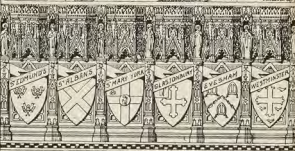


# THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. V.



AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, YORKS.

1900.

## INDEX.

### A.

Abraham, Bishop .. .. .	245
Alfonso (S.) as a Musician .. .. .	109-121
"    "    (illustration) .. .. .	109
Alfred, King .. .. .	1-16
Allen, Ralph .. .. .	40
Alneto, Robert de .. .. .	17
Alton Towers (illustration) .. .. .	132
Amerbach, J. .. .. .	29
Ampleforth Abbey .. .. .	138-147
"    "    (illustrations) .. .. .	1, 22, 26, 30, 32, 35, 74, 98, 256.
Anderson, Percy Masrus, R.L.P. .. .. .	300-308

### B.

Baines, Bishop .. .. .	39-47
Basano, The Duchess of .. .. .	132-134
Bath, St. John's .. .. .	122-123
"    "    (illustrations) .. .. .	122, 125
Bavaria (Louis of) and Lola Montes .. .. .	127-128
Bede (St.) History of the English Church .. .. .	13
Bernard, Bishop .. .. .	241, 242, 245
Bertram, Earl of Shewsbury .. .. .	124
Bible, The Poetry of the .. .. .	43-61
Biblical Exegesis (List of Card. Meignan's works) .. .. .	231
Boethius, Consolations of Philosophy .. .. .	10
Bogaert's (Fr.) on S. Alfonso .. .. .	109
Bolton's (Fr.) House .. .. .	26-28
Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury .. .. .	169
Books, Notices of .. .. .	106-101
"    "    Some Early Printed .. .. .	285-296
Boucard, And. .. .. .	294
Breda, J. de .. .. .	288
"    "    Pieter Van Osde .. .. .	288

Bruce, The Heart of the (poem) .. .. .	192-196
Brue, M. de la .. .. .	156, 159
Bunhill Row Mission .. .. .	244, 245
Byland Abbey, Some notes on .. .. .	17-22
"  " (illustration) .. .. .	19
"  " Battle of, .. .. .	21, 22
"  " Old .. .. .	18

## C

Calder, Monastery of .. .. .	17
Calefactory, Ampleforth, The (illustration)	
Cantata on the Passion of Christ (S. Alfonso)	113, 115
Canticles of S. Alfonso, The .. .. .	115, 116
Caradoc (St.) .. .. .	245
Church Music, S. Alfonso and .. .. .	118, 120
Cloister, Ampleforth, The (illustration) ..	24
Cocus, Simon .. .. .	290
Colinous, Simon .. .. .	296
College Diary, The .. .. .	87-97; 202-206; 316-321
Cologne Minster, The Building of .. .. .	33-37
Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury .. ..	173
Cramer, " " " " .. .. .	169
Crispin, J. " " " " .. .. .	295
Crookall, Dr. .. .. .	263, 266

## D

Dambiné, Fr. Stephen .. .. .	262, 263
Darkness, The Hour before the .. .. .	267-278
David, (King) and the Book of Psalms .. ..	43-61
"  " (St.) .. .. .	237-239
"  " II, Bishop .. .. .	246
David's (St.) .. .. .	237-252
"  " (illustrations) .. .. .	237, 240, 244, 249
Day at the Grange, A. .. .. .	144-156
Debates .. .. .	98, 206-209
Devonshire, Two Duchesses of .. .. .	129-132
Diary, The College .. .. .	87-97; 202-206; 316-321
Dnische, M. .. .. .	158, 165
Dubicias (St.) .. .. .	237, 238
Dufay .. .. .	67
Dunstan (St.) .. .. .	167, 168, 169, 175

## E

Education, Poetry a Factor in .. .. .	181-190
Erasmus .. .. .	274-277
Ethandune .. .. .	3

## F.

Foster, Lady Elizabeth .. .. .	129, 130
France, A Bishop of .. .. .	225-236

## G.

Galfrid, Bishop .. .. .	247
Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire .. .. .	129-132
Gering, Ulrich .. .. .	292
Gerold, Abbot .. .. .	17, 18
Ghent, The Persecution at .. .. .	156-166
Goes, Matthias .. .. .	288
Grange, A Day at the .. .. .	144-156
"  " The (illustration) .. .. .	152
Gregory (St.) Dialogues of .. .. .	13
"  " Regula Pastoralis of .. .. .	10
Gualterot Vivantius .. .. .	296
Guthrun .. .. .	3

## H.

Harcourt, Vernon .. .. .	128, 129
Hardredus, Abbot .. .. .	20
Heart of the Bruce, The (poem) .. .. .	192-196
Hill Side, On the .. .. .	25-37
Hillemis, Michael .. .. .	290
Hode .. .. .	18
Hodgson, Father .. .. .	75-85; 253-266
Houghton, Bishop Adam De .. .. .	248
Homer Row Mission .. .. .	259-261
Hour before the Darkness, The .. .. .	267-278
Hubba .. .. .	4

## I.

Illey Mill (illustration) .. .. .	281
Ingwar and Hubba .. .. .	4
Islip, Simon de .. .. .	173

## J.

Jervaux Abbey .. .. .	20, 21
Josquin des Prés .. .. .	68
Julianus, Michael .. .. .	293

## K.

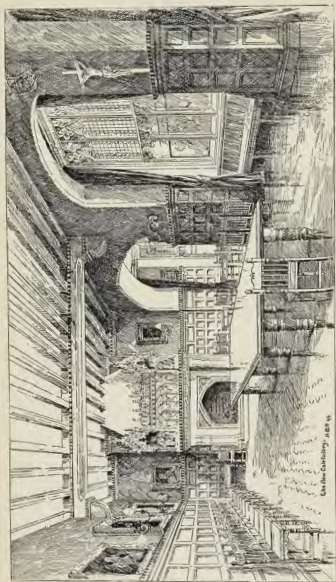
Kilpeck Church (illustration) .. .. .	147
Kingston Mission .. .. .	82-85
Kinnaird, Lord .. .. .	132-134

L	
Lasso, Orlando di .. .. .	70-72
" " " (portrait) .. .. .	63
Learning, The New .. .. .	271
Lechade Weir, By .. .. .	278-284
Letter to the Seat of War .. .. .	172-180
Liguori (St.) as a Musician .. .. .	109-121
" " " (portrait) .. .. .	109
Loef, J. .. .. .	291
Longuet, Abbé .. .. .	75-76
Louis of Bavaria and Lola Montes .. .. .	127, 128
Lucius, Letter of Pope .. .. .	202
M	
Manual of King Alfred .. .. .	13
Marie Louise, The Empress .. .. .	134-139
Mattens Thierry .. .. .	287
Mayfield, The Old Palace .. .. .	167-176
" " " (illustrations) .. .. .	167, 171, 173, 176
Meignan, Cardinal .. .. .	225-236
" " " (portrait) .. .. .	225
Meopham, Simon .. .. .	170
Mittelbus, G. .. .. .	292
Monastery, The New (illustrations) .. .. .	1, 22, 26, 30, 32, 35, 74, 98
Montes (Lola) and Louis of Bavaria .. .. .	127, 128
Mortlake, Mission .. .. .	82
Mother's Prayer, The (poem) .. .. .	142, 143
Mowbray, Roger de .. .. .	17, 18
Muris, Jean de .. .. .	66
Music, S. Alfonso and Church .. .. .	118-120
Musicians, Some Early .. .. .	62-72
N	
Niche and Canopy in Great Cloister (illustration) .. .. .	98
Niker, Joannes .. .. .	287
Notes .. .. .	99-107; 209-223; 321-334
Notices of Books .. .. .	166-201
Notts, Dr. .. .. .	130, 131
O	
Okehelein, or Okeghem .. .. .	67
Off to the War (poem) .. .. .	297-299
On the Moor (poem) .. .. .	86
Orlando di Lasso .. .. .	70-72
Orosius, The History of .. .. .	9
Oude Breda, Pieter van .. .. .	288

P	
Paderborn, J. de .. .. .	287
Paffriet, Richard .. .. .	288, 289, 290
Palace, Mayfield, The Old .. .. .	167-176
Passion of Christ, Cantata on the (S. Alfonso) .. .. .	113-115
Pastis, M. de .. .. .	158, 164
Persecution at Ghent, The .. .. .	156-166
Petit, I. .. .. .	293, 294, 296
Poetry a Factor in Education .. .. .	181-191
Pozzi, Fr. Bernard, R. I. P. .. .. .	309-315
Prés, Josquin des .. .. .	68
Printed Books, Some Early .. .. .	285-296
Prior Park .. .. .	38-42
Psalms, The Poetry of the .. .. .	43-61
Q	
Quentell, H. .. .. .	291
R	
Rembolt, R. .. .. .	292
Reminiscences (Miss Anne Talbot) .. .. .	132-137
Renan .. .. .	231, 232
Robert of Winchelsea .. .. .	170
Roger, Abbot .. .. .	20
Roger de Mowbray .. .. .	17
Romini .. .. .	227
S	
Sampson, St. .. .. .	239, 240, 241
Savret, Nicolas .. .. .	294
Savigui, Order of .. .. .	17, 19
Sculatti, Alessandro .. .. .	112
Scawton Church .. .. .	19
Sextenas, Vincent .. .. .	294
Some Early Musicians .. .. .	62-72
Sonner, A. (poem) .. .. .	16
Sonning Lock (illustration) .. .. .	27-8
Soquand, M. Quichard .. .. .	294
Spicer St. Mission, Whitechapel .. .. .	250
Stealsius J. .. .. .	291
Stephans, H. .. .. .	293
Stocking (Oldstead) .. .. .	39
Strackwitz, Moritz Graf von .. .. .	192
Stratford, John de .. .. .	170
Stratford Mission (Bow) .. .. .	287-289

Sudbury, Archbishop .. .. .	173
Sudbury Mission .. .. .	261-262
Swihson, St. .. .. .	2
T.	
Talbot (Miss Anne) Reminiscences .. .. .	122-137
Trechsel, Melchior and Gaspar .. .. .	295
V.	
Van Eck, M. .. .. .	160-164
Van Hemme, M. .. .. .	160, 161, 166
Vernon Harcourt .. .. .	128, 129
Vorsterman, Gulielmus .. .. .	290
W.	
Wandsworth Mission .. .. .	79-82
Wanloo, Peter de .. .. .	247
Wat, Letter to the Seat of .. .. .	177-180
"    Off to the .. .. .	297-299
Warham, Archbishop .. .. .	174
Webb St. Mission .. .. .	253, 254
Wedmore, The Peace of .. .. .	2
Weir, By Lechlade .. .. .	275-284
Williaert Adrian .. .. .	60, 70
Winchester Cathedral (illustration) .. .. .	11
Wolff, Nicholas .. .. .	202
Woolhampton College .. .. .	262-266

---



On the East Wall, 183 W.

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1899.

PART I.

### King Alfred.

IN October, 1901, the thousandth anniversary of his death, it is proposed to erect a monument to King Alfred in the city of Winchester, where he reigned and where he was buried. We shall all sympathise with the promoters of such a project. King Alfred's name has come down to us as that of the bravest of kings, the best of rulers, and the noblest of men.

But it is true, all the same, that the idea of this millennial commemoration, and the speeches and essays to which it is giving occasion, afford much material for consideration, and stir up many curious thoughts. There is an uneasy suspicion that many of the gentlemen who are so anxious to honour the great king, would have had very little in common with him had they known him, and are using his name rather to hang their own projects on it, than to signify agreement with his views and principles. The promoters of the millenary are mostly men who brag of the "glory of the empire"—and the glory of the empire, in their view, is made up of British pluck, conquest, trade and Protestantism. As King Alfred's chief ideas were to benefit his own people, to fraternise with Christian nations, and to form part of the universal Church, it is not difficult to see that the "glory"

of the grasping, sordid and unspiritual Briton would have had few attractions for him. It is very disagreeable to find men like Sir Walter Besant and Bishop Browne reading into the Catholic King's actions their own insular patriotism and utterly worldly religion.

Alfred—for it is really unnecessary to write "Ælfred" as Mr. Freeman and a few fellow purists insist on doing—owned and fought for a very small tract of southern England. Winchester stands almost midway between Canterbury and Exeter. Canterbury was the centre of the kingdom of Kent, England's south-east corner, now belonging to Wessex. Exeter was still British—exposed to capture from Saxon and from Dane, but still the *Isca* of the Cornish Welshmen, who held the south-western peninsula, where a good many of them remain to this day. Between the two was the kingdom of Wessex—the Wessex of the good King Ine, who died at Rome—the Wessex of St. Aldhelm and St. Swithun—the Wessex of Egbert, first "King of the English." Alfred was the grandson of Egbert, and was born at Wantage, in 849, about twelve years after Egbert's death. St. Swithun became Bishop of Winchester when Alfred was about three years old, and must have instructed him. In his youth he spent some time in Rome; it is pleasing to picture him as a student of the English college, rebuilt by his own father. He was elected to the kingship of his people on the death of his elder brother Ethelred, who fell fighting against the Danes (871).

King Alfred's reign, as I need not say, is the reign of a king who saved his people from the Danish invaders, and then formed them into the beginnings of a strong, Christian and cultured realm. His fight with the Danes is divided into two well defined periods by the great peace of 878—sometimes called the peace of Wedmore. For about nine years—counting the two years before he was king, when he was his brother's right arm—he had fought, with

varying fortune, but, on the whole, with success. Suddenly, in mid-winter of the year 878, comes that fierce Danish irruption by way of North Somerset, which (perhaps because it was in mid-winter) seems to have caught the realm utterly unprepared, and which drove the king to that refuge in the Somersetshire fens about which so many romantic tales are told. But by Easter, his Thanes were about him and his army was on foot. The modern traveller, on his way from Bridgwater to Glastonbury, when he passes the very ordinary looking station called Edington Junction, should remember that this is Ethandune, where Alfred, flying his royal standard of the Dragon of Wessex, first beat the Danish host into their lager and then starved them out by a fourteen days' siege.

No historian seems to be able to account for the extraordinary events which followed that surrender—the conversion of the Danes to Christianity and the baptism of Guthrun and thirty Danish chiefs. Sir Walter Besant, in his best leading-article manner, says, "Do you suppose that Guthrun weighed the arguments and listened to the history and doctrines of the new religion? Not at all. He perceived—this logical pagan—that King Alfred's Gods had shown their superiority over his own. . . . He acknowledged their superiority; he was baptised; and he never afterwards relapsed." This is the way these superior literary men patronize the Providence of God! But we have no information whatever as to the precise motives or influences which led to this striking conversion. Still, it is not difficult to guess that King Alfred's own personality must have counted for much. Of Bishops and priests we hear nothing. Glastonbury at that time was a ruin and probably deserted, and a full half century was to pass before St. Dunstan restored it. But there is one circumstance which perhaps has not been sufficiently noticed. The peace with Guthrun was sworn at Whitsuntide. Before Easter of that year, whilst Alfred was still in

literature, modified and reformed the law, encouraged art and promoted trade. He was unselfish to the last degree, and deeply religious. As Mr. Freeman says, "He is the most perfect character in history."

A book has been prepared by the coming millenary. It is a collection of "papers" on King Alfred, edited by Mr. Alfred Bower, Mayor of Winchester, and honorary secretary of the Commemoration Committee. † Mr. Frederic Harrison treats of the hero as King. The Anglican Bishop of Bristol recounts his merits as a Religious Man and an Educationist; Mr. Charles Oman considers him as Warrior, Mr. Clement Markham as Geographer, and the Rev. Professor Earle as Writer. In addition to these, we have a dissertation on ante-Norman law by Professor Sir Frederic Pollock, and on Saxon art by the Rev. W. J. Lothius. Sir Walter Besant contributes an introduction, and the Poet Laureate twenty lines of verse.

The general idea of these writers, and of the people who join in promoting the national memorial, is that King Alfred is England, and that this celebration is a glorification of English institutions. This is an idea which has sufficient justification to authorize a certain amount of patriotic sentiment. Queen Victoria can trace her lineage to King Alfred. Alfred's Wessex, more especially if we include London, which he re-built and re-peopled, is a strong element in English history. The English tongue, which in the course of ages has decidedly conquered and subdued the Norman French, owes to him the lack of a good and strong start. I would add that the robust Catholicism which counts for so much in

† *Alfred the Great*, containing chapters on his Life and Times. Edited with preface by ALFRED BOWER. London, A. and C. Black, 1899.

the Somersetshire fens, an army of James quite distinct from that of Guthrum, had come over from South Wales, and landed near Bridgwater. The leaders of this expedition, be it noted, were no others than Ingvar and Hubba, the dreaded chiefs who for many years had personified Danish power and Danish cruelty—who had harried the land as far north as Holy Island—who had seized East Anglia, after putting St. Edmund to a martyr's death. King Alfred did not meet this invasion—but his men of Devonshire did. It was completely routed. Ingvar and Hubba with 1200 men were slain, and the famous standard of the Raven, the recognized symbol of the Danish terror, captured by the English. There can hardly be a doubt that this most signal victory, which has received less attention from Alfred's biographers on account of the fact that Alfred himself was not present at the fight, must have had a crushing effect upon Guthrum and his chiefs. It is probable that Guthrum was virtually only a lieutenant of the two redoubtable brothers, and that the double triumph into Wessex was a concerted movement. When Guthrum was himself fast in the stocks at Ethingam, and when he knew that the dreaded captains of all the Danish hordes were slain, it is not wonderful that he surrendered utterly. It was Ingvar who, before the battle of Thorby, had proposed to St. Edmund that the Christian hero should renounce Christ and become a vassal of the Dane. St. Edmund had resolved to die for his people and for their sanguinary enemies. It was now the hour of his triumph, and the moment in which the sons of Leodbrog fell was that in which the prayers of the martyr were to bring the faith of Christ to the invaders, and peace to the realm of England.

After Ethingam, King Alfred's reign, which lasted three and twenty years longer, was a period of comparative peace. He was as great in peace as in war. He restored religion, laid the strong foundations of English



the making of England, was cultivated with marked results in the country of Alfred—by himself, as well as by his predecessors and his successors. Moreover, Alfred has had the happy chance of a detailed biography, and has also left for posterity not a few most precious memorials of his mind and heart from his own hand. As Mr. Freeman says, "He is a singular instance of a prince who has become a hero of romance; who, as a hero of romance, has had countless imaginary exploits attributed to him, but to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable." \*

At the same time, Mayors of Winchester, and Londoners, must not be allowed to push this symbolic presentation of the great King to excess. England is a great deal more than Wessex or London. Other provinces and divisions have brought into the common stock elements as strong and as choice. Kent, East Anglia, Yorkshire, Northumberland, the Midlands, have little to do with King Alfred and his memories, and yet have left a more powerful impress on the literature, the law, the military prowess and the social condition of the country.

There is a "cockneyism," if I may be allowed the phrase, about Sir W. Besant's patriotic raptures which is ingenious and amusing. He says that, on the day of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, "we were all drunk with the visible glory and the greatness of the Empire." To him, Mr. Rudyard Kipling is "our patriot poet," and he quotes with "commotion" the lines,

We have fed our seas (*sic*) for a thousand years,  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead.

England has "a spirit of enterprise to which no other

\* *Norman Conquest*, 1, 48.

nation can offer a parallel." Our literature is "the most noble literature that the world has ever seen." "Our own Queen Elizabeth" is the "greatest and strongest of all women." It was under the influence of this kind of intoxication that Sir Walter and others, on Jubilee day, felt that "we ought to teach the people the meaning of what we saw set forth in that procession." The meaning of the cream-coloured horses, the German dukes, the Colonial premiers, the Anglican bishops in variety copes and gold scull-caps, was, it seems, that it all came "through King Alfred." "I like to think that the face of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the face of Alfred. I am quite sure and certain that the mind of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the mind of Alfred; that the aspirations, the hopes, the standards of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest are the aspirations, the hopes, the standards of Alfred. He is truly our Leader, our Founder, our King." It is all to the good that Sir Walter should believe this. But what vague and sentimental talk it all is! What can a man's ideas be of what is good and noble when he names Alfred and Elizabeth in the same sentence? Would Alfred, the blameless and the merciful, care to acknowledge the compliments of a nation whose success, for the last two or three centuries, has been so largely brought about by rapine, dishonesty and hypocrisy? The English have great qualities, and they have shown them; but their qualities are not those which the Gospel counts as the noblest, or those which Alfred found in the *Cura Pastoralis* of St. Gregory.

It is when our Anglican friends come to comment on King Alfred's "religion" that we naturally find them least able to appreciate or understand him. Bishop Browne, of Bristol, who has taken in hand to "teach the people" on this subject, has a proved capacity for "seeing Protestants" in any century between St. Peter and Martin Luther. He does not go to the length of claiming

King Alfred as a Protestant; but he really goes very near it. One would imagine that the well-known historical facts relating to the king's intercourse with Rome—his annual embassy and homage—would suffice to prove that the wise English ruler was one who recognized that the Kingdom of God—the Church founded on Peter—was a world-wide kingdom, of which earthly kingdoms could have no greater privilege than to form a part. But Dr. Browne insinuates that, at least towards the end of his life, he began to lose faith in the Holy See. He adds that it is no wonder if he did, considering the scandals that occurred in Rome after 896. I may remark that these "scandals" were the result of the fight for supremacy in Italy between the turbulent chieftains who disputed each other's rights; the Popes were only dragged into these conflicts. It is true that the proceedings connected with the name of Pope Formosus—whom Dr. Browne carefully mentions twice—were barbarous. But Pope Sergius III. (not Sergius IV., as he gives it) was not a bad Pope, and neither were the others to whom he alludes. If they were strangled or poisoned, it was not the Church that murdered any of them, but the military factions. As for "Theodora and Marozia," whose names he slips in under the date 896-7, these persons had no influence upon any Pope before the date of King Alfred's death. It is truly disingenuous to suggest these "horrors" and to imply that the king had heard of them! The bishop goes on to insinuate that King Alfred disbelieved in Transubstantiation. It is true, he would allow that he admitted the Real Presence. In Dr. Browne's mouth, however, to believe in the Real Presence is compatible with believing that the bread is still there after consecration. If, therefore, King Alfred ever heard and understood the term Transubstantiation, he undoubtedly accepted it. How does Dr. Browne make out that he did not? Because John Scotus Erigena may have been a friend of his—and

Scotus rejected Transubstantiation. I recommend Dr. Browne to read Lingard's note in the second volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Church* (chap. xii.), and he will there see that there is no proof whatever that John Scotus Erigena ever came near to Wessex or King Alfred. As we know that the king attended Mass every day, when he could, and displayed in all his religious dealings not only strict propriety but the tenderest piety, it seems extremely unlikely that any speculations like those which have obtained for Erigena the reputation of a heretic and a pantheist, should have disturbed the closing days of his life.

The most precious and enduring monuments of King Alfred's mind and character will always be the things which he wrote, or caused to be written. The British Navy may justly look back to him as its founder. London may greet him as its restorer; Sir Walter Besant cannot repeat often enough that Alfred "gave us London"—but then London is supposed to be Sir Walter's own preserve. Popular Education, in after dinner speeches, toasts King Alfred as its originator—although it was only the "free-born" that he aspired to educate. But why should "every Guildhall have his statue"? Alfred certainly did build or restore some towns; but of corporate or municipal institutions there is practically not a trace in England till nearly two centuries after his death. However, we may leave matters like this to the eloquence of the Committee and their friends. What is both certain and profoundly interesting is that we have King Alfred's authentic ideas and aspirations. The books which he either himself translated or caused others to translate into the English tongue are five. The first is the *History of Orosius*. This is a short work, but it was written under the inspiration of St. Augustine, and was virtually a compendium of the argument of the great work *De Civitate Dei*. It was intended to justify the Divine government of the world.

No treatise was better adapted to give an unlettered people the true view of God's Providence. Nothing could be more "educative" in the truest sense of the word. The translation is so free that it represents the translator nearly as much as the author.

The next was the *Consolations of Philosophy*, of Boethius. Some people have wondered why he should have chosen an author who seems to leave out of his "philosophy" every notion of Christianity. But the reason is not difficult to find. He took up Boethius because the matter and style suited his own mind. It is in this translation that we have the most vivid presentiment of the grave, wise, reflective king. He uses the text to express his own thoughts, he interpolates his own comments, and he inserts, here and there, the Christianity which seemed to be missing. In truth, the illustrious Boethius was Christian to his heart's core, as he would have shown had he been allowed to live long enough to complete his work. It was only the terms of the Christian faith that were wanting.

It is hardly necessary to describe the translation of St. Gregory's *Regula Pastoralis*.\* The king's preface to this work would suffice to make immortal the memory of this noble and religious heart. We have in these moving pages his reflections on the calamities of his country, the expression of his enthusiasm for good learning, and the details of his measures for bringing back religion and literature. There he breaks forth into poetic enthusiasm when he speaks of the message "brought by Augustine over the salt sea," and of Gregory, Pope of Rome, "best of Romans, wisest of men, most gloriously famous." The Bodleian Library should be a place of pilgrimage during this coming year, were it only to feast one's eyes on the precious copy of this work of the illustrious king which

\* In a former number of the *Journal* (Vol. II, Part 2) I have given some account of this book, and of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version.



he sent himself to Werferth, Bishop of Worcester; or on the Alfred Jewel, in its fine golden filigree, made to his order, which was dug up in the Isle of Athelney, and which he must have worn on his breast.

King Alfred also translated the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory. I do not see why Professor Earle should describe them as "stories of a sensational and even grotesque character, with a religious moral." As we all know, they are true stories of holy men and women—often quaint in character, no doubt, but everywhere edifying. As the second book of the *Dialogues* is devoted exclusively to the celebrated "Life of St. Benedict," it argues very little acquaintance with the original when Professor Earle can speak in this slighting way of a book which Mabillon and Tosti accept without question as historical. Alfred's translation of the *Dialogues* remains still in manuscript, having never found an editor.

The fifth of the translations is the *History of the English Church* by Venerable Bede. There is little doubt that this translation is effectively the work of Alfred—although certain dialectic differences between it and the other versions of the King seem to some critics to point to the probability that the actual translator was not a West-Saxon.

There is another book of Alfred, not known to exist now, which, if it could be recovered, would bring us yet nearer to his inmost heart. It is a book which, as Asser tells us, he called his *Manual*. It contained, first, the daily offices and psalms, next, the prayers he had learnt in his youth at Rome and from his mother, and thirdly, a large number of striking passages, from Scripture and other sources, which he kept adding on fresh sheets until the book was "as large as a Psalter." He called it his *Manual*, because he kept it at hand day and night, and, as he told his biographer, found no small consolation therein.

To me, King Alfred's greatness and wisdom—although he was wise and great in a hundred details and labours—are summed up in that clear insight which it was given him to have, that a nation's religion is its well-being, and that no nation can make its religion for itself, but must accept it as given and revealed by Jesus Christ and His Church. It was with this before his mind that he offered his countrymen the broad views of Orosius, the immortal narrative given by Venerable Bede of God's mercies to England, and the sacerdotal and sacramental teachings of Gregory the Great. No nation which is loyal to Christ, as He is continuously present to men in the infallible Word, the sacramental touch, and the Eucharistic truth, can ever really decay. It is of no avail to point to Spain, to Italy, or to South America. These and other Catholic countries have had their evil times, and certain classes of their people have lived scandalously. But the great mass of their inhabitants have probably never at any time been anything but good—taking the word "good" in the sense of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Certainly at this moment in spite of bad Government, political disturbance, and economic ill-luck, the large majority of the people of Spain and Italy are sound, pious and good. That Spain is beaten in war, is unable to manage her colonies, and is poor,—this is not decay in its truest and worst sense. It is a decay which, whilst we may blame certain classes for it, leaves the heart sound, and will probably be a prelude to a larger and nobler development. It is impossible for a people who cling to Christ, to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God, to be otherwise than radically healthy. If, on the other hand, a people relaxes its grasp on supernatural and revealed religion, on the Incarnation, and on the sacramental inheritance, that people may continue to talk religion, but its religion will inevitably deteriorate and corrupt. There will be no connection between its phraseology and its spiritual action, its

preaching and its practice, its churches and its parliaments, its chapels and its morality. However we may boast of our national glory at this present moment, there are not wanting observers who think that Britain is "on the down grade." These are the words that Dean Farrar, no friend of things un-English, writes in this very month of July:—

"Mr. Clarke has touched on some respects which are *profoundly unsatisfactory*. The alarming spread of betting and gambling among working-men and the youths of great cities—so that this ruinous vice helps to fill our prisons, and (in the north of England especially) has ruined the healthy influence of our games;—the eager love of money, which leads to so much wild speculation and commercial dishonesty;—the cruel indifference with which we place a stumbling-block before the helpless childhood of the world by deluging savage tribes with drink; the growth of crimes of brutal violence;—the dominance of a selfishness which immerses itself in luxury, pleasure and amusement, while a poverty, more and more squalid, welters almost at the doors of the wealthy;—the growth of a sullen and angry feeling of discontent among thousands of the poorer class;—the decay of faith in the deepest and most awfully vital truths;—the ever-abiding and infinitely loathsome curse of drink, which seems, among women at any rate, to be gaining rather than losing ground, and, as Pope Leo XIII. says, 'drags unnumbered souls to perdition' . . . all these things give serious ground for disquietude."\*

Would it not be wiser to ponder on such considerations as these than to indulge in the kind of patriotic intoxication brought on by processions and the singing of anthems? Would it not be more decorous to abstain from pharasaical comparisons? In Mr. Bryce's judicial words—"As regards modern Europe we are not yet in a position to say whether some of the nations that seem to be decaying may not recover themselves." In the meantime, the memory of King Alfred, on the recurrence of the

\* See *The Young Man* for July, 1899, p. 223.

thousandth anniversary of the day on which he received the Blessed Eucharist for the last time and died asking for prayers for his soul, may well be recalled with advantage. His life and words contain many lessons for one who truly loves his country; but they must be studied without foolish prejudice or childish pride.

✦ J. C. H.

### A Sonnet.

I could not hope for such a low reward  
 As here man dreams of, cooped in time and space,  
 For never have I seen the graven face  
 That is to me the image of my Lord;  
 Nor dreamed how hearts that beat in deep accord  
 Might meet in satiating fulness of embrace;  
 Nor seen the vision of bliss and perfect grace  
 That, changeless, would not cloy and be abhorred.  
 Not by aught man can dream of am I stirred  
 To labour if perchance I may achieve;  
 But rather by the great Apostle's word—  
 Brave heart, who knew in Whom he did believe—  
 Who said "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
 Nor hath it entered man's heart to conceive."

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.

### Some Notes on Gyland Abbey.

IN the year 1134, a small band of twelve monks, under one Gerold as Abbot, left the Abbey of Furness to found a monastery at Calder in Northumberland. They were monks of the Order of Savigni founded by Vitalis de Mortain in the forest of Savigni, Normandy; the rule they followed was that of St. Benedict, with some constitutions peculiar to themselves; and from the grey colour of their habit they were commonly known as the 'Grey Monks.'

The foundation at Calder did not flourish, and, after a stay of about four years, they were compelled to leave on account of the inroads of the Scots, who inflicted great losses upon them. They set out to return to their old home at Furness, but on reaching the Abbey the Abbot refused to receive them. The reason of this was because the Abbot Gerold would not give up his jurisdiction over his small community, and refused to free his monks from the profession they had made to him. Such being the case, it was found very inconvenient to have two separate communities, each with its own Abbot, dwelling in the same monastery. They turned their backs on Furness, and set out for York to seek the help of Archbishop Thurstan. He received them kindly, caring for them until he was able to procure them a home. For this purpose he recommended them to Roger de Mowbray; but this nobleman at the time was a minor under the care of King Stephen and, not being able to do much for them, he sent them to Gondred his mother, then living in Thirsk Castle. She entertained them for some time at Thirsk and then sent them to her uncle Robert de Alneto, formerly a

monk of Whitby Abbey, but at that time living a hermit's life at Hode.\*

Robert charitably shared with them all he had, and in a very short time we find him making his profession to Abbot Gerold. The little community then settled down and set to work to erect the necessary monastic buildings.

This was about the year 1138. At first, provisions were sent to them from Thirsk Castle; this was found very inconvenient, and, in 1140, Roger de Mowbray, who was now his own master, gave them for their support the pasture land of Cambe and the lands of Wildon, Sackilden and Ergum.

Being now well provided for, they turned their attention to what they considered a serious danger; they feared the Abbot of Furness would claim jurisdiction over them. To prevent this, they agreed that the Abbot Gerold should go to the General Chapter at Savigni in 1142, and get the question settled. The chapter declared them to be entirely independent of Furness and were to be under the immediate jurisdiction of the Abbot of Savigni.

Gerold hastened home with the good news, but died at York on his return. They buried him at Hode † and his successor in Office was Robert, the cellarer. The community now began to increase so rapidly that the accommodation at Hode became insufficient. Roger de Mowbray again came to their assistance and gave them the church and village of Biland, now called Old Byland, situated near to Rievaulx, the river Rye running between

\* Hode is now a farm house known as Hood Grange, in the parish of Kilburn, at the foot of the Hambleton Hills. From the top of Sutton Bank (Gore mire) this farm is seen lying in the fields between the high road to Thirsk and Hode Hill (commonly called Robin Hood's Hill). At Hood Grange traces are still to be found of the old monastery, for the thick walls and antique windows indicate their great age and former use. A foot, dug up here about 1818, is now in the grounds of Thirsk Hall.

† In the wall of the barn at Hode Grange is a stone coffin placed upright. It is supposed to be that of Abbot Gerold.



them. During their stay here, they built a church in the neighbouring village of Scawton, transferring to it one of their consecrated bells which is still to be found there. They had been here only five years when they considered it advisable to move, for they were so near to the Abbey of Rievaulx that they could with difficulty distinguish their bells from the bells of the neighbouring monastery. In 1147, therefore, they went to Stocking, now Oldstead, reducing their establishment at Old Byland to a Grange. Here they lived for thirty years, and built a stone church, cloister and other necessary buildings. Shortly after their coming to Oldstead a very important change was made in the Order.

In 1148, Pope Eugenius III. presided over a council at Rheims. At this council St. Bernard presented Serlo, the Abbot of Savigni, to the Pontiff. At the time the Congregation of Savigni comprised thirty-three Abbeys, all of which were handed over to St. Bernard and affiliated to Clairvaux. This union was confirmed, by a Bull given by the Pope, at Rheims on April the 11th, 1148. Some of the English Abbeys at first refused to accept the change; finally they all submitted and became subjects of Clairvaux. Thus in 1148, the Congregation of Savigni ceased to exist and from that date all its members were Cistercians.\* In 1177, they received a grant of land, at the foot of Camb Hill, on the high road between Ampleforth and Coxwold. At first it was a mere swamp, but by dint of hard labour they cleared and drained it, and finally settled there.

Here for centuries these good monks spent their peaceful and uneventful lives, lives of prayer and union with God, until the hand of the spoiler fell heavy upon them, and they were cast forth upon the world, poor and homeless.

They had not been here many years when an event

\* Dictionnaire des Ordres Religieux. Vol. III. Migne's edition.—Historia Ecclesiastica Natalis Alexandri, Vol. III. See Serlo.



happened which tended to disturb their peace of mind. After Gerold, the first Abbot had left Calder, another Abbot, Hardredus, had been sent there with a community. This Hardredus, when he saw that Byland was thriving, claimed jurisdiction over it, on the plea that Calder was the Mother House. He himself came to Byland to make good his claim, which was, of course, repudiated by Abbot Roger and his community. Hardredus, it should be noticed, was contending against the Abbot of Savigni under whose jurisdiction Byland was.\* In the following year, Abbot Richard of Savigni came into England and the whole affair was submitted to the judgment of St. Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx, who decided in favour of the Abbot of Savigni.

The noble church and monastery which they built, they dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The community must have increased with great rapidity, for, even during the lifetime of Abbot Roger, they were able to send out an Abbot with twelve monks to establish the Abbey of Jervaulx. In Dugdale there is an interesting account of a dream which the new Abbot John had the first night of his journey from Byland to Jervaulx. The story is told under the heading "*Carta Richardi Abbatis Savignieo,*" and is as follows. He thought he was still at Byland and had been told by his Abbot, Roger, to set out on a long journey with a number of his fellow monks. Whilst passing through the cloisters, he saw a very beautiful woman leading a little boy by the hand; in the other hand the boy held a branch of a small tree which grew in the middle of the cloisters. The two suddenly vanished, and he passed on to the outer gate, where he met those who were to be his companions. They started off but soon lost the way: not knowing which way to turn, they thought they had better stay where they were, and they began to

\* The Congregation had become subject to Clairvaux on the condition "que Pabbé de Savigni serait toujours Père inamovible de ces trente-trois monastères."

say the Day Hours to obtain help in their difficulties. No sooner had they finished than the same woman and child again appeared. To his questions she replied that she was the friend of the monks of Rievaulx and Byland, and then, when asked to help them and show them the right way, she bade her son to do so, but she herself disappeared. The boy then advanced before them saying "*Procedo, viriliter me sequamini.*" As they followed they noticed a great number of very beautiful birds perching on the branch which he held in his hand, singing the Psalm "*Benedicite omnia opera domini domino.*" Going forward still further, when they came to a rough and untilled spot, the child stood still and planted in the ground the branch that he carried; immediately it became a large and beautiful tree. The child then spoke to them: "*Rest beneath that tree and refresh your wearied strength, for now you can behold the place to which you are hastening.*" He then vanished from their sight.

Another interesting fact connected with Byland is a battle that was fought there between the English under Edward II. and the Scots under Bruce. In Buchanan's "*Rerum Scottiarum Historia,*" Lib. octavus, there is the following account:—

"(Brussius) Regem ipsum ad Bilandum Cononibium repentino adventu pœne oppressit, ac prælio tumultuario victus fugavit, capta suppellectili et pecunia regia, omnique belli apparatu. Præter innumeros inferiorum ordinum captivos adductus est Joannes Britannus Richemondie comes. Ad hujus infamis fugæ ignominiam delendam, Andreas Herkelaius Carleoli comes, brevi post accusatus, tamquam rem Anglicam pecunia corruptus prodidisset alienæ ignaviæ pœnas capite luit." Leland in his "*colle-tanea*" also says:—

"King Edward seying this reysed his host beyond Trent and they encounterid with the Scottes at Beighlande Abbaye XV Dayes after Michelmas and there were the Englisch menne discomfited."

A more minute description of this battle is given in Hollingshead's Chronicle:—

"King Robert (Bruce) shortly after entered with a puissant army into England spoiling and wasting the country till he came almost to York. At length, hearing that King Edward II. was coming towards him with an army, he chose a plot of ground betwixt the Abbey of Byland and St. Saviour's, the Priory of Newbrough, there to abide battle which King Edward refused not to give; and in the end he was put to flight with his whole power, and chased with slaughter both of Englishmen and Normans, which were there in his aid. Diverse also of the nobilitie were taken prisoners as John de Brytaine Earl of Richmond and Henry Sowby with others. The battle was fought in the year of our Saviour 1323—15 days after the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel. King Edward lying at the same time at the Abbey of Rivale, advertised of this overthrow, fled and got him into York, leaving his plate and much other stuffe behind him for want of carrage in that his sudden departure, which the Scots coming thither found and took away with them."

The cause of King Edward's defeat seems to have been the treachery of the Earl of Carlisle, for in Leland immediately following the account of the battle we read "Straite upon this was Sir Andrew, Earle of Cairluel, attaynted for conspiracy with James Douglas the Scotte whereby the English men for lak of Harkley's (*i.e.* Sir Andrew's) ready help wer vanquished in Battel at the Abbay of Beighlande and jugid before Syr Arcelyne Lucy, the Kinges commissioner, to be hanged, drawn and quarterid at Cairluel, as Thomas of Lancaster prophetied of him. And this was doone the laste day of Octobre in the yere 1323, and this day the sunne chaungid in the morning to bloody color and so endurid to a XI of the clok."

G. E. H.



## On the Hill Side.

"A BARGAIN.—To be Let or Sold, a plot of Freehold Land, suitable for Building purposes; growing neighbourhood, within easy reach of railway station. Apply R. X. and Sons, Solicitors, &c." Nowadays, when a man wants to build himself a house, he looks up the columns of advertisements in the newspapers where there are "eligible lots" for sale. He chooses a site which may or may not suit his own convenience, but which he believes will have attractions for other people, and will probably have increased commercial value in a few years' time. Then he employs a builder to run him up a cheap and showy "villa," which he irrelevantly calls "Fig-tree House" or "Myrtle Grove," or some such countrified name, which he thinks will look pretty and genteel on an address card, or on a gate-post. The principle that guides him in his choice of a name is not that of the simple sailor who calls his skiff the "Polly Ann" or the "Mary Jane" or the "Bonnie Kate." Here also, as in his selection of a site, his chief thought is its commercial value. Possibly he will live in the house for a few years, but most certainly he will let it or sell it if he gets a good offer for it.

I think it a lamentable truth that the old idea of a home is dying out in England. People are so restless in these days that they can hardly remain for more than a year or two in the same place. It is quite true that very many Englishmen, who have the money to do it, are taken, some time or other, with the idea of building themselves a house. But they do not necessarily, or even usually, build themselves a home. We should make a mistake if we took it for granted that the house that Jack built is the house he lives in. It is just as likely to be the next door but one, or across the way, or in the next street. The old

saying, "Every Englishman's house is his castle," overlooks the commercial side of the matter, and should have appended to it, "to be let or sold; no reasonable offer refused."

Does the reader think this an exaggeration? Think of the changing of hands ancestral homes and farmsteads have gone through during the last fifty years. Think of the modern development of the estate agent business; the house and property columns in every newspaper; the "By Auction or Private Treaty" bills on nearly every advertisement board or wall in the kingdom. Even the "stately homes of England" are opening their doors to masters whose names are not to be found in the family pedigree, or even on the visiting list (what must the ghosts think about it?), and this, not through failure of issue, or poverty, or high treason, or any old-fashioned, aristocratic reason, but because, perhaps, its owner fancies a house in town, or a villa on the Riviera.

"I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came a-peeping in at morn."

The sun's inquisitive habits have not changed much since Tom Hood's time, but most modern children will have a difficulty in deciding which of their nursery recollections is the earliest, and they are hardly likely to have any remembrance, sunshiny or otherwise, of the house they were born in.

This is a rambling sort of introduction to the little house on the hill side, which was the beginning of Ampleforth College. The interest of the site of the present establishment is that it is the spot which Fr. Bolton chose for the home of his old age. Probably the idea which was furthest from the old man's mind was that the place would be found suitable for anything but the purpose for which he had



AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE  
FROM THE NEW WALL.

chosen it. He had no idea of doing a great work. A small country mission, with no particular future before it; a quiet retreat where a priest, not completely disabled, could possess his soul in patience till God called him elsewhere, and where he could turn to some little account his spent energies,—this was the thought in his mind: 'Ampleforth Lodge,' he called the place, with no reference to the little chapel which was to take the place of the room in Gilling Castle. It was a sufficiently central position,—the village and Byland on one side, Oswaldkirk and Gilling on the other, whilst Helmsley was robbed of any grievance by the new short cut over the hill, still called Bolton Bank. He could see from his windows the Castle where he had lived for many years rather as one of the family than as chaplain or retainer. He was now pensioned off, but very considerably was left entirely independent, with a freehold house unattached in any way to the estate. He was sheltered from the north and east winds, and had the full south sun—an old man's comforts; and he had no neighbours, or at least as few as he could have wished. The view to the south was beautiful—much more so than now; for then the brown plough-land to the west of Fairfax's wood was a great moor of gorse and heather—green and gold in the spring, purple in the autumn—with woods filling up its hollows, and a fringe of tall trees against the sky. Looked at, however, from the valley, Fr. Bolton's home must have seemed a little bit prosaic. A square house of pale yellow stone; no woods near it, only a line of dark Scotch firs showing over the roof; behind it patches of cornfield hung over the hill side like antimacassars over the back of a chair. The whole valley with the reservoir hill and the Omits also, was a network of hedges with no other timber but the occasional trees allowed to grow up in them. All the same, I should suppose that the general effect, though featureless, was not one of bareness, for the patchwork of small fields will have

taken away the look of emptiness, just as a diaper pattern seems to cover over a piece of blank wall.

What probably decided the exact site of Fr. Bolton's house was a spring of good water. Shelter and sun, and much the same view and conveniences could be had almost anywhere between Ampleforth and Oswaldkirk, but there are no rivulets running down the hill side, and experience has shown that one may look long, and dig deep, without finding the first of necessities in that neighbourhood. But here, as the old painting of Fr. Bolton's house shows us, there was a horse-pond a little below where the church now stands, and into this there probably trickled three small but constant springs; one, the shallow well of excellent water on Sootheran's land, now our drinking water; a second gathered into a well dug in the kitchen yard; and a third which fed the well in the cloister near the wall of the old Calefactory. The overflow of these wells goes into the drains and the pond has disappeared nearly a century ago. But it is reasonable to suppose that this supply of fresh water had the final word in determining the exact position of Fr. Bolton's house.

The wanderings of St. Lawrence's after the Dieulouard calamity deserve an article to themselves. I suppose it was chiefly an economical reason that led to the settlement at Ampleforth. There was nothing else particularly to recommend the place at the time. It must have needed a peculiarly ingenious imagination to have seen in the house anything that especially adapted it to be the beginning of an educational establishment. It had certainly the quality, which all the rectangular bodies have, of being easily made bigger. Being a solid square or cube, it was a simple matter to fasten other cubes to its sides and, when the base was broad enough, to fix other cubes on the top of them. This is practically what was done, though in quite an admirable and ingenious fashion. Other advantages it had none except that of healthiness. It was bad to

get at, quite off the track of the great coach roads. It had to be, in a great measure, self contained, since supplies from large towns would be costly to procure. And it had no desirable "sphere of influence." There was no considerable body of Catholics anywhere within fifty miles of the place, so that it had to depend for its pupils on the prestige of its management.

I don't think we quite appreciate how far the College has made for itself the undoubted advantages it now possesses. Take the beautiful situation we are now so proud of. Looked at from the railway line, the hillside has nothing very charming about it. It is the College and its belongings which save the view from being wholly uninteresting. Even now it is only when the visitor reaches the 'penance-walk' that he is able to appreciate the breezy openness of the front, looking into the broad hollow of the valley. The dark trees at the back of the College, which throw into bold relief the white face of the buildings, hardly prepare us for the sunny luxuriance of the terraced wood we enter into after crossing the bridge over the road. The wonderful prospect from the quarry side,—how much it owes to the broad bowling green—now a lawn-tennis court—built up on the hill side! To the visitor the view always comes as a surprise. Standing there, the sky seems to become less concave and to stretch itself out in the east and west in order to let the eye travel from the rich woods, with fragments of roof embedded in them, at one's feet, over rounded hills which die down in ripples on the plain, to the Scarborough cliffs in the east or to the pale blue hills beyond Harrogate in the west.

Before the Prior Park secession, or 'break-up' as it used to be called, the College on the hill side had grown big enough to rank as high as the best of the Catholic Colleges of the day. As events proved, it had settled down and meant to stay. The spirit of school patriotism, the love of Alma Mater as it is called, was strong then,—strong enough, at

least, to prevent complete desertion. A dozen years or so earlier, and the Bishop Baines movement might have been fatal to St. Lawrence's; a dozen years later and such a break up as took place would have been impossible. What it exactly is in a school that excites the loyalty of its inhabitants, and awakens a home feeling, and a real affection, among them, it is difficult to say. It does not depend upon individual comfort and contentment;—the *odor agri pleni* has certainly an attraction for the schoolboy, but a little of the 'rough and tumble' that belongs to straightened circumstances is in no way hurtful to it. It is not that one loves a college because one has grown used to it;—old custom may make the life more sweet to the 'patriarch,' but this will not account for the even more enthusiastic loyalty of a preparatory class. All we can say of it is, that a new foundation, however admirably appointed, must serve its seven years, and seven years over again, before it may hope to possess it. Age, certainly, has something to do with it, and also the traditions and customs and triumphs and successes that accumulate with age. But, to my mind, the gradual easing and adapting and changing and furnishing; the planting of trees and levelling of walks; the accumulation of pictures and little treasures; the tricks of adornment and enrichment; the growth and development and building to suit its wants, which makes a place individual,—fitting it to the character and taste of its inhabitants and influencing in its turn, all who dwell in it; the intimate grace which, like personal beauty, belongs to one establishment and to no other;—this it is which makes the Alma Mater whom her children love and reverence. It is no longer a house; one feels it to be a home. With St. Lawrence's, after the building and arranging of the earliest generation, a Prior Park break up only slightly shook its foundation; after the erection of the new College and Church, the threat of a landslip was insufficient to disturb its equilibrium; now,



The Little Tower  
and screen to the  
Church  
1894

with the completion of the New Monastery, it may hope to survive an earthquake. To say the least, building gives a sense of proprietorship which nothing else does—that is building around one's self to fit one's peculiarities and needs. It then becomes the sort of attachment which the oyster has for its shell.

The new monastery is the third notable extension of the Ampleforth Lodge. The periods are distinctly marked by their styles, and these styles show a marked development of the feeling for beauty. This should not be understood to mean that later generations are not contented with the simplicity that pleased their ancestors, and are becoming more luxurious in their habits and tastes. There is a natural evolution in such matters which must be taken into account. Twenty-four blackbirds baked in a pie may have been a dish dainty enough for a king's table in the olden days; it is no luxury now even in a cottage. The luxuries of one age may become simple necessities in the next. That "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever" is a misleading statement. It is a joy only so long as it is considered a thing of beauty, or as long as its beauty lasts. Our forefathers, doubtless, were honestly proud of the old monastery, with its simplicity, not altogether without dignity, its mushroom ornaments, and its 'classic' porch. The idea that it might not be considered beautiful by the generations to come would have been a matter of wonder to them. The present church, with its costly screens and altars, and the new College, with its noble study hall and libraries and dormitories, are things of beauty yet, and far more ornate than the older buildings; nevertheless, the love of luxury was, probably, no stronger in the builders of them than in their simple-minded ancestors. Both sacrificed something for beauty and the difference lay in the conception of beauty not in the quantity of it. And so with the latest work, the New Monastery. That its appearance should be richer still, and nobler and more beautiful, does



not mean that there is nowadays a greater desire of display and a more luxurious temper, but that the modern educated taste finds in the work of the last generation something that is wanting. There should be something beautiful about a home, whether it is for monks in a monastery or boys in a college. It is the beauty of it and that only which makes it restful and cheerful and lovable. An ugly home must have its influence on the temper. Even Englishmen, if they have nothing to get enthusiastic about, will want to *conspuer* somebody or something. Outside, in the world, the house itself counts for little, since English families can easily carry all that makes the home about with them. This is one of the chief causes of modern restlessness. Their drawing-room, to them, is the furniture and properties and elegances of it—any four walls will do if they enclose space enough to contain them; Taylor's furniture removal vans will enable them to 'flit,' as they say in Lancashire, from one part of England to another in a few days, and their surroundings, inside the house, will be exactly the same wherever they may be. But, in a monastery or a college, it is the buildings which make the place a home to the inmates. The fittings and furniture are of no consequence in comparison, and one has usually no feeling of proprietorship in them. But we belong to our college, and our college belongs, in a sense, to us. The architectural beauties of the public rooms do contribute to one's happiness, and it is the memory of them that lives with us in after life and remains with us, a beautiful frame-work to the never-to-be-forgotten incidents of school life. It is a wise saying that, for work to be permanent, it should be beautiful work. It is the grace of it which will prevent posterity, or even ourselves, from wearying of it and which will save it, if anything can save it, from ill-use and desecration.

As a further word, may I suggest that, though building



operations are now rightly and wisely suspended, it would be well to take the future into consideration now, and to have plans prepared for the enlargement and betterment of our little church, for the new refectory, and such other buildings as we foresee we shall require? It should be an advantage to have something definite to aim at and to work for—something to bear in mind in arrangements and alterations. A castle in the air is no longer “the baseless fabric of a vision” when we possess the architectural plans of it. It was, I believe, the existence of the old architect’s plan that determined the completion of the great Cologne Minster. It is possible, also, that some such plan had much to do with its commencement. I commend to my readers Mr. Robert Barr’s pretty and instructive legend,\* which, with his permission, I quote in full :—

There came a man from a small village near Cologne who desired to submit designs for a great church, but being without influence and without wealth he never succeeded in gaining audience of the princely Archbishop. He had no gold with which to bribe attendants and no highly-placed friends who could whisper a word for him at the proper moment. Yet he had one friend who believed in him. Father Ambrose, secretary to the Archbishop, was a native of the small and insignificant village of Riehl, near Cologne, where the man ambitious to build a cathedral lived, and Meister Gerard, the architect, was well known to him. Ambrose spoke once or twice to Konrad regarding this man, but the Archbishop was then busy with the secret envoys from Trèves, and while war is being concocted, churches must stand in abeyance. When these secret negotiations were completed, Father Ambrose again attempted to bespeak a hearing for his fellow-townsmen. The Archbishop was not then in the architectural mood, and Ambrose feared his request had not been opportunist.

“You think much of this man?”

“I do, indeed, my Lord.”

\* From *The Countess Tebla*.

"I will give him a commission, but it shall not be the building of a cathedral."

(The commission was for the building of a great tent for the conference between the Archbishops.)

Thus came the building of the large tent made in Cologne, to be placed on the heights of Bieldenburg over the Moselle, for the conference between Konrad von Hochstaden and Arnold von Isenberg, with Meister Gerard himself superintending its erection.

(The Archbishop of Cologne inspected the tent, but for some time spoke no word of approval or condemnation. At last he says:)

"You have given us no ornamentation."

"The ornamentation, my Lord, is largely in its correct proportion; nevertheless, I have ventured on a touch of colour which may be seen or not, according to your Lordship's pleasure."

"Let us behold it then." The architect gave a signal to two workmen who waited at the western end of the tent, and they, by the pulling of cords, rolled up an inner screen. There was disclosed a picture, wrought in many coloured silks, deftly sewn together, representing the Arms of Cologne and Trèves in juxtaposition; the light shone through the scheme of colour from the outside, but the richness of the painting stood out with the more distinctness that the whole interior of the tent was of one subdued hue of white.

"That is most ingenious," the Archbishop was pleased to say, to the Architect's gratification. "We will have it remain so."

"I have another picture on the eastern end as well," said Gerard, "Have I your Lordship's permission to exhibit that also?"

"Surely, surely," answered Konrad, whereupon the two workmen rolled up another screen similar to the first.

The result was most startling. The morning sun shone fully upon the eastern end of the tent, and imparted a glory to the rich colouring, which gave the picture a brilliancy savouring more of Heaven than of earth. The design represented a twin-spired Cathedral, worked out in the fullest detail, the twin spires encrusted with ornaments, the beautiful Gothic door between them being a model of correct proportion, yet of immense size, the whole



representation one on which the eye rested with ever increasing delight, wonder and admiration.

For some moments the Archbishop stood speechless before this marvel in line and tint. At last he said :

"It is not possible that such a building actually exists and I have never heard of it. Where is it?"

"Only in my brain, my Lord, but it may exist in Cologne if your Lordship so wills it."

"Ah!" The Archbishop drew a long sigh of supreme gratification. "Are you sure you sold not your soul to the devil for this design, Meister Gerard?"

"I had hoped your Lordship would attribute the design to a higher source. It was my belief that inspiration prompted the picture which made me so persistent in trying to obtain permission from your Lordship to exhibit to you the drawings. There will be no Cathedral like that of Cologne in all the rest of the world if this building is erected."

"You speak truly. Let down the curtain, and see that it is securely fastened. The design cannot be seen from without, can it? I did not notice it as I entered."

"No, my Lord, unless at night when the tent is lighted, and then only when the curtain is raised."

"This curtain is not to be raised. No one must look upon this picture. Have a new end made for this tent, and put in a drawing of Trèves Cathedral if you like, but this is to be seen by none. Meister Gerard, you are the Architect of Cologne Cathedral."

J. C. A.

---

## Prior Park.

THE Catholic communities which were driven to England at the end of the last century by the stress of the French Revolution, had neither the means nor the opportunity of building the homes in which they were to start their new life. They had to secure or accept some house more or less prepared to shelter them and their enterprise. So our Catholic establishments, for the most part, can point out some unpretentious building, from which, as from a kernel, the beauty and aptness of the modern environment have sprung. This humble nucleus has generally as little fitness of proportion with the glorified development as the husk of the acorn has with the grown tree. Such is not the case with Prior Park. The original building bought by Bishop Baines in 1829 was so vast, that whatever additions have been made, stand upon the lines of the original ground plan. The additions themselves are so well in keeping with the mansion, that the latter dominates and gives the note of the whole. In this respect Prior Park probably holds a unique position, and the fact will aid the reader to appreciate what may be said of the dimensions of the building.

The connection between Ampleforth and Prior Park would be neither pleasurable nor profitable to follow in all its details. Still when we remember that that connection threatened at one time to end in the transmerging of the former into the latter, we can find sufficient reason for some account of Prior Park in the pages of the *Ampleforth Journal*. St. Lawrence's is in a position now to condone whatever might have been thought an injury in the past; for Prior Park, as its founder planned it, has ceased to exist. Those who chose may read this into a verdict upon the cause of dispute between the two establishments;

we are easily led to fancy ourselves the nether stone in the mill of Providence; but it is certainly an additional motive for silence on the quarrel of so long ago.

It would be hard to conceive a change of more complete contrast than from Ampleforth to Prior Park. Instead of the open sweep of the valley you have the sharp narrow descent of a Somersetshire combe. Bath commences at the foot of the combe, and stretching over the narrow span of alluvial plain through which the river Avon winds, climbs the opposite hill towards Lansdown. The view which is obtained by this from Prior Park, has earned more than local celebrity. The college grounds extend to the very base of the combe, and not only are they well wooded on each of the banks, but the centre glade is so rugged and steep that no roadway has been made through it. There is no traffic therefore to distract one in the enjoyment of the view. The wooded banks are a perpetual source of pleasure. Their steepness and proximity one to another bring into play unusual effects of light, which add novelty even to the ordinary phases of the day. At the foot of the slope are two ponds—once three—which were the fishponds of the Abbey Community. The name of the estate traces back to the same source, telling us that it originally belonged to the Priors of Bath. There are some cottages by the ponds which are as old as the Abbey, and some yew trees in the grounds older still. Bishop Baines may have had some sentiment of his old home when he made his choice of Prior Park.

Between the two ponds the builder of Prior Park has thrown a pseudo-classical structure, called the Palladian Bridge, with the sole object of adding a feature to the landscape. It achieves its purpose prettily enough; it even goes further; it gives just a suggestion of deliberate composition to the scene. Not that this detracts from its beauty; but with the grey buildings of Bath in sight, and the reminiscences of the artificiality of its brilliant

past strong in our minds, we are more critical of, and perhaps more condescending to nature than we are where we feel her to be unassisted.

