

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII

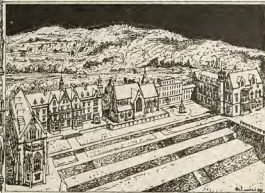


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Subscription 4s. per annum, post free, paid in advance
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BE OBTAINED FROM THE SECRETARY,

REV. R. P. CORLETT, O.S.B.,
Ampleforth College, York.

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PART I.

Thirteen Hundred Years Ago.



¹ *Annals of Canterbury*, 111, 1114.

ence of the Catholic Truth Society is to meet at Ramsgate on September 13th, and the following days. On Tuesday, 14th, High Mass will take place in the open air near the spot where stood the traditional oak-tree under which King Ethelbert sat when he first gave audience to the missionaries, and where a stone cross was erected by the late Earl Granville. On the following day, most of the Bishops will attend a *Te Deum* in the Catholic Church at Canterbury. The gathering at Ramsgate will no doubt be large

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and representative, and there will be, let us hope, not less than the original number of the "forty monks," to sing the processional anthem first sung on English soil by their confreres.

Meanwhile, it is certain that the moral effect of this centenary will be very great, and that it is the duty of the Catholic body to lose no opportunity of making it as impressive and significant as possible. There is at this moment, in England, an immense and most influential body of non-Catholics to whom the grand religious question of the day is the position of the See of Rome. All those Anglicans who can in any sense be called "High Church" are deeply stirred by the difficulty which confronts, and must always confront, a party holding their principles, of reconciling Anglicanism with the historical attributes of the papacy. On this subject, the mission of St. Augustine is a passage of church history which is instructive in the highest degree. That mission occurs at a moment when the traditions and practice of the primitive Church are, even in the eyes of the Anglicans, nearly pure and incorrupt. It is the work of a Pontiff whom they cannot help acknowledging to be a Saint, a doctor, a most successful ecclesiastical ruler, and one of the very greatest of the Popes. It goes forth, not as from a temporal sovereign—for St. Gregory did not claim to be a temporal prince—but from the prelate of the Roman See. The distinctive Catholic doctrines—such as the Sacramental dispensation, the Mass, the Real Presence, and the penitential jurisdiction—come out in its history with the greatest explicitness and precision, not as theories newly taken up, but as the settled and living practice of the Church. Dependence on Rome is, to St. Augustine and his companions, obvious, right and natural; no one has any hesitation or makes any reserve; no one thinks of appealing to the Emperor's Privy Council, or to the private interpretation of Scripture, or to a more primitive practice, or to any

ecclesiastical assembly great or small. If any of these authorities are brought in, it is in order that the Pontiff may interpret and direct. These views are the beginning of a history which never goes back on them. The generation which succeeds St. Augustine, and all the generations which follow, accept these beliefs and this obedience. Not a single ecclesiastic, during a thousand years, ever formulates disobedience or defiance of Rome; not a single Bishop or teacher of name ever stands up with pertinacity against her teaching. These facts stand out plainly, and the most superficial student of the story of England's conversion is forced to recognize them, whilst it adds to their interest that the beginnings of English Christianity are chronicled by an Englishman whom even those who reject his religious views are proud to own as a fellow-countryman, and as the father of English history.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that official Anglicanism should seize the occasion of this Centenary to put in a claim upon St. Augustine, and to try to show that he did not acknowledge the Pope as his religious superior. The late Archbishop Benson, a man who devoted his episcopal life to blowing up with assiduous breath the hollow thinness of Anglicanism, gave a commission, it appears, to the Rev. A. J. Mason, Canon of Canterbury and professor of Divinity at Oxford, to compile a book which was to consist of a complete collection of authentic documents bearing on Augustine's coming, with the Latin close beside, and footnotes. These were to be accompanied by original essays and *excursus*, topographical and other, "shewing the real bearing of events on later controversy." This, Dr. Benson thought, would form "a most precious little book." "It would place," he wrote, "the real argument between Rome and us on a clear footing at a time when it would be read by all English-speaking races. It would attract an attention which would not let Roman *fallacie et prestigitie* sleep. I believe it would have an immense effect."

The actual book, as we now have it,* may, or may not be such as would have satisfied the late Archbishop. There is certainly very little attempt, and still less achievement, in the direction of discrediting the claims of Rome. This may be owing, in part, to the illness of Professor Collins, who had kindly undertaken to contribute an essay on the Relations between England and Rome until the Norman Conquest, but who has found himself unable to do so. It is a pity, from the Anglican point of view, that this essay remains unwritten, for, to say the truth, there is little or nothing in the book as it has been issued which in any way corresponds to Dr. Benson's polite desire to "wake up" the "fallacies and jugglings" of Rome. By far the larger portion of the work consists of a translation of Bede's narrative, with the Latin text printed at the foot of the page. There are a few hostile notes—such as those in which Canon Mason goes out of his way to refer to the "fall" of Liberius and the "condemnation" of the "heretical" Honorius. But the attack on Rome is chiefly concentrated in three pages of a dissertation by the editor entitled "The mission of Augustine and the other agencies in the Conversion of England." He says:—

"With all their gentitude to Rome, and with all their respect for what they regarded as the authority of St. Peter, our forefathers had no notion of being a mere dependency of the Apostolic See, receiving without question all its dictates" (p. 106).

In proof of this, he mentions only three facts. The first is, that Gregory's orders as to the erection of London into the primatial See of Southern England "fell dead." But the natural supposition, in the absence of direct information, is that this was done by the authorization of the Holy

* *The Mission of St. Augustine to England, according to the original documents; being a Handbook for the Thirteenth Centenary.* Edited by ARTHUR JAMES MASON, Cambridge, at the University Press, 1897.

See itself. "Papal claims" are not, as Canon Mason seems to think, the claims of a pragmatic and meddlesome class-manager, but the rights of a great and wide-minded See, which wisely leaves local arrangements to local authorities, but, reserving a general control, preserves the purity of the Christian faith and the more universal features of Catholic discipline.

Canon Mason proceeds to say that the early English Church "soon developed something of that spirit of insular liberty which has characterized its later history, and which, in the days of Cyprian and the greater Augustine, characterized the Church of Africa" (p. 207). But a spirit of liberty is one thing, a refusal to own any decisive judge of controversy is another. The early English Church had its views and may have expressed them freely; so had, and so did, the Church of Africa in the third and fourth centuries. But can it be denied that they both looked on the Roman See as the final judge in a dispute? And can they be compared, without the greatest impudence, to the Anglican Schism, which began by treating the Pope and the whole Catholic Church as idolaters? Canon Mason's second "proof" is a mere assertion. He says that when Wilfrid appealed to Rome against the decision of Theodore and the Church of England, "England stood amazed with indignation" (p. 207). But he is forced to admit that St. Theodore complied with the judgment of Rome on the case. And the whole assertion is ludicrous. "England stood amazed"! What, or where, was "England"? What council or parliament expressed its indignation? One or two of England's fighting and barbarous "Kings" uttered threats and tried imprisonment. The matters in dispute were intricate, communication was difficult, and tempers were human. But will Canon Mason assert that the principle of Roman authority was denied by any one? or that the Roman settlement did not finally prevail?

The third item in the writer's attack on the Papal claims, is taken from the words of St. Gregory himself. The objection has been raised over and over again, and as often refuted. It is well known that St. Gregory repudiated the style and title of "Universal Bishop." Therefore, asserts Canon Mason, his own claims were very different from those of his successors. The answer is easy, and it may be made in St. Gregory's own words. In the very passage quoted by the writer before us, the holy Pope says that even St. Peter, who had jurisdiction over the universal Church, would not be called universal Apostle.*

It is then perfectly clear that St. Gregory, in refusing the title of universal Bishop, did not repudiate universal jurisdiction. What he meant was, that not even the Roman Pontiff could supersede the ordinary government of the Church by Bishops, according to the institution of Christ. But for all that, one Bishop might be judge in controversies and supreme ruler in practical discipline all the world over. The alternative would have been anarchy—tempered to some extent by the will of the prince or the strong arm of the civil law, and by the paralysis, or *aphasia*, which has reduced Anglicanism to a sect in which anyone can believe what he likes and no Bishop does or can rebuke him.

This is nearly all that Canon Mason finds to say, in futherance of his late patron's views. I do not think that the book is likely to do much harm. The honest printing and translating of the narrative of Ven. Bede can do nothing but good. Canon Mason's notes are not strong. Moreover he has a kindly feeling to "Rome," which he perhaps displays with too great an air of condescension, but which I believe to be genuine. I may add that one of the *excursus* at the end of the volume is a valuable and exhaustive disquisition by Professor McKenny Hughes, on

* "To Peter the Apostle was committed the care of the universal Church. . . . yet he is not called universal Apostle." *S. Gregory's Letters* Book v. Letter 20.

the landing place of St. Augustine. He seems to prove as far as one can make out without being an expert in the inquiry, that the monks may have really landed at Richborough itself—the old Roman town whose battlements still frown over what was once its quays and its roadstead.

Leaving, then, both the "landing" and the interview with the king, we may profitably devote a few moments to Canterbury, and to the settlement therein of St. Augustine and his companions. It is more pleasing to do this because it will enable us to do some justice to a very excellent *brochure* entitled "Saint Augustin de Canterbury," which has just been published by Père Brou, S.J.,* one of the French fathers of the Society, whose home has been for so many years in Canterbury itself. Père Brou has evidently studied Canterbury with the zeal of an antiquary and the piety of a Catholic, and we could hardly have a better guide.

After the interview with King Ethelbert, the Monks quitted the isle of Thanet, "traversed the ruins of the ancient Rutupium," and took the Roman road leading to Canterbury. The Roman Road started it would appear, not from Richborough but from Sandwich. There are numerous traditional sites and pious memories of the Monks on the coast, and along the cliffs. But on these we cannot now linger. Seven or eight hours' journey along the ridge of the hills which command the little river Stour would bring them in view of the future metropolis of English Christianity. Canterbury was perhaps the first English town ever built or inhabited. It stood on Roman foundations, but its buildings, such as they were, showed the first efforts made by the tribes of the English to live in a regular and defensible city. The monks came on in procession, with their banner and their silver cross. They chanted the famous anthem, the

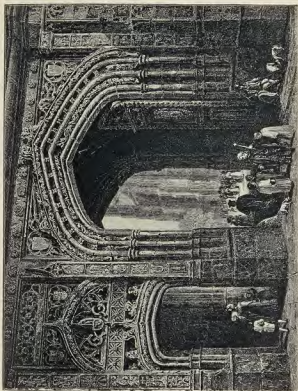
* Paris, Lecoffre.

notes of which were given from a twelfth century MS. in the last number of the *Journal*.*

It was probably in the month of April; perhaps it was on the feast of St. Mark (April 25th), the day of the great Rogations. In Rome, in Lyons, and in other great Churches which St. Augustine knew well, they would on that very day be celebrating processions and chanting anthems, of which we know that this anthem was one in common use. The residence assigned to them by the king is said, according to a tradition committed to writing by a Christ Church monk in the eleventh century, to have been in the "staple-gate"—a name which denotes the vicinity of the king's barns and store houses. Their first church was an old Roman basilica, dedicated to St. Martin, in which the Christian Queen Bertha and the Frankish Bishop Liudhard had been accustomed to worship. That venerable Church stands yet where it did thirteen hundred years ago. Its walls, they tell us, have been rebuilt; but it is visible to the eye that the greater number of the Roman bricks have been built up afresh over the ancient foundations; and, standing within its precincts one may say, with very literal truth, that one is in the very church in which the Benedictines first recited the Divine Office in England.

For some time, the band of missionaries prayed, kept their regular observance, and instructed, in these their original lodgings and in the Church of St. Martin. It would almost seem that at first they had to make head

* Soon after the Easter number of the *Journal* was published, it was pointed out that the chant of St. Augustine's antiphon had already been printed in the *Polygraphie Musicale* of Don Pothier (Tome iv. plates 399 and 400). The MS. from which it is taken is the "Graduale" of Abbot Gregoey of Einsiedeln, and is of the tenth century. Both words and music are practically identical with the version given in the *Journal*, except that the words "monasterio isto" are used instead of "civitate ista." In this MS. the antiphon occurs as one of several which are headed "In letania majori antiphona." There can be little doubt that we have the very notes chanted by the forty Monks.



GATEWAY, CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY.

against an opposition which sometimes went to the verge of violence. Bede, following the Canterbury traditions, sets down with marked emphasis that they were "prepared for all adversity and even for death itself."

The baptism of King Ethelbert must have been on the Whitsun-Eve following the arrival of the Monks—*June 2, 597*. This is Elmham's statement, and the tradition of St. Augustine's Abbey. Père Brou conjectures that the baptism took place in St. Martin's, and in this he follows Dean Stanley; but Elmham says it was at Christ Church (the Cathedral); and although Christ Church itself was not built at the time, yet on the very place on which the Metropolitan Church afterwards arose was an ancient Roman basilica. Bede says that St. Augustine, "heard of this basilica," and "recovered it, by the help of the King." It is not unlikely that this old church actually formed a portion of the King's palace, and was used as a hall. It is quite possible that the baptism took place here. All through the narrative of the conversion of Kent, there is a touching disposition to see in the events happening in Britain a reproduction in little of the conversion of Constantine, and in the settlement at Canterbury a repetition of the dedication of the Lateran and of the Vatican.

The "Vatican" of Canterbury, to use Père Brou's expression, was the monastery of St. Augustine, primarily dedicated under the name of SS. Peter and Paul. This monastery was outside the city walls, on the Eastern side—between St. Martin's and the town. The Monks found here an idolatrous temple, in which there was an image. It was in this temple that the King used to worship. The missionaries took away and broke in pieces the idol, purified the place, according to the instruction of St. Gregory, with holy water, and placed therein altars with relics of the saints. The new Christian Church was dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Pancras—the youthful martyr so well known to readers of *Fabiola*,

to whom St. Gregory himself had so great a devotion. It was in the ample space where this temple stood that the Monks built the monastery which was afterwards to become celebrated far and wide under the name of "St. Augustine's Abbey." According to Bede, it was erected by King Ethelbert "at the instigation" of St. Augustine, and endowed with great munificence. It was intended to be the burial place of the bishops and princes of Kent. But St. Augustine did not live to see the completion of the church, which was consecrated by his successor St. Lawrence.

The Cathedral of Christ Church was a second monastery, intended for the residence of the Bishop, who thus, according to the example of St. Gregory at Rome, would be attended and assisted by Monks. The pious King gave up his own residence for this foundation. He ceased to live at Canterbury, and betook himself to Reculver, on the northern coast of Thanet, not far from where Margate stands. The house of Christ Church became the first example and type of those numerous Cathedral Priors of England—Rochester, Durham, Winchester, Norwich, Worcester, Bath, Ely, Coventry—of which the Bishop was the Titular Abbot, and whose communities formed the Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese.

The old Cathedral of Canterbury was totally destroyed by fire in A.D. 1067. Archbishop Lanfranc, who arrived in 1070, had to be consecrated in a temporary shed, as there was no church left. The ancient cathedral must have been very nearly as the Monks built it five hundred years before. Eadmer, who had seen it as a boy, was struck by its resemblance to the old St. Peter's at Rome. It was after the type of the Roman basilica, with three naves, of which the middle one was higher than the others. It had an apse at each end, both east and west. The Crypt, as at St. Peter's, opened out before you reached the sanctuary. To the sanctuary, you ascended by two

stairways, as at St. Lorenzo *fuori le mura* and other old churches. But the high Altar seems to have stood in the eastern apse—and, by a very unusual arrangement, the Archbishop's throne was at the extreme west end of the Church. Thus, the nave, from its western end up to the opening of the Crypt and the sanctuary, was practically the choir, and the people found places in the lateral naves or aisles.

A large part of the ecclesiastical history of England is connected with these two houses of St. Augustine's and Christ Church. They were always independent of each other; that is, the Cathedral monastery never had any jurisdiction over St. Augustine's. The latter had vast possessions in the Isle of Thanet; it had the right to coin money (at least in earlier days), and many privileges relating to the administration of justice. The Abbot took precedence in general councils over all Abbots except the Abbot of Monte Cassino itself. In the English parliament, he came next to St. Alban's.

All readers of English Church history are aware how often the Christ Church Monks had to contend with Kings and with Bishops for their rights in the election of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The story of these conflicts and disputes is not always edifying. But when we look back and remember that these foundations of St. Augustine's Monks lasted well nigh a thousand years, living, growing, working, and influencing the whole field of English Church and state, we cannot but feel for them that reverence and admiration which in this world are rightly claimed by all institutions that have proved themselves capable of lasting.

But to all who love the true faith and are interested in God's Kingdom upon earth, Canterbury is filled with significance and speaks eloquently in every stone. Here Augustine, Lawrence, Mellitus, Justus, Honorius, fresh from Rome, gave the Gospel light to England, wrought

miracles, wrestled with Princes and warriors, lived and (some of them) were buried. Here Theodore, the second Apostle of England, rested when he returned from the far North, after months of weary travelling. Here Nothelm, Bede's prompter and informant, presided. Here the great Dunstan had his head-quarters. Here Lanfranc rebuilt its Minster and ruled the English Church for nineteen



years. Here Anselm watched and prayed and built. Here Becket shed his blood, and left his name and his shrine as the most glorious inheritance of the see he ruled. Here Stephen Langton held his state. Here the great and lordly mediæval Primates pontificated, held council, entertained Kings, and built up the Cathedral—Kilwardby, Peckham, Bradwardin, Islip, Langham, Courtenay, Arundel, Chicheley, and how many more! Here Warham

felt the first breathings of the reformation. Here Pole was enthroned and here he was buried. Here Rome touched England, and the saints and doctors of France and Germany were first received as they journeyed to London. Here the Divine Offices went on, night and day, with splendour and devotion, for a thousand years. Here libraries were gathered and scribes wrote without break or cessation. Hither pilgrimages travelled, all the year round, from every class, from every town, from the farthest coasts of the North and hills of the West. Here in one word, in this antique city of the Kentish plains, stood the Rome of the Western world.

If she is fallen now and lamentably changed—if her glorious monuments have been in great part destroyed and her noble aisles are too vast for the shrunken worship of her captors, whilst her ancient altars are meaningless to those who call themselves her priests, still there are left a few faithful hearts who, this year especially, will remember the saints that have sanctified her soil and who have not lost belief in the religion which was once her life and soul. To that religion the future must necessarily belong. We need not mourn for stones lost to us if we can console ourselves with hearts gained to Christ. Yet under the stones of Canterbury there lies buried so much of what the Catholic heart would fain see living, visible and strong, that it is permitted to indulge in sorrowful memories whilst we wait for the hand of the Lord.

✠ J. C. H.



The Coming of the Monks.*

A.D. 597.

ONE fair summer's day last year, two monkish pilgrims 'might have been seen wending their way' along the steep cliffs of Ramsgate, past the modern monastery of St. Augustine, down the western slopes of the Isle of Thanet towards the shores of Pegwell Bay. They were bound for the spot memorable in history as the landing-place of three great Conquerers, Cæsar, Hengist, and Augustine,—the half mythical chieftain who led the English to the British shores, and the two great Romans who brought the island within the circle of the Roman Empire and the Roman Church. If any uncertainty hang over the exact locality of the earliest of these invasions,—that of Julius Cæsar, very little rests about that of Hengist, and none at all as to that of St. Augustine; the most sceptical of pil-

* The following paper in some extent goes over the same ground as the foregoing—but our readers will not object to have the views of a second contributor on so interesting a subject. Eo.

grims may proceed on his progress to Ebb's Fleet undisturbed by the doubts which dog his footsteps in many similar spots, and check the free flow of his fancies and feelings. Ebb's Fleet wants something—historic certainty will do in default of anything else!—to make up for its lack of attractions in other respects. Nature, which gave little enough to its shores from the commencement, has since played sad havoc with what it did give. The chief natural features have been obliterated. In the original situation the Wantsume was the main "landmark"—an arm of the sea which, having since dried up and united the Isle of Thanet to the mainland, has left St. Augustine's landing-place high and dry, a mile or more from the existing shore.

Yet if Ebb's Fleet itself, has little of dignity or definiteness, the prospect around it from the slopes above Pegwell Bay, facing westwards, is a far and fair one, o'er land and sea. Leaving behind the high uplands of Thanet as they end abruptly seawards in the straight chalk cliffs of Ramsgate, we see immediately beneath our feet the low levels of the Minster marshes, the Stour winding through them in interminable loops. The marshes mark unmistakably the line of the ancient channel, so that little effort is needed to conjure up the former scene and see the smooth waters glistening, as of old, over these broads, far away to the north where the twin towers of Reculver hang perilous over the crumbling cliff. The Wantsume, as this old waterway was called, gave a short cut from the continent to the Thames and London as well as to Canterbury, though wheat has long waved and now the railway runs over fields once ploughed by Roman galleys or Northmen's 'dragons.' The eastern, or Thanet, side of the channel is shown by the tower of Minster church rising amid a group of trees; some two miles further on we can make out the massive masonry of Richborough, the old Rutupium, whose walls, with those of its

twinfortress, Regulbium (Reculver), still frown across the silted-up channel which formerly they guarded. This level bit of coast, the "*litus Rutupinum*" of classic literature, famous of old for its oysters (Juvenal Sat: iv. 139) as it still is for its shrimps, has always been the front-door of Britain; it is the gateway through which the Briton entered, the Roman landed, the Saxon settled, and the Benedictine first set foot on English soil. Still further away the spires of Sandwich tell of another harbour, younger than Richborough, but like it long forsaken by its fickle bride, the sea; further in front again the shores of the original coasts of Kent begin to rise, culminating in the precipitous Foreland over Deal and the high skyline of the Dover Downs. More to the right the three great towers of Canterbury show up against the western horizon; on the left, far away to east and south, over the deep Downs and the shallow Goodwin sands which shelter them roll the waters of the English Channel,—the precious strait which has not dried up, nor failed Britain as the Wantsume did Thanet; whilst far away on the distant horizon the eye catches sight of a long, low line shining brightly as the sun lights up the white chalk cliffs of Gaul. That one glimpse tells the whole tale of this historic spot. Nature made it to be a crossing-place between the mainland and the island, retaining a link with the continent of Europe when the wild North sea dashed through the narrow neck. Those tall chalk cliffs, glittering in the sun on either side, signal to one another,—Nature's own lighthouses flashing out messages across the main! No people however barbarous, however unadventurous, could long withstand that call to cross the narrow strait. Nothing worth having, that came at least in friendly guise, could fail to pass that channel; and merchants before Pytheas, travellers before Posidonius, conquerors long before Cæsar, Apostles long before Augustine, must have adventured over that deep moat to the open gateway of Britain.



CANTERBURY

BELL HARRY CONEL.

1876

With thoughts like these in our minds and this glorious landscape before our eyes, with the invigorating breeze blowing fresh in our faces from the sea, we made our way to the spot which tradition hallows as the landing-place of the Apostles of England. It is nothing but a field now, lying a few steps from the modern road that skirts the coast from Pegwell Bay to Sandwich,—a level meadow where sheep fatten on the salt pastures. All looks genuine however, when we remember the changes that have occurred; the river runs close by, and the waterway, into which



it then flowed, was a natural harbour deep enough for primitive keels. More than a century later, in Bede's time, the Wantsume was the third of a mile wide, and passable at only two places. A few paces away the ground begins to rise steeply, as though from an old sea-shore, whilst the low meadows beneath are hardly above high water mark. The spot lies on the direct road to Canterbury. Anyone crossing from Gaul and making, as St. Augustine was, for the court of the Kentish king, would come up the Wantsume to the mouth of the Stour, and so pass along the valley through which the Watling Street ran straight from

Rutupium to the capital. King Ethelbert's subsequent order to the Saint to remain in Thanet seems to show that the Roman missionaries had already landed on the Thanet side of the channel. The exact spot is of course traditional; what matters it whether it be a few rods one way or another? and it is fitly marked now by a tall granite cross of Celtic or Runic fashion, erected by the late Earl of Granville when Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. But no monument is needed to heighten the interest of this sacred spot, where the Cross was first raised on English soil and the Gospel first proclaimed to men of English speech; where, too, our Benedictine brethren first reached the land that was to become their heritage, and which they have never since forsaken!

Few events have been more momentous in history than this coming of the Monks, the landing of St. Augustine in England. It was the reunion of the British Isles to the world of religion and civilization from which they had been separated since the Saxon Conquest; so far it was the undoing of the work of Hengist, the restoration of the work of Caesar. Rome was to rule the sea-girt isle again, but *Castra Monachorum* replaced the old *Castra Legionum* as strongholds of its peaceful sway. St. Augustine's preaching was the call to the Catholic Faith of a people whose Empire, wider than that of Rome, was to more than fill Rome's place in the modern world. To few nations have such glorious opportunities been accorded; and even though it has failed from the full height of its vocation yet the Anglo-Saxon race has borne, however imperfectly, the knowledge of the Name of Christ over half a world and the myriad heathen resting beneath Victoria's gentle sceptre may some day hear the full teaching of Augustine from English-speaking lips. The memory of the day and of the place on which such work began shall not perish save with the Anglo-Saxon name and race; and that Englishman is little to be envied whose pulses are not stirred

with both patriotism and piety, as he muses on the coming of the Monks by the silent shores of Thanet! "Beautiful upon the hill tops the feet of those that preach the good tidings of peace!"

About a mile inland from Ebb's Fleet lies the pretty village of Minster which derives its name from a Saxon monastery founded by St. Mildred, and claims to be the scene of the interview between King Ethelbert and St. Augustine. It is unlikely that the meeting was held on the sea shore, on the very day when missionaries landed; some time would elapse before their messengers could reach the King and return with his orders that they were to remain in Thanet. There may have been a royal residence at Minster in which the strangers were entertained till the appointed day; then not in the mansion, but—for fear of magical influences—under the open heavens, the historic conference between the Monarch and the Monks took place. It was on the hill-side just above Minster, on a spot long marked by an aged oak-tree, close to the Saxon graveyard where the followers of Hengist and Horsa had been buried for nearly two centuries. Recall the scene as depicted in the pages of our first historian! The King is seated with Queen Bertha by his side; above his head spread the branches of the sacred oak, thanes and soldiers and the heathen priests of Odin are grouped around. The long procession of black-cowled Roman monks advances, bearing a silver cross and a painted image of the Saviour, at their head the tall figure of the Abbot, Augustine, with Lawrence, Peter and the other leaders of the heroic band. As they draw nigh the chant of supplicating litanies is heard, with the anthem that God for His mercies' sake would turn away His anger from the country and its people. Arrived in the royal presence their leader unfolds, through interpreters, the purpose of his embassy, and speaks of the good tidings they had come so far to tell. In the words of an

old Saxon writer "he told how the mild-hearted Healer of mankind, by His own throes of suffering, set free this guilty middle earth, and opened to believing men the door of Heaven." The echoes of that preaching,—the first Gospell in English speech,—have rung round the world. With courteous dignity Ethelbert receives the "strangers from Rome," and listens thoughtfully to their message; he returns a prudent but favourable answer—he will examine their teaching and weigh it well; meanwhile he bids them welcome to his kingdom, and gives them leave to preach, to baptize and to say Mass.

The scene of the drama is now transferred to Canterbury, without a visit to whose sacred spots our pilgrimage would be incomplete. The Durovernum of Roman-British days lay about a dozen miles from Rutupium (Richborough) at the spot where the Watling Street crosses the Stour; on its foundations, and among its ruins, the Jutish settlers had built their chief town and given it the name of Cantwara-byrig,—the stronghold of the men of Kent. It was little more than a group of thatched cottages, with a royal palace, or Court-house, hardly more pretentious, rising from the ruins of the older city. Thither the monks came on the King's invitation; and as they entered in on Easter day they bore in front their cross and banner and sang the anthem: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in Thy mercy to turn away thine anger from this city and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned, Alleluia!" Outside the city-walls,—the palisading of timber that fenced in the Saxon 'bury,' just where the ground slopes towards the river, a small stone building stood which had remained from Roman days. Probably it had even then been a Christian Church; it was being used as such by Queen Bertha and her bishop-chaplain, Liudhard; it now became the first sanctuary where Augustine preached and offered sacrifice, and the place of the baptism of King Ethelbert. St. Martin's fortunately escaped the ravages of the reformation and is standing to



GATEWAY, ST. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY.

this day. If the lapse of thirteen centuries has altered its external appearance, yet its foundations and portions of its walls may well date from the days of the Britons; and though it may need the trained eye of the antiquarian to discern its identity, the little church still appeals to Christian Englishmen as "the rock from which they were hewn and the hole of the pit from which they were dug out".

It was in 596 that Pope Gregory sent the missionaries to England, and the early spring of 597 when they landed in Thanet. On Easter-day that same year the monks made their entry into Canterbury, singing the Rogation anthem with the Paschal Alleluia. King Ethelbert was baptized with his court on Whitsunday, the second of June, of which spiritual birthday of the English nation we are now celebrating the thirteenth centenary; and on the Lord's Nativity that same year more than ten thousand of the people were admitted into the Church, and the first Christ-Mass was solemnized on English soil.

Not far from St. Martin's stood the earliest homes of St. Benedict in England. Half-a-mile away, in the middle of the city, on a spot already hallowed by another British church used by the Saxons as a heathen temple, was the royal palace, itself a Roman-British villa, which after Ethelbert's baptism was given up to the monks, whilst the King retired to another mansion at Reculver. Here Augustine established his first monastery, dedicating it to Christ the Saviour, and placing in it his episcopal see. Shortly afterwards he founded a second monastery, outside the city walls, and this though originally dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, was afterwards better known by the name of its founder, as he and his successors were buried there, as well as the Christian kings of Kent. Over the high altar stood the shrine of St. Ethelbert; around it were the tombs of the Archbishops, and on either side in golden covers were kept the Gospels which Pope Gregory had sent to England. For many centuries St. Augustine's

was hardly rivalled either in splendour or reputation by the other great Minster of Christ Church where the Primate's chair was fixed and the Archbishops reigned; but in later times the glory of the Abbey was partially eclipsed by the popularity of the new shrine of St. Thomas. The fame of Candelberg, as German legends termed the holy city, drew crowds of pilgrims from every clime to visit its two great Minsters, with their saintly and royal tombs, its ancient sanctuaries, its palaces and its shrines. Left without a rival by the destruction of the Abbey at the reformation, the Cathedral now rears its glorious towers alone over the city. Little of St. Augustine's was left by the spoiler save some masses of masonry and two stately gateways; its memory almost faded away amongst its own sons, though its title has lately been bestowed upon the superior of the community at Ramsgate. At the commencement of this century the holy ground was used as a tea-garden whose reverent custodians, to make more room, used to blow up its towers and walls with gunpowder! A better use has since been found for the site; a Protestant missionary College has been built among the scanty ruins,—too late to restore the broken continuity of its sacred history, or to save the wrecked tombs which the reformers destroyed. But even this slight reparation to the memory of England's Apostle is welcome as a harbinger of the nation's return to its first faith. "They shall draw nigh to thee who detracted thee, and they shall worship the footprints where thy steps have trod."

J. I. C.



The Journey of the Monks.

ARLES.

We are sometimes tempted to enquire what is the special charm of the hundredth anniversary of an event that invests it with revived and intense interest. We must suppose that there is a certain rounded completeness about a centenary that commends itself to our regard, and the notion once broached, every one follows because "it is the fashion to." Remembering that this year is the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine in England, certain pilgrims, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of Arles, felt themselves smitten with the centenary fever. They thought that they could not in such a year pass by a town consecrated by such precious memories of the Apostle of England. For St. Augustine, on two occasions at least, stayed at Arles and must have become familiar with the town and its neighbourhood; it was here that he received Episcopal Consecration; Arles was the starting point for his distant mission where he was furnished with supplies and all necessaries for his long journey. One of the commendatory letters that he bore from St. Gregory was directed to the Archbishop of Arles, and it is certain that he was detained for some time in the city in connection with this letter. On entering France the saint and his companions had a journey of nearly a thousand miles before them, and they must have been in straits for the means of carrying out so arduous an undertaking. From Italy they could be borne by sea to France and land at Arles, but through France the journey would have to be made by land, for it is hardly probable that they could make much use of the Rhone owing to the rapidity of the current and the numerous shoals and sandbanks that abound in the bed of the river. St. Augustine

would then have to provide for a land journey of nearly 700 miles for a band of forty persons, a matter of no small difficulty and which would even nowadays task the resources of a Cook or a Gaze. Under the circumstances St. Gregory's commendation of the missionaries to the kind hospitality of the Archbishop of Arles was most opportune. The Epistle is curiously short and reads as if the Holy Father were anxious to keep the object of the mission a secret. St. Augustine is directed to explain everything by word of mouth to the Archbishop. England is veiled under the general term "*illuc*"; and the provisioning of the party is termed "*solatia*." Here is the document:

"To the most Reverend Brother Virgilius, co-bishop, Gregory the servant of the servants of God.

Though with priests full of the charity which God loves, religious men need no recommendation, yet as the present seems a suitable time for writing, we have caused this our communication to be addressed to your brotherhood, to intimate to you that, under the Divine guidance and for the benefit of souls, we have appointed the bearer of this, Augustine, servant of God (of whose affection we are well assured), in company with others of God's servants, to a distant mission (*illuc*). Your holiness must help him, out of your priestly kindness, and lose no time in affording him such 'solace (*solatia*) as is in your power. And in order that you may be the rather disposed to give him the benefit of your friendly interest, he has instructions from us to acquaint you precisely with the occasion of his journey; for we are satisfied that, when it shall become known to you, you will adapt yourself, with all devotion towards God, to the urgent circumstances which place him in need of your consolation" (*solatiandum*).

Arles is now fourteen miles from the sea but in the earlier centuries of our era it was a sea port at the mouth of the Rhone. It is not difficult to see how all this change has been brought about. The town is situated on an eminence

rising some thirty or forty feet above the surrounding plain, an extensive low-lying tract of land barely raised above the river level. Even now this district would be liable to frequent inundations were it not for massive dykes about twenty feet high that have been erected along the banks of the Rhone. But in the early days when the greater part of the hills of the country were covered by extensive forests, the rainfall would be greatly in excess of the present average and thus the low-lying plain between Arles and the sea was permanently under water. The town itself became a peninsula, the centre of all the trade of the river and a quiet harbour for sea-bound vessels.

Such was its condition when St. Augustine landed here in A.D. 506 and to the pilgrims it seemed that it could have hardly changed much since that date. The hand of modern civilization is not much in evidence at Arles. The narrow tortuous streets are quite alarming on first entrance, one feels that the clue of an Ariadne will be needed to find a means of escape. On all sides we are confronted with relics and parts of old Roman buildings; bases, columns, capitals, arcades, entablatures meet one at every turn, all telling of a profusion of highly ornamental buildings that once adorned the city. The rough cobble stones with which the streets are paved recall the days when spring carriages were unknown. To the pilgrim all this bears an indescribable charm; he feels that he is treading the very streets that St. Augustine, Benet Biscop and so many of our saintly forefathers trod thirteen centuries ago, that he is gazing on the very same buildings that they admired, can walk in the very same cloisters in which they meditated, and pray in the same Cathedral in which they prayed. A little distance on and you come across the remains of an enormous theatre. Hard by are *Les Arènes*, as the great amphitheatre is called, one of the finest in France. It is in a wonderful state of preservation and even now serves as a bull ring for our lively neighbours of the South, who generally choose a

Sunday for this kind of sport. But to the pilgrim the centre of interest is the Cathedral where St. Augustine received the unction of the Episcopate and where he and his companions must have often performed the Divine Offices. The façade of the Cathedral which bursts unexpectedly on the spectator is a work of marvellous beauty, of which we have endeavoured to give some idea in the accompanying illustration. The whole design is in the best forms of Roman Christian art, the richness of the decoration, the depth of the columns, the multitude and variety of the statues produce an effect that cannot be easily forgotten. The pilgrims gazed in wonder and veneration, for surely here, they thought, is work dating back to the time of the Constantines and upon which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers must have gazed in wonder also. What was our disappointment to learn that the traditions of Roman work and designs had lingered on for many years in Arles, that beautiful façade was not earlier than the eleventh century, and after all nothing but a wonderfully clever imitation of the antique. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Trophimus, the devoted companion of St. Paul. "Trophimus I left sick at Miletus" 2 Tim. iv. 3. It was he who brought the faith to Gaul and it is handed down by ecclesiastical tradition that his first Oratory was dedicated to "The Mother of God still living." Whatever may be the real truth, on this point, it is certain that Arles was a bishopric at the end of the second century and a metropolitan see in the fourth. It was considered one of the capitals of the western empire, and Bishops from Gaul, Great Britain and Spain were wont to assemble here for Plenary Councils. As it was the Metropolitan See all the Bishops of the Province received their consecration here; it was for this reason that St. Augustine was directed to repair to Arles.

We have an interesting letter of the date A.D. 450 addressed by nineteen Bishops of the province of Arles to St. Leo the Great. They are endeavouring to regain certain

privileges for the See and incidentally give a picture of the flourishing state of the city at this epoch.

It is notorious, they say, both at Rome and in Gaul that St. Trophimus the first Bishop of Arles had been sent by St. Peter and that from Arles the other provinces of Gaul received the faith. Thus all their predecessors have ever honoured this Church as their Mother; from her their cities have petitioned for their bishops. The Bishop of Arles has always consecrated their predecessors and themselves. The Holy See has repeatedly confirmed the privileges of this Church and has directed that Arles should have the chief authority in Gaul, as the Church of Rome has the primacy of all the Churches of the world. Constantine the Great so honoured Arles that he bestowed his own name upon it. Valentinian and Honorius named it the Mother of Gaul. Under their reigns the consulship was here given and received, the Prefect of the Pretorium here fixed his official residence. The advantages of the city are such that from all parts people resort hither, which causes it to be considered the chief town of the country, as its Church is the chief Church by reason of its antiquity; in so much that it has been commissioned by the Holy See to govern all the Churches of Gaul. *Ceillier. Hist. Gen. des Auteurs Sacrés. S. Leon.*

The present Cathedral was built to receive the relics of St. Trophimus on occasion of their Solemn Translation. The edifice is a noble one embracing a variety of styles of Gothic. The choir built as late as the sixteenth century is still in the best Gothic. It was interesting to note a large notice affixed to the walls drawing attention to the fact that this year is the thirteenth anniversary of St. Augustine's landing in England, and that as he had received Episcopal Consecration at Arles, the faithful were invited to contribute to the erection of a new chapel in honour of the Apostle of England. In the choir wall a small leather covered door bears the inscription "au cloître"; and this unpretentious

entrance, which we were at first tempted to pass by, leads to one of the most interesting parts of the building, the old cloisters of the Cathedral. It would be impossible to give any idea of the beauty of this spot, statues, friezes, capitals abound on all sides; one gallery is built in the style of the twelfth century, another in that of the thirteenth, the third in that of the fourteenth. But it will be borne on to the pilgrim that this is the very site of the ancient cloisters that many a time were paced by St. Augustine when preparing for his consecration, the cloisters where Paulinus, Lawrence, Justus and Mellitus oft discussed and exhorted each other over the great undertaking of the Conversion of England; the roofs that often re-echoed the names of Ethelbert, Canterbury and London. The monastery and the Bishop's house adjoining have almost entirely disappeared, but the green sward of the quadrangle still remains exactly as it was thirteen centuries ago, the cemetery of countless monks and holy dead.

Another spot that could not fail to attract the Saint and his companions was the great cemetery of Arles, termed *Les Alyx camps*, a corruption of the Latin *Elysi campi*, formerly the most cherished burial place of the land. St. Trophimus was buried here, and the numerous miracles worked at his tomb obtained a wide reputation for the sanctity of the soil of *Les Alyx camps*. From the fourth century no honour was more coveted than to be buried in this sacred spot; kings, princes, bishops from all parts of Gaul were carried hither for burial.

It was usual for the towns on the Rhone to commit to the stream the bodies destined for *Les Alyx camps* and they were religiously stopped at Arles and interred in the holy cemetery. From some of the monuments that still remain in the city museum we see that the place must have been a wonder of carving and sculpture. There are still to be seen sarcophagi of the third and fourth centuries most richly carved, the figures even to this day standing out

quite sharp and clear. It was the Arlesians themselves that first laid sacrilegious hands upon this cemetery.

In order to gain the favour of princes they began to plunder the *Alyx camps* of some of its priceless statuary, and now Rome, Lyons, and the private collections of



princes are enriched with the precious marbles of Arles. The final stroke of desecration was inflicted when the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway drove their main line through the centre of this most venerable of God's acres, and its interest and charm have now almost entirely disappeared.

Arles is now a decaying, dying town, it has no lot nor part with the nineteenth century. The broad breast of the Rhone—the Roman bridge here was nearly eight-hundred feet across—bears little or no trade, no craft to Arles, her quays are almost deserted, and the chief occupations of the inhabitants is to gather in the *Place des Hommes* and watch the arrivals by the omnibus. Even the Archbishop resides here no longer. The French revolution with its ferocious opposition to anything savouring of antiquity laid sacrilegious hands upon Arles. In 1789 the Archbishopric was suppressed, and the last prelate who occupied the see was the saintly Jean Marie Dulan who was carried to Paris to fall one of the victims of the massacres of 1792. Arles is now incorporated with Aix, so low has the great primatial see of Gaul fallen. The contrast between the fate of Arles and that of Canterbury cannot fail to arise in the mind, and gives a whole history of the opposing characteristics of the French and English characters.

T. A. B.



The Benedictine Convents in England.

NO. III. ST. MARY'S ABBEY, OULTON.

OF the many Benedictine Convents in England, five may be regarded as in the strict sense English Convents, because, though founded abroad, they were intended for English-speaking ladies. Though never amalgamated into a real Congregation, they maintained a certain community of interests, a mutual sisterly intercourse and many customs in common. Latterly, through the influence of the nuns of St. Cécile founded by Dom Gueranger, a greater similarity has in some ways sprung up between them, though they yet retain many points of divergence

peculiar to one or the other. The other Convents in England are foreign foundations, except perhaps that at Fort Augustus. All, however, agree in their love of the Rule, of monastic observance, and of our Holy Father St. Benedict. Of two of these English Convents a short account has appeared in the *Journal*,—East Bergholt the oldest, and Stanbrook, next in point of age; it is now proposed to give a history of the next foundation in order of time, viz., that of Oulton in Staffordshire.

It carries us back a long way, as many as 270 years ago to the year 1624. At that time the monastery of English Nuns at Brussels, founded only twenty-five years before, had received so many into its community that the buildings had become much too small. Building at home was out of the question, and the only other alternative was to send out a colony to some other town in the Low Countries.

Other reasons seem to have been vaguely hinted at in the Chronicles. Whatever these may have been it is a matter of surprise that, at the advice of a Jesuit friend, some three or four of the younger members of the house should have attempted to start a new house at Liège or St. Omer. The undertaking failed, and the sisters returned to Brussels; but the idea of a new foundation was not given up. Their first attempt had made them more prudent, and at length, when all arrangements had been made and permissions obtained, Ghent was fixed upon as the home of the new Community. Six religious were told off to make the beginning,—four professed choir sisters, one a choir novice and one lay sister. Of the first four, three became in turn Abbesses of the new convent, beginning with Lady Lucy Knatchbull, who may be considered the foundress. Belonging to an ancient Catholic family, which was at one time in high favour with Queen Mary and Elizabeth, she was no less remarkable for her piety, her energy and her childlike confidence in God. Fr. John Knatchbull, S. J., better known as Norton (an ancient sur-

name of the family) was confessor of the nuns at Brussels at the time of the separation and went with the filiation to Ghent. Four of her nieces afterwards joined the Abbey, one of whom became fourth Abbess. Lady Lucy received the Abbatial Benediction at the hands of the Bishop on the 21st of March, the feast of our Holy Father St. Benedict, and the Abbey was placed under the invocation and title of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady. As for the Statutes, they remained the same as those of Brussels approved by the Holy See in 1612, the principal features of which were the perpetuity of the Abbess, the triennial office of the other officials by appointment of a majority of the chapter, the recitation of the Roman Breviary and certain mitigations of the fast and abstinence, in order to produce a uniformity of practice within the powers of all.

The little community quickly increased in the fame of its virtue and the number of its subjects. The religious life was practised in all its strictness, and enclosure properly observed. The Divine Office and Conventual Mass were celebrated with as much solemnity as was possible in the small temporary chapel which was all they possessed. The name of Sr. Theresa Mattock, who joined the house when it first began, should here be mentioned as the one who introduced a peculiar kind of embroidery, in silk, of flowers in imitation of the specimens in the abbey garden, and which became one of the industries of the community. (Some beautiful and rare specimens are still reverently preserved at Oulton.) The story tells how, unable to reproduce some special pattern on account of its complexity, the sister had recourse to the help of St. Augustine to whom she had a great devotion, on account of her profession day falling on his feast. That night he appeared to her, surrounded by the flowers, and gave her minute instructions as to how the design should be done. On awakening she remembered the directions and succeeded marvellously in the work.

Lady Knatchbull was not long spared to the rising community, but she lived long enough to profess thirty nuns, and to buy a piece of land and erect upon it a Monastic Church and buildings in a better part of the town, close to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter. She died in 1629, but to this day the visitor to Ghent may see the church converted into a barracks, and the convent buildings now a spinning factory, standing close together on the banks of the Scheldt.

Lady Knatchbull was succeeded by Lady Eugenia Pulton the oldest of the four foundresses. She was Abbess for thirteen years, and during that time professed no less than forty-three sisters, all of whom came from England. As many as ten ladies came at a time, either to enter the Noviciate directly, or to join the school and afterwards to take the habit. This speaks volumes for the strict and earnest state of the community at this time, as well as for the love of the Religious life still existing in England in spite of the Reformation. Nor did their zeal lag behind their growth, for the house chronicles relate how they daily sang the Conventual Mass, improved their choir services, and walked in procession on the Rogation days as well as on the feasts of the Order. So great was their exactness in the observance of the constitutional fasts, that the Bishop was obliged to step in and mitigate their severity. It may have been owing partly to this, and partly to the over-crowded state of the house, that the Community suffered much at this time by the loss of many of its numbers through death. The erection of a larger monastery began to be considered a matter of necessity, but how to meet the expense of building was a difficulty. Fortunately the Abbess found a friend in the person of a Mr. Van Hoobrouck, a naturalized Irish gentleman of the original name of O'Brook, whose family had been long resident in Flanders. He advanced the sum of £3,000, which enabled a start to be made; but the building drag-

ged on a long time before it reached completion. The payment of interest on the outlay was for many years a heavy tax upon their resources. It fell all the more heavily upon them because, meanwhile, the differences between King Charles and his Parliament had ripened into civil war, and in the confusion that followed they lost all their English property, and the interests on their funds sunk in English securities were no longer paid. Their friends and relatives in England were unable to help them, because the old English Catholics had embraced the royal cause and were, in a short time, themselves reduced almost to ruin. Their troubles soon told upon the health and advancing age of the Abbess, and before the end of 1642 she resigned her office into the hands of Dame Mary Roper. She was Abbess for eight years, and was the one who, only a few weeks previous to her death, received as a guest into the Convent the exiled son of the beheaded King Charles. With her death closes the first chapter in the history of the Ghent foundation, for henceforth the Community was to be governed by those brought up amongst themselves. It had existed five and twenty years, and from six members it had increased to fifty-four. But sad was their state. Building was going on and there was no money to pay for it. They were already in debt, and all supplies from England were stopped. What they earned by teaching or by the labour of their hands was barely enough to keep them. The young King, Charles II., seems to have remembered them and sent them an annuity of £500, but some more stable remedy was evidently needed. The Abbess, Lady Mary Knatchbull, decided upon making a new foundation. She hoped that, if the numbers were reduced, difficulties would be diminished and the new colony would be in a position to support itself. She fixed upon Boulogne as a convenient place, collected a few subscriptions from the Flemish merchants, obtained the sanction of the Queen Regent, and chose six Religious for

the undertaking. Somehow, she quite overlooked the necessity of obtaining the permission of the Bishop of the Diocese upon whose jurisdiction she was unknowingly trespassing. However, the new colony started. It was mid-winter and a sharp frost was prevailing. Their journey lay through Bruges, where they were kindly lodged by the English Augustinian Canonesses, through Nieuport where the English Franciscan Nuns (now at Taunton) welcomed them, and through Dunkerque, where all went well with them except that they were frozen with the cold. But at Gravelines their troubles began. Here they found the city gates shut, and many messages had to pass and questions had to be answered before they could be admitted. They were helped and befriended by the Poor Clares, who are now settled at Darlington. From here their journey was to Calais, but, as no waggons could be had, they had to walk for miles through mud and snow. Meanwhile the news of their coming had reached Boulogne; a rumour had gone before them, with the proverbial swiftness of a lie, to the effect that they were the "scum" of the Ghent Convent, and that their coming would be a nuisance to the town. The Bishop sent a messenger to stop them, who, to make matters worse, failed to reach them, so that when they arrived at Boulogne the storm fell upon their heads. The Bishop would not even see them, but demanded that before he could tolerate them they should have some permanent income and that the security should be placed in his hands. Priests went and interceded for them, but to no purpose; and so matters remained for some time. Indeed it seemed likely that it would be so for ever, had not Monsieur Vincent, now known as the great Saint Vincent of Paul, and to whose Congregation of the Mission the Bishop of Boulogne belonged, interceded in their behalf and obtained for them a temporary settlement. A temporary settlement only it proved to be, for they very soon left Boulogne for Pontoise, and soon afterwards joined another filiation

from Ghent established at Dunkerque. The present representative of the two communities is now at Teignmouth in Devonshire.

At Ghent things remained much as before. Postulants continued to arrive who more than made up for losses. Amongst them one at least deserves notice. Cromwell was then carrying on his bitter persecution of the Catholics in Ireland, and many of them sought means of escape from the misfortunes of their unhappy country. Amongst them Lady Clanricarde, wife of the Marquis, sought refuge at the Convent with her two daughters. The eldest of these Lady Honora Burke, a child of fourteen, was so delighted with the place that she begged to be allowed to enter the School. This was granted; but when she expressed a wish to pass to the Noviciate and take the habit, her mother would not hear of it and put every obstacle in her way. Opposition only inflamed her desires and so much so that she fell an easy victim to the fever then prevalent, and the Doctors gave no hope of her recovery. As her mother stood by the side of her death bed, and heard her beg for the last Sacraments and that she might be allowed to make the vows of Religion, opposition was no longer possible. The child died and was buried in the habit. Strange to say, by contrast, in that same year died Sister Benedict Corby in her hundredth year. Her life had been a constant example of fervour to the Community, and she was reckoned by them as their greatest treasure. Her family was a saintly one. It had given a martyr to the Church in the person of Fr. Ralph Corby, S.J., and her husband had become a Jesuit when she took the Benedictine habit. Of her children, three sons became Jesuits, and two daughters lay sisters at Brussels.

The year 1661 was a remarkable date for the Monastery, for it brought with it the liquidation of debt on the house just twenty years after its commencement. Father Vincent, their great friend and Chaplain, had just died and left

them a sum of £500. King Charles had been restored to the English throne and had sent them a donation of some hundred English pieces. The amount still wanting was made up by the dowries brought to the Convent by three Postulants, Zaveria Pordage, Dorothy Morgan and Martha Kempe.

"Still," as the old MS. of Lady Mary Knatchbull says, "the debts and wants of the Community cried aloud," and further foundations were necessary. As already stated, one Colony had gone to Pontoise; a second now set out for Dunkerque, assisted by £3,000 from the King, while after a year or two, a third established itself at Ypres where it exists until this day. Poverty, though a hardship, was in this way a singular blessing of Providence, and the very means under God of extending and propagating the Benedictine life in a manner more perfect and lasting than the means of wealth could have accomplished. God raised up friends to them in their distress, and amongst them was the Bishop of Ghent himself. He made a touching appeal on their behalf to the people of his diocese, describing their sufferings as the result of the sad discord and seditions in their mother country, and stating how generous they had been to the members of the Royalist party when in exile. He even allowed two of their number to go to England to plead their cause. The appeal was all the more timely as it was well known that, only a year before, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., had been received into the Church at Ghent, and that both Charles and his Brother were great friends of the community. A relic of this friendship still exists in the sacristy of the Abbey at Oulton, consisting of a chalice veil, made from one of the royal banners, having on it a crown with the initials "J. R." worked in gold. Still the temporalities did not very materially mend. James II. on coming to the throne promised to help them and even to bring them over to England. No doubt he meant to redeem his promises; but he never

did, for the simple reason that he never could. His own misfortunes never left him the chance. As regards the numbers in the Community, they too began to decline. In 1650 there were forty-two choir nuns, but by the end of the century they had dwindled down to twenty. What else could be expected? England was torn in pieces by faction, and Flanders in dread of war. Moreover, English Religious houses had so multiplied on the Continent that the number of Religious necessarily became lessened in each. Fervour too, it must be confessed, was waning amongst the Catholics in England, now that they were further removed from persecution times; or was it that they were worn out by so long a period of fines and disabilities? Apostasy was not infrequent; and altogether the spirit engendered amongst them was by no means one to foster religious vocations. Hence it happened that during the space of three years, when Dame Justina Petre ruled the Convent in succession to Lady Mary Knatchbull, and during the five following years of Lady Petre's successor, no novices were received; so that in 1703, when Dame Scholastica Gerard, of the family of the Gerards of Garswood and Bryn in Lancashire, was elected Abbess, only fourteen nuns assembled for the Chapter.

For the next eighty years, that is, until the period of the last days of the community's sojourn at Ghent, the fortune of the Abbey did not vary much. King James II. their great friend, died, and though his restoration might have raised their hopes, his failure was in reality a matter of indifference to them. The war of the Spanish succession broke out, and though it brought soldiers and Protestantism nigh to their doors, yet it left them much as they were before. They went on in the quiet and even tenor of their lives, serving God in holiness and peace, and receiving within their gates Postulants that Providence never failed to send them. A few names of these may be interesting to record even now. One was Dame Cecilia, of the well-

known Tyldesley family of Lancashire recusants. Two were Blundells from Crosby. Two were of the Tempest family of Broughton Hall in Yorkshire, names that never failed for a hundred years to be inscribed in one generation or another amongst the Abbey rolls. A daughter of the second Lord Clifford entered, followed shortly after by her two sisters. Then came Dame Justina Blount, of the Blounts of Sodington in Worcestershire, and Dame Ruperta Browne daughter of Nicholas, second Viscount Kenmare. Next follow such names as Throckmorton, Fermoy, Sheldon, Grosvenor and Hesketh,—the latter belonging to that branch of the Hesketh family which was descended from the Heskeths of Aughton, and who by their connexion with the Brockholes family, became possessed of the Cloughton estates and were the ancestors of the present Fitzherbert Brockholes. Amongst all the names it is curious to notice how, with the exception of one or two Flemish and one American, all were of English nationality.

But an epoch was approaching momentous in the history of this Benedictine family. It was destined to see their return to England and their re-establishment on their native soil after two centuries of exile. God's time had come at last, and the restoration was accomplished in God's own wonderful way. It cannot be regarded as anything but Providential that, at the very time when it became impossible for Religious houses to exist any longer abroad, a Catholic Relief Bill should have been passed at home, allowing Catholics to purchase and inherit property, and that a further act of toleration dispensed them from all penalties for hearing Mass, and allowed them to live together as religious and to open Schools. In the month of January, 1793, came the terrible news of the execution of the French King, followed by a declaration of war between France and England. The position of British residents in French dominions thus became most precarious, to say

nothing of the growing hatred of religion. The secular Colleges were soon seized. The monks of St. Gregory and of St. Lawrence had to fly, and it fared no better with the Jesuit, Franciscan, Poor Clare or the many other religious bodies of women or of men.

Among them our own Abbey at Ghent soon realized, in the face of the advance of the French Army on the Netherlands, that it was time to move. They began by sending over to England some of their heaviest furniture; then they disbanded their scholars, and themselves prepared to depart. Scarcely had they finished preparations, when the French army appeared before the town, and the bombardment was actually going on as they left. Disguised in secular dress they made their way to Antwerp, assisted partly by the English soldiers and partly by the efforts of Mr. Dicconson of Wrightington Hall, who had come over from Lancashire on purpose to help them. They were not able to travel all together, but in two or three parties they arrived at last in London, twenty-one in number, counting choir and lay sisters. They remained in London for a few days and then made their way to Lancashire. It was impossible of course for them to assemble in community, for they had neither house, furniture, nor means, and so some lodged with the Rev. Anthony Lund, Priest of the mission at Fernyhalgh near Preston, some went to the house of the Brockholes, others went to their own homes, and a large party remained at Wrightington Hall. Their temporary dispersal lasted but a short time. After about eight months, they were enabled to gather together again in the town of Preston, and live in a rented house in Chapel Street just opposite St. Wilfrid's. It was a large brick building, with a garden at the back, but as there was no room for a private chapel, and no chaplain, they had to cross the street in order to hear Mass. For a long time they did not dare to put on the habit, but they recited the Divine Office in common and observed all

points of regular discipline as far as it was possible. As a matter of self-support, they at once set to work to open a boarding school, which soon filled with pupils, and for a time they also taught a public day school. This, with a pension of £10 allowed by the British Government to each of the refugees for their lives, helped them to struggle bravely on for sixteen years, but, as the elder sisters died out, the amount of course gradually diminished. It was felt that they could not stay on for long in Preston, and they began to look around for a more convenient place. A return to Ghent was out of the question, for the French Government had sold the property and kept the money, and the building had been divided into tenements and let for dwelling purposes and workshops. It happened that the fine old Castle of Caverswall near Stone in Staffordshire was then in the market. It was freehold property, and, though dilapidated, seemed very convenient. It was purchased by the nuns for £4,000, an amount subscribed for them by the liberality of friends and benefactors, and thither they accordingly removed in the April of 1811. Those were not days of railroads and steam, so the journey had to be made in post chaises, and it cost them altogether some £120. There were twelve choir and eight lay sisters, seven of whom had been professed since their coming to England.

Here they re-opened their school for Boarders, and as it was then the first and only Catholic School in the neighbourhood, it filled rapidly and progressed favourably. It was a common saying at the time, amongst Catholic families, that the girls went to Caverswall and the boys to Sedgely. Next after the School, their chief anxiety was to provide a suitable chapel, and this they at once set about. Partly by altering, and partly by additions, they were soon able to erect a suitable choir and a sanctuary, and to arrange a convenient place where the Catholic laity might hear Mass and attend the sacraments. Indeed, with the sanction

of Bishop Milner, who was to them a great friend and father till the end of his days, it was the means of opening a new mission and obtaining a resident priest, a great advance for those days. Later on it became the parent of another church not far away, and was used as a Conventual Chapel only. Great was the excitement and curiosity aroused amongst the Protestant public by the presence of this Convent in their midst. Sightseers came from all sides to see what a nun was like, and great was their surprise to



find she was but a woman after all. "I want to see a nun," some caller at the gate would say, and the answer would come from the portress; "Well! I am a nun; and the rest are all just like me." The Priest, a Rev. Mr. Richmond, took great pains in endeavouring to convert many of the surrounding people, but he was not rewarded with as much success as his zeal and abilities deserved. He soon discovered that, as long as any temporal advantage was likely to be obtained, many were willing to be instructed, and that the majority of his converts came to him more in

the hope of gain in this world than for salvation in the next. As for the nuns themselves, they continued to keep up their numbers, professing as a rule at least one novice each year. They began to reassume the full religious habit, but deemed it inopportune as yet to re-establish the strict enclosure. This was out of consideration for the prejudices of the time, which went so far as to demand in Parliament a Bill for the inspection of Convents—a measure that did not pass the House indeed, but was so strongly supported as to find adherents even in more recent days. The Community, therefore, feeling that they were now entering upon a new phase of their religious life, in a more settled home where the Rule could be more fully carried out, determined to make a general Renewal of Vows, but, by the advice of the Bishop, they inserted under the heading of "enclosure" the words "so far as it is possible and expedient under present circumstances,"—a clause that is still retained at Oulton Abbey up to this present time. The change of course was a welcome one to all, though some of the older nuns still sighed, as was but natural, for the old Ghent days, like the old Israelites who wept at the recollection of the first Temple while they rejoiced when the Captivity of Babylon was over and they were building the second.

In a few years thoughts of enlarging their abode came uppermost in their minds. What had been excellent and spacious enough in 1812, was quite out of date and inconvenient in a Benedictine House by 1840. Such strides had religion and religious art made in England that Bishop Walsh proposed to raise the house a storey. Pugin thought it better to extend the premises by throwing arches over the moat which surrounded the Castle. Bishop Ullathorne, however, to whom the idea was afterwards submitted, took the bold course and advised them to move, in case a suitable dwelling could be found. Among the hills of Staffordshire, only a few miles from Caverswall, lies the

picturesque village of Oulton. Here there was a country mansion built of red brick, with gable ends that gave it quite an Elizabethan appearance. It stood in its own well-wooded grounds, the soil of which was fertile and of excellent quality. This was for sale. The purchase of it was made by the Nuns in the January of 1853, and by the following June they had taken possession. The only ones of the Community left behind were those who slept in the cemetery, unconscious of, and unmoved by, whatever change might happen. They numbered twenty-four. Thirty four professions had taken place during their stay at Caverswall, leaving twenty-nine to form the new Community at Oulton with Lady Juliana Forster as their Abbess.

The building of the beautiful Conventual Church from designs of Mr. Pugin, then, though young, a rising architect, and the election of the present Lady Abbess, Dame Catherine Beech, brings this notice up to date and therefore to a close. They have already celebrated the centenary of their arrival in England. Surely the Providence that has watched over them so long and so lovingly through all their trials and vicissitudes, will bless and guard them still, so that in number and in virtue they may continue to edify and console the Church in these her latter days.

J. S. CODY, O.S.B.



Civil and Religious Life in York Sixty Years ago.

I.

If we are to believe all that has been written and spoken during the last few months, there is no period known to us in history in which the world, its industries, its commerce, inventions and resources, have progressed so much as during the sixty years of the Queen's reign. To those who, like myself, are old enough to remember events antecedent to her Majesty's Coronation, the retrospect is surprising,

yet true to fact. To others born in recent years the story of the changes which have taken place will appear hardly credible. In recounting my reminiscences of events prior to and immediately following the accession of Queen Victoria, my wish is, to enable the readers of the *Journal* to judge, by contrast with what they know of the present state of the country, how great and surprising have been the changes accomplished in my lifetime.

A primary fact to be noticed is that, in the thirties, neither coal-mining, the manufacture of iron, steam power nor shipping, had developed to any great extent. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway, the first to afford passenger traffic, was opened in 1830. The country, by contrast with present times, was in a settled state of apathy, neither ambitious of, nor looking for, any great industrial or commercial development. The people were only concerned with politics and anxious for some extension of the franchise, which came with the Reform Bill in 1832; and later on, from 1838 to 1846, they were agitating for the repeal of the Corn Laws, almost unconscious of the tide of energy and enterprise, fresh on the ebb and giving promise of that flood of prosperity which we witness at the present day.

My early life and experiences were confined to the City of York and, consequently, whatever recollections I may retain, or observations which I may remember, have reference to the city, and only incidentally to the country at large.

