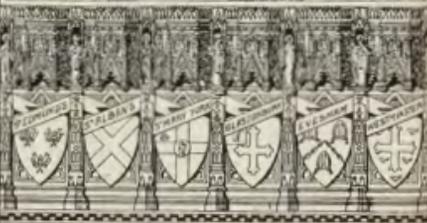


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JULY, 1900.

PART I.

Monks of the Kailyard.

I HAVE before me a new and handsomely printed book, entitled "*Ordinale Conventus Vallis Caulium; the Rule of the Monastic Order of the Val-des-Choux.*"* On examination, it is found to be, not precisely the *Rule* of these Monks who took their name from the humble cabbage, but rather their "order of the day," or, as it would be called in modern monastic phrase, the *Costumier*,—the Book of Customs. The Rule proper was that of St. Benedict.

It may be safely said that very few of my readers have ever heard of the religious Congregation called the Order of Vallis Caulium, or the Val-des-Choux. The Marquess of Bute, with that thorough-going archaeological spirit which distinguishes him, has had its origin and documentary history investigated, as far as possible, and the result appears in the *Ordinale* just mentioned. The Editor, Mr. Walter de Gray Birch, of the British Museum, is a well-known literary man and antiquarian. With the help of Mignard, he has put together in his preface such facts as can be ascertained.

The Mother House of the Congregation was founded at the very end of the twelfth century, in a deep Burgundian valley, about twelve miles from Clâtillon-sur-Seine. The spot is not very far from the railway line which

* Lougans, 1900.

carries the continental traveller from Tonnerre to Dijon. Why it was called *Vallis Cautium*, or the Valley of Cabbage, it is now impossible to tell. Mr. De Gray Birch suggests that the Monks may have cultivated the cabbage in their little garden-plots. This is, no doubt, more than probable. It has, however, been maintained that the true form of the name is really Val des Chouets—the valley of Owls. There were probably owls in that remote valley even before cabbages. It is certain that the founder of the monastery came from the Carthusian House of Lugny, not far distant, on the opposite bank of the small river Ource. It is stated that his name was Wiard, and that he was a Carthusian lay brother, who, not finding sufficient opportunity for solitude and contemplation, retired with the permission of his superiors into the depths of the Burgundian forest.

There is an interesting reference to the Val-des-Choux by Dom Martène in his *Voyage Littéraire* (p. 112). It is not clear whether Mignard had seen this passage. The great French Benedictine visited it, with his companion, in 1708. He tells us that they found it in the midst of an awful solitude. They came upon it after travelling for three or four miles through a dense forest, the last mile or so being a continuous descent. It was still the Mother House of a Congregation, which was recognized as a branch of the order of St. Benedict. Dom Martène does not believe that the story of the foundation by Wiard can be maintained. It is true that, at the beginning of the Institute, the habit of the Val-des-Choux was that of the Carthusians. When he saw them, their habit was white; but instead of the well-known Carthusian "capuchon" which was attached to the cowl or the scapular, they had adopted the usual Benedictine "hood." But, he goes on to say, it is hardly possible that Val-des-Choux can have been founded as a Carthusian reform. The house at Lugny itself dated not many years before, and the Carthusians were then, "as

they are now," in their primitive fervour and by no means in need of any reform. It does indeed sound somewhat paradoxical, that a Carthusian should find himself impelled to leave his Chartreuse in order to become more of a solitary and a contemplative; the more so, as the monks of the Val-des-Choux, although fairly austere, never attempted anything like the severity of the rule of St. Bruno. They seem, indeed, to have followed Cistercian customs rather than Carthusian. Jacques de Vitry, who wrote in the thirteenth century, says in so many words that this was so. And I may add, what Mr. De Gray Birch should certainly have made more clear, that the *Ordinale* here published is almost word for word a copy of that of the Cistercians.

Dom Martène goes on to point out that the first Prior of Val-des-Choux was not Brother Wiard, but a certain Guido, or Guy, whose name is enshrined in an inscription which existed in the church at Dom Martène's visit, and which he has copied into his journal. It ran thus:—

Hic duo sunt fratres, caput ordinis, et
prothopates
Guido et Humbertus. Sit Christus utrisque
misertus.

What right Mr. De Gray Birch has to say that "Guido" is the same name as "Wiard" I do not know. Besides, there was another inscription, also given by Dom Martène, which, if he has copied it correctly, certainly decides the question. It states that Wiard entered as a choir brother at Val-des-Choux in 1293: "Anno Domini MCCXCIII quarto Nonas Novembris intravit Frater Wiardus in chorum Vallis Cautium." The authorities on whom Mr. De Gray Birch relies have evidently read this inscription as 1193—the year about which Val-des-Choux was founded. But Dom Martène can hardly have been mistaken;

and, as he points out, it places Brother Wiard's entry one hundred years after the foundation.

The point is of no great importance. Yet the uprising of this small Congregation, which seems to have had a sturdy spirit of its own, and which, when Dom Martène visited its Mother House, had a respectable history of 500 years, impels the curious mind to ask how and why it came into existence. There was Clairvaux in all its glory a summer day's journey to the north; there was Cîteaux about the same distance to the south. What impulse or what kind of a vocation can have urged the recluse who penetrated to that solitary spot and the disciples who first gathered round him? We are reminded of St. Robert and St. Stephen, and their numerous and sudden departures from communities who in all conscience seem to have been regular and observant enough, and their encamping in the heart of some new wilderness, in order to find themselves nearer to God. St. Bernard himself had not been long in Cîteaux before he went forth to begin a new foundation, and after wandering probably in the very forests and valleys round Val-des-Choux, rested and built up his wattle huts in the spot which became Clairvaux. Doubtless, the migration which founded the *Vallis Caulium* was only a manifestation of that enthusiasm and divine unrest which was seen in movements like these, and in that wider movement still which sent Francis of Assisi, a score of years later, out of the cities to the hills and the campagna of Italy. Our little encampment never became a Cluny or a Clairvaux, but the faithful Dukes of Burgundy who sheltered and protected the rising community, enabled it to grow into the Mother of a Congregation. The very smallness of the little religious family attracted those who desired a Cistercian life, and yet preferred a more homely society than they could have in the vast and majestic system which was spreading itself to Yorkshire and Wales on the west, and beyond the Rhine and the Alps.

The Congregation of Vallis Caulium may be said to be a miniature Cîteaux. It probably never numbered more than thirty houses, of which some seventeen were in France, three in Scotland, and some—we do not know precisely how many—in Germany. The *Vallis Caulium* had no grand monasteries or Lord Abbots. The original House in Burgundy was their Mother, and its Prior exercised a right of visitation over the other Houses. But each House seems to have been left a good deal to itself. The order has not produced any canonized Saints or great men. But one suspects that if the records of its holy living could be made public, it would be found that for many centuries it sent to heaven large numbers of hidden souls who found its solitude preferable to any renown that the world could give.

This very interesting Congregation, about one hundred years after their first establishment, found their way to Scotland. There were never any of them in England. It was King Alexander II., son of William the Lion, who, in the year 1220 or thereabouts, brought them over. He established them at Pluscardine, near Elgin, whilst two other Houses were founded elsewhere, one at Beaulieu, where the Moray Firth becomes Loch Ness, and the other at Ardochattan, on the north-west shore of Loch Etive.

The ruins of Pluscardine, or Pluscarden, Priory stand about five miles to the west of the ancient Cathedral town of Elgin—which is itself some ten miles from that bleak coast on which the North Sea breaks between Inverness and Lossiemouth. We do not know how it came about that a colony was brought from the sunny land of Burgundy to a spot so far away, so rough and so cold as Morayshire. Dr. Bellesheim, in his History,* states that the Congregation of Val-des-Choux, as well as the newly founded Dominicans and Franciscans, were introduced

* *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland*, translated by Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, I. 358.

into Scotland by Malvoisin, Bishop of St. Andrew's. He gives no authority for this assertion. But it is not very likely that a Bishop of St. Andrew's would have much to say to a foundation in a region which at that period was as strange to Fifeshire as Pembrokeshire to Kent. There was a Bishop of Moray in those days—he died in 1221—Bricius or Brice by name, who had had a hand in nearly all the events of Church and State throughout Christendom. He had travelled over Europe, and sat in the Fourth General Council of Lateran. He may be said to be the founder of the Bishopric of Moray, which till that time seems to have had no fixed seat. With the sanction of Innocent III he definitely settled the See at Elgin, and founded the glorious Cathedral—"the most stately Cathedral in North Britain," as Camden calls it. It was he who endowed the Chapter, and sent two of the capitular body to Lincoln, to study the statutes of St. Hugh. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that Bishop Brice was well acquainted with that noble Burgundian himself. We read that St. Hugh, in the last years of his life (1199), visited Cîteaux, Clairvaux and Cluny; and he certainly knew better than any living prelate the state of the religious orders in all the district to which, by birth, he belonged. It is only a conjecture—but St. Hugh very probably saw the Val-des-Choux a year or two after its foundation, and Bishop Brice himself, as he would be sure either in going to or returning from Rome to visit those great Monasteries which then lay on the high road to everywhere, must at least have heard of it. We may suppose that he recommended the King to bring the monks to Scotland, and proposed that they should be settled near his own Cathedral town. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, Scotland was beginning to show herself a settled and orderly Kingdom and Church. The reforms of St. Margaret, the saintly administration of King David, and the long reign of William the Lion, had

strengthened and multiplied her Bishoprics, and the monastic orders had found a footing everywhere, from Melrose to Dunkeld, and from St. Andrews to Glasgow. Some eighty years before the Vallis Caulium came, a Priory of Benedictines had been established at Urquhart, not far from Elgin, on the coast, by King David himself. It was not an undesirable land. Although it lay beyond the Grampians, and faced the winds that blew directly from the North over the rough North Sea, yet the levels which intervened between the foot of the mountains and the coast were fertile and pleasant. From the hills the river Spey makes its way to the sea:

*Spey loca mutantis præceps agitator arena
Inconstans certas nescit habere vias,*

as Neckam sings. There are valleys, glens, and alluvial plains, with swiftly running streams and one or two lochs of considerable size. Trees grew in abundance, the harvests flourished, and labour was well repaid. Here, under good auspices, the Burgundian Monks settled, and here, in peace, they served God, sung the Office, and prayed for the Crown and the country, gradually bringing their lands into cultivation, adding year by year to their beautiful buildings, and becoming strong in the land. Not that it was all peace in those turbulent times. We read that about one hundred and fifty years after their foundation—that is, about the end of the fourteenth century—the town and cathedral of Elgin were burnt and destroyed by Alexander, Earl of Buchan, known as the Wolf of Badenoch. Pluscardine, only five miles away, can hardly have escaped something worse than a scare when such a work was on foot. But it lasted—and even after the plunder and devastation of the Scottish Reformation we find that in the sequestered glen where the French monks settled in the thirteenth century there still stood, in Camden's time, the shell of the Church with its central tower, the octagon Chap-

ter-house with a single pillar to its roof, the refectory and the dormitory.

That so much is left is owing, first, to the fact that the Reformation did not lay its hand so heavily on Morayshire as on other localities, and, next, as Camden avers, to the good taste or good feeling of the Earls of Fife, who purchased the property about the beginning of the eighteenth century. A few years ago, the ruins and the surrounding land were acquired by the Marquess of Bute. The remains of the ancient buildings now consist principally of the Church—a choir (without aisles), north and south transepts, and a square central tower. The word "central," however, is rather a misnomer, as the church never seems to have had a nave. There is a sacristy—which has now been pulled down, to allow of certain restorations which Lord Bute has in hand; and there are the walls of the refectory, calefactory, &c. A congregation of the Free Church had been allowed to hold their service in a certain part of the monastic buildings, but this has now been provided for elsewhere. It is not yet decided to what extent the restoration will be carried out; but in the meantime the Mass has been brought back to the ancient shrine and it will be remembered that, a year or two ago, the first Mass was celebrated in the old Prior's Chapel by Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair. The Priory of Pluscardine did not continue, even down to the Reformation, to belong to the Val-des-Choux. About the middle of the fifteenth century the community seems to have dwindled away. Perhaps it was too far from the Mother House to flourish with a strong vitality. It was taken over by the Black Monks of St. Benedict about 1436, and became a "cell" of the great Abbey of Dunfermline.

The monks of the Val-des-Choux, however, always were, and always professed themselves, to be Benedictines. This admits of no doubt whatever. There is a thirteenth century MS. belonging to the Congregation, which is

carefully described in the introduction to the *Ordinale* now before me. It seems to have been practically a "Martyrology" and a "Constitutions" in one. It is preserved at Moulins-sur-Allier, in the library of the Departmental Archives, and has been carefully gone through and described, at Lord Bute's desire, by an expert. In this volume we have, first, a Martyrology, next, the full text of the Rule of St. Benedict, thirdly, the Bull of Innocent III by which the Congregation was confirmed, and finally the particular rules and observances which make up the *Ordinale*, so often referred to. In the act of Profession it is the Benedictine formula that is used. In the Statutes of General Chapters held during the thirteenth century, which have come down to us, it is repeatedly enjoined upon all to observe with the utmost exactness the Rule of St. Benedict. And in the *Ordinale* we see St. Benedict everywhere styled "pater noster," whilst his feast is numbered among the great solemnities of the year.

It was no doubt the tradition that their founder had been a Carthusian that has made some writers assert that the Val-des-Choux were Carthusians. One feature in their "customs" has afforded a certain confirmation of this view—I mean, the fact that each Monk had a "small garden" of his own. But Père Helyot is obviously mistaken in saying that these Monks never worked except in their gardens, and in solitude, like the Carthusians. The *Ordinale* is quite clear on this point. There is a chapter on Labour. From this it appears that the Monks all went out in a body, with the Prior at their head, to work in the fields. The work, which included every kind of ordinary field labour, was frequently at some distance from the monastery, and outside of the enclosure. But besides this labour—which is here called *labor communis*—they were also allowed at certain times to work in their own small garden-plots (*in deputato sibi hortulo*). It is possible, indeed, that the introduction of the *labor communis* was of a

later date than the separate gardens; for we find among the statutes made in 1244, a permission to "practise agriculture, where there was need." Yet this can hardly mean more than that they were to be allowed to grow crops for their sustenance, as early in 1204 we find Pope Innocent III, in his Brief of confirmation of the Congregation saying "Simul laborabit et simul in refectorio comedetis." This common labour and refecton in a common refectory at once mark them off from the Carthusians.

There seems to be only one allusion to the Carthusian rule in the *Ordinale*. It is laid down in chapter LXIII, *de Vigilis*, that when the Sacristan sounds the bell, an hour or so before day-break, the Monks must rise at once and betake themselves to private prayer, that so they may be better prepared for the Divine Office in common, to which they are to repair at the second sound of the bell. This, in its formal practice, is not a Benedictine custom, and the *Ordinale* has the words *juxta morem Cartusiensium*.

Naturally, we do not find in this *Ordinale* anything in the way of customs or rites with which we were not already acquainted. The saying of Mass, the special practices of the choir, and of the sacraments, varied a good deal in the different countries of Europe and in different dioceses of France. The rite of a solemn Mass is here very fully described. There is no Psalm *Judica*; the Introit is called "officium," as in the York missal; the deacon does part of the incensing of the altar; a subdeacon is present only on the most solemn festivals; there is no "elevation" as we are acquainted with it, and the Mass ends without the Gospel of St. John.

Reading through the *Ordinale*, we obtain, by bits, and by a strong exercise of the imagination, a picture, somewhat dim and indistinct, of the daily life of the more severe monastic orders of the Middle Ages. The Monk rose in time to get Matins and Lauds over before the break of day. His principal occupation was the recitation of the Divine

Office, which was made to fill and dominate the whole day. He observed feasts, seasons, and vigils with the greatest care. His church, and all its altars, were lovingly kept, adorned and illuminated, according to times and festivals. He went with his brethren to work in the fields and the woods, but never allowed his work to prevent him from attending the common duty of the Choir. He had books to read, a cell that he could call his own, and a little garden. His diet was bread and vegetables; he was not allowed meat; and when sometimes, on account of kindness to the sick, relaxations on this head began to creep in, the general Chapters reiterate the necessity of keeping up the primitive observance. His clothing and his sleeping arrangements were simple but sufficient. When he goes a journey we see that he has a "sagum" or rough blanket to use as a cloak; and sometimes the Father Prior is attended by a servant, who is directed not to carry any sharp weapon. We read of candles of tallow, and *obscuros*, or sconces, to put them in, in church and cloister. The cup that holds the Monk's measure of drink—which includes wine in France, and beer in Scotland—is appropriately called "justitia." The seat he leans against in choir is termed "misericordia." His mind and heart are fed on the Scriptures and the holy Fathers; as he goes from his bed to the Church, from the Church to the cloister, or the refectory, as he passes out to the open air among the scenes and the scents of the forest, the hill, the valley, and comes back again to his quiet cell, his silent thoughts rise to the Maker of all, to the Redeemer Christ and His Blessed Mother and the Saints, and his life, which to some modern eyes may seem so narrow, is as lofty in its purpose and as intelligently followed as that of any man on the widest stage of this world. The House he lives in is the record of his existence and bears the stamp of his aspirations—for every year adds to its worthiness and beauty, and in every generation there is a Prior or a treasurer who gives the church a

more glorious transept or aisle or tower, who with leisurely art builds a unique chapter-house, or with a touch that is now lost creates a magic bit of arcading or a marvel of clustered columns. It is thus that we can faintly trace the human lives which succeeded each other through the Ages of Faith, and realize the self-repression, the prayer, the silent labour, and the refinement of heart which formed the atmosphere in which men of Faith lived, who set themselves to find the secret of daily drawing nearer and nearer to God.

✠ J. C. H.

Bradford-on-Avon.



INTERIOR OF SAXON CHURCH OF
ST. LAWRENCE.

NO one should have been more surprised at the cosmopolitan eminence thrust upon it than the respectable and self-respecting borough itself. Half the world has seen Kingston House, Bradford-on-Avon, reproduced at the Paris Exhibition as the British pavilion, either in actuality or in print. There has been some wonder at the choice made, and certain invidious comparisons have been instituted. "Why was not Haddon Hall, &c., &c., chosen?" Certainly, there are many mansions which would have been more or at least equally typical; but

perhaps few which would have afforded equal facility for show-rooms, which may have been a prominent consideration in guiding the committee to their decision. Nor will anyone deny the merit of the building, for it produces its effect at the first sight. It does not, as one critic suggested, require its surrounding park to be appreciated. You could roll up Kingston House park and carry it off in a pocket handkerchief: but it does gain from the bit of lawn which

slopes from its terraces towards the river; from the hint of garden wall and the short line of trees that stand between it and the high-road at the back; and above all from the mellow tone of the Bath stone. Some of the details disappoint on closer inspection; they are flat and suggestive of stationers' trade arabesques. However there is no need to enter into particulars, as they are by this time familiar to the public; nor is the family history of its inhabitants of sufficient interest to warrant mention here.

The point on which Bradford may lay claim to the attention of the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal* is the existence of a unique Saxon church dedicated to St. Lawrence. Is it not one of those adjustments of chance that while Ampleforth has at Kirkdale the notable church of St. Gregory, there should be at no great distance from Downside an even more remarkable church dedicated to St. Lawrence?

But where is Bradford-on-Avon? You had better come to Bath to find it. It lies about nine miles distant and there are four ways leading to it: the G. W. R., the high road, the Avon and Kennet canal, and the river. The latter flows from Bradford to Bath, winding through narrow, closely wooded combes past Avonsleigh, Bathford Limpley Stoke and Bathampton; picturesque names to a picturesque locality. Going from Bath to Bradford we cross into Wiltshire before half our journey is over. We pass every description of house. Here by the Warmminster road is a house of more than Seven Gables. Time and again we have glimpses of solid dwelling houses with mansard roofs of dark brown tiles or grey lichened slabs, generally with laurel much in evidence in the narrow strip of garden between it and the high-way, whose former tenants will have rolled off to the routs and galas of last century Bath in the comfortable ease of a chaise and pair. The suburban feeling is never lost, though the country side is beautiful enough to exercise any uncon-

genial impression. The softly rounded foliage that clings close as a creeper to the shoulder of the combe, is now dark with midsummer fulness, and all the season hangs in that poise between downward and upward swing which belongs neither to growth nor decay. The wet summer weeks have pushed the tall hedge-rows into luxuriance; with the exception of the last of the dog-rose blossom there is no colour but white; elder and meadow-sweet and hemlock, summer's outfit with which she contrives to look cool and to cheat the dust. Thanks to the rain the hedges are still green, and it wants but an hour's sunshine to bring out the filmy globes of midge life, which rise and fall over the white discs of elder blossom. If we leave the river-side road and climb the hill to Winsley we get a view of Wiltshire which repays our effort. We see how the half-circle of the river valley widens out into a broader stretch where it makes due east by Bradford. There are wooded slopes to the south-east to lead the eye on to the blue line of the Wiltshire hills over Westbury, where, by exception, it is the paler line of pasture which cuts the sky; and further south to where the forest trees of Longleat mark a richer line of colour and a bolder curve of outline. A veil of smoke, but no visible habitation, shows where lie the busier centres of Trowbridge and Frome. Even Bradford is hidden till we reach the furthestmost edge of the little table-land.

Bradford, as we at once divine, is merely the "Broad Ford" over the river. The Avon is nowhere as broad as the Ouse at York, not even when it becomes tidal and dirty at Bristol. Still it is a sufficient industrial factor to have supplied an extensive cloth manufacture in Bradford for many centuries. In fact the tide of Bradford's fortune ran high and successfully till 1841, when the failure of a bank, among other circumstances, maimed the energies of the community. Evidences of its former prosperity are seen in the very substantial houses which line the roads by the river-side.

The ford of Saxon days has been superseded by a bridge of nine arches, beneath which the stream still runs so shallow that long weed tresses, combed out by the current, show just below the surface. On the bridge is an interesting bridge-house supposed to have been a chapel. Those who live in Bath with its six or so tollbridges will certainly approve of the piety of our forefathers. Over the bridge on the north side of the river lies the main portion of Bradford.



The hillside is very steep and an inevitable picturesqueness is the result. Near the south bank is a tithe-barn, which, while it has not the elaborate external ornamentation of its fellows at Wells and Glastonbury, certainly rivals or surpasses them in size. It has four large doorways, the lintels of each running up to the spring of the roof.

The local guide books give no dimensions; but from rough calculations it is over 30 feet wide and from 45 to 50 feet high in the interior; the external length, as far as the



uneven character of the ground would permit measurement, is 54 paces.

Bradford begins to figure in history in the middle of the seventh century. Cenwalch of Wessex fought a battle here for the security of his throne. Fifty years later, under the notable reign of Ina of Wessex, St. Aldhelm founded a monastery at Bradford. When William of Malmesbury wrote, about the year 1120, the monastery had disappeared; but he adds "est ad hunc diem eo loco (Bradeford) ecclesiola quam ad nomen beatissimi Laurentii olim fuisse predicatur Aldhelmus." There is every ground for presumption that this church is the Anglo-Saxon building which has been restored to its original character within recent years. Professor Freeman wrote of it as "the one surviving old English church in the land. . . . So perfect a specimen of Primitive Romanesque is certainly unique in England; we should not be surprised if it is unique of its own kind in Europe." It consisted of a nave and chancel, a porch on the north side, and probably a similar one on the south side which has now disappeared.

The following are the dimensions of the building as given in the local Guide Book.

	Breadth.	Length.	Height to wall plates.
Porch	9 ft. 11 in.	10 ft. 5 in.	15 ft. 0 in.
Nave	25 ft. 2 in.	13 ft. 2 in.	25 ft. 3 in.
Chancel	13 ft. 2 in.	10 ft. 0 in.	18 ft. 0 in.
	Width.	Height to crown of arch.	
Doorways	2 ft. 4 in.	8 ft. 4 in.	

A shallow plinth runs round the nave. The capitals of the diminutive chancel arch are uncarved. The width of the arch seemed by rough calculation to be 3ft. 6in., possibly this is wrong and it may figure in the above measurements as a doorway. As may be seen the building is very high in proportion to its width and length. There were no windows in the original building. The ar-cading which runs round the outside of the church is

actually cut out of the masonry of the wall; an ingenious proceeding, but surely one which points to a very primitive stage of architectural development. Some of the columns of the arcading are cut into imitation pilasters.



A SAXON ANGEL.

The figures of the angels are interesting and are supposed to be actually *in situ*. There is also a fragment of beautiful stellated diaper lying in the chapel, which some believe to have been portion of the reredos. The masonry has been much restored; though the bulk of the old building remains. The stone has taken the tint of a yellow sandstone rather than that of the local stone. The orientation is not exact by compass, but inclined S.E.

The chapel belonged to the Abbey of Shaftesbury till the Reformation, when it passed to Sir Francis Walsingham. The Methuens eventually became possessed of it and in 1715 Anthony Methuen gave up the nave and porch as a school for the children of the parish. It was turned for the purpose into a two storied building; the chancel became a cottage. In this state it remained till the seventies of this century. The diminutive proportions of the chancel arch may be surmised from the fact that the keystone was removed and the arch made to serve as a chimney.

We ask ourselves what purpose so small a sanctuary can have served. Its foundation was presumably later than that of the monastery; but even if contemporary,

was it not something superfluous? The inhabitants of the riverside hamlet may have been few enough to have been housed within its walls; though the proximity to the important city of Bath and its position by the ford suggest a wider possibility. In any case we have fruitful field of surmise in the fact that here was a shrine to the Roman St. Lawrence set up by the very English St. Aldhelm while the foot-prints of the Roman missionary monks were still fresh on the soil, and in a spot so close to the recently evacuated Roman capital of the west.



Beside the name of St. Aldhelm, the name of St. Dunstan is connected honourably with Bradford. Fifty years after King Alfred's death Dunstan of Glastonbury was elected at a Witan held at Bradford to the see of Worcester. In the reign of Stephen the parish church was built. The chancel has been lengthened at a later date and a large east window and other details added. The roof is barrel-shaped and no rival of its Somerset neighbours. As to the date of the reredos no information is given and in the failing evening light it was hazardous to form conjectures; but the panels contain representations of the instruments of the Passion. There are two fine brasses in the chancel,

and a scalloped tomb of a crusader. In the wall of the north aisle there is an interesting recess for a mural monument with graceful early perpendicular details. A brass at the east end of this aisle has a suggestive pathos in the fact that the date of the death is not filled in. We have the record that "Thomas Kowton and Mary hys wyff sumtyme flunder of this chawntrey deceased 15—;" knowing the character of the times we wonder if it was through sectarian malevolence that the decade was never filled in. Around the westernmost columns of the nave a stone ribbon scroll is twined from top to base. Some modern barbarian of a century ago has cut English Bible texts in big lettering on them, for all the world like the Christmas decorations in a workhouse ward. If history records that the instigator ended his days in such an establishment, we shall believe there is sometimes a retributive fitness in fate.

T. L. A.

Memoir of the Right Rev. John Provost Crookall.

Doctor of Divinity, and Protonotary Apostolic.

By MGR. GODDARD.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Lytham, in Lancashire, in the year 1821, and came of one of the many good old Catholic families of that Catholic county. He was sent to study for the Church at St. Edmund's in the year 1834, and was one of six Lancashire boys whom Dr. Bramstone, the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had asked for as Church Students.

Of those six, two gave up, but the remaining four, Thos. Parkinson, John Walsh, John Ainsworth, and John Crookall persevered till they were ordained priests and lived to do good work on the mission.

In those days (as an eye witness writes) our Colleges were very different to what they have become; everything was in a much rougher state, and it may be said without disparagement that Crookall was one of the roughest of the rough; he was full of life and spirits, up to all manner of pranks and mischief, and as a consequence very often and very deservedly in disgrace.

In his studies he early distinguished himself, and from first to last he took the lead in his class, and that without any effort on his part. In one respect this was very unfortunate, for it served to foster in him a habit of indolence which he never thoroughly shook off, and which was the bane of his life, for had he been blessed with the power of sustained application, which is the mark of true genius and the secret of success, in addition to his other great abilities, he would have been a giant among men; for, not only

had the powers of the highest order, but also a wondrous versatility which would have enabled him to excel in any branch of knowledge or science to which he chose to apply himself.

We have an instance of this in regard to Mathematics; this was a study to which, during his stay at St. Edmund's, he never applied himself, and he went to Rome without a knowledge of even the elements of Geometry and Algebra; at the end, however of his first year's philosophy he had applied himself to this branch with such effect that he carried off the gold medal for Mathematics, to do which required a mastery of the Calculus.

John Crookall left St. Edmund's for Rome in the year 1840, having taken the medal in the two previous years in the classes of Poetry and Rhetoric; he had also started, and, in great measure, helped to sustain by his contributions the Edmundian Magazine, of which he was the Editor, and which still exists to attest his exceptional abilities.

He remained at Rome in the English College for six years, completing there his course of Philosophy and Theology, and, so far as application to study is concerned, these were, undoubtedly, the best years of his life; under the inspiration, encouragement, and direction of Doctors Errington and Grant he turned his great intellectual gifts to good account. His success was very great, and every year brought the joyful news to his friends in England of a medal won, a distinction gained, in the various 'concursus' in which he had competed.

Notwithstanding this success he left Rome without having taken the Doctor's cap; but this was owing to his modesty—a feature in his character which remained distinct and lovable all through his life; he had been appointed to a Professorship at St. Edmund's by Bishop Griffiths; at that time the late Bishop of Amycla, Dr. Weathers, was Vice-President, and Dr. Whitty, now a

Jesuit, was Professor of Scripture; both were without degrees, and Crookall did not like the idea of being associated with his former Superiors and Professors as a D.D. while they were without this distinction, he therefore asked the Bishop to obtain for both the same deserved title, and deferred his own till theirs had been secured. Accordingly, a little later on, they all three received the Doctor's cap at the same time in the old chapel of St. Edmund's College.

For some years Dr. Crookall was professor of Philosophy and of Classics, and, though he was much liked as a Professor, yet it cannot be said that he was altogether a successful one; this however did not assuredly arise from any want of capacity; but from the fact that he was too easy with his classes, and did not keep them steadily to their work; his kindness of heart, however, and his sympathetic nature made a deep impression, and drew all to him, and hence, no doubt, it was that he was so much liked as a Confessor, and that the Retreats and Conferences, that he, from time to time, gave the students, had such good effects. It is only thus that we can account for what seemed so anomalous in his position at St. Edmund's; for, though a Superior, and on the retirement of Dr. Cox, Vice-President in succession to Dr. Weathers, he was as intimate and familiar with the students as though he had been one of themselves, and the wonder is that, despite this comradeship, he never lost his hold upon them, and they ever rendered to him that respect and that loving obedience without which it would have been impossible for him to continue in his post, or to discharge his duties.

There came, however, a time when the characteristic, which we have described, told severely against him and led to his resignation of the Vice-Presidentship. Dating from the death of Bishop Griffiths in the year 1847 to about the year 1856 St. Edmund's College was exposed to a prolonged and severe ordeal. It was the time of the

Oxford movement, and at one period or another almost everyone of the distinguished converts paid a visit of more or less duration to the College. One of them, W. G. Ward, later on Dr. Ward, took up his abode in the College grounds and filled a Professor's chair. He was a keen but only a superficial observer, and came rapidly to the conclusion that the whole College system was defective and that the Professors were wanting in intellectual power, in acquired knowledge, and even in spirituality. He lost no time in laying his views before Cardinal Wiseman, in whom he ever found a willing and a sympathetic listener. In particular he directed his attack upon the Vice-President, Dr. Crookall, whose straightforwardness in word and deed, and whose lack of outward refinement jarred upon him in an especial manner.

He did not wait to find out the sterling qualities of the man, nor his extraordinary natural abilities surpassing even his own, which were of no mean order, nor his deep, humble faith.

He succeeded in his efforts and by the advice of his Bishop, Dr. Grant, Dr. Crookall resigned his post of Vice-President; his departure was a cause of deep sorrow to his fellow Professors, to his pupils and to his penitents. He was presented by them with a chalice which was one of his dearest treasures, and with which he offered the Holy Sacrifice to the end.

His Bishop at once appointed him President of St. Mary's, Woolhampton, a position at that time little to be envied as neither the finances nor the discipline of the College were, by any means, in a flourishing condition. The Doctor used to relate, and nothing better illustrates the man in his simple and humble obedience, that when Dr. Grant appointed him, he added, "The place must kill some one! why not you?"

A quarter of a century later the Doctor in recounting the anecdote used laughingly to say, "it has taken a long time to kill me."

Installed as President the Doctor soon found that his young subjects were disposed to try of what metal their new master was made. He let matters take their course for a few days and then, to use his own words, he adopted a remedy "short, smart and touching," with such an effect that his influence was established once for all.

Bishop Grant had chosen Dr. Crookall to be one of the original Chapter of the newly formed diocese of Southwark, and showed the greatest confidence and regard for him, and, knowing his man, from 1835 till his death in 1870, he left him to fight a weary battle with debt and difficulties of all kinds. With heroic endurance the Doctor never complained, never asked for a change but went steadily on, doing great, fruitful work with poor tools and worse materials.

The successor of Bishop Grant, Dr. Danell, appointed Dr. Crookall to the post of Vicar-General of the Diocese, and for ten years he was the Bishop's right hand. He carried on no small share of the business of the largest Diocese in England, comprising the counties of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands. The familiarity with the Latin and Italian language, the knowledge of the customs, style and practice of the Roman Curia that he had acquired during his stay in the Sacred City stood him in good stead as Vicar-General. In that office Philosophy, Theology, Canon Law, matters legislative, administrative and financial; documents in Latin, French and Italian, all these in turn claimed his attention, and all came easily to his versatile and ever-ready genius. During this period of his life he completed his twenty-five years Presidency of St. Mary's, and the friends of the Doctor, and all those who had passed under his care were his loving devoted friends, besides a multitude of others who had not had that privilege, seized the opportunity of making him a handsome present of some seven or eight hundred pounds as a mark

of their affection, esteem, and gratitude. With his usual generosity and forgetfulness of self the Doctor at once made over to the Bishop nearly the whole of the sum to form the nucleus of a building fund for the new College. It was his good fortune to see the new building begun and in great measure completed.

In 1881 Dr. Danell died. Dr. Crookall was elected Vicar-Capitular, and ruled the Diocese for a whole year during the vacancy of the See. That year was an eventful and, for the Diocese, an historical one.

At the Chapter held for the election of a successor to Dr. Danell three names were sent to Rome, after due submission to the English Bishops, Crookall, Bamber, and Butt. For a long time no answer came from the Propaganda, but at last a communication arrived which caused general stupefaction, and of which this is the tenor: That the names of three worthy, and most-to-be-respected Priests against whom nothing could, would or should be said, had been placed before the Holy Father, but that an anonymous letter had reached the Propaganda, in which it was stated that but little progress had been made in the Diocese of Southwark, that much benefit might be derived from the importation of new blood, that Fr. Coffin's name had been suggested, that he would do a great work in the Diocese, that he had been nominated by the Holy See, and that there was an end of the matter! This letter caused, as may be easily imagined, surprise and incredulity; a Chapter was summoned, a warm protest was drawn up by the Vicar-Capitular and sent to Rome in the name of the Chapter. An answer came in due time which referred to the Protest as respectful in form but very strong "in re," and reminded the Chapter that the Holy Father had a perfect right—which by the bye had never been disputed—to pass over the Chapter's nominations, and confirmed the appointment of Bishop Coffin. The Chapter and the Diocese respectfully submitted, but naturally not

without some soreness. Dr. Crookall did not however rest till a report was drawn up showing the perfidious falsity of the assertion of the anonymous letter that during the reign of his beloved friend and Superior, Bishop Danell, the Diocese had made but little progress. In conjunction with the late Canon Bamber a statement was made out in which it was demonstrated that in respect of increase of clergy, both regular and secular, and of new churches and missions there had been a marked progress, such as could not be found elsewhere; and especially that the rate of progress in these respects had been considerably higher than in Westminster or Salford; and that, in providing new schools and improved teaching for the children, the Diocese under Dr. Danell had far surpassed any other. This act of justice done, Dr. Crookall gave up the Vicar-Generalship of Southwark, and withdrew to his dear home at St. Mary's, which now became, by the subdivision of the Diocese, part of the new diocese of Portsmouth. Some years before, he had refused the Bishopric of Goulbourne, and it was the universal belief and desire that he should succeed Dr. Danell in the diocese of Southwark, or at least be the first Bishop of Portsmouth. It was not to be; and some have said that the Doctor was a disappointed man; but to those who knew him the saying was vain and unworthy, for he was a simple, unambitious, humble-minded priest, who dreaded the dangerous and heavy burden of the Episcopate.

At the formation of the Diocese of Portsmouth he was appointed Provost of the Chapter, and in 1883 he was raised by the Holy Father to the dignity of Protonotary Apostolic, and the old students of St. Mary's gladly seized the opportunity of once again testifying their love and gratitude by presenting him with the robes of his office.

He devoted himself to his work at St. Mary's, and began, and in some measure completed, the new buildings, but in the Autumn of 1885 he was seized with such a severe ill-

ness that his death was hourly expected; he, however, recovered so far as to be able to get about again, but his constitution was evidently completely shattered; he resigned the Presidency of St. Mary's and removed to Southsea, for change of air as he said, but although he persisted that he would return and die at Woolhampton, his friends knew that he would never again mount the hill alive; and so it proved, for his stay at Southsea continued, and in the Autumn of 1887 he was again stricken with serious illness, and on the 3rd of November he yielded up his soul to God. He had lived for sixty-six years, and over forty of them he had given to God in His Church. God had bestowed upon him an intellect above that of the ordinary man; he used it for His honour and the Church's glory. Thus, he was endowed with rare musical gifts, and he employed them exclusively for Church Music. His first published composition was the piece "Justorum animæ" for the first Mass of Father Prendergast; his last the responsories for Tenebræ written for St. George's Cathedral. Those in a position to judge say that the Doctor's earlier compositions were for the most part conceived in a lighter vein, but that, with maturer years, he tended more and more to a severe and grave style; and, indeed in later years, he was heard to declare that in Plain Chant alone was to be found the safe-guard against the abuses to which Church Music is so prone. However that may be, this much is certain that the "Doctor" never misused his musical abilities, but devoted them entirely to God, and so did he indeed with his other great gifts and with his whole life.

He was admitted to the Venerable "Old Brotherhood" of the English Secular Clergy in the year 1871, and his genial gaiety, his light-hearted winning ways, his self-generating good nature drew us all to him. We have lost a dear Brother in him and what is more we have lost a devoted, faithful fellow-labourer. May he rest in peace.

Old Recollections.

AS the Monastery of St. Lawrence, so long and perhaps better known as "Ampleforth College," was established in 1802, the fact will pass unquestioned, that there are no survivors to bear personal witness to so interesting an event. And now that the Centenary is so near, it is not surprising that not even one "alumnus" can be found to speak of the doings of the first twenty-five years. A few years more, and the first half century will be without a living witness. Such reflections have led to the conclusion that an attempt should be made to put on record some gleanings at least from the memories of living elders, both personal and traditional.

In this paper there is no intention of writing a history. We may hope that something deserving of the name may grace the pages of the *Journal* in the Centenary Year. The present effort simply aims at collecting some facts, and odds and ends of more or less interest.

For many years previous to 1802, Fr. Anselm Bolton was a leading figure amongst the sparse population of the Vale of Mowbray. For nearly thirty years he had lived at Gilling Castle as Chaplain to the Fairfax Family; but since 1793 he had resided at "Ampleforth Lodge" a residence built for him by the Hon. Ann Fairfax, to which she had added about 30 acres of land. This was with the double intention of securing a permanent and independent home for a Catholic priest, and of giving substantial proof of esteem and gratitude towards her spiritual adviser and friend.

Every one knows that the condition of a priest a hundred years ago was not as now. The portrait of Fr. Bolton, which we fortunately possess, shows that the dress of his

time is in great contrast to the clerical costume of to-day. And how different the times! The costume of to-day is intended to denote the Ecclesiastic, as the garb of a hundred years ago was rather to conceal him. So, too, Fr. Bolton was spoken of, not as "Father," but simply as Mr. Bolton, of "Ampleforth Lodge." The Penal Laws were still in force; and it is interesting to remember that Fr. Bolton was the last priest prosecuted in England for teaching Catholic Catechism to a Protestant child living at the Park-House Farm. He was tried at York, but was acquitted, partly through the ability of his counsel and partly through the connivance of the Crown.

When in 1802 it became known that Mr. Bolton was leaving, we may well imagine that the curiosity of the neighbourhood would be excited; and perhaps not so much as to where he was going, as to who were the new comers. And if told that he was providing shelter for Pilgrim-Monks, the Villagers may be excused if they failed to realize that they had come to found "*T. Coulege*" of later days.