The mansion of Prior Park was built in 1743 by Ralph Allen, a friend of Fielding, of Pope, of Bishop Warburton, and a man of great mark in the story of Bath. Only a century and a half ago; but how remote the times seem. The house was not seventy years old when Bishop Baines bought it; yet so short was the fit of Bath's greatness, that this superb building and estate were to be had without competition, for a quite inadequate sum. The outlook from the mansion over Bath is northwards, and it suggests the specialty of climate very adequately, to know that in Bath it is a recommendation of a site to say that it looks north.

We reach Prior Park from Bath by what is known as the Carriage Road, and are at once impressed with the importance of the place we are to visit by the fact that we pass through two lodge-gates before we come to the actual college gates. The latter, insignificant except from point of size, swing between two impressive stone pillars. We come at once to the buildings. These stretch from the lodge gates in one continuous line of some 1,300 feet, and completely crown the head of the comb. Their material is of course the local Bath stone. St. Lawrence's will have an opportunity of learning by experience the way in which Bath stone takes the weather. It is very susceptible to its surroundings, and tones rapidly. Bath Abbey is as black as if it had been dipped into select parts of its own Avon. Prior Park has the stone surface at its best; a predominant grey with no touch of harshness in it, and in the sheltered parts of a gold as deep as ripe corn. Immediately next to the entrance gates is the covered gymnasium built by old students to the memory of Mgr. Edward Williams, who ruled over Prior Park from its restoration in 1867 to his death in 1891. Then follow the College of

St. Paul's and the church, the former the work of Bishop Baines, the latter commenced by Bishop Baggs in 1844, and only completed in 1882. A low terraced passage, treated on the south side in colonnades, leads to the central building, the Mansion, which is a building of three storeys, 150 feet in length. A corresponding terrace connects the latter with St. Peter's College, which with the covered swimming bath completes the impressive line of building.

The Mansion remains, as originally designed, the dominating feature of the whole. What additions have been made are, thanks to the Rome-trained taste of Dr. Baines, in keeping with the central block. From the north front a fine portico projects, supported on ten superb columns, six frontal and two at each side. The latter reach almost to the full height of the walls and are completed by a pediment, simple but of excellent proportion. A broad flight of steps leads from the portico, branching out on either side in a semicircular curve to the terrace beneath.

The Mansion is by no means as Dr. Baines found it. The steps just mentioned are his addition, and he supplied a further feature of beauty by throwing the entrance hall open to the roof. The decorations of the hall and of the reception rooms are necessarily later than the great fire which gutted the Mansion in 1836. They are of considerable artistic merit, and are also attached to a name of interest, as they came from a house built by the brilliant and eccentric Mr. Beckford at Shepton Mallet. Attached to the Mansion is a domestic chapel which forms a private chapel for the community. The Mansion is given over to the use of the professors.

St. Peter's College on the east of the Mansion is for the lower half of the school. It contains the refectory, well-arranged dormitories, and in particular a handsomely furnished lavatory. The swimming bath is not showy but admirably practical. In St. Paul's College each of the

students has a room. A considerable portion of the College premises has been adapted from what were the stables and offices of the original structure. As the whole structure was built of cut stone, there is little now to give evidence of their original purpose. They afford numerous class-rooms, and in this respect must offer considerable convenience. The absence of a large study hall deprives the establishment of a recognized collegiate feature, and suggests an inevitable multiplicity of labour in the supervision of the study hours. There is a theatre room of original design, which might be made striking by judicious decoration.

The College Church is a very successful building in the classical style. Its total length is 120 feet; breadth of nave 27 feet six inches; height 45 feet. The chancel terminates in a semi-circular apse. The barrel roof is treated in richly carved panels. Seven Corinthian columns separate the nave from each aisle. In the north aisle are some devotional side chapels. The principal effect is in the undecorated whiteness of the Bath stone. The most ardent partisan of gothic must feel the beauty that springs from unity of design and from the nobleness of the uninterrupted line.

What would have been the destiny of St. Lawrence's if the whole of the community had yielded to the persuasive voice of Dr. Baines and migrated to Prior Park? We cannot but admit that they would have found a stage of operation which would have warranted splendid results. At one time the fascination of the Somersetshire combe must have been a dangerous rival even of the broad, vibrating expanse of the Yorkshire vale. After fire and failure this fascination still clings to Prior Park. From its present brilliant point of progress Ampleforth can afford to be generous as to the past, to acknowledge what was great in its rival, and to wish prosperity to those who now shape the destinies of Prior Park.

T. L. A.

## The Poetry of the Bible.

### III.

THE Book of Job and Solomon's "Song of Songs" were the subject of our last remarks. Our next illustration of the Poetry of the Bible is from the Book of Psalms. The Greek word *Ψαλμῶν*, from which "Psalm" is derived, means the striking of a musical chord, and the term "Psaltery" means a musical instrument. In these names we have the tradition of the Hebrew art of musical accompaniment as a further adornment to the poetic art of rhythm. Both were elaborated, in part at least, for the Jewish Liturgy. Christianity has gratefully accepted the Hebrew inheritance of rhythm in the Psalms; how far the musical accompaniment is represented in her Gregorian Chant is matter of enquiry for the learned, or the curious.

But beyond this there is, in the Psaltery, something most individual. It is a spring of Lyric poetry arising from a human heart. According to opinion it is the composition of many authors, whose dates vary extremely, from the age of Moses to the age of Jeremias or even the Machabees. Yet the whole seems to share the spirit of the work; it bears the echo of one voice and centres round one name; David, the sweetest singer of Israel! Its inspiration is the heart of David, "a man after God's own heart," and therefore a man, too, after the heart of mankind, which still in its depths aspires to the good, the beautiful and true. That is why, for 3,000 years, the Psaltery has held its ground, not only in synagogue and church, but in its personal attractiveness for men and women of every generation and of every class. The world has been charmed by the voice of the charmer, who, as a shepherd youth,

played his harp to the mountain echoes, and to the winds which breathed through the forest. There he learnt to love the beauty of creation; there he learnt the touching figures of a pastoral life he used so often in his writings. He was strong and swift:

"God hath girt me with strength,  
He hath made my feet like the hart's;  
He teacheth my hands to war,  
And my arms, He hath made as a brazen bow."

Yet he was tender in affection. He was a warrior king, yet a loving father; passionate in sin; earnest in sorrow; devout in adoration, and a lover of the worship of praise. Such David was, around whose name the Psalterly gathers,—that Psalterly which has sounded on the lips and in the hearts of all believing ages, Jew or Christian. Every synagogue and every Christian sanctuary has grown familiar with it. Every heart that has been swayed by passion or repentance, by joy or sorrow, by hope or by despair, by the yearning of desire or the rest of fulfilment, has found expression suited to its cravings in the wonderful outpourings of the Psalms.

It is difficult, in a paper like this impossible, to set forth the beauty of the Book of Psalms as a whole. There is no consistent form or sequence. One can do little more than hold up to the light, as out of a collection of precious jewels, one choice stone or another. One sparkling with joy and exultation; another tinged with the deep colour of grief; a third burning with the brilliant fire of desire, or showing the subdued clear light of peace. Some order, however, may be found in following the sketch of David's life. In the historical books of sacred Scripture we trace it:—a youth in his father's house; a man persecuted by Saul; a king, with the troubles of his court and family; his fall into sin and restoration to grace; his zeal for God's house. In the Psalms we find each phase reflected

with art and imagery, and above all with a supreme power of feeling.

No character in the Old Testament, none, perhaps, in ancient history, is more distinctly marked out for us than that of David. There is no one who, from his own pen, has left us a more personal expression of mind and heart. In 1. Kings, xvi. he is introduced to us. "The youngest son of Isai, who keepeth the sheep." There is a festival in his father's house, and though left aside as the youngest, Samuel the prophet sends for him. He comes fresh from the keen mountain air, "ruddy and beautiful to behold." The oil of unction is poured upon him as the future king, and then he returns to his flocks. For he is the "good shepherd," who loved his sheep, and when they were in danger he did not flee, as the hireling, but struck the lion and the bear. He was a skilful player, too, upon the harp. "Poeta nascitur non fit." Even in boyhood the spirit of music and of poetry was with him on the hills of Bethlehem. Therefore it was that on a day there came a message from Saul to Isai, "Send me David, thy son, who is in the pastures." For Saul needed some one to soothe his troubled spirit with "the concord of sweet sounds." David came, and Saul, looking on him, loved him exceedingly. Now, too, began the story of that beautiful friendship which has become a proverb, "His soul was knit to that of Jonathan," so that he "was amiable to him above the love of women." But he went back to his pastures. He loved their solitudes and the deep stirring of his own heart in their midst. We surely have a composition of this peaceful time in Psalm xxii., or if it were written later it echoes the memories of it.

Psalm xxii.

"God is my Shepherd, I shall not be in want;  
Through the green fields, to the meadows  
By the stream, He hath led me, to rest.  
But though I walked through the shadows of death,—  
Through the gloomy ravines,—I will not be afraid,



For Thou my Shepherd art with me,  
 And Thy rod shall be my defence.  
 To the end shall Thy mercy be with me,  
 All my days shall rest under Thine eye.\*

How sweet and grateful a song, full of calmness and trust! These youthful days on the hill-side were, too, the inspiration of Psalm xxviii., though it was written or adapted later for the Liturgy. David had stood amid the storm, blinded by the lightning flash, deafened by the reverberations of the thunder from the overhanging rocks. He had seen the whirlwind sweep through the forest with destroying blast;—and in all he adored the majesty of God.

Psalm xxviii.

"Ye sons of God, give praise and glory to Jehovah!  
 Adore Him in the beauty of His sanctuary.  
 The voice of God is in the roaring of the ocean,  
 His glory in the thunder.  
 His voice is overwhelming in its power;  
 It crashes through the branches of the cedar;  
 Through the cedars of Libanus.  
 The voice of God biddeth the lightnings go forth,  
 And the deserts are affrighted!  
 The oak trees tremble, and the leaves  
 Of the forest fall down to the ground!

Jehovah shall strengthen His people,  
 He shall bless His people in peace."

Take another scene from these years,—such a scene as St. Luke describes when other shepherds than David kept their midnight watch. To them indeed the glory that lay beyond "the quiet silence of the night," was revealed by the angelic choir that appeared and sang the "Gloria in

\*In the translation I have not always followed the Vulgate, nor given the Psalms in their complete sequence.

excelsis." Not so with David; but from those same slopes he gazed up into the same midnight sky,—into the star-depths of infinite beauty, and his soul in faith and longing, though not in vision, passed beyond them to the Creator's glory. Thinking on the greatness of His works the poet sang:

"O God, our Lord, how wonderful  
 Throughout the earth Thy name!  
 How the glory of the heavens,  
 Thy own glory doth proclaim!  
 Thy foes refuse to honour Thee;  
 Be their silence their disgrace,  
 For the lisping lips of little ones  
 Sound forth the song of praise.  
 I gaze upon the moon and stars,  
 Upon the shining sky,  
 Thy handiwork; then on myself,  
 And murmur, 'What am I?'  
 That Thou shouldst think of me, a man?  
 That Thou shouldst visit me?  
 That Thou shouldst set me o'er Thy works,  
 The fields, the air, the sea?  
 O God, our Lord, how wonderful  
 Throughout the earth Thy name!  
 How the glory of the heavens,  
 Thy own glory doth proclaim!"

A change came. Saul was at war with the Philistines, and Goliath of Geth, a giant, challenged the Israelites; "Give me a man, and let him fight with me hand to hand"; and none durst. David heard, and his patriot spirit was stirred. He left his sheep in the desert and drew nigh the camp, and passed from one to another, saying, "Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" Then he came before Saul and spoke, "I thy servant will go and will fight against the Philistine"—for his young heart conceived great

things. He took his shepherd's staff and scrip, a smooth stone from the brook and his sling, and slew Goliath. As he returned the women came out of the cities of Israel to meet King Saul with timbrels of joy, and they sang as they played, "Saul slew his thousands and David his ten thousands." David became famous. He married the king's daughter, frequented the court, dwelt in the king's city, but the peaceful days of his life had closed for ever. Envy entered the heart of Saul, and he sought the life of David. On a time, in frenzy, the king's spear was hurled at him and narrowly missed pinning him to the wall. He fled to the shelter of his own home. Saul's emissaries pursued him and laid siege to it. Their clamour filled the stillness of the evening like the yelling of the dogs of an eastern city. David's heart turned to God as in boyhood, but not with the undisturbed calm of that time. Yet, with the confidence of innocence, he cried for help.

## Psalm lviii.

"Deliver me from mine enemies, O God,  
From them who work iniquity.  
They have laid snares for my soul,  
The mighty have rushed in upon me.  
O Lord, it is not mine iniquity;  
I have walked my paths without sin.  
O Lord God of hosts, God of Israel!  
Look on me,—rise up to meet me!  
In the evening they shall turn back;  
As dogs, they shall howl round the city.  
But I will give praise to Thy strength,  
In the morning will sing of Thy mercy;  
For Thou art become my support,  
In the day of trouble my refuge."

He is not yet wearied by years in the wilderness, by relentless pursuit, by days and nights of watchfulness, and ever-recurring danger. Neither has his mind become filled with images which were to replace the slopes of

Bethlehem; the rocks and caves, the ravines and mountain fastnesses, through which he wandered with his followers. But the clouds of affliction gathered quickly. He escaped from his dwelling, and outside the city walls met his friend Jonathan—"kissing one another they wept together, but David more." Then he departed. He fled to the cave of Adullam, and his kinsfolk and they that were in distress gathered round him. His aged parents he left in safe-keeping in Moab. Thence he went to Juda, where he dwelt in the forest of Haret. Saul heard, and pursued him. He wandered up and down, uncertain where he should stay. He abode in the desert in strongholds; in a mountain of the desert of Ziph; on a woody hill; and the Ziphites betrayed his hiding places. David despaired of being able to escape from the face of Saul. Listen to the cry of his troubled spirit:

## Psalm cxli.

"With my voice I cried to the Lord,  
With my voice I besought Him:  
My complaining I poured out before Him,  
Before Him declared all my trouble.  
I looked to the right hand, and lo!  
No one is there to assist me.  
I would flee, but no way lies open.  
There is none who will shelter my life.  
O Jehovah! Thou art my hope;  
Bend low Thine ear to my prayer.  
Indeed I am broken with sorrow,  
For mine enemies are stronger than I."

And God bent low His ear and heard, for the coming of the Philistines called Saul aside, and David dwelt in the strongholds of Engaddi. But hatred pursued him even among "the craggy rocks accessible only to wild goats." He was worn and oppressed by the persistence of his foes. His downcast spirit murmured, "One day or another I shall fall into the hands of Saul." Yet, as he fled, trust

in God rose supreme. His mercy was still with him in his trouble, praise still should be upon his lips.

## Psalm lii.

"O God, My God! at the dawning I seek Thee.  
For Thee my heart searcheth; my soul is athirst  
In the trackless sands of this waterless desert.  
To me, more than life, is the hand of Thy mercy;  
All my life shall my tongue sing Thy praises,  
And my hands shall be raised up in prayer."

Once and again Saul fell into the power of David. In the wilderness of Ziph he slept, and, unseen, David stood by with a companion, but he would not strike, for "who shall put forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless? Unless the Lord strike him, or his day shall come to die, or he shall go down to battle to perish." There was no bitterness in the heart of David, nay, still an admiration and a love for Saul and Jonathan. Hear the beautiful lamentation "when the day came for Saul to go down to battle to perish"; the lamentation he sang over the heights of Gelboe.

## 2 King i.

"How are the valiant fallen!  
Ye mountains of Gelboe let neither dew nor rain  
come upon you.  
Saul and Jonathan, lovely and comely in their life,  
Even in death they were not divided.  
How are the valiant fallen in battle!  
I grieve for thee my brother Jonathan exceeding  
beautiful.  
How are the valiant fallen and the weapons of  
war perished?"

With the death of Saul, the wanderings of David drew to a close. The regal unction had touched his brow years before and now he was to ascend the throne. It was not the might of his own arm, but God who scattered his foes.

God has looked on his innocence and kept him safe. He did not forget it. He sings of it in Psalm xvii. and the inspiration of prophecy carries his spirit forward to see his future triumphs, and the nations subject to him.

## Psalm xvii.

"Jehovah, my strength, O I love Thee!  
My Saviour, my rock of defence!  
The cords of death were about me,  
And destruction came on as a torrent,  
But He heard my voice from His Temple,  
My cry reached unto His ear.  
The earth quaked; to their bases  
The mountains in anger were shaken.  
He sent for His arrows: my enemies fled,  
He multiplied lightnings, and troubled them.  
And I shall beat them, as dust in the wind;  
As dirt in the streets shall I trample them.  
Thou shalt save me from the risings of the people,  
Thou shalt make me to be leader of the Gentiles."

We must hurry onward. David became King of Juda and for seven years abode in Hebron, but he was the Lord's anointed not only for Juda but all Israel. Through all vicissitudes his power grew greater, the loyalty of his subjects more admiring. He captured the city and the citadel of the Jebusites, who dwelt on Mount Sion, and established that city of Jerusalem, which was to witness things more awful, more mysterious, more sacred than any city of the universe. Once settled in Jerusalem, the devout heart of David turned to the restoration of the national worship. He prepared a tabernacle for the Ark of the Covenant, which had been in exile in Philistia. With a great multitude, 30,000 of the men of Juda, he arose and went forth to fetch it. And they brought it with joyful shouting, sounding with the sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and cymbals, and psalteries, and harps. "And

David in that day made Asaph the chief to give praise to the Lord with his brethren."

1 Paral. xvi.

"Praise ye the Lord and call upon His Name,  
Make known His deeds among the nations.  
For the Lord is great, and exceedingly to be praised,  
For all the Gods of the nations are but idols.  
But the Lord made the Heavens.  
Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad,  
Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof,  
Let the fields rejoice and all that are in them."

This is quoted from Paralipomenon, but Psalm xcv. is clearly a variation of it. Psalm xxiii., too, was composed by David for this same occasion, and no better illustration could be given of the Liturgical origin and use of certain of the Psalms. It is a dramatic lyric to be sung to music, and it would seem, to be accompanied by dancing, for "David was playing and dancing before the Lord" on that day. We might give the setting of the Psalm as follows:

The Ark is borne along and seven choirs accompany it; harps and lutes and timbrels; the chorus rises;\*

(Chorus.)

"The earth is Jehovah's and its fulness,  
The world and all who dwell therein."

They mount towards the city, and there breaks in abruptly:—

(One choir or one voice.)

"Who shall ascend the mountain of the Lord,  
Or who shall stand within His holy place?"

(Chorus.)

"The clean of hand and pure of heart,  
They shall receive Jehovah's blessing.  
For such are they who seek Thy face,  
O God of Jacob!"

\* See Steenkiste.

The procession reaches the gates of Sion, and there is a pause.

(One choir or single voice.)

"Open wide ye gates,  
Ye gates of the eternal city!  
Let the King of glory in."

(A voice from within.)

"Who is the King of glory?"

(A mighty chorus.)

"Jehovah strong and mighty,  
Jehovah strong in war."

(Continued Chorus.)

"Open wide ye gates,  
Ye gates of the eternal city!  
Let the King of glory in."

(A voice within.)

"Who is the King of glory?"

(Chorus.)

"Jehovah, Lord of hosts, He is the glorious King!"

Not only was a grand ritual David's care in Jerusalem but that there should be also a pure and lofty morality. In Psalm c. we read: "the proud and the deceitful he will not cherish, but his eyes shall be upon the faithful and the perfect. The workers of iniquity he will cut off from the city of the Lord." His loving admiration for God's law is told with great beauty in Psalm xviii. in one of the simplest forms of Hebrew rhythm,—synthetic parallelism.

Psalm xviii.

"The law of the Lord is perfect; renewing the spirit:  
The word of God faithful; giving wisdom to little ones:  
God's justice is right; giving joy to the heart:  
His precept as sunlight; enlightening the eyes:  
The fear of God holy; remaining for ever:  
God's judgments are true; by them all things are  
justified.

Notwithstanding David's devotion to God's worship, and his zeal for God's law, at this part of his life a deep and sad change came. Most powerfully and pathetically is it reflected in the Psalms. He does not pass through the years of prosperity spotless as he did through the years of adversity. While Joab the general was away at the wars and Urias the Hethite with him, David loitered at home in the King's house. It chanced one afternoon he cast his eye upon the beauty of Bethsabee, the wife of Urias, and he fell into the grievous sins of adultery and murder. Reproof and punishment came at the word of Nathan the prophet, and repentance. It is briefly told in the Book of King's, but in the Book of Psalms we see how the soul of David was wrung to the depths. He had fallen and could no longer look up to God with a clean heart. He had been unfaithful and a flood of evil had defiled him. Listen to Psalm I.

## Psalm I.

"Pity me, O God, in Thy Mercy,  
In Thy tender mercy, wash away my sins.  
I know, indeed, my wickedness,  
My sin is always before me.  
Take hyssop, cleanse me, a leper!  
Wash me as white as the snow drift,  
Speak a word to me of joy and gladness,  
That crushed and humbled I may yet look up with hope.  
Sacrifice I would have offered, had you willed it,  
But burnt offerings will not please Thee.  
Thy sacrifice is an afflicted spirit;  
O God, a contrite heart do not despise!"

Such was David's cry in his repentance; such the "Miserere" that has been the key-note of every contrite soul. Yet his great and true nature struggled back to light and confidence. If joy and exultation could not be his as of old, yet he looked back with yearning memory to the days when in the pasture lands he sang the praises of

God, and as a shepherd boy struck the harp with hands free from crime,—to the days when he danced before the Ark as he led it up Mount Sion, and sang of the joy that arose from the heart of the just.

## Psalm xxxii.

"Blessed the man whose guilt is remitted,  
Whom God has forgiven.  
I confessed not, and groaned in my anguish;  
My life wasted away.  
Day and night was Thy hand heavy on me;  
My frame withered as grass.  
But my sin I laid open before Thee,  
I no longer concealed it;  
And my guilt, O Lord, Thou remitted.  
Sorrow awaiteth the wicked:  
But mercy shall clothe him about  
Whose hope is Jehovah.  
Be glad in Jehovah; rejoice O ye righteous,  
And shout for joy, ye true of heart!"

From this hour a dark cloud rested on David and his house. The infant son of Bethsabee died, as the prophet foretold. Amongst his sons there was sin and strife and rebellion. Before the face of Absalom he fled Jerusalem. It was a mournful sight to see the aged king once more driven to the wilderness, and by his favourite son. From the foot of Olivet he looked back on the city he loved and had adorned as a sanctuary, and said farewell, perhaps for ever. His crown was put aside, his head covered and his feet bare. As he ascended the mountain he wept, and his followers mourned with him. There came by Semei, the son of Jemini, who from above cast stones, and scattered dust upon his head, and cursed him. But the king walked on in silence, with bowed head and humbled heart. He knew that he was tasting the bitter fruit of sin. To God alone would he become a suppliant.

## Psalm cxlii.

"Jehovah, hear my prayer,  
 Incline Thine ear to my petition.  
 Do not judge Thy servant,  
 For before Thee none is just.  
 The enemy hath persecuted my soul,  
 He hath beaten my life to the earth,  
 He hath made me to dwell in darkness  
 As those that have lain in the tomb.  
 I remember the days of old,  
 I think upon all Thy works.  
 I stretch out my hands in petition;  
 For Thee my soul yearns  
 As the desert thirsts for the rain.  
 Free me from mine enemies, O God!  
 To Thee have I fled.  
 Teach me to do Thy will,  
 Thou art my God."

Encouraged by his prayers and urged by the loyalty of his soldiers, David prepared to give battle to the rebellious Israelites. Yet as he had always kept the heart of a friend for Saul, so now he kept the heart of a father for Absalom. When at once he heard the news of victory and of his son's death, how touching is that simple cry of sorrow as he turned towards his chamber to weep in solitude:

"My son Absalom, Absalom my son; O, who would grant that  
 I might die for thee, Absalom my son, my son Absalom,  
 O my son!"

David's throne was safe, but war, famine and pestilence still brought affliction,—a punishment for sin, a chastening influence, in the midst of the power and the splendour which anew grew up around him.

In these last days, his mind turned to a theme which had been dear to him all through his life,—the building of God's Temple. The work was forbidden him, because he

had been a man of war, but he made preparations and gave instructions to Solomon his son. In the warrior's breast there was a tender love for the beauty of God's house, and a zeal for His honour which breaks out into the most glorious songs. Listen to the beautiful Psalm lxxxiii. for if it be not David's yet it expresses the feelings of his heart.

## Psalm lxxxiii.

"How lovely is Thy dwelling, O Lord of hosts,  
 My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord,  
 The sparrow hath found a home,  
 The swallow a nest for her young:—  
 Thy altar, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!—  
 Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house,  
 They shall praise Thee for ever.  
 Better one day in Thy courts than elsewhere a thousand,  
 Better to rest on Thy doorstep, than sleep in the palace of  
 sinners."

What an enthusiastic loyalty pervades that wonderfully fine Psalm lxvii. ! How boldly it rings out from the Poet's heart! Listen to a strophe.

## Psalm lxvii.

"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!  
 Let them flee before His face.  
 As smoke vanisheth, disperse them;  
 As wax melteth in the fire, let them perish  
 From before Thy face.  
 But the just shall rejoice before God.  
 They shall exult in their gladness!"

Or take a strophe from Psalm xlvi. How jubilant it is!

## Psalm xlvi.

"O ye peoples clap your hands,  
 Shout with jubilee to God.  
 Jehovah is the highest,  
 He is King upon the earth.

He hath subdued the nations ;  
 Hath set our feet upon them.  
 For we are His inheritance,  
 And He loveth Jacob's glory."

We must hasten to a close. "The days of the King drew near that he should die." He spoke his last words to Solomon his son ; fell asleep with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David.

I have briefly traced David's steps from youth to old age, and illustrated the different periods by extracts from the Psalms. Thus we have touched the secret springs of his inner nature, and at the same time found a lyric poet of unrivalled fame. It is strange to find this King, this Eastern Sheikh, of an age and country we are ready to call barbarous, the author of a literature as powerful and refined as the world has ever seen. But we must own it true, whether we think of these Psalms of his as stirring the men of Juda in their camps and cities ; or as chanted in the Sacred Presence of the Christian altar, filling the lofty abbeys of the medieval ages with their music ; or as the familiar breathings of the individual heart in its isolated trials, griefs and joys. The proof of their supreme excellence is their universality. A great poet is universal, and truly the harp of David is the Æolian harp slung on the hills of Palestine. Every human emotion breathes across its strings and draws forth responsive harmonies.

Yet in our sketch we have but just glanced at the treasury of the Psalter, nor have we stayed to comment. I will but make two comments in conclusion.

The first is this. It is noticeable of the Hebrews how God with them is mingled in every thought. The very force of their poetry is in this, that whether in peril or in peace ; in the calm beauty of the landscape or the roar of the tempest ; in sorrow or in joy ; in every circumstance and every emotion ; their mind and heart go straight to

God. The hand of God is everywhere, to smite or to caress.

"The heights of the mountains are His ;  
 The sea is His for He made it ;  
 His hands formed the dry land."

He speaks in the thunder, He rules the ocean, He feeds the young ravens that call upon Him, and cares for all the animal creation. He clothes the forest and strips them of their foliage. Very powerful too and very beautiful is the imagery with which they express these thoughts. There is a fine example in Psalm xciii.

Psalm xciii.

"Bless the Lord O my soul !  
 O Lord my God Thou art exceeding great.  
 Thou hast clothed Thyself with glory and with beauty.  
 For He hath girt Himself with light, as with a garment ;  
 He hath stretched out the heavens as a tent.  
 He hath made the clouds His chariot ;  
 He is borne on the wings of the wind.  
 He sendeth forth the tempest as His messenger.  
 The thunder-bolt as His servant."

So the Psalm goes gloriously through the creation and the Psalmist ends :

"I will sing praise to the Lord as long as I shall live,  
 I will praise Him while I have my being.  
 Let sinners vanish from the earth,  
 And may the wicked cease to be !  
 O my soul, bless thou the Lord !"

There is something very grand in this swift passing of the mind to God. It comes from that direct and supernatural communion which is the gift to us of divine revelation. How different from the modern treatment of Nature, as we find it, for example, in Wordsworth. There we find nature

as a mysterious intermediary; we rest in it, find in it a sacred influence, almost a Deity. Compare these lines of Wordsworth with what we have quoted from the Psalms.

"The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea;  
Listen! The mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make,  
A sound like thunder everlastingly."

Again:

"Even such a shell, the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things.

Here you stand,  
Adore and worship, when you know it not;  
Pious beyond the intention of your thought,  
Devout above the meaning of your will."

There is, no doubt, a true beauty in such writing; a soothing and a useful influence; certainly to one unblest by Revelation, it may be very powerfully so. But how vaguely it stammers of the infinite, and how feeble it is compared to the strong true ring of the Hebrew poet's song.

My second comment is to call attention to the deep patriotism of the Psalms. But I have out-run my limits and will end with illustrating this from the touching verses of Psalm cxxxvi. written nearly five hundred years after the time of David. It is a national lyric, exquisite in its setting, true in pathos. The Hebrews are the "chosen people," of the race of David who built their city, of Solomon who built their glorious temple. City and temple! ah! how intensely they loved them! and now Jerusalem, the "city of perfect beauty," "the joy of all the earth," as Jeremiah calls it, has been destroyed and become a by-word. "They have hissed and wagged their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem." Their Temple is in ruins;

the voices of the singing men are hushed, the sackbut and the psaltery lie mute. The cymbals and the harp are laid aside. They themselves are captives far away in Babylon. As they rest from their day's work on the banks of the Euphrates, their hearts are borne away on its rolling waters, their memory stirs with the murmur of its flowing, and their ears are heedless of the men and women who gather round them to hear the far famed music of the Hebrew people.

Psalm cxxxvi.

"By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept,  
When we remembered Sion.  
Upon its willow trees we hung our harps,  
Our captors stood around and bid us sing;  
Who caused our sorrows, bid us sing of joy!  
'Sing to us,' they say, 'the songs of Sion.'  
Oh! how can we sing God's canticle,  
How can we? Exiles in a stranger's land!"

If I'er forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither.  
May my tongue cleave to my palate, if I bear thee not in mind;  
If I do not make thee always the fountain of my joy."

J. A. W.



## Some Early Musicians.

HISTORICAL information of one kind or another exercises a certain fascination over the minds of most of us. The cause is different with different classes of minds. With some, perhaps the largest class, it is only the result of curiosity, of the desire for novelty and of something outside the usual round of everyday experience. Another section has a natural and instinctive reverence for the past, while a third consists of those who find in the life around them many things whose origin and meaning are doubtful, and who turn to history for an explanation of them.

The history of any of the arts, be it architecture, painting or music, should afford pleasure to minds of all casts. To lovers of novelty, it holds forth the charm of the unknown. It will carry them to new and unfamiliar scenes; it will introduce them to characters which they would never meet in the popular novel or the magazine story, which form the staple food of their intellectual diet. Those who are stirred by records of the past will not be disappointed by the lives of those early masters, whose works are at once the delight and despair of their admirers to-day. To the student or the critic, art history supplies that necessary fund of knowledge which enables him to estimate the value of work which comes under his own observation.

Despite the large amount of literature on the history of music, no book has, I think, the same celebrity as such works on kindred arts as Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," or Vasari's "Lives of Painters." The earlier schools of music, particularly, are to a great proportion even of the



lovers of the art, an unexplored region. What percentage, for example, of an Albert Hall or Crystal Palace audience could mention so much as the names of half-a-dozen composers who lived prior to the time of Händel and Sebastian Bach? Yet these two masters form the climax of a development in music which had been in progress upwards of six hundred years.

Such is our ignorance of the history of an art which, along with architecture and painting, forms a bond of union between the civilized nations of the world. A campanile by Giotto, a Madonna of Raphael, or a sonata by Beethoven, needs no explanation, no process of translation to render it intelligible to a people different from that of its creator.

The most reliable histories of music are put forward in a form not calculated to find their way into the hands of a very extensive class of readers. It would require no little enthusiasm and perseverance to make even a superficial acquaintance with Dr. Burney's four quarto volumes. Such a work, too, as Naumann's *Illustrated History of Music*, though far more readable, is a large undertaking for anyone who is not a devoted admirer of the art. Perhaps the biographical notices in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music* will find most favour with readers. It may be hoped then that an attempt to give some account of a few early masters will not be devoid of interest to the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal*.

In the early part of the twelfth century, a school of music was established in the University of Paris, at that time the most celebrated of European universities. This school, the existence and influence of which was first made known by Coussemaker within the last forty years, was the parent of the many schools which grew up in later centuries all over Europe. The masters of the French school were the first to raise music to the position of an independent art. They were the pioneers of the

whole system of counterpoint\* as known at the present day.

This is no disparagement of the labours of Hucbald (a Benedictine monk of St. Amand in Flanders, 840—930), and the illustrious Guido of Arezzo, 995—1050. In their systems of part singing, the voices had no independence, and, for the most part, began, continued and ended at a fixed interval apart.

The French masters possess the further distinction of having introduced "Imitation," which developed into Double Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue. It is of interest to note, however, that the earliest Canon of any importance is not the production of a French master but is of English origin. The old Northumbrian round "Sumer is icumen in," written in six parts, has been proved to belong to the thirteenth century, the date 1218 in the handwriting of the monks having been deciphered on a MS. now in the British Museum. Though the musical art owes an immense debt to the industry of the French masters, yet their names do not stand out in such strong relief as to call for a detailed account. An exception, perhaps, may be made in the case of Jean de Muris, a native of Normandy. He became a Doctor of the Sorbonne in 1330. To him we are indebted for the first definition of *Discantus*, the early name for Counterpoint. He also informs us that three *tempi*, or rates of motion were in use in his day, which seem to correspond to the modern Allegro, Andante and Adagio. He addressed a spirited rebuke to the singers whose bad taste led them to indulge in elaborate and ignorantly conceived variations.

"You throw notes," he says, "by chance, like boys throwing stones, scarcely one hitting the mark in a

\* The definition of counterpoint given by E. F. Richter in his Treatise is, "The free and independent progression or movement of a solo or part against or in relation to some other part, which is already present as a given theme or subject."

hundred, and instead of giving pleasure you cause anger and ill humour. Oh, what gross barbarism!" With the death of Jean de Muris and his contemporary Guillaume de Machaut, the French or Parisian school of music fell into decay, and the centre of the musical world passed to Belgium and the Netherlands. The next prominent master during the half century, 1370 to 1420, was Dufay. It would be superfluous to enter into the discussion as to whether there were two musicians of this name, the personality of the Belgian master being quite sufficiently established by the works which have come down to us. Dufay was the first composer who departed from the universal practice of employing church melodies or "cantus" as the groundwork for contrapuntal treatment in writing Masses. He introduced popular songs of the day as the subjects for his compositions for the church. The song which found most favour with musicians was perhaps "L'homme armé," a bold, striking melody, which could not be disguised even when woven into the fabric of a mass by such contrapuntalists as Dufay, Faugues, or Orlando di Lasso. The excesses, to which this innovation opened a door, brought down the censure of the congregation of the Council of Trent, two centuries later, on the music in vogue in its day.

The highest praise is due, notwithstanding, to Dufay for his efforts to free music from the trammels of dry formalism, and to invest it with the beauty of a living, speaking art. Copies of his works are preserved in the Vatican, and in the Royal Library of Brussels.

Passing over the names of some other writers, we come to the renowned Okeghem or Ockenheim, the first of the Netherlands. He was a pupil of Binchois, a contemporary of Dufay, and was born at Dendermonde in East Flanders. He entered the service of Charles VIII. of France as a singer, and was made by him Treasurer of the Cathedral of Tours, where he died in 1512. Such are

the scanty details we possess of his passage through the world. His work, however, has borne fruit in all succeeding ages. He was the founder of that Netherland School of Music which sent out teachers to all parts of Europe, and he thus influenced the subsequent development of music to an immeasurable extent. He may be justly considered the first to suggest that fugal style of composition which John Sebastian Bach carried to the highest perfection.

Perhaps his best claim to the gratitude of posterity lies in his having directed the early studies of Josquin des Prés, who soon eclipsed the fame of his master. Josquin's name, latinized into "Jodocus Pratensis," and its Italian form, "Del Prato," gave rise to the idea that he was a Tuscan by birth. No doubt now remains that his real place of origin was Condé in Hainault. The year of his birth is not so certain, but it lies somewhere very close to 1430. After studying under Ockenheim, he went to Rome, and there made a great name for himself as a singer in the Papal Chapel. From thence he passed, at the death of Sixtus IV., to the service of the Duke of Ferrara, to whom he dedicated a Mass. Louis XII. of France was his next patron. Louis ordered him to score a popular melody, in which a special part was to be reserved for himself. The difficulty of the task lay in the extremely slender musical skill and voice power of the monarch. Josquin was equal to the occasion, and the part marked "Vox Regis" in the score consisted of a single note running through the entire piece. The master closed his days in his native Condé, as Provost of the Cathedral, in the year 1521.

The chief work accomplished by Josquin for the development of his art was the simplification of technical contrivances and the subordination of them to true feeling. Bainsi, the musical historian, paid high tribute to his popularity, by recording that in his day Josquin was the

idol of Europe, that his works were performed in every church, and that "in Italy, France, Germany, Flanders and Spain Josquin is the only man."

After the time of Josquin it seems to have become the custom of the Flemish masters to migrate from their own country and carry the doctrines of their school to the different countries of Europe. Thus we find Gombert in Spain, Arkadelt, Willaert, Claude Goudimel\* and Clemens non Papa † in Italy, and, later, Lassus in Bavaria.

Adrian Willaert deserves notice as the founder of the Venetian School of Music, which was one of the most famous Italian schools in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His first post in Italy, however, was not at Venice but in Rome, where, under Leo X., he held the office of Maestro di Capella at the Vatican. A quarrel is said to have arisen between the master and his choir, because they refused to acknowledge him as the author of a motet, "Verbum bonum et suave." On Willaert maintaining his right, they declined to sing it any more, and the master, rather than give in, left Rome. After some years of wandering, he found his way to Venice, and was very soon made choir master of St. Mark's. This church had, and still has, two organs facing one another, and this seems to have prompted Willaert to divide his choir into two. For these two choirs he wrote some splendid double choruses. During this later portion of his life he made great advances in the employment of harmony, such as we have at the present day, as the foundation of counterpoint. Hitherto, independence of voice parts had been the aim of composers, harmony being quite a secondary consideration.

In Willaert's later works, the parts are so treated that they form together a harmonic whole.

\* Goudimel is usually accredited with the honour of being Palestrina's master, but this is an error, as Canon Proske points out.

† This surname was given to distinguish him from Clement VII., the reigning Pontiff.

The best of this master's church music is in the department of settings of psalms and hymns, and the then much cultivated motet. Besides this, however, he was a writer of madrigals, and of a work, "Susanna," in which some critics think they discover the germs of oratorio. It consists of a setting of the Old Testament history of Susanna for five voices.

Willart died in 1562, and was succeeded in his office of choir master of St. Mark's by his pupil and fellow countryman, Cyprian van Roor.

I do not propose to trace the career of Van Roor, who, though a Fleming by birth, received his musical education in Italy.

The last great name which rendered the Netherland school illustrious, is that of Orlando di Lasso, as he is most commonly known. His name appears in the different forms Orlandus Lassus, Roland van Lattre, used by his countrymen, and De Lattre by the French. His great reputation entitles him to a more detailed account than has been bestowed on his predecessors in this sketch.

Orlando was born at Mons in Hainaut, in 1520. He began his musical career as a chorister of St. Nicholas' church in his native town. It is recorded that several attempts were made to kidnap him, so beautiful was his voice. At sixteen years of age, he went in the train of Ferdinand of Gonzaga to Milan and Palermo. From Sicily he travelled to Naples and Rome, where he obtained the post of choir master at St. John Lateran, at the early age of twenty-one. He spent only two years in Rome, for hearing that his parents were ill he set out for Flanders in 1543. He arrived too late to see them alive.

Antwerp became the scene of his labours for fourteen years, during which time he made tours through England and France. In 1557 Duke Albert V. of Bavaria invited him to Munich, and made him his chapel master.

Orlando was an accomplished gentleman, and entered into all the life of the Bavarian court. His brilliant wit and amiable manners made him a universal favourite. The duke and duchess prized his society very highly, and in 1558, after only a year's residence in Munich, he married a maid of honour attending the duchess. Six children were born of the marriage, four sons and two daughters. Rudolf and Ferdinand, the two eldest sons, both attained celebrity as musical composers, but neither stands in the same rank as their father. It was during his life at Munich that Orlando composed his famous setting of the Penitential Psalms. A story was at one time current that this work was undertaken at the request of Charles IX. of France, as an expression of his repentance for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1572. It is true that Lassus had visited Paris in 1570 and was very handsomely entertained by the king, but the psalms were even then in existence, having been composed in 1565 for the Duke of Bavaria. Albert was so impressed by the music that he ordered a very costly edition of them to be prepared, in which all the resources of art were employed to add splendour to the work.

Orlando's fame spread from Munich to all parts of Europe. Maximilian II. conferred a knighthood on him, and Pope Gregory XIII. awarded him the Order of the Golden Spurs.

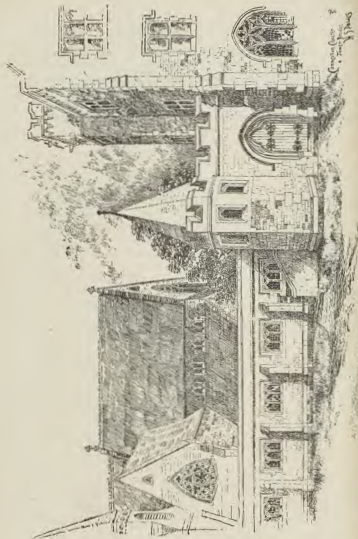
In 1574, Orlando started for Paris, at the invitation of Charles IX. Duke Albert was very loth to part with his favourite, but recognizing the advantage that would accrue to him by joining the French court, he generously consented to his departure. Orlando had only reached Frankfort when news met him of Charles' death, and he at once turned back to Munich, glad to be again free to serve his former patron. He continued to live in Munich for the rest of his life. Albert's successor, Wilhelm V., was no less munificent to the master. Besides confirming

him in the office of chapel master for life, he gave him a house and garden. This, with the proceeds of the sale of some other property, kept Orlando in ease and comfort. He died in June, 1594. His monument in the church of the Franciscans bears the following couplet, an eloquent witness to the esteem in which he was held :

"Hic est ille Lassus, lassum qui recreat orbem  
Discordemque sua copulat harmonia."

The number of works which he produced is truly astonishing. Masses, motets, magnificats, hymns, psalms, madrigals and songs of various kinds flowed from his pen unceasingly. He equalled the older masters, such as Gombert and Josquin, in the elaboration of contrapuntal contrivances, but through all his works runs a vein of natural ease and expression, the outcome of true genius. Naumann, in his history, gives an interesting comparison between Orlando and his great contemporary Palestrina. The differences between their style he considers largely due to their different surroundings, of climate and national temperament. Palestrina is full of the sunshine and bright colouring of an Italian scene, while Orlando expresses the more sombre but no less dignified outline of a northern land. Ambros, in comparing the "Stabat Mater" written by each of these masters, says: "The one (Palestrina) brings the angelic host down to earth; the other raises fallen man to eternal heights, both meeting in the regions of the ideal."

J. P. W.



## Father Hodgson.

THE following notes were placed in my hands by the late Mr. Charles Smith of York, who was for many years the assistant, the 'acolyte,' of Father Hodgson, the subject of this slight sketch. He begged of me to endeavour to rescue from oblivion the name and zealous labours of this holy priest. It is a labour of love for me to comply with his request, for Father Hodgson prepared me for my first Confession and Communion and I can never forget the profound impression that the fervour of his words and the saintliness of his life made upon my youthful mind. It may also interest and edify a younger generation to have a picture of the struggles and trials to which the Church was exposed in the earlier part of this century. The Church is always the richer for the record of the work of a saintly priest. I cannot however vouch for the accuracy of all the details, as I have little opportunity for consulting any of the survivors of those times.

Robert Skelton Hodgson was born on August 7th, 1800, in West Square, London Road, Southwark. He was a child of a mixed marriage. Although the father was a strict Protestant, the mother by her tact, by her own genuine piety, contrived to have Robert brought up in her own religion. In order to shield him from the influence of his father's relatives, the mother sent him when he was only five years old to a little Catholic School at Reading, which was kept by a French emigré priest, Abbé Longuet. Here he was taught the elements of English, Latin and Greek and, what was afterwards to prove so useful to him, he acquired a fluency in French. Young Hodgson's career at Reading was brought to an abrupt end by a very sad event. The Abbé one day was found murdered in a field on the Oxford Road, about two miles from Reading. A

large reward was offered for the discovery of the murderer, but without result. All hopes of discovering the clue to the sad mystery had been abandoned, when many years later Father Hodgson received at Woolhampton a message from the workhouse master at Reading to say that an old man, who had just died in the workhouse, had confessed to the murder of the Abbé Longuet. It appeared that the Abbé had severely rebuked him for his conduct towards his mother, and the man in a fit of passion fell upon the priest with his stick, and murdered him on the spot.

On his return home to London, Robert found his greatest pleasure in the company of the priest in the old Chapel of St. George, London Road. He never missed serving Mass when he had the opportunity, but to satisfy this pious desire he had to pass through a pretty severe ordeal. The boys of the neighbourhood soon discovered his object; and every morning he was greeted not only with a shower of insulting and filthy epithets, but, what was worse, with a volley of stones, which sent the poor acolyte howling with pain into the sacristy. The plucky young boy determined to put an end to this persecution. One morning he made up to the biggest of his bullies and challenged him to a fight. There was a long and doubtful battle, but at last young Hodgson came off victorious. In the meantime the priest was waiting in the sacristy, vested for Mass, wondering what had happened, when his server appeared breathless, covered with blood, his eyes and face swollen. He received a severe scolding, but from that day forth no boy of the neighbourhood dared to insult the young Papist.

Hodgson had some distinguished relatives on his father's side, one of whom was an Archdeacon. Many an attempt was made to place the boy in some Protestant school, but the pious mother always managed to frustrate these attempts. By the influence of the Archdeacon, a foundation in Winchester school was secured for him. This, of course

was so favourable a chance that the poor mother could hold out no more, and with many tears and exhortations she launched her boy into the life of the great English Public School. We know little of his career there, save that he developed great artistic gifts. During his holidays he did a great deal in the way of portrait painting. For one of his pictures he received as much as a hundred guineas.

But not even the terribly adverse influences of Winchester at this time (of which Dr. Ward has given an appalling account) could quench in his breast the desire for ecclesiastical life. On leaving Winchester he begged to be sent to St. Edmund's, Ware, to study for the priesthood. His father, however, declined to advance a single penny for such an object. Nothing daunted, Hodgson plied his brush with such vigour that he soon secured the funds necessary for his education. He proceeded to St. Edmund's where in due time he was ordained by Dr. Bramston, and for a short time after taught in the College.

His first station was Guernsey, where he was called upon to face a situation in which all the young priest's zeal, tact and energy were required. The Catholic flock in the island was composed of English, Irish and French. National feeling ran high. The French were still smarting after Waterloo. The Irish were not afraid to speak of '98, and the dissensions became so fierce that the different sections declined to worship together. The emigré priest, M. Navet, was advanced in years and powerless to cope with such feuds. His enemies too were of his own household, for his niece and housekeeper, smitten with the charms of an English bonnet, discarded her old French cap and appeared one day in church adorned with the perfidious headgear. This was too much to ask the French to tolerate, and they left the church *en masse*. In the midst of these squabbles a Protestant managed to obtain the titled deeds of house and church, and one day



M. Navet found himself locked out of home and Church. Dr. Gradwell, coadjutor to Dr. Bramston, went over to the island, and did his utmost to restore peace and order, but all in vain. Then Dr. Bramston bethought him of the young professor of St. Edmund's, Father Hodgson, and sent him with full powers to manage the distracted flock. Fr. Hodgson's first endeavour was to obtain the restoration of the deeds of house and church, and this was no small undertaking. His energy and zeal met with the most bitter opposition at the outset. One day he was waylaid by a Frenchman who endeavoured to stab him, but, by the Providence of God, the man's arm suddenly became paralysed and the dagger fell to the ground. Another attempt upon his life was made by an Irishman who tried to shoot him, but the bullet only grazed him and was flattened against a brick wall. These two dastardly outrages changed the feeling against him and excited the strongest sympathy and compassion on the part of the flock. His miraculous escapes, and the striking judgment of God on his assailants (for the Irishman went raving mad) produced the most profound impression. He managed to regain his title deeds, and re-opened the Chapel. He said two Masses every Sunday and the old priest said a third. Fr. Hodgson preached at every Mass,—one sermon in French, and two to the English and Irish members. Soon the little chapel was filled to overflowing, and the old memories began to die away. But a sterner peacemaker was now approaching the island. The deadly shade of cholera fell upon Guernsey. All strife was hushed in the common calamity. Many of the Anglican clergymen with their wives and families fled before the plague. Father Hodgson's work amongst his flock can be better imagined than described. In their desolation the Protestants also sent for the Catholic priest, who had the happiness of reconciling many to the Church on their death bed. His heroic labours with the sick and dying were so marked

that the whole island was moved to admiration. The Governor, Sir Richard Doyle, convened a meeting of the principal inhabitants and formally presented Father Hodgson with a beautifully illuminated address, in which they testified their public acknowledgment for his heroic labours in visiting the sick and burying the dead. He escaped the cholera but he fell a victim to overwork, to a severe attack of neurasthenea to which his highly strung temperament was particularly exposed. He was utterly broken down, and in the great dearth of priests at that time no one could be found to supply his place. At length the Bishop was enabled to send a priest from Southampton, and Father Hodgson left the island amidst the grief and sympathy of the people and, as he thought himself, a total wreck.

*The Foundation of the Missions of Wandsworth, Mortlake and Kingston.*

Fr. Hodgson was consigned by Dr. Bramston to the care of the Benedictine nuns at Hammersmith. Their devoted attention and his naturally good constitution soon restored him to his usual health. And as he could not remain idle he began to preach in the old chapel at Hammersmith. His rousing and animated style of preaching was a great contrast to the formal polished discourses that were in vogue at this time. The poorer classes delighted in his sermons, and soon the chapel began to fill to overflowing. But there were very many of the Irish working at the market-gardens who never came to Mass on Sunday. To hunt them up he went all over the district, and found many at Fulham and many at Turnham Green. His heart was stirred within him at the spiritual desolation that he met with in the district. One moonlight night as he was returning through Fulham after a long day's work, he said to the young man who was accompanying him, "Let us kneel down and say the rosary to draw down a blessing on the district, that God may soon send a

church and mission." Later on, Father Hodgson used to say that the present church of St. Thomas is built on the very spot where these two said their midnight decades.

He discovered that many of the Irish Catholics of the district used to meet on Sunday evenings in an old club room, where they used to spend their time in drinking and dancing. He determined to storm and capture this citadel. One Sunday evening he made for the club room accompanied by an old blind fiddler. As soon as the Irish saw his Reverence they made off in every direction. He however begged them to return, as he had brought a fiddler to amuse them and promised them a good time. They required no further pressing, the fiddler struck up, his Reverence applauded and a very merry evening was spent. Fr. Hodgson promised to return next Sunday, and begged of those present to bring as many as possible of their friends to the next meeting. The following Sunday the room was packed and everything was proceeding merrily, when Fr. Hodgson suddenly mounted a table and called for silence. "All those" he said "who heard Mass this morning, hold up their hands!" The meeting was struck with consternation, for not a single hand was raised. After some rebuke and exhortation, he made all present kneel down and say the Rosary with him and promise to attend Mass next Sunday. They kept their promise, and the chapel at Hammersmith was unable to hold all those that came. For several Sundays he continued to attend the old club room. But now the dancing was given up and he spent the time there in giving instructions and hearing confessions.

When Rev. James Peters died at St. Elizabeth's Richmond the Bishop appointed Fr. Hodgson to the mission. St. Elizabeth's at that time was one of the "plums" of London District. It was, however, a very extensive, the mission, embracing not only Richmond, but Ham, Hampton Court, Roehampton, Kingston, Mortlake, Barnes,

Putney, Wimbledon and Wandsworth. The congregation was very select and fashionable; at one time it included the Prince of Capua, Louis Napoleon (afterwards Emperor), the Duchess of Buccleugh, Lady Mostyn and family, Lady G. Fullerton, Lady Teresa Dease, the Hibberts and Miss Gladstone (sister of W. E. Gladstone). It is hardly to be wondered at that the poor Catholics almost deserted a Church frequented by so smart a congregation. Nor did Fr. Hodgson find himself at home amidst such surroundings. He was above all a priest of the poor, and the formality and kindness of his new flock froze up his words. After a few Sundays he could stand it no more; he told the people he was sick at heart seeing the church deserted by the Catholic poor; he was sure that there were many in the district, and could not rest happy until the church was crowded with them. This announcement was not at all to the taste of many of the flock. Some thought he must be out of his mind to waste his time over the low Irish. Others wrote and complained to the Bishop that they feared a repetition of the old fiddler and dancing classes at Hammersmith, that Fr. Hodgson wanted to drive the rich people away from the chapel, by filling it up with dirty Irish.

These representations had no effect either on the Bishop or Fr. Hodgson, who used to absent himself for the inside of the week to look up his beloved poor. He took lodgings in Wandsworth road, at a fancy toy-shop kept by a Mr. Nugent. In the district he discovered a great number of Catholic labourers, working in the market gardens that then flourished in the locality. He first of all rented a house, made two rooms into one, and fitted up an altar of his own construction. Here he gradually drew the people. He said Mass every morning, and preached and heard Confessions each evening. He next engaged a schoolmaster to live at the house, and opened a school which was soon attended by a number of scholars. At this time there re-

sided at Wandsworth a prosperous Catholic merchant, a Mr. McEvoy; he soon fell under the spell of Fr. Hodgson's zeal, and threw himself heart and soul into the new undertaking. Land was bought, a school chapel erected, and Fr. Hodgson had at last the happiness to obtain the appointment of Father Bower as the first resident priest of Wandsworth.

When Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance, visited this country, he called upon Fr. Hodgson at Richmond and found in him a most enthusiastic disciple. He accompanied Fr. Mathew to many of his meetings and both by word and example he upheld the cause of total abstinence. In spite of his arduous labours, during the whole of his missionary career he remained a strict abstainer.

Fr. Hodgson now fixed on Mortlake as a scene for his next missionary efforts. He began by opening a school, where he said Mass, preached and heard confessions. His work at Mortlake increased so much that he was obliged to obtain a foreign priest to assist him at Richmond. He gave a three weeks' mission at Mortlake, which had the happy effect of bringing to light many Catholics of the neighbourhood, who had been apparently quite lost to the faith. Here again he was successful in gaining enthusiastic and substantial workers in the good cause. Lady Mostyn and her family lived near Mortlake, and to her generosity and zeal the building of St. Mary Magdalene's Church at Mortlake is largely due.

Father Hodgson next turned his attention to Kingston. Here he rented a house in the apple-market and converted the two rooms on the ground floor into a temporary chapel. With the aid of an old Irishman, Peter Bradley, he converted some empty egg-boxes into a temporary altar, and in a fortnight's time all was ready. One of the most prominent members of his flock at Richmond at this time was a Mr. Raphael, M.P. for St. Alban's, who owned a good deal of property at Kingston. On hearing of Father

Hodgson's new venture, this gentleman was furious; he pronounced the whole thing a mad scheme, threatening ruin to the Richmond mission and he was determined to thwart it. He went at once to Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district, and denounced Father Hodgson as a ranter and a lunatic. The Bishop heard him quietly, and as it turned out in the course of conversation that Mr. Raphael was just setting out for the continent, it was agreed that the discussion of the matter should be postponed till his return. In the meantime Father Hodgson devoted himself to his new mission at Kingston. He said Mass there during the week-days and gave an evening service daily. He hunted up the poor in their homes, followed them to their work in the fields, and he soon had the happiness of seeing his little chapel crowded. Within a fortnight he had 110 Communion and received four converts into the Church. Before long, he was able to report to the Bishop that he could number nearly 200 Catholics within the district of Kingston and Hampton Court.

On Mr. Raphael's return, the successful results of Fr. Hodgson's labours were reported to him. Like a generous-hearted man he at once recognized that he had been at fault. He wrote to Fr. Hodgson a letter full of regrets for his action in the past, and, as some atonement for his fault, he offered to build a new church and schools at Kingston. He invited Fr. Hodgson to dinner one evening, when he might meet his architect, Mr. Parker, and discuss the plans of the new foundation. Fr. Hodgson, with his habits of total abstinence, rather dreaded this meeting, for Mr. Raphael was very punctilious and easily offended. All passed off pleasantly till the cloth was removed, and then Mr. Raphael rose, and in a neat little speech invited Fr. Hodgson to drink success to the new church at Kingston. This was the moment Fr. Hodgson feared; he would not break his pledge and yet he was

afraid of incurring Mr. Raphael's indignation by refusing the toast, and so perhaps wreck the whole scheme. Fr. Hodgson rose and reminded him that the new church was offered to the glory of God and the honour of St. Raphael; how such an offering could not fail to draw down the blessing of God upon the family; that, as he had taken a solemn pledge of total abstinence, he begged to be excused even on so solemn an occasion from breaking it. The host received these words in gloomy silence. At last he broke out: "Well, Fr. Hodgson, you will not be able to keep up this sort of thing very long, and so I will send you two dozen of the best wine in my cellar, for the day of your approaching infirmity." After dinner they proceeded to view the different sites. Mr. Raphael was anxious to have the church in New Kingston, but Fr. Hodgson pleaded for a spot in Old Kingston, as most of the Catholics lived in that locality. Mr. Raphael finally yielded to Fr. Hodgson's views, and the next day he gave instructions to his solicitor to draw up a deed of gift of the land and of £9,000, to build a church, house and schools.

Everything being happily settled, Fr. Hodgson went to London to ask the bishop to come and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in his new missions. Dr. Griffiths came down and visited Wandsworth, Richmond, Mortlake and Kingston. He was amazed and delighted with all that he saw. Before leaving, the bishop took Fr. Hodgson aside, and told him how much the spiritual destitution of the London poor was afflicting him; he begged Fr. Hodgson to come to London and throw himself into the work of founding new missions in the poorer districts, a work for which his talents and the blessing of God peculiarly fitted him. Fr. Hodgson was not one to resist such an appeal, and although it was a hard blow to sever himself from his newly begotten spiritual children, he entered heartily into the bishop's ideas. One of the chief obstacles was the flock

at Richmond, who had become so devoted to their pastor that there would be great opposition on the part of the influential members to his removal. To meet this difficulty, Fr. Hodgson proposed to invite the newly arrived Fathers of Charity to come and give a fortnight's mission at Richmond, and during this time he could quietly slip away. The bishop returned to London, and before Father Hodgson could make his preparations for departure, Dr. Griffiths was taken ill and died Aug. 12, 1847. Fr. Hodgson's plans for the establishment of new missions in London were postponed for the present.