I have, in the first place, a distant and very hazy impression of some procession which must have occurred on the occasion of the first election after the passing of the Reform Bill. The first fact I clearly remember is the rebuilding of Parliament Street, first the north and, subsequently, the south side; and, on two occasions, I remember Parliament Street, or the Market Place, decorated with festoons of bunting, once for the Queen's

Coronation and again, I think, on the occasion of her marriage with Prince Albert.

Press gangs, Burkers, and Kidnappers were the bogies used to deter children from straying away from home or loitering about the streets after dark. Press gangs, which were a legal and actual institution in the early years of the century and during the period of our Naval War with France, consisted of gangs of seamen who had the power of seizing any man or boy they judged suitable, carrying him off to the nearest seaport, and pressing him into the Navy.

Burking was a method of murdering by suffocation introduced and practised by a man named Burke, who usually enticed his victims into his house, and then suddenly gagged and suffocated them by covering the face with a strong pitch plaister. He afterwards sold the bodies to medical students who gave a good price for them. He is reported to have murdered fifteen persons and was at length caught and executed in 1829. Another man, for murdering by the same method, was hanged in 1831.

The demand for bodies for the purpose of dissection gave encouragement to frequent body-snatching or grave-rifling.

Kidnapping, or child stealing, was not uncommon: and another crime which I remember made a frequent appearance in the Assize Calendar, was sheep-stealing. Besides murder, attempts to murder and outrages upon females were punished with death. Two such executions occurred in York; one in 1836 and the other in 1837.

I recall the time when Parish Constables were the only guardians of the peace and of public and private property. On the door of the cottage which still stands between St. Wilfrid's Church in York and the theatre, there was a brass plate notifying the Constable to be found there. His name, I think, was Pardoe. His services were only rendered when asked for. A Watchman survived at the corner of Coney Street and New Street. He was engaged

by the Bank, and regularly proclaimed the hour and state of the weather during the dreary hours of the night.

Sedan chairs were common, and a line of them might be seen on Sundays bearing devout females to the Minster Service. Mrs. Nokes, the wife of the dancing Master, came on Sundays to the Chapel in Blake Street by such conveyance. An elderly gentleman used to be seen in Bootham, steering his course on the footway astride a dandy or Hobby horse. School boys learned to write with quill pens, steel pens being a new invention and an expensive curiosity. Mail coaches, Stage Coaches, Post chaises, with two or four horses driven by postillions or outriders were the ordinary means by which people could travel; carrier waggons served for poor people, and short distances. Dr. Briggs when I first knew him, as his serving boy, still retained his post chaise and pair of horses, and many times I have ridden into York from Fulford House, behind his old servant Matthew O'Keefe. In those days a tax was levied on house windows if they exceeded a certain number or admitted a superabundance of light. In fact, most of the necessities of life became expensive luxuries to the poor on account of the taxes laid on them. Steamships were so rare as to be of no account. A voyage to America was made in a sailing vessel, and generally occupied from a fortnight to three weeks. Convicts transported to Van Diemens Land spent about six months on the voyage.

Before 1840 the population of England was only half of what it is now.

Chimneys were usually swept by men or boys climbing through them. Boys were apprenticed to the trade and were treated as veritable slaves: they became stunted in growth, bowlegged, and remained sooty all the week, sleeping on soot bags and washed only for Sundays.

Those early days were a contrast to present days, more, probably, from the non-existence of things which now are

common, than from institutions and habits which were good enough to satisfy our ancestors. Then, people were satisfied: progress or improvement was not desirable. The power of steam, the applications of machinery, were only slowly coming into notice. The great iron, coal, and cotton industries were not established, and it was only



about the beginning of the forties that trade, commerce and great industries began to expand, and the people to wake up to the idea of progress.

In the days of my earliest reminiscences there were no railways into York. A common walk on a Sunday after-

noon, under parental guidance, was towards Hailmuor to see the railway cuttings and construction of new bridges. This would be in 1838. The first railway trip out of York was to Leeds and took place as I can well remember on the 29th of May 1839. Very shortly afterwards a line was opened to Normanton and then communication was made with Sheffield, Derby, Worcester and London. This would occur in 1840. Meanwhile, the railway to Newcastle was in course of construction. Consequently, by 1841 York was in communication with the south, west, and north and very soon afterwards possessed a line to Scarborough.

The first engines and coaches were small. As new engines were constructed they rapidly grew in size and power. The coaches were almost exact copies of the old Mail coaches which they had superseded: and the methods of travel were a continuation of what had been in use previously. The luggage was all strapped on the roof of the carriage and the guard took with him a list of his passengers and their destination, and took his seat on the top, until, accidents occurring by collision of the guard's head against bridges and telegraph wires, the practice of riding outside was stopped.

Mr. Masser, the bass singer in Blake Street Chapel, after acting as a Mail guard was transferred to the railway on the stoppage of the Mail coaches, and used to appear in the Choir Gallery on Sundays with an exceedingly fiery complexion caused by this outside travelling.

At first, trains out of York were short, consisting of only three or four coaches; third class carriages were little better than open trucks with fixed benches inside, and tickets very soon took the place of the guard's list. The ultimate superiority of railway travelling over the old style, was, at first, doubted, and consequently competition was aroused in the coaching business, and several new coaches appeared which, for a time, competed with the railways for short distances of fifteen and twenty miles, but were very soon beaten in the race.

For some time, railway builders tried to secure the chairs on which the rails rested to large blocks of stone, intending to construct a road that would be literally permanent. But they soon discovered that the hardness and solidity of the permanent way made travelling very disagreeable to passengers, and very injurious to the mechanism and fittings of the engines and carriages; and, after only a brief trial, the stones were removed and the present arrangement of wooden sleepers substituted.

Police were introduced into London in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel. It was only by special acts that particular towns were empowered to establish a police force for the protection of the inhabitants. As well as I remember the first force of Peplers in York, their uniforms consisted, in the summer, of white duck trousers, a tail coat and glazed top hat. Evil doers and breakers of the law only very tardily learnt that it was more discreet to go quietly to the first temporary "lock up," which was a cottage in St. Andrewgate; and, consequently, when an arrest had to be made, it very frequently became a capture after much struggling and resistance; and sometimes the reluctance to be haled to a place of security had to be overcome by strapping or roping the captive on a handcart.

Then, lucifer matches were unknown,—there were some matches which were made to produce light by being drawn quickly through a piece of folded sand-paper, but the ordinary means of procuring a light was by the steel, flint, and tinder box. There were no postage stamps. Letters were charged, according to the distance which they had to travel, from fourpence upwards. Neither note paper nor envelopes had come into vogue. Letters were written on quarto sized sheets and folded and sealed either with wafers or sealing wax. Then, penny postage was established, through the efforts of Sir Rowland Hill, in January 1840. Of course, photography, the telegraph, and electric lighting were mysteries awaiting discovery.

There were galvanic batteries and electrical machines; but they were applied to no practical use, except to amuse and shock people as philosophical toys.

As to fashions in dressing: knee breeches were more common than trousers; coats were either frock coats or tail coats—more commonly the latter; the hat was the still existent cylinder; and a projecting frill on the shirt front was a common full-dress Sunday feature. Side-board collars were universal, covering the lower part of the cheeks, and a long neckcloth was folded in two thicknesses round the neck. Boys' caps were curious and ingenious formations, corrugated like bellows, and decorated with fringes and tassels. Up to eight or nine years of age a boy wore a tunic and belt; afterwards he was promoted to a close fitting jacket to which the trousers were attached by buttons.

Whilst railways were rapidly weaving an iron network over the country, a universal epidemic for dabbling in railway shares seized upon most people in possession of spare money. During this epidemic, George Hudson, who was thrice Lord Mayor of York, was the leading speculator; and the art of speculating and sharebroking being new, he very soon got entangled in a multiplicity of difficulties and losses, and rapidly declined from the high and regal position to which he had raised himself and earned the title of "Railway King." Of course, his fall was the ruin of crowds of people who had entrusted their savings to his speculative genius. I remember the corporation after long and acrimonious discussions deciding to remove his portrait from the walls of the Mansion House; and when he underwent his great trial in York castle, he was so bullied and harried by Sergeant Wilkins that he cried in the dock like a child. I never heard whether, in after years, his portrait was restored to its original place. Though he sinned and brought many families to poverty by reckless and ignorant speculation, he must still be

reckoned as the one man that really made the fortune of the City of York and gave to it its preeminence as a railway centre.*



Another reminiscence which still lingers amongst the

* A sum of £4,800 was collected with which an annuity was purchased for him. He died in 1571.

events of the early part of the Queen's reign, relates to the Chartist riots. Poverty, want of work, the apathy of the Ministry, were the cause of much discontent throughout the country, and of this the leaders took advantage and organized large bodies of men into a semi-military force which occasioned great public anxiety, and fear that a violent revolution was a proximate danger. Feargus O'Connor was the prominent leader. As a result of his harangues and influence, riots and violent disturbances occurred in various towns and these were only checked by bloodshed; Feargus O'Connor was at last secured and lodged in York Castle. And fearing the approach of some Chartist army, men were posted on the top of Clifford Tower, and on the summit of the Central Tower of York Minster, to scour the Country with telescopes and give warning of the approach of the dreaded enemy. When Feargus O'Connor was released from prison, his friends and sympathisers in York and the neighbourhood, who were very numerous, organized a large procession and triumphantly chaired him in a lofty chariot upholstered in green velvet. His heroic position was so lofty that the chariot could not pass through the Bars. I can distinctly recall the way in which, with hat in hand, he bowed his acknowledgments to the crowds thronging the streets.

On May 20th, 1840, York Minster was set on fire through the carelessness of a plumber doing some repairs in one of the western towers. The city was thrown into a great state of alarm just as darkness was setting in. The fire originated in the South Western Tower, spread to the nave roof, and lastly to the North Western Tower. All the fire engines, manuals they were, for ten miles around were brought into action, but were of no service. The fire burnt itself out as far as the great Central Tower where it could find no more timber to feed upon. The scene in the Nave, next day, was one of tear-moving desolation. The floor was covered with the charred timbers of the roof

and masses of molten lead and bell metal: and all the length was open to the sky and weather. Large quantities of the oak and of the bell metal were afterwards, and for some years, sold in various shops in the city, either in the rough or worked into various articles useful and ornamental. The huge conflagration extending over the nave and Western Towers was visible over half the county. Our house was in Petergate, and the great fire was visible from our bedroom. The flakes of fire fell all about the neighbouring houses as thickly as snow in a snowstorm. Very few people in York slept through that fearful night.

During portions of the year, York was a very quiet orderly city—finding its daily excitements in the starting and return of the many mail and stage coaches. But York was then the fashionable Metropolis of the North and, on occasions, the county gentry had their seasons of residence in the city. Sometimes the Assizes, sometimes the races, or the presence of the yeomanry, brought many county families into the city and the balls and concerts made the ancient city gay and brilliant. This glory of the old place has passed away and the county families seek their fashionable gatherings elsewhere, and leave the gaiety of the city, such as it is, to be maintained by galas and sports for the masses.

In these closing years of the century we may justly glory in our vast increase of wealth, the growth of our commerce, the expansion of our industries; we may rejoice that all classes find greater enjoyment of life, in the cheapness and abundance of food, in the luxuries and comforts of domestic life; we can joyfully feel grateful for the marvellous facilities of travel by land and sea, the daily routine of sports and every kind of amusement, the convenience of telegraphs, incandescent lamps and telephones,—the pleasures of photography, phonography and bicycles; and finally, we may thank God in addition to other favours that we have such ample provision made for the education of all sections

of the rising generation. These are features and evidences of advancement which are the glory and pride of present days:—but which were unknown only sixty years ago, and which could not have been foreseen nor promised, except under the light of revelation or the guarantee of miracle.

A. P. WILSON, O.S.B.

(To be continued.)

Some Early Printed Bibles.

OF the more than 700 editions of the Bible, or parts of the Bible, printed before the middle of the sixteenth century, the survivals in our monastic library can be counted upon one's fingers. It is something, however, to be able to boast a collection whose reckoning is a matter even of simple arithmetic. There are no books so costly and difficult to procure as early editions of the Bible. Doubtless, it is in the monastery, whose peaceful life should be measured by generations rather than by years, and whose books are heirlooms almost as sacred as the stones of the sanctuary, that such treasures should be found. But, though St. Lawrence's is rapidly nearing the third century of its existence, its library, for the most part, has barely reached the years of an old man's life. Where our old books have come from, and how they came into our hands, except in a few instances, there is no record to tell us. They are the jet-sam or the wreckage of older libraries, washed by a kind providence upon our shores. Or, more correctly, they are like the pebbles of paleozoic rocks, which some chance action of wind and wave has thrown beyond the reach of the tide, to be imbedded in the protecting deposit of a new

formation. May the new library, whose foundations are now rising above the ground, be to them like a breakwater,—a wall of defence against the reckless tossing to and fro of these days of change and exchange, a veritable assurance against fire, a security against the ravages of mould and moth and worm, and the equally destructive carelessness of the modern Philistines!

It is a pity, of course, that we can argue neither one way nor the other, from these relics, concerning the devotion our ancestors had for this book of books—the *Book*. Protestants would expect to find indications of jealous prejudice against it, whilst we know that its private study and public reading was a daily exercise in every monastery under the rule of St. Benedict. But besides that a destructive fire had previously robbed the old library at Dieulouard of its most valuable treasures, it is impossible that the monks who fled from the Revolution in France could have carried away anything important in the way of books with them. Fancy Prior Marsh swimming the Moselle with a Koberger Bible on his back or held above the waters on his head! Or a fugitive monk crossing the guarded frontier with a black-letter folio hidden under the peasant's blouse he has assumed as a disguise! Each of the brethren, undoubtedly, on leaving the monastery, will have thoughtfully seized the nearest portable treasure he could lay his hands on. But the hurry of the flight may be judged from this fact,—that one monk presented himself at his father's house in Yorkshire with nothing but the tattered clothes on his back and a pair of skates! Some few books were certainly smuggled into England, but as far as I can learn, nothing very precious; indeed, a valuable Bible—*Bibliotheca* we find it lovingly entitled in an ancient MS.—would have been as difficult to run past the frontier authorities as a real library. And the sorrow and shame of it! That the collection of a second hundred years, which our fathers were compelled to leave behind

them, should have been once again committed to the flames, and this time, not by visitation of God, but by the ruthless, perhaps wilful, hands of French anarchists.

2. *Biblia Sacra*. Folio.

A bible without commentary, handsomely and accurately printed in large Gothic letter. Begins "Incip. epla scti hieronimi, &c;" ends "In regia civitate Nurembergeß per Anthoniû Coberger. . . Anno incarnatiõis dñice. M.CCCC.LXXV."

491 ff; no title, pagination, catchwords, register or printed initials; double cols; 48 lines to a full column.

This is one of the noblest volumes in our collection of books, whether old or new. Type, ink and paper are unsurpassable. Our copy is in admirable preservation, without wormholes, unstained and with the original broad margins. The book has also a special interest and value as Koberger's first edition of the bible. From the number of these volumes that issued from his press Koberger is spoken of as "the great Bible Printer," and from the costliness and excellence of the workmanship "the Prince of Printers." He introduced the art of printing into the royal city of Nuremberg in 1472 and is said to have kept 24 presses at work, employing 100 journeymen. He had factors and agents in every considerable city in Christendom. He died A.D. 1513. His most famous production is his German Bible, 1447.

13 *Biblia Sacra*, cum concordantiis Vet: et Novi Testamenti. Folio.

Numbered Fo. I to Fo. CCCXVIII. Of these 22 are missing, viz: ff X, XXXV, LXIV, LXVI, LXX, LXXI, LXXVIII, XC, CXXXVII, CCKVII, CCXXII, CCXLVII, CCCV to CCCXIII. a—x, A—R, "omnes sunt quaterni præter R qui est ternus." Gothic letter; catchwords; double cols, 66 lines to a column.

Of the introductory "Interpretationes nominum hebraicorum" there are only 3 leaves.

Colophon; "Biblia cum concordantiis, &c. . . Impressa autem Luguduni: per Joannem Marion. . . Expensis notabilis viri Antonij Koberger Nurembergensis Feliciter explicit. Anno nostre salutis millesimo quingentesimo vigesimo. Die vero decimonono mensis Augusti."

There were two editions from the same press in the year 1520, one of the 19 Aug. and the other the 20 Dec. The earlier volume has matter not found in the later.

This book has many illustrations, mostly small and rather rude in workmanship. Koberger was the first to use woodcuts in any profusion, and it is probable that he supplied the blocks to the Lyons' printer. They are of German design, and the largest (which we reproduce) is signed H. S. K.,—the monogram, according to the editors of the *Meister Holzschutte*, of Hans Springinklee. A. Dürer married Koberger's daughter and must have been a considerable help to his father-in-law in the matter of illustration.

It is worth noting that in 1520 Koberger had been dead seven years. Personally, therefore, he could have had nothing to do with this volume, the cost of which will probably have been undertaken by the branch printing-house at Lyons, which issued many law-books in Koberger's name.

20. Novum Testamentum unacum postillis N. de Lyra, &c., Folio.

The fourth and last volume of a complete Bible. Exactū est Nuremberge insigne hoc: ac inusitatū opus biblie . . . impensisq; Antonij kobergers . . . Anno incarnati deitatis.M.CCCCXIIJ, &c. Appended is Nicholas de Lyra's "Pulcherrimæ qstiones iudaicæ pfidiâ in catholica fide improbatæ."

350 leaves; a-z, aa-zz. Gothic letter; no titlepage, pagination or catchwords; 57 lines of text and 71 or 72 of commentary to a full page.



© Immanuel Chao e scilicet ceteris in hunc modum
signis talibus non talibus quocumque in hunc

33 and 34. 33 is the third volume of a Bible with N. de Lyra's commentary, &c., containing the Greater and Lesser Prophets. Folio. According to Hain it should have 340 leaves. In our copy the last leaf is missing. Gothic letter; no pagination, register, catchwords or printed initials; 55 and 56 lines of text and 72 and 73 of commentary to a full page.

34 is the fourth and last volume of this edition, containing the New Testament and N. de Lyra's "Pulcherrimæ questiones." 383 leaves with the same description as 33.

Colophon: "Exactum est Nuremberge insignie hoc: ac inusitatū opus biblie . . . impensisq; Anthonii Kobergers. M.CCCCLXXXV, &c."

A duplicate of no 34, stained and slightly imperfect, is also in the Library.

4. Novum Testamentum cum postillis Nicolai de Lyra necnon additionibus Pauli Burgensis ac replicis Mathiæ Dorinck. Folio.

Colophon: Diuinū opus biblie. . . Johem Syber suma cū diligētia impressum feliciter finit." Printer's device. Additional: N. de Lyra's "pulcherrimæ questiones judaicam perfidiam in catholica fide improbantes."

370 leaves, some blank; AA—ZZ, AAA—RRR; printed in handsome Gothic letter. 71-74 lines to a full page of commentary. No titlepage, pagination or printed initials.

This superb volume is the last of a complete edition of the Bible, "editio quatuor constans voluminibus et ad editiones Coburgeri anni 1485 vel 1487 formata." So one authority; but other connoisseurs attribute the book to the year 1482 which would make it the prototype of Koberger's editions. Nothing seems to be known of Syber, the printer, except that he worked at Lyons.

N.B. *Postilla* is the same as *Note*. "Sic autem maximè dicuntur note marginales et perpetuæ in Sacra



Biblia, quæ secundum verba currunt, quasi *post illa verba*, quod hæc subinde efferrent Magistri, qui ejusmodi notas suis discipulis dictabant: nisi nomen mutuatæ fuerint (?) à voce *Posta*, quæ paginam denotat (Du Cange).

14, 15, 16 Biblia Sacra, cum glossa ordinaria, expositione Nicolai de Lyra, necnon Additionibus ac Replicis, in six volumes of which we have here vol I. containing the Pentateuch, vol IV. containing the greater and lesser Prophets and the Maccabees, and Vol V. containing the Evangelists. Folio. (Old Catalogue).

14. Containing the greater and Lesser Prophets and the Maccabees.

Begins Fo 15 (the preceding ff. missing) and ends Fo 439, several leaves being needed to complete the volume. Ff 59, 172 and 173 are also wanting. Gothic Letter; catchwords and signatures; 55 lines to a full column of text and 78 to a page of commentary. Woodcut initials.

15. Containing the Pentateuch. Begins Fo 7 (6 ff missing) and ends Fo 377, Ff 177 and 189 imperfect, and Fo. 199 wanting. Gothic letter; catchwords and signatures; 57 lines to a full column of text and 78 to a page of commentary. Some small outline initials.

16. "Quinta pars hujus operis, &c." Fo 1 to Fo 244.

A perfect copy with description same as 15.

[Basileæ per Joannem Petri de Langendorff et Joannem Froben de Hamelburg, 1498] Hain 3172.

N.B. I have little doubt that the old Catalogue is mistaken in considering 14 to be part of the same edition as 15 and 16. It differs from them in many respects, notably in type and the size of the page.

John Froben was one of the most eminent and learned of his profession and brought the art of printing to great perfection. He paid especial attention to accuracy and exposed his sheets to the public, offering a reward for the detection of errors. Erasmus, Heyland, Æcolampadius and other learned men were the correctors of his proofs.

He engaged Erasmus as editor of his New Testament, published in 1516, and lodged him in his own house during the progress of the work. He died in 1527. He was succeeded by his son Jerome Froben.

12. "Hoc in avreo opere . . . continetur: videlicet, Textus biblicæ cum glossa ordinaria. Prima Pars, &c." Folio.

Framed titlepage with woodcut of St. Jerom. Fol. 1—334; imperfect, wanting some leaves at the end. Roman letter; 39 lines of text and 78 of commentary to a full page.

This is the first volume of an edition in six or seven volumes evidently from the same press as 14 of this collection.

96. Biblia Sacra. 4to.

422 ff. printed in Gothic type, a, s, h, i, n, 5 and n 6 missing. Of the 'Interpretatiões hebraicorū nominū' at the end there are only three leaves, a-y, 1-185; Gothic letter; no titlepage, pagination, catchwords or printed initials. Double columns; 50, 51 and 52 lines to a full column.

"Venetiis per Franciscum de Hailbrun, M.CCCC.LXXX." This volume should have 469 leaves (Hain), 47 of which belong to the supplement.

Between the introduction of printing into Venice by John de Spira in 1469 and the end of the 15th century, upwards of 200 persons practised printing there. Francis Reuner de Hailbrun, whose publications range from 1471 to 1494 was one of the most distinguished (Timperley).

"140. Liber Vite. Biblia cum Tabula Alphabética & cū singulis suis locis cōcordātibus, &c. Per Petrum Angelum de monte ulmi" (O. Min.) 8vo.

"In felici Venetorum civitate sumptibus et arte Paganini de Paganinis Brixiensis," 1501.

Gothic letter; 10 unnumbered leaves, then 1-464 and 38 leaves of Appendix. Double columns 52 lines to a page.

83. Biblia Sacra, cum pleno apparatu summariorum, concordantiarum, &c. Folio.

Parisiis, per Thielmannum Kerver, "Impensis vero honesti viri Johannis parui" (Jean Petit). 1504.

12 leaves of introductory matter, A and B, the first leaf (titlepage) wanting. Then Fol 1 to Fol CCCXLVII with 18 unnumbered leaves of Appendix AA—CC. There appears to be a leaf (Fol CLXX) wanting in the body of the book and two leaves in the Appendix. Gothic letter; Some printed initials; double columns, 53 lines to a column of text.

In old handwriting "Jacobus Crumwellus hunc librum possidet."

Thielman Kerver distinguished himself among contemporary printers by his beautiful impressions in red and black, in which he was probably exceeded by none. Jean Petit was a correct and beautiful printer, but even more famous as a bookseller. He was master of the company, and also printer and bookseller to the University of Paris. His name is usually a guarantee of an elegant titlepage with his well known device and the motto *petit a petit*.

144 (a). "Testamentum novum totum ex Græcorum codicum fide iuxta tertiam additionem Erasmi Roterodami, &c. . . . Mogvntiis An. M.D. xxiii." 8vo.

Framed title in red and black; the old Fust and Schoeffer printer's device on last leaf. "In ædibus—Johannis Schoeffer."

Roman type in long lines with catchwords, but no pagination. a, b, A—Z, Aa—Ll, (Ll) wanting). There are 35 lines to a page.

John Schoeffer was the Son of Peter Schoeffer who in partnership with Fust claimed the honour of the invention of printing. He succeeded his father, who died in 1502, in the business at Mentz.

154 (d). Sanctum Jesu Christi Evangelium . . . Apud Christophorum Ruremundanum 1530. 16mo.

Ff 1 272, the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles; ff 1—200, the Epistles of St. Paul, the Catholic Epistles and the

Apocalypse, Gothic letter, small woodcuts of the Evangelists; long lines, 27 lines to a page.

Roermond is a town between Antwerp and Dusseldorf. Of the printer Christopher I have learned nothing.

"En tibi lector Hebraica Biblia, latina planeque nova Sebast. Munsteri translatione. . . . Basilee 1534." 2 vols. Folio.

12 ff introductory, then ff 1—366. The second volume has 4ff introductory then ff 366—795. Basileæ ex officina Bebehana, impendiis Michaelis Isingrini et Henrici Petri. 1534 and 1535. Printer's device.

This is the first edition of Sebastian Munster's Hebrew Bible with his new Latin translation.

154 (a). *Novum Testamentum*. Ex Bibliotheca regia. Lutetia. Ex officina Roberti Stephani typographi Regij, typis Regiis, M.D. XLIX. 16 mo.

Pages 1—528 then 1—361.

Beautifully printed and an admirable specimen of Rob. Estienne's work. R. Estienne, the most famous of an illustrious family of printers, was distinguished by his beautiful Greek type of which he was sufficiently and rightly proud. He had the matrices engraved in three sizes by Claude Garamond after the designs of Ange Vergèce. These were the "typi regii" of which this little volume is a specimen. The fount was first used in an edition of Eusebius 1544. There was an earlier edition of the Greek Testament, by the same printer, in 1546.

A Folio Greek Testament from the same Press with the old and Beza's translation, 1582, in S. S. 101 in our Library.

154 (b). *Psalterium paraphrasibus illustratum*. . . . Raynerio Snyogoudano autore. 16mo.

"Parisiis, Apud Ioannem Ruellium, &c., 1545." Colophon "Typis Renati Aprilis, Anno 1544."

154 (c). The same "Parisiis Apud Poncetum le Preux, &c. 1549."

The *Hollie Bible* (Genevan). 4to.

(1) The *olde Testament*. Titlepage wanting; 1 leaf of introduction then ff 1—434.

(2) "The *Newe Testament*. . . . Imprinted at London by the deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queemes Maiestie 1588."

Black Letter; 4 unnumbered leaves; ff 441—554.

(3) Two right profitable and fruitfull concordances, &c. collected by R. F. H. (Robert F. Herrey). "Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, &c."

Black letter; no pagination, A—K in eights, L two leaves.

(4) The whole Booke of Psalmes collected into English metre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, &c. London printed by John Wolfe, for the Assignes of Richard Day. 1586. A—F in eights, G five leaves.

A "Breeches" Bible.

Christopher Barker held a patent from Queen Elizabeth and was a voluminous printer. On his tomb at Datchet is the curious inscription "Pie memorie Christophori Barker armigeri . . . qui Typographiam Anglicanam lateritiam inuenit marmoræam reliquit, &c." What he did to deserve the high-sounding praise that he found printing "a brick affair and left it a marble one," is not evident.

105 (b). Another "Breeches Bible" printed by Robert Barker 1615, (4to). It is in Roman letters and has prefixed to it the "Book of Common Prayer" (six ff wanting) and "The Genealogies Recorded In The Sacred Scriptures, &c. . . . by J. S." "The Whole Booke of Psalmes" is dated 1616, and "Printed for the Company of Stationers."

94 (e). Our earliest Bible (Royal Version) is of the year 1634, Black letter, 4to, by Robert Barker and the assignes of John Bill. To this is prefixed the Book of Common Prayer, Roman letter, 1636; affixed is a Concordance, printed by the assignes of Clement Cotton, and the Whole Booke of Psalmes, "printed by A. G. for the Company of Stationers 1637." The Bible is very im-

of the quarto New Testament is composed of blocks used in the title of Lindwood's *Provinciale*, a reproduction of which was given in last Journal. This gives corroboration to the surmise that the book was published at Antwerp.

J. C. ALMOND.

De Church by the Moor.

This is not a tale. It is only fair to the juvenile reader to state it at the outset. Otherwise, misled by the title, he might look for some thrilling record of ghostly apparitions, some account of mysterious but well authenticated lookings of darkness, and meet with black disappointment. Neither is it a learned disquisition on some relic of ancient times, dug from parish registers and mouldy tomes, pieced together with infinite patience and proving incontestably the—well, the ingenuity, of the writer. Hence we warn the archaeologist and the scientific historian, as he values his peace of mind, to read no further. For these two large and valued classes of our readers—the antiquarians and the juveniles—this paper will have no interest.

It is merely an attempt to chronicle a few items of contemporary history, to trace the rise of a very modern mission, while it is still fresh in memory and before the twilight of age has had time to soften the crannies, or to play pranks with the accuracy of the facts. Consequently there is no scope for the poetry and imagination that are so dear to the antiquary and add such a charm to his discoveries. A freshly built wall is not a particularly lovely object to gaze upon. Still you can see the bricks and the mortar

perfect, wanting from page 369 to 641. Another copy of John Windet 1604,⁹⁴ 94 (b), 94 (c), 94 (d), are excellent copies of the first edition of the Catholic translation of the Scriptures. The first volume of the Old Testament, Doway 1609; the second, Doway 1610; and the New Testament Rheims, 1582. There are duplicates in the Library and also copies of the Old Testament 1635, and the New Testament 1600, 1621 and

1633.

I conclude this section of the catalogue with mention of an interesting discovery of considerable portions of two black letters, English, New Testaments. They had been pasted together to make the boards of a folio, printed and evidently bound at the end of the sixteenth century. They were, for the most part, easily separated and found to be 100 ff of Tyndale's New Testament, "Printed in the year of our Lorde God, m.d. and xxxvi," 410, and 72 ff of "The Newe Testamēt," 16 mo, without date. There are

several small woodcuts in the quarto Testament, and the smaller edition has a framed title composed of scenes from the Bible. Most of the pages are in good condition and even fragments of these Testaments are exceedingly scarce. The Quarto New Testament is one of three printed in 1536 probably at "Antwerp by Symon Cowke." The stone, under the foot of St. Paul in the woodcut, is blank and the words "this cup is the newe testament in my bloude" (1 Cor. ch. xi) are omitted. This shows that it is the latest of the three 1536 editions. The smaller New Testament is identical with that in Bishop Cosin's Library at Durham (1577). The description in Lowndes of the titlepage and first initial letter is minutely accurate.

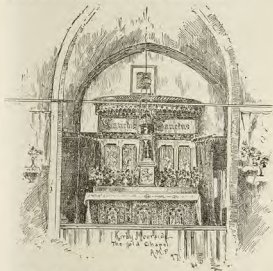
Mr. Stevens (quoted by Bohn) says, of its last "it is Tyndale's version with Coverdale's name on the first title and is printed at Zurich by Frobenover 1530 in small 16mo." It is perhaps worth noting that the woodcut frame to the title

and you can tell what the wall supports. But when the roof has crumbled and the arches are broken, when the grass grows in the halls and the ivy clusters round the casement, and the 'lichen old and mosses gray' cast their glamour around the ancient stones—then the antiquary revels in the moonlight and begins to discover the heroic among the relics of a humble past. He reconstructs with prodigality what never was constructed. He tells you what *should* have been, not what was. Theories grow rank, and facts are stifled.

And yet we feel that some sympathy is due them for ruthlessly forestalling their efforts and shutting the door to all aspirations of genius. Kirbymoorside as a mission is only of yesterday but it offers a fine field for the ingenuity of the archæologist, if only because there is very little to be known about it. When the old chapel, in which the congregation has worshipped for the last thirty years, falls in, as seems immediately probable, the relic hunter will undoubtedly find much that will stimulate his inventive faculties. We need not wait for the arrival of Macaulay's New Zealander to probe the debris. If it were to fall in next week, it would puzzle anyone to say what style of architecture the broken arch of the chancel belonged to, and we tremble to think what possible theories might be broached by the one who found the stone piscina with the carved legend "Sancte Ceadda ora pro nobis." The inscription is Latin, we believe, but the characters are certainly not Roman. They are hardly Arabic. They might be taken for Saxon or Celtic or Runic, but are beyond doubt Archaic enough for anything a million years older than any of these. Given this stone and an antiquary who knows his business and at once you would have proofs that Christianity at Kirby existed long before the days of Dane and Briton and was at least coeval with the Deluge. Hence it is not without a pang of regret that we venture with Philistine tread into

a domain that seems of right to belong to them and proceed to narrate bare facts which they could clothe with a beauty that is their very own.

A new church has just been opened at Kirby and the old chapel has reverted to its original use as a carpenter's shop. The facts which link the two together are the *materia prima*, and the *forma finalis* of the present notes.



Those, whose privilege it was to spend their boyhood round Alma Mater's knees in the days of the earlier sixties, may remember two elderly men who Sunday after Sunday appeared without fail at the High Mass. Rain or shine, snow or heat, summer or winter made no difference in their unflinching regularity; when the clock struck ten, they

were there. The taller of the two had long white locks and a venerable beard that would have been remarkable in any company and when the days were chilly he used to appear in a military cloak with a broad scarlet collar, which had faced Crimean snows, and the wintry blasts the Alma, if indeed it had not done duty on the field of Waterloo itself. Such a striking personality was not lost on the quick perception of boyhood and they duly recognized it by dubbing the owner 'Moses.' The fitness of the name is not at once apparent, possibly to schoolboy invention it was clear that the Hebrew lawgiver had a white beard, but we doubt it. If their biblical researches were as deep as those of their modern successors it is just as likely that they saw some connection between the soldier's cloak and the ephod of the high priests. But if in schoolboy phrases, especially nicknames, the connection between terms and objects is not very clear, it by no means follows that it is at all slender. It usually wears well and needs some breaking. Once given they always 'stick.' So Moses he became and Moses he remained for more than one generation, and it is doubtful if any of his youthful admirers ever knew or cared if he had any other name. And, though Loissette's system of association of ideas was then quite unknown, need we say that his companion at once became 'Aaron'? In this case boyish intuition was amply justified and attained a result that more mature methods of reasoning could never have reached, for, strange to say, the man's name really was Aaron. And so it happened that Moses and Aaron became familiar figures in the College Chapel. When they first began to come, no one remembered and where they came from was immaterial. If juvenile had been questioned at haphazard it is as likely as not he would have replied: "from the Promised Land." As he grew older however, he probably heard that they came from a place called Kirbymoorside.

Now Kirby in those days was a *terra incognita*, a place 'at

the other side of no where.' There was no railway to bring it near: there were no 'Swifts' or 'Raleigh's' or 'Bantams,' to annihilate distances; it was much beyond the reach of the penitential month-day walk. And so it remained, like most geographical facts, merely a name. Few knew where it was, none had ever reached it—unless we except those happy ones who used to spend their summer holidays at College and boasted on winter evenings that they had been everywhere, and a few other places. Perhaps on some fine summer's day as we rested on the top of Oswaldkirk bank, waiting for the Prefect before descending to the Rye, we caught sight of a line of red tiled roofs nestling snugly at the foot of the wooded hills, some ten miles across the plain to the N. E. and possibly some recumbent poet or rhetorician would air his knowledge before the admiring group by pointing out that 'that was Kirby where Moses and Aaron live you know and where Bennet got the carpet slippers from.' And that was all that was generally known about Kirby. In these days when so much interest has been aroused in it and when every one knows not merely its whereabouts but even the flavour of its tea, and the size of its Trichinopolis, the innocent ignorance of thirty years ago may seem incredible, but we hardly think that we have exaggerated, and if any old fossil of the period turns up at the Exhibition you can ask him and see for yourself that he will know as little about Kirby as about Rum-ti-foo.

And yet, remote as it was, Kirby if we may trust to local memories and traditions had never quite lost the old Faith. That is to say, there is evidence that from quite remote times there were always a few Catholics to be found there or scattered among the dales that run up to Whitby and Ugtherpe. Some were of the old stock, remnants of the flock to which Ven. Father Postgate had ministered, and some were poor Irish families tramping the moors in search of work. Occasionally a packman of the same

nationality found his way there and made his headquarters at Kirby. One of these died only a few years ago—a little wizened Connaught man—who till he was eighty-five used to do his forty miles a day over hill and dale with a heavy pack, and who left in his will his old blackthorn shillelagh to the present writer. Of course they had no school or church and there was not much chance for their children to be instructed, but occasional sick-calls to the College showed the belief that though they could not go to Mass—always excepting Moses and Aaron—they were not beyond the reach of their Church and never meant to lose their Faith.

It was Prior Cooper who first took pity upon them and conceived the idea of giving them occasional services. In 1859 he drove over with the "Sam" or the "Captain" of the day in the old shandry which even now is, we believe, in existence. In the back part of the conveyance he carried a huge box with all the necessaries for the Mass. In the top of the box was a square hole to contain the altarstone and this bag was the first altar on which Mass was said in Kirby since the parish church and the older Church of 'Brand the preste' at Kirkdale had been desecrated. Who that remembers his portentous presence and the awe inspiring basso of his tones can fail to realize the impression he must have created! Who that saw him driving with full-bodied dignity and ponderous affability through Helmsley or Nunnington could fail to see that Popery had come back in force and would be hard to dislodge! "Noli timere, Cæsarem vehis," said the old Roman as he crossed the Adriatic. If Prior Cooper did not encourage "Sam" in similar words, it was only because his calm confidence and weighty serenity rendered it unnecessary. Sam had blinkers, and though doubtless he felt the load of responsibility, happily he could not see the danger. Br. Placid Whittle, still vigorous and flourishing, but then a small novice, was Jupiter's

satellite in this transit, and he tells us that Mass was first said in a little house in Piercey End, then inhabited by a family named Grant and now known as "Watson's famous Tea Shop." How long Prior Cooper's ministrations lasted, there is no record to tell, but they only continued a very short time and then things went back to the old groove and Moses and Aaron appeared again at the College Masses.

But the idea was never quite abandoned. In 1867 we find Prior Prest with trustful prescience of the future, negotiating for the purchase of a house in the West End with a piece of land and an old joiner's shop which abutted on Tynley Garth. It was, we believe, during these negotiations that the owner, driven to bay, stopped suddenly and eyeing him closely exclaimed: "thou'rt a keen old fire." There was, we believe, some flaw in the title deeds and the purchase was never completed. But the joiner's shop was taken at a rental of £5 per annum, from Mr. Foxton of Keldholme, to serve the double purpose of church and school. This was the real beginning of the mission at Kirby.

To attempt to describe the poor tumbledown chapel would require, as I have said, the pen of the antiquarian, but, poor as it was, it has been for thirty years a focus of grace and consolation to the small and ever fervent flock which worshipped therein—as all who know it can testify. Enriched from time to time with ornament discarded from more pretentious shrines—with now a carpet, now some vases, now a harmonium, a cushion, a lamp, an altar cloth—it never attained quite the dignity or grandeur of a basilica, but it had that appearance of progress and energy which even basilicas sometimes lose. The humble and devoted flock vied with one another in bringing flowers for its adornment with a profuseness which, to rectors of town missions who go to market on Saturdays, would savour of extravagance. They quarrelled among themselves

for the privilege of washing out the Chapel when the school was over; though poor, no church in the land could excel it in cleanliness. Little by little, but always progressing, they bought or begged or borrowed anything that could add as they thought to the beauty of its services and they have done this not for a week or a month, but week by week without flagging for thirty long years, till now they can look to the reward of their devotion and sacrifices in the handsome new church which has just been opened. The old box with the vestments was no longer carried backward and forward by the faithful Sam. It was kept at the house of "Aaron" Proud at the top of Castlegate, where for several years the priest resided. Old Aaron was installed as sacristan and many will remember the jealous care with which he guarded his charge and how faithfully year after year he attended to it. Every Sunday morning he might be seen wending his way down the steep Castlegate with the chalice, the vestments, the Altarstone, the paraffin lamps, the vases, &c., carefully wrapped in a spotless counterpane and slung over his shoulder, and every Monday saw them return in the same manner. Any chronicle of Kirby would be incomplete without a reference to poor old Aaron. From the days of his conversion when he had to walk Sunday by Sunday all the way to Ampleforth, to the day of his death, within measurable distance of the new church he hoped to see, he was an edifying model of quiet unobtrusive self-sacrificing piety and no one will begrudge to him the title of one of the Founders of Kirby Mission.

The first priest appointed by Prior Prest was Fr. Idephonus Brown. Whether he ever actually served Kirby is not quite certain, as, about the very time, he was called by the President to Downside, where he soon after was elected Prior.

Fr. Jerome Watmough was the first to minister regularly in the old chapel. He drove over once a month and the

regular services began which have never been discontinued. It was in his time that the four beautiful panels of the re-dos representing SS. Chad, Wilfrid, Augustine and Jerome were put into position. They were painted by Mr. Pippet of Birmingham and are still in every way worthy of the new church to which they have been removed. Like St. Damasus we may say of him that "*elegantibus versibus ornavit piscinam*, for he it was who carved, or caused to be carved, on it *Ste Ceadda ora pro nobis* and *Ste Hieronyme ora pro nobis*. The beauty is in the sentiment, no one but an archaeologist could detect it in the Assyrian like lettering.

But he did far more than this. He it was who first established the school at Kirby which remained open from 1867 to 1887 and did so much good work among the people. Miss Bell an elderly lady was the first and only mistress, and as long as Kirby lasts may her name never be forgotten there! For a miserable pittance, so miserable that the youngest mistress in a Board school would now scorn it, she taught the scholars for twenty years. And if their acquirements would not be considered very advanced in these days of all the ologies, any one who knew them will testify that their religion was as well taught to them as in any school in the land. The esteem which she won from the townfolk is shown by the fact that, whereas the Catholic children never numbered more than twelve, and seldom more than five, she always had an average attendance of about fifty—and that despite the fact that a fully equipped Board school was at her very doors. She did much good work besides by instructing converts and died, full of years, in 1896 with the Little Sisters at Cheltenham. R.I.P.

As instancing the eagerness of all to help in anything that related to their chapel, it may be mentioned that Miss Bell had the custody of the cope. Aaron might keep the chasuble but she would do her share. Every Sunday evening it was brought down by her with much circum-

stance and ceremony, in full view of the congregation. They must all see who kept the cope. Just as Aaron affected the counterpane, so she had preference for newspaper and no sooner was the service over than the cope was pounced upon, carefully wrapped up and removed by her. We verily believe that for twenty years neither Aaron nor anyone else ever managed to touch that precious cope.

After a course of much usefulness the school was abandoned owing to the increasing age of Miss Bell and the decreasing numbers of Catholic children, which had then almost reached vanishing point. But, looking back, one cannot but regret its disappearance and question if even a new church can quite compensate Kirby for its loss. It ought perhaps to be mentioned here that the late Mrs. Barnes of Gilling Castle was a devoted friend and benefactress of the school. Many were her gifts to it and to the chapel, and the new tabernacle and the fine carved oaken altar came by her wish from Gilling Castle, when the chapel was closed after her death.

Fr. Jerome Watmough left Ampleforth in 1862 and was succeeded by Fr. Placid Whittle who remained till 1869. He was the hero of an experience that may be of use to younger priests, as showing how, if necessity is the mother of invention, the child can sometimes get the better of the parent. One Sunday morning when the bag was opened no alb was there, he had taken it to Ampleforth for repairs and forgotten to bring it back. Here was a fix! the people were in church waiting for Mass, and yet no Mass could there be without an alb! It was a dilemma that would tax the resources of a statesman and strain the casuistry of a moral theologian! Was he beaten by it? Not at all. Mass was said and said in an alb. It was an embroidered alb too, though not exactly of a gothic pattern. Nor was the embroidery as is usual with albs, round the skirt, but round the neck and the wrists! *Ex pede Hercules!* the difficulty was overcome and that alb became a relic.

We have lingered too long perhaps over these tempting reminiscences. But space and time are limited and Editors are peremptory autocrats. For the last few pages the words of the old opera have been dinning in our ears, when the miller's children in a frantic hurry to leave the burning mill kept singing for twenty minutes "we must away, we must away." So with us. We have been painfully conscious that sooner or later we must get into our subject, but now the editor's bell has rung and the sheets are going to the press. There is no time to write more or alter what has been written. Perhaps in a later number some terser pen may continue the story. Possibly by then the antiquary may have got to work.



(To be continued.)

Fr. Paul Pentony, R.J.P.

DEATH has again laid a heavy hand upon us. For the second time has it taken from our midst one who, by the power of his physical and moral energies, seemed destined to fill a large sphere of usefulness.

Fr. Paul came to Ampleforth as a very small boy in the year 1877. At first he was delicate and frail, but was afterwards known for his manliness and success in every athletic sport. When quite young he won a place for himself in the College Eleven. Many of the younger generation will recall the keenness and energy which he used to throw into the game.

In the year 1886 he went to Douai and made for himself there a wide circle of friends. He always spoke of Douai with affectionate regard, and cherished the warmest feelings of friendship for all there.

He returned to Ampleforth in the year 1888. Many of us found a change in him. He was still a king in the sporting field, but he was much more thoughtful and studious than in former days. We could notice growing in him that spirit of piety and devotion which increased so much in succeeding years and became the characteristic of his Religious life. He entered the novitiate at Belmont in August 1889. In his new life the natural religiousness of his simple nature found a congenial environment. His religious life was full of deep earnestness; he was a model of Religious observance.

But God tried his servant, sending him much ill health. At the end of his novitiate a change became an absolute necessity. To his great grief his simple Profession was delayed for this reason. He eventually took his simple Vows in the summer of 1891. His superiors then recalled

him to Ampleforth, and a new kind of life opened for him. He threw himself with zeal into his duties, performing them all with a devotion and self sacrifice which proved the purity of intention which guided his life. He was a successful teacher and a strict disciplinarian. As a prefect he held the reputation for great impartiality and love of rule. Thus for five years did this good religious live, respected by those under his charge, trusted by his superiors and held in love and esteem by his brethren.

In the year 1896 the first shadow of consumption fell over him. His natural strength however enabled him to pull himself out of the decline. But at the commencement of this year the enemy returned, and no effort could relax the grip of this deadly foe. He bore his lot with resignation and patience. His one fear was lest he should be too weak to receive the dignity of the priesthood. He used to say that he would not mind what happened if only he could say one Mass. He received the crowning glory of his life on the 7th of February 1897. On the following day he said his first Mass with the greatest fervour, but with great effort. After this he seemed to fade quickly. It was determined to send him to South Africa as this seemed to be the only hope left.

He sailed on the 7th of May from Southampton. The voyage at first seemed to do him good. But this proved to be but the dying flicker of the lamp of life. When he landed in South Africa it was clear that he had but a short time to live. He accepted his lot with humble resignation to the will of God. His thoughts were constantly turned to his monastic home and his words were full of love for his brethren who waited with anxious and prayerful hearts for news of him. The sad message came at last. On the 26th of June 1897, Fr. Paul passed away deeply regretted by us all.

May he rest in peace!

W. B. H.

The Greek Play at Downside.

"One who was present," writes:—The performance of the *Alkestis* of Euripides in the original Greek by the boys of St. Gregory's College, on June 30th, was remarkable in every way. The acting, the scenery, the dressing, and the music were singularly perfect, and interesting in the highest degree. The stage was set up in the beautiful dining-hall of the College, and was well arranged, the Chorus (which in this play consists of old men) occupying a lower level in front of the acting stage. There was one simple set scene, representing a Thessalian vale with bright hills enclosing it. The palace of Admetus rose to the right of the spectator. The dresses were the perfection of Greek grace. The acting was elaborate and finished, but the connoisseur recognized the sobriety, reserve and low pitched key of true Greek art—except, perhaps in one character. The music was that composed, when this play was first brought out at Bradfield, by Dr. Harford Lloyd. It is quite modern in form, phrase and tonality—the composer having missed the chance of using the classic or ecclesiastical modes. But it was so strong, so uncommon and so touching that it hardly required the poet's lyrics to make the Chorus stir every pulse. The orchestra consisted of a harp, a clarinet and a flute. The boys spoke the Greek lines fluently and most intelligently; but it was a pity that the absurd modern English pronunciation of the vowels was adopted. The play evidently owed its perfect success to Mr. R. R. Terry, who had spared no pains in carrying the boys through their extremely arduous task, and in working up every detail.

Notices of Books.

TEN YEARS IN ANGLICAN ORDERS. BY VIATOR.
London: Catholic Truth Society.

It is great praise to be able to say of the writer of a book like this that he is throughout simple, unaffected and modest. To describe one's mental worries without undue emphasis; to record one's inconsistencies,—for inconsistency there must be whenever doubt enters the mind of a professed apostle of Faith,—with gentlemanly candour; to pass over the idea of the sacrifice such a conversion must mean as though unconscious of it—the left hand not knowing what the right did; to tell the story of the final triumph, when all difficulty and inconsistency is bravely ended in the fearless confession of a mistaken life, with no more than the modest conviction that he has fought the good fight and kept the faith, even as others would have done in the same circumstances, and only as his duty bade him—is a rare and pleasing merit, and should be a matter of congratulation to the author, if sincerity could be thought to ask for praise. As it is we commend the book to our readers as a faithful, well-written history of one who early perceived he had lost something, or that something was wanting, and lit his candle to look for it, and called in his neighbours to help him in his search, and found it, finding it to be, not the great which he may once have thought it, but the pearl of great price.

We wish very strongly the author could have seen his way to write in his own name, without concealment of place and persons, and with even a fuller detail of incident and description. Not that such concealment throws suspicion, in any way, on the genuineness of the story, but that even the flimsiest veil of impersonality prevents

that close acquaintanceship which the reader is impatient to claim with one who is laying bare the secrets of his soul. We take it for granted there were reasons of delicacy to forbid such a disclosure, but it is much to be regretted.

The title of the book, very much more perhaps than the book itself, compels attention to the greatness of the sacrifice convert clergymen make for the Truth. We were once present at the deathbed of a German Jew who asked to be received into the church, and who showed plainly that for many years he had been at heart a Christian, and secretly had made himself familiar with Catholic teachings. When asked why he had put off his conversion to the hour of death, he replied "I am giving up my country," 'nationality,' of course, was what he really meant. We Catholics do not always appreciate how much more than a change of creed conversion means. "Ten years in Anglican Orders" implies an act of heroism, which has much the appearance of a crime,—desertion in the face of the enemy. And to many it is even more than an act of expatriation or going over to the enemy; it is a loss of livelihood, a giving up of the chosen vocation of a man's life. He has fitted himself for a task and given many years to a preparation for it; he is perhaps useless for anything else. What is the convert, married clergyman to do? To dig he is not able, to beg he is ashamed. His trial is far from ended when he has made the great act of renunciation. May God temper the wind to these shorn lambs that He has guided into the fold!

It is greatly interesting that the feature of the conversion of 'Viator' is that it was in no way exceptional or eccentric. There was no sudden and imperative vocation, no strong pressure of outside influence, no extraordinary combination of circumstance. It was a growth, with the logical necessity of a growth. From the moment distrust in Evangelical Protestantism began, the conclusion was certain. The destruction of the seed was the unfolding of

the plant. The idea of "drifting," which the writer makes use of to express the severance of old ties, might better be expressed as the constraining influence of new links which were binding him inevitably to the true faith of Christ. The result was so much a logical necessity that one wonders that it is not felt equally strongly by those whom the author has left behind. But the reader will understand this better by a perusal of the book. Both to Catholic and Protestant it cannot fail to be instructive and interesting, though unfortunately we cannot hope it will often find its way into the hands of the latter.

The College Diary.

April 18th. Easter Sunday. The old Amplefordian football match: P. Carroll captained the ancients, who gave us a good game, but were beaten by two goals to none. The visiting team consisted of T. F. Fitzgerald, R. Weighill, P. Lacy, J. Brown, R. Connor, T. Bailey, J. McCann, J. Quinn, K. Weighill, P. Carroll and J. Ennis. 'Punch' in the evening at which Fr. Sub-prior presided.

April 19th. Easter Monday. The whole school, except the youngest boys, went by train to Kirby to witness the return match. On foreign soil we were easily beaten, Kirby asserting their superiority by five goals to one.

April 20th. Easter Tuesday. A game of rounders between Past and Present had been arranged but fatigue, after the football of the previous days, made the players cry off. The Old Amplefordians went away in the afternoon, leaving behind them R. Connor who was reinscribed on the lists of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin and A. Greenwood spent the Easter holidays at the College.

April 21st. Visit of Fr. Sydney Smith, S.J. First practice of the cricket eleven. A well-attended musical evening in the study. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lambert were present. Fr. Sub-prior presided. J. Rochford, V. Gosling, C. Martin, E. Pilkington, V. Hayes, A. Hayes and R. Dawson contributed items. The evening concluded with a scene from Hamlet, Mr. Lambert made a short speech expressing a desire to be present when the play was acted. Fr. Clement congratulated J. Rochford on his improvement in piano-forte playing.

April 26th. Election of a new captain of the school. E. P. Daniel obtained the votes and appointed the following government.

Secretary - - - - - R. Connor
 Librarian of Upper Library - - A. Hayes

Officemen	- - -	{	F. Yorke
			N. Stourton
Recorder	- - -	{	R. Dawson
Gasmen	- - -	{	E. Stourton
			W. O'Brien
Clothesman	- - -	{	A. Magoris
			V. Nevill
Collegemen	- - -	{	G. Farrell
			V. Hayes
Librarian of Lower Library	- - -	{	E. Moore
Vigilari	{	C. Quinn
			R. Mawson
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room,			J. McCann
Vigilarius			F. Dawson
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	{		E. Stanley
			W. Foote

The following were voted as captains of cricket sets.

1st set	- - -	{	R. Connor
			A. Briggs
2nd set	- - -	{	H. Pike
			R. Mawson
3rd set	- - -	{	E. Hill
			E. de Normanville
4th set	- - -	{	H. Weighill
			W. Lambert
5th set	- - -	{	P. Higgins
			H. de Normanville

April 28th. Arrival of Mr. F. Oates who came to take the place of Mr. Calvert as lay-master.

April 29th. The annual athletic sports. The appended results will inform the reader that several new records were made. G. Farrell and G. Cloran both beat Farrell's record of the previous year and the mile was further shortened by last year's record maker. V. Dees, V. Gosling, W. Murphy and J. Darby were also credited with improved times in their respective races. In the long jump M. Galavan covered the surprising distance, for one so young, of 19 ft. 9½ in.

1st SET.

I. Division.

WEIGHT:—Over 120 lbs. Age:—Over 15 years.

	Result, 1897.	Result, 1896.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1, W. Briggs	11 sec.	11 sec.	J. Brown, 10 sec.
2, G. Farrell			
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
1, G. Farrell	23 4-5 sec.	23 4-5 sec.	J. Dawson, 23 4-5 sec.
2, W. Cooke			
<i>440 Yards.</i>			
1, W. Briggs	53 4-5 sec.	53 4-5 sec.	E. Connor, 51 2-5 sec.
2, R. Connor			
<i>Half-Mile.</i>			
1, G. Farrell	1 min. 53 4-5 s.	1 m. 59 sec.	G. Farrell, 1 m. 59 sec.
2, G. Cloern			
<i>Mile.</i>			
1, G. Farrell	4 min. 37 sec.	4 m. 38 4-5 sec.	P. Carroll (Gilling Rd.) 4 m. 59 sec. G. Farrell (College Rd.) 4 m. 38 4-5 sec.
2,			
<i>Hurdle Race. (10 Rights, 120 yds.)</i>			
1, G. Cloran	20 4-5 sec.	22 2-5 sec.	D. Spradbery, 18 sec.
2, E. Maynard			
<i>High Jump.</i>			
1, E. Maynard	4 ft. 8½ in.	4 ft. 9½ in.	J. Browne, A. Powell 5 ft. 3 in.
2, R. Maxson			
3, E. Moore			
<i>Long Jump.</i>			
1, M. Galavan	19 ft. 9½ in.	17 ft. 6 in.	E. Connor, 19 ft.
2, W. Briggs			
<i>Pole Jump.</i>			
1, W. O'Brien	7 ft. 10½ in.	8 ft. 10 in.	W. Davies, 9 ft. 1 in.
2, E. Murphy			
<i>Putting the weight (10 lbs., 7 ft. run, no follow.)</i>			
1, W. Briggs	31 ft. 10 in.	37 ft. 3 in.	J. Galavan, 37 ft. 3 in.
2, E. Weighill			
<i>Cricket Ball.</i>			
1, G. Farrell	90 yds. 2 ft.	114 yds. 2 ft 6 in.	J. Quinn 114 yds.
2, W. Briggs			2 ft. 6 in.
<i>Consolation Race. (220 yds.)</i>			
1, S. Parker	25 sec.	25 sec.	P. Daniel—24 1-5 sec.

1st SET.

II. Division.

	Result, 1897.	Result, 1896.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1, R. Farrell	14 3-5 sec.	12 1-5 sec.	E. Weighill 12 1-5 sec.
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
<i>No Entry.</i>			
<i>440 Yards.</i>			
1, E. Primavesi	62 2-5 sec.	55 2-5 sec.	M. Lewtas 55 2-5 sec.

<i>Half-Mile.</i>			
1, R. Farrell	2 m. 24-5 sec.	2 m. 10 sec.	M. Lewtas 2 m. 10 sec. 4-5 sec.
<i>Mile.</i>			
1, J. McCann	4 m. 59 sec.	4 m. 58 4-5 sec.	H. Woodlwis 4 m. 58
<i>Hurdle Race (10 Rights, 120 yards.)</i>			
1, R. Farrell	27 4-5 sec.		<i>No Entry.</i>
<i>High Jump.</i>			
1, A. Hayes	4 ft. 7½ in.	4 ft. 8½ in.	H. Woodlwis 4 ft. 8½ in.
1, A. Hayes	166. 43 in.	15 ft. 9 in.	A. Ennis 15 ft. 9 in.
<i>Pole Jump.</i>			
<i>Putting the weight. (16 lbs., 7 ft. run, no follow.)</i>			
1, R. Finch	24 ft. 10 in.	27 ft. 1 in.	G. Favier 27 ft. 1 in.
<i>Cricket Ball.</i>			
1, F. Quinn	77 yds. 10 in.	88 yds. 1 in.	A. Ennis 88 yds. 1 in.
<i>Consolation Race. (220 yds.)</i>			

2nd SET.

WEIGHT:—90 to 120 lbs. AGE:—13½ to 15 years.

	Result, 1897.	Result, 1896.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1, V. Gosling	12 sec.	12 sec.	L. Mackey 11 sec.
2, J. H. Pike			
3, V. Walker			
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
1, V. Gosling	24 sec.	26 4-5 sec.	V. Gosling 26 4-5 sec.
2, H. Pike			
<i>440 Yards.</i>			
1, E. Hill	62 sec.	59 3-5 sec.	R. Farrell 59 3-5 sec.
2, J. Pike			
<i>Half-Mile.</i>			
1, J. O'Hagan	2 m. 17 2-5 sec.	2 m. 18 1-5 sec.	K. Weighill 2 m. 17 sec.
2, J. Livingston			
<i>Mile.</i>			
1, V. Dees	5 m. 16 3-5 sec.	5 m. 21 sec.	G. Farrell 5 m. 20 sec.
2, J. Pilkington			
<i>High Jump.</i>			
1, B. Stanley	4 ft. 6 in.	4 ft. 4 in.	E. Bailton 4 ft. 11 in.
2, F. Dawson			
<i>Long Jump.</i>			
1, V. Gosling	14 ft. 10 in.	14 ft. 9½ in.	J. Ennis 16 ft. 5½ in.
2, J. Pike			
<i>Pole Jump.</i>			
1, V. Dees	7 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 9 in.	F. Priestman 7 ft. 10½ in.
2, V. Walker			
<i>Putting the weight (15 lbs., 7 ft. run, no follow.)</i>			
1, V. Nevill	23 ft. 14 in.	23 ft. 8 in.	W. Byrne 25 ft. 10 in.
2, B. Stanley			
<i>Cricket Ball.</i>			
1, V. Nevill	70 yds. 5 in.	82 yds.	C. Powell 87 yds. 6 in.

3rd SET.

WEIGHT:—70 to 90 lbs. AGE:—12 to 13½ years.

	Result, 1897.	Result, 1896.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1, R. Dowling	13 1-5 sec.	12 sec.	W. Briggs 13 1-5 sec. K. Weighill 12 sec. J. Pike
2, J. Nevill			

220 Yards.			
1, J. Nevill	28 1-5 sec.	28 1-5 sec.	J. P'we 28 1-5 sec.
2, R. Dowling			
440 Yards.			
1, R. Dowling	63 sec.	66 sec.	K. Weighill 61 3-5 sec.
2, J. Nevill			
Half-Mile.			
1, W. Murphy	2 m. 19 4-5 sec.	2 m. 52 sec.	R. Farrell 2 m. 26
2, J. Nevill			
High Jump.			
1, W. Murphy	4 ft. 11 in.	5 ft. 11 in.	J. L. Bullock Webster
2, H. Weighill			H. Woodriss 4 ft.
Long Jump.			
1, E. Dowling	13 ft. 6 in.	12 ft. 11 in.	A. Ennis 14 ft. 2 in.
2, J. Bezz			
Pole Jump.			
1, H. Byrne	4 ft. 6 in.	6 ft. 13 in.	K. Weighill 6 ft. 9 in.
Wright (10 lbs., 7 ft. run, see below).			
1, W. Fote	24 ft. 9 in.	25 ft. 3 in.	A. Ennis 29 ft. 6 in.
2, J. Bezz			
Cricket Ball.			
1, W. Lambert	62 yds. 9 in.	53 yds. 6 in.	A. Ennis 74 yds. 2 ft.
Consolation Race (220 yds.)			
1, H. Pilkington	39 2-5 sec.	39 sec.	C. Mical 26 4-5 sec.

4th SET.

Result 1897. Result 1896. Records since 1887.

100 Yards.			
1, O. Williams	13 4-5 sec.	14 sec.	R. Farrell 13 2-5 sec.
2, J. Walsh			
220 Yards.			
1, P. Higgins	30 1-5 sec.	29 sec.	C. Pike 29 sec.
2, L. Briggs			
440 Yards.			
1, S. Noblett	66 sec.	64 4-5 sec.	W. Murphy 64 4-5 sec.
2, J. Darby			
Half-Mile.			
1, J. Darby	3 m. 31 sec.	3 m. 15 sec.	G. McDermott 3 m. 15 s.
2, E. Darby			
High Jump.			
1, J. Walsh	3 ft. 8 in.	3 ft. 8 in.	C. Mical 3 ft. 10 in.
2, G. MacDermott			
Long Jump.			
1, G. Oberholzer	12 ft. 10 in.	12 ft. 5 in.	J. Pike 13 ft. 6 in.
2, O. Williams			
Wright (20 lbs., 7 ft. run, see below)			
1, G. MacDermott	19 ft. 1 in.	19 ft. 10 in.	J. O'Hagan 21 ft.
2, G. Oberholzer			11 ft.
Cricket Ball.			
1, J. Walsh	51 yd. 1 ft. 1 in.	51 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.	J. O'Hagan 55 yds. 2 ft.
Consolation Race (220 yds.)			
1, R. Bradley	31 sec.	31 sec.	J. Fleming 30 4-5 sec.