But they were Pilgrims indeed! Driven out of the Monastery of St. Lawrence, at Dieulouard in Lorraine, at the French Revolution in 1793, they had sought a home at Acton-Burnell in 1794—at Birkenhead in 1795—at Scholes near Prescot in 1796—at Vernon Hall, Liverpool in 1797—at Parbold in 1802. None of these places were satisfactory. It was due to the generosity and loyalty of Fr. Bolton, himself a member of St. Lawrence's of Dieulouard, that in the latter part of 1802 this Pilgrimage ceased. In December 1802, Conventual life began at Ampleforth, not again to be interrupted. Fr. Anselm Appleton was the first Prior, elected during the short time the Community remained at Parbold.

Who can look at Ampleforth in 1802 and again in 1900 and not think of the parable of the "Mustard-Seed?" "It grew and became a great tree." "Ampleforth Lodge,"

the Priory of 1802, also grew, and has become the Abbey of 1900.

"Ampleforth Lodge" was a roomy, commodious and well-built house, with south aspect, and commanding a charming view. The frontage was an entrance with two windows on either side and with two rows of five windows above. Inside there was a good lobby and Staircase, with a Parlour on either side, two Bedrooms on the first floor and two more above, with possibly accommodation in the attics, and presumably kitchen, &c., at the back. Fr. Bolton must have been well satisfied with the gift of his Benefactress.

And when it is understood that the Community from Parbold only numbered five members, it is easy to conclude that these homeless Pilgrims were quite content with their Priory. What Superiors thought of it may be gathered from the fact that, at the General-Chapter of 1802, the Title of Cathedral-Prior of Peterborough was conferred upon Fr. Bolton, in acknowledgement of his generous sacrifice.

To the uninitiated it will be a surprise that, throughout the material development of the passing century, the Priory of 1802 has not only maintained its existence, but has all along asserted its importance; inasmuch as the rooms of "Ampleforth Lodge" are identical with the Prior's and Sub-Prior's rooms, with the five cells above, and the two more public rooms below. In other words the "Ampleforth" of to-day is "Ampleforth Lodge" enlarged, not superseded. By way of "object-lesson," take the frontage of the front door of the old house, with two windows on either side, with the two rows of five windows above; take off the top-dormitory and restore the roof; ignore the east and west wings, and there is "Ampleforth Lodge," or the Priory of 1802.

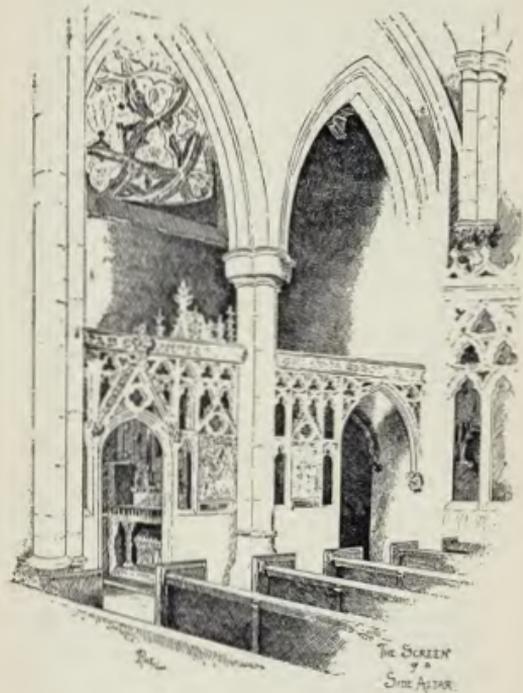
But, where was the College? A beginning so lowly that the present generation would be tempted to cry, Impossible! But, like Monks to whom "impossibilia injunguntur," they

were prepared to do their best, and the work they began has been blessed. Like Ampleforth Lodge or the Priory of 1802, the College of 1802 may still be seen. It stood externally unaltered until about a year ago; and sufficient remains, to show its real character. It is in the back-yard, and has for years served as a laundry. The elevation consisted of entrance, with two windows on either side, and a row of small windows above. It was not a bad building for a back-yard. The area was about 30 feet by 13 feet. On the ground floor were the entrance lobby, with the study on the left and the Refectory and Playroom combined, on the



right; above were the Dormitory and Chapel. Tradition states that, from necessity, or a kind of Hobson's choice, (and presumably weather permitting) the Lavatory was in the open yard, at the trough in connection with the Pump. A view is given of the interior of the Chapel, which probably rather flatters the original; for, this part of the building has recently been altered, and does not favour exact details. Here not only was the Divine Office recited, and Holy Mass celebrated, but, at intervals, there were Episcopal Functions.

It was the latter that necessitated, in so low a room, a



kind of "semi dome" treatment of the ceiling above the Altar to admit of the decorous use of the Mitre. That Office was recited, any of the students in the adjoining Dormitory could have borne testimony.

But the monks had come to stay. The immediate measures taken to open the College and to increase the Community had been soblessed, that extension on a large scale became a necessity, even before a decade of years had passed. About 1812 under the Priorship of Fr. Gregory Robinson, the existing east and west wings were erected. But whilst thus making what at the time must have been considered magnificent additions, equal energy was displayed in the promotion of Scholastic progress. About this time Von Feinagle, a German Professor, had come to England, having already acquired some celebrity in Paris. He advocated a plan for facilitating the study of languages, and for supplying an aid to memory. He offered to introduce his system at Ampleforth, and the offer was accepted. This is not the place to consider the merits of the System. But it has a bearing on the necessity for building. For, whatever its real or lasting merits, the fact remains that it attracted much attention, and was admired by many, and led to a marked increase in the number of students. Moreover, the "General-Chapter" of 1814 passed a vote of thanks to the Prior and Community in acknowledgment of energetic and successful administration.

The mention of the names of Fr. Robinson and of Von Feinagle brings to recollection a couple of anecdotes entitled to rank at least amongst "odds and ends;" and they claim to be facts besides. Fr. Robinson before coming to Ampleforth had been an Army-Surgeon. If in these days such a life is not always amidst "clover" and sunshine, it will not be far from the truth to conclude that, under the conditions then existing, he had thoroughly learned how to rough it." Of course the following is an example. On a certain occasion there was an "out" to

Castle-Howard. The Prior, Fr. Robinson, was one of the party; he rode on horseback. When in the Park, his horse taking fright, Fr. Robinson lost control, was carried under the trees, and being caught by a branch was thrown to the ground. The result was a dislocated shoulder. Those were not the days of Ambulance Classes nor of lessons in "first-aid." But Fr. Robinson was equal to the occasion. Lying on the ground, and becoming once more Surgeon Robinson, he extemporized an Ambulance Class, gave his first lesson, and supplied in his own person an object to practice on; and with such success, that Prior Robinson was seen next morning as usual at Matins. There was no "laying up." In the army he had learned to "rough it."

Von Feinagle's case is much less serious, in a double sense. As there was no Gilling Station, for there were no railways, the Professor travelled by coach, or perhaps by chaise, to York, and put up at an Hotel. The next morning he proceeded on his journey; but scarcely had the coach started, when the "Boots" was seen in hot pursuit. What could have happened? Anxiety was at once relieved. "Stop, Stop," shouted the 'Boots,' "the *memoryman* has forgotten his umbrella."

Von Feinagle's system as an aid to memory has long been extinct. It flourished for about twenty years, was partially in use for fifteen more, and after that had a kind of prolonged agony. It is not unlikely that during a considerable part of the time the system was imperfectly handed down, and that liberties were taken with it, which the author would not have recognized. One part of the system required the use of symbols, one hundred in number.

Some, opposed to artificial aids, were heard to say that they found it easier to remember the facts than to be bear in mind the symbols by which they were to be fixed. And probably others, like the "Boots," would think little of a "Memory-Man" who could not think of his own Umbrella!

That the laws that govern memory are a very mysterious code is of universal experience. How often we cannot remember when we try, and how many times we succeed without an effort! How curious too are memory's combinations! To ask why the alteration of the ceiling above the Altar in the little Chapel reminded one of Ushaw College, would be put down as a conundrum. Whereas, in reality, a sequence of ideas led to the recollection of a fact of some little interest. As above stated, the alteration was made with a view to Episcopal functions. During the greater part of the first half of the century, the counties of York and of Durham formed part of the Northern District or Vicariate, and consequently they were subject to the same Vicar-Apostolic. Hence for Ordinations or Confirmation, Bishop Gibson visited Ampleforth. Whilst speaking of this, the late Monsignore Brindle, formerly of Bath, was reminded of the following incident. The Bishop had occasion to visit Ampleforth at a time when much occupied with the transfer of St. Cuthbert's from Crook to Ushaw; and as questions of £. s. d. were then, as now, of very practical importance, his Lordship was gratified, to find that the Students had opened a subscription. If out of their pocket money they were not quite able to relieve him from all financial anxiety, they, at all events, gave proof of sympathetic fellow-feeling under very similar circumstances.

It has been stated that, about 1811, great building operations were undertaken, and that the east and west wings were added. But this gives an inadequate idea of the magnitude of the work. In reality a New Monastery was raised, into which the little Priory was absorbed. When the two wings were erected, the great central staircase with corresponding landings and passages must also have been built, as the means of access. It is a common saying that every rule has its exceptions. In building it would seem to be an axiom, that doors, windows, &c., should be

planned to suit the building and not *vice versa*. But here, by way of exception, and with good effect too, the building seems to have been modified to suit the stairs; which, as tradition says, were brought from an old Hall at Ness, situate about two miles north-east of Hovingham. The probability seems to be that the top-dormitory was part of this great extension. The Refectory wing also, if not erected at the same time, cannot have been long delayed. Adjoining the east wing was a temporary Playroom or shed.

Thus, well within the first quarter of the century, was provided Monastic and Collegiate accommodation for one hundred inmates. The chief features were a large and handsome Chapel, a room, and a pleasant Calefactory, a large Refectory, a Library used also as a Study, a main passage, two Dormitories, and from fifteen to twenty Bed-rooms. Not long after, further extensions were made. The temporary Playroom was pulled down, and in a range of buildings extending, about 130 feet to the east, were Study, Play-room, Lavatory and Music-room, with a small Library. When it is remembered that the "Emancipation Act" only dates from 1829, and that all these extensions were complete some years before, it argues no little energy, and very considerable courage, to have ignored the Penal Laws, and, in spite of the intolerance and bigotry of the times, to have persevered, in an unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice.

But prudence was not disregarded. Whilst all this development was progressing, there were no newspaper reports of the doings of the Benedictines at St. Lawrence's Monastery; there were no announcements of Professions; there was no talk of the Father or Brothers of the Community. It was always "Ampleforth College"—Mr. Robinson, the Prior, not "Father Prior"—The Masters—the Calefactory was the "Masters' Room," &c. All this by way of precaution. At that time it was more like living

in an enemy's country, as far as religion was concerned. What indiscreet zeal might have led to in those earlier days was shown even as late as 1850, when during the so-called "Papal Aggression" Fr. Ignatius Spencer was nearly mobbed in the street at Cheltenham for venturing out in his habit.

The material progress just described is shown in the Lithograph drawn by Mr. John Weld in 1840; and no further changes were made until 1850. Although in the latter half of the century such immense additions and improvements have taken place, for the most part it is still easy to trace and identify the earlier work. But there is one noted exception, and one likely to arouse peculiar interest. The drawing of the original chapel in the back-yard, and actual experience of the present church may very naturally excite curiosity as to the character of the intermediate chapel, the "House of God" for nearly half the century. Though externally the building remains unaltered, the internal transformation is so great, that there scarcely remains a vestige of its original use. To be told that in the west wing the ground floor and the story above, from front to back, formed the chapel, and to find this space now occupied by lower and upper corridors or cloisters, with adjoining rooms below and above, is not a very intelligible introduction to Sanctuary and High Altar, to Choir and Side Chapels. Hence, the interior view so skilfully and accurately drawn, with accompanying plans of chapel and gallery, whilst satisfying a very reasonable curiosity, must be welcomed as a very important addition to the memorials of the past.

It will be noticed that the Sanctuary occupied a very considerable part of the ground floor, and in height reached to the ceiling of the 1st floor. Next in importance was the Gallery, in which was the Monastic Choir. A marked peculiarity was in the arrangement of the stalls. They all faced the Altar and were ranged against the south wall. The organ

occupied the centre, and completely blocked the middle window, and separated the two sides of the choir. The upper row of stalls covered the lower half of each of the remaining windows, and yet the light in the Gallery was not insufficient. The remaining part of the ground floor was occupied by the Students, on Week-days. On Sundays



room was found for them in the Gallery so that the Catholics of the neighbourhood might be provided for below. These arrangements will be better understood on reference to the plans. Originally, the altar could be pretty well seen from the Choir; but, when the centre of the gallery was widened on account of increasing numbers, the view was much interfered with.

As regards the Sanctuary, for ordinary purposes the

space was sufficient; the Classic treatment of the Altar gave a certain solemnity, with a facility for decoration on festive days. On very exceptional days, as on Maundy-Thursday, for the consecration of the Holy Oils, by the removal of Communion rail and benches, the centre of the chapel was added to the Sanctuary. In some cases Rubrics were adapted to circumstances. The incensing of the choir, and the giving of the "Pax" entailed a small journey into the corridor, up the main stair-case, into the Gallery.

The most unsatisfactory part was the Sacristy, a small room on the Epistle side, without windows, and merely borrowing insufficient light from the Sanctuary through a glazed partition. This inconvenience was obviated on occasion of High Mass, &c., by using the Calefactory as Sacristy, though this of course necessitated a small procession. As regards the talent of sacristans in the art of decoration, the main effort was reserved for Christmas. Netting fastened to the wall was filled in with ivy, the pillars were intertwined, &c., with seasonable effect, and genius put the finishing stroke by illuminations at midnight Mass, with coloured lamps, brilliant star, &c. Of the name of the adventurous artist there is no record. But unfortunately in handing down the design, he failed to transmit a guarantee of execution. A certain Christmas the lamps were taken in hand by a stranger in the art of trimming, who acted presumably on the principle, the longer the wick the more brilliant the flame. The lamps had not long been lighted, before smoke, smuts and smell foreboded disaster; and fortunately it came in time. At the "Kyrie" a lamp fell upon the Deacon's shoulder. Already a small but futile effort had been made to extinguish the lamps. It then became necessary to do something effective and without delay. During the "Gloria" a ladder was roared and one of the Community ascended and put an end to anxiety. It is needless to say that the artist's plan was never patented; nor was it again attempted.

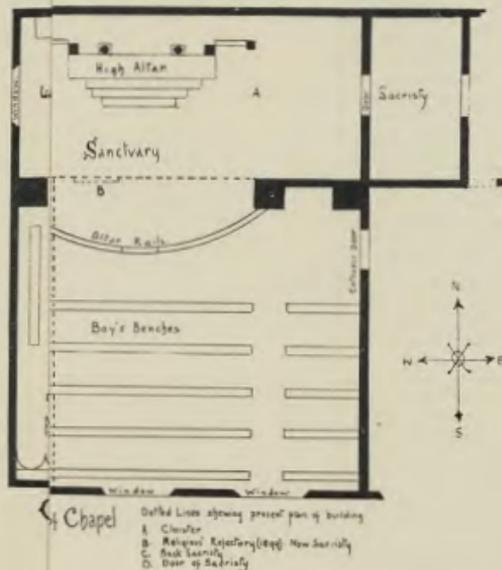
As shown on the plan, there were two private Altars in the gallery, the Lady-Altar and St. Benedict's. In later years a third altar was placed in the recess on the Gospel side of the High-Altar, and under the Lady-Chapel.

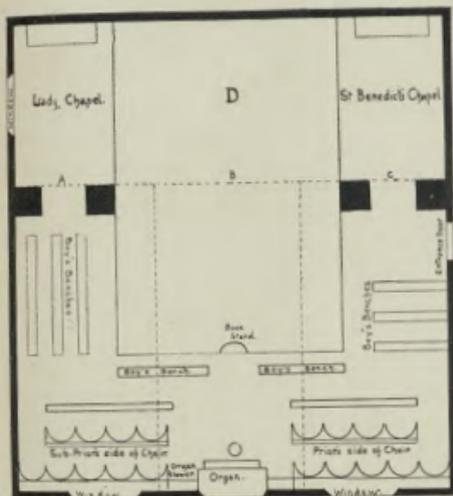
Here, too, some of the elder students were placed on Sundays, when the gallery, though enlarged, had become unequal to the increasing numbers.

The organ was not large, the case measured nine feet and a half by five and a half. It may be styled a "Battle of Waterloo" organ, as it was built in 1815. The builder was James Davis of London. It is a credit to him. After almost daily use at Ampleforth for about fifty years, it has done good service at Leyland for more than thirty more.

When building a church at the present day, two important questions always arise, heating and lighting. It is natural therefore to ask what provision was made in the old chapel. By way of preface it may be said that economy was the order of the day. Of the efficiency the reader will form his own opinion. The heating was very primitive. For unless by exercise a person had previously generated warmth, or had acquired it by other means, in the chapel he need expect nothing beyond the warmth of his own devotions; for a warming apparatus was unknown. The lighting was little less primitive; only candles. The choir was lighted by moulds; the chapel below by one "Dip," a veritable "rat-tail." At Office, the maximum was four moulds on each side. During the reading of the Lessons a candle was borrowed from the stalls. After Compline there were public night-prayers.

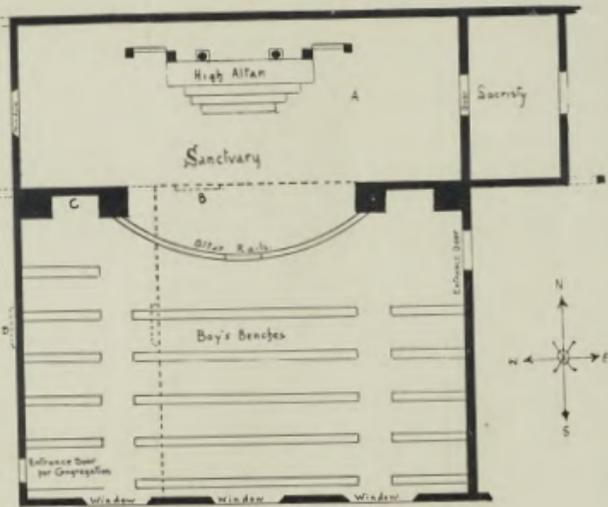
It was the duty of Deacons to recite them, kneeling at a stool placed upon the predella. He entered from the Sacristy, bearing a brass candlestick and mould candle. In the body of the chapel, occupied by the Students, darkness was made visible by one "dip," destined to do duty afterwards in one of the Dormitories. After prayers the Lesson for the day was read from Challoner's Medi-





Ground Plan of Gallery of Chapel

Dotted Lines showing present plan of building
 A, B, C. rooms on first gallery
 D. passage to Bishop's Vest.



Ground Plan of Chapel

Dotted Lines showing present plan of building
 A. Cloister
 B. Religious' Refectory (dogg) New Sanctuary
 C. Back Sacristy
 D. Door of Sacristy

tations. At 'consider 3rd,' the custodian of the "dip" immediately rose, and transferring it from its socket to his own tin candlestick, he left the chapel to light up the Dormitory. During the remainder of the Lesson the Deacon's mould grew in importance, becoming the centre of light, until he also disappeared. Then the Sanctuary Lamp made the only difference between light and darkness. About 1850, however, candles began to disappear from public places; so that for a few years, even the old chapel was lighted by lamps.

In 1854, Fr. Prior Cooper was maturing plans for a New Church; three years after, the Chapel had been closed. Again a little time, it had been transferred out of existence. If now it lives again in memory, partly from the above descriptions, much more from the skilful hand of the artist, trouble taken is well repaid.

W. B. P.

Q Fugitive in 1793.

Or a sidelight on the French Revolution.

THERE has come into my hands, with permission to make use of it for the *Ampleforth Journal*, a short account of her uncle's escape from France, during the progress of the great French Revolution, written by Mother Mary Ignatius Radcliffe of the York Convent, who died Feb. 10th, of this present year.* Her information was gathered from her father, Mr. Charles Radcliffe, of York—who was brother to Fr. Ralph Radcliffe—a member of St. Gregory's community, and the subject of the following narrative.

Mr. Charles Radcliffe was the youngest of five brothers, and Ralph the third by age. There was a difference of twenty years between Charles and his eldest brother. The family resided at Stearsby, near to Brandsby, and about fifteen miles from York. "They were the only Catholics in the village, and to bring up their large family in the strict observance of their religious duties was no easy matter, on account of the restraints and annoyances to which Catholics were subject in those days."

The difficulties alluded to by Mother Ignatius have reference to the period anterior to the passing of the Relief Acts of 1778 and 1791. Ralph was born on the 4th of January 1772. As he grew up under the care of his good parents he gave signs of that piety and sobriety of character which disposed him for the Religious life, and inclined him, after the example of so many more English youths, to aspire to the priesthood.

"It was, then, no small pleasure and satisfaction to his parents when Ralph expressed his wish to become a priest.

* The M.S. has been kindly lent to me by Mr. John Radcliffe of York, brother to Mother Ignatius.

It was an honour so rare and attended with so many difficulties that few Catholics could expect to enjoy it in those days of trouble and persecution. It was true that Catholics were now free from some of the galling penalties and restraints they had borne for two centuries, and they had now the privilege of educating their children in their own faith. Yet, there was no Catholic College in England, nor any school at all for higher education. The only chance of becoming a priest was to go *beyond the seas*, as it was termed, to one of the Colleges abroad, and that was often attended with many risks and difficulties. Ralph's pious mother, however, overruled all difficulties, believing that next to the happiness of being a priest was that of being the mother of a priest. So he was sent to the English Benedictine College at Douai, which had been established there in 1604-5, where he pursued his studies until the peace and security of the Monastery and College were disturbed and broken, in 1793, by the great Revolution."

France had been violently agitated for some years previous to 1793. The National Assembly had asserted and proclaimed its supremacy in 1789. Louis XVI was arrested in the course of his attempted flight in 1790 and imprisoned in the Tuilleries. Then followed the storming of the palace, the massacre of the Swiss Guards and of 5,000 royalist prisoners in 1792. In January of the following year Louis was executed; and war was declared against England and other powers in February. These appalling circumstances afforded a fearful prospect of what might be in store for both Clerics and English Students. Douai was expecting a siege by the allied forces, and, consequently, a very hostile attitude and unfriendly disposition was assumed towards the many British subjects gathered into the various colleges. Many students of the great secular College, as well as of St. Gregory's, alarmed in good time, managed to obtain passports and, having means, were

able to escape to England without much hardship. Others, less fortunate, and without means, ventured upon their escape, trusting, under the merciful providence of God, to good fortune and to their own natural pluck and resource. In August 1793, the Community and Students were ordered to leave St. Gregory's within 24 hours. They withdrew to their country house where they remained unmolested for some weeks. Hoping to escape beyond the not far distant frontiers, they quitted their temporary residence at midnight. Their attempt was foiled and half the number were arrested; the remainder, by some lucky chance, escaped and ultimately reached England. During these disturbances, but whether before or after the seizure of the Monastery the narrative does not precisely say, Ralph Radcliffe with others was allowed to leave the College and make his way to England, as best he could.

"This was no easy matter, for soldiers were scouring the country and there was much difficulty in avoiding them. They left Douai in small parties to avoid suspicion; but they soon found they must separate. Ralph changed clothes with a peasant, and with a companion made his way homewards, meeting with many wonderful escapes and dangers. The country people were generally kind to the fugitives, when they asked for shelter; but were deterred from showing them the needed hospitality through fear of the consequences. On one occasion, a kind-hearted man, seeing their distressed appearance, took them into his house and gave them a night's lodging. In the morning, to their horror, they found soldiers drawn up in front of the house. They were evidently suspected and, as they feared, in great peril. Their kind host, however, showed them a kind of drain, or culvert, which led to the back of the house, through which they crept and made their escape."

The narrative does not say how Ralph managed to cross the Channel, nor how he accomplished the long journey from Dover, where he probably landed, to Stearsby, but

leaves the reader under the impression that he travelled the distance on foot, probably getting a lift, as occasion offered, in some passing cart or conveyance.

"After many dangers and sufferings Ralph at last reached his home, without shoes or stockings and with his clothes in rags. He went towards the back of the house, and there he saw his youngest brother playing on the green. He went up to him and called him by name. 'Charlie!' But Charlie did not speak, taking Ralph to be a beggar, and wondering he should know his name. Ralph went on and met his eldest brother, and said: 'Willie!' But Willie did not know him, thinking in his mind 'that young fellow is after no good!' The two brothers watched Ralph enter the house; they followed with some curiosity, and to their amazement found the beggar clasped in his mother's arms. She knew her son through all his rags. Her joy in seeing her son was great, but she was shocked and grieved to see the state of destitution he was in. She called all her children together and bade them not to tell anyone that their brother had returned, until he was rested and properly clad. But little Charlie did not seem to think that he was included in the prohibition, for he soon made it his business to go round to all the neighbours and tell them that his brother Ralph was come home. These friends, though Protestants, had taken an interest in the boy who had to leave his country to be educated, and naturally came at once to welcome him home, much to the surprise and annoyance of his mother. Finding that it was little Charlie who had disobeyed her orders, he was flogged and sent to bed. My father remarked: "I did not care for the flogging, but I was sorry not to be allowed to sit up to hear all the wonderful things Ralph had to tell."

Through this unfortunate misadventure on the part of Charlie, many details of Ralph's adventurous journey have, no doubt, been lost to history. By another relative it is said that Ralph was an expert and ardent skater and that

when he reached home, ragged and destitute, he had with him a small parcel which he had carried safely and securely through all perils of land and sea as a precious treasure; and this parcel contained his skates.

For three or four years Ralph seems to have remained at home. Meanwhile, the community of St. Gregory's, having been brought back to Douai, stripped by decree of their property and detained for many months, with many secular clergy and students, in the prison of Dourlens, were set at liberty, in 1795, and permitted to return to England. By the kind invitation of Sir Edward Smythe, the community of St. Gregory's settled at Acton Burnell and resumed their educational work and community life. Ralph Radcliffe, still retaining his desire for monastic life and his vocation to the priesthood, rejoined his former associates, took the habit, made his solemn profession on July 13th, 1797, and in 1802 was ordained priest. In 1808, by the wish of Sir Edward, he succeeded Fr. Peter Kendall as chaplain and priest in charge of the Mission of Acton Burnell, which post he retained till his death. In 1814, the community quitted Acton Burnell and took up their permanent abode at Downside. From 1809 till the removal to Downside, Fr. Ralph discharged the responsible duties of Novice Master. For some years, he held the office of Prepositus of the district of Worcestershire, and in 1834 was elected Definitor of the Province, holding the position till his death, January 4th, 1842.

"His death," continues his niece, "may have been a reward for all he had gone through in order to become a priest, for he died with the Blessed Sacrament suspended on his breast! He was in his usual health on the morning of his death, had said Mass, and taken his breakfast; then he went to the Church, took the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle and suspended It round his neck, in order to carry It to a dying parishoner in the country. When he had proceeded some distance on the road he was seen by a

farmer at work on a haystack to stagger and fall to the ground; but before the man could get to him he was dead! Fortunately, he was known to be the chaplain at the Hall and the Pyx showed clearly that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament."

For good reasons his body must have been with the greatest reverence borne to his humble residence. He died on his 70th birthday. R.I.P.

A. P. W.

Consolation.

My son, why weepest thou?
That after many weary years
God's hand hath wiped away her tears
And smoothed her wrinkled brow?
Nay, come, rejoice
And offer thankful prayer
That, now in brighter air,
She heareth God's Great Voice,
And standeth, wrapped in radiant grace,
Before the Glory of His Face.

R. R.



Austrian Alps

An Austrian Sanctuary.

CATHOLIC Austria seems to be the land of pilgrimages. On many a hill-side and in many a quiet valley there are shrines, more or less famous, the greater of which are visited by pilgrims in their thousands, while the more lowly ones are not without their pious visitors from the immediate neighbourhood. One of the best known of the Austrian Shrines is the Church of Sonntagberg—the centre of a great and widespread devotion to the Most Holy Trinity. It belongs to the Benedictine Abbey of Seitenstetten in Lower Austria from which it may be reached on foot in about three hours. Situated on one of the northern spurs of the Austrian Alps, a hill of about two thousand feet in height, it occupies a most commanding position and may be seen for miles around. It looks out over a wide and rich valley to where the Danube rolls its broad line of waters along the foot of a range of hills to the north. A vast expanse of country stretches away at its feet, richly varied with dark pine-woods and smiling cornfields, and studded with pleasant looking villages embosomed in orchards, whence peep forth those curiously shaped church towers so peculiar to South Eastern Europe. In the immediate foreground wind the bright blue waters of the picturesque Ybbs, while right and left other ridges of hills advance and sink down into the plain. The whole makes up a picture it would be hard to rival.

Anyone entering the church would be struck by a magnificent fresco over the nave, done in the liveliest colours by the hand of a master—one of the most renowned artists of the last century—which depicts the wondrous dream of Jacob. The appropriateness of this subject becomes more apparent when one sees rising up from the floor of the church a piece of rock enclosed within a handsomely hand-

wrought railing. Near the rough stone is the figure of a shepherd, his weary head resting in his hands on the rock. Behind him may be seen a few sheep, and on the stone a small round loaf. The legend, so dear to the hearts of a grateful people, regarding the beginning of the wonders in this favoured place, is pointed to both by the rude figure and the work of the artist.

Long before the first Pilgrimage Chapel rose on the hill, in those far-off days when forest clothed its summit and shepherds pastured their flocks in the glades on its slopes, a shepherd lost his flock, and, after long wanderings and fruitless search, he sank down weary and full of care to beg help from God. He soon, however, fell asleep, and in a dream he was shown by Heaven a spot well known to him where he would find his sheep. He awoke full of joy, and to his surprise found near him a little round loaf lying on the rock on which he had been reclining. He gratefully refreshed himself, and soon discovered his wandering sheep.

The date of this event cannot now be determined, but there still exist old documents, according to which there was a chapel on the hill top at the time of the foundation of the neighbouring Abbey of Seitenstetten—1107 or 1116, It was for this reason that the chapel and the whole of the hill top was bestowed upon the Abbey by its founder. It is certain, however, that in 1440 an Abbot of Seitenstetten, Benedict I, had a chapel built in honour of the Most Holy Trinity. A monk of the Abbey had been there for many years leading a hermit's life, without, however, neglecting the spiritual wants of the faithful who lived near. The new chapel was so well frequented that in the course of a few years it did not suffice for the crowds of pilgrims who thronged thither, so that towards the end of the 15th century it became necessary to plan and build a larger church. This work was greatly helped onward by Cardinal Alexander, Patriarch of Aquileia, who was at that time Apostolic

Legate at the court of Frederic III. For 200 years the new church was to be a haven of refuge to pilgrims and a faithful guardian of the land at its feet. It was to live through an epoch of enthusiastic faith and piety, a century of greatness and glory, during which throngs of devout Christians journeyed thither from far and near to venerate the Blessed Trinity. The streams of Divine grace flowed down from this mountain, not only upon the fortunate neighbourhood, but far and wide over the Catholic lands of the diverse-tongued peoples of Austria, nay beyond the Austrian borders, for as may be seen from old records there came numerous pilgrims from Bavaria and Prussia.

In the year of terror 1529, while the Turks were besieging Vienna, a few marauding Turkish bands penetrated as far as Sonntagberg. A gravestone in the neighbouring parish Churchyard bears the inscription "Hie liegen begraben 43 Personen, die von Turken feind erschlagen worden den Gott ewiglich durch die Leiden Christi genadt Anno Cr. 1529." "Here lie buried, killed by the Turks, 43 persons whom God through the passion of Jesus Christ took to Himself."

Many of the terrified people fled to the Sanctuary for protection. But the church which was a landmark for miles around could not escape the covetous eyes of the marauders, who expected to gain a rich booty. To the terror of the refugees, who did not cease however to implore the protection of Heaven, they had reached a spot not far from the shrine. But suddenly the greatest confusion arose in the ranks of the infidels. The horses plunged and reared and refused to advance; then, as if driven by an invisible power, they turned and fled. The rout was complete. It must have been with grim satisfaction that the frightened people afterwards heard of the fate that befell the would-be spoilers of their beloved Sanctuary. Before the Turks could recover from their confusion they were set upon by the sturdy villagers of

Waidhofen and Ybbsitz and almost annihilated. The spot where they had been so marvellously checked is marked to-day by a pretty little chapel within which is a spring of never-falling water. This chapel is one of the objects which pilgrims visit, and it would be difficult to imagine a prettier thing than the chapel illuminated in the autumn evenings with little many-coloured lamps, and difficult to remain unmoved while listening to the sweet Antiphons of Our Lady, sung with such enthusiasm and faith by the bands of devout pilgrims.

Nor was it to be spared *the experience of more evil days*, days of severe trial and neglect, in consequence of the spread of Lutheran doctrines among the people. Neglect and scorn were soon followed by open acts of violence to pilgrims and shrine; from which resulted a gradual diminution in the numbers of the pilgrims, until they ceased to come altogether. To remove the reproach of the heretics that the pilgrims came to pray to the "wonderworking stone," Caspar Planz, the then Abbot of Seitenstetten, had a picture of the Blessed Trinity erected in the chapel immediately behind the rock. This was in 1614. From this time onwards there was a change for the better. The pilgrims returned and increased in numbers from year to year; the answers to their prayers became so manifest and so frequent that a collection was made, every 25 years, of the undeniable miracles that had taken place during that period. These were preserved in print and may be seen in the "Books of Favours." Great numbers of rude but expressive sketches may still be seen of the wonders that were worked in answer to invocations to "the Blessed Trinity of Sonntagberg." Some of these are extremely quaint both in conception and execution, while all are accompanied by a short account of the wonderful interventions of Providence. In some are depicted persons falling from buildings, who in the natural course of events would have met with instant death; in others fires which threatened destruction

were suddenly extinguished; in others again are shown patients who were at once restored to health when all human hope was gone. They are all witnesses of lively faith and tokens of real gratitude.

Sixty years the Picture remained in its place, after which, in 1677, with great solemnity and amid a vast concourse of the faithful, it was transferred to the new High Altar, where it remained until the present church was built in 1729.

In 1709 was laid the foundation stone of the majestic church which may be seen and admired to-day. The Chroniclers tell us that the pilgrims took the keenest interest in the work of building, so that many of them, either as a work of penance or in a spirit of sacrifice, voluntarily gave themselves to the exceedingly laborious task of bringing up to the mountain top, on their shoulders, stone, timber and other building materials, looking for no other reward than that which God would give them. The work progressed so rapidly that in twenty years the building was so far completed as to be solemnly consecrated by Count Lamberg, Bishop of Passau. The interior still remained to be decorated, but thanks to the princely gifts of the Abbey and of many noble benefactors there was erected the beautiful High Altar of the finest Salzburg marble, and a more simple but pleasing side altar of grey Ybbsitz marble. The frescoes on walls and ceiling were entrusted to Gran della Torre (born 1694 died 1757) who completed his work at Sonntagberg in 1743. The view of the interior from the main door way is a most impressive one. The style is a kind of debased Roman, reminding one, but only for a moment, of St. Ignazio or the Gesù. The vast dimensions of the building; the evident strength not without grace of the pillars and arches; the richness of colouring and the wealth of decoration, all combine to gladden the eye and heart of the pilgrim.

The Church Treasury is an extensive and valuable one. Altar plate, chalices, ciboriums and monstrances of the richest materials and of workmanship of a high order; rich vestments and banners; crucifixes and candlesticks;—all gifts of those who recognize with gratitude the efficacy of prayer in that favoured spot. They testify to the esteem in which the Sanctuary is held. I have already spoken of the quaint paintings, *ex voto* offerings in thanksgiving for miraculous favours; my regret is that I am unable to give a reproduction of some of them.

The year 1857 is the most glorious one in the history of the present church. On the first of May in that year took place the solemn transferring of the Picture of the Blessed Trinity to the new High Altar. The festivities lasted a whole week; sermons were preached twice a day; and the number of communicants during the week amounted to thirty-six thousand. This seems astounding in a district not more thickly populated than our own part of Yorkshire, but where of course the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is reversed. But it would be easily intelligible to anyone who stayed there for a week or two in the summer. Hardly a day passes without its procession of pilgrims; sometimes two or more of these processions will arrive on the same day. The pilgrims may be heard at a great distance singing their hymns and antiphons; as they draw nearer, winding along the hill side, banners and images may be distinguished. Singing and prayer, generally the Rosary which is said aloud by all, alternate with each other. The sight of them as they pass by, keenly intent upon their devotions though often weary and travel-stained, cannot fail to impress the coldest observer. There are seldom less than seventy or eighty in a band; often they number far more. They come from all parts of the Austrian Empire,—solemn sombre-clad Croats; ruddy-faced and gaily dressed Carinthians; vivacious Bohemians, grave Hungarians, and many also from Bavaria. They make the whole

journey on foot, obtaining food and shelter as best they can. When they reach the end of their journey they continue their devotions in the church. The confessionals are occupied for hours; Mass is attended by all; they sing their hymns during Mass, all of them singing together in a way almost unknown with us. They complete their pious work by frequenting the Holy Table, and spend some time in private devotions at the various shrines, and at the little chapel of the "Turks' Spring" down in the beech wood on the hill side.





Rock Fishing.

THREE hundred feet below me the sea was slowly sinking from the base of the cliff, that guarded the coast north and south in an unbroken line as far as the eye could reach. The gulls were wheeling noisily round their nesting places, and seemed to resent the intrusion of a stranger into this wild region. A pair of oyster-catchers were dabbling in a shallow pool on the top of a reef which was just exposed, whilst out at sea gannets were hard at work, every plunge sending up a column of water that gleamed like crystal in the rays of the rising sun. On the dim horizon a boat moving, as the gods in Homer, enveloped in a dense cloud, seemed to be the one link that bound this lonely island to the outer

world. The water was so still and clear that I could distinctly see a great shoal of pollack moving lazily near the surface, and the sight reminded me that I too had business by the water side. The descent seemed impossible to any wingless creature and the path, for which I was searching, remained for some time invisible. Fortune however befriended me. As I looked vainly here and there, a sheep suddenly appeared on the edge of the cliff a few hundred feet away, more followed, until nearly two score were feeding there on the scanty herbage. Here perhaps was the path to which I had been directed, and so it proved to be. Little more than a sheep track it was, and in places trying to weak nerves. It was indeed no easy task to perform, weighted as I was by a heavy fishing basket, rod and landing net. Glad was I to find myself once more on comparatively level ground. Here I got my tackle ready and soon found a suitable "pitch," as they say on the Lea, on the north side of a reef which was being gradually left by the ebbing tide. Here, in five or six feet of water, I dropped my hook whereon was cunningly entwined a dainty mussel. A few feet of clear sand showed between two beds of weeds. First, I was assailed by multitudes of crabs, but the raising of the bait a few inches sent them away disgusted. Then, a small sand-dab came circling round, but the bait was too large for his tiny mouth and he too retired. A shadow seemed to flit across the sand and my hook was cleared. Another mussel replaced the lost one and was still more carefully tied. Again the manoeuvre was repeated but not so successfully, since the bait remained intact. The assailant was a big wrasse or bollen, as the fish is called locally, and I waited for the next rush somewhat anxiously, well knowing with what a cunning and powerful fish I had to deal. Again he came and this time he was fairly hooked. How long the struggle lasted I do not know. Hours seemed to pass, and time after time he made his way down

into the weeds but I managed always to raise him before he reached the roots. Once or twice he worked his way in a crevice and the gut seemed to have no chance of surviving the sharp edges of the rocks but fortune again favoured me until at last he dropped into the net, fighting to the last. He was the finest bollon that I had ever seen, weighing eleven and a half pounds, and was most beautifully coloured. Folks, that travel into distant lands and fall into raptures over the bright hues of tropical birds and fishes, do not know that round our own shores are swimming thousands of the most beautiful fishes in the world. The rainbow wrasse, a specimen of which I caught later in the day, when fresh from the water, is coloured as the sky is coloured by the September sun at its setting. Alas, the colours fade too quickly and therefore most fishermen return this wrasse to the water, seeing that when dead it is neither beautiful nor useful.

Meantime the water had gone down so far that I was able to make my way along the uneven surface of the reef, climbing up and down many ravines by the way until I reached a spot where the rock ran sheer down to the depth that the eye could not fathom. Here I decided to abide until the turn of the tide drove me back again.

