled the grave with holy water, the boys as they gazed into the grave said a short prayer for the repose of his soul, and then wended their way, silently and sadly, to the college.

It is not often, thank God, that His heavy hand lies so heavy upon us, it is not often that He calls on a victim to make such an heroic sacrifice, but we must all feel the chastening influence of affliction, feel that it makes "more of reverence in us dwell" and thank Him who enables us to

> "reach a hand thro' time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears."

J. E. M.

Notes.

"Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!" The 'Diary' is dead; long live the Journal! In a neat coffin of red calf the late monarch has begun his long rest on our bookshelves. We part from him with regret. Peace to his ashes! And what has the new King to say for himself? First, that he is the lineal descendent of the Diary and he is not ashamed of his parentage. Especially, he hopes to show himself a chip of the old block in his constant efforts after improvement. And in the main he has no higher aim than to be what the Diary wished to be, its full and mature development.

We give here a copy of the resolutions framed by the committee appointed to discuss the question of a Magazine:

Extract from the Minutes of the General Meeting of the Society held July 11, 1894, concerning the proposition "That the Report be incorporated in the 'Diary,' and the Society take it over as its organ,"

"* * * * Eventually, on the motion of Canon Wade, seconded by Father Morgan, it was resolved to appoint a Committee to report on the question to the next Annual Meeting, the Committee to consist of the Very Rev. President, Bishop Hedley, Fathers O'Brien, Prest, Darby, and Almond, and Messrs. Swarbreck and Fishwick."

In accordance with the above resolution, Father Prior convened a meeting of the aforesaid Committee at the College, on March 12, 1895.

There were present the Right Rev. the Bishop of Newport and Menevia (Chairman), the Very Rev. Prior, Father C. Almond, and Father W. Darby (Secretary).

Letters of apology for inability to attend were received from Messrs. Swarbreck and Fishwick, Fathers O'Brien and Prest, the last mentioned sending valuable suggestions.

After a long and careful consideration of the question in all its aspects, during which the full accounts of the working of the "Diary" were produced, and in which the Committee had the advantage of comparing them with the accounts of similar productions

elsewhere, it was unanimously resolved to make the following recommendations to the Society:—

1. That it is on all accounts advisable that there should be an Ampleforth Magazine on the scale of the best existing magazines of other Catholic Colleges.
2. That the Prior of S. Lawrence's be asked to take the responsibility, both Editorial and Financial, of the said Magazine.
3. That the Ampleforth Society contribute about £20 per annum to the expenses of such Magazine, the Manager undertaking to print and distribute, free of further expense to the Society, the Society's Annual Report (not including the Rules, nor List of Prizes), in the winter issue of the Magazine.
4. That the Magazine be called "The Ampleforth Journal," and be published three times each year, viz., at Midsummer, Christmas, and Easter.
5. That the Magazine consist of about 100 pages; the style and get up to be submitted to the General meeting of the Society.
6. That the College "Diary" in its present form be discontinued, and that a certain space in each number of the proposed Magazine be devoted to Notes on the Studies, Games, and other matters of College interest, under the name of "College Diary."
7. That as the Committee find that an edition of 500 copies (100 pages, demy 8vo), similiar in style to the "Downside Review," can be printed for about £17 (illustrations and postage not included), the Annual Subscription would have to be at least 3/- per annum.

*** It is understood that, having taken into consideration the above resolutions, the Rev. Father Prior proposes at once to undertake the preparation of a specimen number of such a "Journal," in time for the General Meeting at the Exhibition, in the coming July.

(*Signed*)

✠ JOHN CUTHBERT, O.S.B.,
Bishop of Newport and Menevia, *Chairman*.

J. W. DARBY, *Secretary*.

An editor's post is not usually considered an enviable one unless it carries with it an enviable salary. But with help and sympathy such as has been freely and graciously given to this the first number of the Journal, no editor would regret his editorship, nor even the lack of salary. His Lordship, Bishop Hedley, always anxious to promote and encourage literary effort, has not only contributed to this number, but generously promised his continued help in each successive issue. Other kind friends have promised occasional help and we have excellent reason to think that our circle of writers will greatly increase. Meanwhile our best thanks are due to those who have seen us safely through our first struggle. If the beginning is half the battle, then our comrades have proved a redoubtable phalanx since so far certainly, we may claim a victory.

For the advice of those who may be inspired to lend us the use of their talents at any time, may we say beforehand that the scope of literary matter we are willing to introduce is a wide one. Anything connected with St. Lawrence's—past, present or future—its neighbourhood, history, interests or belongings, will naturally be of chiefest interest, and equally whatever is connected with its studies or pursuits or advancement. We shall welcome notes of study, literary opinions, humorous recollections and descriptive narrative; it will be sufficient that the writer is an alumnus or friend of the College. A correspondence column will be at the service of those who seek for information and think we may be able to supply it. For our intention is to narrow the aim of the Journal only so far as to ensure its remaining Amplefordian either in its subject or in its workmanship.

A feature of the Journal will be, we hope, the illustrations. Laurentians have always had a leaning towards art-work, due doubtless to the successful and enthusiastic teaching of Mr. Boddy. We should have no difficulty in finding artistic contributors especially with the generous help of Mr. Bernard Smith and the promised assistance of Mr. Boddy. Both have already cemented their connection with the Journal—Mr. Smith with the beautiful designs for the cover and an illustrated paper on Welburn Hall, Mr. Boddy with a humorous story.

We hear that Canon Woods has just completed his translation of Abbate Tosti's Life of St. Benedict, and that it is now in the Press. Fr. Brierley has published a carefully written history of a saintly inmate of Toxteth workhouse. It is the lesson of a holy life under humble and prosaic conditions. We heartily commend it to our readers.

Since the disappearance of the snow the building operations have been pushed on with vigour. The new monastery is now several feet above the ground. It is a lesson in the peculiarities of trade prices and cost of transit that Bath stone can be put down at Gilling at a less price than inferior stone from the immediate neighbourhood.

Great industry has been shown in the preparation of the Opera. It is just 25 years since "Robert, King of Sicily" was first seen on our stage. The orchestra is small in comparison with recent years through the unavoidable flux and reflux of College life. But its members are well practised and in sympathy with each other. It is a band of brothers.

The shrovetide theatricals were marked by the reappearance of an actor who, it was thought, had permanently retired from the boards—John Brown. May his shadow never grow less!

The front Monastic Library has had to be broken up into three rooms to make provision for the increase of the members of the Community. The books are arranged on their old shelves, now set up in St. Cuthbert's Gallery.

The handsome present of scientific instruments, given by the Society, has been provided with a suitable case. Chief interest was shown in the Bramah press which, looking so pretty and fragile, had the reputation of being able to snap a bar of inch steel. Almost equal interest was felt in making the electrical Attwood's Machine go.

The admirers of Dr. Hedley's well-known Ode to *Alma Mater* will be interested to hear that Mr. Oberhoffer has been good enough to devote his time and learning to enrich and enlarge the musical setting. While adhering strictly to the old melody he has adorned it with new harmonies. A very full introduction has been added with a pleasing fugue as a finale. The whole is now elaborately scored

for full Orchestra. Messrs. Novello have published the new edition arranged for vocal and piano score. The reputation of the firm is a guarantee that it is excellently produced. It is now on sale at the price of 1/6 per copy.

We congratulate J. Dawson on passing successfully his Matriculation Examination.

Br. Edward Smith, an old alumnus, has been professed as a member of the Redemptorist Order.

The Bazaar at St. Anne's Edgehill has proved a success. More than £2,000 was taken during the week and the net profits must be something handsome. But even more valuable to the priests was the awakened sympathy shown in the mission and its work. The Secretaries, Mr. Hyde and Mr. J. Fishwick, merit the greatest praise for their energy and forethought.

The picture of St. Lawrence, which we have etched as a frontispiece, is from a copperplate of last century. It is not therefore the design of a great artist or the production of any noted school of painting. The original is valuable, from an artistic point of view, chiefly as a delicate exposition of engraving on copper. But, perhaps, the reader will be none the less pleased that it has no claim to be an old master.

A few of the various spellings of the name of Dieulouard according to Mr. Bussienne. In the year 1000 Dieulouvait; 1082 to 1089 Dieulemard; in 1097 Dieuleward; in 1343 Dieulouart; in 1552 Dieudevart. To these may be added Dieuloovart and Deulouvart found in Mabillon. Of the name of the actual site of the monastery, Mabillon says that it was built "in loco Gellani-montis."

We offer our sympathies to the Prior and Community of St. Edmund's, Douai, on the unexpected death of Fr. Dunstan Chambers which took place on the Eve of St. Benedict. R.I.P.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mr. G. C. Wray, once Secretary of the Ampleforth Society; and also for Mrs. Monaghan who for many years was connected with the work of the College

The last issue of the "Diary" was able to do no more than announce the death of Mr. Hugh Ainscough of Lancaster House. He will ever be looked upon as one of the great benefactors of the Order. To him and his brother Richard we owe a beautiful stone church with tower and lofty spire, admirable schools, an excellent priest's house and an endowment which makes it possible to have a resident priest where one is much needed, but otherwise could not be supported. By his edifying attendance at daily Mass he added to the value of his gift; teaching the little congregation by his example the use that should be made of it. A favour of the Holy See enabled him to hear Mass in his bedroom during his last illness. No one better merited the privilege. He passed away, fortified by all the rites of the Church, on December 12. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Benedictines of the neighbourhood. Fr. Prior Burge preached the funeral sermon. May he rest in peace.

Ampleforth Lists.

(*Continued.*)

1831–1838.

(Note.—Should any of our readers possess additional or more correct information about those of our Alumni whose names occur in these pages, or whose names have been omitted, we earnestly solicit them to communicate at once with Fr. Hildebrand Bradley at the College. ED.)

1831.

a. *Almond, Thomas Bede, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
Atkinson, Matthew, ...Gunnerton, Hexham.
*Atkinson, Thomas Augustine, O.S.B.
Gunnerton, Hexham.

a. Served St. Mary's Liverpool, more than 20 years. Procurator first of Monastery, and afterwards of North Province.

Brindle, Thomas, ...Brownedge.
a. *Brindle, William Ambrose, O.S.B., ...Brownedge.
b. *Burge, George Lawrence, O.S.B., ...Taunton.
c. Collins, John, ...Chorley.
Cuddon, James, ...London.
Cuddon, Frank, ...London.
Day, S., ...Lancashire.
d. *Donovan, J., D.D., ...Tralee.
Graham, John, ...Liverpool.
e. *Hall, John Placid, O.S.B., ...Brownedge.
Heaney, James, ...Liverpool.
Howe, Robert, ...Gainsboro'.
Jump, Henry, ...Liverpool.
Jump, Ralph, ...Liverpool.
f. *Price, Charles Wilfrid, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
*Poole, James Edmund, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
*Sutton, Henry Ignatius, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
Spencer, ...Liverpool.
Thomas, David, ...London.
*Thomas, John Basil, O.S.B., ...London.
Waring, G., ...Liverpool.
Weld, John, ...Leagram Hall.
Worsley, Robert, ...Lancashire.
Young, William, ...Felton, Northumberland.

1832.

Armstrong, James, ...Brandsby.
Beedom, James, ...Easingwold.

a. Was Chaplain for many years to nuns at Newton Abbott.
b. Professed for Monastery of Adrian and Denis. Many years served the mission of Barton-upon-Humber.
c. Drowned at Fairfax's pond, 1841, and buried in College Cemetery.
d. Professor of Sacred Eloquence at Ampleforth. Editor of Decrees and Catechism of Council of Trent. Professor of Theology at Maynooth.
e. Professed for Monastery of Adrian and Denis. Cathedral Prior of Chester. Secretary to President General for many years.
f. Established Mission at Maesteg.

Blundell, C.
Cudden, Francis, ...London.
Davis, Edward Mandeville, ...Liverpool.
a. *Dullard, Benedict, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
Eccles, John, ...Liverpool.
Gibson, John, ...Bootle, Liverpool.
O'Farrell, Victor, ...Ballyane, near Waterford.
b. Shepherd, Joseph, ...Liverpool.
c. *Tootell, William Denis, O.S.B., ...Preston.
Waring, Charles, ...Liverpool.
d. *Walker, Thomas Anselm, O.S.B., ...Blackburn.
Walker, John, ...Blackburn.
Woodcock, Henry, ...Brindle.

1833.

Brockholes, H., ...Claughton Hall, Preston.
Cayley, Mark, ...Hull.
Eccles, George, ...Liverpool.
e. Gillow, Richard, ...Brownedge.
Gillow, Robert, ...Brownedge.
Markland, John, ...Manchester.
f. Salvin, Francis Henry, ...Durham.
g. Shepherd, William, ...Liverpool.
Waind, William, ...Kirby-moorside.

1834.

Allanson, Walker, ...London.

a. Professed for Monastery of Adrian and Denis.
b. Brother of Mgr. James Shepherd. (1830.)
c. Professed for Monastery of Adrian and Denis. Some years in Australia and now at Fort Augustus.
d. Many years at Brownedge. Built tower and spire there. Great benefactor to Monastery.
e. Studied engineering. Died at Havannah.
f. Late Captain of West York Rifles, Croxdale Hall, Durham. Now of Whitmore Hall, Guildford.
g. Another brother of Mgr. James Shepherd.

a. Corlett, Robert, ...Isle of Man.
Fowles, P.
Hughes, James,.....Hull.
Robinson, Thomas, ...South Park, near Liverpool.
b. *Ryding, Andrew.
Stephenson, Charles, ...London.
Scallan, Francis, ...Liverpool.
*Sheridan, James Joseph, O.S.B., ...Navan.
c. *Thompson, William, ...Yorkshire.
Young, Robert, ...Claxby, Lincolnshire.

1835.

d. Beauvoisin, Henry, ...Sheffield.
Cayley, John, ...Hull.
e. Cholmeley, Thomas, ...Brandsby.
Davies. George, ...Liverpool.
Ferrars, George.
Johnson, John Richardson.
Plunkett, Peter.
Stephenson, Silver, ...London.

1836.

Adamson, James, ...Preston.
Champney, George,.....Holderness.
Champney, William, ...Holderness.
Dalton, Michael, ...Hollingworth.
Dalton, John, ...Hollingworth.
Ferrars, Vincent, ...London.
Garnett, John Parvin, ...Stockton-on-Tees.
Hawksworth, William, ...Liverpool.
Holdforth, Alfred, ...Leeds.
Holdforth, Walter, ...Leeds.

a. Brother of Fr. William Placid Corlett, O.S.B.
b. Became a secular priest.
c. Went to Rome. Became Monsignore. Died in the North.
d. Father of Dom Bernard Adrian, Charles, and Joseph Beauvoisin.
e. Younger brother of Francis Cholmeley of Brandsby Hall. (1822.)

Lomas, James.
a. *Lynass, Edward Benedict, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
Norris, Joseph, ...Ince Blundell.
Richardson, George, ...Hedon.
Rollings, John, ...Ince Blundell.
Roskell, John, ...Liverpool.
b. *Shepherd, James Lawrence, O.S.B., ...Liverpool.
Slack, Richard.
Tickle, William, ...Little Crosby.

1837.

Blackledge, William, ...Clayton Green.
Blackledge, John, ...Clayton Green.
Chapney, John,.....Holderness.
c. Clifton, Edmund, ...Leyburn Grove.
Langley, Edward, ...Liverpool.
d. Meynell, Edgar, ...Kilvington, Thirsk.
Stephenson, William, ...Holderness.
e. Thompson, John, ...Yorkshire.

1838.

Bullen, Thomas, ...Liverpool.
Chamberlain, George, ...Liverpool.
Dale, John, ...Ince Blundell.
Dale, William, ...Ince Blundell.
Ferguson.
Fleetwood, Thomas,.....Lancashire.
Lawless, Joseph,.....Leeds.
Lawless, Charles, ...Leeds.
Lockwood, Noel, ...York.
Meynell, Thomas, ...Kilvington, Thirsk.

a. Built St. Begh's Priory, Whitehaven.
b. Was Novice Master. Many years Chaplain at Stanbrook. Translated Liturgical Year, &c.
c. Brother to Abbot Clifton.
d. Judge of Durham County Court.
e. Went to California.

a. Milner, James, ...Liverpool.
Radcliffe, Thomas, ...Brandsby.
Robinson, Edward, ...South Park, Hull.
Roskell, Thomas, ...Preston.
Smith, Edward, ...Preston.
b. * Unsworth, Thomas, ...Warrington.
Unsworth, Thomas,.....Ince Blundell.
Woods John, ...Wigan.

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

EEmus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894.

✠ J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic

a. Went to Australia.
b. Became a secular priest.

blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894,

✠ J Archbishop of Nicomedia.

—⁂—

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THE
AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1895. PART II.

A Saint and his Immortality.

WORDSWORTH, in a well-known sonnet on King's College Chapel, Cambridge, compares the lingering sounds of the music in the "thousand cells" of its roof to:—

> Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof,
> That they were born for immortality.

There are some books, and especially some of the writings of the Saints, which must have carried with them, to the generation to whom they were originally given, a conviction that they would live for ever. It is not books of scientific discovery, nor histories, however touching, nor philosophies, or treatises of divinity, that can impress their readers with the feeling that they will last while the world lasts. It is rather those utterances of a contemplative and illuminated heart which put into words what we recognize as part of human nature itself; utterances which are new in a certain aptness and completeness, but which express what is as old as humanity; which are hardly original as regards their substance, yet which clothe the ancient truths in a garb of personal persuasiveness and colour them with a new interest of time, place and character. Most of the books of this kind have been poems. But there are not a few prose writings, brief, quint-essential, finished and

filled with spiritual life, which can be compared with the best verse in this respect.

The writings of a Saint labour under the disadvantage that they demand, in a reader, the presence of religious faith before they can be duly appreciated. But faith, when it does exist, furnishes the heart with a power of responsive insight and receptivity which no merely natural or human endowment can provide. Hence the writings of the Saints are often appreciated at once and without hesitation by a circle of readers which may be comparatively small, but which seldom errs in its judgments. Thus the Conferences of the Desert, the pregnant Sermons of St. Augustine, the fervent spiritual philosophy of St. Bernard, passed from hand to hand in the very lifetime of their authors, and have been copied and printed and used by every generation since.

St. Francis of Sales has written one book which has become a spiritual classic, another which every instructed Catholic in each generation is anxious to read, and a third—although he did not actually write this one—which will always be widely loved as containing the very persuasiveness of his living self. The first is the "Introduction to a Devout Life;" the second is the treatise on the "Love of God," and the third is the "Conferences." He has written, besides, innumerable Letters, most of them distinguished by his characteristic directness, quaintness and sweetness. He has also left Sermons and Controversy; the former marking the beginning of a new era in preaching, the latter, masterpieces of convincing learning, considered in relation to the hour and the circumstances.

It is not, however, with the teaching and style of the great Savoyard that I am at this moment concerned. It is rather with the written word which has come down to us, and with the material form in which his mind and spirit have become immortal. When a man dies, his voice is silenced and his presence disappears. If he is to

be "immortal" upon the earth—if he is to survive for ever so short a time the generation to which he was known, there must intervene the ministry of the "letters Cadmus gave." Oral tradition, it is true, may hand down names, facts and doctrines. But it cannot immortalize the character and genius of any individual man. We know the names of the Patriarchs and the Pharaohs, but most of them are names and nothing more. Unless a mind has used speech, and used it largely, and has enshrined its speech in the written word, it practically dies with the death of the body.

When one considers what a frail material is paper or parchment, and how fleeting and apt to fade is ink, one trembles, to think of the thousand chances that may destroy a thinker's immortality.

Learned men are now engaged in digging up, amid Egyptian ruins, records and histories that were written four thousand years ago. But what they find is very small in comparison with what has been irretrievably lost. Think of the Greek and Latin classics, the Hebrew chronicles, the writings of the Fathers and of the Saints, the intensely interesting letters, diaries, memoranda, discourses, annals, which have been once part of the world's treasures—written out, prized, and cared for—and which the moth and the flames, neglect and the barbarians have destroyed so utterly that not a trace of them has been left. Of the Letters of the early Popes and their Acts, by far the larger part have totally perished. So have the episcopal dyptychs of nearly all the early Italian Sees, and the ante-Nicene acts of the Italian martyrs. Bishop Wordsworth said that the early history of Christian Rome is composed of blank pages. It would be more true to say, with Cardinal Pitra, that there is not a surviving page which does not show the stain of blood or the marks of violence. We know, for example, that for no less than ten years Diocletian set himself with relentless diligence to discover and burn every Christian document he could.

So it was, in a greater or less degree, over the whole peninsula, from the days of St. Peter to Pope St. Sylvester, and even to Leo the Great.

The manuscripts of St. Francis de Sales have hardly been exposed to perils of this kind. Yet their history, and that of the earlier printed editions of his works, is full of an interest of their own. The admirable introduction, and notes which Canon Benedict Mackey, O.S.B., has added to the already-published volumes of his great French edition * of the works of St. Francis, furnish us with a very complete account of their fortunes; and we may gather from these pages how very near we have been to losing some of them altogether.

Let us take, for example, the first of Canon Mackey's volumes, the "Controverses." The history of the MS. of this sterling and precious vindication of Catholicism against Beza and his school is very curious. When St. Francis was preaching his glorious mission in the Chablais—a province half Swiss, half Savoyard, which war and political exigency had delivered over to Calvinism—he found that he must help his voice by the press. As he had no Catholic Truth Society to send him down the necessary leaflets, he had to compose them himself and then distribute them. At the beginning of the volume now before me there is a facsimile of a page of fifty neatly written lines, in the Saint's own handwriting; it looks ancient, dark, and the worse for wear. It actually belongs to a manuscript volume now in the Chigi library, at Rome. It contains those striking words on Papal Infallibility which are referred to in the Bull of Pope Leo XIII. which gives St. Francis the title of Doctor of the Church; words which had *never been printed* in any French edition until the present one. This manuscript volume is nearly all in the Saint's own hand; even the sheets that are the work of a

* *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales. Édition complète d'après les autographes et les éditions originales.* Annecy: imprimerie J. Nierat, 1892.

copyist are annotated by himself. It is made up of *cahiers* and detached sheets; and in it we have, beyond all doubt, the leaflets, or tracts, or short treatises (as the case might be) which the holy missionary wrote out either on the very field of his mission, between the fatigues of his sermons, or afterwards when he had returned to Annecy. These precious writings were, as I have hinted, nearly lost. In the first Process of canonization there is no mention of them. They seem to have been scattered. Charle-Auguste de Sales had found one or two, which he analyses in his life of St. Francis. But a good many were lying unknown in the Château de Thuille. Here, in 1658, they were found—just in time to be used in the second Process of canonization. They were presented to Pope Alexander VII. who canonized St. Francis. The Pope left the volume to his family, the Princes Chigi, and it was in the splendid library of Prince Chigi that Canon Mackey found it. I say "found it;" for the strangest thing in the history of the manuscript is that some one had concocted a revised and corrected copy of it, and that this copy had been published as the true and authentic text of the "Controverses." If you compare the text of the reprint of Perisse Frères, 1855, with the present text, you will find that the "restorer" has been at work; just as if he had an ancient cathedral to work upon. He has converted St. Francis into a very ordinary Frenchman, altering his phrases, and his expressive words, and watering down his unique style. It is true, one or two of his editors suspected what had been done, and had even gone to the true text, to look at it; but Canon Mackey (who used it for his own translation of the Controverses * a good many years ago), is the first who has put it bodily into an edition of the works of St. Francis, and so given back to the world his own words.

The most celebrated of all his writings, the "Introduction

* The Catholic Controversy. (Burns and Oates.)

à la Vie dévote" was sent to Pierre Rigaud, a printer of the city of Lyons, in the autumn of 1608. Rigaud seems to have been in no great hurry with it, for it cannot have appeared before the end of the year; and indeed it is dated 1609. But this *editio princeps* of a famous book was in many respects different from the work such as we now know it. It was shorter and differently arranged, and it bore numerous marks of its origin—for this world-renowned manual of spiritual guidance sprung from the fugitive letters which the Saint addressed to a certain Madame de Charmoisy, the wife of a noble Piedmontese diplomatist; she was the "Philothea" of the Saint's pages. Not that these communications were ordinary letters; they were carefully drawn out advice, exposition and exercises, which he sent to this lady as they were required.

The first edition was quickly exhausted. The Saint had foreseen that a second would be called for, and he wished to extend and improve it. His friends soon began to urge him to set about this. One of them, the Bishop of Montpellier, told him that he had not given "sufficient body" to the volume. In the early months of 1609 we find him already working on what was to be the "Introduction" in its final and definite shape. He writes to St. Jane Frances (1609), "Bring me all the letters and memoranda which I have ever sent to you, if you have them still (—I say this on account of the terrible upset which you had in the autumn *—). If I am to send the "Introduction" to press again, this will help me a good deal, as much of the matter will come in useful; for the only substantial fault which has hitherto been found with the book is that it is not full enough. Good Mme. de Charmoisy goes on well; you will find she has made much progress in the affections and in the effects of true devotion." The second edition duly appeared, in the course of the same year (1609),

* This no doubt refers to the death of Mme de Chantal's little daughter and her excessive grief.

published as before by Pierre Rigaud, at Lyons, "Rue Mercière, corner of Rue Ferrandière, at the sign of the Bell." The difference between this edition and the first is very marked. It was not only that the Saint made considerable additions—"J'ai adjousté," he says, "beaucoup de petites chosettes"—with new chapters, such as that "On Humility"—and that he left out one or two; but he entirely changed the form of the book, dividing it into five parts instead of three. There are many curious indications of his desire to efface from his pages whatever might seem to make the book mere private direction; he was now working for the public, and for the world. Thus, for example, in speaking of death he had described how Philothea would have to bid adieu to her "husband"; this he now changes into "husband, wife." He sends the book to the Duke of Savoy, his sovereign, with these words; "this little treatise was published last year, but was so imperfect that I did not dare to lay it before so great a Prince; now that it is a little less defective, I am bold enough to do so."

St. Francis brought out a third edition in 1610—still at the sign of the Bell. In this issue, he confined himself chiefly to the correction of misprints. But he inserts three chapters, from the first edition, which he says had been omitted *by carelessness* in the second; one of these is the chapter "De la bienseance des habits" (p. iii. ch. 24).

The Saint himself does not seem to have brought out any fresh edition of the "Introduction" till 1616. But even before 1610 it had been re-printed at least six times without his leave; and there are three Douai issues, besides one from Bourdeaux and one from Paris, all well known to bibliographers, which appeared without his responsibility before 1616. The form in which the immortal work came from his hands in this year 1616 was smaller than he had hitherto used. But although he took much

pains with it—for he says he found many faults, both of the author and the printer, which he wished to correct "gently and tenderly "—and although the style is certainly more polished, yet Peter Rigaud—who by this time had removed from the sign of the Bell to that of "Fortune," in the same street—must have been very careless about the printing, for it is very badly brought out. Three years later, therefore, we come to what may be called the "definitive" edition of the "Introduction"—that of 1619.

During a great part of the year 1619 St. Francis of Sales was in Paris. He lodged in the house of President Favre, his intimate friend—a house which seems still to remain, as No. 10 Rue de Tournon, at present used as a police-station. Occupied as he was with diplomatic and other business, pursued with invitations to preach and given up to pious and charitable work, he still found time to revise the book that was now known all over France and far beyond. The edition bears the name of a Paris printer—"Joseph Cottereau, Rue Sainct Jacques, at the sign of Prudence." This was close by the monastery (still existing) in which St. Jane Frances established the first Paris house and where her cell is still shown. The title-page informs us that this issue is the "Last edition, revised, corrected and added to by the Author during his preaching in Paris." It is this edition of the "Introduction" which Canon Mackey has adopted as the standard text. It is a curious fact that, whereas two copies of the *Editio princeps* are still extant, only a single copy of that of 1619 is known to exist. It belongs to the Benedictine Fathers of St. Michael's Priory, Hereford, and it has been lent to Canon Mackey and the Sisters of the Visitation in order to be copied for the present undertaking. Its text now appears in the pages before us, and there is little chance of its ever being superseded. Hence Canon Mackey's text of the "Introduction" differs in some not unimportant respects from that which we find in the ordinary French reproductions of the famous book—for instance in that of the Paris edition of the firm of Vivès, which has been followed by the Abbé Migne and most others. The Vivès editor, the Abbé Crélier, was undoubtedly a man of much literary distinction; but he seems not to have known of the 1619 edition. He did not, in fact, consult any original edition whatever, and relied exclusively on certain reprints of the 1616 issue — thus unconsciously ignoring the Saint's latest emendations and retaining many words and phrases which he had finally decided to discard.

The existing manuscripts relating to the "Introduction," as we now have it, are in three groups or bundles. First, there are eighteen pages in the holy Doctor's own hand, which are part of his preparation for the second edition. Next, there is a manuscript volume in the hand-writing of Favre, the Saint's domestic chaplain, which may very likely have been the very "copy" sent to the printers for the second edition. It consists of 232 pages and 14 separate leaves. It is corrected throughout in the hand-writing of St. Francis. Lastly, there are 58 detached pages, in various hand-writings, but all bearing the Saint's corrections. These belong partly to the work on the second and partly to that on later editions. All these precious relics are at Annecy, in the monastery of the Visitation nuns, where Canon Mackey is working.

There are also several not less valuable manuscripts which relate to the *editio princeps*—the first realization of the thought of a genius who was as humble as he was great. These consist chiefly of a cahier of 86 folios in the hand-writing of his secretray Thibaut; but two whole pages, the titles of the chapters, and many short passages are in the writing of St. Francis. This is also at the Visitation at Annecy. Some dozen folios of this MS. seem to have been detached, and are now in possession of the Visitation nuns at Milan; and Mgr. Foschi, Bishop of Cervia, has two autograph folios. Canon Mackey has made the most

interesting use of all these materials. He has not only reprinted, as an Appendix, the entire text of the *Editio princeps*, but he has supplied, at the foot of every page of the definitive text, various readings from every source, whether print or MS. We can now follow the mind and fancy of the Saint in the very act of creation and composition. At one time we see him pausing for a word, at another erasing one word and substituting a better. In one passage he curtails a too exuberant (but evidently dearly beloved) illustration taken from his bees or his doves, or the scenery of his native hills. We can imagine the devotion with which, after 1610, he writes "St. Charles Borromeo" for the earlier form "blessed Cardinal Borromeo." And sometimes he seems to think aloud, as when he adds a sort of half-note, half-ejaculation (finally left out), that he "must have a similitude here to make himself understood."

The great treatise on the "Love of God"—the longest of the works of St. Francis of Sales—was given to the world in 1616. It was intended to show how the spiritual life, even in its highest manifestations, is grounded on reason and natural intelligence; to explain how man's natural powers are adapted to supernatural illumination, and how, nevertheless, true mystic theology is never extravagant and never in contradiction to natural reason. All this was most useful and even necessary, at a time when, on the one hand, reason was being fantastically exalted both by heretics and humanists, and, when on the other, it must be confessed that more than one mystical writer had printed what reads uncommonly like high-flown nonsense. In our own day the same intellectual and literary conditions do not exist—and there are some who find the "Love of God" difficult to read. It may be admitted that there is some excuse for the ordinary reader who skips the first four Books; but for the scholar and the man of Christian culture, even these are captivating; for they

contain the psychology of a mind which had been formed on all the wisdom of the Fathers, all the science of the schools, and all the learning of the Academies. As to the rest of the work, there is not a page or a paragraph which does not speak to every devout heart.

The Sisters of the Visitation at Annecy have been for years collecting manuscripts relating to the "Love of God." St. Francis himself is responsible for only one published edition—that of 1616, already mentioned. But the manuscripts are of peculiar interest. The Saint's materials seem to have been scattered far and wide; it is rare to find a *cahier*; whatever has been recovered was a folio, or one or two folios together; and in many instances single pages have been carefully torn into symmetrical fragments and divided as relics. The pious Sisters have gathered in these bits and scraps from every quarter—houses of their own congregation, bishops, the libraries of Savoyard Châteaux, and even the cottages of poor people whom no one would have guessed to possess any such treasure. The manuscripts fall into two groups. The first is a MS. of 125 pages, nearly all in the Saint's own hand; it is, in fact, the first copy of the "Love of God." The second is a MS. of 94 pages, which represents a revised copy. It does not seem, however, that this revised copy was the one actually sent to press. Indeed it differs here and there from the Saint's printed edition. But the first MS. is of transcendent interest. There is far more Salesian *naïveté* and fire in it than in the printed volume. His thoughts crowd upon him, and he seems to experience in the act of writing some of that ecstatic devotion which we know was more than once excited in his soul by the mere thought of this seraphic undertaking. Then we see him stop and make a note about the final shape some sentence was to take. The scripture allusions and illustrations are far more full of allegory and fancy in this sketch than in the more mature revision; in a word, he is far more himself, in all his

native impetuosity of language and vivid colouring of style. But he knew what was required. He has evidently gone through the work with the utmost care. He has cut down words, phrases, sentences, so that the diction gains in conciseness, terseness, rapidity. The illustrations are fewer, but tell with increased effect; and a certain habit of personal allusion gives place to a dignity befitting the subject and the man. Canon Mackey has largely added to the attractions of his admirable edition by reprinting in an appendix the whole of this earlier study of an immortal work. The interested student can make for himself the comparison which I have suggested.

There exist three English translations of the "Love of God." One was published by Miles Carr, a priest of the English College of Douai, in 1630, at Douai. A second was brought out by an Irish lady early in the present century. The third, which is by far the most correct and the best in every way, is by Canon Mackey himself, and was published in 1884.*

The "Conferences"—or, to give the usual French title, the "Entretiens"—is the newest volume which has so far appeared from Annecy. It is the sixth, in a series which will run to more than twenty. It is well known that these Conferences represent the *vivâ voce* instructions and exhortations which the holy founder gave to the first Mothers of the Visitation. There is at Annecy a venerable building with enclosed garden, called the *Galerie*. It was called by this name in the life-time of the Saint himself; and it was here that St. Jane Frances first lived with her little community. The Visitation Sisters have long occupied a much larger monastery in another quarter of the town, and this cradle of the Order is now inhabited by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Annecy. Their Mother-General lives here, and here they have their noviciate. They are not unknown in this country, having Convents at Newport (Monmouth-

* Messrs. Burns and Oates.

shire), Malmesbury and Devizes. It may be added that they claim, with some reason, to be a congregation such as St. Francis of Sales *would have* founded had he not been over-ruled. However that may be, it is consoling to think that a spot so intimately connected with two great Saints is still the dwelling-place of religious women.

It is here that St. Francis gave many of those Conferences which are so true and striking a transcript of his own heart and spirit. Living in the town of Annecy, near what is now the Cathedral, though not in the existing Episcopal palace, he would come here, accompanied by his chaplain, and gather his daughters round him. In summer, he would sit out in the orchard "under the trellis, near the fountain." In winter, he would come through snow and storm, and make his discourse at the *grille* in the little temporary chapel. These Conferences were extremely familiar and simple—such as a father would give to his children. But on that very account they afforded scope for the exercise of those unique powers of homely, forcible, and picturesque speech which he possessed. They were far from being set homilies. Sometimes he would address by name either Mme. de Chantal or some other of the Sisters. Sometimes a good nun would take courage to speak out about her own difficulties, and the manifestations made in that circle of domestic confidence and mutual love would be of the most intimate character. But, with all this, there would come from the lips of the holy prelate, now mature in experience and sanctity, passage after passage quite worthy of the author of the "Love of God," and the "Introduction." From the very beginning, it would appear, the Sisters began to take notes of these Conferences. Very soon this work was undertaken with system and completeness. As the community increased, there were found sisters of exceptional powers of memory, who were able to transcribe the Saint's utterances almost word for word. Once written out, these

cahiers were passed from house to house,—to Lyons, to Chambéry, to Paris, to Caen. Naturally, they were treasured by St. Jane Frances and her daughters as the most precious inheritance of their Congregation.

When St. Francis of Sales had passed away (in 1622), the question of the publication of the Conferences had to be considered. If St. Jane had had her own way, it is to be feared that they might never have been printed at all. It is true, we do find, as early as 1624, that the idea of publication had occurred to her; and int he following year she submits them to the examination of a Jesuit Father, who reported that they would "form a most useful book and one in every way worthy of the author." But two more years passed by and nothing was done. At last there happened what might have been foreseen. A "pirated" edition appeared, in 1628, at Lyons. The name of a printer is given in the title-page, but it would almost seem that the book was really printed by a Franciscan lay-brother, at a private press! St. Jane Frances was extremely annoyed at this publication. She considered that the Conferences ought not to be given to the world without careful revision and many omissions. They were too familiar, too domestic, too intimate, to be published without reserve. She therefore did her best to buy up and destroy the whole edition. Without any disrespect, it may be said that it is fortunate she did not succeed. Most of the reasons for not printing the Conferences as they were ceased to exist when St. Jane and her generation passed away. It would have been a pity to have lost anything that was characteristic; and although the "Faux Entretiens," as St. Jane called them, had evidently been touched up by some corrector, and here and there misrepresented the holy Doctor's meaning, yet they do give us more of the saint's personality than the text which is now current. This text is that of St. Jane Frances—for she finally, after careful revision by Jesuit Fathers and others,

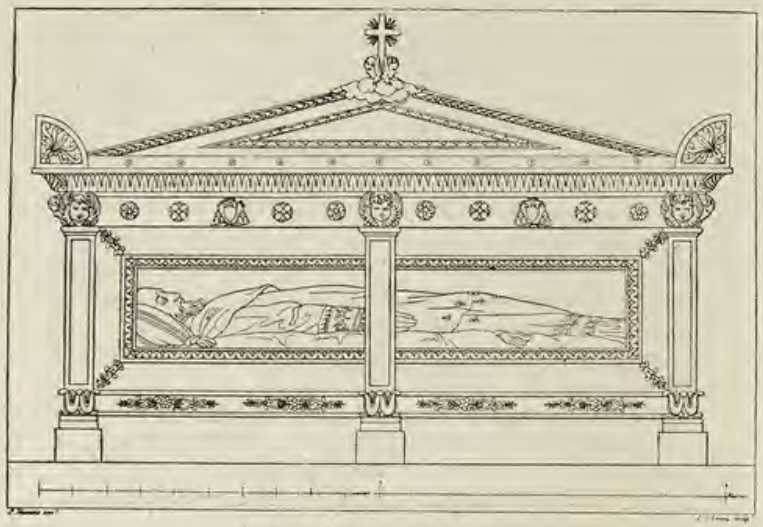
sent the Conferences to press, at Lyons, in 1629. It is this text which Canon Mackey has very properly adopted in his definitive edition. But he has followed the "Vrais Entretiens" page by page and line by line with the "Faux Entretiens" in his hand; and wherever he has caught sight of a *variant* which was instructive, or an omitted passage, or a suppression of anything interesting, he has told us all about it in a note. At the same time he confesses that he has thought it right, out of respect for the views of St. Jane Frances, not to reproduce numerous anecdotes and personal allusions which he has found in the existing manuscripts.

These manuscripts of the Conferences are now five in number. Not one of them seems to be an orignal—that is, to be the actual "report" of the holy Prelate's words made at the moment. They are copies written out for the use of a House, or for private purposes. Four of them are still in the possession of one or other of the Visitation monasteries in France. One is in the municipal Library of Bourges, and was lent to Canon Mackey by the courtesy of the Minister of Public Instruction. A careful study and analysis of them all accompanies the volume of the "Entretiens."

In concluding these notes, I should be pleased to think that what has been said might do something to draw greater attention to this splendid and complete edition, now in course of publication, of the writings of St. Francis of Sales. Well as St. Francis is known, in this country, it is true that only a part of him is known; only a part of his power, his significance and his delightfulness. It is not without a providential and divine purpose that he has been declared a Doctor of the Church in this present generation. Worldliness, if not so flaunting and bold, is far more widely spread and more dangerous in our days than it was at the end of the sixteenth century. True piety, real devotion, unselfishness, and detachment can hardly be better

learnt from any human source than from the writings of St. Francis of Sales.

✠ J. C. HEDLEY.



Chasse de St François de Sales

St. Mary's Abbey, York.

IT fared very hard with the children of St. Benedict who had settled and built themselves a home in the north of England, when the sea-faring Danes first harassed our land. Northumbria, the cradle of Benedictinism in

England, was overrun far and wide by hordes of warriors fearing neither God nor man. Its towns and villages were razed to the ground, its churches and sanctuaries desecrated, its monasteries pillaged and burnt. The homes of St. Bennet, St. Bede, St. Chad and St. Hilda were deserted and in ruins. We might have thought that Good King Alfred would have built up their walls anew, but for two hundred years they were left abandoned, even then to be restored only in part.

Of these, the monastery of St. Hilda at Whitby commanded a position of undoubted grandeur. Built on the edge of a lofty cliff, it faced a wide and open sea, whilst at its back there stretched, as far as eye could see, the bleak moorland of northern Yorkshire. A site so well adapted to contemplation, a spot so hallowed by ancient memories was not to be abandoned for ever. But its restoration is an obscure page in history, and its second founder was a man in whom piety and worldliness were strangely contrasted. His ancestor was a Danish Viking called Mainfred, who had left his own impoverished land for the rich soil that belonged to others. He had settled in Normandy even before the famous Rollo, and from the extensive lands he received, he took the name of Percy. Mainfred's lineal descendant in the fifth generation was William de Percy. This man was on very friendly terms with William Duke of Normandy, and gladly gave him his support on his expedition for the conquest of England. To him consequently was entrusted the honourable post of Admiral of the Fleet. When the conquest was completed and the booty was divided, Percy, true to his name, received a lion's share, "and gained besides a fair young Saxon bride with all her lands and towers." Amongst the possessions that fell to his lot was the Lordship of Whitby.

The next personage connected with our story is another adventurer in William's army, by name Reinfrid. This

valiant soldier was employed in the king's service in the north, and on a certain day, having need to march by Whitby, he saw there the destruction wrought by the Danish pirates Inguar and Hubba. Struck with compunction of heart he resolved to learn the principles of monastic life, and to re-establish St. Hilda's Abbey. He became a monk at Evesham, and in a short time returned to the north with two brother monks. He at once betook himself to William de Percy, and made known to him the desire of his heart. Now, as the land whereon the old monastery of St. Hilda stood seemed a barren waste, Percy thought that it would be no great loss to give it to Reinfrid, as thereby, without much cost to himself, he would have the honour of founding an abbey. The soldier monk took possession of the ruins, and his sanctity soon gathered round him a numerous body of religious men, amongst whom there was one Stephen. His fortunes we must also trace.

He was a man of no ordinary gifts, endowed with a keen insight into the character of the men of his times. He had not long joined the community of Reinfrid before the government of the monastery was placed, much against his will, on his shoulders. At once he applied himself vigorously to his duty, and resolved in his mind to restore St. Hilda's to its former splendour. The temporal affairs of the abbey were in a poor condition, but by the labours of his monks he soon brought it about, that the barren waste became fertile, and a source of wealth. Stephen little thought that the improvement of the land would arouse the jealousy of their benefactor. Such however was the case. The Baron, despite his great riches, began to rue of having ever granted the land, and tried by every possible means to drive the monks from their home. Nor were there wanting means. He, whose duty it was to repress the raids of Danish pirates, and expel the robbers that infested the neighbourhood, encouraged them in their

attacks upon the monastery. The monks, many of whom had been soldiers, resisted to their utmost, and before Percy could succeed in ejecting them, he had to have recourse to a savage night-attack. In this last raid, the hired pirates and brigands plundered everything they could lay their hands on, scattered the monks, and even went so far as to capture some of their number and transport them to unknown lands.

Abbot Stephen was determined that the community should not be dissolved entirely, and accordingly addressed himself to King William, begging him to grant a small piece of land under the immediate power of the king himself, where he might re-assemble his monks. Such a piece of land, he said, there was at Lastingham where stood the ruins of the monastery of St. Chad. On the consent of the king, Stephen and his little band of monks joyfully assembled in their new abode, hoping that now they were out of the reach both of Percy and the pirates.

They soon discovered that the spot they had chosen was little better protected than Whitby. The Danes, who had settled in those parts, had not as yet given up their predatory propensities, and moreover William de Percy was so enraged at being out-witted, that he determined to give Abbot Stephen no peace till he dispersed his community. In this extremity Stephen told his tale of distress to an old friend, Alan, Count of Brittany. He proved to be a friend in need. As he had lately built a church dedicated to St. Olave just outside the city of York, he invited Stephen and his monks to come and build a monastery there, for which purpose he granted them four acres of land. Though the Benedictine monk naturally prefers the secluded mountain side on which to fix his home, the persecuted abbot, having considered all the circumstances of the case, thankfully accepted the offer of his friend, and at once petitioned the king for the necessary permissions. William I. saw in the proposal

not only a good to religion, but also a great advantage to his state. The city of York was entirely given up to

"iniquity," and in it more blood was shed than anywhere else in the kingdom. It would be very beneficial therefore to Church and State, if a community of religious men were

to settle near the city, and by their humble living and holy example instil into the hearts of the citizens true faith in their heavenly Lord and their earthly king.

Thus, at last, Stephen entirely freed himself from his old adversary William de Percy. The community of Lastingham divided itself into two parties: one followed Stephen to York, the other betook themselves to Hackness in the Forge Valley. Abbot Stephen and his monks met with a serious difficulty at the outset. Thomas, the Archbishop of York, who had befriended them whilst at Lastingham, now opposed their settling at St. Olave's, on the plea that, under the protection of the secular power, Stephen had appropriated four acres, which the Archbishop maintained were Church property. Abbot Stephen and his friend Count Alan went up to London and laid their case before a great assembly of bishops and abbots in presence of the king. Alan contended that the four acres were not Church property, but belonged to him: yet, as the Archbishop firmly contradicted this statement, the king, to make peace on any terms, granted the Archbishop some other land in exchange.

Now William Rufus, the king, inherited from his father a kind regard for the monks of St. Mary's. When he came to the city of York he stayed with them, and finding their church very small and narrow, gave them means to build a larger one. He himself drew a rough plan of it. In the following year he again paid the Abbey a royal visit, and, in the presence of his court of bishops and barons, laid the foundation stone of the new church, to which he gave the name of St. Mary's.