May 1st. A few events unavoidably postponed from April 29th were competed for. G. Farrell in the final was reported by the

time-keeper to have run the 220 yards in 21½ seconds. This was not judged accurate by the Prefect of the games and, after a breathing space, the runner covered the distance once again, this time in 23½ seconds.

May 2nd. The colts' match. The eleven won by four runs. Among the colts, the only one to distinguish himself as batsman was W. Cooke. R. Mawson did the last-duck.

May 3rd. Fr. Bede Polding and Mr. Unsworth cycled over from Warrington.

May 4th. V. O'Connor, a new boy, arrived.

May 6th. The May month-day. Cricket, morning and afternoon.

May 9th. A musical and dramatic evening. The performers were J. Murphy (violin), A. Byrne (flute), G. Oberholzer (piano), N. Stourton (vocal), R. Dawson (cello), and A. Hayes (viola). The third scene of Hamlet was given. Fr. Sub-prior said a few words of encouragement to the actors, and spoke of the advantage of practice before such a sympathetic audience. Fr. Clement, speaking of the music, gave commendation to all, but especially to J. Murphy and A. Byrne. He remarked that the introduction of wind solos and vocal music was a new and welcome feature. Fr. Prior, later, gave a discourse to the School.

May 11th. Visit of Frs. A. Wilson and M. Lucan with a cycling party from Liverpool. Fr. Lane-Fox called on his way to Fort Augustus.

May 12th. A visit, an unwelcome one at this time of the year, of wintry weather and snow.

May 19th. Arrival of a new boy, D. H. Burn from Wilmslow, Cheshire.

May 20th. Cricket match with St. Peter's York. This game, played on our own ground, was almost as exciting as the first time the teams met, when the College eventually won in the second innings, after St. Peter's had led by one run in the first. Since that time fifteen matches have been played, of which we have won eight, drawn two and lost five. Since 1893 the College star had been on the wane and we had not won a single match. St. Peter's won the toss, and lost Sullivan for five runs. Wheelwright was caught and bowled Mawson, with the score at twenty-seven, and at luncheon time the score was forty-seven. Wickets continued to fall, Mawson and

Farrell bowling finely, and nine were down for sixty-eight. The last wicket, however, gave trouble and they were not all disposed of until the score was eighty-one. With good hopes of a victory we went to the wickets. 'Errors' on the part of the umpire had something to do with the rapid fall of our first wickets. Three were out for twenty, but Farrell and Magoris made a short stand and raised the total to forty-two. Fane was out without addition to the score, and E. Stourton came as our last hope. He had a life given him and ten more runs were slowly added, when Magoris was caught in the slips. R. Mawson was bowled first ball, but Stourton and A. Hayes played carefully and took the total to sixty-four before Stourton was caught for an invaluable innings of nineteen. With the advent of Cooke, some very slow play followed. Steadily the score rose until we even were only one run behind. Cooke rapidly hit a single and a brace, and the victory was ours. Both batsmen then began to hit out and the innings realized 123, Cooke being thirty-nine not out.

ST. PETER'S		COLLEGE.	
A. M. Sullivan, c Stourton, b R. Farrell	1	A. Briggs, c Sullivan, b Greaves	0
rell	4	E. Maynard, c b Yeld	3
H. Wheelwright, c and b Mawson	8	R. Connor, l.b.w. b Walker	17
R. Russell, c Stourton, b Mawson	32	G. Farrell, c Yeld, b Walker	8
J. Yeld, c G. Farrell, b Mawson	6	A. Magoris, c Walker, b Yeld	15
R. Bingham, b G. Farrell	0	E. Fane, c Greaves, b Walker	0
P. Kiske, l.b.w. b G. Farrell	4	Hon. E. Stourton, c Sullivan	h
G. Walker, c G. Farrell, b Mawson	6	Greaves	19
H. Greaves, b G. Farrell	1	R. Mawson, b Yeld	0
B. Melson, b G. Farrell	2	A. Hayes, b Melson	11
L. Harrison, not out	6	W. Cooke, not out	39
H. Souby, c Magoris, b Mawson	7	R. Farrell, b Wheelwright	3
Extras	5	Extras	8
Total	81	Total	123

May 23. Another musical evening. This time the performers were W. Foote (piano), J. Rochford (piano), E. de Normanville (piano), S. Parker (trombone), O. Williams (piano), C. Quinn (piano), and H. Byrne (cornet). The fourth scene of Hamlet was acted. Fr. Sub-prior expressed regret that Fr. Clement was unable to be present, owing to ill-health. He commended Rochford and

Foote for the improvement they had shown, and praised De Normanville for his confidence and judgment. Of the others he said all had done well, especially H. Byrne.

May 26th. Feast of St. Augustine. There was a special celebration in remembrance of the centenary of the landing in England. Frs. Butler, Donovan and Pearson came to take part, and Fr. Paulinus Wilson of [Knaresborough] preached. There was a cricket match with our old friends of The College, Harrogate, a team we have never succeeded in beating. It is only fair to say that masters played in our adversaries' team, whilst we were unassisted. Chiefly through the fine bowling of Mr. Caldwell, our score only reached forty-four. Then Harrogate went in and though five wickets were down for nineteen, when Mr. Caldwell taking his place at the wickets, our score was easily passed. At the end of the day's play, seven wickets were down for one hundred and fourteen, of which Mr. Caldwell had made fifty-four.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.		THE COLLEGE (HARROGATE).	
W. Cooke, b Caldwell	7	Mr. Raven, c Magoris, b Mawson	2
E. Maynard, c Bennet, b Caldwell	4	D. Bennet, b Mawson	8
		F. Lambert, c Mr. McLaughlin, b R.	
R. Connor, b Caldwell	0	Farrell	8
W. Briggs, c Raven, b Caldwell	3	A. Whitty, c A. Hayes, b Dawson	2
A. Magoris, b Caldwell	9	Mr. Lovell, b R. Farrell	1
G. Farrell, c W. Bennet, b C. Bennet	11	Mr. Caldwell, c Briggs, b R. Farrell	54
Mr. McLaughlin, b Caldwell	0	M. Maling, b A. Magoris	14
Hon. E. Stourton, b M. Raven	6	C. Bennet, not out	5
A. Hayes, b C. Bennet	1	A. Watkinson, not out	2
B. Mawson, b C. Bennet	0	G. Harte	1
R. Farrell, not out	1	W. Bennet	1
Extras	2	Extras	18
Total	44	Total	114

May 27th. Ascension Day. Heavy rain at dinner time. The first eleven went to Ripon to play the Grammar School. We won on the first innings by two runs. The wicket was wet and difficult.

RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.	
A. Wood, not out	27	W. Briggs, b W. Daniel	0
M. Nelson, c Fane, b Mawson	0	W. Cooke, b Wood	12
G. Ryan, c Maynard, b R. Farrell	3	R. Connor, b Wood	0

O. Tattersall, c Briggs, c R. Farrell	4	T. Maynard, b Daniel	...	0	
C. Daniel, c Maynard, b Mawson	14	A. Magaris, b Daniel	...	0	
G. Tattersall, b G. Farrell	...	0	G. Farrell, b Daniel	...	17
A. Skene, b G. Farrell	...	0	Hon. E. Stourton, b Wood	...	0
A. Wicks, run out	...	0	A. Hayes, b Wood	...	2
W. Ellis, b Mawson	...	0	R. Mawson, b Wood	...	13
A. Lister, b Mawson	...	0	E. Fane, not out	...	0
C. Exiles, b G. Farrell	...	3	R. Farrell, c Ryan, b Wood	...	0
Extras	...	3	Extras	...	1
Total	54			39	

June 2nd. Visit of Mr. B. Smith.

June 3rd. Match with Radding Park (at home.) The Park team was a strong one and, batting first, scored 104. P. A. Fawkes making twenty-seven. We started well, but six wickets were down for eighty-eight. Br. Benedict and Mr. McLaughlin then came to our rescue and we eventually won with the total of 119.

RADDING PARK.

A. Sweeting, c J. McLaughlin, b Mawson	...	0	W. Cooke, c Fawkes, b Thompson	...	20
F. Thompson, b N. Stourton	...	3	Hon. E. Stourton, b Pickard	...	17
P. Fawkes, b A. Magaris	...	27	E. Maynard, b Thompson	...	11
W. Pickard, c and b Mawson	...	14	R. Connor, b Pickard	...	22
A. Calk, b Mawson	...	5	Rev. J. Matthews, c Fawkes, b Thompson	...	0
F. Tindin, b Mawson	...	8	Rev. J. R. McLaughlin, c Fawkes, b Thompson	...	11
J. Dobby, run out	...	9	A. Magaris c Tindin b Thompson	...	3
J. Calk, c G. McLaughlin b Stourton	...	0	G. McLaughlin, b Thompson	...	11
Rev. F. Woods, not out	...	18	A. Hayes, b Pickard	...	2
J. Pennington, run out	...	0	R. Mawson, not out	...	3
J. McKay, b Mawson	...	1	Hon. N. Stourton, c Tindin, b Thompson	...	1
Extras	...	12	Extras	...	11
Total	104		Total	119	

June 4. Fr. Clement went to Scotland for his health.

June 6. A number of visitors came for the Whitsunide holidays, amongst whom were Messrs. A. and G. Penney, Mr. and R. W. Smith, Jno. Parker, J. Mawson, and Rev. C. Swarbrick.

June 7. Three of the Community walked to Kirby Moorside to be present at the Bazaar. Cricket match with the York C.C. R. Farrell took eight wickets for twenty-five. We won on the first innings.

YORK CATHOLIC C.C.

A. Fawbert, c Cooke, b Mawson	...	27	b Mawson	...	2
R. Burnson, c Stourton, b R. Farrell	...	6	c Stourton, b A. Hayes	...	25
G. Savage, b R. Farrell	...	2	c Stourton, b Mawson	...	15
F. DeCosta, c O'Brien, b R. Farrell	...	6	b R. Mawson	...	3
R. Wiseman, b R. Farrell	...	0	b A. Hayes	...	3
C. Angus, b R. Farrell	...	0	b Mawson	...	5
I. Dixon, c L. Hayes, b R. Farrell	...	3	b Mawson	...	6
J. Kimpley, c Cooke, b Mawson	...	0	not out	...	11
G. Carter, b R. Farrell	...	0	c Connor, b Mawson	...	0
C. Dunn, b R. Farrell	...	1	not out	...	0
F. Brown, not out	...	0		...	0
Extras	...	4	Extras	...	9
Total	49		Total	112	

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. Cook, hit wkt b Savage	2
Hon. E. Stourton, b Burnson	7
E. Maynard, b Burnson	1
R. Connor, bow, b Burnson	5
G. Farrell, b Burnson	17
A. Magaris, c Hayes, b Burnson	0
A. Hayes, c Fawbert, b Burnson	1
R. Mawson, c Wiseman, b DeCosta	17
W. O'Brien, not out	4
C. Quinn, c Angus, b DeCosta	2
R. Farrell, b Burnson	2
Extras	8
Total	67		

June 8. A very wet day on which Cricket was impossible. A game of football was played in the afternoon. Fr. Prior and part of the Choir went to assist at the York pilgrimage. A band of Ransomer-cyclists also set out to join in the pilgrimage, but were overtaken by a violent storm, which compelled them to retire to bed whilst their clothes were being dried and cleaned. They were able, however, to catch the last train back to College.

June 10. Match with Mr. Swarbrick's team. Another close game. The visitors batted first, and Macanlay and G. Swarbrick added forty-one for the second wicket. They were all out for eighty-three. On our side the last man was in with four wanted to win, but Mawson made a good boundary hit and, with a single from the professional, the match was ours. Our total was ninety.

MR. SWARBRECK'S XI.		AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.	
Rev. G. Swarbrick, b Mawson	3	W. Cooke, b B. Swarbrick	3
Macaulay, b Atkinson	26	Hon. E. Stourton, b Macaulay	5
G. Swarbrick, b Atkinson	17	Rev. W. S. Dawes, not out	13
W. Hall, b Magoris	0	R. Connor, bow Macaulay	3
		Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, c Hall	b
B. Swarbrick, b Magoris	1	Radley	20
W. Horner, b Atkinson	0	E. Maynard, b Swarbrick	3
F. Hansell, bow b Magoris	3	Rev. E. Matthews, bow, b Radley	0
		G. McLaughlin, c Swarbrick, b	
G. Hartley c Magoris b Atkinson	8	Rodly	10
G. Radley, c Matthews, b Atkinson	12	A. Magoric, b Swarbrick	2
C. Gillow, b Magoris	0	B. Mawson, b Radley	9
C. Swarbrick, not out	1	Atkinson (pro) not out	1
Extras	7	Extras	10
Total	83	Total	90

June 13th. The Malton charity sermons. Some cyclists who were accompanying the return party, like the five foolish virgins, had forgotten to provide themselves with oil for their lamps. They rode into the hands of the Hovingham constable who took their names. The sequel was certainly a miscarriage of justice, for a fine of only 2s. 6d. was imposed upon the guilty ones of the party, whilst 10s. including costs was demanded from the innocent.

June 14th. The Emeriti cricket match. A long partnership between O'Brien and Baker raised the score of the Emeriti to 120 for five wickets. The total reached 137. Br. Stephen and R. Connor alone played the bowling with any success, and our venture only realized eighty.

EMERITI.		AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.	
Mr. O'Brien, b G. Farrell	54	Hon. E. Stourton, c Hodgson, b	
Mr. W. H. T. Cholmeley, c Magoris	b	Gifford	4
Mawson	5	R. Connor, c Stewart, b Baker	13
Mr. T. Murphy, b Mawson	4	T. Ainscough, run out	1
W. Baker, b G. Farrell	34	J. Amscough, b Gifford	1
Mr. J. Gifford, c Cook, b Magoris	5	Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, b Gifford	1
Mr. Sandy, c Magoris, b G. Farrell	11	Rev. W. S. Dawes, c Stewart, b	
Mr. Gillow, b Mawson	0	Gifford	15
		G. Farrell, run out	11
Mr. Storey, b G. Farrell	6	B. Mawson, b O'Brien	3
Mr. Hodgson, c Connor, b Mawson	0	A. Magoris, b O'Brien	3

Mr. Stewart, b G. Farrell	0	W. Cooke, b Gifford	9
Mr. Tansett, not out	1	Atkinson not out	4
Extras	17	Extras	11
	137		80

June 16th. Return match with St. Peter's. Our bowling was hit all over the field and only Mawson was able to stop the run-getting. At luncheon time St. Peter's was 180 for two wickets. On resuming they declared their innings closed. Connor and Cook started well and made forty-three without giving a chance. Then came a collapse, and all were out for 107.

ST. PETER'S.		AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.	
A. M. Sullivan, not out	72	W. Cooke, c Yield	17
R. F. Russell, c Brownson, b Magoris	42	R. Connor, c Soulbly, b Yield	27
H. Wheelwright c Connor, G. Farrell	57	G. Farrell, b Greaves	9
G. Yield, not out	3	E. Stourton b Greaves	1
		G. Maynard, c Russel, b Yield	0
		B. Mawson, b Greaves	9
		A. Magoris, b Greaves	6
		A. Picoal, c Kirk, b Creer	5
		A. Hayes, not out	6
		R. Mawson, c Soulbly, b Greaves	11
		R. Farrell, c Russel, b Yield	1
Extras	6	Extras	15
Total	180 2 (wkt)	Total	107

June 17. Feast of Corpus Christi. Five boys made their first Communion:—J. Nevill, A. Neale, C. de Normanville, G. Oberhoffer and F. Hayes. There was the usual Procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the grounds. Cricket in the afternoon.

June 19. Distribution of the prizes, won in the Athletic Sports by Fr. Prior in the Upper Library. We thank the "Old Amplefordians," who gave three handsome leather cricket bags for the best aggregates. They were awarded to G. Farrell, A. Briggs and R. Gosling.

June 20th. Cricket match between Upper and Lower Libraries. Te Deum after Vespers for the Queen, on occasion of her Diamond Jubilee.

June 22nd. Commemoration of the Jubilee. Match with Ripon Grammar School at home. The Grammar school scored

forty-five. Our batsmen collapsed and only succeeded in putting together thirty-five of which Cooke made ten. This is our lowest score for many years. The Jubilee dinner was held in the study, where the Community, visitors and boys all dined together. Fr. Prior, in a happy speech, proposed the health of the Queen and spoke of the great advance England has made during the last sixty years. At ten o'clock in the evening, all the neighbourhood gathered on the hill side to see the bonfire, and an extemporised band of wind instruments led the National Anthem.

EYON GRAMMAR SCHOOL		AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE	
E. Tattersall, b G. Farrell	2	W. Cooke, c Daniel	10
E. Daniel, c Hayes b Mawson	17	A. Biggs c and b Daniel	2
A. Wood, b Mawson	0	R. Connor, lbw Daniel	0
G. Ryan, c R. Mawson, b Mawson	3	E. Maynard, lbw Daniel	0
A. Wicks, b Mawson	0	Hon. E. Stourton, c and b Daniel	1
W. Ellis, b Mawson	1	G. Farrell, c and b Daniel	0
A. Skene, b Mawson	0	B. Mawson, c Wood b Daniel	0
G. Tattersall, b Magoris	13	A. Magoris, c Wood, b Daniel	10
W. Nelligan, b G. Farrell	1	A. Hayes, c Etches, b Wood	2
C. Etches, not out	2	A. Pécoul, not out	6
A. Loester, c Stourton b Mawson	3	R. Mawson, b Tattersall	2
Extras	2	Extras	2
Total	45	Total	35

June 26th. The sad news reached us of Fr. Paul Pentony's death in South Africa. R.I.P.

June 27th. A dramatic evening. C. Quinn played a solo on the cello and then followed the fifth scene of Hamlet. Fr. Sub-prior congratulated A. Briggs who performed the King, and also Hamlet, W. Byrne. Fr. Clement congratulated Quinn who acquitted himself very creditably, after only a few months experience. He took the opportunity of commenting on the want of improvement, during his absence, of some other musicians.

June 28th. Solemn Requiem Mass, sung by Fr. Prior, for the repose of the soul of Fr. Paul Pentony.

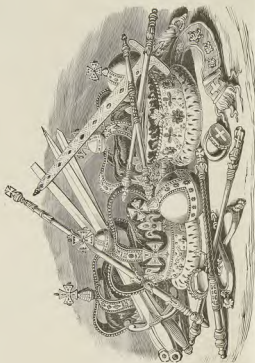
June 29th. Cricket match with Radding Park (away). A wet day and an unfinished match. Our opponents who batted first totalled eighty-two. We had only registered six when rain stopped further play.

July 1st. Fr. Prior's Feast which had been postponed. To Gormise on cycle or on foot. Lunch at the Hambleton Hotel and then to the "Rocks." Cloudy weather but the rain kept off till evening. A most enjoyable day. Cricket match with Harrogate College (away). Harrogate declared with 122 for eight wickets Mr. Caldwell making forty-three not out and Mr. Raven, twenty-six. We were playing the slow bowling very unsuccessfully, when rain came to our assistance and the game was drawn.

July 4th. A musical evening. The items were E. Murphy (oboe) and W. Dowling (clarinet) a duet, S. Parker (trumpet), A. Byrne (flute) and J. Rochford (piano). The last scene of Hamlet. Fr. Sub-prior thanked both players and audience. Fr. Clement spoke of the improvement the musicians had made in their playing.

July 11th. Br. Oswald Swarbrick and Br. Basil Primavest made their solemn profession. Our congratulations.

Our cricket eleven began the season well, and at one time had won seven matches out of eight. Then came a spell of bad luck and out of five, three were lost and two drawn. Two more remain to be played. Cooke, Connor and Stourton have done uniformly well, and Magoris has been useful. B. Mawson has bowled well all the season and Farrell has been sometimes remarkably successful, but undoubtedly the weak point of the team is bowling. Mawson's resolute hitting at a critical moment, on four occasions won the match for us. Maynard has had bad luck and did not come up to expectation. We hoped to have done better, but have some consolation in having won one of the matches with St. Peter's. A large number of class and other matches have been played. The P.E.C.C., organized by poor Fr. Paul Pentony, has been by far the strongest combination. The Upper Syntax has not lost a match and once ran up a total of 200, with three individual scores of fifty. Our second eleven won easily both their matches with St. Peter's second eleven, and the first game was remarkable for some bowling feats. R. Mawson, in the first innings, took five St. Peter's wickets for eleven runs and N. Stourton, in the second took seven for nine runs. In the first game we won by eight wickets and in the second by an innings and some runs.



Notes.

We are quite sure every schoolboy in England will vote the Jubilee a good invention. A dinner in the study-hall, a bonfire, rockets and extra holidays, and this all for nothing but a sum in addition! It is true a Jubilee is a rare thing; it takes a long time to ripen; but nobody thinks of it whilst it is maturing and when it does come, it has the freshness and joyfulness of a sudden discovery. We suppose the chief value of a Jubilee is that it gives young people and old a dignified reason to play the fool. We are a bit *blasé*, nowadays, but it is only on the surface. We sit like somebody else's grandsire cut in alabaster—we haven't such a thing of our own—just because it is the fashion to do so; but when it is the thing to "with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come," we are ready to dance and caper with the veriest buffoon. Even sober members of Parliament will, for the nonce, throw up their hats and sing "confound their politics" in the chorus of God save the Queen.

With some of us, in the afternoon of the Jubilee Day, when we were beaten at cricket by the Ripon Grammar School, our loyalty suffered a check. But it was re-lit, with the bonfire, in the evening. We, being of a serious turn of mind, tried to think it was the poetry of the affair which delighted us,—the extremes of glare and gloom; the myriads of sparks that shot upwards and barred themselves in the vaults of the sky; the play of light on waving branches and flickering leaves; the ruddy vision of laughter-lit faces as small boys threw their little sticks into the roaring furnace. But it was no use. We had to admit it was really the letting loose of the spirit of mischief that fascinated us; and though we refrained from throwing sticks and daubing our faces with tar, our feelings were in complete unison with the noisy crowd which cheered the savage bursts of flame, as the long tongues stretched out on every side, angrily and impotently reaching for something to devour.

The fanfare of wind instruments which served as an accompaniment to the chorus "God save the Queen" would, under ordinary circumstances, have been more suggestive of "treasons, stratagems

and spoils." Old acquaintance will not easily forget the bassoon solo which guided the procession down the hill, though perhaps it would not care to have its memory refreshed in a practical manner.

Centenaries, as being somewhat more advanced in age, are of a graver disposition than the jubilee. Much of the present number of the Journal is devoted to the Centenary of the landing of St. Augustine in England. We may be able to say something of the great September celebration in our next number. The articles and illustrations which are now given will help to bring our readers into sympathy with the devout Catholics who take part in the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Our sincere thanks to the writers and artists who have endeavoured to make this sacred subject so interesting and attractive.

What shall be done to the editor who fails to keep his word? In our last number, we hoped—we dared not promise outright—to give some illustrations of our New Monastery. A little beginning we have made in our frontispiece, which is the original design of two of the statues and niches on the new facade. The design of the canopies has been slightly altered in execution, but will serve to give a fair idea of the work. Will this be enough to save us from complete disgrace? The opening of the new buildings has been unavoidably postponed, and perhaps the views of the Monastery will come more fitly in connection with the finishing ceremony.

The little illustration of Lerins marks a spot closely connected with the journey of St. Augustine to England and, though none of our writers have touched on the matter, the reader will not be displeased to see a representation of the New Abbey built in the place of the one in which the saint rested on the way. The old tower is part of the earlier monastery.

The following is the translation of a letter from Abbot Tosti, received by Canon Woods in connection with his translation of the *Life of St. Benedict*.

Pax ✠

Montecassino Feb. 14th, 1897.

My very dear Brother,

I have been too long in answering your letter which accompanied your English Translation of my Historical

Discourse on the life of St. Benedict. The old are slow in everything, because old age has not the qualities of youth. I was once a young man; *fuitas Tria!* But now I am old, and I use the privilege of going slowly. Pardon, therefore, my delay in acknowledging your great courtesy. I did not expect the honour of having any book of mine translated into the beautiful language of Shakespeare and Milton.

I am very sorry that I am unable, through ignorance of the language, to appreciate the merit of your Translation which has been so much praised by one of my Brethren who helped me to compare it with the Italian text.

No doubt you have met with many difficulties in your labour, on account of the imperfection of my style. But I am sure that the Bishop of Newport would not have adorned your English edition with a Preface, which does so much honour to you and to me, unless you had overcome them. In a word this English "St. Benedict" may be called a *family work*, since all three, the author, the translator and the writer of the Preface, are sons of St. Benedict.

This which you have published in England comes opportunely during the centenary of the conversion of the English to the faith of Jesus Christ through the labours of the Benedictine missionaries. Your book will make better known to the English Church this Holy Patriarch of ours, who will obtain by his prayers what the Supreme Pontiff Pope Leo XIII. has so much at heart,—namely, the return of the English people to the Catholic faith.

Accept, therefore, my sincere thanks for the honour you have done me, and the merit which I hope we, in fraternal union, shall have acquired before God, I as the author and you as the translator.

I will send you another book of mine, "*Thyriata Tassa e i Rosaluttini Cassinesi*," which it would be well to translate also into your language, for England would learn from it how, in the Order of St. Benedict, there has never been wanting that charity through which, and through the spirit of its holy founder, the Order, though for a time eclipsed on account of human frailty, will never pass away. An English translation might do much good among the Catholics of England.

Keep a constant remembrance of me in your prayers, and the Lord will know how to reward you for your charity towards me.

Your affectionate brother in Christ.

LUIGI TOSTI, Abbot O.S.B.

Father Casartelli has kindly answered our query, in the last number of the Journal, concerning the Angel writing on the ground, in the old engraving of St. Bede. It is an allusion to the miraculous insertion of the word 'Venerabilis' in the inscription on the tomb of the Saint. "Hic sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa" is still to be seen cut on the gravestone. The story tells of the difficulty of the monk-sculptor to make up the second line. He had put *ossæ* to rhyme with *fossæ*, and *Bede*, but was puzzled for a good word to fill up the interval. The legend relates that the word 'Venerabilis' was found carved in the stone during the night time.

The etching of the *Madonna on the Crescent Moon*, after Dürer, will serve to show the style aimed at by the old German illustrators of books. It is one of the most admired of Dürer's copperplates. The play of light on the somewhat rigid, but admirably designed, folds of the drapery is exquisite. In the original engraving, the patches of sunlight remind one of the flashes of light that sparkle on the facets of a jewel.

The indefatigable Br. Andrew has undertaken a new work in the completion of the plastering of the New Monastery. The authorities found it advisable to dismiss the professionals, and we have got on very well without them. The leaded windows of the Cloisters and Calefactory are most artistic, and the round tower is well above the ground.

The little Church at Kirby has been opened with due solemnity. We can candidly say it is a work of art. Not a costly one, but it is none the worse for that. A fuller notice will be given in the "The Church by the Moor."

Soliman the Magnificent has been graced with orchestration, thanks to the skill and industry of Fr. Clement and Fr. Sub-prior. We anticipate real pleasure in tasting and applauding this experiment in the home manufacture of 'Tarkish Delight.'

Our congratulations to Fr. Hutchison on the completion of the reredos of the church at Workington. It is impossible not to recognise in it the work of P. P. Pagin. Two panels representing respectively *the Nativity*, and *Mariners invoking our Lady, Star of*

the Sea are flanked by angels. Figures of Our Lady and St. Michael occupy the canopies and there is the usual complement of crockets and finials. But the work gives a very satisfactory completeness to the altar and the sanctuary, which by the way is a noble and impressive one. A function was held on Sunday, July 4th, at which Fr. Prior sang Mass and Fr. Feeny preached. In the evening Fr. Barnett discoursed on Faith and made some touching allusions to the days when he laboured at Workington under the direction of the lamented Abbot Clifton. The improving hand of Fr. Hutchison is much in evidence at Workington. Schools enlarged and improved, club rooms purchased, and now the reredos completed, form a wonderful record for five years ministrations and that at a period of almost unprecedented depression in the iron trade.

Some of the old pupils of the lamented Fr. H. Bradley have desired to put up a memorial of their respect and affection for his memory. A handsome brass plate with his name and date of death has been affixed in the Relic Altar Chapel, where he usually said his Mass. The work has been executed with all the finish and artistic merit of Messrs Hardman's firm. The plate bears the legend *Memento pauperum discipulorum*.

We have come now to look upon Fr. Fletcher's annual visit to us as quite an institution. We were glad to note this year a considerable improvement in his health while his fund of anecdote and humour was fuller, if possible, than ever. His pilgrimage this year at York was the most successful that has yet taken place. The Church was packed and the crowds that kept on pushing for entrance began at one time to assume a very ugly appearance. However there was no contre-temps but the weather, which was mostly *contre* the whole day. The croakers of course put down the concourse to the presence of royalty, Prince Max of Saxony, who was advertised to preach. His sermon was certainly a treat and a surprise. It was almost impossible to trace a foreign accent in his excellent English speech. His diction too was so clear, so thoroughly idiomatic that we can only conclude that the Prince must have spoken our language from childhood. He has a fine ringing voice, and his earnest manner, the unctious of his thoughts kept his audience spell bound, though many were standing the whole time.

He has left behind him the most pleasing impressions by his gentleness and unaffected humility.

From Prince Max it is rather a far off cry to "bread and jam." For the benefit of the uninitiated we must explain "bread and jam" means a wonderful entertainment provided by Fr. Fletcher for his young Ransomer friends, in which piety, comic songs, good advice and recitations are wonderfully blended. The Master of the guild took possession of the study one evening, and chorns, cheers, clapping went on in apparently endless succession, until the Monks endeavouring to steal their modicum of sleep were tempted to exclaim "*Ohi jam satit.*" We are rejoiced to see that Fr. Fletcher has not yet condescended to the weakness of a bag in his travels. We once knew a friend who was lamenting a sad lapse into luxury in this respect. "There was a time" he said "when I could go for a month's holiday, and my only luggage was a tooth-brush; now I find myself using a small hand bag." Fr. Fletcher cannot upbraid himself with such weakness. Within the folds of his capacious coat there is a pocket which is portmanteau, hold-all, hand bag all in one. It is said that the contents of a school-boy's pocket is a wonderful spectacle, but the contents of Fr. Fletcher's pocket must be more wonderful still. "The master's pocket" might be an attractive item on a "bread and jam" programme.

The Ransom notes in the columns of the *Monitor* are always pleasant reading, but the very appreciative remarks on Ampleforth that appeared in the issue of June 18th took us all by surprise. For his kind and flattering remarks we offer Fr. Fletcher sincerest thanks. In a large establishment where many visitors are coming and going, it is often difficult to thoroughly "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest"; the will has often to be taken for the deed. But there are men whose good and sunny natures always put the best interpretations on others' actions, and are always ready to make the amplest allowances. Such a one is the Master of the guild and we beg to assure him that if "he has a warm corner in his heart for Ampleforth," Ampleforth will always be ready with a warm welcome for him.

It is with great regret that we find ourselves unable through want of space to give more than a passing reference to the important

centenary of St. Columba, the Father of Scottish Monasticism, that took place on June 16th this year. We had almost expected an article on the subject from the pen of our old friend Fr. Begue, who was responsible in great measure for the success of the demonstration. It was an event in which the English Benedictines could not but feel great interest, the Prior therefore deputed FF. Cuthbert Pippet and Clement Standish to represent him on the occasion. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention shown to our Fathers, especially by FF. Begue and McCluskey. Some six hundred pilgrims gathered on the island of Iona. The old ruined Abbey had been patched up as well as could be for the occasion, and High Mass was sung within the old walls by the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. All the precious associations gathered round the island and the old cathedral combined to render the service one of exceptional interest. Sermons were preached by the Archbishop of Edinburgh and by Fr. Campbell, S.J. in Gaelic, who reminded his hearers of the Prophecy of St. Columba uttered a few days before his death:—

Isle of my heart, isle of my love!
Where monks have charmed, kine shall rove,
But ere the day of doom shall be,
Thy glory shall return to thee.

May the day be not far distant that shall see the fulfilment of this venerable prophecy!

B. A. Ker played well for the 'Emeriti,' and the success of the visiting team is due, in great measure, to his talents. We were glad to have him take part in the match, for though not exactly an 'emeritus' old boy, he is, in schoolboy parlance, 'a brick.'

The broomsticks on wheels they call 'cycles' have become exceedingly fashionable of late. Excelsiors and Bantams and safeties and ordinaries, gearings, tyres, ball-bearings, punctures, Dunlops, records, &c., divide conversation with the doings of Grace, Ranjy, Shrewsbury, &c. We confess to an admiration of the cycle at a safe distance, and we are grateful to it for the excitement it introduces into every excursion. The numerous breakdowns prove that 'the best designs of bike and man gang aft agley.' Certainly the bitterest enemy of the cycle must confess that it is

the occasion of some wholesome pedestrianism under circumstances that would ordinarily have forbidden it.

The musical and dramatic evenings have been deservedly popular. Solo-playing to a sympathetic and not over critical audience is an admirable nerve-tonic.

'Our 'compleat angler' has varied his piscine triumphs by hooking a swallow on the wing. In this instance to swallow a hook and to hook a swallow proved synonymous terms.

'Queen's weather' for the hay crop must have delighted the heart of Mr. Perry. May his Jubilee Kohl Rabis and mangolds be treated as kindly.

Fr. Paulinus Wilson preached an excellent sermon on the Feast of St. Augustine. The *Deprecamus te Domine* was sung in procession in the cloisters and repeated by Fr. Prior and three of the monks at the celebration at Middlesborough. We owe Fr. Wilson thanks for his interesting communication to the present Journal.

Another Jubilee, this time that of our genial friend and benefactor Fr. O'Brien. The formal recognition will take place later in the year. Meanwhile our sincerest congratulations.

Many deaths of old Amplefordians have taken place since our last issue. Besides that Fr. Paul Pentony has followed in the footsteps of his two younger brothers we have to record the early deaths of Fr. Michael Ryan, of Bullingham, Hereford, Robert Tunncliffe and Sutton Fishwick. They will be remembered in our prayers. May they rest in peace.

Br. Oswald Swarbreck and Br. Basil Primavesi have made their solemn Profession. We wish them happiness.

We beg to acknowledge the receipts of the *Downside Review*, the *Downs Magazine*, the *Utham Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Clonowenian*, the *Ralsiffian*, the *Roanmont Review*, the *Revue Bibliotique*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Bards*, the *St. Augustine's Ramsgate*, and the *St. Bob*, Illinois.

Ampleforth Lists.

(Continued.)

(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.)

1880.

Adamson, Francis,	Great Crosby.
Aguirre, Urbano,	Spain.
Bertois, Frederick,	Ormskirk.
Doherty, Charles,	Lanark.
Fagan, Albert,	Scarboro'.
Field, George,	Darlington.
Frois, Charles,	Wellington.
Frois, Wilfrid,	Wellington.
Greenwood, Edward,	York.
Ibarra, Eladio de,	Spain.
McGowan, John,	Bradford.
O'Connell, Maurice,	Dublin.
Otano, Juan,	Spain.
Pinnington, Joseph,	Liverpool.
Richard, Eugène,	Swansea.
Robinson, Thomas,	Darlington.
Sharples, Anselmo,	Brazil.
Sharples, Francesco,	Brazil.
Smith, Edward,	Ireland.
Swarbreck, Walter,	Thirsk.

1881.

Almadana, Antonio,	Denai.
Baillencourt, Auguste de,	Douai.
Barrow, Peter,	Liverpool.
Bate, Joseph,	Warrington.
Bradley, Aloysius,	Ormskirk.

Bradley, George,	Hurst Green.
Bradley, John,	Hurst Green.
Bradley, Raymond,	Ormskirk.
Bretherton, Henry,	Liverpool.
* Clarke, John Aelfred, O.S.B.,	Nantwich.
Clarke, Thomas,	Nantwich.
Craven, Charles,	Clayton Green.
Craven, Frank,	Clayton Green.
Daniel, John,	Dumfries.
Hart, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Hurworth, Basil,	York.
Kavanagh, John,	Liverpool.
Kavanagh, Leslie,	Liverpool.
Loretz, Jerome,	Bath.
Macquet, Maurice,	Lille.
* Mercer, Peter Cuthbert, O.S.B., D.D.,	Preston.
Mercer, Frederick,	Preston.
Prescott, James,	Liverpool.
Prescott, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Scrivener, Alfred,	Filey.
Tunncliffe, Louis,	Liverpool.
Yassali, Chad,	Scarboro'.
Walter, John,	London.
Walker, Wilfrid,	Preston.
Whittam, Joseph,	Manchester.
Woolfe, Alfred,	Warrington.

1852.

Bretherton, Alfred,	Liverpool.
Casariago, Ramon,	Spain.
* Corbishley, John Vincent, O.S.B.,	Preston.
Dawes, John,	Longton.
Eckersley, John,	Warrington.
Hailwood, George,	Bolton-Je-Sands.
Hampson, Thomas,	Liverpool.
* Hayes, Wilfrid Bernard, O.S.B.,	Clayton-Green.
* Hind, Thomas Austin, O.S.B.,	Warrington.
De la Hoz, Pedro,	
Margrave, Robert,	Swansea.

Marsh, Alfred,	Warrington.
McGarity, Edward,	Bishop Auckland.
Muniategui, Frederico,	Spain.
Ossorio, Francesco,	Manilla.
Parkin, Charles,	Liverpool.
Payne, William,	Belfast.
Proctor, Edwin,	Liverpool.
Raby, John,	Hull.
Ruddin, James,	Liverpool.
Ruddin, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Tucker, John,	Leamington.
Tucker, Pierce,	Leamington.

1883.

Adamson, Charles,	Great Crosby.
Austin, William,	Castleford.
Barton, Hugh,	Houghton.
Barton, Robert,	Houghton.
Blake, Wilfrid,	Accrington.
Borchgrave, William,	Wavemm.
Bradley, Charles,	Preston.
Bradley, William,	Preston.
Critchley, Walter,	Blackburn.
Forshaw, Edward,	Ormskirk.
Francelle, Gustave,	Lille.
Garaigorta, Antonio,	Bilbao.
Greaves, Thomas,	Waterloo.
Hewett, Alfred,	London.
Hind, Richard,	Warrington.
Keane, Harrison,	Cork.
Lanzagoria, Joachin,	Bilbao.
Latham, James,	St. Helen's.
Marwood, Thomas,	Blackburn.
Mawdsley, Joseph,	Ormskirk.
Mawson, Thomas,	Bahia.
Mills, Charles,	Huddersfield.
Pennington, Joseph,	Liverpool.
Pentony, George,	Waterloo.
Primavesi, Fidele,	Cardiff.

Quin, John,	Liverpool.
Roig de Luis, José,	Madrid.
Spradbery, Dunstan,	Liverpool.
Swyny, Edward Howard,	Bootle.
Swyny, Richard,	Bootle.
Veloso, Mariano,	Philippines.
Walter, Ernest,	London.
Wilson, John Philip, O.S.B.,	Birmingham.

1884.

Barton, Henry,	Chorley.
Browne, James,	Liverpool.
Campbell, John,	Swansea.
Charles, Bernard,	London.
Charles, William,	London.
Downing, Augustine,	Fermoy.
Downing, Denis,	Fermoy.
Hanson, Philip,	London.
Hanson, Vincent,	London.
Hanson, William,	London.
* Jackson, George Cuthbert, O.S.B.,	Wrightington.
Jones, Algernon,	London.
Loretz, Louis,	Bath.
Manley, Hubert,	Spofoorth.
* Matthews, James Edmund, O.S.B.,	Wrightington.
Mawson, Raymond,	Bahia.
Middleton, Reginald,	Ilkley.
Morgan, James,	Liverpool.
Noblett, James,	Liverpool.
Noblett, Thomas, O.S.B.,	Liverpool.
Patchett, Henry,	Blackburn.
Pentony, Wilfrid,	Waterloo.
* Pinnington, William,	Liverpool.
Primavesi, Reginald Basil, O.S.B.,	Swansea.
Ruddin, Henry,	Liverpool.
Shackles, Basil,	Filey.
* Turner, James Bede, O.S.B.,	Chorley.
Warrior, Alexander,	Liverpool.
Worthy, Michael,	Waterloo.

1885.

Buist, John,	Cardiff.
Cammack, Robert,	St. Helen's.
Connolly, James,	New Brighton.
Connolly, Lawrence,	New Brighton.
Ireland, Thomas,	Parbold.
Manley, Marmaduke,	Spofoorth.
Mawson, Joseph,	Bahia.
Nicholson, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Nicholson, William,	Liverpool.
Prest, Emile,	Manchester.
Smith, Arthur,	Bungay.
Smith, Francis,	Hungay.
Trapaga, Angelo,	London.

1886.

Bell, Geoffrey,	Clapham.
Buggins, William,	Birmingham.
Burns, Edward,	Cleator.
Caley, Thomas,	Butwith.
Cantwell, James,	Dublin.
Carroll, John,	Aigburth.
Carroll, Patrick,	Aigburth.
Cossens, Francis,	Monmouth.
Corling, Robert,	Chirwick.
Davidson, Charles,	Egremont.
Davies, Walter,	Liverpool.
Daves, Edward,	Longton.
Daves, Walter Stephen, O.S.B.,	Longton.
Greenwood, Alfred,	York.
Greenwood, Herbert,	York.
Hand, Gerald,	Liverpool.
Hardman, Gerald,	Birmingham.
Hines, Francis,	Sunderland.
Hines, Charles,	Sunderland.
Kelly, John,	Blyth.
Kendall, Albert,	Liverpool.
Kirnan, Richard,	Liverpool.
Long, Alfred,	Wallington.

McGarity, Edward,	Bishop Auckland.
McGuinness, Mark,	Liverpool.
McSheehy, Joseph,	Wimbledon.
Murray, Donald,	India.
Murray, Cecil,	India.
Murray, Bertie,	India.
Parker, George,	Sutton-Coldfield.
Parker, James,	Sutton-Coldfield.
Parker, John,	Sutton-Coldfield.
Picton, George,	St. Helen's.
Powell, Cuthbert,	Waterloo.
* Powell, Edward Lawrence, O.S.B.,	Waterloo.
Powell, William,	Waterloo.
Primavesi, Ernest,	Cardiff.
Weetman, Charles,	Sheffield.
Weetman, Francis,	Sheffield.
Whittam, Charles,	Manchester.
Whittam, Francis,	Manchester.
Whittam, Louis,	Manchester.
Wilson, Robert Wilfrid, O.S.B.,	Birmingham.

1887.

Adrien, John,	Drogheda.
Adrien, William,	Drogheda.
Blackledge, Paul,	Waterloo.
Brannan, Joseph,	Walker-on-Tyne.
Broadley, Edwin,	Keighley.
Casartelli, Louis,	Liverpool.
Collingwood, Basil,	Hull.
Collingwood, Cuthbert,	Hull.
Connor, Edward,	Warrington.
Connor, Robert,	Warrington.
Connor, William,	Warrington.
* Crow, Frederick Aidan, O.S.B.,	Louth.
Dillon, Alfred,	Mersina.
Fitzgerald, Henry,	Oban.
Gallagher, Ignatius,	Blackburn.
Hansom, Alfred,	London.
Hind, George Elphege, O.S.B.,	Warrington.

Hines, Arthur,	Sunderland.
Kean, Athelstan,	Liverpool.
Lacy, Lawrence,	Liverpool.
Lacy, Patrick,	Liverpool.
Long, William,	Wallington.
Pawell, S. Alexander Maurus, O.S.B.,	Waterloo.
Quinn, Charles,	Liverpool.
Radcliffe, Bernard Percival,	Rudding Park.
Rylance, Wilfrid Theodore, O.S.B.,	Leicester.
Sherlock, Alphonso,	Brazil.
Smith, William,	Lancaster.
Stead, Henry,	Knaresbro'.
Swale, William,	Rudfarlington.
Taunton, Roby,	Roby.
Walker, Francis,	Preston.
Whittle, Alfred,	India.
Williams, John,	Boston.

1888.

Allen, Percy,	London.
Chaloner, Charles,	Latchford.
Chaloner, John,	Latchford.
Clarke, Edward Cooper,	Nantwich.
Conban, John,	Hadfield.
Conban, Louis,	Hadfield.
Conway, Nicholas,	Liverpool.
Curran, Peter,	Liverpool.
Daniel, Paul,	Nottingham.
Daves, Vincent Hildebrand, O.S.B.,	London.
Dawson, Joseph, O.S.B.,	Lytham.
Dumont, Augustine,	Everton.
Finch, Edward,	London.
Finley, David,	Manchester.
Finley, John,	Manchester.
Finley, Joshua,	Manchester.
Fleming,	Warrington.
Forster, Edward,	Hornsea.
Giglio, Harold,	Alexandria.
Giglio, Richard,	Alexandria.

Heptonstall, Francis,	Chester.
Jarvis, Ernest,	Boston.
Lopez, John,	Madrid.
Motlet, Hector,	York.
O'Dowd, Henry,	Guildford.
Primavessi, Egidio,	Swansea.
Quinn, Clement,	Liverpool.
Radcliffe, William,	Stearby.
Steinmann, Alfred,	Liverpool.
Whittam, Barson,	Manchester.
Worswick, Frank,	Weobley.
Worswick, Richard,	Weobley.

1889.

Adrien, Patrick,	Balbriggan.
Borchgrave,	Belgium.
Briggs, Austin,	Aspatia.
Backnall, Alfred,	Montreal.
Bullock-Webster, Llewelyn,	Merioneth.
Carr, William,	Fleetwood.
Cockshutt, Joseph,	Preston.
Cummins, Hugh,	New Ferry.
Curtis, Henry,	Kingston.
Foster, Bernard,	Sheffield.
Gonzalez, Antonio,	Baenos Ayres.
Heywood, Basil,	Cardiff.
Heywood, Paco Francis,	Cardiff.
Hill, Charles,	Lincoln.
Johnson,	Bakewell.
Kenny,	Ireland.
Kenny,	Ireland.
Knowlson, Francis,	York.
Lima, Cicero Franklin,	Cearz.
Lopes, Luis Casimiro,	Madeira.
Meyer, Henry,	Harrogate.
Nevill, George,	London.
O'Neill, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Priestman, Christopher,	Richmond.
Priestman, Francis,	Richmond.

Priestman, Henry,	Richmond.
Priestman, Oswald,	Richmond.
Priestman, Wilfrid,	Richmond.
Railton, Ernest,	Bristol.
Roberts, Charles,	Liverpool.
Raddin, Eugene,	Manchester.
Smith, Gerald,	Hampton Wick.
Smith, Richard,	Hampton Wick.
Steinmann, Oscar,	Liverpool.
Worswick, Thomas,	Weobley.
White, Frederick,	York.

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.

EFMUS 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.



SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Henry Allanson, Esq. (1st Donation) ..	25	0	0
" (2nd Donation) ..	25	0	0
Ampleforth Society	100	0	0
Per Very Rev. P. M. Anderson (a legacy)	200	0	0
" (Donation)	10	0	0
Anonymous	1000	0	0
"	750	0	0
"	905	15	0
"	100	0	0
"	50	0	0
"	0	10	0
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Frederick Marwood, Esq.	5	5	0
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James O'Connor, Esq.	2	0	0
Mrs. O'Hagan	1	0	0
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M. Pécoul (Paris)	10	0	0
Alexander T. Penney, Esq.	2	2	0
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Mrs. Pike	1	1	0
Rev. Austin Pippet	5	0	0
Benedict Pippet, Esq.	2	0	0
Mrs. Platford (R.I.P.)	25	0	0
Miss Pomeroy	1	0	0
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Emile Prest, Jun., Esq.	10	0	0
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Miss Raby	10	0	0
Thomas Ratcliffe, Esq.	100	0	0
Bernard Robinson, Esq.	2	0	0
Joseph Rochford, Esq.	5	0	0
Most Rev. Archbishop Scarisbrick	10	0	0
Very Rev. Canon Shanahan	1	1	0
Dr. Shaw	2	0	0
Mrs. Shaw	2	0	0
Sister Superior, Convent of Notre Dame, Sheffield	3	0	0
"Sigma"	20	0	0
Rev. A. S. Silvester, O.P.	5	0	0
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Bernard Smith, Esq. (1st Donation)	25	0	0

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Per Rev. C. G. Smith, (R.I.P.)	12	0	0
John P. Smith, Esq. (Barrow)	5	0	0
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James W. A. Taylor, Esq.	3	3	0
Thomas Taylor, Esq. (1st Donation)	5	5	0
(2nd Donation)	5	5	0
William Taylor, Esq.	5	5	0
A Thanksgiving	5	0	0
Pierce Tucker, Esq.	5	0	0
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VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE HILL.

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1897.

PART II.

The English Benedictines.

[A Sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday, Nov. 14th, 1897, by the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport.]

Call to remembrance the works of the Fathers which they have done in their generation . . . and consider that none that trust in Him fail in strength (1 Machabees ii., 51-61).

THE conversion of England to the Faith of Jesus Christ was brought about, through God's will and providence, by Benedictine monks. That memorable event has been fittingly celebrated this year, which marks the end of the thirteenth century since it occurred. I do not propose to dwell upon it to-day. But taking advantage of this Festival, which is that of All Saints of the Order of St. Benedict, we may be permitted to let our thoughts rest on that monastic body which came into existence at that very time and was founded for that very purpose; and so to give thanks to God for many past mercies, to meditate on the secret, which is hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed only to the little ones—the secret of success in the building up of God's Kingdom; and also to breathe for a while that air, found only on God's mountains, which

lifts the Christian heart to courage, which inspires trust in God's unfailing love, and fans the flame of holy hope, the sure harbinger of Divine benediction.

Our view to-day, then, takes in the whole of those thirteen centuries during which the English Congregation of the monks of St. Benedict have formed a part of the Church's army on earth. When St. Augustine and his forty companions landed at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet, there were in the Christian Church plenty of monks, and plenty of Benedictines. There had been monks since the middle of the fourth century; that is, for about two hundred and fifty years. No sooner had Christianity become the religion of the Roman Empire than earnest men began to flee forth from the great, rich, and wicked Roman cities to solitude and the desert. Like frightened creatures escaping from inundation or from fire, they took refuge in the sandy tracts which bordered the Nile, in the wilderness of Syria, among the rocks and caves of the Adriatic, in the islands of the Mediterranean. Far from men, sometimes solitary, sometimes clustering in silent swarms, they watched, they prayed, and they laboured. Great names, great leaders, great saints appeared from time to time among them—a Paul, an Anthony, a Sabbas, an Hilarion. Illustrious Bishops wrote their rules—as a Basil and an Athanasius. Renowned doctors chronicled their holiness—as a Jerome and a Gregory Nazianzen. And these saints of the desert have left to the Christian Church, for all generations, not only in their lives but in many admirable writings, a commentary on Christ's Gospel-teaching and an illustration of Christian life, which will never be out of date or forgotten.

Then, in the western world, came St. Benedict. He, too, had fled to the wilderness, leaving the luxury and temptations of the city of Rome. In a cave of the mountains he learned the hidden things of God; on the mountain side he gathered his disciples around him, and built up

his poor dwelling. On the mountain of his choice, where the wide Italian plain spread far beneath his gaze, he did more than set up a cloister: he wrote a Rule, which was to perpetuate his own voice, to be carried far and wide by his monks, and to create that monastic Order which in a single century covered Europe from Rome to Britain, from the Alps to Andalusia.

The English Benedictine Congregation came into existence about sixty years after the death of St. Benedict. That date—and many of you will recognize it at once—was the year 597, just thirteen centuries back, the year that saw St. Augustine land in England. When St. Augustine set up in the city of Canterbury, by the help of King Ethelbert, on the ground that even at this day we can mark out to a foot, a monastery in which, as Venerable Bede says, he and his fellow-monks began to pray, to recite the psalms and lessons of the Divine Office, to practise regular observance, to baptize and administer the Sacraments, then the Congregation of English Black Monks of the Order of St. Benedict began its career. Or perhaps it really began a little earlier: on that rough journey across the continent of Europe, during which at morn and night and as they travelled on, the regular hours of the Benedictine Office were religiously kept; or on the shore of Thanet, when they first landed and lifted up their nocturns and lauds under the walls of ancient Richborough; or at least in that old, still standing Church of St. Martin at Canterbury, the stones of which are seen to be far older than that date—in which undoubtedly, for the first time on English soil, within church walls and before a consecrated altar, the Benedictines sang the Office which in after years was to resound in so many minsters throughout the land.

The Benedictines who began the conversion of England came chiefly from two monasteries in Rome—that of the Lateran, close beside the celebrated Church of St. John Lateran, the mother and mistress of the churches of the

world, and that of St. Andrew, founded by St. Gregory the Great. The famous Abbey of Monte Cassino, where St. Benedict had died some half a century before, was at that moment ruined and desolate—destined, however, to rise again. At that time, therefore, the headquarters of the Order were in the city of Rome itself. We cannot doubt that St. Gregory chose from those two monastic families the very best men that he could get. It is not now the moment to dwell upon their fitness, their sanctity, or their achievements. Our purpose is to study the family which they founded, and its spread and history.

For every Catholic of this country, and I had almost said every educated Englishman, knows that the English Benedictines are a very distinct, marked, and recognizable religious body—a body with characteristics and functions differing in many respects from those of the Benedictines of Italy, Germany, France, or Spain. The houses which were scattered all over England—from Canterbury all the way up the east coast to Tynemouth and Holy Island—from Canterbury all along our southern shores to Malmesbury and the hills of Cornwall—from Glastonbury all along the Severn valley to Tewkesbury and far into the marshes of Wales—over Yorkshire and the old Strathclyde—these houses, great and small, sheltered men who wore St. Benedict's habit, but who had work and duties which other Benedictines did not attempt, and a position which they did not claim. For what did St. Gregory the Great do, as Sovereign Pontiff, when he sent these monks to England? In reality he founded, not a new Order, but certainly a new Congregation. Their habit and their rule were those of St. Benedict: but a task was laid upon their shoulders far heavier than anything which had hitherto been symbolised by the monastic scapular which they wore. Men had hitherto been supposed to flee to the cloister to safeguard their own souls only. In reality the needs of other souls had often already forced open the doors of cells and

made monks into preachers. But now the combination of monk and missionary became the very note and character of a monastic institute. The Holy See knows the times and moments; but what would the solitaires or the cenobites of the Nile valley have thought had they seen that black-robed company start down the Cælian Hill on a journey across the Tyrrhene sea, across the plains of Europe, to preach the Gospel to an island full of barbarians on Europe's furthest confines? Nay, what did those monks themselves think, as they travelled over land and ocean, their meditations broken, their psalm-singing impossible, without an altar to kneel at or a roof to cover them? What did they think, after they had entered Canterbury, when it began to be clear to them that the ardent and far-seeing old man who had sent them, far from intending to recall them to that pleasant monastic "quiet" which no one valued more than himself, meant them, Italian Benedictines as they were, to settle under the cloudy skies of Kent—and not to settle, either, as monks had settled at Rome, or Lerins, or Glanfeuil, but to add on to their cloister and choir a parish church and a parish school—to place their peace and their recollection at the mercy of the entire population—to be prepared to sally out, after morning meditations, to the streets, the markets, the council-chamber, and the cross-roads, there to spend themselves till the vespers hour in winning souls to Jesus Christ?

Yet this was what happened. We have not only St. Gregory's actions, but his very words (in Ven. Bede, "Ecclesiastical History," book i, ch. 27). He prescribes to St. Augustine, Bishop as he is, a "common life" with his clergy. "Since your Fraternity," he says, "hath been brought up in the monastic rule and ought not therefore to live separate from your clergy, you must establish in that Church of the English which by God's grace hath lately been brought to the faith, the mode of life followed by

our fathers in the days of the early Church—when no one called anything which they possessed his own, but all things were in common." Thus the distinguishing character of the English Benedictine Congregation was clearly this: a cloistered life combined with missionary work; missionary work which should allow the monastic life to be practised, in its substance and essentials, unimpaired.

And the slightest glance at our old Church history shows how this new system worked. For about 150 years after the landing of St. Augustine there was in England no universal parochial system: that is, no system of parish priests or incumbents with fixed districts and rights and endowment. Instead of this, the monasteries and priories spread and multiplied: and wherever a monastic Community settled itself, there the preaching of the Gospel began to be diffused like rays from a beacon-fire—there was a centre of Sacramental ministrations. The first thirty-eight Archbishops of Canterbury were all monks. Nearly all the English Bishops for two centuries were monks. The greater number of the Cathedrals—Canterbury, Rochester, Winchester, and Worcester, London, and Lichfield; that is, all the Cathedrals of southern and middle England—were monasteries of which the Bishop was the Abbot. The initiation of the parochial system in England, at least in the south, is due to the great Archbishop of Canterbury St. Theodore, who died about ninety years after St. Augustine. As the country had by that time become wholly Christian, the monastic system no longer sufficed for its needs. But even then, when parish priests began to be appointed, it was to supplement the missionary work of the monks, not to supersede it. The great St. Theodore—seventy years after St. Augustine—was Metropolitan of All England and Papal Legate. He travelled far and wide over all the kingdom, as far as Holy Island, in the extreme north of Northumberland, visiting, correcting, regulating, legislating everywhere. And we find St. Theo-

dore, in that first great Synod of English Bishops and Abbots ever held—the Synod of Hertford (673)—expressly legislating for the rights and tranquility of the monasteries as being part of the ecclesiastical establishment of the country. And passing over a period of 300 years—a period during which the troubles of a Danish invasion had brought every kind of misfortune upon the Church of the English nation—we come to the times of the great St. Dunstan. He was a great reformer. And what was one of the most notable characteristics of his reform? I will quote the very words of his biographer and personal friend Eadmer: "Supported by the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope John XIV., he expelled from their churches the secular Canons who refused to observe the celibate life, and introduced into their places the monks." Thus, by the work of St. Dunstan and his fellow-reformers, St. Ethelwold of Winchester and St. Oswald of Worcester, and by Papal authority, the English Benedictines, four hundred years after the death of St. Augustine, were either reinstated or maintained in the Cathedral and other churches which, in the early years of England's conversion, they had themselves founded.

I must pass briefly over the story of the English Benedictines during the ages of faith. I must leave you to think of Westminster and Canterbury, of Winchester and St. Albans, of Peterborough and Durham, and of a score of other great monasteries: of their numerous Communities, their broad lands, their stupendous churches, the splendour of their services, their constant zeal in sacred and historic literature, their noble public spirit, and their wide-spread charity. It is not too much to say that nothing greater, finer, or more powerful has ever been known in any age of the Church's history, outside the work of the Holy See and the Episcopate. But let it never be lost sight of that all through that period of power and greatness the English Benedictines never ceased to make themselves felt

in the hierarchy, and to labour in the cure of souls. They formed nine of the Cathedral Chapters of the country. Their Abbeys and priories were each of them the centre of a little circle of parishes and stations, in all of which they had built the public churches, and were either themselves furnishing the priests or were maintaining them. Thus the whole of Kent may be said to have been divided between the two Canterbury monasteries of Christ Church and St. Augustine's. Thus the great Abbey of Glastonbury set up all over Somersetshire the noble churches which you can see at this day. Thus the populations of the Severn valley were cared for by Benedictine pastors, inmates of such cloisters as Gloucester, Worcester, Evesham Malvern, and Tewkesbury. Thus in the far north, a small house like Lynemouth had numerous stations, technically called "cells," but really excellently built churches with presbyteries, in which the monks, two at a time, resided, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, preached and administered the Sacraments for the benefit of the flock. These monastic pastors, preachers, and confessors did differ in several ways from the parish priest, who lived by himself and could not be dispossessed of his cure till he died. There was room for both descriptions of shepherds of souls. What the people gained from the monks was disinterested labour and charity, the vigour of the best years of life, and, let us hope, spiritual teaching ripened by the meditations of the cloister. And they, on their part, had their youthful training, their frequent retirements into the monastery, the watchfulness of their superiors, the support of their brethren, and the true Benedictine feeling of a home that belonged to them, and belonged to them most truly when they needed it most—in the days of trouble, of failure, of sickness, and when the shadow of approaching death began to fall. Many of the monks had no cure of souls and never left their enclosure: but of those who carried on the work of St. Augustine there was not one, worthy of the name,

whose presence in the sight of the flock did not carry with it colour, or light, or heat from his monastic discipline—from his communing with the teachings of St. Benedict, from the subtle atmosphere of the mind and souls of many brethren, from the Divine Office beating on the heart, wave after wave, like surges on sandy shores, from the majesty of Mass and festival, day by day lifting human nature to heights where God is found.

All men know how the glories of the monasticism of England went out amidst the storm and fury of the so-called "Reformation." The great monasteries were rich and powerful. They were, by the admission of their enemies, and the attestation of the learned historians of the present day, regular, observant, exemplary: and they were patriotic, philanthropic, and popular in the best sense. Moreover, they were strongholds of Catholic Faith, of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and of fidelity to the Holy See. If popular government, as understood in the best times of the Middle Ages, had not been superseded by the Tudor despotism, the great monasteries would never have been destroyed. Reforms are needful from time to time in all institutions, especially in corporations which handle large properties. But it was the wave of despotism—despotism in civil government and despotism of the Crown over religion—which swept away the English monasteries. Royal omnipotence happened unfortunately to be in baleful conjunction with Lutheran lawlessness, and the greatest free, local, and self-governing institutions of mediæval England were ruthlessly sacrificed and destroyed. The end of the English Benedictines was not unworthy of their lineage and traditions. Their abbots in many instances surrendered house and lands to the Crown: but it must be remembered that surrenders of this kind had, in the most recent times and under similar circumstances, been authorized by the Holy See: and no man need see treason to Faith where, at the worst, there was only weakness yield-

ing to surprise and force. But the Benedictines, like Fisher and More, stood firm for the Catholic Faith and the Holy See. For defying the tyrant to make them apostatise, the Blessed John Beech, Abbot of Colchester, was hanged at Colchester, the Blessed Hugh Faringdon, Abbot of Reading, with two of his monks, was hanged at Reading, and the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, again with two of his community, was hanged, drawn, and quartered on the Tor at Glastonbury, in the sight of the great abbey church: whilst scores and hundreds of the monks throughout England, being expelled from their homes, lived for years in distress, and died virtually martyrs for the same holy cause. May their blood be the seed that shall spring up again from the soil of our country, with a new race of missionaries of Jesus Christ, for a new conversion!