I chose a comfortable position where I could seat myself on a ledge and recline at my ease. I opened many mussels, cut up my store of herring into convenient strips laid the bait ready to my hand on a higher ledge behind me, and settled down to four or five hours uninterrupted fishing. At first only small bollon and a few whiting came to the hooks. I baited with herring in place of mussel and straightway hooked an eel. Now eels are an abomination to the rod-fisherman, since they strain the rod and tackle and are most uncomfortable to manage even when landed. This fellow wasted for me quite half an hour, and ended by knocking my basket over so that I had to spend much time picking out various pieces of tackle from the crevices in the rock.

A little later, I hooked a whiting and as I was pulling it up, a great dog-fish followed and seized it. Now I had more than I bargained for, I held on, of course, hoping most fervently that the hook would give. The line reeled out; a hundred yards was gone; the second hundred had nearly followed when the fish turned and came shoreward again. Luckily my reel was a big one and took the line in so quickly that I got it tight again when the fish was about thirty yards away. I was now resolved not to risk my line again and lowering my rod until it pointed directly to the fish, I took the line in my left hand and pulled with all the strength I had, only hoping that I should lose nothing but the hook. To my surprise the fish promptly turned belly up and came in like a log. In a few moments he lay by the eel, a fish of such size that I could form little idea of his weight. My balance which only reached twenty pounds was quite unable to meet the strain. The bottom joint of my rod was four feet six inches long and the fish was longer by at least six inches. The hook was deep down in the throat and sooner than risk my fingers between those powerful and razor-like teeth, I left it there.

Once more I settled down and sport again became brisk. The tide was flowing and, as the fish came swarming by, they took the bait as fast as I could get it into the water. Wrasse and whiting, with now and then a rock-cod, came up in swift succession, until I hooked a very small whiting. Now I changed my tackle and sent this small whiting roving with a great pilse float bobbing about above him. This was a species of fishing that I had never yet tried in the sea, and I was curious to see what the result would be. Nothing however happened for some time, and at last my attention became distracted by a cormorant, which was fishing a couple of hundred yards or so away. Three or four times it came up with a small fish in its beak which it deftly threw up into the air and then the little shining creatures vanished down its capacious throat head-first: it was like

watching a clever conjuring trick: at last however it came up with an eel and here began a long struggle: many times did the eel vanish almost entirely but as often did it return to the light of day until at length the weary cormorant flew away to the shore, where no doubt it finished the contest on more unequal terms.

In watching the cormorant, I had neglected to observe that the wind and sea were rising together. A splash of spray, however, recalled me to the needs of the situation so that I decided to beat a retreat. At this moment, however, as I was preparing to reel in, my float sank quietly under water. I struck and, to my great joy, found that I was in direct communication with a good pollack. Here was a fish that would fight as hard and even longer than a salmon and the next ten minutes were busy ones for both of us. The pollack has a nasty (for the angler) trick of jumping clear of the water and falling back on to the line, so that the angler fears exceedingly on the one hand, lest, if he hold the line tight, the body of the fish falling on it, may break it and, on the other, lest, if he slacken, the hook may fall from its hold. Again, however, the luck was with me, and after one or two misses, I gaffed him safely and securely. Eight good pounds he weighed, but there was no time now to admire him; the tide was flowing rapidly and white-capped waves were beginning to roll in. The reef was still well above water but there were two or three ravines between me and the cliffs—no time to do more than drop the pollack and two or three of the whiting into the net of my basket and flee—already the foam was splashing over the reef so that here and there I stumbled on the wet weed. The first ravine I sped through almost dryshod, at the next I found the water nearly two feet deep, but at the third and deepest I found my worst fears realized. The water was deep enough to reach to my neck, and was surging backwards and forwards with such force as to make it impossible either to walk or swim. My knees were loosened, as they

say in the classics, and I stood dismayed. It is at this crisis, in high class novels, that the beautiful daughter of the aged fisherman appears and heaves a timely rope. Personally I would not have despised the help of the aged fisherman himself but unfortunately neither appeared. I sat down to think the matter over and devised a cunning plan. First I threw my rod across: then I collected as many loose pieces of rock as I could find, these I threw carefully into the middle of the ravine so that they formed a kind of miniature wall. Alas, my plan was of no avail either they dropped in the wrong place or were moved by the swirl of the water. But one resource now remained and that was to rush the ravine as best I could. I took off most of my attire, tied it into a bundle and threw it across to keep company with the rod and basket. Then waiting for a quiet moment, I dropped into the water and half-waded, half-swam across. When within a few feet of the other side, the returning wave caught me and carried me struggling towards the open water, luckily on the landward side. At the end of the ravine, by chance rather than by intention, my hands gripped a projecting shelf of rock. I had scarcely time to tighten my grip when the next wave overwhelmed me. Before the next came, I had scrambled into a safer position. It did not take me long to recover the luggage which I had sent in advance, so to speak, and, restored once again to warmth by my climb up the cliffs, I felt none the worse for the unusual experience, having escaped with a few light scratches. What a change in the scene that lay at my feet! Now nothing was to be seen but a wild waste of foaming water. The reef was hidden, and a dense mist was driving in before the wind, which had risen to storm height. The gulls were still wheeling noisy as before, but the gannets and the cormorants were gone to shelter. So I too, finding the wind too strong on the cliffs, worked my way home by an inland route, under shelter of walls and hedges.

R. ROBINSON.

The Benedictines at Oxford before the Reformation.

I.

Gloucester College.

It is by no means certain at what date the English Benedictines first began to pursue their studies at the University of Oxford. The three foundations of which anything is known were Gloucester College, Durham College, Canterbury College. Of these, Gloucester College was the first established—in 1283—but there is no doubt that Monks of the Order studied at Oxford many years before. It is certain that Winchcombe Abbey sent students there, for in a History of Winchcombe Abbey referred to in *Stevens' Supplement*,* mention is made of the "Generale Studium pro Scholasticis," and further, a Bull of Pope Alexander III dated at Forentinum, A.D. 1175, confirms to the Monks of Winchcombe a "mansion place in Oxenford," which being a 'confirmation' we may conclude that this house of studies was well established by the above date, 1175. Again, in the biography of Simeon, a Monk of Durham, we are told that he was a Doctor of Divinity of Oxford who flourished about the year 1164.† Benedict, a Monk of Canterbury and afterwards Abbot of Peterboro' is said to have been a D.D. of Oxford about the year 1200.‡ Walter a Monk of Coventry "studied Philosophy and Divinity at Oxford about the year 1217.§ It seems clear therefore, that Benedictines were at Oxford before 1283, unless, as is very unlikely, the above mentioned Monks

* I. p. 38. † *Stevens' Supplement*, I. 200. ‡ *Ibid* 204.
§ *Ibid* 204.



were students at the University before they took the monastic habit.

In 1283, Gloucester College was founded by Sir John Giffard. He gave to the community of St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester, a place outside the walls of Oxford, and at the same time endowed it with lands which would suffice to provide for the sustentation of thirteen Monks, desiring "*animam suam et animam Matildæ Longespey quondam uxoris suæ a professoribus S. Benedicti in perpetuum benedici.*"* This house had formerly belonged to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, but afterward, as Dom C. Reyner states in his "*Apostolatus,*" † came into the hands of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The Giffard family first came into possession during the lifetime of that John Giffard who was hanged for treason in the year 1231: "*D. Joannis Giffard tractus apud Gloucestre.*"

Whether the property was given to St. Peter's Abbey only, or to the Black Monks of the Province of Canterbury, does not seem to be quite clear. The passage in Leland ‡ reads as though the gift was made solely to Gloucester. "*Anno D. 1283 quidam nobilis Joannes Giffarde providit locum extra muros Oxon et possessiones dedit ad sustentationem 13 monachorum quos de conventu Gloucestræ elegit etc.*" Camden however says "*Gloucester Hall (it was called Gloucester Hall on its re-establishment after the Dissolution) was founded in the reign of Ed. I on ground obtained of Sir J. Giffard of Brimsfield by the Benedictine Monks within the Province of Canterbury for students of their Order; the Prior and first twelve Monks being taken from Gloucester Abbey gave it its name, but that Abbey soon disclaimed it, and it was subjected to the General Chapter of the Order.*" This opinion also appears in Tanner's '*Notitia Monastica*':—"*Sir J. Giffard gave a piece of ground and several tenements in Stockwell Street*

* Leland Coll. I. 247.

† App. Script 45. p. 53.

‡ Leland Coll. I. 274.

§ Coll. I. 247.

to the Monks of the Benedictine Order within the Province of Canterbury."

In Stevens' Supplement,* there is a passage from Wood † speaking of it as being solely instituted for the Monks of Gloucester. "At what time then this place was founded for the Monks of Gloucester, was on St. John the Evangelist's day 1283, there being present, I mean in St. Peter's at Gloucester, Reginald the Reverend Abbot and Convent thereof, and John Giffard the Founder, who willingly consenting thereunto, instituted a nursery and mansion place solely for them, and, as I understand from another author, settled therein thirteen Monks of the same place, but there were but three at a time, by Pope Boniface's Bull, to be always chosen successively from Gloucester Abbey to this his College at Oxen.

However, if the Monks of Gloucester were the sole owners in the beginning, they did not remain so for very long, for the Abbot of St. Peter's soon found that he was unable to carry on the new house satisfactorily unaided by other monasteries. The latter also saw the advantages to be gained from sending their younger Monks to study at the University and eagerly wished to join the new scheme. Arrangements were accordingly made for enlarging the buildings, for which purpose the generous Founder gave them more land. The whole affair was brought before the notice of the Chapter in the year 1290, and 'diffinitors' were appointed to superintend the new buildings. They were the Abbots of Bardeney, Evesham and Winchcombe, and the Prior of Worcester. In 1291, the Chapter met again at Salisbury, where several documents concerning the College were discussed.

The first was that of John, Abbot of Gloucester. This simply related, how Sir J. Giffard had generously given the house and land in Stockwell street, and how a certain number of the Gloucester Community had been sent there

* I. p. 337.

† M.S. Col. 891.

but afterwards recalled; then a request was made that the Chapter would consent to the transference of Frater Henricus de Helm from Gloucester to Oxford, so that free from all subjection to the Abbot of Gloucester, he might, unhampered, establish and rule the Oxford community.

The second document was a license which King Edward had given to J. Giffard to alienate in Mortmain certain lands "in favour of the Prior and Convent of the Order of St. Benedict at Oxford."

The third document was John Giffard's charter which handed over the property in Stockwell Street to the Prior and Convent of St. Benedict at Oxford.

The fourth was another document of the Abbot of Gloucester in which it was stated, that he and his successors renounced the right of appointing the Prior of the College, and as it had been hinted at that St. Peter's intended to maintain other rights over the College, these also were formally renounced: "quocirca volentes mendacium fallacias certis assertionibus extirpare, palam tenore profitemur quod nos in tenementis prefatis seu aliquo in eisdem terris seu pertinentis quibuscumque nihil omnino nostro, vel nostri Monasterii nomine sine jure exigimus aut aliquatenus vendicamus extra id quod ex serie feoffamenti memorati, nobilis ratione dicte communitatis, nobis noscitur fuisse permissum."

A declaration of Frater Henricus de Helm was the last document read. It contained some regulations to be observed by the students; references were made to Giffard the Founder, and to the Bishop of Lincoln as the diocesan; also it clearly stated that henceforth the College would be immediately subject to the Chapter, and that all the monks of the Province of Canterbury, sent by Superiors to the said house for the sake of study, would be admitted without difficulty. It further declared that the students themselves should henceforth have the right to elect their own Prior. There were present at this chapter about thirty

abbots, and without exception they all approved of what had been proposed and decided and recorded in the above documents; they promised to contribute to the erection of the new buildings and to strictly observe all regulations made by the Chapter for the successful management of the new house of studies.

The wishes of the Chapter do not seem to have been immediately carried out, owing to, as it would appear, certain changes in the character of the endowments. The following passage is from the "History of Worcester College," by C. H. Daniel and W. R. Barker:—"In the last years of his [J. Giffard's] life he fell into the hands of the Abbot of Malmesbury. The Abbot persuaded him to annul the deed by which he had already conveyed away the College. This could easily be done, as the grant was to a corporation which did not exist; and a grant of the ground on which the College stood was made in almost identical words with those of the earlier deed, the only difference being that the name of the Abbot of Malmesbury was inserted as grantee. The copy of this deed, which is at present in the Bodleian, is written in a handwriting of about 1380. But the claim of Malmesbury was set up at a much earlier date, and even if the deed itself were a forgery, it would still substantially represent the position which the Abbot of Malmesbury maintained with a great measure of success. The effect was to annul all the provisions of the Chapter. Gloucester College could no longer be an independent Priory, as Malmesbury had become the freeholder of the site, and the dual ownership was one of the causes that impaired the harmony of the College for many years to come. Malmesbury claimed that the whole of the land on which the College stood belonged to them. In legal processes they referred to it as the Priory of the Abbey of Malmesbury. There are deeds in existence which relate to buildings both on the north and south of the College, in which the Abbey granted licenses to build, and convey-

ances of land. The fish-ponds, gardens and meadows, which were to have been the common property of the students, became the especial preserve of the students of the Abbey; and lastly, the Abbot even claimed the right as against all other parties of appointing their own *Prior Studentium*. Of course, the rest of the College indignantly repudiated the claim, and it is easy to see what constant conflict must have arisen from the division of authority. But, at any rate, in the fifteenth century Malmesbury appears to have been able to enforce its rights, and several of the Benedictine houses were reduced to the necessity of recognizing its position by suing for licenses to build."

John Giffard spent the last years of his life at Malmesbury; he died there in 1229 and was buried in the Abbey. Dom Gabriel Gifford the generous benefactor to Dieulouard, a monk of St. Lawrence's familia, was descended in the direct line from John Giffard's brother: "Ex fratre vero fundatoris descendit recta linea, qui nunc est ejusdem familiae non ultima gloria, Illustrissimus ac Reverendissimus Dominus, Gabriel Gifford, de S. Maria, Archiepiscopus et Dux Rhemensis, insigni Christianissimi Regis Galliarum beneficio, et magnanima Gallorum principum ~~dispositionibus~~ confirmatus."*

The College was not thoroughly established for several years after its actual foundation. At first it only admitted monks belonging to the Canterbury Province, and it was not until the year 1337 that it was open to students from the Province of York. In 1337, the Bull of Pope Benedict XII united the two Provinces, and after that date they met together in one general Chapter. The promulgation of the Bull doubtless gave great impetus to the scheme already begun, for it commanded all monasteries to send their younger monks to the Universities. In England the only choice was between Oxford and Cambridge, and out of the total number of sixty-five Abbeys and Priorities thirty-eight

* *Apostolatus, Scriptura sive*, p. 57.

can be connected with Gloucester College. Wood's list is incomplete, but there is a fuller one given in the History above mentioned:—Malmesbury, St. Alban's, Gloucester, Abingdon, Pershore, Winchcombe, Norwich, St. Augustine's Canterbury, Christchurch Canterbury, Hyde, Tewkesbury, Ramsey, Westminster, Worcester and St. Edmundsbury. These all had camerae at the College. The following had not; so that their students must have been lodged in the buildings belonging to the above:—Evesham, Tavistock, Burton, Whitby, Chertsey, Coventry, Abbotsbury, Michelney, Peterbro', Chester, Glastonbury, Rochester, Reading, Battle, St. Mary's Winchester, Athelney, Daventry, Bardney, Middleton, Shrewsbury, Colchester, Sherborne and Eynsham. The two Priors of St. Neot and Stoke refused to have any connection with the College, on the ground that they were subject to the Abbey of Bec and not to the English Chapter.

The several monasteries had quite distinct camerae for their own students, and as Wood says "they were known from each other, like so many colonies and tribes, by Arms and Rebuses that are depicted and cut in stone over each door way." Of the buildings on the north side of the Quadrangle Wood only tells us that they were for the Monks of Abingdon, St. Alban's and St. Peter's Gloucester and that, in his time only a few traces of them were visible. However, from other sources we find that, in 1472, "the Abbot of Malmesbury conveys to the Prior of Norwich a house or camera, lower as well as upper, with two studies annexed thereto, bounded on the east by the camera of the Abbot of Gloucester; on the west by the northern end of the camera of the Abbot of St. Albans."* The Westminster Monks also had a dwelling on this side which originally had belonged to the Monks of Christchurch Canterbury, but as the Christchurch students had been removed to Canterbury College, there was no longer any need for the

* History of Worcester Coll. p. 28.

camera at Gloucester College, and so about the year 1371 we find them granting it to their brethren of Westminster. Thus, from 1371 to 1472, we conclude that the camerae on the north side were in the following order:—Abingdon the most easterly, then Westminster, Gloucester, Norwich and St. Alban's.

On the south side no fewer than five distinct camerae can be traced; they are still to be seen with their original doorways and separate roofs. Over the doorway of the most westerly one is engraved a shield with a mitre on it, a Combe and a Tun having the letter W over it. Wood suggests that this might partly serve for a Rebus for Winchcombe, but others, as Mr. T. W. Jackson, think that it represents Walter Compton who was Abbot of Pershore about 1504, and that this building therefore was used by the Monks of Pershore. The chambers next to these and east of them were for the Monks of Westminster, and the next above these were partly for Ramsey and Winchcombe. From the arms over the door of the next camerae it is thought that they were either for Norwich or for St. Augustine's Canterbury; but as Norwich had a building on the north side in 1472 they in all probability did not occupy this portion till after that date. There were also other buildings on the west side, but of these nothing certain can be stated. The chapel, library, refectory and vestiarius were probably on the east side of the quadrangle. The early part of the 15th century seems to have been the great building period at the College, for twice within the space of three years the monks of the College were summoned before the Mayor of Oxford for the hindrance of traffic on the highway.

In the year 1338, the first General Chapter of the Order was held at Northampton, the first occasion on which the two Provinces, north and south, united together to form one Chapter. In all succeeding Chapters, of which any account has been given in the Apostolatus, some mention of the

Oxford College is nearly always made. At the second General Chapter, in 1340, the Prior of Rochester, the Abbot of Abingdon, and the Prior of Norwich were respectively ordered to send Dom John de Whitefield, Dom Thomas de Mersham, and Dom Alexander de Ikelinge, to study Theology at Oxford; also, for the study of Canon Law, the Prior of Norwich had to send Dom John de Whiteley, and the Abbot of Reading Dom William de Stiverington.

In the Chapter of 1343, complaints were made that many of the Abbots had neglected to send their students to the College; the chief offenders were the Abbots of Battle, Burton, Reading, Winchcombe, Tavistock, Abbotsbury and Whitby. A Theological Chair was established, with a salary of £10 per annum, and Magister Thomas de Calton, the Prior of Shrewsbury, was appointed to fill it. The regulation that a Benedictine should study Theology only under a Doctor of the Order was a very strict one. That the first Doctor of the Order was William de Brok, a Gloucester Monk, is not agreed to by Wood, who speaks of an author reporting that "Alan de Tewksbury of the same Order, who died An. 1201, took his Doctor's Degree in this University, which if it were so might prove an hundred years and above the said Brok's Proceeding." Woods account of Brok's Inception is interesting. He says "there were present the Abbot, Monks, Prior, Obedientiaris and Claustral Clerks of St. Peter's in Gloucester, as also an hundred Noblemen and Esquires that came with them all horsed, besides whom were present the Abbots of Westminster, Reading, Abingdon, Evesham and Malmesbury and other Priors and Monks, as also most of the Bishops of Canterbury Province of the same Order, who all, as well those that were absent as present, sending in their several gifts to the Inceptor, to entertain that great retinue, did consummate the solemnity with great credit and repute, both for the renown of this College and their own order, growing at that time in

great estimation.* When the time came for the next doctor, Laurence de Honsom, to take his degree, de Brok came from Gloucester on purpose to preside at his Inception. To avoid having no Doctor of the Order at Oxford the Chapter ordered "ut cavetur quod qui ultimo Oxonie incepserit, legitimo impedimento cessante, quousque alius incepserit, suas lectiones continuare teneatur."†

Resuming again the account of the Chapter of 1343, we find that when anyone took his degree in Divinity, he was to be allowed £20 for the payment of his fees and other expenses, but if more than one graduated in the same year the £20 had to be distributed in proportion to the number; if the degree taken was in Canon Law only twenty Marks were to be allowed. The Prior had to punish all who absented themselves from Divine Office on Feast Days; old men had not to be sent to study Philosophy, and, as there seems to have been some difficulty in procuring accommodation for students, it was ordered that the subjects of those monasteries who had built lodgings at the College had to be received before those whose monasteries had not done so.

In the Chapter of 1423, we again find that a number of Abbots had failed in their duty towards the College. The Abbot of Chester had not sent any students for twelve years; the Abbot of Abbotsbury none for seven years and the Abbot of Michelney none for six years; the Abbot of Hyde had not sent his students any money for two years, whilst the Abbot of Malmesbury was spoken of as a constant offender deserving of the severest censure. Fines were imposed upon them, but mercy prevailed over justice, and the paragraph concludes "ad quorum continuum clamorem dicti Domini presidentes, solita paternali moti pietate, singulorum multas prelatorum hac vice, de illorum celeri emendatione spem inderulam gratiosius retinentes, integre relaxabant."‡

* Steven's Supp. I. p. 337.

† Apostolatus, Scrip. LIX. p. 105.

‡ Reyner, Scrip. LXXII. p. 178.

When the Chapter met on the second day, the Priors of Students of both Oxford and Cambridge were summoned, and an apology is made for the fact that the Prior of Cambridge was heard before the Prior of Oxford, thus showing that the latter had the precedence. Dom Thomas Ledbury * seems to have been the Prior of the College at this time, for in the list of 'diffinitors' his name is mentioned followed by the title 'Prior Studentium Oxon.' He asked the Chapter to give public thanks to all the Prelates who had so generously contributed to the new chapel at Oxford, and then went on to speak of the difficulties he had had to encounter in looking after this work, for it had occupied almost the whole of his time and energy to the detriment of his scholastic duties. He, therefore, petitioned the Presidents to relieve him of this work and thus enable him to give more attention to the studies of the students ("revisiscere queat in futuro scholastici laboris continuum per sudorem"). The result was the appointment of another to superintend the completion of the Chapel.

In 1436, Dom Edward Kirton, the Prior of the College, was the bearer of a letter from the University to the Chapter. At the time, the University was affected with great poverty, and this letter was sent to ask the Benedictines

* He was afterwards Prior of Worcester and is buried there with the following curious epitaph on his tomb:—

"Quis jacet hic? Thomas. Quod cognomen fuit ejus?
Lectum. Quis homo? Doctor sibi que magister,
Ac prior ecclesie. Qui mores? Solutus in se,
Providus et solidus, humilis, stabilisque benignus.
Et quod virtutes jam dictas praxerit omnes
Spe rectaque fide fuit, inflammatus ab igne
Illius ardoris quare misit spiritus alius,
In terraque sanum voluit diffundere flammam,
Annis quot rexit? Serpentes. Quot sibi vixit?
x, sex, et semel v. Quos perdidit in monachatu?
x, quibus tantum. Mansit in Jubbelaum
Ut requies datur. Tunc vult lex, sicque preceat.
(Leland. Coll. A. L. p. 302.)

for assistance in the erection of new Theological schools. The letter appealed to the well known charity of the English Monks, to their zeal for God's glory, and to their desire for the progress of Theological studies. The letter then continues "Quocirca vestra Congregatio cœtui venerando, devota precum in libamina effundimus pia mente unanimiter supplicantes, quatenus ad tam facti, tam utilis tamque necessarij operis incrementum, vestrae gratissimæ liberalitatis manus munificas extendere dignemini gratiose; indubie cognoscentes, quod omnes ordinis vestri graduati, singulique scholares, quoad actus quocumque, in scholis eisdem scholasticæ exercendos subducto quovis obstaculi repulsivo, libera facultate gaudebunt."* It concludes by expressing a hope that Dom Ed. Kirton would take the degree of Doctor of Theology as a suitable climax to his wonderful career at Oxford. The letter enters into no details but commissions Dom Ed. Kirton and the Theology Professors Dom John Cross and Dom Will Ebchester to make all necessary explanations.† After the reading of the letter, the Chapter were petitioned by Prior Kirton to publicly acknowledge the great generosity of the Abbot of St. Alban's, John Wethamstede, to the College, and he also asked for a grant of money with which to complete the Chapel. Edmund de Kirton was afterwards Abbot of Westminster, and died in 1446, after governing his Abbey for twenty-two years.

From the accounts still extant of these Chapters and from other sources there is much interesting information to be obtained, which helps to give us a picture of the life led by the students of the College. The choosing of the students from the different monasteries was made according to the rules drawn up by Pope Benedict XII. He ordered one out of every twenty to be sent to the 'studium generale,' and monasteries that had more than eight but less

* Apostolus, Appendix, p. 186.

† W. Ebchester was the Warden of Durham College at this time.

than twenty members had also to send one student. As this rule was frequently evaded, visitors were appointed to decide how many students each house could afford to send. The actual choosing of the students was made by four electors in each monastery appointed by the superior. Many of the superiors seem to have been as reluctant to send students as the latter were eager to be sent. It has already been seen what a number of Prelates were complained of in the Chapter of 1343, and we find the same complaints made in subsequent Chapters. Even when the superiors had allowed students to go, they often recalled them ("in totius ordinis verecundiam generalem") before taking their degrees, in order to avoid the necessary expenses. To put a stop to this, the Chapter provided a common fund which was to supply the £20 for those who took the degree of D.D., and the twenty marks for those who took their degree in Canon Law. It was the Abbot of Abingdon's duty to collect this money, which had to be kept in a chest in the College. The chest had three keys; one for the Prior, another for the Abbot of Abingdon, and the third for the student with whom the chest was kept.*

That the students themselves were eager to get to Oxford appears from the account of the Chapter of 1444, for the passage quoted below clearly points to a practice, then in vogue, of individuals getting influential laymen to obtain their transmission to the University:—"Item cum absurdum videatur in Monacho contra vel præter sui Prelati voluntatem magnatum preces vel litteras procurare, ut accedere valeant ad studia litterarum, aut inibi commorari, seu gradus aliquos in studio attingere, vel ad apicem ascendere Magistratus: hinc districte præsentibus prohibemus, ne quis nostræ Religionis Monachus contra vel præter sui Prelati voluntatem secularium quorumcumque preces vel litteras procuret aut procurare faciat, ut ad studium transmittatur, aut in studio detineatur sive ad

* *Apostolatus, Scrip. LXIII. Cap. sili. De Doctoribus, studentibus Precentibus.*

gradus quoscumque studii promoveatur, suo Prelato nesciente et hoc nolente. Secus agentes ad studium mittendi redduntur inhabiles et in studio existentes de studio sunt revocandi."*

From almost the very beginning the students had the privilege of electing their own Prior. The elections seem to have been the cause of much strife and canvassing, which the superiors of the Order had to repress with a firm hand. "De Priore vero studentium ita ordinatum est, quod cum propter profectorem Prioris studentium Oxoniæ lites maxime retroactis temporibus et nuperrime accreverint unde gravissima oriuntur scandala . . . prohibemus ne quisquam nostræ Religionis studentium Oxoniis verbo vel litteris per seipsum vel per alios quoscumque futuris temporibus pro profectore dicti Prioris elaboraret procuraret vel intronitaret quovis modo. . . . Et si quis huic ordinationi parere noluerit . . . decernimus eum inhabilem ad tale officium et, si prope gradum sit, decernimus inhabilem ad quemcumque gradum scholasticum, &c."* The students were forbidden all intercourse with seculars, and none were to pass the night out of College or frequent inns and taverns. They were forbidden to appeal to the Chancellor or secular judges, but had to refer all disputes to the Prior and seniors of the College. All had to be present at the Divine Office on Sundays and Festivals.

They were to wear the academical dress, a description of which is contained in the following passage:—"Item quod Licentiatii ad incipiendum tam in Theologia quam in Jure Canonico in suis gradibus suscipiendis capitula capparum scholasticarum cum buggio furrata habeant sive cum syndone nigro linita, et consimiliter bachalareos ad lecturam sententiarum et bachalareos ad lecturam decretalium admissos capitulis cum buggio furratis uti de ceteris ordinamus."*

* *Apostolatus, Scrip. LXIII. p. 136.*

* *Ibid, Scrip. LXIII. p. 135.*

* *Ibid, p. 136.*

With regard to studies, they had two courses open to them—Canon Law or Theology; a few took the degree of Master of Arts before entering on either of the above courses, for at the time, this was the general custom at Oxford; but in 1321, the University exempted the Regular Orders from taking the Arts course. The Canon Law was the easier course; it entailed the study of Civil Law for three years, the attendance at lectures on the Decretum of Gratian for two years and on the Decretals of Gregory IX. and Boniface VIII. for three more. Thus in eight years time the student could become a Bachelor of Canon Law, was allowed to lecture, and very shortly to proceed to his Doctor's degree. The Theological course was much more tedious. It commenced with the study of the Bible; but before the student began this he was required by his monastery to spend six years in the study of Theology; he then spent his first three years at Oxford in studying the Bible, the fourth and fifth years in opposing at the disputations in the schools, and was then allowed to 'respond' and to 'determine.' Shortly after this he was allowed to take his degree of Bachelor of Theology, and as such had to lecture on the Sentences of Peter Lombard, and secondly on the Bible. Finally, he preached a Latin sermon in St. Mary's and was then allowed to become a Doctor of Theology.

Over and above the ordinary work of the schools, there was a regular system of teaching inside the College, the regulating of which was in the hands of the General Chapter. Thus we find that the study of Logic and Philosophy were insisted upon as a preparation for Theology; all had to preach at least four times a year in Latin as well as in English; and disputations had to be held at least twice a week.

The first Prior of the College was Henry de Helin. I have found no mention of him beyond the fact that he was a Monk of St. Peter's, Gloucester.

Sometime before the year 1420 John Wethamstede was Prior. It is generally agreed that he was a Monk of St. Alban's, though there are some who think he first belonged to St. Peter's, Gloucester. Elected Abbot of St. Alban's almost as soon as he left Oxford in 1420, he continued in office until 1440, when he resigned, only to again resume the dignity in 1462. Whilst Abbot he proved himself a generous benefactor to the College. It was chiefly owing to his generosity that the Chapel was built, about 1420, and he placed in it a number of stained glass windows. In these windows, beneath the representation of the Crucifix, he added the following couplet to be written:

"Mors medicina necis, via vitæ, pax populatus
Sis spes prompta precis, Lex curas, Laus Monachatus."

Beneath Our Blessed Lady:—

"Matris mesticia, mors proliis, vulnera quina
Sint mea Letitia, fati pulsante ruina."

And beneath St. John the Baptist:—

"Virginis imbutor, fidei fortissime tutor
Nominis ut reputor feror omnis ero secutor."

Other gifts of his were a sacristy, and a library which he supplied with many volumes, amongst which were copies of his own writings. To prevent the abuse of the latter by plagiarists he inserted the following verses in each book:—

"Fratribus Oxoniæ datur in munus liber iste
Per patrem pecorum protomartyris Angligenarum
Quem si quis rapiat raptim, titulumve retractet
Vel Judæ laqueum vel furcas sentiat. Amen."

In other books he inserted the following:—

"Discior" at docti fieret nova regia plebi;

* For the sake of translation the author of the History of Worcester College suggests "Dior" for "Discior" docti for "docti," and that the last line might be written:—

"Est libræque loquæ, idem dator auctor et unus."

Culta magisq; Deo datur hic liber ara Minervæ
 His qui Diis dietis libant holocausta Ministris
 Et circa hibulam sitiunt præ nectare Limpham
 Estq; libria; loci, idem dator, actor et unus.*

For his great generosity to the College he was pronounced to be a second founder at the General Chapter of 1425.

There are extant five letters of his which relate to Gloucester College. One is addressed to the scholars in general, exhorting them to be more peaceable and obedient. Such advice was occasionally necessary for in the "Munimenta Academica"† under the heading 'Disturbance of the peace by armed men' there is the following:—

"Johannes Pede, . . . et Johannes Matthew, . . . Wilhelmus Ellesmere, Scholaris de Collegio Glowcestria, et Johannes Haws convicti fuerunt de perturbacione pacis et specialiter quod arma portantes notigaverunt in vigilia Nativitatis S. Johannis Baptistæ per totam parochiam S. Aegidii et Beate Mariæ Magdalena, ac etiam verberaverunt quemdam Johannem Lews, laborarium, et surripuerunt cuidam fabro Beate Mariæ Magdelena, unam glenam quam secum circumferebat, propter quod carceribus mancipati sunt."

This happened in 1452 during the period between Wethamstede's first and second Abbacy. Another letter is addressed to Thomas the Prior, and suggests it is high time the Chapel was finished, and again refers to disturbances which were getting the College a bad reputation. A third letter is "to the Prior of Students" and chiefly relates to the chapel. It rather unkindly suggests that the only respect in which that edifice resembles the Temple of Solomon, is that it has taken forty years building. The mention of Solomon suggests David, who was not thought worthy to build the Temple; then the writer suggests the

* Steven's Supp. I. p. 330.

† Roll. Series, Acta curie Cancellarii A. no. 107.



scriptural method in which people will revile the Prior over the unfinished work, and expresses a hope, that the building will not prove an 'idea Platonis.' *

Abbot Wethamstede was the author of a goodly number of books most of which he dedicated to his friend Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. The titles of some of them are:— (1) Commentaries on several texts of Holy Writ, (2) Life of St. Alban, (3) Life of St. Amphibalus, (4) Of the situation of the Holy Land, (5) Ordinations of his Abbey, (6) On the defence of the Church, etc. He died in 1464.

Although he did much for the Oxford College, yet it is thought by some that too much has been attributed to him, for there were three other Abbots of St. Alban's previous to him who had been generous friends to the College. Thomas de la Mare, Abbot from 1349 to 1396, gave the College its first code of rules; he sent thither from St. Alban's more than the required number of students, gave £80 for the repair of the house, and £20 for the support of his College. John de la Moote, Abbot from 1396 to 1401, was the first to build a stone house at the College. Up to his time the St. Albans' students had dwelt in a wooden building, which was not only in a ruinous condition but was also unpleasantly near to the kitchen. He therefore obtained a new site from the Abbot of Malmesbury, and there began to build a new stone house. William Heyworth, Abbot from 1401 to 1421, is said to have made "the house of St. Alban's finer than any other house in Gloucester College," and during his Abbacy he spent more than £165 on the Oxford College.

The successor of Wethamstede as Prior was probably John Amundisham. He was "a monk of St. Alban's, an able scholar in all respects but particularly noted for his elegance in the Latin Tongue, which gained him many friends and immortal glory by writing the actions of others. Among the rest he write the Life and Praises of

* Hist. of Worcester College p. 56.

Abbot John Wethamsted, whom he had entirely loved whilst living, and rescued his reputation from the ill tongues of slanderers. This learned man's writings were long preserved in the monastery of Ramsey till at the subversion of monasteries these and an immense quantity of others were either committed to the flames, or otherwise wilfully destroyed to the irreparable detriment of good literature. The titles of his works are (1) The Acts of the Abbot John Withamsted, (2) His Buckler, (3) Epistles, (4) Poems of several sorts.*

Another Prior during the fifteenth century was Richard Rynstede. In Wood's "Fasti" his name is mentioned under the date 1450 as a D.D. and Pro-chancellor of that year. He was the author of "Commentaria super 29 capitula Parabolarum Salomonis." These were no more than ordinary lectures which he delivered in the schools at Oxford, and the MS., I believe, is now in the Bodleian Library.

Two other Priors of the College were Dr. Stanywell, afterwards Abbot of Pershore, who was remarkable for his learning and strictness of life. He was finally a suffragan Bishop under the title *Episcopus Poletensis*, and dying in 1553 was buried in his native village of Longton. And Antony Dunstan alias Kitchin, a Westminster Monk who after leaving Oxford became Abbot of Eynsham. He has been spoken of as, "the Vicar of Bray of the sixteenth century," for he was the only Bishop (he became Bishop of Llandaff in 1545) who managed to keep his bishopric throughout the many changes that the English Church experienced.

When the monasteries which supported it ceased to exist, Gloucester College soon became deserted. A few, as Wood tells us, lingered on, but in 1541 its dissolution commenced. Its lands and buildings were soon parcelled off to different people, but only for a time, for these grants

* Stevens' Sapp. I. p. 212.

were soon withdrawn and the College was handed over to the Bishop of Oxford.

"De erectione *Episcopatus Oxoniensis*."

"*Volentes commoditati dicti nunc Episcopi et Successorum suorum uberius provideri, Sciatis quod nos. . . . dedimus et concessimus. . . . dicto Roberto nunc Oxoniæ Episcopo totum illud Collegium, Mansionem, sive Domum nostram vocatam Gloucestre Colledge. . . . de cetero abhinc sint et esse censeantur et appellentur Mansio, Habitaçulum, seu Palatium dicti nunc Episcopi Oxoniensis et successorum suorum Episcoporum Oxoniæ. a.d. 1542.*"*

Abbot Feckenham is the last Benedictine mentioned in the 'Fasti,' and so I suppose is the last monk of the English Congregation who graduated at Oxford. Though a lapse of almost four centuries has severed the Benedictine connection with Oxford, it has been again resumed by St. Lawrence's Abbey, Ampleforth, which inherits the right to be a Monastery of the Ancient English Congregation from the royal abbey of Westminster whose last Abbot was John Feckenham.

G. E. HIND.

* Rymer's *Fœdera*. Tom 6. Part III. p. 81.

Father W. R. Alexius Eager. R.J.P.

I SOMETIMES think it were best to let the dead rest in their graves, and not to ' vex their ghost ' with ill judged speech. They know so much we do not know. Words too, thus written, often jar upon the memory of living friends. Beside the grave, if we would hold communion with the dead, silence is best; and if with the mourner there we would sympathise, well, just the tender pressure of the hand and nothing said! An 'in memoriam' is not wanted for his friends. As one said to me, when she received a token of Father Eager after he was dead, "I need no token, let another have it, I shall not forget." For those who knew him not there can be no 'in memoriam,' but only a cold record which leaves the pulse unstirred. As Wordsworth writes:

"Trust
The lingering gleam of his departed life
To oral record, and the silent heart;
Depositaries faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph."

Yet epitaphs are in fashion, and I will briefly write lest there be those who think one who was loved, neglected; as we might think, though foolishly perhaps, if we passed by a grave without a head stone or inscription over it.

Father Eager was born at Aughton in Lancashire A.D. 1852. His mother I believe was in part Lancashire, but his father Dr. Eager was Irish, and love for Ireland and the Irish was a worthy heir-loom which descended to his son. So far as I know there was only one other child: The Rev. James Eager of Burscough near Southport.

His parents died when he was young but he found a kind home, and faithful friends in the family of Mr. Chamberlain of Birkdale. I first met Father Eager at Ampleforth College where he and his brother were educated. He was some three years my senior; no great difference in after life but in boyhood sufficient to prevent intimacy. I remember him well, however, and we were friendly enough. He was a fine, strong active, fellow and that good nature and forgiving disposition which always made him a favourite in after life, made him a popular boy. He had a painful stammer, yet strange to say he was an excellent elocutionist and powerful actor. This dramatic power remained with him always, as those know well who heard him preach. He had not trained it to be used with full effect, but both voice and gesture were with him innate gifts. I do not think they were equalled even in our best known preachers. He told a story well, and, I may add, often, a trait which drew on him the banter of his friends. His power of speech was a gift he used well for the good of Religion, whether in giving Retreats or in the pulpit, or on the platform.

He joined the Noviciate A.D. 1871 and returned to Ampleforth four years later where he was solemnly professed. Shortly afterwards he went to Fort Augustus, in the days when it was struggling into existence, and still remained united to the English Congregation. There he was ordained priest, and for a time held the office of Prefect of the College. Next he found his place as resident canon at St. Michael's Cathedral Priory, near Hereford. Thence he passed on to the mission, first to Warrington and afterwards to St. Peter's, Seel Street, Liverpool, where for ten years he worked among the people and by all classes made himself genuinely loved. I was there with him for four years, and happy enough years they were—But I need not dwell on that time. The simplicity of his life could be seen by all. He was quite unworldly; he spent very little on himself, and his friends had difficulty in

persuading him to get a new coat, even when his old one emphatically provoked them to try. His tastes were simple, and he was easily amused. Few men were more entirely priestly in their thoughts and words. He was always anxiously on the alert to bring some soul to the Catholic faith, and boldly, and with God's grace successfully, he did bring many into its light who will, I know, be everlastingly grateful to him. He spoke directly and forcibly of Religion whenever an opportunity offered. Indeed his usefulness was very great. I have sometimes thought his brethren failed to fully appreciate him. Not so those whom he so well helped. Many a sinner, many a troubled and many an aspiring soul has found consolation and strength in his Confessional; and there are holy souls who, under his guidance have left the common path to tread the loftier one—the "*dura et aspera per quas itur ad Deum*"—in the Religious life. The tears of a grief-stricken parish, shocked by the news of his death, in the mid-day of life's course, bear witness at once to his true helpfulness and the love of their own warm and grateful hearts. But these things are known better by those who experienced them than by me who looked on. I will hasten on that I may linger a little on what I saw of the closing details of his life.