The Abbey now began to flourish and increase to such an extent, that the envy of some of its neighbours was excited, and they persuaded Archbishop Thomas to renew his suit for the four acres of land. But Stephen firmly maintained his claim, and again appealed to the king. The matter was put before a great council of the realm

held at Gloucester. The Archbishop was then persuaded to abandon his claim altogether, and to receive in exchange the church of St. Stephen in York. And the good Abbot Stephen, desiring to end the scandal and to bring about a lasting peace between the Archbishop and himself, presented of his own accord a gift of two carucates of land to the Archbishop.

His own monastery was now firmly established, and he was enabled to give a helping hand in the foundation of the abbey of Colchester. For this purpose he sent thirteen of his own monks from York, who gave very great edification, for they assembled for the Canonical Hours by day and by night, and they did not transgress the rule of silence. Inside the monastery there existed between them perfect unanimity; to strangers was shown cordial hospitality; in every way true christian charity prevailed. This is the last recorded event in Stephen's life; a life, as he himself tells us, filled with many troubles, but yet protected by the grace of God who daily increased the prosperity of his Abbey. After a reign of twenty-four years at York, distinguished chiefly by his great prudence, the first Abbot of St. Mary's joined, it is devoutly hoped, that great choir of English Benedictine Saints in heaven.

He was succeeded by Abbot Richard, who governed the Abbey eighteen years. After his death the monks elected one far advanced in years, and who probably had been an early disciple of Abbot Stephen. Godfrid was chosen rather for his piety than for his learning, and it may safely be conjectured he would have proved himself sufficiently capable for ordinary times, but in his short reign there happened one of the most remarkable events in the monastic annals of England. That event was the secession of thirteen monks from his Abbey. Popular history tells us they were disgusted with the lax discipline that prevailed in St. Mary's and that they deserted it to adopt the Cis-

tercian Rule. At first sight, such a defection on such a plea throws great discredit on St. Mary's, the chief Benedictine abbey in the north of England. It is possible perhaps that the state of discipline deserved it, yet is there not room for doubt?

This is a fair statement of the case. In 1127 the Cistercians first came to England, and in 1132 they began their first foundation in Yorkshire at Rievaulx. They called themselves Benedictines who observed the Rule in its full rigour. They were in their first fervour and gave undoubtedly great edification. For the first two centuries of its existence this offspring of St. Benedict's family bade fair to assert itself as his true representative, but the test of time and experience was too keen and searching, and now the Cisterian Order forms but a small part of the Monks of the West.

However, several of the monks of St. Mary's were so captivated by the lives of these new Benedictines, that they imagined they were obliged to adopt the Cistercian customs in their monastery. They were greatly troubled about their own manner of life, and thought that they were not living according to their vows. They made known their ideas to the Prior, who at first was terrified at the novelty of the matter, but hearing about this new kind of life, and carried away by his fancy, he joined himself to the number of the reformers. The Sub-Prior was likewise one of the party. For a long time they deliberated how they should leave the monastery without giving scandal. At last they resolved to acquaint the Lord Abbot with the whole affair, and this duty was naturally undertaken by the Prior in company with the Sub-Prior. As soon as the Prior had explained the wishes of his party, Abbot Godfrid trembled at the startling news. "I cannot," he said, "change in my little dominion the ancient observances and traditional customs which are in vogue in every monastery of the world." "But," urged

the Prior, "we do not wish to introduce any new thing, we only desire to observe in its entirety the rule of St. Benedict, and the Gospel which precedes all rules. We do not believe that it is lawful for us to remain in a monastery, where some of the brethren after evening conference, instead of going to the church, retire for idle, useless and garrulous confabulations—as if the evil of the day is not sufficient unless there is superadded that of the night. We are too particular about our food and dress, a thing St. Benedict abhorred. Moreover, venerable Father, if you will permit us, we will mention how we break even the rule of the Gospel. We desire other people's property; we defend our own by unseemly lawsuits; we oppress others, but take care not to be oppressed ourselves; we glory in our wealth and fatten on other people's labours. Let us now for the future change our ways, and imitate the simple and beautiful lives of the Cistercians, who have lately come amongst us." Such rebukes the Abbot received with a good grace, and told the Prior he would give the matter his full consideration.

When the rest of the Community heard of this clandestine reform, they were exceedingly annoyed, and thought that stringent measures should be taken against them. The Prior and the reforming party now saw they must seek protection from another quarter. They acquainted Archbishop Thurstan of their desire to lead a stricter life, and told him of the opposition with which they were met. Thurstan was only too glad of an opportunity to interfere in their behalf. In a private interview with the Abbot, Prior and Sub-Prior, he tried to bring about an arrangement, but the Abbot was unwilling to sanction anything until he had informed his Chapter. It was therefore agreed upon that Thurstan on an appointed day should come to the Chapter of St. Mary's and treat with the monks. Meanwhile peace was to be observed. The Abbot on his part sent letters to different

monasteries, calling upon his learned friends to come and give their advice in a question of grave difficulty.

On the appointed day the Archbishop with his retinue came to the Abbey gate. He had brought with him seven dignitaries of his church whom he intended to take into the Chapter, for he did not feel capable of convincing it himself. He was met by the Abbot and his community who denied him entrance until he should send away his clergy. For, said the monks, he had no right to enter their Chapter with such a crowd, and they were unwilling to allow any secular to be present when matters of a private nature concerning the monastery alone were being discussed. The Archbishop was not prepared for this resistance, and insisted that his advisers should enter with him. But the monks would not allow their rights to be trampled upon, and both sides began to dispute one with the other, and as the Archbishop's party tried to push their way along, so the monks began to push back. In such a commotion, the Archbishop, in order to regain his lost dignity, and to punish the monks for their want of respect, beckoning silence, proclaimed aloud that he placed the church of St. Mary's under an interdict, and suspended its priests. As he could bring the monks to no agreement the Archbishop returned to his palace, and in the uproar the thirteen monks left the monastery and were hospitably entertained by Thurstan.

Upon this Godfrid was not slow to appeal to the king, and Thurstan on his part wrote a long epistle to the Archbishop of Canterbury, begging him to prevent the Abbot from hindering the good purpose of the Reformers. He compares Godfrid and his supporters to the Egyptians, who, not till they were obliged, allowed the chosen people (in this case the Reformers) to go into the promised land. He describes how the Benedictine rule is no longer observed, and that in fact monks are now compelled not to observe it. He defends those who wish to leave the

monastery by St. Benedict's words: 'In every place we serve one Lord and fight under one King.' The Abbot tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to induce the monks to retrace their steps. Thurstan granted them a piece of land near Ripon where, after a temporary building, the magnificent abbey of Fountains was built.

It may appear to some that this story is a very dark page in the history of St. Mary's, that little can be said in favour of the monks; but before coming to such a conclusion it ought to be remembered, in the first place, that there only exists the account as told by their adversaries. The letter of Archbishop Thurstan in particular was written in the heat of bitter resentment, and yet even he was obliged to bear witness that "the virtue and good report of the distinguished Abbey of St. Mary's resounded in the ears of all." There can be little doubt had not the monks been carried away by the idea of becoming Cistercians, they would never have found anything wrong in their customs. Thurstan tells us that these reformers were learned men, and from their after career we know that no less than seven of them became abbots. Since no theory has ever been put forward to show that all learned men become reformers, it is safe to conclude that the Abbey of St. Mary's was a great school of literary men, that a good spirit of study existed there, and that the monks did not lead idle lives. Nowhere are they directly accused of wasting their time, except it be in the charge of breaking silence at night. But this probably was a necessary dispensation granted to some of the older monks in consideration of their long service in the community.

But the sting of their accusation lay in the Abbot's litigation with the secular authorities. They did not feel they were keeping their vow of poverty, whilst their Abbey was being endowed with lands, and their Abbot took care that no one defrauded the monks of their rights. But did

not the Benedictines of the middle ages, especially during the first years of an abbey, necessarily depend on their

pious benefactors, and will not the objection of the reformers on this score be best answered by a glance at their own after-history?

Thurstan tells us that they were men who desired to feel the pinch of poverty, and who shunned the delights of honour. As was mentioned above, seven of them became abbots, and in their new home at Fountains they did not refuse the donations of kind friends, for eventually their abbey became the richest Cistercian house in England, and far richer than most of the Benedictine houses. One of these reformers, Adam by name, deserves special mention. He had been originally a monk of Whitby, and after his departure from York to Fountains, he was sent to superintend the erection of Woburn and Vaudey, offshoots from Fountains, and, being a man of good taste in architecture, was chosen builder and first abbot of Meaux abbey in Holderness. After building this abbey, he gathered around him about forty monks, and eagerly received as many novices and lay brothers as sought admission, never foreseeing that he might not have the wherewith to keep them. They struggled hard with poverty, but at last were obliged to disperse for a time.

There is an incident in the annals of this same abbey of Meaux which will prove to the reader that the Cistercians themselves were obliged to have recourse to lawsuits—inevitable even in religious houses. It is curious that one of these should be against St. Mary's. The ninth abbot of Meaux, William of Driffield (1249-1269), had numerous lawsuits, especially with the rector of Wawne as to tithes, with the Archbishop of York as to common rights, and with the abbot of St. Mary's as to certain rights of fishing. One of the tenants of Meaux, William Lascelles, acting in behalf of the monks, claimed from St. Mary's the right of fishing in the meres of Hornsea and Wassand. As the matter could not be settled by arbitration, the *jus duellium* was appealed to. Each of the abbeys according to the custom of those days kept amongst its retainers a champion, who in the case of St. Mary's carried its banner in the king's battles. The respective champions fought the

duel at York. From morning till evening they fought until at length the champion of the Cistercians began gradually to yield his ground, and the friends of Meaux abbey seeing all hope was lost, brought about an agreement with St. Mary's, according to which Meaux consented to waive its claim, and the combatants were called from the field.

After the memorable event of the secession, religious life continued at St. Mary's as before. In 1137 an accidental fire destroyed great part of the city including the Minster and, as it is said, the church of St. Mary's. It is not likely that the fire did serious damage, for the old church was used till 1270. At that time Simon de Warwick was abbot. He was a man of great piety and learning, and ruled his abbey well for thirty-eight years. In the twelfth year of his government, he determined to re-build the church on a magnificent scale. He spared no expense, but erected a church of exquisite beauty in the transition style from Early English to Decorated, and competent judges say that the ruins that remain of St. Mary's are amongst the most beautiful in England of that style. The old chronicler thus describes the laying of the foundation stone:—"In the year 1270, His Lordship Simon, Abbot of St. Mary's, surrounded by his community, blessed and laid the first stone of the foundation of the new choir; and the depth of the foundation was nine feet, but in some parts twenty-three feet, and in others so much as twenty-six feet deep." Simon de Warwick's long rule enabled him to carry out his own and first idea, and in twenty-four years the church was completed.

Another important feature in the history of St. Mary's is a constant rivalry between the monks and the citizens, especially about the fairs held by the Abbey. These fairs were allowed by royal charter to religious houses and often lasted a fortnight. Booths and stalls of every kind were erected, and the produce of the Abbey lands was disposed of to buyers from all parts of Yorkshire, perhaps, according to St. Benedict's advice, at a lower price than in the city. As St. Mary's was so near the city these fairs naturally damaged the trade of the citizens and many disputes were caused.

We have dwelt so long on the early history of St. Mary's that we have not space to narrate at length its after-history. How its mitred abbot went regularly to the King's parliament; how its good report brought in a long succession of donations, in all no less than four hundred and fifty nine; how in the fifteenth century three of its abbots were appointed to bishoprics; and more especially how this great abbey had its own consuetudinarium—all this must be left for some future time. Of its fall with the rest of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. we will only say that at the time there were fifty monks, and the name of their abbot was William Thornton. Like so many others they thought that submisson to the King's will, instead of irritating that absolute monarch, was the more prudent thing. They looked forward to a change of times and hoped that a temporary humiliation would be followed by a glorious restoration. These hopes, alas, were never realized. The beautiful home fell by the rude hand of the destroyer, and the towers and clustered columns, and the beautiful and delicate tracery of the majestic church of Good Simon de Warwick have been since then a convenient quarry from which part of York County Gaol was built, the church of St. Olave restored, and the Minster at Beverley repaired.

Two Months on a Troopship.

A Week in India.

A WHOLE week in India,—whilst the transport prepares for its return—is one of the main attractions of the Chaplain's office and part payment for the duties and discomforts of the voyage. Little enough to justify posing for ever as an authority on India, or even writing one's experiences in three volumes, it is at least better than a visit to the Exhibition at Earl's Court; and the intelligent traveller can pick up some very varied and valuable experiences even in seven days spent judiciously between Poona and Bombay. Even in a week he may visit Oriental cities, great and small, with their motley crowds of every colour, caste and creed, every shape of dress and undress; he may see ruined Portuguese cities as well as the recent cities of British Rule; he may see ghauts and jungles, modern mosques and the cave-temples of an older faith. Even in a week the traveller learns the sights and sounds and the smell of Eastern Bazaars, as well as the heat of the Indian sun in early spring. He may meet missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, successful and unsuccessful, English, American and foreign, and note something of their work amongst the natives. He gets a glimpse of that Anglo-Indian life, civil and military, in city, cantonment and hill-station which seems so fascinating, and tastes the delight of the early ride through the jungle before tiffin. Above all, even in one week the traveller sees something of the wise beneficence as well as the power and pride of the British Raj,—and comes home more than ever proud of being an Englishman!

Bombay lies on a long, low peninsula, once a chain of islands, which looks westward into the limitless ocean, and

eastwards to the serrated peaks and majestic masses of the Western Ghauts. It became British when our "Merrie Monarch" married Catherine of Braganza, who brought it with Tangiers as part of her marriage portion. Surely no Princess ever brought her husband so regal a dowry, or one whose splendid possibilities were less appreciated. Bombay from which has grown our whole Indian Empire was let to the East India Company at an annual rental of ten pounds,—but at least it was kept in English hands. Tangiers, with the reversion of an even grander Dominion in north Africa was totally abandoned to please the fanatical enemies of James II. Modern Bombay is a magnificent city, with broad streets and spacious gardens and public buildings which are numerous and stately, but in a rather hybrid style,—a conglomeration of Moorish, Byzantine and Gothic. The effect is impressive and not unpleasing. If a people's genius is supposed to embody itself in its architecture, it is perhaps characteristic that the finest building with which we British have beautified Bombay is neither a temple, a mosque nor a church, nor even a Council Chamber or college, but a Railway Station,—a very fitting emblem of British rule! This universal mixture of European and Asiatic elements is what strikes one most forcibly on landing fresh from the West. The streets are so European, the population essentially Oriental. Wherever you go in street or tram or rail, amid marks of western civilization on every side, you meet with natives some very scantily draped, some clad in brilliant garments, red, saffron, white, purple; all spindle-shanked below, graceful and statuesque above. You see them by day walking abstractedly, sitting in their shops, or reclining under the trees; by night you step over them sleeping out in the open, or on the asphalte pavements beneath the gas-lamps or electric light. Along the roads tramcars crowded with them race incessantly. These trams, by

the way, so the Jesuit missionaries told me, are doing more to undermine the caste system than any other foreign innovation. At first they were rigidly tabooed, but in a vast, populous and sultry city cheap rides are such a convenience that the cars are now used in spite of injury to caste; so its restrictions are gradually breaking down. Then most Hindoos look frightened and obsequious as though surprised when you did not beat them; there is a look of oppression in their mild, melancholy eyes, as though generations of slaves were looking out of them! It is a rather sad sight; and the pathos deepens when you realize that there are nearly 300 millions of such people in India, and that two thirds of them live on about twopence a day! The native quarter in Bombay, though neither ancient nor architecturally beautiful, is full of interest; no other Bazaar in the East showing such numbers and variety of peoples. Every tribe, caste, religion, race in India is represented there; every foot of the way through the thronged streets teems with sights which are novel to the traveller from the West. The Parsee community adds a picturesque element absent from other Indian cities, whilst the Goanese Christians present another and more pleasant feature.

Strangers are supposed to visit a gruesome spot in Bombay called the "Towers of Silence," where the Parsee dead are exposed for vultures to pick the flesh off their bones. Not having a taste for horrors the present writer made no attempt to inspect them, but there is nothing romantic about the "Towers of Silence" except the name; they are not lofty structures towering up into etherial heights, as one might fancy, only stunted, whitewashed, unpretending buildings, not unlike gas-holders! The peculiar Parsee mode of disposing of the dead, though rapid and supposed to be cleanly, is attended with some inconvenience for neighbours and the general public. The Towers stand among the fashionable villas of Malabar

Hill, whence an enchanting view spreads out of the beautiful bay and the city beyond,—but as you sit in the gardens enjoying the prospect and afternoon tea, some half-gorged buzzard may drop into your lap or your teacup a bone, or a bit of fat Parsee! You are not supposed to mind, and your hostess generally gives you another cup. This would happen oftener only the obscene birds are too well fed to wander far from their feasting place.

The Catholic Church holds an important position in Bombay, with an Archbishop, and some 60,000 adherents, mostly natives. Of these some are Eurasians with the blood of Portuguese settlers in their veins, but not so many as is commonly thought; the majority being real Indians, descendants of the converts made 300 years ago by St. Francis Xavier and his fellow missionaries. The high-sounding names which they bear, Albuquerque, Gomez, Braganza, have come down to them from the Portuguese conquerors who stood sponsors to their ancestors in baptism; many families remember their original caste and retain its customs; they have their own native clergy, at least of the lower ranks, with some of whom I conversed, and found them courteous and intelligent. The Goanese Christians, with all their faults, are an interesting survival, if only as showing what might have been done in India under a Christian government, and with suitable missioners. Until recently British Rule has not been favourable either to Catholicism or to missionary effort of any kind. In Bombay the East India Company speedily broke the promises made to Catholics under treaty, when the city was handed over by Portugal; and the paltry grants now paid to the Church are no compensation for the Cathedral destroyed and the property confiscated last century. None of the sects, however, comes near the Church in influence and success with the natives. Protestantism in its various branches, in spite of wealth and official position, remains the creed of the British garrison; neither the teaching,

nor the example of the Anglo-Indian has been helpful to the natives religiously, whilst the Government's educational system simply turns them into clever sceptics. It gives them a thin veneer of civilization, but destroys their belief in the old religion without supplying its place with a better. An amusing illustration of this came under my notice at Poona where I was driving about in carriage and pair, with two liveried servants, like a Rajah,—all for five shillings a day! I had gone up the hill to the temple of Parvati, a famous shrine of the Hindoo goddess and one of the finest in the district; and whilst strolling round I was accosted by a wild-looking figure, with nothing on him but a loin-cloth, who addressing me in excellent English, wished me to remember him to the Prince of Wales and Canon Duckworth. I replied that I should be happy to do so next time I met them! It was the chief priest of the temple whose acquaintance with H. R. H. and his chaplain dated from their visit to India many years ago; and his story was quite simple. Sent as a boy to one of the Government schools at Bombay, he had there learnt to speak English and live and dress as a European, swaggering no doubt with the best of Baboos in all the glory of frock coat and silk hat. His father's death throwing open to him the hereditary priesthood of Parvati, incontinently he quits the University, throws off the garb and manners of civilization and returns contentedly to tend his hideous idols. Not that he believed in them a bit! The old sceptic informed me he had a higher, philosophical faith himself, but he couldn't afford to teach it to the poor people, as there was a bigger "boss" than himself a few hundred miles up the country who would probably depose him if he did. He was very entertaining and cynical, and very glad of a rupee; but the rôle of reformer with prospect of persecution and banishment had no attraction for him! I quite understood his feelings; and on leaving readily consented

when the old savage asked me to drive him down to the garden where he gathered flowers daily for his obscene shrine. For the honour of a Sahib I had to draw the line at his getting inside the carriage with me, so I put him outside on the box; and ten minutes after who should pass by, driving a smart dog-cart, but the Protestant chaplain of the *Dilwara*, who gazed in amazement at the naked heathen on the box seat of his rival Padre.

I had a parallel encounter another day when wandering among the ruins of Bassein, a deserted Portuguese city some thirty miles north of Bombay. Long a rival to Bombay, Bassein was taken about a hundred years ago, after a long, heroic siege, by the Peshwa of the Deccan, who however was soon forced to yield it to the English. The massive girdle of its walls, and the towers still frowning over the estuary remain almost perfect to this day; its ruined palaces proclaim the taste and wealth of the colonists; the unroofed churches which once echoed the voice of St. Francis still shelter the richly-wrought graves of conquerors and governors: but it is now overgrown with jungle and absolutely forsaken—even the hardy native and the curious tourist seldom venturing into its snake-haunted streets. That religion however has survived the ruin of its churches is shown by the numerous Christians in the Indian villages outside the walls. I conversed a little with one of the priests there; he was as brown as any of his flock, but as his Latin was even less fluent than mine I declined his courteous invitation to coffee; and shortly afterwards an Indian driving a bullock-cart was pointed out to me as English speaking, who straightway invited me to his bungalow for tiffin. His personality was a most curious jumble. A Hindoo, Brahmin, American, Congregationalist, teetotal catechist,—his visiting card bore amongst others the names of Vishnu and Daniel,—he candidly confessed that he had not yet made any converts; his wife however, also a full native, practised medicine with

more success than he preached; and they both talked excellent English with an American twang picked up in Philadelphia. Before beginning our meal he prayed over me with unction and at some length, thanking the Lord for the christian fellowship of our dear brother, and begging that he might be happily restored to those, who longed for his return, &c. He was a good-hearted fellow, and it was kindly meant, so I only retaliated by making a very large sign of the Cross. He had never met a priest before; we discussed Catholicism of which he knew very little, and idolatry which he was inclined to confound with the former; but he ended by promising to confine his preaching to the heathen, and leave the Christians alone. We further discussed some native food, very interesting and very unpalatable, curry, *chowpatti* (a kind of cake or bread), buffalo milk cheese, and coffee; and we parted very good friends and mutually entertained.

A somewhat different scene—though still of a religious character—came before me at Poona, where, as at Bombay, the Jesuits have well organized missions. The Bishop, who is a German Jesuit and had spent many years at Ditton, was showing me round the church compound when he drew back from a large room half full of people, but on my requesting it, allowed me to enter. It was a native Christian court in full session. On a chair in the middle, presiding over the deliberations, sat the Padre in his white cassock; squatting on the floor around him were half a dozen grave, grey-headed men, the assessors of the court; standing by were the parties of the suit and the witnesses. Tamil was the language spoken, and all were natives save the Padre. A primitive and patriarchal scene, it recalled the palmy days of missionary enterprise, when missioners conformed themselves to the customs, prejudices and dress of the natives, when they interfered no further than was absolutely necessary with race laws or caste, and made no attempt to turn their converts into

Europeans as well as Christians. This was part of the secret of the Catholic missioners' success. Associating themselves with different castes the Fathers observed scrupulously the restrictions which their caste imposed, the "sweeper" salaaming in the dust whilst the stately Brahmin (a whilom school-friend from Europe), passed by in dignified unconcern; and they could seldom resume the old friendship which, with so much else, they had sacrificed for the preaching of the Gospel. Such men's work has not perished. In Poona, as elsewhere, many old tribal institutions remain in force amongst these Christian communities, including these tribunals, which are watched over and safeguarded by the Padre's presence and advice. Moreover in all minor cases our government recognizes the decision of these courts, their sentences, ratified by the Commissioner, having the force of law. It was a matrimonial suit that was being tried in this instance; and when the evidence had been taken and sifted, the decision, which the priest afterwards expounded to me, obviously following the merits of the case, was accepted contentedly by all parties.

Among curious sights in the neighbourhood of Bombay, the Cave-temples hewn in the mountain sides by the old Buddhists are not the least remarkable. The most famous, or the most easily accessible, Elephanta, stands on an island near the city, and is so named from the gigantic figure of an elephant which once kept guard at its entrance. Imagine an immense quadrangular hall made up of three vast aisles, gloomy in appearance, as lighted only from the doorway and the open courts on either side; its vaulting of virgin rock upheld by huge pillars hewn likewise out of the solid rock. Great grotesque figures from Hindoo mythology, carved in very deep relief, cover the capitals of the columns and the wall at the back; the real object of worship—what the polite guide terms a "wishing-stone"—standing under a shrine near the centre of the enclosure.

It is curious to see the interest taken in this idol by simple *mem sahibs*, quite ignorant of the odd forms which Hindoo worship often assumes. The changed creed of India led long ago to the abandonment of Elephanta as a place of popular worship; many of its columns have fallen, ruined, not by the cannon of bigoted Portuguese, as British tradition affirms, but by natural decay and the percolation of water from the soil above. The temple at Karli near Kandhala is still larger, and still more striking from its remarkable resemblance to a Norman church. Here two long rows of parallel columns support a round rock-roof, and separate a spacious nave from two sombre aisles. The massive pillars with boldly carved capitals, the narrow aisles, the apse which closes the nave and encircles the shrine, all reminded one of the great church at Caen which the Norman William built for his resting-place; though Karli was excavated a thousand years before the Conqueror set foot in England. Ranged in different levels alongside this temple, cut out like it from the hillside are the cells and halls of the hermits clustering about the principal fane; which again are very similar to the rock-hewn grottoes in which St. Martin's monks dwelt at Marmoutier by the Loire, or to those which are shown at Salzburg as the homes of the first founders of its abbey.

My last evening on shore brought before me another curious and very characteristic phase of Anglo-Indian life. I had been strolling in the grounds of the Apollo Bunder Club-house, the sanctuary of British respectability, where Society meets, and whence everything native is rigidly excluded. My shabby white helmet seemed out of place among the tall silk hats and black frock coats one met there, though more suitable to the sultry afternoon. Then that evening at the hospitable table of an official of the Great Indian Railway I dined with some members of the Civil Service who were true types of the best Baboo, highly-educated, much-travelled, well mannered. Two of

them were talking of "going home" shortly; as they were evidently taking a long sea voyage, I wondered from what part of India they came. By and by they began to speak of Piccadilly and the Law Courts and the Temple, and only then did it dawn upon me that to these dusky fellow subjects of ours "going home" meant coming to England! So fully have English habits of thought and modes of speech percolated into this stratum of Indian society! Still clever, well educated, loyal too, as are many of these Anglicised Hindoos, well fitted even for high posts in our administration, they are far from being competent to fill the higher responsible positions. Their puny frames and feeble souls lack the strength and stamina of Englishmen, nor can they sustain the strain of serious responsibility. It may be right to open a career to ambitious East Indians and attract these clever youths to the service of their country; but it is equally clear that for the safeguarding and development of our Indian Empire, reliance must be placed, not on the loyalty, the talent or the strength of the native, but on the pluck and personal worth of the strong race that conquered India—and means to keep it.

It were long to tell of half the wonders that fell beneath one's notice during that short "Week in India." They were crowded, bewildering days, in which a strange pageant passed by, novel, brilliant, many coloured, that stimulated thought and feeling, but left impressions much too varied and vivid for description. Peoples, cities, forests, mountains; strange religious rites, curious superstitions; wonders of an old world side by side with marvels of modern science;—and everywhere the triumphant progress of Western thought! Roads and railways, works of irrigation and communication, feats of engineering skill, monuments of military prowess,—all were wonderful; but most wonderful of all, amid the clash of contending creeds and the rivalries of a hundred races, was the *Pax Britannica*, the majestic Peace of the British Empire! Of

all the sights I saw in India none left so deep an impression on my mind as the spectacle of the power and beneficence of English rule. I was fortunate in the time of my visit. The very day of my arrival at Bombay saw the departure of the outgoing Governor, Lord Harris, and two days later I witnessed the welcome given to his successor, Lord Sandhurst. On the first day the whole native quarter had turned out to greet the popular Governor. Squares and streets were crammed with crowds of every hue and caste; on the very spot which had run with blood during recent religious riots, Moslem and Hindoo, Christian and Parsee were gathered now in peace, and in the midst, calmly controlling all, were some half dozen white men on horseback! It was a picture of the British Raj in miniature! Those three or four mounted police typified our rule in Hindoostan:—all over whose vast peninsula there is ever seen what one's eyes saw that afternoon in Bombay, a paltry handful of Englishmen holding, guiding, helping the hundred races of the Empire! One learnt too that day the power of the white face, and what is meant by a dominant race. The streets were being cleared for the Governor's last progress through the city; along the route the chattering mob was being ordered and arranged by police amid a Babel of discordant noises; wealthy Parsees and obese Hindoos in smart carriages were turned with scant ceremony into side streets, but when the *sahib* drove up in a humble, hired *ghari*, an unknown stranger with no credentials save a white face, way was made for him at once, and every official saluted. I realized that moment what it means to belong to an imperial race! No one could witness what that first day in India showed me without being proud of his country; and the feeling is not an empty or groundless pride. In India the administrative and ruling capacities of the English people are seen at their best, together with the self-discipline which is the root of discipline for others, and that strong sense of

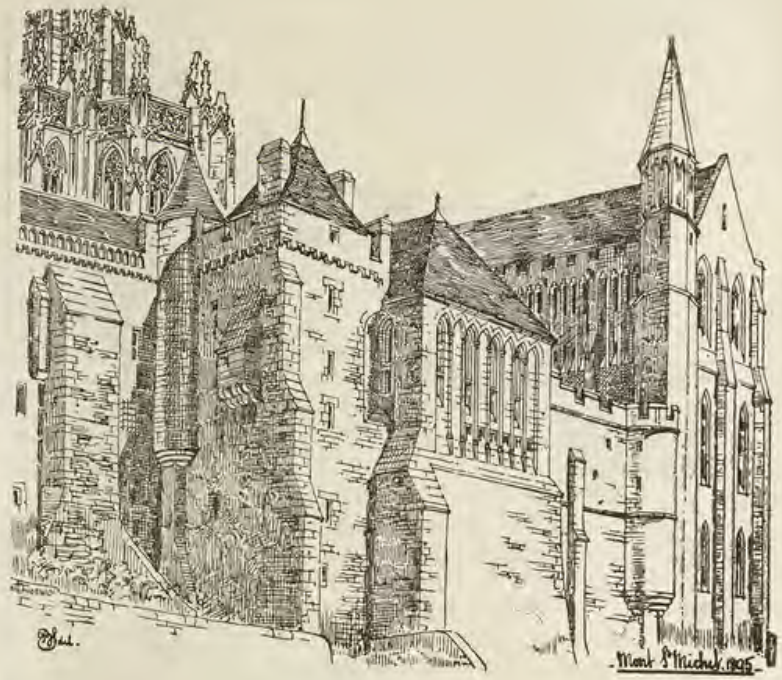
justice which is the only stable foundation of world-wide rule. The British Raj in India is the grandest achievement in human history. No other apology is needed for our conquest of Hindoostan than that with all its faults, it is a Conquest ruled in the best interests of the conquered.

All too speedily the short week came to a close.

The return voyage on a troopship presents another aspect of the picture, the tragic side of Anglo-Indian life—part of the price which Britain pays in broken health and early deaths for the pomp and profit of Indian Rule. Only one week before the *Dilwara* had disembarked twelve hundred fresh drafts, mostly thoughtless, inexperienced lads; and a gay band of boyish officers, resplendent in new uniforms, full of spirit and hope, looking forward to glory, promotion—and sport! In their places came back seasoned, serious soldiers whose bronzed faces and well-knit frames told of long drill and hard campaigns, mostly time expired veterans with the poor prospects of civilian life before them; the overflowing hospitals could not contain one tenth of the invalids who encumbered the decks, on the poop were guarded the lunatic victims of drink or sunstroke, whilst from time to time daily deaths or melancholy burials at sea threw a gloom over the whole shipboard. It was the same on the quarter-deck where older and graver men were pacing now with faded hopes and quenched ambitions, the gold worn off their stripes, the smartness off their uniforms,—the gilt generally off the gingerbread! Widows were coming home to whose husbands India had only given a grave, or palefaced, orphaned children flying from the unhealthy climate; portly warriors were there, some forsaking the service, some with disordered livers and a bilious outlook on life; outstretched on deck-chairs lay wasted invalids, fever-stricken or crippled, and others with bandaged limbs, or wounds won mostly on the field—of polo! Thus the homeward voyage was by no means so cheerful as the outward. The days

grew more monotonous as they grew longer; amusements languished; "sing-songs" were fewer and less lively; meals got deadly dull; cards and whiskey never failed, nor the mild diurnal gamble over the ship's daily run. Port Said looked dreary enough by sunlight, though the stroll on shore afforded a chance of letters and papers, and a welcome escape from coal-dust. The Canal once more passed, the pleasant warmth of the Red Sea was exchanged for the chill airs of the Mediterranean. A faint interest awoke as we caught a far-off glimpse of Mount Ætna, and then swept close by Malta and saw plainly its forts and towns, and the frequent churches that break its sky-line. The rocky islets of Pantellaria and Galita, and then the capes and peaks of Africa, marked welcome stages on the shortening journey home. Before quitting the Midland Sea a bad gale sprung up, delaying the ship, and causing much misery on board; but when the Straits were passed, and we turned northwards up the coast of Portugal, the wind sank to a light breeze from the east which tasted of home and helped to calm the waves of Biscay. The Channel received us with a dull leaden sky and sea as smooth as a pond; Guernsey and Alderney, like ghosts rising from the dim waters, pointed over to the English headlands; and whilst early evening was shrouding the grey Downs of the Isle of Wight we passed up the Solent and anchored off Spithead for the night. Very different those last gloomy hours on ship-board, among grave, decorous groups of weary travellers, from the festive last night on the outward voyage, when noisy subalterns kept up high revelry and horse-play, and "made hay" in the cabin of my brother Padre! As the chill March morning broke the *Dilwara* entered Portsmouth harbour; the long voyage was safely ended; and saluting the flagship, Nelson's *Victory*, we came back once more to Hampshire, home and duty.

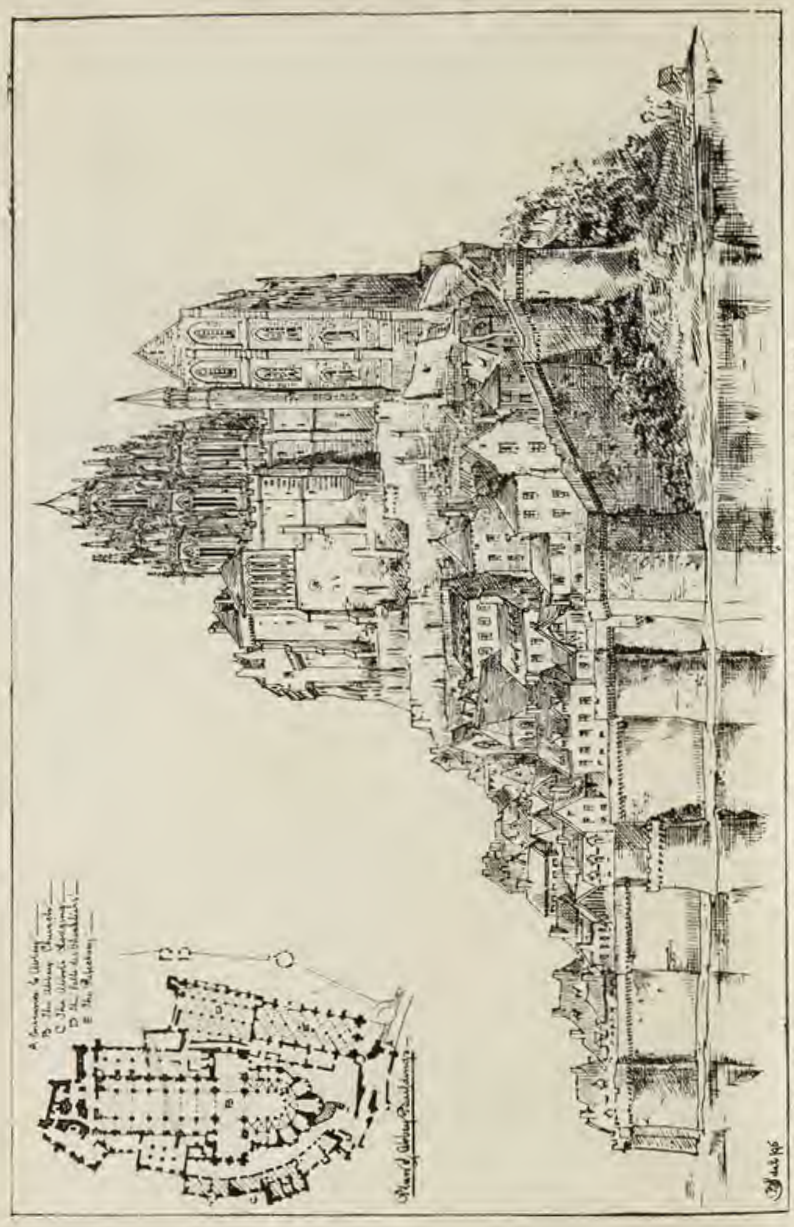
J. I. C.



Some account of the Architectural History of the Abbey and Town of Mont St. Michel.

THERE are few places I should think more calculated to strike the imagination or leave a lasting impression on the memory than the island monastery, Mont St. Michel.

Its situation is absolutely unique. As one approaches it, it seems like an architect's wildest dream, rising up in its grand pyramidal lines from the middle of the sea. At



GENERAL VIEW OF MONT ST. MICHEL (*east side*).

its base it is surrounded by rock-built bastions and numerous crenellated towers rising straight from the water's edge; then tier on tier of ancient houses, grey-hued with age, cling to its sides on the successive ramps, then last the mount, crowned at its summit at an elevation of 400 feet by the monumental monastic buildings and the upward-soaring abbey church, and over all that "cachet de Moyen age" which so few places in the present day show to the same extent.

The earliest traditions tell us that what is now the island mount once stood in the middle of wild, forest land, called the forest of Scissy, and a long distance from the sea. In the sixth century, however, the gradual encroachments of the sea had caused the forest and mainland to disappear altogether, forming the vast bay of St. Michel.

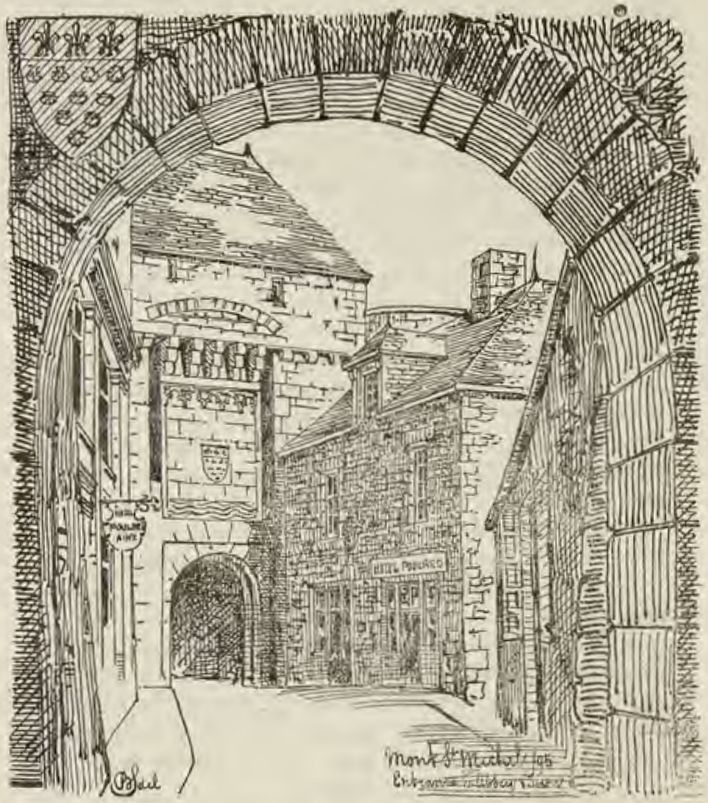
The mount seems always to have been devoted to religious purposes. In pre-Christian days it was successively a holy ground of the Druids and, during the Roman occupation, the site of a temple dedicated to Jove. St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranche, gave the mount its present titular name of Mont St. Michel, when he founded a church and monastery dedicated to the Prince of Angels.

The nearest railway station to the mount is that of the town of Pontorson, whence one takes the diligence.

There is nothing interesting to be seen on the way—a straight road across a flat country. But, as one nears the rock, one cannot restrain the feeling of excitement as the weird and unusual picture gets more distinct and the huge mass of rock, covered with buildings, looms in the distance larger and larger. It is a picture not likely to be easily forgotten, and the examination of the buildings afterwards will only increase the fascination.

Geographically, it is not exactly correct to call it, as I have done, the island mount, nor can one describe it as sea-girt, for a causeway lately built has deprived it of its insularity and turned it into a peninsular mount. But

though its appearance suffers somewhat from the new causeway, the comfort of visitors is increased immensely—relieved as they are from the pains of a possibly rough



passage, the extortions of pirate boatmen, or the danger of the treacherous sands. Leaving the causeway which abuts the dead wall of the fortification we cross a wooden foot-bridge, pass through the outer barbican, then through

the Porte du Roi, and we are within the town of the Abbey of Mont St. Michel.

Before us, to the left, lie the wide-opening doors of the Hôtel de Poulard Aîné with most likely Madame Poulard at the door ready to receive her guests. The praises of Madame have been hymned by so many pens that I will pass lightly over the subject and only recommend trippers, if they trip that way, to place themselves under her protection. At Mont St. Michel everything in the Hotel line is Poulard, Poulard Aîné, Poulard Veuve, Poulard Fils. The ramparts of the town, the lower fortifications and the Porte du Roi, of which two views are given, all date from the fifteenth century and are the work of the Abbot Robert Jolivet, 1415-20. The town itself consists but of a single street, with narrow lanes or courts, ramping up the side of the Mont till one reaches the Chatelet or fortified entrance to the abbey. It began to be formed in the tenth century when people from the surrounding country took refuge on the fortress-island to escape from the marauding Normans. However, hardly any of the houses now existing date from earlier than the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The town was destroyed by fire in 1203 and again in 1300, and the houses in the lower town beyond the line of the old enceinte were not built till after Abbot Jolivet had extended the place and carried his fortifications down to the verge of the sea. Individually, there are not many houses of much interest, but, taken altogether, by their picturesqueness and irregularity, they form a most fascinating picture ever changing from point to point as one goes up the ancient street.

The history of an abbey is the history of its abbots, and, for the purpose of an article like this, of its building abbots, and I think I cannot describe the monastery better than by referring in order to the abbots who distinguished themselves by their building energy.

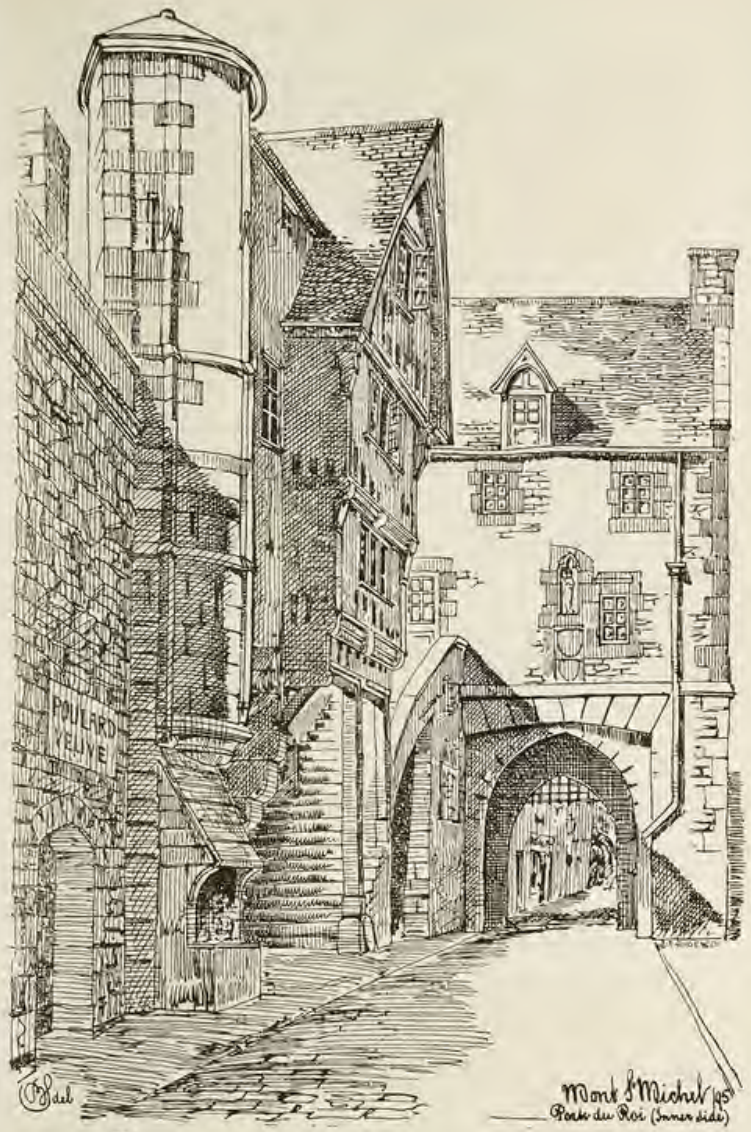
Of the church built by St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranche in

the 8th century, and the one built afterwards by Richard I, Duke of Normandy in the 10th century, when he established a Benedictine Monastery with monks brought from Monte Casino, nothing now remains.

The nave and transepts of the church we now see are of late 11th century and early 12th century work. The church was commenced by Hildebert II, 4th abbot, in 1020, to whom Richard II. Duke of Normandy intrusted the work. It was finished under the abbacy of Bernard du Bec, 13th abbot, in 1135.

The work of the architect Abbot Hildebert is mostly underground, and to him is due the vast substructure of the church. These works are of the boldest and most massive description. An architect less courageous would have levelled the top of the mount to form a platform for his church. Abbot Hildebert took the top of the mount as the level of the floor of his church and carried his supports and piers down till they reached the solid rock for foundation; each pier and wall, east and west from the centre, being higher and higher as it stepped down the rugged slope of the rock. The space between the floor of the church and the slope of the rock is filled in with tiers of galleries, and cells,—these were afterwards used as the monk's burying-place and catacombs. Further to the west, when the tower and narthex and terrace for the parvis were built by Robert de Torigni, the substructures were built and used for cachots or prisons, as also for a passage from the Gallerie de L'Aquilon and La Merveille, on the north side, to the Hotellerie and Infirmarie, at the south-west end of the church.