Yet, after all, the English Benedictines did not wholly die. As we all know, that name, amid the desolation, the pioneer-work, the heroic attempts which have marked the prospects of our Holy Faith during three centuries, has been heard of in England again. When English Catholicism lay in smoking ruins, a body of men—some of them having been themselves in the hottest of the fire—gathered on lands not far from English shores, and, having obtained the ancient honoured habit, formed themselves into another band after St. Augustine's fashion, and prepared to land in England. This time they found no noble Ethelbert to bid them welcome: they had to steal across the narrow seas, disguised and one by one; they had to lie in hiding, to flee from place to place, to take the daily risk of the gaol, the rack, and the halter. And it happened, as you also know, that an aged monk of the great Abbey of Westminster, of the olden time, was still alive, and he—Father Sigebert Buckley—one day* (the anniversary occurs next Sunday, and the English Benedictines

* November 21st, 1607.

are never likely to forget it) bestowed the monastic habit of the old Congregation, with all its rights and privileges, on two representatives of the new Anglo-Benedictine body. And the Holy See, in the first half of the seventeenth century, issued a Bull* which is the full and ample charter of those who, since those days, have handed on the name. I do not know that the English Benedictines of this latter epoch need be ashamed to refer to their old traditions, or need blush for their own history. When there has been work to do, they have done it: when there has been pain to suffer, they have endured it: when there has been death to face, they have met it. It is a sacred and joyful duty, on a festival like this, to commemorate our saints, our martyrs, and our confessors—names which, although not yet placed by the Holy See on the Church's diptychs, are nevertheless, as far as can humanly be known, truly among those that follow the Lamb: such as the martyred priests George Gervase, Mark Barkworth, John Roberts, William Scot, Edward Tunstal, Edward Barlow, Bartholomew Roe, Philip Powell, and the lay-brother Thomas Pickering, all of whom we are permitted to style "Venerable,"—together with six others who were undoubtedly martyrs, if not in the strict sense, at least in a most true acceptance of the term.

The days of persecution have passed, but the labours of the monks have gone on. They have built their monasteries, painfully, perseveringly—putting shilling to shilling and stone to stone. They have carried on their novitiates, receiving year by year young and fervent hearts, and opening to them the pages of that famous Rule which has formed so many saints, kings, and prophets. They have taken their share, and more than their share, in that work on which Catholicism and progress principally depend, the teaching and the training of the young. They have been planted, generation after generation, in the old

* The Bull *Plantati*, of Pope Urban VIII., July 12th, 1633.

country missions of the north and the midlands, saying their daily Mass, exhorting, and praying their old-fashioned prayers, in the chapels they loved; keeping the old Faith alive, and the old names faithful from father to son. They have been settled in great cities and busy towns, carrying on with unwearied constancy the Sunday toil, the daily toil, of a large mission; true to their people, devoted to the poor, ever ready for the sick-call, never afraid of fever or pestilence, sharing in all the working of Catholicism, in all the solitudes of the Bishops, in all the solid interests of the people. They have partaken of the vicissitudes of our English Church. When Catholicism was persecuted, they were hunted; when Catholicism was hidden away in back streets and remote retreats, they went about their work without external sign, their monasticism kept in the dark, and their venerable habit unseen and unknown. When the Catholic priest still hardly dared to call the Mass by its name, the monks pronounced their vows with closed doors in the secret hours of the early morning. When the great cry of "Papal aggression" arose in this country—as brief in its continuance as it was bitter whilst it lasted—the monks, even before that great revival, had been among the first to see the time had come to call themselves by their name and title, and to wear their choral-habit in public—as I well remember at the opening of St. Robert's at Morpeth in July, 1850. And if Catholicism has had her modest triumph, the monks have been in the line of advance and in the throng of enthusiasm; as at the restoration of the Hierarchy, when one of the English Cathedral Chapters was given over to them in memory of the olden time; as in the achievement of some of the noblest churches in the country; as in the work of their scholars and writers; as in the still recent festival at Ebbwfleet, when fifty of them or more followed the figure of Christ and chanted the famous anthem of St. Augustine.

The world goes on, and age succeeds to age: the needs of mankind are always varying, and the cause of Christ to-day demands champions of other skill and muscle than yesterday. You cannot now in England send out a band of two or three black-robed brothers and expect the population to gather round them, obey them, help them to build their modest church and cloister, and live under them an observant and devoted flock. History has travelled fast since those days; many things have happened; all the old names, words, mottoes, faiths, and causes have been through the fire; no man, monk or other, can now gain a hearing who cannot do more than wear a habit and speak the simple words that sufficed to win the minds and hearts of Ethelbert and his thanes, of Edwin and his northern priests. It is not for me, or for anyone, to seek to prove this day that the English Benedictines are showing, as the nineteenth century draws nigh to its dissolution, the inspired and irresistible efficiency of their fathers in the last days of the sixth. It is sufficient to say that many have reason to rise up and call them blessed; many through them have found the faith; many have been instructed unto justice; many have been saved in their battle with sin; many have been helped to die in God's grace. And if with their ministrations there comes to their flocks some air of the olden time, some savour of a great past, some association of ancient labour and historic conflict, these things are not to be despised, but rather cherished, in the spirit in which the Jewish patriot warrior bade his armies "call to remembrance the works of the Fathers, which they have done in their generation."

There was another thing he exhorted them never to forget—that "none that trust in Him fail in strength." We must remember that. Methods may sometimes have to be changed, but principles never. There are three great monastic principles which in combination have always, in the past, succeeded in enlarging the boundaries of God's

Kingdom and in maintaining them, and which cannot possibly fail in the present and in the future. They are, Rule, Sacrifice, and Patience. First, the clinging fast to that monastic ideal which the Monk vows: the trusting to his monasticism for training, for light, for refreshment, and for union with God; the liberty of spirit which will never give up, for a temporary necessity, even when souls are concerned, that rock in the desert, with its beneficent shadow, which is the enabling means of widespread and lasting success. Next, the self-sacrifice of men who are not only devoted to Christ, but are part of an army devoted to Christ, the inheritors of a race devoted to Christ; on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of a great name; to whose feeling and imagination there must ever appeal the memory of their countless saints who have left all for Christ, and their fathers who have worked so manfully in their day. And, finally, patience: patience with the world and patience at home: a patience which resents not the part of an unconsidered unit, or of a soldier in the breach, shot down and never known: a patience which accepts the leading of leaders because their office is to lead: a patience which can live and last without visible or earthly success: a patience which can wait for the slow movements of the glaciers and the fires which mould the moral world: a patience which can check even honest aspiration, preferring to use the forces of prayer and the Cross, in order to bring about those necessary changes which a great Order must undergo as time moves on, but in the making of which a score of years is inconsiderable in a career of so many centuries.

There is a legend of St. Dunstan—monk, Archbishop, statesman, and artist—that once, when he was working in his cell and fashioning some vessel of gold for the Blessed Sacrament, the harp which hung above his head was touched by angels' hands, and sweetly sounded forth the well-recognized notes of the anthem "*Gaudent in coelis*

animæ Sanctorum"—"The souls of the Saints in bliss rejoice"—the very words and notes which the Benedictines so often sing during this octave. So may we think—and it is no idle imagining—that when we, in our day, are working here below, the saints our brethren, who have gone before us, rejoice the more. We pray, we worship, we preach, we minister to the flock, till there comes the summons of the Judge. Such a life is unmarked by fame, and it often seems to pass uncheered by any sign from above. But there are harps sounding all the time—murmuring supernatural harmony, breathing unceasingly our Heavenly Father's approving love, the brotherhood of the angels, the fellowship of our own saints. "He that hath ears let him hear what the Spirit saith"—let him hear, and take comfort, and follow bravely on in the foot-steps of Christ. And you my brethren, give thanks to God for the past—give thanks for the present—and pray that God in His mercy and love may ever bless the sons of St. Benedict, the flocks to whom they minister, and the Church and people of this country.

Shall we sing the Gregorian Chant with Rhythm?

"Gregorian Music. An Outline of Musical Palaeography." By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Art and Book Co., London and Leamington.

"Les Mélodies Grégoriennes d'après la Tradition." Par le Rév. Père Dom J. Pothier, Desclée et Cie., Tournai.

"Rythme, exécution et accompagnement du Chant Grégorien." Par le R. F. A. Lhoumeau. Chez l'auteur à St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre, Vendée.

It must be admitted that the Gregorian chant is not making that progress amongst us in England that the lovers of the Liturgy would desire. And the cause is not far to seek. Our present methods of singing render the Plain Song both laborious to the singer and wearisome to the listener. The singer finds himself confronted with a mountain of notes without a clue or guide to their execution. What else can he do, but hammer out the intervals in his loudest tones, each note distinct and accented, and then declare that he cannot bear plain chant, for it spoils his voice? The poor hearer, distracted, begs the choir-master to put plain chant on the shelf and give them some music to excite devotion. It is hard to blame either party. And if this state of things is to continue we should despair of the future of Gregorian music in this country. But we are happy to say that a movement has been set on foot abroad which bids fair to take away the reproach from the chant and to restore some of that beauty which enchanted our early Fathers in the faith. We propose to give our readers some idea of this revival and especially of the most recent views on the rhythm and execution of plain chant.

The Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook can claim the

honour of first introducing to the English Catholic public, a treatise on that system of the Gregorian chant, which is associated with the name of Dom Pothier. We may be excused then for giving a little fuller notice of this work, especially as it seems not to have received the attention amongst us that it deserves. The volume is one in which paper, type, and the reproducer's art, leave little to be desired. On opening the work, the reader will at once be captivated with reproductions in Autotype of some of the most famous MSS. of Gregorian chant in antiquity. He will meet, amongst others, pages from the famous Antiphonaries of St. Gall and of Montpellier. Some very interesting chapters follow on the early neum signs of the MSS. and their subsequent development. Those who feel attracted to the trying occupation of deciphering the old MSS. will here find a full table of the characters and their subsequent modifications in different times and places. Of the Romanian letters the usual account is given in Chapter vi. These letters are supposed to represent the marks of expression that were employed by the Roman School of chant, which the Roman cantor Romanus about the ninth century inserted into the Antiphonary of St. Gall; the *crescendo*, *accelerando*, *retardando*, &c., of modern music. The revisers of the Rheims and Cambrai Gradual made a profound study of these letters and were unable to satisfy themselves as to their meaning. They came to the conclusion that the secret of the Romanian letters has been lost to us. It would have been well had the Stanbrook authors put forward their explanation of these letters in a less positive manner, or at least they might have drawn attention to the fact that the question is still undecided. Throughout the work generally the absolute loyalty and fidelity to the word of the master, Dom Pothier, is quite remarkable, any suggestion of doubt or criticism on the system is carefully withheld.

Our old teaching that the tailed note is longer than

the square, and the diamond note shorter than either is rather severely handled by the Authors in the Chapter on Diastematic Notation. And they seem to us to have established their contention that the use of the tailed or square note was a matter of choice of the copyist or fashion of the day. In fact the most cursory glance at the MSS. will show that the tailed note was gradually adopted by the Scribe to represent the old *Ving*, that is, a single note to a single syllable. The relative length of the tailed, square and diamond note was unheard of in the Gregorian of antiquity, it was first broached by Parisian editors of the seventeenth century.* In an edition of the Gradual printed at Antwerp, in 1674, in the Library at Ampleforth, there is not to be found a single tailed note throughout the volume. In our present choral books the tailed notes have been added according to the ideas or theories of the respective editors.

At the same time the flippant manner in which the Authors make merry over this error rather grates upon us. They speak of "the importance of the tailed note, the respectable mediocrity of the square, the insignificance of the diamond," p. 26. It is not so long since that they themselves knew no better and if we and our venerated predecessors have held mistaken views, it is a case rather for respectful explanation than for ridicule.

Some musical examples of the Solesmes or rather Guidonian method of notation are given. It would have been a great help to the reader if the authors had added some explanations similar to those offered by Dom Pothier in Chap. x of the "Mélodies Grégoriennes." On p. 25 they print a passage in Guidonian notation side by side with the same passage from a modern edition, and merely add,

* There was a school of *cantus neumesabilis* in the middle ages, that adopted the Plain Chant Notation and gave a time length to the notes. By various combinations they obtained seven different time lengths from the tailed, square and diamond note. We refer in the text to the Plain Chant alone.

"Compare the following;" without further help the uninitiated reader, we fear, will cast his vote in favour of the modern notation. The Guidonian specimen contains a liquescent note, a porrectus, a torculus, a podatus, all strange forms to modern singers; to say nothing of the grouping of notes, the pauses which the execution of such a passage requires. In the Appendix there are three beautifully printed specimens of the notation, the *Os Justi*, *Hæc die* and *Alleluia* for many Martyrs, in the same manner left without a word of comment. They must only appear to the reader as beautiful examples of the typographic art of Solesmes, for we presume that they were printed at Solesmes.

We naturally turned to the Chapter on Execution and Rhythm; for the cardinal point of the great restoration of the chant must turn upon its rhythmical execution. But the Chapters are disappointing. That on Execution offers explanations for the rendering of Syllabic chants, that is, with one note for each syllable, which presents very little difficulty. But for Neumatic Chants, that is where one syllable is loaded with a number of notes—the real crux of the chant—no help or explanation given, save that "the Neumatic chants are treated on the same principles as simpler melodies," a statement which is hopelessly inadequate. The Authors display a singular objection to *Staccato* singing, "which," they say, "must be carefully and constantly avoided." Why so? They are ready to admit every variety of ornament of execution, *Cres.*, *dim.*, *rall* and even *trill*, *quintisma*, but the *staccato* is ruthlessly banned. Now the *staccato* is the one ornament that gives a certain manliness to the chant; to banish it entirely is to lay Dom Pothier's system open to the reproach already heard in more than one quarter: "that he has taken all virility out of the chant." Certainly that chant can hardly be the Church's ideal, whose highest form of expression must be sought among female singers.

The chapter on Rhythm is equally disappointing. It is precisely the rhythm that characterises the restored chant. We naturally expected an exposition of the principles that underlie the rhythmical execution of D. Pothier's system, of subdivisions of groups, of binary and ternary syllables, of anacrusis, which are indispensable for the most elementary grasp of the rhythm of the Gregorian. There is not a word on these points. But perhaps we ought not to look for these practical notions in a work that professedly treats of the subject from the point of view of Archaeology. For those who desire to learn the historical aspect of the Gregorian melodies the volume will be a valuable help.

Those who desire to form some idea of the nature of the restoration of the chant undertaken by the Benedictines should consult the volume that we have placed second on our list, "Les Mélodies Grégoriennes." The success of D. Pothier's work is a fact that must be taken into account by all interested in the chant. That the system should spread with extraordinary rapidity in France is perhaps not so wonderful, but that it should be accepted with enthusiasm in Belgium, Germany and even Rome itself is phenomenal. When we remember that it is plain chant which is in question, a subject, which after politics, is perhaps one of the most contentious, complicated too by national jealousies, by early associations, by prejudices in favour of particular editions, the success of the work of the Benedictines becomes more marvellous still. It is not easy to see how any mere personal fad, or clever adaptation should command such ready acceptance among men so widely differing in tastes and prejudices. And we do not feel at all sure that the future of the chant in the Western Church will not be closely linked with the system of D. Pothier. It is of course easy enough to pick holes, and our confrère has been subjected to much rude criticism, but he has constructed an elaborate

system, scientifically based upon the earliest records of the chant, one too which offers a practical and artistic solution of many points hitherto unsatisfactory in the Gregorian. This is an achievement of high imaginative powers, which should command the respect of all, and which few can afford to attack without much diffidence and misgiving. We propose therefore to offer the reader a brief summary of some of his practical suggestions for removing the reproach from the chant. We will leave on one side for the present his elaborate investigations into the early history of the Gregorian and confine ourselves to the questions of rhythm and execution so urgently needed for the reform of the chant.

It ought to be added that the Benedictines claim in their choral books to reproduce the identical chant taught by St. Gregory. Dom W. Corney in his able article in the *Dublin Review* for October 1897 brings out the fact that the agreement between the earlier MSS. of the chant is quite remarkable. This seems almost conclusive proof that the scribes regarded the chant as a precious possession, the work of the great St. Gregory: as all tradition has constantly declared. The Benedictines claim the highest sanction for their work, for they are returning *ad fontes S. Gregorii*.

The following propositions are scattered up and down D. Pothier's work, but we trust that we shall reproduce with fidelity the author's meaning.

1. The notes represented in the MSS. by a single formula, must in execution be united together as closely as possible and sung with one breath.
2. To render each note with a separate accent destroys the grouping of notes and renders melody impossible.
3. In syllabic chants the note on the accented syllable of the word should receive a decided impulse of the voice, but must not be unduly lengthened. It is a strong note rather than a long one.

4. Neumatic chants must be divided into groups of musical phrases. If the group consist of more than three notes, it must be subdivided into lesser groups of two or three notes each. The first note of each of these smaller groups receives a slight impulse of the voice, but the unity of the phrase must not be broken by taking breath or giving extra length to any one note of these subdivisions.

5. Although all the notes of the group are approximately equal, the last note of a group, the note of transition must be relatively short in order to give an opportunity to the voice to produce an accent on the following note.

6. The ancients employed a variety of ornament in the execution of the chant.

These principles look innocent enough, and there seems little for a musician to object to; yet these principles put into practice entail a radical change in our methods of executing the chant.

Those of our readers who are interested to see how these principles are carried out into practice should consult the third work on our list, "Rhythme, et accompagnement du plain chant," we cannot speak too highly of the practical value of this book. Le Père Lhoumeau is not only a scientific musician, but he has had a long and varied experience in the management of choirs executing the chant. In a pleasing playful style he discourses upon all the difficulties that are likely to meet the singer in his interpretation of the Benedictine choral-books. He shows how rhythm can be produced, how groups must be subdivided for execution. He gives examples of almost every difficulty likely to occur, and he carefully explains each example with all the resources of modern musical notation. He offers some excellent suggestions for accompanying the chant, for vocal harmonies and for the best method of starting choirs with the Gregorian. The organist or choir master will find a mine of valuable suggestions in this work. We cannot therefore take a better guide in putting

before our readers the nature of that rhythm and execution which is necessary to take away the present reproach from the chant.

Every one must admit that without rhythm there is no melody, if then the Gregorian is melodious it must have rhythm. But some modern writers are of opinion that St. Gregory of set purpose made the chant as ugly and unmelodious as possible, in order to mortify the ears of the faithful and prevent them from being distracted by the sounds of sweet music in church. Indeed this seems to be only a fair deduction if there is no rhythm nor melody in the chant. The question however is a matter of history; and it may be as well to see what John the Deacon (c. 850) has to say on the point. Speaking of the chant he complains that the Germans and Gauls could, if they liked, render well the sweetness of these melodies (*hujus modulationis dulcedinem*), but while trying to sing this soft chant (*mitem cantilenam*) in their usual roaring way they produce nothing but harsh notes, like the sound of waggons jolting along a road, and instead of soothing their hearers they disturb and exasperate them. Bainsi, the great master of the Papal choir, says, "the true and ancient melodies of the Gregorian chant are absolutely inimitable, they may be copied and adapted to other words, but to compose new ones comparable to the old cannot be done and nobody yet has done it." These authorities must be considered as fatal to the "ugly" theory; we must then be allowed to conclude that the Gregorian was a *mitis cantilena* and marked by *dulcedo modulationis*, in simple words it was melodious. If so it must have rhythm.

Rhythm is derived from the Greek *rheo*, or *rhus*, I flow, and implies a flowing movement more or less regularly marked by rises and falls. The example nearest to hand is that of the waves of the sea, the rising crest, and the falling trough produce a species of rhythmic movement.

In music rhythm is produced by a recurrence of accented and unaccented notes, the accented note corresponding to the crest, the unaccented to the trough of the wave. The regular rise and fall gives that pleasing succession of sounds which the human ear demands in musical phrases. Take away this rise and fall and the melody disappears, the sounds may be rendered agreeable by the addition of harmony, but the phrase can never be entitled to the name of melody until it is relieved by the succession of strong and weak beats.

If we reduce rhythm to its simplest forms, we shall find that it consists in the succession of strong and weak accents upon groups of two or three notes, the strong accents falling upon the first note of such groups. We say groups of two or three notes, for rhythm requires a fresh impulse, a fresh accent of the voice should the notes of the group exceed this number. Of course the voice can produce any number of equal notes, by way of vocal exercises, as in singing scales, but it would never be maintained that such exercises are rhythmical. In the sister art of poetry we find the grouping of two or three to prevail, for all metrical feet are practically reduced to two types: those which have two syllables like an iambus (v-), trochee, (v-)spondee (—) and those of three syllables, as the dactyle (—v-v); all other feet are compounds of these two groups.

We will give some practical examples of these different groupings. Take a rhythm of two notes:

Ex. 1.

Sal-ve ra-dix Gau-de Vir-go Al-le-luia

The 'slur' of modern notation placed over the notes indicates an accent, and slight extra length, upon the first of each group. The unaccented note is slightly shorter, so as to enable the voice to bring a full accent to bear upon the succeeding strong note.

At this point it may be well to note a curious feature of the Mechlin edition in the arrangement of the tailed or accented note. If a group of notes descends, the Editors, place the tailed note upon the first of the group, the natural and obvious position.

Ex. 2.

Do-mi-ne il-la.

But if the group is an *ascending* one the accent is never given to the first note; it is given to the second or third, but to the first never.

Ex. 3.

Pa-trem. Qua-rens me Pa-rens Ven-tu-ra.

This arrangement generally has the effect of breaking the rhythm. The editors have considered that the first note of an ascending group can *never* be strong enough to bear the accent. It is difficult to say why. The first note is the natural position for the accent, and more especially in an ascending group, as it is slightly more difficult for the voice to mount than to drop—compare the following, and note the improvement in the rhythm by the accent placed on the first note.

Ex. 4.

Pa-trem om-ni-po-ten-tem Querens me se-ven-tu-ria

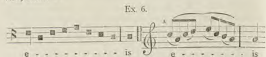
Rhythm of three notes.

Ex. 5.

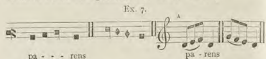
glo-ria Mi-se-re-re

The 'slur' of modern notation placed over the notes indicates an accent upon the first of these groups.

Rhythm of four notes, may be broken up into groups of two, thus:—



which in modern notation would be represented as in A. Ex: 6. or into groups of three and one—which in modern notation would be represented as in A. Ex: 7.



Compound Rhythms as those which contain five or more notes in a musical phrase. But one can only proceed to the rhythmical subdivision of compound neums by disregarding the time values of the tailed and diamond notes of the modern editions, and by assuming that all notes of the chant are approximately equal, distinguished only by accent. If we allow long, medium and shortest notes to be the main features of the Gregorian, there is no other way of securing rhythm in the chant except by giving the notes a strict measure of time, as in modern music. The distinguished Belgian organist, M. Lemmens, advocated this theory as the satisfactory method of restoring rhythm to the chant. But the specimens that he published of plain chant in bars, were not of a nature to win the approval of musicians. The theory of the three time lengths to the notes was unknown to antiquity; it was started by the French editors of the seventeenth century; the Italian printers of the eighteenth century did not recognize it. In the MSS. the tailed note is the representative of the ancient *Virga* and simply indicates

a single note upon a syllable. It is not therefore without good grounds that we venture to disregard the time lengths of the notes, in order to secure rhythmical execution. Let us take the following example of a compound neum from *Missa in Duplicibus*; on the theory of the time value of notes, it is almost impossible to sing it as it stands:—



The difficulty becomes more evident when the phrase is put into modern notation, as in A.

But according to the principles above mentioned it can be subdivided and rendered quite flowingly and naturally as in B.

In the final *Kyrie* of the *Missa pro Defunctis*, there is a similar example, a long note followed by a fall of four diamond notes, a phrase which none but a practised vocalist could sing as it is written. As a matter of fact, the four diamond notes are usually rendered as square notes with an accent on each, which is neither melodious nor rhythmical, as in A.



Try it with subdivision and accent it becomes quite easy and rhythmical, as in B.

Let us take a longer example, the *Kyrie* of the *Missa de B.V.M.* which is seldom satisfactorily rendered.

Ex. 10.

I Melus.

Ky - rie

e - lei - son.

f Ky - rie *f*

dim rall
p e - lei - son.

Before giving an example of an Alleluia neum, it may be as well to explain the figure *anacrusis*, literally an 'up beat'; that is a note which falls outside the rhythm. The figure is common enough in modern music.

Ex. 11.

The harp that once thro' et lux per omnia.

The 'e' and 'per' in these examples is the anacrusis; a beat that does not enter into the rhythm. It is only natural that this is frequently to be met with in the free rhythm of the Gregorian.

In the Alleluia chants there is often an *anacrusis* which forms an agreeable break in the length of the neum, and enables that different phrases to stand out in contrast. Take the *Alleluia* from the Dom. xxi. p. Pentecost.

Ex. 12.

VIII M.

Alle - lu - ia

Alle - lu - ia

The 're' which we have marked with a pause is an anacrusis, which forms a kind of "parting of the ways" of the melody.

One of the difficulties in the way of rhythmic execution is that our present choral books are printed in such a way that it is very difficult to make out the subdivisions of the groups. There is nothing to catch the eye, nothing to guide a body of singers towards a uniform rendering. To meet this difficulty we have adopted the plan of tying together the different groups by means of a slur, as in the example just quoted. This will serve to indicate the binary and ternary combinations. Two men in half-an-hour could mark in pencil half a dozen books for the service of the day.

The Offertories above all call for careful attention to rhythmic execution. While the Alleluia is a bright jubilant strain, the offertory is more subdued, richer and deeper in feeling, and lends itself to expressive singing. It ought not to be necessary to defend the use of expression in the Gregorian. Expression is nearly as necessary as rhythm to the life of a melody. The most beautiful phrases will lose their charm if they are executed with constantly hushed voices, or worse still with continued shouting. There is good reason to believe that the letters added by Romanus to the Antiphony of St. Gaul were marks of expression. But in any case the very structure of many Offertories imperatively calls for the use

of *p. cres:* and *f.* Take the following offertory from the *Missæ de Angelis*.

Ex. 13.

Ste - tit An - ge - lus jux - ta a - ram
 tem - pli ha - bens tu - ri - bulum au - re - um in
 ma - nu su - a et da - ta sunt e - i in
 cen - sa mul - ta et a - scen - dit fu - mus a -
 ro - matum in con - spec - tu De - i

Ste - tit An - gelus jux - ta a - ram
 tem - pli ha - bens tu - ri - bulum au - re - um in
 ma - nu su - a et da - ta sunt e - i in

cen - sa mul - ta et a - scen - dit fu - mus a -
 ro - matum in con - spec - tu De - i

There will be necessarily some difference of opinion as to the subdivision of these neums. This is unavoidable in all interpretation, the conductor of a choir must have the final word. Where the text is fitted to the chant, the long and short syllables of the words will be our guide; but in the case of neums without syllables, we must rely upon our musical feeling to interpret the structure of the phrase. As Guy of Arezzo says (*Microlog. Cap. xv*). "How the neums are to be subdivided into groups, I leave to the taste and experience of the cantors."

The question may perhaps be raised: "This rhythmical execution seems very like an idea borrowed from modern music; is there any authority in antiquity for such an interpretation?" Yes: this is no new idea, no personal fancy of modern students of the Gregorian, Guy of Arezzo, the great authority on the subject, who lived, A.D. 1070, in the palmiest days of the Gregorian, lays it down in his *Micrologus*, Chap. xv.

"As in metre there are long and short syllables, feet and verses, so in music there are *phlhangs* or sounds or notes, one, two, or three of which are formed into musical syllables; these syllables either singly or combined form the musical phrase." Again "I call the chant metrical, because in singing we often seem to be scanning the feet of verses, as we actually do when chanting verses. We

must take care to avoid a too constant succession of two syllable neums, without a mixture of three or four syllable groups." Again "the whole musical phrase must be blended together as a whole, the syllables closely united, and thus it will come about that the melody will be measured out after the manner of metrical feet." And St. Odo (d. 942), in his *Dialogus de Musica* says: "For correct singing it is of the highest importance to know how the notes are to be grouped together—Two, three, or four notes united form a pleasing sound (*consonantia*) which we may in a manner term a *musical syllable*. One, two or three syllables combined we call a musical phrase, which gives us pleasure when we feel its melody and understand its rhythm (*mensura*)." And Hucbald (c. 900) in his *Musica Enchiridiis* introduces the following dialogue.

The Pupil. What is meant by singing with rhythm? (*numerosè canere.*)

The Master. To sing with rhythm is to measure out the accents due to the long and short notes, and not to lengthen out in parts more than is fitting, but to guide the voice by rules of scanning, so that the melody may end with the same movement with which it began. Come let us sing an exercise. I will sing first and mark the measure with my feet, and you imitate me afterwards. (Here the author gives as an example the Antiphon *Ego sum veritas.*)

The authority for the sub-division of the melody into two and three note-groups is therefore of the highest antiquity. In the course of the middle ages the best traditions of the execution of the chant were gradually lost. Harmony and counter point became the rage, and the Gregorian melodies became subordinate to the rules of 'discant' or harmony, until in the fifteenth century the Gregorian was looked upon solely as a kind of store-house to furnish subjects for the exercise of counterpoint. The Benedictine School of Solesmes, presided over by Dom Pothier, claims to have revived the long lost tradition of the execution of

the Gregorian. Strange to say their principles are meeting with extraordinary favour all over the continent. The celebrated musical congress that met to commemorate the Centenary of Guy of Arezzo in 1882 was composed of the most distinguished ecclesiastical musicians of the day. Their feeling was strongly in favour of the Benedictine restoration of the chant. But in view of the weighty sanction recently given by the S. Congregation of Rites to the Ratisbon edition, they passed the following very cautious resolution: "that the choral books should in the future conform as far as possible to the ancient traditions of the Gregorian." It is not difficult to read between the lines and understand the real meaning of the vote. M. Theodore Nesard, by far the ablest and most strenuous opponent of Dom Pothier, is obliged to admit "The principles of rhythmical execution propounded by Dom Pothier are certainly those of the middle ages. I will add, without insisting on it, that they are the principles of all ages, and they are only the expression of nature itself." (*L'Archéologie Musicale* p. 208.) Even the advocates of the Ratisbon edition are giving way. MM. Perosi and Santi who worked so much for that edition have frankly acknowledged themselves as converts to the Benedictine views. Haberl, the protagonist of the house of Pustet, shows signs of yielding. In his edition of the *Magister Choralis* of 1892, the works of the Benedictine Schools are quoted and commended; and in the examples of accompaniments given, one can see a decided leaning towards rhythmical execution. When we add that the eminent musician, Edgar Tincl and the Mechlin School are now adherents of the Benedictine views, we may judge how rapidly and wide spread is the acceptance of Dom Pothier's principles in modern times.

We have taken our examples from the Mechlin, because that edition and the Ratisbon are founded upon the Mediterranean Gradual of 1614, which is best known in England.

We are quite aware that the Medicean has sadly mutilated the old Gregorian melodies. But it is difficult to break away from old associations, and the abbreviated chant commends itself to many. The very length of the restored neums will form here in England a serious obstacle to their adoption for sometime to come. It is hard to defend our shortened chant upon historic grounds, for the abbreviators of the Medicean proceeded on principles not easy to be understood. In many cases a mere trace of the old chant has been left. It looks as if, weary of the old melodies, the editors tried their hands at composing new forms. The result from an antiquarian point of view has been deplorable. It is sometimes thought that the Medicean enjoys some special sanction of the Holy See. This is a mistake. Giovanelli obtained the privileges that were usually granted to the great printers. In point of fact the Parisian Gradual of 1647 prints exactly the same sanction and authorization from Rome. These however are questions that may be reserved for a future number. The most important consideration with us is that we have the Medicean with us and we must make the best of it, for any change opens up a question of cost alarming to think of. Still there is much in the Medicean that is very precious, the Mechlin edition is very careful and consistent, the melodies when executed with the rhythm are very beautiful; the shortened chant places it within the reach of a larger number of singers. And now, called upon to give an answer to the question placed at the head of the article "Shall we execute our chant with rhythm?" we think we have given some grounds for answering YES.

T. A. B.



Civil and Religious Life in York Sixty Years ago.

II.

MY reminiscences of the state of the Catholic Church in York will serve to illustrate the great advance made in the spirit, and the general condition of the Church, during the past sixty years. My earliest days came very closely after the Act of Emancipation passed in 1829.

At that time, the cruel and barbarous methods of persecution by hanging and quartering had ceased for more than a hundred years; still, the experience of many other stringent and cruel forms of persecution were quite recent and the recollection of the Gordon riots was fresh in the memories of many who had witnessed the burning of their chapels and the sacking of many Catholic residences. There were Catholics at that time living in York who had seen the remains of heads still wasting away on Micklegate Bar. Consequently, it must not be supposed that, immediately on the proclamation of the Act, Protestants and Catholics at once mutually embraced one another, promising to bury the memories of the past and mutually trust and love one another for all time to come.

Catholics uttered no cry of triumph. They knew the conflagration was over; but fire still lingered in the embers.

It was some time before they could realize the liberty which had been tardily granted them; and, a longer time, before Protestant prejudice and latent hostility would permit them to accommodate themselves to their changed circumstances. Suspicion and distrust still lay in the hearts of both parties; and mutual confidence grew very slowly.

It is moreover certain that Catholics down to 1829 were a decreasing minority in the population and Protestant hostility was manifesting its victory by contempt and ridicule; and instead of showing sympathy for the enfranchised Catholics they mocked and pelted them with stones when they ventured, like free citizens, to go publicly on a Sunday to their places of worship. I have heard my grandfather state that the number of Catholics decreased considerably in his lifetime, and an old couple living on the Black Mountains whom I attended when stationed at Abergavenny declared that they remembered the time when all the farms within sight of Pandy Station on the Hereford and Newport line, were tenanted by Catholics.

In accordance with these facts I can remember that the York Catholics, were an isolated body of the population. They kept very much to themselves and cared little to hold intercourse with Protestants. They were regular and devout, staunch and practical Catholics, unacquainted with our more recent methods of piety, but retaining the spirit and courage of their martyred ancestors. Probably most of the congregation consisted of families who had survived through the three centuries of persecution without sacrifice of faith. They were not numerous. I had the opinion when I was a boy, that I knew all the respectable families, and was sometimes sent as a guide to begging priests and lay-brothers soliciting, as was frequently the case, the charity of the congregation. And yet Blake Street chapel seemed always quite full on Sundays.

Protestants, at that time, looked upon and made use of the word "Catholic" as a term of reproach. They could not apply it to themselves because they gloried too much in their being Protestants, and they were then as hostile to the cross, even on the gables of their churches, as to the term "Catholic."

Puseyism was still in the catacombs,—practised by a

few, in fear of the law, and with a good deal of secrecy. So that the Church of England of to-day is something very different from Protestantism of sixty years ago.

The only chapel for Catholics in York was in Blake Street, on the site of the present St. Wilfrid's Church. In the early years of the century, Catholics built their places of worship in back streets, up passages, or, if possible, out of sight from the main thoroughfares. Blake street was, like many others, of no pretentious architecture; but hidden away behind the priest's house. There was a long flagged walk leading to the porch, which opened into a narthex or lobby from which the gallery was reached by a staircase, and the floor, by two doorways. The interior, nearly half of which was covered by the gallery, was seventy-four feet in length and forty-four feet in width—the Sanctuary was apsidal with a vestry on each side.—There was a second apse on the north side, which was occupied by the organ and choir—underneath was the Limbo for the poor—on the south side, was the mahogany pulpit, reached by a staircase of, I dare say, fifteen steps. It was high enough to allow people to sit under it and to put the preacher directly in front of the select portion of the congregation who sat in the gallery, the front and centre seats of which were occupied by the Anderson family, amongst whom Mr. Robert Henry Anderson, with his prominent frilled front, was always a conspicuous figure. The chapel was built in 1802.

For a number of years, the chapel of the Convent at Micklegate Bar was used as a public place of worship. My father had a preference for it and there heard his Sunday Mass. In 1828, however, the high esteem in which the Convent was held by the good people of the city encountered a serious check: for, after a visitation of the house by Bishop Penswick, in that year, the Convent Chapel was closed to the public. The reason of this measure was a simple one. St Wilfrid's Mission in Blake Street could

be but inadequately supported when its congregation, having the option of attending the Convent services, availed themselves of their freedom in preference to assisting at the mission church. The nuns although reluctant to deprive themselves of the means of doing good which the access of externs to the house afforded, seem themselves to have initiated the idea of the change. Great was the odium they incurred in consequence. The withdrawal of a privilege so time-honoured and highly valued was regarded by rich and poor as a flagrant act of injustice: and so high did indignation rise, that when shortly afterwards a curious epidemic of stiff necks visited the Convent School, and two young nuns about the same time were prematurely carried off by death, certain devout gossips of the aggrieved party did not hesitate to attribute these calamities to the vengeance of heaven upon the perverse Sisterhood.*

To return to Blake Street. The clergy in charge of the mission were Mr. Rayment and Mr. Billington, "Father" was not the title given to priests in those days. Mr. Rayment was a feeble old man, and when saying Mass needed the assistance of the server's shoulder to help him up and down the altar steps. I, as a very young server, only about nine years of age, taken along by an elder boy, probably my brother, assisted at his Mass once or twice. After that, I remember him hearing Mass, and occasionally receiving Holy Communion seated in a chair in the sacristy. He died March 23, 1842, aged 78, and was buried in the narthex, the funeral service being read by Dr. Briggs, I assisting with the holy water.

Mr. Billington was a short stout man of a lively and pleasant disposition, esteemed learned—and a good extempore preacher. He acted as Vicar-general to Dr. Briggs but without the title, and was privileged to wear a black

* "St. Mary's Convent," edited by F. Coleridge, S.J.



tippet; why, was a puzzle to the congregation. He caught the fever and died the 1st of October, 1847, at the age of fifty-three.

Mr. Fisher, afterwards Canon Fisher, came to York probably in December, 1838. His signature appears, for the first time, on the Baptismal Register on January 14, 1839. He must have come direct from Ushaw. He was a man somewhat excitable and rather eccentric and not of very robust health. He was somewhat odd in the garments he chose to wear. Sometimes he wore only the Roman cassock. On cold days he wrapped himself in a cloak. Other times, he wore a peculiar garment suspended from his shoulders like a Feriola, and in winter, he appeared in a garment like a monk's cowl, over which he wore a surplice when he said the afternoon prayers. Coming fresh from college he must have been either nervous or scrupulous, because, when saying Mass he pronounced the words of consecration in such a loud voice and with such a strong aspiration as to be heard all over the chapel. He preached in a loud declamatory manner with a good deal of gesture, from a manuscript, and it seemed as if he had committed the exordium and peroration to memory, and left the body of his sermon to extempore effort. I think he must have initiated the Sunday Schools. The boys assembled in the Schoolroom in Ogleforth, under the presidency of Mr. Browne, the drawing master—a tall severe gentleman in the usual tail coat and knee breeches, with a short cane concealed in his sleeve.

The girls met in a large room, opposite the presbytery, called St. Wilfrid's Hall. At a certain hour in the afternoon both lots of children assembled in Blake Street Chapel for the singing of the Litany of Loreto and English prayers. Mr. Fisher took the trouble to teach me the ordinary Roman chant for the Litany, and afterwards, a chant in triplets composed by Dr. Newsham which may be found in the Crown hymn book, and,

after attaining sufficient proficiency, I took my position at the Communion rails, and every Sunday afternoon, for nearly two years, I intoned the Litany, the children and teachers making the responses. When Mr. Billington said the prayers, I sang the plain Roman Chant. When Mr. Fisher took his turn, he either whispered to me as he passed to the Altar steps, or gave me a signal which I could recognize, that I was to sing his Litany, the more figured composition in triplets. I was then only nine years of age and my youthful performance was really the first occasion on which the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was publicly chanted in Blake Street Chapel. Falling ill of typhoid fever immediately after the burial of Mr. Rayment and confined to a sick bed for three months I lost my honourable position which fell into the hands of the teachers of the girls' school who retained it after my recovery.

Mr. Fisher was a very painstaking instructor of the boys of the congregation. A numerous class used to meet in the chapel, two or three times a week. He took us through the whole of the Penny Catechism, and afterwards, through the whole of the Bible history. A select class of boys such as the Andersons, Goldies and Mawsons had their instructions on Saturday mornings, usually given I think by Mr. Billington.

Our Sunday services consisted of Low Mass at 8, or 8.30, and a Missa Cantata at 10.30, preceded by English prayers. About four times a year we were treated to a solemn High Mass. In the afternoon there was the simple service for the children and at half-past six Vespers in English followed by English prayers, such as the Litany of the Holy Name, the Jesus Psalter, Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, terminating with the hymn "Before the closing of the day," sung to the tune of the Sicilian Mariners' hymn, or to the "Old hundredth;" and last of all, the priest's blessing. Latin Vespers were introduced later. Benediction was only given a limited number of

times in the year, generally on the greatest festivals. Mr. Scruton, the father of the late Canon Scruton, attended to the Sanctuary Lamp: Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. McCabe were respectively Thaurifer and Master of Ceremonies. The Sacristy work and care of the Altar were attended to by two maiden sisters, called "Foster." Mr. Robinson, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Hopkinson were successively the organists. The choir was small, but efficient, and usually gave a very good selection of Masses and Mottets.

Mr. Croshaw provided the Catholic Art Repository, and was the publisher of prayerbooks and other Catholic works. His manager was Mr. Bradley, the originator of that very excellent periodical "The Lamp."

The master of the elementary school, which was held in Ogleforth, was Mr. Lawson, commonly called, "Paddy Lawson."

I may here mention that all this time there was living in retirement, in a street off Nunnery Lane, a French priest, a survivor of the great French revolution. I never knew of his making any public appearance; and many only learnt that a Confessor of the Faith had dwelt for many years in York when he was borne to his last resting place in the public cemetery.

I may also mention in connection with Blake Street Chapel, the sight afforded every summer time, by a crowd of poor Irish men and women who flanked the whole of the pathway from the street to the porch, men standing, women and children squatting on the ground, soliciting alms. They came annually in crowds for harvest work, all poorly clad and evidently acquainted with destitution—the women wearing large shawls or blankets as a covering for the head and shoulders: sometimes with a baby slung in the folds at the back, and generally bare of foot. The men wore the typical dress of tail coat, corduroy shorts, clean shirt and open collar, short stockings, and a hat which was evidently a gift and consequently of varying shape and condition.

When by the rapid extension of railways the dry bones of the country began to rustle and quicken into a new resurrection a sudden energy seized upon the Blake Street congregation and we saw a wonderful life infused into it and a movement started, which roused the Catholics of York into a surprising assertion of their civil freedom.

This was owing to the energy of Mr. Robt. H. Anderson, the solicitor, and father of our Dom Maurus Anderson. He, gathering around him a few of the leading gentlemen, formed what was called "The Catholic Association," whose object was to unite Catholics together for mutual encouragement in asserting or claiming their civil or religious rights. It became, at once, demonstrative. A large soiree was held in the Concert Room followed by a public meeting. I can hardly remember who were the speakers—but I think Dr. Briggs was one, Mr. Billington and Mr. Anderson and, at either the first or second soiree, the Mayor of Leeds, who was a Catholic, was present.—This would be Mr. Holdforth, educated at Ampleforth.—The meeting was very large and very enthusiastic.*

But there were developments more important than these public meetings. An active distribution of Catholic tracts was set on foot. Catholic ceremonial was brought into the public streets. Funerals were accompanied by Thurifer, Cross bearer, Acolytes, and Servers with Holy Water, all in cassock and surplice followed by hearse or shellabier and mourning coaches. I took my part as a server in these public processions, traversing Colliergate, Fossgate, Walmgate, through the Bar and past the cattle market to the public cemetery. I dare say the practice was kept up till the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill put a stop to it. One procession was very remarkable. A clerk in Mr. Ander-

* Mr. James Holdforth, of Busley Hill, held the office of Mayor of Leeds in 1839. He was the first Roman Catholic Mayor elected in England since the Reformation, and died, July 13, 1861, at the age of 83.

son's office, named Crump, living in Nunnery Lane, was drowned through missing a bridge on the Hull Road and in the darkness driving into a stream much swollen by the winter rains. He was encumbered and swathed in a Scotch plaid and in the water was unable to use his arms and so was drowned. His funeral took place on the following Sunday and the Association made a remarkable demonstration. The numbers taking part in the procession were so large that it seemed as if all the Catholics of York were in it. At the head was borne a large cross with acolytes, &c., then followed a large body of singers, and a larger body of associates dressed in black gowns, then the clergy and more servers, followed by the hearse and mourning coaches.

The procession started from Nunnery Lane and passed down Micklegate, where I witnessed it, through Ousegate and along Castlegate to the cemetery. A large concourse of people lined the footways along the route traversed by the procession.

Unfortunately, some differences arose between the clergy and Mr. Anderson and the Association rapidly declined.

Later on, Mr. Anderson made an effort to give Catholics a voice in civil and municipal affairs by establishing a newspaper. It lingered for some time through a feeble existence and then expired.

Lastly, it may be interesting to refer to those pleasant reminiscences which I shall always retain and which have reference to my connexion with Dr. Briggs, as his server, or "my boy" as he used to call me, from 1840 to the beginning of 1845. On the death of Dr. Penwick in 1836, Dr. Briggs, who had been his coadjutor since 1833, succeeded him as Vicar Apostolic of the northern district, and when the number of Vicars Apostolic was increased to six he became Vicar Apostolic of Yorkshire. Sometime between 1836-1840, he took up his residence at Fulford House, a large detached

residence, with extensive grounds and gardens, about half a mile beyond the Barracks. Through some circumstance, which my memory does not recall, I was gazetted as his server, and commenced my duties some time during 1850. When his Lordship was in residence, I walked out from York every morning in all weathers sometimes reaching his house wet through and on one occasion having to serve his Mass in my shirt sleeves with Fr. Radcliffe's tippet to cover my shoulders. Dr. Briggs was not exemplary in his punctuality and consequently Mass was sometimes half an hour and sometimes an hour later than the fixed time and my arrival at school was, of course, proportionately late; sometimes even later than 11 a.m. He tried the patience of his old servant much more than mine. When going on a journey he would send Old Matthew to the station with a heavy portmanteau on his shoulders or back, or, when there was an extra load, with a wheelbarrow, and the poor man would have as much as he could do by trotting and hard work to reach the station in time. And then when the train ought to have been on its way his Lordship would walk on to the platform. "Many a time," said the station master, "I have detained the trains for the convenience of Dr. Briggs."

He was a tall, stately, always venerable looking man; he wore his hair long, brushed to the back and powdered. He was stiff and formal in his manners, reserved and not given to much laughter. He enjoyed a little joke, and smiled in a pleasant way, but never reached a hearty laugh. He had always the dignified and stately bearing of the characters we imagine moved in social circles of the last century. As a Bishop he had a venerable presence such as is seldom seen. The halo of a sacred character enveloped him which made a deep impression upon all who saw him. He was not a preacher; he talked in the pulpit in a slow monotonous voice, and marked each paragraph



THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BRIGGS.

of his discourse with the word: "Furthermore." His Mass was a very solemn affair, and he spent a very unusual time over the consecration; so much so, that losing patience I sometimes used to tinkle the bell or make some noise by way of letting him know that server and congregation were growing impatient.

My four years service at Fulford House gave me opportunities of seeing many distinguished prelates and priests. I saw, at one time or another, five out of the six English Vicars Apostolic,—Drs. Baines, Griffiths, Walsh, Mostyn, and Briggs. Dr. Mostyn was not an infrequent visitor. He came from Durham, was a very sickly man, seemed scarcely able to get through his Mass, and sometimes was too weak to attempt it. He did not survive for any length of time. Twice, if not three times, I met Dr. Gentili; he used to give retreats to the clergy at the Bishop's House, and during the week I served his Mass. He was a man, as far as my memory serves me, of rather more than average height, very thin—and consumptive in his appearance, of a transparent complexion with a hectic flush on his cheeks. He looked like a man exhausted and emaciated by severe austerities and excessive mortification; his voice, when saying Mass, was feeble and sad.

On one occasion I noticed among the clergy one who wore a girdle round his cassock and on inquiring who the stranger could be, I was informed he was a monk called Glassbrook, our lately deceased confrere. Dr. Platt was another visitor. A much more frequent visitor was a Mr. Garstang, who must have been very poor, because he generally walked all the way from Malton on a Friday and returned on foot on Saturday. He used to say his Mass in a whining melancholy tone of voice; and was about the only cleric who offered me a solatium. I usually accompanied the Bishop whenever there was a function either at Blake Street or the Bar, and consequently have assisted at the ordination of several priests. Sometimes the ordi-

nations took place at the Bishop's House. Once some young man came for deacon's orders from some College. He was a weak delicate man, and walked out from York to Fulford on the eve of his expected ordination. The exertion was too much for him and during the night he broke a blood vessel and died. He was buried in the churchyard at Fulford.

I got to know Fr. Curr, the translator of Bourdaloue's Retreat, he was secretary to the Bishop for some time, also Dr. Brindle, who was then President of Prior Park—a tall and very handsome man.

In 1842 I made my first acquaintance with Fr. Edmund Barnett, in this curious way. Mrs. Barnett, who lived half way between York and Fulford House had the privilege of hearing Mass at the Bishop's, and missing her from her usual place in the Bishop's Chapel, I, with the usual curiosity of a boy, inquired for some explanation and was told that a boy was born, whom I called to see on my way to town. This was Fr. Edmund Barnett whose acquaintance I made when he was only two days old.

Last, though not least, I had the privilege of seeing Fr. Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, and receiving his blessing with the pressure of his hand upon my head. He was then giving some lectures in York, and during his visit was drawn in a carriage through the streets accompanied by a large procession of teetotallers, sympathisers and admirers, with, of course, the usual contingent of brass bands. On the Sunday, he preached in Blake Street Chapel to a congregation that overflowed into the narthex and porch and many stood outside trying to catch his words through the open window.

I have always had a faint impression that on some occasion, I saw the great DAN. O'Connell addressing a large crowd from a window in Sampson Square.

With regard to the clergy of sixty years ago I think they were a serious, sedate body of men, leading quiet exem-

plary lives, patient under poverty, exact in the performance of their duties and bearing themselves with a dignity and reserve due to their sacred character. We must remember that they had grown to mature years before the passing of the Emancipation Act. They had known the grievance of their disabilities; and besides, they were the children of those who had witnessed and experienced the cruelty of penal laws and felt the humiliation of Protestant hostility and contempt. No wonder they were serious and retiring men.

They had certain methods of saying Mass which I think must have been traditional rather than rubrical. My recollection pictures them to me as sprawling with half their bodies on the altar at the "Consecration," the "Agnus Dei" and "Domine non sum dignus." The chalice was elevated over their heads at the Offertory and Communion and they affected an unnatural intonation of voice in the recitation of the Psalm "Judica."

Their mode of extending the arms during the Orations was very like the mode of the Orantes of the primitive Church as pictured in the Catacombs.

York has always been fruitful in priestly vocations. It furnished as contemporaries of mine Fr. Wilkinson Vice President of Ushaw College, his half brother, the late Canon Scruton, H. Walker, George Brown, the late Canon Goldie, Dom M. Anderson, O.S.B., Frs. Loughnan and Leadbitter. And later, it produced Canon Randerson, Frs. Watson, McCabe, Hewison, Canon Croskell, Canon Hurworth, O.S.B., Fr. F. Goldie, S.J., and the two Barnetts.

I close my reminiscences with 1844, being sent through the kind intervention of Dr. Briggs to Ampleforth in January, 1845.

A. P. WILSON.

The Rood of Winton.

A NEW SETTING OF AN OLD STORY SUGGESTED BY THE
NAVAL REVIEW.

THE Review at Spithead last summer, which fitly closed the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, presented in its manifestation of the naval power of Great Britain a very memorable spectacle, unique of its kind, more striking in many ways than even the Royal Procession to St. Paul's. In five great lines, each line five miles in length, rode the warships of a single one of England's fleets, the fleet that guards the home waters. First came a swarm of tiny torpedo boats, next to them as many torpedo boat destroyers, long black snake-like creatures, the swiftest things that swim; beyond them were lines of formidable gunboats, and fast cruisers of many types and sizes; last of all huge battle-ships that looked like floating fortresses—the whole leaving an impression of silent, terrible strength very reassuring to the patriot in these anxious times. As if just to suggest the purpose of the vast assemblage there lay hard by a lesser line of warships of the foreign powers! No doubt not all the hundred and sixty ships that lay in line that day were of the newest type or the first fighting rank; some looked too pretty to be formidable at this date—all had significance however, were it only as connecting the existing warships with their fighting forefathers. One old brig captured from the French during the Great War still serves as a training ship, whilst over the walls of Portsmouth harbour showed the tall masts of other veterans resting there in honourable repose,—the *St. Vincent*, in which our young sea-dogs are being reared, and Nelson's *Victory* still carrying the Admiral's flag. But the ships

under review were not there for their associations; and not one of them but could render valid service the morrow of a great engagement in which, if our great battleships were sunk, those of the foe would be sorely crippled.

The vista of the long lines was a fair sight to look upon that summer's day. Every vessel was bedecked with flags and pennants that fluttered in the breeze under the gracious sky, the masts and yards were manned with hardy seamen or the men stood to quarters along the iron decks. The blue waters of the Solent danced and sparkled beneath the hot sun, and the low green Downs of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight framed in the enchanting picture. All the morning down through the lines were passing in long and varied procession representatives of the mercantile and pleasure fleets of England,—Atlantic 'grey-hounds,' huge Oriental liners, coasting steamers and swift Channel packets, 'ditchers' and 'tramps,' penny steamboats and steam-launches, with cutters, rowing boats, sailing craft of all kinds and the smart yachts of the various squadrons. About mid-day the course was cleared for the review, and heading a noble convoy the Queen's yacht passed slowly down the lines, with the Royal Standard floating from its mainmast over the princely heir of England, the son of the West Saxon chieftain who first won these shores, and the daughter of Danish Vikings by his side. Drowning the cheers of the crowds the flash and roar of cannon ran down the distant lines, and before the sun set heaven's own artillery was echoing back the thunder of that wild salute. All day long from the brazen throats of a hundred bands one long triumphant cry went up unceasingly to heaven, "Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves." The proud refrain of the seaman's song seemed not an idle boast that day,—yet of all who heard its inspiring notes and gazed on that unrivalled scene how many remembered an old Sea-king who held sway over these shores and seas eight centuries back, or the rebuke which

he gave by these very waters to the ill-timed flattery of a similar boast!

Eight hundred years ago and more King Knut reigned in England, a brave victorious monarch whom his subjects hailed as Lord of the Ocean and Sovereign of the Seas. There was some reason for the flattery! Alfred had formed a fleet, two centuries before, which had been for a time the bulwark and pride of England; if under feeble rulers it failed to keep out the Danish invader, it became none the less formidable in the strong hands of King Knut, who used it not only as a sword to smite his foes but as a shuttle to weave the warp and woof of his wide empire. Heir of the Norse Vikings and a conquering Sea-king himself, Knut at length reigned with undisputed sway over the northern ocean which bound together his distant dominions. Denmark and its Wendish borders, Norway and Sweden and Britain with the islands round their coasts all owned his rule; his fleets of long galleys swept the seas, and if an invader himself he could at least keep out other invaders. He had been in his time a fierce, ruthless conqueror, cruel enough in crushing his own enemies, yet when firmly seated on his throne the 'stark King' set himself to rule his people justly, and repenting of his savagery and pride, turned to the worship of the one True God. The heathen pirate who had never spared a foe changed into a beneficent ruler and a Christian law-giver. In his peaceful old age he went as a pilgrim to Rome, learning at the tomb of the Fisherman the power of a King who was mightier than himself. The empty praises that had once been sweet to his ear grew now distasteful to his wiser heart, and after his return to England he thought to read a lesson of Christian humility to the smooth courtiers and rough sea-captains who flattered him. From royal Winton where he held his court he came down to Southampton, where in the waters of the wide estuary, then as now, rode the fleets of

England. Long swift keels manned by hardy seamen, Northmen's 'dragons' so often terrible to the Saxon shore, high-pooped galleys full of fierce warriors, at home on ocean or on land,—all passed before the Monarch's eyes; loud tributes to his name and power rose from their ranks; far and wide over the tide sounded hoarse cries of pride and triumph, swords clashed upon shields, and the swift oars lashed the waters into foam as the ships sped before their Sovereign's sight. War-lord and Sea-king they hailed him,—Monarch of the waves, the ocean owned his sway! Perhaps early echoes of our national war-song sounded then for the first time along those shores,—'Britons never shall be slaves, Britannia rules the waves!'

King Knut sat on the sands at Southampton watching the ships pass before him, and listening disdainfully to his Thanes' flattery. With foolish exaggeration they told how the elements must recognize their master, and the very waves obey his word. Angered at length by such fulsome praise the king turned to put their boasting to a test, and bade them place his chair upon the sands where the flood tide was racing up the shallow estuary. There in silence he waited, until as the waves drew near and began to lap about his feet, he solemnly bade them withdraw, and not dare to touch one that was acclaimed as their monarch and their master. "Thus far shalt thou go," he cried to the tide, "thus far shall thou go, and no further!" Owning no Lord but Him that made them, the heedless waves swept up and round the king's chair, and then rose over his feet, and then washed up to his knees, till at last turning to his discomfited courtiers Knut rebuked their foolish boasts and the idle flattery that gave to man the praise that belonged to God.

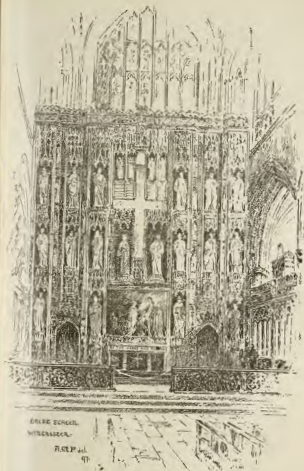
Thus far an old familiar story: its sequel is not so often told, yet without it the legend's beauty is half lost and its lesson not fully learnt! Returning from his great Review Knut went back with his court up the vale to Winchester,

where in the great Minster he bowed down in homage before the King of Kings, and vowed that never again would he wear an earthly crown. Kneeling before the great golden Rood* that stood over the High Altar, he took off his royal crown and placed it reverently upon the brow of the Divine Figure that hung there; whilst round about the chant of Psalms rose from the monks in the choir: "*His is the sea and He made it, and His hands founded the dry land; come let us adore and fall down before God, and weep before the Lord that made us, for He is the Lord our God, and we are His people.*"

So the grand old legend runs, reading a lesson that perchance the nation needs to-day. The summer that is past beheld the pride of England exalted, and her power proclaimed by the four winds to the four quarters of the globe. From far off continents her children came rejoicing in their brotherhood, their numbers and their strength. Mighty fleets rode at anchor in her waters bidding defiance to invaders, and ready to defend her world-wide empire. Her sovereign was acclaimed as Queen of the Ocean, whose hand holds the Sceptre of the seas! Myriad brazen voices trumpeted the boast that Britannia rules the waves, telling of her march over the mountain wave, and her dwelling on the deep! Amid this national glorification the lesson which King Knut taught his courtiers was in some danger of being forgotten; yet were it becoming in this year of jubilation to remember of whom the country holds its sovereignty, and who has made her the Mistress of the seas.

The Rood of Winton, after remaining an object of veneration for six centuries, was torn from its place at the Reformation, and golden cross and Knut's royal crown

* Henry of Huntingdon and Matthew of Westminster allude in their Chronicles to Knut's gift of his crown to the Rood at Winchester, and both connect it with the relic to the courtiers at Southampton. See also Bp. Milner's *History of Winchester*, p. 177.



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alike were thrown to the rapacity of an impious King.* For three hundred years their place has known them not;— has the day at length come for their restoration? The glorious reredos that enshrined the Rood and was ruined at the same time has already been restored, the niches with their rich canopies have been filled with figures again;— only the place remains empty that was occupied by the golden Crucifix! True the notabilities of the county share the niches with Saints, Gilbert White of Selborne and the gentle Angler, Izaak Walton, standing side by side with William of Wyckham, St. Swithun and King Knut. The central space in the screen is still vacant, an empty unsightly niche awaiting its obvious completion; but in Christian England the timid custodians of the Minster hesitate to replace in honour the emblem of salvation which one of our greatest monarchs crowned with his own diadem! Could there be a better way to commemorate a long and glorious reign, or celebrate the naval supremacy of the nation than by restoring the Cross of Christ to its place of honour in the Cathedral of the old capital of the kingdom? The Sovereign herself has ever recognized the divine source and sanction of her authority, and that for sixty years her people's prayers that God may save the Queen have upheld the heavy sceptre in her tired

* The following description of the High Altar at Winchester in Catholic times is taken from H. and P. Winkler's *Cathedral Churches of Great Britain*, Vol. I. p. 126. "The back of the altar anciently consisted of plated gold, garnished with precious stones; upon it stood a tabernacle and steps of embossed work ornamented with pearls, also six silver candlesticks gilt, intermixed with reliquaries wrought in gold and enriched with jewels. Still higher was a large crucifix with its attendant images of the Virgin Mary and St. John, composed of the purest gold, and garnished with jewels the gift of Bishop Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother. Over this appears to have been suspended, beneath the exquisite stone canopy, the Crown of King Canute, placed there in homage after the scene of his commanding the sea to retire from his feet which took place at Southampton." The elabourate Screen figuring in our illustration was originally erected under Bishop Fox who died in 1228; its destruction, begun at the Reformation, was completed by Cromwell's Puritans,

hand. That she herself might offer a royal crown for the brow of the Divine Saviour were perhaps too much to hope; at least the guardians of the Minster might pluck up heart of grace and restore the Holy Rood to its ancient throne and a royal crown to its divine figure. Such act of homage, recalling that of King Knut, would form a fitting sequel to the unprecedented display of the maritime strength of Great Britain, would be a worthy finish to the commemorations of the year, a national thank-offering for the blessings of a peaceful and glorious reign. Britannia rules the waves! Britons never shall be slaves! Yea! But "*the sea is God's and He made it, and His hands fashioned the dry land. He is the Lord our God and we are His people and the sheep of His pasture!*"

J. I. C.

Some Early Illustrated Printed Books.

THOUGH the art of the wood-engraver was practised many years before the discovery of type-printing, and was so far developed as to suggest the printed book, and so far successful as to warrant the wildest hopes of Gutenberg and his rivals, it was due, finally, to the printer's wealth and energy that wood-engraving reached its full growth and maturity. The page of print is the lineal descendant of the woodcut; but in this case the parent lingered in a starved obscurity until taken by the hand and brought out by his prosperous offspring. Not that there was any filial tenderness in the matter. The thankless child showed

no anxiety to burden himself with a useless relative. But first, employed, not without a suspicion of worthlessness, as a drudge; then, as a special help in exceptional circumstances; lastly, accepted as an honoured and admired associate, the older art of the wood-cutter became inseparably connected with the best work of the printer.

The first attempt to make use of the woodcut as an auxiliary to movable type was in the Mentz Psalter of Füst and Schoeffer. An initial letter—a beautiful one—evidently printed from a block, made its appearance in this one of the first books issued from the press. But for some reason or other, either that the process was difficult and unsatisfactory, or that the MS. initial in gold and colours was so much more beautiful, the woodcut initial made no progress and did not come into general use. A distinctive mark of a fifteenth century book is the blank where the initial should be, and the large capital written in by the miniaturist.* Some authorities think that the early printed book made pretence to have been written, and that the initials in gold and colours and the rubricated capitals, added afterwards, were intended to help in the deception. But this theory is hardly tenable. From the very first the printer was too proud of his work to wish it to be mistaken for a MS. "*Non calami, styli, aut pennæ suffragio, sed mirâ patronarum, formarumque concordia, proportione et modulo, impressus atque confectus est,*" says Gutenberg in the colophon of the Catholicon of 1460. Some other theory is needed; the simplest being that, besides the trouble and expense of larger printed letters, the book looked much the prettier for the addition of gold and colour, and it gave something to do to the large and influential body

* The original use of the word, "*Miniator, qui minus scribit, vel præparat zinium*" (Du Cange). *Minium* is red-lead, and the miniaturist was the rubricator who put in the capitals, &c., in red ink. The development of the rubricated initial into the small illuminated initials framed by the stems of the letters, so familiar in late MS., elevated artistically the status of the miniaturist and gave a new meaning to the word that described his work, "*miniaturist.*"

of scribes, who would otherwise have been thrown out of work.