T. A. B.

*(To be continued.)*

## On the Moor.

A PATH that serves no toilsome end  
 You will not walk though it be fair;  
 It hath no aim, it leads nowhere;  
 'Tis not your path, my weary friend.

I chanced upon a moorland way  
 That bears no track of hoof or wheel;  
 The trodden moss sprang 'neath my heel;  
 A rabbit stared, and skipped away.

The flood of red light from the west  
 Streamed through the further wood, and fell  
 In long lanes up the fairy dell,  
 And o'er the wall, and on my breast.

It made the moss-capped wall a bed  
 Of richest velvet, many hued;  
 It touched the east clouds, and renewed  
 The glow of morning, rosy red.

It died and left the clouds snow-cold;  
 The mosses darkened; all the dell  
 Was filled with white mist; and the spell  
 That held me gazing loosed its hold.

It nowhere parts, it leads nowhere;  
 A moorland way that serves no end;  
 Yet snatch an hour, my weary friend,  
 And come with me; 'tis wondrous fair.

J. B. McL.

## The College Diary.

*Easter Monday.*—The "Old Amplefordians" played their annual football match with Kirbymoorside. They were beaten by six goals to one. We played rounders in the morning. In the evening the voting for captain took place. W. Dowling was elected, and accepted the honourable post, choosing the following gentlemen to assist him in his government.

Secretary	- - - -	A. J. Gateley
Officemen	- - - -	V. O'Connor
		W. Forster
Commonmen	- - - -	J. McCann
		J. Pike
Clothesman	- - - -	J. Crean
Librarian of Upper Library	- E. de	Normanville
		F. Bermingham
Collegemen	- - - -	E. Tutt
		R. Dowling
		R. Wood
Gasmen	- - - -	F. Neal
Librarian of Lower Library	-	W. Lambert
Vigilarii	" " "	F. Quinn
		W. Foote
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	D. McCormack	
Vigilarii	" " "	D. Traynor
		D. Field
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar		V. Richards
Room	- - - -	W. Williams

*Easter Tuesday.*—Parties of the elder boys were permitted to spend the day in long walks.

*April 21.*—*St. Anselm.* The Prefect's Feast and the beginning of cricket. The Colts' match was played, resulting in a victory for the Colts. In the evening, the usual convivial meeting was held. Various speeches were made and songs sung. The notable event of the evening was a very remarkable story told by Br. Benedict, which left one in doubt as to its ending.

May 11.—*Ascension Day*. Owing to bad weather, recreation was postponed.

May 21.—*Whit Sunday*. Our Eleven played All-comers. We were again beaten.

May 22.—*Whit Monday*. Our First Eleven played Ripon School, away, and were beaten. The weather was against us from the first, and consequently the fielding was not up to the usual standard. The scoring was as follows:—

## RIPON.

G. Tattersall, not out	...	...	...	127
G. T. Ryan, c O'Hagan, b Martin	...	...	...	18
W. H. Scott, b Foote	...	...	...	7
O. E. Tattersall, b Mawson	...	...	...	33
H. Tebbutt, b Foote	...	...	...	2
E. J. Suggie, b Mawson	...	...	...	2
J. Wray, not out	...	...	...	1
J. P. P'Anson	} Did not bat.			
C. N. Jamieson				
A. W. Lister				
E. B. Mangin				
Extras	...	...	...	13

Total 195

(Innings declared.)

## AMPLEFORTH.

W. Dowling, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	21
A. J. Gateley, b G. T. Ryan	...	...	...	38
R. J. Dawson, c Ryan, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	3
H. J. Crean, b Tattersall	...	...	...	0
J. O'Hagan, b G. Tattersall	...	...	...	0
B. Mawson, c Mangin, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	7
V. R. S. Nevill, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	0
E. De Normanville, b G. Tattersall	...	...	...	2
F. Neal, c Ryan, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	3
W. St. G. Foote, b O. Tattersall	...	...	...	4
C. J. Martin, not out	...	...	...	0
Extras	...	...	...	10

Total 116

May 30. Goremire-day. It turned out a glorious day, in spite of various conjectures to the contrary, and at ten o'clock, after saying the Litany, we started on our way. The top-class went with Br.

Benedict, and the others accompanied the Prefect. We soon reached the steep corner looking over the broad York Vale, which lay as flat as a green carpet at the foot of the rocks. The hills in the distance were but half revealed—'a purple mystery.'

We had dinner at two o'clock, in the hollow, near the ruined farm-house. Some spent the afternoon rolling rocks down the steep hill-sides; others wandering about in the wild and lonely neighbourhood.

We started back at five o'clock and reached home about eight, having spent a most enjoyable day. The east wind and the hot sun vividly coloured the prominent features of some of our faces.

May 31. Our eleven played Oliver's Mount at home; the match ended in a signal victory for us. The score was as follows:

## OLIVER'S MOUNT.

E. R. Flint, c W. Dowling, b C. J. Martin	...	...	...	5
D. McCracken, b C. J. Martin	...	...	...	2
E. Padbury, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	3
H. F. Earl, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	0
J. Padbury, not out	...	...	...	1
P. Wood, b Mawson	...	...	...	1
E. Wood, c W. Foote, b C. J. Martin	...	...	...	3
E. Calvert, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	4
R. Colman, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	0
E. Withey, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	0
E. Brookes, b B. Mawson	...	...	...	0
Extras	...	...	...	6

Total 25

## AMPLEFORTH.

W. J. Dowling, c and b H. J. Earl	...	...	...	25
H. Pilkington, run out	...	...	...	5
A. J. Gateley, b H. J. Earl	...	...	...	2
R. J. Dawson, b C. Brookes	...	...	...	8
H. J. Crean, c P. Wood, b J. Padbury	...	...	...	27
B. Mawson, lbw b Brookes	...	...	...	61
J. O'Hagan, b C. Brookes	...	...	...	1
V. R. S. Nevill, hit wkt. b J. Padbury	...	...	...	1
J. Pike, not out	...	...	...	14
C. J. Martin, b Brookes	...	...	...	5
W. St. G. Foote, c Withey, b C. Brookes	...	...	...	2
Extras	...	...	...	10

Total 161

June 1. *Corpus Christi*.—We played the Religious.

June 2. *St. Augustine of Canterbury*.—We continued the same match, and after a hard tussle on both sides the match was left drawn.

June 4.—Sunday within the Octave. There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then cricket was played, though some of the boys went for private walks.

June 8. Our first and second elevens played the Friends' School, York. Our first eleven played away and drew the match; the second eleven played at home and won. In the second eleven E. de Normanville made the largest score and G. Crean played in his usual nice style. The first eleven score:

## FRIEND'S SCHOOL.

J. Pickard, c and W. Dowling, b Foote	1
W. Rowlands, b Neal	10
P. Edmunson, b Martin	14
R. Edmondson, run out	22
J. Watson, run out	7
W. Knight, b Neal	18
R. Alexander, c Foote, b Neal	0
C. Edmunson, b Neal	0
J. Marriage, c and b Neal	1
X. Milner, c Nevill, b Mawson	3
J. Priestman, not out	0
Extras	10
Total	95

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. O. Dowling, b Rowlands	0
H. Pilkington, not out	11
R. J. Dawson, lbw. Rowlands	2
H. J. Crean, lbw. Watson	11
A. J. Gateley, c Rowlands, b Watson	0
B. Mawson, b Watson	1
V. R. S. Nevill, run out	1
J. Pike, b Rowlands	3
F. Neal, run out	2
W. St. G. Foote, not out	2
C. J. Martin, did not bat	—
Extras	4
Total (for eight wickets)	46

June 13 We played our annual match with Mr. Swarbrick's eleven. Mr. Swarbrick, to our disappointment was unable to come himself. For the first time in many years, we met with a crushing defeat.

## MR. SWARBRECK'S XI.

J. Lee, c and b Rev. J. A. Turner	51
W. Macaulay, c B. Mawson, b Foote	34
J. Swarbrick, c Rev. J. A. Turner, b Neal	1
C. Atkinson, c Rev. A. M. Powell, b Foote	24
C. Macaulay, b Mawson	0
E. G. Maynard, st Rev. G. E. Hind, b Rev. J. A. Turner	4
A. Ingleby, c and b Rev. J. A. Turner	1
C. Swarbrick, c R. Dawson, b Neal	7
H. Horner, b B. Mawson	16
R. Bolton, c Rev. A. M. Powell, b Mawson	0
F. Hansell, not out	4
Extras	14
Total	156

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, b W. Macaulay	22
H. Pilkington, b Horner	5
R. J. Dawson, b Horner	4
H. J. Crean, lbw. Horner	0
B. Mawson, not out	18
Rev. J. A. Turner, b Horner	0
Rev. A. M. Powell, c Atkinson, b Horner	0
W. Dowling, lbw. Horner	2
Rev. W. S. Dawes, c Horner b W. Macaulay	1
F. Neal, b W. Macaulay	3
W. St. G. Foote, b Horner	0
Extras	13
Total	68

June 14. We played Harrogate College at home, and were beaten by nine runs.

## AMPLEFORTH

Rev. G. E. Hind, b Caldwell	2
H. Pilkington, b Caldwell	12
R. J. Dawson, b Caldwell	19
H. J. Crean, b Caldwell	15
B. Mawson, c and b Caldwell	0

W. Dowling, b J. Dahl ... ..	4
Rev. J. A. Turner, b Caldwell ... ..	0
A. J. Gateley, b Caldwell ... ..	0
V. R. S. Nevill, c Watkinson, b Caldwell ... ..	5
E. de Normandie, not out ... ..	23
W. St. G. Foote, b Dahl... ..	8
Extras ... ..	31
Total	119

## HARROGATE COLLEGE.

Watkinson, c Rev. J. E. Hind, b St. G. Foote ... ..	26
Neill, b St. G. Foote ... ..	3
Mr. Caldwell, b St. G. Foote... ..	52
Mr. Tait, c Nevill, b St. G. Foote... ..	0
Mr. Edwards, c Foote, c Rev. J. A. Turner... ..	6
J. Dahl, run out ... ..	5
Whitaker, b St. G. Foote ... ..	0
Knowles, c Nevill, b St. G. Foote... ..	0
Firth, b St. G. Foote ... ..	4
Trimmer, not out ... ..	7
Anderson, c Dowling, b Mawson ... ..	6
Extras ... ..	19
Total	129

June 22. Our eleven played Oliver's Mount away and won the match.

## OLIVER'S MOUNT.

D. McCracken, b Mawson ... ..	2
E. R. Flint, c Pilkington, b Mawson ... ..	29
J. Padbury, b Mawson ... ..	3
J. Calvert, b St. G. Foote ... ..	1
F. Wood, c Nevill, b Mawson ... ..	13
F. East, c Gateley, b Neal ... ..	1
E. Wood, not out ... ..	10
D. McDowell, b Mawson ... ..	1
C. Brooks, b Mawson ... ..	0
E. Withery, c Gateley, b Mawson ... ..	0
L. Winder, b F. Neal ... ..	5
Extras ... ..	3
Total	68

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. P. Dowling, b Brooks ... ..	12
H. Pilkington, b Brooks ... ..	12
R. J. Dawson, c Winder, b Brooks ... ..	35

H. J. Crean, b Padbury ... ..	16
B. Mawson, st. McCracken, b Brooks ... ..	0
A. J. Gateley, c Flint, b Brooks ... ..	6
V. R. S. Nevill, b Padbury ... ..	2
J. Pike, c Flint, b Brooks ... ..	3
E. de Normandie, b Brooks ... ..	4
F. Neal, b Brooks ... ..	0
W. St. George Foote, not out ... ..	2
Extras ... ..	5
Total	97

June 24. We played the return match with Ripon on our own ground. Our eleven batted first, and having scored 96, the other side went in. After a great deal of excitement, the match ended in our favour. The scoring was as follows:—

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. P. Dowling, c Henton, b Ryan ... ..	11
H. Pilkington, run out ... ..	5
R. J. Dawson, not out ... ..	38
H. J. Crean, lbw b Ryan ... ..	1
B. Mawson, b G. Tattersall ... ..	2
A. J. Gateley, lbw b G. Tattersall ... ..	2
V. R. S. Nevill, c Tebbutt, b G. Tattersall ... ..	3
J. Pike, c Tebbutt, b O. E. Tattersall ... ..	5
E. de Normandie, c Maagin, b O. E. Tattersall ... ..	0
F. Neal, b Ryan ... ..	15
W. St. G. Foote, c l'Anson, b Ryan ... ..	8
Extras ... ..	5
Total	96

## RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

G. Tattersall, b F. Neal ... ..	36
H. F. Henton, c J. Pike, b St. G. Foote ... ..	1
E. J. Supple, b Mawson ... ..	13
O. E. Tattersall, b Mawson ... ..	5
G. T. Ryan, b Mawson ... ..	23
H. Tebbutt, c Crean, b Mawson ... ..	0
H. Ray, run out ... ..	0
G. T. l'Anson, c Nevill, b Neal ... ..	0
E. G. Maagin, b Mawson ... ..	1
A. W. Lister, b Neal ... ..	0
C. N. Jameson, not out ... ..	5
Extras ... ..	6
Total	90



July 5. The Friend's School visited us to play their return match.

## FRIEND'S SCHOOL.

W. H. Rowlands, b Mawson .. .. .	0
C. Edmanson, c Lambert b Mawson .. .. .	15
P. A. Edmanson, c Crean, b Neal... .. .	20
H. W. Edmondson, c Foote, b Mawson .. .. .	1
B. Watson, not out .. .. .	31
A. G. Pickard, c Dawson, b Neal .. .. .	0
A. W. Marriage, c Nevill, b Mawson .. .. .	2
W. A. Milner, b Mawson .. .. .	0
T. A. Clemesna, c Nevill, b de Normanville .. .. .	13
B. T. Priestman, b Foote .. .. .	3
R. W. Thorpe, b Foote .. .. .	0
Extras .. .. .	6
—	—

Total 91

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. P. Dowling, b Marriage .. .. .	8
H. Pilkington, c Pickard, b Watson .. .. .	3
R. J. Dawson, b Rowlands .. .. .	3
H. J. Crean, b Rowlands .. .. .	11
B. Mawson, c and b Marriage .. .. .	20
V. R. S. Nevill, st Pickard, b Edmanson .. .. .	8
E. de Normanville, c Edmondson, b Edmanson .. .. .	0
A. J. Gateley, c Thorpe, b Marriage .. .. .	0
F. Neal, b Edmanson .. .. .	1
W. Lambert, not out .. .. .	1
W. St. G. Foote, b Rowlands .. .. .	9
Extras .. .. .	2
—	—

Total 66

On the same day our second elevens met. The result was a draw in our favour. F. Quinn and James O'Hagan played good innings of 65 and 39 respectively.

July 6. We played St. Peter's at York to-day. This match, the result of which caused us some excitement beforehand, ended with a brilliant victory for us. The members of our first eleven are to be congratulated on their all-round good play. The fielding especially was excellent and was warmly appreciated by the audience.

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. P. Dowling, c Harrison, b Otley .. .. .	5
H. Pilkington, b Duanning .. .. .	17
R. J. Dawson, c and b Smith .. .. .	1
H. J. Crean, b Smith .. .. .	0
B. Mawson, c Bingham, b Smith .. .. .	71
W. Lambert, b Otley .. .. .	0
V. R. S. Nevill, b Wilson, b Smith .. .. .	19
E. de Normanville, b Bingham .. .. .	7
A. J. Gateley, b Smith .. .. .	0
F. Neal, b Smith .. .. .	3
W. St. G. Foote, not out .. .. .	10
Extras .. .. .	3
—	—

Total 136

## ST. PETER'S, YORK.

P. St. G. Kirke, b Mawson .. .. .	4
A. Neilson, b Foote .. .. .	0
C. Nelson, c Nevill, b Mawson .. .. .	10
G. C. Otley, b Foote .. .. .	21
R. G. Bingham, c Neal b Foote .. .. .	1
W. Wilson, b Foote .. .. .	0
R. Harrison, b Mawson .. .. .	8
C. S. Smith, c Crean, b Neal .. .. .	3
E. J. Otley, not out .. .. .	1
R. Danning, b Mawson .. .. .	0
T. Pullen, b Mawson .. .. .	0
Extras .. .. .	2
—	—

Total 50

The St. Peter's eleven went in again and were disposed of for 82 runs, leaving us with a victory by an innings and four runs.

Our second eleven played their second eleven at home and as usual won the match. We were pleased to see that C. Martin bowled in his old style. He had been left out of the first eleven owing to an accident in an early match.

July 8. We played Ampleforth Village and beat them easily.

July 11. The Helmsley eleven played us on our own ground. We were the victors by three runs. It proved a very exciting match.

## THE COLLEGE DIARY.

## AMBLEFORTH.

Rev. B. Hayes, b J. Mather ... ..	18
H. Pilkington, b J. Frank ... ..	1
Rev. G. E. Hind, b J. Frank ... ..	31
R. J. Dawson, b J. Frank ... ..	0
H. J. Crean, b J. Frank ... ..	0
B. Mawson, b J. Frank ... ..	4
W. Dowling, b J. Frank ... ..	0
V. R. S. Houldon Nevill, b J. Frank ... ..	14
E. de Normanville, b J. Frank ... ..	18
F. Neal, not out... ..	0
W. St. George Foote, b J. Frank ... ..	0
Extras ... ..	9
Total ... ..	95

## HELMESLEY.

E. Treman, b F. Neal ... ..	24
W. F. Cholmeley, c Mawson, b Neal ... ..	28
Rev. H. Drew, c and b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	1
H. F. Cholmeley, b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	0
J. Frank, c and b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	0
W. Wilson, b Neal ... ..	13
A. T. Smalles, b Neal ... ..	9
J. K. Mather, c Nevill, b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	7
L. Dodds, not out ... ..	3
Dr. Blair, c and b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	2
A. Conolly, c Nevill, b Rev. W. B. Hayes ... ..	2
Extras ... ..	3
Total ... ..	92

*Cricket Tournament.*—We have to thank Father Bede Turner for the interest he took in the games and for introducing the Cricket Tournament. He has kindly offered a set of prizes, which have been duly competed for by the three higher classes.

The following boys have obtained their colours in the cricket eleven this year:

B. Mawson, V. R. S. Nevill, A. J. Gateley, W. P. Dowling, E. de Normanville, F. Neal, H. Pilkington.

The Averages of the College Eleven in match games are as follows:

## THE COLLEGE DIARY.

## FIRST XI. BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Averages.
W. S. G. Foote ... ..	203.1	66	333	46	7.24
B. Mawson ... ..	346.4	115	578	75	7.70
F. Neal ... ..	119.2	39	240	26	9.23
C. Martin ... ..	63	27	112	12	9.33

N.B. V. Nevill, H. Crean, E. de Normanville also bowled.

## FIRST XI. BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Innings not out.	Times Most In.	Runs.	Average.	
B. Mawson ... ..	17	1	71	231	14.43
R. J. Dawson ... ..	17	1	38*	194	12.16
H. Pilkington ... ..	12	3	21*	109	12.11
V. R. Nevill ... ..	16	0	33	120	7.50
V. R. Nevill ... ..	17	0	27	126	7.41
H. Crean ... ..	10	1	33*	64	7.11
F. Neal ... ..	17	0	25	114	6.70
W. Dowling ... ..	12	1	23*	72	6.30
E. de Normanville ... ..	17	5	13*	69	5.75
W. St. G. Foote ... ..	15	0	38	81	5.40

R. MAWSON,  
V. O'CONNOR.

## Debates.

The summer term is not favourable to the Debating Society. After one debate it retired for the season. The meeting took place on Sunday April 16th. At 7.45 p.m. the Reverend chairman was in his place, supported on either hand by various representatives from the Upper House. In the absence of Mr. Gosling, the Secretary, Mr. McCann, undertook the responsibility of the minutes. On the motion of the Chair, Mr. Vincent O'Connor arose with his paper on 'Liberty' in his hand. After a few modestly muttered remarks about crudeness of opinions originating from immature minds, he raised his voice and read a well written paper. He did not so much assume the rôle of a philosopher as politician. We were spared therefore the intricacy of metaphysics, and had a practical code of direction set down instead. Notwithstanding his apologetic for crude originality, his views did not lead the writer out of the beaten track of approved principles. Freedom of speech and of the press were limited with just precaution. Some ambiguity arose in the term 'Freedom of Religion,' to be afterwards duly dealt with by our discriminating Chairman. After Mr. O'Connor had resumed his seat, some lively discussion took place, in which Mr. Martin, Mr. Nevill, Mr. de Normanville and others joined. It was pleasing to note the very just appreciation there was of the harm done by too great a freedom in speech and in the press, and the endeavour to distinguish in speech and press the lines of limitation that might be drawn. I am not sure that our legislators would greatly benefit by printing in our Journal what was said, since it may not reach them. So I will pass it over. Finally Br. Benedict arose and somewhat more elaborately expounded the distinction between liberty and license, and pointed out how true liberty is always the child of discipline and restraint. The Chairman found his task difficult, when he endeavoured to gather into view the different points discussed, and to bring them into greater definiteness by the touch of his more decisive criticism.

The meeting adjourned *sine die* at 8.39 with a vote of thanks to the Reverend Chairman. He in return congratulated them on the greater number of speakers who had appeared in the later discussions, and hoped next term would see the Debating Society arise with renewed vigour.

J. McCANN, Secretary.

July 18, 1899.

Niche & Canopy for Great Cloister



Front elevation



Side elevation  
1871

**Notes.**

NEWS, old news and strange news, sad news or fair news, sweet news or bitter, joyful or villainous, common news or news of price, the editor is here to welcome all, but especially "If't be summer news," he'll "smile to't."

"RALPH: Now my nose itches for news.  
OLIVER: And so does my elbow."

We are not conscious of any particular disturbance in either of the above-mentioned parts of the editorial anatomy, yet, if it comes to us in questionable shape, we would speak even to the ghost of news.

For the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of visiting our Alma Mater recently, we will begin with the building news. Since last we wrote, a wide postern archway—or should it be called a barbican?—has been built over the carriage road leading into the stable yard, with rooms overhead for servants, and, on either side, a new Procurator's office and a saddle room. Architecturally, it has the look of a great castle gateway, and only needs a drawbridge and portcullis and a few spiked heads upon the battlements to recall romantic mediæval memories. From an artistic point of view, its very admirable effect is that it takes away from the new monastery the appearance of isolation, and it binds it to the older buildings even more securely than does the connecting cloister. Strategically, it might be called the horse guards.

The calefactory is now completely furnished. Pictures are hung on the wainscotted walls, a great oaken table occupies the floor, and six smaller tables and a regiment of chairs stand by the walls. There can be no question that the table and chairs—specially designed by the architect—are in complete harmony with the room, and add largely to its beauty. At the same time, there can be no question also of their monastic simplicity and propriety. There is nothing of the modern drawing-room about them, and

neither are they uncomfortably antique. They are fitting in every respect.

The prolongation of the old 'penance-walk' is an improvement which should be seen to be appreciated. It has opened out a new perspective of the front of the chief buildings, with the church standing prominently in the centre. It seems also to mark an ending or finish, like a line ruled across a page.

Generally, the visitor to the exhibition will be conscious of an orderliness and a cleanness and a finish about the establishment which has not been possible during the three years devoted to the building of the monastery. We do not expect him to appreciate the amount of labour and trouble that such a work has cost. He will notice new shrubs and new walks, new doors and fixings, and a quantity of new paint. But we may be permitted to tell him that it has been a good deal more than a "spring cleaning." It has been a very considerable and important work. Its completion has added greatly to the comfort of the inmates, and the operations did not interfere much with it. Only the new painting was a little too evident. Paint, when it appeals to more than one of the senses, is a disagreeable companion to live with.

All our School libraries will doubtless take care to get an early copy of Father Bowden's *Religion of Shakespeare* (Burns and Oates). The book is stated to be based on the MS. collections and notes of the late Mr. Richard Simpson; and indeed a good deal of the matter has already been printed, in three articles contributed by Mr. Simpson to *the Rambler* some forty years ago and more. But Father Bowden has made a fresh study of the materials, and has had the advantage of using a great deal of additional matter collected by Mr. Simpson with a view to answering opponents and strengthening his case. Moreover, Father Bowden has taken the opportunity of establishing the great Dramatist's Catholicism against some varieties of objectors who hardly existed in Simpson's time—the "professors" and agnostics who would prove Shakespeare to have been an "advanced thinker" of their own respective schools.

Most readers will agree, after going through these pages, first, that Shakespeare was not a Protestant, and, secondly, that if he was

anything he was a Catholic in belief. The most telling part of the argument is not what Shakespeare says—although he says a great deal that shows his leaning to the old Faith—but what he does not say. There were two reasons why, if he was at heart a Protestant, he should have been expected to express his Protestant feelings with freedom and emphasis; first, because this line would have been immeasurably more to his worldly advantage, and, next, because the existing plays or other sources which he so frequently used and transformed by his magic, were largely characterised by extreme and bitter Protestantism. But, on the contrary, he never flatters Elizabeth, or praises the Reformers, and he demonstrably suppresses nearly all the no-Popery tirades of his predecessors and contemporaries. This, and much besides, Father Bowden develops in a most interesting and convincing way. The most difficult passage to explain is *King John*, III. 1, where the King informs Pandolph with such full Shakesperian eloquence that

No Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.

But Father Bowden is undoubtedly right in maintaining that these and the accompanying lines are not only dramatically justifiable, but are intended by the dramatist to bring out in a more striking manner the King's subsequent recantation. Still, he must have known that they would be taken up with enthusiasm by the Protestant party, as indeed they have been. The highest literary genius does not ensure either the conduct of a saint or the courage of a martyr.

On the 24th of June, an imposing company assembled at Rugby School to unveil a marble statue of Tom Hughes. Archbishop Temple, a former Head-master of the School, praised Arnold, and said that Hughes had drunk in that great man's teaching. Mr. Goschen observed that Hughes was the incarnation of the highest type of British school-boy, in his honour, chivalry and hatred of sham. Few, certainly, will be found to object to the honour of a statue for the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*. It is a very healthy book, as far as it goes. But it has a good deal to answer for. It has had much to do with that glorification of athletics which has of late seriously interfered with orderly education. And it has

given a strong impulse to an excessive *cultus* of the modern school-boy. He receives far too much notice, and it is by no means good for him. In a former generation, his elders thought about him, but kept him in his place. Now they talk as if Arnold had lived expressly for him, and praise his chivalry, and the rest of it, to his face. No wonder he is occasionally insufferable. But the worst of it is, that this kind of thinking leads to the setting up of the limitations and brutality of the school-boy mind as respectable ideals, instead of considering them as deficiencies to be cured by education.

Can any of our readers say what is the exact meaning of the French word "redingote?" It occurs curiously in a very interesting book of autobiography—the "Mémoires de l'Abbé Baston" (1741-1816)—recently published by the *Société d'Histoire Contemporaine* (Paris, Picard). The writer had to flee from his country in 1792, and found himself in London in the autumn of that year. He there made the acquaintance of the community of Benedictine nuns of Montargis, who, to the number of forty, with their "director" in charge of them, were temporarily residing in two houses in Duke St., Spanish Place. This is the well-known convent which for so many years has been settled at Princethorpe. He mentions that a certain benevolent gentleman, a convert, came to see them in their London lodging, some seven or eight days before they were to leave (for Bodney Hall, near Brandon, in Norfolk). "They tell me, ladies," he said, "that you are leaving London." "Yes, Sir," replied the Mother Prioress. "How are you travelling?" "They will find conveyances for us." "But what will you wear?" "Just what we have on at present." (They still wore their habits.) "You will be perished with cold." (The weather was very severe.) "We are quite accustomed to hardships." "Yes, yes—but we must not tempt God, and act foolishly. You don't know the English climate." As he said this, he walked across the room and seemed to be taking their measure with his eye, and presently he said good-bye. The night before they started, there came a present of "redingotes"—one for each member of the Community, and all made of good black cloth; and it was found that every nun was fairly fitted! The "redingote" (here printed without any accent) was the English "riding-coat," and was a double-breasted outdoor coat, with long

plain skirts. Was it in this habit that the Princethorpe nuns left London in 1792?

In the *Ushaw Magazine* for July, Father William Brown, who knows Durham Cathedral as few men know it, contributes a further most interesting paper on St. Cuthbert's grave. For the first time since Raine's investigation in 1827, the grave has been re-opened. This took place in March last, in the presence of Dean Kitchen, Canons Fowler and Greenwell, and of Father Brown himself. The description of the proceedings, given by the latter, as an eyewitness, must be read by all who love St. Cuthbert and revere the memories of Durham. In this place, there is only space to remark on the extraordinary fact, that the coffin, in which Raine, in 1827, replaced the skeleton which he held to be that of St. Cuthbert, was rather a rough packing-case or crate than a coffin, and was found to be lying in rotten fragments. The consequence was that the skeleton itself, which in 1827 was whole, was undistinguishable from the other contents of the coffin, and had to be handed out in pieces by the workmen! Father Brown promises yet another paper in December, when we hope he will give us his views of the formation of the vault in 1541-2. It should be added, that in the present paper there is a description of the restoration of the most ancient of the coffins in which the precious remains lay. It need not be said that all English Benedictines agree with Archbishop Eyre and Father Brown that the skeleton found by Raine was not that of St. Cuthbert—whose body there is every reason to hope is still incorrupt as it was in 1541, in the hidden place where his servants laid him.

We hope the reader will be duly grateful to us for keeping our promise of making this issue of the journal, as regards the illustrations, chiefly a New Monastery number. Do not suppose from this that we suggest there was a possibility the promise might not have been kept. But think what a valuable opportunity the editor has lost of making a handsome apology in these notes.

Our illustrations should be sufficient to give a good idea of the chief features of the building. Half-tone blocks from Fr. Prior's very excellent photographs would, doubtless, have been more accurate, and the purely mechanical process would, certainly, have

carried conviction with it. But, though we have no pronounced prejudice against hanging in the main, we dare not 'hang the expense.' The effort of our artists, however, should have a special value of their own and are undoubtedly graceful and conscientious. We give our best thanks to them and to our good-natured contributors. These latter are, for the most part, names the readers of the Journal are familiar with. Their fidelity to the Journal—especially that of His Lordship, Bishop Hedley—has saved the editor's life from being a burden to him. But we should like to say that we should be glad to have an opportunity of thanking a few more of our literary Amplefordians. We have a reserve fund of gratitude which has not yet been touched. Moreover, we should have no hesitation in overdrawing our account.

Mr. Bernard Smith's drawing of a canopy and statue will describe better than words what will be the newest embellishment of the cloister. The reader cannot help but be pleased with the design, which is both beautiful and original. It is intended to cover the piece of blank wall left over where the wider cloister meets with the narrower one. If this description does not indicate to the reader where the canopy will be, let him recall the position of the clock near the refectory. The clock stands in an exactly similar position to the intended canopy,—where a new and broader passage is soldered on to an older and narrower one. The work is in hand at Messrs Boulton's of Cheltenham, but will not be put up in time for the Exhibition.

An excellent good deed, which deserves to be classed among acts of mercy, is the ventilation of the Church. In older days we presume that the Gothic window had enough to do to keep out the wind and the rain. It did this more or less successfully, but we should think that punctures were not considered a matter of much consequence. The modern patent, air-tight, high-pressure, compressed-air arrangements need something in the way of an automatic regulator. The work has been effectively done at the expense of Fr. Wilfrid Brown. To conceal the meeclesiastical 'Tobintubes' an oaken panelling is being made to cover the walls of the Sanctuary end of the Church, in continuation of the choir-stalls. We shall have more to say of this work when it is completed.

Our natural history note is one of detestation and revilement of the house sparrow. Time was when nearly every window of the establishment was embossed with one or more martin's nests. The unusual number of these graceful and light-hearted summer visitors was a feature of the place, and the lines from Macbeth—

"This quest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved masonry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
The air is delicate."—

were often quoted as an endorsement by Shakespeare of the healthiness of our hill side. The enormous increase of the sparrow—it may be measured by the fact that the capture and destruction of some twenty a day for three months had no apparent effect—has driven these pretty twitterers away from the College and almost from the county. Now, the imperial policy of the sparrow race has involved it in a war with the swift. Or, perhaps, we should speak of the swifts as Uildanders, to whom the Boer-sparrows refuse municipal and national rights. The editor saw, only a few days ago, a swift, in chancery, on the ground, held down by a couple of sparrows, and only his timely approach gave the poor foreigner an opportunity to escape by flight. Two other swifts wheeled about using a good deal of bad language, but, even in this matter, the low-bred sparrow had the best of it. Several mornings, we have seen a sparrow, who seemingly wanted a 'row', perch itself upon a ledge over a swift's nest, or sometimes even in the narrow doorway, challenging the gentle aristocrats to 'come on.' It is an unequal contest and we fear the victory will not be to the swift.

The 'twofold shout' of the cuckoo, as Wordsworth poetically describes its 'merry note' was heard in the valley as early as May 1. Both spring and early summer have been warm and sunshiny, but in spite of the dry weather the hay-crop has been a good one. A fierce thunderstorm passed over the College on July 12, and the lightning struck an ash tree growing about a hundred yards from

the Monastery. The bark of the tree was strewn widely around its foot, and there were long jagged splits in the solid trunk. Of course the tree has been killed.

Portraits of our late Priors Frs. Anderson, Prest, Hurworth, Whittle and Burge are being painted in oil for our Portrait Gallery. Fr. Hurworth has already presented his, painted by Mr. Cox. There is no doubt that it is a good likeness and a clever picture. He deserves our best thanks for this gift.

Will our readers forgive us if we presume to give them advice? It is nothing original or profound, and we might have hesitated to offer it, if it had not been the last, most earnest and emphatic recommendation of an old grey-haired priest to a youthful confrère. It is to TAKE NOTES. We lament greatly that we, in our own person, have never acquired the habit, and we know of no remedy, save to request our younger brethren to enable us to take notes by proxy. We are sure it would be an advantageous arrangement to both parties.

The venerable monk who gave this sage counsel as the sum of his great experience had the courage to start a note-book at the age of three score and ten. It was a touching example which we have not enough confidence in ourselves to emulate. With sad words of regret that he had wasted so many years, and that he had only begun to lay up treasures of information in his old age, he opened his store-house of wisdom and read out the first entry:—

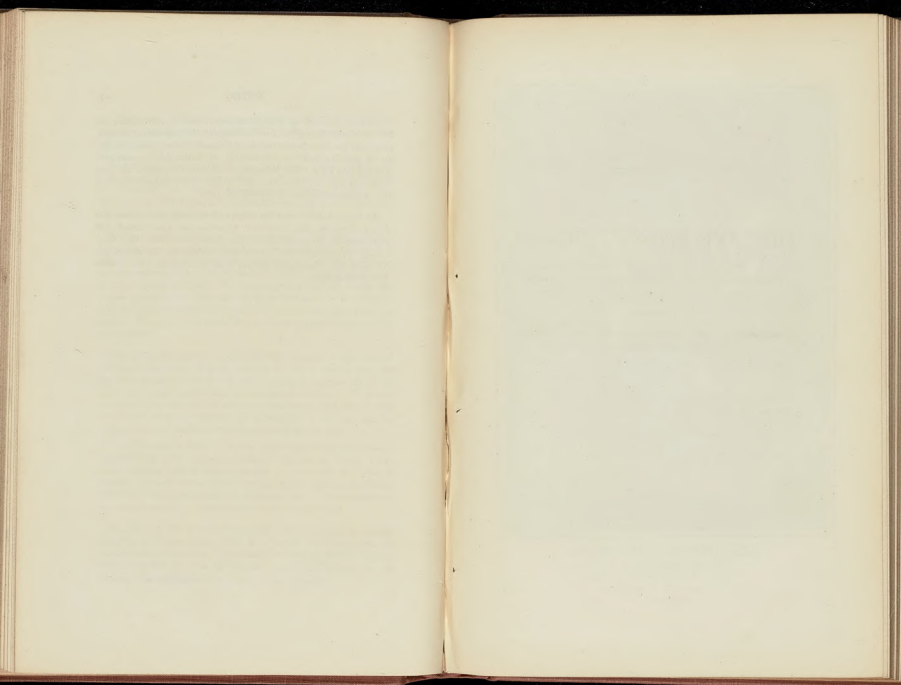
"A YORKSHIRE BITE." In the days when highland drovers brought their cattle by road to southern markets, the broad Yorkshire highway with its ample margins of grass was the land of plenty. The half-starved cattle, feeding by the wayside, could then have what the drovers called "a Yorkshire bite." The second and last entry was this: "Tortoise-shell cats are never toms."

Fr. Edmund Matthews has begun his Oxford career by taking honours in Moderations. This is a happy beginning, and we warmly congratulate him. Congratulations also to Edward Connor who has passed his final in law, and to Albert Cafferata on his approaching marriage.

We have received an interesting paper, read by Dr. Croke at the "*Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques*, on the part played by the Benedictine monks of Subiaco in the revival of the art of painting and the introduction of Gothic Architecture and printing into Italy. His Belmont friends will be pleased to welcome this proof of his activity and of his kindly remembrance of the days he spent under a Benedictine roof.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dowai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Clongowinian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *St. Bede*, Illinois, and the *Studien und Mittheilungen*.







B. ALPHONSUS de LIGORIO ~

*Letnicus Neapolitanus.*  
*S. Agathe Gothorum Episcopus.*  
*Congregationis S.S. Redemptoris*  
*Institutor.*

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1899.

PART II.

### S. Alfonso as a Musician.

ON the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of S. Alfonso di Liguori, in 1896, the Cercle de S. Sébastien, in Rome, undertook to organise a suitable celebration. Part of the scheme was the bringing out of an illustrated book containing essays and articles on various characteristics of the Saint. Among other writers, the Committee invited the Rev. Father J. Bogaerts, C.S.S.R., of Rotterdam, to contribute a paper on S. Alfonso as a Musician. The essay was written, but it was found to be too long, and the book, which was very well done and most interesting, appeared without it, another writer having been found to treat at more manageable length the subject of the Saint's relations to music. The writer apparently had access to Father Bogaert's essay, to which he alludes with much appreciation, expressing the hope that it may be published separately. This has now been done, and we have before us a handsomely printed and illustrated brochure, in French,\* in which is gathered together the greater part of what it is possible to say on a very interesting matter.

I may confess at once that I do not think the author will

\* *S. Alphonsus de Liguori Musicus, et la Réforme du Chant Sacré.* Paris, Lethielleux.

be found to have discovered anything very new or very startling. No one can read Tannoia's "Life" without carrying away the impression that S. Alfonso was both a musician and a notable verse-writer. But there are many personages to whom these titles can be applied whose claims it would be fantastic to set forth in a formal essay. S. Alfonso had the education of a gentleman; he was fond of music; he played on the harpsichord; he wrote one or two pieces for voices and instruments, and he composed the words and music of a number of popular hymns, which he was accustomed to make the faithful sing during his missions. This is really about all that can be said. But the details which Father Bogaerts has collected will be read with great pleasure and interest.

S. Alfonso was born at Naples in 1696, and entered the ecclesiastical state in 1724, being then about twenty-seven years of age. His father was passionately fond of music, and was most anxious that his son should excel in it. He used to make his child practise, with a master, for two or three hours daily. At these lessons the father himself would be present; or if he could not manage to be there, he would turn the key on pupil and professor and keep them at it until he could return. We are told that the Saint played the harpsichord like a master when he was no more than twelve or thirteen. Once he appeared on the stage. It was in an "opera" called *Saint Alexis*, got up by some youthful nobles of the city of Naples, under the direction of the Fathers of St. Jerome. Alfonso had to impersonate the devil—and in that character to play upon a harpsichord. He did it so well, that the audience were delighted. In his old age he used to allude to this, and to his theatre-going days generally, with humble self-accusation. "How foolish I was," he would say, "to waste my time in such folly! But I suppose it was right to do as my father bade me." The harpsichord on which he used to play is, I believe, still preserved at Pagani—

where his body rests—in the oratory which adjoins the room in which he passed his last days and in which he died. He had brought it away with him when he left the world and founded his Congregation. On his appointment as Bishop of Sant' Agata one of his brethren asked him if he was not going to take his harpsichord with him. He was shocked. "A Bishop to play the harpsichord!" he exclaimed; "people would say that Monsignor, instead of attending to his diocese, was spending his time in playing. A Bishop's recreation should be to see everybody, to welcome the poor, and to pray."

He seems to have made a resolution never to play after he became Bishop. One day he had requested the professor of singing in his seminary to have his harpsichord carried into the episcopal palace, in order to try over an accompaniment to a "canticle" in honour of St. Joseph. On this occasion we are told that he plainly showed in his face how dearly he would have liked to sit down to it—but he would not. Another time it happened that he was occupying an "apartment" in a palace of the Prince of Riccia, and that his brother Hercules and his wife were staying with him. A number of people used to come in of an evening, and there was a harpsichord, which was naturally put in use. But the Saint, hearing the music from his own room, sent to have it stopped. "People will be saying that the Bishop is having musical *soirées!*" When, however, he had at last, after much insistence, obtained the permission of the Holy See to resign, he seems to have thought that the necessity for abstaining from music had ceased. The parish-priest of Pagani, Don Giuseppe Messina, in his deposition for the holy Doctor's canonization, states that when he returned to live at Pagani he had asked to have two of his musical compositions returned to him, adding, "Now that I am no longer Bishop, I mean to take a little recreation in music." The harpsichord of his youth was still there—but if he ever

touched it again, it must have been in the distress of his bowed head and the weakness of infirmity and old age.

No musician needs to be reminded that, at the time when S. Alfonso was a young man and an "advocate" in the law courts of Naples, Italian music was passing through a golden age. When Alfonso was daily practising the harpsichord, Alessandro Scarlatti, the founder of the celebrated Neapolitan school, was at the period of his most vigorous and most rapid production. Durante and Hasse were his pupils, and the Saint may have studied with them. Pergolesi was fourteen years younger than Alfonso—Leo only two years older. These men, and others nearly as great, were pouring out compositions full of originality and genius, for church, concert-room and theatre, during the whole of the ninety years covered by the life of Alfonso Liguori. In those days, every inhabitant of Naples, who had any pretensions to taste and culture, was a devotee of the art of music. The Saint said of himself, towards the end of his career, "I was a constant attendant at the theatre, but thanks be to God I was not guilty of even a venial sin; I went for the delight of the music; I turned my mind from everything else." "I am fond of music," he wrote to his nuns; "when I was in the world I gave a good deal of my time to it." He adds "it were better that I had devoted it to the love of God."\*

There is a distinct flavour of the artist in another remark which is quoted in his Life—"Music is an art which, unless it is possessed in perfection, not only does not attract, but causes positive displeasure." He was not only a performer, but also a composer of serious work. It may be perhaps within the recollection of some of our readers that there was published, about 1860, in London, a composition for two voices entitled a "Cantata on the Passion

\* *True Spouse of Christ*, ch. 23.

of Christ."\* There can be no doubt that this is a genuine work of the Saint. As such it is of the greatest possible interest. The history of the MS. is curious. It was found in the British Museum, three quarters of a century after the Saint's death, by a Chevalier Frederick di Liguori, a member of the same family. How it got into the British Museum no one knows precisely; but as the collection in which it is found was presented by the Marquess of Northampton, we may conjecture that he picked it up in his travels in Italy. Chevalier di Liguori and Mr. Philp brought it out in a rather sumptuous form, and the late Bishop Coffin, who was naturally highly interested in it, sent a copy over to Holland, where it attracted the notice of the Dutch Redemptorist Fathers, and was performed in their presence amid emotion that was naturally profound and touching. In 1880, Father Bogaerts had an exact copy made of the MS. in the British Museum—for Chevalier di Liguori had taken one or two liberties with the text. Two editions of this corrected version have been printed—one in 1887, dedicated to Pope Leo XIII. on occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee, and another in 1897, by Father Heidenreich, C.S.S.R., of Vienna. This latter version, which includes a piano accompaniment by Dr. Max Dietz, founded on the figured bass of the original, is given as a supplement in the brochure now under consideration.

The Cantata, the Italian words of which, like the music, are presumably by S. Alfonso himself, is a *duo* between the Soul and our Blessed Lord. First the Soul addresses Pontius Pilate:†—

O judge, unrighteous and unjust  
Not once, nor twice alone  
Hast thou pronounced my Saviour guiltless;  
And now dost thou condemn Him?

\* The full title is *Cantata on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ*, the words and music by Saint Alphonsus Maria de Liguoro (sic), London, John Philp.

† I quote the English version, which is exactly literal.

The procession to Calvary is heard approaching :—

But ah ! what noise' confused  
Of arms and shrieks and woe  
Falls on my ear ? and what may be  
This sound funereal and sad ?

Alas ! it is the trumpet's note. . . .

There are some thirty lines of this, set to a "parlando-obbligato"—a recitative with an accompaniment which is not mere chords, but introduces the violin in appropriate places. Then follows the Duet proper :—

*The soul.* Where, O my Jesus, dost Thou go ?  
*The Redeemer.* I go to die for thee. . . .

With this an "Air" begins, and the two voices alternate and then join together.

The music of S. Alfonso is simple, but sweet, devotional, and even dramatic. The whole composition shows the influence of the great school which was then predominant in Naples. Alessandro Scarlatti was a genius and a remarkable innovator, combining great boldness of imagination with a profound knowledge of the pure Roman traditions. It was he who fixed the form of the "Air" as we have it in Handel, and as it lasted till the epoch of Haydn and Mozart—with the distinction between recitative and air, the *da capo*, the instrumental accompaniment of both recitative and air, and the use of dramatic colouring in such accompaniments. This Cantata of S. Alfonso has all these features. The accompaniment is for the violin, and is both ingenious and pleasing. There is a passage of the recitative where the composer has marked "tromba"—two startling notes for the trumpet, at an interval of two bars—a passage of which no less an authority than Edgard Tinel says that it is "as curious as it is original and effective." The whole composition is that of a trained and cultured musician, who expresses real devotion in

musical forms which are sufficiently original and extremely well developed. It would be absurd to rest any claim to musical genius upon a fragment like this Cantata. But it is evidently the work of a man of educated taste and clear artistic idea. Perhaps, to an English reader, the best notion that could be given of the effect of the music would be to say that it suggests Pergolesi.

There can be no question that S. Alfonso made great use of his own hymns in his missionary work. What strikes one most, in reading about his efforts to make the people sing the hymns, is the description of the kind of singing that went on commonly in the towns and country parts of the district where he laboured. I suppose a rude and ignorant people, who are at the same time hot-blooded and lively like the Neapolitans, will be sure to accept coarseness for humour, and grossness for fun; and we may hope that there was not so much really grievous sin in all the objectionable songs of which we hear. No doubt, as Cardinal Parocchi says, "Zittire a Napoli il canto, gli é come tarpar il volo agli uccelli"—"To prevent a Neapolitan from singing, is like hindering a bird from flying." S. Alfonso loved to compose "canticles." The "canticle" is a different thing from the hymn. A hymn has more direct relation to worship, greater finish and a deeper note of solemnity. A "canticle" is the light and simple expression of a devout mood, sometimes joyous, sometimes sorrowful, now a meditation, now a prayer, but always adapted to catch the taste of the people. It was such versification as this that S. Alfonso used in his apostolic work. We find him writing to his Redemptorist nuns at Scala in 1730.\*—"My dearest Mother grants me numberless favours; hence I have indited a little Canticle in her honour, which I now send you. You can read it to the others." Before he had been long

\* Not 1731, as quoted in the text.

engaged in giving missions he had ready to his hand, as Tannoia tells us, a considerable number of "sue particolari canzoncine"—little Canticles of his own—which were as efficacious as even his preaching in moving his hearers to contrition and devotion. He used to sing them himself—and it seems probable that, in most instances, he composed the tunes as well as wrote the words. He had a good and sonorous voice. Once, at the yearly Exposition in the Franciscan Church at Naples, he is related to have entoned his favourite Canticle "Gesù mio con dure funi," with so much unction that the whole congregation broke out into sobbing. This piece is printed, both words and music, by Father Bogaerts. It is very solemn and by no means commonplace—and it ends with a chromatic effect which is far from easy, but which must have been very telling when given by a true voice. We have several glimpses of the great missionary teaching his younger brethren how to use these songs. When he was a religious superior he often played the harpsichord at the recreations, accompanying himself in his singing. When he did this, we are told, and especially when he chanted what he had written about the Blessed Sacrament, the listeners would be deeply touched and moved to devotion. There is a charming trait given us in his life, of one of these recreations. One of the Fathers seemed to be sad and sombre. The holy Superior asked him what was the matter, and the other, without directly answering, begged him to sing to the harpsichord one of his Canticles to Our Lady. S. Alfonso immediately complied, and sang for him the one beginning

Quanto è dolce, Madre mia,  
Il tuo nome di Maria!

The very words are music and melody. No wonder the cloud lifted from the good Father's spirit, and serenity was restored.

The Saint was always ready to lead the popular singing.

And he would make the people practise his songs until they knew them. He seems to have injured his health in fatiguing efforts of this kind, for he is reported as having replied to a doctor who had warned him on the subject, "It must be done; I must teach my people to love my canticles, that I may disgust them with dangerous songs." And we are assured that he succeeded marvellously; that not only the crowds in the churches, but the people of the streets, the labourers, the porters, the harvesters and the gatherers of the vintage, soon caught his charming words and graceful melodies and sung them everywhere. In the excellent translation of his Ascetical works brought out by his children in the United States will be found scattered throughout the volumes a considerable number of hymns or canticles, in English, which I take to have been, in the original, the very compositions with which the holy doctor solaced his scanty recreation, and taught his countrymen piety and purity. These he would play over, after dinner, with a few chosen and intimate friends; these he would carry about with him; these he would entone, kneeling at the altar, before he preached; and when he was Bishop, he had no greater pleasure than to hear his seminarists singing these sacred songs in their free time or when they went out for their walks; he would often join them at such times, and take the lead in the singing, rejoicing to see them cheerful and happy.

The excellent Redemptorist to whom we owe this captivating Essay, thinks that S. Alfonso had deeply at heart the reform of Church Music; and he goes so far as to suggest that he might well be named by the Holy See, if it were thought expedient, a principal patron of that genuine ecclesiastical chant which there is now so widespread a movement to bring back.

That S. Alfonso, in spite of his musical training and of the influences of his age and country, saw clearly and said plainly what were the Church's requirements in the matter

of Church Music, was only to be expected from his sanctity. A man who was endowed by the Holy Spirit with the supernatural gifts and the heroic qualities necessary for destroying the Jansenistic spirit and enforcing the claims of the Holy See, could never have tolerated profane or theatrical music in the holy Liturgy. Accordingly we find him, soon after his appointment as Bishop, addressing a decree to the whole diocese of Saint Agatha, ordering "Plain Chant to be used in all churches, as best suited to the gravity of the sacred rites, and best adapted to maintain reverence and recollection and to banish curiosity and dissipation." In his Cathedral, he steadily refused to appoint to a canonry any one who was not, according to the prescription of the Council of Trent, acquainted with the Plain Chant. The Chant was carefully taught in his Seminary. It is related of him, that he more than once expressed in public his opinion of certain Church Music, after a fashion which is attributed to a Bishop of our own days, not long passed away. He was assisting at a function in the Church of Santa Maria di Vico, when a deacon—a member of the *Conservatorio* of Naples and doubtless therefore a skilled musician—thinking he would please the Bishop, began the Litany in figured music. But the Saint at once stopped the singing. "We are not in the theatre," he said; "there is no devotion, but only distraction, in that sort of music." He then directed the cantors to take up the Plain Chant. Another time, he entered the Church of a convent whilst one of the nuns was singing an elaborate Litany. She saw him come in, and instantly dropped the figured music, and went on in Plain Chant. He let her hear about it at the *grille* afterwards. "You were trying to take me in!" he said—more in jest, however, than in anger. "But you must not do it. I forbade you to use figured music because it is not the thing for religious. I cannot have young men coming in to listen to a nun singing a solo."

In his *Vera sposa*, or "True Spouse of Christ," the holy doctor states the objections which there are to solo-singing and elaborate music in convents—the loss of time, the distraction, and the scandal. "But," he continued "I do not disapprove of nuns singing the Plain Chant—nor even the figured chant chorally,\* after the manner of the Plain Chant." He thought that, for nuns, it was "morally impossible to practise this kind of music without sin, on account of the solicitude, the vanity, the distractions, the expense, the infractions of rule, and the other disorders which inevitably result from it both inside and outside of the monastery." This last passage is taken from an interesting letter written at the beginning of 1746 to one of his convents at Foggia. There is a curious sequel to it, in a letter dated just a year later. The convent in question had reverted to their figured music, in spite of his formal order—and one of the nuns asks him if she is obliged to join in this backsliding. He replies without hesitation that she is not—and he advises her to write direct to the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, to forestall any attempt at getting Rome to tolerate "this cursed chant." † Yet he was by no means an imprudent rigorist in this matter. One Feast of the Holy Redeemer is stated to have been celebrated by him *con musica e pompa straordinaria*—which must certainly mean figured music and instruments—such as the "Regolamento" of the present Pontiff, recently published, entirely allows. And his own *Duella*, referred to above, was performed, with his assent, in a church in Naples. This, however, was not in any liturgical service. There can be no mistaking his ideas about the music of the holy Mass. The burning words which he has written, in his Moral Theology ‡ and elsewhere, on reverence at

\* The word is *in concerto*, which seems wrongly translated in the American edition by "in unison." Ch. xxiii.

† Letters, vol. 1., pp. 151, and 168. ‡ Lib. VI. Tr. 3. Par. 400.

Mass, would be enough to show what he was prepared to insist on. It is interesting to know that S. Alfonso had a great devotion to the celebration of solemn High Mass. Even when he was at a distance from his Cathedral, on visitation, he would celebrate pontifically on Sundays and festivals, sending for priests from neighbouring collegiate churches to the number of seven. His own singing of the Mass is attested to have been devotional in the highest degree. The old lay-brother who was his attendant deposes that, "when he chanted the Preface at pontifical Mass, his singing was so beautiful that it moved to devotion all who were present—not only the people but the canons themselves." And it must have been touching to see him, before a pontifical function, summon the choir-master and carefully rehearse with him the entonations and other portions which he would have to sing in the church.

We may gather from this interesting account of S. Alfonso as a Musician that the Saints, and especially the Saints who were Bishops and Doctors of the Church, have always striven to banish from the sanctuary all music that was profane, distracting and theatrical. Perhaps there will always be some disagreement in practice, even among pious and prudent Catholics, as to what music should be admitted and what rejected. Times differ, fashions change, and temperaments vary. But where the plain guidance of superior authority fails us, we cannot do better than incline to the opinion and practice of the Saints. S. Alfonso was a cultured musician, and belonged to a race whose music was the natural expression of its passionate feeling. He lived at a time when the temperament of the race and the scientific traditions of a great past combined to produce a school of music which was as great in its way as that of Umbria or Tuscany in painting. But the gifts of the Holy Spirit are meant to save and guide the world and the Church. We can see how as he advanced in his career, he rose above human

teaching, the fashion of his day, and the bent of his own nature, and with severe self-discipline and exquisite spiritual insight proclaimed and practised the true and permanent principles of Catholicism. We see in him the missionary who uses music and song to defeat the devil, and the pastor who feels by instinct the true relation of human art to the sanctuary. The reason of most of the present dissension or discussion as to Church music is, I cannot help feeling, that many of us consider the subject with a too exclusive regard to our own devotion. No one can be safe in denying that the display of art, however despicable aesthetically, may promote a devout frame of mind in his neighbour. But the question assumes a different aspect if we begin by considering reverence—the reverence which is due to the Blessed Sacrament, and the Holy Sacrifice. Here there are more fixed canons and more definite rules. Such rules and principles the Catholic heart learns by instinct from the lessons and practice of the Saints.

✠ J. C. H.





### Reminiscences.

How many either of clergy or congregation survive, who can remember the old chapel and presbytery of St. John, in Pierrepont Place, Bath? I am one of a very small number. It is thirty-seven years since the old chapel was abandoned, and forty years since I was associated with Fr. Clement Worsley as his curate. The old chapel had been the Bath Theatre,—a notorious resort of literary and fashionable personages, a hundred years ago, when Bath, as the "Queen of Cities," was in the heyday of its popularity, and was converted to Catholic worship by Fr. Peter Augustine Baines, afterwards Bishop, soon after he took charge of the mission in 1817. He left the outer shell much in its original state, and formed his chapel in the

auditorium. Consequently, stage door, entrances to boxes, pit and gallery remained as entrances to the chapel, and the suite of dressing rooms served as a supplementary sacristy and a residence of the caretaker. Over the sanctuary, in the space into which stage scenery was hoisted, a large room had been constructed which served for a girls' schoolroom, and over the gallery, in the space where the theatrical gods had formerly looked down upon the great actors of their day, was another large room which served for lumber and musical instruments. Under the floor of the chapel, in the place of the old pit, was the crypt where Catholics found their last resting place, until Fr. Worsley provided his new cemetery in Porymead. The alterations made by Bishop Baines in adapting the auditorium for the purposes of a chapel did not entirely obliterate the original purpose of the building. Even the sanctuary, with its raised *planum* and its painted altarpiece\* stretching from side to side, was strongly reminiscent of a theatrical stage.

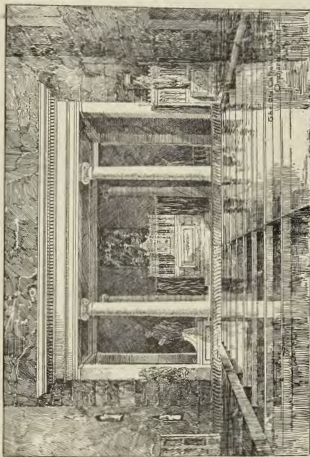
The presbytery, a large dwelling house connected with the sacristy by a bridge over the area, had formerly been the gaming house associated with the theatre. When the translation had been made to the South Parade, and the new establishment of Church, Priory, and Schools had been completed, the bodies were removed from the crypt to the cemetery, and the property being sold was converted into a Freemason's Hall; such it remains to this day.