It was in these dreadful underground dungeons, into which daylight never enters, that state prisoners, in the time of Louis XI. and afterwards, were confined. A *lettre de cachet* heedlessly given, and sometimes with the name to be filled in afterwards by the person to whom it was granted, often consigned an innocent man or woman to a living tomb



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and nameless grave. There is a recess shown in one of the dungeons where some mouldering iron bars still mark the place of the iron cage where Victor de la Cassagne or Dubourg, and many before him, were imprisoned for years. He had satirized the character of Louis XV. (it had its weak places), and a *lettre de cachet* tore him from his young wife and family to be buried in this dungeon and chained to the wall in the iron cage. There he remained until one morning the jailor, making his rounds with the daily rations of bread and water, heard a great scuttling noise in the cage, and discovered the body of Dubourg half eaten by rats.

In another of these dungeons perished Count Gilles, second son of John the Sixth, Duke of Brittany. The count had married a lady who was beloved by his elder brother, the reigning Duke. He was soon after accused of treacherous intercourse with the English and imprisoned in one of the dungeons of the mount. Death by starvation was the fate intended for him, but he was kept alive by friends inside the abbey who supplied him secretly with food. After about four years of imprisonment he was murdered by his brother's orders. Then at the funeral, when the body was being committed to the grave, his confessor, a monk, denounced Duke Francis for his crime and solemnly summoned him to appear before God, within forty days, to answer for the murder of his brother. And as the chronicle relates, before the forty days had elapsed, Duke Francis met with a sudden death by the hand of God.

But who will ever be able to reckon up, or to unravel the history of the crimes committed in the secret dungeons and oubliettes of Mont St. Michel, of Loches, of the Bastille, or of many an other den of horror? The transactions in them were not noised abroad on the house tops or recorded in State papers. The victims were generally nameless, and known only to the jailors as

number so and so, and when their days of misery were over they were thrown into a nameless grave and soon forgotten.

The nave consisted originally of seven bays with the two western towers and narthex added in the twelfth century by Robert de Torigni. When the towers fell in the last century, destroying part of the nave, three bays were taken off the length of the church, and the present facade in imitation Norman was built.

Mr. Corroye, *Architecte du Gouvernement*, architect of all the important restorations going on since 1873, and to whom is due the discovery of the western tower and the shortening of the church, proposes to restore the church to its original length and build a new faccade. The present one is *pour faire rire*. Imagine a Norman facade designed in the days of Pompadourism. We give a transverse section and an elevation of two bays of nave. Every one will notice the great similarity in design and style with almost any of our Norman Cathedrals. In the eleventh and twelth centuries, architecture in England and France ran on parallel lines and was similar in characters. Afterwards the styles diverged and were always quite distinct.

After Abbot Hildebert II., the next great builder-abbot was Roger II., eleventh abbot, 1110 to 1122. To him we owe the Gallerie d'Aquilon, the adjoining crypt and cloister and the buildings between the church and "La Merveille" (built in following century). Before the construction of the new cloister in the "La Merveille" block, the Gallerie d'Aquilon and the gallery above served as cloisters to the monks.

Robert de Torigni was elected abbot in 1154. He was a great builder, but was not well served by his architect or master-mason, as many of his buildings collapsed afterwards owing to imperfect foundation-work. He extended the buildings of Roger II. at the north west of

the church, built the Grand Hôtellerie, the infirmary and the buildings to the south west of the church. He also added two towers, a porch, and a great terrace at the west end of the church. These latter works—the tower and porch and terrace—collapsed in the last century and

the Hôtellerie at the beginning of the present century. Robert de Torigni is reckoned one of the most distinguished of the long line of abbots of Mont St. Michel. The affairs of the abbey had gone rather awry before his election and the community was divided and disunited. Elected unanimously, he reconciled all disagreements,

reformed abuses, and re-established in its original strictness the rule of St. Benedict. During his abbacy the number of monks was increased from forty to sixty. He extended the abbey buildings, greatly enriched the library, ruled justly and wisely, and made the place, whilst under his long sway of thirty-two years, 1154-1186, the home of learning and piety and the favoured resort of pious and distinguished pilgrims. The period of his government is considered by most of the chroniclers of the abbey as perhaps the greatest and most brilliant in its history.

The next great building effort was the construction of the wonderful pile of buildings so justly called "La Merveille." It received the name before it was completed, and has always retained it, never having been eclipsed by anything more wonderful.

It was commenced, in 1203, by Abbot Jourdain, 18th abbot (1191-1212), and finished by Abbot Radulphe de Villedieu in 1228. It is the glory of Mont St. Michel and is, as Viollet-le-duc describes it, the most beautiful example of religious and military architecture of the middle ages in any country. There are three stories divided longtitudinally into two blocks.* On the lowest floor are the the almonry, the kitchen and cellars. On the next floor, the Refectory, and the *Salle des Chevaliers*. On the upper floor the monk's dormitory and the cloisters. This upper floor is on about the same level as the floor of the abbey church with direct passage from the dormitory to the choir.

Sketches are given of refectory, the *Salle des Chevaliers* and the cloisters.

The Abbot Jourdain commenced the work, as we have said, in 1203. He built the almonry and the cellars and began the refectory. Raoul des Isles, his successor,

* It is the block marked E and D on the general plan—and the three-storied building to the extreme right in the views of the East Front.

1212-18 rebuilt the refectory anew in a grander scale, and commenced the *Salle des Chevaliers*. The work was continued by Thomas des Chambres, 1219-25, who finished the *Salle des Chevaliers* and built the dormitory. The beautiful cloister was added by Radulphe de Villedieu 20th abbot, 1225-1236.

The cloister court is about 80 feet long by 60 feet wide and contains about 220 columns. Its details and design are of a most simple yet beautiful character. It will be seen from the detail plan of one bay how ingenious and unusual is the arrangement of the columns in the arcading. The carving of the bosses and spandrils is extremely fine.*

The dormitory is a fine room with a waggon-headed wooden ceiling. It has been lately restored.

This and the refectory below suffered more from the monastery being turned into a reformatory than any other part of the building.

The *Salle des Chevaliers* is a very fine hall, one of the most beautiful halls of mediæval times. It is divided into four aisles by 18 columns. It is 45 feet wide by 81 feet long. It took its present name after the institution of the Order of St. Michael by Louis XI. in 1469. It is supposed to have been built as a hall for general assemblies and for the chapter of the abbey.

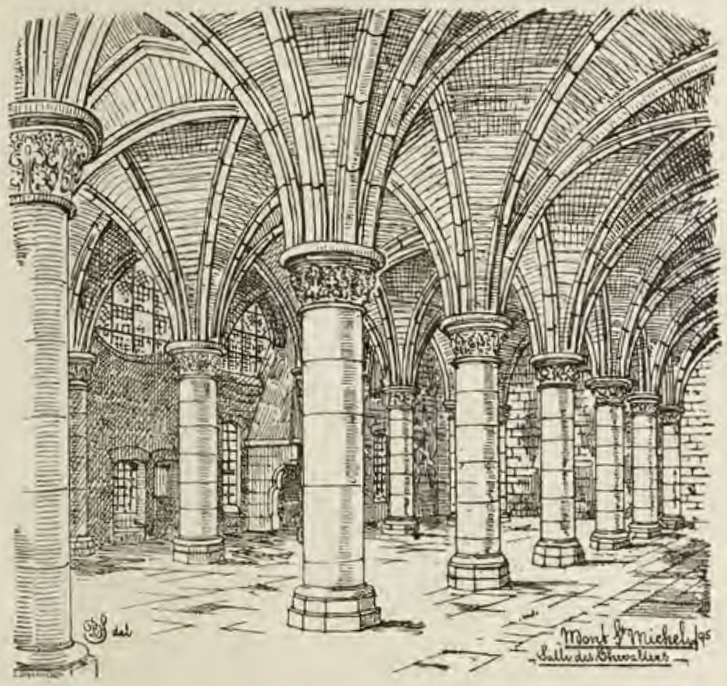
The refectory on the same floor is of a lighter and more elegant character than the *Salle des Chevaliers*. It is divided into two aisles by 6 slender columns down the centre and is 36 feet wide by 108 feet long. The immense fireplaces in both halls are worthy of notice, also the latrines opening straight out of each hall.

There are the remains of an outer defence or barbican to the Chatelet, or fortified gate, commanding Le Grand

* It may be interesting to give the dates of contemporary early English work The Angel Choir, Lincoln (St. Hugh's work) 1200. Salisbury Cathedral commenced 1220. Gallilee Porch, Ely Cathedral 1198-1215. Eastern Transept (Fallon) Durham began 1230.

Degré—a long straight flight of about sixty steps—the only approach to the abbey.

Between the two towers of the Chatelet is the entrance; then there is another long steep flight of steps with port-



cullis defence at top and covered on every side by firing holes and arrangements for annoying besiegers.

This entrance must have been impregnable in pre-gunpowder days, and would be so in any circumstances to direct assault.

Richard II., surnamed Justin or Joustin, succeeded

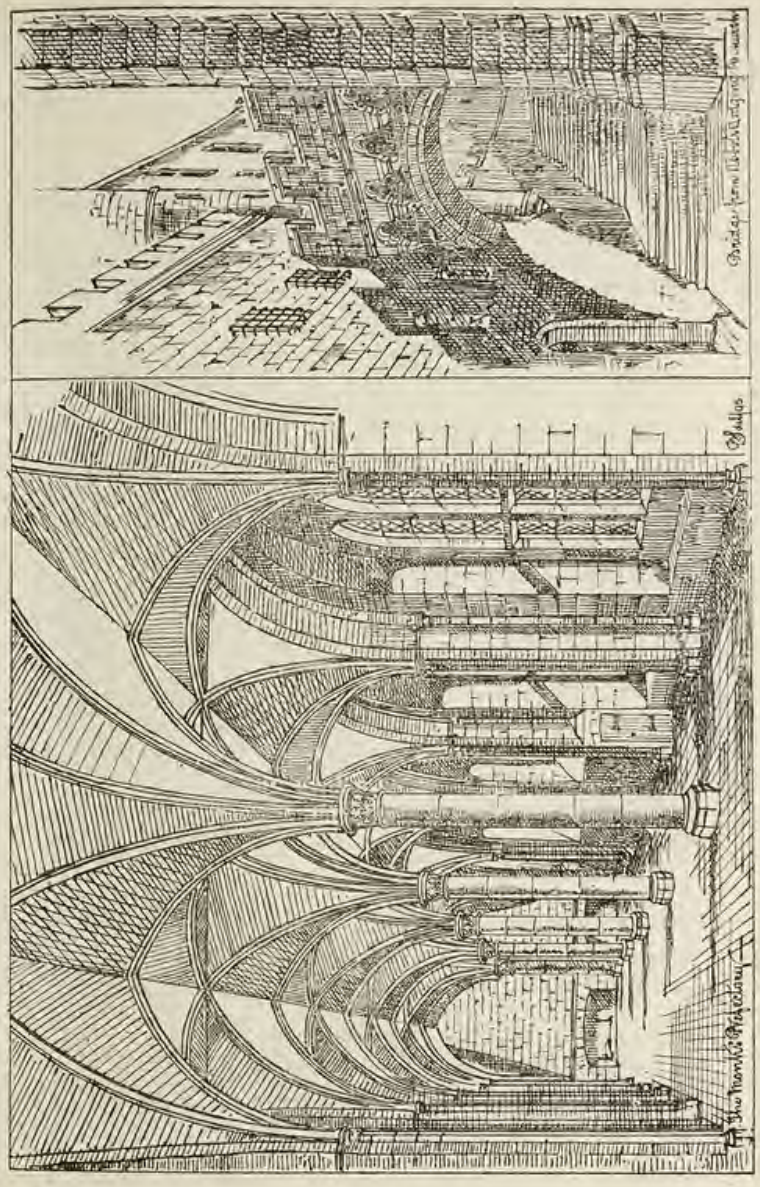
Radulphe de Villedieu, in 1236. He was one of the great building-abbots. He continued the work of Radulphe, built various buildings on the west end of "La Merveille," opening from the different floors. The triple archway opening from the west walk of the cloisters was his work, and is supposed to have led to the destroyed chapter house. But except this, all the rest of the work assigned to him in this part of the abbey has either collapsed through bad building, or been destroyed.

The work of extension of the buildings round the church to the east, and afterwards round the south-east and south sides of the church, was carried on by Abbot Justin in 1250, and continued by successive abbots, notably by Nicolas le Vitrier, by Geoffrey de Servon, twenty-eighth abbot, 1363-86, and by Pierre le Roy, twenty-ninth abbot, 1386-1411, and later on by Abbot Jolivet, thirtieth abbot, 1411-20, Abbots d'Estouteville and Guillaume de Lamps. To these abbots we owe the buildings which are called the abbot's lodging (marked on plan); to Abbot d'Estouteville the bridge connecting them with the crypt of the abbey church. A sketch is given of the bridge.

The work of the second half of the fifteenth century was the re-building of the choir of the abbey church. The old Norman choir of Bernard du Bec and his predecessors utterly collapsed in 1421.

The new fifteenth-century choir consisted of two bays with an heptagonal-sided apse.

The choir aisles are continued round the apse as an ambulatory, with five chapels radiating from the apse, and three on each side of the choir aisles. The present choir covers a much larger area than the former did. It is of course in the florid Flamboyant style, characterized by all the richness of mouldings and exuberance of pinnacle-works then in vogue. Even the hardness of the material they worked in (at Mont St. Michel all work is in granite) does not seem to have been a restraint to their fancy.



The piers have no capitals, the rich mouldings being carried down to the high base. The triforium of pierced Flamboyant tracery is very beautiful.

I should have liked to have given sketches of this and many other things. It seems so vain and useless saying that a thing is beautiful unless one can show it in some way. It is like trying to describe in words a wonderful flavour—say of Madame Poulard's omelettes.

The exterior of the church is more beautiful and striking perhaps than the interior.

The flying buttresses are very bold and impressive—altogether taking into account its grand position and the surrounding fine buildings, it forms one of the most picturesque apsidal churches to be seen, even in France.

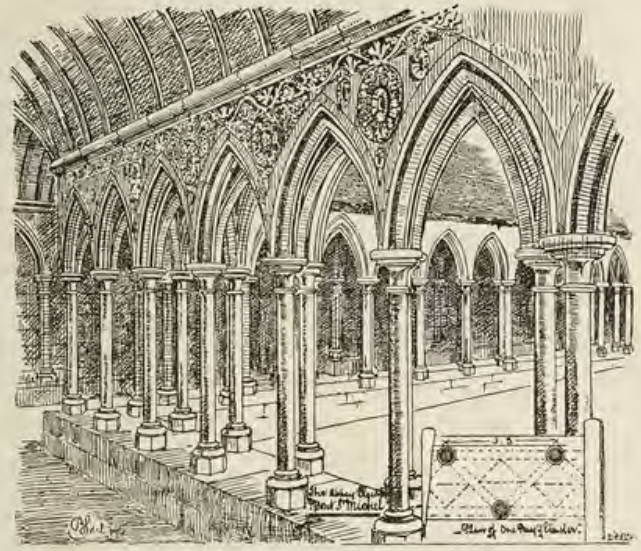
Guillaume d'Estouteville (afterwards Cardinal) and the first abbot commendataire was the one who commenced the works of the new choir. The works were continued by André Laure 31st abbot (regular), 1483-1499,—and by Guillaume de Lamps, 1499-1510, by Guérin Laure, 1510-1513, and finished by Jean de Lamps the 34th and last regular abbot in 1521.

With the building of the choir ended the long series of building works at Mont St. Michel. The heavy central tower, which to the joy of everyone has disappeared during the restorations, was added at the beginning of the seventeenth century; but this and similar works were only in the nature of repairs—the tower having been injured by lightning in 1594.

The commendatory abbots seem to have been of a different type to the old monastic abbots and it required a peremptory order from the Parliament of Rouen to make them do even the necessary structural repairs to keep the buildings habitable.

The church and abbey buildings like everything else ecclesiastic fared badly during the dark days of the Revolution. In 1790 the monks were dispersed and the abbey

pillaged. Nothing that could be considered as an object of religious veneration in the church or monastery was spared. The Library was ransacked and plundered. Later on, the place was turned into a prison and 300 priests from the different dioceses of Normandy and Brittany were thrown into the dungeons. Under Napoleon it became a house of correction. From 1811 to 1863 it was used as a



criminal prison. These were the darkest days of the once glorious abbey. All its fine halls were divided up by partitions into small cells for the prisoners, and the buildings left uncared for and open to every sort of damage. One sees the effects still after more than twenty years of careful restoration, and when it is difficult to imagine the state of ruin and wreck that is described by historians of the place in 1863.

It was my intention when I began this article to have given a complete history of the abbey and the mount,—of its repeated destruction by lightning and fire, of its revenues and dependances, and of its famous pilgrimages and pilgrims. I wished to speak of the founding and history of the illustrious order of St. Michael, and of the many sieges and other events by which its history is interwoven with that of France and that of the 100 years war.

But it has at last dawned upon me that the space allowed for magazine articles and the patience of their readers is too limited to endure so long or so painful an infliction. I have therefore reduced its scope and restricted it to a simple history of the way in which the splendid monastic buildings and church of Mont St. Michel came to be built. I have endeavoured to show how the monks, after the repeated destruction of their buildings by lightning,* fire and landslips, disasters appalling enough to have sapped the energy of the most hopeful,—bowing with resignation to the decrees of Providence began again each time to reconstruct their home anew, with undiminished and unfaltering faith and patience.

BERNARD SMITH, F.R.I.B.A.

* The Church was twelve times struck by lightning.

Pre-Reformation Relics.

ON the Southern borders of Lancashire lies a district that in times gone by played a not unimportant part in the affairs of the nation, whether in peace or in war, in matters civil or in matters ecclesiastical. The central point of this district, Warrington, commanded, in olden days, the lowest passage of the Mersey—a fact enshrined in the name by which a part of the town is still known, viz., Latchford—and we find the conquest-loving Romans establishing themselves close by at Wilderspool, as a point of great strategic importance on their newly-made road from Chester to York.

In Anglo-Saxon days Warrington was hallowed by the life and labours of St. Elphin. It was he who evangelized the country round, and who built a rude church near the spot where for centuries has stood the parish church, since dedicated in his honour. A brief entry in the Domesday Book runs thus:—"Waltune, Sanctus Elfin tenebat unam carucatam terrae quietam ab omni consuetudine præter geldum." A carucate was roughly about 100 acres.

In the "Valor Beneficiorum" of Pope Nicholas (1292) we find that the Warrington Deanery extended from the Mersey to the Douglas and thence westward to the sea; which goes to prove that even in those early days Warrington was a centre of much religious life. Before the end of the thirteenth century the Austin Friars had settled in the town. Their story may be read in Beamont's "History of the Warrington Friary"—(Chetham Miscellanies vol. iv., Chetham Society Publications).

Down to the sixteenth century both the Friary and the Parish Church enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity. Then, however, the evil days of Henry VIII. hurled the nation into schism and amid the woeful scenes of pillage and

destruction that took place throughout the land, little that was of value escaped the ruthless hands of the despoiler. It is therefore all the more interesting, if only on account of its rarity, when some happy accident reveals to us a chalice, perhaps, or a chasuble that had been hidden away in those terrible days by some reverent hand. Doubtless it was done in the fond hope that the storm of persecution would soon pass over, and that in the dawn of brighter days such things might again be brought to light, and used once more in the Divine Service to which they belonged. That hope, though long deferred, was not to be altogether vain. Already some thirty-three pre-reformation chalices, and as many as twenty-seven patens have been discovered. (See the article by W. H. St. John Hope and T. M. Fallon in the *Archæological Journal* vol. 43 p. 137 and the following. Of the number of pre-reformation vestments that survive, no known record exists. Probably the number is small. Of two of them however these pages may furnish a short account. One is a green chasuble and the other a red. They were found a few years ago in the Warrington Parish Church, above mentioned, and are now in the possession of the Ampleforth Benedictine Fathers in that town. The story of their discovery is very simple. In 1824 some alterations were being made in the chancel of the church by a Mr. Rickman. Near the rood screen had stood a doorway that had remained closed up time out of mind. This was re-opened, and there was found a double flight of stairs within the buttress on the north side. One flight led upwards to the rood-loft, the other downwards to a crypt. It was on the steps of the latter that the vestments were found carefully wrapped up. The Rector in those days was a Rev. R. A. Rawstorne. Had he lived in these days of advanced Ritualism, he would at once have appreciated the value of this "find" and would have seen in it an important link in "continuity." As it was it had little interest for him, and as he himself had no use for such

things, he made no difficulty in handing them over to Dr. Molyneux, O.S.B., the priest at St. Alban's, for a certain sum of money.

The embroidery on both these chasubles is very similar and is of like workmanship. In spite of its long entombment it is in a good state of preservation, and after being transferred by a London firm from its ancient setting, which had crumbled away, on to new materials, the vestments still fulfil the office for which their unknown makers destined them. Meagre as the history of such things always is, we shall nevertheless find some account of those we are interested in, if we search the records of the reformation period.

In 1552 Commissioners came to Warrington charged to report on the temporalities of the church and its chantries. Let them tell their own tale. "Weryngton Parishe Churche: The indenture made the iiiith day off October in the sixt yere of the reigne of our Sov'aigne lord Edward the sixt, by the grace of God Kyng of England, France and Ireland, defendor of the Faith, and of the Church of England and Ireland on erthe the Supreme hedde, betwixt the right honourable Edward, Erle of Derby, Thomas Gerrard knight and Thomas Boteler esquier (of Bewsey Hall, Warrington) Commissioners to the Kyng on behalf of his highness on the one partie and John Ridgeway, Thos. Kilne, Gilbert Croste, Hamlet Awen, Randulph Yate, Thos. Holbeche, Thos. Fernehedde Churchwardens of the Parishe of Werynton of the other partie . . . . witnesseth that where the said commysioners have delyverit at the time of sealing and delyverie hereof to the said wardens, viz:

(1) One chalice
(2) faure bells in the steple
(3) one sanctus belle
(4) ii lyttel sacring belles
(5) *a vestment of redde damask* with all swts belonginge to the same.

(6) a vestment and a fanane (fanon or phanon—*i.e.*, a maniple) of red and blue wolestidde (worsted)
(7) a vestment of purple velvyt with all things thereto belonginge
(8) a vestment of redde velvyt
(9) a vestment of white damask with albes and amices belonginge to the same
(10) a vestment of blue sattyn of bridges (*i.e.* satin of Bruges)
(11) a vestment with one olde tynacle (tunicle) of crules (*i.e.* stuff made of highly twisted worsted—spelt also 'crewels')
(12) a vestment of Dornyx (*i.e.* a kind of stuff which takes its name from Dornick, now Tournai in Flanders where it was first made)
(13) . . . coapes whereof two are of silk belonginge to the said Churche

"The said Churchwardens for theym and their executors do coun't (covenant) and graunt by these presents that the premisses or any parte thereof shall not at any time be alienated, imbecilled (embezzled) or otherwise put away from our Sovereign lord the Kyng."

We have here a rough description of eight different sets of vestments, but there is no means of ascertaining whether our two vestments are included amongst them. Possibly in Nos. 5 and 8 we may have one or both of them. But before deciding it might help us if we examine the records left by the aforenamed Commissioners of the chantrie in the parish church. We find the following: "Butler Chauntrie, dedicted to Blessed Virgin Mary, Robert Halle preist incumbent ther of the foundacion of Sir Thomas Butler Kt. to celeberate ther for the Sowlez of him and his ancestors, who did make sewer certain landes by feoffment for the assistance of the same—the parcelles whereof in the Rentall herafter particularlie shall appere. The Blessed Virgin Mary Chantry is within the paroch church of

Warrington and at this day the sam preist is remanynge ther and doth celebrate accordinglie. Plate—none."

Here is a curious state of affairs! A Chantry richly endowed supports a resident priest but there is no plate! Doubtless Mr. Commissioner Butler, the apostate descen-

dant of the founder of the Chantry, took care that what plate there had been should not come under the eye of his fellows. He was a well known trafficker in the church property of that time, and may be his companions were as keen as he in the pilfering business, and therefore he would not trust them. From Dugdale's *Monasticon* iv. 411 (Edit 1846), we learn that he had already obtained a twenty-one years' lease of the land belonging to the dissolved Benedictine Priory of Upholland. But the curious point in relation to the present enquiry, is that in an inventory of Butler's effects made after his death in 1579, there were *eight vestments* and two copes of velvet and silk "fayre embroidered"—precisely the number of such articles mentioned above as belonging to the parish church.

So much for the Butler Chantry. Of another Chantry, that of "the alter of Saynt Anne within the p'oche churche beforesaide," we find this record:—

"Richard Houghton, priest incumbent of the foundacion of Richarde Delnes (a former Rector of Warrington) to celebrate ther for the sowlez of him and his antecessors and to doe one yerlie obit ther and to distribute at the same to mynystres of the Churche and to pore people xxs by the yere. St. Anne's Chantry is at the alter of Saynt Anne and at this day the sam preist doth celebrate ther and doth distribute yerlie at the said obbet according to the ordinance of his foundacion. Plate and Vestments:—

First one chalez poiz (weight) xvi onz:—
Item, iii vestments of satten briges (Bruges)
Item, iii course vestments of Dornyx
Item, i vestment, tawny chamlet
Item, i vestment of black damaske."

Here again we have recorded eight vestments, so that there were sixteen in all belonging to the parish church at the time of the King's Commission. Again however, there is no sufficient description to warrant us saying that our two vestments were amongst the number. It is most

probable from the narrative that follows that they were. Moreover, the intrinsic evidence of their workmanship, which seems to be not of English but of Flemish origin, would make it appear probable that these were the vestments mentioned as coming from Bruges or Tournai. The general design of both is very alike, but in detail the outline and drawing of the red one seems superior.

Coming to the point of the date and circumstances of their concealment, we may leave probabilities aside and speak with tolerable certainty. It is certain from the above, that these vestments were in use in 1552. Doubtless, throughout Mary's reign, they would be used in the church as before. In fact on her accession, Keble, the Protestant Rector (ancestor to the Keble of "Christian Year" fame) was deprived of his living, as also of his prebendal stall in Westminster, and Nicholas Taylior (or Taylor) a Catholic, was appointed in his stead, date, Nov. 20, 1554. On the death of the latter, Thomas Ameril became Rector, Dec. 31, 1556. A list of the priests of Warrington in 1557 gives his name, as well as the names of Ricardus Taylor (Master of the Grammar School), Ricardus Sutton and Robertus Wright, the two latter being curates.

Up to this time, the vestments remained at Warrington, for Bishop Bird, speaking of Warrington in 1548, says:—"Ther is nothing alienated, sold or put away ther, but ther is certain goodis of the church as apperis bie a bill indented delyvered to John Rigeway and other churchwardens of Weryngton to the use off the church and att the yeris end they to delyver them to the next churchwardens" (see State Papers, Domest. Serv. Edw. vi. vol. 3, no. 4).

Now it was on St. John's Day in 1559 that by a decree of Elizabeth the Holy Sacrifice was to cease throughout the realm. The two Curates above mentioned remained true to the old Faith, but not so the Rector and the old hypocrite, Taylor. He, like another Vicar of Bray, had

contrived to keep his place all through the successive reigns of Henry, Edward and Mary. The latter did not allow him to celebrate, but merely to retain his school. Taylor and the Rector now again "conformed," and accepted the decrees of Elizabeth. They were in fact two of the seven "preachers" who made up the sum total of the "ministry" of the reform in the Warrington Deanery in 1563; and it must be remembered that the Deanery in those days was made up of the parishes of Warrington, Prescot, Childwall, Walton, Sefton, Ormskirk, Winwick and Wigan. We are told moreover, that of this precious septet, "one was able and painful" (*i.e.* painstaking, or does it mean painful to listen to?) "two were insufficient, three were non-resident, and one was not painful."

It was at this time, *i.e.*, when the rood-screen was being removed, that the door in the buttress which led up to the rood, would be blocked up as no longer needful. Here was an opportunity while the work was going on, for the two faithful curates, Fathers Richard Sutton and Robert Wright, to fold up what vestments they could and hide them, in the hopes of better days. There they lay, till, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, they were found in the year 1824. Local tradition tells us how the Rector, on discovering them, seeing that he had no use for them, offered them to his friend Dr. Molyneux. He, shrewd man, would not accept them as a gift, lest they might be afterwards reclaimed, but bought them for a few shillings. What would not the present Rector give if he could get them back!

So much for the history of these vestments. To describe them is not perhaps so easy a task. Let it be said, first of all, that it is only the needlework of the cross on the back, and of the pillar in the front, that remains of the ancient chasubles. The rest of the material was so old and decayed that it would not hold together and had to be renewed. Dr. Rock (*vide* Proceedings of the Royal Archæological

Institute, vol 27, pp. 135-7) says that the embroideries are in the poorest kind of English work of the end of the fifteenth century. Strange to say, this was the identical opinion passed upon them by Mr. Weale of the South Kensington Museum, to whom they were lately shown. This may seem to conflict with the evidence, given in the early part of this article, in support of the fact that they were of Bruges' manufacture. But this latter description would doubtless refer only to the material of the vestments and not to the orphreys that ornamented them, for, of that only would the Ecclesiastical Commissioners take note. But though the embroideries are poor, all are agreed that the diaper-work is excellent. The figures, as well as the niches in which they stand, are wrought in coloured silks after the manner of what is known as the "opus plumarium" or feather-stitch. The golden threads for this diapering are as bright as when first put on, being wound round with pure gold, and not, as now, done with metal threads of base or copper alloy. This may well be considered to give them value, although they be somewhat inferior in execution. But what adds still more to their value is their symbolism and historic allusion. Two angels (Rock says three but this must be a mistake, or perhaps he counts as one the figure of the dove which hovers above the cross) are gathering the precious blood in golden chalices from our Lord's hands and side. Then there are two lily plants shooting up, one on each side of the cross, to represent, Dr. Rock thinks, the perpetual virginity not only of Christ but also of His Holy Mother. The figures in the niches are hard to decipher; but, judging from their symbols or emblems, Dr. Rock classifies them as (1) Abel, (2) Abraham, (3) Melchisedech, (4) Two Apostles, St. John and another, (5) a figure in armour with a battle axe, most probably Thomas Earl of Lancaster who was beheaded at Pontefract in 1322 and regarded by the people as a martyr. Mr. Beamont, a local historian,

but not one to be altogether trusted in Catholic matters, considers this figure to be that of St. Elphege. What greatly, if not conclusively, favours Dr. Rock's opinion on this point, is first of all the armour; secondly the fact that Thomas of Lancaster was greatly venerated all over the country; and lastly that he was a great benefactor to the Warrington Friary. His full-length portrait, an engraving of which may be seen in "Baines' Lancaster," adorned one of its windows. Pilgrims resorted to his shrine, and a monk of Whalley, whose name, Robert de Werrington, betrays his origin, collected money in 1327 to build a church over the spot where he was beheaded.

But the value of these vestments, over and above all intrinsic merit, lies in the fact that they are to Catholics links of connection between us and the past. They were worn by Catholic priests, in Catholic days, at the service of the Catholic altar. Their reappearance in our midst seems like a revival of the past, a resurrection from the dead, proclaiming that like Her Founder, the Church in England "dieth now no more," death shall no more have dominion over her.

J. S. C.

An Artist's Holiday.

MOST readers of our Journal will be aware that the English Benedictines once possessed a settlement on the coast of Brittany at St. Malo. But I do not think I shall be censured if I assume that their knowledge does not go much beyond this elementary fact. No one seems to feel any profound interest in the matter, and perhaps this is not surprising. During the brief existence of the Priory, it could only be said to have distinguished itself by making no effort after distinction. It had a definite work—"drudgery," Weldon calls it—and this it was content to

do as long as the work lasted. Then it expired without any pronounced expressions of regret. It had no glamour of romance to transfigure it; it had no stories of cruelties or hardships; it was not wiped out by a ruthless revolution. It simply existed and failed; and people can hardly be expected to feel overpowering interest in a failure.

Without, therefore, being suspected of irreverence, I may state that the three pilgrims who started for St. Malo in September of this year had no very exalted sentiments, and no very anxious expectations when they began the journey It was nothing in the nature of an extinct volcano they were going to explore. The most they hoped to do was to make sketches of fragments or ruins they could not expect to find either imposing or beautiful. Any further research would be a removal of the rubbish that a couple of centuries had heaped upon some hallowed remains. Dust had returned to dust. It was a visit to a grave; but a grave that was sacred to them, because it contained all that was left of the eldest child of St. Lawrence's at Dieulouard.

The history of its foundation, as narrated in Weldon, reminds one of the story of Abraham and Lot. When the land was unable to bear them and a strife arose between the herdsmen of the one and the herdsmen of the other, Abraham said: "Behold the whole land is before thee: depart from me, I pray thee." In its short life of five years, St. Lawrence's had already grown too big for its surroundings. The pasture was insufficient for the size of the flock, and Fr. Bradshaw, the President, was compelled to bid some of the monks seek help elsewhere. In obedience to a command of this sort, Fr. Giffard found himself in 1611 with Fr. Barnes at St. Malo. Their intention was to proceed to Spain. But they were delayed some time waiting for a wind. It was, therefore, to the vagaries of this unaccountable element, under God, that the Priory of St. Bennet owed its existence. Otherwise it

is possible that the surplus members of St. Lawrence's might have been blown back into the land from which some of them had come.

Fr. Giffard owed much of the surprising success of his career to a gift of oratory. Weldon says: "he was very expert in that useful faculty having often made Latin orations before many princes." We may not suppose,

however, that he won the Bretons' admiration by Ciceronian sentences. Welsh, probably, would have been more to the point. But in whatever language he addressed them, during his enforced stay, he entranced his hearers, and they joined themselves with the Bishop, Lord William le Gouverneur, in begging him to stay amongst them. Accordingly he wrote to Fr. Bradshaw, who, finding in this application pretty nearly exactly what he wanted,

granted the request and sent six of his ablest subjects to to assist the pioneers Frs. Giffard and Barnes.*

The work the little community undertook was parish work, pure and simple. The Cathedral, Weldon says, "was a poor business"—meaning no doubt, that it was poorly served. Fr. Giffard was installed as "Theologal" and it was in the house attached to that office the Fathers first dwelt. Fr. Barnes was appointed to teach Casuistry; Fr. Hilton was made Catechist; and the others, as Weldon naively remarks, "sweated in the confessionals and pulpits." And as they began, so they continued to the end of their existence at St. Malo. They seem to have made no attempt to establish a College or to develop into a great monastery. Perhaps they were not permitted to do so; more probably it was not at any time a possibility to them. They were stunted in their growth by the decreasing demand for their services. They charitably, and in the true Benedictine spirit, volunteered to strengthen the loose and empty ranks of the secular clergy in the days of their weakness, and not the least of the praise they deserve is that they retired when a natural jealousy of the foreign allies (mercenaries our fathers could not be called, for they began in poverty if they ended in comparative wealth) made them unpopular, and when there was no longer any definite work for them to do. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." It was no pleasant task to break up a home of fifty years, but they did so for the sake of peace and the welfare of the Church.

To return to our pilgrims. With their journey across the channel, the wind, once supreme in the matter of marine locomotion, was suffered to interfere as little as possible and in consequence was nasty and bad-tempered.

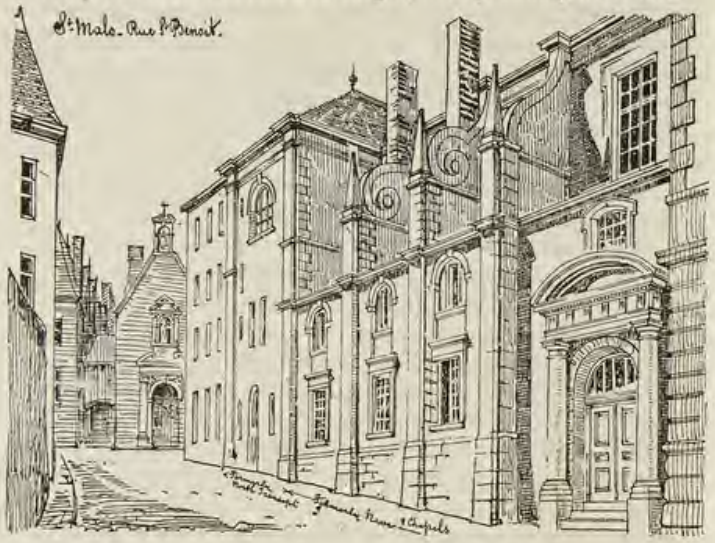
* The names of those sent were:—1. Fr. Placid Hilton alias Musgrave; 2. Fr. Mellitus Babthorpe; 3. Fr. Thomas Green; 4. Fr. Boniface Kemp, afterwards a Martyr to the Faith; 5. Fr. Columban Malone, probably the first professed at St. Gregory's; 6. Fr. Bennet D'Orgain who died in the odour of sanctity.

But perhaps it should not be called a journey at all, since the modern high-pressure, triple-expansion conveyances—they hardly deserve the name of ships—have made it no longer a matter of days but of hours. It was a transit rather than a voyage, and we may suppose the travellers comfortably installed in the ancestral home of the noble and illustrious family of Chateaubriand.

For fear lest the reader should misinterpret our position as guests in that princely residence, let me say at once that the terms were—moderate. To have called it an hotel would have been ambiguous, but there is no ambiguity in a definite number of francs a day. The French nation wisely dilutes its over-proof sentiment with utility. Old historic buildings are carefully preserved and are mostly the property of the Commune, but they are not uncommonly let out as Hotels, or Palais de Justice, Musées, gendarmeries, casernes, &c. In this instance poetic souls are permitted to sleep, perchance to dream, in the gilt-labelled room where Chateaubriand was born, if only they are ready to pay for their bed, lights and attendance. Another equally pertinent example is the use to which the ancient Anglo-Benedictine Priory has been put. It is now a—but we are anticipating.

The question we put to ourselves when settled down was how we were to find out where the monastery used to be? There were various means that could be used for the purpose, but the first that suggested itself, admirable from its subtlety, was to try how *not* looking for it would act. That is, we would do in regular tourist fashion the live lions of the place and see if we should come, by any chance, upon the bones or the traces of the dead one. Accordingly we walked the ramparts, did the Cathedral, inspected the bathing arrangements, listened to a military band and found the day pleasantly and instructively spent. But when evening came we were as far as ever from the solution of what for the first time presented itself as a difficulty.

We had casually learned that the guide books, official or otherwise, were in blank ignorance of so important a matter as the quondam residence of our forefathers. We also became conscious that the town, though a small one, was, to use an American phrase, rather mixed. It was of course possible to question everybody we met, but this would result in a ruinous expenditure of our stock of French (only calculated to last a fortnight) with probably no result.



What were we to do? It was suggested that there might be some survival of the old monastery in the name of a street. We set out, therefore, next morning to seek a shop where we could purchase a map of the town. Here chance, or fortune, which had seemed, rather unkindly, to have deserted its votaries, came unexpectedly to our aid. Almost the first name of a street that caught our eyes as we walked was the "Rue St. Benoit."

We felt that our search was over. We judged that there

would be little difficulty in distinguishing what had been a monastery or convent in whatever modern dress it might be disguised. Moreover we had been led to expect that it would have some connection with tobacco. A house a little more imposing than the rest did attract our attention for a moment as we walked along the street, but we never really lost the scent, and at last we paused, with the modern equivalent of a shout of triumph, before a rather pretentious Fabrique de Tabac. To eyes that had seen the remains of Dieulouard the style was sufficient to betray it. The curious buttresses were the work, not only of the same period, but most probably of the same architect. Passing a resolution to make a sketch in spite of the danger of being arrested as Prussian spies, we determined to explore further and boldly rang the bell. We were at once admitted into the hall, plainly at one time part of a church, and after a little difficulty in explaining our wishes to a somewhat obtuse porter, we were conducted to the polite *Facteur* who seemed delighted to explain all that he knew of the building.

This unfortunately was not very much. He could assure us, however, that the place was well known to have belonged to the English Fathers, though we were the first persons who had ever been to see it during his tenancy. He also assured us that they, the Benedictines, were very rich—many of the treasures of the Cathedral had once belonged to them. We asked for particulars, but he was unable to give us any. Of a curious picture in the Cathedral, representing allegorically the Battle of Lepanto, which had attracted our attention, he knew nothing. Two monstrances he thought he could be sure about, but, he said there was a writer in the "Salut" who could probably tell us everything. This antiquarian was engaged in a serial history of the town and was sure to speak of the English Benedictines. He, the *Facteur*, could not give us the name or address and we had to content ourselves with the address of the paper.

To do the gentleman justice, he was willing to help us in any way he could. He conducted us through the building and showed himself ready, if we wished it, to initiate us even into the secrets of tobacco manufacture. And it was well worth our while to climb the lofty staircase and explore the remains of the old priory church. Unpretentious looking, it was really of considerable size and had been converted into an almost gigantic five-storied warehouse. The Sanctuary arch had been cut away to suit the convenience of subdivision into rooms. Otherwise the shell of the church had not been seriously interfered with. What are usually aisles had been recessed chapels on each side of the nave. An oak-timbered roof, of good design, had been concealed by a flat-arched ceiling after the debased fashion of the seventeenth century. There also, where the shafts of the columns had reached the roof, were stone medallions, with the Sacred Heart alternating with the Benedictine motto, Pax; the latter however, if I remember rightly, without the crown of thorns but with the three sacred nails of the Cross beneath it. A feature of the exploration was the beautiful view of the bay from the roof-storey. Of the peculiarities of tobacco, besides its almost suffocating effect in the form of fine dust, the pilgrims, learnt, to their inconvenience, that even so pungent and deadly a herb is not uncongenial to the healthy existence of a well-known athletic and bloodthirsty insect.

The monastery will be sufficiently described by our illustration. The *Facteur* kindly allowed a sketch to be made from his garden. It is in the form of an L, the shorter limb being a continuation, to the west, of the church, then, at right angles and running south, the longer limb. The quadrangle was completed by the Bishop's palace stretched along the south side and, apparently, by dwelling houses on the east. The Bishop's house had no windows looking into the garden.

One piece of information, contributed by the *Facteur*

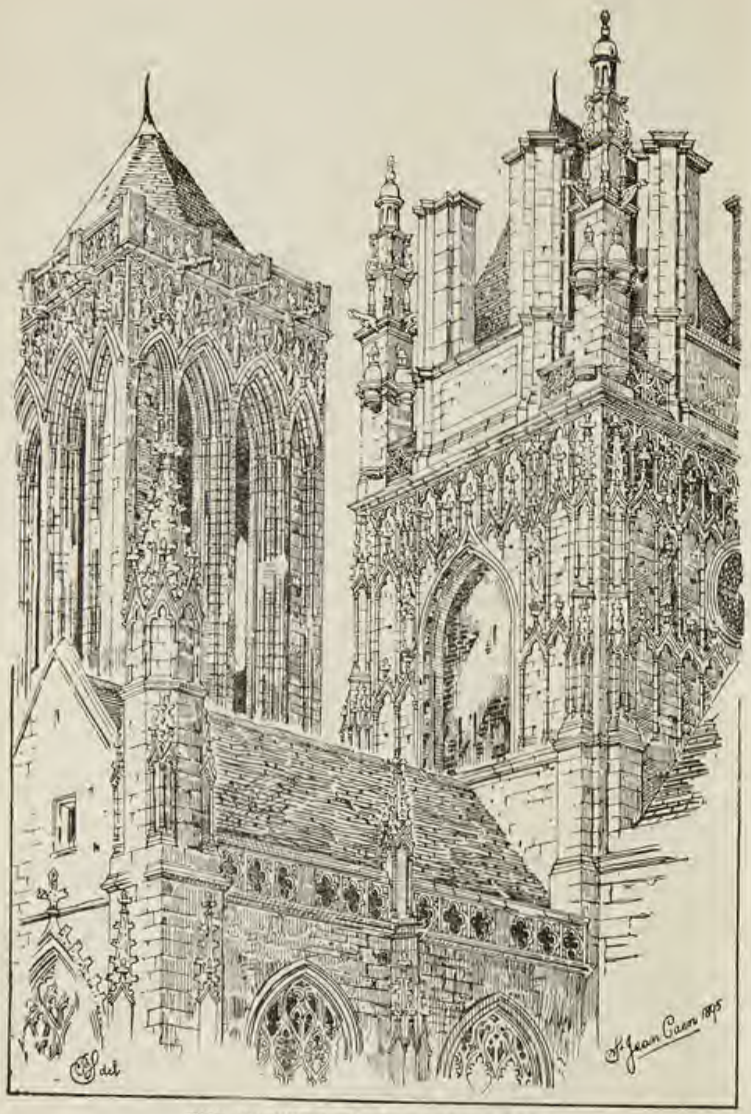
should be chronicled. In 1793, when vacated by the Maurists, who succeeded the Anglo-Benedictines, the monastery was converted into a caserne. It is as well to have authority for the fact though we might have taken it for granted. For what building of any size in the whole of France has not been used at some period or other of its existence as a barracks?

The town contains a museum of antiquities, and a notable collection of portraits of its celebrities in the Salle du Conseil. One of the pilgrims successfully survived a sultry promenade among glass cases, chiefly filled with uninteresting bits of stone, and endured a garrulous eulogy on Jacques Cartier, Chateaubriand and the other notabilities of St. Malo, thrown in gratis by the enthusiastic custodian. But there was nothing to be found in either place that had any interest to Benedictines, or any connection with their history.

Speaking of Brittany generally, one is surprised to find, after the romantic accounts of it, that it is so thoroughly French. There is nothing to connect it with the Welsh but the patois of the villages. The hardy race of fishermen, who spent their winters in the arctic seas, and furnished explorers like Cartier, or the bold privateersmen of a century ago, are no longer the men they were of old. The quaintness of the Breton village lingers rather in the old oak-framed houses and the fishermen's huts than in the inhabitants. Everywhere the country is being rapidly modernised by the strong pulsations of pleasure-seeking Paris, with its cafés and their iron-legged, marble-topped tables, with its Chinese-lanterned processions, its brass bands, its illuminations and its fireworks.

The English visitor to either Brittany or Normandy is here solemnly warned to beware of being entrapped by the guide books into any search after scenery. The country is well-wooded and sufficiently uneven; there are many charming 'bits,' but they are only bits and, as a rule, can be sufficiently seen from the windows of a *train rapide*. The pilgrims were deluded into a crowded steamboat to view the beauties of the Rance in a voyage to Dinan. They did not expect to find it a Rhine, or a Moselle, but they did expect something reminding them of the Wye, or the Dart. They were wofully disappointed. The only items of real interest were a race between a rival steamboat and their own, and the clumsiness of their pilot. After looking like winning in a canter, our bold mariner grounded his ship, allowing the other boat to dodge past and steam triumphantly out of sight; and then he seemed to lose his head altogether, and caused more than one passenger to lose the nearest thing to their heads—their hats. After he had been fairly beaten in the *course* he charged the bank viciously as though he meant to take a short-cut through the hills, throwing one excursionist into the water, and nearly causing a stampede amongst the terrified passengers. After the rescue we slowly proceeded to the end of our journey. Dinan itself was interesting enough to compensate for a good deal of the perspiring, cheap-trip inconvenience of the voyage.