The second use of the woodcut was in diagrams and rudely-executed histories explanatory of the text. Artistic beauty was not yet asked for;—desirable then as afterwards, but impossible to be exacted from the as yet unskilful workmanship of the engraver.

Finally, with Wolgemuth, Dürer and Holbein, with Lutzelberger who cut Holbein's designs, and Pigouchet who printed and perhaps engraved the metal blocks of the great French "Hors," the woodcut became a work of true art, able to compete on equal terms with the gilt and emblazoned glory of the miniature. A fret-work of black lines, but of wonderful grace and power of expression; of perhaps a lower order of artistic merit,—constructive rather than decorative; with something of the fragile, delicate beauty of the skeleton leaf as compared with its full-fleshed counterpart, but without its suggestion of death and decay.

In the portion of the catalogue that follows, let it be understood that the items are, one and all, part of our monastic Library. I do not know what expression of mine in the previous numbers of the *Journal*, could lead to the mistake that I was writing about any books I had come across anywhere, but the error is a fact;—not a flattering one, for it seems to suggest that some readers have contented themselves with a perusal of the title. An inventory is not usually fascinating reading, and an inventory of other people's things is invariably stupid; but we should feel some satisfaction even in the tedious tale of our own belongings. I have grouped the following books according to the nationality and city of the printer.

10. Begins: "Dat regyster dusser hilligen hyr in dussem boke, vyndet me by dusser regyster, &c." 2 ff. of Index and then "Hyr hevet sik an dat samer deel der hilghen levent, &c." 413 leaves (some registers imperfect and the

last wrongly bound in) no pagination, sig., catchwords or printed initials; Double cols., 49 lines to a full column. More than 200 small woodcuts. No name of printer or date of publication. (Gothic, Folio.)

Van sante Laurencio



Unte Laurenc^s is gebaren van hispania / vā dem edelē

FROM "LIVES OF THE SAINTS" (10).

This is a *Lives of the Saints* in old German (?). It is a large stout folio, on strong paper, somewhat wormholed, and perfect, with the exception of some mended leaves and,

apparently, six wanting. There is a register at the end. I have found no mention of this book in Hain, nor Panzer nor in the British Museum Catalogue. The fount reminds one of the 1462 Bible, and the style of printing, paper, &c., would suggest a date about 1470. The woodcuts are of rude workmanship and are a fair specimen of early German work. We give a reproduction of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

36. Begins: "Hie nach volget ein loblich tractat eins &c. Diser tractat haltet inn von bereitung vñ bruchung der wein . . . welliches büchlin der subtil vñ sinnrich Wilham vñ hirkofen genant Renwart . . . von latin zñ teüch transteriert, &c." (Gothic, Folio.)

12 ff., first blank; woodcut border and initial, no pag., reg., or catchwords, long lines, 41 to a full page.

This little treatise on the preparation and brewing of wine is well known, and went through many editions. I have not found one, however, whose description exactly tallies with the above. The woodcut ornament is striking.

8. Flavii Iosephi Antiquitates, Libri xx, et de Judaico Bello, Libri VII.

Begins "Incipit prologus sancti Ieronimi in Iosephum &c." No titlepage pag., or sig.; 395 ff in double cols., 48 lines to a full page. Some woodcut initials and capitals; Liber prim. II. III, &c., printed as headlines, not with the letter press but evidently stamped with a die. It ends "Explicit hystoria flauii iosephi, &c.," without name of printer, place or date. Bibliographers unanimously attribute it to [Lucas de Brandis, Lubeck] but differ as to the date of printing. The catalogue of Dr. Kloss' books says Ed. IV., 1475, or 6. The British Museum catalogue, I think, gives the year 1480 (?). (Gothic, Folio.)

This is an excellent and perfect copy of a well known book. A reproduction of one of the engraved initials has recently appeared in the *Strand Magazine*. The first page of each part has a handsome woodcut border. Lucas de

Brandis, or, L. Brandis, introduced printing into Lubeck in 1475, and is said to have introduced it also into Merseburg in 1473 [Timp. pp. 140, 158.]. The translation into Latin was made by T. Rufinus.

1. The Nuremberg Chronicle.

The 32 ff. of Tabula, &c., found in some copies, have not been inserted and the volume begins Folium II "In principio creauit, &c." The first part, the "Historia etatum mundi ac descriptione urbium collectum auxilio Doctoris Hartmanni Schedel" ends CCLXVI with the colophon "completo in famosissima Nurobergensis vrbe, &c." Fol. CXXV is missing and fol. CXXVI imperfect. Then are added five leaves "de Sarmacia regione Europe;" single cols., no titlepage, pag., or catchwords. The third part is an Appendix "Reverend Patris Domini Eneas de' Picolominibus Cardinalis Stue Sabinæ (afterwards Pius II.) de his que sub Cesare Friderico III. Imper. per Germaniam et Europam gesta sunt." It is from CCLXVII to Folium CXCXVIII. Fol. CCLXX is in MS. Nuremberg, A. Coberger 1493. (Gothic, Folio.)

"Ce livre connu sous le nom de Chronique de Nuremberg n'est point rare; mais il est très remarquable à cause des gravures en bois assez belles dont il est orné, et qui sont au nombre de plus de 2000." (Brunet.) "Ouvrage curieux et intéressant par la quantité de faits remarquables qu'il renferme." (De Bure.)

The woodcuts were executed by Wolgemut and Wilhelm Pleydenwurf his stepson.

This, though not one of the perfect copies, is a handsome volume, in clean, good condition. It has already been spoken of in the article on Wolgemut in the *Ampleforth Diary*, where a small reproduction of a woodcut was given. The learned author, who lived, by his own computation, in the sixth age of the world, breaks off abruptly and leaves "chartas aliquas sine scriptura" to contain the "gesta principum et privatorum succedentium." Then he goes on to

the seventh age of the world,—the preaching of Antichrist, and the Day of Judgment. Four blank leaves to contain all history between 1493 and the end of the world! Pope Pius II. also witnesses a curious thing in Scotland, "Illud tamen nobis in scotia miraculum presentatum est. Nam pauperes pene nudos ad ecclesias mendicantes, acceptis lapidibus elemosyne gratia datis, letos abisse conspeximus. Id genus lapidis sive sulphurea sive pinguis materia peditum pro ligno quo regio nuda est comburitur." This 'miracle' was evidently coal.

104 (1). "Sermones sancti Bernhardini ordinis minorū. De festiuitatibus virginis gloriose per annū, &c." Gothic, 4to. Impressum Nurnberge, cura et impensis prouidi viri Frederici kreusner 1493. Title with woodcut frontispiece [probably by Wolgemut] tinted somewhat rudely; then 5 ff. of prefatory matter; 102 leaves, A—N; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 33 and 34 to a page.

The first edition in Panzer.

47 (2). Joannis Andreae Episcopi Aleriensis Tractatus super arboribus consanguinitatis. Begins "Circa lecturam arboris, &c." 8 leaves; no pag., catchwords, sig., or printed initials; long lines, 34 to a page. A woodcut on verso of last leaf. Colophon: "Finit tractatus. . . . Impressum Nurnberge per Fridericū Creusner" 1481. Gothic, Folio. There should be 10 ff. Two of the woodcuts are torn out.

76. "Fasciculus tēpor omnes antiquorum cronicas complectēs." Title, woodcut frontispiece and tabula, 6 ff; then Folium I to Folium LXXXIX; no printed initials; long lines. No name or date. Gothic, Folio.

A good copy of a work which was excessively popular at the end of the fifteenth century. There are many editions of it, but the most sought after were published previous to 1840. The first edition was printed by Arnold Ther Hoernen in 1474, at Cologne. Ours is not earlier than 1484, and probably of the year 1490.

93. Joannis (Charlier) de Gerson, Parisiensis Cancellarii,

Opera. Woodcut on first page, then "Tituli tercie partis que contemplatiue vite pcepta tradentes tractatus continet." 300 ff., aa—zz, Aa—Zz, AA—DD, last 2 ff. blank. Ends "Finiūt opa etc." No pag., catchwords, or printed initials; double cols, 50 lines to a full page. Gothic, Folio.



FROM I. C. GERSON OPERA (93).

A third volume of Gerson's complete works, clean and perfect. Hain says it was printed at Strasburg (Argenterati), and Panzer adds by John Pruss. A reproduction of the frontispiece is given.

22. Publij Virgilij Marois opera (cum quinque vulgaribus commentariis Landini, Mancinelli, Servii, Donati et Domitii) expolitissimisque figuris atque imaginibus nuper per Sebastianum Brant superadditis: exactissimisque reuisitis atque elimatis.

Titlepage with woodcut, 5 ff. of introduction; then 1—CCCCVIII, incorrectly numbered. Then a 13th book added to the *Æneid*, by Mapheus Vegvus Laudensis, and short poems attributed to Virgil, 1—XXXIII. Many fine illustrations; double cols. "Impressum regia in ciuitate Argenteæ &c. . . . impensa non mediocri magistri Johannis Grieningeri 1502." Roman, Folio.

A fine copy of a well known and valuable edition. FF. XCII, XCIII, CXLI and CXLIJ are wanting. "Commentarii sunt iidem, qui in Venetis edd. 1495, 1499, 1501, ut non dubitem, quin ipse poeta ex iis expressus sit. Ceterum ex hac Argentina figuras, quæ Ascensianas, Iuntinas, et alias Venetas ornant dicam an ornati officium, ductas esse apparet." (Heyne vol. v, p. 471. See also Dibdin's Introduction to the rare and valuable editions of the Classics, vol. 2 p. 542.) Book plate of Arthur B. Evans, S.T.P.

147 (1). "Proceptorium Nicolai de Lira ordinis seraphici Francisci." A, 8 ff., B—X in furs; altogether 46 ff.; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 30 to a page. A rude printer's device on last leaf (verso). "Coloniae per me Johannem Landen 1496, &c." Gothic, 8vo.

147 (2). "De vita et beneficijs saluatoris Ihesu cristi, deuotissime meditationes cum gratiarum actione."

68 ff., A—K., uniform with 147 (3). [Coloniae, per Joannem Landen] no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; 31 lines.

147 (3). Tractatus de spiritualibus ascensionibus (Gerardi Zutphanie).

64 ff., aa—ll; woodcut of *Madonna* on last leaf (verso). Coloniae infra sedecim domos, [per Joannem Landen]. Gothic, 8vo.

147 (4). Horologium deuotiois. 60 ff., a—h. Liberally

illustrated with rude woodcuts. "Explicit . . . per me Johannem Landen Coloniae infra sedecim domos cmorantem." Gothic, 8vo.

152 (a) 1. Preceptorium Nyeolai de Lyra &c.

112 ff., A—S. No pag., catchwords, or printed initials; 31 lines. M. de Werdena's device (woodcut of the *Virgin and Child with St. Anne*) on title and last leaf. "Coloniae retro fratres minores (per Martinum de Werdena) 1502. v. 147 (1).

152 (a) 2. Cura Clericalis. *Leges Releges*.

16 ff., A—D. Woodcut printer's device. No pag., catchwords, or printed initials. "Coloniae retro minores (per Martinum de Werdena), 1504." Gothic, 8vo.

153 (b). "Tractatus de Claustro Anime domini Hugonis Folletini sancti Petri Corbiensis canonici, &c. Item tractatus eiusdem de Cōstructione tabernaculi ad litteram."

144 ff., no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; 31 lines. Martin de Werdena's device on back of title and on last leaf (verso). "Retro Minores, 1504 (Coloniae, per Martinum de Werdena). Gothic, 8vo.

153. Tractatus de Claustro anime. A duplicate of 153 (b).

154 (4). Epistola de miseria curatorum seu plebanorum.

8 ff., A and B. No pag., catchwords, or printed initials. Coloniae prope domum consularis, per Martinum de Werdena, 1504. Gothic, 8vo.

154 (5). Formula viuendi Sacerdotum.

20 ff. (first missing) A—E. No pag., catchwords or printed initials, 31 lines. "Per Martinum de Werdena Coloniae prope domum consularis: in vico ciuico (vulgo die Burgerstræss) cōmorantē, 1504." Woodcut device on last leaf. Gothic, 8vo.

147 (1), 147 (2), 147 (3), 147 (4), 152 (a) 1, 152 (a) 2, 153 (b), 154, 154 (4), and 154 (5) are good specimens of the multitude of small and cheap editions of devotional works published at Cologne in the first half of the sixteenth century. The

printers were not of great merit, and the woodcuts mostly inferior; but they had a great vogue in their day and are now, many of them, very scarce.

123 (a) 1. "Anti Lutherus, Judoci Clichtouei Neoportuensis. Doctoris Theologi, Academia Parrhisiensis. Tres libros cõplectens." Anno. M.D. XXV.

12 ff., title, &c., then Fol. 1—CCXVI, on last leaf (verso) printer's devices. (Coloniae) "In officina honesti ciuis Petri Quentell." Roman, 4to.

123 (a) 2. "De veneratione sanctor. libri duo Judoci Clichtouei, &c." Anno M.D. XXV.

Title partly framed; 68 leaves a—r; no pag.

Coloniae in officina honesti ciuis Petri Quõtel. Roman, 4to.

"Editio perrara" (Bauer). Woodcut initials in both volumes.

61 (a). "B. Platinae Cremonensis de vita et moribus summorum Pontificum, &c."

(Coloniae) ex officinã Eucherii Ceraiconi 1529.

Handsome woodcut framed title (inlaid) 6 ff. unnumbered; p. 1—284; 50 ff. aa—hh. Roman, Folio.

51 (c). Henrici Cornelii Agrippa. . . De occulta Philosophia Libri Tres.

Woodcut of author on Title; 6 ff. unnumbered; then p. 1—CCCLXII; some woodcut diagrams. (Cologne) 1533. Roman, folio.

S.S. 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, and Con 13. The works of Denis the Carthusian printed at Cologne (Quentell) 1521—1551 and Paris (J. Foucher) 1541. Most of these volumes have framed titlepages and 111 and 117 a handsome woodcut on verso of titlepage. One volume has many leaves missing. An octavo vol. D. Dionysii Carthusiani . . . in quinque libros Sapientales (Parisiis, Apud Odoñum paruum 1548), with publisher's device on title is S.S. 330.

121 (a) 1. Passional Christi und Antichristi.

84 ff A—C; framed titlepage and 26 woodcuts with a few lines to each.

A well-known lampoon on the Pope, said to have been composed by Martin Luther. The woodcuts are by Lucas Cranach (Lucas Sunder) and are arranged in antithesis, e.g., on one page Christ kissing the disciples' feet, on the opposite a procession of Kings, &c., kissing the Pope's toe. Of course the climax is reached in Christ driving the money-changers out of the temple and the Pope presiding at a stall in a church selling indulgences, with the result in the next contrast,—the Ascension, on one side, and, on the other, the Pope borne headlong to hell by fantastic demons. The effect of a witty lampoon such as this can easily be imagined. (Wittenberg, J. Grunenberg 1521.) The first edition, Gothic, 4to.

121 (a) 2. Verhor uff Acta vor dem Byschoff von Meysszen gegen dõ Byschoff zu des Lochaw.

Woodcut titlepage, 6 ff. A and B. Gothic, 4to. Evidently from the same press as 121 (a) 1.

121 (a) 3. "Schlusze der Augustiner Veter yn yhrer versamlung zu Wittenberg &c."

Two leaves uniform with 121 (a) 1, and 121 (a) 2. Gothic, 4to. These scarce tracts (Luther's?) are not in the British Museum catalogue.

36 (2). "Magnencij Rabani Mauri de Laudib: sancte Crucis opus &c."

10 ff. of introduction with two fine woodcuts. Fo. 1 missing, then Fo. II to Fo. LIX and one unnumbered. The second book, Fo. 1—XIII and one unnumbered. Aa and Bb; a—k; A—C. Long lines. Many diagrams. Phorcheim in adibus Thome Anselmi M.D. III. Roman, Folio.

"Cette edition est le plus rare et le plus recherchée de cet ouvrage" Dict. Histor. It is the first edition; see Fabricii Notitia Bibliographica in Rabani opera (Migne, Patrol. vol. 107).

Thomas Anselmus is the printer who first numbered his page at the bottom. He recommends this plan in the pre-



ALMAYUS PRESENTING KARAK MADR AND HIS BOOK TO
POPE GREGORY IV.—36 (2).

face to his Hesychnus (A.D. 1321). As early as 1477 an edition of Leonardo da Vinci's sermons had been paged at the top.



FROM SIMON VOSTRE'S "HEURES DE ROME" 1494 (127 a).

123 [6]. *Antiquitates Urbis Romae*. Woodcut title and device on last leaf (verso). 10 ff. A and B. Rhostochii (Rostock in Saxony), (clerici congregationis domus viridis horti ad S. Michaelen). No date, 27 and 28 lines. Roman, 4to.

127 [a]. "Les presentes heures a lusaige de Rome furent acheuez le XVI iour de Septembre. Lan Mil CCC. III. XX. et XVIII. pour Simon Vostre &c." 66 subjects of the dance of death (none repeated); 22 large engravings in addition to the devices on recto and verso of first leaf; 8 designs of sybils at the head of each border (Brunet remarks 12 sybils "que nous n'avons pas encore vues ci-dessus" in the edition of 1501; the Lives of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, &c., &c.

96 ff. a—l. A. Sumptuously printed on vellum; a beautiful book in fair condition; initials and capitals illuminated, engravings uncoloured. The first edition was in 1486, but this is much more elaborate. The beauty of the engravings and the absence of broken lines have brought experts to the conclusion that the illustrations were printed from relief blocks cut in metal. "Le fac-simile des huitis petits sujets de l'Enfant prodige est donné d'après cette édit. dans le Decameron bibliogr." (Brunet.)

9. "Decreti huius plenissimū argumentum &c." Decretorum opus. . . Magister Bertholdus Rembolt. . . Parrhisij excusit," 1518.

Framed title, with device; red and black letters. A—D 28 ff.; Fo 1—Fo. CCCCLIX (ff. CLV, CCLXXXIX and CCCCLVI missing). An index follows Fo. 1—Fo. XLVI and one unnumbered (ff. XII, XXV and XXVI missing). Fo. XV is imperfect. A woodcut on Fo. 1 (verso). Double cols. Gothic, Folio.

Berthold Rembolt was for a time the partner of Ulrich Gering who, in the year 1470, introduced the art of printing into Paris. Gering died in 1510. Both were famous for the correctness of their editions. The "Virgil" published by

the two in conjunction and the "Corpus Juris Canonici by Rembolt are said to be absolutely faultless. (Timperley.)

17 (a). "Mellifui deuotiq; doctoris sancti Bernardi abbatis. . . Opus preclarū etc. Venūdatur Parisiis . . . a Johanne Parno." (Parisiis) "in pulchram unius voluminis. . . formā per magistrum Bertholdum Rembolt redactā," 1517.

Framed title and publisher's device, woodcut on second leaf (verso). 34 ff. unnumbered; Fo. 1—Fo. CCCXX. Then "Vite sancti Bernardi Prefatio etc." without pagination, 34 ff. Aa—Dd. 6 ff. of a continuation of the Homelies on the Canticle of Canticles (imperfect), not by St. Bernard. Double cols: Gothic, folio.

49 (1). "Praeclarissimum opus diui Isidori Hyspalensis episcopi: quod ethimologiarum intitulum." 106 ff. (21 and 61 omitted in foliation), ff. LXVI and LXIX in MS. Double cols., 55 lines to a full column. "Impressum Parrhisii Opā magistri Georgij Wolff et Thielmanni Kerver." 1499. Roman, folio. Woodcut diagrams and Kerver's device on last leaf (recto). Hain, 9275.

123 (1). "De scriptorib; ecclesiasticis. . . Johannis de Trittohem abbatis Spāhemēsis etc." Red and black title with Jehan Petit's device; 10 ff. aaa; Fo. 1—Fo. CCCXX; long lines, 38 to a page. "Finis libri [per B. Rembolt] impressi Parisiis." 1512. Roman, 4to. 139. "Vita Christi. . . per Ludolphum Saxonem professione carthusianum, etc."

Framed red and black title with Kerver's device; 10 ff. A and B. Fo. 1, with woodcut headpiece, to Fo. CCCCLX XIII; double cols., 58 lines to a full column. Woodcut on last leaf (verso). "Parisiis excudit Jolanda bonhōme vidua Thielmanni Kerver." 1539. Gothic, 8vo.

153. (b) Lvcany. Parisiis. Apud Simonem Colinaeum. 1543. Framed title; 251 numbered leaves, and one "De Martino Besardo Lucani correctore."

122 (b) 2. "Leonardi Aretini de Bello Gotthorum etc." Jehan Petit's device on Title; 48 ff. numbered, a—h (Parisiis) "In Bellovisu Impressi 1507." Roman, 4to.

122 (b) 4. "Andree Tiraquelli Fontiniacensis iudicis ex commētariis in Pictorū consuetudines Sectio de Legibus Connubialibus." Title with woodcut 'Prelui Ascōsiā'; 24 ff. a, b and c; no pagination or catchwords; long lines, 33 to a page. (Parisiis) "Ex ædibus Ascōsianis. . . M.D.XV." Roman, 4to.

122 (b) 5. "Habes lector studiosissime Frāciscl Marij Grapaldi opus etc." De partibus Aedum. Title with device of F. Regnavit, A—D 18 ff.; Folio 1—Fo. cv, really cvi, and one blank (the foliation wrong). Parrhisij. . . impensis. . . Ioannis Parui (per F. Regnavit) 1517. Roman, 4to.

89. S. Hieronymi in vitas patrum. 6 ff. of Tabula (first wanting); on last (verso) woodcut of *Crucifixion*; Fo. 1—Fo. CXCIII. (CLXXXIX and CXL missing and the last, which should have the colophon, only a fragment). Border to Fo. 1 and many small woodcuts in the text.

Many of the ornamental letters are identical with those used by Stephen Baland of Lyons in No. 91 of our catalogue. The British Museum Catalogue has a copy corresponding with ours except in not having pagination, Stephanum Balam [Lyons] 1509. Gothic, folio.

90. Johannis Vitalis (Card; O. M.) Speculum Morale totius Sacrae Scripturae. Tabula A—D 24 ff. (first missing); Fo. 1—Fo. CCXXXVII. Woodcut initials and headpiece on Fo. 1. Double cols., 64 lines to a full column. Gothic, folio. (Lugdunū) "p Johānē Moylin alias de Cābray" 1513.

Du Pin says that the *Speculum Morale* of Cardinal Vitalis à Furno was printed at Lyons in 1513, at Venice in 1514, etc. Hence ours is probably the First edition.

91. "Rationale diuinorū officiorum" (G. Duranti). Title in red and black with device of Jaques huguetan of Lyons; 2 ff. [a II and a III wanting]; Folium primum—Fo. CLXXXIII and one unnumbered (ff. VII—XIII and XCIV—CI wanting).

"Lugduni per Stephanū Baland." 1508. Gothic. Folio.

135. Sermones sancti Vincentij ordinis predicatorū de tēpore (Pars Hiemalis).

Title (a1) missing 10 ff. of Tabula; Fo. 1—CCXXXI and blank leaf; woodcut title (Pars estiuallis) and Tabula 10 ff.; then Fo. 1—CCLXXX; woodcut title (de sanctis) and Tabula 8 ff.; then Fo. 1—CLXXXII with device on last leaf. "Impressos Lugd. ꝑ Laurentium, Hylairo. . . M.CCCC. XVI." This date is an error for 1516, which date is correctly printed after the Pars Hiemalis. Double cols., 53 lines to a full page. Gothic, 8vo.

146. "Fallen. Socini. Regule cū suis ampliacionibus et fallentis e toto iure delecte; per. . . Bartholomeū Socinū Senensem etc."

Red and black title (small woodcut) and Tabula 16 ff.; Fo. 1—Fo. CCXXXII. Long lines, 39 to a page. "Impressum . . . Lugdunū opera diligētissimi calcographi Martini Lescuyer. Expēs. . . D. Jacobi. q. Francisci de Giuncta Florētini, etc." M. CCCCXXXII. Woodcut of device of publisher on last leaf. Gothic, 8vo.

"Les Juntas, célèbres imprimeurs du 13e siècle et du commencement du 16e s'étaient établis dans les principales villes de l'Italie, à Gènes, à Venise, à Rome, à Florence et même à Lyon. (Brunet.)

146(a). Missale Romanum. 3 ff. missing (aa 1, aa2 and aa3); Fo. 1 supplied in MS; 16 ff. aa—bb; then 1—CIII and 3 unnumbered leaves; CVI—CCLVI (CCLI and CCLIV are wanting.) Red and black letters; woodcuts; double cols., 40 lines to a full column. (Lugduni ꝑ) per Franciscum Fradin 1507. Not in Panzer. Apparently a Franciscan Missal. Gothic, 8vo.

142. Sermones dormi secure.

Bookseller's device (P. Regnault of Caen) in red on title, printer's on last leaf. 280 ff. a—x; A—O; no pag., double cols., 47 lines. "Rothomagi. . . per Petrum Oliuier." 1515. Gothic, 8vo.

153. Manipulus curatorum (Guidonis de monte rocherii). Device of Jehan huin, bookseller, 1—Folio CXXXXIII and 3 ff. unnumbered. Long lines, 32 to a page. "Rothomagi in officina Magistri petri violette." 1507. Gothic, 8vo.

146 (c). "Doctrinale florum artis notarie, etc."

Woodcut initial and device of Robinet Macé on title, which is in red and black letters; 4 ff. then Folio 1—Folio CLXXX; 32 lines. "Rothomagi pro Roberto Mace," 1503. Not in Panzer. Gothic, 8vo.

121 (1). Libellus de modo confitendi et penitendi. Title with woodcut of *Mass of Pope Gregory*; 18 ff. a—c; No pag., catchwords or printed initials. "Dauentrie per me Jacobum de breda." 1490. Gothic, 4to.

124 (1). Aesopi Fabule ex oratiōe ligata in solutam verse etc."

Red and black title with Woodcut *Prelū Jacobi* 1515; 8 ff. A and B; no pag.; 29 lines. "Prostant venales Dauentrie in adibus Jacobi de Breda." Woodcut of *Two Knights* on last leaf. Gothic, 4to.

124 (2). Herasmi Roterodami opus . . . cōtinās in se cōcionem de puero Jesu &c.

28 ff. uniform with 124 (1). "Dauentrie p Jacobum Bredanum," 1515. Woodcut of *Two Knights* on last leaf. Gothic, 4to.

124 (11). "Septem psalmi penitentiales cum argumentis et titulis ex Jacobi Fabri Stapulensis editione &c."

Woodcut on title; 8 ff. (interleaved) A—B; no pag.; 16 lines. "Dauentrie per me Jacobum de Breda." 1513.

126 (4). Dacus maior, Opusculum Augustini (surnamed Datus or Dachus) Senensis.

Woodcut on title; 18 ff., A—C; 37 lines. Dauentrie [J. de Breda], 1497. Gothic, 4to.

124 (7). Dacus maior. A duplicate of 126 (4) with woodcut title missing.

124 (8). "Grammatica Nicolai Peroti &c."

87 ff., A—P; woodcut on last leaf of *Two Knights*, the same as in 124 (1) and 124 (2). Dauentrie in officina literaria Theodorici de Borne, 1511. Gothic, 4to.

124 (6). "Joannis Murellii Alemariensis ludimagistri pappa puerorum &c." "Insunt in hac compluscula que in priore editione non habentur."

Device on title and Woodcut of *Man of Sorrows* on last leaf. 34 ff., A—G; No pag., double cols, 40 lines. Venundantur Dauentrie in edibus Alberti Pafraed. 1516. The only Deventer edition in Panzer is dated 1519. Gothic, 4to.

126 (2). Fratri Baptiste Mantuani Carmelite Theologi de contemnenda Morte Carmen.

Title with curious woodcut of *Death*; 8 ff., A and B. No pag., 39 lines. "Dauentrie p me Alberti Pafraet," 1514. Gothic, 4to.

126 (3). Fratri Baptiste Mantuani &c. . . . dice Lucie . . . Agon. Title with woodcut; 8 ff., A and B. No pag., 25 lines. "Dauentrie in officina literaria Alberti Pafraet," 1515. Gothic, 4to.

126 (1). "Baptiste Mantuani . . . de mundi calamitatibus . . . aliud elusid contra poetas ipudice loquētes."

54 ff., A—C no pag., 30 lines. "Dauentrie operat impensis Richardi pafraet 1497." Gothic, 4to.

126 (5). "In artis componendorum versuum rudimenta . . . Ioannis Murellij Ruremundensis.

Title with woodcut; 14 ff., A—C no pag., 40 lines. "Prosant in edibus Alberti Paeffraed." Woodcut of *Man of Sorrows* on last leaf. Gothic, 4to.

126 (9). Prosperi Tyronis Aquitani Epigrammata &c.

Title with woodcut of a *Bishop*; 30 ff., no pag. "Dauentrie in officina literaria Alberti Pafraet." 1515. Gothic, 4to.

143. . . . "trialogus beati Antonini archiepi florentini super euāgelio de duobus discipulis euntibus in emaus."

. . . . "trialogus de cōtēptu mōdi fratri baptiste de finaria epi vintimiliensis, etc."

. . . . "Epistola de tribus essentialibus votis religionis . . . fratri vmberti generalis magistrī."

Devices on title (red and black) and last leaf. Woodcut on verso of title. 144ff., a—s; double cols. 36 lines to a



FROM THE "TRIALOGUS BEATI ANTONINI"—14 (5).

page. No pagination. "Venetiis per Joānem Emericum de Spira 1496." Should have 150 ff. (Hain.)

John and Wendelin de Spira introduced printing into Venice in 1469 and John died in 1470. The above printer may have been his son.

It will be seen that only a few of the books in the above list are illustrated in the modern acceptance of the phrase. But it is no misuse of the word. A palace is a palace whether it has one king living in it or fifty; and in the

early days of printing a single woodcut was a matter of more consequence than the issue of a new illustrated daily would be nowadays. The catalogue is not a complete one. The books printed at Basle and Antwerp are reserved for a future article. And many of the volumes described in the previous numbers of the Journal, should be counted over again in this list of our early printed illustrated books.

J. C. ALMOND.



The Church by the Moor.

(Continued.)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

WOE betide the luckless wight who ventures into the domain of contemporary history! He may imagine that it is a sort of no man's land, a free common on which he may gambol to his heart's content—but let him beware!

Jealous eyes are peering at him from every bush, wires are stretched across the ground to trip him up and man-traps abound to hold him fast. Let him slip ever so little and out leap scores of active feet, wrathful eyes glare at his prostrate form, angry bludgeons dance on his bewildered head, and before he knows where he is, torn and battered and bruised, a motley crowd of keepers and poachers and gipsies hate him off to—anything but justice. In vain he pleads that he meant no harm, that he saw no one on the ground to guide him, and that he thought the game was free. It is no use. The keepers prove the case; it is their business to see that no one steps on that ground even if they do not go themselves. The poachers make off with the few little rabbits he has picked up and sell them as their own, while the gipsies run away with his money and the last shreds of his respectability. What chance has he in such a plight before any tribunal? Small wonder if, like Artemus after attending a 'feast fit for the gods,' he feels sick and sorry he'd come. Small wonder if he vows that never, never again will he venture on such dangerous ground.

Some such reflections as these have been passing through our mind ever since we were beguiled into writing the first part of this paper. We were pleasantly persuaded that it had to be done and that "no one else" would think of doing it. We thought in our innocence that it was a subject on which few were informed and in which fewer still felt any interest, and we hoped thereby that any slips we might make would escape notice. We are wiser now. The amount of information on that subject in unsuspected quarters is prodigious and the interest felt in it, if we may judge by samples received, must be painful in its intensity. There is scarcely a paragraph that has not brought down upon us a very storm of letters. We had almost written snow storm, but, though not wanting in either candour or coolness, the ink they carry is too abundant and the

language they employ is too sultry to admit of that simile. Neither is the fall so light nor the impact so gentle as that of frozen vapour. Together they make a good sized avalanche beneath which we lie prostrate and overwhelmed.

While in that position, it is not much comfort to be told that we have brought it on ourselves, and that anyone who treats of recent events can expect nothing else, and yet, we suppose, it is true. The philosophy of it seems to be this; that no two people can look through the same pair of eyes. Consequently they can never see the same object, at the same time, from the same point of view. One sees the side that is in the sunshine, another sees the part that lies in the shadow and those between the two see it from angles where the varying influence of one or the other predominates; but in no two cases do they see it from the same point and in no two cases—if they tell the truth,—will their descriptions exactly agree. Here is where the antiquarians and the common sort of historians score so heavily. They have the advantage of describing what they never saw and what no one else can ever see, events so far removed that we cannot find a parallax, and hence they are safe from the haunting anxiety and the delicate criticism that dog the conscientious chronicler of living events.

And so we say beware of recent history. Shun it as a delusion and a snare, or, if you must dabble in it, let others do the writing and do you buy a bludgeon and join the critics. Otherwise your statements will be questioned, your facts denied, your opinions contradicted, your conclusions condemned, and when neither facts nor statements, opinions nor conclusions can be impugned, why then *ipso facto* it is as clear as day that your taste in writing them must be worse than execrable. Try anything else—poetry, temperance, politics, archaeology, or football—but if you would have peace of mind by day and care

to sleep at night, never venture to write about anything less than a century old.

We give extracts from one or two of the more weighty communications we have received, and trust our readers will overlook what may seem defects of style on account of the serious matter which that style adorns.

A. writes: "How in the name of fortune can you say that Miss Bell kept the cope for twenty years? I have gone carefully into the matter and am perfectly certain that it could not possibly have been in her custody for more than eighteen years, ten months and three weeks!" The manifest sincerity of our correspondent and the result of such inquiry convince us that he is right. In our second edition and all subsequent reprints this error will be corrected.

B. writes: "You say that Prior Prest's negotiations for the purchase of old chapel, &c., broke down because there was a flaw in the title deeds. This is wrong. They broke down because he could not get the site he wanted, viz., the land and house adjoining the chapel and with a frontage on the West End. He never attempted to purchase the old chapel. Moreover he took it not on a yearly tenancy but on a lease." We may fairly claim some credit here. But for our error this information would never have been made public. Suppose it had been left to the antiquarian, say one thousand years hence, to write of this transaction—we shudder to think of the possibilities! It is quite conceivable that he would prove, from trustworthy documents, not that Prior Prest purchased but that he stole the land and left the country with it, after committing arson on the buildings. We have at any rate saved his memory from such a stigma, and no *chiffonier* of the antique need prowl around that quarter.

C. writes to ask "how Fr. Watmough could end his incumbency in 1862 if he only began it in 1867?" We confess we do not like this question. There is something

insidious in its mathematical simplicity. We suspect it has something to do with cube roots and obtuse angles. To the editor it presents no difficulty. He says it is arrived at by the well known mathematical process of 'casting out nines.' In this case $x+7=9$, *i.e.*, 1860. The difference between 1860 and 1867 is clearly two. Thus if you cast away the nine and substitute the sum of the difference it makes exactly the difference in the sum. Q. E. D. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the real date was 1860 and not 1862. He says that he can work it out also by Algebra and common sense, but that it would be too much to expect our correspondent to follow him in such a *tour de force*.

Another correspondent asks why we do not give more 'statistics, names, dates and personal incidents' and thinks that 'they would give more life and reality to the narrative.' No doubt they would, very much more, but we should have to apply to the county police for protection, and establish a sentry box near the Editor's studio. This indeed has been one of our difficulties. When so many actors in the scenes are living and many of the incidents are so recent that their influence is not yet exhausted, it becomes a very delicate matter to fix exactly the line which divides 'too much' from 'enough.' It is the defect we fear more than the excess. Those about whom 'too much' has been said are not always displeased with the notoriety. But who is to protect us from the wrath of those who do not receive 'enough' attention to please them or who are omitted altogether? No, the only safe rule in writing History of this kind is to avoid dates, names, facts and incidents altogether. Those interested will then appropriate what they like to themselves and distribute what they don't like among their neighbours. Would that we had observed this rule more closely!

Perhaps, however, our correspondent wishes an article (or is it a volume?) written on the co-operative system of

profit sharing, in which each one pays according to the space allotted to him or buys so many copies of the *Journal* according to the advertisement it gives him. In such a scheme not only the incumbents and each member of the flock but even the Kirby tradespeople could be mentioned, and the more the merrier. Of course it would need a special *Journal* to itself but what of that—if they paid? If our correspondent would like to try his hand, we hereby promise to give him all the help we can, including all the documents and black letter books, &c., &c., relating to the earliest days of Kirby.

But while one complains that we are not statistical enough, another blames us for being "too matter of fact" for confining ourselves to "common place trivialities" and neglecting "all that is really interesting, the struggles, the sacrifices, the energy, the pathos, &c., &c., &c." We have indeed made a mistake this time. Heroic subjects deserve heroic treatment, and we humbly confess it would have been better had we written the article in hexameters.

The reader will readily understand now why 'no one else' would touch the subject. Really Carlyle is quite wrong in saying men are 'mostly fools.' In this case at least there seems to be a great deal of wisdom abroad. The fools are in a decided minority—of one.

We have asked the editor to devote a section of the *Journal* to 'Answers to Correspondents.' He thinks it would serve the same purpose to publish a list of 'Errata corrigenda'—*i.e.*, when he can afford the space.

After this brief but very necessary introduction we proceed to set down very shortly the little that still remains to be said about 'The Church by the Moor.' But it is with anxious and trembling diffidence. The burnt child fears the fire and after the cudgelling we have received, our nerves have gone. Ever and anon as we reflect on our subject we seem to see the bushes parted and fur

capped ruffians glowering upon us; while we write we start fitfully as imaginary brick-bats whizz past our ears and wince beneath the onslaught of phantom bludgeons.

A little incident in connection with the purchase, or whatever it was, of the house in the West End perhaps deserves mention. While negotiations were pending with the landlord, the tenant was declared bankrupt. The bailiffs appeared in their majesty to take possession, but found the house closed and all ingress barricaded. They shouted and hammered, but to no purpose. Finding that parleys were useless, they announced their intention of forcing an entrance. The tenant replied that if they did he would cut his throat. They broke in the door and he kept his word. The history of Kirby is not all comedy.

We omitted another little matter which may show how the sinews of war were supplied for the infant mission. In 1868, Fr. Jerome Watmough held a bazaar or lottery which was for long remembered in the neighbourhood. In those days the missions of Ampleforth and Kirby depended for their spiritual wants upon the ministrations of one and the same individual. The temporals followed the lead of the spirituals and so the revenues—or rather deficits—of both were pooled in one general account. The lottery therefore was announced to be in aid of the new School at Kirby and the Mission Library at Ampleforth. The College gave him a young porker and Mr. Matthew Brown, of Preston, contributed a barrel of beer. Those conversant with the literature of bazaars will not need to be told how such prizes were 'boomed,' and how forcibly they appealed to the tastes of a bucolic neighbourhood. The porker became a "Prize Medal Fat Pig" and the nine gallon cask was a "Monster Barrel of Fine Old English Ale." Nor were the "Hundreds of other valuable Prizes" forgotten. They consisted for the most part of odds and

ends picked up, or extorted, from the boys, and by far the larger portion was made up of pious French pictures from the prayer books. The present writer, then a very small boy, remembers well being 'invited' in the persuasive language of the day, by a very big boy, to contribute a box of paints, value sixpence. He was loth to part with



it. It had already helped to illuminate a private Magazine and was responsible for some pretty designs in class books and life like studies of the teaching staff on the inside of his desk. He had no notion for years after what the lottery was for, but he was assured that he would be given a ticket which was certain to win either the pig or

the ale. That settled the matter. He parted with the paints and said farewell to Art. Someone else must have got into the Royal Academy. As he never saw pig or ale, he has always felt that he then sold his birthright for a mere promissory note of the mess of pottage. The tickets were eagerly bought up all round the country and when the drawing at length took place the excitement was at fever heat. The schoolroom was filled to overflowing with representatives of every type of Yorkshireman, by far the majority being non-Catholics and therefore more interested in the prizes than in the objects of the bazaar. The pig and the ale were duly raffled and their owners made happy. They were the only happy ones in that room. The nature of the other prizes soon was made clear, and when one number after another was drawn blank and the lucky ones produced nothing but trifles, and when big fisted methodist farmers found themselves handling little lace pictures of saints which they could not understand, and discovered that sixpenny tickets produced nothing better than a pennyworth of sweets or an orange—a storm of sullen anger began to grumble and mutter and at length burst when one of the audience, voicing the general indignation, cried out; "It's a bonny tak' in! Theers nobbut picters and blonks!" The meeting ended in disorder, but the phrase 'caught on' and became classical. How the promoter reached home we know not, but it was long before he dared venture near the village, and for many a day after no one from the College was sighted without being greeted derisively, "Picters and blonks! Bonny tak' in!" Even to this day it is not forgotten.

The railway between Gilling and Kirkbymoorside was not opened till 1871 and so, for several years, the priest in charge used to drive over on Saturday evenings, returning on the Sunday afternoons. And a bitterly cold drive it was for a great part of the year, for whenever there is an east wind from the cold North Sea or a north west wind

from the moors, the Rye valley always seems to be several degrees colder than the Vale of Mowbray, and one seems to leave the temperate zone after crossing Oswaldkirk bank-top. The services, as we have said, were at first monthly. When they were first changed from once a month to once in three weeks we cannot precisely remember. It was probably during the incumbency of Fr. Cuthbert Pippet. The latter arrangement was certainly in vogue before 1877.

In the earlier days the priest lodged with Aaron Proud at the top of Castlegate, but towards the close of the seventies, the Heads family settled at Sinnington, and offered the priests generous hospitality during the whole time they resided there. When they left Sinnington, about 1880, the priests, as a rule, put up at the King's Head Inn, but, as the slender income of the mission could stand very little expense, they generally took with them a small basket of provisions for the Sunday meals which were cooked elsewhere. In 1883 an experiment was tried of taking private rooms in the house of a methodist named Hunter just behind the Tollbooth. The arrangement was not satisfactory, and when, in 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Heads moved into Kirby itself, they again opened their doors to the priests and received them with that cheerful, whole-hearted kindness which has lasted without interruption down to the present day.

Many incumbents have laboured at Kirby during the last thirty years and one great advantage they have had in common; they were all young, and brought to their work the sunshine and enthusiasm of days that were not yet clouded by failure or chilled by disappointments. Each in his time and according to his opportunities has done what he could and each may fairly claim a share in the credit of making the mission what it now is. Their work has been blessed by God and there we would fain leave the matter, consulting best their feelings, and our own

difficulty, by omitting all mention of names and details. And yet if we do not make just one exception to this rule, we do not see how the tale of Kirby mission can be told at all.

In 1881 Fr. Oswald Smith was appointed to Kirby and at once entered upon his labours with the energy that characterized him. He began by instituting fortnightly services, soon after to be changed into weekly, which latter, after several small intermissions are now the established rule. He then procured a tabernacle and was enabled to reserve the Blessed Sacrament and give Benediction on Sunday evenings. Many could now receive Holy Communion on Monday mornings who had been quite unable to approach the altar on Sundays. The result was that the number of Communion went up by leaps and bounds and a great impulse was given to the spiritual life of the parish.

The evening services also drew numbers of non-Catholics who had never appeared at the morning Mass. They were attracted by the catechetical instructions, so unlike anything to which they had been accustomed. The children were ranged in front of the altar and the bulk of the congregation occupied the front seats, leaving space behind for any non-Catholics who cared to enter. They were thus enabled to slip in and out without being conscious of observation. It rarely happened that there were fewer than half a dozen present and often there were twice or thrice that number. And for the most part they came again and again. The result was that conversions became comparatively numerous and the little flock increased rapidly *et numero et merito*.* Much of Fr. Oswald's

* It is a curious fact, paralleled we believe elsewhere, that though the school was open for twenty years and though the great bulk of the children were Protestants and received, with their parents consent, Catholic instruction, there has only been one instance of a child in after life becoming a Catholic, and even that conversion can be traced to other causes. Yet all these years, converts were being made and now the parish is almost entirely composed of them.

time was occupied in instructing converts and, as he made it a point to call upon every household in the parish every Sunday, it will readily be seen that, small though the parish was, the position was no sinecure. But it helped to keep their devotion to a proper level. Their fervour was most inspiring. No one who witnessed it is likely to forget it. He may have had to deal with larger and more cultured flocks, but in few of them will he have met with the simple earnestness that marked the Kirby people of those days and gave them an attractiveness which those who knew it not failed to understand. It was always the most popular of the home missions. The chapel was small, it is true, but it was always full—the children in front, the Catholics next, then the catechumens and lastly the old patriarchs—old 'Tom' and 'Jimmy' and 'Andrew' and 'Dominic' and 'Chris,' &c., who always ornamented the backwall and would not be dislodged.

Is the habit, by the way, of addressing old men in the diminutive peculiar to Yorkshire? If a child is christened Thomas or Richard or James, the odds are that when he reaches man's estate he will be "Tom" or "Dick" or "Jim," but when his hair grows white and his steps begin to fail he will be "Owd Tommy" or "Dicky" or "Jimmy." Or is it merely a local instance of the general fact that men grow more affectionate the nearer they draw to parting?

But it was not merely in spirituals that Fr. Oswald left his impress. He left it on temporals as well. He renovated the interior of the chapel and procured new vestments and altar linen and ornaments. He was the first to introduce the Christmas tea parties and concerts in the Tollbooth. They were not very lucrative ventures, but they were very enjoyable and well attended, and were the means of showing the country people that Catholics and priests were not the bogeys they had imagined. It was at this time too that the first Catholic burial—that of

Mrs. Mozzotti—took place in the parish church yard, with full procession through the town of Cross and Candles and Cope, and it made a deep impression. Even in those early days the project of a new church was not unheard of. Prior Whittle and he approached Lord Feversham for a piece of land which he promised to give, but nothing more came of it. There exists to this day a rough sketch by Fr. Oswald of his idea of a chapel which seems strangely prophetic of what has been actually accomplished.

There is no doubt there was a vitality, a movement, an awakening in the parish at this time, a stirring of the waters, a breathing of life and activity, for which in great measure Fr. Oswald was responsible. Kirby mission as we know it to-day, is largely his making. Others may have continued the good work and helped to perfect it, but he began it and laid down the lines which in the main they have followed, and no one who knows Kirby will be disposed to deny that, if he did not build the new church, it was he who made the building possible—at least it was he who roused that spirit of energy and sacrifice in the people which made it impossible that it should be long delayed. He left Kirby at Christmas, 1883, and after serving it again for a few months he left it finally in the summer of 1886 followed by the gratitude of all his people. When in the intervals of his duties he finds time to pay it a flying visit, no one is more warmly, or more deservedly, welcomed.

We gave in the first part a striking instance—in the matter of an alb—which showed how enterprise may get the better of a difficulty. It is only fair to hear the other side and give an example in which the difficulty proved superior to both genius and enterprise. One of Fr. Oswald's successors happened to be of a particularly frigid complexion, and Kirby in winter happens to be a particularly cold district. The conjunction was not a happy one, and he found it difficult to sleep in an atmosphere

that seemed to him to be generally at home in the neighbourhood of zero. The kind hostess tried to remedy matters by the use of a warming pan, one of those bright long-handled coppers which used to ornament the kitchens



of old fashioned farmhouses and looked for all the world like frying pans with lids. That however did not suffice; the warmth had expired before he went to bed. One exceptionally cold evening a brilliant idea struck him. He

suggested that, as he retired later than the family, he might be allowed to take up the warming pan himself. "Did he understand warming pans?" Understand warming pans! the idea! He looked amazed, as who should say: "Do I not teach algebra—am I not a professor at Ampleforth College? and you ask me do I comprehend warming pans?" Of course he did. So after some demur which he did not understand, and many instructions, which he considered unnecessary, the permission was granted and the family retired. Once by himself, he poked up the fire and piled on the coals, determined that this time at least the frost fiend should be vanquished. When, an hour or so later his sermon was completed, he raked out the coals, carefully selected those at a white heat, filled the pan up to the lid with them, lighted his candle and went off to sleep the sleep of the comfortable just. Arrived in his room he inserted the pan between the sheets and knelt down by the bedside for his devotions. How long they lasted we are not told, but when he came to himself he was dimly aware that something must have happened during his ecstasy. The room was filled with smoke. *Ascendit fumus aromatum!*—the smoke dense, the aroma pungent, of the kind usually associated with the singeing of plucked geese. There in front of him was a veritable pillar of cloud and the warming pan, like a thing of life, eating its way upwards and downwards in a circular hole through counterpane, blankets, sheets and feathers! Yes, he understood warming pans. We draw a veil or, as he did, a coat, over the remainder. He crept into bed that night a humbler man, convinced that a knowledge of algebra does not necessarily impart the science of warming pans, any more than, in the old tale, an acquaintance with the works of Alcuin involved the art of making toffee. Never after was he heard to allude to warming pans.

Another brief incident may be mentioned, either as

example or warning. We write from memory and are not clear as to the precise date, but the chief actor was one who loved to associate himself with Kirby and it happened about the time he was in charge and is too good to be lost. A knowledge of the personality would no doubt assist appreciation, but it will be sufficiently indicated if we say that he was one whose modesty was equal to his abilities and whose zeal knew no bounds but his discretion. Preaching one Sunday he checked himself suddenly in the midst of a flaming passage, and with a self-effacement as rare as it was telling, he said: "No, my brethren, I will not give it in my own words, but in the words of *another great Saint.*" The effect was thrilling—the fascinated audience strained their eyes for the nimbus. It is true that when it was all over there were some who said that "Saints are cheap to-day" and others who saw in it an insidious attack on the sanctity of the heavenly choirs, but there are always some who can never take things as they are intended.

The muse of history, we know, lays no claim to originality. She is a garrulous old jade who loves to "repeat herself." We were not surprised therefore to hear, only a few weeks ago, of an incident that is an almost exact counterpart of the last—indeed some may think it an explanatory comment. One of our fathers, not at Kirby this time, was instructing the children on Sunday afternoon, but they were restless and he could not hold their attention. He bore it for some time, but at length, being somewhat irascible, he could stand it no longer and burst out: "If you won't listen to me, you may go into the street and listen to *some other blackguard!*" It would be a nice point to decide which of these competing utterances takes the palm for modesty!

There are many other incidents to be found in the archives of Kirby, but we must hasten on. After Fr. Oswald's departure the idea of building a new church took

firm hold on the people. Any little sum that came in was carefully put aside in view of the far off day. Very slowly indeed the funds came in, so slowly that, had it not been for the firm faith of the people and the encouragement of their pastors, they might have lost heart altogether. But works begun in faith seldom fail and, about midsummer, 1895, it was considered that sufficient funds were in hand to justify a more general appeal and a more decisive effort to build. The condition of the old carpenter's shop at the time rendered some move absolutely necessary. Fr. Anselm Turner, then appointed missionary, *et adhuc feliciter regnans*, after delays and obstacles that would have daunted one less ardent, secured a piece of land from Earl Feversham and on September 29, 1896, the foundation stone was laid and solemnly blessed by Provost Dawson. On June 15, 1897, the pretty little church designed by Mr. Bernard Smith was opened by Very Rev. Prior Burge in the presence of a large crowd of benefactors and well-wishers. A full report of the proceedings and description of the church appeared in the *Monitor* of the week and there is no need to repeat them. It is sufficient to say that it is indeed a monument of the talent, as well as generosity, of the architect and of the labours of the pastor, and a worthy realization of the hopes and dreams of so many years. And here we may leave the subject. May the new church prove a centre of life and faith in the district, carrying on the work of Ven. Fr. Postgate to untold generations! May the little flock prosper and increase, and may the spirit that lived in the old chapel, their tabernacle in the wilderness, follow them into the new temple and remain with them to the end!

One word in conclusion. Some have desired mention of the generous benefactors and zealous workers without whose aid the church could not have been built. But such hardly comes within the scope of a paper like this. To mention all would be impossible, to make a selection would

be invidious. Besides the list is not yet complete. There is a considerable debt, necessarily incurred and still remaining, so that there is room for considerable additions before publishing the names.

One more word for the critics. We are painfully aware of the shortcomings of our paper and have a suspicion that, of the thousand and one ways in which it might have been approached, we have probably chosen the one which will satisfy no one. We plead two excuses in mitigation of their censure. Firstly, "no one else" would undertake it. Secondly, we promise "never to do it again."

And now for the bludgeons and brickbats!

Father Egbert Turner, O.S.B.

THE Band of Benedictines, which journeyed to the shores of Kent to commemorate the centenary of the landing of St. Augustine, has left behind it a lasting and indelible memorial of its visit,—a grave. In this mournful way we English Benedictines have again entered upon our ancient inheritance. Where our forefathers first built themselves a temple to their God, we have dug a tomb; and we have left a dead brother to link ourselves to the buried glories of the past.

It was a sad conclusion to a week of rejoicing, but we should not look upon it as a bad omen. It is not a sign of the anger of God that He should have required a sacrifice from us. Naturally, it was felt by some of the brethren as a check to light-heartedness. There is something of the romance of the theatre about a centenary celebration, and something of the exalted enthusiasm of the stage takes possession of those who have a part in it. It added a touch of reality that in the procession of monks who trod

in the footsteps of St. Augustine, one of their number should have fallen out of the ranks to die by the roadside. It reminded them that the conversion of England would be brought about not by pageant but by sacrifice, not by a challenge that attracts the attention of men, but by the devoted lives and obscure deaths that plead before the throne of God. "Unless the grain of wheat, falling to the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." May this first death be a token that the seed is sown, and that a harvest will be reaped in its season.

The incidents of Fr. Turner's life were those of every Benedictine who enters the Novitiate at Belmont, is solemnly professed at his monastery, is ordained, and serves at this mission or that, according to the direction of his superior. There was only one variation introduced into his career,—a three year's sojourn at Fort Augustus, when that monastery was in its infancy. Even there he lived under the same rule that would have guided him had he remained at Ampleforth and, for the most part, with companions from the same house. A life of serious work and simple pleasures; a constitution naturally delicate, but, nevertheless, seldom interfering with the routine of duty; a hopeful enthusiasm which made application easy and smoothed over difficulties; a contented and humble spirit of obedience;— what more can be said save that the life was blameless and the work well and sufficiently done?

An appreciation of Fr. Turner's musical gifts and work will not be expected in this brief notice of his death. What he wrote and what he published was for the world and for the Church. It is they, therefore, who are to pronounce a verdict on it; and it is for us his brethren to rejoice in his success, and lament the shortness of his career. What he might have accomplished God alone knows. We know that he passed away with his energies fresh and his talents undimmed; that he had begun many

things and planned more; that he looked upon what he had done as little else than a preparation for what was to come. He had reached a point when a retired life of study and industry seemed about to change into one of public importance; and God alone knew that the door, which seemed half-opened to admit him among the authorities of sacred music, was to usher him into another world. God had decreed that Fr. Turner's task was done before he was conscious that he had exerted his strength; his course was finished before he had stretched himself to the race; the fight was over although the arm was unwearyed and the sword unbroken. May the will of God be done. R.I.P.

Fr. Lawrence Farrant.

There are some people for whom the period of mourning begins in their lifetime. Disabled and retired from active service, they seem to pass out of the lives of those who remain in the ranks. They are not forgotten; but, neither, we hope, do we altogether forget the dead. They live with us, however, in remembrance rather than in fellowship, and our thought of them goes little further than to hope that the remainder of their lives may be restful and peaceful,—even as we pray that the souls of the departed may rest in peace.

Fr. Lawrence Farrant had, for some time before his death, been afflicted with an illness which incapacitated him from labour, either in the monastery or on the mission. He was naturally of an industrious disposition, and had done useful work before his health failed him. He remained a long time in his monastery, holding successively the offices of Junior-master and Sub-prior and taking an

active part in teaching. Throughout his career, whether living in community with his brethren, or labouring on the mission, he was always humble, cheerful and willing, and his cheerfulness seemed to increase as his infirmity grew upon him. He died at Maryport in Cumberland, whither his superiors had sent him, more for the sake of relieving him of the burthen of inactivity, than for the assistance he was able to give to his fellow-priest. What little he was still able to do, he did with the readiness he had always shown, and this almost to the day of his death. R.I.P.

Notice of Books.

A BENEDICTINE MARTYR IN ENGLAND, being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B. BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B., B.A., London: Bliss, Sands and Co.

THE subject of this biography was one of the first two Benedictines whom the Spanish monasteries sent upon the apostolic mission into England, where he became one of the most zealous and successful missionaries and one of the earliest martyrs of our Congregation. Frequently imprisoned for the faith he frequently contrived, either by his own ingenuity or through powerful friends, to evade the fate which at length overtook him. During the intervals of his labours and imprisonments he worked, in conjunction with D. Austin Bradshaw, for the establishment of English monastic houses on the Continent; he lived for a few months in the little community at Douai; and possibly, though there is no evidence to show it, was at one time its Superior. Fr. Bede Camm's volume bears marks of patient research, is well written and full of interest and edification. It touches delicately on the painful internal dissensions

which harassed the Catholic remnant, and gives a vivid picture of the dangers and distresses of that anxious time. The description of the Spanish Monasteries where our monastic forefathers were trained, and the account of the trial and heroic martyrdom of the Venerable Dom Roberts we have found especially interesting.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY, and his Companions. From the French of Father Brou, S.J. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.

A timely souvenir of the Thirteenth Centenary of England's Conversion will be found in Père Brou's very readable account of St. Augustine and his fellow apostles, which has been translated into English. It would be difficult to spoil a story so full of beauty and romance as that of the Coming of the Monks and the Conversion of the English, and, though a well-worn theme, our author finds something fresh to say about it, or at least says the old things well. Having lived at Canterbury for many years he is unusually accurate and trustworthy in details of archaeology and topography; his work is scholarly, interesting, picturesque, embodying legend as well as history in its course. We notice a few slight mistakes in the translation, and that Père Brou does not hesitate to criticize the Saints, sometimes, it seems to us, on insufficient evidence. Thus he holds that St. Augustine blundered over his interview with the British Bishops because the conference proved a failure, and that Saints Justus and Mellitus were cowardly in withdrawing from their bishoprics when paganism became rampant again! Yet our Lord Himself was not always successful in His preaching or His dealings with His opponents; and He distinctly told His disciples that there would be occasions when they should shake off the dust from their feet and depart. Our Apostles could claim high sanction for their proceedings.

SCRIPTURE MANUALS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—
 ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, PART I. By the Very Rev.
 T. A. Burge, O.S.B. London, Burns and Oates.

In the Easter number of the Journal, we had occasion to notice Part II. of the Acts of the Apostles, the commentary of which was also written by Prior Burge. It was to suit the requirements of the Oxford Local Examinations that Part II. was issued before Part I. Together the two manuals make a useful book, well adapted to assist the Scripture studies of our Catholic youth and helpful also to any reader who has not made a speciality of the subject. To say that the commentary is a learned one would not be accepted by the author as praise. Its aim is simplicity, but to be clear and intelligible in a work of this kind is an added labour; it is necessary not only to master the subject, but to master the art of teaching it. The work is well done and the ready sale of Part II., the first issue, shows that it is appreciated. We hope that these manuals will have the success they deserve.

The College Diary.

THE Exhibition of 1897 was chiefly remarkable for the excellent production of Hamlet. W. Byrne, who took the title rôle, deserves the greatest praise for his studied and intelligent performance. The visitors were quite as numerous as on the best of previous occasions. The weather was moderately good, though there was little sunshine. The annual cricket match between the Past and Present collegians resulted in a victory for the past. The scores were: Present 55, Past 145. Mr. T. Ainscough distinguished himself by an admirable innings of 59.

Sept. 16th. Return from the holidays. Many students had left and few came to take their places. The following were added to the school list:—

J. and H. Rochford, P. Kevill, F. Galeano, H. Polding, C. Corry and A. Dees.

Sept. 19th. Studies re-commenced in the evening. The election for Captain resulted in R. Connor being nominated to the post. He chose the following for his Government:—

Secretary	- - - - -	E. Maynard
Librarian of Upper Library	- - - - -	A. Gateley
Officemen	- - - - -	{ R. Dawson V. Nevill
Recorder	- - - - -	R. Dawson
Commonman	- - - - -	A. Hayes
Gasmen	- - - - -	{ E. Fane W. Foaster
Clothesman	- - - - -	C. Quinn
Collegemen	- - - - -	{ A. Rigby F. Neal D. Burn
Librarian of Lower Library	- - - - -	C. Martin
Vigilarii	" " "	{ E. Hill E. Weighill
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	- - - - -	C. Williams
Vigilarius	" " " "	J. Nevill
Vigilarii of Lower	" " "	{ B. Stanley J. Walsh

The appointed Football Captains are as follows:

1st set	-	-	-	-	{ R. Connor
					{ E. Maynard
2nd set	-	-	-	-	{ W. Milbarn
					{ G. Fishwick
3rd set	-	-	-	-	{ F. Preston
					{ A. Kinman
4th set	-	-	-	-	{ H. de Normanville
					{ C. Primavesi

J. Murphy replaced E. Fane as 1st gunman, on the latter's departure. We were pleased to see several new arrivals from Belmont, namely:—Br. Elphege Hind, Br. Maurus Powell, and Br. Theodore Rylance. Edward Dawes, Michael Willson, Paul Daniel and Edward Murphy went to Belmont at midsummer. We wish them success. The changes in the staff of discipline were few, the chief being that Br. Basil Primavesi replaced Br. Stephen Dawes, who went abroad for his health, as 3rd prefect of discipline. New members in the band were Br. Maurus, Br. Theodore and J. Rochford.

Oct. 3rd. Fr. Prior and Mr. Easton very kindly gave a musical entertainment in the study.

Oct. 7th. Month day. Rounders and Football.

Oct. 9th. A class match was played between the Humanities and the Upper Syntax. The game ended in an easy victory for the former by 6-1.

Oct. 11th. Fr. Edmund went to Oxford to study for Moderations. Fr. Bernard, on account of ill health, did not return from his holiday until to-day.

Oct. 13th. Br. Elphege, William Byrne, and Stanislaus Parker went to Oxford to join Fr. Edmund. We wish them success.

Oct. 20th. The first football match of the season was played to-day against Harrogate College. The game had hardly started when E. Weighill scored with a fast shot. This seemed to rouse Harrogate who registered two goals before half-time.

Shortly after the re-commencement of the game Harrogate scored another goal, the final score being Harrogate 3, College 1.

Oct. 22nd. Return match between the Humanities and the Upper Syntax. A tightly contested game resulted in victory for the Upper Syntax by 2-1.

Oct. 24th. The first concert in the study was held. The first scene from the Merchant of Venice was acted and chosen musicians displayed their talent before the public.

Oct. 30th. Mr. Forster came and paid us a visit.

Oct. 31st. The second scene from the Merchant of Venice was produced before the school in the study.

Nov. 1st. Feast of All Saints. High Mass.

The organ which has been undergoing considerable alterations was re-opened to-day.