In 1897, I think about Easter time, after the wearying labours of Lent, the first severe attack of pain and loss of blood came as a warning of the hidden mischief which was to undermine his life. This passed, and the malignity of the evil was not recognised. A second attack occurred, not so severe, but the signs of recurrence were more alarming. It was thought necessary for Father Eager to leave Liverpool. From Liverpool he went to Mayfield in Sussex to be chaplain there to the Nuns. No doubt he was weighed down by the burden of his grievous disease long before he left, without recognising the cause of his depression, and he was happy to go from the worry and responsibility of

a Liverpool Mission. At Mayfield he thought he would find peace and a quiet time to look after his own soul. Yet, I doubt if the quiet life of the country suited, either body or mind, better than the stir and occupation of the town. Certainly there was no improvement. Attacks of hemorrhage and acute pain became more frequent. The last five or six months were spent in bed, or in a brief convalescence. He was, more than once, urged to see a specialist, but he seemed satisfied with his present medical advice. Only under the aggravated attacks of his disease was he at last persuaded to do so. He went to London and consulted an eminent specialist. The doctor quickly came to his conclusions with regard to the evil at work, and did not conceal the seriousness of the case.

Before, however, giving an accurate diagnosis—which afterwards indeed he gave with astonishing correctness—and final decision, he required the patient to undergo a more particular examination for which it would be necessary to administer ether or chloroform. In preparation for this he was received into a private hospital near Baker Street, where he was kindly cared for to the end.

Father Eager wrote at once to the Prior of Ampleforth and begged that I might be allowed to go to London and see him through any operation if, as the doctor considered likely, there should be one. On Easter Tuesday a telegram came asking me to come at once, I started and arrived in London about mid-night. Next morning I called at the Hospital, but I could not see my old friend. He was under the effects of anæsthetics; not that there had been any operation, it was merely the previous examination. I called again in the evening. He was conscious, but too unwell to talk much, or for me to stay long. He was anxious but had not heard the result of the examination. The next afternoon I came again. He had learnt the Doctor's verdict. It was plainly spoken. There must be an operation; a very severe one, and there

was a doubt whether even that could be successfully performed. Without the attempt there was no hope. He might live one month, perhaps three, not more. It takes a courageous heart to face such a sentence undismayed, and we can well forgive the anxious fears,—the awakened dread, which beset a sufferer as he lies upon his bed and hears it. Indeed it was a distressing hour. The poor fellow was much moved; not with love for life, though he was in its prime; nor for regret at leaving it. Only for this: "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."! How intensely he realized those words, and the nearness of their fulfilment. 'Perhaps in a week!' he said. It was a marked feature of Father Eager's life—this vivid realization of his faith. He had dwelt much on death, and St. Liguori's meditations on 'Preparation for Death' had been a favourite book of his. It lay now on his bed. I fain would have exchanged it for another! I think his own spiritual life had been too much coloured by the more sombre side of revealed truth. He pondered now, as so often before, on the responsibilities of the priest's life, and, as he put it, on his ill fulfilment of them. Indeed this humility and mistrust of himself was touching. I tried to say a word to turn his thoughts to the tender love of our Divine Saviour. 'Ah! I fear,' he said, 'I am very hard-hearted.' It was a severe and useful lesson to stand there with him so near the steps of the great White Throne, and hear him talk. It made one's heart throb with a fear for one's own so careless a life, and sink low with humiliation, that with all the mean unworthiness of one's own soul,—unseen perhaps by the world—and proud condemnation of others, one yet should go so regardlessly along his way! But the details of such hours are not for public gaze.

Next day his spirits were better. From day to day his brother, who was a constant and affectionate attendant to the end, and a few friends called in, and each day I spent



some time with him, until we made him chat away, as he used to do, and tell us of this and that in the old style of his story-telling. Yet all the time his mind was on the question; 'Shall I have the operation? Is it not better to have three months quietly to prepare for death, to set my house in order?' He asked our advice, and always eagerly what the doctor thought. But the doctor had told him his fears and hopes, and advised the operation. We, too, encouraged him. And now I can hardly regret it. It would have been, I think very difficult for him to have faced unperturbed the slow approaching step of the Phantom Death, which cannot even to the good, divest itself of shroud and coffin and the narrow grave. Besides his physical sufferings would have been very great in the further progress of the disease. God's Providence knows best when and how to call us.

Saturday, April 28th, was the day fixed for the operation. Thursday and Friday were days of seriousness and prayer. Doubtless, too, through the lonely hours, there was a sinking of the heart; it was but natural. On Friday evening I gave him the last Sacraments, for apart from the operation, his disease was dangerous to life. It is always a privilege to give those beautiful and healing rites, yet there cannot but be a tender sadness when you give them to a friend. I think Father Eager was much comforted, and I left him, as it seemed to me, much more at peace. Next morning, when I called, he was already under chloroform. He was thus for two hours while I waited in a room below. When the Doctor came down I learnt, alas! that all had been in vain. The diseased part adhered to the main artery, and it was found impossible to touch it. There was a huge cancerous tumour which could only end in swift death. How were we to break the sad news to our friend when he awoke again to consciousness? We were spared the trial of it. I went into his room later in the day. He was conscious, but very still

and pale. Only a few whispered words passed between us. The nurse would not allow more. It was easy to put off question; indeed I think he shrank from asking. That night I went to Cambridge. It gave him pain and I was sorry, but I could not help it. His brother remained. Very late on Sunday I called to enquire how he was. I did not see him. On Monday morning I was with him again. He was very weak, indeed sinking fast. He was quite quiet and did not seem anxious. I gave him some messages from friends. They had not forgotten him and during his illness he had spoken of them with great kindness. He could not say much now. That night I slept close by, that if death should be a visitant I might be there. There was but little change however. Only, all those signs we priests know so well became more plain. The cold and clammy hands; the sunken features; the strange colour, and that sure presence of collapse which in the whole is seen. He did not suffer, he said, not any acute pain, only the inconvenience of his bandages. I brought him letters and put them by his pillow, for he would not have them opened. His rosary was round his wrist, and his crucifix by his side. I think he had given up the world! A message came from Father Corlett from Seel Street, Liverpool—he had been for some years on the Mission there with Father Eager—asking could he see him if he came. Yes! Father Eager would be glad to see him. I wired the reply. Returning later to the sick-room—I found the patient somewhat changed. There was no sign of returning life, but he had grown restless and would talk freely. I think, perhaps, drugs had affected him. But his talk was very gentle: 'I am dying,' he said, 'the doctor won't believe it but I am dying.' Indeed until that morning the doctor had clung to the hope that he might rally. 'And it will be the 2nd of May, Mary's month!' he added. He, who feared death so much in life, now seemed to have lost all fear. He had indeed prepared earnestly. I remember with

what insistence, days before, he had told me; 'Remember when I kiss the crucifix, at the end, I mean it for as perfect an act of sorrow as I can make, for all my sins.' And now peace came to him in the hour he needed it. He spoke of his burial. I said; 'Would you wish to be buried at Mayfield or at Ampleforth?' He answered, with a smile upon his face,—half questioningly,—'Mayfield.' It had been the scene of his last labours, and the peaceful, hallowed life of it was fresh in his memory.

However there were difficulties in the way, as I afterwards found; and I am glad, for now he rests among us here in our little Cemetery on the hill-side. The wreath is withered which a dear friend sent to lay upon his grave, but the sod is green upon it, and, passing by, one pauses there to say the 'de profundis' for his soul's repose.

But to return to the sick-bed. I sat by him and talked a little, or remained silent, or we said some prayers together. About six-o'clock Father Corlett arrived from Liverpool with the sorrowful greetings of Seel Street district. Father Eager answered very touchingly; I know the tears sprang to our eyes as we listened. "Thank them," he said, "and tell them I beg their pardon for all my carelessness, and all the scandal I have given by the unworthiness of my life during the years I have been in their midst." At eight o'clock Father Corlett left for Liverpool again. At 10.30 p.m. Father Eager's brother and I said good night and left the room. It was not only good night, but a last good bye, till in God's mercy we may hope to meet again in the land that lies beyond the grave. Neither of us saw him again alive. As it drew towards mid-night he grew restless and talked quickly, rambling, and not knowing what he said. Then he fell asleep. Before 2 a.m. he awoke, but was not conscious the nurse thought. The fire of life was burnt out. In a few minutes he breathed his last. The matron had promised to send for me at once if death were actually at hand.

She sent; but he was dead when I entered the room and the solemn words of the Ritual; 'Go forth O Christian soul fell upon deaf ears. I finished the prayers for the dead, and passed into the silent street again. It struck a quarter past two as I slowly walked to my lodgings, thinking of the spirit which so suddenly had crossed the narrow confines and passed from the shadowy mysteries of earth into the boundless light.

J. A. WILSON, D.D.

Notices of Books.

THE CATHOLIC CREED, OR WHAT DO CATHOLICS BELIEVE? by the Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S.T.L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England. London and Leamington, Art and Book Company, 1900.

If the sale of this book is commensurate with its usefulness it should be a very large one. We do not know of any book of the kind which better deserves success. In his introduction the author gives us to understand that his object is to explain to those outside the fold what it is that Catholics believe, so to prevent misconception and make misrepresentation impossible. There is no doubt the work is admirably fitted for the purpose, but we venture to predict its chief use will be among Catholics. It may make converts; it is a book we would like to see in the hands of an enquirer into our religion; but it is even better suited to instruct Catholics. As a text book for advanced students in our colleges and convents; as a spiritual-reading book for intelligent grown-up Catholics; as a manual for the use of the priest in preparing instructions for his people Fr. Procter's book is quite the best that has yet been written. The style is clear and graceful; there is not a chapter which could be called uninteresting, and however well-worn is the argument it is never commonplace. Indeed, we think it should be quickly recognized as the standard book in the Catholic Creed.

LE MOINE BÉNÉDICTIN, par DOM BESSE, O.S.B. Ligugé (Vienne) Imprimerie Saint-Martin, 1898. 2 f. 50 c.

LE MOINE BÉNÉDICTIN does not give us, what the title would lead one to expect, Dom Besse's idea of what a Benedictine monk should be. At least there is no evidence that such was the author's intention in writing the book. There is no attempt made to direct the young monk in his way of life—no offer of counsel, or warning of difficulty or danger; and it would hardly be true to say that the author presents to the reader his ideal of a Benedictine. Indirectly he does so; since it is quite evident that Dom Besse believes, with justice perhaps, that the perfect Benedictine is the monk of Solesmes. After a very short and excellent sketch of Benedictine history, the volume is a glorified picture of the life of a monk of the French Congregation, revived by Dom Guéranger. It is interesting reading; the author is full of gentle enthusiasm, and is oftentimes happy in his poetical paraphrases. But, for the very reason that it is all so practical and perfect—there is no hint of anything in shape of trouble or anxiety or weariness or weakness, or any suggestion of imperfection as a possibility in the life at Solesmes—that this otherwise charming book is a little bit unconvincing. The volume is evidently intended to tell the French public what the French Benedictine is like. It goes through every detail, and everything is presented in the most attractive form the author can devise. As an example which will show the author's style, here is his description of the attitude of the soul of the monk during office:—

“Elle contemple, durant les Matines, le mystère de son Incarnation et de sa naissance à Bethléem, et elle se dispose à le recevoir au milieu de la nuit, quand il viendra juger les vivants et les morts. Laudes lui permettent d'honorer sa Résurrection et d'acclamer le vainqueur de Satan et du péché. Prime l'invite à se transporter dans la

maison de Nazareth et à considérer dans quelles dispositions Jésus, Marie, Joseph, commençaient le travail de la journée. Tierce met sous ses yeux le cénaïque et la scène grandiose dont il fut le théâtre au jour de la Pentecôte; il voit l'Esprit-Saint se reposer, sous la forme d'une langue de feu, sur Notre-Dame et ses apôtres; il le bénit et lui demande de continuer au sein de l'Église son action sanctificatrice. Sexte est consacrée au souvenir du crucifiement et de l'Ascension, tandis que None représente la mort du Sauveur sur l'arbre de la croix et ses conséquences pour l'honneur de l'adorable Trinité, le salut des hommes et la honte de Satan. Pendant Vêpres, le Bénédictin contemple le spectacle qu'offre le calvaire, après la descente de croix. Marie, qui jusque-là s'était tenue debout comme un prêtre devant la victime, s'est assise; elle tient sur ses genoux son divin Fils; sa douleur est grande, en le voyant ainsi étendu, sans vie, et couvert de blessures, &c. &c.”

We hope Dom Besse's volume will make, or has already made, the impression on the French public it was intended to produce. It is possible that something in the shape of an advertisement, or company-prospectus was necessary or advisable to attract attention to the Benedictines in France. We may think, perhaps, that it is a pity it should have been so. But we must confess that Dom Besse has performed his task with good taste and a certain amount of self-restraint, and, furthermore, the book is well-printed—reflecting great credit on the Ligugé press—and has some illustrations which add considerably to the interest of the work.

College Diary.

April 16 and 17. The usual Easter holidays. The weather was very wet and prevented almost all outdoor sport. In the voting for the new captain Mr. R. J. Dawson was elected and he appointed the following government.

Secretary	-	-	-	W. M. Dowling
Officemen	-	-	-	G. Fishwick
				T. Preston
Clothesman	-	-	-	A. J. Gately
Commonmen	-	-	-	R. B. Wood
				W. St. G. Foote
Gasmen	-	-	-	J. Pike
				F. Quinn
				S. Punch
Collegemen	-	-	-	D. McCormack
				P. Williams
Librarian of the Upper Library	-	-	-	W. Lambert
" " " Lower Library	-	-	-	R. Dowling
Vigilarii	-	-	-	H. Byrne
				C. de Normanville.
Vigilarius of Upper Grammar Room	-	-	-	F. Lambert
Librarian of the Upper Grammar Room	-	-	-	T. Heslop
Vigilarii of the Lower " "	-	-	-	P. Allanson
				J. Howard

April 18. The weather was so fine that Fr. Prior very kindly gave us recreation. In the morning we had a very interesting game of rounders. In the afternoon the first set played racquet, and cricket in the bounds. The cricket field was not fit to play on after the rain. Fr. Maurus Lucan left us for Warrington.

April 19. Back to study again after our Easter holidays.

April 21. To-day the choir and band played the rest of the school at rounders. After an exciting game, the choir and band were victorious.

April 23. Cricket, which usually begins to-day, had to be postponed owing to the unfit state of the ground. Poetry and

Humanities however, had a good game of rounders, which the Poets won. H. Polding hit in fine style.

April 24. The cricket committee was chosen, and consisted of R. J. Dawson, A. J. Gately, W. M. Dowling and Cyril J. Martin. The set captains were:—

1st set	-	-	-	R. J. Dawson
				W.M. Dowling
2nd set	-	-	-	G. F. Lambert
				H. Byrne
3rd set	-	-	-	H. de Normanville
				H. Martin
4th set	-	-	-	M. Neville
				F. Heskeith
5th set	-	-	-	L. Dees
				P. Allanson

April 26. We began cricket to day. Fr. Bede Polding paid us a visit.

April 28. Fr. Philip Willson left us for St. Peter's Seel Street, Liverpool.

April 29. The Colts Match. The XI. won by an innings and 49 runs. Score:

COLTS XVIII.

E. Pilkington, run out	2
G. McDermott, b.W., b. Foote	0
C. de Normanville, b. Foote	0
J. Rochford, b. W. Lambert	0
O. Williams, b. Foote	5
J. McCann, b. W. Lambert	1
H. Polding, run out	16
J. Nestil, b. W. Lambert	4
G. F. Lambert, b. W. Lambert	0
J. Weechard, run out	5
D. Field, c. W. Dowling, b. Burn	1
H. Byrne, b. D. Burn	0
R. Wood, b. D. Burn	5
T. Preston, not out	4
Rev. J. A. Turner, b. D. Burn	0
F. Bermingham, c. R. Dawson, b. W. Lambert	2
R. Roche, b. D. Burn	4
B. Burnett, b. D. Burn	0
Extras	11
				Total 60

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

THE XI.

W. M. Dowling, b. O. Williams	11
A. J. Gateley, b. Rev. A. Turner	14
R. J. Dawson, b. Rev. A. Turner	0
G. Crean, b. J. Nevill	21
F. J. Dawson, run out	1
W. Lambert, run out	21
J. Pike, b. Polding	23
D. H. Burn, b. Polding	5
R. Dowling, c. Polding, b. Rev. A. Turner	9
F. Quinn, lbw., b. J. Nevill	19
W. St. G. Foote, not out	1
Extras	9

Total 130

April 30. Fr. Aclred Clarke came to stay a few days with us.

May 2. The Prefect's feast. The morning was rather wet, and games had to be postponed until the afternoon. Everything possible was done by Fr. Anselm to make the day thoroughly enjoyable. In the afternoon the Religious played the XI. The boys won by two wickets, although 'the powers that be' led in the first innings. J. Pike's hitting was very brilliant.

MASTERS.

Rev. B. Hayes, c. Burn, b. W. Lambert	2
Rev. E. Hind, b. D. H. Burn	20
Rev. T. A. Hind, b. W. Foote	0
Rev. W. S. Dawes, b. D. Burn	42
Rev. A. M. Powell, run out	0
Rev. B. McLaughlin, b. D. Burn	9
Rev. J. Rylance, b. W. Foote	0
Rev. J. A. Turner, b. D. Burn	7
Rev. B. Primavesi, b. W. Foote	1
Mr. Robinson, not out	4
Mr. J. Parker, b. D. Burn	0
Extras	8

Total 93

THE XI.

W. M. O'B. Dowling, b. Rev. B. Hayes	0
A. J. Gateley, b. Rev. J. A. Turner	20
W. Lambert, run out	36
R. J. Dawson, c. Rev. F. A. Hind, b. Rev. B. Hayes	17
G. Crean, b. Rev. W. S. Dawes	0

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

F. J. Dawson, c. Mr. Robinson, b. Rev. S. Dawes	4
J. Pike, c. Rev. T. Rylance, b. Rev. B. Hayes	2
D. H. Burn, c. Rev. B. McLaughlin, b. Rev. B. Hayes	0
R. Dowling, b. Rev. S. Dawes	1
F. Quinn, run out	2
W. St. G. Foote, not out	0
Extras	10

Total 92

May 4. Solemn Requiem was sung by Fr. Prior assisted by Fr. Sub-Prior and Fr. Austin for the repose of the soul of Fr. Alexius Eager, the Burial Service followed. Fr. James Eager, Fr. Austin Wray, Fr. Piacid Corlett, and Fr. Asled Clarke were present at the ceremony.

May 7. As a result of the dreadful weather several of us were laid low with severe colds. Fr. Austin Wray returned to Abergavenny.

May 19. This morning Fr. Prior announced the news of the relief of Mafeking and very kindly granted us a holiday. The day was devoted to cricket.

May 24. The XI went to Harrogate to play Harrogate School and were beaten by a narrow margin of seven runs. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c. Trimmer, b. Mr. Gotch	9
W. M. O'B. Dowling, c. Mr. Gotch, b. Whitaker	16
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b. Mr. Gotch	15
A. J. Gateley, b. Mr. Gotch	33
R. J. Dawson, b. M. Raven	15
W. Lambert, b. Mr. Raven	5
J. Pike, b. Mr. Gotch	4
G. J. Crean, c. Schulz, b. Mr. Raven	2
F. J. Dawson, not out	9
C. J. Martin, b. Mr. Gotch	0
W. St. G. Foote, b. Mr. Raven	2
Extras	14

Total 124

HARROGATE COLLEGE.

R. L. Anderson, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	0
Mr. Raven, c. Pike, b. Crean	68
D. Whitaker, run out	9
A. E. Trimmer, c. Dowling, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	6

P. White, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
Croysdale, run out	...	7
Mr. Gotch, b. Foote	...	10
Maling, c. Gateley, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	3
Neill, c. Dowling, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	4
Clarke, not out	...	6
Schulz, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	4
Extras	...	14

Total 131

June 4. Cricket match against Kirby-Moorside. The College was victorious after a good game. Score:—

KIRBY.

J. C. Frank, st. Rev. G. E. Hind, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
F. King, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	3
H. Rutter, c. Rev. W. S. Dawes, b. Foote	...	19
T. Coverdale, c. Rev. W. S. Dawes, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	12
A. Rutter, c. Rev. G. E. Hind, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
C. Aydon, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
H. King, c. Lambert, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	1
W. B. Frank, c. Lambert, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	4
M. Atkinson, c. Lambert, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	4
C. C. Frank, not out	...	1
F. Coverdale, c. Gateley, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
Extras	...	9

Total 53

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, b. Aydon	...	15
W. M. O'B. Dowling, c. H. Rutter, b. Aydon	...	7
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c. Coverdale, b. Rutter	...	13
A. J. Gateley, c. W. P. Frank, b. A. Rutter	...	3
Rev. W. S. Dawes, b. A. Rutter	...	8
R. J. Dawson, c. Frank, b. Aydon	...	3
G. J. Cress, b. Rutter	...	2
W. Lambert, lbw., b. Aydon	...	2
J. Pike, b. Aydon	...	0
E. J. Dawson, c. F. King, b. Aydon	...	5
W. St. G. Foote, not out	...	2
Extras	...	15

Total 75

June 5.—*Governors Day.* The weather was delightful, and the outing was much enjoyed by all.

The second XI. travelled to York to play St. Peter's School 2nd eleven. J. Rochford and R. Dowling batted well for 27 and 28 respectively. McCormack's bowling was very effective. Score:—

ST. PETER'S 2ND ELEVEN.

C. N. Hatfield, b. McCormack	...	5
S. H. Harrison, b. McDermott, b. Nevill	...	8
H. A. Otley, b. McCormack	...	0
A. B. Sale, b. McCormack	...	0
A. E. Torrow, c. Dowling, b. McCormack	...	12
S. E. Mellor, c. Field, b. McCormack	...	2
T. G. Pallesy, b. Field	...	9
E. A. Fisher, not out	...	20
H. W. F. Garland, b. McCormack	...	1
E. S. Yeld, b. Polding	...	6
C. P. Denby, b. Polding	...	1
Extras	...	10

Total 74

AMPLEFORTH 2ND ELEVEN.

R. Dowling, b. Denby	...	28
E. Pilkington, b. Mellor	...	3
G. McDermott, c. Mellor, b. Harrison	...	7
J. Nevill, b. Harrison	...	0
O. Williams, lbw., b. Denby	...	20
J. Westhead, c. Fisher, b. Harrison	...	17
J. Rochford, b. Mellor	...	27
H. Polding (capt.), c. Denby, b. Mellor	...	5
D. Field, b. Mellor	...	15
Count José Telfener, c. Yeld, b. Harrison	...	20
D. McCormack, not out	...	0
Extras	...	13

Total 155

June 6. Mr. Lambert, who had been staying with us for some days, left. During his visit he had very kindly entertained us with a display of fireworks. We take this opportunity of offering him our hearty thanks.

June 14. Corpus Christi. Fr. Prior, assisted by Fr. Sub-Prior and Br. Elphege Hind, sang High Mass. The eleven played All-Comers and won by 62 runs.

June 20. Fr. Prior's Feast. At dinner Mr. Justin McCann, in

a few well-chosen words, wished Fr. Prior a happy feast, in the name of the boys. Fr. Sub-Prior replied, as Fr. Prior was away, and after thanking Mr. McCann and the boys for their wishes, proposed Fr. Prior's health. The boys responded heartily. The afternoon was devoted to cricket. The Eleven went to Ripon to play the Grammar School. Thanks to the deadly bowling of W. St. G. Foote and D. H. Burn and the splendid fielding of the whole team especially W. M. O' B. Dowling and R. J. Dawson; our opponents were all out for the small score of 10. We replied with 53, and putting them in again dismissed them for 14, thus winning by an innings and 20 runs. Score:—

RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		
Kendall, b. D. Burn	...	0
Wray, (i) b. W. Foote	...	0
Dawson, b. W. Foote	...	2
Wray, (ii) b. W. Foote	...	0
Brayshay, b. W. Foote	...	1
C. H. Jameson, b. D. Burn	...	1
A. W. Tattersall, c. Lambert, b. Foote	...	1
W. M. Brayshay, c. Quinn, b. Burn	...	4
N. Craven, <i>bow.</i> , b. Burn	...	0
C. Perry, b. Foote	...	1
C. Kendall, not out	...	0
Extras	...	0
		10

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.		
R. J. Dawson, b. E. H. Dawson	...	3
A. J. Gateley, b. H. Wray	...	8
G. Crean, b. H. Wray	...	1
W. M. O' B. Dowling, b. H. Wray	...	7
W. Lambert, c. Kendall b. Dawson	...	2
F. J. Dawson, <i>bow.</i> , b. Wray (i)	...	0
J. Pike, b. H. Wray	...	0
C. J. Martin, b. H. Wray	...	1
D. H. Burn, b. Dawson	...	11
E. Quinn, b. E. H. Dawson	...	0
W. St. G. Foote not out	...	3
Extras	...	17
		—
Total		53

June 21. St. Peter's School XI. came to-day for the annual match. The visitors won by 8 runs on the first innings. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.		
R. J. Dawson, <i>bow.</i> , b. E. Kirk	...	2
A. J. Gateley, <i>bow.</i> , b. E. Kirk	...	8
G. Crean, run out	...	0
W. M. O' B. Dowling, c. E. Kirk, b. P. Kirk	...	6
W. Lambert, b. P. Kirk	...	2
D. H. Burn, c. Crouchwaite b. P. Kirk	...	6
F. J. Dawson, b. Kirk	...	0
J. Pike, b. E. Kirk	...	0
C. J. Martin, c. Newton, b. E. Kirk	...	0
F. Quinn, not out	...	0
W. St. G. Foote, b. Kirk	...	0
Extras	...	4
		28

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.		
E. St. G. Kirk, b. Burn	...	3
T. C. Newton, <i>bow.</i> , b. Burn	...	0
H. M. S. Roy, b. Burn	...	0
G. A. Fisher, c. Burn, b. Foote	...	9
P. St. G. Kirk, c. Gateley, b. Foote	...	1
W. Crouchwaite, b. Foote	...	1
R. Harrison, b. Burn	...	4
A. Neilson, b. Burn	...	0
R. Dunning, not out	...	8
H. Leonard, b. Burn	...	0
A. R. Fisher, b. Burn	...	5
Extras	...	5
		36

June 26. Match with Mr. Swarbrick's XI. The visitors won by 40 runs. Score:—

MR. SWARBRECK'S XI.		
W. W. Hall, c. Rev. G. E. Hind b. Foote	...	1
J. Lee, c. Gateley, b. Foote	...	13
C. Macaulay <i>bow.</i> , b. Foote	...	0
E. Maynard, c. Lambert, b. Foote	...	3
W. Horner, c. Crean, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	9
E. B. Peat, c. Rev. G. E. Hind, b. Foote	...	2
F. L. Hansell <i>bow.</i> , b. Rev. W. S. Dawes	...	11

E. McLaughlin, b. Foote	0
R. Bolton, lhw., b. Foote	10
B. McLaughlin, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	0
F. B. Hansell, not out	23
Extras	2
Total	83

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. W. S. Dawes, st. Bolton, b. Macaulay	2
G. J. Crean, hit wicket, b. Macaulay	1
Rev. G. E. Hind, c. F. B. Hansell, b. Horner	0
A. J. Gateley, b. Horner	13
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c. F. B. Hansell, b. Horner	9
R. J. Dawson, lhw., b. Macaulay	1
W. M. O'B Dowling, b. Macaulay	4
W. J. Lambest, b. Horner	4
D. H. Burn, b. Horner	4
J. G. F. Pike, not out	0
W. St. George Foote, b. Macaulay c. Horner	0
Extras	3
Total	37

July 5. The eleven went to Scarborough to play Oliver's Mount. We won by 20 runs on the first innings. Score:—

OLIVER'S MOUNT.

C. Brooks, b. Foote	6
E. J. Wood, c. Williams, b. Barn	2
D. McCracken, b. Foote	2
N. McDowell, b. Foote	0
E. Calvert, b. Barn	5
Nicholson, run out	0
B. Wood, b. Foote	1
F. Tucker, b. Barn	0
Lingard, lhw., b. Barn	0
B. Withy, c. W. Dowling, b. Foote	0
Laurie, not out	2
Extras	2
Total	20

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

W. M. O'B. Dowling, b. McCracken	3
A. J. Gateley, b. McCracken	1
G. Crean, lhw., b. McCracken	3
W. Lambest, c. McCracken, b. Brooks	12

R. J. Dawson, b. McCracken	1
D. H. Burn, b. McCracken	0
E. Pilkington, b. Brooks	3
F. Dawson, b. McCracken	0
J. Pike, c. Tucker, b. Brooks	8
O. Williams, not out	0
W. St. G. Foote, b. McCracken	5
Extras	4

Total 40

July 10. The XI. played Ampleforth village and won by 52 runs. C. J. Martin took 5 wickets for 7 runs. Score:

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. J. Dawson, run out	0
A. J. Gateley, not out	37
G. Crean, b. Brown	30
W. M. O. B. Dowling, run out	10
W. Lambest, not out	20
J. Pike	} did not bat. Innings declared closed
D. H. Burn	
F. J. Dawson	
F. Quinn	
C. J. Martin	
W. St. G. Foote	} Extras
Extras	

Total (for 3 wickets) 106

AMPLEFORTH VILLAGE.

J. Ludley, c. Quinn, b. Martin	15
J. Fox, b. Barn	0
R. Dickenson, run out	12
H. Cordner, b. Crean	0
H. Brown, c. Foote b. Martin	9
J. Butler, c. Dawson, b. Martin	0
H. Walker, c. Burn, b. Martin	0
J. Nalton, b. Crean	6
W. Preston, c. Burn, b. Martin	1
Skilbeck, b. Crean	1
Mr. Pinkney, not out	0
Extras	9

Total 53

July 11.—The Helmsley Match. This year we again won by a narrow margin, Helmsley making 50 and our side 54. Score :—

HELMSLEY.

E. Trenam, b. Rev. W. B. Hayes	1
W. Milson, c. Rev. A. M. Powell, b. Rev. W. S. Dawes	7
Sergt. Cummins, bow., b. Rev. W. S. Dawes	10
H. Toppin, b. D. Burn	4
J. Frank, b. D. Burn	2
G. Kilvington, b. D. Burn	0
J. Essex, b. D. Burn	16
R. Ward, b. D. Burn	0
Dr. Blair, b. D. Burn	2
W. Norwood, b. D. Burn	1
A. R. Calvert, b. D. Burn	0
F. Dowker, not out	1
Extras	6
Total	50

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c. Kilvington, b. Toppin	13
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b. Frank	0
A. J. Gateley, b. Frank	0
G. J. Green, b. Frank	5
R. J. Dawson, c. Milson, b. Frank	4
Rev. W. S. Dawes, run out	4
W. Lambert, run out	0
Rev. A. M. Powell, c. Kilvington, b. Toppin	10
W. M. O'B. Dowling, c. Trenam, b. Frank	7
D. Burn, c. and b. Toppin	2
J. Pike, not out	0
C. J. Martin, b. Toppin	1
Extras	8
Total	54

A. J. GATELEY.
W. DOWLING.



No. 1
Bede Prest
• 1884



No. 2
Fr. Paulinus Wilson
• 1884



No. 3
Stephen Dawes
• 1884

Notes.

WHAT news of the Amplefordians at the seat of war? This is a question the editor has asked in vain. Bad news, we have no doubt, would have reached us quickly enough and, therefore, we have some assurance that all is well. But in so important a matter, we should like to insist upon a definite answer concerning each of our young soldiers, and to say, with *Hermia*, "I pray thee, tell me then that he is well."

We have three new contributors to thank in this number—Mgr. Goddard, Fr. Bede Prest and Fr. Cuthbert Jackson—and many old ones,—first and most faithful, His Lordship, Bishop Hedley, with Fr. Sub-Prior, Fr. Paulinus Wilson, Fr. Leo Almond, Br. Elphege Hind and Mr. Robinson. We feel sure the reader will find the issue an interesting one to read, and we think it is quite the best illustrated we have produced. Two of the drawings are the work of boys, one of whom, J. Pyke, is still in the school; the other, Fred. Rigby has left us a short time and is studying Architecture. Both productions are successful pieces of work. There is no sign of immaturity, and the productions of the 'prentiss han' challenge comparison with the best work of our older artists.

Fr. Stephen Dawes' drawings of some of the golf-greens remind us of a tombstone with the inscription, "Though lost to sense to memory dear." Even the editor feels a little melancholy at the idea of the long grass waving over the graves (he still sometimes finds himself cutting off the head of a thistle with his walking stick "*secundum artem*"). However, happily, there will be no waiting for the day of judgment for the joyful resurrection. We have heard of some college enthusiasts practising their drives on the quiet. During the Christmas holidays, a prize was given by Fr. Prior for the best round. This was won by Fr. Edmund from Oxford: 53 out and 49 home, total 102. We believe this to be a good record, but are obliged to confess that we have no standard of comparison, since we ourselves always scored a century or two (not out). During the term, we had visits from Mr. Marwood,

captain of the Plessington club, Mr. Dees, Fr. Firth, and Fr. Hutchison—all ardent golfists. Many matches were played, in which the lay professors mostly had the best of it. The links were pronounced difficult in places, on account of the long grass, but interesting and enjoyable. We desire to thank Fr. Prior and Major Moore, Mr. Marwood and Mr. Dees for their presents of golfing requisites.

Our frontispiece is a reproduction of a photograph taken by Fr. Prior, of the admirable portrait of Fr. Anderson, painted from the life just before his death. One misses in the reproduction the high colour in the cheeks and can hardly reconcile ourselves to the fixed eyes in one who, without any gestures, was always so vivacious in his manner. All Fr. Anderson's friends will recognise the truth of the portrait. He himself was innocently proud of it, and delighted in showing it to his friends.

Through the energy of Br. Maurus Powell, we are able to keep our promise of a drawing of the new oak panelling in the Sanctuary. The design is an excellent one, and the work will become more effective as the wood darkens with age. Though the thermometer may show no improvement, we are quite sure the choir will feel the warmer for this addition to the Sanctuary. It is difficult to associate cold and draughts with a panelled wall.

Mr. Paul Sabatier, the French Protestant minister who has shown so much enthusiasm in his researches on St. Francis of Assisi, has just published a very interesting fourteenth century account of the celebrated Indulgence of the "Portiuncula." M. Sabatier at one time maintained that St. Francis himself had never asked for, or claimed, any such Indulgence. He has now changed his opinion, and thinks that it cannot be doubted that the Saint really went to the Pope, making the statements that are usually attributed to him, and obtained the Indulgence. As he very properly says, "The first duty of a historian is honesty." The document in question is by Father Francis Bartoli, and has never been printed before, at least wholly. According to M. Sabatier, the "legend" of the Portiuncula shows distinct signs of growth. The earliest biographers of St. Francis, like St. Bonaventure, never mention it. In the course of the hundred years after St. Francis's death, there are observable two

streams of statement, the official and the popular. These are finally blended in the "diploma" of Conrad, Bishop of Assisi, and in the narrative of Father Bartoli, both written towards the middle of the fourteenth century.

M. Sabatier proves to his own satisfaction that St. Francis asked for, and Pope Honorius granted, this most extraordinary Indulgence. He does it in the approved modern style, by studying the "legend" when it takes shape in history, and "separating" the authentic from the mythical. But he admits that the question, since he began to study it, has been placed on an entirely new footing, by the publication, in the course of last year, of the complete and authentic text of the "Legend of The three Companions," by two Franciscan Fathers of Rome. In this publication, which M. Sabatier finds unassailable by criticism, we have a plain statement as to the Portiuncula. This contemporary testimony seems to decide the matter once and for all. But the interesting study furnished in M. Sabatier's book, of the various testimonies of the earliest writers of the MS. which he here edits, and of the reasons which probably account for the silence of Thomas of Celano and of St. Bonaventure, is well worth the attention of all students of Franciscan history.

It is not generally known that a Benedictine Pope once granted an Indulgence similar to that of Portiuncula, in favour of the Church of Our Lady of Collemaggio, a Benedictine Monastery near Aquila, in the Abruzzi. Pope St. Celestine V, when he was taken from his hermitage and made Sovereign Pontiff, was crowned in the porch of this church, on Aug. 19th, 1294, in the presence of a multitude numbering, it is said, 200,000 persons. At the end of the great ceremony, he published an Indulgence in the exact terms of the grant of Pope Honorius. A month later he confirmed the concession by the Bull *Inter Sanctarum*. St. Celestine, as we well know, resigned after reigning only a few months. His successor, Pope Boniface VIII, promptly annulled the Indulgence and quashed his predecessor's Bull, in July 1296. The terms in which the strong-minded Boniface speaks of the impropriety of granting Indulgences of this kind are such as to suggest that if the Portiuncula had not been too firmly established he would have abrogated that also.

The phrase "disguised in drink" is neither classical nor perhaps English undefined. But it can boast a respectable antiquity. It occurs under the date of April, 1676, in the excellent (second) volume of *Records of the County Borough of Cardiff* which has just appeared, under the editorship of Mr. J. Hobson Matthews. It seems from the Cardiff "Gaul File," that in that month and year a Coroner's inquest was held at Cardiff Guildhall on one Zephaniah Evans, who, on a Saturday evening "being much disguised in liquor, and overcharged by drinking, was then and thereby suffocated." Somehow, one had the idea that this use of the word "disguised" originated in an attempt at humour, by some stage Irishman, or contributor to the *Detroit Free Press*. Will someone kindly refer to Dr. Murray and find out if such use is warranted by any respectable authority?

The following letter has been found among the papers left by the late Bishop T. J. Brown. In itself it is of small importance, but as a memorial of the Brother Benact whom many of us knew so familiarly, and who at one time was as much a part of Ampleforth associations as any person or place that ever belonged to the College, it cannot fail to be read with interest. Its date—forty-eight years ago—may be said to make it a respectable relic. There are only one or two living who were at Ampleforth in 1842.

"Ampleforth College, Nr. York,

"August 31st, 1842,

"My Lord,

"I humbly ask your pardon for the trouble I may put you to, it is in the behalf of my brother, Joseph McEntee, who has been a novice under you, he is now with me at the College wishing me to get him into Stonyhurst College, as a lay-brother, which I have done but have not got anything decided yet. I have made so bold, my Lord, as to make use of your Name as a reference for his Character. I sincerely hope, my Lord, you will do what you conscientiously can in his behalf; he has still a great desire to enter Religion from the happiness he experienced under your wise directions. My mother has lately died, which has been a double inducement to him to forsake the World. You will no doubt, my Lord, be written to upon the subject, you will I am sure from your goodness

of heart spare no pains (as far as your affairs will permit) to get him settled. The Rector of the College has written to me stating that when he gets the decisions of the Superiors he will acquaint me with them. I did not tell him in my first letter that he had been a Novice, which he wants to know. I have now answered him to that effect, he is willing to do anything or to go to any place that he may be in some surety, for there is nothing settled in this World. Sincerely hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken, I wish to remain, my Lord,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

BR. BENNET McENTEE."

We owe an apology to Dom Bease for the delay in our notice of his book 'Le Moine.' In the confusion of the migration from the Old Monastery to the New, the volume he so kindly sent was mislaid. The library is now in progress of moving over and two of the rooms in the basement are already fitted with shelves and filled with books.

Fr. Prior's feast was kept by the revival of what was once a favourite excursion—a picnic at the Fosse ponds. No better boating and bathing and fishing can be found in the neighbourhood of the College. As little boys, the Fosse ponds had a fearful interest to us, on account of the number of snakes to be found there. They were probably all harmless ones. Few of the recent generations of boys will ever have seen the ponds at all, or the Roman road or Fosse road from which the ponds take their name.

After Pentecost Fr. Prest, for many years Procurator and afterwards Prior of the College, was invited to celebrate his Golden Jubilee. It was then that Fr. Prest revived the old recollections which are recorded in this number of the Journal. Br. Maurus Powell, under his instructions, made the drawings of the first and second college chapels which illustrate the article. On the same occasion Mr. C. Turner put the finishing touches to Fr. Prest's portrait, which is intended to hang among the portraits of Priors in the Library.

Mafeking and Pretoria days were duly honoured—the former by a display of fireworks generously furnished by Mr. Jerome Lambert,

who was taking the waters at Harrogate and had come over to stay a few days with us, the latter, in our excess of loyalty, we celebrated a week before the rest of the country.