Indeed every town in Brittany and Normandy has objects of interest sufficient to repay a visit, and the pilgrims regretted none of the many halts that were called on their route home. Mont St. Michel, Coutances, St. Lo, Bayeux, Caen, Lisieux, Evreux, each had one, if not more, or many, wonders of Gothic richness and beauty. "Gems" I suppose they would ordinarily be termed, but the word is inapt, for churches remind one rather of the setting of a gem—the delicate, intricate, imaginative work in which the stone is imbedded, and the very notion of a church is that of a casket in which precious things are kept. Costly, perhaps, in most instances, is the idea they leave upon the mind—a word that includes not merely expenditure of money, but expenditure of time and thought and labour in selection, variation, repetition, accumulation and a constant striving



THE TOWERS OF ST. JEAN CAEN.

after the best and most beautiful in the most generous abundance.

Much of the work, as we see it now, has been patched and added to in later times; unfortunately, certainly, but far less harmfully than might be supposed. Indeed I am not sure that the excessive ornament of the time of *François premier*, or the empty classicism of the later period have not each a real value in emphasising—the one the chasteness, the other the unaffected richness of these masterpieces of the middle ages. And, certainly, they have justified their existence in propping up and securing what would otherwise be in a ruinous state. The pilgrims often wondered how so much of slender grace and fragile beauty had survived the many wars and invasions that had swept over the country. "*That which the palmer-worm hath left, the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed.*" This was the thought that their remembrance of history suggested to their minds. One would have expected that what the catapult and petronel had left, the cannon would have destroyed and what the cannon had left, the rain and the frost would have eaten away. But rain and frost and storm, stone and bullet, fire and powder and petroleum seem all to have been merciful to these precious relics of ancient days.

After a visit to Normandy, one is expected to have something to say about Duke William. And, for myself, I am bound to confess I have left the country of the Conqueror with a decidedly magnified idea of his personal importance. It was not his real original portrait in the sacristy of the Abbey Church of St. Etienne that impressed me. That was interesting enough and I might have been influenced by it, if I had not suspected that it was painted in oils. Neither was it the venerable Bayeux tapestry, for which I retained my respect even after I learned that it

was not tapestry at all. The pilgrims were all of them impressed by it, though not as an historical document strictly so called. The problems discussed by them concerned rather the tools and weapons and accessories of the figures, the colour of their hair, or their habits of shaving as deduced from the appearance or disappearance of a beard. They did not think the historical questions, as to whether Edward the Confessor promised the reversion of the English crown to the Duke, and whether Harold swore to support his rival's claim, were in any way solved by it. Duke William said so, and historians acknowledge that he said so, and the tapestry does but chronicle over again that he said so. Whether worked by Queen Mathilda, or by some unknown dame or dames of her court, its authority is the Duke's authority and nothing more. If the Duke spoke the truth, it is pictured there more enduringly than if graven on tablets of brass. If he told a lie, then this record only shows how magnificently he could do it. What really impressed me with the greatness of the Duke was his assumption of his own importance as shown in the almost boastful generosity of the alms he bestowed upon the Church, on the occasion of his dispensation to marry a cousin. Two superb Abbeys, one for monks, the other for nuns, the one in his own name, the other in his wife's, each with churches of full cathedral dimensions, and both of them the noblest creations of that day; surely in no way could he better testify to his imperial conception of his own value. And as he judged of himself, so probably he was judged by his contemporaries, and so will he be judged, and not unjustly, by posterity.

Fr. Hildebrand Bradley.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we have to chronicle the death of Fr. Hildebrand Bradley on August 18th. In him the *Journal* has lost one of its earliest and most devoted friends. Even on his bed of death he showed the liveliest interest in its welfare, and while the last number was passing through the press he interested himself most keenly in all the details of its progress. He spoke enthusiastically of the good "List" he would have ready for this very number, and friends will recognize the man himself in the wording of the notice prefixed to his last List in which he "*earnestly*" *solicits* their co-operation to make it as accurate as possible. But it has pleased God to dispose otherwise, and the Lists on which he expended so much time and care have passed into other hands. We feel we should be wanting in our duty and disappoint many friends if we failed to devote a little space to his memory, though we are conscious that the great esteem in which he was held, his enthusiastic and self sacrificing loyalty to St. Lawrence's, and above all his saintly personal life, call for more than the mere passing notice we are able to give.

He was born at Hurst Green, near Stonyhurst, in 1859, and after a short time spent at Mount St. Mary's he came to Ampleforth in 1873—a very tall slender youth, suffering much from the ordinary effects of overgrowth. But the breezy air of the moors soon told its tale, and he developed into that fine manly figure so well known and so easily recognized in the largest company. Though not a brilliant boy he was a persevering and successful student, and all his contemporaries speak of the vigour and earnestness he infused into all his duties, whether prayers or studies or sports. In the pursuit of the latter he was most enthusiastic and public spirited, and his finished 'style' in cricket

is well remembered. One who knew him well tells us that he was a most conscientious observer of all rules and most regular in all his religious duties.

He entered the Novitiate in 1877 and after the usual four years at Belmont he returned to Ampleforth in 1881. For four years he was third prefect of discipline, and shortly after his ordination in 1885 Fr. Prior Hurworth assigned to him the duties of Prefect.

With single minded devotion he entered upon his work, sparing himself in nothing that could promote the welfare of his boys, thinking no pains too great if only he could make them better and happier. To instil into them habits of true piety was his one aim. He was accustomed to spend hours and hours in the preparation of each instruction and address, not content with his own lights but seeking and acting upon the best advice he could obtain. As was the case with his sermons also; he had such a humble estimate of his own work that, after re-writing and amending them over and over again, he would submit them to the opinion of others, and again alter them. Though of a very sensitive nature and feeling deeply any want of correspondence with his efforts, he seldom allowed his personal feelings to influence his judgments or his relations with the boys. Boys of the present generation may not know that it is to his untiring and successful efforts that they owe the privilege of the cheap "College Tickets" from Gilling to the neighbouring stations, a privilege which has saved their pockets and multiplied their "outs" to a degree beyond the dreams of their predecessors.

He could do nothing by halves. The whole-hearted enthusiasm with which he flung himself into his work was irresistible. It spread itself to all around him and was manifest in the least as in the more important of his doings. Many will remember the earnestness with which he set about the preparations for the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, how for days together he worked to raise on the moors near the

"Roman Camp" materials for a bonfire that should be the biggest in Yorkshire, how he arranged everything even to the minutest details, instructing the band as to the exact second it should strike up, and then how lustily he sang the National Anthem. Though a small thing in itself it illustrates the thoroughness with which he always worked and helps to recal him to memory. It was one of those typical occasions on which his whole being seemed, as was said, to be "wound up." Indeed his loyalty to Queen and country was of no ordinary type and seemed to partake of the childlike personal devotion of long past feudal days.

He retired from the prefectship in 1887 and the last eight years of his life were mainly occupied in teaching. Here again thoroughness was his one characteristic and he gave his whole soul to the work. Never content with a perfunctory discharge of his duties but painstaking to a degree, he was ever planning and devising ways and means of making the subject matter easy and intelligible to his classes. He was, it might almost be said, a slave to method. No boy taught by him is ever likely to forget his clear systematical lessons in French or the orderly arrangements of his notes in History. He was an enemy to all slovenliness and inaccuracy, and the one unpardonable sin with him was listlessness and indifference. Perhaps the one secret of the success of his teaching was the enthusiasm which he put into his work and which invariably he elicited from his classes. Nor was his influence confined to his own classes. The whole establisment benefited by Fr. Hildebrand's unceasing energy and there is no one who does not feel that it is the poorer by his loss.

In later years we owe to him the large photographic albums of old Amplefordians and the restoration and increase of the valuable collection of paintings which for many years had been almost disregarded and which through him people have learned to appreciate at their

proper value. It entailed great labour on his part and it is only fair to say that from the Earl of Carlisle and Mr. W. C. Milburn of York (the latter his old and faithful friend) he received valuable assistance in the work. He had also a fine appreciation of music and in the College orchestra he was always a most willing and efficient member. He possessed a good baritone voice and for a short time was Choir master.

But busy as his life had been, his spiritual interests were never allowed to suffer. Much as he helped towards the material prosperity of Alma Mater, he did more by his edifying life and good example. All that we have said of his earnestness and enthusiasm, of the method and precision which were almost a passion with him, is applicable with even greater force to his religious life. It is of course impossible to enter with fulness into the details of his life and habits, but all who knew him will recognize three virtues which were evident on the surface, and these were his humility, his obedience and simple unaffected piety. These are no empty words, and far from being mere obituary phrases. People of high spirits are usually tempted to take a sanguine view of life and of their own capacities, but this was not the case with Fr. Hildebrand. He had a most sincere distrust of himself, and the very lowest opinion of his own powers. His humility did not consist in forced external practices, but was deeply internal, and was ever shown in his deference to superiors, and to the opinions of those around him. It was a true intellectual humility, and when doing most good he ever seemed unconscious of any good at all. We could give many proofs of this if space allowed, and what made it the more remarkable was the fact that he had always to fight against a naturally hasty temper.

His obedience followed naturally from his humility, and like it was most marked and thorough. We may doubt if he ever consciously broke the smallest rule. The voice of

superiors was undoubtedly to him the voice of God. Many a time when the prudence of his action was questioned, he replied: "Well I have no doubt or scruple about that. I have done nothing without the sanction of the Prior and I have no anxiety." That sanction he was scrupulous to obtain for even the minutest points of conduct—his studies, his teaching, the least duty that devolved upon him. Following the rule of St. Alphonsus he never allowed a day to pass without at least a half hour's study of Theology, and no matter how busy he was, he never omitted it without laying his reasons before the Prior and first obtaining his express permission.

His simple piety was manifest in his devotion to choir, his sermons and all his private life. His earnest and methodical preparation for and thanksgiving after Mass were examples for all; and no one who was ever present at his Mass could fail to be struck by the whole-souled devotion which seemed almost to transfigure him during the celebration of those divine mysteries.

It may not be out of place to mention the last sermon he preached. It was at Malton in the month of June before he fell ill. As if feeling the shadow of death across his path, he took for his subject "Suffering." His tall figure, his spiritual look, the low voice, and above all the concentrated earnestness of every word produced an effect that has been rarely witnessed. The whole of the audience was deeply moved, tears were flowing freely and the fathers themselves were unable to resist the power of his simple and earnest words. The voice is now hushed in death, but no one who heard his sermons will lose the impression made by the deep sincerity that breathed through every word.

We need not dwell upon his long and trying illness. It was in the summer of 1894 while staying at the abbey at Maredsous that he first showed symptoms of the consumption that proved fatal. He returned by easy stages,

spending a few days at Douai, and he ever after spoke in the warmest terms of the kindness he received from his brethren there, and bore witness to the generous hospitality, for which St. Edmund's is deservedly noted. It was in October that he reached Ampleforth in a very weak state and he fairly cried with joy on reaching 'home.'

His patience and his resignation from that time till August 18, when he died, are well remembered. So anxious was he to prepare well for death and so strict a guard did he keep over himself that, after being told of his grave state of health, he asked a friend if by any sign he had shown any sorrow or regret at the news. He received Extreme Unction a fortnight before he died, and on the evening before his death, which no one suspected to be so near, he asked a brother priest to bring him Holy Viaticum an hour earlier than usual. It seemed a special providence of God, for when he entered the room he found him quite conscious, but almost at the last breath. There was just time to gather the brethren round him and give him the Blessed Sacrament, when after begging pardon for all his faults, he quietly breathed his soul into the hands of God.

May his example find many imitators and produce fruit for years yet to come, and may he rest in peace.

J. A. T.

The College Diary.

Sept. 17. School re-opens. Several changes are found to have taken place. The study and class-rooms are fitted with incandescent gas-burners, which give a very steady and bright light. Fr. Sub-prior has charge of the church music, Br. Philip Willson of the organ, Fr. Aidan is Procurator in the place of Fr. Basil Clarkson who has left for St. Mary's Warrington, and three new members are added to the teaching staff. Those who have passed Matriculation are formed into a class to study for the Intermediate in Arts. Robert Willson and John Potter have left to take the habit at Belmont. They were clothed on Sept. 4th; we wish them success. The list of new boys is as follows:—

Hubert Carter, London; Henry and Robert Pilkington, Greenheys, Manchester; Robert and George MacDermott, Ramore, Ballinasloe, Ireland; William Murphy, Liverpool; Luigi Psaila, Grinasargh, near Preston; Vincent Gosling, Stoke-on-Trent; George Favier, Lille, France; Maurice Grimonprez, Lille, France; Joseph Dolan, Warrington; Cuthbert Gascoyne, Herne Bay; Edgar Giglio, Alexandria; Wilfrid Hodgson, Holywell; Gerald and Henry Cantwell, Dublin; Herbert Crean, Liverpool; Justin and John McCann, Manchester; Cyril, Howard, and Mancel Martin; Birmingham; Richard Finch, Mawdesly; Victor Walker, Liverpool; Ralph Dowling, Bradford; William O'Brien, Liverpool; Bernard Stanley, Stockton-on-Tees.

On the 17th of August Fr. Hildebrand Bradley died. It is the wish of the Students to express their own sorrow at the loss of their late master, Fr. Hildebrand, and their sympathy with the community and his relatives. None of the present Students had been under his guidance as Prefect, but nearly all had benefited by his teaching and example, and been encouraged by his enthusiasm in the games. The boys will add their fervent prayers to those of his brother-monks and his relations for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

Brs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes and Thomas Noblett have returned from Belmont.

Sept. 14. Mons. Favier of Lille, an old Amplefordian brought his son and Master Grimonprez.

Sept. 19. Election of Captain. P. Buggins received the majority of the votes and he selected the following as his officers:—

Secretary	R. Adamson
Librarian of Upper Library	M. Willson
Officemen	V. Dawes, P. Daniel
Gasmen	J. Quinn, N. Stourton
Commonman	A. Pécoul
Clothesmen	J. Stanton, F. Yorke
Collegemen	A. Briggs, S. Parker, V. Nevill
Librarian of Lower Library	E. Murphy
Vigilarii	E. Stourton, O. Priestman
Librarian of Lower Syntax Room	W. Dowling
Vigilarii	W. Forster, G. Farrell
Vigilarii of Grammar Room	E. Weighill, F. Dawson

Sept. 16. Fr. Alexius Eager came for his Retreat.

Sept. 23. Frs. Basil Hurworth, Denis Firth and Elphege Duggan came for their Retreat and Pierce Tucker payed us a short visit.

Sept. 25. A visit from Dr. Low, his wife and son. There are few Students amongst us who have had the advantage of his skill and attention, but his name is, and will remain, in remembrance.

Sept. 26. A visit from Mr. Dwyer who brought back his son from Canada.

Sept. 30. The farewell visit of Fr. Sadoc Silvester. We had a rather mournful convivial meeting in the Refectory at his request. He bade us good-bye in his usual jocose style. He has our best wishes and prayers, and we hope soon to see him again amongst us.

The continuance of the fine weather has enabled us to enjoy an exceptional Rounder Season. The most excitiing of the matches was that between the Community and the Boys. The boys scored 83 and the Religious 97. At this point Br. Paul, the last man, retired after a splendid not-out innings of 52.

Oct 3. *Month-day.* A party of Religious spent the day at Easingwold with Fr. Jerome Pearson. The weather wet and football impossible. Visit from Mr. Bernard Smith.

Oct. 7. Frs. Romuald Morgan and Ambrose Turner began their Annual Retreat.

Oct. 14. The Sub-prior's feast was kept. The choir and band had their postponed treat. Fr. Clement, and Br. Bernard, Mr. Oberhoffer and Mr. Mc Laughlin led an excursion to Thornton Dale, beyond Pickering. Those who went had a very pleasant walk by Lewisham back to Pickering. After tea, at 4.30, they returned home by train. All agreed that they had spent a most enjoyable day.

Oct. 17. Visit from Frs. Sumner, Morgan, Cody and Ambrose Turner. Fr. Hurworth gave us a Retreat which lasted two days.

Oct. 23. Mr. Forster of Driffield paid us a visit.

Nov. 7. *Month-day.* Morning wet, but afternoon fine. A game of football.

Nov. 9. Fr. Francis Pentony left for Ventnor. His brother George is reported as not expected to live.

Nov. 12. Br. Paul Pentony left to join his brothers at Ventnor. He remained there until the end.

Nov. 17. We heard the sad news of George Pentony's death. He died peacefully and we pray earnestly for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

Nov. 20. George Pentony's funeral. The ceremony began at 8.45. Fr. Francis sang the Mass and Br. Paul assisted as Subdeacon. He was buried in the same grave as his brother Wilfrid.

Nov. 21. Mr. J. Ross and Mr. Becton, well known professionals of the Liverpool eleven and both late of Preston North End, came for a few days to coach our football team. They thoroughly re-organized the methods of attack and their teaching proved of very great advantage; this may be taken as proved by the brilliant result of the out-matches, the goals for and against the college being respectively 22 to 4. Unfortunately the visit could not be repeated as it was intended it should be.

Nov. 22. This year, as St. Cecily's fell on a Friday, the festivities peculiar to the occasion were held on the previous Wednesday. We had an out to Gormire and finished the day with the usual convivial meeting in the Refectory. The programme of songs and speeches was full and select. The usual "Cantantibus Organis"

and the beautiful hymn after the Elevation were sung at Mass as usual.

Nov. 26. Fr. Cuthbert Pippet came to spend a few days with us Emile Prest also paid us a visit.

Nov. 27. Fr. Prior was laid up with a bad cold.

The feast of St. Clement happening to fall on a Saturday, the Prefect's feast was kept to-day. In the morning we had a game of football and many of us spent the afternoon preparing a large bonfire. The tree-cutting in the lion wood furnished us with plenty of material. At 5 o'clock Br. Austin gave a magic lantern entertainment. The subject was China with a few local views as a finish. We had supper early, at half past six, and afterwards a grand display of fire-works. Fr. Clement then set the bonfire in flames. The day was closed by "Punch" in the Study hall. Some affecting words were read from Fr. Prior who regretted he was unable to be present through sickness. After wishing Fr. Clement good health and every blessing V. Nevill and W. Forster acted a charade arranged by Br. Paul. This was a success and caused great amusement.

Dec. 2. A grand concert was given was given at Kirby Moorsid for the benefit of the little mission. Many of the religious and boys were enabled to spend the night there through the kindness of the gentry of the district. The rest had a long ride home after the concert was over.

Dec. 5. Fr. Bernard Gibbons left the monastry for the mission at Merthyr Tydvil. We wish him every success. To-day we had the first fall of snow. As it was the month-day some of the Matriculation class accompanied by Br. Austin visited Crayke castle. A football match with the Malton Swifts, played on our ground, ended in favour of the home team by 4 goals to none. In the evening speeches were delivered in the study by the Preparatory Class. They were, with hardly an exception, very good.

Debates.

We regret that there have been no exciting debates this term. In fact beyond the usual monthly meeting there have been no debates at all. We hope that next term will see an improvement in the matter.

Our Clubs.

WHEREVER you find a large body of men, you are sure to find clubs. This is true even among the Indians, for with them clubs are proverbial. So Ampleforth has its clubs; three football clubs, named respectively the "G. G." "Rovers" and "Swifts." The "G. G." club is mentioned first, not by reason of its merits, but because it is the oldest of the three, and old age and honour are or should be inseperable. The Cricket club, spoken of in the last and first number of our Journal under the name of the P.E.C.C. was the indirect cause of these football clubs. The P.E.C.C. developed into the G. G. Club, and at the suggestion of Br. Paul during a debate, the Rovers and Swifts sprang into life. Colours were chosen, G. G.'s Red and White; and Rovers Chocolate and Red; Swifts, Green with a red collar and cuffs. A Committee arranged for twelve matches, and for a first and second prize.

A wave of excitement passed over the school. During meals and play hours, many tongues were occupied about the League and even during times of silence and study, although the tongues were quiet, no doubt the voice of the imagination was busy. All the matches were played with the greatest interest and the greatest excitement. Unfortunately the bad weather and injudiciously drained field went hand in hand to oppose our matches. Only half the number of games arranged for were played. Below are the results. A victory counts two points, a draw one point.

	No. of matches played.	Lost.	Won.	Drew.	Points.
Rovers ...	4	0	3	1	7
Swifts ...	4	2	1	1	3
G. G. ...	4	3	1	0	2

Dec. 12, 1895. { M. Willson. V. Dawes.

George Pentony.

We regret to have to record another sad bereavement which we have suffered since the publication of our last issue. It will be remembered that our last number contained a biographical sketch of the life of Wilfrid Pentony, and a touching account of his premature but edifying death. It is now our sorrowful duty to make a similar reference to the death of his brother George Pentony. This gentle and amiable young man fell a prey to consumption six months after his lamented brother. At the time of his death he was residing at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, and here tended by his affectionate brothers the Revv. Francis and Paul Pentony, he breathed his last, fortified, at the hands of his brother Francis, with all the last rites of Holy Church. Some who read this Journal will remember that George Pentony was present at our last Exhibition in July. None could converse with him during such visits as he was making to his Alma Mater without feeling how strong was his attachment to the home of his youth, and how intense was his pleasure in meeting again the familiar faces of his old friends, and recounting with them the episodes of the life he once lived amongst them.

His connection with Ampleforth began when he was about twelve years of age. As a pupil he passed through the customary grades of the school of which he was eventually elected "Captain." He then, naturally, one might almost say, followed the leading of his brothers, and went to Belmont with a view to entering the religious life. He entered Belmont on September 3, 1891. Having, in the event, some misgivings as to his vocation he left Belmont and went to visit Rome in company with his brother the Rev. F. Pentony, who was taking up his residence there. On the completion of his visit he proceeded to Belgium and was for some time located in a College at Louvain, where he attained considerable proficiency in the French language. He returned to England in 1893, and there being a vacancy for a French professor in the College at Ampleforth, he forthwith entered upon the duties of a lay-master. He taught French to several of the classes with careful assiduity and unwearying patience. It would seem that he found in that avocation an opportunity of useful activity which enabled him to live honourably among the friends from whom he could not bear to be severed; though from some hesitation, sufficiently evident to his friends but difficult adequately to explain, he shrank from assuming their monastic obligations. His bearing towards his colleagues in the lay-profession was invariably gentle and forbearing, and he was ever ready to identify himself with their joys or anxieties. He was of refined tastes, naturally generous, and strong in the attachments he formed for persons and things. The lay-professors who had been his colleagues sincerely regret his loss, and it was with heartfelt grief that they wended their way down the fields on the melancholy occasion of his funeral to meet the dead body of their esteemed friend at the station. He now reposes, as it were, in the arms of his deceased brother Wilfrid, for it was his wish that he should be buried in the same grave with him. There they lie in a nook on that wooded hill-side in which they loved so much to wander. None can stand at their grave without emotion. Their careers were both short; they differed little; their lives were simple and pure; they were both unsuited for the world. One was perhaps a little more courageous in the matter of renunciation than the other; but both equally unsuited by their gentle nature to cope with the stern and hard realities of life in the world. The variation in their careers was due more to the play of individuality than to a difference of vocation; and though they diverged a little from each other during their short lives, God would as it

were have them equal; and He sweetly corrected, if we may so speak, the little deviation in their course, restoring the similarity of their vocation by eliciting from each a fervent resignation to His Holy Will, when He called them to Himself by a death that was for each, in almost all respects, identical. "They were lovely in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

A. W. CALVERT.

Notes.

THE prospects of the *Journal*, our readers will be glad to learn, are as favourable as we could wish. Our first number has excited, as is natural, more than ordinary criticism, and this has invariably taken the form of congratulation. Of course we do not expect this to last, nor do we altogether wish it. Our publication has now gone through the first two stages of its existence—"the infant mewling and puking in its nurse's arm," and the school-boy with "his shining morning face," and has donned the toga virilis. Naturally its friends exclaim "how well it looks; how fine, &c.," partly in encouragement and mostly, we will do them justice to think, in honest if prejudiced admiration. We are not, however, so conceited as to think that this style of criticism will last. When the novelty has worn off we shall expect to hear a different class of remarks, equally friendly but less favourable. And when such comments come, we shall be ready to listen to them, as we hope, without vexation or disappointment and with a sincere desire to better ourselves by the advice of others.

Our frontispiece, which we have chosen as a suitable introduction to the article the Bishop of Newport has so kindly contributed, is from an edition of St. Francis, Paris 1673. Canon Mackey has used a larger version to preface the first vol. of his French edition of the works of St. Francis of Sales. It will be interesting as a good example of the allegorical book-illustration of the seventeenth century. The inscriptions on the shields "as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds," and "as frankincense burning in the fire," plainly—from the mitre and the altar connected with them,—refer to the holy life of St. Francis as bishop. On the pillars of the temple are the words "in his days the wells of water flowed out" and "as the lilies that are on the brink of the water;—these are a beautiful reference to his successful work in his diocese and his conversion of the Chablais from the errors of Calvinism. Then, to symbolize his spiritual writings, we have the two angels in the foreground, the one with an urn and the other with a pile of books; the urn with the inscription "as a massy vessel of gold" and the books tossed in a confused heap. This seems to signify, on the one hand, the solid and precious beauty of his books—a golden vessel filled with gold which the weight of the angel is insufficient to overturn, and, on the other hand, the hurried chance way in which they were for the most part composed. Then, summing up the life of the Saint as looked at from without, we have the inscription "As the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God;" and as an epitome of his interior life, the words held in his hand "Vive Jesus." The design is by Charles le Brun, court-painter to Louis XIV.

The other illustrations we may leave to speak for themselves. The etching of the Madonna is from a replica of the statue on our High Altar, executed by Boulton for St. Anne's, Ormskirk. Our drawing is far from perfect but it may serve to recall a statue that is a true and devotinal work of art—none the less true and devotional that the type of the Madonna is so unmistakeably English. We have to thank Mr. Boddy for admirable water-colour sketches of St. Mary's Abbey, York, which have been ably translated into line work by his pupils and assistants Fr. Theodore and Br. Stephen. Fr. Leo Almond has generously contributed a clever sketch of Coutances Cathedral, and Fr. Firth a patient and accurate drawing of a pre-reformation chasuble at Warrington. Mr. Bernard Smith has been indefatigable, and his beautiful drawing of the church of St. Jean at Caen may challenge comparison with the best of modern illustrations.

Whilst we are in the mood for self-congratulation may we call attention to the progress made by the new monastery during the last term? The basement and ground floor are all but completed; and the work has proved interesting enough and the progress fast enough to attract a daily visit from the more enthusiastic of its admirers. The tramway has been prolonged to the works and the heavy goods can be sent upon trucks from the station. A winch attached to the steam-engine that drives the mortar-mill saves the horses the cruel task of dragging the waggons up the hill-side. A wire rope will do the hauling from the cricket-ground to the new building.

The study hall and church are now lit up by the incandescent light. This is an economy in the best meaning of the word—a saving of the gas and a comfort to sore eyes.

The Exhibition of 1895 was chiefly notable for the revival of operas. It was an old opera that was reproduced, but the energy that was spent over its worthy representation was little inferior to that of the days when it was first planned and written. And no one will regret the resurrection of so great a favourite as King Robert of Sicily. Sensational aptness was lent to the occasion by the presence among the audience of Herr Von Tugginer, its composer, who by a happy chance found himself in the neighbourhood and expressed his desire to visit the place which for several years had been his home.

This year has been distinguished by the visit of the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order. He has since taken occasion to speak in glowing terms of the beauty and interest of the place and neighbourhood. He left, wherever he went, pleasing remembrances of distinguished courtesy and kindness.

Our old friend Fr. Sadoc Silvester, O.P., has left England under a call of obedience for the West Indies. We may not think this change his own choice, except in the sense that his will was always to do what seemed best to those who govern the Church and his Order. We hope that he will escape the illness prevalent in those parts. Yellow Jack is the worst enemy a man can meet in any climate.

We hope that he is not on visiting terms in the neighbourhood of Fr. Sadoc.

Every Amplefordian will be glad to hear that he is to occupy so high a position as that of parish priest of the Cathedral Church of Trinidad. His reception seems to show that the present arrangement is popular, and we wish him every success. In his rather sad leave-taking—for he was good enough to give us the privilege of shaking hands with him a day or two before he sailed—he promised to write about his experiences for the *Journal*. Our readers will be glad to hear anything from him except bad news about himself.

We are glad to welcome back Br. Cuthbert Jackson. He has returned from Rome with his certificate as Licentiate of Theology. Br. Basil Primavesi went back to San Anselmo after spending a month with his old class-mates and friends. We hope he enjoyed his holiday. Brs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes, and Thomas Noblett have returned from Belmont on the completion of their studies there, and Br. Clement Brown through ill health.

We owe congratulations to R. Willson, Philip Buggins and Louis Farrell who successfully passed the Matriculation Examination—R. Willson in the first division, P. Buggins and L. Farrell in the second.

R. Willson, and J. Potter have taken the habit at Belmont under the names of Br. Wilfrid and Br. Anselm.

Ad multos annos. The coming of age of William Smith on Sept. 30, was celebrated by his father in a manner that will be long remembered. Invitations were sent to relatives and friends to join in an excursion to Windermere. Four saloon carriages carried the guests swiftly to Lake-side. There a special steamer bore them, on the loveliest of September mornings, the whole length of the lake. At Ambleside, coaches were in readiness to carry them over the romantic hills and dales by Clappergate and Red Bank to Grasmere.

At the Prince of Wales' Hotel the landlord had prepared a tastefully arranged room and a sumptuous banquet. The *menu* consisted of no less than 34 dishes of one sort or another. After dinner came the toast of the day and Mr. Smith entrusted it to

Fr. Prior Burge. The Prior spoke in the highest terms of his conduct, of his public spirit, of his attachment to his old school and masters. But the Prior had a great surprise in store before concluding his speech.

It was well known that William Smith had just sat for his examination at Oxford; and the results of this examination were awaited with very great anxiety by the family, for important decisions depended thereon. By a most happy coincidence a telegram announcing the candidate's success, was received just as the guests were going in to dinner. When the Prior in his speech announced that a telegram had just been received from Oxford, the suspense of the friends was evidently painful; but when the happy news was announced the cheering was boisterous.

It was a hard trial for our young friend to rise and speak to such a toast and upon such an eventful day. On any other topic he could have become quite eloquent, but his usual gift of speech was not equal to the fulness of his feelings and he said very little. Dean Billington made an ideal after dinner speech, and Alfred Dillon, suddenly called upon to answer for the ladies, was very happy. Unfortunately rain came on after lunch, but nothing seemed able to damp the spirits of the party. The day was concluded with a dance given by Mr. Smith in one of the large halls in Lancaster.

Those who have seen the appearance of Fr. Athanasius Fishwick since his return from Wörishoven will acknowledge that there is some virtue in the new water-cure. He has become not only a disciple but an apostle of Fr. Kneipp's method, teaching both by word and example. He has had a *wasser-stretten* constructed in the garden which was opened with some ceremony by the lay-professors. For the sake of the uninitiated, we ought perhaps to say this is a contrivance for wading when you have no convenient brook at hand to wade in. It is to the brook with its poetry and living interest much what a pilule is to the medicinal herb it is made from. It cannot however be carried about with one in a portmanteau. But it does remind us somewhat of physic, and looks decidedly less palatable than the Holbeck. Frs. Sumner and Sweeney are now at Wörishoven, and we are justified by all previous experience in hoping for the best results. We wish then a speedy and lasting return to health.

We owe thanks to Fr. Cuthbert Pippet for his generous present to the band of a flute and silver-plated cornopean; also to Mr. Emile Prest, Junr., for a handsome gift of an oboe. Fr. Pippet has also sent us an interesting medal for the museum.

Two new pictures have been added to our Gallery. They belonged to the late Abbot Clifton and are by Pacheco, the master of Velasquez—they represent the *Death of the Virgin and the Last Supper*.

The prevailing enthusiasm for Association football has spread to the village, and the Ampleforth Eleven has gained some celebrity though it has not been overwhelmingly successful. Mr. G. McLoughlin lends it his services as captain and leads it on to the untented field.

Fr. Bernard Gibbons has left for Merthyr. We wish him success. Fr. Bede Polding has been transferred from Merthyr to St. Alban's, Warrington. Fr. Basil Clarkson is also at Warrington at St. Mary's, his place as cellerarius being filled by Fr. Aidan Crow.

A notable monastic event of this last half year is the opening of the new convent buildings of La Grande Trappe. Amongst the French it has always held a unique position and its celebrity was never greater than at the present time. First a small Benedictine Abbey, it was affiliated to the Cistercian branch when the influence of St. Bernard's revival reached so far; then grown, perhaps, too rich, it was at one time sacked by marauders during the English occupation, and later became the prey of commendatory Abbots. The famous Abbé de Rancé then introduced the Reform which gave the monks the distinctive name of Trappists.

From the time of the Revolution until 1892 the monks of La Trappe were never at rest, and have only so recently been united and firmly established in their old home. Now they are a *Société civile* composed of eight proprietors and under the protection of this legal quibble are allowed to serve God in peace. What seems to have interested the French nation in them is their business enterprise. With the help of the members of a penitentiary which they have care of, they have established tailor's, carpenter's, bootmaker's, blacksmith's and baker's shops; they have mills and printing presses; they manufacture drugs (especially the *vin de quinquina*), a liqueur,

chocolate and glass; they export kaolin from their quarries and produce of all kinds from their farms. But perhaps what is most interesting to us is the fact that the new monastic buildings are not unlike our own in their general plan; that is, the church is in the centre, the main body of the building to the right and left of the church, with two wings at right angles, running out to the front—the plan, in short, of so many of our old English mansions.

Mr. Perry this year has been quite as successful in prize-winning as ever, though not this time scoring his chief victory at Birmingham. There he received two first prizes and two seconds, a first for Kohl Rabi, a first and second for common turnips (yellow flesh), and another second for globe and intermediate varieties of mangolds. He had also two reserve numbers—a sort of *proxime accessit*, five "highly commendeds" and two "commendeds." At York his success was unexpectedly greater than in previous years, for even in these matters the maxim seems to hold good that a prophet is not a prophet in his own country. He there won two first prizes and two seconds. His greatest triumph was at Leeds where he received five first prizes and two seconds;—first and second for potatoes, three for different varieties of mangolds, one for the green globe turnip and two for swedes.

Messrs J. and H. Ainscough have won three cups and many other prizes with their game fowl. Two of these cups were of the value of £30.

We extract from the Malton Messenger the following account of the concert at Kirby-Moorside to raise funds for the new chapel:—GRAND CONCERT AT KIRBY MOORSIDE. On Monday night the Toll Booth was crowded in all parts, the reserved seats being occupied by the *élite* of Kirbymoorside and neighbourhood, on the occasion of a high-class concert, given by the Ampleforth College Orchestra and Choir. The programme was opened by the performances of the adagio and allegro of Haydn's No. 10 Symphony, and this was succeeded by the lovely recitative and aria, Handel's 'Angels ever bright and fair.' Master V. Hayes sang the piece in a highly creditable manner, with string accompaniments. A quartette for strings (the first movement in No. 1 F., allegro. by Beethoven) was carefully and beautifully played by Masters H. Giglio and M.

Willson (1st and 2nd violins), the Rev. B. Hayes (viola), and Herr Oberhoffer ('cello). Then followed one of the most charming songs of the evening—the solo from Tannhauser, 'O du mein holder Abendstern.' Wagnerian music is not always the most acceptable to those who have not been educated up to it, but in the present recitative and aria the rendition by the Rev. Prior of Ampleforth was thoroughly delightful, the grace and tenderness with which he addressed the 'beauteous star of eve' being especially exquisite. Most rapturous applause followed, but the Rev. Prior declined the encore by bowing his acknowledgments. The intermezzo and gavotte, by Saint Saens, for strings, trumpet, and piano was fanciful and pretty, and was neatly executed. A trio, 'Memory,' afforded another rich vocal treat, the tenor solo being taken with consummate skill by the Rev. the Prior. Part of Haydn's No. 10 Symphony (the largo, minuet and trio) was then ably executed, as was also the finale of the same Symphony, which formed the piece for the opening of the second part. Master Pike was encored in 'Who is Sylvia?' (Schubert) and a serenade (for strings) by G. Pierne followed. Meg Merrilies' song in the opera of *Guy Mannering* 'O, hush thee my baby,' was sung as a glee, the arrangement by Sullivan. This dearly-cherished and familiar ditty, sung as it was to perfection, seemed to touch the hearts of all present, and a most enthusiastic encore was the result. A 'cello solo, executed by Mr L. A. Gits, of Scarbro', and composed by Herr Oberhoffer, was a fine illustration of what a cultured musician can accomplish on this delightful instrument. The performer was accompanied by Herr Oberhoffer, and both artistes received a warm and universal encore. A men's part-song, 'The merry wayfarer' (Mendelssohn), was exquisitely rendered, and this was succeeded by a well-executed solo on the clarionet by Mr. Bartley, which was also re-demanded. Mr. A. F. Bowen in this and other pieces played the accompaniments with consummate skill. A piano solo, with laughing quartette, excited the risible fancies of all present, and so enthusiastic was the applause that the composer (Herr Oberhoffer), who seemed to be as much convulsed with laughter with his composition as were his auditory, had repeatedly to bow his acknowledgments. A minuet and trio, by St. Saens (for strings, trumpet, and piano), concluded the programme, after which the band and choir gave the National Anthem with much

gusto. Undoubtedly the concert was one of the best that has ever been given in Kirbymoorside, and to no one can a more appropriate meed of praise be given than to the Rev J. C. Standish, who admirably sustained the duties of conductor.

May we congratulate Fr. Pozzi on the success of his Bazaar at Brownedge? £800 is a handsome sum to realise even in the neighbourhood of Preston.

The little chapel at Helmsley is justifying the generosity of Mr. Bateman who erected it. A congregation of nearly 30 has been present at the Mass which is celebrated there once every month.

A new shrubbery has been planted in the orchard below the bowling green. When it is grown up it will make a continuation of the walks and terraces on the hill. It is just behind the new buildings.

Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Quinn of Liverpool on their silver wedding, and also congratulations and best wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Eckersley and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Dawes on their recent marriage.

We were interested to recognize in a picture of a football eleven which appeared in *Black and White* the features of C. Roberts. We took it as an indication that he was in good health and spirits. Since then we have heard that it was chiefly due to his energy that the English national winter-game has been introduced into Siam.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following College magazines:—the *Downside Review*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Dowai Magazine;* and *The Raven*.

A curious little book called "Noctes Sarniæ, authore Thoma Bellamo, M.D. Nat. Med. Col., M.D.C.C.C.L.," tells us something of the history of two of the names in the "Ampleforth Lists" of 1823 and records in a note a sad and completely forgotten incident in the College history. To save this most modern town from being relegated by our readers to the mysterious regions of Asia Minor we may state that it is on the most southern point of Lake Huron, in United States territory. The book is written in

pronounced medical Latin with phrases such as "bibens ibi spiritum" and "poculum de Toddy."

The events which the book notices are that Thomas Bellamy took his degrees in medicine and that Francis Bellamy his brother became a surgeon; that the former lived for a while in Jersey; and that both migrated to America where they got together an important practice in Sarnia and the neighbourhood. The footnotes of the book are in English and among them we find the following:—

"I recollect a case at College . . . It was the case of an exceedingly fine young man, with waving brown hair, and a remarkably open chest and countenance. His name was Ryan, and whilst at dinner in the great Refectory, and the sub-deacon in the pulpit reading the lecture to a hundred or more of us, he suddenly fell down dead, as we took it, with a great crash. There was his Imperial Highness Prince Eterbyde (Iturbide), the Emperor of Mexico's son there, the Lords Arundel, Clifford, Stourton, Peter (Petre), &c., and a world of other great folks:—we all rose up to look into the matter. Now this was downright heart disease,—hypertrophy of the heart from over nourishment. No place in the world was more healthy, for I was there myself for about five years and this was the only sickness or accident that happened out of a number verging on two hundred."

The 7th article of the series on "The story of the English Benedictines" by the Rev. E. L. Taunton in *St. Luke's Magazine* is devoted to the history of St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth. It is altogether friendly and sympathetic in tone and gives an interesting sketch of the varied fortunes of our Alma Mater after the destruction of Dieulouard. The illustrations will be familiar to our readers; but Messrs. Elliot and Fry, to whom the credit of all of them is given, are really responsible only for two. The first and most artistic is from a photograph by Fr. Basil Clarkson, and the second and fourth, if our memory is correct, from views taken by other members of the community. Everyone will be pleased to hear that Father Taunton is about to receive the monastic habit at St. Gregory's.

Every Amplefordian will be pleased to hear that Mr. W. C Milburn of York, has been returned as City Councillor. His connection with St. Lawrence's has been a long and intimate one. We offer him our congratulations.

Obituary.

Dom Aloysius Ridgway, O.S.B., monk of St. Edmund's Douai, professed 1834.

Dom Hildebrand Bradley, O.S.B., monk of St. Lawrence's Ampleforth, professed 1879.

Dom Stanislaus Nugent, O.S.B., monk of St. Gregory's Downside, professed 1886.

George Pentony, died at Ventnor, Nov. 16th.

R. I. P.

Ampleforth Lists.

(*Continued.*)

1839-1846.

(Note—Should any of our readers possess additional or more correct information about those of our Alumni whose names occur in these pages, or whose names have been omitted, we earnestly solicit them to communicate at once with Fr. Bernard Hutchison, at Workington. Ed.)

1839.

Adamson, Richard, ... Liverpool.
Blackledge, John, ... Clayton Green.
Blackledge, William, ... Clayton Green.
Brindle, James, ... Clayton Green.
Bury, Francis, ... Liverpool.
Byrne, Patrick, ... Dublin.
Caldwell, George, ... Warrington.
Champney, Richard.

a. Collins, John. ..... Lancashire.
Crook, James, ... Chorley.
Dalton, John, ... Manchester.
Davies, James, ... Crosby.
Gillow, Robert, ... Hereford.
Haskayne, William, ... Birkenhead.
b. Howard, Thomas, ... Hindley.
c. * Hubbersty, Thomas Cyprian, O.S.B., ... Radburn.
d. Langley, Edward, ... Liverpool.
Lawless, Edward, ... Leeds.
Lawless, Francis, ... Leeds.
Lithgow, George, ... Worksop, Notts.
Meynell, Edgar, ... York.
Meynell, Thomas, ... Hull.
Milner, Richard, ... Liverpool.
Norris, Joseph, ... Crosby.
Poole, William, ... Liverpool.
e. * Proctor, James Cuthbert, O.S.B., ... Brindle.
Rainford, Joseph, ... Ince Blundell.
Richardson, Joseph, ... Little Humber.
Richardson, Louis, ... Little Humber.
f. Smith, Edward, ... Preston.
Tickle, William, ... Little Crosby.

1840.

g. * Anderson, Percy Maurus, O.S.B., ... York.
h. Anderson, Henry, ... York.
Blackledge, Robert, ... Clayton Green.
Buckley, Francis, ... Whitehaven.
Fleetwood, Robert, ... Crosby.

a. Was drowned in Fairfax's pond.

b. Was a Novice in 1843, and died at Preston.

c. Died at Melbourne, 1865.

d. Was a Novice in 1843.

e At Walton-le-dale, 1854, and built School-Chapel. St. Augustine's, Liverpool, '64, Leyland, '68, Lee House, '82, Monastery, '84, when he died there.

f. Was a Novice in 1843.

g. Cathedral Prior of Rochester.

h. Became a Solicitor.

a. * Bury, Thomas Austin, O.S.B., ... Liverpool.
Howarth, Thomas, ... Preston.
b. Lake, John, ... Bath.
c. Leigh, James, ... London.
* O'Brien, John Placid, O.S.B., ... Liverpool.
Poole, Frederick, ... Liverpool.
d. Shepherd, Ambrose, ... Liverpool.
e. Smith, Edward, ... Preston.
Swale, Thomas, ... Heslington, York.

1841.

Anderson, Robert, ... York.
Bury, Charles, ... Dublin.
f. * Callaghan, Patrick Ignatius, O.S.B., ... Gormanstown.
French, Edwin, ... London.
g. Gibson, Br. Robert Clement, O.S.B., ... Holywell.
Green, George, ... Warrington.
Hind, Joseph, ... Warrington.
Knowles, Thomas, ... Ince Blundell.
Prest, Francis, ... Masham.
h. * Prest, William Bede, O S.B., ... Masham.
Sharples, James, ... Liverpool.
Tidmarsh, Thomas, ... Ince Blundell.
Wainwright, Henry, ... Ince Blundell.
i. Winkfield, John, ... Liverpool.

1842.

Arrowsmith, Henry, ... St. Helens.
Garnett, Robert, ... Hovingham.

a. Abbot of Evesham.

b. Now in Australia.

c. A convert from Buddhism.

d. Brother of F. Lawrence, O.S.B.

e. Was a Novice in 1844.

f. At St. Mary's, Liverpool, 1854 to 1859 when he died there.

g. Was Prefect of the College, where he died 1846, and is buried in the Monastery Cemetery.

h. Cathedral Prior of Winchester.

i. Was engaged in the Mexican silver mines at Potosi where he died. His sister Louisa died a nun at Stanbrook.

a. Hall, John, ... Ince Blundell.
Heslop, William, ... York.
b. * Hickey, James Aidan, O.S.B., ... Liverpool.
c. Langley, Edward, ... Liverpool.
d. Lawson, Joseph, O.S.B. ..... Lancashire.
Linford, Roger, ... Liverpool.
Macnamara, Charles, ... Limerick.
e. * Rowley, James Benedict, O.S.B. ..... Liverpool.
f. Smith, William ..... Acuster, York.
g Smith, Henry, ... Acuster, York.
Smith Edward, ... West Rasen, Lincoln.
h. Smith, John, ... West Rasen, Lincoln.
i. Stourton, the Hon. Everard, ... Stourton Castle.

1843.