We had, as a resident lodger in the Presbytery, a Miss Anne Talbot, sister of the last Catholic Countess of Shrewsbury, wife of John the 10th Earl. The Earl died at Naples on the 10th of November, 1852, and leaving no issue, the title and estates passed to his nephew, Bertram, then twenty years of age, son of Col. Charles Talbot and Julia, third daughter of Sir Henry Tichbourne. Bertram's

\* An enlarged Copy of Ribera's "Deposition from the Cross."

father, Col. Charles Talbot, died in 1838, and his mother, in the following year, married John Herbert Washington Hibbert. Consequently, when the young Earl Bertram became the possessor of Alton Towers, the Countess withdrew to the Continent, and his mother, now Mrs. Washington Hibbert, having no claim on her son's new position, the guardianship and nursing of the young Earl, who was already showing symptoms of consumption, fell to the lot of Miss Talbot, his aunt by marriage and a distant relative by blood.

Much of Miss Talbot's time had been spent with Earl John and the Countess, her sister. On the decease of the former, circumstances already mentioned threw upon her the charge of the young Earl Bertram who was then in declining health, and she travelled with him to various places on the Continent seeking vainly for his restoration. Her association with the Countess had given her many opportunities of picking up a large amount of social gossip; and her memory, in consequence, became a storehouse of reminiscences, which she had gathered either from her own observation, or from information conveyed to her by the Countess. The painful duty of nursing and watching over the young Earl Bertram as he gradually declined, and his death at the early age of twenty four, in 1856, followed by the death of the Countess in 1857, had left a deep and melancholy impression on her character. In her habits she was almost a recluse; she seldom paid visits, dressed with much plainness, shunned society, and gave much of her time to reading and prayer. She usually descended from her apartment after our dinner and spent a short half hour in pleasant and genial conversation, frequently, as circumstances or newspaper information suggested, retailing to me some of her interesting reminiscences, whilst "dear Fr. Clement" indulged in his forty winks. Of some of these narratives I made notes after the little company broke up; and Miss Talbot having learnt what I had done



asked permission to revise what I had written and, after a short time, returned my manuscript with her corrections. From that revised copy, which I still possess, I take the reminiscences which follow.

### Louis of Bavaria and Lola Montes.

Lola Montes, an adventuress attracting a good deal of public notice during the first half of this century, after an unfortunate marriage and separation, took to the stage as a dancer and, after appearing in the leading capitals of Europe, came to Munich in 1846. There she remained for more than a twelvemonth, enjoying through the favour of the foolish king a salary of £5,000. In 1848, through the anger of his subjects and the subsequent revolution, she was thrown on her own resources, and again took to the profession, travelling through the States and Australia. After three more unfortunate marriages, she turned to lecturing in New York, and finally closed her strange career in a penitentiary. She was born in Limerick. Her mother was a Spanish lady.

On the 7th of February, 1861, the papers announced the death of Lola Montes, and at our usual post-prandial meeting Miss Talbot gave me the following particulars relating to Lola Montes and the ex-King of Bavaria.

Louis was a lavish patron of art, and spent large sums upon pictures and public buildings. He was extravagantly fond of pretty faces, and considered himself a great connoisseur of female beauty. Consequently, he patronized a number of favourites upon whom he squandered much of his royal income, and had a collection of portraits of female beauties which is hung in one of the smaller rooms of the palace at Munich. At the same time Louis was a sincere Catholic, strongly attached to his faith, and, in his way, a pious old man; though he neglected the education of his son, Maximilian, who was only an indifferent Catholic married to a Prussian princess,—a very

amiable person, very popular with the people of Munich, and who, they believed, would have willingly embraced the Catholic faith had her husband led a more edifying life.

Lola Montes came to Munich in 1846, appeared on the stage, and, as a matter of course, was introduced to the king. Louis was so fascinated by Lola's eyes, and so enraptured with her personal beauty, that he made her a Countess and gave her an annual pension of £5,000. She frequently perambulated the streets of Munich, accompanied by a large dog and carrying in her hand a stout whip, which occasionally she used without hesitation upon the luckless passengers who, in her whim, she thought needed better manners. At last, the people, exasperated with the conduct of Lola, and scandalized by the folly of the king, compelled Louis to abdicate in favour of his son Maximilian, in 1848: and the favourite ignominiously retired.

#### Vernon Harcourt.

The announcement of Vernon Harcourt's death, on the same day on which the death of Lola Montes was published, suggested to Miss Talbot the following incident in his life. He was amongst the guests, before his marriage, at a party given by Lady Shrewsbury. The Countess was a skilful adept at card tricks, and during the evening a desire was expressed by the company that she would display her skill for their amusement. She consented, and selected young Vernon Harcourt as the subject for a prophetic revelation of his future fortune. Tossing the cards on the table and pretending, in her nonsense, to read their auguries, she announced that Vernon would marry a rich widow and live a happy life. This afforded intense amusement to the company, and, during the rest of the evening, Vernon was a butt for their jokes and raileries. Strange to say, three months afterwards he wrote to Lady Shrewsbury saying that, as a most remarkable coincidence

and fulfilment of her prediction, he was going to be married, and that the lady to whom he was engaged was a widow with a fortune of £12,000 a year.

Vernon Harcourt, the subject of the previous incident, was George Granville Vernon Harcourt, eldest son of the Archbishop of York. The lady he married was the Countess Waldegrave, daughter of Braham, the famous public singer in the early years of this century. She first married John Waldegrave, Esq. On his death, she illegally married his brother, George Edward, 7th Earl of Waldegrave, and subsequently, as his widow, with the title of Countess and very wealthy, entered into a third marriage with Vernon Harcourt. The old Archbishop was much chagrined with the conduct of his son. There was no issue to the marriage, and the estate then passed to his younger brother, the father of the present Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

#### Two Duchesses of Devonshire.

1. The beautiful Lady Georgiana Spencer, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough and by Reynolds. She became the wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

2. Lady Elizabeth Foster, her cousin.

During the long contest which waged between the two eminent statesmen, Pitt and Fox, in the closing years of last century, the Duchess of Devonshire gave her patronage to the latter and even canvassed for him.

On one occasion, entering a tradesman's shop for the purpose of soliciting his vote, and urging her request with much vehemence and perseverance, the tradesman consented, promising his vote on the condition that her Ladyship would grant him a kiss in exchange. The Duchess without hesitation offered her cheek, and the tradesman, being fully gratified with this ducal favour, kept his word.

Her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Foster, came to reside with

the Duchess and, shortly afterwards, an improper intimacy developed between her and the Duke, and the two Ladies quitted England, retiring to some out of the way place in Switzerland where, in due course of time both ladies were confined, the Duchess of a daughter and Lady Foster of a son. The story ran, as a piece of social gossip, that the Duchess and Lady Foster exchanged babies. The need of an heir to succeed to the Dukedom lent probability to the story and gave it some currency. The secret was kept, and not divulged for some years. At length, however, the Duchess died; and the Duke, in 1809, married the Lady Elizabeth Foster. Lady Shrewsbury first met her at Spau and observed her frequently driving out with the *Curé* as companion. Soon a report was whispered in society that she was about to become a Catholic. The following winter, the Duchess appeared in Rome, kept magnificent apartments in the Palazzo Colonna, and gave most splendid parties. By persistent efforts she succeeded in ingratiating herself and becoming familiarly intimate with Cardinal Consalvi, and used to dog his steps so persistently that the Cardinal was annoyed and pained. She was seen in churches kneeling very devoutly at her prayers and acting so much like a Catholic, that those who were acquainted with her expected that, sooner or later, she would make her profession of faith. But, alas, the young Duke of Devonshire, her reputed stepson—but, according to report, her own son—put a stop to all this conformity with Catholic practices. She died, almost suddenly, after an attack of pneumonia, but not a Catholic; no Catholic acquaintances were permitted to see her in her last illness.

A Protestant clergyman, famous in his day, tutor to the Princess Charlotte, named Dr. Notts, attended the Duchess in her last moments. Some time afterwards, this Rev. gentleman was present at a *Soirée* given at the French Embassy, and so also was the Duchess of Westmoreland, a lady of queenly presence, most elegant manners but of

exceedingly eccentric bearing, and yet withal a very agreeable and witty woman. The Duke of Devonshire described her as "the most agreeable mad woman he ever met." She straightway made for Dr. Notts and, with all her usual dignity, accosted him in words to this effect. "Dr. Notts, I presume?" "Certainly my Lady," he replied. "If so, I wish to be informed upon what authority you presume to say that the Duchess of Devonshire is now in heaven? Because, I beg to observe, Dr. Notts, that if the Duchess of Devonshire is now in heaven, heaven is a fit place for me." And so, turning gracefully on her heel, she left him confounded with amazement.

Lady Shrewsbury afterwards met Dr. Notts, and asked him the particulars of the Duchess' death. After some show of reluctance, he stated that he had been much pained at the sorrowful death-scene of the Duchess. "She would receive no counsel or consolation from me; she refused the sacrament, poor soul, fainting away each time I offered it." Another person, Mrs. Ellis, who was present, declared also to Lady Shrewsbury that the deathbed of the Duchess was most painful and never to be forgotten. "She seemed to die without any confidence in religious ministrations, in fact, in a kind of spiritual helplessness or despair. She violently grasped my hand, and in her earnestness or madness pressed her nails into my flesh; her screams will never leave my ears, and when Dr. Notts offered her the sacrament she screamed again and fainted."

The rumour regarding the exchange of children is said to be the reason why the sixth Duke of Devonshire never married; and, further, rumour said that Lord George Cavendish, who was the real and next heir, agreed to leave him in possession of title and estates on condition of his celibacy. There is some reason for doubting this part of the story; since it is a fact that the Duke sold some portion of the estate, which he would not have

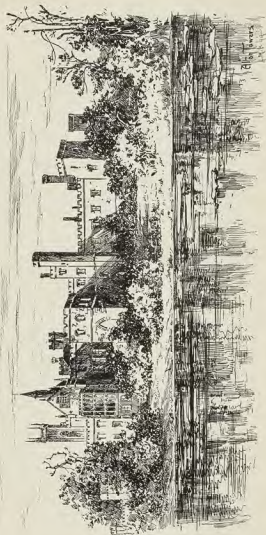
been permitted to do if there were another and prior claimant.

There is little doubt, remarks Miss Talbot, that the Duchess had put off her conversion too long. She was under a cloud in England and few visited her.

### The late Lord Kinnaird\* and the Duchess of Bassano.

Miss Anne Talbot, on one occasion, in company with Lady Shrewsbury, was present at an amateur concert given by the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke's second wife, in the apartments of her palace in Rome. Though the Duchess was not visited much in England—in consequence of the reports against her character, mentioned in the preceding article—Lady Shrewsbury, in a spirit of charity and with the object of aiding her in her inquiries into Catholic doctrine, and having some merciful regard for her advanced age, made no difficulty of attending the fêtes she gave whilst in Rome. During one of the concerts, Miss Talbot was particularly struck with the appearance of a tall, cadaverous, distinguished looking, Englishman, who seemed enraptured with Italian music and displayed a good deal of enthusiastic appreciation of each piece of the programme, and much feeling and sympathy with Italian songs. "Do you notice that sickly looking man?" asked Lady Shrewsbury; "It is Lord Kinnaird, a Scotchman who now exhibits such virulent animosity against the Catholic Church. I'll tell you more of him, later." When the Sisters reached their apartments, Lady Shrewsbury continued her description of Lord Kinnaird. "He is given to much wickedness and is a notorious profligate. His wife, a daughter of the Duke of Leinster, has suffered so direfully through his immorality that she has left him, taken her children with her, and now lives in retirement in Scotland. His actual life is unchanged.

\* Grandfather of the present Lord Kinnaird, born 1780, died 1827.



Speaking of his subsequent career, Miss Talbot stated that some years previous to his appearance in Rome Lord Kinnaird became very intimate, whilst in Paris, with the beautiful Duchess of Bassano, and through her persuasion was implicated, with other Englishmen, in the escape of Lavalette from prison. In making his protestations of devotedness, love and affection for her, he frequently declared that his love was such that he felt convinced that after death his soul would visit her. The Duchess took little notice of this, at the time. However, some years after, the Duchess, being engaged to attend a Ball at the Hôtel de Ville, was busy making preparations for her toilette and, whilst engaged sorting her dress and selecting her jewels, she suddenly heard her name pronounced in a miserably plaintive voice. She turned round, started, screamed, fainted, and falling senseless on the floor, was so found and conveyed to bed, where she remained till her death.

After a while, by the aid of restoratives and the efforts of a physician who had been hastily summoned, she recovered consciousness and her friends anxiously asked for an explanation of the terror she exhibited and the fear she expressed in word and gesture. She solemnly told them that she had seen Lord Kinnaird standing in her room, a most ghastly, horrifying spectacle; that the sight affrighted her, and she felt sure he must be dead. She persisted in this declaration, though her friends would not believe it and thought it impossible.

However, three days afterwards, the English papers were received and, strange to say, they brought the announcement of Lord Kinnaird's death. The Duchess insisted upon seeing the papers and, on finding that he had died on the very day of his appearance in her room, she went off into convulsions and died three days after.

Miss Talbot adds the remark: "This is quite true."

1. The Duchess de Bassano was wife of Hugues

Bernard Maret, created Duke de Bassano by Napoleon. He was a diplomatist in the service of the Directory during the French Revolution. He took part in the intrigues which brought about the accession of Napoleon to supreme power. He was the Emperor's most faithful and trusted adviser. It was he suggested the marriage of the Emperor with an Archduchess of Austria, when negotiations with Russia had failed. He was Secretary of state during the hundred days and, by his advice, Napoleon made his final abdication after his defeat at Waterloo, and the second occupation of Paris by the Allies.

2. Lavalette, one of Napoleon's generals, was made Postmaster General under the restored Bourbons. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, he deserted his post and joined his old leader. On the second Bourbon restoration, he was impeached with Ney and Labedoyère and convicted of high treason. Ney and Labedoyère were executed; but Lavalette was saved by the devotion of his wife, a niece of the Empress Josephine, who visited him in prison, and exchanging clothes with her husband thus contrived his escape to England. He was allowed to return to France in 1822, and died, 1830.

### Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon.

Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Marie Louise, were a trio of unfortunate royalties. The first was the victim of the Revolution, the second of Napoleon's disappointment, and the last the partner of his misfortunes. Napoleon was divorced from Josephine, December 15th, 1809. On the 1st of April of the following year, he was married to Marie Louise, an Austrian Archduchess who, eleven months after, brought him a son who received the title of King of Rome. On the 23rd January, 1814, Napoleon finding the Allies approaching threateningly near to Paris, was compelled to take immediate command of his troops. Before his departure, he solemnly and under most moving circumstances

entrusted the Empress and his son to the care of his Marshals and Ministers of State, and on the 25th, at three in the morning, embraced the Empress and her child for the last time, and set out for the army. He never saw them again. Two months after, the fortunes of war compelled the Empress with her child, only three years of age, to quit Paris, which on the 30th of March was surrendered to the allied armies. Marie Louise returned to Austria. After the death of Napoleon in 1821, she married one of her Chamberlains, and died unpitied, and almost unknown, at Parma, in 1847. The King of Rome, under the title of the Duke of Reichstadt, died July 22, 1832.

Alison in his History of Europe describes Marie Louise as "uniting in her person all the grandeur and felicity of which human nature is susceptible. She had fair hair, blue eyes, a pleasing expression. The affability of her demeanour, and sweetness of her manner produced a general prepossession in her favour. Her youth, amiability, naiveté and simplicity of character won the affection of the Emperor, who always said: 'she was innocence with all its sweetness, Josephine, grace with all its charms.' All the attractions of art were employed by the first Empress with such skill that they were never perceived; all the charms of innocence displayed by the second with such simplicity that their existence was never suspected."<sup>\*</sup>

Some topic of conversation, on one occasion, introduced the subject of Napoleon's second marriage, and Miss Talbot, after giving a description of Marie Louise quite in accord with that given by Alison, added these details, either from her own or Lady Shrewsbury's personal knowledge. She described her as of singular beauty of figure, graceful and amiable in her manner. The Empress herself was fully aware of her personal attractions, and with a frank childish simplicity never lost an opportunity of displaying them. As an instance of this innocent vanity,

<sup>\*</sup> Alison's Hist. of Europe Vol. VIII. Chap. LXIII.



when seated at table or amongst the ladies of her Court, she always made a very prominent display of her hands, which were exceedingly well formed and beautiful. The same disposition led her to offer herself as a model to Canova who, seated at a table with a crucifix before him, made his sketch of her graceful figure. He afterwards executed a statue of her, not unclothed, in a sitting posture.

Discussing, in our little after-dinner conferences, the propriety or danger of clerical attachments, Miss Talbot made a remark, which seemed to me so prudent and apposite that it has always lingered in my memory. "No one should be quick or hasty in pronouncing condemnation of such interchanges of confidence and affection between a priest and a friend of the opposite sex. There are many instances" she said, "of such affectionate attachments in the lives of the Saints. Our Lord had a very marked affection for Magdalen; St. Paul was accompanied by St. Thecla. St. Jerome kept up a very intimate correspondence with two Roman ladies, Marcella and Paula, and the latter with her daughter went and lived near him in Bethlehem. Then we must not forget St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare; St. Catherine of Siena and her Confessor, Raymond of Capua; St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross; St. Francis of Sales and St. Jane Frances; and, in our own day, there is the *Curé d'Arts* and Catherine Lassagne."

Miss Talbot died in London on the 30th of November, 1865, at the age of 68, having been born on the 24th of June 1797.—R.L.P.

I may add one other reminiscence of some interest referring to the Bath Chapel, though it has little reference to Miss Talbot.

Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of France, was for a time a member of St. John's Congregation. On leaving Bath to enter upon his more ambitious and stirring

career he forgot to take with him his prayer book, which was subsequently found in the seat which he usually occupied, and was appropriated and retained by some lover of interesting memorials. Some five years after the Emperor's marriage with Eugénie, the book was brought to Fr. Worsley. At the suggestion of Fr. Laurence Shepherd, and with the approval of some ladies of the Congregation—Miss Talbot one of them—the book was expensively bound, and sent as an interesting present and souvenir to the Empress. Whether it ever reached her, history gives no record. As far as my memory serves, the donors never received any imperial acknowledgement of its receipt.\*

I well remember seeing Adelina Patti, then in the very beginning of her long and wonderful career, present at Mass in old St. John's on three separate occasions.

A. P. W.

---

\* Since writing the above I have learnt that the *Ex-Empress*, on her visit to Bath, seven years ago or so, told Fr. Clarke that the book had been received.

## Ampleforth Abbey.

The raising of Ampleforth to the rank and style of an Abbey is an event which calls for some notice in the pages of this Journal, if only as altering the name by which the College has hitherto been known, and as finally closing a question upon which some difference has existed. In the Constitution "*Diu quidem*," issued by His Holiness, Leo XIII., on June 29th of this current year, one of the later paragraphs reads as follows:—

"Lastly, in order to make more apparent our singular good-will and our intentions in regard to a Congregation ennobled by so many virtues and by such distinguished deserts, We, by Our Apostolic authority, do hereby assign and attribute to the Monasteries of St. Gregory at Downside, of St. Lawrence at Ampleforth and of St. Edmund in Douai the Abbatial dignity and title, so that they shall use and enjoy the rights and privileges which either law or custom associate with that title: in particular that for the future their Superiors shall be Abbots, elected as above ordained, by their own monks." ("*Diu quidem*," XI.)

For some time past the changes indicated in these decisions have been recognized as inevitable. Customs which grew up in other times, peculiarities which were natural when English Benedictines lived by themselves apart, either as exiles abroad or as missionaries at home, have been gradually growing into anachronisms; and now the altered civil and religious state of the country, the development of ecclesiastical procedure, the example of other Congregations, the influence of new movements have at length swept our communities back again into the main stream of monastic usage. Whether this is altogether

desirable need no longer be discussed. "*Roma locuta est; causa finita!*" The honour comes to our Houses now directly from the Holy See, in most gracious guise and with unstinted meed of praise;—it is none the less welcome for being unsolicited, or even deprecated in the past! New titles can add little to the credit of a Congregation, already "ennobled," as the Pope terms it, "by so many virtues and such distinguished merit,"—a Congregation which, as he continues, "has during many ages in England deserved well both of the Catholic cause and the Christian state."

Unambitious of honours, content with the traditions and glories of twelve centuries, the English Benedictines have never needed such distinction as can be derived from modern titles. An old monastic axiom, which is an English one as well, reminds them "to be better than they look"—a rough rendering of the principle in the Holy Rule—"*non velle dici sanctum antequam sis, sed prius esse quo verius dicatur.*" In this respect their "*Familie*" have resembled those ancient families still found in our native shires, whose representatives remain Squires whilst *parvenus* pass them in the race for titles. They have ranked among the untitled nobility of the English Church. They were content to be monasteries ruled over by simple Priors whilst they were exiles in foreign lands, or "until the Lord had turned back the captivity of Sion." So long as England was lost to Christendom and its Catholic Faith was suppressed, so long as no Hierarchy remained to rule its ruined Churches, it did not beseem religious houses or their superiors to deck themselves with titles or robes of glory. Essentially an hierarchical body the English Benedictines are bound by many ties to the episcopate, ties which they at least are proud to recognize. In the beginnings of the English Church its bishops were monks and their Sees stood in monastic churches. In later times bishops still came constantly from Benedictine cloisters,

and their abbots sat with bishops in the councils of Church and State. Even now of that old Hierarchy the only vestiges which survive are to be found among the Benedictines, who retained until recently the old division of the two Provinces of Canterbury and York; who held even more recently in St. David's the only primitive bishopric which was restored in 1850; and who are not yet dispossessed of a dozen Cathedral Priories, merely titular now but which perpetuate the memories of the chief Sees of Catholic England. Besides these honours, they have cherished, almost in secret, the titles of many of the ancient abbeys and their claim to all, though as if in sympathy with the stricken church and its suppressed episcopate they have suffered these titles to lie dormant. For the spirit of former ages lingers on in the old Order, if not in the counsels of modern times. The English Benedictines have no interests apart from those of the Church in England, nor any higher ambition than to carry out in due concord with the Episcopate the Apostolate committed to them by St. Gregory. And so, during the long widowhood of the English Church, its chief religious houses were content to put aside ornaments of rank, and to be vested in weeds of mourning. The honours of the Benedictine *Familia* were not extinct, but they lay in abeyance.

It may be thought that the English Benedictines are slow to change. The restoration of their Hierarchy has certainly been long delayed,—their Second Spring has been slow in coming. But like other conservative bodies that are racy of the soil, the Congregation moves quietly, and, in this case, it has waited for a plain intimation of the wishes of Holy See. That intimation is at length forthcoming; accordingly at the bidding of the Sovereign the old Monasteries resume their rightful rank, and their Priors the monastic peerages which have lain dormant so long. The three Houses are now Abbeyes and their Superiors will shortly be Abbots.

The gracious act of the Supreme Pontiff effecting this change was dated on St. Peter's day, 1899; it was commemorated at Ampleforth on August 10th, the feast of St. Lawrence, when the Community was reinforced by some thirty of the missionary fathers who were making a retreat under Bishop Hedley. Dr. Smith, the Prior, was celebrant at the Solemn Mass of thanksgiving, and in the evening the *Te Deum* was sung during Benediction for these latest favours of the Holy See.

Certain preliminaries remain to be settled and some months may yet elapse before the final arrangements are completed and the first Abbot of Ampleforth is elected. Meanwhile we may note an obvious fitness about the new title of Ampleforth Abbey, if it be regarded as in some sense a revival or a recognition of antiquarian claims. Vague traditions of Abbatial rank dating from perhaps the tenth century clung to the old house of St. Lawrence's at Dieulouard; nearer home are associations with Westminster more definite and dearly cherished, which together serve to take off the newness of the title, and form a sort of historic background, or perspective, for the new Abbey. These are of course matters of antiquarian interest chiefly, and the spirit of St. Lawrence's has never been to make much of an external show or to live mainly on memories of the past. It aspires to more solid excellence. If Ampleforth has now become an Abbey, the honour is conferred not so much for its historic past, as for its position and its future prospects. The stability and prosperity of the House, the number of its children, the work they have achieved whether in community and college, or in numerous and widely scattered parishes, all these, far more than archæological pretensions entitle St. Lawrence's to a rank which in other times and circumstances it never claimed. But if new honours add nothing to its real worth, or to the esteem and affection of its friends, at least they in nothing detract from its deserts, nor will they alter its time-

honoured character. Whatever changes take place in exterior form or in titular rank, there will doubtless continue to flourish within its walls the solid monastic observance conjoined with the earnest apostolic zeal which go far to make up the English Benedictine vocation and the traditional spirit of St. Lawrence's.

"The old order changeth and giveth place to the new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

J. I. C.

---

### The Mother's Prayer.

The western sky was glowing  
With evening's ruby red ;  
The village church was empty,  
The worshippers had fled.

All, all save one poor woman  
Who, with her only son,  
Was asking God to lead and guard  
And keep her little one.

At length she ceased her praying,  
And, with a peaceful smile,  
Taking the little hand in hers,  
Passed down the dusky aisle.

That night at hour of bedtime  
The child seemed loath to go,  
For something lay upon his mind,  
He dearly longed to know.

So to his mother turning,  
He said, "say, mother dear,  
Why do you stay so long in church,  
When no one else is near ?

And there you kneel so quiet  
With folded hands and pray :—  
I soon have said my little prayers,  
And have nought else to say."

"And wouldst thou know, my darling,  
Why mother prays so long ?  
She prays that God may keep you good  
When you grow big and strong."

"When I am big and strong, mother,  
And you grow old and grey,  
Then I will try and help you,  
And pray for you each day."

Then off he tripped light-hearted  
To seek his cosy cot,  
And dreamt that he was in the land  
Where doubts may trouble not.

R. B. P.

---

## A Day at the Grange.

WE are off for a good ramble in the country, for to-day is the Month Day. Our rules tell us to spend it in the country. And we love to keep our rules above all things, especially when they order what is congenial to us. So out we step with a will and a too-rash energy recking little of the miles, although in an hour or so we shall be accusing the mile-stones of cruel deception. For the sunshine is in the air, and, somehow or other, it has got into our brains. They, poor things, have been hard at work for the past month, and are tired of philosophy and problems of all kinds, and they dance and shimmer in the sunshine, as the lake quivers with delight, when the cooling breezes ruffle its surface on a hot summer's day. And the ecstasy has got into our legs, and they are stepping out in a way which is ridiculous, making people stare round at us, with a lurking suspicion, no doubt, that there must be a fire somewhere, or something equally exciting, and making them half inclined to follow in hope of seeing it themselves. But what does it matter what people think? On we go in our mad career, filled with the beauty of everything in Nature. Every leaf is just perfection; every shade is absolutely the best to our æsthetic feelings. Nothing can be wrong to-day. We do not speak much: an odd remark every few yards perhaps,—odd, no doubt, in every sense. For we are not thinking, we are enjoying. We do not distinguish between the many beauties of the scenes as we pass, but we are Nature's poets at present, with the inspiration of the Beautiful upon us.

" . . . Sound needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,

All melted into him; They swallowed up  
His animal being; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God  
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired."

And where are we going? We are off for a round, taking a few old churches on our way, and afterwards there is pleasant companionship, and satisfaction for the hungry, at the Grange. Such is our programme. We begin well. The day is perfect, and our enjoyment is complete. So we trudge along in our ecstatic frame of mind and, owing to our wonderful energy, we soon reach our first church. I must confess we gave a little sigh of relief on sitting down in the church yard, taking care, however, not to allow even ourselves to know that we are beginning to tire. We sit down in the warm sunshine, and look carefully at the church. Our knowledge of architecture is not extensive. We can, perhaps, tell a Norman arch when we see it, and distinguish an Early English window from a Perpendicular one. We have heard of a clerestory and gargoyles and groining, and we know pretty well where to look for them. In fact, we begin to think we know a good deal, and to be proud of it, and an idea rises in our minds that we really ought to take up antiquarian research seriously. One of us has read bits of Ruskin, and so we try to get at the meanings of things. But we are not quite educated enough for this, and we pronounce it all rather fanciful. We manage to fasten a name and date on to every arch and window and gargoyle,—whether correct or not does not matter much; we are satisfied. We remark, perhaps, that the gargoyles are alarmingly ugly, and wonder why our Catholic ancestors found pleasure in such freaks. Then we stroll round the church inside, and notice the old stalls and piscina, and lament the altar

departed and destroyed to make room for a plain table which has no meaning. But we must now move on, or else we shall be late for dinner, and that would never do, since we are beginning to feel so very hungry.

The day is not so bright now, and we are not walking half so fast. Next time we come out, we mean to ask permission to bring some lunch with us, and also to put on a different pair of boots, for these do not fit properly and our feet are blistering. Perhaps we should have done better if we had gone up the river in the boats, as we half intended to do. However, things improve as we get into our stride, and we are able to do more talking now than we could on first setting out. For we have time to think, since we are not trying to annihilate distance. Our talk is of bygone times when England was Catholic, and the old churches were the homes of the Catholic Ritual, and when the land was covered with monasteries. This is far more interesting to us than crumbling arches and ruined walls. Our minds are taken back to their old owners and their way of life. They rise up before us like ghosts from beneath the dust of ages, dimly seen by our imaginations, and enveloped in a mist of romance and unreality. The walls of the monasteries seem to have risen from their ruins, and the ghostly, cowled figures once more walk the long, deserted cloisters, once more assemble in their choirs, and the incense of prayer once again fills these now Protestant churches with a fragrance long unknown to them. We can hardly realize that we belong to their brotherhood and that they were of flesh and blood like ourselves—that they, perhaps, had their month day and their rambles in the country as we have. We are earnest young men, full of enthusiasm for the past glories of our Order. We are imaginative as well as young, and we can scarcely realize that monks were governed and lived in the common-sense, prosaic manner of modern days. Monks of old are as much myths to us, as a monk is now to an



every-day Protestant. I remember hearing of a little boy, who had been in one of our colleges for some months, asking one of the religious in awe-struck voice, "Please, sir, where are the monks?" Perhaps he had been thinking of narrow rock-hewn cells, with chains, and men with cadaverous faces and deep-set eyes,—a kind of being different from ordinary men, perhaps another species altogether.

We young monks were quite as foolish as we romanced about the buried times.

But I think we may be pardoned, for when we stretch back so many centuries with little history to go upon, we must, perforce, draw upon our imaginations. You will say, perhaps, there are monastic chronicles and chroniclers, and surely these ought to stop this unreality. Yes, no doubt. But what do they tell us? Why, that Saint so and so founded the Abbey; that it received patronage from such a king and grew in wealth and consideration; that Abbot this built the Lady Chapel; that Abbot that had trouble and was supplanted; that, finally, it was surrendered to Henry VIII., and spoiled of all its wealth, and left to run to ruin. But this is not the true history of a monastery; this is but a record of the buildings, and of the *£ s. d.* We want to know about the men who lived there—their personal characters and lives, just as we like to form an estimate of people by personal contact. But this is impossible, you will say. Not quite. Come with us, kind reader, we are just near the 'Grange' now, and you can look at monks, not in romance, but in real flesh.

The 'Grange,' towards which we have been making, is now in sight. You can see it there, a little to the right, amidst the woods on the top of the hill and overlooking the river Wye, in as sweet a spot as could be found. It is our country house; and on our recreation days we have our dinner there. Through this we have a full day out of the monastery, and a change which improves both soul and body. But come with me, and I will show you a monk's

life with a few of the pleasing details, and when you dream at any future date as you wander about the ruins of some monastery, believe that the monks of centuries back were the same in most things as their present-day descendants. For flesh and blood is ever the same. The fact of entering a monastery, whether in the twelfth century or in the twentieth does not do away with this fact. The feelings are the same always; the impulses as fiery; a weak mean-spirited creature is no more wanted in a monastery than anywhere else. The monastery is a riding school, where one learns to sit firmly and use the reins and the curb. Mount an untrained man and he is rushed to destruction; but put the iron bit in the mouth of the horse and the masterful rider upon his back, and then you obtain, as a result, perfect speed and perfect safety, and the certainty of reaching your destination.

Here we are at last at the 'Grange,' footsore and weary, but feeling like men who have done their duty and enjoyed it, and who mean to do their duty again as soon as these good novices have got the tables ready. We notice how quickly these tables are spread. Nothing, (fancy this!) is broken! and the novices range between seventeen and twenty! It is marvellous! Ah! but they do not like breaking anything, for there is such a thing as a novice master, and he is there looking on. We are seated at table at last, and when we have taken the edge off our hunger, we begin to recount our experiences and air our wonderful architectural knowledge. Alas! we find we have been hopelessly wrong in many of our conjectures, and find also that our romance about past monks and monasticism was really quite uncalled for. So we are put in our proper place once more; the bubble of archaeological research bursts and its bright attractive hues disappear. We are dining in as fine a room as you could wish for, with a beautiful view, from





each window, of surrounding woods, rising hill and flowing river. Outside, along the full length of the building, runs a spacious verandah, and here, after dinner is over, we sit enjoying to the full the scene before us. This 'Grange' is a wooden building covered with red tiles, and has been likened, by those who have seen the world, to an Indian bungalow or a Swiss chalet. Its situation has been admirably chosen, whether we consider the extent and excellence of the view, or its perfect seclusion and privacy.

After resting and chatting here for a short time, we begin to move down to the boats, which are fastened at the river side just below the 'Grange.' We are soon moving steadily upon the waters, and what a scene of beauty surrounds us on all sides! The Wye has been termed the 'Rhine of England;' we might transpose the compliment and call the Rhine the 'Wye of Germany.' No river in England, I think, can compare with it. At times it flows through the pleasant fields with the drowsy cattle standing in its shallows, and then again its banks are covered with charming woods, and, as it nears Tintern, massive rocks stand up amidst the trees, adding grandeur to beauty.

As we near the landing stage at Belmont, and see a fisherman standing upon the river's bank, a traditional anecdote of former days comes back to my remembrance. In those days, I believe, the novice master had some playful little ways of teaching the spirit of mortification. One day he told the novices he would take them a-fishing. In great glee, they assembled outside and waited for their master, wondering what could have softened his heart. On joining them, he asked "where are your rods?" Of course they had none. However he managed to find one, and this had to do for them all. They then told him they had no lines. The novice master chuckled, and bid them tie their boot laces together. Then off

the party started. But the novices were only just beginning their troubles. Their master next noticed a pair of patent leather leggings about the legs of one of the party. "Brother—, what a selfish man you are, keeping two such beautiful ornaments for yourself! You should think of your neighbour. Take one off and give it to Brother—." Afterwards he finds one hat better than another, and one coat black and another green. In order all may have an equal share, he orders a general change. The result is that a long man has a short coat, and a short man a long one; that one wears one of the leggings and another the other. And in such guise this queer party sets off to fish. When they reach the river's bank, of course they have no hooks and no bait. But their ingenious master makes them tie a stone to the end of their boot-lace line, and sends them off to whip the stream in the most approved fashion, whilst he walks along the terrace above the river.

We are now well on our way to the monastery. The boats have been made fast and we are half way across Mr. Wegg-Prosser's beautiful park. Just in front of us rises the noble Pro-Cathedral of St. Michael. It was built by Mr. Wegg-Prosser when still a Protestant, and on his conversion was presented to our Order. I will not describe the buildings since they are so well known to the majority of the readers of the *Journal*, and also because they have been well illustrated in a past number. But everyone will be glad to hear that a new wing is almost completed. It runs parallel with the refectory and comprises a row of cells, a lecture room and a library.

What is the history of this monastery? Ah! you are beginning to romance,—even as we were doing about the past monasteries, a few hours back, during our walk. I do not think that the history of any monastery in any age can really be an eventful one and fit subject for history. For though we are pleased to be told of the dates of the

building, the list of its rulers, and its different vicissitudes, yet the only true history is the personal history of the men who inhabit the monastery. And the history of a mind and soul toiling and striving in the service of God is ever a hidden one and cannot be disclosed.

About this novitiate-house there clings a charm very like that which lingers about the home of our childhood. For then our natures were in their youth and spring time, and the future was full of sunshine and bright promise. Then were the bonds of our monastic home-life strong, unweakened by time and changing circumstance. Then that world lay before us in which we could do mighty deeds and fulfil high ideals. Those were the days when our minds were opening to intellectual aspiration and activity. For in that quiet home, surrounded and indeed overwhelmed by good influence, the mind and heart were simple in their aim, and undistracted in their endeavour. And how could this be otherwise? One day succeeded to another in quiet regularity. Prayer first, then study, and this in time relieved by innocent and simple recreation, and then prayer and study once more. Far away in the distance was the rumbling of the noisy restless world, scarcely thought of except as a possible danger ahead. Such a life may go on year by year with little outward incident but with much interior activity.

And such is the only history of Belmont that I know and feel an interest in. And I hope this one day spent at Belmont may have been an interesting one, both to those to whom such a life is unknown, and to those also whose memories of these bygone happy days are still green. For they were happy in the truest sense of the word, and we understood life, and the problem of existence, more clearly and simply in those days than we have a chance of doing amidst the necessary bustle and distraction of a more active life.

On leaving this home of our earlier years to come once

more into our accustomed surroundings, let it be with a blessing upon those who trained us, and upon the home which sheltered us during those peaceful days, and a wish that it may have many years of prosperity, and a wonderful record in the history that is written in a world other than this.

W. B. H.

### An Account of the Persecution sustained by the clergy and seminary of Ghent for refusing to adhere to the Schism set on foot by Napoleon.

[The substance of a series of letters from a lady in Flanders to one of her brothers in England.]

The object of Napoleon's contest with Pope Pius VII. was to get the nomination and canonical institution of the Bishops of France into the hands of the secular power, and to divest the Pope of all his rights in this respect. The carrying out of this policy was the occasion of a schism in the Church of Ghent. The schism was founded on the forced demission of the lawful Bishop, Maurier di Broglie, who was a prelate possessed of many great qualities but apparently not that of firmness.

In the summer of 1811, Napoleon, assisted by Cardinal Maury, assembled a council of Bishops at Paris, and it was owing to M. di Broglie's opposition to Napoleon at this Council, that he was imprisoned at Vincennes, where in a moment of weakness, he gave in his resignation of the Bishopric of Ghent; but as this resignation was never

accepted by the Pope, it was of no avail towards the installation of a successor. From Vincennes he was conveyed to Baune, a town in Burgundy, and on April the 14th, 1813, a certain M. de la Brue was named, by the Emperor, Bishop of Ghent. Napoleon did not openly put M. de la Brue in possession of the Bishopric by means of the civil authority, for he professed never to do violence to any one on the score of religion; but he carried out his designs with great craftiness. He first caused him to be elected Grand Vicar, and then, to deceive the people and induce them to receive him as their chief pastor, a document was forcibly procured from the lawful Bishop, stating that he had resigned the Bishopric, and that there was nothing to hinder M. de la Brue from taking in hand the administration of the diocese. This gave an appearance of justice to the proceeding of the Chapter of Ghent, four members of which agreed to entrust the administration of the diocese to M. de la Brue; and this, in direct defiance of the ecclesiastical law, which forbids anyone, nominated to a Bishopric, to exercise jurisdiction before receiving authorization from the Holy See.

M. de la Brue and his four capitulars immediately set to work to administer the affairs of the diocese. At the very outset they met with serious opposition from the young seminarists, who, following the example of their worthy professors, steadfastly refused to acknowledge M. de la Brue as their lawful Bishop. Neither the threats nor the enticements of the Emperor could move them, and they prepared themselves to endure the persecution which soon followed. The intruder awaited his opportunity, and the following event was the signal for the attack on the young Theologians:—

There was a custom, then in vogue in the Cathedral of Ghent, that thirty-six students of the seminary should assist at the Canonical Hours on Sundays and Holidays. On Sunday, the 25th of July, the bells rang, but no

students appeared; the peal was continued three times as long as usual, and it soon became evident that the seminarists considered it unlawful to join in prayer with the schismatical canons. At length, two students out of the two hundred and fourteen did attend, no doubt preferring interest to duty. The students knew well what would be the consequence of their conduct, and had every reason to foresee that the Government would eagerly seize the opportunity of this apparent contempt of authority to enrol them in the army, in spite of their clerical character. They were not left long in suspense, for the same evening their persecutors came to call them to account.

The superior and professors were absent, and the Director of the seminary, M. Dnissche, alone remained at the head of the Theologians. Three of the schismatical canons arrived at the College about 6-30 p.m., and on entering, ordered the porter to shut and double lock the door in the name of the Emperor. When they met the Director, they asked him if he acknowledged the Vicars lately chosen by the Chapter: he firmly answered, no. They then insisted on seeing the students, from which M. Dnissche endeavoured to dissuade them, fearing they would meet with an unwelcome reception. One of them, De Passis,\* would not be withheld and advanced towards the students, upbraiding them for the scandal he said they had given, by not assisting at the Divine Office.

Then, assuming a tone of humility, he tried to soothe the young men, saying that he himself was indeed nobody, but that united with the gentleman who accompanied him, he spoke in the name of M. de la Brue. To justify their action, he commenced a quotation from St. Augustine, but his memory failing him, he had to turn to one of his col-

\* De Passis was formerly Grand Vicar of the diocese of Troyes in Champagne, where he employed his eloquence in endeavouring to establish the authority of another intruded Bishop. Being a daring, enterprising genius, he was judged a fit tool for introducing the Schism in the diocese of Ghent.

leagues for assistance; the latter then held forth in Latin proving the legality of their mission by clearly showing (though he meant the very reverse) that their action was authorized, not by the Pope nor by the lawful Bishop, but by an unworthy Chapter ready to subscribe to all the views of the secular Government, in defiance of the laws of the Church. The students could no longer restrain themselves, and burst forth into loud shouts of indignation. Thereupon, they were told that unless they submitted they would have to leave the seminary, and the visitors took their leave. Orders were given that the seminary should be closed next day. In the morning the students were disbanded, and one of the most flourishing nurseries of ecclesiastical learning was deserted.

In less than forty-eight hours the secular power came to the assistance of M. de la Brue's party, and both united together to shake the constancy of the young champions of the Church. On July the 27th, the Prefect published a decree, by which all the students were delivered over to the military conscription, unless they acknowledged M. de la Brue as their lawful superior. If they submitted, they were to be allowed to continue their studies, if not, they were to be stripped of their clerical dress, and subjected to the superintendence of the secular magistrates of their respective parishes.

Many belonged to Bruges and other towns of the same department, and thus fell under the lash of a Prefect, of whom it was said, that he knew not morality even by name. On the 5th day after the suppression, those who belonged to Ghent were confined in a barracks which had formerly been a Franciscan Convent, and there they were committed to the custody of soldiers who were brutal and licentious, and who made it a pastime to offend their innocent ears with blasphemy, railery, and obscenity. Parents, when bidding a last farewell to their sons before they began their march, were driven away with the utmost cruelty; one

mother, who was almost fainting in her son's arms, being beaten off with the firelocks of the soldiers. Those who belonged to Bruges met with similar treatment, but, in addition, were forced to wear the old coats of deceased soldiers; these garments were so many infectious rags, and the consequence was that fourteen of the students were consigned to the hospital. They were not detained long at Bruges or Ghent, for they were ordered off to Wezel, with the exception of a few whose destination was Paris.

The march to Wezel was begun on the 15th of August from Ghent, and on the 16th from Bruges. They were accompanied by a strong escort of soldiers, who had received orders to fire on any one who should step out of the high road. On arriving at Alost they were thrown into a foul prison; the good inhabitants, however, were very kind to them and procured for them all the comforts they could. At Wezel, they were again confined in the citadel as refractory conscripts, and treated as deserters. Here, most of the day was spent in learning their drill, but disease soon began to show itself, and in four month's time twenty of them had died: this number was soon increased to forty-eight.

Those who went to Paris were lodged in a house known as St. Pelagia. This party consisted of M. Van Hemme, the President of the seminary, two brothers of the name of de Volder, M. Van Eck, and M. Elias. The sentence passed against M. Van Hemme by the Prefect of Ghent on July the 27th, 1813, was that he should be pursued and arrested, if he did not give himself up before Aug. the 1st. He obeyed the summons, presented himself before the Prefect, was arrested, and conveyed the same night to the house of St. Pelagia in Paris. Unknown to M. Van Hemme, the above-named students were imprisoned in the same house. One day the President recognized his pupil Van Eck walking in the courtyard, and tried to persuade the gaoler to allow them to see each other. He refused;

but a few days later the gaoler was changed, and M. Van Hemme's request was granted. In a similar way, M. Elias was discovered in another courtyard on the opposite side. The manner in which these three communicated with each other was somewhat amusing; for when Van Eck had anything to say to his master, he used to walk in the court and sing it in Latin; M. Van Hemme then passed it on to M. Elias in the same way. This trick was soon discovered, and the President was transferred to the dungeon of Vincennes, famous for the number of victims it enclosed during the French Revolution. Here he was almost entirely deprived of daylight, and was unable to read his breviary for seven months. He suffered much, and was brought to death's door by a short but severe illness. It was on Tuesday that he asked to see the physician, but was told that he only made his visits on the Sunday. Almighty God did not forsake him, and although deprived of every kind of medicine, nay, even of proper nourishment, he rapidly recovered, so that when Sunday came he had no need of the doctor. From Vincennes, he was taken to Angers and thrown again into a state prison, where he remained until the change of Government restored him to liberty.

The two brothers de Volder never once saw M. Van Hemme during the whole time that they were in the same house. They were transferred from Paris to Bourges, where they received kind and considerate treatment. Their situation however was anything but agreeable, for a former Bishop of Ghent, M. de Beaumont, a creature of Napoleon, was then Archbishop of the See. He treated them with courtesy, and obtained for them the privilege of living in a private house; like the others they did not obtain their liberty until the arrival of the allied army.

The trials of M. Van Eck and the spirit in which he endured them, will be seen from the following letter, written to a friend whilst he was a prisoner at Paris.

St. Pelagia, the 7th of October, 1813.

Dear Friend,

Do not imagine, that because you are at a distance from me, you are less present to my mind. You, as well as all my friends in your country, are daily before my eyes. It is you who shed a charm over the sweetest and most agreeable of solitudes, by the present you have made me, and which has the double advantage of making me happy, and never suffering me to be alone; although your name is not found in it, it nevertheless recalls your image to my mind. Oh! my dear friend, how happy one is in prison, above all when sequestered from all commerce of creatures, and how much happier still might we be, if we knew how to profit by our situation. It is there that the soul, separated by necessity from human conversation, loves to enter into itself at a distance from the tumult of the world, which we endeavour in vain to fly as long as we are detained in it. It is in prison that one is more and more undeceived, and that one knows all the necessity of the love of a God. I see that necessity, my dear friend; I am intimately convinced of it, since credit, honours, and even riches cannot render us happy on earth without that love. Would to God that that necessity had given me the love, of which I shall hereafter have so much need, and of which I have almost deprived myself. But I am speaking to you of a situation to which you are a stranger. My meaning is merely to say that it is possible to be happy in it. Of this I have had a very delightful experience. It is true I have gone through some sufferings; but the beauty of the cause for which I have suffered rendered them very supportable. The sharpest trial was the separation from my partner in misfortune [*M. Elias his fellow student*]. I was the more afflicted by it, as I did not know whether or not he was overwhelmed with anguish; but do not attribute my affliction to the apparent cause of it, but rather to my want of resignation to the will of the Lord, which is ever to be

adored even in His most secret designs. I then grieved for what rejoices me now; because I see that Providence, by dividing our trials, renders them less sensible to us. It is true that we are going to Spain, and we are destined to serve in different corps. The news of our destination is not of a very agreeable nature: but what would it have been, had not God's Providence, which is ever amiable and sweet, taught us beforehand to be less affected at our mutual separation, by the ten days noviceship which we have undergone in a state of sequestration? This experience has rendered me rather more pliable to the will of God, and I received the news of my destination for the army as coolly as if I had heard that I was restored to liberty. I would now go with as cheerful a heart (if it were needful) to the most distant regions, as I would return to my native country. There is only one thing I apprehend, and that is the being constrained to fight. I have a great repugnance to shedding blood; the truth is, that I fear lest I should be so wounded as to be disabled from saying Mass hereafter; but forgive me the want of confidence in Divine Providence; be not alarmed; all will end well; and I confidently hope, that the day will come when I shall again officiate at the Holy Sacrifice [*M. Van Eck was a deacon*]. This it is which consoles me, and I will not cease to hope for it. You perhaps will think it chimerical; perhaps it may prove so, but it consoles me, and that is enough. This revolution would not be more astonishing than that which I have undergone, and it would not be more difficult to God if He were pleased that it should be so.

Thank God! I have constantly enjoyed my health, and have always been contented and cheerful. I have passed a good deal of my time in singing Canticles, although I have but a poor voice. You cannot think how that occupation amused and animated me at the same time: it is good to know several by heart for use on different occasions. The book which pleases me most is that which you gave

me, and the maxim that comes most forcibly to my mind is this ;—"If you will not be deceived, beware of men."

I shall set off for Perpignon to join the reserve body of the 143rd regiment of infantry, in which I am enlisted, on the 10th of September. If I do not write to you after my departure, you need only call at our house to know whether you are to pray for me living or dead ; for, I flatter myself, you will not fail to pray both for me and the rest of our brethren, who have so generously sacrificed themselves for the sake of their religion. Those poor pioneers move me to compassion. I have heard how they are treated, and I have great compassion on them. I have had the satisfaction to see my friends before my departure, which has given me great pleasure. I salute you from my heart and am for life

Your affectionate Friend.

But to return to the events that took place in Ghent after the departure of the Seminarists. It was publicly announced that the refractory conduct of the students had been the sole cause of the repression, and that the seminary was going to be remodelled on the plan laid down by the Council of Trent. The greatest difficulty, however, was to find competent men to undertake the work, and they were forced to seek a President outside the diocese. M. Collier of the Mechlin Seminary was chosen, and took possession on August 6th. Meanwhile the indefatigable De Passis had gathered together about eighty students, most of whom scarcely knew the first rudiments of Latin. His success in obtaining even this number was due to his unprincipled method of procedure ; for he threatened with the conscription all who refused to obey his summons. But little order reigned in the seminary, and the new President was so disgusted at his ill success, that he soon took measures to lay down his charge. The authorities refused to accept his resignation, so he secretly abandoned his post and returned to Mechlin.

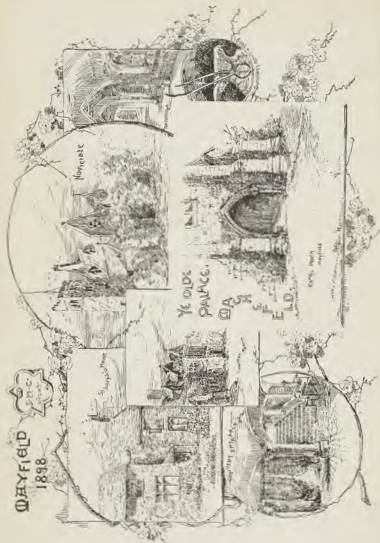
The seminary being now without a President, the Chapter conveniently began to think that the students required a vacation, and so they were accordingly sent home for the holidays. The search for a new President proved for some time unsuccessful ; eventually M. de Schryver was chosen. The students then returned to the number of seventy-eight, and the establishment was got into some kind of order. Still it was a failure, and the number of students began gradually to diminish ; some went away tired of living in a place where no order reigned ; others were dismissed for bad behaviour ; so that in a short time there were only twenty left. The approach of the allied army, followed by the sudden departure of M. de la Brue and his associates, created a convulsive sensation in the seminary, which it was impossible to calm. All demanded their immediate dismissal ; but instead of being allowed to depart, the keys were taken from the servants, the doors were locked, and all outlets were carefully watched. The President resolved to keep to his post ; but on the 18th of February a letter from the Duke of Beaufort invited the lawful Vicars to have a *Te Deum* sung in thanksgiving for victories over the French, and also authorized them to recall the former students. On February the 21st, M. Schryver received orders to depart, and the lawful Director M. Dnissche, who had remained concealed during the late troubles, was recalled to resume his former functions.

Then began the return of the noble students who for conscience sake had endured such trials and hardships. Many of those at Wezel found means, on the approach of the allies, to escape and return to Ghent. They were seen coming from all parts clothed in their military uniforms, and on the 7th of March, the Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin, the re-establishment of the seminary was celebrated, fifty of the old students assisting at it. The downfall of Napoleon soon followed, and a general amnesty gave liberty to all

who were detained for political or religious reasons. The old professors returned, the last of them to do so being M. Van Hemme. Although he had been at liberty for some time, his broken health had prevented him from undertaking a long journey; travelling by short stages he reached Ghent on the 30th of April, 1814. He was received by all with unspeakable joy; the professors went to the town gates to meet him, and led him thence to the chapel where the *Te Deum* was sung. The happy day was brought to a close by splendid illuminations, and the students showed forth their lately acquired skill by firing cannons, not in defence of Napoleon, but to testify how glad they were to have escaped out of his hands.

G. E. HIND.





## The Old Palace.

### Mayfield. Past and Present.

It has been said that Sussex was remarkable in the past for the number and beauty of its religious houses. The numerous remains of many of them prove the truth of this assertion. Among them is one whose history is singular, in that it not only has a past but a present existence, for it has been recently restored to something of its original beauty.

To begin with the past. The Old Palace of Mayfield existed before the days of St. Dunstan. There is historical

evidence that the Prelate built a church there and added also to the older buildings. No trace, however, remains of the early buildings or of those of St. Dunstan, but they were (like the church) probably built of wood. The building, as it now appears, shows two styles of architecture: the Decorated of the 14th, and the Perpendicular of the 16th century. It consists of a Hall, with a quadrangle at the east end of it; and at a short distance south of the Palace stands a Gate House, the chief feature of which is a lofty pointed arch, through which was the principal entrance.

The most ancient portion of the Palace consists of the Great Hall, which is a noble building both as to its proportions and details. It was erected, about 1350, by Archbishop Islip. It is built of a rough sand-stone, which is probably the reason why all elaborate details are confined to the interior. A striking feature of the exterior is the porch; very massive, but handsome in its proportions. Buttresses support it on the sides and front; it is roofed internally with a quadripartite stone vault;—the stones are still held by the angular ribs, themselves locked together by the massy central keystone which is worked into a foliated boss.

The sides of the Hall are divided into four bays, of which the lower one on each side is taken up by a door-way; the other bays contain each a window, tall and of elegant proportions. The roof is a noble design of peculiar construction. Three lofty stone arches span the hall, and sustain a timber roof of acute pitch. The spandrels are closed with stone; the arches embrace a span of nearly forty feet; and though their weight must have been very great, yet their magnitude takes away the idea of heaviness. A groove slightly recessed is worked vertically on each spandril and finished below with a four-leaved flower. The arches are carried by corbels placed midway down the walls: these have a moulded abacus and are enriched with varied foliage of excellent sculpture. These arches

are said to be the only ones of their kind; those nearest in resemblance being at the Mote-Igtham in Kent and the Hall of Conway Castle; they however are of smaller dimensions than the arches at Mayfield. In the centre of the wall, upon the dais at the upper end, was the bishop's throne, the stone diaper work of which still remains. The length of the hall internally is 68 feet; its breadth 38; and its height to the edge of the roof about 50 feet.

Passing through the eastern doorway of the Hall, a stone staircase leads to the great dining room. In this apartment is a fine stone fire-place. It is in the ancient form of a projecting hood, supported at each end by a triple bracket resting on an engaged shaft. In an adjoining apartment, called Queen Elizabeth's room, is a chimney piece bearing a date, 1571,—the time of Sir Thomas Gresham's occupation of the Old Palace, the grasshopper (the crest of Sir Thomas) being also introduced in two places.

Adjoining the Tower end of the building is a well and well-house known as St. Dunstan's.

The Old Palace of Mayfield was in the possession of the Archbishop of Canterbury from St. Dunstan to Cranmer; the latter alienated the property. The deed of alienation of the manor and parks of Mayfield is dated Nov. 12th, 1545, (37 Henry VIII). Cranmer received in exchange the promise of lands elsewhere,—a promise which was never fulfilled. "This way of exchanging lands," says Strype, "was much used in those times; wherein the princes commonly made good bargains for themselves and ill ones for the bishoprics."

Among the interesting items connected with the residence of the Archbishops of Mayfield from St. Dunstan to Warham—for Cranmer never visited or saw the place—we extract the following:—

*Boniface of Savoy* (consecrated 1244) endowed the vicarage of Mayfield; the deed is dated at this palace on the eve of St. Lawrence, 1262.

*Robert of Winchelsea* addressed a letter to all suffragans, bidding them hold a service of praise to God for the success of the King (Edward I.) in the Scotch war; dated at Mayfield, Aug 22, 1298.

Edward I. made his progress into Sussex at this period, and during his residence here grants, on his taking an oath of fidelity, a licence to David Comyn de Breghiss, a Scotch knight (a hostage or prisoner), to go to France to fight for the king, and then to return as before; "Donné à Maghefeld, 30 jour de May, 1297.

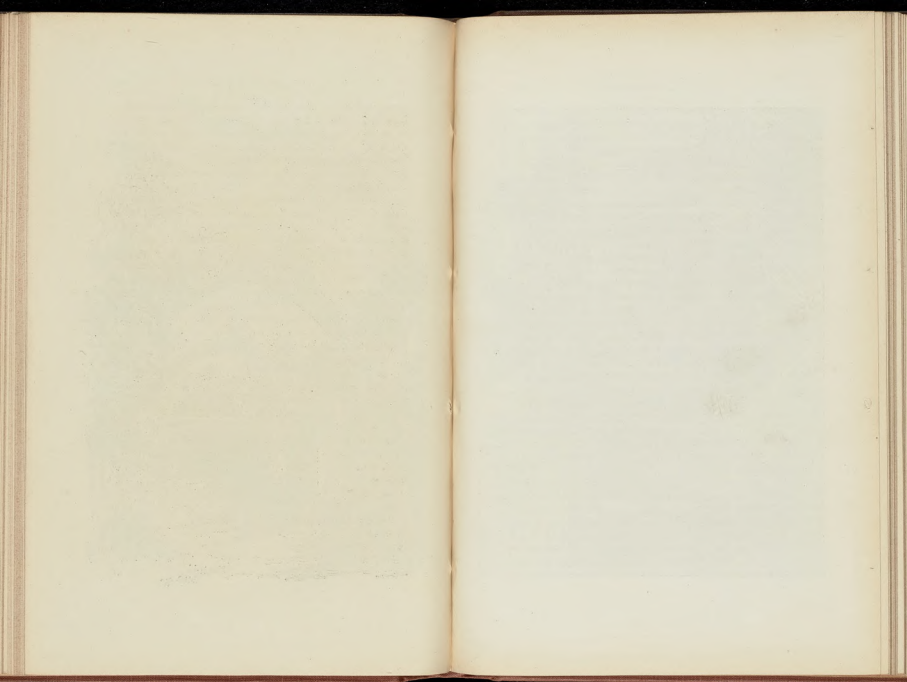
On June 22, the offerings of the king in the Chapel, in honour of St. Alban at Maghefeld, 7/-, is mentioned. The last notice is interesting as showing that a Chantry Altar at that time existed in Mayfield church in honour of St. Alban. The church then standing was burnt down in 1389. It is singular that there should have been so few dedications in honour of England's *prolo-martyr*. Ecton only mentions two throughout England; besides the abbey church at St. Albans, one in London, and one at Worcester.