Nov. 4th. November month-day. The Senior-Students took train to Helmsley and walked to Roll-gate Topping. After spending an enjoyable day, they returned to our Alma Mater by the last train from Helmsley.

Nov. 8th. Mr. J. Ross very kindly came up to coach our football team.

Nov. 11th. On this day the First Eleven went to Harrogate to play the return match.

The field was on a slight incline and, although the Ampleforth team had the advantage of the hill, their opponents were leading by one goal to nil by half-time. In the beginning of the second half, however, E. Hill equalized with a fast low shot. Shortly after H. Crean scored a second goal. We retained the advantage gained for the remainder of the game, and thus reversed the result of our first Match. Score, Ampleforth College 2, Harrogate 1.

Nov. 13th. Solemnity of All Monks. The usual festivities graced the Feast.

Nov. 14th. The evening was very pleasantly spent in listening to a scene from the Merchant of Venice and musical renderings from the more advanced performers among the students.

Nov. 16th. To-day the College played Kirby on our own ground. Our eleven pressed the whole of the first half, the combination of the forwards being much admired by those who witnessed the game. Br. Maurus sent in shot after shot but their goal-keeper saved in splendid fashion.

The second half was a repetition of the first, and the score stood College 0, Kirby 0.

E. Fane left us to study for the army at Friburg, Baden, Germany.

Nov. 19th. C. Havenith came from Belgium to enter the school.

Nov. 20th. 3rd Set v. Village Boys. The 3rd Set proved

themselves to be too strong for the Village boys and gained an easy victory. Score 4 goals to 0.

Nov. 21st. Concert in the study. An additional amusement was the re-introduction of 'Spelling Bees.'

Nov. 22nd. Feast of St. Cecily. The "Cantantibus Organis" was sung at Mass. After breakfast the Choir, Band and Government walked to Goremeir, had lunch, and arrived home at 5 p.m. The Choir and Band had punch in the evening. Among the performers was Mr. Oberhoffer, who obliged us with a magnificent display on the piano.

Mr. J. Ross kindly gave his services again as Football coach and came up to-day.

Nov. 23rd. The Prefect's Feast. The Senior Students had a game under the tutelage of Ross. The Junior boys had a paper-chase. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks, followed by punch, at which Mr. McLoughlin and Mr. Easton gave us a humorous performance.

Nov. 24th. The first eleven went to Pocklington to play the first fixture.

The game was commenced in a drizzling rain which continued throughout the game.

In the first half the College forwards played and combined in faultless style, and the score at half-time was College two, Pocklington two. In the second half Pocklington scored, rather luckily, with a long shot which proved the winning goal. Final result Pocklington 3 College 2. The result was by no means a criterion of the play, but, we have the consolation, if it be worth anything, that in Football the better side often loses.

Nov. 28th. Scene from the Merchant of Venice and "Spelling-Bee."

Dec. 2nd. December month-day. The weather was unfavourable for much amusement. There was a short paper-chase. In the evening two scenes from the Merchant of Venice were acted in full dress. Amongst the audience we noticed Fr. Kengelbacher, Fr. Elphege Duggan, Fr. Maurus Lucan and Fr. Gregory Browne.

Fr. Kengelbacher gave a fine piano recital.

Dec. 5th. The little boys gave a performance in the study and caused much amusement. This was followed by an artistic display by C. Quinn on the violoncello. A 'Spelling-Bee' was also held.

Dec. 8th. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. High Mass. Game in the morning, walk in the afternoon, Benediction and Vespers in the evening.

The eleven went to Scarborough to play Oliver's Mount. There was great suspense over this match, as in the last game we played there, which took place eight years ago, we received a severe defeat at their hands. To-day however the result was different. We had the best of the game throughout, and in the first half E. Weighill obtained two goals, our opponents failing to score. In the second half three more goals were shot, the score being five goals to nil in favour of Ampleforth.

We desire to thank Mr. and Mrs. Walton for their thoughtful and generous hospitality.

Dec. 9th. We had a very even and exciting game against the Malton Swifts. The latter scored with a long shot early in the first half. Shortly after E. Weighill put through after a brilliant run. The Swifts again took the lead with a shot from the right wing. Good combination on our left wing resulted in a goal for the College just before half-time. During the second half only one goal was scored, namely by H. Crean, and we thus obtained a hard-earned victory by three goals to two.

Dec. 12th. Gaudeate Sunday. In the evening the last meeting in the study was held. Fr. Bernard and Mr. Easton commenced the evening with a fine string duet. The second part of the trial scene was then acted; the serious character of which was relieved by a cello recital by R. Dawson. A 'Spelling-Bee' composed of some of the smallest boys was then proceeded with. Fr. Sub-prior and Fr. Clement both spoke complimenting the performers, and concluded their speeches by wishing each other and all those present a very happy Christmas.

Debates.

Though the season opened well in September and good speeches graced the opening of the House, the meetings have been uneventful and have left us nothing to record.

R. CONNOR.
E. MAYNARD.

Notes.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogberry. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verges. Nay that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

A correspondent has pointed out a grave omission. He asks: Why is there no account of the Exhibition in the Journal? A question that deserves an answer. Whom then are we to summon before our tribunal? "Which be the malefactors?" The editor is obliged to answer with Dogberry: "Marry, that am I and my partner." We have, apparently without sufficient cause, assumed that an event four months old, and belonging to a past term, has no claim to be recorded in the Christmas number of the Journal. We promise amendment for the future. "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" Let us then the Exhibition examine.

To judge of the event at this distance of time, with a long vacation, like a bank of mist, interfering with the distinctness of our vision, we shall have to estimate it as we do fat cattle (and should do mangolds and turnips) chiefly by its size. And, measured by the steel-yard, it was decidedly over average. There was an increased gathering of friends; many visitors of weight, (we missed Fr. Sadoc, but had we not the genial Fr. Hickey of Malton?) a lengthy and complimentary report from the Oxford examiners; a very big play; all the usual reports, prizes, eatings and speech-makings, and a sufficient stock of good humour to wrap round everything and keep it from the influence of the weather. Some of the guests slept in the New Monastery and some didn't.

Having mentioned the big play, let us say that the general voice was loud in its praise. The acting was bright and intelligent and all through there was evidence of patience and care in its preparation. Hamlet was an ambitious choice, and of course the play was much cut down and changed to suit college requirements; but, even as it was, it was "an excellent play, well-digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning."

The music of the Exhibition day generally, and the playing of the Orchestra in particular, deserve warm commendation. Hummel's *Septet* was quite a finished performance.

At the Ampleforth Society meeting N. Cockshutt, Esq., the Secretary, asked to be relieved of his office on account of business engagements. Pierce Tucker, Esq., was elected in his place. The Society kindly repeated its donation of £10 to the *Journal*. Our best thanks.

Our congratulations to M. Willson who passed the London Intermediate in Arts, and to W. Byrne and S. Parker who took honours in the Oxford Senior Local examination, thereby qualifying themselves for residence at Oxford. We hear also, with pleasure that M. Burke-Honan has passed the Intermediate Examination of the R.I.B.A.

We give the Report of the Oxford Examiner in full:

"After a careful examination of the papers submitted to me by Ampleforth College, York, I have come to the conclusion that the work done there during the past year has been thoroughly satisfactory and reflects great credit upon both the students and their masters. The marks obtained were in some cases exceptionally high, and the average mark very creditable when the wide range covered by the examination is taken into account. And I wish it to be understood that it is only with this opinion fully established that I venture to make some criticisms upon the details of the work.

"The classical work done by the *Poetry class* was distinctly good on the whole. The Greek Grammar (both *Accidence* and *Syntax*) was thoroughly well done, the only weakness in the papers being in the *Proses* wherein there was shown an occasional narrowness of vocabulary and a tendency to forget the rules of Grammar which had been so admirably illustrated in the earlier part of the same paper. The *Unsensens* were very fair and so were the translations of the *Prose books*. But I was disappointed in the treatment of the *Homer*—it lacked spirit and did not show that appreciation of the author which is necessary for a successful rendering, whilst the notes given on all the set books were a little too thin. Exactly the same remarks apply to the Latin as to the Greek,—as to the gram-

mar, the Prose and the translations. The Horace was not very well known nor successfully translated and annotated. The ancient history was highly satisfactory, the only weakness was in the dates some of which were a little wild—here as in some other cases the paper seemed to me to be too long for the time prescribed. The Essays were perhaps marked more highly than they deserved; they were a little disappointing and if any of the students intend to proceed to the University they would do well to pay some extra attention to this subject. Far better from the point of view of style were some of the answers given in the English Author's paper: with these I was much pleased and the marks would have been higher if more time had been prescribed in order to allow candidates to do justice to themselves in the paper.

"In the Mathematics it was obvious that no one was aiming at a distinction in the examination; but from the stand point of a *pass* it will be seen that the results are quite satisfactory.

"In criticising the Juniors it is of course necessary to remember that the boys form two classes and that therefore a high standard must not be expected from at least half of them. Here again I was much pleased by the work done in English Literature. Even where the marks were not high a genuine interest was shown, and the subject was well appreciated, whilst it gave some candidates an opportunity of showing a power of expressing themselves, which was somewhat hidden in their Essays. The dictation was, as it ought to be, excellent: the bad spelling, which was not entirely absent from the papers as a whole, being for the most part confined to other papers and due doubtless more to hurry than ignorance. Of the English Subjects, History was certainly the weakest as was Geography the strongest,—the weakness and strength seemed to me exceptional and both of them worthy of notice. In the Latin I was disappointed as a whole with the knowledge displayed in the *Set Books*. I think more attention should be paid to these. The Grammar also was weak in many candidates; it will be noticed that one or two names stand out as far above the others, but my remarks do not apply merely to the rank and file of the class; for good as they were, their papers would have been better, have been exceptionally good, if they had got up their set books as set books should be got up.

"It will be noticed that the marks awarded to the Preliminary

Candidates are unusually high. If the papers set may be taken to be of average difficulty for boys of the specified age, it must be acknowledged that the work done redounds greatly to the credit of all concerned and promises well for the future of the School.

"The Latin again disappointed me a little. It seemed to me an easy paper and the answers which I received gave me the idea that enough time had not, perhaps, been devoted to a preparation of the subject. The French, here, as throughout all the School, maintained a standard higher, I think, than is usual at Boys' Schools, where the subject is often neglected.

"None of these criticisms of mine, however, alter in the least my opinion that the general result of the examination is highly satisfactory. Much of the work, I feel, would have been better if it had not been unduly hurried. Many mistakes were entirely due to carelessness and as such, a time for careful revision would materially have altered the general impression made by the papers.

"I may conclude by repeating my congratulations to Ampleforth College on the successful year's work which has just closed.

ERNEST DE SELINCOURT, M.A.

Lecturer at University College
Oxford."

His Lordship Bishop Hedley, with his usual kindness, has consented to allow us to publish in the *Journal* the Sermon he preached on the Feast of All Monks, at Seal Street. It is a valuable and eloquent statement of the work and aim of the English Benedictines. We desire to thank him and also our other faithful literary and artistic contributors.

The reproductions of woodcuts, in the article on Some Early Printed Books, have been selected as examples of progressive stages in the development of book-illustration. The reader will understand that they have not been chosen for their beauty, but neither have they been chosen because of anything grotesque in them. They are serious work and there is nothing extravagant in their conception. They will hardly be thought a help to devotion nowadays and the rudeness of the execution raises a smile; but great scholars, like Sebastian Brant, found real pleasure in them in the days when they were made.

The London Ampleforth dinner, which took place July 27th, was not so largely attended as on the previous occasion. But as a social gathering it was quite as successful. Fr. Prior was in the place of honour.

At Liverpool, the re-union, taking place on the Tuesday after All Monks, had the honour of Bishop Hedley's presence. Fr. O'Brien was in the chair. The meeting was a very large and merry one. The Liverpool Mercury says that "Common consent conferred upon the Ampleforthian reunion of 1897 a more richly-studded crown of pleasure than even those which its predecessors wore." Common consent ought to be uncommonly proud that it did the business so handsomely.

We welcome back from Belmont Br. Elphege Hind, Br. Maurus Powell and Br. Theodore Rylance who have finished their term of four years. Br. Dominic Wilson and Br. Augustine Murphy are now passing the year of novitiate there. Br. Placid Dolan, Br. Joseph Dawson, Br. Lawrence Buggins and Br. Hildebrand Dawes have made their simple profession.

Day by day, the New Monastery begins to look more habitable. The wainscoting of the Calefactory is nearly completed, and this fitting—we might almost say necessary—adornment we owe chiefly to the generosity of Fr. Ildefonsus Brown. The over-mantel, the gift of the Ampleforth Society, is almost ready to be fixed. Even in its unfinished state, the Calefactory is a fine piece of work. The plasterers are now in the basement; and, upstairs, the iron age has succeeded to the age of stone. The new Library has not made much progress recently, but the round tower and the stone staircase are nearly completed.

We offer our sincere condolence to the widow and family of Dr. Mail of Kirbymoorside. For years past he has shown the utmost kindness to the poorer Catholics of Kirby, and in days gone by, when Catholicism was not so popular in the district as now, he was the first non-Catholic of position who had the courage to befriend the priest. It may be remembered that he was called in consultation by Dr. Low over the case of Fr. Placid McAuliffe in 1886. His bright and cheery presence will be long missed in the little town where he was a true friend to the poor.

A new instrument of sound, we cannot say of music, has been introduced into the pianoforte department. It is called the clavier. Its promoters claim for it great advantages over the complete instrument. To the uninitiated, learning the piano without hearing the concord of sweet sounds one is endeavouring to produce, is like learning to write without ink, or learning to paint with a brush dipped only in water. The more silent instrument, however, is a decided gain to unwilling auditors of the youthful manipulators of the keyboard, and we wish the clavier success.

LATIN AS SHE IS REMEMBERED. A comedy in one act. TIME, the Exhibition night about 11-45. SCENE: The best stairs with party of old friends retiring for the night; among them clerical "Tom" and paterfamilias "Jim," two old classmates and cronies. Half-way up the stairs they are overheard:

Clericus: "Well Jim, after all, you know, *Post completorium nemo loquatur*."

Paterfamilias: "Aye Tom, that's true! My Latin's a bit rusty, but I'm hanged if I don't know that much. What were the words?"

Clericus: "Post—completorium—nemo—loquatur, you know it right enough."

Paterfamilias (dubiously): "It's as familiar to me as A.B.C.—something, about 'compliments,' but I can't quite remember each word. What *does* it mean, exactly?"

Clericus: "Why, 'time and tide wait for no man.'"

Paterfamilias: "Of course it does! I thought I knew it! Nothing like the classics, Tom!"

We have at last started a house at Oxford with a view to securing the residence necessary in order to obtain the University degrees. In October of this year Fr. Edmund Matthews led out his little colony, viz., Br. Elphege Hind, and two postulants W. Byrne and S. Parker. It is not such a simple thing as it looks to take lodgings at Oxford for the purposes of study, as Fr. Aidan Crow, the Procurator, will bear witness. There is first of all to be obtained the sanction of the Ecclesiastical authorities, and next, what has proved far more difficult, that of the University authorities. The difficulty with the latter has been that they persist in regarding Fr. Edmund as still in *stata pupillari*. However, the difficulties have at last been surmounted, and a provisional sanction has been given

to 103, Woodstock Road as an University Residence for clerics from Ampleforth. Three of the number are reading for Classical Honours, and one for Mathematical. Our little band has met with the greatest kindness on all sides, and not the least from the hands of Fr. Clarke, S.J. who during the critical negotiations rendered us great service by his advice and influence.

When the reader espies Ebb's in this paragraph, let him know that the thrice told tale is not going to be repeated. But we desire to put on record our sincerest thanks to the Abbot and community of Ramsgate for their overwhelming hospitality and welcome to us. Every member of the E.B.C. was received with open arms. And what a reception too! We used to think that our hospitality at Exhibition time was sufficiently lavish, but we, have been quite out-distanced by the brethren of St. Augustine's. There were over fifty of us to be housed and entertained and, our unanimous verdict was that the warmth and kindness of our treatment could hardly have been surpassed.

The Commemoration of the landing of St. Augustine in England thirteen centuries ago was not concluded by the magnificent demonstration held at Ebb's Fleet last September, for the visit paid by the French Church in the person of Cardinal Perraud and his fellow prelates had to be returned by Cardinal Vaughan and other delegates from England. Paris and Arles were the scenes of this interchange of fraternal salutations.—Arles in particular in whose Primatial church St. Augustine received episcopal consecration from St. Virgilius, Legate of the Holy See in Gaul. As was fitting, the English Benedictines, who had been prominent at Ramsgate and Ebb's Fleet, were not to go unrepresented at the *Triduo* in Arles and the great function in St. Salpice. An Archbishop appropriately headed the deputation, accompanied by the Sub-prior and two other monks from Douai, and by Fr. Ildefonsus Cummins representing the Prior of Ampleforth. At the solemn Masses and Vespers of the *Triduo* stately discourses were pronounced by the Archbishop of Aix and Arles, the Bishops of Nîmes and Montpellier, and also by the Bishop of Southwark, Archbishop Scarisbrick and Cardinal Vaughan. The three English prelates preached in French. Not the least effective and affecting incident of the *Fête* was Archbishop Scarisbrick's sermon on the third morning, when, supported

in the pulpit by two of his brother monks, he told in eloquent words the history of the uninterrupted Apostolate of the Benedictines in England, of their survival at the Reformation alone among the Church institutions, and of their marvellous revival within the prison of a confessor of the faith. The vast audience was deeply touched by a story so pathetic and to most of them so new. At St. Salpice in Paris six of our *confères* were present at the great functions, presided over by the Cardinals of Westminster and Paris, in which was inaugurated the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of England.

Prominent amongst the organizers of the very successful *Fête* at Arles was a staunch friend of Ampleforth, M. Pécoui; and we take leave also to record the gracious hospitality accorded to Fr. Prior's representative by the Comte and Comtesse de Divonne.

Missionary news during the autumn has had reference chiefly to the last changes of priests. Fr. C. Merner, late pastor of Ampleforth, is now at St. Mary's Warrington, Fr. F. Pentony at St. Alban's Warrington, Fr. G. Brierley at Maryport, Fr. V. Corbishley and Fr. T. Turner at Dowlais, Fr. B. Clarkson at Brownedge, Fr. E. Duggan at St. Anne's Liverpool, Fr. M. Lucan at St. Mary's Warrington and Fr. W. Baines at Workington. An addition has been made to the school house at Brindle and to the school at 'Knaresbro'. An entirely new school with playground attached has been built at Leyland. At the latter mission a Bazaar, held in the autumn, was a great success. The leading Protestants of the town joined heartily with the Catholics in its promotion.

In Liverpool the Feast of all Monks was kept with great solemnity both at St. Peter's and St. Anne's. At the former church Bishop Hedley preached and at the latter Bishop Whiteside pontificated. There were excellent congregations at both churches.

The mission at Canton, a suburb of Cardiff, has recently been transferred to the Benedictines and Fathers Cody and Sumner are now in residence there. It is hoped that the building of a new Church will soon be taken in hand.

Friendly relations have been renewed with the College at Oliver's Mount, Scarborough, and football matches have been arranged

once more. In the game that has already taken place our eleven was successful by five goals to none. It would hardly be true to say that we retrieved our laurels, because we had none to retrieve. In the two games played some years back we were well beaten. However this time a sprig has been brought back which we hope will grow into a tree. What is the truth about the negotiations between a certain Professor here and a well known Lancashire club?

We hear that our old friend Mr. Calvert, who left us to study for the secular priesthood at Ushaw, is now in Rome.

Mr. Perry's roots this year have been greater than ever. Some mangolds turned the scale at fifty-four lbs. At the Birmingham Show the first three prizes (all cups) were given to Mr. Perry without hesitation. But, apparently because the rest of the prizes would have gone to the same candidate, the judges thought fit to consider the size of the roots a matter of no distinction. The *Birmingham Daily Post*, however praised the roots as "giants without an atom of coarseness." At Leeds, however, and at the Smithfield Show in London, Mr. Perry had the complete success his roots seemed to merit. He obtained four first and two seconds at Leeds, and at London, where he did not compete for prizes, the *Agricultural Gazette* was loud in praise of his exhibits, ending with the remark that "during the last nineteen years Webb's roots and cereals have won 482 prizes at the Birmingham Show, which is an unparalleled record." Our readers will doubtless know that Webb's roots shown at Birmingham are grown by Mr. Perry. At the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's show at Harrogate, Mr. Perry's 'Feverham's Second Gift' roan shorthorn bull was highly commended. Mr. H. Ainscough met with even more than his usual success at Birmingham in the department of Game Fowl.

The old Amplefordians of Liverpool have again organized a Football Team. They have been fortunate in securing Fr. Feeny as Chaplain, and an energetic Secretary in Mr. Thos. Bailey, Junior. During the past season they have suffered nothing but "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Their want of success however is no reflection upon the training that they received in the playing fields at Ampleforth, but to the want of encouragement given to

the team by the old Amplefordians themselves. We understand that some of our best players do not care to fight under the old banner, that others promise to play and at the last moment fail to turn up. The captain is thus obliged on many occasions to put a scratch eleven on the field, many of whom are strangers to the red and black colours. We hope that Mr. Bailey will not allow himself to be discouraged; let him stick bravely to his task and we shall be surprised if success does not eventually smile upon him.

We offer our thanks to Fr. Adam Hamilton, O.S.B., for his kindness in furnishing us with the following extracts from the advanced sheets of his work on "Chapters from the Chronicles of Syon." The interesting details of Fr. Conyers' direction will be a valuable addition to our Annals, for Allanson does not seem to be aware that Fr. Conyers was ever at Lisbon. And certainly the dates are a little puzzling. If Fr. Conyers was professed in 1618 and only arrived in Lisbon in 1717 he must have been a Centenarian! Allanson says that he died before the Chapter of 1685. Fr. Augustine Sulyard was professed at St. Lawrence's in 1708. There is no difficulty in finding him at Lisbon in 1717. But we feel rather sceptical about the identity of Fr. Augustine Conyers. Here is the extract:—

"In the year 1605 an important event took place in the history of the Syon Community. With the death of Father George Griffin, followed by that of the last brother in 1696, the Bridgettine Monks of Syon became extinct. When Alban Butler wrote his *Lives of the Saints*, the double monasteries of the Order still existed, on the Continent; at the present day there are, I believe, no Bridgettine monks in existence. On what followed, our chronicler writes:

"When Father Griffin died, the Community had a secular priest to come daily to say Mass. His name was Mr. Browne, he was an Irish gentleman, and had licence to hear the confessions of the religious. . . . Father Browne recommended to the Community a young priest for procurator, one of his own countrymen, who had been made priest in Portugal. His name was Mr. Archer; he was very grave by character, and had little acquaintance in Lisbon. Sister Mary Carre was then Abbess (1669); with her and the Community's consent, he came, and the charge of the general procuratorship was committed to him. He was very diligent and careful of the Community's affairs. So the Community

was held by these two Irish gentlemen, after their own Fathers were all dead almost twenty years. In the time of these two gentlemen it happened, in the election of an Abbess, there was some difficulty; the Community's votes being so divided for several times over, that they had no election. The Nuncio preached to the religious and in the end one that was born in Portugal was elected Abbess. The Nuncio seemed discontented and said "Poor things!" looked upon them, and told them that they had an Irish Confessor, a Portuguese Abbess, and they an English Community! But she was born of English parents.

"Mr. Browne their confessor, being now in years, and afflicted with frequent and sharp infirmities, it was thought that his own country air, perhaps, might be of some service to him. The Community consulted among themselves, how the Convent might be supplied with confessors and procurators for the future, and having the Nuncio's leave, the Community unanimously and concurrently agreed, by all and every one of the religious, by their votes and voices given, to send to the President-General of the English Benedictines, to have two Fathers of his Congregation; for, by their means the Community thought they might always be assisted with religious men of that Order. And as our Lord ordered our Holy Mother St. Bridget (in the 23rd. chapter of the Constitutions) to take Additions from St. Bennet or St. Bernard, it was doubtless more conformable to our Constitutions to endeavour to be assisted in what is wanting by one of these Orders."

"Abbess Salisbury, *alias*, Sutton, applied for leave to the Nuncio, but as the answer was delayed Father Browne returned to Ireland; his place was taken (1715) by the Rev. Mr. Moseley of the English College. Only in 1717 did the Fathers of the English Benedictine Congregation arrive. These were Father Austin Sulyard and Father Austin Conyers. In Bennet Weldon's Notes, the Necrology of the English Benedictines and Foley's *Records* are to be found some details concerning these two excellent religious.

"Dom Augustine Sulyard was of the family of the Sulyards of Haughley Park, in the County of Norfolk, a family which, during several generations, furnished subjects to our English religious houses on the Continent. Sir John Sulyard who married Philippa Sheldon lived in Elizabeth's reign. His son Andrew, was a Jesuit. Francis Sulyard, his descendant, was our Dom Augustine.

"The Conyers family—a Yorkshire house—were even more distinguished in our Catholic annals. Brother Foley gives the names of nine Jesuits of this pious family in the 16th, 17th and 18th, centuries. Dom Austin Conyers, professed at St. Gregory's, in 1638 appears in Weldon's Notes as Second-Elect president 1673, and according to Abbot Snow's Necrology, was accused of Oate's Plot and retired to the Continent. There was a Dame Cecilia Conyers, O.S.B., at Dunkirk, in the Community now at Teignmouth, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. I turn now to the *Syon chronicles*.

"Father Conyers had been on the mission in England, and was a very fine, grave, religious man, and not one in a thousand found more fit for confessor to religious than he was, a zealous preacher and teacher of punctual observance in all religious duties, as well in little as in great matters, as we never hear of any person falling greatly, either secular or religious, but they had slighted the lesser failings first. And as Superiors have the charge to see that all things be faithfully complied with, Father Confessor was vigilant in exhorting the Religious to be exact in all things belonging to their holy institute and would say to those that by obedience were employed in offices, and could not be in the choir at Divine Office, that they ought rather say their office before the custom of the choir than after, if it could not be said at the same time. He would advertise all and every one to go readily and punctually to all religious observances when the bell rung, and take leave of what they were a-doing till afterwards if it was not prejudicial to the Community nor no loss might happen by it. Neither would he ever let slip reminding the religious when they were speaking to him that the bell was gone, thus take leave and go away. He was a diligent exhorter of recollection and silence in times and places appointed by our Holy Rule. He was likewise an utter enemy to all secular conversation with the religious, and all friendship abroad or at home which had the least show of particularity in it, neither would he allow anyone to be with any visitors at the wheels or grate in the time that the Divine Office was a-singing in the choir, because it was then silence time, and would punctually send the sacristan to lock up all the doors as soon as Ave Maria bell was rung, so that if any one was at the wheel or grate they must immediately go

away. Certainly Father Confessor knew well that the spiritual profit had a dependence of all religious duties, and to what advantage will it be to us to take a solemn habit upon our backs if our lives are not conformable to it, and as our Lord Himself described our holy habit exactly to our Holy Mother St. Bridget, He also described the manner and way of living for the Religious. And who cannot but be ambitious to walk in so holy a track as our Blessed Lord has cut out for this holy Order, without stumbling on one side or the other, and as He said, both the strong and the weak shall comply with it; so that both may have great comfort in the faithful discharge of their duties. Although Father Confessor was a strict admonisher to the discharge of the least title of our Holy Rule and Constitutions, he would not admit of any new customs or singularity, but would have all untedly to practise what they had obliged themselves to by our holy profession. He was always ready and willing to satisfy every one's conscience at the appointed times and hours. I had the honour to know him, but it was but for a little time, but what I have rehearsed of him, I have heard from those that were conversant with him from his first coming hither, so that I think I may justly say that God Almighty blessed the Community with both a pious and a judicious confessor and who was fit to govern and teach religion to others, being one of those that have been trained up in religion themselves.'

" Father Salyard was in a convent (monastery) in Germany but came to Paris to meet with Father Conyers in order to come hither, by his Superior's orders. He was very well born, according to the style of the world, and had a particular devotion to St. Bridget, as I myself have heard him say, so that from his first coming, he dedicated himself entirely to her service, that is, in assisting her Order in all that was in his power, as he made it appear since he came. For he certainly has not wanted trials to prove his sincerity and fidelity to the Community since he came. As he would say in some occasions, that he was willing to sacrifice himself or to be made a sacrifice of by others for the good and profit of the Community, so from his first coming he took the Community's affairs so much to heart as if himself alone was to be the only gainer by his care and labour, and as it has been said by impartial persons, that had two gentlemen been sought for, there would not

have been two more proper to govern both spirituals and temporals than these two Fathers.'

" It is impossible not to admire the solid good sense and the religious spirit of the devout chronicler, shown in the above account, and she half unconsciously renders a most true and noble tribute to the monastic fervour and spiritual discipline of the English Benedictines. The secret of the vigour that enabled English Catholics to survive the prolonged days of persecution, is to be found in the heroic but hidden virtues the good nun so admirably portrays. I cannot help noticing that, once the extraordinary spelling of the MS. has been modernised, and punctuation supplied, the Syon chronicler appears to have possessed a clear and vigorous style.

"DOM ADAM HAMILTON, O.S.B."

Our Congratulations to Br. Elphege Hind on his passing the Reponsions Examination.

We beg to acknowledge the receipts of the *Downtide Review*, the *Dowai Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Clongowshan*, the *Ratcliffan*, the *Boumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's Ramsgate*, and the *St. Bede*, Illinois.

Obituary.

Few were better known or more deservedly popular among Amplefordians than genial, kindly 'Dick' Smith, and few deaths have caused more widespread and more genuine regret. For twenty years he was an almost unfailling visitor to our Exhibitions, and will be remembered as having been, during most of those years, Captain of the 'Past.' In the earlier years, when the match was first started, he was often the only one on his side who understood cricket at all and had practically to do most of the bowling, batting and fielding himself. In later years he had the satisfaction of leading them to victory. Unobtrusive and refined, always cheerful,

good-natured, and full of life, no Exhibition here, and no Ampleforth 'Social' in London, seemed complete without him. We have all lost in him a friend who was a type of a true Catholic gentleman. His long continued illness took an acute turn in September last and after receiving the last rites of the Church and asking that Amplefordians would remember him in their prayers he died on Oct. 9. We feel sure that no one will neglect this last request from one whom all had learned to regard with affection and that all will join with us in the expression of our deepest sympathy to his wife and family. R.I.P.

Death has been busy with the friends of Ampleforth. We offer sincere sympathy to Mr. Nicholas Cockshutt, Mr. Henry Priestman and Mr. Charles Turner on the unexpected death of their wives, and to the family of Mr. James Bradley, who died of typhoid fever in the prime of manhood. Mr. Meyer of Harrogate, a well-known figure for many years at our Annual Exhibitions passed away after a long illness.

Mr. Francis Hadacre died on August 9th and we bear of Mr. Wilfrid Chamberlain's death at the moment of going into press. Edward O'Farrell Kelly died at his residence in London and the Rev. Denis Tootell, who lived with us for some years, died at Fort Augustus in great old age. Our best prayers for the repose of their souls.

The Rev. William Lawrence Farrant, O.S.B. died July 23rd, aged fifty-six, in the thirty-third year of his religious profession and the twenty-sixth of his priesthood. R.I.P.

The Rev. Joseph Egbert Turner, O.S.B. died September 19th, aged forty-five, in the twenty-fifth year of his religious profession and the seventeenth of his priesthood. R.I.P.

Dame Gertrude Dubois, Lady Abbess of Stanbrook who died October 19th. R.I.P.

Ampleforth Lists.

(Continued.)

(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.)

1890.

Adamson, Richard,	Great Crosby.
Buggins, Philip,	Birmingham.
Caluwé De, Ambrose,	Liverpool.
Crawley, Percival,	Liverpool.
Cullen, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Daniel, Francis,	Nottingham.
Dees, Vernon,	Croydon.
Gallagher, Ignatius,	Preston.
Giglio, Richard,	Alexandria.
Giglio, Harold,	Alexandria.
Gonzalez Francisco,	Buenos Ayres.
Gonzalez, José,	Buenos Ayres.
Gonzalez, Manuel,	Buenos Ayres.
Greenwood, Arthur,	York.
Magoris, John,	Hartlepool.
Mawson, Basil,	Bahia, Brazil.
Mawson, Roger,	Bahia, Brazil.
McLoughlin, George,	Liverpool.
Nevill, Valentine,	London.
O'Beirne, Francis,	Hull.
O'Beirne, Hubert,	Hull.
Pike, Harold,	Bristol.
Folding, Oswald,	Blackburn.
Quinn, John,	Fornby.
Sapieha, Prince Krasiczyn,	Galicia.
Smith, Sebastian,	Hampton Wick.

Smith, Gerald,	Hampton Wick.
Swarbreck, William,	Thirsk.
Trapaga, Angelo,	
Walker, Gerald,	Liscard.
Weighill, Kenneth,	Whitby.
Weighill, Reginald,	Whitby.
Wells, Bernard,	Lancaster.
Willson, Michael,	Birmingham.
Woodwis, Robert Somerville,	West Hartlepool.
Woodwis, Harold,	West Hartlepool.

1891.

Badger, John,	Blackpool.
Brandreth, Francis,	Bath.
Buggins, Dunstan,	Birmingham.
Byrne, Arthur,	Rock Ferry.
Byrne, William,	Rock Ferry.
Cogas, James,	Bradford.
Connolly, Thomas,	London.
De Normandie, Edgar,	Leamington.
D'Andrea, Louis,	Bradford.
D'Azevedo, Domingos,	Rio Janeiro.
Diamond, James,	Liverpool.
Keane, Douglas,	Cork.
Mackay, Leonard,	Birmingham.
Magoris, Ambrose,	Hartlepool.
Magoris, Philip,	Hartlepool.
Murphy, Edward Joseph,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Murphy, Thomas,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
O'Neill, Thomas,	Glasgow.
Parker, Stanislaus,	Birmingham.
Primavesi, Reginald Basil, O.S.B.,	Merthyr Tydvil.
Primavesi, Egidio,	Merthyr Tydvil.
Potter, John,	Kilkenny.
Royston, Michael,	Ferbane.
Stanton, John,	Stockton.
Stanton, Thomas,	Stockton.
Swarbreck, Cyril,	Thirsk.
Traynor, Edward,	Liverpool.

1892.

Bailey, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Browne Francis,	Bromley.
Browne, Martin,	Bromley.
Bucknall, Edmund,	Liverpool.
Carroll, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Conway, James,	Liverpool.
Dawson, Robert,	Lytham.
Ennis, John Devereux,	Liverpool.
Fagan, Henry,	Liverpool.
Farrell, Louis,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Fleming, Charles,	Stockton-on-Tees.
Forster, Wilfrid,	Driffild.
Grossé, Spiro,	Liverpool.
Hurworth, John,	York.
Johnstone, Bede,	Gloucester.
Llaguno, Philip,	Spain.
Marsh, William,	Woolton.
McCann, Joseph,	Liverpool.
McEvey, Patrick,	Seaforth.
McSheehy, Bernard,	Wimbleton.
McInerny, Austin,	Sibi, Beloochistan.
McInerny, John,	Sibi, Beloochistan.
McInerny, Patrick,	Sibi, Beloochistan.
Mendizabal, John,	Senturce.
Micali, Charles,	Llandudno.
Murphy, John,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Pilkington, John,	Manchester.
Shakeshaft, Joseph,	Preston.
Swarbreck, Gerald,	Thirsk.
Yorke, Frederic, St. George,	Liverpool.

1893.

Bailey, William,	Liverpool.
Bond, Harold,	Chorley.
Bromley, Austin,	Blundell-Sands.
Cheney, John,	London.
Cooke, William Edward,	Wigan.
Dawson, Francis,	Lytham.

Dowling, Wilfrid,	Bradford.
Dugdale, Arnold,	Huddersfield.
Farrell, Gerald,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Farrell, Robert,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Fleming, John,	Stockton-on-Tees.
Galavan, John,	New Ross.
Gateley, Arthur,	Birmingham.
Hayes, Edward,	London.
Hill, Edward,	Kirton-in-Lindsey.
Hines, Oswald,	Sunderland.
Hodgson, William,	Holywell.
Homan, Matthew Burke,	Liverpool.
Johnstone, John,	Gloucester.
Lewtas, Matthew,	Lisbon.
McSwiney, Francis,	Rock Ferry.
Naylor, James,	Brownedge.
Noblett, Stephen,	Liverpool.
Pike, Joseph,	Bristol.
Power, George,	Waterford.
Power, Hubert,	Waterford.
Power, John,	Waterford.
Quinn, Charles,	Formby.
Salgado, José,	Cedra, Brazil.
Stourton, The Hon. Edward,	Tara.
Stourton, The Hon. Nigel,	Tara.
Weighill, Eustace,	Whitby.
Weighill, Harrison,	Gouthland.

1894.

Allanson, Francis,	Hampton-Wick.
Cloran, Gerald,	Galway.
Cloran, Michael,	Galway.
Courmollet, Fernand,	France.
Donnelly, James Matthew,	Liverpool.
Dwyer, John,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Ennis, Aidan,	Liverpool.
Fishwick, John Gouldie,	Liverpool.
Hayes, Austin,	Chorley.
Hayes, Vincent,	Chorley.

Healy, James,	Liverpool.
Kinman, John,	London.
Maynard, Edmund,	Darlington.
Milburn, Wilfrid,	York.
Murphy, Joseph,	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Nevill, John,	London.
Oberhoffer, George,	York.
O'Meara, William,	Birr, Ireland.
Pécoul, Alexandre,	Paris.
Pike, Clifford,	Bristol.
Rigby, Alfred,	Manchester.
Swarbreck, Alexander,	Thirsk.
Unturbe, Eusebio Diez,	Puerto Rico.
Walker, Gerald,	Liverpool.
Walsh, John,	London.

1895.

Bradley, Joseph,	Salford.
Byrne, Herbert,	Rock Ferry.
Carter, Hubert,	London.
Cantwell, Gerald,	Dublin.
Cantwell, Henry,	Dublin.
Crean, Herbert,	Liverpool.
Cullen, Thomas,	Liverpool.
Dawes, Vincent Hildebrand, O.S.B.,	Longton.
De Normanville, Cyril,	Leamington.
Dolan, Joseph P'acid, O.S.B.,	Warrington.
Donnelly, John,	Liverpool.
Dowling, Ralph,	Bradford.
Favier, George,	Lille.
Finch, Richard,	Mawdesley.
Gascoigne, Cathbert,	Herne Bay.
Giglio, Edgar,	Alexandria.
Gosling, Vincent,	Stoke-on-Trent.
Grimonprez, Maurice,	Lille.
Hoban, John,	London.
Hodgson, Wilfrid,	Southport.
Lambert, Gerald,	Norwich.
Lambert, Paul,	Norwich.

Lambert, Wilfrid,	Norwich.
Martin, Cyril,	Birmingham.
Martin, Howard,	Birmingham.
Martin, Marcel,	Birmingham.
McCann, Justin,	Manchester.
McCann, John,	Manchester.
MacDermott, George,	Ramora.
MacDermott, Robert,	Ramora.
Murphy, William,	Liverpool.
Neal, Francis,	Liverpool.
O'Brien, William,	Liverpool.
O'Hagan, William James,	Liscard.
Pilkington, Ernest,	Manchester.
Pilkington, Henry,	Manchester.
Psaila, Luigi,	Demerara.
Rochford, Joseph,	Broxbourne.
Stanley, Bernard,	Stockton-on-Tees.
Walker, Victor,	Liscard.

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 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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PART III.

Cardinal Wiseman.

MR. Wilfrid Ward's recently published biography* of Cardinal Wiseman has been received both by Catholics and by the reading public at large, with that appreciation and applause which its completeness, its good taste, its fidelity and its excellent literary quality amply deserve. The great Cardinal—for after reading these pages his greatness is more undeniable than ever—has had to wait a long time for a historian. Those who were his contemporaries have all passed away. The few who, as young men, remember him at Oscott, fresh from Rome, are either gone or enduring the *labor et dolor* of the Psalmist. Those who remember the proclamation of the Hierarchy and the excitement of the "Papal Aggression" are now very few. It is known that it was intended that the Life should be written by Cardinal Manning. But Manning became Wiseman's successor, and, although he made some collection of material, never actually wrote anything. Perhaps it was not merely the absorbing claims of the Archbishopric of Westminster that prevented him from writing a life of Wiseman. Cardinal Manning was one of those minds which find their characteristic work rather

* *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.* BY WILFRID WARD. London, Longmans, 1897.

in production than in narrative. He said memorable things himself with much greater effect than he related the memorable things of other men. A mind of this sort instinctively shrinks from the vocation of a Boswell, and finds it both irksome and unprofitable to build up stone by stone the monument of one who is dead and gone. There are pages by Manning—some of them quoted in this book—which are in every way admirable as contributions to his great predecessor's "life"; but we need not regret that he never attempted to write that life in detail.

A very different verdict would have had to be given had Father John Morris lived to complete what he began. Father Morris had all the good qualities of a biographer—such as scholarship, a mind trained to research, a light touch, and a most attractive literary style. The fragments we have in these volumes from the pen of Father Morris are among the most delightful things they contain. There are also some very fascinating reminiscences by the Right Rev. Bishop Patterson.

But, having waited so long, we are most fortunate that the task has been given into the hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. A cultured scholar, an experienced writer, possessing breadth, taste, humour, and an earnest Catholic spirit, Mr. Ward has written this book as one who can deal with details without foregoing the right to put forth instructive generalisations, and who is as conscientious in his accuracy as he is elevated in his tone. It is no fault that Mr. Ward has written with the great non-Catholic public of the country in his mind. To Catholics, there are parts of the book which seem to be developed with undue prolixity. But when it is remembered that the opportunity for enlightening our fellow-countrymen was a most favourable one, and what a number of ecclesiastical and social subjects are intimately connected with Wiseman's career, it is easy to see how well advised his biographer has been in making the circle of his audience as wide as

possible. Cardinal Wiseman is only a name to the present generation of Englishmen. There is hardly a minister of state, an Anglican Bishop, a judge, a general, or a leading man (always excepting Mr. Gladstone) who was more than a mere youth at the time of the "Papal Aggression." But the name has always had some power in it—as all names have which have been stamped on a commotion or a crisis. And as time has progressed, the interest in the name of Cardinal Wiseman, which was not unmixed with passion in the fifties, has grown very calm and dispassionate. People now merely wonder and philosophize over "Lord John," the Durham Letter, and the Titles Act. Not only are they prepared to listen to the Catholic side of ancient questions such as these, but there are numerous topics of a more domestic nature—such as our Bishops, our Synods, our seminaries, our liturgy, our methods of propaganda—which inevitably come into a narrative like the present, and on which the non-Catholic public are not averse from being instructed, when the instruction is conveyed in the life history of an interesting man.

One cannot read the first 350 pages of this Life without realizing what Wiseman's Roman training of more than twenty years did for the work which was destined to be his in his native country. It was not merely that he studied in Rome, learnt the views and methods of the Roman schools, contracted an affectionate intimacy with Roman ecclesiastics, and came to know by heart the story of every stone in the Roman monuments. Besides all this, which is in itself invaluable to a pastor in a country like England, Wiseman's whole character was lifted up, enlarged and perfected by what he met in the Eternal City. Rome, during the generation which immediately followed Waterloo, was the meeting place of distinguished men of every nationality. Travelling was once more safe and easy, and there were as yet no railways to bring the mere excursionist or to tempt travellers to

make flying visits. In Rome, in the days which Wiseman himself has perfectly sketched in his "Recollections of the last four Popes," the stranger settled down for a long stay, and a man's name was no sooner known than he began to meet and to know everyone whom it was worth while to know. Wiseman knew Popes like Pius VIII, Leo XII, and Gregory XVI, ministers like Pacca and Consalvi, scholars like Mezzofanti, Mai, Testa, Zurla, and De Rossi, men of influence and accomplishment like Bunsen, great Catholics like Montalembert, De Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Rlo, and countrymen of his own like Macaulay, Lord Houghton, Sir William Gell, Julius Hare, Sir Thomas Ackland, Charles Marriott, Mr. Gladstone, Newman, H. Froude, Manning and Ignatius Spencer. During those years in Rome he worked hard, studying, investigating, lecturing and preaching; but at the same time, without forgetting or neglecting his work, he naturally came in contact with the intellect, the culture and the breadth which Rome in those days could offer. The effect of this was, that when he came to England as a Bishop, he had no exaggerated awe of the British public. It cannot be denied that there was a great deal of this kind of awe among the good priests and prelates who formed the pastorate of English Catholics in the early part of this century. English Protestantism had so bullied the handful of English Catholics, first when persecuting them, and then, almost as badly, when emancipating them, that it was rare to find a Catholic of the soil who spoke of the British Constitution, the Anglican Establishment, the Bishops, the Parsons, the Squires, or any of the insular institutions of English Philistinism, with anything but "bated breath and whispering humbleness." There were exceptions—but we all know the old priest or the old-fashioned Catholic who had a horror of "offending Protestants." When there was controversy, it was generally, from the nature of the case, a controversy

not turning on deep and vital principles, the discussion of which was an ennobling exercise, but on the petty and narrow "Protestant" prejudices of those who hammered unceasingly on the confessional, indulgences and the invocation of the Saints. The Protestant majority were in the habit of posing so continually as a great, free, enlightened, Sunday-keeping and Bible-reading people, that Catholics seemed to forget there was such a thing as the world-wide Church, the continent of Europe, and eighteen centuries of tolerably Catholic history. It might sometimes be necessary, and it might frequently be politic—but such a respectful attitude was bad both for Catholics and even for Protestants. Catholics were too much in the habit of accepting Protestantism as a law of the universe; and Protestants, who are naturally somewhat uncomfortable when Catholics stand up to them, were inclined, when they found Catholics so apologetic, to think themselves finer fellows than ever.

Wiseman's Roman training sent him to England, at the age of thirty-eight, with a very just appreciation of the narrow, local, and transitory character of British Protestantism. A man who was familiar with the Roman Church in her head quarters, with the Greek Church and the Churches of the East, with Bunsen, with De Lamennais, was not likely to have any superstitious reverence for the thirty-nine articles. A man with a first hand acquaintance with Scriptural *critics*, who had mastered the comparative philology of the day, who was at home in the science of races and of religions, and who had taken in the whole history of ancient and modern art, could hardly be expected to endure patiently the parochial atmosphere of English middle-class theology. He came to England with serene unconsciousness of much that looked very important to Englishmen. "Whatever," he wrote, "may be considered the disadvantages of a foreign education, it possessed, especially at that period, the great advantage

that it reared the mind and nursed the affections beyond the reach of religious contests and their irritation. One hardly knew the bitter things that were said against what was dearest to us." (t. 214.)

It seems certain that Wiseman's so-called largeness of mind and breadth of view came in a very great measure from his education in Rome, as Rome then was. It does not appear that when he came to England in 1840 he had very definite ideas as to a controversial or propagandist campaign. The admirable resolutions which he made in the retreat before his consecration (t. 341 sqq.) are chiefly concerned with his relations to the clergy. Almost the only one which refers to the conversion of the country is that in which, among his "points of zeal," he resolves "to have missions. . . . And a body of Clergy available for this purpose; by this means to get the truth preached where there are (at present) no Catholic Congregations." Missions, and the establishment of a Catholic "University"—in the days before Newman taught us what a University was—had long been among his cherished projects. It would be interesting to know whether he got these ideas in part from Bishop Baines. It is certain that, five years before his consecration, it was considered by well-informed Catholics a settled thing that he was to go to Prior Park, as Bishop Baines's Coadjutor, and that a "University" was to be founded there. This was at the very time when Bishop Baines was bringing over those Rosminian Fathers who afterwards took a prominent part in the establishment of the "mission" system in this country.*

* I will not undertake to decide the knotty point as to whether the Rosminians or the Passionist Fathers were the first to give a "mission" in England. Father Lockhart, in his *Life of Rosmini* (pp. 104 sqq.) claims that the first mission preached was that given at Loughborough by Fathers Gentili and Furlong in 1845. On the other hand, the recently published biography of Father Dominic, by F. Fin Devine, claims that "Father Dominic was the first to give a regular mission in England," and that this took place at Lane End, in Staffordshire, in March 1843 (p. 158). But whoever was the first, they both preached under the faculty of Bishop Wiseman.

The University idea never came to anything, for reasons which can be guessed. As for the "missions," it is impossible to over estimate the change they wrought and the good they effected. But it was not by preaching where there were no Catholic congregations, that they advanced Catholicism in England. Both reason and experience prove that, if we except a transient advertisement of the Church, no preaching does any good except where there is an established and permanent base from which to work, and that therefore our true policy, in endeavouring to convert the country, is to operate from centres where the effects of preaching can be steadily followed up by instruction and Sacraments. But both directly, by personal action, and to a far greater extent indirectly, by his encouragement of religious Congregations and their establishment in London, Wiseman was undoubtedly the chief and most efficient promoter of that "mission" movement which was, and still is, so profitable to the spiritual life of the Catholic community and so fertile in conversions.

But when I speak of his "Roman training," I do not understand merely his acquaintance with the religious, the devotional, and the liturgical spirit and methods of Catholicism, as learnt in the centre of Christendom. I mean rather, as I have already indicated, that faculty, so essential to a man in any high responsible position, of estimating moral forces, of seeing things in their right perspective, of analysing the tendencies of a movement, of knowing where to hold out a hand and what to say or do, when there might be abundant grounds for hesitation and suspicion. In a prelate, this may be called the gift of Apostolic statesmanship. Wiseman had it, and he had it from his Roman education. He showed that he had it on several great occasions. His attitude to the Oxford movement will at once occur as an illustration. No one will say that he had anything to do with bringing about that great intellectual and moral disturbance, or even, perhaps,

with bringing any of the leaders into the Church. Newman was not one who could be preached or "reviewed" into a recantation. In spite of articles on the Donatists, or others, the only forces at work during those silent and protracted days at Littlemore seems to have been, after the grace of God, his own prayer and study. But what Wiseman did, was to guess instinctively that the Tractarians, as a whole, were religious, honest and humble men, to make their entrance into the Church easy, to sympathize with their natural regrets and affections, to meet their desires and views of work, and to amalgamate with the existing Catholic body those intelligent and cultured strangers who so nobly surrendered themselves to Catholicism. He divined that there was here no question of minute polemics, or of controversial thrust and parry. He saw that the time required attractive expositions of the faith, the full unveiling of Catholicism, the proclamation of all that was beautiful and noble in the earthly kingdom of Christ. Work of this kind suited his genius and character. Mere controversy he could not bear. But he preached sermons of great depth and reach, he delivered his well-known Lectures, he expatiated in rich thoughts and happy ideas in his *Dublin Review* articles, he made Oscott a "father's house" to the converts, and he spread everywhere the feeling that the time was full of the graces and mercies of God. He had large views on re-union. It is true, he always saw that to remain out of Catholic unity merely in the hope that union might come about corporately was wrong and delusive. But he believed in the good faith, and also in the good prayers, of a large body not yet gathered within the fold, and in those prayers he was ready to join, as long as there was no danger of false and misleading impressions. The way in which he faced the storm of Papal Aggression requires no commentary here. I will only quote Cardinal Newman's words—"He is made for the world, and he rises with the occasion. Highly as I

put his gifts, I was not prepared for such a display of vigour, power, judgment, sustained energy" (i. 534). He never lost his hold on European events. He used strenuous action with the British Government in regard to the state of Italy and the Papacy, he enlightened the British public on Church and State in Austria, he was attentively listened to on the Crimean war, he influenced Napoleon III, and he made his fellow Catholics appreciate the contemporary Church of Spain. Mr. Ward thinks he was disappointed with Pope Pius IX, in 1864, and that he chafed at the *Syllabus*. This may be so, though I do not find any evidence of it in the *Life*. No doubt, had Wiseman lived twenty or thirty years longer, he would have understood, as we do, the importance of that strong check to Liberalism in religion. The beginning of his mortal illness prevented him from publishing his instructions and exhortations on the "*Quantã curã*," and indeed, we may say without rashness, from giving it any serious or prolonged thought. Almost his last words referred to this subject. "I am very glad," he said, "that the French Bishops are standing out for the liberties of the Church. That will console the Holy Father very much" (ii. 511).

It was at the end of this same year, 1864, and only two months before Wiseman's death, that he presided over a meeting of the English Bishops in which it was decided to advise the Holy See not to sanction the establishment at Oxford of a Catholic College. "Alas!" said Newman, "I wish the Cardinal had not done (this) his last act. He lived just long enough to put an extinguisher on the Oxford scheme—quite inconsistently, too, with what he had wished and said in former years" * (ii. 477). But it can hardly, perhaps, be asserted that the resolution referred to was the expression of the Cardinal's deliberate judg-

* Mr. Ward gives no date or reference to this passage from a "letter to a friend," except that it was written about the time of Wiseman's death.

ment. He was no longer capable of strong and vigorous thought. At the same time, whatever Cardinal Newman thought, or Mr. Ward thinks, it is most certain that at that time it would have been very rash on the part of the Catholic body to establish an Oxford College. The principal effect of such a scheme would have undoubtedly been to attract Catholic young men to Oxford—whether to that particular College or to other Colleges, seems very uncertain. But in 1864, whatever was the religious and moral state of Oxford, the state of Catholic secondary education in our own Colleges was by no means such as to be a preparation for Oxford. In those days neither teachers (priests) nor young men had any clear idea of the dangers of an English University. It has taken us thirty years and more to learn that the special danger of Oxford and Cambridge is not immorality or even false teaching, but unchecked speculation acting on raw and untrained minds. The true safeguard against the perfect freedom of youthful criticism is the possession of a religion of one's own. I am far from saying that in the sixties our boys had no religion of their own. But they were not trained so systematically as to have a familiar acquaintance with the treasures, the achievements, the attractiveness, the evidences of Divine love, which the religion of Jesus Christ contains. They were childlike Catholics, most of them, but not reasoning, reflecting, seeing and tasting Catholics. I trust we have some of this description at the present day. The responsibility rests with the Colleges. No one is fitted to venture into the atmosphere of such Universities as this country is proud of unless he has a firm and stable character, and is at least as cultured in his religion as he is in his classics or his mathematics.

Mr. Ward's last chapter, entitled, "The exclusive Church and the Zeitgeist, an Epilogue," is an attempt, which has my warmest sympathy, to reconcile Catholicism with reasonable ideas of progress. I am not prepared to sub-

scribe to all his expressions. For example, he speaks of Newman's "suggestion that the essence of heresy has been the urging of what was in some sense true, at the wrong time, in the wrong spirit, and in defiance of authority" (II. 534). But Newman hardly suggests this. What he says, as quoted by Mr. Ward himself a few pages further back, is that "the *initial error* of what afterwards became heresy was the urging forward some truth against the prohibition of authority at an unseasonable time" (II. 540, *note*). This is a very different thing. We may say that heresy sometimes starts from an inopportune truth, but we must not deny that it ends in being absolute error. And to do Mr. Ward simple justice, he does not deny anything of the kind. But the ground here is somewhat slippery.

Cardinal Wiseman once visited Ampleforth; but his visit was a very brief one. It was in September, 1854. The boys, and indeed the whole house, had gone on an excursion to Rievaulx. When we were in the abbey ruins—I think we had just finished singing the Litany of our Lady in the ancient Cistercian choir—we became aware that a large party had arrived from Helmsley, and that among them was no less a personage than the Cardinal. It appears that he, with Monsignor Searle, and the family with whom he was staying, had come over from Fife for the day. He was persuaded to drive back to the railway via Ampleforth. He marked his visit by granting three play-days; as to which, I grieve to say that Prior Cooper, who was from home on the occasion, promptly retrenched one on his return. The Cardinal was at that time putting the last touches to "Fabiola," which appeared a few months later.

✠ J. C. H.



An old English Parish Church in days gone by.

THE dream of Andrew the Weaver, written—if I mistake not—by Cardinal Wiseman, before the days of universal church restoration in England, revealed to many the glory of the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of this country. The progress of archæology, the interest taken in all the records of the past, the diocesan publications and those of various societies have enabled us at once to realize the riches of our desecrated fanes, and the splendour with which they were crowned before their pillage.

Perhaps few English parochial churches can show such

an unbroken series of records as the old parish church of St. Lawrence at Reading. This no doubt was owing to the fact that it belonged to the stately abbey of Our Lady and St. John in that town and that its papers passed with the rest of the chartulary of the foundation into the hands of the spoiler. Thus we are able thoroughly to reproduce in our mind's eye the interior of this comparatively unimportant building before it was *reformed*. There was a Saxon Convent on the site in early days, which was destroyed by the Danes. Our first Henry recovered the property, which had passed as an endowment to the royal abbey, built by William the Conqueror on the scene of his great victory near Hastings and which is known to this day as Battle Abbey. Henry placed there the relic of the hand of St. James—a relic which is believed to be the one now kept with veneration at the Catholic Church of Great Marlow. The royal founder was buried, in 1135, in his newly founded abbey.

The ground forms a peninsula between the Thames and the Kennett, and has been from pre-historic days a dwelling place for man. On it was the ancient Saxon parish church. But this and the whole Saxon village around it were swept away by the royal founder to make way for his magnificent abbey church and monastery; and the present parochial church was built just outside the boundary wall of the religious house, for the use of the layfolk attached to it. St. Thomas of Canterbury consecrated the abbey church in 1163, and one can still trace its immense extent marked out by almost cyclopean ruins. From apse to western doorway it was about 250 feet long, without counting the great Lady Chapel at the eastern end. Reading has become of late years a great manufacturing centre, and its biscuits and its seeds are famous throughout the British Empire. But still, above the busy town, there rises intact one of the gateways of the old monastic enclosure; and amidst the ruins of the

southern transept, massive as the boulders of Druid worship, stands a modest little Catholic church of Pugin the great. It is interesting, not only because of its position on holy ground, but because it is the only church designed by that master-mind in Norman architecture. This style was obviously chosen to match the character of the ancient church.

It was probably upon the leads of the Gate-house that the Blessed Hugh Farington *alias* Cooke, the last Benedictine Abbot of Reading Abbey, won his crown, by the orders of the royal Achab, Henry VIII., who coveted the broad lands, and spacious buildings * and well filled treasury of the abbey which another Henry had erected and endowed.

As our aim is rather to present a picture of the church as it was just before its desecration, than to write an architectural history of the building, it will be enough to say that with the growth of the town and of the Abbey, the first parish church became too small, and the original east end, built up against the Monastery wall, was gradually pushed forward within it, about the close of the 12th century. The list of subscribers still exists and is headed by the Vicar with 3s. 4d.; and while four laymen give each over 6s., there are many who give but 2d. We find a clerk, the tiler, and the smith among the donors.

I will ask my reader now to go back in imagination some three hundred and sixty years and to come with me to the little church beside and outside the vast enclosure of the Abbey of Reading in 1532.

We enter the church under the fine tower, so conspicuous an object even beside the great monastic church. Five bells hang in the tower, of these a big bell was called *Harry* or the Jesus Bell, and another the Mary Bell. They ring out on Sundays and on high feasts, and during the procession

* These he turned into one of the many palaces which he built; as he did at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and St. Mary's, York.

of Maundy Thursday and of Corpus Christi. A clock high up from out the dark walls tells the time. Right and left of the principal western door are statues of the two great martyr deacons, SS. Lawrence and Vincent, with the armorial bearings of Reading Abbey on the one side and those of Dr. Ayscough, the Bishop of Salisbury, on the other—the arms of his see being our Lady and Child.*

As we enter, the roof leads the eye to the rood loft, which stretches right across one bay of the nave and of the two aisles, just in front of the chancel arch. The loft bears the great rood or image of our crucified Lord, with our Lady and St. John on either side, richly decorated with colour and gilding. Numerous sconces for lights along the loft are ready to make a hedge of flame across the Church on high festivals. A rich open screen of oak runs below, and vaulting, thrown forward in the same material, supports the broad platform or gallery above, on which the Gospel and Epistle are sung at High Mass, as well as the Passion in Holy Week.

The High Altar is in all the beauty of its newness. Its predecessor has been removed to St. John's Chapel, at the east end of the north aisle. The upper portion of the east wall is filled with a fresco of the Transfiguration, glorious in colour and gold. In the centre we see our Lord giving His blessing with uplifted hand. This beautiful figure stands out from a *vesica piscis* forming a brilliant background and glory of gold. Moses and Elias are at each side, while below are four (?) apostles looking up in wonder.

Under this fresco there was in earlier days a large, early-English triplet window. But its lights have been closed up and the space occupied with a painting of the Annunciation which is framed in an elaborate and delicate design.

* Owing to the objections of "an influential tradesman" when the tower was restored, our Lady and Child were suppressed!

Beneath this, in the reredos, are statues of the Twelve Apostles, while the Most Holy hangs in a silver gilt Pyx above the altar, before which a number of lights are burning, suspended from a beam of brass. Two silver candlesticks are on the altar.

Stately *Sedilia*—the seats for the priest and his ministers—and a *piscina* adorn the south wall of the presbytery.

Two statues of the Martyr-Deacons, St. Lawrence and St. Vincent, stand under rich canopies heavily gilt on either side of the altar. The handsome stalls are the gift of good Henry Kelsall, the wealthy clothmaker, so great a benefactor to the church, the founder of the Jesus Mass, and giver of the Jesus bell.

Against the north pier of the chancel arch is his chauntry of the Jesus Altar, the centre of a devotion so well known in England, the Jesus Mass. Ten burghers of Reading, shopkeepers, tradesmen and gentlemen, with a certain number of *sisters*, are joined in the Guild. The chauntry is endowed, and possesses rich altar furniture and church plate.

On the other side of the church, at the east end of the south aisle, is the Lady Altar with its statue of Our Lady before which stand great candlesticks. The reredos is of white marble and filled with bas-reliefs of the life of Our Lady * Splendid vestments of velvet, and satin damask frontals richly embroidered belong to this chapel. On the opposite side, in the north chancel aisle, separated by a screen from the High Altar, is the chapel and altar of St. John the Baptist. A statue of St. Catherine the Martyr stands there, with a light burning before it. The altar, removed from the choir, is of alabaster, with statues of saints in the reredos. The chapel serves for the Brothers and Sisters of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, founded for poor pilgrims of the Abbey. The church was ceded by the

* A portion of this still exists representing the Coming of the three Magi. But every head has been ruthlessly defaced.

good Abbot, who erected the Hospital, as part of its endowment, in 1136.

There is on the north side of the choir and facing the *sedilia* an altar tomb, known as the sepulchre, which receives the Sacred Host and a cross on Good Friday, until the morning of Easter Sunday. The tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament then rests is like a shrine richly decorated with gilding and paintings, and eighteen silver gilt shields hang around it. On Good Friday the whole is adorned with precious stuffs, and is made brilliant by a multitude of lights, of which one large wax candle is called the sepulchre light. The people watch reverently around until Easter morning, when the Blessed Sacrament is taken back to its place over the High Altar.

Another altar dedicated to St. George stands on the broad rood loft. Over it is a very realistic statue of the Martyr Saint on horseback, triumphing over the dragon. The horse is covered with a natural coat of horse and calf's skin, whilst its glorious rider is in full panoply, with sword, girdle, dagger, and adorned with roses, the national English flower. Three other altars, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, to St. Clement, and to St. Nicholas, furnish, with their rich altars, their statues and screens, the nave and aisles of the sacred building. St. Nicholas, as patron alike of sailors and of boys, St. Clement, the Martyr Pope, both are loved and honoured throughout the land. Besides the great organ, there is another smaller one in the choir. The walls of the church, like that of the east end, are covered with paintings, among which those of St. Christopher and of St. Leonard stand out prominently.