* Brierley, Matthew Gregory, O.S.B. ..... Brindle.
Laverick, John, ... Richmond, York.
Margison, William, ... Preston.
j. Mawson, Thomas, ... York.
k. * Muldoone, Thomas, ... Holywell.
* Pozzi, Austin Bernard, O.S.B. ..... Liverpool.
Prest, George Waterton, ... Masham.
Thompson, John, ... Yorkshire.

a. Went to New York.

b. At Ormskirk 1865 to 1888 when he died there. Built the new Priory. Was Provincial of York 1883-88. Cathedral Prior of Canterbury.

c. Was a Novice in 1844.

d. Was a Laybrother.

e. Professed at St. Edmund's, Douai.

f. Went abroad and died. Elder brother of Henry,

g. Died abroad. Cousin to the Smiths of West Rasen.

h. Went to Oscott, afterwards went with his brother Edward to America.

i. Was Captain in the 8th Hussars and served in the Indian Mutiny. Was 5th son of 18th Baron. (1815)

j. Left in 1844 and returned in 1846. Went to South America.

k. Was Novice in 1845. At St. Anne's, Leeds 1857-65 when he died there of typhus fever.

1844.

a. Alcock, J. Hayes Wilfrid, O.S.B. ..... Ince Blundell.
Andrews, Newark, ... Farlington.
Andrews, Thomas. ..... Farlington.
b. Arkwright, Francis Dunstan, O.S.B. ..... Blackburn.
* Brown, Michael Wilfrid, O.S.B. ..... Wigan.
* Brown, John Ildephonsus, O.S.B. ..... Wigan.
Dale, William, ... Little Crosby.
c. * Dunn, Patrick Alban, O.S.B. ..... Moynalty, Ireland.
d. Hall, John, ... Liverpool.
Lynch, John, ... Killarney.
e. Mercer, Nicholas, ... Liverpool.
f. * Murphy, Joseph Benedict, O.S.B. ..... Ormskirk.
g. Pitman, Richard, ... St. Helen's.
h. Railton, Edward, ... Blackburn.
Woollett, Marlow, ... Cowpen.

1845.

i. Cooper, Bernard, ... Brough Hall.
j. * Dromgoole, Peter Wilfrid, O.S.B. ..... Warrington.
k. * Gillett, William Anselm, D.D., O.S.B. ..... Preston.
* Goldie, Francis, S.J., ... York.
Gornall, Richard, M.D. ..... Newton Heath.

a. Was Abbot of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate. Went to Adelaide, then to Auckland where he died, 1882.

b. Died a Sub-deacon at St. Lawrence's, 1854.

c. At Brandsby 1849. Sickling Hall 1851. Rixton 1852-72 when he died there.

d. Went to Australia.

e. Brother of James Mercer, a benefactor of Ampleforth.

f. At Liverpool churches 1862-4. Ormskirk 1864. Lee House 1868. Cowpen 1874. Rhymney 1876. Died in Liverpool 1877.

g. Entered the Army.

h. Cousin of Dunstan Arkwright, O.S.B.

i. Died in Rome a Captain in Royal Navy.

j. Was professed at Douai.

k. Was Master of Novices at Belmont 1862 to '73, when he accompanied Coadjutor Bishop R. Bede Vaughan to Sydney. Rector of St. John's College. Died at Bullingham 1888.

a. Hardign, Jonathan,
b. Johnson, William A., ... Wigan.
Laverick, John, ... Catterick.
c. Murphy, John, ... Dublin.
Pendrell, Joseph, ... Wolverhampton.
Rispin, Michael, ... Dublin.
d. * Rowley, Austin, ... Liverpool.
e. Rowley, Br. Edmund Wolstan, O.S.B., ... Liverpool.
f. * Wilson, Alfred Paulinus. O.S.B., ... York.
g. * Woods, William Romuald, O.S.B. ..... Ince Blundell.

1846

Anderson, Pelham, ... York.
h. Brady, John, ... Ireland.
i. Brady, Patrick, ... Ireland.
Bridge, John, ... Liverpool.
Brown, Joseph, ... Preston.
j. Byron, Thomas Standish, J. P. ..... Snainton, York.
k. Callaghan, Bernard, ... Drogheda.
l. Callaghan, Terence, ... Drogheda.
m. Hurworth, Robert, ... York.

a. Was a Parlour boarder.

b. Became Secular Priest on leaving Novitiate, 1850. Served at Copperas Hill, Liverpool, Poulton-le-Fylde and Lydiate, where he died 1885.
Wrote some devotional music and Masses.

c. Brother of Frs. Bernard and Gregory, O.S.B.

d. A Secular Priest now at Louth. Brother of Fr. Benedict and Br. Wolstan Rowley, O.S.B.

e. Died at Rainhill, 1858.

f. Canon of Newport and Menevia.

g. Canon of Newport and Menevia. Cathedral Prior of Bath and Superior of St. Michael's, Hereford.

h. Was a Novice.

i. Was a Subdeacon.

j. Brother of the present Lady Austin. Died, 1890.

k. Brother of Fr. Ignatius, O.S.B.

l. Brother of Bernard.

m. Brother of Fr. Basil, O.S.B.

a. Meyer, Charles, ...Harrogate.
b. Moore, Joseph, ...Liverpool.
Moore, William, ...Liverpool.
Sheridan, Michael, ...Ireland.
c. White, John, ...County Down.

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

EEmus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894.

✠ J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic

a. Member of Harrogate School Board and Town Council.

b. Editor of a newspaper in Sydney.

c. Was a Parlour boarder and later a Magistrate. Buried in College Cemetery.

blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894,

✠ J. Archbishop of Nicomedia.

—⁂—

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

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Ampleforth Society	100	0	0
Per Very Rev. P. M. Anderson (a legacy) ..	200	0	0
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,, ...	750	0	0
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St. Anselm's on the Aventine.

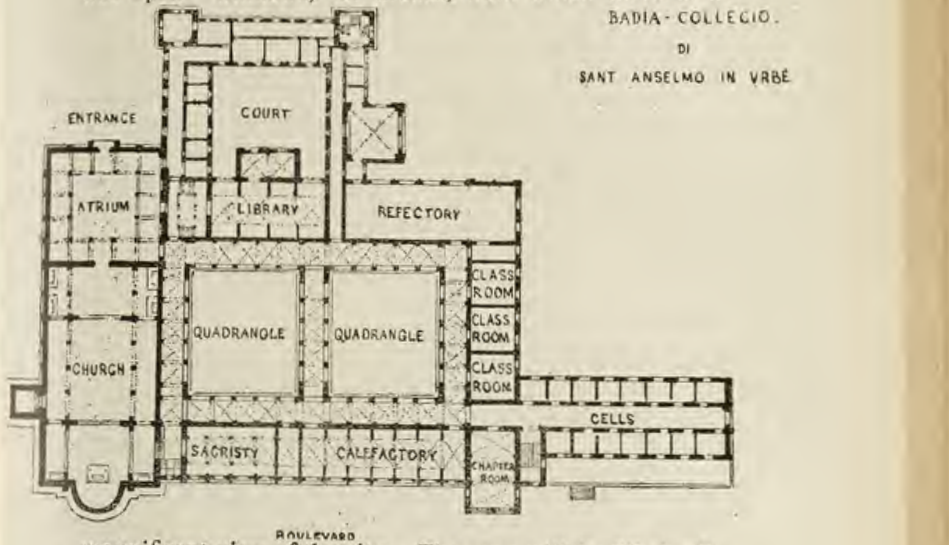
MY first view of the Benedictine International College was from the bank of Father Tiber, as we drove out along the Marmorata, past the English cemetery, and past the tomb of Cestius, on the way to St. Paul's. On the summit of the steep hill above, where hitherto the eye had been accustomed to note only the villa of the knights of Malta, there now rises a long white building, whose outline is broken by the apse of a church and by a true Roman campanile. I saw it again from the Palace of the Cæsars—that is, from

the directly opposite quarter. Walking slowly through the dark chambers and galleries where Caligula was murdered, up the ancient Clivus Victoriæ, across the stupendous halls of Domitian, one reaches the brow of the Palatine. Here was the *loggia* from which the Emperor viewed the games and contests in the Circus Maximus, which filled the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine. The greatest of circuses has disappeared. Where once its marbles shone, are now the Roman gas-works!—and beyond, where the rise of the ground once showed the hundred thousand seats of the Roman people, the cypresses of the Jewish cemetery mournfully sway in the breeze. Looking from the ruin-strewed Palatine, across the valley, we see on the Aventine, near the well-known campanile of St. Dominic's *Santa Sabina*, the extensive roofs and lines of windows of the building into which Pope Leo XIII. hopes to gather his Benedictine children before the end of the present year.

The arrangement and size of the new Sant' Anselmo will be easily understood from the ground-plan here given. It will be observed that the greater part of the building is ranged round a great central cloister. This cloister is 180 feet by 100. A colonnade supported on pillars runs round its four sides; a similar colonnade also crosses it in the middle, dividing it into two courts, each with its central fountain. The colonnade carries a tiled open gallery, which also surrounds the entire quadrangle, on the level of the first floor.

The church occupies one side of this quadrangular cloister. It is 140 feet long by 60 wide, having an apsidal East end—(but the "East" end is west by the compass). Two rows of pillars of grey granite of Baveno divide it into nave and aisles. There is ample room in the sanctuary for religious functions. The stalls of the choir, for the Community, will extend down the nave, along the line of the pillars, leaving the aisles free, and

leaving also, a sufficient space near the "West" door for externs. The church is approached from the public road —(I have called this end the "West," although it is not really so)—through an open court, surrounded by a colonnade; in fact, by an *atrium* such as one sees in all the ancient Basilicas of Rome. Here will be a fountain, according to the ancient custom. One side of this *atrium* has open "windows," or arches, from which there is a



magnificent view of the city. The apse will be filled with mosaics, and the high altar will be under a canopy.

Leaving the church by the left, we enter the sacristy—a fine room of considerable size. Here is already in its place, a colossal marble statue of Leo XIII., presented to the College by the Holy Father himself. The following inscription is engraved on the pedestal: "Leo XIII. Collegii Benedictinorum Anselmiani conditor."

Following the line of the cloister, we pass on to the

great recreation room, or Calefactory, 90 feet by 25, the Library, the Scriptorium, the Academic Hall, the Refectory, &c. All these rooms are nobly proportioned, and floored with tesselated pavement.

Leaving the ground-floor, we ascend to the first story. Here are living rooms—the Abbot's rooms and chapel, an "apartment" for a Cardinal, and cells for professors, and for the students. The smallest of the cells in the College is 14 feet by 12, the height being about 18—and as the outer walls are at least five feet thick, they will be both cool in summer and warm in winter. But the building is warmed throughout by hot air, and there is a *calorifére* in every cell. The electric light will be used throughout the College.

A second story contains more cells, lecture-rooms, &c.

On the first-floor at the end of the long central corridor, there is a large open *loggia* with columns. From here there is one of the very finest views that can be had in all Rome or its environs. We are looking south west by south. In the distance straight before us, twelve or fourteen miles away, lie the Alban hills, whence the first shepherds and tribesmen struck across the campagna to seize the point where the Tiber bends to kiss the hills of Rome. In this month of February there is snow upon their higher points. The eye can make out Frascati and even Monte Porzio, where the English College have their country-house. The Volscian mountains, shadowy and wan in the clear Italian air, show still further in the background. On the right the great Basilica of St. Paul, vast but not externally handsome, is seen, two miles away, with the eucalyptus groves of the Tre Fontane behind. Further to the right, the campagna seems to stretch away to the Mediterranean One can almost follow the Appian way, bordered with ruined tombs, by which St. Paul was brought from Ostia to imperial Rome. The familiar outlines of the tomb of Cæcilia Metella

are easily recognisable. To our left, in the distance are the Sabine hills. Nearer, over the grey and yellow mass of buildings, is distinguished the campanile of St. John Lateran. Still more close, and more in front of us, is the very ancient church and monastery of St. Sabbas,

once a great abbey of Basilian monks, and afterwards of the Cluniacs, who here kept up the *laus perennis*.

"Sant' Anselmo in Urbe" will accommodate about 100 students It is an example, rare in these days, of a great institution built and finished at one effort. The expenses

of the building, of fitting and furnishing, and of laying out the ground, must undoubtedly be considerable. The work is extremely good and solid; and although there is no luxury—no expensive marbles, no carving, and very little ornament, yet the church and college are evidently built to last. It is well known that by far the largest portion of the cost has been defrayed by the Holy Father himself. Five years ago, when I was admitted to speak to him, he said that he was going to expend one million lire (about £40,000) on the international Benedictine College. He has contributed all that, and more. No one can hear him speak of it, or watch his countenance when it is mentioned, without seeing how dear to his heart is this project for drawing the young Benedictines to study in Rome. When I had my audience, on February 23, of the present year, he admitted, with a smile of peculiar and most paternal sweetness, that it would be a costly undertaking; but, he went on to say, "We wish that the Benedictine Order may reap much fruit from it, and that it may be the means of promoting unity, observance, learning, and devotion to the Holy See."

The union of the Benedictines has always been a cherished idea of Pope Leo XIII. All the religious Orders, indeed, have been to some degree re-organised or stimulated by his words and actions. It is probable that, before very long, we shall hear that the great Franciscan body—Observants, Reformed, Recollects, Alcantarines, Capuchins—have been placed under one General. With the Order of St. Benedict it would be impossible to deal in the same way as with the Friars or the Jesuits. Every Benedictine Monastery is, and ought to be, a home. Whatever the external work to which a monk may find himself called, the normal thing must always be, to live in his own monastery. It would be a mistake to encourage any one to profess himself a Benedictine unless he could look forward with pleasure to live, "for better,

for worse," till death itself, in the house of his profession, under the rule, and in the daily work of the choir. Therefore, any machinery of federation or of union must always be subordinated to this primary principle of stability. But this is not to deny that much good may be done by inter-communication, by confederation, and by the existence of ultimate or appellate jurisdiction outside the monastery. The appointment of an Abbot-Primate, by the Sovereign Pontiff, a year or two ago, was intended, not to be a step towards breaking up Benedictine "families," or converting the whole Benedictine body into one machine, but to protect Benedictine ideals, to uphold the Rule, to correct divergences, to distribute counsel, and to stimulate observance and learning. It was in reality the setting up of a perpetual Visitor-Apostolic, and Procurator *in curiâ Romanâ*, in one person.

The advantages, to a priest or a religious, of a Roman education, are evident. The first is, that he must there go through a course of philosophy and divinity which is not cut down or adapted to the exigences of this or that college or monastery, but is normal, full and complete. The next is, that he is sure to have the very best Professors. The third is that, outside of the strict line of his studies, he imbibes what Rome alone can give—the Roman traditions of Catholic worship and practice. Besides this, he picks up classical and Christian archæology, he makes acquaintances which will give a colour to his life, he is initiated to a certain extent into the "practice" of the Sacred Congregations, and he learns a new language or two. To some students, their Roman residence means much more than this. It is certain that any ecclesiastical Province or religious body which remains long without full and constant intercourse with Rome, becomes insulated, suffers loss of vigour and fertility, and is in danger of dropping some essentially Catholic characters.

At the present moment, the Roman ecclesiastical schools

are more numerously attended than they were even before the invasion of 1870. Rome seems to swarm with seminarists. From the early morning, when you meet bodies of

them marching *in camerata* to the Lectures, till the evening when they return in troops from their afternoon walk, the streets of the city are seldom altogether free from their

presence. Between the sober black of the English College and the bright scarlet of the German, there is every shade and several shapes of habit and *fascia*. No one insults, or even stands to stare at them—except, perhaps, an English tourist, Bædeker in hand, who cannot get rid of the idea that they are "against the law." They do not all attend the same schools. There are the Jesuit Professors, at the German College; there are the Propaganda schools—and others. By a recent regulation of the Holy See, there is now, in all the schools, a three years' course of Philosophy, before the beginning of the four years' course of Theology. In many of the national colleges—such, for instance, as that of the United States in the Via del Umiltà, and of the Dominion of Canada in the Quattro Fontane, the majority of the students are priests—who are carefully going through what is practically a second course of ecclesiastical study in order to qualify themselves for work at home.

It is intended that the students of Sant' Anselmo shall follow the lectures of Benedictine Professors, within the walls of the College itself. As there are always, somewhere in the Order, men of the very first rank in every branch of sacred learning, the Benedictine scholastics will enjoy first class teaching, combined with a gradual initiation into that spirit of the love of learning for its own sake which is one of the Order's most precious traditions. A great Institution like Sant' Anselmo is sure to draw towards it both eminent men and powerful influences. In Italy, and in Rome, there is a traditional love for St. Benedict. In no religious houses of the country have her learned men—her historians, her archæologists, and her poets—been more at home than in the great Benedictine monasteries. Sant' Anselmo, if God bless and prosper the work of His Vicar, is sure to become a centre of Benedictine achievement and Benedictine aspiration. Theology, Sacred Scripture, research, science, missionary work—how much power is there at this moment, in these

and other fields, wherever we find Benedictines in Europe and America! Monte Cassino and Subiaco, Austria, Switzerland, Beuron, England, America, could they organize their forces, give a little here and accept a little there, furbish up the good old armour that has grown a little rusty and feel (as we all feel most forcibly with companions around us) the breath of that strenuousness of purpose which the times demand—would in a few years make the Benedictine influence tell over the Church and the Christian world.

The Aventine is holy ground. Here came St. Gregory the Great many a time, to make the "Station" at Sancta Sabina, and to preach. Here he instituted the Great Litanies. Here, Pope St. Silverius sought an asylum during his persecution by Belisarius. Here was the Palace of Honorius III., who on this very hill approved the Order of St. Dominic. And here the glorious patriarch St. Dominic himself resided, in the convent of St. Sabina. Up this very road, St. Dominic was led by an angel to the door of the monastery. In the garden, within sight of Sant' Anselmo, still grows and bears fruit, the orange tree planted by the saint himself. In this convent he gave the habit to St. Hyacinth, and here he conferred and and prayed for a whole night and a day with St. Francis of Assisi and St. Angelo of Carmel. Here also dwelt St. Thomas of Aquin, both in his early youth, and in his maturity, and here he had the revelation of his approaching death and future glory. Nor must we forget St. Alexius, whose church is close by, with the "stairs" under which the holy youth used to sleep. The palace of his family, which has now disappeared, gave place to a great Benedictine Abbey—which in its turn has hardly left a trace. But it was here St. Adalbert, the Apostle of Bohemia, was clothed in the habit of St. Benedict and resided many years. Another Benedictine apostle and martyr, St. Boniface, Apostle of Russia, here received the habit and was inspired to wish for martyrdom; and among names of Benedictine missionaries who went forth from the Aventine, we read of St. Anastasius, who preached in Hungary, and SS. Gaudentius, Benedict, and John, who announced the faith in Poland. St. Romuald stayed here. St. Frances of Rome received a miraculous favour in this church. And there is, or was, an altar in the crypt, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, containing relics of the Saint. May the holy memories of the Aventine inspire all who shall make their home at Sant' Anselmo, and the prayers of its saints bring them grace and blesssing!

✠ J. C. HEDLEY.

A Plea for Polychromy.

It would be difficult to say which of two destructive agencies has done more to detract from the beauty of our English pre-reformation churches. Iconoclasm and whitewash have both played an important part in defacing many, if not most, of those sacred shrines which owe their existence to the faith and zeal of our English Catholic forefathers.

Iconoclasm is now a thing of the past. But though the whitewashing proclivities of the last two centuries have given place to a healthier spirit, there still exists, even among Catholics, a feeling of prejudice against a free and glorious use of coloured decoration in our modern churches and chapels. It is true that painted statues, encaustic tiles, stained-glass windows, coloured ironwork, rich and glowing tapestries, are not only tolerated, but are eagerly sought after, by those who love the beauty of God's house. But polychromy in its technical sense is still regarded as an intruder in the sacred edifice. Even presuming that the zealous rector consents to admit this species of decoration into his church, should the colours be in the slightest degree bright, or applied to any part of the building except the walls and other flat surfaces, his nervous system undergoes a shock of so serious a nature as to almost necessitate medical aid.

In an enlightened age like the present, all this is very sad; and the more so that it is the cultured, and therefore those who ought to be better instructed, who are most shy of polychromatic decoration.

It must be admitted that there are obstacles to polychromy in this country which are of only too practical a nature. The first of these, as well as the most formidable

is its *expense*. Even the initial expense is considerable, and is such as to scare any priest who is dependent for his income upon the pennies of the poor—more especially when he has the millstone of a crushing debt upon his pastoral shoulders. But besides the initial cost of decorating one's church, there is the prospect of still further expense in periodically renewing the decoration. And in England this renewal is always necessary owing to a variety of causes, which it may be well to enumerate.

The first and the most certain cause of the undurability of paint, and the consequent necessity of renewal, is *damp*. In warmer and brighter countries, such as Italy, Spain or France, a fresco will last for centuries. Those at the Escurial seem as fresh now as when, three hundred years ago, they were first uncovered to the public gaze. In this country, with its dull and humid atmosphere, it is otherwise. A practical instance of the ravages made by damp was once witnessed by the present writer at a college, whose chapel had beeen profusely coloured. Part of the dado had blistered to an alarming extent, and no one could look at the rich and elaborate colouring without being struck by the horrible excresence that protruded from the wall. An *enfant terrible* who was present, and wished, with true schoolboy instinct, to add to the evidence of his sense of sight, that of his sense of touch, found his hand buried nearly to the wrist in a mass of painted débris. The perpetrator of this offence now wears the monastic habit, but a regard for his feelings, as well as the possibility of a summons for damage to property, prevents our divulging his name.

Next to damp, comes the destructive element of *smoke*. This prevails in all towns, but asserts itself more particularly in our manufacturing districts, and in some cases proves almost as dire an enemy to the beauties of decoration as does the brush of the whitewasher.

Gas is another enemy to colour, more particularly to

gilding, which is the life and soul of polychromy; but owing to the improvements in our modern systems of lighting, this may be considered only a temporary drawback.

We are concerned, however, in this paper, with the artistic, rather than the practical side of the question; and the above objections, with the exception perhaps of expense, are not efficient causes of our prejudice against colour. What then are the objections which are usually brought against this system of decorative art?

As far as we can judge from the casual remarks which we hear from time to time, opposition to polychromy arises chiefly from the consideration that architecture, or at least Gothic architecture (and it is mainly to Gothic that the present article refers) is of such a character as to need no further embellishment—that the richness and scarcity of the materials used in the construction of our churches render colour unnecessary and superfluous; that there is a tendency, in paint, to take away from the sharp and well-cut outlines of the architecture; that the beauty of a Gothic structure lies in its fitness of form and proportion, rather than in external ornament; and that the raised work, whether of capitals, arches or statuary, is sufficiently prominent to supply light and shade—and thus satisfy the eye—without needing the additional element of colour.

Now there can be few who are indifferent to the attractions of Gothic architecture, when it is at all worthy of the name. Nor would the most doughty champion of polychromy refuse to acknowledge these attractions, even in a building which is entirely uncoloured. The elegant pillars, the richly carved capitals, the sweeping arches, and gracefully groined roofs—all these possess a charm about them which, quite independently of colour, appeals to the eye of the artist, with irresistible, and in some cases, with almost overpowering force. This is specially the case with our stately English cathedrals. But it is equally true

of the rich and elaborate reredoses, into which our modern English architects seem to have thrown almost the whole of their artistic power.

I. Yet if we look at the works of creation, which have come direct from the hand of God Himself, we shall find that to gracefulness of form, colour is invariably allied. Everything, whether of the vegetable, mineral or animal kingdom, is adorned with distinctive hues. The broad expanse of blue sky, with its dazzling sun, its brilliant rainbow, and its ever changeful sunsets, presents to our eyes an almost infinite variety of richly coloured effects. The prolific earth is ever bringing forth its countless forms of vegetation; all of them, from the luxuriant forests of tropical Africa to the newly-cut lawns of our English villas, embued with their appropriate tints. Nor is the mineral kingdom, with its treasures of marble and ore, an exception to the general rule. Even the white cliffs of Albion present a pleasing picture, relieved, as they are, by the surrounding verdure and the overhanging blue sky.

It is the same with the animal kingdom. Every living creature has its colour, from the proud and haughty peacock, with its rich and gorgeous plumage, to the humble and retiring oyster; which, though in itself not a thing of beauty yet dwells in a house whose walls are often irridescent with opaline splendour.

It only remains for us, therefore, to ask if we could go to a higher source for our inspiration than to Him who created the universe, or whether we could look to more appropriate models than to those which come direct from His hands. As the French art-critic, Louis Cloquet, remarks: "There is nothing in our opinion so inartistic, so irrational, so unnatural, as that pale monochromism which is the general usuage in the architecture of to-day."

II. If, however, we are slow to follow in the footsteps of the Creator, by declining to associate colour with form,

it was not so in the days of old. "The primitive man," says Pullan, in his *Remarks on Church Decoration*, "soon perceived this inseparable connexion of form and colour, and attempted to beautify the sides of his cave, or rafters of his hut, by bedaubing them with ochreous pigments. Thus decoration became allied to architecture, never to be separated from it until these later days. That the Assyrians and Egyptians used polychrome we have sufficient evidence, in the sculptures of the one and the temples of the other. It may be urged that these were semi-barbarous people who thus manifested their savage tastes for gaudy colours; but the same cannot be said of the refined Greeks, who, in the best period of Art, used positive colours for the decoration of their temples, both internally and externally. . . . The houses of Pompeii, the baths of Titus, and the painted tombs of the Via Latina show that the Romans painted at least their interiors." "In like manner, too," writes Mr. Roger Eastland, in an interesting article in the first number of *St. Luke's*, "the architects of India, of China, of Japan, employ colour as their chief means of producing effect. So again with Mahometan buildings; in all countries and in every age the surfaces of their interiors have invariably been covered with the most exquisite coloured decorations. Nor do the architectural constructions of the middle ages form any exception to the general rule. There can be no doubt that colour invariably held an important place in their schemes of decoration. Indeed for Gothic architecture, above all other styles, a polychromatic finish is indispensible." Viollet-le-Duc *also adds* his testimony to the association which has ever existed between architecture and polychromy. "Painting," he says, "was separated from architecture only at a very recent period namely at the Renaissance." And in allusion to the vanity of our attempting to reproduce in these days a building of the thirteenth century, the author of Mediæval Ornament, in

Owen Jones' "Grammar of Ornament," remarks: "Whitewashed walls, with stained-glass and encaustic tiles, cannot alone sustain the effect which was arrived at when every moulding had its colour best adapted to develop its form, and when, from the floor to the roof, not an inch of space but had its appropriate ornament; an effect which must have been glorious beyond conception." "Finally, in England," as Pullan observes, "notwithstanding the repression of Art in the time of the Commonwealth, all architects of eminence up to the beginning of the last century agreed in considering painted decoration essential to the completion of a building. . . . Thus architecture and painting were from the first intimately connected, and it was reserved for moderns to separate them, to pronounce polychrome meretricious, and to rejoice in the superior chasteness of whitewash." We see, then, that, from time immemorial, painting has gone hand in hand with architecture and the plastic arts.

III. But we may proceed a step further, and claim for decoration that it is the very life and soul of architecture. As the author of the twentieth chapter of Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," observes: "Although ornament is most properly only an accessory to architecture, and should never be allowed to usurp the place of structural features, or to overload, or to disguise them, it is in all cases the very soul of an architectural monument." A somewhat similar sentiment is expressed by Ruskin in his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting." He compares the mere building to the body, ornamentation to the mind of man. "That is the principal part of a building," he says, "in which its *mind* is contained, and that is its sculpture and painting. I do with a building as I do with a man, watch the eye and the lips: when they are bright and eloquent, the form of the body is of little consequence." And he goes on to remark that, "the essential thing in a building,—its *first* virtue,—is that it be strongly built, and

fit for its uses. The noblest thing in a building, and its *highest* virtue, is that it be nobly sculptured or painted."

This remark recalls to our minds the opening phrase of the Athanasian Creed. "Before all things," that is to say, the *first* thing is that "we must hold the Catholic faith." St. Paul on the other hand, says, that of Faith, Hope and Charity, "the greatest (or highest) of these is Charity." It is faith, and the desire of promoting faith in others, that prompts the zealous missioner to build the House of God; it is charity, or love for our Lord in His home upon earth, that impels him to adorn and beautify that home, and thus make it as worthy of Christ's divine presence as it is possible for human hands to do.

IV. It will be seen in the foregoing remarks that the eminent art-critic describes ornamentation as being not only the mind of architecture, but its principal part. And this idea he developes with characteristic earnestness.

"Ornamentation," he says, "is the principal part of architecture. That is to say, the highest nobility of a building does not consist in its being well built, but in its being nobly sculptured or painted." He then proceeds to point out that in mere building there is no high, or as it is commonly called, fine art, required at all. There may, he says, be much science, together with the lower form of art, or handicraft; but there is as yet no fine art. House-building, on these terms, is no higher thing than ship-building. Hence, however beautiful a ship may be, or whatever be its service against the powers of wind and wave, we do not hold ship-building to be a fine art, nor preserve in our memories the names of immortal ship-builders. "But when the house or church," he says, "is thus far designed, and the forms of its dead walls and dead roofs are up to this point determined, then comes the divine part of the work—namely, to turn those dead walls into living ones. Only deity, that is to say, those who

are taught by deity, can do that. And that is to be done by painting and sculpture, that is to say by ornamentation. Ornamentation is therefore the principal part of architecture, considered as a subject of fine art."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the objections which may be raised against these principles of the great art-critic. But there is one which, on account of its prevalence, calls imperatively for a reply. It is this, that the true nobility of architecture consists, not in decoration, but in *disposition of masses*, and that architecture is in fact, the *art of proportion*. "It is difficult," Ruskin says, "to overstate the enormity of the ignorance which this popular statement implies. For the fact is, that *all* art, and all nature, depend on the *disposition of masses*. Painting, sculpture, music and poetry, depend all equally on the 'proportion,' whether of colours, stones, notes, or words. Proportion is a principle, not of architecture, but of existence." After fully developing this proposition, he adds: "The assertion that 'architecture is *par excellence* the art of proportion,' could never be made except by persons who know nothing of art in general; and, in fact, never *is* made except by those architects, who, not being artists, fancy that the one poor æsthetic principle of which they *are* cognizant is the whole of art. They find that the *disposition of masses* is the only thing of importance in the art with which they are acquainted, and fancy therefore that it is peculiar to that art; whereas the fact is, that all great art *begins* exactly where theirs *ends*, with the *disposition of masses*."

V. More prominence than was originally intended has been given to the above subject, on account of its being so widely misunderstood. But whatever may be our views in regard to it, few of us will decline to accept the next argument, which may be alleged in favour of colour; namely, that it is an aid and an incentive to devotion. We can all admire an exquisitely carved Pietà, or the

Stations of the Cross, in Bath or Caen stone, when we find them adorning our Catholic churches. There is a delicacy and a finish about them, which, though they are without colour, makes them "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." But has the most highly artistic stonework, however true to nature, ever brought a single tear of compassion to the eyes of the faithful worshipper? Or can the finest marble statue of the Sacred Heart or of the Madonna, with its cold and freezing aspect, ever warm the heart of a devout Catholic? That such objects as these are graceful and artistic, and add beauty to the sacred edifice, we admit; but that they are, ever so remotely, an aid to devotion, we may be permitted to doubt. Nor is the scarcity or the solidity of the material of which they are composed a satisfactory argument in their favour. No one would question for a moment the value of stone or marble in comparison with plaster or papier-maché; but, as Moore very justly points out, in his *Principles of Colour applied to Decorative Art*: "It is a barbaric taste that estimates beauty in an object by the value or scarcity of the material composing it." And if beauty depends so little upon the value or scarcity of the material, how much less does devotion!

But in regard to colour as an aid to devotion, we by no means advocate the use of it merely in its application to statuary. There are what Ruskin would call the "dead walls" of the building. These have to be turned into "living walls;" and this is to be done by frescoes, representing scenes from the sacred Scriptures, or incidents from the lives of the Saints. Should this be considered too costly, a simpler form of decoration might be adopted, consisting of figures or medallions of the Saints; or, in lieu of this, inscriptions consisting of passages from the Scriptures. All such external objects as these appeal to the feelings of the people. They moreover, by their very beauty, attract non-Catholics to the church, as well as

the faithful. And anything that will lead to this laudable end is worthy of commendation.

VI. Happily there is now a growing tendency towards a more lavish and general adoption of polychromy in our systems of church decoration. Perhaps the most perfect and unique specimen in this country is that which adorns the Catholic Church at Cheadle. This church was built in 1841 from designs by Welby Pugin. The cost of the building was defrayed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, and it is said that the architect was given full scope for his talents. The church certainly bears all the evidences of it. While it contains "the shafts, and buttresses, and porches and pinnacles, and vaultings, and towers, and all other doubly and trebly multiplied magnificences of membership which form the framework of a Gothic temple," it is, at the same time, radiant with colour from roof to floor. Even the pillars, capitals and arches, graceful as they are in their form and proportions, are glowing with coloured effects; nor is there a solitary square inch of the raw stone visible to the eye of the spectator. Appropriately, therefore, is it described, in one of the local guides, as being "almost unparalleled for beauty and splendour."

The example of Pugin though not to the same extent, is now being followed by some of our modern architects. Admirable specimens of polychromy are to be seen at St. Alban's, Warrington, where Mr. Peter Paul Pugin, in collaboration with Mr. Pippet, has introduced it into the reredos of the high altar. The reredos of the Sacred Heart Church, Liverpool, has received similar treatment from the same hands. Mr. Pippet has also recently done some excellent work at St. Peter's, Lancaster, and at St. Mary's, Liverpool. St. Augustine's, Liverpool, which has been enriched by some very fine work from the hand of Mr. Hopkins, of Abergavenny, is another noteworthy tribute to the glories of polychromy. In all these instances the work has been done judiciously, and excellent effects have been secured. But

in only one of them do we find more than a partial attempt at decoration, namely, at St. Augustine's. This, in all probablity, should be ascribed to financial considerations. Too often, however, the chief obstacle to an extensive application of colour is the dread on the part of the clergy of allowing any part of the building to be coloured except the walls and ceilings.

"During the middle ages," says Audsley, "colour was freely applied to sculpture of all descriptions, but in the present day there appears to be great reluctance to follow this ancient practice in its full development. There seems to be too great a value laid upon stonework nowadays; for it is respected to such an extent as to be denied the advantages of decoration. The generality of modern schemes of polychromatic decoration are entered on with a timidity and half-heartedness which secure their failure in nine cases out of ten. Usually the decoration is confined to the plastered surfaces, the stonework and woodwork being left untouched. That such was not the case in great periods of Christian architecture, we have ample proof. . . . These remarks apply equally to all architectural features: pillars, with their bases and capitals, arches, cornices and string-courses, door and window jambs, and arches, window tracery, and all descriptions of sculptured work." (Audsley's *Polychromatic Decoration*).

It is gratifying to be able to state, from what we have heard from the present Cardinal Archbishop's own lips, that in the new Cathedral of Westminster every provision is being made for the application of the principles here advocated.

May the day be not far distant when the mediæval richness of polychrome decoration will be accepted as an essential factor in the scheme of Gothic beauty and the blush of life transfigure the dead walls of the house of God.

J. E. T.

Gilling Castle and the Fairfax Family.

GILLING CASTLE certainly deserves an early place in the proposed descriptive articles on places of interest near the College. It is the first and last place we see on arriving at, or leaving the College, and is always a prominent feature in all views as we look out over our Vale of Mowbray.

Gilling Castle stands on the crown of a rather lofty tableland sloping down rapidly to the approach from the village. It is surrounded by a dense mass of trees (Fairfax's wood) through which its high keep and castle walls can scarcely be seen even in winter. The castle is believed to have been built in Edward II.'s time when license was given to crenellate. The east front with the additions in Elizabethan times is the only part that really awakens much interest. The lower ground floor is the only part left of the castle of the De Ettons.

Most of the rooms in this part are now used as servants'

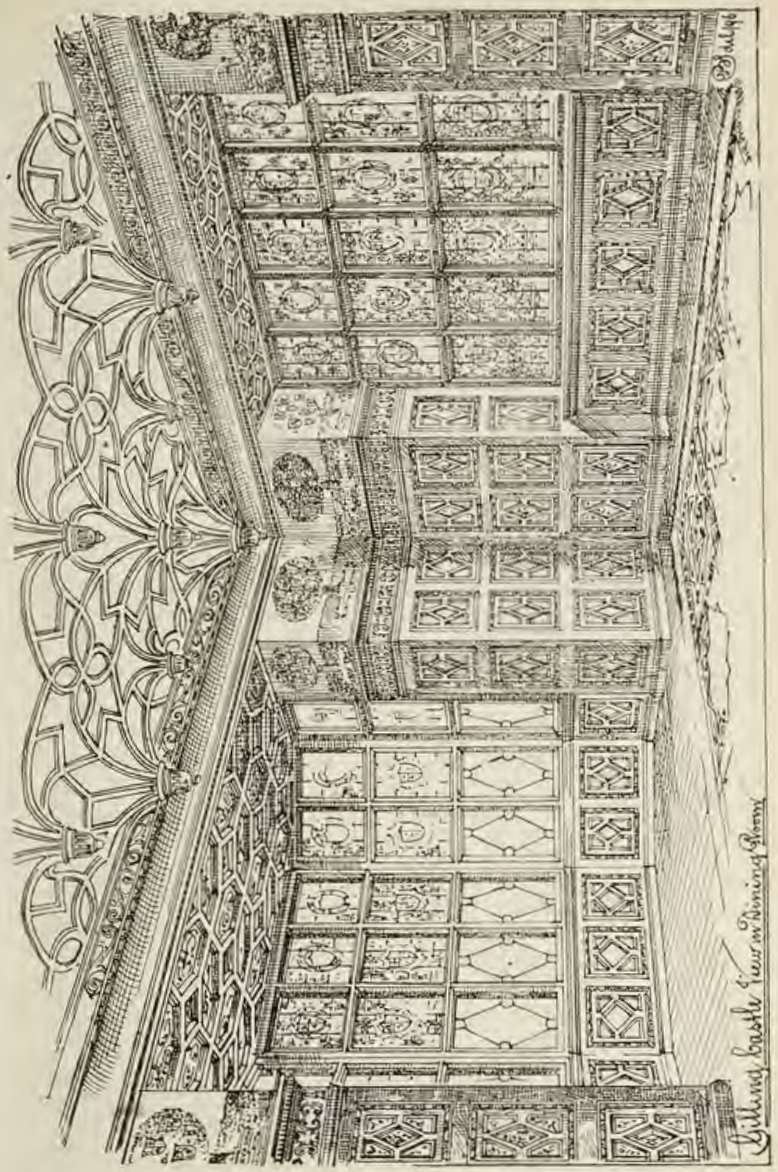
rooms and offices. They have pointed barrel vaults in stone; a few are groined but without ribs or bosses. The walls are of great thickness, the one towards what is now the inner court being 15 feet thick.

In former time the approach to the castle was from the east side (the village side)—there are still remains of an entrance now walled up; but the barbican and sallyport and other mediæval defences of the approach have long since disappeared. Part of a broad flight of steps still remains but blocked up and leading nowhere. It is supposed to have been part of the main approach from the ground floor to the great hall of the upper castle.

A secret cell right in the centre of the keep, approached by a dark narrow passage, is assigned by tradition to the dungeon or prison room.

The great dining room, called the Elizabethan room, is the most interesting room or feature in the castle. Gill in his *Vallis Eboracensis*, calls it "one of the very finest specimens of the age which have remained to our day." This sounds very tall praise to those who think of Hatfield, Hardwick, Aston Hall or many another of the "stately homes" of England; but there is no doubt that it is a fine specimen of quiet Elizabethan work, especially the inlaid panelling and the beautiful plaster ceiling.

The glass to the windows, however, is the glory of the room. These are magnificent pieces of heraldic painting, unequalled I believe in any other hall in England, or perhaps anywhere. The large bay window on the east side displays the heraldry and genealogy of the Fairfax family. The south window displays the armorial bearings of the Stapleton family and its alliances, and the other window in the east side, those of the Constable family. (These two families intermarried with the Fairfax family at different times.) The Stapleton window and the Fairfax window are the work of Bernard Deninckhoff, 1585, according to an inscription on the glass. The Constable



window is of later date than the two others but the artist has made it correspond generally in design. The room measures 39 ft. 5 in. by 22 ft. 2 in. and is 17 ft. 3 in. high (bay window extra which is 14 ft. 6 in. by 10 feet). It is surrounded by handsome oak panelling inlaid with pear tree wood and ebony in ever varying patterns—no two patterns I was told being alike. Above the wainscotting is a very quaint and unusual, painted frieze running round the room. It shows a series of genealogical trees, representing the different Wapentakes of Yorkshire, hung with the shields of arms of each family in the Wapentake entitled to bear arms. It corresponds exactly with a return, made in 1584, to register the list of those entitled to arms in the county of York. In the lower part of the frieze different animals and figures are shown passing in procession. All the work in the room is in a wonderful and perfect state of preservation. A view is given of the interior of the room.

The Entrance Hall and the Long Gallery and the frontages towards the court on the west side are the work of William Wakefield, a pupil or assistant of Sir John Vanburgh.

Some attribute the designs to Sir John himself but it is too common-place and ordinary to be the work of that able but rather heavy minded master.

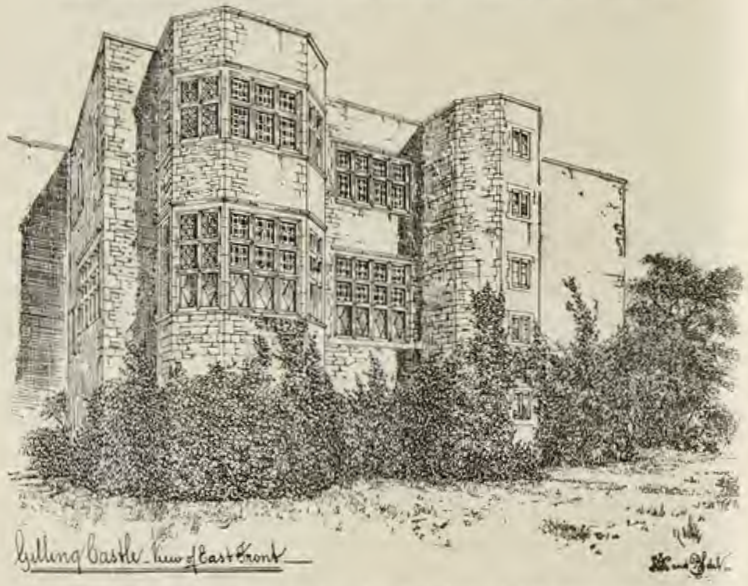
I give a sketch of the Long Gallery. It is considered by many the "lion" of the place. It is 90 feet long.

There is a very fine Elizabethan or Jacobean chimney piece in one of the ante-rooms leading to the gallery. It seems to have been moved from some other room. If the room itself is old, it has been hopelessly modernised in every other respect.

Before the conquest the manor of Gilling was in the possession of the Saxon Earl Barch. It passed from Hugh, son of Baldric, to whom it was granted by the Conqueror, to the Barons de Mowbray. The family of De

Ettons held it again on terms of knightly service from the De Mowbrays.

We read of the De Ettons being Lords of Gilling in 1199, in King John's time. It continued in the possession of this family till the time of Alexander de Etton, who died *s.p.* 1447, when it passed to the Nevilles of Brancepeth, and, on the attainder of Humphrey Neville, 1465, was suc-



cessfully laid claim to by the Fairfax of Walton family, the estates having been entailed on that family when Thomas de Etton married Elizabeth Fairfax, and Thomas Fairfax married Margaret de Etton. Genealogical history is rather dry and is apt to become still more so and a mere patter of names if one tries to be concise; but a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary in describing an historic place like Gilling Castle.

The Fairfaxes (fair feax, Saxon, fair locks) were established at Torcester in Northumberland before the Conquest. One of their descendants, Wiliam Fairfax, Bailiff of York, 1249, and grandson of Richard Fairfax of Askham, bought from Peter de Bruce the manor of Walton, made that his place of residence, and became Fairfax of Walton.

Richard Fairfax of Walton who lived through the reigns of Henry IV., Henry V. and Henry VI., and was Chief Justice of England in the reign of the last was the most distinguished member of his family up to his time. From him and his descendants are derived the three chief branches of the family. From his heir William—the Fairfaxes of Walton and Gilling Castle, and the Viscounts Emeley (Co. Tipperary, Ireland, created 1628) and from his third son Guy, the Fairfaxes of Steeton and Newton and the Fairfaxes of Denton Castle (Barons Fairfax of Cameron, Scotland, created 1627).

The family of Fairfax of Walton and Gilling lasted down to our own time but is now extinct. Charles Gregory Fairfax, tenth Viscount, died in 1741 without male issue and with him the title expired.

His daughter Anne died unmarried in 1793 and the estates passed to Charles Gregory Pigott of Whitton, Middlesex, son of the sister of the last Viscount, who assumed the name of Fairfax and became of Gilling Castle. He had one son Charles Gregory Pigott Fairfax who died *s.p.* and two daughters—Lavinia who married the Rev. J. A. Barnes rector of Gilling and died *s.p.* 1885 and Harriet who married Francis Cholmeley of Brandsby and died *s.p.* 1860. The estates passed to the Cholmeley family on the death of Mrs. Barnes, have since been sold, and are now in the possession of George Wilson Esq., J.P.