We copy the following from the Yorkshire Gazette, July 30, 1900:—

SOUVENIRS OF YORK FOR THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Mr. Boddy had the honour of submitting two portfolios of sketches of York to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, during their recent visit to York, and they were pleased to purchase four of these sketches, the subjects of which are:—No. 37, the Minister Choir, north aisle; No. 54, West Towers, from the City Walls; No. 62, Water Tower, Lendal Bridge; No. 59, The Minster, from the Bar Walls. Mr. Boddy's work is well known to most of our readers, but those who do not know may see an interesting series of sketches of York (34 in number), at present being exhibited with other work of his at the York Exhibition. Her Majesty the Queen and the Duchess of York have some of Mr. Boddy's drawings of York, so that our picturesque old city, as depicted by him, is fairly well known to the Royal Family. We understand that Mr. Boddy has just received a request from Marlborough House to paint another picture for the Princess of Wales.

We offer our congratulations to S. Parker, B.A. on his success in the schools at Oxford. He made the somewhat unusual and bold attempt of taking three 'Groups' together, and proved successful in each. He is the first of our Oxford house to complete his course. The others, Fr. Edmund and W. Byrne, are reading *Litterae Humaniores*, only 'Greats,' and will be in the schools this time next year. May they have every success! Of the laymen who represented Ampleforth at Oxford during the last year, N. Storton has been caught by the prevailing martial enthusiasm, has forsaken the pen for the sword, and is now going through a course of training at the Curragh, whilst the present summer term is, we believe, the last for F. Heywood. We trust that others will come forward to take their places.

As we mentioned in the last Journal, Fr. Subprior will give the conferences to the Catholic Undergraduates during the Michaelmas term. The subject will be a study of Ethics from the Catholic

standpoint, and we know of nothing more suitable for the audience. The questions of Ethics form a considerable part of the two chief Final schools *Litterae Humaniores* and History, and, moreover, are a favourite subject of Debate in the different College societies, so that a Catholic treatment of the subject will be welcome to the undergraduates. The present course of Lectures was delivered by Fr. Rickaby, S.J. on the important subject of Holy Scripture. If we may judge from the Syllabus, which the lecturer drew up, the lectures were exceedingly practical in the light of recent history, and we gather from some who attended them, that they were interesting and, to use an Oxford term, 'helpful.'

It is to be hoped that this half-hour a week will not, for long remain the sole time for the exposition of Catholic thought at Oxford. It is, of course, impossible to expect the Universities' Board to find funds for the support of other Catholic lecturers that it manages to provide for the chaplains and lecturers, as at present, does it great credit. But the fact remains that there is room for further progress in this direction, and seeing that the Catholic body is reading the Honour Schools in excess of its relative proportion to the rest of the University, it will soon become an urgent question. For the present any work in this line will have to be given gratis, and would it not be possible for the Catholics now at Oxford to form from amongst themselves, say a Scholastic society, to meet once or twice a term, and read a paper on some subject connected with Catholic thought? We could not expect to rival Dr. Landay's drawing room, but such a society would prove of considerable assistance to men, who have to attend lectures at which such a system, as 'Scholasticism,' is not so much criticised as ignored.

If evidence were needed of the firm hold that the classics have on English education, it would be amply afforded by the reports the papers gave last month of the Greek play at Bradfield College, near Reading. It is an established custom of this college to give representations every three years of one of the following Greek plays, Agamemnon, Antigone, or Alceste. Particular interest is added to the representation by the circumstance of the theatre being as far as possible a reproduction of an ancient Greek theatre

in the open air without roof or awning. A disused chalk pit has been put to use for the purpose, forming an excellent amphitheatre. All the essential features of Greek tragedy are reproduced except the masks and the *colurni*, which are omitted for obvious reasons. The first objection that occurs to one is in reference to the amount of time required in the preparation of the play; but on the testimony of the boys themselves, this does not hold good. Practice is begun as early as October of the preceding year, and, as regards the verse translation made by the sixth form and given with the Greek text, (this we commend to the notice of the Prefect of Studies), it was apportioned as a holiday task during the Christmas vacation. The play was rendered with excellent effect, in particular the parts of the Herald and of Cassandra. These two actors spoke with spirit and intelligence. Taking into account the difficulty of Clytemnestra's part, we may say that this also was a success, though one felt that the character ought to have occupied a more commanding position, ought to have taken possession of the stage more completely. The elocution, however, was excellent, as indeed it was on the part of all the principal actors. The weak part was, perhaps, the chorus. As everyone knows, the chorus in Aeschylus is of much greater length than in the other tragedies and so it became necessary to abbreviate some of the odes. Even so, at times the part dragged. It may have been due to the want of appreciation of the music on our part, but there was an evident inclination to yawn at this stage of the proceedings. Further, it was noticeable that the English translation, to quote a notice of a similar production, was received with 'unconcealed satisfaction by the ladies in the audience, and by the gentlemen with a satisfaction that they vainly endeavoured to conceal.'

The following note on the music written by the composer and conductor, C. F. Abdy Williams, may interest our musicians.

The ancient modes and rhythmical forms have not been made use of for this year's performances, and the music follows modern methods as far as is compatible with the retention of the ancient instrument of such strictly limited compass—they are made to play independent parts as far as practicable. The lyres have been increased to what is believed to be the orthodox number of six. Three of these, whom

we call the first lyres, have been 'magadised,' by dividing their strings into two equal parts by the bridges, in the ancient manner, in order to make them sound an octave above the second lyres. All lyres are tuned to the modern scale of D. major and by the process of 'magadisation,' two complete octaves are obtained. The anloi or flutes remain as before, but instead of merely playing the melody, as in ancient times, they now assist in the harmony as far as their limited compass allows. Another new feature in this year's performance is the employment of a conductor, Hegemon; this being rendered necessary by the more modern character of the music. There is a considerable amount of evidence that music was 'conducted' in ancient times—Aristoxenus gives rules for the movements of the hands and feet in beating time; Marius Victorinus says that the metrical 'foot' is so called 'because in marking the metre the foot is raised.' Aristides says that the trochee 'gives rise to artificial methods of beating time': and Aristotle, in his 19th problem, tells us that the 'Hegemon used to beat the measure at the head of his choir. In order to heighten the effect of the declamation in the *cosmos*, a modification of the ancient 'paracatolôjé,' or the accompaniment of the declamation by soft instrumental music, mentioned by Aristotle in his 19th problem, is employed. Thus, though the ancient score has been discarded in favour of the two modern modes, and the rhythm has been much modified, several ancient customs have been retained, especially the entire subordination of instrumental to the vocal music. The ancient instrumental band was nothing more than a slight support to the voice; while the junction of the modern orchestra is, in many cases, more important than that of the voices."

The flock and friends of St. Peter's, Seel Street, were highly gratified last Easter to hear that Father Corlett was to remain with them as superior of the Mission. It would be difficult for a stranger, confronted with all the difficulties of the situation, to feel the same affectionate interest that Fr. Corlett must feel from his long association with the church and people. Already, marks of the new broom are beginning to appear, and we shall be much surprised if the dingy look, which we have been so long accustomed to associate with Seel Street, will not yield in Fr. Corlett's hands to something very spick and span.

It is too often in these days the fate of men, whose memories deserve to be cherished, to be forgotten and neglected almost before the grave closes over their remains. It is therefore very pleasing to have to record that the friends of the late Father Anderson have not followed the example set in other quarters. They have lost no time in gathering together the very generous sum of £130 towards a memorial of their late pastor. We understand that the proceeds are to be devoted to new vessels for the Altar. There could not be a more fitting memorial of one who for so many years stood so regularly and devoutly at the same altar.

We have not yet exhausted the good deeds of the people of Seel Street. A subscription has been set on foot to provide some tribute to the devoted labours of the late Father Eager in the parish. A sum of £50 has been subscribed, and it is proposed that the memorial should take the shape of a *Pietà* to be erected in the church.

Our readers will be pleased to welcome the highly interesting sketch of Dr. Crookall from the pen of the venerable Mgr. Goddard. It makes a fitting supplement to the life of Father Hodgson which has just appeared in our last two issues. Mgr. Goddard states that Dr. Crookall was born at Lytham. Canon Taylor, of Lytham, writes that he can find no trace of Crookall in his baptismal registers, which date back into last century. The Canon thinks that he was born in Preston, although no doubt the Crookalls for some time did reside in the Lytham district. One cannot fail to notice that the estimate of the Doctor taken by Mgr. Goddard is rather different from that adopted by Fr. Burge in his "Life of Fr. Hodgson." We must, however, remember that Fr. Burge only knew Dr. Crookall in the relationship of a boy to his master; and it is notorious that boys' judgments of their masters are generally very erroneous. Other correspondents, who lived under the Doctor, write in affectionate terms of his administration, and cannot concur in the estimate which Fr. Burge has formed.

There was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament for the first time at Kirby Moorside, this year. Miss Irons presented the little mission with a canopy.

Fr. Basil Clarkson is in charge at Brownedge in succession to Fr. Pozzi. He is busy now with the erection of the Lady Altar, designed by Mr. Bernard Smith, which was Fr. Pozzi's anxiety at the time of his death. Fr. Hilary Willson has remained at Brownedge as a co-adjutor and Fr. Philip Willson has been appointed to St. Peter's, Seel Street, Liverpool.

The coming of age of Lord Feversham's grandson was distinguished by the laying of the foundation stone of a new Town Hall at Helmsley. The little town will hardly know itself after so great an accession of dignity.

A scientific correspondent writes to tell of an expedition he made to Robin Hood's Hill (Hode Hill), to look at the block of granite supposed to have been deposited there by glacier action. He was unable to find anything notable except "a huge box-shaped boulder which to the amateur eye belonged to the same strata that outcrop in the Goremire cliff." Below the white horse, in a small quarry, however, "I found," he writes, "large slabs of rock corrugated unmistakably by glacier action,—broad furrows as wide as one's hand over the upper surface."

The same correspondent tells of an experiment he made:—"When a pod of the pea or similar flower is open, the two sides are twisted away from each other in two opposite spirals. The explanation given is that while still closed the pod shrivels till this double spiral is its natural position of rest, but the seam at the edges holds the sides together for a time. When this resistance is overcome the shock is so violent that it shoots on all sides the seeds that are in the pod. I was anxious to see this for myself, and last autumn I hung a couple of sweet-pea pods in my room. The first did not burst till Easter-time, and by good fortune I was in my room at the time. There was a sharp click which startled me, and the peas were clattering all round the room like grape-shot.

Can anything be done to save the beech trees at the back of the College from the blight that has attacked them? Two died last year and were blown down by the high winds in the winter. Since then two more are dead, and many more are in the hands of the

enemy. We remember a group of beech trees at the present cricket ground perishing in the same way.

We hear 'the gondoliers' is being prepared for the Exhibition time. It should be a success. Nay, it will be a success.

"Of that there is no manner of doubt—

No probable, possible shadow of doubt—

No possible doubt whatever."

We ask the prayers of all friends for the repose of the soul of Thomas Bailey, an old Amplefordian, so well known to us all through his annual visit with the football team at Easter, and also for an old friend, Mr. Stanislaus Bradley, of Aughton Park, Ormskirk, who died suddenly on Sunday, the 27th of May. May they rest in peace.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dowal Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Rivers Bibliophile*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, and the *Student and Mittheilungen*.



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PART II.

On Abbots.

EVERY institution which proves to be useful in the world, and which therefore makes good its right to live, grows more elaborate as it grows older. Some institutions live long enough to have various vicissitudes and alternations of elaboration and simplicity; for example, the house, the soldier's uniform, and men's and women's dress in general. But if we may call an Abbot a useful "institution," as he is undoubtedly a very old one, we can hardly say that there has been any check to his development, or that he has at any time lost or laid aside anything in the way of power or of dress which he has ever acquired in the course of ages. The earliest Abbots—the men who fled from Alexandria to the sands of Upper Egypt, who began their own monastic life in a mummy cave, or a hut made of Nile driftwood, and found their communities growing up around them in a camp of similar cells, had no insignia of office, and no outward distinction, except perhaps the greater antiquity of their sheep-skins or their palm-leaf tunics. They held their chapters on the level sand, and often went to sleep with their monks around them, feet to the centre, and heads on a bundle of reeds. In the West, neither St. Benedict nor St. Maurus had any mark of dignity or prelacy. Neither had our English Abbots—St. Augustine, St. Erconwald, St. Bennet Biscop. Among the Scottish monks, we do read of the Abbot's staff. When St.

Columba met St. Mungo, perhaps at Dunkeld, and the latter Saint had wrought a miracle, the two holy men exchanged their Pastoral staves with each other as a pledge of mutual affection; and St. Aelred, in his life of St. Mungo, tells us that the staff which St. Columba gave to that holy Bishop was for a long time kept at the church of St. Wilfrid at Ripon, and was held in great reverence for the sake both of the giver and the receiver. In the life of St. Gall, who lived in the early part of the seventh century, we find mention of the staff of St. Columbanus; for after that Saint's death his abbatial staff was brought by a deacon to St. Gall as a sign of absolution—for it will be remembered that St. Columbanus, to punish what he thought was disobedience on the part of St. Gall, had forbidden him to say Mass as long as he (St. Columbanus) lived.

It seems clear that Abbots were blessed by the Bishop from a very early period. The earlier Monks were not clerics, and possessed no exemption. The only canonical way, therefore, of giving an Abbot authority and of making his rule ecclesiastically legal, was for the Bishop to constitute him. Thus we find in the Rule of St. Benedict a clear reference to the "priests"—that is, the Bishops—who appoint the Abbot. Certainly, the Abbot was elected by the community; but it seems certain that, in a case where the majority were "unsound," and the "sounder portion" made a better choice, the Bishop could set aside the vote of the majority. The "blessing" of the Abbot was therefore, in the beginning, the rite by which the Abbot was canonically instituted.

The earliest instances of ecclesiastical exemption occur in the seventh or eighth century. The monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and of Peterborough, are well known examples. But for a long time, the matter of exemption was fertile in disputes. Not every religious house was exempt; nor were any of them exempt in every

particular. When we read, therefore, of contests and suits between the Bishops and the Monks—of missions to Rome and appeals to the Pope—we must remember that, in the great majority of cases, it was not pride, or ambition or litigiousness that inspired such proceedings, but it was simply that neither party could help it. The canon law was not clear, or the facts were not plain, and it was the duty of both Bishop and Monk to defend rights which did not belong to any of them personally, but to the body corporate which they represented.

But the blessing of the Abbot by the Bishop did not cease to be the rule even when exemption was established. As far as regards this country we have the most interesting witness of the Capitularies of St. Theodore—towards the end of the seventh century—to what was done at that early date. The text says, "in the ordination of an Abbot, the Bishop ought to celebrate Mass, and to bless him, in the presence of two witnesses, and of three of his brethren; and he giveth him the staff and sandals." St. Theodore as we cannot doubt, did not invent this ceremony for England, but prescribed for this country the rite of the Roman Church, with which he was so well acquainted.

The ceremony of the blessing of an Abbot as now given in the Roman Pontifical must be sufficiently known to most of the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal*, recent events having doubtless drawn them to study it. Some of its features are very ancient; others are more modern; and it will not be uninteresting to enter a little into detail.

The blessing of an Abbot is, as we have said, extremely ancient. Dom Martène considers that there are evidences of such a rite at least as far back as the sixth century. The primitive and essential part of that blessing was, no doubt, a prayer over the elect. In the sacramentary of St. Gregory the ceremony is very brief—merely a single short prayer, rubricated *Oratio ad faciendum Abbatem*. In the very ancient Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert (of York),

the "blessing" consists of three prayers, two of which seem to be, in substance, preserved in the existing rite. We cannot doubt that the blessing took place during Mass, and, very soon, a number of significant additions began to be made in the ceremony.

The delivery of the Pastoral Staff, as we have seen, is practically as ancient as the "blessing" itself. The custom, in many monasteries, was at the decease of the Abbot, to take the Staff and either deliver it into the hands of the Bishop, or lay it upon the high altar, there to remain till the election was made. At Monte Cassino, according to their ancient ceremonial, the Staff and the Holy Rule were to lie day and night upon the altar of St. Benedict from the death of one Abbot to the election of another. We can well imagine that Abbots from the beginning adopted the use of the Staff just because they were shepherds of a flock, without any investiture at all. Other insignia they received as time went on, in the form of privileges; but the Staff they clearly used without any farther authorisation than that of natural propriety. The Staff of the Abbot, and even of the Bishop, may have primitively been the staff which an old man naturally uses, both to support his steps, to emphasize his remarks, and to point his instructions. There are some writers who go back to the *lituus* of the Roman augur, and wish us to believe that the Christian pastor succeeded to the crooked stick with which the ministers of a much older cult divided the heavens for the purpose of divination. But there is really no reason for seeking such an origin for a usage which seems to be suggested both by Old Testament imagery, by our Blessed Lord's own words, and by nature itself. Mosheim, and those who follow him, are always surprisingly fond of finding that Catholic customs are survivals of Paganism. The staff of dignity, the shepherd's crook of guidance and correction, were never used by heathen priests, because, in the old Greek or Roman

priesthood, there was no such thing, and no such idea, as the ruling or guiding of a flock.

The form of the Abbot's crozier or staff was not always what it now is. There is a very quaint representation, in an amusing MS. of the Abbey of Elnon, given in Barraud's *Le Bâton Pastoral*, evidently earlier than the ninth century, in which an Abbot is standing on a kind of throne, with a staff in his left hand. The author calls it "An Abbot blessing his Monks", but it seems to be nothing of the kind. A book is being presented to the Abbot; the Abbot stretches out his right hand as if to take it; whilst the Monks, in a double choir, are in the attitude of reverence. To me, the scene seems to represent an Abbot about to read or sing the Gospel at Matins. Any how, he holds, in his left hand, a very ordinary looking Staff, with a crook; the head, or crook, not being higher than his knee. Cuyekius mentions that he had seen, in the Abbey of Oigny, the Staff of the Ven. Jacques de Vitry and that it was of ivory and not above three feet high. By degrees the Staff of Abbots, as of Bishops, was lengthened, and its materials became more and more precious, whilst the head or crook was elaborated with all the skill of the mediæval monastic artists, until the Staff grew to be what we see in the crozier of William of Wykeham, in the chapel of New College, Oxford, a marvel of the goldsmith's art.

The form of the investiture of an Abbot with the Staff, as given in the Roman Pontifical, is as follows:—"Accipe baculum pastoralis officii, quam præferas catervæ tibi commissæ, ut sis in corrigendis vitiis pie sæviens; et cum iratus fueris, misericordie memor eris." "Take the Staff of the Pastoral Office and bear it before the community committed to thee; that thou mayst be in correcting faults piously severe; and when thou art angry, thou shalt remember mercy." This form differs entirely from that which is used in the consecration of a

Bishop; the words "quam praeferas catervae tibi commissae" being left out, and the recommendation to mercy and kindness being expressed in a different and more elaborate form of phrasing. In a very old Pontifical of the great Metropolitan Church of Arles, printed by Dom Martène, the form is exactly as given (for Abbots) in the present Roman rite, except that the words "quam praeferas &c." are omitted. It can hardly be fanciful to suggest that it was this form of the Church of Arles which our first Apostles brought to England, and which was used in the installation of the great Abbots of that primitive and holy time, according to the prescriptions of St. Theodore. In the old Cassinese ritual, when the Abbot-Elect was blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, the words were "Accipe baculum pastoralitatis, quam praeferas catervae tibi commissae, ad exemplum justae severitatis et correctionis." There is no reminder of mercy here; but in the form used at Monte Cassino when no Bishop officiated, but the Praepositus, or, as we should say, the claustral Prior, invested the new Abbot, we find the phrase "misericordiae reminiscens." The use of the term "caterva" in the monastic formularies of the tradition of the staff may be noted. The word "grex" is used in the delivery of the Holy Rule. This formula is certainly of much later date. But "grex" properly meant the flock of a Bishop. It would seem as if the Church, in the beginnings of Western monasticism, hardly knew what to call the monastic community. Properly they were not a "flock" nor a "church"; indeed, they all belonged to churches or flocks already existing. Hence the use of the word "caterva," a term signifying, in its more restricted and technical sense, a body of barbarian troops which, in the Roman armies, fought beside the legions of the Empire. Yet it is to be noted that our Holy Father St. Benedict has not the slightest hesitation in speaking of the Monks as a "flock" and the Abbot as a "Pastor"

(*Regula*, cap. 2). The exhortation to mercy is in close agreement with St. Benedict's charge to the Abbot in the sixty-fourth chapter of the Rule—where the repetition of the words "memor sit" may have even suggested the precise wording.

When we pass to the Mitre, we are on different ground altogether. The Abbot wore the staff for at least five hundred years before he wore the Mitre. There is nothing more mysterious, even as regards the Episcopate itself, than the origin of the liturgical Mitre. In the classics, and in the early Christian writers, such as Tertullian, we read of *mitra* and *infula*, the former as the head-dress of women, the latter as a kind of fillet worn by heathen priests. For a thousand years of the Christian era there is absolutely no certainty that any Bishop, much less Abbot, of Christendom wore anything but the ordinary hood or cap, varying in shape, which other people wore, or the amice. Then suddenly, in 1049, we find Pope Leo IX, in St. Peter's, on Passion Sunday, placing on the head of Eberhard, Archbishop of Treves, what he calls the "Roman mitre." "We have adorned thy head," he says, "with the Roman mitre, which thou and thy successors shall use in the offices of the Church after the manner of Rome." The use of the Mitre, then, seems to have begun at Rome—and from Rome, by the concessions of the Roman Pontiffs, it spread over the Western Church. Its shape gradually developed to what it is in our own day. The *mitra* of the Greeks and Romans seems to have been the Phrygian cap, or cap of liberty, so well-known in connection with the French revolution. I am by no means sure, from the evidence collected by various authors, that some kind of cap or covering made of linen fitted to the head, and adorned with hanging ends as of the *infula*, was not used, here and there at least, by Bishops, long before the eleventh century. But if such a covering was worn, liturgically, it was certainly not derived from any female

head-dress or Pagan fillet, but from the head-covering of the High Priest as described in Exodus and Leviticus, which was translated by *mitra* in the Septuagint.

It is interesting to observe that what is perhaps the earliest instance in history of a Papal grant of a mitre to an Abbot was made to an English Benedictine. William Thorn, in his history of his own monastery of St. Augustine, Canterbury, states that the mitre was granted to Eglesin, Abbot of that monastery, by Pope Alexander II, in honour of St. Augustine, "the child of Rome and the Apostle of the English." Mabillon knows of no earlier concession. Urban II granted the same privilege to the Abbot of Monte Cassino and to St. Hugh of Cluny. Of St. Peter, Abbot of La Cava, we read that he received the Mitre from the same Pope. The holy Abbot was attending the Synod of Benevento, and was sitting, as he was accustomed to do, with head uncovered, when the Pope sent to him the "infula pontificalis." The venerable Abbot received it with all reverence; but in spite of the request of the Sovereign Pontiff, he always declined to use it. It is related, also, of Lanthelm, Abbot of Casa Dei, that he could only be induced to wear the mitre by the express injunction of Pope Lucius III. In the pages of Matthew Paris we find the record of a lively contention between Robert, Abbot of St. Albans, and the Bishop of Lincoln, on the subject of the Abbot's right to the mitre. The Bishop was finally persuaded, partly by the good offices of the Archdeacon of Poitiers, that an inferior prelate might wear the mitre without any injury to the dignity of the Episcopate. The Archdeacon is stated to have mentioned, in confirmation of his argument, that some of the minor dignitaries in the chapter of the Church of St. Hilary had this privilege. In process of time, as I need not say, the mitre has come to be a kind of right, for all Abbots.

But in the eleventh and twelfth centuries a mitred

Abbot was an innovation, and was inveighed against by many distinguished monastic and saintly men, such as Cardinal Hugo, Peter of Blois, Thomas Cantimpratus, and others. St. Bernard himself has a characteristic outburst of indignation, in chap. 9 *De Officio Episcoporum*. He first speaks at some length of Abbots who scheme and bribe in order to obtain exemption from Episcopal jurisdiction. Then he goes on, "But these Abbots plainly show what their spirit is, when, on the strength of papal privileges which they have managed to obtain by money and infinite trouble, they venture to assume Episcopal insignia, using mitre, ring, and buskins, like Bishops. . . . Quo ista, O monachi? Ubi timor mentis? Ubi rubor frontis?" This was written in the first half of the twelfth century, and proves that the use of the mitre was new, and yet that it was spreading. Thomas of Cantimpré, a Dutchman (and a Dominican) who lived about a century later than St. Bernard, expresses, in language much less picturesque, similar disapproval of a usage which he sets down as an abuse, and as an indication of unbecoming ambition. "I am certain," he says, "that such a thing was never practised in ancient times, except in one or two very distinguished monasteries of France, such as St. Denis and Cluny; and to these the concession was a spiritual privilege on account of their pre-eminent observance." But not even Saints could prevent even the Cistercians themselves from accepting the new customs. And as St. Bernard himself said to Pope Eugenius III, speaking of monastic exemption, devotion to the Holy See is one thing, ambition is another. So we may say that the humble acceptance of liturgical ornaments in accordance with the mind of the Church does not prove an Abbot or his Order to be either proud or unwilling to obey.

The Roman Pontifical recognizes the distinction between Abbots mitred and Abbots non-mitred. This

distinction has, I think I may say, entirely disappeared. Even the Premonstratensians who, in the thirteenth century passed a decree of General Chapter by which they for ever renounced pontifical *insignia* for their Abbots, have long since conformed to the common usage. Pope Clement IV is stated by Dom Martène to have decreed that, in synods, exempt Abbots might use the "gold" mitre, without gold or silver plates, or precious stones, whilst the non-exempt were to wear only plain linen ones. I believe that, in modern times, many Abbots have received a special privilege to wear a "precious" mitre, the use of which (without such privilege) was forbidden by Alexander VII in 1450. The form, given in the Roman Pontifical, for the imposition of the mitre on the Abbot, is a prayer, and contains a reference to the "tiara" of Aaron. It is the same as that used in the consecration of a Bishop.

It was practically at the same period as the mitre that Abbots began to be allowed to use the ring, buskins, dalmatics, and gloves, as worn by the Bishop. We are told that in 970, Theoderic, Bishop of Metz, obtained for the Abbot of St. Vincent, Metz, the concession of the dalmatics and buskins, from Pope John XIII; and that Leo IX offered the buskins to the Abbot of St. Requier, in Picardy, —who declined them. The Abbot of Monte Cassino obtained for himself and successors from the same Pope the use of the buskins, dalmatics and gloves, to be worn at High Mass on great feasts. Leo IX also granted the same, with the exception of the gloves, to the Abbot of Corbie. The mitre is not mentioned in these grants—and it would appear, therefore, that the mitre was about the last thing to be given. Neither is the ring, as far as I can find. Probably the Abbots simply assumed the ring, without any concession. For the ring was not precisely a liturgical ornament, and was worn during the early middle ages by all kinds of dignitaries, ecclesiastical and civil. True, from a period of considerable antiquity, as we find from

Pope St. Gregory's Sacramentary and the Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert, it was placed on the finger of a Bishop at his consecration. And when the Abbots began to be solemnly invested, at their Benediction, with Episcopal insignia, the blessing and imposition of the ring naturally found its way into the ceremony.

The delivery of the Holy Rule is found in very early forms of the abbatial blessing, printed by Dom Martène. The form in the Pontifical begins as follows: "Accipe regulam a sanctis Patribus traditam, ad regendum custodiendumque gregem tibi a Deo creditum, quantum Deus ipse te confortaverit, et fragilitas humana permiserit." "Take the Rule written by the holy Fathers for governing and keeping the flock to thee entrusted as far as God shall give thee strength and human frailty shall permit." The Pontifical has four or five lines more; but the ancient Cassinese form ended here, and contained also a very significant variant, for instead of the words "written by the holy Fathers," it had "written by the most holy hands of our Father St. Benedict." This would be a very acceptable alteration. But the Pontifical, no doubt, has to provide for other Abbots than those of St. Benedict.

In England, in the mediæval period, and especially in the fifteenth century, the blessing and installation of the Abbot of a great monastery, such as Glastonbury or Westminster, was naturally a very stirring solemnity. Here and there, in the monastic records, we come upon the traces of such a celebration. For example, in the Register of John Whethamstede and others, Abbots of St. Alban's, we read that, on August 5th, 1476, a Monday, William Wallingford was elected to the presidency of that great monastic house. He had been claustral Prior under the late Abbot, and his election, we are told, was unanimous. On the following day, the Tuesday, he rode from St. Alban's to Fotheringhay, in order to swear fealty to King Edward IV, who, with the Queen, was holding his court

there. The Abbot Elect was accompanied by forty-four horsemen—and, to commemorate the occasion, all his servants were provided with a new livery of Kendal green. He remained at the court till Saturday, Aug. 10th. On that day, the feast of St. Lawrence, he left, and rode to Tittenhanger, one of the Abbey manors. Here he stayed the night, and on the following morning, he received the Abbatial benediction at Tittenhanger at the hands of the Bishop of Llandaff, who was then residing at King's Langley. (This Bishop of Llandaff was probably John Hurdon, formerly Prior of King's Langley, who had resigned the bishopric some time before and had received from the Abbey the vicarage of Tenby, in South Wales. The abbey of St. Alban's possessed, besides Tenby, several other benefices in the dioceses of St. David's and Llandaff.) The chronicle states that the Abbot was endued with mitre, staff and ring. The day was closed by a great banquet. Next day, the Lord Abbot rode to his Abbey of St. Alban's accompanied by his servants, tenants and others to the number of four hundred and forty three horsemen, and was installed in his seat in the Abbey Church. There was another great banquet. On the following day, he appointed his claustral Prior. This was Thomas Newland who had hitherto exercised the office of Kitchener. We are informed that, in celebration of this event, the new Prior entertained at dinner that day the Abbot and the Bishop of Llandaff.

Abbots are not now, in power and influence, what they were in mediæval England. The English Benedictines, in particular, who possessed so many great mitred Abbeys and Cathedral Priories, have had to pass through times in which a man who had a right to a mitre had often to doubt whether he would long possess a head to put it on. Mitres were little thought of amongst them for two hundred years. The older fathers whom even this generation can recall, seemed to have inherited a constitutional

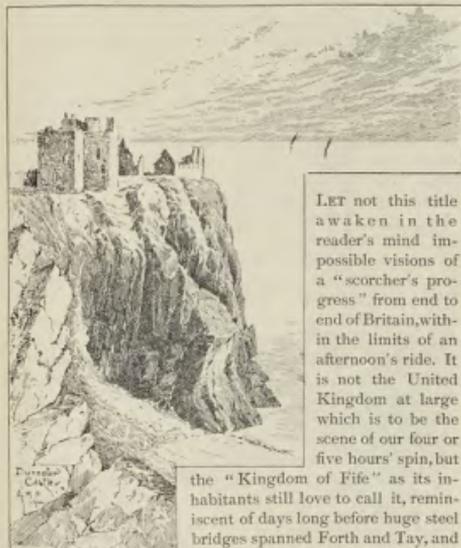
distrust and shyness of all outward marks of dignity. Father President Burchall pontificated in 1857 at Ampleforth at the opening of the present Church. That was not the very first occasion or action in which an English Benedictine Abbot began to appear in pontificals, for President Molyneux wore his mitre at the first Provincial Synod at Oscott in 1853. It is very possible that, in Rome perhaps, some of the Abbots may have done so even earlier than this. But the old feeling is good and praiseworthy. The outward garb should come after the inward substance. It is easy to put on a dress, but not so easy to have such solid worth and so numerous a following as to make the symbolism of the dress a reality. Now that the time seems to have come when the English Congregation is numerous enough and sufficiently influential—it would be presumptuous in me to say, sufficiently observant and monastic—to take up more of its ancient honours, the late concessions and favours of the Holy See will not seem strange to the Catholics of this country, and the Fathers of the Congregation will accept them without affectation. All through the Church the Order of St. Benedict is increasing and spreading out. It is trying to combine the old monastic forms with the requirements of the new centuries. It is bent upon making room for its tranquil and contemplative spirit amidst the various kinds of work which the Holy See has distinctly called upon it to undertake. The task is by no means either clear or easy. But it will be helped by communion and fellowship between all the different Congregations which are showing such vitality in Europe and in America. Towards such common feeling a step is taken when the three English Benedictine families are represented each by its Abbot, with all the clinging traditions of that ancient name. The Church, the Order, and it may be added, the world, all know what an Abbot is. The Church does not grudge him his honour if he

is a strong and genuine guide of monks. The Order receives him into its counsels, and believes in his backing, and in his seriousness of purpose. The world may not as yet, accept him very reverentially—but it does not imprison him or hang him; it is prepared to admit him into its business, and it is not without a kind of romantic or sentimental pleasure when it sees him once more making a real force out of a good old name.

✦ J. C. H.

A Bicycle Run through the Kingdom.

BY DOM OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR, O.S.B.

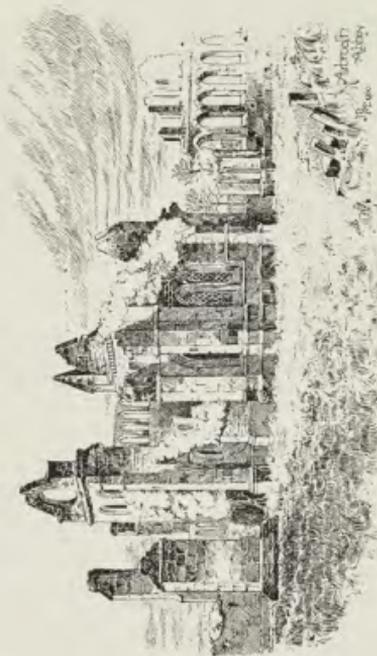


LET not this title awaken in the reader's mind impossible visions of a "scorcher's progress" from end to end of Britain, within the limits of an afternoon's ride. It is not the United Kingdom at large which is to be the scene of our four or five hours' spin, but

the "Kingdom of Fife" as its inhabitants still love to call it, reminiscent of days long before huge steel bridges spanned Forth and Tay, and brought the remote and isolated "Land of the Fife-kind" into touch and communication with their neighbours in

north, south, and west. St. Andrews is our centre and starting-point; and in almost whatever direction we steer from that quaint old-world city, we shall find all that the cyclist craves—good and well-kept roads, varied scenery, bracing air, clean and cosy village inns, and something worth inspection in nearly every place we pass. A dozen interesting excursions are open to us; and we ponder their respective merits as we leave the busy swarming golf-links, where we have done our five miles' round this morning, pass under the venerable West Port, and ride slowly through broad quiet South Street, with its ruined monastery, old churches and collegiate halls on either hand, and the vista closed by the tall tower of St. Rule, and the marvellous fragment of the south west gable of the cathedral, soaring unsupported (as it seems) into the pale autumn blue. The distant view will be clear to day, for the northerly breeze is blowing faintly in our face as we move along; so we decide for a run to the East Neuk. There will be a stiffish ascent to face, but a glorious view to repay us at the top; and after that plain sailing and level roads, and many places of interest to be passed and inspected, at least briefly, as we go.

We traverse the *pend*s, exquisite thirteenth-century fragments (all that remains) of the original entrance to the great Augustinian Priory, excavated and partially restored by the careful labours of the late Lord Bute. Skirting the old Priory wall, with its ancient doorways and coats-armorial here and there, we emerge at the south-west angle of the city, and almost at once begin to ascend. The upward slope is long—more than two miles to the summit—but not tedious, for it is skilfully engineered, and the excellent surface makes it rideable throughout; and as we halt for a few moments on the top we look back with delight on the scene at our feet; the spires and towers of the old university city, backed by the grey-green swell of the famous golf-links; further north the broad estuary of Tay,



and beyond that again the low blue Forfarshire hills. North-eastwards a white spot on the horizon indicates the Bell Rock and lighthouse, where of old the good "Abbot of Aberbrothock" (Arbroath) set his warning bell for the protection of passing mariners.

Some four miles now of good undulating road, with one deep dip into the thick woods and pretty village of Dunino, and we find ourselves on the top of the long and gentle descent that leads from the high plateau on which we now are, down to the coast towns of Anstruther and Pittenweem. Another pause, to drink in the prospect before and below us. We are looking southwards now, and on a view in its way matchless. In the foreground stretches the whole coast-line of the historic "East Neuk of Fife," fringed with its ancient coast-towns, from Elie to Crail. Due south extends the noble Firth of Forth, and guarding its entrance we descry the famous Isle of May, the island of saints, in which "Adrian and his companie," as old Wyntoun tells us, "chusit to bide to their end-day," and in which was later founded a Benedictine monastery subject to the English abbey of Reading. It has been the site of an important light-house for more than two centuries. Beyond the Firth we can distinguish the Haddingtonshire coast, with the North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock, and (just visible) the black mass of Tantallon Castle. We ride down some two miles from the summit, then turning westwards proceed along a level and pretty road bordered with trees, past the fine old castle of Kellie, a former seat of the Oliphants and Kellies, recently restored at great cost by an Edinburgh professor. A mile or so further on our road dips suddenly down into the Den of Balcarres (these wooded glens or gorges are generally known as *dens* in the Kingdom); and keeping to our left we ride for some distance along the amber rushing waters of the Balcarres Burn, fringed by a luxuriant growth of shrubs and trees, close to the little town of Colinsburgh, so called from Colin, third Earl of

Balcarres, who built it about 1710. Balcarres House, the domain of the Earl of Crawford, is hard by, with its terraced gardens, finely-timbered park sloping seawards, and (within) a rare collection of old Italian masters. But unless we have the *entrée* to the grounds, we leave the great gilded gates behind us, and turn southwards to the coast, passing the ruined castle of Newark or Invereye (an old fastness of the Leslies), and the cave of St. Monan, one of St. Adrian's companions, who "chused so near the sea to lead his life" until martyred by the Danes in 874. A little way east of the castle stands the noble thirteenth century church of St. Monans—one of the most interesting in the east country—and, eastwards again of the church, the little fishing town lying snugly at the foot of the cliffs, and with an excellent harbour.

St. Monans is the southernmost limit of our present trip: we turn hence to the north-eastward, and our homeward route—some seventeen miles—lies along the great coast-highway from Edinburgh to Dundee: an almost level road with admirable surface, and relieved of monotony by the constantly changing sea-views and the picturesque old towns which we traverse at intervals of a few miles. Pittenweem comes first, with the interesting remains of its ancient and opulent priory; then Anstruther, its little harbour packed with fishing-boats, for it is still as purely a fishing and sea-going population as it was in 1617, when on the announcement of a coming visit from the King (Charles I.), the townsmen modestly represented that "our town is ane very mean town, yea, of all the burghs of this realm the meaneest; neither is there ane flesher [butcher] in the town, nor any other person accustomed with feeding of beef, we being all seafaring men and fishers." On now some four miles, past the old church and churchyard of Kilrenny, once an appanage of Dryburgh Abbey (the burial place of Sir Walter Scott,) and so to Crail, a royal burgh boasting a history of over a thousand years (Boëthius

speaks of it as a considerable town in the ninth century), and a charter granted by Robert Bruce in 1310. We linger here a few minutes to inspect the fine Collegiate Church, with its curious Celtic cross let into the pavement, and perhaps have a cup of tea in the cosy, homely inn; then passing as quickly as we may through the quaint cobbled streets, we turn now almost due north, having on our right the desolate and storm-beaten Ness of Fife, and, not far from the point, the gaunt ruined castle of Balcomie, once a stronghold of the Hays. We soon find ourselves in a more



cultivated district, our way lying near the fine mansion-houses and parks of Wormiston (Lord Lindsay's) and Cambo, seat of the Erskines. We pass rapidly through the pretty villages of Kingsbarns (relic, like Kingsmills and Kingsmuir in the vicinity, of days when Crail was a royal residence,) and Boarshills; and a mile or two further on strike into the Anstruther road on which we started. The sun is setting as we speed down the long slope of the descent to St. Andrews, and the grey walls and towers are glowing red in the western light as we re-enter the old city, and find ourselves mingling with the stream of golfers mounting from the Links after their day's play. Thirty

miles, almost exactly, our trusty cyclometer indicates as the length of our ride: as pretty and as varied an afternoon's run as one could find in the kingdom, whether of Fife, or of that greater kingdom of which it forms not the least interesting part.

A Note on Church Music.

It is perhaps rash to run any risk of admitting the Church Music controversy into the Journal; and I do not propose to state the case for or against any of the contending schools. But something may be said on behalf of the great mass of Catholics who belong to no school in particular, who can go from church to church and hear all schools contentedly, who are not convinced that this liberty of taste is an unrighteous thing, and who have no wish whatever to find out that some one school is the only right and permissible one.