The pavement gleams with the numerous brasses, memorials of the dead and earnest pleaders for prayer. There is one of a good man and his wife, who with clasped hands gaze upward to their patron saint, while

around them on labels are touching prayers for pity and for help. Another shows us man and wife with their children between them standing on the arms of a sort of bracket. Their prayer is inscribed on a label over their hands. The inscription, which tells us who they are, runs below.

Good Henry Kelsall, the founder of the Confraternity of the Jesus Mass, is remembered by a brass, on which he figures with his wife, and his gift, the bell. Beneath it is written :

" Jesus that in Bethlehem was born
Save us that we be not forlorn.
So that we may have fry'cion
We pray you at his bitter passion

* * * * *

And dyed for many's redemption,
And bring our sowle to eternal salvation
Of thy celestial deite.
for us say a pater noster and an ave *

There are several brasses to former Vicars of the church. One lies with clasped hands in the full and flowing chasuble of the fifteenth century, the long maniple, and with the apparels on his amice and alb. We must stay and read his rhyming inscription :

" Vermibus hic donor : et sic ostendere conor,
Ut sicut ponor : ponitur omnis honor.
Quisquis eris qui transieris sta, perlege, plora.
Sum quod eris, facram quod es : Pro me, precor, ora.
Hic jacet dominus Joannes Andrew, qui obiit Tertio
die Martis. Anno dñi, Millm : ccccxxxviii."

* The epitaph is evidently incorrectly given by Symonds in his *Church Notes*, from which this is taken.

TRANSLATION.

" Unto the worms I here am given, and so I strive to show
As I am put aside, so is all honour to be laid aside.
Who'er you be, stay passer by, read through and weep.
I am what thou wilt be. I was what you are now.
I pray thee, pray for me.
Here lies Sir John Andrew who died the third
day of March, the year of the Lord, MCCCCXXXVIII."

To him the church owes the Antiphoner for the use of the Vicar. Another Vicar, John Carne or Serne of 1399-1417 is commemorated by a marble slab inlaid with a brass. He too left an Antiphoner and a chasuble to the sacristy, on the apparels of which are J. S., the initials of the donor. A third Vicar lies beneath a brass with an effigy of himself and his friend, by the chancel door. " Here lie Sir William Gildere, once Vicar of St. Lawrence, Reading, and Sir John Sampford, once Vicar of St. Giles." William died the last day of May, A. D. 1468.

Another benefactor is commemorated by a graceful brass with the effigies of himself and of his wife. The inscription rendered into English runs thus, " Here lie John Kent, once a townsman of Reading, and Joan his wife. May God have mercy on their souls! Amen." Besides contributing to the re-roofing of the church, he left a cope of brocade embroidered with birds and flowers in gold, and a set of vestments of rich brocade embroidered in like way. Another tombstone witnesses to the democratic character of Oxford of the time. " Pray for the soul of Mr. Richard Wylock, master in arts, late fellow of New College, in Oxford, who deceased the fourth day of April, the year of our Lord, 1502." His father was a chandler and fishmonger! and one of the confraternity of the Mass of Jesus. There is a record of the funeral of this his son, who predeceased him, of the 1s. paid for tolling the the great bell, of 2s. for torches burnt at the service, and again of 1s. for tolling at the month's mind.

Every window sparkles with a glorious story in glass, a book of life both to poor and rich.

The church is benched, and, strange as it may seem to some, seat-holders have to pay their bench rents. The Abbot does not forget to settle for his mother's *sele*. The charge is however levied only for the women kind.*

But we must now visit the sacristy and the treasure house of the church. There in strong iron chests, clamped with many a clamp, and fastened with many a lock, are some seven chalices of silver gilt, with enamel crucifixes on their foot, all outshone by a rood with our Lady and St. John of silver gilt and some 79 ounces in weight, the present of a deceased Vicar. There are two silver censers partly gilt, and two *ships* or incense boats of silver.

There is a monstrance of silver, as well as two cruets, a bell and two basins all of the same precious metal, and a chrysmatory and a pax. There are two splendidly bound books, the Gospels and the Epistles for High Mass. The binding of each is in richly wrought silver; on the one side a sacred image, and on the other five knobs gracefully worked. This was a present of King Henry the eighth's Yeoman of the Robes. There are, besides, silver candlesticks and costly reliquaries with relics, one of the Holy Cross, and another of St. Lawrence enclosed in a silver gilt gridiron.

The array of Office, Ritual, and Choral books is very large. But of Copes and Vestments there is literally no end. Of Bruges satin, crimson velvet, cloth of gold, rich embroidery, they vie with each other like the brilliant tints of a well-filled conservatory. The presses are packed with cushions of beautiful materials, splendid altar frontals storied with holy subjects in exquisite needlework, hand-

* The men no doubt, as in continental churches, stood in the spaces unoccupied by the benches. But in Sherborne parish church, now destroyed, we learn from the church accounts—as far back as they go, i.e., 1509, the men sat in a different part of the church from the women, as they each paid for their respective seats.—Communicated by Mr. Widdison, M. A., the historian of Sherborne.

some palls for funerals, banners and richly painted hangings for the altar on great festivals or for the time of Lent.

But to see St. Lawrence's in all its glory, we must come on Easter Sunday or on Corpus Christi day.

The mournful Lenten veil,* which except on great festivals hangs over the rood and the screen from the Vespers of the first Sunday in Lent till the Wednesday in Holy Week, has been telling in plain terms the mourning of the Church. The rood too has been specially draped and the statues and pictures in the church are also covered. There has been the solemn *Tenebra*, with its triangular candlestick—and the Lady Candle alone left a-light of the eleven; Shrift Thursday—the day for Confession and Communion,† with the washing of the feet; the "creeping to the cross," while the mournful *Improperia* were being sung, on Good Friday, and the deposition of the Cross and of the Blessed Sacrament.

All these have led up to the great memorial festival of Easter. This is ushered in by the solemn blessing of new fire, and of the Paschal candle—the emblems of our risen Lord. The candle is beautifully adorned with flowers, moulded in green wax. The blessing of the font is followed by the replacing of the Cross and of the Blessed Sacrament on the High Altar, while amid the joyful clash of the bells, all the veils of the Lenten time are removed. No one, however simple, could miss the plain teaching of these ceremonials. Better than book or sermon, they make the great truths of our Redemption part of a people's life.

Corpus Christi has its sacred plays and pageants, the auto-types of the great mystery of love which it commemorates.

* A veil embroidered with emblems of the Passion hangs before the sanctuary to this day in Portuguese churches in Passion-tide.

† In St. Margaret's Patten, London, 1511, a cloth for Lent is spoken of as "hang before the Shring Pew"—the Confessional. *Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial*, by H. J. Feawy, London, 1897, p. 97.

But we must now come back to our own sad days. A word about the ruin of this fair vision. When the great Abbey Church was plundered and torn down, the knell for its humble daughter was sounded. In 1544 some of the plate, the precious binding of the two antiphonaries amongst it, was disposed of; and still more was sold in the first year of Edward VI. Before 1612, all had been swept away, statues had been hewed down, altars destroyed according to law, the stained glass smashed, and in 1547 the walls whitewashed, and texts of Scripture, with the ten commandments, alone adorned the skeleton of what had been the sign and source of hope and comfort for so many generations.

There was little left for the puritan soldiers of Cromwell to deface. Three times they seem to have camped within the church's walls and to have broken up the seats to make fires within it. Pitch and frankincense had to be burned to sweeten it after their defilements, and plenty of trouble was needed to make it clean.

Now it is cared for by loving hands, and the *History of St. Lawrence's, Reading*, by Rev. Charles Kerry, Curate, 1883, is a clear witness to the deep interest and reverence it inspires. To this work is owing almost every detail in this paper.

One more curious fact and the story is ended. There is a brass in memory of one Walter Barton, who died in 1538, the donor of the silver thuribles to St. Lawrence's. Mr. Kerry perceived signs that made him believe that the brass was a palimpsest—engraved on the reverse side of an older memorial. On being removed from its stone his surmise proved to be true. The whole was made up of three portions of a much earlier brass. One of these bore part of two mailed feet resting on a lion; another, a fragment of a tabard, the emblazoned coat of a knight, with the arms of Popham impaling Zouch. Still more fortunate was it that the third portion bearing Walter

Barton's inscription was cut on the reverse of the uninjured inscription of the old monument and gave the full style and title of John Popham, Knight and Lord of *Tourney* in Normandy and who died in 1463. He had found his resting place in the cloister of the Venerable Charter House in London, the home of our proto-martyrs in the religious revolt of Henry VIII. It was dissolved 1536-7, and all the monuments destroyed and sold. The very year after, the old stone with part of the brass was used for Mr. Barton's tomb in Reading; probably the work of a London artificer.

FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J.

Only an Old Maid.

It was Saturday afternoon, April 2, 1892; and the warm spring sunshine of Southern Tyrol lighted up the silver locks and benign countenance of the "*Herr Director*," as he conversed with the writer in the courtyard of The Retreat.

"I have a piece of news to confide to you," he said, "which will I believe particularly interest you as a convert. Some thirty years ago, before the Tyrol became the rage, I was a parish priest in the Enneberg district; and there being no inn in my village it was part of my duty to entertain strangers at the presbytery, I was in fact pastor and inn-keeper combined. Thus one summer day a Saxon lady, the Baroness Thecla von S., claimed a night's board and lodging. She was an energetic spinster of fifty, who was exploring Tyrol unaccompanied by friend or domestic; and although she had planned merely to rest a few hours under my roof, she took a sudden fancy to the picturesque and primitive village, and sojourned many weeks.

"I found her a clever, warm hearted, unconventional Protestant, who aimed at leading a Christian life untrammelled by dogmas and sacraments. Nevertheless, she put many questions to me respecting Catholic doctrines and practices; and has continued ever since at intervals to correspond with me on religious subjects. She never again returned to my parish; active, original, insatiable, she wandered about attracted by human life in its different phases and Nature in her varied moods. Yet discovering, as she imagined, more marks of genuine Christianity in Tyrol than elsewhere, she gradually confined her rambles to this shut-in mountain land. She was especially impressed by our poor tradespeople and small peasant proprietors, not only offering their hard-earned money and carefully guarded stores, but what they still more prized, their sons, for the ministrations of the Catholic Church. She recognized the old Apostolic spirit in this oblation; and judging the calling and character of the Catholic priest to be of more intrinsic value than those of the Protestant parson, it was not long before she asked me to find some humble Catholic lad possessing a vocation; and privately to defray, at her charge, the expenses of his theological training.

"She regarded herself as an unprejudiced Christian; and becoming ever more convinced that she could best benefit humanity by increasing the number of Roman Catholic clergy, her bounty assumed ever larger dimensions. Need I tell you, that the theological candidates and the priests provided by her as the sure guides to heaven of the poor, the sinful, and the ignorant, have never ceased to unite their prayers, and intentions and Masses with mine for her spiritual illumination. Now, at the eleventh hour, God has granted our petition. She writes me that, having passed her eightieth year, she considers it advisable to enter the true fold, and will arrive here in a few days, that I may receive her abjuration of heresy."

He checked my outburst of delight, with: "The whole proceeding must remain a secret, since the Baroness cannot at present endure the thought that her near relatives—from whom however she has long been severed—should esteem her an apostate and the disgrace of an ancient historic name, that has been a strict upholder of Lutheranism."

I volunteered hospitality to the stranger.

The kind old Director shook his head, yet with a merry twinkle in his grey eye: "Your cottage would be far too sumptuous for the Baroness, who from all I can gather has by voluntary poverty and habit weaned herself from the most ordinary comforts of life. Besides it is already settled that she is to have the free use of one of our many empty rooms. Completely forgotten by fashionable society that at first ridiculed, then ignored her; unobserved by the lower classes, she will dwell in the retreat, a poor old nonentity whose name will be neither commented upon, nor even surmised."

The Director's assertion proved true. Not a human creature outside the walls of the asylum noticed the wayfarer's advent; nor even knew of her reception into the Catholic Church on a most appropriate festival, that of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, April 16th. She was now stranded in a backwater of life's hurrying stream, and continued hidden away for months; only one outside neighbour being aware of her proximity.

Her advanced age and some indications of second childhood in her actions and speech decided her spiritual guide to procure for her the Sacrament of Confirmation with as little delay as possible; and the Prince Bishop of the diocese expressed his readiness to administer to her the rite on Thursday morning, April 28th, in his private chapel. On the previous afternoon, therefore, I went in my capacity of god-parent to be introduced to the hitherto hidden inmate of The Retreat.

I had scarcely entered the Director's study, when a very

alert old lady of medium size, with an abundance of flaxen hair, and frank blue eyes, attired in a shabby grey stuff dress of an antiquated cut—a pointed bodice attached to a gathered skirt that was expanded over a hoop—stood smiling before me. She stretched out her hand in welcome with great affability; then with a pretty, playful gesture pointed to her handsome but red aquiline nose and said: "Don't be shocked, it is only frost-bitten from crossing a glacier."

With graceful ease and self-possession she placed me by her on the sofa. She might have been a princess enacting the pauper.

When the door had closed on the Director, and we were left alone, she exclaimed: "What a holy zealous man, all simplicity, learning and discretion! Before I knew him, I just thought, felt, loved, hated, lived, and intended to die, as I liked. But I have been taught and trained to a higher rule by that wise counsellor; have now been brought into the fold by that true shepherd, and received Holy Communion from his consecrated hands."

At eight o'clock the next morning, I found the Baroness Thecla ready dressed and waiting for me to attend her at the Bishop's. We met as if we had been old friends. She tripped along the lane by my side and tried to smooth with her bare right hand—she wore no gloves—the woefully creased breadths of her old black silk skirt, stretched over the indispensable hoop. Said she:—"I have quite crucified my best frock by keeping it in my sack for months. It is not as useful to me as my hat, which has been in constant wear ever since I bought it years ago in Palestine."

It was a plaited straw of mushroom shape, having round the crown a curious construction of black spines and thorns, which proved at a second glance to be ostrich plumes whose soft and pliant sprays had been stiffened by rain and wind. In her left hand she pressed tightly a short thick bundle of dingy printed leaves.

She gave a slight start when she observed a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane to convey us to the episcopal palace.

"I should have preferred the walk of two miles!" She exclaimed; she then preserved silence until a silver florin, that began suddenly to revolve in the nervous fingers of her right hand, had with a rapid dart, been slipped into the receptive palm of the watchful driver. Then once more she became loquacious.

"Mind and prompt me to say 'your princely grace' to our prelate for I have a wretched memory."

I ventured to ask, if her memory were really so defective, how she had been able to make her general confession.

"Oh! my dear Miss, there is one point I never can forget. I confessed that I hate the Prussians!"

Next, as if to prove by paradox the tenacity of her memory, she cast a rapid glance over her past life:—" 'Tis more than forty years ago that a brother-in-law said to me—'Don't be the willing slave of my wife and your other married sisters; don't play the part of the fond aunt, assert your independence and employ your private means in travelling. Widen your mental horizon and enliven your imagination by becoming personally acquainted with places famed for their natural beauties or historic associations!' Profiting by the wise hint, I, who had hitherto been a regular stay-at-home, became an inveterate globe-trotter. Were you *never* in Gibraltar! The most amusing sight there is the monkeys, laughing, leaping, chattering in companies on the rock. What I myself lacked was companionship. By degrees however I became reconciled to my loneliness for it insured me independence; and though mine was a life of aimless adventure and wasted energy it had its charms. It was not the grandeur of the mountains, the verdure of the pastures, the aroma of the fine woods, that especially endeared the Bavarian Highlands and the Tyrol to me, but the unfeigned piety of the people.

And after I had discovered a better purpose for my private income than enriching hotel-keepers, I found a certain fascination in prudent economy and retrenchment. I saved money, first by travelling third class, then by discarding railways altogether; and next by tramping on foot and carrying my extra wardrobe in a big bag.

"But in order to give more amply, I needed to gain my own living by the sweat of my brow, and as I am fortunately a good needlewoman, and can make, mend, darn, knit and heel stockings, I hit upon the expedient of asking the landladies of respectable wayside inns if they did not need their personal and household linen to be put in order. As the answer was usually a ready affirmative, I have made and mended in return for my bed and board for weeks together. So I dwelt with the peasantry, outwardly a Catholic, until discovering that I was causing scandal to innocent souls by never receiving the Sacraments, I determined a few weeks ago to take the final plunge; and have been safely landed on the Rock of St. Peter by our good confessor. What! are we already at the palace?"

We mounted the broad stone stair-case of the grand massive pile, and were met in an ante-chamber by the expectant and smiling white-headed personal attendant of our (venerable and erudite) chief pastor, into whose august presence, after the Palestine mushroom had been hung on a peg and replaced by a modest black veil, we were silently ushered.

With calm dignity and paternal solicitude the Prince-Bishop received us. He spoke of the deep interest and thankfulness he felt in the salutary step taken by the aged neophyte; and of the superabundant heavenly stream of seven-fold graces now, in the Love and Wisdom of God, to be poured into her soul by his instrumentality. And as a token of his personal esteem he asked her acceptance of a prayer book.

"Nay! Nay!" she cried excitedly, "I want no prayer book!" Noticing the blank look of both auditors, she instantly held aloft her strange bundle of printed pages. "Here is my daily prayer book, shorn by constant wear of its binding and its pristine beauty. It is the gift of the monk who showed me about at Weissenstein Monastery many years ago. At parting he asked me, if I a Protestant would accept a Catholic prayer book from him. I agreed to do so if it were a small one."

"Then you will at least take a rosary from me," replied the re-assured Prince-Bishop. "See here is one made by my faithful man, who will like you to possess it; and I have already blessed it."

"It will be quite a superfluity," ejaculated the votary of poverty, producing from her pocket a cheap set of oriental beads. "I daily pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary on this rosary, that I bought in Jerusalem."

When however it was suggested to her that she might lose her beads, she said reluctantly: "To provide against such a sad emergency, I will accept His Princely Grace's rosary."

The Director, who had trudged into town on foot, was anxiously awaiting us in company with the courteous young domestic chaplain in the adjacent chapel; and after the rite of Confirmation had been duly administered I drove back with my charge to the village.

"You will go to our nice Prince-Bishop," said she, "and assure him from me that there is nothing contraband in my prayer book. I saw him stretch forth his hand to inspect it, but I could not part with it, even to him, for such a loose collection needs the fingering of an adept."

I dined at twelve with the Baroness and the Director in his study. With what innocent hilarity and zest were the boiled beef and veal cutlets consumed. "The glory and the joy, whose sources are within," seasoned that homely repast.

During the ensuing summer months, I frequently mounted the steps of the silent almost deserted asylum and entered the chamber of the Baroness. It was a bare but cheerful room, too large in itself to be mean; and contained, besides some meagre articles of furniture, the battered wooden box, which held the few earthly possessions of which the poor old pelican had not as yet stripped herself for her spiritual children. Clad in her shabby gray gown, she always sat in the bright southern bay-window at a deal table strewn over with shreds and her cheap and common work things; and whilst ever welcoming me with a buoyant exultation, busily continued her patching or her knitting; for she had constituted herself the seamstress and hosier of the institution.

She never suffered from the depressing atmosphere of that retreat. Her chief domestic interest was a blind old priest, her neighbour, whose physical infirmity had led him to take up his abode there. Each early morning, she listened with the door ajar for the first faint sound of his uncertain tottering tread. Then, stepping quickly into the passage, she would gently lead him into the chapel; where forming the entire congregation, she remained an intent observer of the closed eyes and feeble fingers, that were nevertheless able to perceive and to draw forth inestimable treasures from the unfathomable mines of Holy Mass.

For the happiness and the spiritual welfare of the guileless old maid, one would have wished that this period of her existence might have lasted until her final call hence. But it was not to be.

The mournful character of his official post had long preyed on the mind or health of the tender-hearted Director, causing the ever prudent and beneficent Prince-Bishop to accept his resignation and bestow upon him a chaplaincy, with a spacious residence situated in a beautiful and romantic nook of a wide lateral valley, and where the

Baroness could still continue to dwell in seclusion under his roof.

Nor did this change of scene prove uncongenial to the octogenarian. She had so long been a traveller hurrying to and fro, and the habit of migration was so confirmed in her, that she flew like a care-free bird to the new perch. An unexpected gratification also brightened the eve of her departure. Although she had remained as non-existent to the surrounding peasantry, the noble owners of the castle that dominates the village had just returned home after a lengthened absence; and, by chance, becoming cognizant of a Baroness von S. tarrying somewhere in the neighbourhood, searched her out. To their polite advances she responded with an alacrity that showed that, whilst no longer occupied with the fashionable world and its judgments, she was not indifferent to the charm of refinement and culture united to goodness. On a beautiful summer evening a meeting occurred in the outer court of the Retreat between the fugitive Baroness and the Baron and Baroness of the neighbouring estate, and the cordial sympathy engendered by the fact of all those that were present having been brought out of the mists of Protestantism into the steady sunshine of the Catholic faith, formed a lasting bond of mutual affectionate esteem.

The next morning, August 25, 1892, the Baroness Thecla being advised by the Director to travel by rail to their new destination, whilst he went thither on the top of the furniture waggon, I conveyed her to the station; and as she vigorously waved her farewells from the window of the onward speeding train, I did not imagine that I should never see her more.

Unfortunately domestic jars soon occurred in the presbytery. The Baroness, whilst delighting to increase the stipend of her beloved confessor by a handsome payment for her board, continued to practise the most pinching parsimony in her own person; and thus made herself

obnoxious to the active, managing female, who performed the duties of cook and housekeeper.

At the beginning of 1893, I received a letter from the Baroness, dated January 3, enclosed in one of her self-made envelopes, which were those used by her correspondents, reversed and regummed. It bore a distant post mark and ran as follows:—

"I would most gladly have remained with the *Herr Caplan*, but I was made to feel that there was no little nook for me in that big house; and I could not bear to be in the way. Then, unexpectedly, my nephew and his wife arrived and carried me off to their home. They, their son and their two daughters are very kind to me, although they certainly don't spoil me like you and Baroness Ernst. The worst is that Italian is always spoken, as the mamma knows very little German, and I alas! have forgotten most of my Italian. Then I dress far too plainly for their taste; and at eighty-two, my "*beste Miss*," one clings to ease and undress. I spend most of my time alone in my room; and as the family are great frequenters of concerts and of the theatre, I employ my solitary hours in knitting woollen stockings for poor children; whilst I let my thoughts rove in Spain, in Jerusalem and last not least in England. Ah! no Exposition can ever compare with the first glorious Exhibition of 1851.

"In February the family leaves to spend three months in Italy. I am to stay here in my little chamber, with the rest of the rooms shut up; however, as I cannot entertain guests, this will quite suit me. I have always plenty of time for reading and work. I walk out when the weather is fine, and I attend Mass most days.

"All my old associates have gone home to God, leaving me alone on the earth, where the papers are filled with nothing but horrors.

"How I do run on, just as if I had you sitting by my side."

On April 29, 1893, she wrote in even a sadder strain:—

"Your dear letter found me in my little room thinking fondly of you and that dear charming couple, Baron and Baroness Ernst, for whom I have prayed most fervently in the Church of the Sacred Heart. I have been living in complete solitude for the last three months, going in the early morning to Mass, but otherwise staying indoors, as the wind and the dust are very bad for my weak eyes, that cause me now much pain. But patience and the Will of God!

"As my old feet have lost their agility, I have driven over to Our Lady of Compassion, where, according to my wont, I prayed most ardently for you. There now! I have just been so clumsy as to break my spectacles.

"Oh! what a world of misery this is: brutal parents ill-treating their innocent children, homesteads burnt own to the ground and nothing saved. I know what that means. The depravity of this immediate neighbourhood is extremely great, and causes me to shed many tears. Truth to tell I have a very heavy heart.

"You and your beloved friend are permitted to enjoy reciprocity of thought and feeling. Perhaps I too might share in that privilege, if I were only near you; and once upon a time I actually did spend several weeks in an inn very near your present quarters.

"I am lonely but not alone for my Saviour never leaves me; although my memory does! I am painfully conscious of my eighty-two years, yet dare not murmur when I see the infirmities of my contemporaries.

"Now, Adieu, from

"Your ever grateful and loving,

"THECLA S."

Even then the end was approaching. On January 10, 1894, the *Herr Caplan* wrote me from his home:—

"I received on the 8th inst. the printed announcement

of the death of Baroness Thecla. Although her malady was simply old age, she suffered severely towards the close, but was permitted to expire gently at ten o'clock in the evening of Jan. 4, 1894; in her eighty-third year. At the express desire of the deceased all flowers were declined; and the funeral was to be most simple.

"She was, as you know, residing with a Protestant nephew; but as his wife and daughters are Catholics, I trust she will have died and been buried as a Catholic Christian. She wrote twice to me and sent me fifty florins for christian missions, yet nevertheless gave me to understand in her last letter, that it would be more agreeable to her if I did not write. I presume my so doing was distasteful to her relatives; and I consequently desisted.

"As she long cherished a most touching devotion to our Blessed Lady, and her alms have dried the tears of many sufferers, I trust that these powerful advocates will have procured for the good Baroness a happy ending to her pilgrimage."

Thus concludes her spiritual guide; and may we not venture to hope that He, whose gracious presence she acknowledges to have felt in her noviciate of suffering, will have abundantly recompensed her devotion to the eternal priesthood and her self-sacrificing services for His Church?

M. H.



The Oldest Convent in England.

JUST outside Micklegate Bar, the principal mediæval entrance into the historic city of York, stands the Convent of St. Mary's. Formerly it was better known as "The Bar," and claims the honour of being the oldest existing conventual establishment in Great Britain.

The first half of the seventeenth century, which witnessed the canonization of the three great modern founders, and the pontifical approbation of several rising communities and congregations, was likewise marked by the appearance in the Church of God of the Institute of Mary. It is the oldest existing religious body claiming a distinctively English origin, and unites—as an essential feature of its constitution—the exercises of regular community life with the instruction of youth, according to the rules based,

like those of more modern foundations, on the constitutions of the Society of Jesus.

It was some noble Englishwomen who had suffered, in their native land, varying degrees of persecution for the ancestral faith, who were the companions of Mary Ward, and helped her to found the first of the congregations she initiated. At its downfall they formed with her—on a similar though not identical basis—the nucleus of the new *Institute*, which was to prove the pioneer of that development of the religious state, of which the three specific characteristics are:—prosecution of external work of zeal or charity, the absence of enclosure, and a central government under a Superior General.

The task of a pioneer is always a difficult and often a dangerous one, and for half a century and more the mission of the Institute of Mary was a troubled one. Like all things blessed by God it was marked at the outset by the Cross. Not to speak of the usual train of troubles, attendant upon every religious foundation destined to be lasting, the *Congregation of English Virgins*,* arising as it did almost immediately after the enactment of papal decrees regulating the government and enclosure of houses of religious women, could not fail to be an object of suspicion and jealousy to all who were charged with the guardianship of the received traditions of community life. They regarded the Institute as an innovation and, therefore, with suspicion. It did not fit in with old conceptions; its position in the Church was new; so too was the peculiar organization which was essential to its unity and indispensable for its educational aim; and the need of it was not at first generally apparent. But the work done and the good effected by the Institute, in ways quite beyond the reach of cloistered orders, gradually disarmed opposition and broke down prejudice.

The Institute of Mary may be said to have struck its

* The name of the Institute in Germany.

roots in 1632. In that year, not quite two from the famous Bull of Suppression* which dissolved her first congregation, Mary Ward, with the sanction and under the protection of the Pope who had decreed the suppression, gathered round her the scattered remnant of her flock. At the express desire of the Holy Father she established a house in the Papal City.

There, under the eye of the Sovereign Pontiff, the new Institute was formed and fashioned. As time went on, Mary grew in the esteem of Pope Urban in spite of the unwearied efforts of her enemies to deprive her of his favour. His interest in her and her work was of a truly paternal character. But devoured with zeal and pity for her suffering country, Mary could no longer bask in the peace of the Eternal City. In 1639, therefore, armed with the Pope's blessing and a recommendation from him to Queen Henrietta Mary, she returned to England. In 1642, we find her with Frances Bedingfield and a few chosen companions at Hutton Rudby, the home of her youth. Finding its isolation a bar to the prosecution of her work, she removed, in 1644, to Heworth Hall, an old manor house belonging to the Thwing family in the immediate neighbourhood of York. When the Parliamentary army were besieging York, Mary sought shelter within the city walls. But the siege over, she returned to Heworth, where, on Jan. the 20th, 1645, she died a saint-like death, full of holy joy in the midst of suffering and privation, spiritual and temporal. Her remains were laid to rest in the little churchyard of Osbaldwick where the grave stone may still be seen. For five years her children continued to labour at the post where she had stationed them. But poverty, persecution and civil war were raging around, and departure became inevitable. In 1650, the little band crossed the seas once more and established a house in Paris.

* The congregation popularly mis-called Jesuitesses was suppressed by Urban VIII. in 1631.

The story of the foundation of the first houses in Germany is outside the scope of this little sketch. Suffice it here to say that the foundresses, like the first generalesses of the Institute of Mary, were all Englishwomen.

Tradition and old records agree in stating that it was Queen Catherine of Braganza who encouraged and probably invited over to England the first colony of *English Virgins*, the spiritual ancestors of the present York Community. A glance at the state of the country at that time will show how perilous the undertaking was.

Catherine Dawson, General Superior, then resident in Rome, put at the head of the little band Mrs. Frances Bedingfield, one of the first members of the Institute and Superioress of the convent at Munich. She was a woman of singular virtue, strength of character and marked capability for government. In 1669, she and her companions arrived in London. They were soon discovered by the pursuivants and Mrs. Bedingfield was arrested. Though released through the influence of her family, she was strictly forbidden either to keep a priest, or to educate youth. She changed her name to Long, and, with the Community, exchanged the religious habit for a matronly dress, worn afterwards by the nuns in York for 120 years.

The convent at Hammersmith was founded and remained unmolested. It is said that Mary of Modena frequently visited the nuns there, and there is a tradition to the effect that her royal hands assisted in making their linen tippets, the material for which she procured from the Netherlands. A few years after the opening of Hammersmith, responding to an earnest appeal from the Catholic nobility in the north of England, Mrs. Bedingfield went to Yorkshire for the purpose of founding a convent. Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Baronet, provided her and her companions with a house at Dolebank near Ripley, close to the ruins of Fountains Abbey. From Dolebank the little colony of *English Virgins*, removed to Heworth near York, and

during their residence there some of their number, and a Jesuit Father who acted as their chaplain, suffered imprisonment for their faith in York Castle. The detention of the spiritual father and her religious sisters in prison, seems to have been the chief reason which induced Rev. Mother Bedingfield to give up the house at Heworth and settle in York. We find the community united there as early as 1679. In the following year a final remove was made to a house just outside Micklegate Bar, and there their successors have dwelt ever since.

During the progress of this foundation, Rev. M. Bedingfield had divided her time and attention between it and her first English house at Hammersmith. In 1686, leaving Mother C. Cornwallis in superiority at Hammersmith, she began her permanent residence at York. Here we find among her community the names of Catherine Lascells, Helen Thwing,—sister to the last priest martyred in York—Catherine Stanfield, Mary Chester and Mary Clifton, besides Catherine Hastings alias Anderton, who is recorded as one of those imprisoned with Cecily Cornwallis and Father Pracid, S.J., during the stay of the community at Heworth. Like her religious daughters, Rev. M. Bedingfield was called upon to suffer imprisonment for conscience sake. It has been ascertained from various sources, that she was three times "committed to gaol;" on one occasion in London, a second time either in London or York, and, lastly, shortly after she had identified herself with the York community in 1680.

York being proverbially a bigoted city, great fears were entertained when the revolution of 1688 broke out and the severity of the penal code was increased. The house was frequently searched, but the arrival of the pursuivants was generally preceded by a timely warning from the friends of the community which enabled them to extinguish the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament and to hide whatever might compromise them in the eyes of the law. But God

permitted violent persecution to be renewed, that His Omnipotence in the protection of His servants might be singularly manifested.

A fresh "No Popery" cry, in 1691, aroused to frenzy the sleeping bigotry of the old city. The "Nunnery," of course, was a special object of attack. Sundry visits were



paid to the terrified sisterhood by the ministers of the penal laws. Once they carried off triumphantly a quantity of church stuff. Another time they marched to the chapel door bent on a vigorous display of the authority vested in them. They saw the lamp burning in the little sanctuary, but an unseen power checked their progress beyond the threshold. They turned and left the house, evidently

smarting under the sense of failure. Shortly after, however, the Rev. M. Bedingfield and her niece, Dorothy Paston, were summoned by the city potentates to appear before the Lord Mayor, who sentenced them to imprisonment in Ouse Bridge gaol. After a short sojourn in that loathsome den, Mother Bedingfield was inspired with the happy thought of making a humble appeal for mercy to the Lord Archbishop, Dr. Sharp. She wrote him a letter—a contemporary copy of which is extant—pleading her seventy-eight years of age, her weak health and infirmities, and her good behaviour during her eight years residence in York. Whether touched by pity, or moved by the extremely deferential and confident terms in which he was addressed, his grace received the petition with favour and exerted his influence to procure the release of the two ladies.

The enemies, who had thought to destroy the house by removing the head, were incensed at her liberation, and planned more effectual measures. However, some friends of the community having discovered that the entire destruction of the house was resolved on, gave them timely notice. Everything of value was sent to trusty friends; the children were confined to safe keeping and sent off in parties; and alone, but with full confidence in God, the venerable foundress and her nuns prepared to face the storm. The house was solemnly placed under the protection of St. Michael and the Holy Angels, and Mother Bedingfield promised the glorious Archangel that if he would exert his power and save the house, his feast day, September 29, and its octave, should be yearly celebrated in the convent by certain devotional exercises.

The dreaded hour came. The priest fled at once, leaving the Blessed Sacrament in a pyx which the Superior had leave to hide in her bosom in case of necessity. Several hundred armed men surrounded the house whilst the nuns knelt in the hall facing the street—the foundress in their

midst hiding in her bosom the pyx. It was then when the shouts of the infuriated mob rang through the house that the Rev. Mother Bedingfield cried out in terror of sacrilege, "Save Thyself great God, for we cannot save Thee." Suddenly the storm of angry sounds was lulled, the raging mob dispersed as if ordered by some one in command. Persons who witnessed the sudden revulsion of feeling in the crowd affirm that it was occasioned by the appearance of a knightly figure on a white horse, brandishing his sword as if in protection of the convent. Whether or not the great Archangel manifested his power in this visible form, the religious, not being eye-witnesses, could not say; but such a tradition still lingers in the city. And from that time the devotions promised have ever been faithfully performed; and the old picture of the Archangel, before which Mother Bedingfield prayed, still hangs above the entrance door of the convent.

Thus the convent was established and remained to be a blessing in our God-forsaken country. The Catholic body in England and especially in Yorkshire, regarded it as a rallying point. Gradually the good citizens of York itself came to be proud of it and to look upon it as a civic institution. Children flocked into the schools.

Besides the boarding school, which enjoyed much popularity among the ancient Catholic families of England and Scotland, the nuns always kept up, with the help of a legacy bequeathed by the good Sir Thomas Gascoigne for the purpose, a day school for the poorer girls of the city.

During the hundred years that followed the retirement of the Rev. Mother Bedingfield, the convent at York was governed successively by six superiors, namely: Rev. Mother Paston Bedingfield, Rev. Mother Esther Conyers, Rev. Mother Mary Hodshon, Rev. Mother Anne Aspinal, Rev. Mother Catherine Rouby. It is of the first of these, Mother Paston Bedingfield, that the convent annals

give the following story. As it was unsafe for the community of those times to hold landed property, they placed such funds as they possessed in the hands of friends from whom they were to receive yearly interest. But the grind of the penal laws so impoverished these friends that they were unable to pay the interest. The pecuniary embarrassment of the community became very great; debts were due on all sides, and the temporal ruin of the house seemed imminent. One summer evening, worn out with cares and anxiety, and heavy-hearted, the good Superior fell asleep. In a dream she saw a house falling to the ground, when a little crooked woman put her shoulders under it and effectually propped it up. A few days later on, being called to the parlour, Mother Paston was not a little astonished to find that her visitor was identical in dress and appearance with the little crooked woman she had seen in her dream. Still greater was her surprise when the visitor begged admission into the Noviceship. The Superior deemed it only just to inform her of the poverty and embarrassment of the house. Could she face that? The visitor replied: if there were no other hindrance to her being received, there would soon be none whatever, for though only seventeen, being the heiress of her late father, she was mistress of a considerable fortune. Before leaving, she placed £2,000 in Mother Paston's hands to pay the actual debts of the community. This young gentlewoman was Elizabeth Stanfield, daughter of Francis Stanfield, Esq. Later on we shall find the "little crooked woman" a second time supporting the falling house.

During Rev. Mother Hodshon's term of superiority, a final attempt was made by the enemies of religion to bring about its destruction. Not that the esteem in which the "Ladies of the Bar" were held in the city and its neighbourhood had in any way decreased. The threatened danger was not this time the effect of popular fury, but of private malice. A dignitary of the Protes-

tant church, Dr. Jacques Sterne by name, made the house the object of as much persecution as his position enabled him to raise against it. His grievance was that the Superior and her family did not attend Protestant service, and were "preserving popery" by keeping a Catholic school. He therefore threatened to have the penal laws enforced against all Catholics, if the Sisterhood did not dismiss their chaplain, send away the children under their care,



and undertake to admit no more members to their own ranks. This was a grave crisis for the house; and no wonder the nuns were perplexed as to what course they should adopt. On the one hand, by remaining where they were, they would probably endanger the whole Catholic body, who were only just emerging from the perils of the severe persecutions of the Tudor and early Stuart periods; while on the other, by dispersing, they would be depriving their

co-religionists of the benefit of having a religious house of education in their midst. Lord Fairfax, a personal friend of the community, urged the religious to disperse for a time and so prevent the re-enforcement of the penal enactments which were rapidly becoming a dead letter. It seemed likely they would follow his counsel, when Mother Eleanor Clifton, a high-spirited woman, settled the matter by declaring that she had made her vows in the house, that if they dragged her away she could not help it, but otherwise she would not go. A happy resolution those brave words proved; for before long Rev. M. Hodshon was told that Dr. Sterne, wearied with his fruitless efforts, was disposed to relent from his severe measures, if only she would ask it of him as a favour. She accordingly waited upon his reverence accompanied by Mother Eliz. Stanfield, and to her surprise met with a gracious reception. Sterne was completely pacified, and not only ceased from annoying the community, but even became one of its good friends. In thanksgiving for this second singular interposition of Divine Providence in favour of the house, Rev. M. Hodshon ordained that the May feast of St. Michael, to whose care she had committed her dealing with Sterne, should be celebrated, as long as the community should exist, with an octave of devotions similar to those promised by Rev. M. Beddingfield, after the memorable deliverance from popular fury in 1696.

Rev. M. Hodshon did not long survive the happy termination of external troubles. Her successor, Rev. M. Aspinal, inaugurated a bright and successful period in the convent's history. She built the chapel and the main part of the building which forms the present convent. She was succeeded by Rev. M. Rouby, who befriended most generously a large number of the French exiled priests and religious persons, that sought shelter in England at the time of the French Revolution.

With the present century, and the superiorate of Rev. M. Coyney, who ruled the house from 1810 to 1826, came many changes to the York community. Up to this time, prudence had prevented them from wearing the religious habit; their external duties had embraced a wider range than that originally designed for the Institute, e.g., they visited and nursed the sick at their homes in the city; and in order to conceal as far as possible their religious character from unfriendly eyes, they were allowed to make calls upon their friends and to entertain them at the convent, after the fashion of staid matron ladies. But the influx of French refugees was gradually accustoming English people to the sight of priests and nuns and to some of the externals of the Catholic religion, so that the precautions of a past century were no longer necessary to safeguard the peace of the convent at York. Accordingly, the religious habit was resumed; religious names were adopted by the nuns; and, before Rev. M. Coyney's death, they had ceased to make calls in the city, and to visit the sick. It was during her term of office that the York branch was severed, by Papal permission, from the parent stem of the Institute. The grounds on which Rev. M. Coyney petitioned the Holy See for the separation were—the difficulties of postal communication with Germany in time of war, and the doubts entertained for awhile in the community as to the existence of the Munich house as a conventual establishment.

Between the dates 1812 and 1821, at the request of the most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, Mary Aikenhead and her first companions made their Noviceship at St. Mary's, as a training for their foundation of the Congregation known as the "Irish Sisters of Charity." The work was begun in Dublin, and, at the present day, has flourishing branches in almost every part of the world.

In 1814, Dr. Murray, failing to induce Mother Coyney to

establish a colony of her nuns in the island, obtained the admission of Frances M. Teresa Ball to the York novitiate, with the understanding that, after her profession, she should return to her own country and found there a house of the Institute. The success of her mission is well known. Before her death, the Irish branches of the Institute numbered thirty houses. At the present date it counts more than fifty offshoots in various parts of the world. The Irish Sisters are commonly misnamed "Loreto nuns," owing to the fact that the parent house is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Our Lady of Loreto.

On the resignation of the Rev. M. Dann, in 1840, Mother Angela Browne was appointed to fill the vacant post. Her name is still held in affectionate veneration by all who knew her. Her worthy successor, the late Rev. M. Juliana Martin, was elected in 1862, and continued in office twenty-one years. Two events of a singularly joyful character brighten the record of those years: the solemn approbation of the Institute of Mary by a decree of Pope Pius IX., of holy memory, in 1877, and the celebration of the bicentenary of the convent in 1880.

Among the treasures and heirlooms of the York community is a large and very valuable relic of the True Cross, enclosed in what was once the pectoral cross of Arnulphus Patriarch of Jerusalem. The reliquary, which is of silver gilt curiously chased, bears an inscription to the effect that Arnulphus bestowed the cross upon an English Knight named Shirley, A.D. 1099. There exists no document or tradition in the convent to indicate in what manner this precious relic came into the possession of the community. Neither do the nuns know how the house became possessed of another great treasure, namely, the hand of the Ven. Margaret Clitheroe, the heroic martyr of York, of whom the Catholic inhabitants of the ancient city are so justly proud. Of late years, an annual visit

has been made to the convent, for the purpose of venerating this relic, by the members of the yearly pilgrimage in honour of the York Martyrs, organized by the Rev. Father Fletcher, Director of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom.

May this house of Our Lady, which by the help of God has weathered so many storms of persecutions and been such a centre of faith and learning in the past, continue under the protection of Christ's holy Mother to exercise its beneficent influence for many years to come!



Six Weeks in a South African Village.

CERES is famed as the most beautiful village in South Africa. Situated one hundred miles from Cape Town, it lies in the very heart of the mountains. The fertility of the place appears from its very name. And with its pic-

turesque cottages and crystal streams, its vineyards and fruit-laden trees, its simple folk and their kindly ways, it is a scene of beauty, fitter to be the abode of fairies than of negroes. It has the sweet peacefulness of a child, nestling in the giant arms of the African Mountains. Only a little while ago it was quite unknown, a hidden treasure, locked in the fastnesses of the rugged rocks. But the modern explorer with his pick-axe and his steam engine has ruthlessly thrown down the barriers that protected it. The Mitchell's Pass rises to a height of 2,000 feet, and there discloses to the traveller's gaze the beautiful vale of Ceres, smiling with peace and plenty.

Its prosperity dates from the rush to the Diamond Fields in 1871, when it became a halting place between Cape Town and Kimberley. The passing of transport waggons drawn by yokes of oxen, the coming and going of men wild with the Diamond fever, first ruffled the calm of the village. But with the extension of the railway, came a change. The money-makers went by another road, and the health-seekers came in their stead. Now-a-days Ceres is the most noted of health resorts in the Colony, and a place of quiet respectability. From every part of South Africa, from the more distant world of Europe, invalids come here to breathe in the pure, dry air, to bask in the sunshine, to enjoy the beauty and peace of the vale.

Last May, three friends and myself landed at Cape Town, with an object which it is beside my purpose to mention. It was the winter season; which means a few rainy days now and then, and for the rest of the time bright warm weather, such as we should be proud of in the best of English summers. The only feature associated with our ideas of winter is the intense cold of the night, when the thermometer falls rapidly,—at times even below freezing-point. But in the day time, a hot sun flames in the cloudless sky, and soon persuades the English stranger to doff the great-coat which he wears in the early morning.

It was on such a day in mid-winter, on June 1st, that our party set out from Cape Town for Ceres. The trains, or cars as they are called, are roomy and comfortable. Not at all like the small, stuffy cabins which in England we dignify with the name of 1st class carriages, but long saloons, with open spaces for standing outside. After four hours' journey through wild mountains and barren plains, we alighted at Ceres Road Station. But we were not yet at our journey's end, for there remained a ten miles' drive from the station to the village. I had previously telegraphed for a conveyance to meet us, and the hotel proprietor told me afterwards how amused he had been on reading my wire, "send comfortable carriage." I looked round for my carriage, when a man accosted me, saluted, and asked if I were ready for the cart. And a cart it really was, for what does the sturdy Africander want with a "comfortable carriage?" Not indeed a lumbering transport waggon, but still a veritable cart, comfortless, springless and bone-shaking. And when, after two hours jolting, up and down hill, one pays the appointed fare of 10/- he feels that the sense of relief when all is over is well worth the money.

But, nevertheless, the drive has its enjoyments. A little grumbling at the rickety cart helps to unship the cargo of ill-humour, and to leave one more free for better things. Mitchell's Pass winds its weird way through a glorious confusion of beetling crags and gloomy gorges, bounding torrents and frightening precipices. Afterwards, I roamed about there, in the company of a silent and faithful friend—my instantaneous Kodak. The plates are now on the high seas, awaiting development at home; and should they prove a success—and can I think my camera would play me false?—the Journal shall have its choice for illustrations.

One of these snap-shots I hold especially dear; for in addition to being a very difficult one to take, it speaks



THE LOVER'S LEAP, CERES.

to me of a place of wild beauty, and tells a tale of romance. The place we will call "the Lover's Leap," and the romance is this. In the bright days which precede marriage, fleeting and illusive as the sun-shine of April, a happy couple wooed and loved at Ceres. On a certain day they wandered across the vale, and roamed through the mountain gorge, side by side and hand in hand, like myself and my faithful camera. Suddenly, their course was stayed by a rushing torrent. For a moment they stood and watched—watched it dashing along, and flinging itself over a shelving rock to foam and roar and shriek in its fury, fifty feet below. But the gallant suitor, unwilling to show signs of fear, sprang lightly from stone to stone, and called on his dear one to follow his example. She advanced with a sinking heart, but tried to put on a show of courage, since her lover was looking at her. Half the torrent had been safely crossed. But, alas! she staggers, falls, and, like a meteor flashing through the night, the fair form is swept swiftly into the whirlpool below, and no vestige of her has since been seen. I stood there, camera in hand, gazing into these dark waters which had witnessed the tragedy. A fierce resolution seized me, to tear off shoes and stockings, and scramble over the slippery rocks, and there standing in the hissing foam, to point my camera, press the button, and—*we do the rest.*

We reached the "Ceres Hotel" on the afternoon of June 1st. Forthwith I began to look round and examine the place. It is a prettily situated and well built house, bearing unmistakable signs of English origin. For instance, one finds within the unexpected propriety of a bath. A bath in the land of Boers and Niggers! Again, in each of the rooms there is a fire place which, though an undreamed of superfluity in a Dutch dwelling, is almost a necessary of life for those who sit up late in the cold winter evenings. The Dutchman, shortly after sunset, "goes to a cold bed to get warm;" the Englishman sits by his fire and smokes.

At the time of our arrival, we had the hotel to ourselves. Being the winter season, all the visitors had migrated further north. However, several came and went during our stay. I will mention only Mr. H. C. Thomason, the author of "The Chitral Campaign," who is now in the Colony writing on South African affairs for the Saturday Review.

This gentleman had travelled with us on the outward voyage, and by his courteous manner and agreeable conversation had won the esteem of all on board. He now came to visit us and enquire after the health of our invalid. He has read much, travelled much and thought much. We had many conversations together, and of all the acquaintances made in my three months' travel, no other has left behind such pleasing memories. May we meet again! And may he succeed in his arduous task of rising above party-spirit, and dispersing the mists of ignorance and prejudice which obscure South African politics!

The hotel is at present owned by a London gentleman, named Mr. Cutler. I have already said that we were the only visitors at the time. It therefore happened that in the evening Mr. Cutler and myself were the sole occupants of a certain back room, each engaged in that most peace-inspiring of all human occupations,—the smoking of the post-prandial pipe.

Our conversation was of things, many, various and interesting; but it referred chiefly to the condition of the natives. I remarked on the sensation of novelty experienced during dinner, at being waited on for the first time in my life by niggers. One in particular attracted—not my admiration, certainly—but my notice. She was small, pudgy, with abundance of frizzled hair, was dressed in flaming colours, and trundled along heavily, like a semi-animated block of ebony, five feet high. She was as black as black could be, and for that reason answered in the village to the name of Betty Black. Betty was

radiant with the glory of importance, as for the time being she ranked as head waitress. The first servants were away,—at the sea-side, or in the mountains, or somewhere, taking their winter holidays. Mr. Cutler explained that this is not at all an unusual occurrence. Black servants are mighty independent. They work when they please, and as long as they please. At most inconvenient times, they inform the master, that for to-morrow they are invited to "a wedding or a festival, a mourning or a funeral;" or that, for a month, they will be away in the country. It is useless to dismiss them, for they care little and the next servants will be as bad. They work only to get a little superfluous luxuries. Their actual requirements are few, and by no means costly. A miserable hut and a plate of mealies is not expensive living. If they have money, they buy highly-coloured dresses, brandy and sweetmeats; if not, well, what matter, provided they can be happy like cattle with mealies! But as for the civilized notion of toiling and molling to lay up wealth for future days, no nigger would forego his happiness for a thing so base and degrading. God made them, they think, to enjoy the warm sun, to sprawl about, and be merry and talkative. Let the white man work and slave, the nigger at least will be happy and free.

With ideas such as these, it is no wonder that servants are even a greater problem here, than they are to the ladies of an English drawing room. How prim Polly with her snow white cap and apron would stare with amazement, were she told that every day Betty Black insists on an afternoon off, and spends her evenings at home! Yet, it is literally true. From three till six o'clock the mistress must answer the bell herself. The servants condescend to re-appear for the evening meal, but when that is over and the washing-up done, off again they troop for the evening revels. At 6.30 next morning they are due, but they come or come not at that hour, just as the mood

is on them. Often at 7.30 I have been about, and not a foot-fall was to be heard, not a native face to be seen.

Such is the happy life of the darkies in a South African hotel. Much more truly than we Britons might they sing in their war-songs—"Niggers, never, never, never shall be slaves." They bend to irresistible force; but never will they bow the knee to the gilded Prince of slave-holders, whose name is Money. They are a degenerate people, it is true—I speak only of the southern parts of the colony; for of the pure-bred Zulus, the aristocracy of the black race, I have heard nothing but words of praise;—they have even lost their own language and speak a mongrel Dutch. They are un-intelligent, dirty, lazy, and unacquainted with the refinements of civilization. But withal they are happy, and know much more *joie de vivre* than many a white man, who beneath fine clothes and social refinements hides a heavy, aching heart.

For services, such as I have described, the wages are forty, fifty, or even sixty pounds per annum. It may seem incredible, but it is a fact that Betty Black, like the vicar whom we all know and love, is "passing rich with forty pound a year." Make any difficulty about the amount, and the free spirit of the negro will spurn you, and refuse to serve.

Some will perhaps wonder why white people are not engaged instead of blacks. One reason is that they can all find more lucrative employments elsewhere. Everybody is well off in South Africa, and almost every white who is steady can begin with an income of £100. In Cape Town the waiters are white men, and receive £200 a year and all found. It is only a black man who will work for £50. Servants from England become bar-maids in Africa; and in Kimberley, to instance a place of which I have definite knowledge, the wages of such are from £20 to £25 per month.

Another and more powerful reason is to be found in the

race feeling. It is a dreadful degradation to work with a coloured man. In your establishment, the servants must be all black or all white, and in the country districts, where white labour is scarce, there is no alternative but to choose the blacks. It should be remembered, that all throughout South Africa the coloured people everywhere outnumber the whites. At Coles, for example, the numbers at the census of 1888 were these: coloured 981, whites 519. In Cape Colony there are 1,348,927 coloured people to 316,852 whites; whilst in Natal they are in the proportion of 12 to 1.

Hence the native races threaten to become a very grave problem in the near future. Already they are more numerous than their masters, and, in addition to being exceedingly prolific, they practise polygamy. At the meeting of the South African Bishops in London, on June 19th, of this year, the Bishop of Grahamstown observed that, though the press of England seems to regard the relations between Dutch and English as the great South African problem, he himself was persuaded that soon the coloured race would be even a greater one.

I had many conversations with persons both lay and clerical respecting religion amongst the natives, and was grieved to find the general impression, that the black man is worse under Christianity than in his natural state. It seems paradoxical to say it, but I have heard that view acquiesced in by Catholics and Protestants, priests and missionaries. Without question a master, will choose a heathen or Mohammedan "boy" in preference to a Christian. Left to themselves the natives, especially the Zulus and similar tribes, have their own moral code, which, though not very extensive, embraces some of the fundamentals of the natural law. They practise polygamy but condemn infidelity; they steal from adverse tribes, amongst whom are reckoned the whites, but within their own tribe are strictly honest; they advocate war to the death against

enemies, but are generous and affectionate towards relatives and friends. Let Christianity however be brought amongst them, and they learn not the virtues of religion, but the vices of civilization. They become immoral, untruthful, drunken, lazy and deceitful. Of course I speak only of what is the general result. There are many instances of the natives becoming good, pious, persevering Christians. But taking a broad view of the subject, it is astonishing how unfruitful are the missions.



The cause seems to be that the natives, no less than other people and probably more so, are influenced rather by the concrete than by the abstract; in other words they form their ideals more from Christianity as they see it practised, than from Christianity as they hear it preached. And the civilized man in South Africa is a money-grabber first, and a Christian afterwards and as far as convenient. It is not the cream of humanity which is there. Africa is a sort of *refugium peccatorum* for persons whose absence

from home is desirable; and with such an embodiment of Christianity before him, what wonder that the native has no high ideals of religion.

A gentleman in Ceres said in my hearing that, though a Protestant himself, he was convinced of the superior efficiency of Catholic missionaries over those of his own Church. Everyone speaks in terms of the highest praise of the work done by Trappists in Natal and elsewhere. I enquired how it was that they succeed where others fail. And the reply seems to amount to this, that they civilize first, and Christianize afterwards. They take the children, and teach them not only to sing hymns and repeat their catechism and frequent the church, but also to work in down-right earnest at useful trades. When the children grow up they can still be provided with work; for the good Fathers own vast estates, and a large system of organization keeps under their control both the adult Zulu at his handicraft and the curly headed black baby on its wooden bench at school. Thus silently, unknown almost to Europeans, proceeds this great work of civilization and Christianity. The Trappists are doing for the blacks of Africa what the Benedictines of old did for the barbarians of Europe. An account of their work has been given in an excellent little publication, entitled "The South African Catholic Magazine" (June 1895, June 1896). The articles have been written by a zealous priest in Cape Town, and I can confidently recommend their perusal. He himself visited one of the missions, and describes the black workmen engaged there, as "a maze of carpenters, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, wagon-makers, plumbers, tin-smiths, tanners, boot-makers, harness-makers, and what not." He saw there, in full working, machines for printing, book-binding, gilding, metal-turning, type-founding, electrotyping, mealie-crushing, line-grinding, oil-pressing, and so forth. "If it had not been for the Kafir apprentices," he writes, "I could hardly have realized that we were in a far corner of Africa,

Indeed the whole scene, with its piquant intermingling of mediaeval tranquillity, the rush of modern machinery, and the awakening of intelligence in the savage, is to a visitor intensely interesting."

So end my mental snap-shots in a South African village. They make no pretence to be anything more, for they are merely impressions received at odd times and from various sources, during a brief sojourn of six weeks in Cape Colony. It was gratifying to me to get these little peeps into South African life, and if others are pleased to glance at my "snap-shots," my pleasure will be greater than theirs.

F. P.



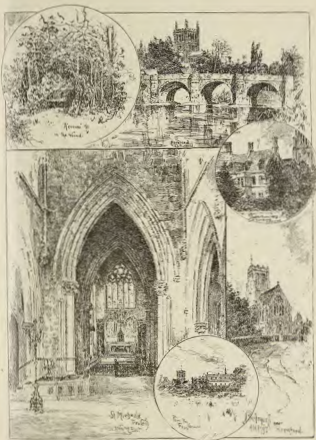
Jubilee of Fr. Raynal, O.S.B.

ON the 21st of last February was celebrated an event that we venture to think is unique in the annals of the Benedictine revival in England of the last hundred years. Representatives of the three houses of the English Benedictine congregation were assembled at St. Michael's to offer their congratulations to the venerable superior of that monastery on the occasion of the completion of fifty years in the habit of St. Benedict and of twenty-five years in the office of Prior of the Tyrocinium. In these days of temporary Superiors it is given to very few men to spend half their monastic life in the headship of a monastery, and we take it that the fact of being re-elected four times to the same office is no mean tribute to the worth of the person re-elected. This event, then, calls for recognition on the part of all those to whom Belmont is an object of interest and love, and we consider we are not overstating the case when we say that no member of the congregation has the same claim on the gratitude and respect of the brethren. It has fallen to his lot to have had to superintend the training and fashioning of the monastic spirit of by far the majority of the congregation, and we have abundant testimony from men able to judge that the spirit of Belmont would do credit to any congregation of Benedictines throughout the Order. Whilst the lines of demarcation, owing to our new system of government seem to be widening between the different familiae of the English Congregation, it is pleasing to have one of our members to whom the eyes of so many can turn as their spiritual father, and to whom they owe a deep debt of gratitude for the fostering of that unity of spirit and aim which must be the characteristic of the members of our

body, if we are to live as a congregation at all. Accordingly we welcome an event like this when we can do honour to one who holds such an important office amongst us, and whose continuity of office, standing in such marked contrast to the ever-changing community over which he rules, gives an earnest of the unity of spirit in the minds of the rising generation.

There is no necessity to dwell on the many material improvements that have been effected under the present Priorship. The accompanying sketches of the handsome Pro-cathedral—the beautifying of which has been Fr. Raynal's special work of love—and of other parts of the monastery of St. Michael's will convey to everyone some idea of the character of that work,—the breadth of view, the good taste and the eye to usefulness that are prominent in every feature.

There was not wanting to this twofold event, what seems now-a-days to be the natural correlative of every jubilee, a presentation, or rather the presentation was not actually made but deferred till May. It is to take the shape of a money gift and we believe it is an open secret that it will go to meet the expense that will have to be incurred in the proposed extension of the east wing of the monastery to satisfy a much-needed want of accommodation. The erection of this wing, which will contain a library, lecture rooms and cells, has been in the mind of Fr. Raynal for some years, and we congratulate him on this fresh instance of his unflagging energy and untiring devotion to the welfare of St. Michael's, and our most earnest wish is that God will spare him to see it happily completed. *Ad multos annos!*



Some Early Printed Books.

DURING the past year, a book entitled "The Printers of Basle in the xv. and xvi. centuries" was published in London, and in view of the interest its readers may have been induced to feel in the efforts of the Basle printers to perfect the invention of Mentz, some items were held over from the article on Early Illustrated Books to be included in the following catalogue of books, printed at Basle in the xv. and first half of the xvi. centuries. With these books will be joined those printed at Strasbourg, Cologne, Spire, &c., which we have not already catalogued, making this section consist wholly of the productions of the rich and fertile valley of the Rhine.

27. Dictionarium, sive Vocabularius Breuiloquus. [By J. Reuchlin]. On verso of first fol. "In presenti libro continentur. Item ars diphthongandi Guarini Veronensis. Item compendiosus dialogus de arte punctandi. Item tractatus vtilis de accentu. Item Breuiloquus vocabularius.

320 ff.; 6 leaves without sig., a—y, 1—8; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 54 lines. Basileæ [Joannes de Amerbach] 1480. Gothic, folio.

This is a perfect copy of the second edition. The first was in 1478.

John of Amerbach is the first of the *learned* printers of Basle; not the earliest printer, but the first to win for his adopted city a reputation for accuracy and scholarship. He began life as a corrector of the press under Koberger at Nuremberg and the above book, in its first edition, was apparently the first issue of his press. Our own is his second dated production. Neither of these editions has the printer's name, but the attribution to Amerbach is now

generally accepted. The writer is also anonymous, but there is evidence that John Reuchlin, a corrector in Amerbach's employ, was the author. Amerbach's enterprise and devotion to his art may be judged from the fact that Reuchlin, who gained the reputation of being the best Latin, Greek and Hebrew scholar in Germany, was induced by the printer to come to Basle and remain in his service. His son Boniface was the intimate friend of Erasmus and the sole legatee under his will. He spent the legacy, with some money of his own, in establishing charitable institutions in his friend's name, and he erected a costly monument to him in the Cathedral.

25. "Augustinus de Ciuitate dei cum commento." Basilee per Joannem de Amerbach, 1490.

268 ff., a-y, A-O; no pagination, catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 53 and 54 lines of text and 65 of commentary. Woodcut on verso of first leaf. Gothic, folio.

An excellent copy of Amerbach's second edition. The first appeared in 1480. The issue of St. Augustine's complete works was Amerbach's first enterprise. The expense of collating MSS. was very considerable, and the time and labour necessary made its issue a matter of years. Erasmus wrote of it "there are so many monks in the world, who at great expense are led to go idle . . . they ought to have done what the layman did *sua sponte* with his own means." No. 57 is another volume of the same edition.

50. Operū sancti Ambrosij pars secūda.

51. Operū sancti Ambrosij pars tertia.

C.V. 50 has 301 ff. (there should be 302) a-n, a-m, a-s; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 52 lines.

C.V. 51 has 290 ff., a-n, a-f, a-f; the second register has pagination and the first has long lines in Roman type, otherwise the vol. has the same description as 50.

Basilee p. Johannem de Amerbach 1492. Gothic, folio. Amerbach was the first Basle printer to use the Roman type.

57. Plura ac diuersa diui Aurelij Augustini sermonum opera.

617 ff.; no pag., catchwords or printed initials, double cols. of 51 and 52 lines. Latin poem by Sebastian Brant and full-page woodcuts to each part. Initials illuminated by hand. Basilee, p. Magistrum Johannem de Amerbach, 1494 and 1495. Gothic, folio.

141. Armādus (de Bellovisu, O. Præd.) de Declaratione difficilū terminorū tam Theologie qm Philosophie ac Logice.

Title; 184 ff. badly numbered and 16 ff. without foliation. No printed initials; 34 lines to a page. "Anno salutiferi virginalis (originalis (!) in Heckethorn's book) partus. M. CCCC. XCI. Prima Marsij, in insigni vrbe Basileorum, (impensis M. Wenssler) Gothic, 8vo.