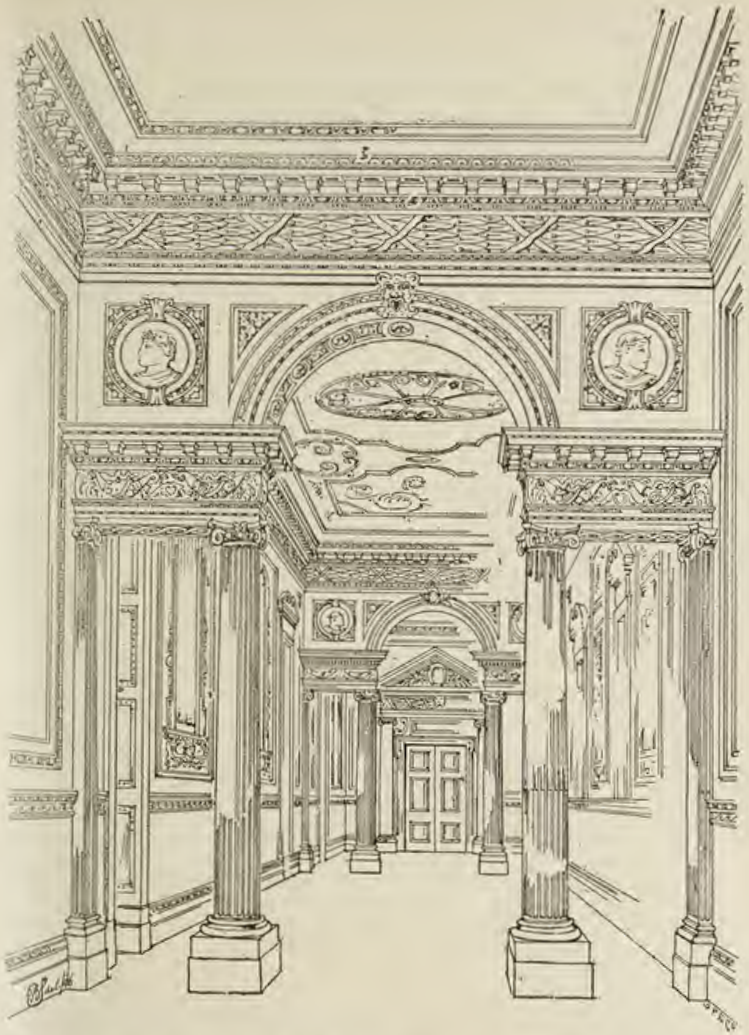
The Fairfaxes of Steeton and Newton still flourish with numerous offshoots. They are descended from Sir Guy third son of Richard Fairfax, the Chief Justice, who obtained from his father the manor of Steeton and built

himself a castle there. Sir William Fairfax, Judge of the Common Pleas (temp. Henry VIII.) was a member of this family.

The Fairfaxes of Denton Castle, created Barons Fairfax of Cameron, 1627, are perhaps the most distinguished branch of the family. The second Lord Fairfax commanded the Parliamentary army at Marston Moor, but it was his son Sir Thomas Fairfax (afterwards third Baron) who is better known as the Great Parliamentary General. He was appointed commander-in-chief when only thirty-four; defeated the King at Nasebey; drove him from Oxford; defeated the royal forces at Bridgewater, Bristol and Dartmouth, &c., reducing the whole of the west of England and forcing the Prince of Wales to retire to France. He took no part in the trial or death of the King, and resigned the command to Cromwell in 1650. Afterwards, he acted with General Monk and others in the recall and restoration of King Charles II. His only child, Mary Fairfax, married the second Duke of Buckingham (Villiers family), and the estates of the Duke at Helmsley, Kirby Moorside, &c., which had been forfeited by parliament and granted to General Fairfax, reverted back to the Duke. She died *s.p.* 1704 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Edward Fairfax the poet, the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," was a younger son of the first Lord Fairfax of Cameron.

Thomas the sixth baron inherited from his mother, heiress of Lord Colepepper, estates in Kent (Leeds Castle, &c.,) and a vast tract of land in Virginia—5,700,000 acres. After a visit to his transatlantic domains in 1739, he was so struck with the beauties of the country that he settled there and his descendants have remained there to our own time. John Contee Fairfax eleventh Lord, a physician, Northampton, George Co. Maryland, is now the representative of the family.



Gilling Castle. View in Long Gallery.

The reverend Bryan Fairfax, eighth Baron, had his title confirmed by the House of Lords in 1800. It formed an interesting *cause célèbre* at the time.

The whole neighbourhood of Gilling Castle is full of reminiscences of the great Parliamentary war, and provokes thoughts about the Cavaliers and Roundheads and the great uprising of the Puritan body. Gilling Castle with its memories of the Fairfax family; the ruined Keep of Helmsley standing just as left after its dismantlement by General Fairfax and the Parliamentary forces; Newburgh Hall, near Coxwold, the seat of the Falconbergs, where Mary Cromwell the daughter of the Lord Protector (Lady Falconberg) lived and died, all remind us of noted personages and events in that stirring time. Looking back through the long perspective of time that has elapsed since then, the Cavaliers seem to have had almost every quality and advantage that could enlist the sympathies or charm the admiration of posterity. Their gallant bearing, their dress—the most picturesque perhaps of any age—are familiar to us from the "living portraits" of Vandyke. The romance and pomp of war and all that passes for the show of heroism, the graces of scholarship and courtly breeding, and the *éclat* that attaches to historic names were all on the side of the Cavaliers. Nor can the misdeeds of the King for whom they fought in any way discredit the honour of their loyalty, or the generous *élan* with which almost the whole of the aristocracy came forward to offer their lives and fortunes for the defence of the throne. On the side of the Roundheads, the cold shade of Puritanism chilled all glow of chivalrous emulation, or desire of distinction, whilst the gloomy and forbidding characters of their manners estranged the sympathies of many who wished well to the cause for which they fought.

Each party fought from its own standpoint. It was the old story of the knights and the shield with its gold

and silver sides, and neither doubted the perfect justice of its cause. The Cavalier fought for his King, to whom his ancestors and order had freely given loyalty and fortune for centuries, and for the Church at whose altars his fathers had worshipped for many generations. The Roundheads fought to overthrow a treacherous and faithless King who threatened their liberties, for freedom of conscience, and to restrain the priestly arrogance of an hierarchy who wished to alter the settled form of national worship.

There were not many qualities amongst the Puritans calculated to win the favour or affection of their fellow men; there were many that were positively repellent. Their frequent and familiar use of the language of Holy Writ, warping and straining its meaning to suit the exigencies of their own circumstances, shocked the religious sense of many; their extreme uncharitableness and the narrowness of their ideas about many things alienated the good will of their good-natured and more liberal minded countrymen. But none could, with justice, deny their sincerity, or their robust thoroughness, or the simple austereness of their lives.

Puritanism, in its best form (though utterly misdirected), was undoubledly an outcome of the innate religious feeling of the English people. It was the same spirit, which in earlier days under the Catholic faith caused worthy men and women to forsake wealth and pleasure, and seek, in the shelter of the cloister, a life more truly and entirely religious than any the world affords—the same spirit, which in earlier days earned for England, through the piety of her children, the glorious title of the "Isle of Saints."

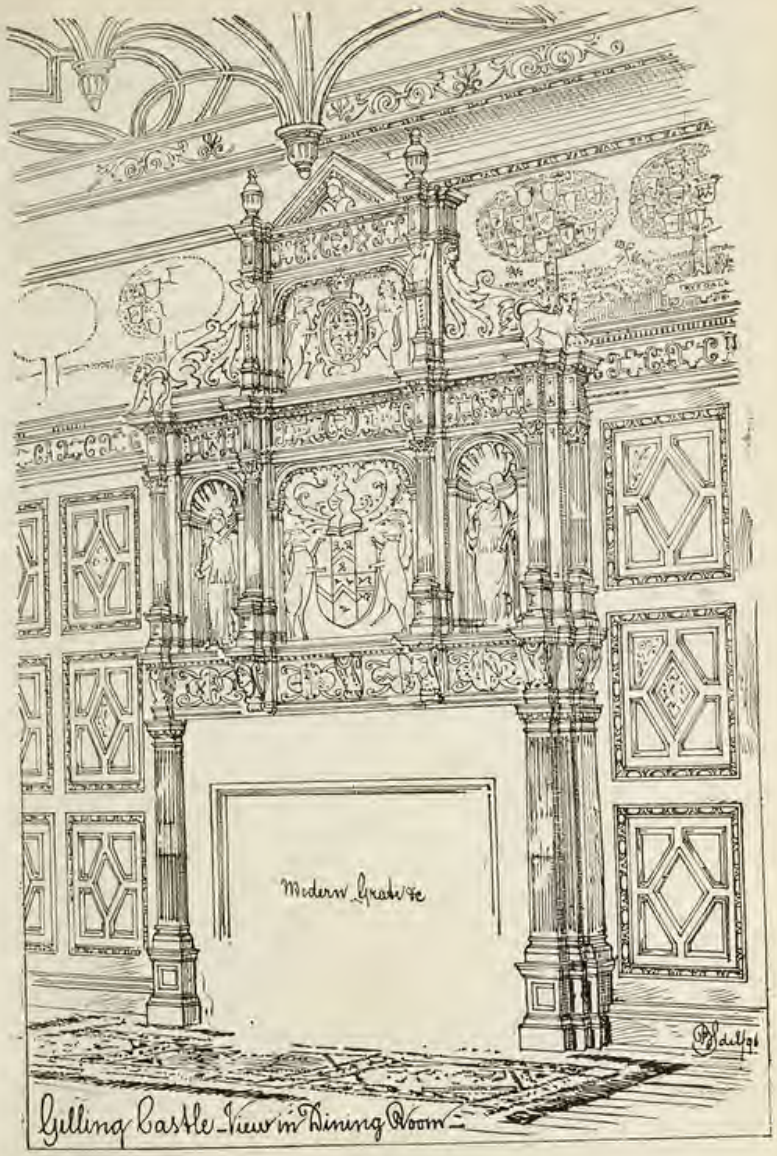
His Holiness in his late Encyclical to the English people dwelt pointedly on this religiousness as a special characteristic of our nation.

How far the charge of cant and hypocrisy, imputed to the

Puritans by the dramatists and writers of the Restoration, was deserved, it is now impossible to realize. At that time, any lie or libel against the Puritans was sure to be believed and earn favour. The Puritans had few literary apologists; letters and the fine arts were almost abhorrent to them, and we only hear the voices of the accusers. Like every sect, and in perhaps a greater degree than most, their good qualities showed out more in the dark times of persecution than in the sunshine days of domination. During the period of the Commonwealth, when they were the prevailing sect, they attracted to their ranks (for the time being) every rogue and knave in England (when religiousness is the vogue and its opposite severely punished who would be openly a rake!), and the misdeeds of these converts were laid to the discredit of the religious system of which they really never formed a part. However, that there must have been a great deal of cant and hypocrisy in England during this time, and that the country was thoroughly nauseated with it, is shown by the general revolt to utter license in the early days of the Restoration.

But I do not take the psalm-singing canting hypocrite of the Restoration writers as the correct representation of the general Puritan body, or perhaps as anything but a caricature. Few would dream of doing so now-a-days. Cant and hypocrisy are not an especial characteristic of Puritanism. No one ever imputed it to them in the days of their persecution under Elizabeth, James I., or Charles I., or have done so since. Tartuffes are of every creed and of every race, and the assumed garb of unco-guidness has ever been a convenient disguise for the worst of men.

For myself I hold to a far different and nobler type as the correct idea of the true Puritan. With all his faults I hold him to have been of a famous breed of sterling, earnest men, one which the great Mother of many nations may be justly proud to rank amongst her children. I do



not look for my examples amongst the prominent and successful. Success in life with but few exceptions is ever apt to dull the brightness and keenness of any good quality man may possess. I look for them rather amongst the quiet country towns and villages where the struggle of life rages less fiercely than in the neighbourhood of courts and cities. I like to think of the Puritan as one of the Pilgrim Fathers, living peaceably in his new home on the bleak New England shores;—exiled far from his

native land, and the persecutions and disabilities he suffered there but a half remembered memory.

The hardships he has undergone and the peace and contentment he now enjoys have softened the gloom of his manners and his uncharitableness towards his fellows. I see him dwelling contentedly amongst his own people, surrounded by his children and his children's children, worshipping his Maker in peace according to the simple rites of his Creed and leading the sweet home-life of an earnest, honest-dealing, and God-fearing man. Or, perhaps

still better, I like to picture him in another way; as one of Cromwell's Ironsides standing at bay in the trenches or on the battlefields of Europe, invincible, and undaunted by any odds or dangers, dour and stern, fighting on grimly, never doubting for a moment that the Lord of Hosts will assure the victory to His chosen people.

BERNARD SMITH.

The Benedictine Revolution of the Fifteenth Century.

FOR offering the following pages to the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal*, no apology will be necessary. They contain merely a matter of history which will doubtless be interesting, not only to the cleric, but also to those laymen who know and love the English Benedictine Congregation. If an allusion is made to what may now be called the "Original Constitutions" of that congregation, it is only in order to illustrate the subject matter, and is entirely without prejudice either to those Constitutions themselves, or to the Superiors who govern in their name. Any side reflection that may occur is merely the expression of private opinion upon a subject concerning which the Holy Father has, through His Apostolic Visitor, invited discussion.

The drawing up of the "Constitutions" in the early part of the seventeenth century was the root from which sprang the restoration of the old English Benedictine Congregation. But it was more than a mere restoration,

it was a new departure. It passed over the undoubted intentions of the Holy Rule, and set aside the traditions of centuries on such important points as:—elections, the power of the President, vacancies and successions in office, appeals, visits and regular discipline. But what stands out as the most striking change of all was the limitation of the term of office in the case of the ordinary and the local Superiors.

Neither in the Constitutions themselves, nor in the acts which were laid together and digested by Fathers Leander of St. Martin, Edward Mathew and Sigebert Bagshaw, was any reason given for this reform. Certainly our family history tells us that the framers of our Constitutions knew what they were doing, that they were experts in *Canon Law*, and had good reasons for their course of action. But what these reasons were does not appear. Further, it is difficult to see what there was in the circumstances of the time to recommend, much less to call for, a system of Government which implied such frequent meetings, when penal laws made a numerous assembly of Catholics a danger, and when communication with our scattered monasteries was always difficult and sometimes impossible. Finally, presuming that the purpose of the restoration was to provide missionaries for England, there does not appear any intrinsic evidence as to how so fundamental a change was necessary to promote this end. Nor can we see why men of such self-sacrifice—who were prepared to pass the most of their lives in banishment from their monastic homes—should be so minutely anxious for the independence and liberty of the brethren they had left behind. When, however, we recall the fact that this was the period of the rise of the modern regular congregations, most of which adopted a similar principle of government, it seems probable that our first Fathers were simply following the example of others and had no special reason of their own for the innovations.

The possibility becomes a probability when we remember that the earliest members of our restored Congregation received their habit and monastic training in the monasteries of Italy and of Spain, and that the Constitutions of the Italian and of the Spanish Congregations, whose observance they would naturally bring with them, bear a great similarity to our own, especially on one point, and that is the temporary office of Superiors.

Indeed a perusal of the Constitutions of the Spanish Congregation is enough to carry conviction that the English Constitutions are little more than a mitigated and abridged adaptation of them. In each there is the *President* and *Regimen*, the same quadriennial Chapter and re-election of officials, the *Definitors Electors* (nine in the Spanish, five in the English), similar modes of election of the President and President's Secretary, and in some passages the same phrases and terms. In both there are the prayers for the dead on Friday after Vespers and on Saturday after Mass. There is the name of "Juniors" given to the lately professed. There is the Month-day, the *ferculum extraordinarium* allowed to the Prelate and those who sit at the *mensa major*, the same regulation for the length and material of the habit. Indeed Weldon makes the absolute statement that the Spanish Constitutions were the original sources of the English.

But this only puts our inquiry a stage further back. Were there no special reasons why the limitation of the office of Superiors and other changes were introduced into the Spanish Constitutions? To say that there were is to introduce to our readers a man of the name of Ludovico Barbo, founder of the Congregation of St. Justina of Padua. He was born in Venice towards the close of the fourteenth century, and first became a Regular Canon of St. George in Alga in his native city. He afterwards made his profession in the Benedictine Monastery of St. Justina.

This famous abbey, in sad company with many others, was at this time suffering under the many evils, temporal as well as spiritual, which the crying evil of "Commendam" had fostered and perpetuated in the south of Europe. The state of discipline at St. Justina was such that Antonio Comaro, Archbishop of Bologna, took upon himself to expel the community and introduce a number of Olivetans who were then still in the fervour of a new Congregation. Barbo took the lesson to heart. In company with three others who shared his plans for a reform, he begged to be allowed to return. The Venetian Government took up his case, and, through its representations, Pope Gregory XII. restored to them their monastery and appointed Barbo Abbot (A.D. 1409). The other monks of St. Justina soon returned. Before long five new abbeys of this Congregation were founded in North Italy. Within a few years nearly all the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice were affiliated to it, and, later, most of the monasteries of Italy. In 1445 the monastery of Wiblingen in Suabia begged the same favour and was followed by three other lesser abbeys of the same neighbourhood. Pope Eugenius IV. then called sixteen of the monks of St. Justina to Rome and put them in possession of the Abbey of St. Paul's.

Now Gomez, a Portuguese, was one of those who had entered St. Justina in 1413. It was he who restored the abbey of Santa Maria in Florence, was appointed in 1439 Apostolic Visitor to the Cistercians, Sylvestrians and others, and who was made General of the Camaldolese. It was he also who, at the request of the king, obtained leave to return to his native country and founded the Portuguese Congregation after the model of that of St. Justina. Meanwhile the Spanish Congregation of Valladolid had been erected on the same plan, and it was Barbo himself who, at the command of Pope Eugenius, drew up the Constitutions for their use.

These are the Constitutions from which, it is assumed, our own have been derived.

Finally the arch-abbey of Monte Cassino was aggregated to the Congregation of St. Justina, which henceforth bore the name of the "Cassinese." A.D. 1505.

Of all the reforms in the history of the Monastic Order, this of the fifteenth century was the most remarkable. While all the others proceeded on the firm principle of a return to the verbal observance of the Holy Rule, this one took for its starting point a complete change in one of the fundamental portions of that Code, viz., its system of government.

"Singular remedies," says the historian of Monte Cassino, "did Barbo devise for the present state of affairs, supreme power for the abbot, counsel and deliberation for the monks. This cardinal principle was not to be interfered with. But what had hitherto been alone in each monastery was now to be carried out in the community of monasteries. In each monastery the abbot was supreme ruler, but when, for example, monks were to be appointed to subordinate posts, though he had the right of nomination, the confirmation rested with the corporate congregation; and in like manner, for his management in matters of finance, or instruction, or discipline, he was responsible to the judgment of the other abbots. To provide for this a general meeting was to be called every three years. In the Chapter met all the abbots of the congregation, whether they actually held the government of monasteries or not. The monks entrusted them with their judicial and legislative power, and, in virtue of this, they could proceed to deliberate on all these public matters. But lest the power should be abused, and to ensure justice, the monks also took part in these deliberations. Each community assembled and elected a deputy whose duty it was to take part in the Chapter along with his abbot, to give an account of the abbot's conduct during the previous triennium, and to state more fully the wants of his own community. When met in Chapter these became something more than deputies. After a sermon of exhortation, delivered by a simple monk, the president declares the abbots absolved from their offices, and resigns his own, and then there is no longer any distinction among the members. All are equal. The deliberative right belongs to all equally, but the definitive and legislative power is entrusted to an elected body, the *Definitors*. Some of these chosen by ballot assembled apart and were named *Conservatores*. Their duty was to maintain the laws of the congregation; the *acta* of the Definitorium were submitted to their scrutiny and they had the power of veto over any definition that innovated upon the statutes. All were bound to strict secrecy during the deliberations. Finally they proceeded to the election of the abbots, officials, and president of the congregation. *No office was perpetual;* each was appointed for *three years only*. To such effect did the shrewd investigator of Venetian jurisprudence apply to the benefit of the Congregation of St. Justina what he thought useful for the common good." *

And what made these wise limitations and astute provisions, of check and countercheck, necessary? At what was it aimed? At some gross abbatial tyranny—some despotic abuse of monarchical power? Not directly. We have the express testimony of the author as to the aim and purpose of his system. In the book *De Initio et Progressu Congregationis Cassinensis* we have his declaration that circumstances of time and place prevented a return to the ancient tradition, and that if not triennial at least temporary office was the only means of suppressing the evil of *Commendam*.

This is important. The *raison d'être* of this innovation, and, consequently, of our own system of government,

* Tosti, *Storia di Monte Casino*, vol. 3, p. 237.

was not professedly the essential superiority of the system itself. Neither was it professed that there was a necessity for any permanent modification of the traditional form of government on account of its essential unfitness or liability to abuse.

Let us consider what the evil was. *Commendam* or "holding in Commendam" was a phrase applied originally to the title by which certain persons retained in keeping or guard the administration of vacant ecclesiastical benefices, until a proper pastor could be provided. Sometimes this *Commendam* was perpetual, as in the cases where bishops were driven by violence from their sees, or when the population of a parish or abbey decayed and disappeared. In such cases the property was often given over to other ecclesiastics to afford them more decent maintenance, not as a title to possession but to be held in trust.

So far *Commendam* was praiseworthy. In time however, laics began to usurp the property of the Church under this fictitious title. Princes began to give it to their dependents to furnish money for war. Nobles solicited it as a patrimony for their younger sons, who were tonsured just to save the law which forbade the giving of *Commendam* to any but ecclesiastics. Bishoprics, abbeys and parishes were thus put into the hands of laymen, and, by degrees, even priorships of monasteries and the subordinate offices, such as cellerar and cantor. This latter development of the abuse could never have appeared if the monks themselves had not first departed from the fundamental principle of community of property, by allowing and even demanding the partition of the monastic property between the abbot and the community. By this *partitio mensarum* as it is called, the abbot's post first became a "benefice," and so an object of ambition on the part of unworthy and unqualified persons. Then the conventual portion of the monastic property was

subdivided, until the monks became no more than secular canons holding prebends. These came to be regarded merely as livings, and were bought and sold and given away. With the very foundation destroyed, no wonder monastic discipline fell into decay. The natural remedy would seem to be the re-assertion of community life and of the right of election and self government; but such was the temper of the times, that we may believe Abbot Barbo when he says that the old tradition could not withstand the tide. Such was the case at least in Italy and Spain, for in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium and part of France the reform as a whole was not accepted, and the perpetuity of superiors remains there to this day. And it was precisely from the monasteries of Italy and Spain whence came the first Fathers of our Congregation and framers of our Constitutions. Synods and councils and decrees of Popes had all been unavailing against the evil of *Commendam*. So many other attempts had been made, and all had proved so fruitless, that we can comprehend the determined way in which Barbo and his associates resolved on so marked a revolution in the government of monastic bodies. They constructed a system which, if it did not directly cut away the root of the evil, at least killed its offshoots, and stood ready to nip the bud of any attempt at future growth. Where no office was perpetual, none could be conferred in *Commendam*. Where all superiors and inferiors were obliged to give a triennial account of their administration, none could appropriate, none could usurp nor retain. So all the evils of the *partitio mensarum* were obviated. Lastly, where all the elections were in the hands of a General Chapter, freedom of election was secured for all.

The scheme was for its purpose triumphantly sufficient. Many monasteries after groaning under the yoke of *Commendam* for fifty years, gladly accepted it as a welcome deliverance. Many embraced it as the only solution of

their present difficulties, though possibly against their wish. And with what effect! Tosti tells us how "Languishing spirits revived, how literature flourished, how the laws watched over the monks, and how the monks guarded the integrity of the laws." And the Dominican, Felix Fabri, too, draws a flattering picture of the learned men, jurists, philosophers, theologians, orators and historians whose names began to adorn this century of Benedictine history and the monasteries of the new observance. It was of course only to be expected that, in accordance with the fate of all revolutions, this one should err by excess and that reaction should follow. In the history of the General Chapters, we find, for instance, the election of three superiors for the triennium, who were to hold office in turn. The chronicle of Monte Cassino gives no less than twenty-one changes of abbots during the fifty years following the aggregation of the abbey. So frequent did the change of prelates become that the congregation began to see for itself how hurtful such a thing was to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the monasteries; and a definition was passed in Chapter, to the effect that these frequent changes were to be avoided.

What had proved a difficulty both to Pope and Council was brought to an end, at last, by a chain of events which Providence so guided as to bring good out of evil. The great French Revolution of last century broke out. In sweeping away almost every vestige of ecclesiastical property, it, at the same time, destroyed the many abuses that had overgrown it. The effects of this revolution have produced in other countries a like result, until the very name *Commendam* has now become a thing unknown. Few persons will be found to seek ecclesiastical offices for the sake of any emolument they bring with them. Moreover, so far as we can read the future, what with the separation of Church and State and the establishment of the voluntary system, such a possibility

will become less and less likely as the years go on. Nay, as if to make assurance doubly sure on this matter, the Church's legislation, so widely and vigorously enforced, gives every security that such an evil can never again trouble the Church or the monastic order.

The three great evils, which were the occasion of the abuse of *Commendam*, and against which the reform of St. Justina legislated so vigorously, are gone for ever. To see this we need only turn again to a statement of what they were, and notice how effectually they are met by recent decisions.

First came the violation of community life, secondly the partition of the monastic property among the members of the community, and thirdly, and chiefly, the loss of freedom of election.

We have only to read the twenty-fifth session of the Council of Trent to see how in words that ring with the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, that Synod laid open and destroyed the first two of the above named abuses. "To no Regular," it says, "is it lawful to possess or to hold as his own, or even in the name of a community, any property whether real or personal (*immobilia vel mobilia*) of any kind, or by whatever means acquired; . . . . nor is it henceforth lawful for superiors to grant to any Regular the use or usufruct of property in administration or in *Commendam*. But the administration of monastic property is to belong to the conventuals only, removable at the will of superiors." More than this we know that even the milder deviation, known as *Peculium*, has been forbidden and abandoned.

As to the third abuse above mentioned, this is provided against in the sixth Chapter of the same session which declares null every election not carried out "by secret voting."

Finally, to ensure the carrying out of the spirit as well as the letter of these decrees, the Council revived the Con-

stitution of Innocent III. (1215) by which the celebration of General Chapter and the formation of Congregations were ordered for all monasteries. Thus a special feature of the reform of St. Justina was made obligatory on all, viz., that federation of monasteries which provided an external guard and power of visitation without interfering between superiors and subjects. But strange to say no mention whatever is made by the Synod of the system of "temporary office," which was Barbo's greatest innovation. This was not legislated for, nor has any subsequent decree of Pope or Council alluded to it, still less made it a law. It has been regarded as a concession, and, as such, always claimed by those in whose favour it was first granted.

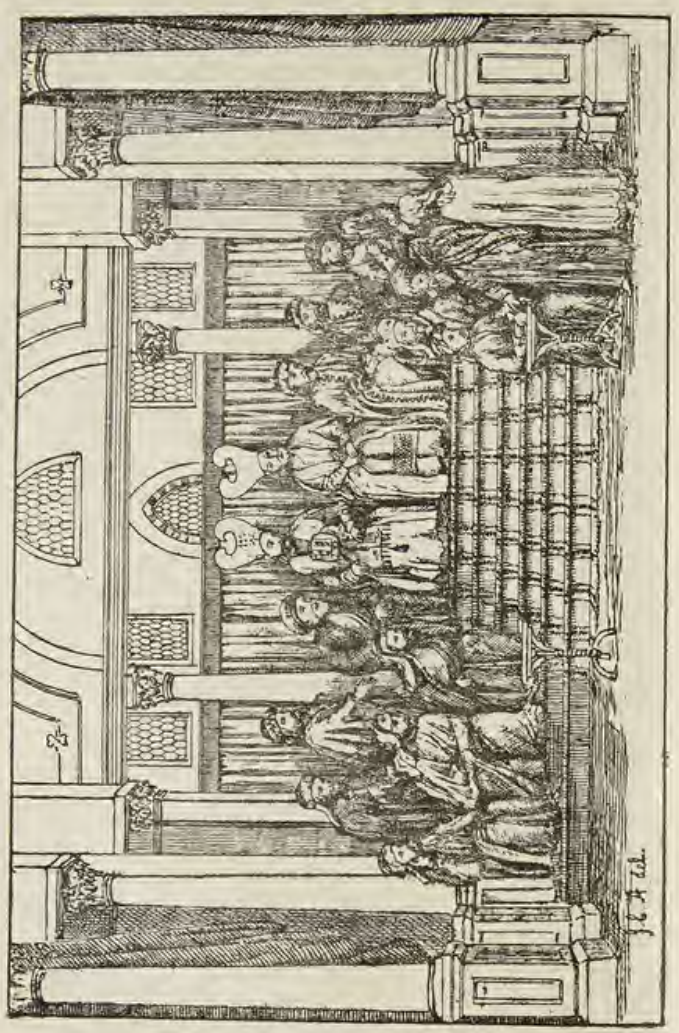
J. S. C.

A Visit to the Bradford Passion Play. 1896.

THOUGH the Ober Ammergau Passion Play and the copious literature it has inspired have made everyone familiar with their style and capabilities, it is perhaps not generally understood how widespread were Mystery plays among our Catholic forefathers. Because only one notable example has survived, among the simple folk of the Bavarian highlands, people are apt to forget that there was a time when there was hardly a town in England that did not boast of its annual Play. Some of the continental pageants may have surpassed them in splendour, but in

no country were they more universally popular than in our own, and in no part of the country more appreciated than in Yorkshire. Candlemas, Whitsuntide and Corpus Christi seem to have been the favourite times for their production, and, in many places, not merely the Passion or some single incident was represented, but a comprehensive cycle of Biblical events that ranged from the Creation to Doomsday. This was particularly the case at York Beverley, Wakefield, Coventry, Newcastle and Chester. The identical MSS. used at these places have come down to us, with all the corrections and stage instructions written by hands that have been still for 500 years.

That of York in Lord Ashburnham's collection, published by the Clarendon Press in 1885, fills over 500 octavo pages with metrical dialogue alone. Each craft or 'gild' was responsible for its own particular play. Thus the Tanners began with the Creation, the Armourers took the Expulsion from Paradise, the 'marineres and fysshmongers of Vsegate' played Noe and the Ark, the Goldbeaters personated the three Kings, and so on down to the fifty first on the list in which the 'Ostleres' did the Coronation of our Lady. Each moreover had to provide its own 'pageaunt' or movable stage, each member of the craft had to contribute a fixed sum towards the expenses, which were considerable, and a public proclamation of the Mayor bade them provide "good players, well arayed and openly spekynge." Every player had to be "redy in his pageaunt at convenyant time, that is to say at the mydhowre betweene iiijth and vth of the clok in the mornynge," so that all the plays might be completed in one day. Modern ideas would hardly agree with the convenience of the hour, but it certainly anticipated the modern necessity for an 'early door'. The Mayor assigned to each play its proper station in the city; and it is interesting to find in the old records, as far back as 1417, that the plays began 'first at ye gates of ye Pryory of Holy Trinity, Mikelgate



and then went on to 'Skeldergate Hend, to ye hend of Conyng Strete towards Castlegate, to ye Common Hall in Conyng Strete, to Jubirgate . . . . to ye Minster gate, &c.," ending finally upon the Pavement. They attracted great crowds of people from all parts and were looked upon as the event of the year, to be prepared for with the greatest care. Of this we have abundant evidence. On the second Sunday after Corpus Christi a committee of the gild met under the presidency of the Lord Mayor to elect a 'pageaunt-maister' for the next year's play, thus allowing a whole year for preparation. It was the duty of this official to collect the subscriptions of his fellow craftsmen, to preserve the 'pageaunt,' and, with one or two others, to choose the players and see that they 'conned' their parts. It is clear too, from the numerous documents still extant which show the accounts of the gild-plays and the accurate care with which the smallest minutiæ were noted down.

It is beyond our scope to deal with them at present, but we may be pardoned for quoting just one or two instances —instances of the faith as well as of the quaint simplicity of our forefathers. Thus we find that the players were apparently paid, not so much according to the dignity of the characters they personated, as according to the work they had to do. In 1490 we find the entries.

Imprimis to God ij^{s}.

Item payd to ye devyil and Judas xviij^{d}.

Hell was an expensive luxury as the many entries testify. Here are two.

Item payd for mendyng hellmowthe ij^{d}.

Item payd for kepynge of fyer at hellmowthe iiij^{d}.

But neither was heaven to be had without cost.

Item iiij pere of angylys wyngys ij^{s} *viij*^{d}.

Item payd for mendynge and washynge ye Angelis Surplisses iij^{d}.

Judas was a source of much expense and there are many entries on his account. The last reads:

Item payd for a new hoke to hang Judas vj^{d}.

Among the properties we find:

Item payd for halfe a yard of Red sea vj^{d}. If sold at this rate it must have proved a valuable possession for its owner, but apparently a reduction was made on large orders of real estate, for next we find:

Item payd Crowe for three worlds and paynting same ij^{s}. Refreshments, we must admit, figure somewhat largely, ale and bread forming the chief items. In the Smith's 'pley' at Coventry 1450, we find an exception made in favour of Pilate, as he had the 'most spekynge.'

Item payd for a pynt of wyn for Pillat i^{d}.' Either his part or his capacity must have been enlarged as time advanced for in 1480 we find:

Item payd for a quart of red wyn for Pilatt ij^{d}. In the Drapers, pageant or 'Domesday' the characters include God; two Demons; four Angels; three white and three black souls; three Patriarchs; two 'clarks for syngyng;' one pharisee and 'two Worms of Conscience!' The consciences were evidently not of the tender kind for the worms had to be well paid for their work.

Item payd to ye two worms of Conscience xvj^{d}. It is clear our forefathers had not discovered the Happiness of Hell.

As has been said, there are hundreds of these documents still in existence and they help to show the widespread interest in, and the time and trouble that were spent over our English miracle plays. It may be asked, how could the common people rise to such heights? Is it not trifling with religion that any man should represent Christ—that the York Innkeepers, *e.g.*, should play the Coronation of our Lady? For answer we need only point to Ober Ammergau. If the simple villagers of that remote district could represent the sublimest truths of religion in a manner that

touched the hearts of all, there seems no reason to doubt that our forefathers, who had all the same faith, who all lived the same innocent and undistracted lives, could and did do just as much unto edification.

These plays were part of the Church's method of instructing her children in the revelations of the Bible and the truths of religion. In days when printing was unknown and a single book meant a fortune to its possessor no other method was so practicable. Even now it is questionable whether any other agency is half as powerful. Nothing stimulates the imagination more than a picture. A thousand pages of description cannot take the place of a single view of the object described. This is the secret of Art—the power of the Drama. As a Protestant clergyman said in Bradford recently; "Luther once said that he believed more good was done by one mystery play than by one hundred sermons. That was rather hard on the preachers, but when I visited the play last week, I came to the conclusion that Luther was not far wrong, and, when I looked round and saw evident signs of emotion all around me I felt that no sermon given by word of mouth could have moved the hearts of the people as this was doing." Ruskin, though speaking more directly of the arts of painting and sculpture, pays a noble tribute to the teaching of the Church as shown in the living pictures of these plays.

"Much more must the scholar, who would comprehend in any degree approaching completeness the influence of the Bible on mankind, be able to read the interpretations of it which rose into the great arts of Europe at their culmination. In every province of Christendom, according to the degree of art power it possessed, a series of illustrations of the Bible were produced as time went on. . . . These teachings and preachings of the Church, by means of art, are not only a most important part of the general Apostolic Acts of Christianity; but their study is a necessary part of Biblical scholarship, so that no man can in any large sense,

understand the Bible itself until he has learned also to read these national commentaries upon it, and been made aware of their collective weight. The Protestant reader who most imagines himself independent in his thought, and private in his study, of Scripture, is nevertheless usually at the mercy of the nearest preacher who has a pleasant voice and ingenious fancy; receiving from him thankfully, and often reverently, whatever interpretation of texts the agreeable voice or ready wit may recommend; while, in the meantime, he remains ignorant of, and if left to his own will, invariably destroys as injurious, the deeply meditated interpretations of Scripture which, in their matter, have been sanctioned by the consent of all the Christian Church for a thousand years; and in their treatment, have been exalted by the trained skill and inspired imagination of the noblest souls ever enclosed in mortal clay."*

No doubt, here and there, abuses may have crept in, especially where they slipped from ecclesiastical control; no doubt all did not reach the same point of excellence; and we have to make allowance for much that is trivial and quaint and grotesque. But, to judge them aright, we must remember the times in which they were produced, and try to see them as they appeared to those who lived in those days. Judged by this standard, they must have done immense good, and we make bold to say that, class for class, our Catholic forefathers knew their Bible better and penetrated its realities more deeply than their successors of to-day, who, if they have kept their Bible, have lost their simplicity, their godliness and their Faith.

The best evidence of the value of mystery plays is the fact that our good reformers recognized their power and promptly abolished them. Once the Reformation was established we find little trace of them. They lingered for a little while in remote places and died slowly with the Faith of the people. Once that was extinguished, we hear of them no more. In 1568 Dr. Matthew Hutton the Protestant dean of York gave it as his opinion that the

* "Our Fathers have told us." Part i. Chap. iii. p. 125.

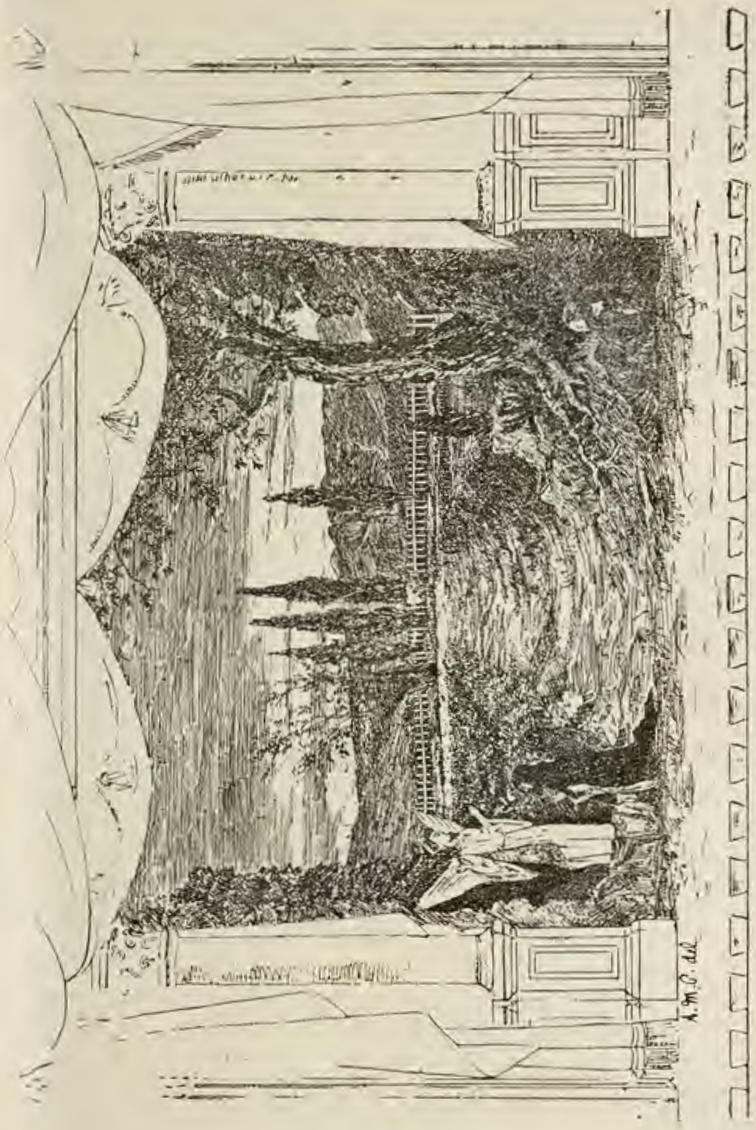
the Play "shuld not be plaid, ffor thoghe it was plawsible to yeares agoe, and wold now also of the ignorant sort be well liked, yet now in this happie time of the gospell, I know the learned will mislike it." The "happie time of the gospell," has now lasted three centuries and more, and "the learned" have revelled in their learning and pitied the poor "ignorant sort" who lived in those dark days of error, but I doubt if even the most ignorant of those poor papists could ever have sunk to the depths reached by some of our modern Bible Christians. "Who was Pontius Pilate?" asked one, a teacher of repute in Bradford, during one of the performances, adding apologetically, "you know I am not strong in history." "Why do they give that wretch Judas such a nice dress?" asked one lady of another, and the answer was: "You know my dear, Judas was of royal descent!" "What is the name Jesus?" asked another, a Nonconformist woman. The child by her side, naturally thinking she wished to know the actor's name, answered: "Coman." "Well, just fancy, I've been a chapel-goer for forty years and never knew that afore!" Such gross ignorance would hardly have been possible in the days of Mystery plays, and if evidence of their present need were required, we have it in the fact that these good people "in this happie time of the Gospell," with all the advantages of Bibles and Board Schools, should pass their lives oblivious of the most Elementary Truths.

When then, we heard that Fr. Downes of Bradford was reviving the Passion Play, it was with very mixed feelings of interest, curiosity and misgiving; interest, because if successful, it was really the enlistment of a new power in the service of religion; curiosity, because the venture was so bold as to be almost incredible; misgiving, because the difficulties seemed insuperable. If, we thought, mediæval plays are to be revived it must be with a difference. The study and research which Irving and

others have introduced into stage management, the historical accuracy in costumes and scenery with which they have made us familiar, have enlarged our ideas and widened our requirements. If so much has been done for the secular stage, we must have a proportionate advance on the religious stage. Our ideas of stage properties for instance, would hardly be satisfied with a "yarde of Rede Sea," and our knowledge of history would no more be content to see Jewish Rabbis dressed as mediæval "busshops," than it would tolerate a Crucifixion surrounded by the Amsterdam burghers of Rembrandt or the Parisian *gamins* of Jean Béraud. We are more exacting in this respect than our forefathers and who would have the time or the skill or the means to attend it? Who would have the patience and the genius to plan out and the courage to attempt such a perilous work? Where in this sophisticated, sceptical age could performers be found who would be at once simple, believing and reverent; simple without being grotesque, and reverent without being self-conscious? What would be the effect on the spectators—or on the actors themselves?

There is no doubt the opinion of the great majority was adverse, *before* they saw the play; what their judgment was *after* they had seen it—at least the opinion of all whom I have met since—I will endeavour to convey in the remaining pages; only premising, for the comfort of the suspicious, that I had no interest in it beyond that of a spectator, was totally unacquainted with everyone responsible for its production, and went to it prejudiced of the prejudiced.

It must be admitted that there is a seeming incongruity in the title "Bradford 1896—The Passion Play;" one half taking us to one of the most modern towns of the matter-of-fact West Riding—a town typical above other of the energetic, steam driven, commercial nineteenth century—while the other carries us back to the far off ages of faith



with their gray old towns and their slumbering villages, their crafts, their guilds, their childlike simplicity. Bradford Mills, Bradford Woollen Associations, Bradford Trades Unions—these sound familiar enough, but who ever dreamed of a Bradford Passion Play!

The anachronism was emphasised when we stepped out of the Midland Railway Station and found ourselves in the very vortex of Bradford's busy life. It was about 7 p.m., February 5. The glare of the gas lamps and electric lights, the glitter of the well found shops, the hurrying crowds, the ponderous grating of the many steam trams, the cries of the street vendors—'last dishon! penny a box! horrible murder! &c.,' made it difficult to realize that we were on our way to a mystery play. We pushed on according to directions, up the steep streets, till the crowds began to dwindle, the lights to grow fewer and the shops to look more dingy—just the sort of place where one looks for the Church of the poor. While standing a moment irresolute, hardly daring to ask for the 'Passion Play' and not knowing what else to ask for, a small child with a curtsey that showed her faith and a smile that betrayed her origin, divining our wishes pointed; "Down here, Father!" We dived down a side street in which the principal shop sold fried fish and ginger beer, and soon found ourselves in a crowd before the doorway of the Scruton Memorial Schools. So far the surroundings were not very mediæval—hardly oriental.

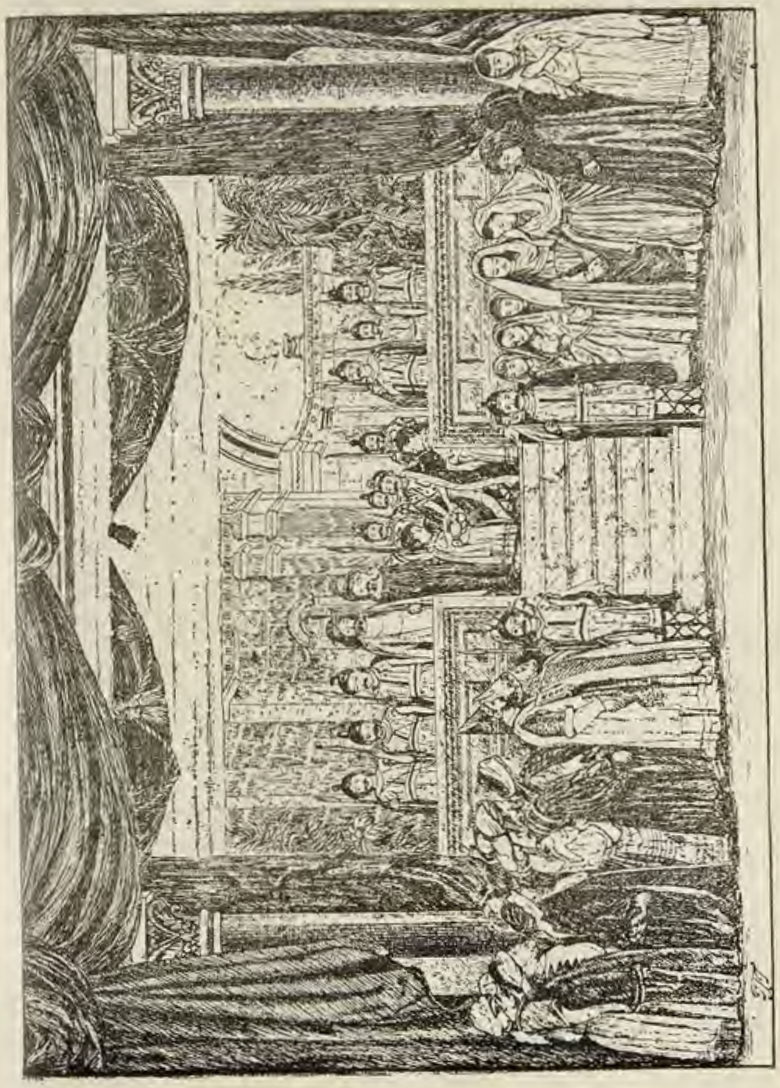
In a few minutes we were shown into the large schoolroom where the play was performed. Though capable of seating about 800 people it was packed to the full extent of its capacity; there was not a vacant chair, not a square foot of standing room to be seen. For the first time we begin to realize that the play, which could draw such an audience night after night, while hundreds more were turned away, must be something out of the common. A failure never attracts. A failure, in such a bold venture

dealing in matters so sublime, could not have survived a single night. And it is plain that there could be no *via media*; it must either be unqualified success or dismal bathos and weakness. Our fears, we admit, anticipated the latter, but the crowded house clearly betokened the former.