Doubtless there is a liberty of taste which is mere ignorance. It may be a positive duty to shudder at a cockney twang and to be charmed by a Dublin brogue; the man who is not shocked by a laced (or is it an unlaced?) Gothic surplice has only one course open to him—to repent of his ignorance and learn to be shocked; and in all matters there are incongruities which ought to offend us even if they do not. But as our standard of taste is raised, our liberty is lessened; the feeling of incongruousness spoils for us that which we used to enjoy; we smile sadly at our cockney friend's stories, and long for aspirates; we should like to admire the lace, but good taste whispers "On a Gothic surplice!" and we stifle the unrighteous joy that was rising in us.

We have in fact to make a very serious sacrifice of our range of enjoyment when we are asked to rise to a new standard of taste. And if the new standard is a false or imaginary or arbitrary standard, we have a right to complain. Such a standard is a positive injury to a man. If he has an eye for nature he will go through the world finding beauty and joy in all places and all seasons; but provide him with a Dutch garden ideal of landscape, train him thoroughly till he appeals always and instinctively to this ideal, and you have spoiled the world for him. He will go through the land as Pugin is said to have gone through the churches of Christendom—seeing beauties everywhere, but finding them all turned to bitterness, because they do not conform to his own narrow ideal.

The movement to reform Church Music certainly aims at providing us with a narrower standard; it would teach us to class much music as beautiful but incongruous. If this standard is false, it is a manifest injury to train us up to it; and we are entitled to ask for the fullest proof that it is the standard of the Church before we accept it. Naturally, appeal is always made to decrees of the Church, and the general principles of these decrees are applied to particular instances at the discretion of the critic: this work is condemned for its solos, or dramatic form; this for its repetitions to the critic they are always unmeaning repetitions; and this for its style, which is unsuited to the words or to the Church.

Now a better interpretation of these general principles will be found in the practice of the Church, than in the taste of individuals, and the object of this paper is to draw attention to some obvious features in the practice of the Church, which shew that her leaning is all in favour of liberty. The appeal will be chiefly to plain chant, and occasionally to the music of the Palestrina school. Without pretending to find among the reformers unanimity on any point whatever, we may take it as generally admitted that the plain

chant, as it now is, is the work of the Church, and that she has regarded the Palestrina school with some favour. Whatever liberty then is allowed and used in plain chant must be allowed in figured music also. Restrictions that would condemn the existing plain chant are not the work of the Church.

1. First, then, are we to shudder when we hear solo and chorus, duets and half-choirs used in Church music? Are we to say it is a theatrical way of bringing out the meaning of the words? Broadly speaking, it is impossible to suggest any mingling and contrasting of one voice with many, of small choir with great, which is not actually used in the plain chant. These contrasts are not theatrical; they are dramatic in the best sense of the word, as Cardinal Wiseman explained long ago: the genius of the ritual is as far as possible to set before our eyes what it wishes to be present to our minds. And a necessary part of this dramatic presentation is the use of solo and half-choir and full-choir. The Passion music is divided for this purpose: the Narrator, the Christus, the Synagoga are different persons with different types of music, in order to better bring before the mind the scenes described. Musically, the Passion is a long series of solos by three voices, with occasional choruses.

Ordinarily, when words are not to be sung by full choir, they are given not to a single voice, but to two cantors, presumably as a safeguard against mistakes. Thus, in the Graduals and Alleluias at Mass, the two cantors are heard for a long time, the chorus joining in later. So again at the Benedictus, which the cantors sing as soli, the chorus answering Hosanna. In the Invitatory (which is heard at the Office for the Dead) the cantors sing the whole Psalm, the chorus only breaking in with the refrain "Venite Adoremus."

In the Reproaches on Good Friday the resources of contrast are used to the utmost; two pairs of cantors singing

as soli on opposite sides of the choir, two half-choirs, and the full choir alternate with each other throughout.

Naturally, when a single voice is heard, it is generally the voice of the priest who is officiating, as at the Preface and the Pater Noster in the Mass; but this is by no means always the case. The Deacon at the Gospel, and at the blessing of the Paschal Candle; the Subdeacon at the Epistle; the twelve lectors who sing the Lessons on Holy Saturday morning; the chosen singers who sing the Lamentations: surely these are sufficient to prove that there is no rule forbidding a single voice to be heard in the church.

2. We may next turn to the question of repetition. Undoubtedly the repetition of a word or phrase may be meaningless; but also it may be full of new meaning; or it may simply allow the mind another opportunity of entering into what is said. For both of these purposes repetition is freely used in the Church Services. The thrice-repeated *Kyrie Eleison*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Domine non sum dignus* in the Mass are obvious instances of allowing the mind time to enter more fully into the spirit of the prayer. The Litanies are very instructive on this point; the purpose for which they are specially said is emphasized simply by repetition: in the ordination service it is the petition for the ordinandi that is thrice repeated; on the Rogation days the petition for the fruits of the earth. At all times the invocation of our own patron St. Benedict is repeated, lest he should pass by unnoticed in the throng of saints. And on Holy Saturday the whole Litany is sung twice, the choir repeating each petition after the cantors.

Throughout Paschal time the Alleluia is repeated at every opportunity, three, four, or even nine times. And it illustrates excellently the meaning and power of repetition when words and music are united; who does not know the thrill of growing exultation that comes, when the first Alleluia on Holy Saturday is sung six times over in

ascending tones by priest and people? And the same powerful effect is produced in other cases by the same means; in the *Suscipe* at our profession ceremony, the growing fulness and purity of the music not only symbolise intensity and elevation of feeling but help to produce it. If the feeble emotions of individual hearts unite and become a rushing flame that raises all to greater intensity, it is only because they find full and appropriate expression in the six repetitions of the *Suscipe*. It is a wonderful instance of working up to a climax in order to rouse and intensify the emotions.

In the office of Good Friday we have a yet more elaborate use of the same means in the *Ecc lignum Crucis*. The Celebrant begins alone: he is joined by the few voices of the ministers, and then the whole choir takes up the *Venite Adoremus*. And the whole is repeated three times over, each time in a higher key; till, with a full choir, the power of the last *Venite* is overwhelming. If a composer would learn how to use effectively the progression from a solo voice to a quartett and to a full chorus, from the whisper of a low key to the ring and power of a higher key, he has, in the plain chant, patterns that he can scarcely hope to rival.

It is needless to go through the endless examples that might be adduced from Intros, Responsories, and other parts of the Liturgy. Sufficient examples have been drawn out to establish our position, which is this:—the repetition of words may of course be carried so far as to become an abuse; but in itself it has great power and meaning; and this is fully recognized and freely used in the music of the Church.

3. How does the Plain Chant interpret the principle that the music must be suited to the words? In the broadest and freest spirit possible; all that is required is that the music be not positively unsuitable to the words. A single psalm-tone is repeated for verse after verse, psalm



after psalm, with no attempt to adapt it to the changing power of the words, nor to the spirit of the Feast or Season. So with a hymn tune; so with the unchanging chants that run through the *Gloria* and *Credo*; the stock melodies that do duty again and again in Graduals and Tracts and Vesper Antiphons; there is no question of expressing the spirit of the words or of the feast; the music is fit for Church music, and that is enough.

Often enough, of course, the music has a distinct character and spirit of its own; the hymn tune for the Ascension is full of the spirit of meditative thankfulness, which is the dominant thought of the Vesper hymn; but even in such a case the music must do duty not only in the hymn to which it belongs, but at Tierce and Compline and throughout the day, without reference to the new meaning of the words.

But, most commonly, a melody is used with words of every sort indifferently, and it would be impossible to say that it expresses the spirit of the words or the Feast; it has only a negative suitability to them,—it is not positively inconsistent with them. This will become clear if we follow one particular melody in some detail. The Vesper tone which is familiar to us in connection with the words *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, and *Non est inventus similis illi* appears also in the Vespers of the Dead with the words *Omne quod dat mihi Pater ad me veniet*; in the opening of the Dirge, *Dirige Domine Deus meus in conspectu tuo viam meam*; further on *Me suscepit dextera tua Domine*; in the mournful offices of Holy Week with the words *Proprio filio suo non peperit Deus*, and again *Caro mea requiescat in spe*, and *Attendite universi populi et videte dolorem meum*. If one melody adapts itself to all these varied thoughts, it is evident that we must understand adaptation in the widest sense. It would be easy from the Vesperal and Gradual, to bring forward many examples of a similar elasticity—some in which it is difficult to see how the music in any way suits the words. For instance on the feast of St. Benedict and on Easter

Sunday one looks for a spirit of joy in the music, yet the Tract for St. Benedict and the Gradual for Easter are the Tract and Gradual of the Dead Mass.

It seems clear from what has been said, that any attempt to curtail liberty in the three points already spoken of can draw no sanction from the practice of the Church. Before passing to a fourth and most important point, we may notice shortly that the practice of the Palestrina school teaches the same lessons of liberty. The plain chant warrants us in using, accompanied or unaccompanied, a solo voice, or two, or a half-choir or full-choir, so long as all say the same words at the same time: the Palestrina school removes this restriction: the voices separate, each says the words at its own time and with its own melody. And this naturally leads to free repetition of the words: for each word is heard as many times as there are separate voices; and each voice repeats the words as often as the music requires; and there is generally no attempt to adapt the music to the meaning of the words; on the contrary, the first principle seems to be, that a line or two of a hymn tune repeated indefinitely is quite enough to accompany all the words of the whole Mass.

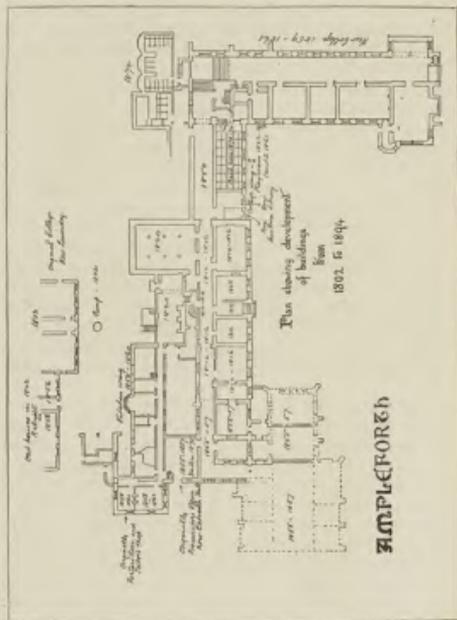
These questions, however, do not go to the root of the matter; they are questions of method and workmanship rather than of the character of the music; if the reformers gave them all up they would still maintain, that there are some kinds of music that are not fit to be heard in the Church services. About the general principle there can surely be no disagreement; we shall differ only in applying it to individual cases. But here again we can confidently appeal to the plain chant against any attempt to apply it in a narrow and illiberal spirit. It would be difficult to name any type or character of melody that is not represented in the plain chant; clear, and well defined melodies, easily understood, where the change of a single note would be felt; pieces again where the melody is elusive and ever

varying, yet the spirit and atmosphere of the whole is constant and unmistakable; pieces that seem to have neither melody nor atmosphere, but rather to wander aimlessly along an endless string of notes. Or looking from another point of view, we find melodies full of masculine vigour, like the *Iste Confessor*, the *Te Deum*, or the *Vexilla Regis*; melodies of every shade of joy and sorrow, even to the melting sadness and sentiment of the Lamentations or the Antiphons at the Benedictus in Holy Week, and melodies that are mere jejune outlines and skeletons, like the Mass in *festis simplicibus* or the *te rogamus audi nos* in the Litany of the Saints. If we do not call these trivial, it is because they are plain chant, and can therefore be looked at with unprejudiced eyes. And similarly the melody of the Lamentations in its plain chant form receives the admiration it deserves, but reproduce it in figured music, and it will be called sensuous to the last degree; it is in fact to be found very closely imitated in the Benedictus of Gounod's *St. Cecilia Mass*, and in the *Hostia et process* of Verdi's *Requiem*, neither of which is likely to commend itself to any reformer of strict views.

There is another kind of melody, colourless, emotionless, the very embodiment of self-restraint, which seems to be thought ecclesiastical in some special sense. It is of course to be found in Plain Chant; but it stands there in company with the other styles, from the most manly to the most melting; it has no more claim than they have to be in a special sense the style of the Church; it is not likely ever to displace them in the Vespers and Gradual.

The aim of this brief inquiry has been to show, that the practice of the Church throws a good deal of light on the meaning of her decrees about Church Music; and that that practice does not lend the least sanction to any attempt to reduce all Church Music to one sombre uniformity of style.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.



Old Recollections.

(Continued.)

THE Article in the July Number of the *Ampleforth Journal*, entitled "Old Recollections," satisfied to some extent the interest naturally taken in the early history of Ampleforth. It noticed the wonderfully rapid development during the first quarter of the century. "Ampleforth Lodge" became the Monastery of 1802, with the embryo College in the backyard, had grown in little more than twenty years to be the Ampleforth College drawn by Mr. John Weld in 1840. This is evidence of the extent and importance of the development: for the drawing of 1840 represents not only the actual condition about 1825, but the unchanged condition up to 1850. When it is realized that Monastery and College, complete in all essentials, were erected between 1812 and 1825, and supplied the wants of the next thirty years, we need not ask whether the Pilgrims of 1793—1802 really came to stay; but we must acknowledge that they brought from the old home in Lorraine a spirit of courage, activity, and zealous enterprise, which under the blessing of God, was to be characteristic of the new home in England. Nor must we forget that this was all undertaken and completed before "Emancipation." And although the Old Chapel yielded to a New Church in 1857, and the Old College was in great measure superseded in 1861 by the present Collegiate Buildings, the Monastery of 1802, enlarged about 1812, claims to be the *Monastery of the Century*, and is only just now acknowledging itself *partially* supplanted by the New Abbey. For, its claim to recognition still, as the most important part of both Monastery and College, on the score of necessity, if not of dignity, cannot be gainsaid.

For if the organ-blower could make good his claim to a substantial share in the efficiency of the music, with much greater justice may the Old Monastery resent any attempt at disparagement, so long as the Commissariat, Refectories and Kitchens are located within it. The smallness of the beginning is depicted by the accompanying picture of the Monastery of 1802; and the ground plan marks clearly the extent and speed of development.

Over the style of Architecture it may be safely said, that Ruskin would not have gone into ecstasy. To say that there was no attempt at ornament would not be literally correct, as is evidenced by the Portico to the front door, and the mushrooms on the roof; but it will be within the limits of fair criticism to say, that the Buildings have little pretension to architectural merit. Nor is this surprising. The period was anterior to the approaching architectural revival; the standards of superficial and cubic space, and of sanitary laws and requirements were scarcely looming even in a distant future. Moreover, the supplies in the exchequer very probably restrained more than necessary outlay. But, whatever the cause, whilst we give credit to those who did so much, we may congratulate them and ourselves that they did not attempt more. To supply actual needs, and to provide sufficiently for future wants was the duty of their day; and not to attempt anything in advance of their time has proved real wisdom. Only for this, the Ampleforth of to-day might easily have been of mongrel growth. Instances are not unknown where more modern development has merely added to existing buildings, because they were too good to sacrifice; too good to sacrifice, and not good enough to satisfy. Our happy position has fortunately been to have no buildings of the past worth keeping. It was both justice to the architect and justice to ourselves, to knock down what stood in the way, and to turn *pro tem.* to best advantage what still remained standing.

As already stated, 1812 to about 1825 was a building-period, followed by a rest of another quarter of a century. Though what may be called the College wing must have been opened with enthusiasm by those who had known the condition of earlier days, the present generation, in reading a description of it, can only be expected to congratulate themselves that things have improved since then. As the Dormitories and Refectory were in the main Building, the College wing consisted of a Play-Room on the ground floor about 65 ft. by 18 ft. and 11 ft. in height; at the west end was the main Cloister, the connection between College and Monastery. Or rather, it would be so called, if built now; but, as I suppose "a spade should be called a spade," the connection just named was a dark passage about 18 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, without window; and adjoining was the Students' Library, about 9 ft. by 12 ft., and another room of about equal size, communicating with the passage by a shuttered opening, through which clean boots were distributed by Br. Bennet, and sweets by "Old Anthony." But, not at the same hour! Besides, all received boots who answered to their number, but "Old Anthony" took care to give sweets to those only who paid for them. At each end of the playroom were rows of private drawers, numbered for each student, and underneath and continued along the northern wall were small cupboards for boots and slippers, the top of which formed a seat the length of the room. The furniture consisted of two or three tables with seats attached to each side, and the great feature was a seat round the stove forming a circle from 8 to 9 ft. in diameter, and known as "The Ring." The flooring was flagged. There were no pictures, and all decoration was either accidental or mischievous; e.g., marks of a wet football. I can imagine some saying that after all it was not so bad; that the room was of fair size, and that, though not very luxuriantly fitted up, the grand view of the valley and the cheering

brightness and warmth of the southern sun would go far to compensate. Alas! that this should be all imagination. It is human to err, and it seems impossible not to impute error here. There was every facility for making the play-room all that was bright and cheerful, and yet everything seems to have been done to make it as gloomy and dismal as possible. As the walls both north and south were external, how easy to give the playroom a southern aspect! but in fact all the windows were in the northern wall, and so high from the ground, that the angle of vision only took in the sky and the fir trees on the hill side. The advantages of the southern aspect are so obvious, that it is difficult to suppose that they were not considered, and perplexity is not lessened by the fact that in the study above, the windows were all to the south. The front elevation must indeed have been hideous; with windows above, but an unbroken wall of very ordinary masonry below. In time, however, this became more tolerable by the growth of shrubs, and notably of a fine fig-tree that covered a good part of the wall. It would not be without interest to offer a competitive prize for the best solution of this mystery in the art of building. Whenever work is in progress where boys can gather, it seems an universal juvenile law, that they must meddle with workmen's tools, or otherwise busy themselves. Tradition says that the chief mason in charge of this wing used to turn this to advantage, and encourage the boys to carry stones, and that he was heard directing his men to "brack um small, so that the lads can hug um."

At the east end of the playroom was a narrow flight of stone steps leading to the upper floor, and more easterly still was the "wash-house"—lavatory was not in the dictionary then, at all events not in the College edition. When the present lavatory was in course of construction, it was felt that if there was any point on which reparation was specially due, it was on the score of washing accom-

modation. The old wash-house was a flagged room about 18 x 15 ft and about 9 ft. high. On three sides there were stone troughs, and about a dozen taps at intervals; in one corner there was a cistern supplied from a pump, and adjoining was a copper for the supply of hot water on Saturday nights. All these fittings were in keeping with the architecture of the room, being adequate to necessity, and absolutely free from the least suspicion of extravagance. The pump was not worked by an engine, but contributed to the muscular development of those who volunteered to work it. When organization was complete, each boy had a basin, sometimes of tin, sometimes of wood or ware; and when a basin was broken, an expedient (and sometimes by preference) was to wash under the tap. Each boy kept towel, comb and brush, &c., in his box in the play-room, so that in early morning it became a large dressing-room, with jackets and vests, collars and neckties all over the place.

It has already been stated that the study was above the playroom; at the east end of the study was a portion boarded off, and used as a class-room. At Christmas and Midsummer when the study became the theatre, the boards were taken down, and the class-room became the stage, but no attempt was made to raise the floor. The room above the wash-house was called the dancing-room, significative that accomplishments were not overlooked. Mr. Noke, the dancing master from York, had danced before the King, and his pupils on an Exhibition-night danced before the audience, at the west-end of the study was the Prefect's sitting-room, and adjoining was a wooden staircase communicating with the ground floor.

In the wing just described, the most important room, and the most satisfactory, was the study: it was well lighted and cheerful. The desks were double, so that students immediately faced each other, credit no doubt being given, that they would neither speak, nor kick each

other: *which of course they never did!* Anticipating the most approved regulations of the Government Education Board, the desks were at right angles with the windows, with a passage along the north wall. The presiding-desk was against the south wall about the middle of the room, the drawback being that only half the students faced the desk, an arrangement highly approved of by some of the rest. As there was only one regular class-room—the one boarded off from the study—substitutes were found in the study itself, in the play-room (a favourite one being in the “ring” round the stove), in the boys’ library, the dancing-room, and sometimes in the Refectory and the Monastery Library. In summer, with long days and short nights, with broad daylight long before 6 a.m. and corresponding length far into evening, the study answered its purpose not unsatisfactorily; but the great drawback was that winter necessarily followed, and was quite as cold and dark as in these days. To warm such a room satisfactorily would have required a powerful stove: but it was equally necessary to warm the play-room below; and what a temptation to an economical procurator to warm both rooms by one stove! So the play-room got the benefit of the stove, and the study was welcome to all the heat that radiated from the stove-pipe, as it passed from floor to ceiling. But to increase radiation, a smoke-box was introduced, with almost imperceptible effect.

In practice, therefore, it was rather the boys who warmed the study, for unless they entered warm, they knew what to expect. In the playroom the stove was effective, and on occasion was tested to the utmost; the aim of those not in authority being to force a red heat some feet up the smoke-pipe. Although, according to the principles of equality and fraternity, the correct thing was to sit round the stove, at times it was only natural to stand closer, especially if the stove was not at its best; and as the numbers increased, pushing and squeezing would

commence, generally developing into attack and defence. When the square was densely packed, there was generally a stronger boy at each angle, with his foot against the “ring” to resist any sudden push. But, if caught off guard, or attacked by superior strength, a strong push would break the square, giving an opening to new comers. But, it was seldom that contention overstepped the bounds of friendly strife. As the play-room was so gloomy and unattractive, the ball-place and playground were the more frequented, and this no doubt contributed to great healthfulness. The proximity of the ball-place to the play-room made hand-ball a daily game whether for recreation-hours or for only the “quarters;” and “running for places” was daily a great feature. The games of to-day were not unknown and were not less eagerly joined in. But, there was less science. Rugby and Association Rules were unheard of. “Elevens” would have been too exclusive. A general game of Football meant the whole school divided into two camps, irrespective of numbers; though at times the sides were not even, as in the matches of “Lancashire against the world.” If the game of “Golf” was little known and never played, the boys could claim to be pioneers in England in the art of “tobogganning.” To understand the process, imagination must first supply what formerly actually existed. We must first carry the level of the Church Terrace through the opposite Library windows, and then erect a ball-place with a smaller area to the west of it; then imagine a paved walk, extending on an incline to within a short distance of the present Penance-walk, followed by two flights of steps down two slopes with a walk between them. The slopes were like the present ones, though not quite in the same positions; but the steps instead of being at an angle, were in straight line with the upper incline. The ground beyond sloped, as in the present upper bounds, as far as the old bounds-wall, which ran in the line of the slope above the present

ball-place. This line of road would pass through all the present Libraries, and continue across the College Square, but many feet below the level. In winter snow was gathered and the steps were filled. Boys would provide themselves with boards about twelve inches square; and seated thereon, they would slide down the incline at great speed, further increased by the steep descent of the slopes. The more venturesome formed companies, and closely seated on a plank about nine feet long, travelled with greater speed, the impetus being increased by their cumulative weight. The result was good exercise, great fun, and not many accidents. Those who on days wet, dull and dismal can have recourse to a fine Ambulacrum, to Gymnasium and Libraries, may perhaps ask how their predecessors fared in the dulllest and most dismal of playrooms. It is reassuring to record that there never was an instance of suicide. Miniature handball and football, top-spinning, small bandy, marbles, might be indulged in, as there was little capable of damage; and in a room common to eldest and youngest there was little opportunity for anything very quiet. A not uncommon way out of the difficulty was by "leave to the study," often asked by those who desired to read, &c. But occasionally the playroom became the arena for gymnastic feats, the chief being to vault over the tables placed length ways, involving the clearing of fifteen or sixteen feet. Although, generally, in playtime the boys were left to themselves under the Vigilance of honour and conscience, it was necessary to have a master in the playroom at evening recreation in winter, when there was little opportunity of doing much, and not much light to do it by; conditions most favourable to mischief. Visible darkness is the time for tricks, and want of light was a temptation to play them. The playroom was lighted by two dip-candles, sometimes by a third, placed in the middle of the tables. When at each table were gathered eight or nine boys screening the light from the rest of the

room, it is not wonderful that at times this was playfully resented. A boy would take up a cap or a stray slipper, and throwing it amidst the group would, if successful, put out the light and thus prove to demonstration that after all dips were not to be despised. The reader will no doubt be prepared to learn that even the study was not brilliantly lighted. "Dips" again; but rather more of them. At certain hours there was a sight in the study not to be seen elsewhere. On the approach of dusk, the "Candleman," for such was the significant appellation of the worthy dispenser of light, would take from his cupboard from fifteen to twenty tin candle-sticks each the bearer of a solitary dip. These were all placed at the end of one of the desks, and thence distributed. As already noticed the desks were double, and in length about twelve feet. Three dip-candles—sometimes only two—were allotted to each desk; they lighted the compartments on either side; or perhaps it should be said, made them less obscure. In the arrangement there was an economy of 50% in the dip-bill, as a set-off against disadvantages. But it must not be supposed that the study was always so brilliantly lighted. At Morning Prayers, said by the Prefect, such effusion of light might have been distracting; and when at the end he read an instruction from the presiding-desk, he required no borrowed light from a common "dip," when provided with a superior mould candle in a japanned candlestick. At night the light was still more graduated, the Candleman was never known to throw more light than necessary on any subject. The meeting in study for a few minutes' lecture at 8 p.m. would not repay the labour of illumination; hence one "dip" was considered equal to the occasion, especially as the Prefect's mould could also be counted on. But, after the lecture, at the sound of the second bell, the students proceeded to the Chapel for night prayers; and thither Candleman hastened, for there also his "dip" was indispensable. If, as sometimes happened,

the Prefect withdrew in company with his mould, before all had left the study, the law of nature prevailed, and absence of light proved to be darkness. The lighting of the Chapel was described in the last number of the Journal. Usually the light in each dormitory was a single "dip"; and in the morning, those who had not left the dormitory before 5.30 a.m. had to find their way as best they could. So too in the play-room, darkness was the condition of any not ready to enter the study at 6 a.m. It is a trite saying that necessity is the mother of invention; and under the circumstances just described, this was curiously exemplified. It might be supposed that boys would have bought candles for private use, which to some extent was done, but that would seem to have been too direct and too obvious a way out of a difficulty. It is also perhaps questionable how far such traffic would have been licit. Besides it lacked all trait of genius. Much more interesting was the plan adopted. Boys made their own lamps out of clay baked on the stove; if in digging the foundations for the College one had been found, it might have become the subject of earnest controversy amongst Archæologists, although I fear all would have agreed that it certainly belonged to a barbarous period. This rude piece of ware was filled with tallow, scraped from the candlesticks, or from the swellings of the dips; a rude wick was placed in the centre, and all was complete. If the light was inferior, there was compensation in the satisfaction that it was home-manufacture, and not made in Germany. This part of the subject would be incomplete if mention were not made of the tradition that the Candlemen developed early, and in abundance, certain hirsute appendages, of which young men are often exceedingly proud. It was supposed that, as their duties involved much fingering of dips, their necessarily greasy fingers would be accidentally (on purpose) carried to those parts of the visage from which

such appendages spring.—This incident leads to another. It is more than probable that the Candlemen could dispense with a barber; but a hairdresser is a necessity in every school. For many years "Old Barker," the tailor, was also hairdresser; and he took pleasure in narrating how one of the Priors of his day had complimented him on his efficiency. The Prior had been from home, and on his return sent for him. "Barker," said he, "when in London, I had my hair cut; but no one comes up to you; *they take so little off.*" Barker required no further hint. For a long time his nickname was "Turn you round, sir." He operated in the play-room, and as the light was not good, and only from North windows, he required a change of position when about half way through, which he always announced in the words of the nickname "Turn you round, sir."

With one more contribution to the "odds and ends," I close *Old Recollections No. II.* I have remarked upon the dull and dismal character of the play-room: there was no view, no means of seeing what passed outside. At that time the usual entrance to Monastery and College was by the old front door; so that arrivals were not infrequent, whether by conveyance or on foot. Of all this nothing could be seen from the playroom: but from the ball-place area, a few yards from the play-room door, everything was in full view. As boys are not usually deficient in curiosity, and generally want to know what is going on, those in the area would announce arrivals by running to the play-room door and shouting "Exhibition on the terrace." Out would come the curious, and one more topic would be added to conversation. But those in the playroom were at the mercy of those outside, and many announcements of "Exhibition on the terrace" only brought out the curious to be laughed at, and notably on the 1st of April.

W. B. P.

Eheu Fugaces !

IN ages past, before a stone
Marked where this building was to be
The seasons ruled this vale alone
In solitude's wild harmony.

The wind sang to the woodlands ; they
Whispered the echoes to the stream ;
It bubbled on its lonesome way,
And left the sleepy hill to dream.

Till on the startled ear of morn,
The *Matin*-song one season fell ;
And on the evening breeze was borne,
The music of the *Compline* bell.

Another life had come to share
The hill and vale of this domain ;
A life of beauty and of prayer,
Saint Benedict's monastic reign.

Its sweet voice tunes the running brook,
It mingles with the rude wind's notes
It lingers in each shady nook,
To Heaven on a sunbeam floats.

The summer's calm, the autumn's glow,
The spring so filled with joyous sense
The winter jewelled with its snow,
Yield to its gentle influence.

EHEU FUGACES !

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At first a humble roof-tree shows,
A fledgling perched upon the height—
Then spreading graceful wings there rose
Tower and hall in loftier flight.

The Chapel in the centre rears
Its simple turret : westward rise
The Cloisters,—growth of present years—
Their fair front stretching to the skies !

As *Byland* reared her stately head,
As *Rievaulx* charmed the vale of *Rye* ;
And cowlèd brethren, now dead,
There chanted *David's Psalter* ;

So now this *Abbey* shall fulfil
Their life ! Awake those voices hushed ;
Loving their ruined beauty still,
Revering still their hallowed dust !

And may our *Alma Mater* live,
As long as hill and wood shall stand ;
And to our vale her blessings give
While morn and evening grace our land !

If not, oh ! on the home we love,
'Light may the hand of ruin fall' ;
There peacefully shall coo the dove,
And ivy clasp her crumbling wall !

And over her tomb, the sun shall fling
Her crimson splendours from the west ;
And stream, and wood, and wind shall sing
Her passing spirit to its rest !

J. A. W.

A Visit to Oberammergau, 1900.

OBERAMMERGAU has once again been the attraction of the Christian World by its decennial representation of Our Lord's Passion and Resurrection. Situated in a high mountain valley in the Bavarian Tyrol, about 40 miles south of Munich and equi-distant from Innsbruck (the nearest large towns), Oberammergau in normal times has little danger of becoming contaminated with city life or the outer world. It is a little world in itself, at the mouth of a mountain gorge, and but for the sounds from the new railway station on the outskirts, for the villagers would not have it nearer, the visitor might easily imagine himself in the 17th century, when the Great Passionspiel was acted the first time, in thanksgiving for the miraculous escape of the villagers from a plague which was raging round them. In 1663, they vowed to commemorate the event every tenth year, which vow they have religiously kept to the present day.

I had been staying some time at Garmisch, a most beautiful village in a rich plain, surrounded by the famous Zugspitz, the Alpspitz, the Kramer and other well known peaks in the Bavarian Alps, and about ten miles from Oberammergau. To see the Passion-play it is necessary to sleep two nights in the village, so on a Friday afternoon I found myself driving there,—one of some dozen English people bent on the same errand. On the way we visited the Benedictine Abbey of Mont Ettal with its handsome church, miraculous image, and some large relics from the Catacombs and other places.

The huge cross on the summit of the Kofel, which is the chief peak of the many mountains that surround Oberammergau, now served as a landmark, and another half-hour

brought us to the village, where we each sought our allotted quarters. Mine was in the house of St. Philip the Apostle; at least that would be his name on Sunday. During this year, the parish priest who is at the head of the management of the play has the powers of a Bishop in many respects, granting faculties for the Confessions of foreigners. He accordingly, for the benefit of English speaking Catholics, gave them to an Australian Bishop, one of our party. It was also arranged that the Bishop should sing the chief Mass next morning at six a.m. Long before that hour, however, the village was awake. At a quarter to six I attempted to enter the parish church, but could get no further than the porch, so with his Lordship as my passport I entered by the Sacristy and took up a standing position in the chancel. There I found, already, some thirty priests, most of whom had given up any idea of trying to say Mass, so great was the demand for the few altars of the church. At this Mass many of the Actors were singing, and many went to Communion, including Anton Lang (the Christus) and Johann Zwink (Judas). After Mass I had just time for a hurried breakfast before taking my seat in the theatre for the representation, which commenced at eight. At this hour the Church and all the shops are closed, nearly every one being either in the auditorium, or on the stage of the theatre. The performance itself is divided into Chorus, Tableau and Act, and is similar to the old Greek plays, inasmuch as the duty of the Chorus, which is dressed in classical robes, is to explain in song the subject of the following Tableau and its prefigurement of, and relation to, an event of Our Lord's Passion. These Tableaux are not necessarily in Chronological sequence but are governed by the scene which follows each of them. To describe the whole play in detail would be beyond the scope of the present article; I can only treat of it generally.

The music used is very ancient and impressive, but is not published. The harmonies were beautiful; the rendering

as a whole reminded me of Mozart in the lighter parts, and of Handel in the recitative and more impressive movements. The Tableaux were perfect: the poses, colouring, and arranging of figures would have done credit to the greatest artist, for the most critical onlookers could not find a fault, and I am sure the general effect could not be surpassed anywhere. Especially was this so in the grouping of about four hundred persons in the Fall of Manna in the Desert, prefiguring the Last Supper, and in the Striking of the Rock by Moses, in both of which a large number of small children took part, all of whom seemed to have entered into the spirit of the representation in a wonderful way. The acting itself was beyond praise. Special mention might be made of Judas, who acted through all the long scene of the Washing of the Feet, although he did not speak a word, and of Caiphas, who in the difficult scenes of working up the members of the Sanhedrin to condemn Our Lord, and later in persuading the people to accept Barabbas, shewed a fine energy and vehemence without overdoing his part. I was told while at Oberammergau that a professional Coach had been sent from Munich in the spring, but that he could make nothing of the actors, who insisted on carrying out their own ideas. When we consider that the villagers do not take part in the play as a dramatic performance, but as an act of worship, and therefore often sacrifice theatrical effect to a strict observance of historical fact, and also that no artificial light or personal adornment, beyond their dress, is allowed, it seems almost miraculous that these untutored and rustic performers should draw from all parts of the civilized world an audience of thousands, every member of which follows the events on the stage with the greatest attention and reverence,—though some enter the theatre with dispositions the very opposite. The scene of Our Lord parting from His Mother at Bethany was one of the most touching of all.—

“Mutter! Mutter! Der Vater rufh mich, Lebe wohl, beste Mutter
O Gott, gieb mir Starke! das mein Herz nicht breche”. . . .

The whole house was affected by this scene as also at the meeting of Our Lord and the Holy Women during the Way of the Cross.

The Crucifixion did not appeal to me so much; it was almost beyond one's grasp. The Cross with its human burden seemed to me more like a great piece of sculpture, and even when the figure moved or spoke it was still difficult to realize that the Cross bore a living man. For nearly half an hour Anton Lang remained there, his only supports being a small iron footrest which could not be noticed till after the deposition, a strong band circling the Cross and his waist under the loin cloth, and the hand nails which he held between his second and third fingers. No wonder his form looked so lifeless when reverently taken down from the Cross.

For dramatic effect this should have been the last scene as the climax of the great Tragedy, but of course as an act of worship and of faith the play would have been incomplete without the Resurrection and Ascension which immediately followed. The former was the weakest scene of the whole day, and the tomb was not correct either according to Scripture or classic history. The curtain fell for the last time at 5.30, and five minutes afterwards the theatre was empty, so well and plentifully is it furnished with exits. The streets were once more filled with an orderly and reverential crowd, some making ready to drive away from the village that evening, others starting on foot at once, while others again were perhaps making arrangements to stay another two nights in order to witness the overflow performance of the following day. But no vehicles were moving at more than a walking pace, it being forbidden from a spirit of reverence to proceed

otherwise while within the village. But for me the Passion-play was over, leaving a deep impression on my mind by the singular and effective way it placed before me the story of the World's Tragedy, a story all of us have known from our childhood, but one which has never been told in such a realistic way as it was by the pious villagers of Oberammergau.

In this close valley from the world divided,
Where rock and pine point upward to the sky,
By thoughtful prayer the soul to God is guided,
Whom in His works she strives to glorify.

JOHN R. TUCKER.

Sant' Anselmo sull' Aventino.

THE first duty of the newly blessed English abbots has been to betake themselves to Rome to join the gathering of Benedictine Prelates assembled there for the dedication of the Church of St. Anselm on the Aventine. The ceremony took place on Martinmas day, November 11th, in the presence of several Bishops, upwards of sixty abbots, besides a number of other monastic pilgrims. Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, had been delegated by the Pope to officiate in his name at the function, which was further graced by the assistance of twelve other Cardinals and the presence of the Diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See.

The consecration of this abbey church puts the finishing stroke to a notable undertaking, notable even in the year of Jubilee, and at the close of the nineteenth century,—namely the establishment at Rome of an International College for the Benedictines of the whole world. Built

entirely at the expense of the Pope, it represents in a very emphatic manner both the benevolence of Leo XIII for the order of St. Benedict, and his zeal for the advancement of learning and the deepening of the spirit of sacred study. The College, or University as it may be called, since it confers academic degrees, will be the principal material monument of the present Pontificate; and the magnitude and completeness of its buildings, the extent and nobility of its purpose are worthy of the munificence of Leo XIII, and the distinction of his reign. No visitor can fail to be struck by the imposing appearance of the Abbey and its appropriate site. Its architectural style is simple, not to say severe, depending for effect on dimensions and proportion rather than ornament; but its vast quadrangle, 120 ft. by 100, with adjoining courts and wings, its long, spacious cloisters and corridors, its lofty height and its noble church, and then its unique position, make it the most notable of modern buildings in the city. The square towers at the angles, flat capped and machicolated, with their massive and sloped base give the monastery almost the appearance of a fortress, whilst the graceful bell-tower of the church relieves the monotony of the sky-line. Some idea of the completeness and size of the buildings may be gathered from the fact that they have cost some £80,000, and are meant to accommodate one hundred students, with ample provision not only for the Abbot Primate and the College Staff, but for numerous other officials, guests, and dependents.

The Church, which is approached by a quadrangular colonnade, shows a severe but impressive interior, great monoliths of granite separating the aisles from a spacious and lofty nave, which terminates in a noble apse, with baldachino over the simple altar. Even more effective is the crypt, or lower church, some twenty-five feet in height, but in which the same ground space as that of the upper church is divided by double rows of massive, squat

pillars into five broad aisles and transepts. Enthroned in the apse behind the centre altar is a majestic, seated figure of St. Benedict; "et circa illum corona fratrum," for round about are ranged fifteen altars dedicated to monastic saints, his brethren or disciples. The altars of both upper and lower churches, single solid blocks of grey granite, were all consecrated together by the Abbots President of the different Congregations.

The site of St. Anselm's is not unworthy of its purpose from the historic and monastic memories which cluster thick around. The abbey stands on the brink of the Aventine hill, where it overhangs the Tiber, the fragment of a mediæval bastion frowning still from its garden. A narrow road down to the river is the street in which Tiberius Gracchus was slain by the ungrateful mob, in early times the Aventine being the home of the plebeians, as the opposite Palatine was of the patricians. Adjoining the monastery stand the churches of the Knights of Malta, Sant' Alessio and Santa Sabina, with associations of St. Gregory VII, of St. Dominic and St. Thomas of Aquin; hard by is the Abbey on the Cælian hill where St. Gregory the Great lived and whence came the Apostles of England. From the windows of St. Anselm's open out glorious views over Rome, on one side to the Vatican, from whose *Loggia* the venerable Founder has watched the rapid growth of his great work, on another to St. Paul's where the monks have guarded since the seventh century the Tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles, whilst beyond and around stretch the silent spaces of the Campagna bounded by the bold outline of the Alban and Sabine hills.

We English may be flattered by the circumstance that the selected Patron of the new Abbey is a Saint so closely connected with our country as St. Anselm of Canterbury. But the choice was not made on that account alone. As the first of the Scholastics, and a Doctor of the Church, St. Anselm bears an honoured name in Christian Schools.

He was the titular too of certain earlier colleges founded in Rome for foreign monks. But his own career points him out as the specially suitable patron of a cosmopolitan college. Born in Italy, a professor and Abbot in France, an Archbishop in England, he is associated with the three chief peoples whose monks will frequent his School.