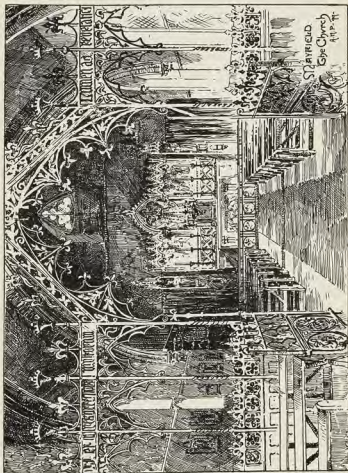
*Simon Meopham*, died at Mayfield, Oct. 12th, 1333.

Under this Archbishop was held, July 17th, 1332, "Concilium Maghefeldense," in which was recited the Constitution concerning the celebration of Holy days and the festivals of the Saints.

*John de Stratford*, died at Mayfield, Aug. 23rd, 1346. Of this holy man it is recorded: "Having been much occupied with his pastoral charge, he was seized with a severe illness at Maidstone, and was at length conveyed to Mayfield, where, having made his will, he distributed all his bequests amongst his family, and for the most part executed his own will. He had given daily in alms, in the morning to thirteen poor persons thirteen pence, and to each a loaf; at noon, to thirteen others. He was in the habit of distributing these gifts with his own hands. Besides which he gave the 'fragments of his household' to a great







multitude of poor who came in from the neighbourhood. Many other charities of his are enumerated. He was buried at Canterbury, near the high altar, on the North Side."

*Simon de Islip*, died here, April 26th, 1366. The deeds issued from Mayfield by this Prelate are very numerous. He founded Canterbury Hall in Oxford, and was the patron of Wicliffe. As there were two John Wicliffes at this period, it is doubtful if the one nominated to the vicarage of Mayfield was the heresiarch. The finest portion of the Old Palace, the Hall, was the work of this Prelate. One of the journeys of this Archbishop seems to have been fatal to him. About the end of January, 1362, in riding to Mayfield, he fell from his horse in a wet and miry lane. "Now he was thereby made wet through all over," in which state he rode on without the necessary change of clothes and so arrived at Mayfield. After sleeping at noon "in a certain stone chamber" in the Palace, he was seized with paralysis. He survived this attack, and in 1360 was again on his travels. When he returned he remained in residence until his death. He is buried before the great Cross in the nave of the church at Canterbury.

*Archbishop Sudbury*, in 1378, issued a mandate hence denouncing certain murderers as excommunicate who had, on the Wednesday next after the feast of St. Lawrence, intruded into the sanctuary of the church at Westminster, and there slain a refugee together with a servant of the church.

*Archbishop Courteney* held ordinations here in 1382. In 1383, he issued a license to permit the Canons of St. Austin in Bristol to wear stockings of hose instead of black leather boots,—upon a complaint made to him during a metropolical visitation that the dirt and grease of the boots, which they were obliged to wear by rule, were the cause of much dirt and damage to their white habits; and to obviate the indecorum, the archbishop by this license per-

mited them to wear, within the precincts of the monastery, stockings or hose of cloth of a black or brown colour, provided the price of it did not exceed twenty-pence the yard. But lest such an indulgence should afford occasion for monastic vanity, when they went abroad they were still to appear in boots and not in stockings, unless they had the special leave of the Abbot. Archbishop Courteney's last visit appears to have been during the months of September, October and November of 1393, during which he celebrated an ordination (September 20th). This is the last record we have of this sacred ceremony being performed within the walls of the Old Palace of Mayfield.

*William Warham* was a sojourner at Mayfield, and his crest is still to be seen on a doorway in the great dining room. This good Prelate was the last to live at the Palace.

In the reign of Elizabeth the property was in the possession of Sir Thomas Gresham, who entertained her Majesty here. The rooms she occupied still bear her name. The style of living and the furniture of the palace at that period are described as most sumptuous, and the Grand Hall, from being the Synod Hall of the archbishops, became known as the Banqueting Hall. By the will of Sir T. Gresham (who died Nov. 21st, 1599) the Manor and estates of Mayfield passed to Sir Henry Nevill, Knt, and to his heirs male by Elizabeth the daughter of Sir Thomas' elder brother. In 1598, the property (by Act of Parliament) was alienated to Sir Thomas May of Burwash for the sum of £6,387. In the 16th year of James I., it passed into the family of Baker, with whom it remained till a late alienation into that of the Kirby family.

In 1863, it was purchased by her Grace, Louisa Catherine Duchess of Leeds, who gave it to the Sisters of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Since then it has been restored under the guidance of the brothers, Edward and P. P. Pugin. The Great Hall forms the present Church,

and until recently the beautiful Convent was partly occupied by the young Ladies of the Convent school. Now, however, they are handsomely accommodated in a new school, built near the Old Palace especially for their use. No mention of Mayfield however brief would be complete without some account of the "Relics" which were found and still remain there. These consist of St. Dunstan's tongs and anvil (so-called), the sword used by Queen Elizabeth when knighting Sir Thomas Gresham, and the arms of the See of Canterbury, under one of the large windows in the Hall. Of these the tongs are much the most famous, from their association with St. Dunstan and his arch enemy. St. Dunstan, from being in early life a worker in metals, was chosen as the patron saint of the goldsmith's company, whose noble hall in Foster Lane, Cheapside, contains interesting relics of the Saint. Their second Hall was hung with tapestry illustrating the life of St. Dunstan. In the court room of the present Hall hangs a large painting of St. Dunstan in rich robes, a crozier in hand, while in the back ground the Saint is holding the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs, the heavenly host appearing above. This contest with the devil is popularly supposed to have occurred at Mayfield. The local legend adds that he led the devil by the nose to a place still pointed out as the devil's leap; and there he gave him a gentle dismissal, in the shape of a kick, which sent him to Tunbridge Wells, where, plunging his nose in the spring, the devil imparted to the water its chalybeate qualities. The reputation of the wonder-working tongs have drawn many visitors to the Old Palace.

In 1834, Her Majesty, then Princess Victoria, visited Mayfield with her mother the Duchess of Kent. With an account of this visit we will end our present article. Lord De la Warr had arranged to bring a family party to see the ruins, and had ordered luncheon to be prepared.

The subject was mentioned in the presence of the Duchess of Kent, who was staying at Tunbridge Wells and who expressed a desire to be of the party. The Duchess and Princess came from Tunbridge Wells, and Lord De la Warr's party met them at the ruins. The royal party was very dusty, and there was a great demand for clothes brushes—the ladies of the company assisting in brushing each other's riding habits. The Princess said it was not the first time that she had been to Mayfield; the former occasion being memorable for the fact that she arrived very hungry and there was nothing to be got to eat. The luncheon prepared by Lord De la Warr prevented any such mishaps, and the party all returned to Tunbridge Wells together, after an enjoyable day among the ruins.



## Letter to the Seat of War.

Dear J.

It is astonishing how the latent savagery that is in us rises to the surface, on certain occasions, even in highly civilized states, among which I presume we may count ourselves. It seems only to require a sudden ebullition of feeling to throw us back towards the brute type which philosophers tell us is our primitive origin. For surely the epidemic of 'Jingoism'—the vulgarity of phrase is suited to the time that made it—which obtains amongst us, manifests a savagery inexcusable. War fever has penetrated every nook and corner of the land, every rank and class. There is a wonderful feverish high beat in the British patriotic pulse, and a wonderful swelling of his patriotic bosom.

"Just let me get hold of a Boer—I'll Boer him" was the expression of a Yorkshire Farmer travelling along with me, and he emphasised it with his great clenched fist. Such seems a very general style of sentiment.

Even the tender female breast is fired, and the lady standing at the dock-side tears the flowers from her bonnet, the gloves from her hands, and throws them to the parting Gordon who clasps them to his heart. Nay even the cloister is smitten with it. Those who claim for themselves those words of Ecclus.—"Men living at peace in their houses; lovers of beautifulness."—they are eager for the news, and if they pray about the matter at all, I have half a suspicion they pray more for victory, than they ever prayed for peace. This warlike enthusiasm might be palliated if it were confined to the military profession.

It might be praised were there on foot some 'hard emprise' of chivalrous effort and danger despised. It might rise to be heroic impulse if war were in defence of hearth and home and altar. But here we are at war with a people thousands of miles away, a small people, a people, however great their hardihood, who have no resources of an empire to fall back upon. Our country is not threatened; our hearths and homes are safe; our altars, or whatever may be called the 'Penates' of this land so versatile in religions, are unshaken; our African Colony too at the seat of war is, we know, eventually secure. Not even our very original Laureate can throw the glamour of magnitude or heroism about it by exclaiming in poetic rhapsody that Hannibal and Scipio stand face to face once more; to wit Paul Kruger and Joseph Chamberlain.

Heroes indeed there are among the bright young officers who step before their men to be shot down. And sad it is to see the handsome faces in the 'Graphic,'—noted underneath with the words killed at Glencoe or on the Modder river. Heroes there are among the rank and file—God rest their souls! It always is so in the paths of life!

How indecent a manner of expression this war fever widely manifests is seen in the daily volubility of press and tongue. Its unconcealed levity; its vulgarity; its coarseness and unchristian sentiment, must at once reflect and give the popular tone.

Here is a letter—an officer's letter too,—which I saw quoted in the *Tablet*,—quoted so far as I noticed, I am sorry to say, without troubling to mark it with disapprobation: "Our squadrons got right in among them in the twilight, and the most excellent pig-sticking ensued for about ten minutes, the bag being about sixty, &c." How utterly barbarous and disgusting! But you will see the papers; I need not quote from them. Notice the descriptions of the departure of the troops—from Preston or Warrington for example. You will see what chivalry, what

seriousness, what nobility is shown in them! Drunkenness seems to have been one great mark of popular appreciation of the occasion. The whole matter is redolent of frivolity, vulgarity and dissipation. With such auspices do we start to spread civilization, to teach the high lessons of the Gospel to benighted lands. This war fever seems to have the way of vulgarizing whatever it touches. Rudyard Kipling is supposed to be able to write poetry, and Sir A. Sullivan music; but Kipling's popular ballad of the day is but a poor, trivial and inelegant production—to say the least!—and as for Sir Arthur's music, I have heard a critic say that it was pieced from remnants of "Tommy Atkins" and a "Ricketty, racketty crew"!

There was large talk lately of Peace Conferences, and of the disappearance of war from civilized states, but all this, at present, has vanished into thin air. We glory in our armaments, our ships of war, our military display; our red-coats and our glittering guards, just as when children we exulted to play at soldiers and set our tin men in array. God uses His power to create. We exert the genius we have to devise enormous guns and engines of destruction to destroy. I prefer the line of progress which prevailed in the fifteenth century. For once at least the art of defence had outstripped that of destruction. Among the Italian armies, battles were fought and won, and scarcely a life lost. Only three persons lost their lives at the battle of Lagonara. In an engagement between the Neapolitan and Papal troops, lasting all day, no one was killed. The lance struck upon the breast-plate without piercing. The sword fell from the helmet; and though the foe was beaten and vanquished no deadly wound was given. Then, war was not so dreadful, and we might perhaps engage upon it without our whole soul shuddering.

But war, as we know it, is a dreadful thing. He who can go into war without a grave face and a heavy heart



can little have realized the evil and anguish of it, or the sacred bonds of Brotherhood that bind all men together. Men are thoughtless, for the lights are up and the theatre is gay, and loud applause at the varied changes on the stage fills their ears. Lo! the curtain drops—the lights go out, the theatre is empty. But behind the curtain! groans still are heard, bright lads that looked the world so bravely and so joyously in the face lie dead. Those who were the light of home, the right arm and support of it, the prop of the widow, the joy of the wife, the father of children,—they never will return. The hours, yea the years, of desolation rest upon silent and unnoticed homes throughout the land. It is strange how light-heartedly men and women can take up the theme of war; how eagerly all rush for the morning's news, and read with no pain at the heart; with little pity for their own countrymen, and almost a ferocious joy at the sufferings of their enemies. Never a thought or word of compassion, you may be sure, for the poor Boers, their desolate wives and their forsaken children; for their harvest and their homesteads laid waste; for the blighting of the seed of friendship sown in earlier years when the Boer and English boys sat side by side in school; for the rift in the Brotherhood of men cemented by the Blood of Christ; for the souls called suddenly to their account!

May-be wars must always be. Sacred Scripture tells us that to the end there shall be wars and rumours of them. But, for our part, let our aspirations be for Peace—Peace! the cry of every Christian age—the gift of Christ the Prince of Peace. "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."

Yours truly,

W.

## Poetry a factor in Education.

POETRY is an important, if not an essential, factor in education. In education three things need developing, our memory, our reason, and our moral sense. Memory is strengthened by historic facts, foreign vocabularies and the like. Reason is sharpened by the intricacies of grammar, algebraic problems, and geometric relations. Something must be found to bring into activity and vigour the moral sense. Reason alone is a dry thing; learning alone, makes a pedant, and,

"A plague on all pedants say I!"

True education should give us an universal power of appreciation and a readiness of sympathy,—something that will make us feel; as Wordsworth puts it:

"Many are the joys of youth  
But oh! What happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge: When all knowledge is delight."

We need something to draw out 'ab immo pectore' those finer faculties of our being which really make the living, palpitating man: faculties which make him powerful and make him loved; make him a genial companion and a friend. This culture of the moral sense, for him who has it, touches all things with life and interest; to him even the list of ships in the Second Book of the Illiad ceases to be dry, and, as he walks through wood and field,

"The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Now, after the deeper experiences of actual life, and the influences of nature herself, I think there is scarcely any influence so potent to widen our appreciation and deepen our sympathies as Poetry. The ordinary instruments of education are profane studies, and fail to penetrate the 'Arcana' of our Soul. It requires the Poet to penetrate its innermost recesses.

"Procul! O Procul! Este profani,  
Conclamat vates, totoque assistite laco!"

Following this teaching, in days gone by, we were content to make our children grow up familiar with their own child-poets,—with those attractive fairy tales, Jack the Giant-killer, Puss in Boots, Little Red Riding-hood, and the like. I don't know whether it is quite the same now;

"For now the brats are getting dull,  
And with unholy-like persistence  
Demand some actual proof to show  
Of elves and fairies the existence."

But let the classics of the nursery be very much respected. Though their authors are unknown they have well deserved fame. Our best thanks are due to John Newbery, who lived in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and who was the first bookseller to make the issue of books, especially intended for children, a matter of importance. A beautiful edition of a nursery book is a great thing, and beyond the ordinary capacity to issue. It lingers in the mind for a life time. I have vivid recollections remaining with me from childhood of such an edition. The book was 'Little Bo-peep,' printed with most artistic arrangement of type, on the best of paper, with charming sketches of the little maiden and her sheep scattered through the verses. Even such clever books as Lewis Carroll's 'Through the Looking Glass' cannot take the

place of the olden stories. Such books lack the artless directness of those simple narratives; they are too clever! If these epics of our childhood are out of fashion, or likely to be so so, much the worse for us.

It means a great loss. There may be others who think differently; and they will find authority to support them, I believe, in Dr. Johnson and, I am sure, in many a stern maiden aunt with views of usefulness and prim morality. To such authority I prefer that admirable critic Charles Lamb; "Think what you would have been now," he writes to Coleridge in reference to 'Goody-two-shoes,' "if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!"

These 'tales and old wives' fables' are well continued by the Greek and Latin Classes of later years—still in the main poetry—Homer and the Greek Tragedians, Ovid, Virgil, Horace. In spite of opposition I hope they will still be the food for the growing minds of youth. Neither by history, nor by any other exact instruction can we be taught so well to appreciate the life of other nations, or be so vividly impressed with their far-off existence. We are brought into communication with the living mind of a nation, and an age, by her poets. Even though it be so through the schoolboy struggles over a difficult Greek Chorus, yet our imagination is permanently fertilized, our tastes enriched and our sympathies enlarged.

We read Horace, and have—in Rome's decadence—a picture of a Roman gentleman in private life:—the villa and the vine trees; the fire-side, the boon companions and the flowing cup:—Pagan refinement and Pagan sensuality; the trivial things of daily life, as he walks in the street, or enters a tavern; the satire and the humour of them:—his taste for roast thrushes, his distaste for bad water and for hand-ball; his sore eyes and his indigestion; the affectation of Roman nobility and patriotism, the reality of

selfishness. Yet nature in all:—"Humanus sum et nihil humani alienum puto." In the setting of it all we catch glimpses of the hills and plains of Italy.

We read Virgil and we read Homer, and the clash of arms sounds in our ears, the deeds of heroes, where the heavens and the earth mingle, and in the mystic twilight of the extreme past empires are founded or uprooted. Yet then as now there is love and courage and cowardice; wifehood and motherhood and childhood; the rolling streams, the woods, the plains and the mountains. Everything brings home to us the universal brotherhood of man.

From the ancient classics we are enabled to pass on through the following generations, and are brought into touch with them; through Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and the rest, even down to our own time. But it is not as a vehicle of instruction, or as bringing us into sympathy with any special time that we chiefly value poetry as an educator. A true poet is of all time, and appeals universally. It is something in the nature of poetry that is valuable to us,—the very substance of poetry; "that viewless spirit of a lovely sound, a living voice, a breathing harmony." Poetry has been called by Whipple the protest of genius against the unreality of actual life, and he adds "all the hatred lavished on poetry by the narrow minded and foolish is the feeling that poetry convicts them of folly and meanness." It is the mission of poetry, of all true art, to treat of the Ideal, the essential truth of things. But, you will say, surely philosophy has this mission. Yes, but poetry fulfils it in a way philosophy cannot. It reaches the moral sense, while philosophy appeals to the intellect alone. It has not the dull sobriety of philosophy. Passion and emotion is 'the all in all,' Lamb says, of poetry. It is the part of the poet to make his readers glow and weep and tremble, take any affection which he pleases. For this reason poetry is clothed in all the drapery of the fine arts. It has the music of rhythm and rhyme,

the colouring and the form of word-painting and adfigurative language; everything that will impress the imagination and stimulate feeling.

In poetry a line, a phrase, a few sketches—like a drawing of Flaxman—sets a living group before our eyes,—like a chord of music, strikes a thrill through us,—starts a train of thought and feeling in us of the deepest kind. We have a nature of the finest fibre throbbing and thrilling with a thousand vibrations. Plato calls our soul a harmony. Every string must be attuned to answer justly every note that strikes. The poets from their experiences and from their own gifted souls have caught every variety and every shade of emotion, fear and pity, joy and reverence and love, indignation, chivalry, patriotism, sadness, disappointment, scorn, calmness, humour, anything you will. We read them and our nature answers from within. May-be, at first with study—with help and direction but—so, by degrees, we are attuned;—perfectly and justly sensitive. To every cry of human nature there is response within.

And it is not only to all human cries our soul becomes responsive, but like the Eolian harp slung on the mountain side, the myriad voice of inarticulate nature draws from it sweetest, deepest music; whether it be the voice of the tempest or the gentle breezes of a summer's twilight.

Here then we see something of the nature of Poetry; the loftiness and breadth of its influence; its subtlety of penetration. Nevertheless, its teaching is fitted for the simplest minded as for the most learned, for poetry is understood intuitively; the heart is the judge of it. The manifold variety of the lessons it teaches, and the manner in which it acts upon us, is best shown by example and by something of an analysis of the different classes of Poetry.

Your memory will remind you of the power of a ballad to move you to pathos, or to patriotism, or to the enjoyment

of humour. Such a ballad for example as: 'I am sitting on the stile Mary,' or one of Aytoun's Lays, or the ballad of 'John Gilpin.' The power of a ballad, not only in the individual heart, but in the history of nations, has been expressed truly in that saying of Fletcher of Saltoun; "give me the making of a nation's ballads and I care not who makes their laws." It has been observed that Homer's poems, which in their primitive form were probably ballads, were the chief bond of union in Greece. We know that in the days of the Commonwealth the songs of the Cavaliers kept alight the flame of loyalty; and at the time of the Revolution Lord Wharton used to boast that he rhymed James out of his kingdom by a chorus. The Ballad, I take it, is the most ancient form of poetry, and sprang from the strongest and most fundamental feelings of a rising nation, Love and Patriotism:—Patriotism shown in the song of the warrior or the pastoral of the Shepherd. These feelings found their expression in the voice of the bard—rising, like the volume of a mighty fountain, from the heart of a people, it broke over the land in a rain of beauty and fruitfulness, fostering, increasing, and deepening those sentiments whence it arose; cherishing affection, and the love of home and country.

Then come the Epic poems. When time had softened the remembrance of love and war, of passion and of chivalry, when legend had gathered round the names of heroes and their homes, the Epics were created. These have become the great monuments over the buried past of the nations. With Homer it is so, and with Virgil, with the Niebelungen of the Goths, the Lusiad of Camoens, and the Cid of Spain. In these we can shut out the disquietude of the present, wander through the ages long gone by, and commune with their shadowy inhabitants.

Apart from these, as something more than national, two great Epics stand: the 'Divina Commedia' and 'The Paradise Lost.' Our Milton followed in the steps of Dante

and with grandeur, yet not altogether happily. His is a great work but with great blemishes. But Dante is sublime. Dante, as Cardinal Manning once wrote, forms one of the world's great trio,—in Dogma, Devotion and Poetry. The 'Summa' of St. Thomas represents Dogma; the 'Paradisus Animarum' Devotion, The 'Divina Commedia' of Dante Poetry. "No uninspired hand," he adds, "has ever written thoughts so high in words so burning and resplendent as the last stanzas of the Paradiso." It has been said that "Post Summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ" It may be said of Dante "Post Dantis Paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei." We enter the gloomy vaults of Hell and contemplate with vivid imagination the terror of its torments,—yet with the security of an appointed guide, and Beatrice our star of Hope above. Then we pass upwards to abodes where still the light is sombre and the weight of suffering is felt, but there is a calmness, and a holiness,—a subdued beauty penetrating all, reflecting in us what we feel to be so true, the deep happiness of sorrow when accepted with resignation and with hope. From Purgatory we rise to the brilliancy of Heaven and its Saints, and the Virgin Mary, Queen of Saints,—all clothed with a splendour and sweetness that grow as we pass from circle to circle, till we arrive in the dazzling blaze of God's Eternal Majesty.

"Here vigour fails the tow'ring fantasy:  
But yet the wills rolls onward, like a wheel  
In even motion, by the love impelled,  
That moves the sun in Heaven and all the stars."

After the Epic comes the Drama—striking home to us every form of passion, every light of fantasy. Every human cry is echoed in it. We cannot pass through the passionate experiences of life without wreckage, but let the mighty Shakespeare take us by the hand and lead us through them. We shall be chastened by pity and by fear

as we read his tragedies;—the end for which such poetry is written Aristotle says. The horror of the mid-night murder in Macbeth becomes our own; the pity for the silver-haired Duncan; the remorse of the conscience stricken Queen. In Hamlet we find the scholar and refined gentleman, too sensitive to bear the weariness of an evil world; we gain much by his company. We receive instruction in the worldly wisdom of Polonius; we cultivate pity in the lady Ophelia. Never were such pictures put before the mind of man as the Evil of Iago, the sad jealousy of Othello, the fate of Desdemona. Our sympathies are played upon with an intenseness that will make them sensitive for ever; hatred of Evil—indignation mingled with pity for Othello,—pity mingled with love for the fair Desdemona, especially in those inimitable scenes before her death, where with “voice gentle and low an excellent thing in a woman,” she sings that fated song—“her mother’s maid Barbara died singing it”—“Sing all a green willow.” It is the same in Lear. How much poorer would the world have been save for Cordelia, and her simple cry. “What must Cordelia do?” In Shakespeare alone we shall find every shade of life, and every glow of feeling. Kings and queens, labourers and mechanics; sages and philosophers, fools and clowns; saints and villains; the pure and the ribald; the lofty and the mean; characters subtle, deep, refined, and characters simple, shallow, vulgar;—we mingle with them, we sympathise and we abhor; we admire or we are amused; we speculate and watch the play of motive and design and all the manifold emotions of the human heart. Wonderful poet! Wonderful master in that deepest of all studies, the study of our own nature!

Next there comes Lyric Poetry,—so incisive and so personal, so short and yet so thrilling, so various that every mood and sentiment is probed by it.

“Break, Break, Break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O, Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, Break, Break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,  
Will never come back to me.”

We understand it well,—how the mourner is sitting by the sea thinking of his young friend Hallam, whom its waves had snatched away for ever. There is the dull monotonous plash of the sea; the pent up grief that would find sympathy; the joy of the sailor boy to emphasize it; the heedless passing of the world to increase his desolation; the burst of feeling;

“O for a touch of a vanished hand,”  
“And the sound of a voice that is still!”

The cold wash of the sea answers to the longing; a cloud has fallen and shut out the warmth and the sunlight which filled the years gone by.

See the Poet’s art to move us! Yet it is not all the author, but in part ourselves. It is not for Hallam or for Tennyson we are moved, but for the thought of what has been or what may be ours, when the touch of a dear hand has vanished from our life, and a dear familiar voice is heard no more.



## The Heart of the Bruce.\*

### I.

Quick, Douglas, quick, thy helmet don,  
Saddle thy swiftest steed,  
Thy spurs and falchion buckle on  
To serve thee at thy need.

At Scone the death-watch ticks, and sore  
A list'ning nation mourns;  
King Robert passes through the door  
Whence nobody returns.

Near forty miles that day they rode,  
And scarce four words they said,  
And when they reached the king's abode  
Their spurs were dripping red.

In the Northern tower the Scottish king  
A hopeless sufferer lies;  
I hear a sword on the stair-way ring;  
"The Douglas comes!" he cried.

"Thrice welcome art thou, valiant lord,  
My trusty friend in need;  
Now, closely to my dying word  
And testament give heed.

Upon the field of Bannockburn,  
When Scotland's star arose,  
I swore that day at Bannockburn  
An oath,—foresworn, God knows!

\* From the German of Moritz Graf Strachwitz.

I swore, if Scotland should prevail,  
And God my crown would save,  
A thousand knights and I would sail  
To free my Saviour's grave.

But then methought that Scotland first  
Claimed all my care; and now  
I dare not leave this world, accursed,  
Unfaithful to my vow.

Do thou, then, when its beats are still,  
Cut from within my breast  
The heart, whose longing unfulfill'd  
Will never let it rest.

Wrap thou it round with samite red,  
Case it in purest gold,  
And when the requiem Mass is said  
The Red-cross flag unfold.

A thousand mail-clad Knights shall guide,  
A thousand spearmen bear,  
This heart to where my Saviour died,  
And leave it buried there.

Angus and Randolph, Scotland's peers,  
Mark ye your King's behest,  
'Tis Scotland's honour Douglas bears,  
Enfolded in his breast.

Cut, then, the hawser with your swords  
And spread the sails on high;  
Thus will I keep my plighted words,  
And so in peace may die."

## II.

Days ninety-nine the stout ships flew  
A strong west wind before,  
The hundredth day a soft breeze blew  
A welcome from the shore.

They stream across the desert plain,  
And trickle through the vale,  
The sun's keen arrows fall like rain  
On casque and coat of mail.

A lonesome ride, a voiceless waste  
No breath of air they feel;—  
But lo! a dust-cloud gath'ring fast;  
Is that the gleam of steel?

The storm-cloud gathers dark and thick,  
The mutt'ring thunders clash,  
The silent desert wakes, and quick  
The angry light'nings flash.

A thousand lances on the left,  
A thousand on the right,  
'Allah-il-allah' the heavens cleft:—  
It was a goodly fight.

"A goodly fight!" the Douglas cried,  
And grasp'd his bridle rein,  
"By the Holy Rood 'tis worth the ride  
Across the burning plain."

"God's holy will be ever praised!"  
From round his neck he slips  
The golden chains, and then upraised  
The casket to his lips

"Heart of my king! I followed thee,  
My liege lord, day and night;  
Again shalt thou my leader be,  
And guide me in the fight.

O God, Thy help I now invoke  
To keep my plighted word;  
Help me to teach this heathen folk  
To fear a Christian sword."

Upon his arm he slung his shield,  
And drew his vizor close,  
Upheld the casket to the field,  
And in his stirrups rose.

"Who brings this jewel back receives  
The Glory of this day."  
So said, the Bruce's heart he heaves  
Far mid the stricken fray.

With strong right hands their spears they clasped,  
And signed the cross in haste,  
Their shields in front, their bridles grasped,  
Down on the foe they raced.

But who can tell the shock, the fight,  
The blows, the wounds, the blood?  
Or who can paint the ghastly sight  
The corpse-strewn desert show'd?

The Moslem's strength was ground to dust,  
And scattered o'er the waste;  
The sands were red with blood, like rust  
That cannot be effaced.

May God be praised! of all the horde  
Not one was left to tell  
Their dreadful fate; the Scottish sword  
Had done its work too well.



But there, with Paynims stretched around  
 And piled up on the plain,  
 A spear-thrust through his heart, they found  
 The peerless Douglas slain.

Two noble hearts, alack the day,  
 Lay cold upon that field;  
 The Douglas' rent, the Bruce's lay  
 Untouched beneath his shield.

A. C.

### Notices of Books.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE: SET FORTH IN SERMONS  
 by the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B.,  
 Bishop of Newport.

THE Catholic public should be grateful to Bishop Hedley for this reprint of sermons preached on special occasions. With one or more of them everyone who is interested in Catholic events and Catholic work will be familiar; with all or even with a majority of them, no one, we think, will be able to claim acquaintance. In most instances the sermon was connected with an event of importance; but the opening of a church, the blessing of an altar, the consecration of a bishop, or the jubilee of a cathedral—welcome facts to all Catholics as illustrating the vigorous life of the Church in England—are matters of enthusiasm only to the town or the diocese where they take place. Nowadays, such events are happily of such common occurrence that one expects to meet with them in almost every issue of a Catholic periodical, and the sermon, an integral part of the solemnities, and oftentimes—in Bishop

Hedley's case always—a memorable one, is too apt to be looked upon, by the general public, as extinguished with the altar candles, or spent with the last notes of the organ. A sermon very often loses more than it gains by the greatness of the event which has prompted it. Even those who listen to it are more eager to approve of it as worthy of the occasion, and a successful item in the programme, than to take it as a lesson to themselves. Their very enthusiasm makes it difficult for them to respond to anything but the notes of exaltation, or triumph, or encouragement, or thanksgiving which synchronise with its vibrations.

Everyone will agree that it would have been a pity if Bishop Hedley's beautiful and exceedingly thoughtful utterances had been suffered to remain buried as fossils in the huge, swiftly-accumulating deposit of newspaper matter, which, through the very quantity of it, must be treated, for the most part, as refuse and waste. They, all of them, appeal to a larger audience than that which listened to them. However much they may owe to the inspiration of the occasion, however perfectly they may have been suited to it, they are made up of too good a material to be made use of once, and then thrown away. Neither are they cut in such a fashion that they need to be remade, in order to be of further service. Each in itself is a work of art, and has a value outside its fitness to grace a festival. If we were to compare Bishop Hedley's sermons with any of the adornments of a great Catholic ceremony, it would be, not to the floral decorations, or to the banners and hangings, or to the music, or the candles of the altar, but to a sacred vestment, newly made and used then for the first time.

It is only right to say that many of the sermons in this volume have been printed before in pamphlet form. In this way the good people of the congregations to which they were addressed have testified their appreciation of his Lordship's words. But this was hardly publication in the

true sense of the word. Such a pamphlet—locally printed perhaps—is only intended to supply a local and immediate want. An exception, doubtless, is the sermon on “The Apostle of England,” preached at the centenary celebration, Ebbsfleet, in 1897. This was a national event, and the sermon, as spoken or printed, has already had a national hearing. But it is impossible to suppose that the beautiful sermon on “Life Everlasting,” printed for the Catholics of Warrington, has had any wide circulation in London, or that the equally beautiful sermons preached at the reopening of St. Anne’s and St. Mary’s Liverpool, have attracted much attention outside the Liverpool diocese. Moreover, pamphlets have a frail constitution and usually only a short and undignified life. Like butterflies and ephemeral insects they have no secure existence outside the cabinet of a collector. And we think, and hope, that Bishop Hedley’s sermons, now that they are published in book form, will not only have a longer life, but that they will be read, as they deserve to be, not in England only, but in Ireland, and in America, and everywhere where the English language is spoken.

Some of our readers may wonder at the title of this volume: “The Light of Life: set forth in Sermons.” Did his Lordship map out beforehand a course of sermons, which he would preach as occasion served, and which, when gathered in a volume, would form the chapters of a treatise? Is it possible that sermons, preached at odd times between the years 1885 and 1898, in dioceses separated by the length and breadth of the land,—at the consecration of a bishop, the opening of a church, or the centenary of St. Augustine,—before laymen, nuns, priests and bishops, could form part of a carefully devised scheme, patiently carried out? We are quite sure Bishop Hedley does not wish us to understand this, and that this is not at all the meaning of the title. Everyone who reads the book will recognize that there is a kinship of thought throughout,

that the different elements which compose it belong—accidentally or not—to a group, and that a title which binds together the whole is sufficiently justified. It is only natural that there should be a close bond of union, and something in the nature of progression, in writings on kindred subjects by an author who does not repeat himself. We, personally, do not think anything in the shape of grouping at all necessary in Bishop Hedley’s publications. It is sufficient that they have come from his pen. The tie that knits them together most strongly is their author’s personality. Bishop Hedley’s thoughts are his own thoughts, his way of expressing them is his own way, and whatever comes from him could not by any possibility have come from anyone else.

It is a custom in reviews of books to quote a passage from it as a sample of the author’s style. It is not always a laudable one, for quotation is sometimes more like cutting off a limb than the culling of a flower, and moreover there is no way of putting a quotation in water to keep the life in it. Bishop Hedley’s admirable style is well known, and it is doubtful if anything would be gained by calling attention to it. But for the sake of those who have no acquaintance with his Lordship’s books—and we cannot think they will be many—we give the following passage from the sermon on “Life Everlasting.” We do not choose it as the best or most eloquent passage in the volume—there are many to our mind more eloquent—but as a thoroughly characteristic one.

But though all this is true—that the vision of God is all that we need, and that His vision is and must be man’s total and overwhelming bliss—nevertheless we must not be led to think, either that these beings of our race to be conscious, or that the powers of human nature become useless in Heaven—like old tools that are thrown away. The Christian Heaven is not like the Heaven of the Buddhist. It is not cessation—absorption—annihilation. It is “life.” To see God is to live. For to see God is to see what

there is in God, as far as the finite intelligence can be made capable of seeing. It is to see God and His attributes—to see the Holy Trinity, the three Divine Persons in their unity of nature. It is to see the wisdom, the justice, the mercy and omnipotence of God. It is to see the Incarnation, the Blessed Sacrament, the economy of Divine grace, and all that kingdom of mysteries which on earth we know by faith. It is to see the Sacred Humanity, the Blessed Virgin, the Angels, and the Saints. It is to see the past, the present, and the future. "What is there," says St. Gregory the Great, "that they do not see, who see Him that seeth all things?" It is true that the Blessed cannot be said to know all that God has done, does, and can do. That would be to comprehend God; and to comprehend God adequately is impossible. But it is taught by Catholic tradition that whatever in any special way concerns themselves, that the Blessed will see in God, whether it be past, or present, or to come. "O vision," exclaims St. Bernard, "in which we shall then most perfectly know all things on earth and in Heaven, drinking draughts of knowledge at the fountain of wisdom!" The records of the universe, the depths of the ocean, the distances of the starry spheres, the grand generalisations of science, the possibilities of discovery, the splendid and varied evolution of human history—all that God has made will be the field of the joyful knowledge of His blessed ones. They will take with them to Heaven the loves, the affections, the pure solicitudes, of the earth. The father and the mother will know and follow the steps of their children, the pastor of his flock, the ruler of his people, the sovereign of his nation, the Bishop of his diocese, the Pontiff of the universal Church, the religious founder of his Order—every man and woman there of his own circle. They will hear prayers and read thoughts—each in his own degree. They will follow with ecstatic delight the working of God's decrees, as one follows the lightning of a distant storm. They will even read the awful and most wonderful pages of possibility—a mystic scroll that dwarfs to littleness all that God has done yet, except as regards the mystery of the Incarnation itself. What do we want, my brethren? What do our most advanced thinkers claim as the noblest exercise of man's being? Is it knowledge? Is it investigation? Is it freedom? Is it truth? Prepare for Heaven and you will find it all there."

As a final word, we confess that in reading the volume, the sermons we have liked best have been those we have read oftener and been most familiar with. We have no hesitation in promising the reader—and this, we think, is the highest praise—that his experience will be the same.

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, By KENELM DIGBEY BEST,  
Priest of Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London,  
Burns and Oates, 1899.

Fr. Best's many old Amplefordian friends will be glad to welcome this little book. It is, as the preface tells us, a book of sermons, preached some time ago to the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, at the Oratory, London. The principal portion of it consists of seven sermons on the Seven Bloodsheddings of our Lord. It is impossible, of course, that the matter or method of such discourses should be very original; they are of necessity mostly taken up with a development of the details of the history of the Passion. But Fr. Best's own personal piety, earnestness and feeling are impressed on every page; and for Spiritual Reading, or as a book of Meditations, full of suggestive thought and emotional passages, the volume should find a place in the modern Catholic library.

## The College Diary.

September 14. After a seven week's holiday, the College re-opened on this day. Fr. Prior's words on the day of the Exhibition had evidently made an impression, and there was a good gathering of students. There were many new faces, and it was evident we were to have an unusually large school this year. The following is the list of new boys:—Redmond Roche, Castleisland; Leo Finnesey, Liverpool; Charles Reardon, Warrington; Hubert Corry, Frizinghall; Herbert Taylor, Southport; Leo St. John, West Kirby; Basil and Cyril Marwood, Pleasington; George Chamberlain, Grassendale; Augustine McCann, Manchester; Charles Rochford, Turnford; Henry Owen, Leeds; Bernard Tams, Stone. John Parle, Liverpool; José Gomez, Cuba; Charles Wyse, Lisbon; Austin Jackson, Chorley; Devereux Sinnott, Harrogate; Richard Huntington, Liverpool; Dunstan Walker, New Brighton; Thomas and Francis Ibbotson, Liverpool.

September 13. Election of Captain by the School. A. Gateley was voted, and accepted the post. The following are his assistants in the government.

Secretary - - - - -	G. Fishwick
Librarian of Upper Library - - - - -	T. Preston
Officemen - - - - -	W. Dowling J. Pike
Commonmen - - - - -	F. Dawson F. Quinn
Clothesman - - - - -	W. Lambert
Gasmen - - - - -	F. Birmingham D. A. Burn
Collegemen - - - - -	G. Lambert G. Crean D. Traynor
Librarian of Lower Library - - - - -	O. Williams
Vigilarii " " " " - - - - -	H. Byrne C. de Normanville
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room - - - - -	T. Barton

Vigilarii " " " " - - - - -	J. Walsh M. Neville
" " Lower " " - - - - -	P. Allanson W. Heslop

The football committee, chosen at the meeting, is as follows:—  
A. J. Gateley, C. J. Martin, W. Forster, and W. Dowling.

The Football captains are:—

1st set - - - - -	A. J. Gateley W. P. Forster
2nd set - - - - -	G. Lambert H. de Normanville
3rd set - - - - -	M. Martin A. S. Noblett
4th set - - - - -	P. McKenna P. Allanson

Oct. 1. A football match with the Community. After a hard struggle we succeeded in winning by three to one. Martin shot a fine goal.

Oct. 5.—*Monday*. Football in the morning; after dinner walks and excursions. F. Austin went with the higher classes to Malton.

Oct. 8. V. O'Connor gave a lecture on music in the Upper Library.

Oct. 10. A team of Harrogate gentlemen came to play our first eleven. The ground was in fair condition and there was a good game, not altogether as pleasant as it might have been through some unwarrantable grumbling at the Referee. The result was five goals to none, in our favour. Fr. Stephen was answerable for one of them, Br. Maurus for three, and Denis Field for the odd one.

Oct. 12. Fr. Sub-prior began to give a two days' Retreat to the boys.

Oct. 15. A. J. Gateley lectured on "The Boers" in the Upper Library.

Oct. 23. V. O'Connor went to Knaresbro' to play at a concert. He returned on the 25th.

Oct. 25. A game with Harrogate College on our own ground. We beat easily by nine goals to none. Two masters played for them, and one for us. Br. Maurus, on our side, surpassed himself, and scored most of the goals.

Oct. 28. We played Ampleforth village. A first eleven defended the honour of the school; the increased respect being due to the inclusion of some Helmsley players in the village team. It was a good game and ended in our favour, three to one. W. Lambert scored with an exceptionally fine shot.

Nov. 1. *All Saints*. High Mass as usual in the morning. In the afternoon the two Libraries were engaged in the football-field. The Upper Library carried away the honours, scoring three to none.

Nov. 2. Our first eleven had an engagement at Harrogate College. The game ended in a draw of two goals each. We think the play was going in our favour, and had it not been for a downfall of rain we ought to have won. F. Dawson did some good shooting.

Nov. 11. Mr. A. Magoris brought a team from Cottingham. We were right-down glad to see him again, and there were still a few in the school who could remember him. We won by five goals to none.

Nov. 13. *All Monks*. Fr. Prior celebrated Mass. Afterwards there was Football until dinner, when our annual goose-feast took place. The afternoon was spent in walks.

Nov. 16. C. Martin left for a time on account of bad health. We hear he has gone to Egypt and we hope it will set him up. During his holidays a golf accident did some injury to his eyes. This unfortunately interfered both with his studies and his games. We hope soon to see him again, and in renewed health.

Nov. 18. The first game with Pocklington Grammar School,—the home match. This match we always look forward to as the best in the year. Always a pleasant game, we think it our hardest task to beat these well-trained opponents, and of late years we have had the worst of the encounters. The day was damp and foggy, but our lucky star was in the ascendant and we won handsomely. Our eleven received hearty congratulations on their good play. We think F. Quinn our right full-back played quite up to his best form, and F. Dawson was especially *in evidence*. Also we must not forget to name W. Forster, who played a most useful and unselfish game. The result was seven goals to one.

Nov. 20. R. Holmes of Preston North End, who had been coaching our eleven for a few days, left to join his club. His geniality and business-like instruction must have had an excellent

effect on our football players. We did feel and believe, when he left us, that we were much improved by his efforts.

Nov. 22. *St. Cecilia's day*. Our first eleven deserted us to play Bootham at York, and brought home a two-to-one victory. Our second eleven journeyed to Pocklington to meet the Grammar school second. The game was drawn after a hard and exciting struggle; two goals each. H. Byrne and F. Birmingham did good work for our side. The Choir and Band went by train to Malton to spend the day there. In the evening Mr. Fay and Father Philip arranged a concert for the evening. It was entirely successful. We hear that an operetta is in preparation for Christmas, and we look to be entertained. Mr. Fay has vastly improved the band. Later still, in the evening, choir and band had the usual refreshments in the refectory. There were many speeches and songs. Fr. Sub-prior honoured us with his presence.

Nov. 27. F. de Alcalá Galiano returned to College after an absence of seven months. We were pleased to see him and congratulate him on his success in his examinations. W. Hodgson returned after an extended vacation.

Dec. 2. We were sorry to lose W. Forster, who was obliged to leave in order to accept an appointment. He was a valuable member of the first eleven and a leader in all social matters. We wish him every success in his new life.

Dec. 6. A second-eleven game with Bootham. Our side won by seven goals to one. C. de Normanville, Jackson and J. Nevill distinguished themselves. It was a dazing afternoon, and between the posts the ground was a mud-puddle.

Dec. 7. The return match with Pocklington. Flushed with recent success our eleven played in most energetic and confident fashion. J. Pike and D. Field shot the goals that won the game—J. Pike's effort being a specially fine one. The result was two to none in our favour.

Dec. 11. We awoke this morning to find the valley white with snow.

The following changes have been made by Fr. Prior and his council in the rules concerning recreation during the year:—

1st. Two playdays are not allowed in one week, except at Shrovetide, Eastertide and Whitsuntide, and in case of a month-day coming in the same week as a Feast-day, the latter will have the preference.

2nd. No playdays may be transferred except the Prior's or the Prefect's feast.

3rd. The Sub-Prior's feast-day and the playday for the community are abolished.

4th. St. Cecily's Day will remain a playday for the choir and band only.

V. O'CONNOR.

W. DOWLING.

## The Debates.

I CANNOT say the Literary Society has shown all the practical energy that we desire. Our meetings have been successful; but we have not met with sufficient regularity, and volunteers have not come forward with avidity to enlighten the assembly by their 'papers.' However, we will hope for renewed energy after the holidays.

We opened the Autumn Session on October 8th. Father Subprior took the chair at 7.45 p.m. Father Anselm, Fr. Bede, Br. Benedict and Br. Wilfrid honoured the meeting with their presence. The Rules of procedure, first of all, were read, since some new members were present. Then Mr. Preston's name was proposed and seconded as Secretary. He accepted the office; and the Chairman at once called upon Mr. Vincent O'Connor to introduce the subject of debate. His subject was Music,—the history of Music; and, which to some was startling, the history of Music before the Christian era. The uninitiated might have thought the ages had swallowed up the echoes of such ancient charms, but, listening to the detailed criticism and varied appreciation of the lecturer, they would have found out how mistaken they were. I don't know where he heard the accompanying harmonies of Sappho's Songs, but he told us they were very sweet.

We learnt too the Chronological order of the instruments, and to the drum was assigned the place of honour as the most ancient. The different nations were characterised by different tastes, and if only the lecturer could have added to his 'paper' illustrations of

the national anthems, on the piano, the historic sketch would have been complete.

Evidently the reader of the 'paper' thought that there was little room for debate in the clear and simple story of ancient music; so he threw in a bone of contention in his closing sentences. Music he said was an art which should not be considered as appealing only to the faculties of sense, but rather as an art which appealed to the more lofty regions of the intellect. This drew forth, after a few approving words from Mr. Martin, a somewhat elaborate argument from Brother Benedict to show that the more we understood of music the less we enjoyed it—a melancholy conclusion for musicians!—claiming it as a sensuous art. Father Anselm who followed Brother Benedict seemed struck with admiration to find the drum (I believe he played the big drum once) put down as the original factor in music. After further remarks the Rev. Chairman arose. He complimented the reader of the 'paper' on his intimate familiarities with the melodies which drew the rooted trees to follow Orpheus; melodies he thought had slept in unrecoverable silence. Then he proceeded with great affability to explain to Brother Benedict what his argument meant, (evidently to his own satisfaction,) affirming that it told nothing against the theory of music being an intellectual art. Further he referred to analytical programmes as intimating a most definite and confident interpretation of music into words. Then, as sometimes is our Chairman's way, he faced about from the intellectual theory and suggested that music was the 'ethos' which gives a stimulus or sedative, or colouring to the workings of the mind, but does not create thought. Having thus sufficiently displayed the misty realms of musical ethics, the meeting dissolved with a vote of thanks to Mr. O'Connor and to the Chairman.

The second meeting of the Session was held on Oct. 15th. Father Sub-prior took the chair at the usual time, and the members from the upper house, viz., the Calefactory, came down in force, and with them our esteemed friend, Mr. Byles. Politics are forbidden in our debates, and since the subject of the 'paper' was "The Transvaal and the Boers" there was considerable interest to notice how the exponent would steer clear of politics at this present crisis. I am afraid he did not steer clear.

The minutes being read and, with an amendment, passed.

Mr. Gateley rose and began by an apology. By the way I notice the fashion of beginning with an apology is growing; doubtless, certain misgivings on the speaker's part suggest this, but I propose we take all apologies as spoken, and boldly advance to the subject matter at once. 'The Transvaal and the Boers' was an historical sketch. Thus was the vain delusion nursed that we were not on grounds politic. The Dutch settlement was described; their relation to the English, and their stubborn character; English claims and Dutch resentment. Mr. Gladstone's policy was severely animadverted upon; and I fear the unbiased spirit of history yielded unconditionally to the spirit of conservatism as the speaker dwelt on this point. Further, he threw down the glove to followers of honest John Morley, when he concluded his speech with a thesis in defence of the legality of a British attack on Boerland, and with an enthusiastic wish for victory. I don't know what the Chairman was doing but I had expected the call to 'Order' several times. The speaker sat down and Mr. Martin stood up. His liberalism and loyalty to the G.O.M. was touched, and he spoke to the defence of Mr. Gladstone's conduct, as that of a humane man bold enough for conscience sake to bear the sneer of being inconsistent. To the same effect Mr. V. O'Connor spoke. Loud applause greeted Fr. Stephen as he rose to his feet; for he had been in Africa, and consequently was listened to with special interest. He congratulated Mr. Gateley on his well written paper. Then—if the language is not unparliamentary—he went for the Boers. The warmth of his argument carrying him so far as to propose a vote of confidence in Mr. Chamberlain; this was too much even for the indulgence of our Chairman, and the call 'Order' brought the speaker to his seat. In contrast with the last speaker, B. Benedict took a quiet and argumentative strain, throwing doubt on the justice of British interference,—not a popular side evidently, and though he seemed at one time somewhat entangled in his own argument, he eventually came through with a good illustration for the defence of his contention. Mr. Byles followed suit in opposition to Father Stephen and, with array of fact in a few neat and fluent sentences, upheld the progress and improvement of the Boer civilization. The bell abruptly cut short his flow of eloquence.

The chairman allowed time for himself to make his customary speech. He feared he had a very British audience before him, he

said, and elicited prolonged cheering; but he intimated that he meant no compliment,—rather that prejudice was inclined to get the better of them. He deprecated the political turn things had taken as against the rules of the society, and though some were eager for adjournment, it was considered better to leave the matter without further debate. The Chairman however thanked Mr. Gateley for his fluent sketch of the Transvaal and the Boers, and the meeting broke up, 8.30 p.m.

At a third meeting of the Society, Father Sub-prior addressed the members on the use of poetry and the Poets, and in a subsequent meeting he gave readings from Tennyson. This was the last meeting of the Session.

κρίσις.

## Notes.

DURING the last few months conversation has been divided between the war and golf. The old winter topic, Association Football, has had to content itself with a short quarter of an hour on Sunday mornings, when the pink Saturday-evening papers offer the "results at a glance." In our morning recreation after breakfast, whilst waiting for the daily paper, the war is discussed almost fiercely; in the recreation after dinner golf takes possession of the floor; in the recreation after supper the two topics are pretty evenly mixed. This, to our mind, is a satisfactory state of things. One prevailing subject of conversation is as had as perpetual bully-beef or bilting. We are grateful to golf for distracting our minds and relieving our anxieties concerning the fate of our brave soldiers—one who has never experienced it will never know how sure a man is, when he has successfully holed in four, that the Boers will be wiped out; on the other hand, the idea of golf after breakfast, golf at desert and golf to finish up the day with is fearful to contemplate. But for the war we should have been dreaming of 'bankers,' and have had nightmares of 'cloeks' and 'mashies' and 'niblicks'

and perhaps have wakened up in a fright at the idea of being 'stimied' or of 'fooling' our approach.

There is no doubt some of the members of the community are badly down with golf-fever. We have had a mild attack ourselves. Having had a little, very little, experience in golf, and having less knowledge of it, we are therefore competent to speak of it with confidence and authority, and to give advice to our readers with becoming assurance. First, then, let it be known that the complaint is not at all a serious matter, if taken in time. Secondly, the disease is not communicated through the medium of the atmosphere or the food and drink we consume, but by contact. We have seen the 'bacilli' ourselves—they are perhaps, the largest known in science—and even handled them safely with due precautions. Thirdly, the incubation of the disease, under favourable circumstances, is very rapid. Ordinarily speaking, the first symptom is the swinging of a walking-stick, with an appearance of carelessness, at every stone and horse-chestnut noticeable on the road or path. (This symptom is more pronounced when the stick is observed to be held by the female end.) The next symptom, showing a more advanced stage of the complaint is an unusual pronunciation of the verb 'to put!' The final stage of incubation is marked by a peculiar fixedness of the eye, when in the act of striking the said stone or chestnut,—a fixedness so great that, no matter how the body may swing, the gaze is rivetted on the object.

Sometimes the progress of the disease is much more rapid. We once enjoyed—do not blame us for thus finding amusement in the misfortune of another—we once enjoyed the sight of the first seizure by this disease of one who ever since has been a rabid golfer. Quite unconscious of the danger he incurred, he took a bacillus smilingly in his hands, and swung it swiftly at a little white ball, like a marble, poised on a pyramid of loose earth. After half-a-dozen ineffective switches, taking only about as many seconds, the smile vanished from the corners of his mouth; the eye became fixed; and fierce, determined strokes took the place of the first almost playful swings of the arms. These were equally ineffective, but with the 'whiff and wind of the fell' club, the little ball rolled from the top of the pyramid. Then the victim laughed loud

and long—his companions had been doing that for some time—and anyone experienced in the matter who heard that laugh, recognized the laugh of one who was already doomed.

The reader will be glad to learn that we have discovered a method—somewhat resembling in its operation inoculation—which will save the victim from the severest type of the complaint. The sufferer should be induced, as soon as the disease declares itself, to strike his ball into the long couch-grass (windlestraws), if any such can be found on the links. From a quarter of an hour to an hour spent, between each hole, poking about in the wet grass for a lost ball is an admirable tonic, and will reduce the temperature, for the time at least, to its normal state. We believe it was through the influence of this medicine, taken in rather unusual doses, that we have had the complaint in so mild a form.

As an educational agent we are pleased to recommend golf most heartily. Anyone who has mastered the intricacies of the golf dialect may be expected to find little difficulty in a dead language such as Greek or Sanscrit. By the way, does anyone know the golfic for cow? We have found "Tut, Tut" quite inadequate as a substitute under recent circumstances.

The Exhibition of July 26, 1899, will be noted for the ceremony of the blessing of the New Monastery. Bishop Hedley, always ready to distinguish any Laurentian event, by his presence and assistance, was the Celebrant. Fr. Burge, our late Prior, and Mr. Oberhoffer had collaborated in the production of a Latin Ode, set to music, to grace the occasion. The general verdict passed upon it at the time was that it was very beautiful, very difficult, and well done. It was repeated during the distribution of prizes. There is no doubt if it had been oftener repeated and oftener heard it would have been still more completely appreciated. A feature of the Ode was a clever introduction of the Gregorian melody *Iste Confessor*, and of the *Ti Deum* as a fugal theme. The Doxology, *Ti per aeterna*, was especially admired, and was very well sung by the choir.

The play in the evening was Shakespeare's Richard II. It was quite successful. W. Byrne, who had distinguished himself in the difficult part of Hamlet two years ago, took the part of the King. W.



Forster was a good Bolingbroke, and all the characters spoke their parts intelligently. This year the play will be "As you like It," and a suggestion has been made that it should be acted "under the greenwood tree" on our hill side. We hope this will be carried out. The old bowling-green is an ideal theatre for the play. The very time and place to sing "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" is among the trees, on a warm, sunny afternoon, when there is no possibility of the winter's wind taking any notice of the appeal that is made to it.

The following report of the Oxford Local Examiner was read by Fr. Prior at the distribution of prizes:—

"To the Delegates of Local Examinations, Oxford.

"Gentlemen,

"I have the honour to report that I have examined thirty-seven of the pupils of Ampleforth College, and to submit to you the main results of the examination."

"I will first deal with the different subjects, and then report my general conclusions.

"I.—LATIN:—In *Classics* I examined eight of the Senior boys with very good results. The books seemed to have been very carefully studied, and the grasp of the language was considerable. McCann is quite the best scholar: but I must also call honourable notice to Rochford and Gateley.

"Here, perhaps, I had better mention the Roman History papers which contained some of the finest work shown up. McCann was top, but Fishwick's paper also deserves very honourable mention.

"In Junior Latin the quality of the work is somewhat less even, but those who have been less successful in one paper have often made up in another. Pike's work is distinctly the best: but Smith and Williams have done very well.

"In Preliminary Latin McCormack and Traynor show great promise, and the work is very level.

"In GREEK McCann again shines, and Rochford's grammar paper went far to make up for a want of confidence in his other paper.

"The Junior Greek was very uniform in quality, if nowhere very brilliant.

"So much for the Classics, to which Oxford naturally attaches considerable importance

"In FRENCH, the modern language offered, the Seniors have produced excellent results, if a slight allowance be made for the youth of one or two of the candidates who would still be eligible for the Junior Certificate. The unseen passage in particular was very creditably done; Fishwick was best, McCann and Gateley also claim attention.

"In Junior French the translation again was distinctly good, and the set book had evidently been most carefully prepared—a result satisfactory to both master and pupils. Williams gained most marks, doing a specially good piece of prose. Mac Dermott, Tutt, Hayes and Byrne followed next in order.

"The Preliminary French was very steady and Traynor turned the tables on McCormack with an excellent paper.

"Turning to English subjects.—The English Essay is a paper which is always a good test of general education, and at the same time affords a brilliant boy, or a boy with a particular bent for literature, an opportunity for distinguishing himself. From this test the school came out most successfully. There was not a single bad paper among Seniors or Juniors, while many were very good. In the Senior, Fishwick really gave promise of style, McCann and Gateley did well: among the Juniors Byrne and Lambert were best, while de Normanville, Hayes and Martin showed very creditable work.

"In the English Composition shown up by the youngest boys—the writing out of a short story read to them—more than half the boys displayed quite remarkable powers, Traynor in especial distinguishing himself.

"I may here most conveniently allude to the Dictation and to handwriting and spelling generally, which were excellent, even among the smallest boys.

"The knowledge of the rules of English Grammar was on the whole very creditable, while the use of the language itself was extremely clear and accurate.

"English Literature is a subject to which the Delegates attach a good deal of importance, and it seems to have been studied with most satisfactory diligence, and evidently in many cases with great zeal on the part of the boys. The Seniors take a Play of Shakespeare and a poem of Scott: and Gateley and Rochford were best in both books. The Juniors take the Shakespeare only, and Mac

Dermott and Pike showed a very considerable knowledge of the Play. The Preliminary candidates offered two of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

"Geography is the last subject I have to mention. It was taken by six Juniors, of whom Byrne, de Normandie and Smith were best, and by all the younger boys of whom E.H. Darby and McCormack were the best of a very uniform class.

"In conclusion I need only summarize the remarks I have already made. It is evident that the boys are receiving a thoroughly good general secondary education. I am particularly pleased with the sound knowledge they display of the subjects they have been specially taught, which shows that a great deal of pains has been taken with their instruction and that on the other hand the boys themselves have really worked hard and taken interest in their work. It is evident also that while a boy with classical tastes receives such special training as would enable him to proceed to the University the others are by no means neglected. I think a clear proof of this is to be found in the number of boys who while doing averagely well in most subjects have also shown up one or more papers of very superior excellence—a sure sign of encouragement on the part of their masters and of keenness on their own.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"GRAHAM BALFOUR, M.A.