The audience was representative of every class, from the highest to the lowest, though the bulk appeared to belong to the comfortable middle class; of every creed, from the unmistakable Catholic to Anglican parsons, Non-conformist ministers and the equally unmistakable Hebrew; but the universal sentiment was shown in the hushed and reverent appreciation that marked every incident in the drama.

Two notices in very bold type were posted in conspicuous places round the hall; one, "SILENCE, NO APPLAUSE ALLOWED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES"; the other, "LADIES ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO REMOVE THEIR HATS, IF POSSIBLE." The former was rigidly observed to the letter throughout, not the slightest movement or sound being heard that could interfere with the solemnity of the occasion. The latter, so reasonable and, now-a-days, so necessary for the comfort of others, was honoured rather in the breach. Perhaps it only needed someone to set the example; possibly the condition expressed in the last two words of the notice was absent; or it may be that the few specially referred to failed to recognize their description in the opening word; but, whatever the reason, I did not see a single hat removed. There was one portentous arrangement just in front of me which I would have given a good deal to remove—'if possible'!

The stage, a permanent one with a fine pitch pine proscenium, was spacious and well arranged and quite superior to any College stage I have yet seen. The hall was lofty and well ventilated, and, except for those



abnormal hats, everyone could see and hear in comfort. Indeed the schools generally are equal, even in these days of School Board palaces, to the best of their kind and are a credit to the Church, an honour to Bradford and a worthy monument to the good priest they commemorate.

While waiting for the curtain to rise we glanced at the programme. Its introduction admirably expressed the motive for which the play was undertaken, the spirit in which its author wished it to be regarded, and, I must say, the spirit in which the audience actually received it.

"This representation of the most Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ is not to be regarded as an ordinary play, or dramatic performance, arranged to afford amusement or to help the spectator to while away a few spare hours. It has been prepared in a religious spirit in the hope that it will make a religious impression on those who witness it. . . . It is simply an extension of the principle that has guided the Church from the beginning, to bring into prominence the thought of Jesus Crucified. Hence we request all who attend our mystery-play to put away, as far as possible, every worldly thought, and to endeavour to enter into the sacred performance with somewhat of the subdued spirit and reverential sympathy they conceive they would have felt, had they been present at the dread tragedy in Jerusalem or on Calvary."

Then followed the list of the characters, which I need not repeat. Altogether there were 120 employed in the piece, all, with only one or two exceptions, children of St. Patrick's schools, and it is edifying to learn that, to gain the grace necessary to their work—for grace alone could perfect it—each received Holy Communion in preparation.

There was besides a chorus of thirty boys and girls who, following the lead of Ober Ammergau, sang an introductory explanation of the scene that was to follow. Clothed in long grey tunics and girdles, with coronets on their heads and purple mantles hanging from their shoulders, the effect of their fresh childish voices, as with joined hands and down cast eyes they sang their hymns

was very telling. They sang from memory and without any conductor.

The words of their hymns, for the most part, and the music, entirely, were composed by the Rev. Fr. Downes. Another and more able pen will deal with the music and singing and I will only say, for myself, that I never knew music so perfectly wedded to words, or music that could better attune thought and feeling to the scenes that were to follow. So admirably did it seem to enter into the very soul of their meaning, that I could not help thinking, in no spirit of levity, that it would form an excellent prelude to any meditation on the Sacred Passion. If I may venture in 'mirabilibus super me,' it is just the kind of music we non-musicians need in the Church; music that is helpful, that excites one's feelings and sympathies, whether joyful or sad, in unison with the Church's own; music that is interesting without being distracting, and reverent without being insipid. I do not know, I speak as one less wise, whether Fr. Downes' music would be called figured music, Cecilian, or Palestrinesque, or improved Gregorian, or Wagnerian, but this I do know—it was understood by all and it produced the effect that was intended. O si sic omnes!

On the conclusion of the hymn, the chorus disappeared, the second curtain parted and disclosed the Sanhedrim plotting the death of Jesus. Our illustration gives a fair idea of the general scene and the disposition of the actors, but it cannot convey the colours and the richness of the costumes, nor can I describe them. It will be sufficient to say that, throughout, the dresses were as historically correct as modern knowledge could make them. Evidently no expense had been spared either in scenery or in the materials and making of the costumes; there was nothing of the cheap or makeshift order. Romans were Romans, Jews were Jews, Elders were Elders; there was no confusing the classes. Great skill and study were clear in the

scheme of colouring and in the variety and combination of shades. Indeed for composition and colour any of the scenes might have been transferred to canvas without disgracing an old master. Such things do not happen by chance, and there was evidence all through of a master mind directing the smallest details, yet never obtruding itself in the least degree unduly.

Caiphas opened the scene with much dignity, and, though a little wanting in passion, he improved as the play progressed. Annas, who made a splendid old man, followed with a speech of senile spite and the Elders spoke their parts with much spirit. The bargaining with Judas, and the affecting remonstrances of Joseph and Nicodemus were very impressive, and already it was plain that every detail had been most carefully planned and considered. I must confess that for a moment the strong Yorkshire burr of the players grated somewhat. It was especially noticeable among the boys—the girls were quite free from it. But it was only for a moment. One got used to it almost immediately and I am not sure that it did not actually help the effect. It certainly removed all suspicion of affectation and false straining after effect, and conveyed that impression of sincerity which was one of the charms of the play. After all, the villagers of Ober Ammergau do not speak with the refined accent of Berlin, and the Apostles themselves are not supposed to have conversed in Attic Greek, so that our Northern Doric was not much out of place.

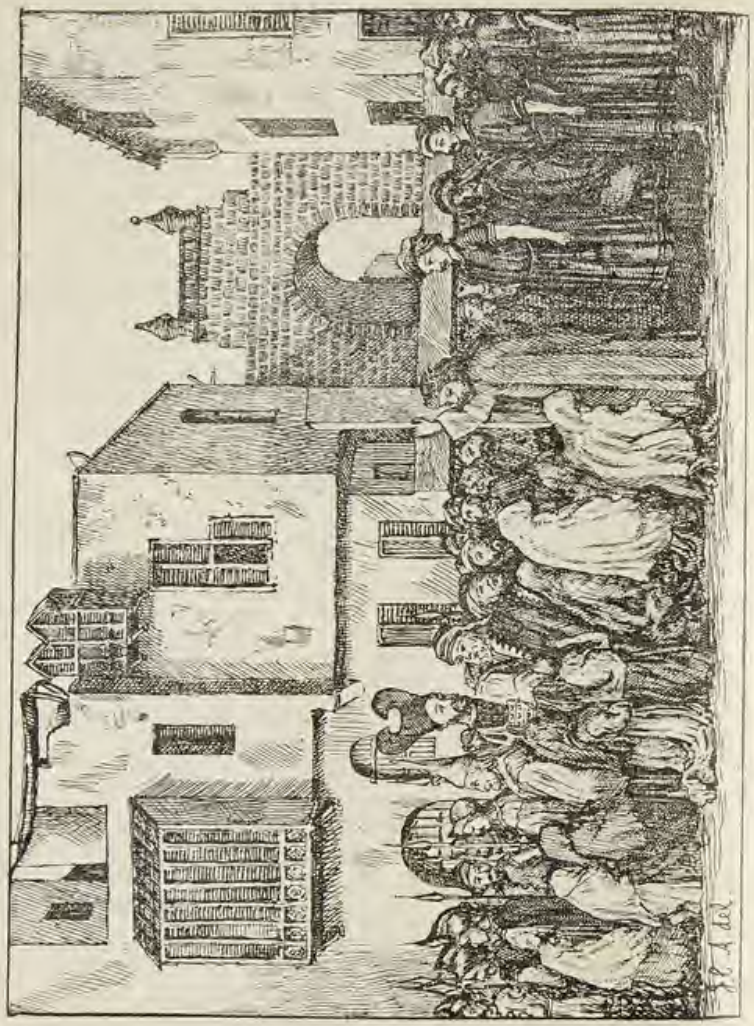
The second scene, Gethsemani, opened in semi darkness, to the right of the spectators, Peter and James and John lay on the ground sleeping, and on the left, our Blessed Lord clad in a white tunic and crimson mantle was observed prostrate upon a large boulder. A strong limelight was thrown upon Him, which had the effect of deepening the shade around and suggesting the halo of the Divinity that was in Him. It was a beautiful picture.

The silence of the audience at this time was palpable, almost painful in its intensity, for all felt instinctively that now the whole effort was on its trial. A failure even partial, of the principal character, a slip, a halt, an accident of any kind now might mar the whole play and prejudice all that was to follow. Was it possible for any child to sustain such a part? He rose to His knees and with outstretched hands and uplifted eyes He prayed: "My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me," and then fell prostrate again. The soft subdued music, so low as hardly to break the silence, so fitting that it was only on reflection that one was conscious of its presence, helped admirably to realize the scene. He knelt again and prayed the self-same prayer; and then rising went to his disciples. "Could you not watch one hour with me?" They rose hastily with murmured apologies. Peter there was no mistaking. He was in voice and appearance the traditional Peter of nineteen centuries, loving, impulsive, blundering. John looked the part to perfection, youthful where all were young. With gentle dignity Jesus upbraided them and then left them to their sleep again.

He prayed once, with earnest faltering voice, and then an angel appeared comforting Him. This might easily have proved a stumbling block, but it was beautifully managed and anyone, who will compare the scene with the similar one at Ober Ammergau, will admit that children make more ethereal angels than adults.

The betrayal of Judas, the prostration of the mob and the arrest of Jesus followed—all most touching, and gone through without fault.

The success of the piece was assured. All felt that *the* part was in safe hands. Here was no mere acting, no theatrical posing or speaking. It was a child rendering with all a child's unconsciousness and yet with exquisite dignity and reverence, a child's conception of that divine



character. So natural and easy was it, and yet so restrained and dignified and free from all stage effort, that one forgot the play altogether and thought only of the original, nor did anything occur that could mar the illusion. It was in very deed and truth a religious pageant, a Church service rather than a play.

The effect on the audience was most pronounced. Respectful always it now began to show signs of deep emotion which became more manifest as the play advanced, till it culminated at the Crucifixion scene when sobs were distinctly audible. Even between the acts there was a hush and an awe as though it were some solemn act of religion, and no one spoke above a whisper. 'From many hearts thoughts were being revealed.'

The Pretorium of Pilate was a splendid scene; in many respects, I thought, the best of all. A flight of steps led through a stone balustrade, to a spacious *planum*, on which, in front of the court and high above the street, was the judgment seat. Near the centre and close to the steps stood Jesus guarded by soldiers. He was clad in His purple garment and, with reed in hand and crown of thorns and head slightly downcast, He looked a perfect picture of suffering nobility. Below, two Romans guarded the steps and separated the parties. On the left was the Jewish mob—an ideal rabble—roused to blood-thirsty fury by the speeches of Annas and Caiphas, waiting for Pilate's approach and howling in anger and derision at the Man of Sorrows. On the right stood the holy women and our Lady. Speechless, motionless and deadly pale, supported by Mary Magdalen and St. John she looked a true Mater Dolorosa—a beautiful conception; pierced to the soul with anguish, yet shrinking not nor fainting, for love must see the last. The contrast between the two groups was very fine and the mute pathos of the scene needed no words to enhance it. But when, during a lull in the shouting of the crowd, St. John was heard to say: "Look, Mother

look! He is turning this way," and the eyes of Son and Mother met for one glance, the effect on the audience was thrilling. I saw tears in the eyes of several around and I am sure that many understood then, as perhaps never before, why Catholics love the Mother of God, and went away with softened feelings towards her. What I have said of the Christus may be said of the Mother; the child who took the part realized it thoroughly and carried it through with a refinement, a sweetness and a dignity as unaffected as it was impressive. There was nothing sensational, nothing melodramatic in her rendering of it—it was truly religious.

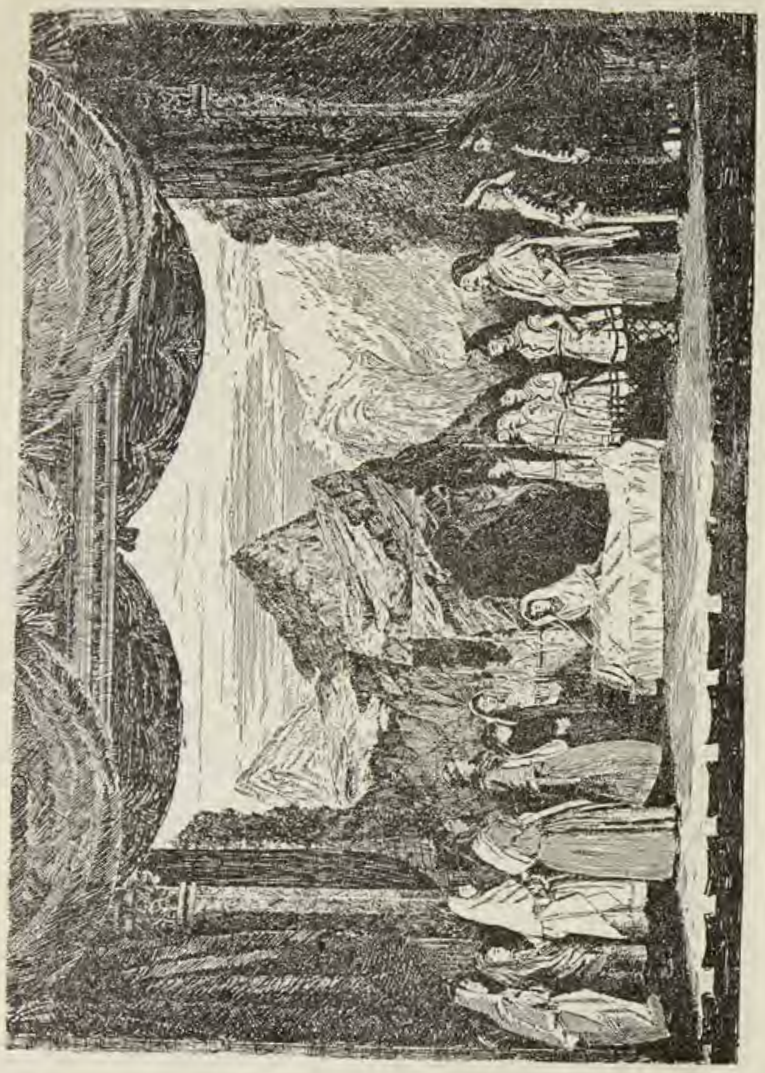
The measured tramp of footsteps told of the approach of Pilate and, hailed by the mob, the Roman Governor ascended to the judgment seat, and the trial began. The feelings of the rabble, divided between hatred of Jesus and cringing fear of the conqueror; the astuteness of the priests, alternately flattering Pilate and threatening him with Cæsar; the scorn of the imperial Roman for the Jewish *canaille* and his weak anxiety for his own interests; his vacillating sympathy for Jesus and his cruel abandonment of Him at the end, were all admirably pourtrayed a the scene proceeded. It ended in Pilate washing his hands, freeing Barabbas, handing over Jesus to his enemies, and retiring amidst the cheers that greeted his new found popularity. All the time Jesus had stood, 'opprobrium hominum et abjectio plebis,' uttering never a word. In helpless silence too the Holy Mother had witnessed all. Now as the cross is laid on His shoulders and the slow procession advances Mary with a mother's yearning starts forward with hands outstretched: "My Son!" "Mother," is the tender reply; and the curtain falls.

The only adverse comment I have heard on this scene is that of a local paper, which complained that the cries of the mob were too uniform to be natural for a crowd. Perhaps they were. It was a trifling fault that in no way marred the general effect.

The fourth scene was a Street in Jerusalem almost similar with the street in the Ober Ammergau play. Judas opened it with a long soliloquy alternately soothing his conscience and giving way to passionate remorse. Poor Judas! It was a trying, almost impossible part for a boy, and if he seemed at times too declamatory and to tear his passion to tatters too desperately, it may well be remembered that probably not one adult in a thousand could have done better. There is nothing more difficult than to give vocal expression to emotions that in reality never are, and never can be, fully expressed, or to convey those half understood feelings to others, without erring either by defect or by excess. Had he spoken feebly or half heartedly the lesson might, by many, have been overlooked altogether. He threw himself into his part most conscientiously. Still I cannot help thinking that, if his monologue had been curtailed a little, it would have been more within a boy's scope, and would have lost nothing in force. Seeing the procession advancing he rushes off to destroy himself.

The fall of Jesus beneath the Cross, the meeting with Simon of Cyrene and with the women of Jerusalem were done with fidelity to the Catholic tradition and with that perfection in detail which now we quite naturally looked for. It in no way fell below the standard of the other scenes.

I may say here that the difficulties in the way of reproduction have prevented us doing anything like justice in our illustrations to the beautiful scenes. The difficulty of arranging the lights for photography, and the dark shadows cast by them completely spoiled the effect. Reproduction, as they stood, would have resulted in an indistinguishable blur of tiny figures; and the crowded state of the hall put a sketch during the play quite out of the question. We have had to fall back on sketches made from the photographs, which, however imperfect, may help



those who witnessed the play to recall the scenes, but can only convey to strangers a very rough idea of their beauties.

I can find no words to describe the next scene. It was magnificent yet very simple—realistic, yet without a word or action that could jar upon the most sensitive feelings of reverence. A darkened sky and an uplifted Cross upon which hung one like to the Son of Man; beneath the Cross Mary His Mother and St. John, and poor Magdalen clasping its foot; around, Romans and Jews and priests jeering and mocking; in front four executioners casting dice for the seamless garment—this was the opening. While the Seven Words were being spoken the gloom deepened. When the end came, and amidst the most solemn silence Jesus said, "It is finished," bowed His head and died, a forked flash of lightning rent the darkness, the thunder pealed, the crowd fell on their faces, for a second a strong light fell upon the lifeless body; the curtain dropped and all was over.

No more need be said. It was as nearly perfect as human treatment of things divine can hope to be. There was nothing to remind one that it was a passion play. One's mind was irresistibly led from the living picture to the Great Reality. Put it in the sanctuary before the Holy of Holies—it would not have been out of place—and there was not one, I am sure, who would not have fallen on his knees and bowed his head in reverence and in sorrow.

How the different effects were obtained I do not know, nor do I care. It was wonderful how smoothly and quietly everything proceeded—no hurry, no fussing, no unseemly distraction—a triumph of forethought and organisation. Anyone who has had to do with college plays, knows how weeks of patient labour may be spoiled at the critical moment by a mere accident—a little omission, a false step, the snapping of a string, the failure of a light. And when

one considers how complex the arrangements of such scenes must have been, what great things were attempted and what great heights were reached, and reflects on the thousand and one possibilities that might so easily have ruined all, it is nothing short of marvellous that night after night, the whole play proceeded without a single hitch, without a stoppage for a single second.

The last scene, the Burial of Jesus, was considered by many to be the most beautiful of all. It certainly introduced the 'one touch of nature' that went to every heart, but the human sentiment was so pure and elevated as to be in perfect harmony with all that had gone before. Amid silence, broken only by the throb of the low music, the Sacred Body, covered with a linen cloth, was carried on a bier to the tomb hewn out of the rock. For a moment it was laid at the feet of Our Lady.

Since the Gospels do not attribute any words to her, it may possibly be doubted if any speech put into her mouth could be worthy of the occasion, if any speech could be as telling as her own pathetic silence. Still, however, opinions may differ; if words had to be spoken, I do not think any more fitting or more beautiful could have been chosen than those she uttered and which I venture to give in full. First Magdalen falling on her knees speaks.

(*Magdalen*) O dearest Lord, who to my sinful heart brought balm and healing, leave us Thy sweet peace.

We lay Thee in Thy grave, and with Thee lay our hearts to dwell with Thee until the hour when Thou shalt rise and to Thy glory pass. O sweetest Mother, thou art left to us; within thy tender arms we'll comfort seek; To us He gave Thee and this sacred trust we'll ever guard as tho' it were our life. Farewell great Master! all my deepest love at Thy still feet I ever grateful lay: For from this abyss of sin and misery, Thy words of mercy drew me forth to life!

(*John*) The hour has come when from thy loved One thou must be parted. Courage mother dear! But one more pang and then the worst is o'er.

(*Mary*) My courage falters not; but my poor heart with grief is rent in twain. Farewell sweet Son, my only comfort and my only joy! Thy Sacred presence from my threshold fades! No more Thine eyes with love will seek for mine; no more Thy godly words will charm my ear! No longer shall I tend Thee, nor await with longing heart the tread of Thy dear foot, when worn with toil, Thou didst return to me. Farewell, farewell my child, my Son, my God! To Thine own Kingdom Thou dost now return and I shall join Thee there, when life is o'er; and there no fear shall be, nor partings sore, nor grief, nor death of those we fondly love, but close to Thee and in Thy sweet embrace to dwell with Thee for all Eternity. Here! take His body lay it in the tomb! What matters it? Corruption cannot spring from His pure sinless flesh; the grave can claim no power here; for He has conquered now both sin and death, and we redeemed are. So lay Him gently down for His short rest; a few brief hours and He will spring to life and open wide the Gates of Heaven to all.

The closing words of hope and promise were the prelude of what was to follow. Instead of beginning the hymn, as hitherto, in front of the curtain, the chorus was heard singing the 'Alleluia' behind the scene, softly at first but with increasing volume, as if angels were drawing near to earth. Then, as with a burst of triumph, they sang: 'Ye sons and daughters of the Lord," and the curtain parted, and it was seen that they had laid aside their black mantles for white and silver, and held aloft palm branches of victory. A thrill of joy seemed to seize everyone. And when they sang: "No longer bound by death's cold chain," and the second curtain was raised and the risen Redeemer was seen surrounded by adoring angels, the whole audience seemed carried away in the full tide of exultation. Anything more quickening, more thrilling, more irresistible than that glorious hymn I never remember to have heard. The combined effect of hymn and tableau was indescribable.

So ended the Bradford Passion Play of 1896. I fear I have already outstepped the Editor's indulgence, but I have thought that the readers of the 'Journal' would like to know what has been done in our Yorkshire, and done with a perfection that might in all reason seem unattainable. It marks a new era, a new departure, the potential good of which cannot yet be defined. It vindicates the character and influence of our old Miracle Plays. It reveals to us the power we have lost, by allowing the stage to pass entirely into the service of the world and it shows that it is not too late to recover part of that power and use it for good; that the people will go just as willingly to witness a religious play, if properly mounted, as they will to witness a worldly one; and that they can be made to feel as deep an interest in the truths of Faith, as they do in the presentation of falsehood and that morbid dissection of passions and feelings which disgraces the modern stage. Above all, in a day when one hears everywhere that people are leaving religion, that sermons do not stimulate, that 'missions' are 'played out,' and services are not 'up to date,' it has brought the love and the sufferings of Jesus to the knowledge of hundreds who, but for it, might have lived in hopeless ignorance, and has thereby sown the seeds that, in God's own time, may fructify unto harvests as yet undreamed of.

Writing six weeks after the event, when feelings have had time to cool down and early enthusiasm to evaporate, I find no cause to tone down or weaken a single word I have written. On the contrary, every day deepens the first impressions, and the more I have thought over every detail, the more marvellously perfect in conception, in arrangement, in execution, in results, does the whole appear.

To say that our congratulations are due to Fr. Downes for his devoutly meditated pictures of the Passion, is superfluous and seems almost an impertinence. His work

is altogether outside and beyond the usual standards which we apply to such things. It is a real apostolate; *prædicavit Christum et ipsum crucifixum*. Praise and thanks are as feeble and out of place as they would be if offered to a missionary for his success among the heathens, or for any work whose aim and reward is God alone. *Charitas Christi urget nos*. His work is above praise. May He, for whom it was undertaken, bless and reward it.

I end with one word of misgiving. The success of this play may possibly tempt some to ill-considered imitation. This would be a calamity. The Bradford Play certainly shows what can be done, but it is to be hoped that no one will aspire to imitate it who has not the patience, the confidence, the genius which are absolutely essential to success, and who is not prepared to make big sacrifices of time and money, rather than risk a failure. A mere experiment—a tawdry imitation can only end in a disedifying collapse.

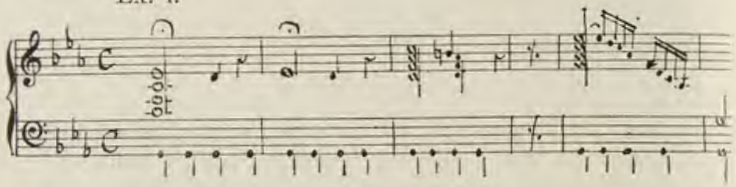
It would be ungracious to give no more than a passing notice to the music. It is so intimately woven into the play that one hardly at first realizes what a rich colouring it gives to the action.

It consists of seven numbers, each containing an instrumental prelude and a hymn reflecting the events of the coming scene. The resources to the hand of the composer were very limited. Two pianos and a harmonium formed the accompaniment, and a chorus of school-children sang in three-part harmony. But thanks to the composer's admirable playing, the accompaniment was very rich and full, and how the children were taught their very difficult parts must always remain a wonder. The intervals at times are very difficult, chromatic passages are not infrequent, and the voices are not spared the highest and trying notes of their register. The intonation was not

always faultless, and there was a tendency at times to strain the chest voices to reach the highest notes, but after allowing for all these little blemishes, it still remains a wonderful performance for children.

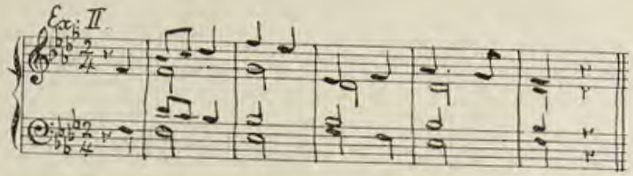
The composition is of a very high character; it abounds in musical inspiration, and shows a thorough acquaintance with the forms of modern composition. It needs a close examination of the score to learn how ably and ingeniously the different subjects have been handled and developed. The Composer belongs evidently to the School of Wagner. This seems pretty clear from the frequent use of the chords of the 9th, 11th, 13th, and as a climax, even the 15th, combinations so characteristic of the great Master. The following treatment is thoroughly Wagnerian.

Ex. i.

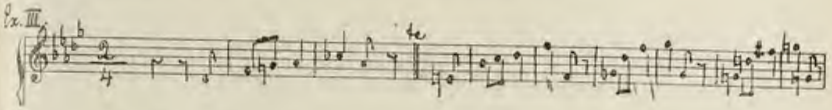


From the same inspiration we fancy we trace the use of the major and minor 9th, introduced without preparation and giving the effect of suspended notes. These chords are most telling, and impart to a great deal of the work its specially plaintive character.

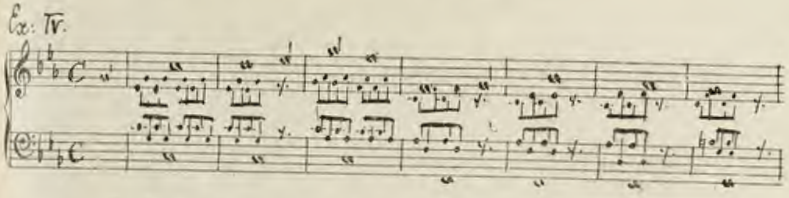
Should the score ever be published, a musician will not fail to be struck by the clever and scholarly manner in which the themes or subjects of the numbers have been handled. The principal subject, almost a *leit-motif*, is a very beautiful plaintive strain which reappears in each of the numbers. It is one of those melodies that haunt the ear, and in its refined plaintiveness suggests the sorrows of the Son of God.



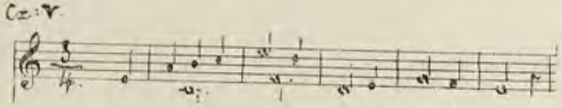
After being treated in different keys it reappears in this form, and finally closes the first movement.



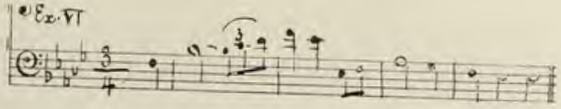
In No. 2, after a few bars in E♭ the following most effective treatment of this subject appears:



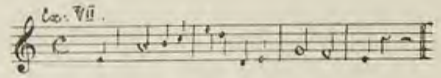
In No. 3, it reappears in the following form:



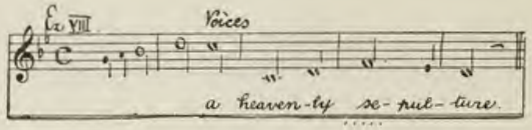
In No. 4 we find it thus:



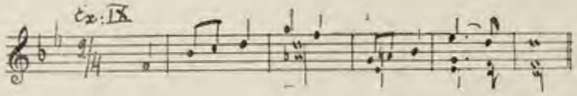
No. 5 opens with a very agitated movement and presently the subject steals in with striking effect, but now in common time:



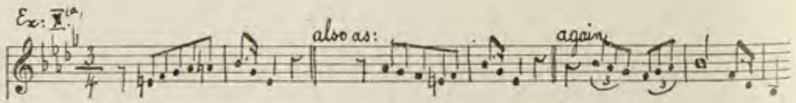
In No. 6 the voices take it up for the first time.

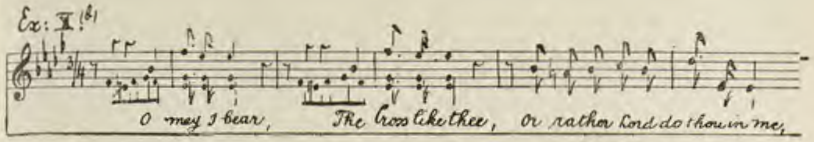


In No. 7, the Alleluia chorus, it appears in the major, thus:—

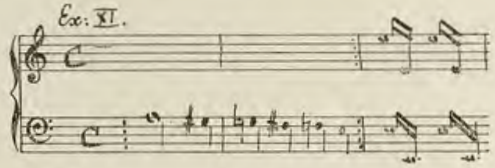


We fear that we are doing very badly by the composer with these meagre sketches. Our opportunities and space are much limited. We trust however that these outlines will give some idea of the thought and skill bestowed upon the composition. So much for the principal subject; but there are many other beautiful ideas that are quite lovingly and reverently treated in the course of the work. We should like to draw attention to a graceful figure in No. 4 which is first cleverly inverted and then interwoven with the voices.

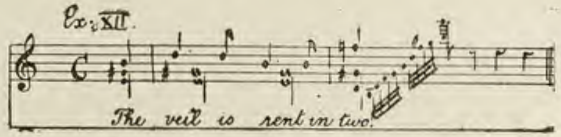




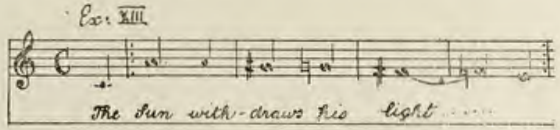
There is a very striking passage in No. 5 which pervades the whole movement and gives an agitated character to the whole. It is the prelude to the Crucifixion scene:



One of the most thrilling of the vocal effects is the following:



Then the voices take up the chief figure of the movement with an *agitato* accompaniment thus:—



No. 7, the 'Alleluia chorus' will ever be the most stirring and popular number of the series; it cannot fail to

appeal to those upon whom much of the scholarly work of the previous numbers would be lost. It is a triumphant and stirring setting of the old hymn "Ye Sons and daughters of the Lord." The change of the sombre garb of the chorus to their white mantles and palm branches, the change from the minor to the major key, the change from the expressive melodies to a joyous strain with a martial beat and a swinging tune, produced an impression that will long be remembered.

We may be allowed in conclusion to express a hope that the composer may one day see his way to prepare the work for publication. It is one that will not only give great pleasure to musicians, but it is also one which we Catholics may feel a certain amount of pride to have produced from our midst.

To the Humble Bee.

Pretty little Humble Bee,
  Truly natural, blithe and free.
On thy wings of filigree
  Whither hast thou come?

Surely 'tis thy Sabbath rest;
  Thus apparell'd in thy best,
Braided black and orange vest,
  Thou hast left thy home

On a pleasure-seeking trip,
  Woods to haunt and flowers to sip;
Probing with thy luscious lip
  For thyself alone.

Yet 'tis otherwise I know;
  Man must work and so must thou:
Unsoil'd thou flittest to and fro:—
  His labour wearisome

Coarse, uncomely garb requires,
  Delving rends and soil bemires;
All his aching soul's desires
  In toils rough fields are won.

But thou dost sally from thy nest,
  Thy task's thy joy, thy toil's thy rest:
No stains besmear thy velvet breast,
  And fragrance woos thee on.

Humming thou whirl'st through ambient air,
  And wing'st thy course now here, now there:
Sucking in turn each floweret fair
  With gaily busy drone.

A.W.C.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Now that so much attention is being given to the influence of Sea-Power on the history of the world, and the value of that influence is being practically acknowledged in all countries by the increase of war navies, some phases of contemporary sea life, always and specially attractive to Britons, may interest your readers. The introduction of steam power has undoubtedly altered the character of life at sea in many ways. But in spite of this, since seamen are still trained as boys in sailing ships, and remain in large numbers through all grades in them, whilst those who move into steamers are officers and sailors only (perhaps one-fourth of the crew of a mail steamer, or half that of a cargo boat), the leaven of trained seamen is still large enough to affect the mass. Amongst the officers, at any rate, the resourcefulness, promptitude and keen observation, so vital to the safe conveyance of even the smallest community "across the waters," exists still and continues to be developed in new directions on steamers.

To the trained seaman a sailing ship "walks the waters like a thing of life," not figuratively as the poet means, but palpably to his, the sailor's instincts. This sentiment on the sailor's part is fed by the ship's prompt obedience, very often under the most difficult circumstances, to his orders or wishes. It does not move inertly like a steamer—so many feet and no more to each turn of the propellor, but with the joy of a bird on the wing or a horse during a hunt, and apparently is just as contented with success, or contraried by failure. "She'll do it," "there she goes," and all the many encouraging, heartfelt cries of the English seamen, what striking testimony to the vitality of the object, the ship under sail! And again the question of the sex of ships—to an English seaman only

the one, neither neuter as the genius of the language would exact, nor dependent on the termination of the word representing the vessel or her name, as in French, German and other languages—does not this betray the sailor's idea of a ship as something living and lovable? It is the sex of his mother, or his sister, or his wife, that he gives to it, be it punt, or yawl, or brig, or barque, frigate,—anything navigable that comes under an English seaman's notice, and this too irrespective of Flag!

The master of the Rolls, Lord Esher, quite recently gave a most learned and exhaustive judgment, forming twenty pages of the law reports, in reference to an appeal concerning the salvage of a gas buoy, found drifting by a tug which claimed remuneration for "salving a vessel" under the law. In the evidence, all parties, seamen as well as lawyers, referred to the buoy as *it*, and though no one took advantage of this in opposing the claim, the judge curiously confirmed the sailor's instinctive grasp of the proper classification of the buoy. It was not a vessel, a living thing, *she*; but simply a neuter, in good English, *it!* This vital principle runs through the sailor's whole treatment of his ship. It is something to be cared for tenderly, to be always proud of, to be protected in every way, and this even to the neglect of his own safety, as when the skipper refuses to leave his wrecked vessel. The instinct is the outcome of the constant, ceaseless attention to the merest trifle which may affect the perfect efficiency of the ship and the consequent well-being of those on board. Everything helps to further this aim at perfection. The proving of every rivet, as it were; the stowage of the cargo that it may least strain the structure in time of storm; the provision of all things needful, not only for the daily use of ship and crew, but in all emergencies foreseeing and forestalling all possible contingencies. On the longest voyages this is a chief part of the sailor's work, and this is the training which makes the man—the British

seaman, who is nerved to his best effort in the worst emergencies, and who, with no shops to supplement deficiencies can find what is needed in the stores at hand, and with improvised mechanical skill, repair all damage on the spot. Any delay or neglect on his part will bring severe punishment, and the ordinary working of the ship is ceaseless, restless, by night as by day. When we reflect what scope this gives for the application of every art and science to his daily work, in a way uncalled for by other trades and professions, and therefore unpractised in them, can we wonder that history should be replete with stories of the versatile talents of seamen, adapting themselves to emergencies afloat and ashore all over the world?

Studious sailors having constant opportunities of applying their knowledge in the most practical way, the assimilation creates an instinct which is almost another sense, and certainly often borders upon what is ordinarily called the supernatural. The sympathy between a trained skipper and his ship is hardly less vivid than that between two human beings; and, as the inanimate ship cannot possibly aid in developing this quality, it follows that sea training creates it; and the instinct becomes so strongly developed that it permeates his life and he feels it as though reciprocal between himself and his ship. How valuable this is in performing his duty the following will show. Reading in his cabin, out of sight of all the sails of his ship, the captain suddenly feels a subtle influence of opposition about him, perhaps as of a handkerchief dropped on him, perhaps as of a steady push, and he knows that a change of wind has occurred. The sea may be smooth and the wind so light that the ship is not preceptibly inclined, yet the slightest change is as patent to him as it is to the officer on deck or the man at the wheel, who are watching for it.

A mail steamer was coasting at night across a bay and, some time before that estimated, on leaving the point of

departure, as the duration of the course, when the captain had gone to rest, secure that for four hours a clear course was before him, he awakened as if called. He was instantly "all there," felt that an emergency had arisen, went out on deck on to the bridge, and ordered the astonished officer in charge to alter the course to sea, and to heave the lead. It was found that the ship was really in shoal water and had simply overrun her distance. The sailor's instinct roused the captain on the imminence of danger, and when he got on deck his reason showed him at once the nature of the danger and the prompt way of meeting it. Even out of sight of land, as he then was, the uneasy physical movements of his ship in the shoaler water first roused the captain from the deep sleep of fatigue and easy mind, and no doubt the greater responsibilities of his position, compared with that of the young officer actually in charge of the ship, kept his sailor's instinct in some way subtly alive even during his sleep. No one else of the two hundred souls on board was affected in the same way, and the object lesson, from start to finish, embodies an invaluable proof of how highly seamen may be trained.

Another instance is the case of a small sailing vessel navigating the vicinity of St. Paul's rock, near the Equator, the existence of which was not credited by her captain, who had often tried to sight it without success. The mate, however, had seen the rock when on another vessel, and the sceptical skipper shaped a course for its position on the chart, making due allowance for a supposed current. This position it was estimated would be reached about midnight, and every precaution was taken to secure a sight of the small island. The wind was right aft and fresh, and, as the weather was clear, the mate had no misgivings that the island would escape his notice, whilst his sceptical skipper, though loyally aiding him in his search, grew facetious about the mate's credulity

when, as midnight drew near, no island was visible to the officers nor reported by the look-out forward. This watchman was of the less importance because the island should appear, if it existed, on the starboard bow of the ship. There the officer's best attention was therefore given, though he did not omit to visit the look-out forward occasionally, especially as his view from the poop was interfered with by the sails. Just before midnight the mate called the men on duty to come aft and heave the log, and the captain, with a joke, went below, telling the mate he would await with interest any news about his island, though he saw no reason to give himself further trouble about it. The mate's conviction, however, was too strong to be shaken, and he told the captain he would wait up after midnight and report any news to him. The men grouped round the mate at the stern in order to heave the log and ascertain the speed of the ship—a manœuvre he had frequently repeated since the observations for position were taken at noon. He took the line from the log reel, glanced sharply round the horizon, and then suddenly remembered that half an hour had passed since his last visit to the look-out. He dropped the line, told the men to await his return, and then ran forward, where he found his look-out man fast asleep over the windlass, though apparently intently gazing ahead as instructed. The mate leaped on to the small forecastle deck, and right ahead, close to, loomed up to his gaze the island he sought! Instantly he yelled "hard a starboard," "hard a starboard," and ran aft, still shouting his orders to the man at the wheel. The ship quickly answered her helm, and when the mate reached the poop he ran against the captain, who had returned on deck on hearing the orders to the helmsman, and was gazing awe-struck and helpless, on the mass of rock towering above the ship, as she flew past it only just clear. The helm was steadied and the rock quickly left behind, the mate recounting afterwards that

the captain took a long time to recover the shock, though no longer doubtful of the existence and position of St. Paul's. The sailor training not only guided the mate unerringly in his instinctive restlessness, but also in the prompt decision as to his action the moment the danger was realized, for had the helm been ordered to "port" the ship would have been wrecked. This isolated rock, some two hundred and fifty miles from any other land, was visited by H. M. S. *Challenger*, which was tethered to it for some hours, like a horse to a post by its bridle. She reported it little larger than a ships deck in area, about 80 feet high, sheer all round to the sea, and, by soundings, evidently the top of a mountain rising from a plateau twenty thousand feet under the surface of the Atlantic. The current was so strong and steadily to the westward as to hold the ship tight at her bridle across the direction of the trade wind, and the sea near the island swarmed with fish, as did the island itself with birds. The island is of volcanic origin, like its nearest neighbours, Fernanda, Noronha, and Cape Verde , and until recently many vessels reported earthquake shocks in its vicinity. Careful search failed to discover any other rocks in the neighbourhood, and St. Paul's has now become a safe landmark for ships that sail that way.

The enforced solitude, the self-contained limits of the small communities where sailors get their early training, and the necessarily strict discipline, all combine to develop the self-reliance of seamen. They are completely shut off from the world of mankind, divided into groups at work or at rest,—generally with little harmony between their members and the groups themselves sharply separated by a discipline which has no counterpart in any other life—and the ambitious youth soon finds his only recreation in change of work, and becomes naturally absorbed in it. He has no distractions like his compeer on shore at business in England. His is a splendid training and a

useful career. Unfortunately the system of apprenticeship in the merchant service has never secured the attention it deserves in the educational system of England. This is probably because boys rarely take to sea life under the age of fifteen when their education is supposed to be sufficient to fit them for work, and their technical training is "picked up" unaided by the valuable help of secondary or higher schooling provided for youths ashore. Earnest efforts have been made to remedy this without much success. And the reason seems to be because sea training is subordinated to general classes of study; too many boys are carried in each ship; and in most of them little if any "sailing on the sea" is practised. Only a small percentage of the youngsters take to a sea life. Luckily for England the race instinct finds help in other ways, and an English lad of good education who intends to follow the sea, often, if not generally, meets no greater obstacles to progress than his compeers ashore. Many captains and officers take interest in their boys and are themselves self-educated to a high degree. Books are cheap, leisure abundant on long voyages, and opportunities of applying knowledge unlimited. There is an outcry that British seamen are deteriorating, are not equal to foreigners, &c., but it is only another phase of national self-depreciation, not borne out by facts. Myriads of British vessels still find captains and officers and sailors to take them anywhere, at any rate as successfully, and, it is said, with less percentage of loss than any other nation, and these crews are trained as a rule in isolated ships—small units of a large community of British vessels.

JAMES HAYES.

Hampstead, 26 Feb., 1896.

A Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

WHO has not heard of Lourdes, and who, that has heard of it, has not desired that he might be privileged, at some time, to visit the holy shrine nestling at the foot of the Pyrenees? Who has looked upon the well-known picture of Our Lady of Lourdes, a picture quite charming in its simplicity, and has not felt within him a longing to stand under the rock of Massabielle, and gaze up at the beautiful marble statue, which stands in the very niche where the Blessed Virgin appeared to little Bernadette?

It can surely, in no wise, be derogatory to firm faith to experience a strong desire to visit those favoured spots where heaven and earth have met, where the invisible has made itself visible—those spots that have been illumined by a dazzling ray shot through the partially opened gates of the kingdom of eternal light. For many years such a desire had turned my thoughts to Lourdes, but until last summer I had not seen the glorious valleys of the Pyrenees, except in imagination. It was with great joy, therefore, that three of us received permission to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes. We, at once, received the dignified title of "Pilgrim Fathers." Lourdes is now so well known, that a mere repetition of history would be out of place; but as there is always a freshness and an interest about personal experiences and reminiscences, a short sketch of our journey may not be unwelcome to the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal*.

On Tuesday the 15th of August 1895, at 2 p.m. we left the Liverpool landing stage, and were conveyed in a tender to the noble steamer *Britannia*, 4,000 tons, of the Royal Pacific Mail Company. I had often crossed the river in an ordinary ferry-boat, and had never given much

thought to the passage, but on this occasion there was room for some pardonable pride,—there was unusual dignity in the manner of departure. It was not that the pilgrims gave any outward indication of pride, or even felt inclined to do so; but that, in the eyes of the public, it is more dignified to leave the busy seaport in a great liner than in a small coasting craft. To the general public, no doubt, we were experienced travellers, veteran missionaries bound for some distant clime; for the Pacific boats sail from Liverpool to Valparaiso,—a voyage of thirty days. To us, however, the great advantage of a liner lay in this, we had to make the acquaintance of the dreaded Bay of Biscay. Woe to those, as we found from sad experience on the return voyage, who venture to brave the bay in a boat of 900 tons! What a mere toy such a boat is, even if the Bay be in no more than a playful humour. Two of our Liverpool Fathers were kind enough to accompany us on the tender, and wish us 'God-speed.' One of them was fatherly in his anxiety about our spiritual welfare. Had we seriously considered the risks of such a voyage, and were we prepared for the worst? In sepulchral tones he warned us that the Bay of Biscay was a yawning tomb, that he had known some who had sailed into the Bay, and had never sailed out. All this was very reassuring to timid souls, indeed one of the pilgrims was driven to make the confession, that the overland route would have been safer. But it was too late to change plans, the anchor was weighed, and the noble ship began to steam down the Mersey.

In the evening we passed Holyhead, and next morning when we came on deck, we found we had crossed the Bristol channel, and were hugging the Cornish coast. At midday we passed Land's End. The weather was very fine, and we had a splendid view of the wild and rugged coastline. The sun was setting as we neared the French coast, and when darkness had set in, we entered the Bay of Biscay, but the

spirit of peace had lulled to sleep the angry waters. Here, to-night at least, were no mountain billows, no raging storm fiends, no shrieking spirits of the deep clamouring for their victims.

Next morning we took on board a French pilot, and at midday we entered the newly constructed harbour of La Pallice, two miles from La Rochelle. We found a train waiting for us, and we at once started for Bordeaux, arriving there late on Saturday night. On Sunday we said Mass in the Cathedral of St. André, built by our own countrymen during the English occupation. Bordeaux is the second city of France, and has many attractions for Englishmen on account of the 300 years occupation, and because it was here that the Black Prince, as Prince of Aquitaine, held his court,—a court, in the words of Lingard, "the most magnificent in Europe."