Another detail of the story of St. Anselm's may be here recalled. In 1884, carrying out the decree of a previous general chapter that a House of Studies for English monks should be opened in Rome, a small band of Benedictines was sent to restore the old Collegio di Sant' Anselmo which had formerly existed in the Eternal City. Their first habitation was the garret of the Scots College, whence they migrated successively to the Via Gregoriana and the Angelo Custode, until a few years later the Holy Father took up the project, enlarged its scope, so as to make it no longer English but international, and from this lowly beginning developed the great plan which is now completed. It should be remembered also in this connection that it was our English President, Abbot O'Gorman, whom the Pope commissioned to visit the abbeys of Germany in order to enlist their sympathies in the projected general House of Studies.

In bestowing this princely gift upon the Benedictines the Holy Father has done them no slight honour. His choice shows the esteem in which he holds the Order, and the high expectations he has formed of its utility to the Church in the coming century. Sant' Anselmo's is meant to bind the branches of the Order more closely to the Holy See, and consequently more closely to one another; this useful purpose being attained by means entirely consonant to the traditional method of the Order. The genius of the Benedictines has led them to congregate mostly by nations or provinces, united with the loose but strong bond of fraternal charity and the observance of a common Rule. They have ever been allied more closely with the hierarchies

of their respective countries than with the monastic congregations of foreign lands. They have never known a central authority, nor any General but the Vicar of Christ. The Roman Pontiff has been their "Abbas Abbatum," nor have they wished for any other. But with the Pope as their chief bond of union, it follows that the more they are in touch with the Holy See the more they will be united with one another, and the more profitable will be their labours for the Church. It is to subserve these high purposes that the International College of Sant' Anselmo in Urbe has been established.

The gathering of Abbots from all parts of the earth, as showing how wide-spread is the work of the Order and how deep its roots have struck in many lands, was a truly inspiring spectacle at the close of a century which is commonly regarded as more memorable for the destruction than the revival of monastic life. But if the religious tide ebbed rapidly during the first half of the nineteenth century, it has been flowing strong in its latter half, as the Conclave at Sant' Anselmo's indicates. They were picturesque and interesting groups that met in those noble cloisters. Most venerable of all present was the Abbot-Bishop Salgado, the patriarch of the Order, over 70 years a monk, who is returning to his life-long work among the aborigines of Western Australia. Archbishop Serafini of Spoleto, still Abbot General of Subiaco, led a group of Italian prelates, some of whom the purple *zuchello* betokened to be Abbots Ordinary. Switzerland, Bavaria and Austria sent prelates from abbeys that have lasted for eight or ten centuries, including the Hungarian Arch-Abbot attended by a smart hussar. From France and Spain came Abbots of the Congregations that have sprung up since the great Revolution. North America was well represented by venerable, bearded Abbots whose monasteries have all the strenuous vitality and fruitfulness of the States. From Beuron came the Arch-Abbot Wolter, survivor of the three

brothers whose work in the monastic restoration of Germany has been so abundantly blessed. Presiding over the assembly was the Abbot-Primate de Hemptinne, to whose untiring energy so much of the success of the College is due. Last of all came the Abbots of the English Congregation, for the first time taking their place among their brother prelates. But if our Abbots were youngest in years, the English speaking section was not the least prominent among the nationalities. Our own Congregation was fully represented by the Abbot President, the three governing Abbots, and the Cathedral Prior (each with his *socius*), and the Procurator *in curia*; from Scotland came the Abbot of Fort Augustus, with two brother Abbots from England, the prelates of Australia and America completing the group. Their communities, perhaps the most numerous in the Order, prove how the rule has taken root in lands where Catholicism is not dominant, and that the Order is nowhere more flourishing and vigorous than among men of English speech and in lands where the apostolate is prominent.

On the morrow of the Dedication the Prelates and their associates had audience with the Pope, in which to express the gratitude of their brethren for this magnificent proof of his paternal benevolence. Punctually at the appointed hour the Holy Father entered the apartment with brisk steps and animated gesture as he blessed the throng and then bade them rise and draw near his throne. The chief signs of his feebleness and advanced years were the bent shoulders and palsied hands that trembled violently as they held the manuscript of his address; apart from this the Pope looked well and hale. He spoke with clear accents, and feared fatigue so little, that all present, even to the lowliest *socius*, were permitted to kiss his feet and hands. The audience was quite informal; it lasted nearly an hour, and was characterized by the graciousness of the Pontiff and a fatherly interest in the Order and its work. The same

kindliness was even more manifest in a second reception accorded to the English Abbots alone. In Rome it was said to be unheard of that two audiences should be given to anybody within one week; but the unusual privilege was granted to our English Abbots, the Holy Father showing much interest in the recent changes in the Congregation, and encouraging its members in their labours for the conversion of England. Immediately after the Papal reception the Benedictine delegates paid a visit of respect to the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Tuesday being All Monks Day, the Abbot Primate sang Mass in the new abbey church, surrounded by the crowd of his colleagues. On Wednesday, All Souls of the Order, Dr. Larkin of Douai, as junior Abbot, pontificated at the Solemn Requiem in the Crypt. On Thursday, many of the prelates took part in a function at the Greek College which has lately been put under the care of the Benedictines. The solemnities of the week were brought to an appropriate close at the Basilica of St. Paul, where the Dedication Feast was being kept and the commencement of the Quarant' Ore. The pilgrim Abbots assembled once more in full numbers. Never to be forgotten was that procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the aisles of this most stately of Roman churches, where for so many ages the sons of St. Benedict have drawn the inspiration of Apostolate from the Tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles. After luncheon in the monastery the Abbot delivered a very eloquent oration in which he welcomed the Fathers to St. Paul's and alluded to the ties which bound the shrine to several of the Benedictine Congregations. Here dwelt the brothers Wolter before beginning their monastic revival in Germany; here Abbot Wimmer came when carrying the Holy Rule to North America, and Bishop Salvado before taking up his apostolate in Australia. One singular omission in the Abbot's address a glance at the ceiling above him might have rectified,—the former connection of his Basilica with

England. On both roof and doors of the great Refectory in which we sat the Abbey-shield still shows St. Paul's Sword surmounted by the Crown of England and surrounded by the English Garter. The Kings of England in Catholic times were Protectors of the Basilica, with a seat in its chapter and the right of chanting the Epistle during Mass. And surely no Benedictines have more fully imbibed the missionary spirit of the Apostle than those of England. The insignia of the English Crown are still retained in the arms of St. Paul's;—will the days ever return when an English King will hold it an honour to resume his ancient rights!

"And on the eighth day they went to their dwellings rejoicing, and glad in heart for all the good things which the Lord had done for His people." III. Kings, VIII.

So ended an eventful week, the incidents of which will live in the memories of those privileged to take part in them. It was an historic event, worthily solemnized. The concourse of pilgrim prelates and monks, the honours accorded them, the repeated and protracted functions represented at once the munificence and blessing of Christ's Vicar and on the other hand the gratitude and loyalty of the Benedictine Order. With such happy auguries of permanence and success the Abbey-College of Sant' Anselmo in Urbe begins its career. May it justify all hopes! Floreat in ævum!

J. I. C.

Dr. Marsh's Account of his escape from Dieulouard.

PREFACE.

It may perhaps appear not uninteresting, nor altogether useless, to write an account of the manner in which the Houses of the English Benedictines were broken up in France during the revolution. If Providence has destined this congregation still to subsist through future ages, our successors no doubt will consider that epoch as one of the most critical after the suppression of religious orders in England. If it is to end here, with it will probably expire all curiosity about it. I shall, however, as long as I live, find some kind of satisfaction in recalling to my memory those efforts we made to maintain ourselves, and those junctures in which we found ourselves situated. So while they are yet fresh I will throw some of them on paper.

"Hæc meminisse juvabit."

In 1789, when there was so much talk of suppressing all religious orders in France, it was generally supposed that we should be included in the wreck.

To continue to have a civil existence as a religious order was not to be expected, after the *Assemblée Nationale* had decreed all Vows illicit, and excluded in the most express terms all corporations from its constitution. Yet some of our members were of opinion that we ought not to apply for a preservation under any other title than our real one, that of a congregation of Benedictine religious. Our house of Dieulouard did, nevertheless, get a petition presented to the ecclesiastical committee, which managed all those affairs, in the first National Assembly, which insisted on the preservation of our property as having been purchased

with English money. It was alleged that our having been religious could be no objection as we did not desire any other civil existence thenceforward but as individuals. Mr. Stapleton, president of the English College at St. Omers, and some others were pretty active about the same time. A decree was obtained on 7th Nov. 1790, which allowed English regulars to continue to subsist as seculars, and declared that upon those conditions they might keep what property they had acquired with English money.

What they could not prove they had purchased with their own money, brought from England, the assembly reserved to itself the faculty of deciding upon some other time, when the titles and deeds of purchase had been examined into by the Districts. If the deeds were any way defective the property was left also to the mercy of the Assembly.

This was very distressing to us, at Dieulouard, where many of our original deeds had been lost in a fire that consumed our house totally in the year 1717, 13th of October, the very day on which we were turned out of it in 1793. Those deeds too were very very numerous, as our property had been successively acquired by many little purchases, and hard to read. This however turned out in our favour; for when the commissaries of the district came to examine them, conformably to the decree, frightened at the difficulty of the task this business presented them with, if they examined each act piece by piece, they at length agreed to lump it, and put in their *procès verbal* that they had seen so many authentic deeds for such and such lands, that the most ancient inhabitants of Dieulouard declared they had never heard say that we had received any endowment by free gift, except some small portion of a farm which we had at a village called Jaillon, which was supposed to have been given by the Canons when transferred from Dieulouard to Nancy, as a retribution for our performing Divine Office in the church in their stead; consequently, that all the rest

was not to be disputed. These *procès verbaux* were sent up to Paris, and we were a long time in expectation of some decree in consequence, but the Assembly dissolved itself without having thought any more of the matter, and we remained in quiet possession, not however without anxiety. The second, or legislative assembly, said nothing about us that I remember, but the rage against priests* who would not take the celebrated oath kept increasing very rapidly, and as we were supposed to be in the opposite party we were in continual danger on that account. The Sisters (a kind of nuns that taught girls) were abused, beaten, and driven out of the village, because they came to our church.

Mobs and riots were heard of everywhere against those who would not unite with the constitutional priests as they were called, and to add to the danger, on the installation of our new constitutional curate, and the procession of the Assumption, † which was supposed to be for the prosperity of the State, we were invited by a special Act of the Municipality to come to the Parish Church. It was well known that a refusal would enrage the people, so it was hoped we should not dare refuse. However, we did, and got over it. Some time after, a general order for shutting up the doors of all dissenting Catholic Churches was issued; and with a good deal of

* There were five priests attached to Dieulouard and Scarpone, now a part of the village. The curé-soloyen, Jean-Nicholas Josif, an excellent man and staunch to his religion, died just as the troubles commenced, and Jean Malgaine, administrator of the Confraternity of St. Sebastian, was elected in his place; Jean-François Coincé was the *châtré*; François succeeded Malgaine to the administration of the Confraternity; Gaspar Colletot was chaplain of the Confraternity; and Nicholas Le Bonnetier was curé of Scarpone. Of these all refused to take the oath required by the republic except Coincé, and the two newly elected, Malgaine and François. It was the refusal of the Benedictines to take part in the installation of the Malgaine which started their persecution.

† Only a few days before, a similar procession had been ordered in honour of the Goddess of Liberty. Flowers and branches of trees were ordered to be strewn in the streets and the 'temple' where the 'service' was held was the *Place des Moines*, just outside the walls of the monastery.

ill-humour ours was ordered to be shut, and the bells forbidden to be rung by the Municipality. Complying seemed to acknowledge ourselves enemies of the State, and not complying would appear refractory to the law. In this dilemma, we shut the doors, but presented a petition against it to the Department, stating that, as we were foreigners and perfect strangers to the civil and religious disputes which might divide some in that country, we hoped we were not to be included in a regulation which seemed to fix a note of infamy on those who were subject to it. However, what the Municipality had done was maintained, but civilly enough, by the Department; so that from St. Mark's day, 1792, our church door was never opened, nor our bells rung. From the time the church doors were shut, we had frequent bickerings with the Municipality, on account of our letting people who would not go to Mass at the Parish Church come to hear Mass at our church. Once the Commandant of the *Garde Nationale* received an order from the district of Pont-à-Mousson to send a company of men in arms to take up all those they should find in our church. It luckily happened, however, that there were none in when this body of men came but such as went indiscriminately to the Parish or to our church; and such they did not make the object of their inquisitorial tyranny. Notwithstanding all their malice to hinder such as would have nothing to do with the Schismatical Clergy from coming to do their religious duties at our church, yet all those that were really disposed to do their duty found opportunities to the last. The difficulty was, however, a good deal increased after the establishment of what they called the *Comité de Surveillance*. In our village there were twelve appointed to this committee, and when they seemed not active enough they were frequently spurred on by sharp letters from the *Comité de Surveillance* of Pont-à-Mousson, which arrogated to itself a sort of inspection over the inferior committees. These

committees were instituted by decree of the 21st of March 1793, which showed what all foreigners, that were of nations then in war with France, were to expect, as it was directed particularly against them. To come to what regarded us in particular, more directly when the Convention decreed the sale of the goods belonging to the order of Malta, which was I think on the 12th, of March 1793, and in general whatever had belonged to the Corporation, whether regular or secular, as Colleges, Seminaries. It was feared inferior administrators might apply this decree to our establishment, since it was expressed in such general terms. Consequently, two articles were procured to be tacked to the end of it; the first excepted us from that decree, but the second declared that the Convention intended to consider in a short time what was to be done with us.

In consequence of this, when sometime after we had a mind to sell some of our land, the Department sent an order to the District, to be afterwards sent with all expedition into the municipalities, which forbade anybody to buy; declaring that any such sale should be regarded as null. To have a reason for selling, and by this means to have the full disposal of all our property, we had bought some land that lay very convenient for us at Dieulouard, and in order to pay for this purchase, we said it was absolutely necessary we should alienate some other land which lay more remote and less conveniently. But no regard was had to these reasons. It was answered at the Department that the day might perhaps come when a decree would be issued for the selling our property, as well as that of the Corporation; that the Convention even appeared to have such an intention, by declaring, in its decree for the sale of the land belonging to the Knights of Malta, that it would shortly take ours into consideration, and in case such a thing did happen, the particular members of the Department would be made personally responsible for whatever was wanting.

I had a discussion a little before with the District of Toul on the occasion of another decree which I don't remember the date of, but I think it was somewhere about January or February of the same year. This decree ordered the sequestration of all land, situated in France, belonging to foreign Abbays, Convents, or Corporations. In virtue of this decree, the District of Toul sent an order to our farmers in their territory to come and pay their rents into their hands.

However, with some difficulty, I convinced them, by referring them to the report that preceded the decree, that it regarded only such Abbays, &c., as were themselves situated out of France, such as the Abbey of Orval which was particularly mentioned in that report. After the taking of Toulon by the English, the minds of the Convention seemed every day to grow more exasperated against the English who had the misfortune to be bound to live in France. It had been decreed in March, that all foreigners who had property in France should be held to quit the territory of the Republic in a fortnight, unless they could get two citizens of approved patriotism to answer for them. But now it was begun to be thought by much too light a punishment or revenge to send out those who had property. It was decreed that all foreigners, natives of those countries with which France was at war, should be put into confinement till the end of the war; and so be made to answer for the conduct of their respective countries in this war against Liberty, and the good of mankind in general, in the persons of the French.

Such, however, as had given signal proofs by their attachment to the Revolution, ever since the first beginning, might procure an exemption from the rigour of this decree by applying to their Municipalities and obtaining from them (if they were in a humour to give) certificates of the above, and in consequence of which it was to be added on those certificates that the bearer had been admitted to

hospitality. A day or two after (6th of September I think) a decree passed for the confiscation of all property belonging to the above-mentioned foreigners. Next, its execution was suspended.

The day after that the Jacobins sent a deputation to require its execution. We saw where all this would end, and thought it high time to look about us to see how we might get some of our number off. Anselm Appleton was the first who ventured to attempt his escape. Our cart was ordered to go carry forage for the army of Metz and he went as conductor; by which means he got through Metz without a passport, so to St. Avelde, where he had acquaintance who directed him how to get into German territories. Looking upon the sale or seizure of our property as very probable, we had begun to sell several things, particularly our best horses. The Municipality observed this with a very jealous eye, and hastened to the District to solicit an authorization to hinder us from selling. The District had often been reproached with being too favourable to us, here they thought they would not expose themselves to that reproach. They gave an order to the Municipality to set a guard of twenty-five men round the house, who were not to allow any thing to be carried out of it. They were charged to watch strictly what went on in the house, and report immediately to the District if they observed anything which might be prejudicial to the interests of the nation. We had got our silver, linen, and some books out just before this order came. It was observed with great punctuality for eight or ten days, till the vintage was just at hand, and the people observed that their Municipality had been soliciting a very troublesome favour from them.

Notwithstanding their vigilance, at this very time, we took down two of our bells, broke them to pieces, and sent them to Toul with the brass candlesticks and frill-eagle, to be sold. After such an order from the District, I thought I could not with decency sit down without saying a word. I

went immediately to the District to remonstrate against it. They all seemed embarrassed, were however civil enough, but told me they could do nothing but upon a written petition requesting relief. Accordingly I drew one up, and carried it next day. It was sent to the Department when it was left to moulder in some bureau. I went, however, to enquire after it at the Department, but could get no satisfaction; they allowed that the order was not in conformity with any law, but said, at that time many measures were necessary for the public safety which were not positively authorised by any particular law. I did not indeed expect any effect from my remonstrance at the beginning, but I thought I would not tamely sit down under such an abuse of power without venturing a word against it. I expected no relief from this piece of tyranny but from time, and accordingly it was almost all over in ten days, as I said before.

I had solicited pass-ports for our young people for sometime, upon an article of the decree of the 9th of Sept. (I think), but in vain; as they said that decree had not been sent officially. This article allows all children of foreigners who are in France for the professed purpose of receiving education, and no other, to be sent back to their parents. Not knowing what might be the interpretation of this article when the decree should arrive officially, and perceiving that the prevailing spirit was to seize and keep as many English as they could, some of our people were laying schemes to get away. Daniel Spencer went one night to Pont-à-Mousson, where he expected to get a guide that would conduct him out. He was followed all about the town by spies, and just as he was entering the Hospital where he had been promised lodgings, he was seized by a Patrole.

The Mayor was already in the Hospital waiting for his arrival, and he was conducted to prison where he remained two days and two nights, and at last got out with great

difficulty after having been put *en surveillance*. A day or two after our porter was sent to Thiaucourt upon the same business, but under pretence of buying cloth, as he was tailor too. He was clapt up there, and a day or two after brought in irons to Pont-à-Mousson, but soon got out there, not however without having first been put *en surveillance* also. All these were but bad omens, though we had not been English,—a name now grown particularly obnoxious; for, as they were soon to proceed to the measure of arresting all suspected persons, there was all the appearance in the world we should be included in the class. Just at this time I received a letter from the District, acquainting me they had just received in an official manner the decree in which there was an article which entitled young students to passports; in consequence of which all our people got them but myself; though it certainly was not the intention of the decree, nor the District, that the members of the house should have them. But the Municipality were longing to get us all off, that our possessions might come into their hands, at least for the administration, and none were known at the District but myself, who had often been told there not to flatter myself with the hopes of getting out of France till peace. On the 4th of October, therefore, Austin Mitchell Bede Burgess, James Calderbank, Alexius Chew, Francis Cooper, and Bennet Marsh, went off in the morning first, because being eldest they would have been more exposed to have been stopt when it had been perceived that others were already gone. In the afternoon went William Tarleton, Edward Slater, and Wm. Eastham, the youngest.* Next day Daniel Spencer, who had long wavered whether he should keep company with those who remained to keep the house, at last was determined to attempt his escape likewise; which he did. With me remained Oswald

* The French account says that a dozen notices also went with this party. These were probably the English students.

Talbot, and John Dauber, besides the lay brothers, to wait the last extremity. Talbot and Dauber had passports ready, but they were only to be valid for a fortnight. These they intended to make use of only when the Certificates of Hospitality which we were soliciting should be positively refused, as we were much afraid they would. However, after a great deal of running backwards and forwards between the Municipality and the District, it was agreed, that we should have those certificates; one person told me seriously that he should act directly against the dictates of his conscience in signing those certificates. Now I thought ourselves out of danger, and began to regret that the others had been in such a hurry to go away, but two or three days after I found they had done very right. On the 12th of October, at about half-past nine or ten at night, I heard the drums of the village beating the General.* I immediately supposed the people were to assemble for the purpose of apprehending all the *gens suspects* as they were called; however, I went out of my room, though I had put out my candle to go to bed, and was undressing myself at a window whence I could see into the village. The drummer published orders for all the inhabitants to present themselves under arms before the house of the Commandant instantaneously. Just as the drummers were gone (and they whipped away mighty expeditiously), as the people were hurrying down to their Commandant, a woman, the wife of one of our constant labourers named François L'Anglais, came under the window where she perceived somebody, and asked me to come down as she had something very important to acquaint me with. I laughed at her, and told her that she might tell me her important business where she was; so little did I suspect ourselves to be the object of all this bustle.

She however repeated it so earnestly that I thought I would go. She then told me that orders had arrived to

* Then every man capable of bearing arms has to take arms.

might pass that way very well, and here I thought I might as well wait for the porter, as he must necessarily pass that way to go to the place appointed. After a silence of about five minutes, during which time I suppose they were reading the decrees and giving directions how to secure us most effectually, I thought I heard people round the walls of the house and garden. A little after that I heard the drums begin again and seem to come up towards our house, and the rabble I could hear follow the drums. Now I began to think there was no doubt but all was directed against our house, and thinking that as soon as they found I was got out, they might be sending their Patrols out, I thought that I had better get further off. So I went towards the woods, where I thought if I were to see a Patrol I could escape them. As I was going I heard such squalling of hundreds of voices, and thumping like barrel-mongers, that I could not imagine what they were about; but a minute or two after I heard the bell which hung at our inner door jingle as if it were going to break. Then I understood that what I had taken for barrel-makers were unmakers of doors. I stood by the wood-side something more than half-an-hour, waiting for the porter and considering what plan to follow. I was not far from our farmer's where I was sure enough to be in safety for the rest of the night, but then my way out of the country was on the other side of the Moselle, and it was likely enough that next day I should not be able to get over it, as the whole affair would certainly be spread over the whole neighbourhood. I resolved therefore to get to the other side of the river the same night, which I did by making a circuit so as to avoid the village, crossing the high road which leads to Toul, and following a valley which is called la Vaux Chenois. The moon was now set, and it was so dark I could scarce guess where I was. However, at last I got to the river-side just, as the great clocks

arrest us. Still I laughed at her and told her she must be mistaken, that we had certificates of hospitality, that it must be for the suspected persons of the village. She said if she was in a mistake it was the mayor's sister who led her into it: that the mayor's sister had just met with and told her that her brother had sent her to advertise us, but seeing so many people before our house, and supposing the doors to be all fast, she was going away again, but now for the first time I began to believe there might be something of truth in it, because I got the mayor (who was a very honest man) to promise me he would let me know, if he possibly could, if ever orders came for our arrestation. However I did not well know what to do. Still I thought there was as much probability that it was a false alarm as that it was true. To alarm all the houses without reason would be ridiculous, and might even just be the cause that nobody escape. I was perhaps the only one aimed at; at least the others were in much less danger as they had passports; so that at last I resolved to make no noise in the house about it, but go quietly out myself. I went down therefore, and told the porter [I had told Brother Nicholas before], that I meant to go out to a certain place at a wood-side, where in an hour or two's time, he should come and let me know what the matter was. I had no sooner got out by a back door, where there are no houses whence I could be seen, than I heard the drummers stop before the Commandant's, having finished their round. At a little distance from this door there is a deep ditch, called in that country a raving, formed by the water running rapidly from the fields above after much rain. The bottom of this, I observed, was very dark, though I feared I might be seen by some Patrols. I went down above it was exceedingly moonlight, on which account I intended to go to the river-side just, as the great clocks

were striking twelve. Here I sat down, partly to cool myself before I went into the cold water, and partly to give way to reflection while I saw the lights in our house. At length I crossed through the river, which fortunately was not extraordinarily high from the extraordinary drought of the season. A little above Dieulouard the Moselle divides, and running some way in separate channels, forms an island near two miles in circumference.

In this island stands a little village called Charpagne where one of our constant day labourers lived (Jean Houin) whom I thought I could depend upon. But knowing there was a family in this village that had been marked out for arrestation, I was afraid of falling into a party which might be sent from Dieulouard to arrest them. This apprehension was still increased when I came close to the village, and I heard people talk and saw lanterns. I waited till I saw nobody more on foot, which was not till about one o'clock; this I did not find amusing at all, as I had not been able to keep all my clothes dry while I crossed the river. When I got to his house I perceived, I thought, somebody run another way. This was our porter, who however soon came back when he found it was no Patrole that was entering the house. The porter had run away almost as soon as I was out of the house, knowing the Municipality had a particular ill-will against him for having sometimes imprudently ridiculed their functions.

But the man, at whose house I was, had just returned from our house where he had been amongst the rest of the mob. He told me that the members of the District, Thiéry and Lesure, had arrived with orders for our arrestation: that they assembled the people; the people upon breaking into our house ran straight to my room which they instantly broke into; but finding I was not there they immediately dispersed themselves all over the house, breaking down every door that was not open, under pretence of seeking me. One of the first places where they

ran to seek me was in the church steeple, where finding two of four bells missing they broke out into the most violent exclamations against me. He therefore advised me to be very careful of falling into their hands. Whilst he was telling me this story, his daughters laid a faggot on the fire to dry me and fetched a bottle of wine. He owed us a hundred livres for a wine vat, and expecting to be soon compelled to pay it to the nation, I gave him a receipt for fifty dated the day before, and then, desiring him to accompany me to Millery a village about four miles further off, on the other side the other branch of the Moselle, I took leave of his family, whom I left all in tears, as was also the poor porter. The second part of the river we got over in a boat, which was somewhat more comfortable, and arrived at Millery about three o'clock. With some difficulty I made myself known to the person I meant to trust myself to at this place, as I was afraid of awaking the neighbours. At last, however, he opened the door and, seeing for certain who I was, told me he imagined what my case was, for I had told him sometimes not to be surprised if I should come some night at midnight or later, as I intended to run first to his house if I was pursued for arrestation. I begged him to give me a bed during what little remained of the night, and go himself at daybreak to see his brother who was a lay brother in our house, Nicholas, and enquire of him what was the meaning of the people coming in such a manner to seize us after having just given us assurances that we should suffer no more molestation. Not long after I got up from a very interrupted and uneasy sleep, the wife of my host came to me in the greatest consternation and told me she had just seen the *gens d'armes Nationales*, formerly *Cavaliers de Maréchaussée*, entering the village, no doubt in search of me. I thought it could scarce be for any other purpose either. She said she and her whole family were lost if I were found in their house and advised

me to pass out at a back door. It was Sunday and all the village on foot. If I went out at the back door I should soon be seen by the gens d'armes or else they would soon be informed of me. So I told her the danger for her family would be greater if I went out, whereas if I hid myself somewhere in the house perhaps they would not fall up on me, though they came to make a search.

They then begged me to hasten and find a place amongst their empty barrels or wine vats, &c. I preferred a heap of faggots which went nearly to the roof, when pulling those that lay most backwards I piled them up before me till they reached the roof entirely. Here I waited about half-an-hour expecting the arrival of these guards every minute, but at last my hostess came and told me they were come to take up the young men that were not yet gone to the army and that there was no question at all of me. The rest of the day was very tedious, for though I was expecting my man back every hour, he did not come before eight at night. The orders for our imprisonment, he said, came neither from our Municipality nor District but somewhere higher. Our house was put into the keeping of the Municipalities. There were two guards at my door, two at the garden doors, two at the entrance from the farm, and many others. The doors had all been broken open and great quantities of meat and drink swallowed. Forty or fifty be saw lying in the farmyard unable to get up, many of them vomiting up the wine and meat they had gorged.

The French lay brothers were left but till the English that they found were conducted to Pont-a-Mousson, to be imprisoned with the suspected persons of the District in the College. Some others* besides myself had escaped out of the house, so that they had only taken Dauber, Barret, Johnson and Allan Till. Now I had not been quite

* Two English lay brothers escaped, one of whom William Sharrock Esq left an interesting account of his adventures, which we hope to publish later.

determined whether I would attempt getting out of the country or surrender myself prisoner. I saw the greatest difficulty to get away without a passport, as I was, for I knew a person could not go scarcely through a single village, where there was a Municipality, without being stopped and asked for his passport, and in case he had none he was sure to be shut up in some hole with a guard till an opportunity came of sending him to the next town. There he would be examined, and after lying a week or a fortnight in the dungeon, be sent to the Department or Tribunal; from where, if he could not give a good account of himself, and a reason that would satisfy his examiners why he was in the place he was found in, he might expect to be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris. If taken by the military upon the frontier, immediate death was the most likely. If you were allowed a trial, there was a plain decree which condemned you to the guillotine, as by it all foreigners taken within two leagues of the frontier were sentenced to that instrument.

The probability of succeeding in my attempt I thought small indeed, considering the distance I was from Germany, and my total ignorance of the country and the disposition of troops about the frontiers. In staying, it was true, I saw still greater danger to myself from the rage of the populace if the allied armies had success, from a mock trial, in a word from fifty things; but then, I thought, while I remain on the spot I might stand a better chance of saving our property, if ever the dispositions of the ruling powers should incline towards justice. I was sorry to leave a single companion without lending him what aid I could, and those that were seized were so much strangers to business and the world, that I thought they would do little for themselves or the preservation of our property though an occasion offered. These considerations were near determining me to remain, but my host begged me rather risk anything than stay, assuring me, from what he had heard, there was

the greatest appearance I should be brought to a capital trial, on account of the bells, church plate and furniture, a good deal of wheat, &c., which was expected to have been found in the house, and was not. I began to think there was more cowardice in remaining than in attempting the passage, so I resolved upon it. My host had already told me there was such threats against whoever should conceal any of us, that notwithstanding all his desire to serve me to his utmost, he was sure I should be too reasonable to expose him and his family any longer. Indeed, I found afterwards, the decree which had produced our imprisonment, passed on the 6th, condemned all who should conceal any foreigner, or any of his property, to twenty-years confinement in chains. I assured him I only meant to stay in his house till the inhabitants of his village were gone to bed. As he offered to lend me what money I chose to take, I took 300 livres in assignats and fifteen in money, having but fifteen in my pocket. About ten o'clock therefore I sallied forth intending to go to Surriere, about seven miles off, where I knew the Curate, though since the Revolution I had never seen him. I knew however he had conformed; nevertheless, I thought him honest enough not to betray me. About twelve o'clock I reached his home, where I had work enough to make myself known to his two old sisters who kept his house. At length however I was let in. They told me what continual terrors they were in because the people of their village had taken it into their heads they were aristocrats. They believed a single unguarded word would be enough to have their house pulled down about their ears. Unfortunately they were accused of having received into their house persons that were flying from the justice of their country. The noise of what had already passed at our house, I found, had reached them. I assured them I would be gone before daylight next morning, if they would allow me to throw myself a little

upon a bed. So, one was prepared, during which time I drank a glass of wine. They told me their brother was much concerned, but durst not know I was in the house. All this surprised me the more as I knew this gentleman and the whole family had been idolized in their parish even before the Revolution. For fear lest I should oversleep myself, the two sisters sat up the rest of the night and called me about four. They pressed me to take meat and drink as much as I would, but begged me to ease them of their anxiety, which I soon did. I had another river to get over, the Seille. I knew a village where there was a bridge over it, Porte sur Seille, but I did not like going through villages. However I thought I should there be out of the reach of the uproar which our business had made.

Between seven and eight, I arrived at this passage, having gone through the end of a village before, Manoncourt. All seemed very quiet at Porte-sur-Seille, so I thought I would call at a public house towards the latter end of the village, and get a bit of breakfast, which might make me less suspected. I had not been long in the public house before the mistress called me by my name. I asked her how she came to know me "Oh!" says she, "I know you very well, we take beer to sell from your brewery." Well, thought I, if I am so well known here it is time to be parting, otherwise, if the account of our disaster has reached this place I shall perhaps soon be receiving some disagreeable news of the Municipality. So I asked what there was to pay that I might be off. "Nothing," said she, "from you: when my husband goes to Dieulouard I suppose you will be so good as to let him have his breakfast." "Aye," said I, "that he may depend upon." "I know that," replied she, "he never complained of your house." This conversation passed in her house which was full of people, but, as I was going out, she followed me and asked if what she had

heard last night was true, that our house was seized, and all our people carried away to prison. "My husband," added she, "is gone this morning to Dieulouard to see what is the truth of it."

There were some people within hearing and who listened I observed, very attentively.

I told her it was really true our house was seized upon, as I imagined, to examine our papers; but as soon as that was over I had no doubt we should be allowed to return into it, as I knew they would find nothing that could give umbrage. They then asked me what brought me to their village. I answered: that as I could not be in our own house, I meant to go to different friends' houses till the examination was over, which I hoped would not be long. All seemed concerned and some exclaimed "Mon Dieu!" Mon Dieu! en quel état nous sommes!" The good woman offered me her house to stay in till all this bustle was over—her name was Veibatte—but I thanked her, and made the best of my way off, enquiring for a village I never meant to go to.

I could not help remarking the difference between the spirit which prevails in the public of France and that which influences each particular that I had the fortune to meet with. While the one seemed to breathe nothing but barbarity and horrors, the other, I must say, was all humanity and the moral virtues, directed by social feelings. But the misfortune is that virtue is timid, and vice daring.

(To be continued.)

Notices of Books.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BENEDICT, abridged and arranged by O.S.B., From the German of the Very Rev. P. PETER LECHNER, late Prior of the Abbey of Scheyern in Bavaria, London, Burns and Oates, 5/-

A noticeable and sympathetic article on St. Francis of Assisi, in a recent issue of the *Spectator*, makes a statement which, with some truth in it, is not wholly correct. We quote it because, if it is true of St. Francis, it should be more true of St. Benedict. He says: "an ecclesiastic, in the proper sense of the word, St. Francis never was. The whole monkish institution in Western Europe was originally secular, its objects were largely secular, its fundamental aim being to found a new social order when the old Roman society had fallen in pieces. It was only after a long interval had elapsed that the Papacy incorporated the monastic system into the Church, and in the meanwhile the monks had found the ecclesiastics among their most bitter foes." St. Benedict was even less 'an ecclesiastic,' in the sense of the writer of the article, than St. Francis, and he lived in days when a monk was more of a novelty in Western Europe. But it is quite misleading to think of monasticism, even in St. Benedict's time, as 'secular,' and unauthorised or unincorporated by the Church. From the very beginning anchorites and monks, even those of the Egyptian desert, were as strictly an institution of the Church, and as overtly sanctioned by the Church, as the Franciscan Order of the present day. The fact that they were not in Orders did not make them any the less 'ecclesiastical,' and a recognized part of the Church. They acknowledged an obligation of filial obedience to the bishop,

and they held themselves to be, and wished themselves to be, as a race apart, 'a holy people,' cut off from the world, and therefore essentially a part of the ecclesiastical system, rather than of the social system. Their fundamental aim was not to found a 'new social order,' or any order at all; the fundamental aim of the monk and monachism was individual sanctification—the hearing and obeying the call to be perfect: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come, follow Me."

What is true in this statement of the writer, and what has struck him as most notable in the history of St. Francis, is that the initiative of a great monastic movement should have come from the impulse and inspiration of a layman and not of an ecclesiastic. But it was the same in the history of St. Benedict, the same again, not so evidently, perhaps, but truly, in the history of St. Ignatius. The beginning of all the great monastic orders has been God's vocation to a single human soul, and either because the fire of Divine love, thus kindled, burnt so fiercely, or because it found inflammable material within its reach and was fanned and directed by the winds of heaven, it had a living force and fierceness which leaped over obstacles and would not be restrained. That this vocation came to a layman rather than to an ecclesiastic is nothing very wonderful. The monastic life was not, and is not, a higher and more perfect development of the secular priesthood. Moreover the spirit breatheth where it will, and nothing in the history of the Church since the days of our Lord has been so directly and manifestly the work of God as the foundation of a great Religious Order.

However the story of St. Benedict's life and work is told, this truth stands out clearly. He did the good work that came to his hands faithfully and fearlessly, and the result he left in the hands of God. As God willed it, he became the founder of the greatest Religious Order the western world has seen, but he never planned or hoped

for such an achievement; he had no thought beyond the immediate, daily accomplishment of the Divine Will. The true heroism of St. Benedict, and St. Francis, and of the great Saints who have done a lasting work in the world was the blind, unthinking obedience and simple Faith which made them perfect instruments in the hands of the All-wise God.

Dom Peter Lechner's life of St. Benedict will be known to some of our readers, but this translation, we hope, will make it more widely known. As a life, it is, as it ought to be, little more than a paraphrase of that in the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory the Great. But the writer has added useful chapters of contemporary history. Much of this history has little direct relation to so circumscribed a story as that of St. Benedict and his monasteries in the hills of southern Italy; but it has its value as a framework of the picture. Indeed we should have liked the author to have given us a great deal more history and discussion. The Christian archaeologist and historian should be able to throw light on a multitude of questions which the *Dialogues* of Pope Gregory have left unanswered. It should be possible, for instance, to tell us something more of the life of a student in Rome than we can gather from the few words of the *Dialogue*; it would be interesting also to have some definite idea of the saints and anchorites, whose heroic histories are likely to have influenced the youthful mind of the Saint. A great deal more might have been told us of the monks and monachism in Italy before and after St. Benedict's times, and indeed the author would not have needed to apologize, if the historical portion of his book had been on a much larger scale. But, as it is, it is an eminently readable life of one of the greatest and most interesting characters in the history of the Church, and the translators and printer have done their work well.

MAGISTER ADEST, OR WHO IS LIKE UNTO GOD, with a Preface by the Rev. CHARLES BLOUNT, S.J. London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.—3s. net.

There has lately appeared a new book of Meditations by one of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, East Finchley. In some ways it is a new venture. It altogether departs from the stereotyped forms of 'points' and 'considerations.' It consists almost entirely of texts gathered together from the Old Testament and arranged to illustrate particular subjects. Here and there are inserted verses from some Liturgical or other hymns, and in the margin are sometimes given brief suggestions to help to direct us in the applications of the texts. The book, while it stimulates thought and feeling, leaves the mind free to work its own way. Mental effort is required, but interest and attention are aroused; and there is that fecundity, and grace to move the will, which in a special manner belongs to words inspired by the Holy Ghost. We know how quick to touch us are certain passages from the Sacred Scriptures when applied to Christ suffering for us, or to His tender love for us—passages for example from the Psalms or Isaia's or the Canticle of Canticles. The more we are familiar with the Sacred Writings the more we shall recognize this, and texts gathered together to illustrate such themes as Bethlehem, or Calvary, the Blessed Eucharist, or the Virgin Mary cannot but be the richest spring of prayerful acts.

It is not fair to take the book up casually and put it down after inspection with the idea that it is enigmatical and barren. Take a familiar theme such as Calvary, spend half an hour in God's presence quietly reading text after text; the mind will become engrossed and the heart stirred and the helpfulness of the book will become apparent. Moreover unlike ordinary meditation books you will not

exhaust it. The more familiar you grow with the texts, the more readily will they yield their fruit.

The book is elaborately edited and there are numerous pictures. These form an integral part of it and are to effectively help us in our prayer. The marginal notes too are important. If they were more frequent I think it would add to the usefulness of the book. The title 'Magister Adest' may be taken to mean that herein we shall find the fair form and beautiful teaching of Christ. For His life is represented in its different phases through Advent and Christmas time; the Hidden life, and Public life; in the mysteries of Calvary, of the Resurrection and Pentecost; in the Blessed Eucharist; and in the Virgin Mary. Or we might perhaps take 'Magister Adest' to mean that the Holy Spirit is in the book, is in the inspired texts, and He is to teach us as we read. St. Benedict uses the word 'Magister' in this sense. "Ausculta, o fili, præcepta Magistri."

For religious and priests and all whose opportunities have made the Sacred Scriptures familiar to them, this Meditation book ought to be a great help. We need help in our mental prayer, and such a book is welcome as it is the desideratum of many souls.

I give a specimen, chosen rather because of its brevity than anything else, and I have still somewhat abbreviated it. It is on the Souls in Purgatory.

OUR LADY OF SUFFRAGE.

Ante thronum Trinitatis
 Misericorum miserata
 Pia Mater Pietatis
 Sis pro nobis advocata
 Causam nostram paupertatis
 Coram Deo sustine,
 Et veniam de peccatis
 Servis tuis obtine.