"Worcester College."

"MATHEMATICS. I beg leave to submit my report on the Mathematical work of Ampleforth College.

"The subjects selected were Arithmetic, Algebra and Euclid, and the papers used were those set in the Local Examinations.

"Speaking generally, I have to commend the Arithmetic as quite satisfactory, but rather to criticize the answers in Algebra and Euclid, especially on account of carelessness. Style and neatness left nothing to be desired throughout the Examination.

"For the information of the College staff I report in detail as follows:

"*Arithmetic.* The work of the *Seniors* was very fair indeed. The earlier questions (except when carelessly misread) were dealt with

both neatly and accurately. The knowledge of stocks and percentages displayed by some was, however, weak. Rochford did excellently, being only deprived of full marks by reason of a slip in a single question. Mc Cann also deserves commendation.

"The obligatory part of the *Juniors* Paper was also done very fairly by the majority. There were a few cases of failure. The only commonly weak points were the questions on work and on present worth. There were some excellent attempts at the higher and much more difficult questions. S. Panch and Westhead merit special mention, though their papers were of a very different character.

"The Candidates for the *Preliminary* Examination differed from those above them. Their attempts at the elementary questions were frequently very careless, e.g., no less than four out of ten misread one of the questions. The higher questions were handled with greater care and consequent success, and, as higher marks were obtainable on these, the totals are quite satisfactory. Traynor did excellently.

"*Algebra.* The work of the *Seniors* was extremely uneven. McCann did very well, and his answers were not open to the criticisms which I have to pass on all the others. The weak points were, G.C.M., fractions and indices, and, as these, either directly or indirectly, played so large a part in the obligatory portion of the Paper, it will be understood that the marks attained could not be very high. The boys who were second and third in order of merit showed a little knowledge of indices as those who obtained much fewer marks.

The *Juniors*, though not a strong set, were more even in quality. They, too, found the question in G.C.M. too difficult and they showed much carelessness in dealing with fractions and equations. No one did a problem. Pike was best. He alone did the second equation.

"*Euclid.* The *Senior* Candidates were not as perfect in writing out their propositions as could be desired. Rochford was easily first—in quality more than in marks.

"The work of the *Juniors*, through an error on the part of the Railway Co., failed to reach me.

"In conclusion I may say that the work submitted to me did not indicate that the boys were lacking in ability. A good many, it is

true, had failed to master certain important principles, and seemed to trust their memories too implicitly; and it may be that the rather prevalent carelessness may be accounted for in this way.

"I venture to hope that my frank criticisms may be found useful by all whom they concern.

"H. T. GERRANS, M.A.,

"Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College."

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION LIST, 1899.

*Senior Candidates:*

Justin McCann,	1st Class Honours, Excused Responsons.
J. Gouldie Fishwick	1st Class Pass.
Arthur Gateley	" "
Thomas Preston	" "
Joseph Rochford	" "

*Junior Candidates:*

Herbert Byrne	1st Class Pass.
Gerald Lambert	" "
Wilfrid Lambert	" "
George McDermott	" "
John Rochford	" "
Joseph Smith	" "
Joseph Westhead	" "
Oswald Williams	" "
Joseph Pike	2nd Class Pass.
Ernest Tait	" "

*Preliminary Candidates:*

John Darby	1st Class Pass.
Denis McCormack	" "
Bertram Kevill	2nd Class Pass.
Dominic Traynor	" "

In addition, we have to record the success, and to congratulate, F. de Alcalá Galiano on passing the first and second year's examinations in his studies for the Spanish Bar, John Quinn in passing his Intermediate in law, and M. Burke-Houan on passing his final R.I.B.A.

Once again we tender our thanks to our literary and artistic contributors. The illustrations of Mayfield are from excellent photographs by Mother Veronica, and another of the Sisters made the large drawing of different artistic 'bits' of the old palace and convent. Our sentiments of loyalty have compelled us to omit a very clever, humorous parody of the situation in South Africa before the war. Since war has been declared the affair has become too grim and painful a matter to be a subject for fun, but, though unable to insert it, we are none the less grateful to its accomplished author.

Certainly the "sun of York" has "made glorious summer" this year; it is a long time since we enjoyed such weather. It speaks well for our water supply that it was practically unaffected by the dryness of the season.

Probably it was through the continued sunshine that the "Red Admiral," one of the most beautiful of English butterflies and usually a scarce one in this neighbourhood, was induced to visit us in considerable numbers. We counted as many as seven on one bed of Michaelmas daisies. We are afraid it is only a fair-weather sailor and unworthy of its rank and name. The Autumn, happily, was as warm and dry as the summer, and we were enabled to finish the new heating arrangements in the Monastery and Church without inconvenience. We believe that no fires were lit either in Monastery or College until the first of November—an ancient custom nowadays more honoured in the breach than the observance.

It is very little we can say in these notes of all that might and should be said to give honour to our latest Jubilarian, F. Bede Prest. His fifty years have been fifty years of devotion to Ampleforth. Half of that time he actually spent in his monastery, and as Procurator and Prior had much to do with its prosperity. Since his retirement from the Priorship, he has been almost invariably in office; his wisdom in council and prudence in action fitting him, above others, for positions of responsibility. From his youngest days he has had the respect and confidence of his brethren, and we can promise him they will be continued to the end. We know how proud he is of his Alma Mater, and how pleased he has always been at every little triumph or success his College has won; we,

his brethren, in our turn, are pleased to have an opportunity, now, of thanking him for his long years of devotion and service, and of wishing him a continuance of health and happiness.

There have been few changes in the staff of the house. Mrs. Wilfrid Willson and Joseph Dawson have left us to study at the College of S. Anselmo, Rome, and Mr. E. Fay has joined us to take charge of the music. We shall be forgiven if we sum up the effect of Mr. Fay's energy in the words a junior student used in a monthly letter: "The amelioration in the choir brought about by Mr. Fay is nothing short of a Thaumaturgy."

A successful concert, in the old style, was given under the direction of Fr. Philip Willson and Mr. Fay on the Feast of St. Cecily. We subjoin the programme:—

1. Recitative and Chorus . . . . . *Van Bree*.  
THE CHOIR.
2. Song . . . . . The Silver Ring. . . . . *Chaminade*.  
MASTER L. FINNESEY.
3. Piano Solo . . . . . Scherzo. . . . . *Chopin*.  
MR. V. O'CONNOR.
4. Orchestral Piece. . . . . "Liebeslied" . . . . . *Barnel*.  
THE BAND.
5. Song . . . . . "Time's Garden" . . . . . *Goring Thomas*.  
FR. BERNARD.
6. Chorus. . . . . "Fragrant Odours" . . . . . *Van Bree*.  
THE CHOIR.
7. Glee. . . . . "The Chafers" . . . . .  
MEN'S VOICES.
8. Vocal Duet. . . . . "O Mistress Mine" . . . . . *Tarpey*.
9. Piano Duet . . . . . Tarantella . . . . . *Raff*.
10. Glee . . . . . Ye Shepherds . . . . . *Mauvinghi*.

The canopy, carved in oak, of which, through the kindness of Mr. Bernard Smith, we presented a drawing in our last number, is erected in the great cloister. We were familiar, naturally, with the design, but are bound to confess that the effectiveness of the work came upon us as a surprise. One is so very much inclined to expect that the drawing will prove more beautiful than the thing

itself. We are waiting anxiously for the statue that is to complete the work.

We do not believe the College has ever had so successful a football season. Once indeed, many years back, the figures were just a little better, but we doubt if the teams we played against then were quite so strong. Every game has been handsomely won, with a net result of 41 goals to 6, in our favour. The cause of this success is not exceptional individual talent. At the beginning of the year people were lamenting that all our best players had left us. Nowhere is the lesson better taught than in a school, how quickly one's place is filled up, and how little anybody is missed. This year, without having any 'stars,' we have a vigorous well-balanced team which knows its work, plays together, and plays unselfishly. It is to this last quality of unselfish play the success is mainly due.

This year Mr. Perry has grown his roots under adverse conditions. The Midland and Southern counties have always a slight advantage over us Northerners in the matter of heat and sunshine, but we did think we could count on a satisfactory rainfall. But this year even our thunderstorms have been very much under average. However, as an English grower, Mr. Perry has proved easily first, and has only had to admit the superiority of his Jersey antagonist at Smithfield and of Scotch and Irish growers in some of the exhibits at Dublin and Edinburgh. "All's well that ends well" is sufficient for most people, but it is not the motto of Mr. Perry, who is always trying to go one better.

At Smithfield, Mr. Perry, who sends only inferior exhibits to the Southern show, had to content himself with two second prizes and a reserve. The *Mark Lane Express* says: "First prize again fell to Mr. Le Feuvre, and very grand specimens they were; but there was great discontent among the English exhibitors that a Channel Island cultivator should wrest from them the leading prizes. They cannot be expected to grow magnificent roots such as are raised in islands so favoured by climate as Jersey and Guernsey are, consequently they think there ought to be separate classes for that favoured clime. Mr. John Perry, of Oswaldkirk, York, won second prize in this class with fine specimens of Webb's

Yellow Globe, grandly modelled, and having literally no waste whatever. Mr Perry also carried off the reserve with Webb's Tankard variety, fine, high shouldered, and of exquisite quality. . . .

"John Perry won another second with an imposing collection of mangolds, swedes, turnips, carrots, and thousand-headed kale, etc., grown from Webb's seeds. The kale caused several other of the collections to have an imposing appearance. Mr. P. E. Mead of Tring got reserve in a good collection, in which kale was an admirable set off."

At Birmingham and Leeds, where Mr. Perry always particularly desires to excel, he was more successful than usual. Here also M. Le F. Feuvre won the first in the open class for Long Mangolds, leaving Mr. Perry to take away the second. But Mr. Perry won Procter and Ryland's silver cup for Long, and Globe Mangolds; both Messrs. Webb's prizes and a reserve (M. Le F. Feuvre having, this time, to content himself with a second); both the prizes for the Green Kohl Rabis; Messrs. Carter's prize for the Carter's Elephant and a reserve in the Green globes. At Leeds, with similar exhibits, Mr. Perry carried away *seven first prizes* and, at Dublin, a first, a second and a third.

In the older days, at Acton Pigott, Mr. Perry was equally distinguished in potato and cabbage growing. Unfortunately our stiff soil is not suitable for prize growing in these classes. Our potatoes are rough skinned—they are none the worse eating for that—and our cabbages are not heavy enough. When Mr. Perry first beat Mr. Sam. Robinson, the veteran prize-cabbage grower, his three specimens weighed 175 lbs, (two weighing each 61 lbs, and the other 53 lbs). We understand that Mr. H. Ainscough of Parbold has also repeated his former successes.

Talking of agricultural shows, here is a prize-bull exhibited by one of our Fathers. A certain gentleman of his congregation had been very generous in gifts to the church and the altar, but had left the neighbourhood some time before he died. Reading out the notice of his death from the pulpit and commenting on his former generosity, the Rev. Father expressed his sorrow that he could not claim for him the privileges of a deceased member of

the Altar Society. To remedy this he proposed to make him a Life-member. The same Father remonstrated with his people for calling him out of his bed, without cause, at all times during the day and night.

A change has been made in the times of the Masses on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation. It has been thought, for some time, that the long wait between breakfast and High Mass was inconvenient and useless, and the Mass, both for the house and the congregation, has been fixed at nine o'clock. We should have mentioned in our last number that F. Bede Turner has taken up the work of Ampleforth missioner, and that F. Stephen Dawes officiates in the little chapel at Helmsley. We are not certain whether we have stated that F. Cyril Corr is again in his old post of Infirmaryman.

A Requiem Mass was sung, on November 23rd, for the soldiers killed in the South African War. Among those who have left us during the last few years, four volunteers have joined the Cape Mounted Rifles: Mr. George Nevill, Mr. Vincent Hansom, Mr. Cyril Swarbrick and Mr. Sebastian Smith. Mr. E. Fane, who left us so recently, has received his commission in the South Lancashire regiment, and is also at the Cape. Our best wishes and best prayers are with them and all old friends and companions who have gone to the front, whoever they may be.

Our Oxford establishment is now completely and officially recognized by the University Authorities and is entered in the Oxford University Calendar as Mr. Hunter Blair's Hall.

We have a long list of acknowledgments to make, and a duty of thanks in proportion, to our many kind friends who have sent gifts of one kind or another during the last term. To Mr. Bernard Smith, for a handsome gift of large and choice 'Arundels'; to our late Prior, Fr. Barge, for a number of well-bound volumes of the *Engineer*, to Mrs. Wooby for several valuable old Catholic books of devotion; to Fr. Leo Almond for an admirable engraving of Fénelon; to the 'Old Amplefordians' for gifts of prizes to the boys holding the best averages in bowling, batting or fielding; to Fr.

Baines for some bound volumes of *Punch*, presented to the Boys' Library; to Fr. Gregory Brown the kind friend who has sent us for so many years *Punch* and *The Illustrated and The Graphic*; to the several friends who have set us up in golf requisites—Mr. Fred. Marwood, J.P., in particular;—to all and several our warm and grateful thanks.

It has been decided to have a distinguishing cap and blazer for the College Football eleven. It is hardly right, considering the importance of football in these days, that the honour of winning and wearing 'College colours' should be confined to cricketers. It will please some old students to hear that 'Bandy' has again begun to find favour during short recreation.

Mr. W. Taylor and Mr. T. Murphy have been staying with us,—the latter is studying for the Bar. H. Pozzi has joined us as a Postulant.

We are sorry to say that news from the missions has been mostly reports of sickness. Fr. Anderson, Fr. Pozzi, Fr. Davey, Fr. Cody and Fr. Eager have been seriously laid up. We hope and believe they are all improving, if not altogether quite recovered.

During September, the "Malton Field Naturalists and Scientific Society" paid us a visit with a 'valde bonus' friend as their guide. Fr. Hickey writes to us: "after tea the Rev. Mr. Ward (Anglican) rose and spoke in most eulogistic terms of the reception the Society had met with, of the Monastery and College as the home of Religion and learning, and expressed the hope that your establishment would go on and prosper. The Rev. Mr. Jenkinson (Unitarian) proposed that a formal resolution of thanks be sent to the Prior and Community. The resolution was seconded by Councillor A. Taylor (Society of Friends), and carried unanimously and with applause." Afterwards one of the members of the Society, Mr. Geo. Oldfield of Norton, sent us some very perfect geological specimens for our Museum. They are six species of Brachiopoda from Oxfordshire and the Isle of Wight (Oolite, Lias and Lower Green Sand), and some Encrinital stems. Our best thanks.

We are glad to see a good Barometer in the cloister, and to find arrangements made to take regular meteorological observations. It is about time the weather should be brought to book and made to give an account of itself. We hope to be allowed to publish a Summary of the observations in the Journal.

We were very grieved to hear of the death of poor George Favier at Lille, cut off in the prime of his youth, after a few days sickness. His friend Maurice Grimonprez wrote to Fr. Theodore Turner a very touching letter telling of his fondness for athletics—he was devoted to football and had run from London to Lille and back again in three days to help his native town to win the championship of the north of France (which it did)—his fondness for his English "Alma Mater" and his sad death. His many college friends will not forget him in their prayers. Another Amplefordian of Lille, Louis Charles Joseph Delcourt, died very shortly afterwards. It was in the fifties that he was with us, but there must be many of his classmates living who will remember him and pray for him. R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Rochiffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Révue Bénédicteine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, *Ramsgate*, and the *Studien und Mittheilungen*.





CARDINAL MEIGNAN.

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1900.

PART III.

### A Bishop of France.

THE career of the late Cardinal Meignan, who died Archbishop of Tours, January 20th, 1896, is so full of instruction and encouragement for priests, students, and Catholics generally, that the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal* will not be sorry that I should devote a few pages to setting it before them in a brief sketch. The excellent biography, by his friend and chaplain, which appeared a few months ago\* furnishes us with the greater part of the necessary information.

Cardinal Meignan was on the verge of eighty when he passed away, by a sudden death in the middle of the night. His youth, therefore, fell in that very unsatisfactory period of French history, which lay between the revolution of 1830, and the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848. Those years were years of eclecticism in philosophy, of shallow sentimentalism in literature, of flabby liberalism in politics, and of stagnation in religion. Things were changing, it is true, towards 1848—thanks to the influence of a younger school, among whose justly celebrated names that of the Abbé Meignan is not so well known as it deserves to be. He had the happiness of having a mother of whom in his after-life he always used to speak as a heroine and a saint. Yet even with her fostering care, he tells us that he knew no religion before he began his theology. Living at Laval,

\**Le Cardinal Meignan.* Par l'Abbé Henri Boissonnet. Paris, V. Lecoffre, 1899.



he had first attended a small boarding school there, and had afterwards been sent to the Lycée at Angers. This school was then presided over by a priest—no other than that Abbé Regnier who was afterwards Archbishop of Cambrai, and Cardinal. Yet except for the conferences of the president, which were few and far between, religious instruction seems to have been almost entirely wanting. There is a passage in a little work which Meignan wrote when he was a Bishop,\* in which we can hardly be mistaken in seeing an allusion to his own school days :—

There is nothing more touching in this world than to see a child striving to correct his faults, recollecting himself, purifying his conscience from the smallest stains, in order to be less unworthy of the God of the Altar. I know of no sight comparable to the soul of a child in which heaven is reflected, and grace is developing every germ of virtue. Spring, with its greenness and its sweet-smelling flowers, is not to be compared to the spring-time of a Christian child's soul.

Meignan was sent to Le Mans, to study for the priesthood in the Seminary of Mgr. Bouvier. The name of this prelate is now known chiefly by his standard work on *Indulgences*. But he was a very learned and industrious writer on theology and philosophy, and his seminary was a centre of enlightened thought and progress. Here Meignan began to feel that impulse to fight for the faith which was to mark his whole life. It is curious to note that, at the seminary, he got hold of a sceptical book called *Le Comte de Valmont*—a work which the world would have quite forgotten if Renan had not mentioned it in his memoirs, and confessed that it had a bad effect upon him. On Meignan it seems to have had no influence except to stir him up to turn his mind in good earnest to the priesthood. But, at the seminary, he had some very bad days. He was much troubled by temptations against faith. Such

\* *Instructions et Conseils*.

temptations seem sooner or later to attack all students of religion, with very few exceptions. Some abandon prayer, and gradually slip down the incline, like Renan. Others, with God's help, rouse their religious energy, keep themselves turned to God, and succeed in grasping the meaning of that attitude of a reasoning mind which is called Faith. They come to realize that, given sufficient proof, or due authority, with the absence of any contradictory demonstration, there are certain truths, and certain fields of truth, which God wishes us to accept and adhere to with a personal and passionate devotion towards Himself—a devotion which is made possible and which is kept at white heat by a specially infused habit of grace. But the course of philosophy at the seminary must have been "eclectic" and scrappy in the highest degree. A friend and fellow student of Meignan writes to him about 1837, from Solesmes (of all places), that he has just been shown a work called *Nuovo saggio sull' origine delle idee, da Rosmini*—and that he was told that it was an exceedingly remarkable book which "resumed" admirably the new teaching of Lamennais, of the Scotch school, of Jouffroy, and of the Germans. Rosmini's essay was certainly a remarkable book. Whether it really "resumes" all these various things, I need not stop to discuss; but the statement gives one some notion of the chaotic state of mind of a student who had to pick up what he could out of Lamennais, Reed, Hamilton, Jouffroy, and the Germans—that is, I suppose, Kant and Hegel—and also probably Schelling, who was just then coming into notoriety.

The Abbé Meignan was ordained in the spring of 1840, and about a year later was sent by Mgr. Bouvier to Paris, to follow Cousin's lectures, and to take his degree, in order to prepare himself to profess Philosophy at Le Mans. He took up his quarters in a sort of clerical *pension* close to St. Sulpice, and began with his friend Louis Fillon to aim at realizing the life of St. Gregory and St. Basil at

Athens. But his superior had given him a letter of introduction to Montalembert. The great Catholic champion received him very kindly, and told him that he would learn no philosophy at Paris; he must go to Germany if he wanted to study it seriously. He put him in communication with Ozanam, and with Maret, who was the professor of dogmatic theology at the Sorbonne; they gave him similar advice—to go to Munich. To Munich, accordingly, with the full permission of his Bishop, he went next year. It was the time when the Bavarian capital was a great Catholic centre. Dollinger, Möhler, Klee, Hurter, Görres, the Benedictine Haneberg, and other eminent men were attracting to its schools the clergy and laity of the North of Europe.\* He has left in writing many charming reminiscences of his stay in Bavaria; but we are not told much about his acquisitions in the domain of philosophy. The truth is, there was really no school of Christian philosophy in Munich. In Belgium, the ontological system was exciting attention and making proselytes. At Munich the student found himself certainly in the midst of history and patrology, and had every inducement to work seriously and to master the elements of serious critical science—but it was not likely that he would be taught philosophy. Besides, it seems now very clear that Meignan had no real philosophical bent. His vocation lay in another direction. After spending about a year in Munich, he went to Berlin, visiting on his way several other German seats of learning. The result of his German experiences was to make him take up with the utmost ardour and conviction that line of study in which he was soon to become eminent—Biblical exegesis.

It was the moment of a great revival in Biblical studies. Strauss had seized public attention. The famous Tubingen

\* It may be added that it was at Munich that Schelling was giving, at that very time, those Lectures which made him famous, and whose influence on the ablest men of the day may be gathered from Baron Bunsen's *Memoirs*.

school was in full vogue. Baur, Ewald, and others, with their equally celebrated disciples, filled Europe with their disputes and their innumerable divergent theories on the Bible and its interpretation. We find Meignan studying Hengstenberg with minute attention, and possessing the intimate friendship of Neander. He tells us how he enjoyed the study, and the polemic which raged all around—but at the same time he was saddened to the very depths of his spirit. He saw nothing but ruin everywhere—ruin of souls, ruin of ideas, ruin of virtue. This is the view that most students of divinity and of Holy Scripture are tempted to take, as soon as they begin to realize, each in his own generation, the tremendous forces against which revealed truth has to contend in every age. The names arrayed against the faith are so many and so weighty, there seems such amplitude of means, such genius, such industry, such leisure, on the side of the gainsayers, that the Catholic student is tempted to throw up a contest which appears to be hopeless, and to leave God's cause to prayer and to the indirect influence of piety and asceticism. But this is not what our Lord requires from the priesthood. Meignan felt that he was called upon, not merely to be a priest, but a "priest who studies." He therefore set to work and grappled with the host of German criticism; not merely with Neander and Hengstenberg, but with Rothe, Schwegler, Ritschl, Keil, Ewald, Baur, and a score of others. To fit himself the better for his work, he not only perfected himself in Latin and Greek, and in German—but learnt Hebrew and Syriac. During a brief visit to Rome, in the winter of 1845, we find him assiduously attending the lectures of Passaglia, Patrizi and Theiner. Theology he finds to be excellent at Rome, but not sufficiently well-informed on what is going on in the outside world. Rationalism is very slightly known; history has no representative; linguistic is neglected. But for all that, he blessed God that he had been able to

visit the holy city. In Paris, as a curate, he carried out, in regard to study, the emphatic exhortation of Maret, "Travaillez toujours; l'Eglise a plus besoin que jamais d'hommes comme vous!" He never dined out, and by going to bed, as he expressed it, "with the chickens," was able to rise every morning at four; and he quoted St. Francis of Sales, that it was an excellent thing both for "sanity and sanctity."

Cardinal Meignan's exegetical work, which extends to many volumes, presents a unity of idea which makes it very personal and interesting. He saw, when he was yet very young, that the great fight of the century was to be over the Bible. He recognized that religious scepticism, taking advantage of the still-recent art of criticism, was making every effort to attack Jesus Christ and the personality of God, by discrediting the sacred book of the Christians. If they could succeed in proving it unhistoric, self-contradictory and absurd, there would practically be no God left, for the world at large. He was borne, therefore, to undertake the defence of the Bible. His first work was founded on Hengstenberg's *Messianic Prophecies*. This book, published 1856, displayed the characteristic note of all Cardinal Meignan's subsequent work; it was more than a commentary on the Bible—it was a vindication of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and was marked not merely by the exhaustive learning of the critic but by the ardent devotion of the priest. From this date till he became Bishop of Châlons (1865), he continued to labour upon the Old and New Testament, lecturing at the Sorbonne, contributing to the *Correspondant*, and publishing books. Not even after his consecration did he entirely cease from writing. But then came the Council, and the Franco-German war, and it can be easily understood how little leisure a Bishop could have in times so exciting. In 1878, however, we find him publishing two more volumes on the Old Testament Prophecies. In 1882 he was transferred to

the See of Arras. Here he remained only two years, for in the early part of 1884 he was nominated to the Archbishopric of Tours. In 1893 Pope Leo XIII created him a Cardinal, by the title of the *Trinité des Monts*.

There is no room here to speak in detail of all Cardinal Meignan's writings. He continued his vigorous and pious apologetic to the very year of his death. In 1895, he entirely re-wrote some of the books that he had published some forty years before. His writings on Biblical exegesis now form a series of seven volumes, and we may well agree with one of his admirers, who considers that it is the grandest monument in the French language on the history of the people of God.\*

In the list of his works it will be observed that there are two which are expressly directed against Renan. In truth a great part of his Old and New Testament apologetic is inspired by the attacks of a writer who has done more harm in France than perhaps we can easily estimate in this country. Renan was a contemporary of Cardinal Meignan's, and at one time even sat with him under the same professor at St. Sulpice. Meignan looked upon

\* It may be useful to give a list of Cardinal Meignan's writings.

*L'Ancien Testament dans ses rapports avec le Nouveau et la critique moderne.*  
7 vol. in—8vo.

The seven volumes of this work are sold separately, as follows.

*De l'Eden à Moïse*, avec des considérations sur l'autorité du Pentateuque.

*De Moïse à David*, avec une introduction sur les types ou figures de la Bible.

*David, roi, psalmiste, prophète*, avec une introduction sur la nouvelle critique.

*Salomon, son règne, ses écrits.*

*Les Prophètes d'Israël*, quatre siècles de lutte contre l'idolâtrie.

*Les Prophètes d'Israël et le Messie*, depuis Salomon jusqu'à Daniel.

*Les derniers Prophètes d'Israël.*

Besides these Biblical writings, Cardinal Meignan has published the following :

*Le Monde et l'homme primitif selon la Bible.*

*Les Evangiles et la critique au XIXe siècle.*

*M. Renan refuté par les rationalistes allemands.*

*M. Renan et le Cantique des cantiques.*

*De l'irréligion systématique.*

And several others.

Renan as the instrument by which the plague of German rationalism was brought upon France. "Voilà l'allemand Renan, qui se met en campagne," he exclaims in 1856; "une armée le suit." Renan had just published his *Histoire des langues sémitiques*, and he was preparing the way, in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, for his attacks on the Bible. The French clergy were making no preparations to resist him. They contented themselves with sneering at everything German. But Meignan saw the extremity of the danger, and knew that there was worse behind. The *Vie de Jésus* appeared in 1862, and Meignan, writing in the following year, was extremely dissatisfied with the kind of answer commonly made to that pernicious book. "They declaim," he says, "they call names, they sneer; well and good; the book deserves nothing better; but they should not stop at this. What is wanted is serious and satisfying discussion of the questions raised, without rhetoric or abuse—such discussion as a man would undertake who really wanted to convince himself. . . . The critical methods of the Germans have been in vogue for half a century; they are worth while taking the trouble to understand. . . . I have just returned from Germany. Every one is talking of Renan with contempt and ridicule, but we French are despised and ridiculed as much." His own answer was given, first, in the excellent brochure in which he makes the German rationalists themselves answer and refute the shallow but attractive fancies of a man who is unable to use the arms he carries. He followed this up, in his lectures at the Sorbonne, by a strong defence of the Gospel narrative, which he afterwards published under the title of *Les Évangiles et la critique au XIXe siècle*. The former of these works was honoured by a letter of approbation from Pius IX. It was very generally said, in France, by competent judges, that the Abbé Meignan was the only man who had really refuted Renan.

It will have been made clear from what has been said, that Cardinal Meignan was a man who took modern science seriously, whether it came in the shape of Biblical criticism or of anthropology. His aspiration was to meet the scientists on their own ground. This is an ambition worthy of a priest. The obstacles in the way of a priest who wishes to fit himself for confronting modern science with full knowledge, are, it need not be said, manifold. One is, that the more purely spiritual needs of our time are such as to give full employment, in busy and progressive countries, to all the priests that can be supplied. Another is the want of institutions for study. And a third is, undoubtedly, that suspicion with which a great many of the more "conservative" Catholics of each generation look upon all efforts to understand extreme views and to admit the modicum of truth which must always be found in a serious theory, however sophistical and prejudiced may be on the whole the man who defends it. Cardinal Meignan may perhaps be called "liberal" in his sympathies. Politically, he certainly was what we should call liberal in this country. As regards those borderland questions, questions the discussion of which reached its climax at the congress of Malines in 1863, he was also on the liberal side; and when he entered the Sacred College, it was freely said that Lacordaire, Montalembert, Dupanloup, Darboy, and all the "grands méconnus" went in with him—that the "hat" of Cardinal Meignan covered all the "constitutional" Catholics. This is a matter which I am not called upon to discuss. But in regard to "science," no one will assert that the Cardinal's attitude was any other than that of a dutiful and scrupulous child of Holy Church. First of all, he showed through life the greatest deference and loyalty to the Holy See. His first book against Renan he sent to Rome, to be laid before Pius IX. In 1881, Pope Leo XIII. took the opportunity of his visit *ad limina* to ask him for his views upon

the state of religion in France. He offered a long report; and the Pope, having read it, addressed him in an Apostolic Letter, dated November 14th, 1881, in which he thanks him for his statements on the necessity of strengthening study and bringing the seminaries and schools up to the requirements of the day. In conferring upon him the Cardinalate, he saluted him as the "learned champion of revealed truth." And when he went to Rome to receive the hat, the Holy Father not only renewed his words of appreciation, but asked his advice on the preparation of the great Encyclical on the Holy Scriptures, *Providentissimus Deus*, which appeared in the following year (1894). It was only a few months before his death that the Pope sent him the affectionate message. "Tell my dear Cardinal that I am following carefully his learned labours in illustration of the Old Testament."

Cardinal Meignan did not angle for the favour of the Pontiff by loud professions of orthodoxy, or violent abuse of the enemies of religion. On the contrary, the rôle which he had set himself was that of a man who wished to serve the Church by avoiding extremes. He openly said that Christian apologists were imprudent if they allowed their zeal to carry them beyond what was of faith. The words "of faith," of course, were not intended to be taken in the strictest theological sense. What he tried to do, and what every defender of faith against so-called science has to do, is to avoid, on the one hand, rashness in too readily abandoning views commonly received by the faithful, and, on the other, blind prejudice in rejecting scientific conclusions which do not in reality contradict revealed truth. This must always be a difficult, and even a dangerous, task; and it would be no discredit to Catholic writer to make mistakes on this head, in matters of detail. None of Cardinal Meignan's admissions, as far as I am aware, have been censured by a Roman Congregation. But if they had been, he would simply have

submitted, and would thereby have proved that his opinions were inspired, not by a foolish desire to say something new, and much less by any un-Catholic perversity, but solely by the desire to serve religion to the best of his ability. A Catholic writer is sometimes even obliged to hazard a new opinion, or a new reading of a popular tenet. It requires a special gift of the Holy Ghost to avoid rashness whilst promoting legitimate development. A writer's only safeguard—common sense and learning being supposed—is in that spirit of piety and prayer which gains for the intelligence a light both more ample in degree and different in kind from anything that mere study can supply. Without true loyalty to the Church's *Magisterium*, an honest desire to be guided by authority, and sincere horror of scandalizing the flock, the most learned Catholic writer will do little but damage to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Cardinal Meignan's writings—those on the Old Testament especially—may be read with great profit by students in this country. They are by no means mere dry polemic. They are constructive; they illuminate the sacred pages, and above all those which bear upon the coming of the Redeemer, with facile and attractive eloquence, and with a learning which, if not always decisive, is full and trustworthy. It cannot be doubted that his books have been, in France, a strong rampart against the rationalising of the Bible. It is no small matter to refute the gainsayer, but it is certainly a greater exploit to take the wind out of his sails, and to attract the public to a sound and Catholic exposition in place of what they were in danger of accepting from an enemy of their faith.

It may be mentioned that it was to Archbishop Meignan that the present Pope addressed the well-known letter of December 17th, 1888, on the duties of the laity, and notably of journalists, towards their Bishops. In this very clear and outspoken pronouncement, the Holy Father lays it

down that obedience is not to be confined to matters which concern the faith, but must be extended to all that comes under the divinely appointed office of a Bishop as governor and shepherd of his flock. It is true every layman may appeal to the Holy See; but in doing so he must observe caution and moderation, and must abstain from "outrage and abuse." The Letter was a solemn approbation, from the See of St. Peter, of the action of a strong and courageous prelate, who strove all his life to labour for the Kingdom of God, but who was never afraid either to be fair to his opponents or to be firm with those who were meanly jealous of his influence and good-sense. I have hardly touched upon one tenth of the interesting contents of the Abbé Boissonnet's book. It gives the living portrait of a Bishop of France who recalls Fénelon and St. Francis of Sales.

✠ J. C. H.



### St. David's.

IN Cambria, as in Saxon England, every bishopric was cradled in a monastery. The first great monastic centre there was founded by St. Dubricius, who was the first Bishop of Wales. During his lifetime, St. German of Auxerre came to Britain to crush the fast-increasing heresy of Pelagius. For this purpose he came twice, and during his first visit he consecrated St. Dubricius a Bishop. Caerleon, his See, became the metropolitan See of Wales.

Amongst his disciples the most famous were Iltud and David. St. Iltud founded the monastery of Bangor on

the banks of the Dee, but he is by no means so well known as St. David. St. David was born in the year 462. Thirty years before, his birth had been revealed to St. Patrick. The collect for St. David's Feast in the Sarum Rite is a witness to this:—"O God, who by an angel didst foretell the nativity of Thy Blessed Confessor St. David, thirty years before he was born, grant to us we beseech Thee, &c." His father was a British King named Xanthus, and from Giraldus Cambrensis we gather that he was the uncle of King Arthur.—"Davidi qui regis Arturi ut dicitur, avunculus exstiterat." The same author says he was baptised by Relveus, Bishop of Menevia. This however could not have been, for St. David himself was undoubtedly the first Bishop of that See. The mistake was probably due to some copyist who transcribed 'Relveus Menevensium Episcopus' instead of 'Aelbeus Mumonsium Episcopus'—St. Aelbeus, Bishop of Munster.

As has already been mentioned, Pelagianism was doing much harm in the country. Accordingly, in 519, St. Dubricius assembled the Synod of Brevi to prevent its further development. Here, the eloquence and sanctity of David drew upon himself the attention of all. Giraldus Cambrensis says of him:—"When his sermon was finished, so powerful was the Divine Grace operating that the said heresy presently vanished and was extinguished. And the holy Bishop David, by general election and acclamation both of clergy and people, was exalted to be the Archbishop of all Cambria." In Leland's Coll. Tom. ii., the resignation of St. Dubricius is mentioned:—"Beatus igitur Dubricius in heremiticam vitam anhelans sese ab archiepiscopali sede deposuit, in cuius loco sacratu David, regis avunculus."

St. David agreed to accept the dignity on the one condition that the See should be removed from Caerleon to Menevia. His object in procuring this translation was

twofold: first, out of devotion to St. Patrick who had founded the church there,—for Geoffrey of Monmouth in speaking of St. David's burial at Menevia says: "which he had loved above all other Monasteries because St. Patrick who had prophesied of his nativity had been the founder of it"; secondly, in order to escape from the busy life of Caerleon which was so unsuitable for a life of contemplation. Certainly, Menevia had no other attractions, for "the soil is stony and barren, neither clothed with wood, nor interlaced with rivers, nor adorned with meadows, but exposed to the sun and winds" (Giraldus). As to the time of St. David's death, the year 544 seems to be the most likely, but authors are not wanting, such as Giraldus and John of Tynemouth, who maintain that he died in 609 at the great age of 147; Usser thinks he lived from 472 to 544; others from 484 to 566.

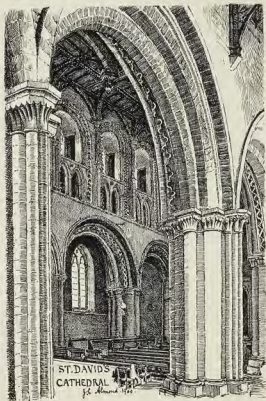
From this time to about the year 920 St. David's was an Archbishopric, but about the latter date, Sampson the Archbishop fled across the seas to Armorica (Brittany) taking with him the Pallium of St. David's. There is much controversy as to when this translation of the Pallium took place. The following extract is from Cressy Bk. xi. Ch. xxviii. :—

"But that St. Sampson, a British Archbishop, went out of this island into Lesser Brittany, and carried over with him the Pall, which was the ensign of his dignity, is certain beyond all controversy. A great debate there was in the time of Pope Innocent the third, whether the Pall was transferred from York or from Menevia; Matthew Paris declares his opinion that it was from York but Giraldus Cambrensis, in his dialogue concerning the church of Menevia, relating this controversy, brings in Pope Innocent thus objecting in behalf of the church of York:—"Yea, but this Sampson Bishop of Dole, (Dol) as the tradition is, had formerly been Archbishop of York.' Whereto Giraldus thus answers:—"Saving your Reverence, the case is other-

wise : for the History of the church of Dole affirms him to be ours of Menevia, and to have relation to no other church in Brittany. Hence it is that, in the Sequence sung in that church on the Festivity of St. Sampson, it is expressly said that the Prelate of Menevia was transferred to the Supreme dignity of the church of Dole. As for the advocates in behalf of the church of York, they are deceived by an equivocation of the name, because in their records they find the name of an Archbishop Sampson.' And another plea which those of York had for their cause was a supposititious prophecy of Merlin :—'That the dignity of London should adorn Canterbury ; and the seventh Pastor of York should be honoured in Lesser Brittany.' The debate therefore is generally concluded to the advantage of the church of Menevia, which St. Sampson is supposed to have succeeded to in the place of Kinorus who was next to St. David. Now the church of Menevia being a Metropolitan church, enjoying all the privileges of the church of Caerleon, the Archbishop thereof by consequence wore a Pall, the ensign of that dignity ; which Pall was by St. Sampson carried over to Dole in Lesser Brittany in the year of Grace 566, at which time the whole Province of Menevia was almost depopulated by a raging pestilential disease, as hath been observed by Rogder Hoveden, Harpsfield, Sigebertus and others. The Holy Bishop was unwilling to avoid the danger, but his friends being urgent he took ship and landed in Armorica."

In the above, Cressy concludes that St. Sampson was the third Archbishop of St. David's. Now Giraldus Cambrensis has the following :—

"Sederunt autem a tempore David successivis temporum curricula archiepiscopi ibidem xxiii. quorum hæc sunt nomina : Kenanc, Eliud (qui et Teliau vocatur), Keneu &c." and mentions Sampson as the twenty-third. He then goes on to relate how the Pallium was transferred in the time of this Sampson. "Ingruente per Cambriam (isto



ST. DAVID'S  
CATHEDRAL



præsidente) peste quadam, qua catervatim plebs occubuit, præsul (quamquam sanctus et ad mortem intrepidus) tamen ad suorum instantiam, navem scandens, flante Circo, cum suis indemnem in Armorica Britannia se suscepit. Ubi et vacante tunc forte sede Dolensi statim ibidem in episcopum est assumptus" (Ex libro 2<sup>o</sup> itinerarii). Also in Spelman's 'Concilia' there is a list of the Suffragans of St. David's under the title "Tempore Sampsonis prædicti, hoc est circa anno Dom. 920."

Thus, though the time is disputed, yet the fact remains that the See of St. David from being presided over by Archbishops came to be governed by Bishops; nevertheless right up to the reign of Henry the First the Welsh Bishops seem to have always been consecrated by the Bishop of Menevia, and he himself by one of his own suffragans. The last to be so consecrated was Wilfrid, the 21st successor of St. Sampson. With regard to the suffragans, they were, in the year 920, according to Hoveden, Llandaff, Patern, Bangor, St. Asaph, Chester, Hereford and Worcester; but according to Godwin they were Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Exeter, Bath, Hereford and Fernes in Ireland.

The Bishops of Menevia, however, did not give in their submission to Canterbury without a great struggle. All the Bishops until the time of Wilfrid, who died in 1116, had been British. Bernard, his successor, was a Norman and was nominated by King Henry. Now, if Cressy is correct, as early as 872, a Bishop of Menevia was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury; for in Bk. xxix. Chap. vii. he has the following passage:—"Radulfus de Diceto in his abbreviations of chronicles relates, how Ethelred, at this time Archbishop of Canterbury, ordained in his own church several Welsh Bishops, by name Chevelliauc, Bishop of Llandaff, and likewise his successor in the same See, as also Lunverd Bishop of Menevia or St. David's." Again, Archbishop Usher maintains that

even in the sixth century Welsh Bishops were subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury; for he says that the church of Llandaff denied subjection to St. David's, and that the Bishops of it were (according to the Llandaff register) consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury from the time of Oudouceus in the sixth century. Now the opinion of Giraldus is unmistakable:—"Semper tamen usque ad plenam, quæ per anglorum regem Henricum primum facta est, Cambriæ subjectionem, episcopi Gualliaæ a Menevensi antistite sunt consecrati; et ipse similiter ab aliis, tanquam suffraganeis, est consecratus, nulla penitus aliæ ecclesiæ facta professione, vel subjectione." (Ex libro 2<sup>o</sup> itin.)

Whatever the truth may be, it is certain that Bishop Bernard strenuously fought for the preservation of the Metropolitan dignity of his own church. The following is a letter of Pope Lucius in answer to Bernard's appeal:—"Lucius Episcopus, servus servorum Dei, venerabili fratri, Bernardo Episcopo Sancti Davidis, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Fraternitatis tuæ litteras debita benignitate Ecclesiæ tuæ tam in ipsis quam in aliis quæ super hoc ad Sedem apostolicam missæ sunt, diligenter attendimus. Verum quoniam peccatis exigentibus et pravorum hominum superabundante malitia, ejusdem Ecclesiæ dignitas longo elapso tempore ab ipsa alienata et ad alias Ecclesias translata est, certum quid inde statuere ad præsens consilium non habemus. Disponimus quidem per Dei gratiam legatos nostros pro Ecclesiarum negotiis ad partes illas in proximo dirigere; quibus eandem causam per antiquos homines et autentica Ecclesiæ tuæ indicare curabis. Et nos per eos veritate plenius cognita scripta quod ad honorem Dei statuendum fuerit maturiori habito consilio statuemus." Datum Laterani, ii. Idus Maii.

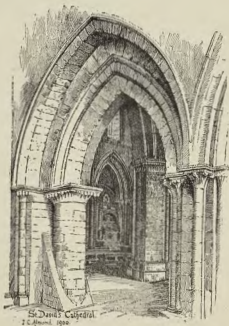
The litigation continued through the Pontificates of Honorius, Lucius and Innocent and was finally settled by

Pope Eugenius; the result is clearly stated in a letter from the latter to Archbishop Theobald:—

“ut ipse Episcopus tibi tamquam proprio Metropolitano obedientiam et reverentiam exhibeat, justitia dictante, praecepimus.”

Bishop Bernard must have been a man of great energy, for while fighting for what he called his rights at Rome he did much for the better government of his diocese. He found it in a state of great disorder. The clerics were uneducated and “absque ordine et regula ecclesiae bonis enormiter incumbabant” (Giraldus). To remedy this he introduced Canons into the diocese. No Dean however was appointed in this church, and no such existed until quite modern times. This office was supplied by a Precentor, who was first instituted in the year 1225.

Bishop Bernard died in 1149. From the foundation of the See up to this time the chief events recorded in “Annales Ecclesiae Menevensis, Authore Canonico Menevensi” are these. The city was laid waste as many as seven times. In 812, it was burnt; in 986, it was pillaged by pirates; this was repeated in the year 1000, when the Bishop Morgeneu, was killed. Eleven years after, it was devastated by the Saxons, and again in 1071 and 1078. In this last calamity, another Bishop, Abraham, was killed. It is curious to note here that Abraham was elected in place of Sulgenius who had deserted his post, but that the latter, on the death of Abraham, was again elected and accepted the dignity. In the year 1088, some exceptionally great misfortune must have occurred, for the words used in describing it are much stronger than those used in the above cases. On this occasion we are told “Menevia frangitur et destruitur.” In 1124, a holy hermit named Caradoc, afterwards canonized, was buried in the Cathedral near the altar of St. Stephen; many miracles have been performed at his tomb, and several years after his death his body was found whole and incorrupt.



St. David's Cathedral.  
J.C. Almond 1890.

Bishop Bernard's successor was David II. An interesting account of him is given in Wharton's "Anglia Sacra."\*

At the time of his election there seems to have been a contest between the Welsh and the English, each party striving to procure a man of its own nationality. David was not chosen by the majority of the Chapter, but by some means or other managed to get possession of the Bishopric. He had not been on good terms with the late Bishop Bernard, against whom he had made several accusations before the Roman Courts. Apart from the fact that he was not the object of their choice, he offended the Chapter in a number of other ways. First of all, they were disappointed at his refusal to press the claims of Menevia against Canterbury, which had been so vigorously prosecuted by his predecessor. Secondly, they accused him of lavishing the goods of the Church on his relatives. Thirdly, he had taken by force the seal and the book containing the list of the property, and had continually made use of the seal without their consent. Now with such grievances as these the Chapter only awaited an opportunity of obtaining redress, and this was soon given them by the Archbishop of Canterbury summoning his suffragans to a Council at London. The Chapter secretly sent four of their number, but the Bishop getting to hear of this, hurried after them and had an interview with them before they reached the Archbishop. On his knees he implored them not to proceed against him, promising to comply with all their wishes. A reconciliation was brought about, and the Canons returned to Menevia, got possession of the seal, destroyed it ("illud minutatim frugerunt") and annulled all that had been sanctioned by it. The Bishop fell ill shortly after his return and died intestate. After his death more than 200 marks were found hidden away amongst the Holy Relics, unknown to the Chapter.

\* Vita Davidis II. Epis. Menevensis Authore (ut videtur) Canonico Menevensi coetaneo.

The death of Bishop David brings us to the year 1176. His successor was Peter de Wenloc. He was appointed by the King, for the choice of the Canons fell on Sylvester Giraldu, Archdeacon of Brecon. "Giraldu quamquam tunc temporis adolescentulum nominandum duxerunt etc. ut Rex Henricus electionem non probaverit." The Chapter submitted to the will of the King and "Petrum monachum, Priorem de Wenloc, timore compulsi eligerunt." The new prelate did not get on well with the Welsh people, and Giraldu tells us in his "De rebus a se gestis" that he was driven out of Wales, or rather thought himself driven out, on account of the disagreement between himself and the Welsh. During his episcopate the church, which had been dedicated in 1131, was destroyed, and a new one begun.

At the next election there was again a contest between the Chapter and the King. The former once more elected Giraldu, but their choice was again set aside. Galfrid was appointed, but did not receive consecration until the sixth year after the death of the late Bishop, during which interval the Canons sent Giraldu to Rome to try if he could there obtain consecration. The attempt failed. The cause of the delayed consecration was the old controversy still going on between Menevia and Canterbury; but it was then in its final stage for, shortly after this, judgment was given by Rome against the Menevian Church. This Bishop Galfrid was at one time a Cistercian Monk, but afterwards became a Canon Regular and Prior of Llanthony. He was a skilful physician, and in this capacity had often befriended Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, through whom he obtained the See of St. David's.

In the 13th century, two more calamities befell St. Davids. In 1220, on the Monday before the Feast of St. Martin, the new tower of the church fell to the ground, but fortunately no one was injured. In 1248, an earthquake caused

a great part of the church to fall. In this year, the vestments and church ornaments were stolen and hidden away amongst the rocks on the sea shore. The guardians of the church were accused of the theft, and found it very difficult to prove their innocence. They accordingly prayed to God and St. David to help them, and their prayer was shortly afterwards answered. One day when the sacristan, Madauc, entered the church, he discovered the thief there holding a gold chalice in his hand. Apprehending him, the chronicler tells us he thus addressed him: "O fur infelix, quid hic facis? Tu vasa et ornamenta istius Ecclesie nuper amissa furtive rapuisti." His reply was "Ego vere rapui." He was immediately handed over for punishment.

Between 1360 and 1388, Adam de Hoghton was Bishop. Formerly he had been King Richard's Chancellor. In conjunction with John Duke of Lancaster he founded St. Mary's College, attached to the Cathedral, for a master and seven priests. In Dugdale's Monasticon, there is the chart of Bishop Adam concerning this foundation, and the rules to be observed by its members. The object of the College was to supply something which would attract priests to the diocese, as it was found that they were becoming very scarce, owing to the fact that more lucrative positions were attracting them to the English dioceses; accordingly it was handsomely endowed. The regulations mentioned in the chart chiefly concern the daily performance in choir of the Office of Our Lady, and the prayers to be perpetually said for the benefactors of the College. Among the disciplinary rules we find that the members are forbidden to enter the town without permission; they were never to go out alone but always with a companion; all disputes had to be referred to the Precentor of the Cathedral; and due reverence had to be paid to the Canons. They were privileged to elect their own master whose duty it was to appoint the other officials.



Chapel of St. David  
 Bishop of Exeter  
 Chapel of St. David

Among the Bishops who occupied the See before the Reformation, mention should be made of Thomas Beke (sometimes called Betee) elected in 1280, who founded colleges at Aberguilly and Landewytrevy; Henry Gower, once Chancellor of England, who built the palace at St. David's; and Henry Chichley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the founder of All Souls at Oxford.

The present church is undoubtedly the one begun by Bishop Peter in 1180. In Camden's 'Brittania' this is asserted. "What this St. David's was and what manner of things in times past, a man can hardly tell, considering it hath been so often razed by pirates; but now it is a very poor city and hath nothing at all to make show of but a fair church dedicated to St. Andrew and St. David; which being many times overthrown, Peter the Bishop in the reign of King John, and his successors, erected in that form, in which now it sheweth in the vale (as they term it of Ros) under the town; and hard by it standeth the Bishop's Palace, four houses of the Chaunter (who is next to the Bishop for there is no Dean here), of the Chancellor, Treasurer and four Arch-deacons, who be of the number of the twenty two Canons, all enclosed round within a strong and seemly wall; whereupon they called it the Close."

The situation of the Cathedral is most extraordinary, for besides the barren and desolate appearance of the whole country around it, it is so placed that approaching it from the main road, nothing of it can be seen but the top of the central tower, till one begins to descend into the huge pit in which it is set, when the Cathedral and the ruins of the Episcopal Palace break upon the view.

It is not a cheerful prospect, for the whole scene is one of desolation and departed grandeur. The west front is modern and unattractive. The south side of the nave and its aisle is very plain, having a rough and patched appearance, and the buttresses between the windows have lost their

pinnacles. On this side there is a poor looking porch surmounted by a small pointed window: the remaining windows are also pointed. The south wing of the transept is again plain and its south face is flanked with square turrets, one of which terminates with a low spire; within a lofty semicircular arch there are four windows in the perpendicular style. Formerly there were several chapels against the east wall of this transept, but these together with the south aisle of the choir and the Lady chapel beyond are now unroofed and in ruins. Passing round to the north side we find the aisle of the choir there also in ruins, a large pointed window of perpendicular work in the north face of the transept, but the whole still bearing that rude and neglected appearance which everywhere meets the eye. The central tower is lofty but has the appearance of being top heavy, owing to the upper part projecting somewhat over the lower.

The interior is far more pleasing and interesting. It is dignified and spacious, and recalls the past glory of this great See. The nave is broad, and has six semicircular arches on either side resting upon columns, each of which is composed of one large circular shaft surrounded by several smaller ones. The clerestory windows are deeply recessed within semicircular arches richly decorated with late Norman mouldings. The roof of the nave in itself is rich and curious though not in keeping with the rest of the interior; it is flat and made of Irish oak. The roof-loft is a fine specimen of the decorated style, in the centre of which there is an elegantly vaulted archway forming the entrance to the choir. The latter is rather small and at its further end there is an open screen dividing it from Bishop Vaughan's Chapel which is situated beyond. The shrine of St. David is still there, but not loved and revered as in the olden time; for its neglected and ruinous state brings sadness to the Catholic heart that honours the memory of those whom God has loved and sanctified.

G. E. HIND.

## Father Hodgson.

(Continued from the July Number.)

### *Foundation of Webb Street Mission, Borough.*

After Dr. Griffith's death in 1847, Dr. Wiseman took charge of the London District. On entering into office he was at once confronted with the appalling state of spiritual destitution in which numbers of his poor flock were living. Hearing that Fr. Hodgson had made arrangements with the late Bishop to undertake the establishment of new missions in the poorest districts of the metropolis, he hastened to Richmond and begged the good Father to come to the aid of his destitute poor. Fr. Hodgson needed no pressing; the only difficulty was to escape from his flock at Richmond, which had now grown almost passionately devoted to their pastor. He would have to escape by stealth, for a public withdrawal might be met by remonstrances and opposition that might prove insurmountable. Under cover of a mission given by Fr. Gaudentius, to his flock at Richmond, Fr. Hodgson slipped away and made at once for the East end of London. He took lodgings with a widow named McCabe, in Weston Street, Boro'; a great change from his dear Richmond. Mr. Cowley, a skin-merchant, placed at his disposal an old cart-house and shed, and here he began to say Mass. Very soon the shed was unable to contain the crowds that flocked to hear Mass. He then rented an old dissecting room in Webb Street. After having cleared away nearly two cart-loads of human bones, and dislodged legions of rats, he turned the upper room into a chapel and the lower one into a school. It was here that a young man, Charles Smith, from whom many of these details are derived, attached

himself to Fr. Hodgson and remained his constant companion for nearly thirty-years. Dr. Wiseman opened this rude chapel in 1838, and incredible numbers crowded to hear Mass. Fr. Hodgson heard confessions every day, but he was unable to do justice to the crowds that presented themselves. Dr. Wiseman sent Father Geo. (afterwards Mgr.) J. Talbot and Fr. Gaudentius, to assist him. Within three months, 4,000 people went to Communion and of these only some twenty or thirty had made their Easter duty in the previous year. Fr. Hodgson's success was so striking that priests from all parts came to see the work of the heroic missionary. Amongst others there were Dr. Melia, Father Kyne of Lincoln's Inn, Father Dominic,<sup>4</sup> and Fr. Ignatius Spencer. The latter was so delighted with all he saw that he undertook to give a mission to the flock. This was eagerly accepted by Fr. Hodgson, although it put him to some straits. As he had only one room at his disposal, he gave it up to the Fathers conducting the mission. He himself had to sleep in a chair in the front shop, and that during a winter of exceptional severity. Fr. Hodgson was never strong; his digestion was very weak, and it was amazing how he was able to go through the labours and privations to which he was exposed. He lived chiefly on cold mutton and *Revalento Arabica* and being a strict abstainer his favourite drink was hot water and sugar. The mission of Webb Street was now firmly established, and two converts, Fr. McMullen and Fr. Wenham came to take over Fr. Hodgson's work.

*Establishment of Bunhill Row Mission.*

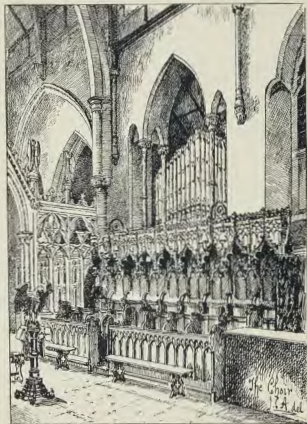
Dr. Wiseman now directed Fr. Hodgson to Bunhill Row, a district of the Moorfield parish, where there were a number of poor labourers who were in sad need of a shepherd's care. He took possession of a large school in Lamb's Passage and set up a temporary altar. He preached here morning, noon and night, and such were the crowds that came to

hear him that he was again forced to ask the bishop to send him some help in the confessional. Dr. Melia, Dr. Faa di Bruno and Fr. Dalgairns were amongst those who came to lighten his labours. Fr. Dalgairns reminded him that they had not met since 1834, and that was in Guernsey where Fr. Dalgairns formed one of the crowd that stoned Fr. Hodgson, broke the chapel windows and yelled "Old Pope" and other opprobrious terms after him. Among the visitors to Lamb's Passage was Dr. Serra, O.S.B., Bishop of Port Victoria. He said Mass and preached to the people, but such a crowd attended, that the Bishop was obliged to repeat his sermon to a still larger audience in the street. He declared that he had never seen so edifying and impressive a sight in all his life. Shortly after, the Bishop made his usual visit *ad limina* and gave a very enthusiastic account of Fr. Hodgson's labours. His Holiness, Pius IX, was pleased to mark his approbation, by sending the missionary, his special blessing, with a preaching crucifix blessed by himself, and in a highly flattering letter he styled Fr. Hodgson 'The Father of the poor.' When Dr. Wiseman handed him the Pope's letter and the crucifix, he directed him, for the future, to lay aside his surplice and stole in his sermons, and preach in his cassock with the Pope's crucifix on his breast. He also desired the people to call him 'Father' Hodgson in future, and not 'Mr.' as it was the custom in those days to style the priests. One may judge of the results of the work in Lamb's Passage by the number of converts. On one day as many as thirty were received, on another occasion twenty, on a third fifteen, and that within a very short space of time. However, the work proved too much for our good priest's weak frame; he was obliged to succumb; and three priests were sent to take his place: Dr. Whitty, Revv. J. McQuinn and J. Connolly.