Early on Monday morning we hurried to the station, our souls moved by unusual feelings, for, before sunset, our eyes were to be gladdened by the sight of Lourdes. We found the train crowded with people on their way to the holy Shrine, and this contact with a large body of pilgrims made us feel that we were now within that mighty vortex whose centre was Lourdes. On that very morning thousands in every part of France had turned their faces to the Grotto, to join in a magnificent national pilgrimage. From hour to hour trains set out in all parts of the country, all speeding across the fair land of France, all rolling along, and converging towards the same spot, and carrying 35,000 pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin. Seven special trains left Paris itself, and those trains bore the strange titles, white, blue, grey, green, yellow, pink, orange, according to the colour of the tickets issued for them. The white train carried three hundred sick, and more than five hundred healthy pilgrims. Those who attended on the sick, not only on that day, but all through the three days stay at Lourdes, were mostly people of good

position, and some of them were members of the highest families of France. How one's heart thrilled at the thought of that great national movement made in the name of faith! What a fine picture for the imagination—those various trains rolling along and awakening the land with the thunder of their onward rush, filling the air

everywhere with the sounds of the fervent prayer wafted through every carriage window, making the whole land resound with the glorious chant of the pilgrims "Ave Maria."

The country, after leaving Bordeaux, is a perfect level for almost one hundred miles. The vast pine forests of

the Landes cover the greater part of this immense plain, and here wolves are at home, and even bears were not unknown some years back. Running through a pine forest, for hours together, was not pleasant travelling, but what were joys or difficulties to those whose hearts and thoughts were already at Lourdes?

Soon after leaving Dax, we came into the country of the Lower Pyrenees, formerly the ancient province of Navarre, of which Pau was the Capital. The monotony of the pine forest here gave place to varying scenes of great natural beauty and richness. After leaving Pau we began to catch glimpses of the Higher Pyrenees, and after a great deal of winding in and out, suddenly, like a glorious apparition, burst upon our enchanted gaze, the rock of Massabielle, the Grotto all ablaze with many lights, and the magnificent Basilica of Our Lady. This sudden realization of one's aspirations was most thrilling. I had seen Lourdes in dreams and gorgeously painted pictures, but the Lourdes of dream and painter was unworthy of the beautiful and wonderful Lourdes that now broke upon our vision. This first sight alone would have repaid, a-hundred fold, any perils by sea or fatigue on land. The scenes at the station were quite ordinary and matter-of-fact, yet now we felt that we stood near to holy ground. It would take too much space to give in detail all the soul-comforting sensations we experienced at every hour during our stay at Lourdes. It will suffice to give some description of the Church, the night procession in honour of Our Lady, and the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

The rock of Massabielle stands close by the river Gave. The Grotto is on the river side of the rock, and faces South. If we take our stand in the "Place du Rosaire" between the two giant causeways that lead up to the Basilica we see, at once, how the genius and devotion of man has changed the rough rock into one of the most splendid

monuments of the age. On, what we may call, the ground-floor, stands the church of the Rosary, containing sixteen altars; over this is the crypt cut out of the rock and containing five altars; above these rises, like a Queen in majestic beauty, the grand Basilica which has eighteen altars. The lofty spire of the Basilica rises three hundred feet above the river level. The interior of the third church presents a scene of grandeur and picturesqueness. From every available point hang flags and banners of the richest materials. These have been sent by, and represent, the devotion of almost every Catholic nationality in the world. The value of these banners may be judged from the fact that one of them sent from the United States cost £1,500.

Among the many lamps that adorn the sanctuary, the chief place of honour is given to one, sent from Ireland, which cost £300. The most cherished souvenir, however, is a gift of Pope Pius IX. It consists of palms worked in gold, and studded with precious gems. This rich work had been presented to the Pope by the Spanish nation.

Over the tabernacle is placed a casket containing five precious gems, valued at £3,000 the gift of one of the Dukes of Orleans. The walls of the church literally sparkle with hundreds of heart-shaped lockets of gold or silver, in each of which is enclosed some petition, or expression of gratitude to the "Comfortress of the afflicted." It would take pages to merely enumerate the gifts of value, but space must be allowed for some of the humbler and more touching tokens of gratitude. In the eighteen side-chapels, the walls to the height of six feet are covered with marble tablets bearing inscriptions. These inscriptions are generally short, but much meaning is thrown into a few words. Here is one;—"To my dearly beloved Mother, Mary." I confess that these simple words touched my heart more than the richest gift. There are other humble gifts;—a rescued mariner sends a model of his

ship, "To my Preserver;" a young bride sends her bridal wreath, "To my mother," as a pledge, I suppose, that she will ever remain a child of Mary. What a magnificent and touching monument of filial love and gratitude is preserved under the spacious roof of this glorious Basilica!

On the second morning of the pilgrimage we went to the church, at five o'clock, to say Mass. Judge of our surprise when we found six priests at each of the thirty-nine altars,—one priest saying Mass, another serving, and the rest waiting their turn. During the three days of the national pilgrimage, Mass, by special privilege, may be said from midnight to noon. It certainly required some extraordinary arrangement of this kind to meet the exceptional circumstances, for it was calculated that, during those three days, there were over two thousand priests in Lourdes. We came to the conclusion that, if we wished to say Mass at all, there was nothing for it but to station ourselves at some altar and wait our turn. When we had finished, others were waiting to follow. All during this same time too the confessionals were besieged by crowds of pilgrims, and at every Mass at the High Altar the rails were thronged by devout communicants. What a mighty cloud of prayer, as sweet incense, must have gone up to heaven from that chosen spot! Ah! it is at Lourdes that one sees the real France, the eldest daughter of the church, in all her beauty,—not the France of the boulevards;—but the true France; and Lourdes is one of the strongest proofs that the heart of France is sound.

During the pilgrimage there was a procession every night in honour of Our Lady. The pilgrims began to assemble before the Grotto about 8.30 p.m. At first the only light that broke into the darkness was the blaze of the tapers at the shrine, but gradually each pilgrim lighted the candle he carried, until there were over thirty thousand lights surrounding the Grotto as with a sea of fire. A few prayers were said, the hymn of Bernadette was started,

and then the leading banner began to advance up the path that leads to the top of the rock. The effect of the lights, creeping up and dancing along the zigzag path, was very weird. Some three thousand people had already ascended the rock, when we managed to work ourselves gently into the procession and began the ascent. When half way up, we turned and looked down at the scene below; it was most impressive and enchanting. The whole ground seemed flooded with a burning liquid, ever in motion, and seemingly lapping the base of the rock. Like the sound of breaking billows, came surging up the refrain of the hymn "Ave, ave, ave Maria;" and as a soft angelic response came the same refrain from above. On went the head of the procession, round the Basilica, down the left causeway, along the lawn for about a quarter of a mile, then round the Breton's cross, which was so illuminated as to appear, in the distance, to be a cross of fire; and thence back to the Place du Rosaire.

As we walked towards the burning cross and heard the "Ave Maria" repeated by thousands of voices, we felt that we were taking part, not in a mere earthly ceremony, but that we were actually marching up to the very threshold of heaven, and were saluting our heavenly Mother, as she stood at the open gates. I, for one, would not have been surprised had the heavens opened and revealed our dear Mother. Such an apparition, under the circumstances, would have seemed quite natural. I did not expect it, or even wish for it; and no doubt the singing thousands were of the same mind. Had not the Virgin already appeared on that spot? Had she not shown herself to one of her humble children? Yes, and she is still here, we see her with the eye of faith, "Ave, ave, ave Maria."

When the countless tapers gathered close together in the vast Place du Rosaire, the effect was overwhelmingly impressive. Night was turned into day by that restless sea of fire. The banners were grouped along the far-

stretching steps of the lowest church; a short exhortation was delivered by a Bishop, and then the immense multitude sang the *Credo* in plain chant. There was no hurry, no confusion, but the chant was as steady as if all those singing thousands had come from one parish. Yet all France, even Corsica, was represented in that vast throng. What a noble tribute to unity, what a strong argument for congregational singing! At the words *et incarnatus est*, the multitude knelt down, and at *et homo factus est*, the banners were drooped slowly, and in a most impressive manner. O Lourdes! blessed be thy sweet name! Never can I forget all that thou hast taught me. The memories and the experiences of that night shall be preserved, throughout life, as a most precious treasure.

On each of the three days, there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in the afternoon; and it was then that most of the miraculous cures took place. We started off in good time, in order to secure a position near the Grotto. Crossing the Place du Rosaire, we passed under one of the high arches of the causeway, and came out upon the wide esplanade which runs between the rock of Massabielle and the river. On the left are the piscinas, where the sick and infirm are bathed every morning. In front of the piscinas, a large space is always reserved for the sick and their attendants. Further on is the Grotto. The space here is always open, except during these processions, when it also is barricaded off for the sake of the infirm and the hundreds of clergy who join in the procession. Within this enclosure were placed the sick, in rows, to await the coming of the Lord. Outside, the rest of the pilgrims gathered in thousands along the esplanade, up on the high causeway, and on every point of vantage.

At this moment the Blessed Sacrament was brought from the church, and Benediction was given at the Grotto. After Benediction, the Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Bishop among the sick; each one being allowed to

touch, or being touched by the monstrance. At this point, a priest mounted the pulpit, near the Grotto, and began a series of petitions to our Lord. "Jesus, son of David, heal our sick." The petitions were repeated by the vast crowds with astonishing fervour. If a cure were granted, then there went up a mighty shout of gladness and gratitude—'Hosanna to the son of David!' The spirit of fervour swept, like a heat-wave, over the assembled thousands; tears streamed from every eye; every heart was melted by the piteous, almost agonising petitions. The great human sea, outside the enclosure, agitated by religious fervour, and lashed, as it were, by the fervid appeals of the priest in the pulpit, seemed to surge up against the barriers, as if about to sweep all before it. The great canopy, surrounded by a strong wooden barrier, was now brought forward. A number of strong men gathered round it and formed a body-guard. As soon as the procession began to move, a piteous cry arose from the remaining sick; the Lord was passing away, and they were not yet healed; now was their last chance. Pallid forms raised themselves on their beds of suffering; trembling arms were stretched forth, making one last agonising appeal for pity—'Lord Jesus, save us, for we perish!' 'Lord Jesus, we worship Thee; heal us!' 'Lord Jesus, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God; heal us!' It was at this stage that we saw two persons cured; one a boy, who had used crutches for some years, and who now threw them down, crying out, I am cured, I am cured!—the other a young lady, with some spinal complaint, and who had been taken about in a hand-carriage, and who suddenly arose and walked, but, as we thought, painfully, and only with the assistance of her mother and sister. I have since heard from one who knows the family, that the cure has proved perfect and permanent.

Just as the procession was about to leave the enclosure, a perfect whirlwind of petition swept round the canopy, in

almost appalling intensity. The scene at this point baffled description. Outside of the barrier there was a surging sea of humanity. Ask not why the breaking wave advances so boldly upon the astonished beach; it comes, not by its own force, but is impelled forward by a greater power. So here, there was no desire to crush, but those in front were helpless, for the vast crowd seemed

possessed by a feverish desire to reach the canopy. The surging mass, hungering for the cure of the sick, seemed to bar the egress of the procession, until its prayer was granted—'Jesus the good shepherd, pity our sick!' 'Save the others, save the others, Lord Jesus!' But as soon as the Blessed Sacrament, passed out of the enclosure, the countless multitudes broke forth into that magnificent cantical of praise, the 'Magnificat!' The canopy swayed to

and fro, as though it would be submerged by that tossing sea of humanity; but it was love not anger that agitated the sea.

The Sacred Host was borne along in the midst of the people whose vivid faith made them childlike. Those who had been healed followed close behind the Blessed Sacrament as trophies of Faith's conquest. What a splendid spectacle! what a glorious, triumphant march! Jerusalem itself saw no fairer sight, not even on that day when her children greeted the same Lord with waving palms, and shouts of Hosanna!

On went the rolling, human tide across the Place du Rosaire, up the great causeway, and into the stately Basilica. The sun was about to set in gorgeous splendour, the church and convent bells were flinging out joyous peals, as the Blessed Sacrament disappeared within the great door-way; and I fell upon my knees, and thanked God I had been privileged to see that day.

At Lourdes we seemed to live in a new world, a supernatural world. One could not breathe the air of the holy spot, and not feel that the very atmosphere nourished the soul. It must be confessed, however, that the spiritual exaltation was more exhausting to the body than heavy physical labour; yet it was a most precious experience. At the end of the week we took our leave of Lourdes with a keen feeling of regret and, after a short visit to Spain, returned to Bordeaux. It was close on midnight when we started on our return voyage, and as we steamed down the river, we realized to the full what a deep debt of gratitude we owed to Catholic France for the happy, precious days at Lourdes. Full of these sentiments, I turned towards the fading land and, with a sincere heart, uttered those parting words of Mary Queen of Scots 'Farewell beloved France, Farewell!'

R. P. C.

The College Diary.

The Christmas holidays were passed in that dull muddy weather when people have to manufacture merriment for themselves. There was consequently more effort made to secure enjoyment than usual. Charades, both in their preparation, and on the two evenings of their performance, gave merry occupation to the boys that had been left behind. Football matches,—the most notable of which were those at Easingwold and at Hovingham, in which the fragmentary team that could be got together was only with difficulty beaten, and another with Easingwold at home when the college representatives, strengthened by the inclusion of some of the masters, handsomely reversed the former verdict,—gave occupation and exercise. The days never dragged and the time passed by only too quickly.

Jan. 12. Brs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes and Thomas Noblett were solemnly professed. We offer them our best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Noblett were present on the occasion.

Jan. 14. The return to College. One boy only had left—Oswald Hines. Three new names appeared on our lists—T. Preston, of Wednesbury, and W. Sandys, of Stafford, P. Higgins, Co. Clare.

Jan. 25. General Election. Vincent Dawes was elected captain of the School. He selected the following ministers to carry on the government.

Secretary	W. Byrne
Librarian of Upper Library	J. Dolan
Officemen	J. Stanton, P. Daniel
Gasmen	J. Quinn, N. Stourton
Clothesman	F. Yorke
Collegemen	S. Parker, W. Marsh, A. Magoris
Librarian of Lower Library	E. Murphy
Vigilarii of Lower Library	E. Stourton, O. Priestman

Librarian of Syntax Room .....W. Dowling

Vigilarii of Syntax Room ..... { J. Badger / G. Farrell

Vigilarii of Lower Grammer Room { E. Weighill / F. Dawson

Captains of elevens .....I. { J. Dawson / V. Dawes

II. { M. Lewtas / T. Cullen

III. { E. Bucknall / R. Mawson

IV. { W. Dees / J. Pilkington

V. { G. Lambert / R. Dowling

Composition of College eleven:—

J. Hoban,

G. Nevill, J. Galavan,

R. Adamson, J. Quinn, A. Pécoul,

A. Briggs, G. Farrell, J. Dawson, K. Weighill, J. Badger.

Jan. 30. On account of the absence of the lay-masters at Egton Bridge, where they gave a concert in aid of the Mission, the month-day was anticipated. There was a class-match in the morning in which the Upper Syntax beat the Humanities. The Philosophers went out in the direction of Pickering, and certain members of the Matriculation class walked to Thirsk. In the evening the Junior School gave an exhibition in the study. The speeches were excellent.

Feb. 13. Our first football-team journeyed to Pocklington to play the Grammar School. It was a fast game, and after a quarter of an hour the College secured the first goal. Pocklington equalized after vigorous efforts, and an even game ended in a draw. Mr. J. Raby met the eleven at Pocklington, and, with Fr. Cyril Corr, enthusiastically encouraged our men. The second Eleven played a game on our own ground. The College kicked off at 3 o'clock against a strong wind and at the end of the first half the points were, College two, Grammar School one. But in the second half Pocklington fell off altogether and five more goals were registered against them. On this day the members of the band and part of the choir went to Malton to give a concert. There was

a short rehearsal in the afternoon. At 6 o'clock a number of ladies of Fr. Hickey's congregation provided the visitors with tea in the school-room.

Feb. 17. Shrove-Monday. Br. Edmund took out the Poetry Class for a long walk. Br. Bernard accompanied them. The Humanities and the rest of the school went to a hunt at Nunnington with Fr. Aelred. In the evening the operetta "King Christmas" was performed.

Feb. 18. Shrove-Tuesday. A game of football in the morning. The operetta repeated in the evening with great success. The acting was good—the King of Clubs, Vincent Dawes, and the Jester, F. Yorke, especially distinguished themselves.

Feb. 23. Dr. J. A. Dawes returned home from India, and after a short stay went back again on March 16th. He presented two curiosities to the Museum—a piece of elastic rock and a flying-fish. We wish him a pleasant voyage.

March 3. Mr. Alfred Dillon, who is staying with us, gave a very interesting lecture on his travels in Armenia, illustrated with lime-light views from photographs taken by himself.

March 5. Month-day. A football match with the Malton Swifts was played at Malton. There were some changes in the College team, H. Giglio partnering Farrell on the right and O'Brien taking the place of Badger on the left. V. Dawes played right back in place of G. Nevill who was indisposed. An interesting game ended in favour of the College by four goals to one. Some twenty boys and masters journeyed with the team to witness the game.

March 10. Match with Kirby-Moorside. Brs. Edmund, Paul, Bernard and Stephen were included in the team in the places of Weighill, Giglio, Quinn and Nevill. A rough and fast game. The centre half of Kirby sprained his knee and had to retire; a little later Br. Paul who occupied the same position on the College side, was hurt and also retired. The game ended College 5, Kirby-Moorside 1.

March 21. Feast of our Holy Father St. Benedict. Solemn High Mass at 9 a.m. The Matriculation and Poetry classes united to play the school. An exciting game resulted in a draw of four goals each.

March 22. *Ad multos annos.* Bishop Lacy ordained Brs.

Austin Hind, Edmund Matthews, Cuthbert Jackson, Bede Turner and Vincent Corbishley, priests, and Brs. Paul Pentony and Bernard Hayes, deacons. We offer our heartiest congratulations.

March 23. Fr. Austin sang his first Mass at 8.45 a.m. Recreation in honour of the ordinations. May we thank Br. Paul for the interest he has taken in improving the football fields and in the game generally? Owing to his exertions the "Jungle" has disappeared. The season has been exceptionally favourable for football. There have been muddy days but through judicious changes of the grounds, little discomfort has been caused by them. The games have been spirited, and, we hope, a little more scientific than usual. The religious who joined in them have set us an example in this matter, which we hope we have turned to profit.

The Debates.

We have had many interesting debates this term. Besides the usual monthly meetings, four evenings were taken up in discussing a Bill brought in by the government under the leadership of the captain. The provisions of the Bill concerned the entries in the statute-book; but its chief and perhaps essential object was to institute a record-book. The first clause inaugurated a lengthy discussion which occupied two evenings and was finally rejected. The remainder clauses of the Bill, after sundry amendments were passed by the House.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Ambrose Magoris on the death of his mother, who died suddenly on March 17th, the Feast of St. Patrick.

Notes.

WHAT are we to say of this our third number of the Journal? A dignified course is open to us and that is to say nothing about it at all,—to take its issue as a matter of certainty and old custom and, professing no feelings of exaltation ourselves, ask no congratulations from our friends. But we still feel something of the excitement one has in a new thing and, throwing dignity to the winds, we ask our friends to rejoice with us that another number is born into the world. Let us therefore be glad together. We need your sympathy, O Reader, to make our pleasure worth the having, for "that 's a narrow joy is but our own."

His Lordship, Bishop Hedley, our warmest supporter, has been for some weeks at the feet of the Holy Father in Rome. But even in the city of a thousand memories he has not forgotten us and has sent us an interesting sketch of the foundation and aim of the new Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo. Through his Lordship's thoughtfulness and the kindness of Dom Lawrence Janssens, the Rector of Sant' Anselmo, we have been able to illustrate the article with sketches that will give the reader an idea of the Holy Father's costly gift to the Benedictine Order. Dom Lawrence's facile and intelligent pencil is well known to those who are familiar with the "Revue Bénédictine."

Our illustrations will be found to surpass in number and, we hope, to equal in interest those in the previous issue of the Journal. If we say that they have cost more labour and are of unusual difficulty, the reader will no doubt excuse the blemishes that may appear in them. These should rather be attributed to the peculiarities of process-reproduction than to want of care and accuracy in the drawings. A photographic method should be accurate and the special one we have adopted is so to a considerable extent; but it seems at times to take a malicious pleasure in emphasizing lines that were intended to be hardly visible and to take but a very cursory glance at others. We have yet to learn to account and provide for these eccentricities. The reader will

understand the feelings of the artists if he will recall the impression made on him by the first photograph taken of himself. Was it not something like dismay? "O! wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as cameras see us." But, in the absence of any such special intervention, we may hope for the 'giftie' as the reward of experience.

Mr. Bernard Smith has been as indefatigable as ever. We owe him our best thanks not only for his admirably illustrated and interesting articles, but for his energetic superintendence of the Photo-engraving department. An architectural friend, after seeing our first two numbers declared that he would give up the *Builder* and take the *Ampleforth Journal*. We hope this is one of the many true words spoken in jest. Not that we are at all jealous of the *Builder*.

Our thanks are due also to FF. Denis Firth, Theodore Turner, Brs. Stephen Dawes and Maurus Powell for their patient labour on the drawings and we hope their patience will stand the further strain of a little disappointment. In no instance is the reproduction altogether worthy of the drawing and in some the result is decidedly aggravating. But the reader fortunately will be unaware of many of the defects and be sufficiently pleased with such artistic qualities as he will find in the sketches. If anything in them should disappoint him let him think the camera has failed and leave it so.

Two or three new names will be found among our literary contributors. This is as we would always wish it to be. For choice, some old friends whom we should never like to be absent and a few fresh voices to keep the conversation, if we may so speak, from flagging.

But enough of ourselves. To relieve our minds, let us say at once the winter has been one of surprises and has ruined the reputation of our chief weather prophet. The "one day for skating when the ice bears" is lost in the region of vanished hopes. Has Dr. Nansen been doing something to the North Pole?

We make no comments on the early Spring. Some interest was excited at the appearance of a "Tortoise-shell" butterfly in the

precincts of the cloister on Ash-Wednesday. Our naturalists were at first divided between the theories that it was newly-hatched or had remained torpid during the winter. One surmised that "it just happened." From its sickly fluttering and somewhat threadbare wings, the weight of opinion leant to the 'torpid' theory. This we have been assured since is not a very uncommon occurrence. But surely not very many can withstand the frosts and fasts of a Yorkshire winter. Is it a case of the survival of the fattest?

The Benedictine name and habit, long unknown in Hampshire, is becoming quite familiar in that far-off region since one of our Fathers ventured thither two or three years ago, and pitched his tent in Petersfield. Already two other chapels in the neighbourhood are served by English Benedictines and quite recently a colony of French monks from Solesme has settled at Farnborough in the same county. Some years ago the Empress Eugenie built as a mausoleum for the later Buonapartes, the costly church, dedicated to St. Michael, which stands on a wooded knoll, close by her own *chateau*, overlooking the plains of Aldershot. A Gothic gem in the French decorated style; cruciform, apsidal, with an octagonal dome showing well above the woods over the surrounding country. In its lofty, well-lighted crypt the two great granite sarcophagi stand which contain the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial. The Priory alongside the church with accommodation for eighteen religious, has just been transferred, by the Empress to the French Benedictines:—a fitting choice, that the monks, whose forefathers for 1200 years guarded the graves of French Monarchs at St. Denis, should now keep watch and ward by the tombs of exiled princes, of the later hapless dynasty! Amid the pines and fir-trees and the fair prospects of this secluded spot the successors of the Cluniacs and the Maurists can pursue in peace their prayerful, studious vocation; nor can the district and the diocese fail to profit by their presence. St Benedict's Feast has just been kept for the first time at Farnborough with some solemnity and customary hospitality, the celebrant at High Mass and Vespers being an English Benedictine from Petersfield. Our English monks owe so large a debt of gratitude to France for hospitality in bye-gone days that we are glad of the opportunity of welcoming this settlement of French Benedictines on English soil.

Long may this new St. Michael's flourish!

We must not omit mention of "*A Grand Evening Concert*" which was given on January 29, in aid of the Mission and Schools of Egton Bridge. From the programme, which in 'grandeur' was evidently in keeping with the Concert, we learn that the Vocalists were: "Professors Bowen, B.A., Calvert and McLoughlin (*of Ampleforth College select choir*), Signor Dillon (*of Oxford University*) and P. J. Tray Esq. (*of Whitby*);" while the Instrumentalists included: Professor Bowen (*Piano*), Herr von Priestmann (*Violin*) and Mons Gitts (*Cello*). The Concert was preceded by an organ recital by Rev. J. D'Hooghe of Whitby. It will be noticed at once, from the collection of Signors, Herrs, Vons, Vans, and Macs, that the Concert was quite cosmopolitan in its character and thereby a tribute to the civilizing and unifying influence of Music on every tongue and tribe. One is tempted to suggest to our harassed Government, as a safe solution of international difficulties, that they should invite the various nations to a European Concert on similar lines. They would probably recognize at once, like our artistes, that the differences which divide them are merely nominal.

By the way, has anyone heard before of the "Ampleforth College *select* choir?" Which choir is it? Who compose it? When does it chorate? We have heard of companies which perform in London, but never in the provinces. Can it be that with the "select choir" the opposite is the rule—that it never performs at home?

Needless to say the Programme presented was worthy of the artistes. We venture to give a few selections.

1. TRIO (INSTRUMENTAL)
"The Fair land of Poland" (with variations)....(*Weinanwiski.*)
Messrs. BOWEN, PRIESTMAN, and GITTS.
3. SONG (COMIC) "The Style of the Hupper Ten" ....*Chevalier.*
Professor McLOUGHLIN.
4. SONG (SERIO-COMIC) "Will of the Wisp" .....*Cherry.*
Professor CALVERT.

Those who have heard this fine old song rendered with the rich basso of Mr. Calvert's notes, were naturally puzzled to see it described as *serio-comic*. A brother artiste kindly suggests a solution; the first part referred to the song, and the rendition supplied the second.

In the next half he sang, "I'm a Roamer," by *Faust!*

We learn with interest too in "No. VII. DIRGE," that the composer of "Poor Joe Moggs" was *Alfieri*. We had always supposed it was by a member of the earlier Cecilian school.

The public which knows Lord Salisbury only as an eminent politician may be surprised to learn that he is also devoted to the lyre, and woos Melpomene in her lighter moods. His forte is comic. "The Irish Parlymint," composed by him, was spiritedly rendered by Professor Bowen, B.A., who ably brought out all the niceties of that delicate composition.

But perhaps the gem of the concert was an instrumental trio by *Sobieski*, arranged for violin, piano and cello and entitled "The night before Larry was stretched." This piece clearly proved that Mendelssohn was right and that music supersedes language as a medium of expression. Though purely instrumental, it bristled with topical illusions and fairly brought down the house—as no one will deny it deserved to do.

It is pleasing to learn that the concert was a brilliant success and resulted in a substantial aid to the funds of the very deserving charity which prompted it. Who composed the programme, however, is unknown; its authorship is as much a mystery as the Letters of Junius, or the Iliad of Homer. If poor Artemus Ward were still alive, he would find in it much inspiration for his once famous posters. Can it be that the eminent composer who figured in the proceedings had any share in its production?

An accession of five newly-ordained priests is surely a matter of thanksgiving to the whole family of St. Lawrence's. We offer hearty congratulations to FF. Austin Hind, Cuthbert Jackson, Edmund Matthews, Bede Turner, and Vincent Corbishly on their elevation to the Priesthood, and to Brothers Paul Pentony and Bernard Hayes on their reception of the Diaconate.

The new monastery is more than half completed. The daily stream of interested visitors has much increased during the rainy winter. The general verdict is unqualified commendation. The tramway to the station is in constant and successful use, and the

brickfield, thanks to Mr. Perry's generous gift of a 'push' machine, is untiring and satisfactory in its production. In consequence of the inclination of the upper part of the quarry to 'cave in' it has been determined to make it 'cave out.' There will be many living who remember the labyrinthine vaults from which the stone for the church was extracted—the fancied haunt of grisly bear and other small-boy imaginations. These have altogether disappeared. New catacombs, however, are in preparation and the stone is said to be the best yet worked.

The photographic department is in unusual activity. Though an attempt at a rapid and cheap process of reproduction has failed, there are good hopes that, in the near future, it will give good help in illustrating the Journal.

Arbor succisa virescit. There has been a good deal of lopping and cutting down on the hill, but a great deal more planting. In some former years the woodmen have cut 'not wisely but too well.' The present work promises a revival of the old luxuriance that instilled poetry into past generations. Something is needed to counteract the prosaic grind of modern examinations.

Ampleforth village has voted itself sufficiently enlightened to do without gas and is hesitating about the introducing of more water. May we take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Perry and his coadjutors on their re-election to membership of the Parish Council? Mr. Castle retired and his place was taken by Mr. George Metcalf.

His old schoolmates will be pleased to hear that Mr. T. C. Clarke has been elected President of the Midland Chemist's Assistants' Association. He has been busy with numerous Lectures and Addresses and has earned a reputation as a pleasant and effective speaker.

A plot of land near the Railway Station has been purchased from Lord Feversham as the Site of a new chapel at Kirby-Moorside. Mr. Bernard Smith has kindly furnished the plans. We wish Fr. Anselm Turner success in his efforts to raise funds for its erection. The devout little congregation deserves help and encouragement.

A tombstone has been erected in the cemetery to the memory of George and Wilfrid Pentony. It is the work of Mr. Milburn of York.

Br. Egbert Curran has returned from Belmont to recover his health. Br. William Conolly has come back from Douai with the additional accomplishment of some colloquial French.

We regret the death of Major Stapleton of Wass. Sir George Wombwell had just purchased the greater part of the Byland Estate. His land now surrounds our Byland farms on every side.

Congratulations to Brs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes and Thomas Noblett on the occasion of their Solemn Profession.

We hear that Fr. Bégue has been transferred from the Nottingham Diocese to the Orkneys. The change is for the sake of his health. News from Fr. Sadoc Sylvester is all of the best. He speaks well of his health and his letters speak well of his spirits. He has not forgotten his promise to the Editor of the Journal.

"THE BRITON ABROAD; or French as she is understood,"

A Comedy in two Acts.

Act I. (*Scene*: A Swiss Hotel, within 100 miles of Lucerne; *Time*: Dinner hour.)

CLERICAL BRITON (to two confrères). "*Now just leave the dinner to me. There's a way of going about these things. Leave it to me and you'll see we'll get something respectable. 'Here Garçon!'*" (studies Menu attentively.)

GARÇON. "*Oui, M'sieur!*"

C. B. "*Jambon pour trois! vivement!*"

G. "*Oui, M'sieu!*"

Act II. (the same; ten minutes later.)

C. B. (on raising the covers.) "*Well, I never! Why, I asked for* jambon, *and the fool has brought* ham!"

Tableau.

An excellent collection of Motetts has been recently edited by Fr. Egbert Turner. Old friends will be found there admirably

rehabilitated. We hear he is busy with a new Mass. Mr. Oberhoffer has also a new Mass in the press.

Orchestral Concert at Malton, Feb. 13, 1896. In response to an appeal from Fr. Hickey, the genial incumbent of Malton, Fr. Prior kindly allowed the Orchestra to give a Concert in that town. Apart from mere 'mundane' considerations, Fr. Hickey thought that the playing of the College Orchestra would have an excellent moral effect, by showing to those good people that Catholics could give them better music than anything they had been accustomed to. Great was the surprise of the Maltonians after the Concert, and those who had neglected to attend were much disappointed when they learned what they had missed. The Orchestra never played better. The room was excellent for sound, the balance of the parts was most satisfactory, and the points well brought out. The strings carried off the lion's share of the honours, but the wind, although a few notes were dropped here and there, played up with spirit. The whole of Haydn's Sympony in D, No. 10, was given, but divided over different parts of the programme. It is not a very well known work, but very pleasing. The subjects are bright and tuneful, the *Largo* is in the master's best style. An *Adagio* for Beethoven's String Quartet No. 1 was given. It was creditably played and a real treat to the musicians; it proved however rather trying to the general public. They welcomed with warmth, Schubert's *Rondo* for Strings and Piano; the brilliant and melodious part of the Piano was admirably played by Mr. Oberhoffer. Schumann's *Trio* for Cello, Violin and Piano from the "Phantasie-Stücke" was not so well received. Of course Pierné, "Sérénade" for muted strings proved, as it always does, a great favourite. S. Saëns' *Minuet* and *Trio* for Strings, Trumpet and Piano was remarkably well done and was well received. A *Lamento* by Gillet for Cornet and Orchestra gave an opportunity to the leader of the brass to show his powers as a *virtuoso*. Great expectations were formed, as this was his first appearance in public, and there were whispers of "ringing B♭'s" and of a "sweet pure tone." The sweetness of the tone was unmistakable, but as for the "ringing B♭'s" we could not form any opinion, for the Strings, under Fr. Clement Standish's *baton*, very cleverly surged in with a wave of sound at the critical passages, and gave the Cornet an opportunity of graceful retreat.

Mr. Gits gave on the Cello a masterly rendering of Mr. Oberhoffer's "Ungarisch," a weird piece, half dance, half rhapsody.

A few vocal pieces and glees were inserted in the programme. Curschmann's *Trio* for two Soprani and Tenor, *Ti Prego* was highly appreciated. Sullivan's "O hush thee my baby" was rapturously received and had to be repeated. Harold Pike sang with great sweetness Somervell's "Shepherd's Cradle Song," and was recalled by the audience. The humourous morceau was supplied by Pearson's glee "Three doughtie men."

Altogether the Orchestra has shown itself to have taken a distinct advance upon previous performances. To Mr. Oberhoffer's clever teaching and Fr. Clement Standish's energetic conducting these results are due, and they are highly to be congratulated on the success of their labours.

The conductor of the orchestra in his rendering of the scores of the great masters has often lamented the want of an Oboe and Fagotto. Their price was such as to frighten him from applying to the Monastic Treasury. Under the circumstances Mr. E. Prest, Junior, generously came forward and presented the orchestra with the two instruments in question which are of first rate quality and finish. We must present our congratulations to the same gentleman on the event of his approaching marriage with Miss Couban of Hollingsworth. *Ad multos annos.*

Our old friend, the operetta "Who shall be Trumps?" was successfully revived at Shrovetide. The dresses and scenic grouping were admirable. Compared with the original performance it was like a modern revival of Shakespeare; the difference between a setting at the Lyceum and the old Globe Theatre of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Congratulations to Dr. Porter on his re-election on the Helmsley Parish Council.

Br. Andrew is to be complimented on his restoration of the cricket pavillion. It is a good work well done.

We are losing the services of Mr. Bowen who has been professor of music for the last four years. Having recently been called to the

bar, he has the intention of returning to the West Indies to practise his profession. He has been attentive, conscientious and successful in his work and leaves with our best wishes for future prosperity.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. D'Andria, of Bradford, on his recent marriage.

We are pleased to see a new stained-glass medallion in one of the study windows, the gift of Gerald Hardman. Our art collection has been increased by the present of a picture, *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, presented by Mr. Milburn, and an admirable portrait of Fr. Wilfrid Cooper, in whose priorship the new college and church were erected, has been painted by Mr. Charles Turner. We are also indebted to the same artist for gratuitiously renovating the portraits of Frs. Bolton and Calderbank.

Fr. Bernard Hutchison gave the Easter Retreat to the boys.—The weather was very favourable. The Holy-week services were impressively conducted and Bishop Hedley's "Pascha nostrum" on Easter Sunday was as fresh and inspiriting as ever. We should have been sorry to have missed the "Deo gratias, Alleluia, Alleluia," written especially for us half a century ago by Mr. Manners. It is always welcome.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following College Magazines:—The *Downside Review*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Clongownian*, and the *Ratcliffian*.

Obituary.

A SAD duty falls on us to record the death of Fr. Charles Gregory Smith, who died at Knaresbro', on March 10. He had been under treatment for some time and yet was apparently in robust health—indeed only a few days before his death he had been heard to

declare he never felt better in his life. The end was rapid. He took to his bed on the Monday evening and died on Tuesday. In his last hours he had the comfort of the presence and ministrations of Fr. Wood of Rudding Park. There was a solemn Requiem sung by his brethren on the Thursday, and he was buried in the cemetery at Knaresbro'. He had been educated partly at Sedgeley Park and Oscott and partly at Douai, and only on his determination to enter a Religious Order did he come to Ampleforth. After a short postulantship, he was clothed on the Feast of St. Bennet Biscop, 1858, made his simple profession 30 Aug., 1860, was solemnly professed on the 10 Oct., 1863, and ordained Priest on the 16 March, 1867. His tastes were always in the direction of active pursuits; and photography, fishing and gardening were his recreation during most of the years of his life. His first missionary labours were at Amble, then, after a short stay at St. Peter's, Liverpool, he was for some years at Felton Park, Northumberland, and then he served Knaresbro,' with the interruption of a year at Bedlington, until his death. He was greatly respected by his brethren and friends and especially by the people of his parish. R.I.P.

An old Amplefordian, Fr. Francis Moverley, died suddenly in London, on March 23rd. He had said Mass only the day before. He was 56 years old.

Catholics in Yorkshire have lost a leader and an example of the best traditions of Catholic landlordism in Simon Scrope, Esq., of Danby Hall. He was foremost in every good work, whether for the general good, or for the relief of any one who needed help. Without any direct connection with the College, as a Yorkshire Institution, he looked upon it as his duty to support it and has for many years been a member of the Ampleforth Society. He died on March 7th. May he rest in peace.

Ampleforth Lists.

(*Continued.*)

1847-1854.

(Note—Should any of our readers possess additional or more correct information about those of our Alumni whose names occur in these pages, or whose names have been omitted, we earnestly solicit them to communicate at once with Fr. Bernard Hutchison, at Workington. Ed.)

1847.

Boylan, Patrick, ... Liverpool.
a. * Bridges, Thomas, ... Liverpool.
Doyle, Joseph, ... Liverpool.
Graham, James, ... Liverpool.
Graham, John, ... Liverpool.
Graham, William ..... Liverpool.
Hewitt, Thomas, ... Liverpool.
b. * Locke, John, ... Kippax, Pontefract.
Prest, Alfred, ... Masham.
Prest, Emile, ... Masham.
Prest, Thomas, ... Masham.
Rispin, John, ... Dublin.
c. * Sheridan, John ..... Mauritius.
d. * Smith, Austin, ... Caistor, Lincoln.
e. * Smith, Joseph, ... Caistor, Lincoln.
f. * Styles, William Placid, O.S.B. ..... Liverpool.
g. * Watmough, Jonathan, ... Crosby.
h. * Watmough, William Jerome, O.S.B. ..... Crosby.

a. Rector of St. Mary's, Fleetwood, built new Church.
b. Nephew of Sir John Austin, Bart.
c. Became Vicar General of Sydney.
d. Nephew of Fr. Bede Smith, O.S.B.
e. Brother of Austin.
f. Was Professed 1855, and died at Monastery, 1856.
g. Brother of Fr. Jerome, O.S.B.
h. At St. Mary's, Liverpool, 1868. St. Augustine's, 1869. St. Alban's, Warrington, '74. Lee House, '76. Bedlington, '82–'84 when he died there

1848.

Beste, Henry, ... London.
a. * Beste, Kenelm Digby, ... London.
Bury, Frank, ... Dublin.
Bury, Lewin, ... Dublin.
Cook, Charles, ... Yorkshire.
Forshaw, Joseph, ... Ormskirk.
Harker, James, ... York.
b. * Hedley, John Cuthbert, D.D., O.S.B., ... Morpeth.
Rockliff, Beppo, ... Liverpool.
Simpson, John, ... Hull.
c. * Talbot, James Benedict, O.S.B., ... Euxton.
d. * Tindall, Charles Oswald, O.S.B., ... Carlton, Selby.

1849.

Bebbington, Robert, ... Liverpool.
Brown, Richard, ... Preston.
Challoner, John, ... Liverpool.
e. Clarke, Henry, ... Bath.
Sheehan, William, ... Liverpool.
f. Ullathorne, Alexander, ... London.

1850.

Brown, Robert, ... Buenos Ayres.
Bury, William, ... Dublin.
Carr, Henry, ... Brownedge.
g. Douthwaite, George, ... Coxowld.
Forshaw, Joseph, ... Ormskirk.
Henratty, Peter, ... Liverpool.
Howarth, William, ... Preston.

a. Was a Novice, then became an Oratorian.
b. Present Bishop of Newport.
c. At Ormskirk 1873, Bedlington 1876, Cleator 1877, Ormskirk 1878, Fort Augustus 1880, St. David's, Swansea, 1884, Acton Burnell, 1886, Little Malvern 1889-90 when he died there.
d. Died at St. Lawrence's, 1866. Buried in Monastery Cemetery.
e. Brother of Fr. Clement, O.S.B.
f. Nephew of the late Archbishop Ullathorne, O.S.B.
g. Entered the army.

Hull, William, ... Preston.
Savage, Richard ..... Lancashire.
Swale, James, ... Knaresbro'.
Swale, William, ... Knaresbro'.

1851.

Andrews, Alfred, ... Farlington.
a. * Barnett, Edmund, ... York.
Bickerdike, James, M.D., ... York.
b. * Broadway, John, ... York.
c. Brown, John, ... Preston.
Gray, Thomas, ... York.
d. Hedley, William, M.D., ... Morpeth.
Hilton, Thomas, ... York.
e. * Hooker, William, ... York.
f. * Hooker, George Cuthbert, ... York.
g. * Hooker, John Felix, ... York.
* Hurworth, Henry Basil, O.S.B., ... York.
h. * Johnson, George, ... Bristol.
Latham, James, ... St. Helens.
Makepeace, Mark, ... Coventry.
Moore, Joseph, ... Liverpool.
* Moverly, Francis, ... Hazlewood.
Murphy, Francis, ... Ormskirk.
Seller, Jonas, M.D. ..... York.
Sheehan, William, ... Liverpool.
Whittle, Alfred, ... Brownedge.
i. * Whittle, John Placid, O.S.B. ..... Brownedge.

a. Remarkable at College for his fine treble voice.
b. Cousin to Fr. Wolstan Barnett, O.S.B.
c. Still a resident at St. Lawrence's.
d. Brother to Bishop Hedley, O.S.B.
e. Became a Laybrother.
f. Became a Passionist.
g. Became a Passionist.
h. Was stationed at Great Harwood.
i. Was the first Novice professed at St. Michael's Tyrocinium.

1852.

a. Chisholm, William, ... Scotland.
b. Chisholm, Thomas, ... Scotland.
Degrimonpont, Paul, ... Lille.
Dickenson, John, ... Holderness.
Hattersley, Henry, ... Barton-on-Humber.
Hattersley, William, ... Barton-on-Humber.
c. Hattersley, Richard Austin, ... Barton-on-Humber.
Hayes, Matthew, ... Leeds.
d. Hedley, Edward, M.D. ..... Felton.
Higgins, Henry, ... Leeds.
e. King, James, ... Aberford.
Macquet, Alfred, ... Lille.
McDowell, Henry, ... Leeds.
O'Neil, Charles, ... Liverpool.
Pinder, John, ... The Wolds, Malton.
Swale, John, ... Knaresbro'.
Taylor, James, ... Standish, Lancashire.
Taylor, Thomas. ..... Standish, Lancashire.
Tucker, William, ... Bridport.
* Ward, Edward Norbert, O.S.B. ..... Coughton.
Wilks, Robert, ... Washford, Studley.
f. Wilson, Alban, ... York.
Wilson, Edwin, ... York.

1853.

g. Barnett, William Collingridge, ... Leith.
Brown, Frederick, ... London.
Brown, Richard, ... Preston.
Byrne, Joseph, ... Dublin.
Caldwell, George, ... Warrington.

a. Like his Brother entered the army.
b. Became a Lieutenant, and died of cholera during a forced march after fighting six battles during the Indian Mutiny.
c. Died 1859, aged 19, at Barton.
d. Cousin to Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. Died 1893.
e. Brother to the late Bishop King, O.P.
f. Brother to Canon Paulinus Wilson O.S.B.
g. Became a stained-glass manufacturer.

Dickenson, Thomas,.....Holderness.
Florin, Carlos,.....Roubaix.
Hattersley, Austin, ...Barton-on-Humber.
Kay, Richard, ...Birtley.
* Kelly, Edmund,..... .....Liverpool.
a. Livesey, Thomas, ...Bury.
Lupton, Robert, ...Waterloo, Lancashire.
Pedrone, Vincent,.....Liverpool.
Quinn, Peter,.....Liverpool.
Quinn, Terence, ...Liverpool.
Railton, Robert, ...Blackburn.
Renaux, Emile, ...Lille.
Ryan, Andrew, ...Dublin.
b. Shann, John, ...Knaresbro'.
* Smith, John.
* Smith, Thomas.
* Swale, Henry, S.J., ...Knaresbro'.
* Tobin, John, ...Bangor.
Vernier, Achille, ...Lille.
Walker, John James, ...Burnley.
c. * Walker, William, J.P.,.....Burnley.
Walker, Thomas,.....Burnley.
* Wraigg, George, ...Preston.

1854.

Adkins, George,..... .....Coventry.
d. * Allanson, Henry,..... .....London.
Beste, Francis, ...London.
Buck, Henry, ...York.
Challoner, John, ...Liverpool.
Crépy, Paul, ...Lille.
Davies, James, ...Waterloo, Lancashire.
Harker, Peter,.....Market Weighton.
Jelley, Lawrence, ...Liverpool.
Jelley, Ralph, ...Liverpool.

a. Died and was buried at St. Lawrence's 1855.
b. Nephew to Fr. Shann, O.S.B.
c. Became a Colonel of volunteers at Liverpool.
d. Nephew to the late Provincial Allanson, O.S.B.

a. * Leeming, James, ...Kirkham.
Magrath, James, ...Liverpool.
Massey, Edward, ...Waterloo, Lancashire.
* Massey, William, ...Waterloo, Lancashire.
* Morgan, Joseph Romuald. O.S.B., ...Coughton.
* Pippet, John Cuthbert, O.S.B., ...Somerset.
Polding, John Acton, ...Bury.
Polding, Oswald, ...Bury.
Polding, William Theobald, ...Bury.
Prest, Edwin, ...Leeds.
* Sumner, Francis Wilfrid, O.S.B., ...Coughton.
Verstraete, Emile,.....Lille.

a. Returned in 1863 as a parlour boarder.

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRÉ,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

EEmus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894.

✠ J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894,

✠ J. Archbishop of Nicomedia.

—⁂—

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