Michael Wenssler was a native of Strasbourg who became a citizen of Basle in 1473, and printed there until 1490. In that year his plant was sold for 253 florins Rhenish to Jacob Steinacher. The above work is recognized as undoubtedly printed by him though after his bankruptcy. He left Basle and his family in great poverty, but returned in 1499 able to satisfy his creditors. (Heckethorn.)

43 (1). Fratrī Guillelmi Parisiensis (Guilielmus Brito, Bishop of Lyons) Postilla Sup. epistolae et euāgelia de tempore et de sanctis et p. defunctis."

130 ff., a-x, a-g; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 53 and 54 lines.

"Impressa Basilee per Nicolaum Kesler, 1480. Printer's device. Gothic, folio.

N. Kessler of Battwar became a citizen of Basle in 1480, and acquired great honour and reputation. He printed at Basle until 1509, having married Richel's daughter and taken over his printing office. (Heckethorn).

The s in Kessler's name is like a gothic v with a long down stroke and resembles the Saxon letter that was pronounced th.

48. Joannis de Gerson opera (3rd and last part.)

318 ff. (title missing,) aa—zz, Aa—Zz; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 57 lines. Basilee, per Nicolaum Kesler, 1489. Gothic, folio.

58. Postilla Guillelmi (Super Epistolas et Evangelia de Tempore et de Sanctis et pro defunctis) 136 ff. a—y; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 50 lines. Per Nicolaum ciuem Basilien. 1489. Gothic, folio. Vide No. 43 (1). Devise.

37. Libri deflorationum siue excerptionum ex melliflua diuersorum patrum; super euangelia de tempore, &c. per . . . dñm Wernerū Abbatem monasterij Sancti Blasij in nigra silua, &c. O.S.B.

Index imperfect; woodcut on verso of title: 138 ff., no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 53 lines. "Basilee impressus [N. Kesler], 1494. Gothic, folio. The first edition.

53. Meffroth Sermones, alias Ortulus Regine.

430 ff. containing Pars Hyemalis et de Sanctis; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 55 lines. Impressū Basilee per Nicolaum Kesler. 1487.

44. D. Hieronymi Epistolae (in three parts). On first leaf "Inventarium Primae partis Epistolarum Sancti Hieronymi.

523 leaves (title of first part and some leaves of Index to third part missing); no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 55 to a page. Basilee per N. Kesler 1497. Roman, folio.

120. Sermones Amici ex corrupto reintegrati" Fo. 1—Fo. CXIX. then 2 ff. of Tabula. No printed initials; double cols. of 46 lines. Basilee per Nicolaum Kesler. 1501.

Kesler's first ed. of this work is that of 1495. This



TITLEPAGE OF WERNER'S "LIBRI DEFLORATIONUM."

edition has been missed by Heckethorn who gives a complete list of Kesler's productions. It is 7546 in Hain. Gothic, 4to.

60 *Moralia Sancti Gregorii*.

350 ff.; title of ornamental letters and Register 16 ff., then, a—z, A—Z, AA—KK; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 56 lines. In officinâ Nicolai Keslers Basilleñ. 1503. Gothic, folio.

75. *Felicitas Hemmerlin* (Hæmmerlein or Malleolus) *varie oblectationis opuscula et tractatus*.

184 ff., 4 preliminary with frontispiece; a—z, aa—gg; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 47 lines. The Dedication, beginning on the second leaf, is dated 1470. Without date of printing or name of printer but in Kessler's gothic type. Folio.

This is considered to be the second Edition. The first ed. without notice of printer, place or date is divided into two parts. The first called *opuscula varia* has never been reprinted and is exceedingly rare. The second *varie oblectationis opuscula et tractatus* is less rare on account of the above reprint. De Bure Bib. Inst. 3098 and Catal. de la Val, 4345; also Brunet *Hemmerlin*. (Old Catal.)

122 b. 3. "Methodius olimpi lyci primû: et postea Tyri ciuitatû eps, &c. . . . documenta . . . de mûdi creatiõe &c. . . . in carcere ei existēti ab angelo reuelata, &c."

68 ff., a—i; no pag., or catchwords; long lines, 37 to a page. "Finit Basileæ per Michaelem Furter opera et vigilantia Sebastian Brant." 1515. Gothic, 4to.

The earliest of Furter's editions of this book is dated 1498. Heckethorn gives no edition in the year 1515 but one in 1516. This appears to be a printer's mistake, simply an inversion of lines—since the "With prints" in the line above surely refers to Methodius, a book which is richly illustrated, and not to Gerson's *Sermo de passione Domini*.

122. Vite ducentorū et triginta sūmorum pōtificū: a beato petro apostolo usq; ad Julium secundū modernum Pontificem [Johānis Stelle, sacerdotis veneti]. Title with woodcut of Julius II. 46 ff. A—D; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 46 lines. "Impressū Basilee p. Michale Furter inibi ciuē 1507. Gothic, 4to.

A very similar edition was published by Jacob Pfortzen in the same year.

120 (2). Summa magistri Johānis de sancto Geminiano (Helwicus Teutonicus O. Præd. de exemplis et similitudinibus rer.

Tabula &c. 12 ff.; then 330 ff., a—z, A—S; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 52 lines. Per magistros Johannem Petri de Langendorff et Johannem froben de Hammelburg. 1499. Gothic, 4to.

John Petri was born in Bavaria and was therefore a countryman of Froben. He printed chiefly in partnership with Froben and Amerbach. He is referred to by Froben as inventing improvements in the machinery. He was the founder of a great family of printers through his nephew, Adam Petri. Froben is spoken of under No. 16.

120 (1). A duplicate of 120 (2). Only 9 introductory leaves but the rest perfect.

Other works from Froben's press are:—

P. A. 127. Opera Divi Caecilii Cypriani &c. præstitit ingenti labore suo Erasmus. Handsome titles. 1520. Folio.

P. A. 120. Opera Q. Septimii Florentis Tertvlliani, per Beatum Rhenanum è tenebris eruta &c. Fine titles. 1521. Folio.

P. A. 78. Opvs Epistolarvm D. Hieronymi Stridonensis vvacum scholij Des. Erasmi. Folio, 1524.

P. A. 134 (1). Divi Clementis Recognitionvm Libri X. Fine titles. 1526. Folio. (Not in Heckethorn's Catalogue.)

P. A. 134 (3). Divi Irenaei Episcopi Lygdvnensis Libri V adv. haereses, opera Erasmi nunc primum in luce editi. 1526. Folio.

By Hieronymus Froben, John Herwagen and Nicholas Episcopus:—

P. A. 136. Divi Caecilii Episc. Carthag. opera iam quartum repurgata per Des. Erasmus. 1530. Folio.

P. A. 137. D. Gregorii Nazianzeni Orationes XXX. Bilibaldo Pirckheimero interprete, nunc primum editæ (curante Erasmo) 1531. Folio.

S. S. 75. Novvm Testamentum (gr. et Lat.) iam quintum recognitum a Des. Erasmo &c. 1535. Folio.

P. A. 135. Opera Q. Septimii Florentis Tertvlliani &c. per Beatvm Rhenanvm è tenebris eruta &c. 1539. Folio. (Not in Heckethorn's Catalogue.)

By John Herwagen alone:—

Cl. 36 & 37. Homeri Ilias et Odyssea with Scholia. 2 vols. 1535, 4to (called folio in Heckethorn). 9th Edition of Homer's works and, apparently, the first printed at Basle.

P. A. 115. Opera D. Basilii Magni collata per Wolfgangum Mvscvlvm Dusanū. Device, 1540. Folio.

29. Petri Berthorij Pictaviensis, O.S.B. Reductorium Morale super totam Bibliam.

12 ff. of Index, then Fol. 1 "Incipit opus reductorii, &c." to Fol. 221; A—Z, A—O; no catchwords, Roman numerals, double cols. of 58 lines. Prologue in Roman type; Basilee ære et impësis Theoderici Berlaer bibliopolæ ciuis coloniënsis, in officina libraria Adæ Petri de Langendorff ciuis Basiliensis 1515. Gothic, folio. (Not catalogued by Heckethorn.)

47. (b). Cosmographia Universalis per Sebastianum Munsterum. Folio.

Preface, Index and Maps; then page 1 to 1162. Map 3 wanting and the map of Heidelberg imperfect; pages 149, 150, 151, 152, 1149 and 1150 missing. The titlepage is wanting but the book was probably printed by Henry Petri at Basle in 1550. The first edition was, I believe, in 1544. There is no mention of these editions in Heckethorn but he mentions the inferior Italian Edition

of 1558 which is G. L. 16 in our library. The book has hundreds of curious woodcuts.

127. Lavrentii Vallae de Voluptate ac vero bono libri tres. 7 ff. unnumbered; foliation begins with 6 and ends 114. Title with woodcut border; woodcut initials and



"ERASMI FACIES AD CIVEM EXPRESSA." (FROM MUNSTER'S COSMOGRAPHIA.)

printer's device. 33 lines. Basileæ, apud Andream Cratandrum, 1519. Roman, 4to.

Cratander whose name was Hartman printed from 1518 to 1536 when he sold his plant to Winter, Oporinus, Platter and Lasius. He died in 1540.

94 (e). L. Caelii Lactantii Firmiani Diuinarum institutionum Libri VII. &c. Basileæ apud Andream Cratandrum 1521. Framed title; Italian, 4to.

P. A. 126. D. J. Chrysostomi opera (Latine) with Index and life. Handsome titles. Per And. Cratandrum. Two Vols. in one, 1522. Folio.

Cl. 386. C. Plinii Secundi Novocomensis Epistolarum Libri X. &c. Ex inclyta Germaniæ Basilea, per Andream Cratandrum. 1526. 8to.

P. A. 134 (2) Epistolæ Christianæ veterum Pontificū. No title; Basileæ apud Ioan. Bebelivm. Device and first leaf framed with woodcuts. 1526. Folio.

102 (a). Ioannis Ludovici Vivis Valentini, de Anima et Vita Libri tres. Opus insignis, nunc primum in lucem editum. Basileæ in officina Roberti Winter. 1538. Roman, 4to.

136 (a). Ioannis Ludovici Vivis Valentini de Anima et Vita. Basileæ apud Robertum Winter. 1543. Italian 8vo.

P. A. 71. D. Epiphaniū Episcopo . . . contra octoginta Hæreses. &c., Basileæ per Robertum Winterum. Device. 1543. Folio.

102 (a), 136 (a), and P. A. 71, printed by Robert Winter, are evidently very rare. Heckethorn says of the works printed by him without associates "We know of three only." The three volumes in our Library are entirely unknown works from his press and raise the catalogue of his known productions to six.

5. Sti. Thomæ de Aquino Summæ pars 1a et 1a 2a Begins: "Incipit prima ps summe" and ends with colophon "Explicit prima ps seclhda partis. . . Impressa Basileæ Anno dñi Milesimo quadringētesimo octuagesimo quinto, &c." No titlepage, pag., catchword or printed initials.

336 printed ff. and 9 blank; double cols. of 62 lines.

These are the first and second vols. of the first complete edition of the Summa. I do not find it in Heckethorn's book.

114. *Decretalium dñi pape Gregorij noni cõpiliatio* &c. 508 ff., woodcut on verso of each fol. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols., of 67 lines (last leaf wanting). Basle, Johannes de Amerbach and Johannes Froben de Hameuburg, 1500. Gothic, 4to.
- 112 (4). *De Passione Christi sermo eximij sacre theologie doctoris Galtherij* (Lectoris) de Aquigerno, 104 ff., a—n (imperfect); no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines of 32 and 33 to a page. Basle.
- Books printed at Strasbourg*—
17. Hugonis de Prato Florido (Hugo de Vinal) O. Pred. *Sermones Dominicales super Evangelia et Epistolas per totum annum*. Begins "Incipit sermones dominicales sup. euangelia, &c." Argentine, per pudij Jeorium Husner, 1476.
- 143 ff.; no titles, pag., signatures or catchwords; double cols., of 55 lines.
- 106 (1). *Grammatica noua*. . . . "Arts grammaticæ introductorium ex Nicolai Perotti . . . traditionib; a magistro Bernardo Perger (Viennense) translatus." On verso of first fol. "Johannis Castis civis Viennensis cui presens opusculu adimprimendum traditum est factuacula." 84 ff. without pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 56 to a full page. Argentine, 1488.
32. *Joannis de Gerson opera*. 300 ff., a—zz, Aa—Zz, Aa—Dd; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols., of 53 lines. Colophon in verse "Noscere forte voles quis sculpserit hoc opus ere . . . Ille quidem sîmus Martinus, litore rheni kc." Argentine, per Martinum Tacuum, 1494. Gothic, folio.
- It should have an inventory of 51 ff. It has a Tabula of two pages. Flach published a fourth vol. of Gerson's works in 1502. This is No. 40 of our catalogue.

- Basle who became a citizen of Strasbourg in 1472; where he is said to have succeeded to the business of Kuschus the son-in-law of Mentelin. Though he had left Basle he is on record as having printed for the Town Council of his native city in 1485 (Heckelhorn).
40. *Joannis Gerson opera*. 308 ff., (first leaf missing); aa and bb, a—z, A—T; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols., of 53 lines. Ex officina Martini Hæceli sumptibus Argenti. Martin Schæfer Steinhart conscribit ejus, 1502. Gothic, folio.
- "Quarta pars operum prius non impressa." (Panzer). 82. *Sermones Thessauri novi de tempore et de sanctis*. 320 printed ff., (De Tempore) at missing; a—z, A—Y; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols., of 53 lines. Argentine, per Martinum Flach, 1489.
- 253 printed ff. (De Sanctis); a—z, A—P with same description as De tempore. Argentine p. Martin Flach, 1491. Gothic, folio.
- 117 (1). *Cõfessionale domini Antonij archiepiscopi Florentini* (de Forcighioni), sive Summula confessionis. Title, Folium I—CXXI and five ff. of Tabula; no catchwords or printed initials; double cols., of 35 lines. Argentine impressa p. Martinum Flach, 1488. Gothic, folio.
- 117 (2). *Manipulus curatoru officia sacerdotu scdm ordinẽ septẽ sacramentorum pertractat coplectens*. 112 ff., a—p; (four leaves missing); no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 35 to a page. The author of the work was Guido de Monte Roehen or Roether. Gothic, folio.
- 121 (3). *Tractatus Sacerdotalis de sacramentis deq; divinis officiis et eoru administrationibus* (N. de Blony, Pione or Plove). 126 ff., a—q; no pag., catchwords or printed initials,

double cols. of 35 lines. Argētime, p. Martinū Flach, 1490. Gothic, 4to.

131. Tractatus . . . de administratiōe sacramentor, &c.

126 ff., a—q; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 35 lines. Argentine p. Martinū Flach, 1499. Gothic, 4to.

64 (1). Sermones discipuli (auctore Joanne Herolt, O.S.B.) de tempore et de scetis vnaçā promptuario exemplorū.

408 ff., a—z, A—Z, aa—ii; no titlepage, pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 52 lines. Argētime, 1492. Gothic, folio.

Though this book is unsigned, I have no doubt that it was printed by Martin Flach. The founts of letters used are unmistakably his.

31. Joannis Herolt, O. Præd., Sermones de Tempore et de sanctis, cum promptuario exemplorum, et de miraculis B. Mariæ Virginis (Sermones Discipuli).

The first ff. of this vol. are missing. It begins with sermo xx. and consists of 387 ff. without pag., signatures, catchwords or printed initials. It has double cols. of 49 lines and according to Hain should have 440 ff. Argentine [Grüninger] 1484. Gothic, folio.

70. Sermones Thesauri noui de Sanctis. The second part of the Thesaurus Novus.

304 ff., a—z, A. Q. Titlepage; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 46 lines.

Argentine, 1484. Gothic, folio. This book is evidently from the same press as 31, which Panzer attributes to Grüninger.

Books printed at Strassbourg without the printer's names:—

11. Jordani de Quedellinburg Postillæ et sermones, de Evangeliiis Dominicalibus. Begins Opus Postillarum et sermonum Jordani de Tempore.

417 ff.; no pag., signatures or catchwords; double cols. of 53 lines. Argentine, 1483. Gothic, folio.

35. Hugonis de Sancto Victoris de Sacramentis Christianæ fidei Libri II.

152 ff., a—k, 4 ff. without sig., A—N. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 47 lines. Argentine 1485. Gothic, folio. Hain says 135 ff. First Edition.

43 (2). Sermones Dormi secure vel Dormi sine cura (by Johannes de Verdena).

88 ff. two unnumbered, a—o; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 47 lines.

Argentine, 1487. Gothic, folio.

A perfect copy of the 'Dominicales.' De Bure assigns greater antiquity to another undated edition of these sermons (Cat. de la Val. 703). The edition of Lyons 1491 contains the "sermones de sanctis" additional. Hence De Bure in another place calls it the 'first edition' (Bib. Inst. 528). Note from old catalogue. The above is really about the 6th edition.

52 (1). Vocabularius utriusque juris.

146 ff. (one blank), a—v; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 47 lines. Argentine, 1486. Gothic, folio.

52 (2). Liber plurimorum tractatum iuris. First Title: "Modus legendi abbreviaturæ in utroq; iuresue processus iuris."

126 ff., a—v; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 52 lines. Argentine, 1490. Gothic, folio.

61. Vocabularius utriusq; juris.

130 ff., a—x; no pag., or catchwords; double cols. of 52 lines. Argentine, 1490. Gothic, folio.

73. Sermones Uenerabilis Magistri Nicolai de blony (de tempore et de sanctis).

359 and 93 ff.; Titlepage, then Aa—Cc, a—z, A—Z, Aa—Hh; 7 ff. then a—o. No pag., catchwords or printed initial; double cols. of 52 lines. The first part (De Tempore) is dated 1498, Argentine; the second 1495, Argentine. Gothic, folio.

Two editions were published Argentine 1494 and 5 and 1498. The two parts of our volume are from different editions. Both had 477 ff. (Hain).

Nos. 11, 35, 43 (2), 52 (1), 52 (2), 61, and 73 are printed with the same type and are evidently from the same press.

42 (1). Casus [et Notabilia] Decretorum Bartho. Brixien [Bartholomæi Brixienensis]. 208 ff., a—z. A—M; title but no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 48 lines.

42 (2). Casus longi sexti (decretalium) et clementinarum (a dño helya Regnier).

154 ff. without pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 50 lines. Dated 1488. Hain says printed at Strasburg. Though there are slight differences in the the founts of type used in 42 (1) and 42 (2), I have no hesitation in saying they are both by the same printer, and both of Strasburg.

99. Vocabularius breuiloquus cū arte diphongandi punctandi, et accentuandi.

362 ff., A, a—z, A—Y; one sig. R, is missing and its place filled up with blank leaves. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 31 lines. Argentine, 1496. Gothic, folio. This book is from the same press as 42 (1) and 42 (2). Compare Nos. 27 and 68.

78 (1). "Ego frater guillelmus [Guilielmus Brito] sacre theologie professor. . . . Sacror; evangelior; ac epistolar; de tpe &c. &c. expositiones in vnū colligere volumē . . . necessarium fore iudicauī."

176 ff. without pag., signatures, catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 42 to a full page of commentary.

78 (2). Colophon: "Reuerendissimi cardinalis: tituli sancti sexti domini Johannis d. Turrecremata: expositio breuis et vtilis super toto psalterio." [Joannes Hispanus de Turrecremata].

124 ff. without pag., signatures, catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 42 lines.

Argentine, 1482. Gothic, folio.

78 (1), 78 (2) are by the same printer and probably of the same date. They are bound in one volume.

23 (b). Concordantiæ maiores Sacre Bibliæ.
408 ff., a—z, A—Z, aa—gg, AA—OO; DD has one leaf missing. Triple cols. of 88 lines. No pagination. Argentorati excvdebat Joannes Cnoblochus, 1526. Roman, folio.

Books printed at Cologne—

46. Frater Franciscus de Platea de Restitutione, de usura et de Excommunicatione.

Begins "Incipit tabula restitutionum," 174 ff. without pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 40 to a page. Coloniae per me Johaſtem Colhoff 1474. Gothic, folio.

Koelhoff began to print in 1470 and is one of the earliest printers of Cologne. He is supposed to have introduced signatures in 1472. The above is a perfect copy of a rare work.

47 (1). Summaria et Conclusiones Sexti per Joannem Koelner de Vanckel Collecta.

"Sūmarium textuale & conclusiones super sextum." 256 ff., a—z, A—I; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 42 and 43 lines.

Coloniae 1465. Gothic, folio.

The date 1465 is plainly a mistake, and most probably should be 1485, as the British Museum Catalogue suggests. Besides that Koelhoff is not known to have printed before 1470, the look is identical in type and make up with 47 (3), the 'Sūmarium textuale,' which is usually bound up with it and was printed in 1484.

47 (3). Sūmarium textuale et Conclusiones super Clementinas. To this is added Sūmaria et effect; extravaganſiū Johis XXII.

108 ff., a—o; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 43 and 44 lines. [Coloniae], per Johem Koelhoff de Lubec, 1484. Gothic, folio.

79. Libri et tractatus sequentes Sancti Bonaveature in hoc volumine continentur. Breviloquiū, Centiloquiū, &c.

Fols. numbered I—CCCXXXII (some incorrectly). One treatise, "De paupertate Christi" is without foliation and is CCXVII in the contents. No printed initials; double cols. of 45 lines. p. me Johanne Coelhoff de Iubeck Colonie ciuem 1486. Gothic, folio.

69 (1). Questiones prelude octo librōrū phisicorum Aristotelis edite a Ven. Dom. Johanne Versoris."

122 ff., a—s (a leaf wanting); no pag., or catchwords; double cols. of 44 and 51 lines. Colonie per Henricum Quentell, 1489. Gothic, folio.

69 (2). Questiones acutissime &c., domini Antonij Andree supi duodecim libros methaphisice, &c.

49 ff. (imperfect); Title without foliation then Fo. 1—Fo. XXXXVIII. no catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 51 lines. The book should have 90 ff., and was printed by Quentell at Cologne. Ant. Andrea was called Dalciffius. 2nd Edition.

107 (2). Cōposita verborum Joannis sinthen.

32 ff., A—E; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines. A woodcut frontispiece. Colonie per Henricum Quentell, 1496. Gothic, 4to.

For another edition v. 106 (2).

121 (4). Expositio misteriorum misse et verus modus rite celebrandi (a fratre Gullielmo de Gouda, O.M.)

18 ff., a—c; no printed initials, long lines. Colonie p. Henricum Quentell [1499]. Gothic, 4to.

123 (5). L. A. Seneca Libellus de quattuor virtutibus cardinalibus cum familiari explanatione.

22 ff., a—d; no pag., or catchwords; long lines, 40 to a page. Colonie per Henricum Quentell 1499. Roman, 4to.

126 (11). Alanus (de Insulis) Metricus in parabolis cum optima expositione.

24 ff., A—D; no pag., or catchwords. Colonie, in officina (felicitis memorie) Hērici Quentell, 1502. Gothic, 4to.



"ERASMI ROTERODAMI EFFIGIES A NOBILISSIMO HUIUS TEMPORIS PICTORE IOANNE HOLBEINIO COLORIBUS AD ETIUM BENE FOLLICITER EXPRESSA." (FROM MÜNSTER'S COSMOGRAPHIA)

126 (12). *Opus Aureum Musice castigatissimū.*
40 ff., A—H. No pagination. Diagrams and music.
Colonia, in officina . . . liberor: pie memorie Henrici
Quentell, 1508. Gothic, 4to.

124 (3). *Ars loquēdi et tacendi* [ab Albertano Causidico]. 11 ff., A and B; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines. Colonia, 1497. Gothic, 4to.

125 (2). *Vita christi edita a sancto Bonaventura.*

54 ff., a—i; incorrect foliation; no printed initials; double cols. of 43 lines. The British Museum Catalogue says [Cologne? 1492?]. Gothic 4to.

Books printed at Mentz:—

98. *Libri de triplici regione claustralium et spirituali exercicio monachorum &c.* [By Johannes Abbas Bursfield, Joh. Tritemio emendante opusculum]. Also Incipit spiritualis exercicii compendium. Joannes tritemius.

98 ff., A—N; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines. Per Petrū Fridbergensem in nobili vrbe Maguntina, 1498. Ed. princeps.

88. *Sermones aurei De sanctis leonardi de Utino* [Leonardi Matthaei de Utino].

Begins "Sermones aurei de sanctis fratris Leonardi &c. 358 printed ff.; no pag., sigs., catchwords, or printed initials. The full stop only used in punctuation. Long lines, 41 to a full page. Colophon: Expliciunt sermones . . . Ad instantiū & complacentiū magnifice comunitatis Utinensis ac nobiliū viror: eiusdē. MCCCXLI &c. Gothic, folio. 360 ff. (Hain).

"Edition fameuse dans la Republique des lettres, et célèbre par les disputes littéraires que la date de son impression a fait naître: cette date est actuellement reconnue pour être fautive, mais on n'est pas encore d'accord sur l'année dans laquelle ce volume a pu paraître." (De Bure, *Bib. Inst.* 512). There can, however, be no dispute that the date 1446 is not a false one, but the true date of the *compilation* of the book,—not of course, the

date of the printing of it. Koberger's edition of 1478 (no. 3 of our Catalogue) has the same colophon with the date of compilation 1446 and the date also of printing. Hain says of this book (Moguntia c. 1474).

Books printed at Spire:—

56. *Vocabularius Juris utriusque.*

Begins "Incipit Vocabularius &c. 232 ff., a—z, A—E; No pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 40 to a full page. "In ciuitate Spirensi per Petrum Drach." 1477. Gothic, folio.

Peter Drach is famous in the *Annals of Printing* for having introduced the art into Spire, A.D. 1471. (Timperley)

74. *Aurei sermones totius anni de tpe et de sanctis cū quadragesimali, pluribusq; extrauagātib; sermonib; &c Johannis Nider ordinis pdicatorū. In celebri Spirensium Vrbe. . factore Petro Trach (Drach), 1479. 268 ff.; no title, pag., sigs., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 44 lines; printer's device. Gothic, folio.*

The first dated edition.

81. *Pauli Diaconi Collectio Omeliarum.*

Begins "Incipit prologus Karoli Magni in omeliarū per totum annū &c" 396 ff.; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 48 lines. factore Petro Drach iuniore. Printer's device, in inclita Spirensium vrbe, 1482. Gothic, folio.

This Edition is very scarce (Du Pin, vol 2. p. 43) yet is not the first, for De Bure (Cat. de la Val. 195) mentions another printed by Conrad de Homborch at Cologne c. 1475 (c. 1480?). Mabillon has reprinted Charlemagne's prologue (in which he declares the book to have been compiled by his authority) on account of its scarceness (note in old catalogue). Ours is the first dated edition.

Books printed at Hagenu:—

80. [Bernardini de Busti de Mediolano, O. M.] "Rosarium Sermonum predicabilium ad faciliorem predicantium comoditatem nouissime cōpilatum &c."

Pars prima: 26 ff. of Tabula; Fo I—Fo CCXXIII and one blank leaf. *Pars secunda:* 15 ff; then Fo I—Fo CCG LIII (an error in foliation at CXXLI). No printed initials, double cols. of 58 lines. Colophon "characterib; Venetis, in impiāli oppido Hagenuaw." "expēsis sūptibusq; puidi Johānis Rynman; per industriū Henricū Gran 1500." Gothic, folio.

Heinrich Gran is distinguished for having introduced printing into Hagenuaw, A.D. 1489.

102 (1). *Sermones Gabrielis Biel Spirensis de festiuitatibus gloriose virginis marie.*

2 ff.; then Fo CCXCVII—Fo CCLXLI. *Sermones de Sanctis:* 7 ff.; then Fo CCLLXX—Fo CCCCLXVII and a blank leaf.

No printed initials or catchwords; double cols. of 51 lines. Hagenuaw, in officina Henrici Gran., 1510. Gothic, 4to.

102 (2). *Passiōis dominice sermo historialis . . . Gabrielis biel &c.*

55 ff., A—G. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 49-51 lines.

"In impiāli opido hagenuaw impssus;" Gothic, 4to.

J. C. A.

What the Plague in India Means.

It will not be out of place, even at this hour of the day, to say a word about the plague in India. The second year is well advanced since the scourge made its first appearance in Bombay. But its victims are now more numerous than ever.

The fact of its having been so long raging in three of the chief cities of India, viz., Bombay, Poona, Karachi, would

seem to show either that something is wrong, or that it has not been met with the prompt measures to stamp it out which in similar past visitations have been successful. I have walked down the streets of our great Indian cities wondering how the masses of people could possibly escape the ravage of the cholera, much less escape the present plague. The mud huts consisting of but one room, occupied often by eight to thirteen persons, offer every facility to the cultivation of disease. And the way the huts are allowed to be heaped one upon another, in such narrow spaces, is appalling: Sanitation can do very little in low, densely-populated localities.

Here I think that, by authority, rows of such huts as I have seen in the so-called streets of the cities I have named should long ago have been swept away. I believe such means of fighting the plague were once decided upon, but unfortunately the powers that be did not enforce the decision as they might have done.

Another chief reason why efforts against the plague seem to fail is the intense opposition the natives make to the efforts of the search parties. Searching for stricken people must, perforce, be very delicate work, and, up to the present, the way it has been carried out by the regular troops deserves well-merited recognition. Their efforts have been condemned as doing more harm than good; they have had disgraceful charges made against them which on investigation have proved groundless, and they have been attacked, wounded and killed in doing a noble duty.

The natives obstinately refuse to give up their dead, or to afford the slightest information as to whether the disease has made its appearance in their households or not. Search parties have been organized to go from house to house, in which duty they meet with all sorts of opposition. I have known cases where dead bodies have actually been lying in their mud huts, covered up to avoid obser-

vation, and still the people have denied having sickness in their hovel. The European must not touch their dead; it violates caste and wounds religious susceptibility. This fact explains how the natives so unblushingly accuse the search parties of adopting unnecessary means to stay the fell disease.

An old saying in India is that the rule of the raj (British) must cease. This was foretold one hundred years ago by one of their fakirs. The hundred years has gone but the British are still there. The people of Bombay accept the plague as a warning to them. The words of the prophet have not come to pass, and the plague has been sent to them as a punishment for not throwing off the British yoke.

Science has failed to discover the plague germ. Medical authorities shake their heads when they come into contact with its victims.

The fact that expert authority is baffled seems very strange when the disease is apparently confined to the natives themselves. I knew of only two cases of English people suffering from the plague up to within a month or two ago. Certainly there was nothing to strike terror in the European communities. How is it, I ask, if the European can escape that the native cannot? If the beautifully regulated cantonments provide a safeguard against attack, then it is obvious the squalid, unkempt quarters of the natives must have a lot to do with keeping the plague amongst them. Sooner or later the truth will come to light. But I think that the two simple obstacles to healthiness which I have noticed, have much, if not everything to do with our failure in coping with the plague.

E. A. C.

College Diary.

DURING the Christmas holidays we heard with deep regret of the resignation of Fr. Prior, the Rev. T. A. Burge. Failing health had necessitated his taking a complete rest from his onerous duties. We wish to take this opportunity to thank him for his kind attention to us all during his long and successful term of office, and to express our sincerest wish that ere long we may hear that he has completely recovered the health he so unselfishly sacrificed in working for the good of others.

The weather during the Christmas vacation was singularly mild and free from frost, though those who spent their holidays at the College enjoyed two days skating, on New Year's day and the day following.

The Junior Boys, got up a play among themselves entitled 'Peter the Great' which they acted before the Religious and others who were spending Christmas at Ampleforth.

Jan. 18. The Boys returned. We noticed many changes among the officials. The Very Rev. J. O. Smith occupied the position of Prior. Fr. Anselm Wilson again changed places with Fr. P. Corlett—Fr. Corlett returning to Seel Street, Fr. Wilson coming here as Sub-Prior. Another important change was the establishment of the Rectorship, Fr. W. Darby, who also acts as Procurator, taking the post. Fr. Aidan Crow left us for the mission at St. Alban's, Warrington. Fr. Anselm Turner was appointed Prefect of Discipline in place of Fr. Clement, who had held that burdensome office for eleven years. The following boys had left: E. Hayes, J. Begg, B. Stanley and W. Murphy: The new faces this term are those of J. Calder Smith, Philippine Islands; V. Richards, London; J. Birmingham, Leek; and H. Shakeshaft.

Jan. 19. The usual holiday. Unpacking and games of football.

Jan. 20. Fr. Prior introduced himself to the School and gave the students recreation. Fr. Edmund with his Oxford community returned to Oxford for the Hilary Term.

Jan. 21. Studies commenced.

Jan. 22. Fr. Romuald Riley paid us a visit.

Jan. 23. Fr. Anselm began his duties as Prefect.

Jan. 25. Holiday in honour of the retirement of the late officials, Fr. P. Corlett, Fr. Clement and Fr. Aidan. A paperchase was organized by the small boys and thoroughly enjoyed. There was lunch in the evening to drink the healths of the retiring officials. Many speeches enlivened the proceedings.

Jan. 27. Fr. P. Corlett left for Seel Street.

Jan. 28. Fr. A. Wilson returned to take up his duties as Sub-Prior.

Jan. 29. Fr. Aidan Crow left for St. Alban's, Warrington.

Feb. 2. Recreation in honour of the new Prior. Voting for Captain took place which resulted in the election of E. G. Maynard who chose the following for his Government:—

Secretary	- - -	Hon. E. Stourton
Librarian of Upper Library	- - -	J. Rochford
Officemen	- - -	F. Yorke
		J. Murphy
Commonmen	- - -	A. Hayes
		V. Nevill
Recorder	- - -	G. Fishwick
Gasmen	- - -	W. Foster
		V. O'Connor
Collegemen	- - -	A. Rigby
		J. Pike
		P. Coonan
Clothesman	- - -	C. Quinn
Librarian of Lower Library	- - -	C. Martin
Vigilarii	" " "	E. Hill
		E. Weighill
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	- - -	W. Foote
Vigilarius	" " "	J. Nevill
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	- - -	D. Field
		J. Walsh
Captains of Football Sets		
1st set	- - -	R. Connor
		E. Maynard
2nd set	- - -	J. MacCann
		V. Gosling
3rd set	- - -	A. Kinman
		G. McDermott
4th set	- - -	H. de Normanville
		C. Primavesi

Feb. 3. Month-day. In the morning the boys went out for a squirrel hunt. Rain spoiled the amusements of the afternoon.

Feb. 6. Mr. de Normanville paid a visit.

Feb. 10. Feast of St. Scholastica. A meeting was held in the Lower Library with Fr. Anselm Turner in the chair. Fr. Bede proposed the organization of class Tournaments between the Humanities, the Upper Syntax and the Lower Syntax in all outdoor games. Fr. Bede thought such a competition would infuse more spirit and enthusiasm into the games in that part of the School, and that, consequently, the Students would become more efficient. A Tournament was accordingly arranged, Fr. Bede kindly consenting to act as President. The Hon. E. Stourton was chosen Vice-President and a committee was formed, consisting of two members from each of the aforesaid classes, presided over by the President, or in his absence by the Vice-President. A Subscription list was opened in order to be able to give the victorious class in the Tournament a handsome prize.

Feb. 11. Br. Maurus Powell was appointed third prefect instead of Br. Basil Primavesi.

Feb. 12. A walk in the morning. Fr. A. Wilson went to Oxford where he read a paper, at the Newman Society, on "Hebrew Poets and Poetry." Mr. J. Raby paid us a visit.

Feb. 14. Another morning walk. Mr. Ernest Calvert came as a lay-master.

Feb. 19. Mr. E. Dawes came to spend Shrove-tide with us.

Feb. 21. Shrove Monday. Game of football in the morning. Walk in the afternoon.

Feb. 22. Shrove Tuesday. The programme of yesterday repeated.

Feb. 28. Fr. Prior's Feast. Holiday. In the afternoon a football tournament was organized of four sides chosen out of the first three sets. Yorke's side fell a victim to E. Stourton's and R. Dawson's beat that captained by R. Connor. In the final E. Stourton's side was victorious. There was Punch in the evening.

March. 1. Feast of St. Chad. The month-day was anticipated, and the Religions, the Choir, and the Upper Library went to Kirby. The Prior sang Mass in the newly erected church which is dedicated to St. Chad. In the afternoon a pilgrimage was made by the Religions to the monastic church of St. Chad at Lavingham.

March. 3. W. Forster returned after his Christmas vacation.

March. 5. The Humanities met the Upper Syntax in a Tournament match. A one-sided game ended in a victory for the Humanities by eight goals to nil. Owing to some informality in the proceedings, the committee ordered the game to be replayed.

March. 6. Owing to the ravages small-pox was making in the neighbourhood, as a measure of precaution, the whole school was vaccinated.

March. 7. Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas.

March 8. Fr. Leo Almond came to stay for a short time to recuperate his health.

March 10. No games were practicable on account of the effects of vaccination.

March 12. St. Gregory the Great. The usual Holiday. High Mass was sung by Fr. Prior. In the afternoon two sets played football.

March 13. A presentation of some books and holy oil cases was made by the Captain, E. G. Maynard, to Fr. Clement, our late Prefect, on behalf of the school.

All who have known Fr. Clement as Prefect for so many years will realize the very great interest he took in the welfare of the boys and will join with us in thanking Fr. Clement now for his kindness and labours on our behalf. We offer him our sincerest wishes and every success and happiness in his future career.

March 14. Fr. Goldie, S.I., visited us in the interest of *Saxen's Institute*. On the following evening he delivered an instructive discourse, in the study, in their behalf. Fr. Anselm Wilson the Sub-Prior proposed a vote of thanks to Fr. Goldie, which was heartily accorded.

March 16. Polling for the Parish Council of Ampleforth. Mr. Perry was re-elected.

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. A half-day's play was given in honour of the Irish Apostle.

March 19. St. Joseph's. High Mass was sung by Fr. Leo Almond. Recreation was given in the morning. There was a Tournament match between the Upper and Lower Syntax. A finely-contested game resulted in a somewhat unexpected victory for the latter by three goals to one. Mr. Calder-Smith and Mr. Perry paid us a visit. Fr. Edmund and party returned from Oxford to spend their Easter Vacation with us.

March 20. Laetare Sunday. Racquet came in, and the Rounders Season commenced. At 3 p.m. the students enjoyed the traditional coffee and buns.

March 21. Feast of St. Benedict. High Mass. Games of Rounders in the afternoon. Punch, graced by music vocal and instrumental, and a few speeches, brought a pleasant day to an end.

March 25. Feast of the Annunciation.

March 27. Congratulations to Brs. Benedict, Elphege, Theodore, and Maurus on the occasion of their solemn profession.

March 29. Tournament match between the Humanities and Lower Syntax. A well deserved victory was gained by the Humanities by three goals to one.

March 31. Month-day. The Tournament match between the Humanities and the Upper Syntax resulted in a win for the latter by one goal to nil. In the afternoon a Rounders game was played.—Religious 2, Boys—in which the former was easily victorious.

April 1. Practice for the Athletic Sports commenced.

April 2. Practice for sports was the order of the afternoon. Mr. de Normandie and Mr. Bernard Smith paid us a visit.

April 3. A Tournament match between the Humanities and the Lower Syntax at Rounders. The latter, mainly owing to F. Neal's superb fielding and brilliant hitting, gained a fine victory. In the afternoon games of football were played.

Owing to the prevalence of Smallpox and Measles in the immediate vicinity, all our football matches up to Easter were scratched. We still have the Old Amplefordians and Kirby to play; for which encounters we wish our eleven every success.

Debates.

Feb. 6. The Captain called a meeting of the School in the Upper Library to thank his companions for electing him, and to introduce his Government. Br. Basil in the absence of the 2nd Prefect took the chair.

March 13. A meeting of the School was called to discuss the

"Commonman's Bill," introduced by the Government to provide for the establishment of a second Commonman." E. G. Maynard spoke at some length on the advantages to be derived from the measure. R. O'Connor on behalf of the opposition opposed. E. Stourton ably supported his Captain, while R. Dawson brought in an amendment which was rejected. Voting on the Bill resulted in a large majority for the Government.

Literary Debates.

Jan 20. Frs. Prior and Sub-Prior came to the Upper Library and proposed the formation of the Upper Library boys, of a Literary Debating Society. The Students were unanimous in their acceptance of the proposal. Accordingly, on Feb. 3rd, Fr. Sub-Prior founded the Society and kindly consented to act as President. Fr. Anselm Turner was elected Vice-President and F. Yorke Hon. Secretary. Rules for the Society were then drawn up and many members promised to read papers.

Feb. 9. The first meeting of the Literary Debating Society was held. The President, Fr. Anselm Wilson, was in the chair. The Hon. President then read a most interesting and able paper on *Reading*. It was unfinished when the house adjourned, and was concluded on Feb. 16th. R. Connor opened the discussion on the paper, asking what was the best manner in which we could profit by the reading of such a writer as de Quincey. The Hon. E. Stourton replied to R. Connor, and a vote of thanks to the President brought the meeting to a close.

Feb. 24. Meeting of the Literary Debating Society. Fr. Sub-Prior took the chair supported by many Religious, among whom were Frs. Austin, Cuthbert, Bode, Brs. Benedict and Oswald, and Mr. Calvert. The Hon. E. Stourton delivered a careful and well prepared paper on *The Origin and Growth of our Indian Empire*, asking the House "whether India had been an advantage to Great Britain as a Colony." After some debate Mr. Calvert rose and gave us his eight years experience of India, concluding by stating it was his firm conviction that the possession of India was an undoubted advantage. Further discussion on the question was adjourned.

Feb. 29. The House assembled to further consider the question. R. Connor and F. Yorke re-opened the Debate in a spirited fashion. It was successfully carried on by Fr. Anselm (Vice-President), R. Dawson, Mr. Calvert and others. After the Hon. President had summed up, a division was taken with the result that, with only one dissentient, Indis was decided to be an advantage to Great Britain.

March 3. Third meeting of the Society. Fr. Sub-Prior took the chair. The meeting was graced by the presence of Fr. Prior and a number of the community. R. Connor read a paper on *Poetry*, which was found very interesting and showed careful preparation. The Lecturer met with little criticism. Fr. Prior opened a discussion on the true Definition of Art. Fr. Anselm, Fr. Bede, and Br. Benedict made critical remarks.

March 10. At the fourth meeting of the Society, the President being in the chair, the Hon Secretary, J. Yorke, delivered a lecture on *Colonisation*, observing that the Roman method was the best of that of any country. E. Stourton and R. Dawson thought the Grecian method better. The President made a few able remarks and adjourned the meeting. On Sunday, March 20th, the Vice-President, Fr. Anselm, in the absence of the Sub-Prior, took the chair. V. Nevill re-opened the discussion upholding the British method of Colonization. Br. Benedict in a neat speech favoured the Roman method. Many members carried on the Debate and, on a division being taken, those who favoured the lecturer's opinion were in a decided minority.

March 23. The Vice-President took the chair. R. Dawson delivered a lecture on *Government, its Objects and Classes*. His paper was interesting and instructive. The chairman said the ideal government was that of a perfect Monarchy. Many members carried on the discussion including S. Parker, W. Byrne, R. Connor, F. Yorke, and V. Nevill. The meeting was adjourned. On March 27th the further discussion of R. Dawson's subject was resumed. R. Connor re-commenced the debate which was carried on in an animated manner by Fr. Edmund, Fr. Anselm and others. On a division being taken, a limited Monarchy was upheld by a comfortable majority as the best form of Government.

April 3. The last meeting of the Society for the term was held. J. McCann read a most interesting paper on *Secret Societies*. His Paper showed considerable knowledge and research. Fr. Anselm

(the Vice-President) in thanking the Lecturer invited discussion. W. Byrne addressed the House on the subject of Nihilism and a vote of thanks to the chairman brought the meeting and a most successful session to a close.

W. BYRNE.
R. CONNOR.

Notes.

To write of the resignation of Fr. Prior Burge, which was made as soon as Christmas was over, is a matter of difficulty to us. It is not the difficulty that is usually felt under such circumstances,—the difficulty of reconciling our warm expressions of the regret we feel in losing one under whom we have lived so long with the sincerity of our welcome to the new Superior. The element of party triumph, which is usually associated with changes of government, has been altogether absent in the change that has taken place. It has been simply a brother relieving a brother of the burden which failing health has made impossible to him. With us, therefore, there has been and could be no division of sympathies in the matter; there is no question here of more to the one and less to the other. Our regrets and our welcomes are expressions of the same feeling, and being full and sincere in the one case are necessarily full and sincere in the other.

The difficulty we do experience is that of expressing feelings we are accustomed to conceal. We are not over much given to praising each other or thanking each other. In Community life we come to know each other so well that we take one another for granted. We do not need to put our sentiments into words; they can be read unwritten. A foreign prelate once said: "you English monks have no gratitude." Certainly, we do not say much about it; and the more strongly we feel, the less we are likely to speak of it. To Fr. Burge the Journal owes, practically, its existence. And yet we simply content ourselves with saying "Thanks and thanks and ever thanks." More we could say, and perhaps should say, if we

were other than we are. But we will leave the word unqualified, since it is written with all the sincerity of which we are capable.

To Fr. Oswald Smith, the new Prior, we say in the same spirit and with equal sincerity the one word, "Welcome."

The Catholic papers were strongly eulogistic of Fr. Burge in taking notice of his retirement. Their testimony to his worth and the value of his work will be interesting to his many friends. The *Monitor* of January 7th, writes:—

"All, and their name is legion, who are interested in Ampleforth College will learn with the keenest regret that Father Anselm Burge, who has so long presided over it, has, for reasons of health, been obliged to resign the post of Prior, which he has held for thirteen years, having in 1885 succeeded Father (now Canon) Basil Hurworth in that important charge. Among all the Priors, from the first Prior of the new St. Lawrence's, Father Anselm Bolton, downwards, none has contributed more largely to the successful progress and development of the mother-house of a large section of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation than Father Burge. As head of the monastic family and rector of the College, he fulfilled a dual function. The family life is the very essence of the Benedictine system. There is a homeliness and fraternisation, a bond of union in the Benedictine *familia* which is the realized ideal of monasticism. Father Burge has been a typical prior, and has left an indelible mark on the annals of Ampleforth. His work is writ large even in its material growth, as the magnificent new monastery,—an architectural thing of beauty which will be a joy for ever—conspicuously attests; while he has had no inconsiderable share in those educational developments which have secured for it such a high position among our Catholic Colleges. During his term of office the jurisdiction over the monks on the mission has been transferred to the monasteries from whence they are supplied. According to this arrangement, Ampleforth has become the centre of a large group of missions entailing larger responsibilities upon the Prior of St. Lawrence's who is over them all. Under his priorship also Ampleforth has fallen into line with other Colleges in having a Hall at Oxford, where last October a beginning was made of a University Residence for Benedictine clerics, the little band meeting with the greatest

kindness on all sides, and not the least from the hands of Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., who, during the critical negotiations with the University authorities, rendered the "greatest service by his advice and influence."

The following extract is from the *Catholic Times* of the same date:—

"No higher compliment can be paid to Prior Burge than to say what can be said with perfect accuracy—that he has discharged it in a manner worthy of the Order to which he belongs. It is an Order with ancient and noble traditions, nowhere more attractive than in this land of England. Culture especially is, as it were, a distinct heritage of its members, and for this as for the humanities of life which it inspires Prior Burge has always been conspicuous. His learning is many-sided and has been productive of the best fruit, not only in the great educational institution over which he has so long and so successfully presided, but has both in permanent and fugitive publications worthily helped to sustain the reputation of the English Benedictines for erudition. Though a capable successor will be appointed, Ampleforth will miss Prior Burge. But there will also be gains—a gain to literature in the increased opportunities he will enjoy for application to it, and, we sincerely hope, a gain to his health through the release from onerous and trying duties."

The Definitory which was voted by the "familia" to elect the new Prior met at Malvern. Fr. President O'Gorman presided over the meeting. The members of the Definitory were—The Very Rev. Fathers T. A. Burge, W. B. Prest, P. M. Anderson, J. O. Smith, and the Rev. Fathers A. P. Wilson, M. W. Brown, J. J. Brown, J. P. Whittle, F. W. Samner, J. C. Almond, R. P. Corlett, and J. W. Darby. Fr. Riley gave the Fathers the warmest welcome.

Fr. Burge is now at the mission of Petersfield, in Hants, succeeding to Fr. Cummins, who has been raised to the rectorship of St. Anne's, Liverpool. Fr. Feeney is now at Wroxham in Lincolnshire, our late Sub-Prior, Fr. Corlett, at St. Peter's, Liverpool and Fr. A. Crow at Bewsey Street, Warrington.

"The old order changeth giving place to new." It is no duty of

(Dewhurst) of the "Necrology." One would like to know more about him as he was evidently a saintly monk, from the chronicler's record, endowed with that glowing wisdom and quiet gravity that has been so marked in this congregation from Fr. Baker to Archbishop Wathams.

I give the following notes of the English Benedictine confessors of Syon, kindly forwarded by Father Gilbert Dolan: 1714-1718, Dom Augustinus Sajnardi; 1718-1725, D. Bernard Quynoe (Quynoe), (Dewhurst); 1725, D. Benedictus Sabinus of St. Edmund's, (Paris); 1725-1728, D. Peter Wilcocks (Dewhurst); 1734-1741, D. Joseph Carrett (Dewhurst); William Huddleston of Sarum Hall, Cambridgeshire, a poor apostate, in his recantation 1729, says that he had been Confessor-lect of Syon house.

Mr. Edmund Bishop writes me concerning Father Quynoe: "From the name he may have been a Portuguese. I have found it in an English connexion in only one case: a Mr. Quynoe was acting as a sort of house-keeper at the Bell-tree house in Bath, in the first half of the eighteenth century."

Fr. Alanson records a few facts of Fr. Quynoe's life. He was professed at Denedon some time after the Chapter of 1693. He was stationed at Kiddington in 1701, appears to have been stationed at Kiddington in Oxfordshire, in 1703, and was moved to Bath in 1711. Two years later, he repaired or rebuilt the Bell Tree House with the help of a public subscription. He was made Procurator of the Province in 1713, and in the following year went as confessor to the Brittainie Nuns at Lisbon. Whilst residing there he was malign'd, and was maliciously accused of having been interdicted from discharging any public office in the Congregation during his. These calumnies were under consideration at the General Chapter of 1721, and the Fathers sent a public Instrument bearing testimony to his virtue and innocence to the Abbess. At the suggestion of President Southcot, the Chapter also elected him a Prelector General. On the death of Fr. Joseph Welch, in 1727, he was elected Vicar of Cambray when he resigned his office as Secretary to the President. He was elected a demitor of the Regiment in 1729, and died at Cambray, September 1st, 1731.

To this account from Fr. Alanson we are able to add another

ours to comment upon the re-distribution of offices which a change of government necessitates. In such a matter we are merely chroniclers, loyal both to the past and to the present,—a bell ringing out the old and ringing in the new, with no aim but to ring true, and being appointed Rector of the College, retaining the Prior of a part of his onerous duties and in at the same time, acting Celler-arius; Fr. Anselm Turner has taken over the Presidency of discipline, and Fr. Austin Hind the Presidency of studies; the second and third Prelects are respectively Fr. Bernard Hayes and Fr. Maurus Powell. Dr. Oswald Shadbuck undertakes the duties of Assistant Procurator.

Consequent on the above changes in the administration of the House are fresh appointments to the little missions that surround the College. Brandy is served by Fr. Austin Hind; the home mission is under the charge of Fr. Sub-prior Fr. Culbert Jackson; Fr. Acted Clarke ministers to the little flock at Hemsley.

Mr. Ferrers Bateman has reason to be proud of the little church he has built in the latter town. It is admirably kept and its patron is determined to make it as attractive as possible. We understand that he is about to erect in it the Stations of the Cross.

Fr. Adam Hamilton has sent me the following note, which he has introduced into his *Chapters from the Chronicles of Syon*, in consequence of some remarks in the last issue of the Journal.

"I must here correct an error into which I have fallen in a preceding chapter. The name of the English Benedictine Father who was Father Sajnard's companion as Chaplain to the Lisbon community was given by the official chronicler as Quynoe. I found in the MS. the name corrected in the margin, in a handwriting that looked a century old, into "Congers." This I adopted as a more likely name, and then, wrongly, identified him with the Father Congers mentioned in Abbot Snow's *Necrology*. The *Amplified Journal* very justly and courteously pointed out that any theory would have made him a centurion. There occurs an unusual variety in old records about the spelling of his name. In addition to Congers and Quynoe, Fr. Gilbert gives it as Quynoe, and Mr. Edmund Bishop kindly writes me that he is no other than Father Quynoe

to his Lordship Bishop Hedley, who has been staunch to us from the beginning.

Our frontispiece, an etching of Hyland Abbey, will need no explanation or apology to the friends of Amphipolus. The solitary grey pinnacle, shaped like a blunt pencil, which can be seen above the trees from almost every point of the valley; the long nave showing above the newer ground like the half-buried bones of a skeleton; the turf-covered mounds that mark the crumbled walls of the old monastery; the heavy overhanging masses of the bay, whose thick tools are huddled tightly to smooth-squared stones; the "intricate" brook, which flowed within the walls,—type of monastic seclusion, undisturbed by storm or flood, clear as crystal even when the more worldly Holbeck exultates the yellow waters of "the troubled Ther, chiding with her shores;"—Hyland in the beauty of its decay, has stood and doubtless will stand, with Laurentians, as the ideal of the painterque, sacred to the pencil of the artist and the meditation of the poet. The pick and the hammer are now busy in the ruins, but they are wielded with reverential hands, and are used to save and not to destroy. Sir George Wombwell is doing a good work there in supporting and binding together the tottering masonry.

The two woodcut portraits of Erasmus were both made and published in his lifetime. We have never seen any reprints of them and they are little, if at all, inferior to the well-known medallion which had been by 'the most noble painter of the age, John Holbein,' we think Kneassler would have been proud to tell us of it. All that it is worthy of Holbein. The engraving of book is in Latetberger's style; the woodcuter copying the pen-drawing on the preceding series.

Minister addresses a short letter to the reader (Sebastianus

authoritative spelling of the name, and the fact that the year of his nuptials was 1694. In the list of members of the Confraternity of the Rosary at Dronowand we find the name "Dr. Bernard Coyne, Novitius Choralis, Feyerle et ad. 1694." This curious list begins with the name "P. Bunclicus a wto Joanne" (D'Organ) on the 10th of May, 1619, and ends in October, 1726. The entries are mostly autograph signatures, but it is doubtful if Dr. Bernard Coyne's name is in his own handwriting. In the year 1665, "Mr. Marko Coyne" signs his name, and in the year 1641 we find Master Francis de Coyne. No safe conclusion can be drawn from these signatures, but one is inclined to suspect that the three individuals were members of the same family. There are several instances in the same list of members of the same family using different spellings for their surname. Is it possible that the name is one now written Cogniot or Cognit, and was that of some French family connected with Dronowand like D'Organ and Feyerle?

We are proud to have two jobshirts in full work on the mission. Fr. Anderson still finds himself equal to the Rectoryship of St. Peter's, Beel Street, and is able to take his full share in the arduous routine of a Liverpool Church, and Fr. O'Brien is still the energetic pastor of Grimsdale. To both, and more especially to the latter, we owe our best thanks for their constant attachment and beneficence to their Alma Mater.

A handsome testimonial was presented to Fr. R. Feeney on his departure from St. Anne's, Liverpool. A portion of it he has generously devoted to the proposed choir stalls, one of the last works in which the late Fr. E. Turner was interested. Designs are being prepared for this work by Mr. Bernard Smith.

The reader will be pleased to find the names or signatures of some new writers in the table of contents and will be even better pleased to know that this does not mean any detection among those who have contributed to former numbers of the Journal. We were generally surprised to receive a note from Fr. Collier, S.J., offering on the paper on Fr. Lawrence's Reading "from one whose first article was written for the Amphipolus Magazine (*The Student*) many years ago." Our thanks to all our contributors and especially

Manasterus ad lectorem) concerning the large woodcut. He tells us that Boniface Amerbach, Erasmus' bosom friend, made him a present of the block and that it is from a painting by Holbein. He gives the two engravings of Erasmus in the same book, that those more staidions of him may have the pleasure of seeing him, not only opposite them and full-faced (*adversum et integrum*.) but also one-eyed (*luscum*) and with only the one jaw eminent (*altera duntaxat mala eminentē.*) This is the reason why we also present both portraits to our readers.

The painting from which the wood-block was made is still in existence and quite worthy of the noblest painter of the day. It is now No. 208 in the Louvre. It has been charmingly etched in recent years.

The woodcut title of Abbot Werner's *Liber de forationum* is a good specimen of mediæval book illustration. The aim of the artist is to say something rather than to represent something and, to show his skill, he compresses into his drawing as many facts as he can.

'Our special artist' deserves our best thanks, especially for the full-page drawings of St. Michael's, Belmont.

Work at the New Buildings has progressed favourably during the winter. We certainly hoped to see more done during the time, but our hopes have a way of running on ahead, and need to be pulled up occasionally, for fear we should lose them altogether. There was hardly a day lost until the end of March and then 'churlish winter' paid us a visit, at a time when we were quite unable to accommodate it for more than a day or two. It made things unpleasant whilst it stayed with us. The poor lambs had a bad time of it. And it was piteous rather than pleasant to hear the "smale foutes maken melodie" in the glimpses of cold sunshine between storms of sleet and hail. Even as late as April 8th, the snow was visible upon the hills to the north-west of the College.

At Christmas, we had a performance of the *Merchant of Venice*. It was not presented as a finished production. It was hoped that the play would be perfected later in the year. It would be unfair to criticise what was hardly more than a dress rehearsal. Some of it was very well done.

The singing of the Lenten services was irrefragable. The rendering of Victoria's music on one of the days when the Passion was sung was a triumph. But we should be sorry to see the old traditional 'turba' melodies altogether discarded. They are admirably simple, and powerful because of their simplicity. The orderly intricacy of Victoria's harmonies is beautiful and devotionally beautiful, but it is not very suggestive of a rabble. Its introduction on one of the days, however, was a real pleasure.

The small-pox epidemic at Middlesbrough created a scare even in our remote and peaceful neighbourhood. Three cases found their way into the little village of Nawton between Helmsley and Kirbymoorside. The disease went no further, and perhaps was not likely to spread further, but, for safety's sake, the family, without exception, was required to roll up its sleeves and submit its arm to the executioner. "Arma virumque," or something of the kind, the genial torturer sang. The victims danced to a different tune. In consequence, some football-matches were scratched (not with the lance), and when the day of bad practice came, the members were only able to play 'the tune the old cow did not die on.'

During the last Oxford term Fr. Sub-prior, the Rev. J. A. Wilson, read a lecture on *Hebrew Poets and Poetry* to the Newman Club. It was well received, but raised little discussion, the subject being unfamiliar to the members present. May we take the opportunity of thanking Canon Kennard for the many kindnesses he has shown to the members of our Oxford House?

Four claviers are now in use in the music room. One hears a good deal about excellent results, and improved touch, and the skill some students are beginning to show on the instrument, and thank God! one hears very little else. If some kind genius would invent an instrument for learning the bassoon or the trombone, which would leave the pneumatic action as perfect and the notes as silent as some of the pipes of our organ, it would be a benefit to the public and not less so to the harassed learner. We should have more experts on those useful choral instruments if the student was not condemned to practise in a dark greenhouse, or like a sparrow all alone on the house top.

Don't let us be understood to pronounce the pneumatic action, recently attached to the organ, a failure. It is much improved and may yet be made perfect. So far however, it has proved rather too much for the pneumatic action of the organ blower.

Bradford has presented to the public another Mystery Play, the *Childhood of Christ*. It would be too much to expect, if not altogether an impossibility, that it should have the success, or create the enthusiasm of the Passion Play. But it was marvellously well done. The pictorial effects were admirable, and the little child—an infant—who represented Christ in the finding in the Temple, was a wonder of patient and successful training. Here, however, we touch the point of difference between the two plays. In the Mystery Play the art was more apparent. One could not altogether get rid of the idea of the thoughtful arrangement, the patient repetition, the discipline and drill, the study and ingenuity and labour and cost necessary for the successful performance; in the Passion Play this was, for the most part, forgotten in the touching simplicity of the action. But even in the *Childhood of Christ* the devotional and instructive value of the sacred drama, tendered in "simplicity and duty," was emphasised as strongly as ever.

Monsignor Corbishley, the Vice-President of Ushaw, visited us on his way home from Bradford. Fr. A. Wilson, at his invitation, gave a three day's Retreat to the divines at Ushaw during Holy Week.

A Lenten mission was given at Dowlais, in South Wales by the Rev. Frs. A. Wilson and W. Darby. It was well attended, and in every way completely successful.

Fr. Cummins introduced a successful novelty at St. Anne's, shortly after taking up his residence there. He invited the men of the Congregation to meet him at an 'At Home' in the Presbytery. It was a crowded gathering and a pleasant evening. Such reunions ought to do good.

Surely we are now like Henry V. "well supplied with noble councillors," with Mr. Perry re-installed on the Parish Council, and Fr. W. Darby recently elected on the District Council. It was a close election in either case, through a misunderstanding rather

than a want of good will among the electors. Our sincere congratulations to the both of them.

An excellent work has been done in the reparation and enlargement of the engine-house and wash-house. Part of the old building had become so ruinous as to threaten a serious accident. Bro. Andrew took charge of the work which is now practically finished. The style of the old chapel is retained, and the older generation will still be able to show and explain to younger men how things were, in the days when the Bishop was unable to stand upright at the altar with the mitre on his head. The work is not a mere patching up, for the time, of what is practically worn out, but a sound, permanent and sufficient building, which will serve its purpose for a great many years to come.

Mr. Easton, resident music master, left us at Christmas, and an arrangement has been made under which Mr. Oberhoffer will be able to have complete control and management of the music. We welcome Mr. E. Calvert our new lay-professor, both for his own sake and for that of his brother who is now studying in Rome. Sergeant Garnett is retired and Mr. Calvert takes charge of the Manual drill. We wish our old Sergeant, who has been with us for so long, many pleasant and peaceful years!

The roof of Easingwold church is now in a ruinous condition and Fr. Pearson is engaged in stripping it off and entirely replacing it. The same good and necessary work has recently been done at Brindle by Fr. Wilfrid Brown.

Gas-fitting is still going on in the New Monastery and new gas-brackets have been fixed in the Senior Library. It is expected that a portion of the community will migrate into their new home in about a fortnight.

The Rev. Dr. Kendal of Downside gave the usual Retreat to the boys during the last days of Holy Week.

"Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold" has drawn more than one Laurentian across the seas to the wilds of Klondyke. Good luck to them! Marmaduke Manly has had some experience of life in the North West, but E. Primavesi and J. Carroll are "tender-

feet." We hope the process of hardening will confine itself to the extremities. It is a stern school they are entered in, and its lessons, for good or for evil, sink deep and cannot readily be worn off or cut away.

In common with so many of the Catholic Colleges we have had a visitation of measles. The sickness was brought back by the boys after the Christmas holidays, but, thank God! it was only a mild type and was soon over. The influenza has left us in peace.

We are very pleased to hear that Dr. A. Caley is now settled in practice at Leeds.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Magazines: the *Downton Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Clongowmanian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, and the *St. Bede*, Illinois.

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.

E Eius 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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