*Establishment of Spicer Street, Whitechapel.*

In 1848, Fr. Hodgson determined to make an effort on behalf of the poor of Whitechapel, which was also a district of Moorfields' parish. In this he had to proceed cautiously, for Fr. John Rolf, the priest in charge, was highly indignant at the manner in which his parish was 'invaded' by Fr. Hodgson. Charles Smith selected some likely premises, but unfortunately, through a little indiscretion, the news of the proposed foundation reached the ears of the rector. The Catholics of the parish were duly warned against the 'intruder,' and when Fr. Hodgson went down to the district, every door was closed against him. Dr. Wiseman then wrote to Fr. Rolf and declared his intention to cut off Whitechapel from Moorfields, and erect it into a separate mission. The Bishop was going to send the letter by post but Fr. Hodgson undertook to deliver it in person. As soon as he had handed to Fr. Rolf the Bishop's letter, he kneeled down and asked the rector's blessing and prayers for the success of the new mission. Fr. Rolf was overcome; with tears in his eyes he gave his warmest blessing, and promised the next day to say Mass that God would bless all Fr. Hodgson's work and the new mission in particular. The opposition that he met with in this district was very painful, and some Irishmen went to the length of publicly insulting him in the street. Fr. Rolf had promised him the use of the school in Spicer Street, but lodgings were almost impossible to get: not even the Catholics would receive them. There was, however, an old coal-house in the school yard, and Smith assisting, they cleaned out the place and slept on the floor. A rough altar of old egg-boxes was put up in the school, and Fr. Hodgson began his usual course of Mass, sermons and instructions. In a very short space of time he overcame the opposition, and in the course of a year he had the happiness of bringing more than three thousand back to their



duty and of receiving forty-five converts. The poverty of the district was appalling, and Fr. Hodgson used to say that the mission really required the services of three priests, yet was unable to support even one. But the work was growing far too heavy for our missionary's strength, so he had to ask Dr. Wiseman for assistance. At the time, Fr. Guiblier, the Sulpician, was in the country, and being much struck with Fr. Hodgson's work, promised to help him as long as his superiors would allow him to stay. But he strongly urged Fr. Hodgson to apply to the founder of the Marxist Congregation, who was then living in Paris. Fr. Hodgson acted on the advice, and accompanied by Fr. Guiblier he proceeded to Paris and laid the case before the Rev. P. Cohn, the founder. This appeal was successful, and the Marxist Fathers undertook the charge of the Spicer Street Mission. Four priests were despatched: Fr. Bernin, Petit, Chauvain and Lecuyer. Accompanied by Fr. Guiblier our missionary set out for Lyons to plead in person before the Council of the Propagation of the Faith the cause of his dear mission in Whitechapel. His earnest and burning words produced such an effect that the Council voted him £4,000 for the building of a church in Spicer Street. Having now provided for the spiritual and temporal needs of his new foundation, he handed it over to the zealous little band of French missionaries.

*Ministry at Stratford (Bom).*

An unfortunate state of things was found at Stratford at this time: the flock refused to attend the services of the Church, and a spiritual deadlock was the consequence. The Bishop asked Fr. Hodgson to betake himself to the unfortunate mission, and do his best to bring back the erring flock to a sense of their duty. He endeavoured at first to attract them to the church, but as this failed, he instructed Smith to look out for a suitable room to hire. Smith managed to persuade a

local preacher to let him have his 'shop' for prayer, religious and temperance meetings. The preacher, Benson by name, fell readily into the trap, and not only lent the Hall, but recommended his flock to attend the temperance lecturer's address. Great was their amazement on the first evening to see a Popish Priest in their pulpit. At first, Benson threatened to have the contract broken, but he, too, soon fell under Fr. Hodgson's spell and became a fervent Catholic. The usual happy results attended his work at Stratford; numbers flocked to the services and sermons, and became reconciled to the Church. Two events occurred at Stratford which Fr. Hodgson was fond of relating.

A Protestant lady, Mrs. Kelly, living in the Marylebone Road, had a dream one night, in which she saw a man dressed in black and wearing a crucifix on his breast, standing before her. A voice told her to look for that man, for it was he who would save her soul. The poor woman was much disturbed at this, and in spite of all her efforts she could not rid her mind of her torturing dream. She wandered from one place to another to seek distraction. One day she went to visit her son who was a chemist in Bow. He ridiculed the whole affair and declared that it was only an attack of "nerves." In the course of one of their evening walks, they passed by the Hall where Fr. Hodgson was going to preach; and seeing a large number of people flocking in, they entered also out of curiosity. As soon as Fr. Hodgson appeared in his black cassock, with the cross on his breast, Mrs. Kelly was seized with a sudden fright, and screamed at the top of her voice "That's the man! Oh save my soul! save me!" Everyone thought she had taken leave of her senses, and they were for putting her out of the room. Fr. Hodgson stayed them, and addressing the lady begged her to be quiet for a short time and after the sermon he would attend to her. He did so, with the result that Mrs. Kelly and her family were

all received into the Church, and proved great benefactors to the Stratford Mission.

During his rounds he had often been struck with an Irish crossing-sweeper; there was something about the man that told of a superior and refined education. He stopped him one day, and invited him to come to the sermons. The man answered that he was a Protestant and did not worship idols. On one occasion he was passing Fr. Hodgson's Hall, and although he was quite alone something drew him from the street into the room. He resisted at first and went on his way, but the same mysterious attraction occurred three times the same night. At last he yielded, and entered the Hall as the sermon was proceeding. He listened as one spellbound, and at the end of the discourse he came to Fr. Hodgson and begged to be received into the Church. He informed the priest that he was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, but he had fallen from bad to worse, until he had to take to crossing-sweeping for a living. His eyes were now opened, and he determined with God's help to become a sincere and repentant believer. Fr. Hodgson, seeing the undoubted talents of the man, arranged for him to study for the priesthood. He had the happiness later on to hear of his ordination and of his appointment to an important mission in the Midlands, where he led a holy and useful life.

About the same time he had the happiness of receiving into the Church, Mr. Gilbert of Paternoster Row, the publisher of the well known "Ince and Gilbert History of England." When Fr. Hodgson went to Woolhampton, Mr. Gilbert's boys were sent there for their education.

Peace now having been restored in the distracted Stratford mission, the Bishop appointed the Rev. Mr. Mills to the charge.

#### *Foundation of Homer Row Mission.*

About this time, 1848, Count de Torre Diaz and other members of Spanish Place Chapel, were much distressed

at finding that there were numbers of poor Catholics in the district who never came near the church. The Count begged the Bishop to send Fr. Hodgson to give a mission to the people, and promised to hire a hall for the purpose. Fr. Hodgson arrived, and a large room in Cato Street was hired for the mission. On the eighth evening, when the room was crowded in every part, a loud crack was heard and the people, panic-stricken, were about to make a rush for the door. With a voice of thunder Fr. Hodgson commanded everyone to keep their places. "Now," he said, "retire in single file like soldiers, beginning with those nearest the door."

The people obeyed implicitly; he himself knelt down and prayed, while they calmly filed out one by one as he had commanded. The next day it was discovered that the main beam was split in the centre, and the floor had sunk twelve inches. Everyone felt that it was little short of a miracle that a terrible catastrophe had not occurred. Nothing daunted, Fr. Hodgson continued his preaching in the open air in the courts behind Portland Street and heard confessions in one of the Catholic houses. The result of the mission was so successful that Count de Torre Diaz and other gentlemen came forward with liberal assistance to buy the land necessary for the church and schools in Homer Row, Marylebone Road.

In 1849, the Bishop sent Fr. Hodgson and Fr. Oakeley to give a mission in St. John's, Islington, a large Catholic district where the attendance at Mass had sunk to as low a figure as 200. Fr. Oakeley preached in the church, and Fr. Hodgson in the open air in the courts. The usual gratifying results followed. Such was Fr. Oakeley's introduction to St. John's, to which mission he devoted the remainder of his zealous and brilliant career.

About this time, Fr. Hodgson had the happiness of seeing Webb Street mission, his first London bantling, suitably provided for. For nearly six months, such was

the dearth of priests, the flock had no resident pastor. But Dr. Wiseman had not been idle. He had been for some time in communication with the Italian Capuchins, and at his invitation the General decided to despatch a body of the Friars to London. Four were sent: FF. Louis, Fortunatus, Anthony and Liborius. They proceeded at once to Webb Street and took charge of the mission. Several other places were offered to them; and Fr. Louis also undertook the charge of Peckham and the Monastery of Pantasaph, N. Wales, which was placed at their disposal by the generosity of the Earl of Denbigh. Soon after reinforcements arrived from abroad,—FF. Kmidius, Seraphen, Charles, &c. So many fresh labourers enabled Fr. Hodgson to retire from the work of giving missions in London; and he felt too that the work more properly belonged to Religious.

Fr. Hodgson was now directed to take charge of Weybridge mission, where Louis Philippe, the ex-King of France, was buried, and where the Royal Family often came to hear Mass and pray at the Royal tomb. Fr. Hodgson's great delight was to visit the Irish harvesters who came over in great numbers in the summer. The little chapel at Weybridge was unable to hold the hundreds that flocked there on Sunday. He therefore hired a Hall for them at Walton, where he said Mass and preached every Sunday during harvest time.

#### *The beginning of Sunbury Mission.*

About seven miles from Weybridge, and about a mile from Sunbury, there was a little district called Multiply Place, in which there was quite a nest of Irish Catholics. Fr. Hodgson determined to make an effort to help these poor souls, and Smith was sent to look out for suitable premises. He found an unfinished house, with cowshed and stables, together with a good garden, the whole to be had for £150. A kind benefactor, Mr. Fetham, late curate

of Weybridge, but now a convert, came forward and bought the premises for the benefit of the mission. The stable was turned into a chapel, and the cowshed into a school, and twice every Sunday Fr. Hodgson went over from Weybridge to give Mass and evening service.

*Vice-President of Woolhampton.*

Among his fellow students at St. Edmund's, there was a French émigré, Stephen Dambrine, who was ordained priest for the English mission. He and Fr. Hodgson kept up a very close friendship through life, and often met to discuss their various works and trials. Father Dambrine was appointed to Woolhampton, which then was a chaplaincy to Lord Fingall's house in the district. Woolhampton Lodge was the last remnant of the great estates which the Fingalls at one time owned in England, and they clung hard to this little property since it was their only title to a seat in the House of Lords. Woolhampton lies about fifty miles west of London, and is situated on the edge of a lofty and lonely plateau. No wonder Fr. Dambrine in his early days felt the solitude of the place, and often poured out his complaints to Fr. Hodgson on the subject. The latter suggested to him to take a few boys and train them for the Church. The advice was taken, and thus was laid the foundation of St. Mary's College, Woolhampton. The school rapidly increased its numbers, until, in 1854, there were over 100 boys in residence. The work soon became too heavy for Fr. Dambrine, and he was hardly the man to manage such a crowd of unruly school boys. The discipline at this time was most unsatisfactory. Although the school had a capable and vigorous Prefect in Mr. Thos. Hitchenson, who kept some kind of order by the liberal use of a leather strap, nothing could compensate for the weakness of the President. The poor man was often publicly insulted by the boys as he walked from the

house to the Chapel. In his distress, Fr. Dambrine went to Weybridge early in 1855, and begged his old friend to come to his help as Vice-President and take charge of the Religious training of the boys. For up to this time the boys received no special instruction beyond the Sunday sermon. Fr. Hodgson agreed to come as soon as he could make arrangements to leave Weybridge. But in the meantime, death interfered with these schemes, for Fr. Dambrine died on Whit Sunday, May 27th, 1855. At one time it was thought that Fr. Hodgson would be appointed President, but eventually Dr. Crookall was named and entered on his duties in July, 1855. Dr. Crookall came with a great reputation. It was said that he was one of the most brilliant students that had ever passed through the English College at Rome. Some maintained that in talent he was superior to Dr. Wiseman. He used often to show with pride the gold medals that he had received from the hands of Pius IX. himself. Fr. Hodgson was Vice-President. A French émigré Priest, M. De Montlouis, taught French, and said the daily Mass. He was exiled for his Republican opinions, because he refused to join in the cry "Vive Napoléon!" He spent most of his time in bewailing his sad lot, and dreaming of "la belle France." The rest of the staff was composed of Mr. Titcombe, a decayed gentleman of some eighty summers, Mr. T. Holland, a young cleric, James Hickey, and Charles Smith, the sacristan. The new regime worked a wonderful change for the better in the school. Among other things the services of the Church were carried out with all possible completeness and splendour. It was a strange delight to the boys to have the Processions of the Saints, of the B. Sacrament, the *Quarant' Ore*, and *Missa Cantata*. We thought ourselves carried to heaven's gate when we first heard Mozart No. 12, Haydn No. 1, and Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, the latter sung by a boy called Kendrick whose

voice at the time seemed to us absolute perfection. But the greatest effect of all was produced by Fr. Hodgson's instruction. Once a week he used to assemble us and hold us spell-bound by his words. In an incredibly short space of time the whole face of the school was changed. It is not necessary to go into details; it is enough to say that he at once infused a really Catholic tone into the school. His discourses were a wonderful mixture of sweetness and vehemence. They abounded in examples, stories, personal allusions, but when he dwelt on the Eternal Truths he became almost terrible. His word painting was most vivid and his voice was so powerful that it was at times almost painful to listen to. It was never necessary for him to call for attention, and although at times he discoursed for an hour at a time, not a word was lost on the boys. Nothing could exceed the sweetness and tenderness with which he prepared the boys for Confession and Communion. He heard all the Confessions himself, and Confession days were quite looked forward to by the boys. His ascetic appearance, his neverfailing sweetness, his immense command of the Lives of the Saints rendered him an object of unbounded respect and reverence on the part of the boys. It is no exaggeration to say that he converted a most unsatisfactory school into an almost ideal one. For the first year or so, he was very regular and assiduous in his lectures and ministrations. But later on the boys saw less of him. He had taken charge of the neighbouring mission of Newbury, and was busily engaged there in rebuilding church and schools. He had a most zealous helper in the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who at that time resided at Dorrington Lodge, near Newbury. It was an edifying sight to see the noble lord on Sundays acting as door keeper in Newbury chapel. This work at Newbury naturally kept him away a good deal from his boys at Woolhampton. The school soon began to suffer when his powerful influence was withdrawn. The President, Dr. Crookall,

never seemed to have his heart in his work. The boys saw little of him save in the pulpit, or at the organ on Sundays, or when he was obliged to appear, like another Neptune with his *Quos ego*, when bread riots disturbed the quiet of the house. For under the regime of the thrifty matron, Miss Edwards, the boys were half starved. There were occasions when their hunger and discontent knew no bounds, and they filled the refectory with uproar and confusion. It was then that the Doctor was obliged to appear on the scene, for the undermasters were quite powerless to quell the tumult. There were occasions, too, when having asked for a holiday and being refused, the boys would take the matter in their own hands and scale the gates and walls to roam unchecked over the lovely country. Woolhampton is an ideal district for boys; it abounds in deep-cut lanes, thick copses and pine woods, in which they were allowed to wander at will and carry out the popular pursuit of egg-collecting. The Doctor was obliged to take notice of such outbreaks as these. He generally confined himself to calling out a few ringleaders, *decimus quemque*, and giving them a good flogging. The real castigation came when Fr. Hodgson's instruction followed close upon these events. On these occasions he used to rise upon us with almost stern majesty. The boys winced like whipped curs under the vehemence of his denunciation, his holy indignation and his disappointment in their regard. His terrible reproof had ten times more effect than all the floggings, and for some time after everything would go on smoothly. But, as I have said, his visits became more and more irregular, and disorder soon began to raise its unholy head. One year, he was absent for some time on a tour in France. It was on this occasion that he paid a visit to the Curé d' Ars and went to confession to him. He told us afterwards that the holy priest's gift of discernment was really miraculous, for he told Fr. Hodgson certain things that could be learned by divine inspiration alone.

Dr. Crookall and Fr. Hodgson had few sympathies in common; they were in character almost the opposites. It was evident to the boys themselves that the Doctor had not much appreciation of the style and method of Fr. Hodgson's ministrations. It may have been this feeling of want of sympathy and support that caused his visits to Woolhampton to become less frequent. Of his work at Newbury there is little record to hand beyond his rebuilding of the church and schools. He had a novel method of attracting Protestants to the church. On Sunday evenings he would occasionally give a popular scientific lecture and hang his diagrams for illustration on the walls of the church. After about twelve years of devoted labour at Newbury and Woolhampton, his health and strength completely failed. He therefore resigned the mission to the Rev. Fr. Riley and sought a retreat beneath the roof of Miss Tasker, Upper Holloway. This good lady, whose charities knew no bounds, nursed him most carefully until the end came. There he died, having received all the last rites of the Church from the Passionist Fathers of Highgate, on December 27th, 1871. He was buried at Kensal Green; and close by the side of his devoted friends Cardinal Wiseman and Canon Oakeley that energetic spirit was laid to rest. R.I.P.

## The Hour before the Darkness.\*

DR. GASQUET'S latest work is an original and interesting contribution to a history of the Reformation which has yet to be written. He disclaims, in his Introduction, that his book is intended to be complete, either as a record of events, or an historical picture. The time has not yet come when a trustworthy history of the movement called the English Reformation can be written. Such histories as we have at present are partisan histories; but this is not so much the objection to them—it is hardly possible for an English writer to help taking sides on the question—their inadequacy—to use a mild term—arises from the fact that they are based on imperfect and popular information;—imperfect, because, in most instances, one-sided information, and popular, in the sense of being restricted to what the general public was permitted to know. Most history is necessarily written under such restrictions through the lack of documents, but as Dr. Gasquet says, the publication of the *Calendar of Papers, Foreign and Domestic of the Reign of Henry VIII*—only a portion of the first-hand evidence available to the student of this period of English history—"affords grounds for a reconsideration of many of the conclusions previously formed", shows, in fact, that the present comprehensive histories are "founded upon false facts and false inferences." But until it is possible to examine, as a whole, the vast mass of material available—the time has not come yet—a true synthesis of the movement is impossible.

The present work is a series of studies;—studies of the

\* The Eve of the Reformation; studies in the religious life and thought of the English people in the period preceding the rejection of the Roman jurisdiction by Henry VIII. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. London, John C. Nimmo, 14 King William Street, Strand, 1900.

life of the people in the years immediately preceding the Reformation, and their attitude towards the so-called principles of the Reformation,—that is, the religious questions raised by the reformers. It is commonly assumed by Protestants that these principles prevailed, and the Reformation succeeded, through the force of inherent truth. As a corollary, it is further assumed that these principles—not being a fresh and startling revelation from Heaven—had that slow, resistless growth—external influences hastening or retarding, but powerless to make or mar in the matter—which is characteristic of the action of a vital force. Catholics, on the other hand, deny to Protestantism any living energy outside the wills—perverse, as it believes them—of its supporters.

It will be seen, therefore, that Dr. Gasquet touches on a very interesting matter. It is not a subject the final decision of which could be a serious blow to Catholicism; but an adverse judgment would be fatal to the theory on which many very excellent people base their belief in Protestantism. The parable of the cockle sown amongst the wheat has prepared Catholics to expect hurtful growths within the Church, overpowering, for a time, the good seed. On the other hand, Protestants can hardly claim that Catholicism is a weed sown amongst Protestant wheat, since Catholicism was undoubtedly in first possession of the field. The most they can assert is that they found a field overgrown with the cockle, and paid no attention to the advice of the Master to "let it alone until the harvest." And what they would like to assert is, that they re-sowed good seed in a field overgrown with rubbish, and that the wheat they planted prevailed in the end through its stronger and diviner force.

Such a theory, if established, would make the defence of the Reformation an easy matter. There would be no need to attempt impossible tasks such as to dress up an unwieldy butcher like Henry VIII. as a Paladin, or to make a saint

out of a sickly lay-figure like Edward VI; 'Good Queen Bess' might be exhibited as she was, with the paint washed from her cheeks and the starch out of her ruffe; 'Bloody Queen Mary' might be permitted to speak a word in her defence; the historian who disagreed with Luther and thought evil of Cranmer would be at liberty to reject the one as a prophet and the other as a martyr; the whole parcel of the Reformers, good and bad, their aiders and abettors, and all the lying and slandering and thieving and bloodshed which covered the movement in England with mud might be raked into a heap on one side;—in fact the Reformation not being the work of the Reformers, who or what they might be, what they did and how they did it, could add neither to its credit nor to its shame. But, to make good such a theory, it must be shown, first, that Protestantism had and has this divine, vital, expanding energy, and, secondly, that it was the outcome of a natural development, and not an invasion and conquest. In answer to the first of these suppositions let Mr. Ruskin, then an ardent Evangelical, speak, or rather shout: "Three centuries since Luther" he says, "three hundred years of Protestant knowledge—and the Papacy not yet overthrown! Christ's truth still restrained, in narrow dawn, to the white cliffs of England and white crests of the Alps, the morning star paused in its course to heaven. . . ." Surely a Daniel come to judgment on the first point; and we have a very complete answer to the second of these suppositions in Dr. Gasquet's book. Not that Dr. Gasquet makes any such statement; he carefully refrains from demanding a verdict in the matter. But, as the reader is under no obligation to abstain from commenting upon the case until judgment is pronounced, he will naturally sum up without waiting for the judge. And the conclusion he will probably come to, after reading the book, is that Protestantism is, as it calls itself—how Cobbett enjoyed emphasizing the fact!—by law established; it was planted



by the law, by the law watered, and from the law it receives its increase.

Dr. Gasquet's conclusions may be roughly reduced to these three: first, that Protestantism and enlightenment, and Catholicism and ignorance were not, at the time of the Reformation, convertible terms; in other words that the revival of letters, called the Renaissance, was a wholly Catholic movement, and this not in Italy only and the countries which have remained Catholic, but in England also; moreover, that the people of those days, taken as a body, were well-instructed and intelligent in their religion. Secondly, that the conflict of jurisdictions—which figures so prominently in the parliamentary history of the Reformation—between civil and ecclesiastical courts, and between the King and the Pope, was over purely temporal and secular matters, and that England, not simply as a majority of its inhabitants, but as a nation—the heretics, properly so called, were only a handful—was unfeignedly loyal to the authority of the clergy, and the Supremacy of the Pope, in all spiritual matters. And thirdly, that the disagreements in the Church between clergy and clergy, and clergy and laity were much exaggerated—such as they were they were provoked and fomented, for the most part by Lutheran agitators—and that the people, as a nation, was enthusiastically devoted to its churches and to the practice of its religion. It will be understood that these three points are not the divisions of Dr. Gasquet's book—some of its most interesting chapters, *Erasmus, The Printed English Bible and Parish Life in Catholic England* are hardly even suggested in such a summary—but they indicate its main teaching, that it was not a disaffected England which rose in revolt, nor a blindly-ignorant England which was led unto the light, nor a timid, apathetic England which was roused to fervour, but an intelligent, loyal, believing England which was somehow bought, or coerced, or persuaded, or degraded, into parting with the

religion into which it was born. Reforms were desired and desirable, but reforms within the Church and by the Church, such as would purify it and not destroy it, and no one desired or wished for a reform which would try to sweep the Catholic Church out of the kingdom.

If this be true, and it is hardly possible to doubt it, there are, certainly, some few facts and inferences of the old historians of the Reformation which need to be revised. Chief among which is the cherished Protestant fallacy, that throughout the land there were everywhere to be found quiet, unobtrusive, staunch disciples of Wycliffe, who secretly read the Bible in English, and prayed for the day of enlightenment to dawn. Dr. Gasquet tells us he has been altogether unable to find any traces of Lollardism in the records of the time; and, certainly, a little band of Protestants which was never heard to protest, a 'leaven of righteousness', as it is called, which did no fermenting, could have done very little to help on the Reformation.

Dr. Gasquet makes two good points in the connection between Protestantism and enlightenment. Lutheran teaching dubbed itself, and got to be known by the name of 'the New Learning.' There was no particular arrogance about this, since the word 'learning' was then understood in its now archaic sense of doctrine or teaching. It did not mean erudition and carried with it no assertion of literary excellence. But, as it happened, the Reformation in England was practically synchronous with the revival of letters which goes by the name of the 'Renaissance' or 'Renaissance.' By a vulgar error—it can be called nothing else—the introduction of the New Learning (Lutheranism) into England has been taken by grave historians to mean the introduction of the literary revival called the Renaissance, and Protestantism has taken to itself the credit of English culture and scholarship on the strength of it. Dr. Gasquet has made a palpable hit in exposing this fallacy, and has scored also in tracing the

leadership in the real literary revival to the monks. There is no longer room for question in the matter; the facts once stated, speak for themselves. But, indeed, it is impossible to help feeling a bit annoyed at Protestant pretensions—chiefly expressed in less authoritative productions, such as novels and romances, popular text books, cheap prints, and the like—on this and similar questions. An Oxford scholar, a Nuremberg craftsman, a Florentine goldsmith, a German printer, a French mechanic, a Flemish weaver, a Swiss peasant, in any year between 1450 and 1600, is always assumed to be a Protestant, openly or secretly; the assumption being that anything manly, honest, skilful or learned, was impossible in a Catholic. Dr. Gasquet has, therefore, done wisely in showing once again—he has done it admirably—that Erasmus, one of the spurious progenitors of Protestantism, had no sympathy with Lutheranism, and was a true Catholic to the end of his life. The Invention of Printing is another of the putative fathers of Protestantism and Gutenberg and Caxton are idolized as though they were Protestant heroes; whilst the historical truth is, that all the inventors and introducers of printing, without exception, were Catholics (Gutenberg and Caxton were devout Catholics), and for every ten Protestant brochures printed within the first hundred years there were more than a thousand Catholic publications, and far more important ones. As a sample of Protestant arrogance, Ruskin, in one of his exalted moods, claims Botticelli as being a true Protestant, without, of course, the consciousness of it, and this, simply because he admires him; whilst the truth is that Botticelli—during a period of his life one of the ‘Piagnoni’—was, when not devoutly Catholic, purely pagan. Catholic historians should be loudly insistent on this matter. The facts are beyond denial. The revival of scholarship, not in Catholic countries only but throughout Europe, was of Catholic birth and nursed by

Catholic patronage. The great schools of Painting and Sculpture were Catholic; the great periods of Architecture were Catholic; not the art of printing only, but the arts of wood and metal engraving, of the goldsmith also and the iron worker, the loom and the paper-mill, are all inheritances from our Catholic forefathers. And Protestantism gave these arts no new impulse or fresh inspiration. It witnessed the premature death of the schools of painting in Germany, and the bells of its towers tolled the knell of all noble building in England; the rich, Catholic-born Elizabethan literature, of which Englishmen are so proud, and which Protestants would like to claim, withered away as Protestantism took possession of the land; the abolition—robbery it should be called—of the Catholic Guilds, the spoliation of the churches, Puritan iconoclasm, the general disregard of the beautiful—to say nothing worse of it—starved out artistic handicraft; and, whatever may be the cause and whose the blame, it is the fact that the spread of Protestantism in Europe is linked with the general decay of art; and that vulgarity of style, shoddy workmanship, and mercantile greed, followed in its footsteps wherever it went. Let us acknowledge candidly, as far as it is warranted, the decline in importance and wealth that has taken place in Catholic countries, and the commercial prosperity of Protestant ones, but let us protest against this illusion that Europe owes to Protestantism the birth of enlightenment, and scholarship and culture.

As a specimen of the indisputable evidence of history against the fallacy, that Protestantism found the world sunk in darkness and stupidity, and bravely lifted it out, here is a passage from Luther himself, quoted in Dr. Gasquet's Introduction. “Anyone reading the chronicles,” he writes, “will find that since the birth of Christ there is nothing that can compare with what has happened in our world during the last hundred years. Never in any country have people seen so much building, so much cultivation

of the soil. Never has such good drink, such abundant and delicate food (Luther could speak with authority on these points) been within the reach of so many. Dress has become so rich that it cannot in this respect be improved. Who has ever heard of such commerce as we see to-day? It circles the globe; it embraces the whole world! Painting, engraving—all the arts—have progressed and are still improving. More than all, we have men so capable, and so learned, that their wit penetrates everything in such a way, that nowadays a youth of twenty knows more than twenty doctors did in days gone by." One is inclined to say, what a pity to disturb such a desirable state of things!

In his chapter on Erasmus, Dr. Gasquet touches on the so-called charges against the Church, in connection only with the satirist's orthodoxy. He speaks of him as a reformer who "desired to better and beautify and perfect the system he found in vogue, and he had the courage of his convictions to point out what he thought in need of change and improvement, but he was no iconoclast; he had no desire to pull down or root up or destroy under the plea of improvement." Again, he says, "in view of Sir Thomas More's subsequent explanation of the *Encomium Morie* there can be no doubt that it was intended as a playful, if somewhat ill-judged and severe, lampoon on some patent abuses, and in no sense an attack upon the ecclesiastical system of the Catholic Church." Every one, of course, would assent to this heartily, but is it not right to ask further, why a satirist's privileged abuse should rank as historical evidence? Tyndale referred to it, it is true, in Erasmus' own day, but if, to find a case against the Church, a professional reformer can produce no stronger and more convincing evidence than a lampoon, does it not show that his case is a very weak one? If an historian, writing in the latter half of last century, were to declare that London was more corrupt than Sodom, relying for evidence on

the statements he found in Churchill's poem "The Times," would he not be considered somewhat foolish? Churchill's indignation is more passionate and earnest than Erasmus' bitter chaff:—

"Born in such times, nor with that patience cursed  
Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst."

and yet do we not know that it is all—descriptions, instances, virtuous anger—a *coup de théâtre*? Sin and ignorance and superstition are always with us, but fortunately or unfortunately we have not always a great satirist to call attention to them; and it is not the prominence of vice which creates the satirist, but the talent of the satirist which makes vice prominent. London, it may be, is quite as bad now as when Churchill wrote, only on a larger scale; and possibly it was much the same a century before, only on a smaller scale; on the other hand, it is equally possible that it was less immoral in Churchill's time than either before or after. I am not making a statement in the matter; but I do assert that, though there are undoubtedly fluctuations of vice, we are not to suppose the high tide-mark is reached just when there happens to be a satirist in the neighbourhood with a pen in his hand. A man of Erasmus' temper would have made fun out of a Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Further, Erasmus never meant all his banter to be construed literally. He is much more of a humourist than a satirist, and is more closely allied—in his lighter moods—to Mark Twain, than to Pope or Churchill. He writes to entertain; and is a showman of abuses, only to make them the butt of his wit. He is fond of quaint exaggerations, and is sometimes most funny when he pretends to be most serious. He writes for the sympathetic reader who will enter into his moods, and who will not mistake banter for an accusation. The famous colloquy *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*, taken seriously, is stupid, even as a satire; but it is

difficult to understand how anyone, who reads it intelligently, can take it for anything but chaff. The reader will remember Mark Twain's Roman Coliseum playbill in *The Innocents Abroad*, discovered by him among the ruins :

UNPARELLELED ATTRACTION!  
NEW PROPERTIES! NEW LIONS! NEW GLADIATORS!  
&c., &c., &c.

Dress Circle One Dollar; Children and Servants  
Half-price, &c.

Imagine an historian in the next century taking this discovery as a solemn fact, and moralizing on the barbarity of a "GRAND MORAL BATTLE-AXE ENGAGEMENT between the renowned Valerian (with one hand tied behind him) and two gigantic savages from Britain," or drawing an historical inference from the "chaste and elegant general slaughter," with which the entertainment closes! This, in reality, is not more absurd than to accept, as a serious relic, the irreverent, but decidedly (from Erasmus' standpoint) humorous letter *Maria Mater Jesu Glaucofluto*. It is a palpable invention from the beginning to the end, written without concealment in Erasmus' best Latin and style, and Erasmus would have laughed at anybody who took it as a fact, as heartily as Mark Twain would do, if his playbill found its way into a history. And so with his catalogue of relics at Canterbury and elsewhere. Mark Twain on Italian painting, giving a summary of the pictures he had seen in Venice and neighbourhood—"Titian's celebrated Cain and Abel, his David and Goliath, his Abraham's Sacrifice, Tintoretto's monster picture," and then "we have seen thirteen thousand St. Jeromes, and twenty-two thousand St. Marks, and sixteen thousand St. Matthews, and sixty thousand St. Sebastians, and four millions of assorted monks undesignated, &c"—is written in much the same mood, and

has much the same historical value, as the *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*.

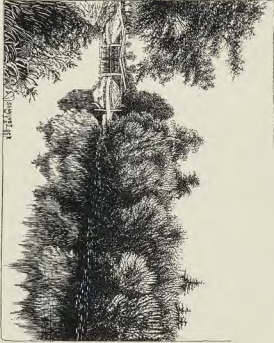
No Catholic would think of doubting that a reform of some kind was called for at the time of the Reformation. He will humbly admit that there were abuses; and that there always have been, and always will be abuses. It is generally found that, with human institutions, such as Parliaments, ministries, societies, clubs, &c., something in the nature of a reform or revival is necessary at fairly regular intervals, and the Church, in so far as it is human, is no exception to the rule. A Catholic will further acknowledge that there is strong evidence of an unusual need of reform, and of reform of an unusual extent, during the century immediately before the date of the Council of Trent. But he objects to the sweeping accusations made by some Protestant historians, and would like some reasonable fairness to be shown in the matter.

The evidence for such wholesale charges comes mainly from three sources: (1), Satires,—Erasmus' writings, the *Creed of Piers Ploughman*, &c.; (2), Sermons; and (3), the publications of agitators, mostly ex-friars like Tyndale and Barnes,—professional heretics, who had to make a living out of it. All such evidence needs to be liberally discounted even when it comes from a respectable witness. I have said something about the evidence of the satirists, and the reader will understand what I mean when I speak of discounting sermons, if he reads Mr. Stead's pro-Boer discourses, or draws an 'historical inference' concerning the comparative morality of the Victorian Age from the tirades of a popular temperance lecturer. As for the witnesses of the third class, they are always, to say the least of them, people with a grievance, and, as such, their testimony should have little or no weight unless corroborated from other quarters. But to discuss so important a subject is beyond our scope in this article. It is sufficient to state here that Dr. Gasquet,

In his book, has opposed to the quotations from such sources a mass of evidence of superior and unquestionable authority,—evidence, from statistics, of the peaceful and comfortable lives, the intelligent organization, sound instruction, and devout religion of English Catholics at the dawn of the reformation,—evidence which proves that neither Protestants nor Catholics have reason to be ashamed of their joint Catholic ancestors.

## By Lechlade Weir.

THROUGH the lock and down the stream we went. "About three hundred yards down, turn to your left and keep close to the far bank" had been the old lock-keeper's directions, and what a lovely pool it was, into which they brought us! The weir itself was perhaps a hundred yards wide, and from beneath it the water came rushing in a mass of white foam that was whirled away down the centre of the pool with a swift eddying motion, so that we in our light pair were not at all loth "to keep to the far bank." Seen in the light of a clear evening in June the picture seemed perfect. On the left stretched fields of yellow corn, a fair contrast to the old grey bridge which almost overhung the weir, and on the right, not twenty feet from the bank, stood one of those dear old inns that form such delightful landmarks in the domain of Father Thames to the artist and also the epicure. As we turned on the landing-stage to take one more last look at the pool before we sought the welcome board, away in the centre of the pool a fish, shining in the rays of the setting sun like a bar of gold, glanced from the foam and was gone again before I had quite realized that I had seen my first Thames Trout.



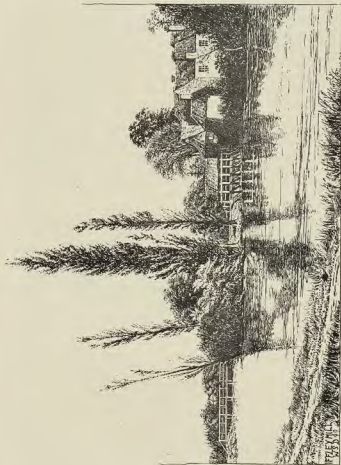
The arrangements for the morning's fishing were quickly made, and our rods were fitted up before we retired, which we did at a very early hour.

The keeper, according to promise, roused us at the uncivilized hour of four and before five I was snugly ensconced in the centre of the weir-bridge, ready for the fray. My friend had gone with the keeper in search of a sixteen pounder that dwelt by the old weir, half a mile upstream. So I was monarch of all I surveyed, and a beautiful kingdom was mine. For some time I neglected the serious business of the day and sat lazily enjoying the restful charm of the scene before me. Jaded as I was by six months of the bustle and noise of the great metropolis, I seemed now to have come to a very elysium of sight and sound. The wide-stretching fields of green and yellow through which the river wound in silver curves, the scattered herds of sheep and cattle already long busy preparing for the hours when the sun should drive them to the scanty shade of the willows, the distant church hall hidden by the trees over which the noisy rooks were wheeling, and beyond all a sky of that clear blue which we Londoners expect to find nowhere outside the Royal Academy, formed a perfect background to the shining waters of the eddying pool that flowed beneath my feet.

The murmur of the weir and the voices of the birds that sang on every side, combined to form a perfect melody save when some waterhen, lurking in the reeds that fringed one bank of the pool, raised its discordant note of alarm. A kingfisher flashed upstream and perched on the drooping branches of the old pollard at the end of the pool that hung over the water in apparent defiance of all the laws of gravity. For a moment the brilliant creature sat there, but on the next, it was away off again with a shrill whistle that gave warning of imminent danger. A stockdove, nesting perhaps in the hollow crown of the old willow, rose with clattering wings, and, as I looked for the

cause of all its disturbance, an otter came gliding along the twisted trunk. From the crown it dived, leaving scarcely a ripple to tell where it had entered the water. Only here and there a few bubbles rising in the quieter waters betrayed the course of the sub-aqueous chase, wherein the hunter had speed and strength on its side and the hunted had no hope unless some secure refuge chanced to be close at hand.

After a few minutes, the otter appeared again in the shallows, half-carrying, half-dragging a pike of between three and four pounds in weight. Beyond the water's edge, the otter paused and, as the fish was still struggling, placed both its front feet on its side to hold it down. The otter now raised its head and carefully surveyed its surroundings to see that all was safe before it commenced its meal. This was the moment which the artist would have chosen to adorn his canvas, and the moralist to adorn his tale: the otter, standing out from the background of waving reeds, with uplifted head, in the light of the morning sun, with its shining prey still quivering beneath its feet, and the pike, emblem of cruelty and greed, vainly struggling to avoid the fate to which it had itself doomed thousands of more innocent victims. At this crisis in the affairs of fish and otter, the lid of my bait can, which had been left open, fell with a clanging noise. With a whistle indicative more of disgust than of alarm, the unlucky otter vanished once more beneath the water and the pike which had assuredly been nearer to death than ever living pike before, kicked its way back to the same friendly element. And now to my own hunting.—In a few moments I had chosen me a good bleak from my store and it was travelling down the eddying water on stout salmon gut—the best of tackle is needed for the Thames Trout—at a depth of four or five feet. Fifty yards of line were out when with a dash, the float was taken under. As I tightened the line a fine trout came splashing to the surface but, almost before I felt the



strain, the line slackened, and he was off. Well, I called to mind several proverbs that seemed to meet the circumstances, and having at last restored myself to a philosophic state of mind, I rebaited and threw in again. Once, twice, thrice I steered my bait into all the likely looking places, but it was not until the fourth time of asking, that, at almost the same spot, the float was again taken under. This time I had him well hooked, and for a few minutes he struggled so hard that I looked for a trout, but in the end 'twas but a pike. A fine fish truly of fourteen good pounds, according to Salter's balance, and later on a prize to exult over, but now, seeing that I had come in search of the very prince of our fresh-water fishes, the capture of coarse fish, however large, brought nothing but disappointment.

Three more pike were netted and one grand perch of over three pounds. I had begun to despair of getting a trout before breakfast, since the sun was mounting in a cloudless sky and the day gave promise of being hopeless from an angling point of view, when my float dipped gently not twelve yards from my rod tip. A trout this without a doubt. The reel clicked loud and fast as the line was run out. The fifty yards mark was passed, and then the hundred and still I could not check the wild rush, though the rod was curving even to the breaking point. When but a few yards were left on the reel, I saw the fish for the first time as he leapt clear far down in the shallows. What a beauty he was and how impossible it seemed that that fine gut line should hold him!

The Thames Trout is the strongest and boldest of fish, and his first rush is something to remember. Nothing but the best tackle will stand against it, and I drew a deep sigh of relief as I managed to get back twenty or thirty yards of line. For twenty minutes or more, I lived in the midst of wild alarms. Now struggling for his hold in the tangled bottom, now leaping and rolling over the boiling surface, the fish kept me hard at work, with reel working



and rod bending (a second's slack line would have spelt disaster) until my arm fairly ached with the continual strain. At last, as I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could hold on, the long struggle ended. He had fought the fight until there was not a single kick left in him, and I drew him quietly into the slack water over the net. Nine and a half pounds he weighed and every ounce in good condition. He hangs now on the wall above me, and though he has hung there more years than I care to count, in a fine glass case, I still seem to see him lying on the green bank of the dear old river, and I can still hear the cheery voice of my old comrade, unlucky himself, yet rejoicing in the good fortune of his friend. Ah me! what pleasant memories those last few days bring to me! How we idled about that pool through the heat of the day, and what an evening that was to dream of as we dropped down stream, passing between reeds and pollards, and again banks where the heavy ears of corn drooped almost to the water's edge, through the loveliness of "rare old Buscot," and many another sweet hamlet, to our resting place at New Bridge!

R. ROBINSON.

## Some Early Printed Books.

It will be noticed by those who glance through this last instalment of the catalogue, that, among the 'Books printed in Holland,' a number are school books from the presses of Deventer and the neighbourhood,—a number which would be quite doubled if I added to them those which have been catalogued already. From this may be drawn two conclusions:—first, that they are not a random collection brought together by accident, but must have had the same origin, either *en masse*, or as trickling in from the same source, and, secondly, that they are the débris of some College whose class-books were, at one time, supplied from Deventer. The latter conclusion, of course, is not an absolutely certain one. It is possible that such an assortment of books may have been gathered together by some solitary student, though the presence of a duplicate of the *Dacus major* is against the supposition. But school books are soon out of date; and these—printed in gothic letter and with fifteenth century contractions—will have been nothing but lumber not long after the close of the sixteenth century. From that time until the latter half of the eighteenth century their value was that of waste paper. Their survival as books through that period must, therefore, have been either a matter of chance or a consequence of unusual carefulness. They had to escape both the utilitarian zeal and the neglect of the housewife; and further they needed to be housed in a place where they would be safe from the processes of disintegration—atmospheric or otherwise. It is safe to say that, under ordinary circumstances this was only possible in a library, and, to go a step further, in a monastic library. A book has always had a kind of sacredness in the eyes of the monk; moreover

the vow of poverty forbids waste and is a restraint upon reckless destruction. Therefore, without going so far as to say that a monastery is just the sort of place where rubbish may be expected to accumulate undisturbed, I may say that it is the one place where a useless thing will have the longest existence, and may count on not being wantonly destroyed or thrown away. It is to the monasteries the world owes the preservation, not only of the 'incunabula' which are the pride of our great libraries, but of the greater quantity of all the precious and priceless curiosities of the great national museums.

That our collection of early printed books should include this unselected, well-used, and, in some cases, fragmentary, deposit of Latin school books has made me reconsider what I have maintained in a former introduction to a portion of this catalogue: that the possibility of any number of them having come from Dieulouard is out of the question. These books, as I have said, would be just about out of date at the end of the sixteenth century,—serviceable still, but from their style of printing quite out of fashion; they would therefore be just the sort of second-hand books a monastery, in its first days of poverty, would be likely to acquire. The south of Holland also was in sufficient commercial communication with towns and villages on the banks of the Moselle. Then, it was the Library only that was burnt down in the great fire, and a certain number of class-books, in private use, might be expected to escape from it. Finally, I now believe that Dr. Marsh was more successful in smuggling out of the country what he considered the treasures of the monastery—books among them—than is generally supposed. One or two of our pictures we can certainly trace to that source. And the fact that he was supposed, when the final crisis came, to have had designs upon the church bells would lead one to think he had already secured all the more easily removable articles superior to them in value.

I do not say there is anything more than a possibility that these school books are relics of the earliest days of St. Lawrence's. And neither do I suggest that the mass of our early printed books came from that source. But, in Dr. Marsh's day *incunabula*—and more especially, perhaps, since the Costerian legend was then believed, Dutch *incunabula*,—had a value as great then as they have now, and if there were any such in the library at Dieulouard Dr. Marsh would, undoubtedly, have tried to secure them.

Books printed in the Low Countries:—

115 (1). "Incipit Manuale confessorum venerabilis magistri Johannis Nider &c."

64 ff., a—h (first and last leaf blank); no title, pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines, 30 to a page.

115 (2). "Incipit tractatus venerabilis magistri Johannis Nider ordinis pdicator. de morali lepra."

64 ff., a—c, D—H; (imperfect, last two fols. missing).

Uniform with 115 (1). No name of printer, place or date of printing. Proctor says: [Louvain, Johann of Paderborn]. Printed probably about 1480. Gothic, 4to.

123 (4). "Sermones compositi super particulas antiphœ salue regina &c." "Impressum per me Theodoricum martini in oppido (?) alosten. comitatus flandrie die IX. Julij. Anni. MCCCCLXXXVII."

76 ff., a—n; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines, 40 to a page. Editio unica. Gothic, 4to.

Thierry Martens is usually considered to have introduced printing into Alost in 1472. Proctor, however, gives the first press to Johann of Paderborn. Martens also printed in Antwerp and Louvain. He was himself an author and enjoyed the friendship of Erasmus, who lived in his house. His device was the double anchor. He died in 1534.

125 (5). "Cöpendiū Reuerēdissimi. . . Fātini Dādulo Archiepiscopi crentensis p. catholice fidei instructione &c."

Begins "Hec ē tabula &c." 26 ff., a—d; no pag., catch-

words, or printed initials; long lines, 31 to a page. No name of printer, place or date of printing. Proctor says by [Matthias Goes, Antwerp]. Gothic, 4to.

125 (1). "Incipit libellus quidã editus a domino bonauentura seraphico doctore . . . qui ab eodem Centiloquiũ siue Centilogium intitulatur &c." Zwollis impressum. [Pieter van Os de Breda, c. 1479 (Panzer).]

113 ff., no pag., register, or catchwords; long lines, 27 to a page. Gothic, 4to.

This is one of the first books printed at Zwolle in Holland.

126 (6). "Magistri Bartholomei Coloniensis libellus. Elegiacus de septenis doloribus gloriosissime Virginis Marie." No name of printer, place or date of printing, but, apparently, by J. de Breda, Deventer, before 1494.

8ff., A and B; no pag. or catchwords; 24 lines to a page. Gothic, 4to.

105 (1). "Glosa prime partis Alexandri Joannis Syntehen." "Daunterie . . . Impressa per me Richardũ paffraet, 1497, Decima octava Octobris.

144 ff., a-z (twice); no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines. Gothic, 4to.

This 'glosa' is a commentary of John Synthen "qui fuit in domo Fratrum Daventriã conuentalis" on the *Doctrinale puerorum* of Alexander Gallus de Villa Dei.

105 (2). "Glosa Joannis Synthen supra scda parte Alexandri bene emẽdata." "Impressa Swollis per me Petrum os de Breda. Anno dñi MCCCCXVIJ."

112 ff., a-v; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials long lines, 42 of small text to a page. Gothic, 4to.

Zwolle and Deventer are neighbouring towns in Holland, and evidently there was an edition of the *Doctrinale* with Synthen's gloss printed at both places in the same year, of which we have the Deventer first part and the Zwolle second part bound together in this volume. Paffraet had already issued an edition in 1495, and its success had been

such as to cause Paffraet to reprint it and the rival printer at Zwolle to imitate it. There were further more-advanced third and fourth parts to the *Doctrinale*. A copy of all four parts, with the 'Glosa notabilis,' printed by Koberger in 1495, is No. 107 in this Catalogue.

124 (4). "Antonij Mancinelli opus perutile quod varie cõstructiõis Thesaurus Iscribitur &c." "Impressum Dauetrie p. me Richardũ paffraet Anno dñi MCCCCCIIJ. mēsis ianuarij altera die Pontiniani martiris."

20 ff., A-C; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 39 to a page. Gothic, 4to.

121 (2). "Tractat. reuerẽdissimi pris et dñi dñi. N. (Nicolai) epi Megarẽsis de confessione (the word printed with a contraction we cannot reproduce). Daunterie Per me Richardum paffraet."

6 ff., no title, pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines, 32 to a page. Gothic, 4to.

126 (7). "Aurelii Prudentii Clementis. . . passio beati Romani Martyris." "Finitur ãno MCCCCCIII in p. festo michaelis." [Deventer, by R. Paffraet].

22 ff., A, B, C, (some leaves misplaced in binding); no pag., or printed initials; 31 lines. Gothic, 4to.

125 (4). "Incipit libellus de modo confitendi et penitendi &c." [Deventer, by R. Paffraet].

22 ff., A-D; no pag., or printed initials; long lines, 39 to a full page of commentary. Gothic, 4to.

The following also seem to me to have been printed by Paffraet of Deventer:—

124 (10). "Francisci Petrarche poete laureati psalmi confessionales."

The titlepage with a woodcut is torn away; then 5 ff., no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines; on last leaf a woodcut "Spes, Fides et Cognitionis." [By R. Paffraet of Deventer?]. Gothic, 4to.

124 (12). "Hoc opere continentur (printed with a contraction) ordine libri subscripti. Divi Hieronymi

epistole due &c." A number of Latin epistles, poems, &c. gathered into a volume as a text book.

41 ff., a—g; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines, 38 to a page. [By R. Paffraet of Deventer?] Gothic, 4to.

124 (9). "Vocabularium Pyladae (by Joannes Franciscus Buccardus Pylades of Brescia).

Titlepage with woodcut "Spes, Fides et Cognito;" 29 ff., 1—29 (imperfect); long lines. [By R. Paffraet of Deventer?] Gothic 4to.

132 (4). "Opusculum quotibeticū de Jubileo p. Archiduce Austrie et Burgundie &c." "Impressum in oppido Antwerpiensi, 1501, die vō octavo mēsis may."

Woodcuts on title both recto and verso (the latter reprinted on last leaf); 16 ff., A—C; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials. No name of printer. Gothic, 4to.

*Other Antwerp books printed before 1550 are:—*

136 (b). "Collationes quinque super Epistolam ad Romanos per Fratrem Franciscū Titelmannū Hasseltēsam &c." "Antwerpiā apud Gulielmum Vorstermannum. 1520" (changed into 1530).

Title with woodcut border; 40 ff., unnumbered, a—e; Fol. 1—308 (ff. 49—56 missing); 4 unnumbered leaves at end with printer's device on last page. 8vo.

143 (b). "Considerationis Physicæ Libri XII."

"Apud inelytam Brabantie Antverpiam, excudebat in sva Officina Litteraria Simon Cocvs. 1530 Calendis Decembris."

No title; a—k; a—o; no pagination. Roman, 8vo.

135 (b). "Tomvs primvs Homiliarvm svper Evangelia . . . . . Annis Eckij aduersus Lutherum &c." Antwerpiā." "Excudebat Michael Hillenius 1534 Mense Martio."

12 ff. of Tabula; fol 1—308 (ff. 306 and 307 missing); woodcut of Crucifixion on fol 263. Roman, 4to.

152 (b). "Commentaria in primam D. Joannis epistolam. Jo. Baptista Polengio monacho mantvano avtore &c." "Antverpiæ." Ex officina Ioannis Loei. 1547.

14 ff. (one blank) unnumbered; fol 1—133. Roman, 8vo.

153 (c). "Innocentii Pape hoc nomine tertij, de sacro altaris mysterio libri sex &c." "Antverpiæ. In ædibus Ioannis Steelsij 1550."

Ff. 1—264. Printer's device on last page.

The following books, without name of printer or place of printing have been identified as printed at Basle and Cologne.

150 (1). Richardus (de Sancto Victore) de duodecim patriarchis. 1494, [Proctor says by Amerbach of Basle.]

74 ff., a—i; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; 27 lines.

150 (2). Richardus de Area mystica.

148 ff., a—s, (o & p wrongly bound in); uniform with 150 (1).

106 (2). Composita verborum Joannis Synthen.

62 ff., A—H; no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; long lines, 32 to a page.

106 (3). Verba Deponentialia. Begins: "Ad vespandū. . . Ut aiunt noñulli Johes de garlādria. . . hunc libellū de verbis deponentialib. metricè collegit."

24 ff., uniform with 106 (2).

The type of 106 (2) and 106 (3) is identical with that of the Summula Dialectica Petri Hispani (C. V. 110) and therefore according to Proctor they were printed by H. Quentell of Cologne, before May 12th, 1491. Gothic, 4to.

121 (5). "Postilla Guillerini super Epistolas et Euangelia de tempore et de sanctis et pro defunctis &c."

4 ff. of Tabula; fol 1—CLXXXII; 186 ff., no catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 46 to a full page of commentary; 1492. [By H. Quentell, Cologne]. Gothic, 4to. Not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian.

*Books printed in France:—*

154 (1). Liber meditationū beati Bernardi. Parisiis p. Georgiū Mittelh. 1493.

32 ff., a—d; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; 27 lines. Smaller text Gothic Roman; very small 4to.

154 (2). Consolatorium theologicum (Johannis de Tam-baco). Parisiis per Georgium Mittelhum, 1493.

8 ff., title and contents; the Fo. 1—CIII. Description same as 154 (1).

154 (3). De reformatione virium anime (Gerardi de Zutphania). (Parisiis, G. Mittelhus) 1493.

60 ff., uniform with 154 (1) and 154 (2) but without name of printer, or place of printing.

97 (1). "Opus preclarissimū epl'arū deuotissimi bea-tissimiq. Bernardi primi Clareuallesis abbatis &c."

Parisiis (Ulrich Gering with B. Rembolt) 31 Maii 1494.

106 ff., Titlepage, then Fo. II—Fo. CII; 3 ff. of Tabula and a last leaf blank. Double cols., 54 lines; no initials or catchwords. Gothic, 4to.

97 (2). Op. egregiū beatissimi Bernardi amplectēs sermones (a contracted word) &c.

Uniform and bound in the same volume with 97 (1). Title; Fo. II—Fo. CCXVI and two unnumbered leaves of Index.

Proctor says this book was printed by Ulrich Gering with B. Rembolt of Strassburg, Ulrich Gering introduced printing into Paris in partnership with Michael Freyburger and Martin Kranz. They were all from Basle. In this book the word 'pope' is everywhere scratched out, a fact that suggests, if it does not prove, that it was in England at the time of Henry VIII.

153 (2) "Regule cæcellarie apostolice (Innocentii VIII) cū ear. notabili at subtilissima glosa nup. correctā &c."

[Lyons] "p. magistrum Nicolaū wolff impressum." July 8th 1501.

96 ff., a—m; no pag. or catchwords; 37 lines of small type to a page; printers device on last leaf. Gothic, 8vo.

135 (1). De Lavde Monasticæ Religionis opusculū. By Jodocus Clichtoveus. "Absolutum est hoc opus apud vallem Cluniacā, tranquillū et quietum monasticæ religionis habitaculū atq. domicilium, anno domini 1503, decima octava die Aprilis." Parisiis per Henricum Stephanum. June 25th 1513.

Fol. 1—50, a—g; woodcut initials. Roman, 8vo.

23 (a). Athanasii Episcopi Alexandrini sanctissima, eloquentissima opera. Parrhysiis impensis Ioannis Parvi, 1518, pridie Cal. Octobris.

(1). Commentarii in epistolas Pauli.

Woodcut title in red and black ink; 6 ff. of introductory matter; then Fol. I—CCLV. and blank leaf; woodcut initials; long lines, 48 to a page. Roman, folio.

(2). Athanasius contra Gentiles.

14 ff., no titlepage or pagination; long lines, 46 to a page.

(3). (Ejusdem) De Incarnatione verbi.

Lutetie expensis honesti viri Ioannis Parvi 1519 ad calculum Romanū. Pridie idus Aprilis. (1519 ad calculum Romanū is really 1520).

54 ff., no title or pag.; long lines, 46 to a page. Roman, folio.

In this edition, say the Benedictine editors of St. Ambrose (Proleg. I. 3.), "præter duas Orationes contra Gentiles et De Incarnatione, Ambrosio Camaldulensi interprete, reliqua omnia supposititia sunt."

155 (b) 1. Sacri Sacerdotii Defensio contra Lutherum, per R. D. Joannem Episcopum Roffen. (Blessed John Fisher). Item, Addita est Epistola Diui Cypriani ad Cornelium Fratrem. Parisiis, Apud Michaelē Iulianum.

144 ff., 22 lines to a full page. Fols. 124 and 125 misplaced in the binding. Roman 8vo.

155 (b) 2. De Sacrificio Missæ Contra Lutheranos Libri tres, Io. Eckio authore. Bernonis abbatis Libell. de

Missæ officio seorsum impressus. (Imperfect). (Parisiis) Apud M. Guichardum Soquand. 1527.

The first edition of this book was printed in 1526.

72 (1). Hadriani Sexti Pontificis Maximi, Questiones in Quartum Sententiarum &c. Parisiis. Veneunt Ioanni Paruo. 1528.

140 ff.; handsome titlepage; then Fo. II—Fo. CXXXIX, a last leaf unnumbered; woodcut initials; double cols. of 60 lines. (Parisiis, per Nicolaum Savetier) 1528. Uniform with 72 (2).

72 (2). Beatissimi Hadriani Sexti. . . Quotlibeticæ quæstiones. Parisiis per Nicolaum Savetier 1527. Titlepage and 5 unnumbered leaves; then Fo. I—Fo. LXXXVII recto, then verso:—

Questio Quodlibetica primi Magnifici viri. . . . Ioannis Briart de Aeth &c.

33 printed ff.; no pagination. Gothic, folio.

A MS. note says that this book was purchased on the 13th of May 1629 for the sum of 8 shillings and 4 pence.

113. Decretales Epistolæ supremi orthodoxe ecclesie principis Gregorii Noni. . . F. Joanne Thierry interprete. Parisiis cura Andree Boucard. Impensis vero honesti viri Ioânis Petit, 1529, 20th December. Title in red and black letters with Petit's device; 7 ff. with woodcut on 4th fol.; then Fo. I—Fo. CCCCXXVI; 12 ff. unnumbered of Tabula (one torn); woodcut initials; double Cols., 65 lines of small type to a full column. Gothic, 4to.

145. "Livre dore de Marc Aurele. . . traduit de vulgaire Castellian en Francoys par R. B. de la grise &c." On les vend à Paris en la gallerie par ou on va en la chancellerie en la boutique de Vincent sextenas 1537. The Colophon says printed 4th of May. No name of printer.

10 ff. of Tabula &c.; Fo. I—Fo. CXCXXIII. Title in red and black; woodcut initials; long lines, 29 to a page. Gothic, 8vo.

139 [a]. Titi Livii Patavini historiarum. . . libri quinque.

Lvgdvni Apvd Hæredes Simonis Vincentii 1537. Colophon: "Excudebant Lvgdvni Melchior et Gaspar Trechsel Frates. 1537. This volume is composed of (1) Libri quinque Decadis Quintæ; (2) Epitome Decadam XIII; (3) Annotationes Beati Rhenani et Sigismundi Gelenii; (4) Chronologia in omnem Romanum historiam. Titlepages to each part with bookseller's device; pp. 1—235 and 10 pp. of Index; pp. 1—232 and 68 ff. unnumbered. Italian, 8vo.

18. Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis Opera.

(1) Prima Pars Summæ (with Card. Cajetan's commentary). Excudebat Joannes Crispinus Lugduni, 1540, mense Februario.

Titlepage wanting; 19 ff. of Indices; then ff. 1—263 and a blank leaf. Bookseller's device.

To this is added "Diu Thomæ Aquinatis de Prescientia, et Predestinatione Tractatus", also "Thomæ de viâ Caietani Cardinalis sancti Xisti subtilissima de dei gloriosi infinitate întesiva qstio &c., and also "De nominū analogia Tractatus.

(2). Tertia Pars Operum Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis. The third part of the Summa with Cajetan's Commentary. Titlepage and 17 ff. of Indices; ff. 1—191 and a blank leaf. Excudebat Joannes Crispinus, Lugduni, 1540, mense Februario.

(3). "Opuscula, Questiones et Omnia Qvolibeta Thomæ de Viâ Caietani Cardinalis sancti Xisti, in Quatuor Tomos distincta: & nunc recens ab autore multis Tractibus, ac Questionibus locupletata." Titlepage; ff. 2—151; ff. 114 (verso)—148 is St. Thomas' Tractatus de Ente et Essentia with Cajetan's Commentary. Lugduni MDXLI. There is no Colophon to this third part, but it is uniform with the preceding (1) and (2). The book is in double columns, 89 lines of Commentary and 75 of text to a full page; woodcut titles and initials. Gothic, Folio.

John Crispin or Crespen was a native of Arras in France, but forming a friendship with Beza, he retired to

Geneva and apostatized. He printed at Lyons and became famous for his accuracy and ingenuity. He died 1572. (Old Catalogue).

153 (b). *Lvcanvs. Parisiis. Apud Simonem Colinaeum, 1543.*

ff. 1—151 and last leaf with Latin poem "De Martino Besardo Lucani correctore. H. Suffanæus. Italian, 8vo.

143 (b). *Controversiarvm præcipvarvm. . . explicatio. Per Albertum Pighium Campensem. Parisiis, Apud Viuantium Gualterot 1549.*

Title and Epistola ad Lectorem 4ff.; then fol 2—283, No colophon. Roman, 8vo.

153. *Dieta Salutis (By St. Bonaventure).*

119 ff. numbered (ff. 1 and viii missing) then one leaf numbered XL and 29 unnumbered (Imperfect); 32 lines.

Hain's description does not quite tally with this copy though the edition is evidently the same.

"Parisiis Ipressus pro Johanne petit ad intersignum leonis argentei" (Hain).

J. C. A.

## Off to the War.

A fading speck is on the deep;

A woman stands upon the shore;

Her soldier-boy sails in the ship

To serve his country in the war.

At England's call his heart beats high,

He chafed to think of her distress;

And, leaving home with but one sigh,

Loves England more, nor loves home less.—

A rugged height upon a plain,

Grey boulders, and an unseen foe;

Deep earthworks whence a leaden rain,

Is poured upon the plain below.

Full many a daring heart is still,

In tens and tens our wounded lie;

When, lo! a bugle charge rings shrill;

'Up men and win the height or die!'

The hail of bullets from the trench

Might fill the stoutest hearts with fear.

But theirs are staunch, no faces blench,

They spring up with a ringing cheer.

Then, on, sheer up the rugged hill,

Silent as death they press the foe.

Behind the rocks the deadly steel

Gleams with the life-blood's crimson glow.

On, onward still. Ere daylight dies  
 No foe must live upon the height.  
 A stern resolve gleams in their eyes,  
 And arms are nerved, and steel grasped tight.

Look! now they are upon the brow.  
 They breathe awhile, then onward rush,  
 Death claims a victim every blow,  
 The hill is dyed a purple blush.

The few survivors of the foe  
 Disheartened down the hillside run.  
 Ere sets the sun with ruddy glow  
 The hill, though dearly bought, is won.

With throbbing heart the list of killed  
 Is scanned by many an anxious eye.  
 A mother's heart with joy is thrilled,  
 Nor dead nor wounded is her boy.—

Another fight from dawn to eve;  
 With cruel loss we win again.  
 A mother now will mourn and grieve;  
 Her son is numbered with the slain.

Weep mother weep, 'twill ease thy pain;  
 Thy son died nobly sword in hand.  
 And, fighting bravely, fell to gain  
 Fair laurels for his native land.—

The months roll on and peace is made;  
 The troops come home. A welcome warm  
 By grateful countrymen is paid  
 For steering England through the storm.

A mother sits at home and sighs,  
 And thinks of her dead soldier-boy.  
 Come, mother, dry those tearful eyes  
 And join us in the common joy.

A knock! Why does her heart beat fast?  
 She rushes to the opening door.  
 "Good God! it is my boy," she gasped,  
 "Or else mine eyes see true no more."

"Yes, mother dear, thank God!" he said  
 "Your son is safely home again.  
 A false report that I was dead  
 Has grieved your tender heart in vain."

R. B. P.



## Father Anderson. O.S.B.

By the death of Father Maurus Percy Patrick Anderson of St. Peter's, Seel Street, Liverpool has lost a well known form; and a name, familiar in the mouths of many, will gradually be hushed into a lasting silence. He lived too far out of my time, for me to give a complete sketch of his life, but it is a pleasure to write a few words in token of respect, and in grateful remembrance of him.

Father Anderson was born at York on the 17th of March 1828. The family is well known in the city, and many relatives there now mourn him dead, as they revered him living. Before the days when the railway branch-line facilitated travel to remote places, he left home for Ampleforth College some twenty miles north of York. It must have been a pleasant drive through the pine woods, which lay more thickly then than now on the hills that shut in Mowbray Valley towards the south. His course at College finished; standing on life's threshold—and brightly enough it shone for him no doubt—he made his choice. It was the Benedictine Cloister, not the world.

His father thinking the sentimental charm which draws a boy's heart to his college home;—shall I say especially when it lies under the 'Magni Nominis umbra' the shadow of the great name of monastic life,—might have too much to say in the matter, took him to London and to different scenes. But sentiment or not, the grace of God was with it and his choice stood firmly for fifty years and more. I have heard him speak of this and other things, in his latter years, for old age will still be garrulous, we know, and talk of youth. I remember him telling me of his last cigar. He keenly enjoyed a smoke as a youth, and the aroma of that last cigar seemed to rise up from the past as he described himself smoking it while he reclined

on a grassy slope and looked up into the blue sky. This pleasure, innocent enough, he thought would be a hindrance to him in his monastic and priestly life, so as he flung away the end of his cigar, he said it should be the last, and it was. I doubt if any of us ever saw him with even a cigarette in his mouth. It is a trifle, but it illustrates the simple life and the persevering self discipline of the man.

He made his Profession as a Religious of the Benedictine Order at St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, on the 17th of February 1849. He was ordained priest in 1854. Before going on the Mission he spent about ten years in his monastery. Ten years of the strong, vigorous yet plastic period of youth. His life was sheltered from responsibility and distraction during that time. Living under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament, with regular hours of choir and meditation, with the silence and recollection which pervade the day's routine in a monastery, the spirit was formed, which always afterwards led him with unerring fidelity along the path of duty and of excellence.

The punctuality of that early discipline never deserted him, and the shelter of the cloister he carried with him wherever he went, in that self denial which had grown habitual, and which, in the altered surroundings of his life, kept him from any temptation to dissipation or pleasure-seeking. This time of monastic discipline was no easy time. To rise at 4.30 a.m. day by day summer and winter: a very simple diet, quite unadorned, simpler in those days than in these I know; long hours of study and teaching, as well as the hours of prayer; and many other hard things, would be the burden of this life. To Fr. Anderson it doubtless passed joyously and quickly in the ardour of his youth and whole-hearted devotedness.

The first mission he was sent to was St. Peter's, Seel Street, Liverpool, the district which was to hold so large a share of his life, and claim his latest hours. He left St. Lawrence's Monastery 1858. He was a young man then

in the prime of life, just thirty years old, and if any can remember it, they must call to mind the tall active figure of those days as compared with the stooped and feeble though still active form of later years. He worked under others then, and many a simple story he had to tell of Father Bonney, or Fr. O'Callaghan, or Bishop Scarisbrick or Fr. Austin Davey.

His absence from Ampleforth was not long. He was recalled to fill the place of Prior in 1863. He held office for four years, and during that time I first made his acquaintance, when, as a very small boy, I arrived at the College one winter's night about Christmas time 1864. I remember how merry and pleasant he seemed. In the Summer of 1866 he took the trouble to prepare myself and some other youngsters for our first Communion. It was a work dear to his heart then, and it is a work of love which he has done for many hundred children since then.

After the midsummer of that year, his term of Priorship finished, he was sent to a small mission in Northumberland, Cowpen. His Superior offered him his choice but he would make none. As I have heard him say, he made it a rule always to leave himself, without choice, in the hands of his Superior. He remained there seven years, and in 1873 again found himself at Seel Street in Liverpool. From that date till his death he was the faithful servant and loved pastor of St. Peter's flock.

Twenty-seven long years! How manifold the associations, how close the bond of union between priest and people, how intimate the attachment to the church and altar, which grew up around his heart during this constant ministry! Here uninterrupted he completed the work of his life—a great work added to a life of singular innocence. A great work, for though he did no great thing, did not build any notable church or schools, was not specially learned, nor one who took a prominent lead in influencing tone and thought, yet the sum-total of fifty years faithful

daily toil is indeed a great work. Morning after morning, to the mintue, he stood at the altar steps—day by day he worked among the poor and sick, evening by evening he was at his post to instruct, to encourage, to reprove all, and they were many, who called at the presbytery to see him. Regularly too the Divine Office, the sacred burden of the priest's prayer, was recited before he went to rest. On the confessional evening whoever came and found Father Anderson away, or late?

So it was for more than thirty years even in the one district of Seel Street. Who can count the souls he touched with healing power, the sorrowful to whom he brought comfort, the ignorant to whom he brought light? Who shall count the weary footsteps of the good Shepherd, the acts of love and self-sacrifice which arose from his heart during these thirty years? Only God above. He surely knows them, and before His merciful Eyes there will be a grand sum-total, for the work of such a life is a great work.

He died the 9th of March, 1900. If he had lived till St. Patrick's feast he would have been seventy two years old; His death was simple and edifying as his life. For the sake of friends who may wish to dwell on his last hours, I will linger over the details of his death. We all knew that of late he had been ailing, indeed for some years a gradual failing of vitality was apparent yet the end came very suddenly. It was as he wished, he died "in harness." At Christmas time he was very poorly, and I had the good fortune to be sent to help him through the stress of Christmas work. My mission was rather a failure, for I found he would do nearly everything himself.

However he grew stronger again and, indeed, on the Wednesday preceding his death when a gentleman asked him how he was, he answered: "for years I have not felt better than I have done this week." His fellow priests would not have agreed with this. They had noticed growing signs of infirmity since Christmas. Though his cough

had ceased to be so troublesome, and it seemed as if it only needed the warm weather to bring back strength, as he himself affirmed, yet there was a persistent shortness of breath; a difficulty in getting up stairs; and for sometime he had made a practice of using a stick for crossing the road between the house and church. These were ominous signs. How much they meant no one could foresee, least of all himself.

On that same Wednesday afternoon he ordered a cab, and visited the orphanage in Falkner Street; he attended a Committee meeting, and made several other calls. In the evening he heard Confessions as usual, eat his supper with relish, then in his cheery way, rising from table he cried out 'Now for bed!' But it was the beginning of the end. Early to bed was his motto and as a rule very shortly after ten o'clock the light used to disappear from his room. To-night however he was restless, and the priest next door heard that he was not asleep, though it was after eleven o'clock. He surmised all was not right, but as the house-keeper had of late been in the habit of calling at Father Anderson's door the last thing before retiring, to see if he might need anything, he went to bed. Next morning he learnt that his Rector had been very ill during the night, and that the Doctor had been sent for. On entering his room he found him pinched and worn, but his words of sympathy were greeted with: "The doctor and a sleep will soon put me to rights again."

He got up at mid-day, walked about his room, took interest in the war as usual, and in the evening said his "Office" for the following day according to his custom. He felt better at nightfall, but watch was kept that night.

Friday morning came, the last of his life, though he little thought it as he rose, dressed and shaved himself early enough to find himself in his arm chair by nine o'clock. He felt no better however, only he thanked God he was not in pain. He could not sit long and lay much on

the sofa or sometimes walked about. The doctor visited him at ten in the morning, at two in the afternoon and at six in the evening. He evidently thought the case extreme. After the last visit he crossed over to the church and entering one of the confessionals startled the priest by saying that his patient was rapidly sinking, and that if there was not a great change for the better by 9-30 when he proposed to pay another visit, the rites of the Church should be administered.

The priest shortly afterwards went over from the church to the presbytery. He was in his own room when almost immediately the house-keeper hurried in to say that Father Anderson was dying. Surely enough he was; sitting in his chair fully dressed as usual in his habit, as he had been all day. He seemed unconscious but when laid upon the sofa he breathed more easily and his heart, though throbbing very fast, began to beat more regularly. The Holy Oils were quickly brought and he received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

If unconscious at first, he grew conscious before the close of the rite, and before the last blessing was given, for he seized the priest's hand and drew it towards him. Then his speech came back, for as the priest said to him;

"Do you know me? Can you speak? You are very, very ill, I have anointed you."

"Yes," he answered, "I know, I know, God bless you for that!"

Then he began to fumble about his shoulders as if searching for something. It was his hood he sought. It had fallen from his shoulders. He found it and drew it over his head as he used to wear it long ago in the days when he recited the office in the choir at Ampleforth. Doubtless he had before his mind a picture of the hooded monk laid out for his burial, for after having himself fastened it, and folded it on his chest, he crossed his hands and lay quiet as a child.

"Who is your Confessor, shall I send for him?" he was asked.

"No! there is no necessity. I was at confession four or five days ago. Kneel down," he said, "I will go to confession to you and you shall give me absolution."

After receiving absolution he said;

"Do you think I dare take the Viaticum."

"Yes God will surely give you this last grace, I will bring it to you immediately," the priest answered.

He received with great and touching fervour, and when asked if they should pray aloud with him, he begged them to say one of the dear old Psalms which had been the daily companions of his life. Later Fr. Cummins came from St. Anne's to see him and gave him the special Benedictine Absolution for the hour of death. Doctor Mc Cann made his final visit. He briefly told Fr. Anderson he was beyond all human help.

"It is well! it is well! a thousand thanks doctor for all your kindness," he answered quite loudly and unflatteringly

Both the doctor and the priests retired into the next room for the patient was weary and wished to be alone. However almost immediately a hurried message called the doctor back. He returned at once and bade them come quickly. They entered the chamber of the dying, and kneeling around recited aloud the prayers for the dying. His spirit passed. He died as he would have wished it clothed in his habit as his Patron St. Benedict, scarcely having paused an hour from his work.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, 14th of March. He was buried at Aigburth. The crowds who attended the Requiem and who followed the body to the grave witnessed to the worth of the man and to the affection with which he was regarded.

Though Father Anderson's name was not one blazed abroad with much show or noise yet he was one who will be very much missed by his absence. He has grown as a

landmark, and his people accustomed to his familiar figure will only now that he has gone realize how much he was to them. They will keenly feel the void left by his death; a void for them not to be easily filled. Beyond St. Peter's district too his figure, for long years, was well known at Committee Meetings on behalf of charitable objects, his simple cheerful words were always welcome. His vacant place will be noted with pain.

Unostentatiously his presence made itself widely felt. Many came to him from different parts of the city, and when sometimes in out of the way places I have asked poor old bodies did they know Father Anderson; "Oh, Yes! God bless him," they have answered readily enough. His hand was ready to do good everywhere, as his heart was kind and anxious. Many poor have blessed him—it is a rich blessing, the blessing of the poor—and many poor will miss him. They flocked around him, I must confess a motly crew would often find its way to No. 55 Seel Street on cold, wet, winter nights. Very undeserving people, many of them, I don't doubt, but after all they were very poor and starved and thin. Crossing over from his Confessional to the house, tired and perhaps irritable he might scold but not too often did he send them 'empty away' when he had anything to give them.

It struck me much when I first went to Seel Street how he had implanted in the household a general tradition of gentleness to the poor,—those who opened the door were to be gentle with them—we priests learnt and gladly learnt that we must wait upon the poor. The poor will miss him! Not only the waifs and strays but especially those of his district. To them he brought the cheering word, as well as the help that lighted the fire in the cold grate, and gave food for the children when the cupboard was empty.

The sick will miss him. They were his special care. To countless sick and dying he has ministered. All through his life this seems to have been a joy of his. I often heard

him speak of sick-calls in the time when typhus was common and hospitals rare ; when the fever beds lay close together or when the patient lay uncared for in the stuffy garret or the damp cellar. It was the same to the end. Amid such scenes he fulfilled his vocation.

Sinners will surely miss him ; for few priests at their mission have attended more regularly or kept longer hours in the confessional than he did at Seel Street. Only His divine Master knows how many sinners he reconciled to their God. Children will miss him, the orphanage, the school in Park Lane. He always had time to care for children and always a bright word for them. Yes, Father Anderson will be very much missed and I believe many will echo in their hearts the words one of his flock wrote to me : "I think he is the best priest I ever knew."

But we must remember the bond between priest and people is not severed by death. If he worked for them in the days of his life, he will pray for them now he has passed the tomb. And they shall remember him as they kneel before the altar and beg that the hours of Purgatory be shortened and that the dawn of eternal joy may swiftly come. In God's good time too, whither he has gone, may the souls of his flock whom he sought so anxiously and loved so tenderly, follow him. May he rest in peace !

J. A. WILSON, D.D.

## Father Bernard Pozzi, O.S.B.

FATHER Austin Bernard Pozzi belonged to a school of missionary monks which has now nearly died out. He was one of those who had his training in the crowded slums of Liverpool and Warrington, when the dreaded typhus fever had a permanent home in their midst. And it is probable that this was the most meritorious period of his life. But he will be remembered chiefly as the builder of the noble church at Brownedge. Timid in his first essays in church improvement and church decoration, he has ended his career with a work, which, at the least, will remain as a monument of his courage. He had faith in the generosity of his flock, and we believe that, up to the day of his death, he had no reason to repent of it. But the courage to undertake responsibility is one thing, and the physical strength to withstand the worry of it is another. And it is in no way to Fr. Pozzi's discredit, that death has compelled him to lay down a burden which was too great for his years.

The following summary of his life, and account of his death and burial, is taken from a local paper, and will serve as a gauge of the estimation in which he was held.

### REQUIEM MASS AND FUNERAL AT BROWNEGE.\*

The death occurred on Tuesday, March 13th, of Father Pozzi, at Llandudno, where the deceased gentleman had been staying for some months, with a view to recruiting his health. Death took place early in the morning.

Father Austin Bernard Pozzi was in his 70th year. He was Rector of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Brownedge, a position he had occupied for the last eighteen years, and which he continued to hold at the time of his

\* From the "Catholic Herald."

death. He was born at Chester in 1831, and was educated at St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth, near York. In the year 1851 he took the religious habit, and became a monk of the order of St. Benedict. He was subsequently ordained to the priesthood. He served some years at St. Alban's Warrington, and afterwards at St. Anne's, Ormskirk; St. Augustine's, Liverpool; and St. Mary's Warrington. Eighteen years ago he was removed to St. Mary's, Brownedge, succeeding the late Father Walker. While there he practically rebuilt the church, adding the transepts and the sanctuary to the nave. During his priesthood, the beautiful high altar, which is constructed of marble and alabaster, was added to St. Mary's, the total cost of the whole work amounting to some thousand pounds. The Rev. gentleman was an eloquent preacher, and held a high place in the affections of his parishioners. For many years he had been suffering from weakness of the heart, and he repaired to Llandudno before Christmas in the hopes of recruiting his health. While there he stayed with his niece, Miss Micali.

On Tuesday night the body of the deceased clergyman was conveyed by rail to Bamber-Bridge station, where it arrived shortly after six o'clock. It was met at the gate by the clergy of the mission and members of the various confraternities and a large number of the congregation. The line of route to the church was crowded with spectators. The coffin was carried to the church by four of the men of the congregation, and as it passed along, many of the people occupying the houses en route drew their blinds as a mark of esteem for the dead priest. Upon arriving at the church the coffin was placed on a draped bier, at the entrance to the High Altar, after which the dirge was chanted by the Very Rev. Prior Smith, O.S.B., and Fathers Turner, O.S.B., Wilson, O.S.B., Clarkson, O.S.B., and Gregson, and Abbot Bury, O.S.B.

On Thursday morning a solemn Mass of requiem was sung

by the Very Rev. the Prior of Ampleforth Abbey (Father Smith), Father H. B. Polding, O.S.B., acted as deacon, and Father A. Burton, O.S.B., of Hindley, as sub-deacon. The Bishop of Salford (the Right Rev. Dr. Bilborrow) presided. The church was packed to its fullest extent by members of the congregation, many of whom were moved to tears. At the close of the Requiem, Father Bede Prest, O.S.B., entered the pulpit. In the course of his address he said: "A few months more and the 19th century will be complete. Many centuries have already passed, each marked by peculiarities of its own. And in many respects our own age will stand marked in history by events quite exceptional. When we remember that less than 400 years ago this England of ours was Catholic, that its churches and cathedrals, its priories and abbeys, were the glory of the land, that reverence for the Vicar of Christ and devotion to the Holy Mother of God unmistakably proclaimed the Catholicity of its people, and then give even a passing glance to the spiritual condition of England 100 years ago, no one can fail to see, that one strong feature in the history of the passing century is the re-kindling of holy faith, almost reduced to dying embers, and now fanned into such overpowering flames that extinction is impossible. That the faith never died is the glory of our English martyrs, the glory of those who, "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," and "though chained in prisons dark, were still in heart and conscience free," showing unswerving loyalty to Christ their Lord, and, like the apostles of old, "rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." And, as in the early ages "the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church," so it has proved in England. But, my brethren, upon what specific point were centred all the efforts of the enemy? And, therefore, to what specific object was directed as perseveringly all the energy of the faithful? Was not the propagation in England 1,400 years

ago, and its continuity for 1,000 years, due to the personal and ministerial presence of Christ our Lord? And how was the suppression of holy religion practicable so long as the priesthood was tolerated? Hence the barbarous effort to drive every priest from the country, to put an end to Holy Mass, and thus make our blessed Lord Himself an exile. The history of the greater part of two centuries is a record of this desperate, though futile, effort to extirpate the priesthood from England. You have evidence in your own parish, in the priests' hiding-places of the neighbourhood, how priests were hunted, and, if caught, hanged and quartered. I fear we do not sufficiently realize the extent to which we have been blessed. A country without Holy Mass, without a real priesthood, deprived of Sacraments, is an arid desert, though materially it may be even a paradise of beauty. To what, then, is due the wonderful change, so conspicuous a feature of the 19th century? Surely to the continued presence of our blessed Lord amongst us, to the ever-increasing number of priests, and therefore to the proportionate increase of holy sanctuaries. Knowing, though inadequately, the sublimity, the efficaciousness of one single Mass, we know, too the sacred character and the wonderful power of a priest. How blessed, then, are they who have a priest amongst them. How blessed are those places where in tabernacles our blessed Lord Himself resides! A hundred years ago there were very few in England, now they abound. And amongst the few this mission has been so blessed for the greater part of 200 years. Allowing for days of trouble and danger, I think I am safe in saying that the Masses said hereabouts have been the equivalent of at least one daily Mass for 150 years. And what is the result? Not only has religion flourished, but sanctuaries have been multiplied; there are four sanctuaries instead of one, six priests instead of a single one. But this only gives a very inadequate idea of what follows from the presence of a priest amongst you. In the 100 years, how

many baptisms, marriages, confessions, holy anointings in the hour of danger? How many Holy Communions? And what ought perhaps to impress us more deeply, how many times has our blessed Lord allowed Himself to be borne along the highways and byeways dispensing with all outward signs of honour, to shed a blessing upon even the poorest cottage, and to bring solace and strength in the sacrament of His love? If all this comes to us through the priesthood, every ordination should bring joy and hope. And every death of a priest is in itself an immeasurable loss, only compensated for by the fulfilment of the Divine will. But if the death is that of your own pastor, if for approaching twenty years he has been in your regard the dispenser of the mysteries of God, how natural is your grief for his loss. And I could scarcely exaggerate the debt that is due to him. But this is only about half his missionary life. When a much younger man he laboured for some years in two very large missions in Liverpool, where the poor were often crowded in dwellings that in these days would not be tolerated. For some years, too, he was on the mission in Warrington. I need not enter into details of his labours at Brownedge. But speaking in this beautiful church, it is only right I should put on record good Fr. Pozzi's courageous zeal for the beauty of God's House. He loved his congregation, he had confidence in them, he felt that he could rely upon their supporting a great undertaking. Considering the history of Brownedge for nearly 200 years, remembering that it was a "Mother church," bearing also in mind the actual numbers in the parish, looking forward to future increase, he came to the conclusion that something more than ordinary was due to religion here. As in larger towns, it seems proper that there should be some churches of more commanding size and more striking beauty; so does it seem due to the advance of religion that here and there, at least, in even more rural districts, there should also be some church to

challenge attention. Certainly Brownedge, with its church and chapel of ease, its schools, convent, and even club, makes patent to the thousands who pass, that the days of repression are over, and that Catholics in England may hold up their heads. Again in the interior of a church the sanctuary calls for all the outlay that is prudent. Our Lord was, indeed, content with the stable at Bethlehem, but the glory of Tabor was less than His due. The magnificent altar was Fr. Pozzi's inspiration, developed by the talent of the architect. He went further still. This is St. Mary's Church. There is here an important confraternity of the Children of Mary, and in conjunction with them he resolved to erect a Lady Altar not only fully worthy of the church, but in worthy keeping with the High Altar itself. Many times has he discussed it. Even in his serious illness he gave it his attention, and finally arranged for its completion, fully relying upon the confraternity to raise the necessary funds. When this altar is fixed, this church will be the fullest evidence that your good pastor was indeed zealous for the beauty of God's House. Father Pozzi was a monk of the English Benedictine Monastery at Ampleforth, recently raised by the Holy Father to the dignity of an Abbey. He entered college about 1842, received the Holy Habit in November, 1850; so that he had nearly reached his golden jubilee. He was ordained priest, in, I think, 1857. His missionary life embraced about 40 years. You are aware that his health failed some months ago. For a time he seemed to believe in recovery. But later he fully understood that such was not the will of God. Naturally he would have liked to have seen "Our Lady's Altar" fixed, in which he was so interested. But the holy will of God was, of course, his rule. When I am told that he was edifying throughout his sickness, that he suffered with cheerful resignation, that he was constant in prayer, that his death seemed most holy, and he often repeated "I thank God,"

that is what should be meant by dying as a priest or monk. But, whether priests or monks, all are judged by the Almighty, from those to whom more is given more will be required. You can easily understand, that dust, that would scarcely be noticed in a cottage or ordinary dwelling, would not be tolerated in a mansion or a palace. Our duty of charity is to pray for the repose of his soul, and your gratitude will prompt you all the more, when speaking about the Lady altar, and about the Children of Mary in connection with it. Fr. Pozzi specially requested, that they might be informed, that he asked to be remembered in their prayers. R.I.P.



## The College Diary.

THOUGH there is generally no formal breaking-up before the Christmas vacation, there were two very interesting performances given by the boys at the end of last term,—Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta—"Trial by Jury" under the able guidance of Mr. Fay, and a Farce in one act entitled "*Chisling*," staged by Br. Maurus Powell. We must thank the managers and actors of these performances for the pleasure they afforded us.

In the Operetta, Masters R. Wood, W. Dowling, F. Quinn, W. Lambert, L. Finnessay and F. Hayes, and in the farce, Masters W. Dowling, F. Bermingham, H. Polding, H. Byrne, and D. Traynor took the principal parts.

Jan. 18. The boys returned from their Christmas Holidays, at least a large majority did. We were all very pleased to get back to our Alma Mater once more. Fr. Anselm our prefect was at the door to meet us, and gave us a most hearty welcome. We had a most unexpected surprise when we entered the Upper Library. The room was splendidly lit up by a handsome brass chandelier. The effect was imposing.

We were also glad to note that the heating arrangements had been improved. The water is now heated by steam, thus enabling the hitherto frost-bound passages to be heated by the current of steam on its way down to the old "Cockle vault."

We found seven new faces amongst us: Rabel; C. Crean; W. Crean; Rochester Smith; S. Sherlock; A. Richardson and A. McCormack.

Mr. John Parker also had come here as a postulant for the habit.

Jan 20. The usual voting for captain took place, and resulted in the election of Justin McCann, who chose the following government.

Secretary	- - - - -	A. Gateley
Gasmen	- - - - -	{ V. O'Connor
		{ J. Eike
Clothesman	- - - - -	W. Dowling

Officemen	- - -	{ R. B. Wood
		{ F. Dawson
Librarian of Upper Library	-	H. Polding
Commonmen	- - -	{ T. Preston
		{ W. Foote
Collegemen	- - -	{ W. Lambert
		{ J. Quinn
		{ P. Higgins
Librarian of Lower Library	- -	C. Primavesi
Vigilarii	" "	{ H. Barnett
		{ C. de Normanville
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room		P. McKenna
Vigilarii	" " "	{ P. Williams
		{ J. Cartwright
Vigilarii of Reading Room	-	{ J. Howard
		{ W. Heslop

We are sorry to have to record a visitation of the influenza, which made its presence felt throughout the school during the first weeks of this term. The disease did not come in a serious form, but both the Infirmary and the Prefect of Discipline experienced its effects; the Prefect being the last one attacked.

Feb. 1. One of the few Month days, which under the new rules are holidays for us. We had to scratch a match with Helmsley (away) on this day, owing to the ravages which influenza had made in our XI. and also to the existence of mumps in the neighbouring villages.

There was a game of football in the morning, and walks in the afternoon.

Feb. 8. For the last few days there has been a severe frost. This morning we inspected the ice, and found it fit for skating. Our request, for extra recreation was acceded to. The ice was better than it has been for many years; and the sun, though it made no impression on the ice, greatly added to the comfort and enjoyment of the day's skating.

Feb. 9. Snow fell, and though one or two were very energetic in their efforts to clear the ice, they had to confess themselves beaten.

Feb. 10. Snow continued to fall all day, and made us abandon all thoughts of skating.

*Feb. 11.* The snowdrifts were by this time very deep. It was the heaviest snow-fall for many years.

*Feb. 20.* The snow had now almost disappeared; but the football ground was in such bad condition that we had to postpone a match against Mr. Maynard's team.

*Feb. 26.* Shrove Monday. The first XI went to Scarborough to play a match against Oliver's Mount School. As soon as we arrived there it began to rain and it never ceased the whole day. In consequence, the game was very trying. In the first half, with wind and rain in their favour, they scored and they led by one goal at half time. During the second half, we equalized by means of a penalty, which was entrusted to F. Dawson; but just on time they scored a goal and won the game by two goals to one. This is the only match we have lost this season.

*Feb. 27.* It rained all day. Fr. Stephen marked out a new football ground, and so enabled us to carry out our fixture with Helmsley under more favourable conditions than would have otherwise prevailed. Rain fell fast the whole of the match, but the ground was not by any means bad. At half-time, after playing against the wind, we were able to cross over with the score one goal each. In the second half the pace told upon the visiting team, especially towards the end of the game, and we eventually ran out winners by five goals to one. Br. Maurus and W. Lambert each scored two goals, and Fr. Stephen the remaining one.

In the evening, Fr. Philip and Mr. Fay entertained us with a short concert. It lasted about an hour, and was much appreciated. One of the items was a glee put to music by Fr. Benedict McLaughlin.

*Feb. 28th.* Fr. Prior's feast. Fr. Prior was away, and as it was Ash Wednesday the recreation has been transferred to the Cricket Season.

*March 1st.* A month day that would have been, had not the new rules rendered such relaxations few and far between.

*March 3rd.* Mr. Ernest Railton, an old Amplefordian, departed for South Africa in the Imperial Yeomanry.

Mr. Vincent O'Connor on this day left us very suddenly, owing to the weak health of his mother.

We wish him every happiness and success in life.

*March 6th.* Match against Oliver's Mount School, on the College

ground. We were determined to have our revenge on this day. As the match was at home we were able to play masters, but unfortunately Br. Maurus was unable to help us as he was in retreat preparing for ordination. However Fr. Bernard and Fr. Stephen assisted us. Our opponents also had the assistance of two masters; we were therefore on equal terms.

Winning the toss, we made good use of our opportunity, and were leading by five clear goals at half time. In the second half, the game was more equal, each side scoring once. We were greatly indebted to our two masters for our victory; in fact Fr. Stephen shot five out of the six goals which we scored.

*March 9.* Bishop Lacy arrived for the ordinations.

*March, 10.* Br. Basil Primavesi and Br. Benedict McLaughlin were ordained priests. Brs. Elphege Hind, Theodore Rylance, and Maurus Powell were ordained deacons.

Shortly afterwards the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about twenty boys. We offer them all our hearty congratulations.

In honour of the newly ordained we had recreation the whole day.

*March, 11.* Fr. Basil sang his first Mass.

*March, 12.* The feast of St. Gregory the Great. In the morning High Mass was sung by Fr. Benedict, assisted by Brs. Theodore Rylance and Elphege Hind. In the afternoon we played a match against Helmsley (away).

The whole school walked over there, and witnessed a very interesting and hard fought game.

Our opponents had the advantage of wind and slope in the first half, and scored first from a foul close in; however, just before half time W. Lambert equalised with a very good shot. In the second half Br. Maurus scored early on from a good centre by Dowling. Despite some dangerous rushes by our opponents the score remained unaltered until just on time, when Br. Maurus scored number three with a long shot; and we won by three goals to one.

A very unfortunate accident occurred just before half time. Br. Theodore, our centre half, came into collision with the opposing centre half, and strained his ankle and leg severely. Though he remained on the field and rendered all the assistance that he could,

still the injury proved more serious than was expected, and we regret to say that he has not yet fully recovered.

*March 17.* St. Patrick's day. Though we had no extra recreation, nevertheless the feast this year was especially honoured, as it was everywhere in the kingdom. Of late years the intense feeling on this day has greatly diminished; and there is now no putting up flags as there used to be. However, in the afternoon we had a battle royal at football in the bounds. The whole school joined in. Several even of the retired members of the community could not resist the temptation. Even Fr. Sub Prior himself could not hide his national sympathies. Neither side however could boast of its superiority, three goals being recorded for each.

*March 20.* Mr. Maynard, who has not long left us, wished to try a team of his own from Darlington against the strength of the College. He evidently was determined to win, for he asked us only to put our boys' team in the field; but wiser counsels prevailed. We played three masters, and as events turned out it was well we did so. From the very first it was evident we were playing against worthy opponents; and it rather startled us when they scored the first goal within five minutes. This seemed to put new life into our men, and at half-time we were leading by two goals to one.

The second half was stubbornly contested, and eight minutes from time they equalised.

This fairly represented the play, and it was the general opinion that they were the strongest opponents we had met for a long time.

*March 21.* Feast of St. Benedict. Fr. Prior sang Mass and Vespers. In the evening we had the "Punch," which is generally postponed till Easter time. The evening passed very pleasantly, the chief item of novelty being a very patriotic speech by Fr. Stephen.

*March 25.* Laetare Sunday. Racquets came into season, with the usual festivities of "coffee and buns."

We generally introduce Rounders on this day, but unfortunately the "eternal snows" fell in the afternoon and rendered it impossible.

The following is a complete analysis of this seasons football:—

The College XI, versus the Religious	At home	5	against 2
" " Harrogate College	"	9	" 0
" " Ampleforth	"	3	" 1
" " Harrogate Gentlemen	"	5	" 0
" " Harrogate College	Away	2	" 2
" " Pocklington	At home	7	" 1
" " Bootham School	Away	3	" 0
" " Pocklington	"	2	" 0
" " Mr. Magor's Team	At home	5	" 0
" " Bootham School	"	(abandoned)	
" " Oliver's Mount School	Away	1	" 2
" " Helmsley	At home	3	" 1
" " Oliver's Mount School	"	0	" 1
" " Helmsley	Away	3	" 1
" " Mr. Maynard's Team	At home	2	" 2

ARTHUR GATELEY,  
WILFRID DOWLING.

## Notes.

THE grumbler at the effeminacy of modern times must confess that we have had, at last a genuine 'old-fashioned' winter. We doubt, however, if he feels very happy about it just yet. Thermometers down nearly to zero; snow over the whole country for three weeks at a stretch; a bitter north-easter sweeping down into the valleys from the 'Kopje's,' and coal at a forbidding price to slender purses,—it is a thing we have to get a little distance away from to be able to admire. We confess that, though a bit old-fashioned ourselves, we are not able to feel warmly sympathetic about it. We should not be at all sorry if we never renewed our acquaintance with it. The true friendly winter is that so beautifully described by the poet—an old-fashioned one:—

"And winter, slumbering in the open air  
Wore on its smiling face a dream of spring."

What an unromantic annoyance a late snow-fall is, either in town or country! We have no doubt it has its advantages if we only

knew them. Unfortunately, with most of us, all that we are conscious of is its ugliness and discomfort,—the bright crispness of the winter snows now changed to a dull watery paste, which splashes like mud beneath the feet; the trees and hedges standing out black and ungainly like metal-work with the electro-plate rubbed off; the green upholstery of the fields covered up as though with sheets of soiled holland,—a picture suggestive only of coughs and red noses and poverty and discontent. Even tobogganing loses some of its charm when it is associated with sodden boots and tumbles in wet slush, and what other out-door enjoyment is possible? Walks under such circumstances, are very healthful and very useful, but very tiring and very monotonous, and snowballing is out of the question;—the missiles made out of spring snow should be condemned like the Dumdum bullet as unfit for civilized warfare.

There was never much of 'a dream of spring' about the winter, but the spring that has come seems haunted by a winter nightmare. Sunshine without heat; west winds apparently just returned from an expedition to the north pole; a few sickly primroses hiding under a hedge; untidy snow-drops hanging their heads for shame; a stout-hearted thrush whistling solitary defiance to a dark-grey cloud; and, for the most part, December snows and January frosts right into April! However, we mean to enjoy the summer when it comes. The spring is already past praying for.

We desire to protest, in the most solemn manner, against the undeserved reputation of the 'Yule log' as a cheerful winter companion. During this severe winter we have seen a good deal of it. It is naturally of a surly disposition, and the bigger it is, the worse-tempered it shows itself. It is not always easy even to coax it into a good humour. Our poet in the *Ode to Alma Mater* has written that "many brands do oft unite to make one festal fire." We would go a bit further and say that an attempt to make a festal fire without the 'many brands' is an impossibility—at least in a modern fire-grate.

Christmas came and went pleasantly. There were rumours of the Influenza attacking our communications in the South, but we were left to enjoy our holidays in peace. Later on, the enemy did a little 'sniping' at our outposts, but the garrison came through the ordeal practically unscathed.

Concerning the sad deaths of Fr. Anderson and Fr. Pozzi a correspondent writes:—

We have suffered a heavy loss by the deaths of Fr. Maurus Anderson and Fr. Bernard Pozzi. Full of years and of labours they died within a few days of each other, both practically in full work and in charge of the important Missions, Seel Street and Browndge. The loss is not merely, nor mainly, that we shall miss two brethren whose death reduces our numbers, and whose places we may find difficult to fill. If that were all, it would be something to lament; but individuals are seldom quite indispensable and losses—in numbers at least—are soon supplied. It is more than that. Their deaths bring home to us the fact, that an old and honoured generation of Laurentians is rapidly passing away, and will soon, in the course of nature, be quite unrepresented amongst us.

Without attempting invidious comparisons, we may say that every generation has characteristics that are specially and distinctly drawn. And that to which Frs. Anderson and Pozzi belonged—the men professed between 1840 and 1860—is remarkable in many ways. It consisted of the last of those belonging to what is called the "old regime"—those who from first to last passed all the days of their training—noviceship, juniorate, studentship, teaching days and early priesthood—within the walls of St. Lawrence. And, if we may judge by results, it was a sterling genuine training, which showed itself unmistakably in their lives. Almost without exception they were men of capacity and solid attainments while some, whose names will readily come to mind, were far above the average for brilliant and cultured ability.

But it was the simplicity, the piety, the transparent sincerity of their lives, the thoroughness, the singlemindedness, the constancy and the unobtrusive self-sacrifice of their work, which chiefly characterised them. Priestly they were in every sense, with no ambitions outside their vocations, with a rooted aversion from all that savoured of display or advertisement, with no desire but to do the task that was given them earnestly and loyally, leaving to God the results, whether great or little. A truly apostolic spirit marked their missionary careers, a capacity for and love of their work, that was simple, patient, unremitting, uncomplaining and constant year after year. The record of that work remains in the splendid churches they have raised, but a truer and more lasting record will be found in their

influence on the souls of their people, and in the affection of the congregations among whom they laboured. To say that they had their limitations is but to say that they were human. Some may have thought that they noticed a certain hardness in their lives, perhaps a little narrowness in their views. The first must always be apparent in lives that are regular, self-restrained and self-disciplined, the latter is only a testimony to the strength and sincerity of their convictions; neither is inconsistent with the bright sympathetic kindness, that was ever at the service of their people or their fellow priests. As one who knew him wrote of Fr. Anderson—"he was a typical English Benedictine, respected by all who knew him, whose very limitations helped to endear him to us all." And another writes:—"for innocence and goodness of life, for regularity and constant discipline—for men whom you could trust—commend me to them. I admired Fr. Anderson's busy life of kind, patient, regular work. I did not know Fr. Pozzi well, but he was always kind and friendly, as to everybody. I only wish, when I come to die, that I could have my life as innocent and simple as theirs." And that is typical of the generation to which they belonged.

Fr. Anderson died on March 9th and Fr. Pozzi on March 13th. It may be of interest to subjoin a letter which the former wrote to the latter only a day or two before both were called away:

"My dear Fr. Bernard,

Of course we have all heard that you have been unwell and have been a little anxious about you. I hope you are feeling better. It is nearly ten years ago since I went through the same sort of attack, and I daresay you can remember how the Doctors handed me over to the undertakers, giving me only a few days to live. Well, here I am still. Of course my poor old heart lets me know, that seventy-two years of continuous work have not been without effect, and stops me if I wish to hurry up stairs. You must take a lesson from me and keep quiet! I soon hope to hear you are better. However you and I are getting to the end, and all we have to do is to prepare ourselves. Sometimes I have thought about retiring to the monastery, but I really think that to die in harness gives one as good a chance of heaven as any other position. So far, I can go through my work, though rather trying sometimes. Perhaps I shall die suddenly, as my good Doctor has often warned me,

so the only chance is "semper esto paratus." This is necessary in all affections of the heart. But take care of yourself, so that you may come to my funeral. I would come and see you if I was fit for the journey. Kindest fraternal regards. Things go on much as usual in Liverpool. We have all got the war fever.

Yours very sincerely

PERCY M. ANDERSON.

Both died deaths that a Saint might envy; both we trust have met in a world that knows not wars nor fevers. On the day of Fr. Anderson's funeral Fr. Pozzi's remains were taken to Brown-edge for his own funeral.

May the spirit of the "old regime," the spirit of earnest, persevering work ever remain in the community of St. Lawrence's. Our confidence in its future will then be as great as our respect for its past. R.I.P.

In his very opportune publication, *Alfred in the Chronicles*, (Elliot Stock) the Rev. Edward Conybeare (author of a well-known *History of Cambridgeshire*) has had in view the Millenary Celebration of the King's death, which is to be celebrated on October 25th, of the present year. Whether this was the real date is, however, quite uncertain. The notice of his death in Asser is clearly not by Asser himself, whose own work stops abruptly and is left unfinished. The date here given is the "seventh of the Kalends of November," which is October 26th. In our recent "English Menology," King Alfred is commemorated on October 18th; and it seems certain that this is the date given in our older post-reformation "martyrologies." It may be observed that the feast of St. Neot, the King's relative and reverend counsellor, is on October 28th.

It is pleasant to observe the absence of anything like bigotry in Mr. Conybeare's "Introductory Sketch." The great King's religious side is done full justice to, from the days of his youthful visit to Rome and confirmation by Pope Leo IV, down to his most pious death. There is no effort made to prove that he was probably a disbeliever in Transubstantiation, or that he was gradually coming to suspect and dislike the Papacy,—insinuations which have been freely thrown out by an Anglican ecclesiastic, who has taken

the coming Millenary under his patronage. On the contrary, it is recognized that "the spell of Rome was upon him" to the end. It is pleasing, also, to see how utterly the author scouts the doubts, that have been expressed about King Alfred's blamelessness of life in his youth. Lingard himself has something to answer for here; there is a passage in the *History of England* which should have been better considered. Alban Butler's notice on the King, in a long note to the life of St. Neot, October 28th, is in a very different spirit. He says that Alfred's life was one of "uniform heroic sanctity"—and waxes enthusiastic over him in a way one would hardly have looked for in the learned Butler. He cites with full agreement Sir Henry Spelman's apostrophe, beginning, "O Alfred, the wonder and astonishment of all ages!" King Alfred's strong Catholicism should certainly be brought out strongly at the coming celebration.

The late Lady Abbess of Oulton (Dame Mary Catherine Beech) who died on March 12th last, had been sixty-four years a nun, and had been Abbess for thirty. She was the last Oulton nun who had personally known any member of the Ghent community. The Oulton Benedictines, when they were obliged to leave Ghent in 1794, first settled at Preston, where they lived together in a house in Chapel Street, opposite to St. Wilfrid's Catholic Church. The house was pulled down a few years ago, and its site is now occupied by the Liberal Reform Club. They removed in 1811, to Caverswall Castle, near Stone. It was said with much truth, of the earlier decades of this century, that all the Catholic families of the Midlands sent their girls to Caverswall and their boys to Sedgley. The community left Caverswall in 1853, and removed to Oulton, where they now are. Dame Catherine Beech had never seen a railway; probably she is the last of whom that can be said.

We are glad to hear that Fr. Burge is preparing for publication a new edition of the Ode to Alma Mater. It is not intended to be set up as a rival to Mr. Oberholfer's scholarly treatment of the same work, which appeared some four or five years ago. That will always remain as a monument to future ages of the efficiency of the choir and orchestra in those days. Father Burge's arrangement is very much simpler. The original melody is respected throughout,

the voice parts are rearranged, and an accompaniment added suitable for Flauto or Harmonium. Dr. Hedley's accompaniment was originally intended for a small orchestra.

We hope that this edition will lead to the revival, at our Exhibitions, of this exquisite work, which is not the least of the many favours that our venerated Bishop has bestowed on his Alma Mater.

We should like to see Father Burge take in hand and publish the other musical works of Dr. Hedley and secure their transmission to our successors. They have been cherished and loved by each succeeding generation of Amplefordians, and we are sure that they will never lose their hold upon those who are to come after us, if we can only preserve them in a convenient and handy form. We trust that *Cantantibus Organis* will ever be heard on St. Cecily's day, and it was a great disappointment of late years to miss the joyous strains of the *Patsha Nostrum*. It may have been the absence of a convenient edition, that has caused the latter work to drop out of our repertoire.

Then again the Bishop's Minor Cantatas are ideal pieces for an Exhibition day. The music is of a simple, semi-ecclesiastical type, and is wedded to the most charming verses. *The Exile's Return* we are sorry to say has not been heard since it was first performed in 1868. The work would well repay repetition. A still more charming Cantata was, *King Richard's Return*. Unfortunately the MS. has been either lost or appropriated, for it was missed at Ampleforth almost immediately after its performance in 1868. The Editor would be very grateful to any reader, who could give any information as to the whereabouts of the missing work. Fr. Burge has been so closely connected with Bishop Hedley,—singing as a boy in the choir when the Bishop was choir master at Ampleforth,—that the composer's ideas and rendering will be sure to receive a reverent and careful treatment at his hands.

We regret to have to record the death of Francis Worswick who died at Bulwago. His death was due to a gun accident, yet although very severely wounded, he had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments before he expired. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his bereaved mother and to his sorrowing friends. May he rest in peace.

Those of our readers, who are interested in our foundation at Oxford, will be pleased to hear that our colony there is going on well. We had the honour a short while ago, of being mentioned in the house of Commons. In the debate on the Irish Catholic University, Sir W. Anson, the member for Oxford University, in a speech, that does him credit for great breadth of mind and wide sympathy, made a kindly reference to the private halls of the Jesuits and Benedictines. Before he became a member of Parliament, Sir William was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and our affairs, in connection with the opening of our hall, passed through his hands. From him, as indeed from the three Vice-Chancellors, with whom we have had to deal, we have received the greatest kindness and encouragement.

The lectures to the Catholic undergraduates were delivered this term by Fr. Raphael Moss, O. P. In a sense, they were a continuation of a former course which he gave on Grace. In accordance with the request of the chaplain, he gave, in his previous addresses, the theological treatment of Grace, but in the latter, he showed the working of Grace in the life of the Catholic Church, as evidenced in Faith, Prayer, the Sacraments and the Eternal Truths. It is needless to say, that the subjects were eloquently and powerfully handled, and they certainly retained the interest of the audience to which they were addressed. One could not help feeling that they were meant for a larger public, before which, no doubt, they will in a short time, find their way.

The lecturer for next term is Fr. Rickaby, S. J. and we believe that Fr. Subprior has been engaged for the October Term.

There was a very interesting paper read to the Newman Society last term by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, on the Philosophy of Cardinal Newman. The reader took as texts to his paper, two quotations which the Cardinal had frequently on his lips, and which moreover seemed to Mr. Ward to embody the principles of the philosophy of the Cardinal. They were 'Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem,' and 'cor ad cor loquitur.' These gave expression to that subjective tendency, that belief in the influence of personality, of mind upon mind, and that impatience, if we may say so, of stubborn facts, of dead objective reality, as, for example, of the restricting bonds of

sylogistic reasoning, which seem to characterize much of Newman's writings. This point was fully and admirably treated, and in the course of his remarks, the reader drew an interesting parallel between Newman's attempt, or rather failure, to graft Catholicity on the Anglican Church at Oxford, and, later on in life, to graft the Oxford *quos* on a Dublin University. In the subsequent discussion, an interesting little speech was made by Mr. Pickard-Cambridge, a fellow, of Balliol. He referred to the well known and striking anticipation of the spread of the evolution theory in the latter part of the century, by the theory of Development in Newman's Essay published at the end of the first half of the century, and went on to add, that he saw in Newman's subjective bias a still more remarkable anticipation of the spread of Hegelianism in England during these latter years. We wonder what Newman would have said to this, but we must bear in mind that it is fashionable in some circles to see Hegel 'in clouds and hear him in the winds.'

One often, at Oxford, is reminded of the links with the past, in buildings and in personalities. As an illustration of the latter, we are told that on the day that the relief of Ladysmith was announced, the subwarden of New College asked the warden, if the bells might be rung in honour of the occasion. The reply he got was to the effect 'No sir! I have no recollection of their being rung on the receipt of the news of the victory at Waterloo.' The warden has lived nearly the whole of a long life at Oxford, and is still at the head of his college. The Tractarian movement and many changes in Oxford of this century have passed over his head without ruffling a hair of it. It is said that it is an open question, whether he is a High or Low Church man, a Liberal or Conservative. In view of the subject of perpetual Superiors in our own body, we wonder whether the introduction of them would lead to the possibility of some future Abbot in 1985 referring to his recollection of what was done on the relief of Ladysmith, to decide whether to ring the bells at Ampleforth, let us say, on the relief of London from an investing army of Russians.

The sanctuary of the church has been panelled with oak, and Mr. Smith is to be complimented on the richness of the effect and the cheapness of the work. We shall have more to say about it in the

Midsummer number, when we promise our readers a drawing of the improved sanctuary.

Our teaching staff has been greatly strengthened by the recent inclusion of Mr. Ralph Robinson, M.A. We desire to welcome him, and to thank him for cementing his connection with the College by enrolling himself among the writers of the Journal.

The monastic library is now in process of being permanently housed in the basement rooms of the new monastery. They are well lighted, dry and practically fire-proof,—the latter qualification being peculiarly desirable in a Laurentian Library. It is a considerable task, but one of the most useful Fr. Prior has put his hand to. It is no real disadvantage that the books will be distributed over a series of separate rooms. They are all together; and the Library, if less of a show room, is more of a workshop. We have reason to be proud of our collection of books, but after all, the chief merit of a Library should be its usefulness.

The picture-room has been unusually busy during the last term, and twenty four new pictures have been framed and hung in the boy's passage. A new chandelier has been fixed in the Senior Library.

For the third time, we believe, rooks have commenced building in the trees by the ball-place, and this time they seem to be making a serious business of it. This desirable situation has been 'to let,' on easy terms, the last thirty years, or more. We are prepared to guarantee the new colony complete independence, and a satisfactory measure of home rule, reserving to ourselves only a nominal suzerainty. Why does Longfellow say:

"Caw, caw, the rooks are calling;  
It is a sound of woe?"

To us the clamour of a rookery is cheerful and homely, like the disputing of children at play, or the chatter of men at their work.

The steam-heating of the hot water pipes is now working well and noiselessly, and the system has been extended to the New College. The steam pipe in the cloister and the boy's passage, adds considerably to the general comfort of the establishment. An

attempt to work the organ bellows by hydraulic power has proved unsuccessful. It is difficult to find a satisfactory substitute for our old organ-blower.

Our congratulations to Fathers Basil Primavesi and Benedict Mc Laughlin, newly ordained priests, and to Mrs. Elphege Hind, Theodore Rylance and Maurus Powell on their reception of the Diaconate.

We offer our best wishes to Mr. Marmaduke Manly, second son of Captain George Manly of Spofforth Hall, on his marriage to Miss Edith Middleton, only daughter of Edward Middleton, Esq., of Suirmont, Clonmel, county Waterford, and to Mr. James Dunstan Spradbery on his marriage to Miss Mary Annie Théonie Walsh, only daughter of Samuel Walsh, Esq., of Darlington.

We note the name of an old friend, John Raby, who has been wintering in Rome, among the signatories to the protest of Catholic Englishmen against the policy of the *Voce del Popolo* on the war question. We hope his health is improved by his stay in the sunny South.

A cheerful letter was received from Fr. Francis Pentony in February. He says: "I am out at a desolate farm, twenty-five miles from Beaufort West, the nearest village, and pitched on the top of a mountain 5,800 feet above the sea. Never before have I tasted such monastic seclusion. Not a house in sight, nor the least sign of any human beings besides ourselves. I could not be more away from the world if I had gone to a farm-house in the moon, except for the postal communications once a week.

There are three consumptive patients, and the brother of one of them, the farmer and his wife, an overseer, two black servants, two black children, three horses, a dog, a few cocks and hens, a thousand sheep or so, and that is our little world. We are shut in on all sides by bare mountains, destitute of all vegetation, save a rough bush called the 'Karoo', which provides food for the sheep, which, in turn, supply mutton for breakfast, dinner and supper. However we don't do so badly. The farmer is English, everything is clean, and is served in English style. We get plenty of eggs and goat's milk and goat's butter, so that, though the meat is always mutton,



the food is good and nourishing. It scarcely ever rains, and day after day we have unclouded skies and glorious sunshine. I am outside about fourteen hours a day, and sleep with my bed dragged up to the open door leading on to the verandah. So I am breathing fresh air, day and night. I am appreciably stronger after but three weeks of it, and hope soon to be quite well.

We hear scarcely anything about the war, as the post comes only once a week. At Beaufort, where I stayed eleven days, there was plenty of interest. All the troops for the Kimberley direction passed through and stopped on the way; also the wounded and prisoners from the front. So the place was quite lively with war news. But it was too hot and dusty for me, and the mosquitos kept me awake at night. So I came here, where it is considerably cooler and free from dust and mosquitos. It is not very lively, but I like it well enough, and feel it is doing me good."

We are sorry to have to inform our readers that the later news is not so hopeful, and that poor Fr. Francis has had a relapse.

The following letter, which plainly refers to the burial of Fr. Paul Pentony in South Africa appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* :—

DUTCH TOLERANCE.

To the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

SIR,—One of the accusations most commonly made against the South African Dutch is their religious intolerance. Will you allow me to narrate an incident which shows their character in a very different light? In the ship in which I went out to the Cape were two brothers, both of them Catholic priests, one of whom was in the last stage of consumption. When we arrived in Capetown the doctors sent him up to a little Dutch village, to which I went also, and there in about ten days he died. His brother asked the English Church clergyman if he might bury him in the English churchyard (for there were no Catholics in the place), but was told he could only do so upon condition that he said no service over him.

The circumstances were of so deep a pathos that it might have been thought that the difference of creed would have been forgotten in the common allegiance to our Lord.

Naturally the poor fellow was greatly distressed at the idea of putting his brother in the ground without any religious rites whatever: to the most callous of us they mean so much, and to him, as

a priest, they meant more even than to most men. There seemed no way, however, out of the difficulty, until one of the few Englishmen in the village heard of what had occurred, and suggested that the Dutch Reformed minister might possibly have no objection to a burial with a proper service in the Dutch cemetery; and the minister, when asked, said at once that he would be only too glad. Not only that, but a number of the leading Dutchmen insisted on carrying the body to the grave, and almost the whole of the Dutch population attended the funeral service as a mark of sympathy and respect. When General Gordon was on his way to Khartoum, I think it was Cardinal Lavigerie who wrote and hoped that he would accept his prayers, and Gordon made the noble answer that he was grateful for them, that they were both serving under the same Master, though under different banners.

I think if Catholics could know of the simple kindness with which the Dutch acted to a member of their faith, an alien and an utter stranger, they would not judge them so harshly as they have lately been doing. For the Dutch all over South Africa are of one and the same stock; they are so intermarried that there is practically no difference between the Cape Dutch and the Transvaalers.

In the treatment of the two Republics when the war is over this fact ought never to be lost sight of, however much, for political purposes, it may be sought to be obscured.—Yours faithfully,

H. C. THOMSON.

A new bell has been hung in the new monastery cloister. The old shrill-toned 'first bell' in the old cloister struck against any increase of work and demanded an assistant. The rough ground at the back of the new monastery is now being 'laid out.'

We have received a little pamphlet from Dom Adam Hamilton, entitled "De Apostolatu Ordinis S. Benedicti." It is hardly necessary to say that the English Benedictines agree with the general principles, and accept the facts, which the learned writer makes use of to guide the Congregation to which he belongs in adding apostolic work to their monastic observance.

THE ART and Book Company have in the press *The Spiritual Life and Prayer according to Holy Scriptures and Monastic Tradition*. This work was first written in French in 1886 for private circulation in

Benedictine convents, and has since been translated into German. The author's chief object was to set forth concisely and lucidly the leading principles by which our prayers and actions should be guided. The translation is by the nuns of Stanbrook, and the work breathes the spirit of Dom Guéranger, the learned and devout author of "The Liturgical Year."

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mr. John Blake, J.P., of Accrington, who died of pneumonia, consequent on an attack of influenza, on February 25th. His many friends will be sorry to hear of his death and will sympathize with his bereaved family.

Father Subprior has been absent from us many Sundays between Christmas and Easter, as he has had the honour of the burden of giving the Conferences during the last term to the Catholic undergraduates at Cambridge. He will continue the Conferences also during the coming term. We hope the long journeys will not be so trying to him as they must have been during the bitter winter weather.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dunst Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Barda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, and the *Studien und Mittheilungen*.