Our Lady reminding us to pray for the Holy Souls
 Let them that dwell about Sion come and remember the captivity of my sons and daughters: which the Eternal hath brought upon them. Let the sighing of the prisoner come in before thee.

In life. After Judgment:
 For I nourished them with joy; but I sent them away with weeping and mourning. Let the sighing of the prisoners come in before thee.

Our Lady pleading with her Divine Son for the Holy Souls
 Forgive I beseech Thee, the sins of this people according to the greatness of Thy mercy. And the Lord said, I have forgiven according to thy word, for I must not turn away thy face.

Our Lady visiting the Holy Souls
 Be of good comfort my children; for I sent you forth with mourning and weeping; but the Lord will bring you back to me with joy and gladness for ever.

My children suffer patiently the wrath that is come upon you. For he that hath brought evils upon you shall bring you everlasting joy again with your salvation.

Angels bringing Holy Souls after their Purgatory
 Arise look about thee and behold the joy that cometh to thee from God. For behold thy children come whom thou sentest away. They come at the word of the Holy One rejoicing for the honour of God.

A MARTYR OF OLD YORK, BY J. B. MILBURN. London, Burns and Oates.

This little book is prettily got up in the style and appearance of the first cardboard-bound numbers of the *Domino*. It is, as the sub-title states "a narrative of the life and sufferings of the Venerable Margaret Clitheroe," and as such should be of special interest to Yorkshire Catholics. Mr. Milburn has gathered a good deal of interesting information, and has been able to give a very satisfactory history of a martyr, who was the obscure, but noble-minded and heroic, wife of a York tradesman. The husband is a character we have had a difficulty in making up our mind about. Mr. Milburn judges him to have been an easy-going, good-natured sort of man—"liberal of

tongue among the pots"—a kind husband, but devoted too much to the cares of business and home. Nevertheless, it seems to us doubtful whether it was the desire of advancement, an unwillingness to risk his neck, unbelief, conviction, indifference, or mere fickleness which makes him appear as neither Catholic nor Protestant a conformer who paid his fines as a Catholic and concealed priests in house, devoted to his wife, but apparently indifferent to the Faith for which she laid down her life. An easy-going, good-natured man would, we should have thought, have given himself up wholly to the guidance of the noble and strong-willed woman who ruled his household, but John Clitheroe's undoubted love and trust and admiration of his wife failed to inspire him either with faith enough or with courage enough to stand with her in her trouble. Margaret Clitheroe's last days are told well and fully in Mr. Milburn's book, and we leave the reader to read there how this brave woman was almost twice a martyr,—not only giving up her life for her religion, but choosing the most terrible of deaths, the *perne forte et dure*, a slow crushing out of life by weights pressing upon the body, in order to save her children and household from the distress and shame they would feel in being compelled to bear witness against her.

The College Diary.

Sept. 13.—The majority of the school returned on this date, after seven weeks holiday. We notice the following new faces amongst us.—Dunstan and Cuthbert Anderton, Haughton, Preston; Charles and Geoffrey Preston, Lincoln; Austin Hines, Sunderland; Alphonse Rosenthal, Birkenhead; Patrick and John Smith, Glasgow; Victor Giglio, Alexandria; Ernest Curran, York; Philip Bentley, Leeds; William Hill, Gainsborough; Albert Reddy, Southport; Cyril Croskell, York; Leonard Rigby, Manchester.

We were sorry to lose Fr. Stephen Dawes, who has gone as chaplain to the forces in South Africa.

The following is a list of boys who left at midsummer: R. Dawson, J. McCann, Arthur Gateley, G. Fishwick, W. Dowling, C. Martin, G. Lambert, F. Birmingham, J. Westhead, José Telfener, F. Rabel, Henry Owen, Charles Croskell, P. Higgins, J. Walsh, Wilfrid Hodgson. We offer our congratulations to R. Dawson, J. McCann and W. Dowling who have entered their noviciate.

H. Pike and T. Shepherd came as postulants.

Sept. 15. Election of captain by the school. J. Pike obtained the majority of votes and accepted the post. The following are his assistants in the government:—

Hon. Sec.	- - - -	- R. B. Wood
Librarian of Upper Library	- - - -	C. de Normanville
Officemen	- - - -	{ T. Preston F. Dawson
Commonmen	- - - -	{ W. Lambert H. Byrne
Clothesman	- - - -	- F. Quinn
Gasmen	- - - -	{ J. Punch S. Punch
Collegemen	- - - -	{ C. Primavesi E. Cory T. Ibbotson
Librarian of Lower Library	- - - -	- D. Traynor

Vigilarii of Lower Library.	{ R. Dowling D. McCormack
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	- E. Crean
Vigilarii " "	{ W. Williams C. Marwood
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	{ Rochester Smith P. Bentley

The following football committee was chosen:—J. Pike, F. Dawson, F. Quinn, R. Wood.

Captain of 1st XI.	- - -	- F. Dawson
" " 2nd XI.	- - -	- H. A. W. Folding
Captains of football sets:—		
1st set.	- - - -	{ J. Pike F. Dawson
2nd set.	- - - -	{ H. de Normanville D. McCormack
3rd set.	- - - -	{ M. Martin B. Rochford
4th set.	- - - -	{ W. Fitzgerald L. Burn
5th set.	- - - -	{ A. Primavesi L. Dees

We were glad to see R. Giglio again. He stayed with us for a few days.

Sept. 10. We played the Religious at Rounders. Although we were ahead on the first innings, the superb hitting of Br. Maurus and Br. Placid brought victory to the community by six rounders.

Sept. 18. Rounders match: Lancashire v. The World. It was a thoroughly enjoyable game, and ended in a total defeat of the 'Red Roses.'

Sept. 27. All were looking forward with eagerness to the commencement of the football season, and in spite of the very threatening appearance of the weather, we commenced on this date.

Sept. 20. High Mass, during which the solemn profession of Br. Wilfrid Willson, Br. Joseph Dawson, and Br. Lawrence Buggins took place. We offer them our hearty congratulations.

Oct. 1. For the first time in the annals of Ampleforth all the

priests from the missions with only one or two exceptions assembled at the Abbey for the election of the Abbot.

Oct. 3. Play was given for the election. At mid-day we received the welcome news that the Prior had been elected Abbot. Some of the upper boys spent the morning in collecting materials for a bonfire which was organized by Mr. P. Heywood, Mr. W. Byrne and Mr. Taylor. There was football in the afternoon. In the evening the newly elected Abbot did us the honour of lighting the bonfire himself amidst great enthusiasm.

Oct. 4. There was play all day. Football in the morning. Very wet in the afternoon, but most of the upper boys went for walks in spite of the rain.

Oct. 5. Play was given for the Abbot. A good game in the morning; but we were again disappointed with wet weather in the afternoon.

Oct. 6. Fr. Wilson, the late Subprior left us. We were sorry to lose one who was so interested in everything connected with the school, and especially in our literary debates. We also lost our old prefect, Fr. Anselm Turner, who we were pleased to hear, was raised to the dignity of Prior. We take this opportunity of thanking him on behalf of the school for the earnest and unselfish way in which he worked for the interests of the boys. Fr. Austin Hind is now Subprior and Rector of the College; Fr. Bernard Hayes first prefect, with Fr. Basil Primavesi, and Br. Lawrence Buggins second and third prefects.

Oct. 9. Football-match with the community. After a rather uninteresting game it ended with the score 6-0 in favour of the boys.

Oct. 11. Departure of Fr. Edmund Matthews and W. Byrne for Oxford. They took with them Br. Placid Dolan. We wish him every success.

Oct. 16. Mr. Keeley went up to Liverpool for his exam. We offer him our hearty congratulations on having obtained his degree.

Oct. 24. We witnessed to-day probably the most imposing ceremony which has ever taken place at Ampleforth. The Abbot, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Gasquet Abbot-President, and the Right Rev. P. W. Raynal the Cathedral Prior of Newport, was solemnly blessed by the Bishop of the diocese.

Walks in the afternoon, as the ground was unfit for football.

Oct. 25. Br. Wilfrid Willson, and Br. Joseph Dawson left for Rome.

Oct. 26 and 27. The boys' retreat, given by Fr. Bernard Hayes the new prefect.

Oct. 28. Fr. Benedict McLaughlin started a Botanical Society with a most interesting lecture in the Upper Library.

Oct. 29. Hockey was introduced for the first time at Ampleforth. We hope it will be a good game for short afternoons and play-day mornings. There was great enthusiasm shown, but chiefly owing to the lack of a dry field progress has been slow.

Nov. 1.—All Saints. The Hon. Nigel Stourton paid us a visit. Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Fr. Abbot. After Mass the Rhetoric class enjoyed a walk with Fr. Benedict over the moors to Kievaux, coming back through Lord Feversham's park. Hockey and walks in the morning; football in the afternoon.

Nov. 2. Fr. Abbot started for Rome to attend the consecration of St. Anselm's, at which all the Benedictine abbots were present.

Nov. 3. A visit from Mr. E. Forster.

Nov. 4. A most interesting botanical lecture by Fr. Benedict. He chose for his subject the distinctive features of the most common trees.

Nov. 5. The Religious commenced their Retreat, given by Fr. Vincent Wilson, O.S.B.

Nov. 8. Mr. V. Gosling returned as a postulant.

Nov. 11. Fr. Benedict's second lecture. This time it was on the scattering of seeds.

Nov. 12. Fr. Fishwick came to make his Retreat.

Nov. 13. *All Monks.* Fr. Prior celebrated High Mass. The traditional goose was enjoyed by everyone. Football in the morning; walks in the afternoon. In the evening, Fr. Rector entertained us with a magic lantern display. The chief subjects were interesting views of South Africa, and the old amusing story of the three-feathered crow; one which needs no telling.

Nov. 14. Fr. Summer came up for Retreat.

Nov. 17. Football match *v.* Ampleforth village. Good goal shooting practice was indulged in by the XI, who had little else to do. Result 16-0 in our favour.

Nov. 18. Fr. Austin Hind once more started our Debating Society. He spoke a few words about the object and advantages of

such debates. T. Preston then read a paper proving the injustice of Henry VIII in dissolving the monasteries. He was opposed by J. Pike.

Nov. 19. Fr. Hutchison and Fr. Firth came up for their Retreat.

Nov. 21. Our first XI played Bootham School at home. The visitors had lost many of their old team, and we beat them 14-0. F. Dawson and F. Quinn are in their usual excellent form again this year. In fact we have a very good team, it being the same as last year with the exceptions of A. Gateley our veteran goalkeeper, and J. Westhead, whose places are filled by H. Byrne and R. Roche.

Nov. 22. *St. Cecilia's Day*. Match against Pocklington, away. Owing to violent exertion on the preceding day W. Lambert was unable to play. His place was supplied by C. de Normanville, but his absence greatly affected the combination of the forwards. From a foul, close in goal, they scored; and though we pressed heavily in the second half, the magnificent play of our opponents' backs prevented us from obtaining the desired points; and the game ended in a hard fought victory for Pocklington, the score being 1-0.

We are pleased to say, however, that the second XI balanced this defeat by a brilliant victory, at home, over Pocklington second XI winning by six to one. H. Polding, J. Nevill, and A. Jackson distinguished themselves.

Although it rained nearly all day, the choir and band walked to Gormire. In the evening we were treated to an impromptu concert. Fr. Denis Firth, Fr. Basil Primavesi, and Fr. Cuthbert Jackson were the chief vocalists, and Herr Trier, H. Byrne, G. Oberhoffer, the instrumentalists. At 8-30 p.m. the band and choir assembled for the usual punch.

Nov. 23. Fr. Bede opened an Archaeological Society.

Nov. 25. A most interesting paper on Gothic Architecture was read by Fr. Cuthbert. The second debate in the Upper Library on the relations between Charles I and the Parliament.

Nov. 26. Fr. Philip Willson came up for his Retreat. We were glad to see our old choir-master once more.

Nov. 30. Fr. Benedict favoured us with a very instructive paper on the elements of geology.

Dec. 2. Fr. Benedict's third botanical lecture.

Dec. 5. Return match v. Pocklington. The ground was in a very bad condition, but it was a most exciting game. We found we had opponents who were certainly our equals, and this time the game resulted in a draw—one all.

Dec. 7. Br. Elphege introduced to us another branch of Archaeology, reading a most interesting paper on Heraldry. Fr. Abbot, Fr. Prior, and many of the religious were present.

Dec. 8. Match v. Bootham school at Scarborough. In the first half, although the wind was in our favour, we only managed to score two goals, one of which was gained by a very fine shot from F. Dawson. In the second half we again scored twice; thus gaining a victory by four goals to one. T. Preston played a very good game.

Dec. 8. The second XI at home managed to beat their opponents, Bootham second XI, by four goals to three. It was a good game. J. Rochford, O. Williams, and A. Jackson shot the goals.

Dec. 10. Mr. Fay left us. We shall miss him, both as an interesting class-master, and as the leading spirit in all our musical entertainments.

Before closing the Diary, we must thank Mr. Robinson for the energetic manner in which he has helped us in every way, and for his unwearying interest in everything connected with the school. He has taken under his guidance a Photographic Society, which has been formed this term, and for which a dark room has been fitted up.

J. C. PIKE.
R. B. WOOD.

Literary Debates.

Junior Library.

The first meeting assembled in the Junior Library on Nov. 11th. Mr. D. Traynor read an interesting paper upon 'Palmyra.' He described the city in the days of its glory, and gave a sketch of the life of Zenobia its Queen. He showed us also how it came about that a civilization could ever have arisen in a land which is mere barren desert. Palmyra was situated upon the direct caravan route to the East, and just as seaport towns gain their wealth by the merchandise of the sea, so did Palmyra, like a port in the sea of sand, rise to prominence and wealth by these caravans. In the train of wealth came art to beautify the city and to make it rival even Imperial Rome.

The lecture was one of great interest and to most of the members present it was a new page of history.

On Nov. 18th, Fr. Bernard gave a lecture upon the origin of the Greeks, their gods and heroes.

On Nov. 25th, we had an interesting debate upon an assertion of Mr. Chamberlain's, that "the Press System, in its present form, is more harmful to mankind than beneficial."

Mr. Chamberlain opened the Debate with an able speech. He dwelt at length upon the evil influence of the Press upon Education. The following extract from his speech will show the standpoint from which he argued. "Before the Press came into prominence, men were not *held* everything, but they had to find things out for themselves. The result of this was that to thoroughly understand a matter, it had to be studied hard and long; its various meanings had to be discovered by the ingenuity of the learner's brain, and hence, in the same way as the body is made supple and strong by exercise, and the harder the exercise the more strength imparted, so men's minds, by constant exercise became strong and independent; not like the present-day man, whose reading consists in glancing over the latest news and reviews without any serious effort of the brain, and whose thinking is done for him in the newspaper office."

Mr. Traynor, in reply, dwelt upon the educational value of the Press, at least in business matters. He showed how it affected commerce. It gave information about the state of the market, etc.

There were many speakers on both sides, and the debating was brisk and sensible. The voting at the close was equal; Twenty one for the Motion, Twenty one against the Motion.

On Dec. 2nd, Mr. Kevill defended the following proposition: "That the American colonies were right in severing their connection with England." Messrs. Kevill, Mc Cormack, and Dowling were the chief speakers for the motion. They dwelt upon the fact that there should be no taxation where there is no Representation. The English Parliament had indeed, by Charter, rights to certain customs duties. But when they extended these duties and, still more, when they claimed the right to tax the country itself, they were transgressing the rights of the colonists.

The colonists were quite willing to pay their share of the war debt incurred by England on their behalf. But they insisted that the local parliament should demand tax, and not the home government.

Against the Motion Mr. J. Quinn was the chief speaker. He pointed out that in all the dealings of America with England one could see that they were aiming, not for a repeal of grievances, but for independence. As an example of this duplicity Mr. Calder Smith spoke of the Council of Boston which armed its citizens as if against France, when in reality it was against England.

Mr. Quinn pointed out that the war debt of £140,000,000 incurred mostly in relieving America, had to be reduced. Grenville took this in hand. He considered it necessary to increase the taxation. His requests to the local Parliaments for money were neglected and of no avail, and therefore the Stamp Act was passed.

Moreover the act was repealed under Rockingham, and therefore was not really the cause of the war. The Americans saw that England was no longer necessary for them, and therefore they threw off her yoke. A French Politician once said truly, that if the power of France was destroyed in N. America, England would lose the United States. The debate was very animated. The question had been well prepared by both sides and the members seemed to be convinced of the truth of their views.

For the Motion twenty-four; against the Motion fourteen.

Senior Library.

1st Meeting. Sunday, Nov. 18th. The chairman, Fr. Austin Hind, accompanied by Fr. Benedict McLaughlin and Mr. Paco Heywood, opened the first meeting of the term at 7.45 p.m. The subject of debate was, "Can the Suppression of the Monasteries in England by Henry VIII be in any way justified?"

After explaining the objects of the Debating Society, the Reverend President gave a short history of the Suppression. Mr. Preston then arose, and read a very vigorous, and interesting paper on the subject. He began by asking "Was there any justification for the dissolution of the monasteries?" To which question, he assured us, there was only one answer, and that was an emphatic "No." He pointed out the extravagance of Henry VIII, and his need for money, and how Thomas Cromwell, envious of the great wealth of the monasteries, suggested the idea of their suppression to his master. He then described the commissioners appointed by Henry to enquire into the state of the Religious Houses, and gave us the impression that they were not very noble characters. The disgraceful reports which they drew up concerning the virtue of the religious orders were altogether false. The supposed unpopularity of the monks, Mr. Preston continued, was another untruth; for how could they have had so much influence with the people if it were the case. Henry did not put the money, thus obtained, to any useful purpose,—such as building colleges and public institutions, as he had promised to do; but seized for himself all the valuable plate and jewels, and squandered the confiscated lands and property on his courtiers. Besides this, the acts of vandalism, performed by the suppressors, were altogether inexcusable. The suppression of the monasteries has left its woeful traces even till this day, as the workhouses, "poor laws" and suchlike testify. Mr. Preston concluded his very able paper by stating that, morally, the dissolution was one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell the English nation.

Mr. J. Pike then arose. He began his subject by saying that it was with diffidence he opposed Mr. Preston's arguments; especially as the present Catholic assembly had very high ideas of Monasticism; but he would endeavour to lay before the House a

few facts, which, if they did not justify the dissolution, would at least, excuse it to some extent and throw light on the reasons for the suppression of some of the Religious Houses. He explained that the great power which was in the hands of the Abbots was sometimes abused, and that Henry, unlike his predecessors, had thought it fit to enquire into the state of the Religious communities. Some of the monasteries, where formerly, perhaps, two hundred monks had lived, were occupied by only a dozen or so Religious who wished to keep everything to themselves, admitting no novices. The New Learning which at that time was spreading over Europe was sadly neglected in England owing to the inclination of the religious students to adhere to the traditions of long-forgotten masters. In concluding his paper, Mr. Pike said: "The last and pleasantest consideration I would bring before you is that "out of evil cometh good," and that the Orders, strengthened by sufferings and endeared by exile, have come back to us to be what they were to our forefathers in their best days. Not one of you, may his opinion be with me or against me, but will join with me in our expression of gratitude to those monastic institutions, whose glory and ability were, at the worst, only dimmed by the imperfections inherent in the human administration of even the worthiest works."

Mr. Pike sat down amid great applause. Fr. Benedict McLaughlin and Mr. Paco Heywood, without taking part in the discussion, gave us some facts which had not been noticed. The Reverend President in summing up, said that he did not wish to put a question so intensely Catholic to the votes of the House, and the meeting concluded at 8.30 with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

2nd Meeting. Sunday, Nov. 25th. The Rev. President opened the second meeting of the Society at 7.45 p.m. He was accompanied by Frs. Bede Turner and Benedict McLaughlin, Mr. Paco Heywood and Mr. V. S. Gosling. The subject for debate was "Charles I and the Parliament." Mr. R. B. Wood read a very sound and convincing paper in favour of the Roundheads, which was ably answered by M. H. A. W. Polding, who seems to have won the majority of the house by the fervid way in which he eulogised the virtues of the unfortunate Charles, and condemned the action of Cromwell and his partizans in putting him to death. The

amount of interest taken by the House in this debate was remarkable and was very gratifying to all interested in the welfare of the Debating Society.

Mr. R. B. Wood, who first rose, read his paper with a clearness and confidence that was much appreciated by his listeners. He began his subject by defending the character of Oliver Cromwell, saying that it was customary to reproach him with dissimulation and ambition, whereas it would be more correct to look upon him as one of strong principles and prejudices, carried away by a desire to benefit his fellow-countrymen. He sketched concisely, but fully, the history of the struggle between the King and Parliament. Charles I had come to the throne imbued with the idea of the Divine Right of Kings, and thought that he could rule independently of the Commons; a state of affairs which the people could never tolerate. He dissolved his parliaments when they disagreed with him, and refused to hear petitions for redress of grievances,—thus acting as an absolute monarch. Never before had the Constitution been so outraged as during the eleven years in which Charles ruled without a parliament. But he met his match, Mr. Wood continued, in such men as Hampden and Cromwell, members of the "Long Parliament," which he was forced to summon in 1640. These men, backed up by the nation, determined to put themselves to the task of repressing a power, which seemed for so long a time to have levelled every opposition to its despotic sway. Having thus given, in brief, a history of the struggle, Mr. Wood went on to prove that Cromwell was, to use Macaulay's words, "a great statesman, a great soldier and a true lover of his country." He (Mr. Wood) maintained that Cromwell's military despotism was the only possible form of government under the circumstances; the Cromwellians were far from regarding their position as revolutionary; and since the establishment of the commonwealth their proceedings were, substantially, in vindication of the rights of the country to representation and self-government. It was during Cromwell's protectorship that Blake gained his victories, internal improvements, such as the Post Office and Banks were introduced, and England was raised from the position of a second-class power to be the leading maritime nation of the world: which facts would amply prove, Mr. Wood concluded, that Cromwell ruled England wisely and well.

Mr. H. A. W. Polding now arose, and condemned strongly the action of the Parliament and the execution of Charles; he endeavoured to prove that Charles had yielded to the just demands of the Parliament as far as was in accordance with reason and prudence. Did he not send Strafford to the block in compliance with their wishes? Men had often risen against cruelty, fraud and rapine, but never before had concessions met with such importunities nor such graciousness with insults. Elizabeth and James I had ruled in almost the same way, yet they are not accounted tyrannical. Mr. Polding thought Charles was a victim of unhappy circumstances, over which he himself had no control. He looked upon the execution as regicide, denying the right of subjects in such a case as this to try their sovereign. The hatred with which the nation regarded Cromwell was sufficiently demonstrated by the enthusiasm with which they welcomed Charles II. The speaker sat down amid great applause. Several short speeches were then made. Conspicuous among the speakers were Messrs. G. McDermott, W. J. Lambert and H. Byrne.

In the voting, the supporters of Mr. Polding gained an overwhelming majority. The meeting was brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

T. H. H.

Notes.

INSTEAD of commencing these notes by blowing our own particular trumpet, according to correct editorial custom, we would like to bid, what Shakespeare might call 'the general trumpet' sound its loudest and joyfullest flourish, to acclaim the birth of the new Abbey of St. Lawrence. It was a happy and pleasant meeting, that which is recorded on the first page of its history. No one living has ever seen, and perhaps no one living will ever have the happiness to witness again such a gathering of brethren, brothers in religion and brothers in family affection and one-hearted devotion to their gracious mother the Alma Mater, who, in the words of the ode, "never dies" and has, in the truest sense, renewed her youth, transformed from an old Priory into a young Abbey.

Of the sons of Ampleforth all were there except three who were in foreign lands and three who were unfortunately unable to be present. What took place at the meeting is so well known to all readers of the Journal that there is no need for us to recount it. Nor would it be becoming in us to make any comment on the Election or the Chapter-meeting. Fr. President knows that his presence among us was a pleasure to us. And our Father Abbot has the certainty that we, who have chosen him as our Father, have given him our full confidence and affection and sympathy, and hope, by our loyalty and obedience, to lighten the burthen of responsibility he has taken upon his shoulders at our desire.

The arrangements and accommodation were admirable. This 'mobilization,' as we may call it, of the entire fighting strength of the Laurentian 'commando' seemed to cause no real inconvenience. Some of us were no chickens, but we all found comfortable shelter under the maternal wings.

The following appeared in the *Times*, Oct. 27th, 1900.

AMPLEFORTH ABBEY.

BLESSING OF THE FIRST ABBOT.

The election of the first Abbot of Ampleforth, which took place on Oct. 3rd, has been speedily followed by his Benediction at the

hands of the Bishop of the Diocese, for although Benedictine Abbots enjoy the full privileges of their rank apart from the ceremony, yet it was the express wish of the Holy See that the superiors of the newly-elected abbeys should receive Solemn Episcopal Benediction. The ritual of blessing an Abbot is a striking and imposing function following very closely the lines of the consecration of a Bishop, with the omission of the sacred unction. In the case of the Abbot of Ampleforth, the Bishop of Middlesbro' conferred the Benediction, the assistant prelates being Dr. Gasquet, President of the English Benedictines, titular Abbot of Reading, and Fr. Raynal, the mitred Cathedral Prior of Newport. Fr. Oswald Smith, who has now, by the suffrages of his brethren, been called to the abbatial office, received the monastic habit at Belmont some twenty-eight years ago. After going through his novitiate and early ecclesiastical studies, he returned to Ampleforth, where he was ordained priest, and where he filled the offices of Prefect of Studies and Discipline. After some years he went back to Belmont as Professor of Philosophy, became a canon of Newport and Menevia, and during this period found time to go to Rome and take his doctorate in Philosophy at the Gregorian University. Chosen to the Priorship of his monastery in January, 1898, he now receives a final proof of his brethren's confidence in his election as first Abbot of Ampleforth; and he has the distinction of being the first English Benedictine Abbot to receive Solemn Episcopal Benediction since Feckenham was installed in Westminster under Queen Mary. His election and that of his brother Abbots is further interesting as marking the restoration of the monastic hierarchy in England, which thus comes into existence at the bidding of the Holy See just fifty years after the restoration of the Episcopal Hierarchy. The Benediction took place at Ampleforth in the Abbey Church on Wednesday, October 24th, the Feast of the Archangel St. Raphael. Many missionary Fathers of the community and a few other guests were present at the ceremony:—Provost Dawson the Very Revs. Canons Wood and Watson, and Fathers Swarbrick, David Smith, and Bernard Kelly; and of the Benedictines: Prior Prest, Fathers Wilson, Borge, Barnett, Cummins, Hickey, Hutchison, Darby, Fishwick and Wray. After the ceremony Abbot Smith was the recipient of many congratulations.

The Very Rev. Fr. Prest, whose single-minded devotion to

Ampleforth is so well-known, was nominated by the general conventual chapter to the titular abbacy of St. Mary's, York. This has yet to be confirmed by the general chapter of the Congregation. The general chapter has been summoned by Fr. President to meet at St. Gregory's Downside on the 4th of February, 1901. Fr. Ildelfons Cammins has been chosen by the Ampleforth 'familia' to attend the chapter as its deputy.

The election of the Abbot naturally brought with it a revision of the officials of the Abbey. Fr. Anselm Turner has been appointed Prior; Fr. Austin Hind, Sub-prior and Rector of the College; Fr. Bernard Hayes, Prefect; and Fr. Oswald Swarbreck, Cellerarius—Fr. Anselm Wilson left the monastery for St. Peter's, Seel Street and Fr. Wilfrid Darby for St. Anne's Liverpool, they bear with them every good wish from those with whom they have lived so long.

Other missionary appointments are:—Fr. Maurus Carew to St. Peter's, Seel St.; Fr. Hilary Willson to St. Anne's, Liverpool; Fr. Wilfrid Baines to St. Mary's and Fr. Bernard Gibbons to St. Alban's Warrington; Fr. Philip Willson to Browndedge; Fr. Aelred Clarke to Merthyr, Fr. Maurus Lincan to Dowlais, Fr. Bede Folding to Canton, South Wales; and Fr. Clement Standish to Workington.

We have nothing special to record of the Exhibition last Midsummer beyond the fact that everything passed off to everybody's satisfaction. Many who are beginning to think themselves middle-aged men now will be unable to remember the time when Bishop Hedley was not there to speak some wise words at the Distribution of Prizes. Mr. Fay had prepared "The Gondoliers" as an entertainment for the evening. It was brightly and intelligently performed, Dominic Traynor, the Duchess of Plaza-Toro, especially distinguishing himself.

The following is the detailed Report of the Oxford Examiners as read by Father Prior at the Exhibition.

*To the Delegates of Local Examinations, Oxford,
Gentlemen,*

I have the honour to report that I have this year examined the pupils of Ampleforth College, York.

To take the lowest Divisions first and to begin with the most elementary work. The Dictation was extremely satisfactory; spelling and handwriting both were good. The beginning of the English History paper was well done, but there was a falling off in the later questions, though Croskell maintained a standard of excellence throughout. In English Grammar the construction of sentences was good, and some of the boys paraphrased two stanzas of Hohenliuden with much intelligence. The English Composition was uniformly well done, there being only one or two boys who at all failed to grasp and reproduce the spirit and details of the anecdote which had been read out to them. The answers in Geography were fairly satisfactory, the knowledge of Scotland in particular being at least as great as that possessed by far older boys. The two languages papers—the most important part of this examination and that which receives the highest marks—revealed a good deal of promise. The set books in French were known best, and grammar in both French and Latin had evidently been carefully taught. There was little to choose between the first half dozen in French, but in Latin Hesketh was decidedly the best.

Among the Junior Candidates the standard of last year was well maintained in Dictation. In English Grammar the rules had been mastered and the parsing was distinctly good. In English History the knowledge of the personal references was excellent, and was not limited to any portion of the period. In the Shakespeare paper the knowledge of the text of "As you like it" was very sound and thorough, the meaning of words and of allusions and the source of quotations were extremely well known, and this knowledge was well spread through nearly the whole class, though I was most pleased with the work of Williams and De Normanville. In the English Essay a choice of subjects was allowed between "England's Naval Power" and "The effect upon England of the Introduction of Railways." Most of the candidates chose the former, and their patriotic tone left nothing to be desired. In Latin the Caesar had been carefully studied and there was an obvious effort both in this book and in the *Vigil* to turn the Latin into good English. Byrne, Williams and Smith obtained the most satisfactory results; and the two first named also achieved most distinction in Junior Greek. In French the set books were well known, and some of the *proses* and answers to the grammar questions were excellent,

though the application of the grammar was not always so uniform as might be wished. The best papers were done by Williams, Smith and Byrne.

To come to the Seniors: In the English History the plain facts seemed well known, but there was a lack of enterprise about most of the candidates, who would probably have achieved better results had they been a little bolder. In English Literature the knowledge of the text of Shakespeare and Milton was apparently not less admirable than among the Juniors, though the questions, being more advanced, afforded fewer direct opportunities for showing it. The plot of *Cowar* was thoroughly known and well described, but in this paper again rather more ambition would probably have met its reward in answering the general literary questions upon Shakespeare. In Geography the acquaintance with South America was considerably greater than the knowledge of Scotland, and those who did sketch-maps displayed a satisfactory familiarity with Canada, Italy and Russia. The English Essay dealt with the influence of the daily newspaper, and showed a good deal of sound sense in treatment of the question. In Latin the unseen passage from Eutropius was well done by the majority of the candidates, and the Cicero was better done than the Ninth Book of the *Aeneid*, as is usually the case in dealing with a prose author. The best papers were done by Preston and Polding. In French the results were somewhat inconsistent and uneven, and Preston was the only one who did himself justice in both papers. In concluding my report upon this Class, I ought to add that they have suffered under marked disadvantages and consist of boys considerably younger than usual, who are taking this examination a year earlier than is the custom. This circumstance would quite explain the lack of enterprise at which I have hinted, and also the fact that the knowledge which the class evidently possessed was not always fully utilised. But such want of confidence soon passes away and the results of a careful training are then plainly visible.

To sum up the general results of the Examination—This year I have had to report on the work of nearly twice as many boys as I examined last year, and this increase has come necessarily not from among the most brilliant boys but from the rank and file of the school. In horticulture I believe that prize blossoms are produced by carefully nipping off all but one or two of the flowers upon each

stem; and I have heard that a similar process is not unknown in education. I can only say that I can see no signs of such a system at Ampleforth, and the less clever boys do not seem in any way to be neglected for the sake of their more brilliant companions. This year I have naturally seen the work of more boys of average and mediocre ability than before, but the general lines of my report must remain the same. The work of the school seems laid out upon very wise and sound principles.

Religious instruction and mathematical teaching lie outside the scope of my report, but for general education practically all the boys are taught three languages, Latin, Greek and French, while History, Geography, and English Grammar and more especially English Literature receive very careful and adequate attention. If a boy utilises his opportunities in profiting by the education which he receives from his teachers at Ampleforth, he will in due time be well fitted to take any place in life to which he may be called.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,

G. BALFOUR, M.A. Worcester Coll.

Countersigned:—

H. T. GERRANS, M.A.
Secretary to the Delegates
of Local Examinations.

The Mathematical Report is as follows:

To the Delegates of Local Examinations. Oxford.

Gentlemen,

I have the honour to report on the Mathematical work submitted by the pupils of Ampleforth College.

The subjects offered were Arithmetic, Algebra and Euclid, and the Papers set were those taken by Candidates for Local Examination Certificates. I understand that several of the boys entered for the Senior Examination at an earlier age than is usual at the College.

Some of them have attained a thoroughly satisfactory standard, but a large number need constant practice in order to acquire that

degree of accuracy of thought and skill in manipulation which a study of Mathematics is calculated to foster.

Arithmetic.

The performances of the Senior Candidates varied considerably, Preston did very creditably indeed, and some others attained very fair marks on the whole Paper. There was, however, a good deal of inaccuracy and even the best work (other than Preston's) was not free from it.

Amongst the Juniors some sent in really good work, meriting the highest praise. I note more particularly Barnett, who showed a thorough grasp of Arithmetical principles. The elementary questions were done well by nearly all, but practice and proportion led to much inaccuracy.

Of the Preliminary Candidates, I can give a favourable report. Except for some weakness in fractions and practice the work was mostly good. I assigned full marks to Blackmore and 80 % and upwards to eleven others.

Euclid.

Of the Seniors who offered Euclid I-IV. Pike, who knows his propositions, was easily first. The majority attempted very little, and there were numerous signs of carelessness in the answers.

The Junior Candidates, exhibited a general rather than an exact knowledge of the propositions and could make nothing of the riders. S. Punch did best.

Algebra.

All who worked the Senior Paper found it quite beyond them and attempted only four questions.

The Juniors have not yet mastered fractions—a difficult subject for beginners. They were, however, able to solve problems and work square root with some facility.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

H. T. GERRANS, M. A.

Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford.

Here is the List of the successes, 1900 :

Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate Examinations.

- JUSTIN McCANN. Passed in Latin, Greek, French, English, History, Elementary and additional Mathematics.
 ROBERT DAWSON. Passed in Latin, English, History, Elementary Mathematics.
 ARTHUR GAYLEY. Passed in Latin, French, English, Elementary Mathematics.
 HENRY POZZI. Passed in English, History, Elementary Mathematics and Biology.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

Senior Candidate :

Thomas Preston 1st Class Pass.

Junior Candidates :

H. K. Byrne 2nd Class Honours.
 O. M. Williams " "
 J. E. Smith 3rd Class Honours.
 H. de Normanville 1st Class Pass.
 F. L. Hayes " "
 M. J. Martin " "
 A. J. McCann " "
 D. P. McCormack " "

Junior Candidates :

H. A. Owen 1st Class Pass.
 C. E. Pilkington " "
 A. C. Primavesi " "
 S. Panch " "
 R. Rochford " "
 H. A. Barnett 2nd Class Pass.
 D. H. Burn " "
 C. A. de Normanville " "
 S. A. Noblett " "
 F. Quinn " "

Preliminary Candidata :

A. T. McCormack	1st Class Pass.
A. J. Primavesi	" "
B. Rochford	" "
A. Blackmore	2nd Class Pass.
J. E. Corry	" "
C. W. P. Croskell	" "
E. H. Darby	" "
F. W. Hesketh	" "
P. W. Higgins	" "
P. J. Lambert	" "
H. T. Martin	" "
J. J. McKenna	" "
J. A. Parle	" "
V. Rickards	" "
F. C. Smith	" "
J. Walsh	" "
P. Williams	" "

The delegation of English Benedictines, which went to Rome in November to thank the Holy Father for the honours conferred on our Houses and to attend the inauguration of Sant' Anselmo's, included the Abbot of Ampleforth. For the fuller account of the Roman functions we are indebted to Fr. Ildefonsus Cummins who accompanied the Abbot as his *secrarius*. Allusion occurs in our article to the English Benedictine Hospitium which forestalled, or led up to, the greater project of an International College. If we are not mistaken, of this humble but fruitful foundation Fr. Ildefonsus was the first Superior; another of its first members was the Abbot of Downside, and a later Superior, Fr. Wilfrid Corney became first procurator of the enlarged Sant' Anselmo when it had attracted the notice and the bounty of Leo, XIII. (The wish to have a house of studies in Rome is a very old one among us, which now and then used to get reduced into act. Its new form is so concrete and substantial that there is little fear of its falling as in the past.)

The Ampleforth Dinner in Liverpool was a brilliant success this year as might be expected when the guest of the evening was the first Abbot of Ampleforth. The attendance was larger than ever,

the enthusiasm and good feeling in proportion. Our Venerable Jubilarian, Prior Prest, presided. Occasion was taken to present the Abbot with an address from Old Amplefordians, and a purse of gold, about £100, wherewith to provide a Throne for the sanctuary of the Abbey Church. No gift could be more welcome and appropriate. It seems to symbolize the old thought of Alma Mater reverently enthroned in the hearts of her children!

The following account of this meeting is taken from the *Liverpool Mercury*.

St. Laurence's College, Ampleforth, has long been intimately identified with Liverpool, and the annual reunion of its old students took place last evening in the Exchange Hotel, Tithebarn-street. Since the gathering of 1899 the Monastery has been raised by Leo XIII. to the dignity of an Abbey, and thus the occasion was made the more interesting. The Very Rev. W. Bede Prest, O.S.B., was in the chair, and on his right sat the First Abbot of Ampleforth (the Right Rev. Dr. Oswald Smith). Amongst those present were the Rev. James Hayes, S.J., rector of St. Francis Xavier's; the Revs. J. P. Whittle, J. L. Cummins, R. P. Corlett, H. Willson, B. Gibbons, A. Crow, T. B. Feeny, T. A. Burge, J. Darby, M. E. Duggan, and A. Clarke, all of the Order of St. Benedict; Colonel William Walker, Colonel Frank Walker, Major Crean, Messrs. T. Taylor, G. C. Chamberlain, James Blackledge, John Blackledge, Hugh Quinn, J. Keefe, James Lacy, Clement Quinn, James Noblett, P. J. Feeny, E. Hyde, R. Bradley, E. Darby, H. Fairhurst, Henry Miles, John Ennis, R. Steinmann, Owen Traynor, Peter Carroll, William Taylor, J. F. Taylor, J. Browne, T. Browne, J. Conroy, J. Eckersley, C. Standish, R. Hind, P. M'Evoy, John Carty, Peter Carty, F. J. Whittam, C. Powell, W. Murphy, C. Adamson, A. B. Marsh, J. P. Corish, H. M'Phillips, J. Silver, J. Cooban, L. Jelly, John Fishwick, F. Marwood, T. Neal, J. Backnall, J. Hesketh, N. Cockshutt, and T. Charnock. Amongst the toasts were those of "The Pope and the Queen, and the Army and Navy," "Alma Mater," "The Visitors," and "Prosperity to the City of Liverpool." But the principal toast was that of "The Abbot of Ampleforth," which was submitted by the Chairman, and most cordially pledged. An address to the abbot in the following terms was read by Mr. T. Taylor, one of the oldest Laurentians

attending:—"Right Rev. and dear Lord Abbot,—We, old students and friends of Ampleforth, ask permission to present you with this address as a testimony and assurance of our true and loyal devotion to yourself and to the newly-erected Abbey of St. Lawrence. We believe our loyalty to be beyond question. It is no new feeling born of the recent honour conferred upon you. But there are occasions, and this is one of them, when we should feel it a disappointment if we were not permitted to express our unflinching sympathy and goodwill. Your honour is our honour; your joy is our joy also. We wish, therefore, to add our hearty congratulations to those already received. It is a patent of nobility—this abbatial dignity granted to yourself and to your house. May we declare our belief that, in the poet's words, 'You will bear the addition nobly?' At the same time, as a sign of our sincerity, we beg to offer you a gift—a throne for the sanctuary we learnt to love in the pleasant days of youth."—In acknowledgement of this the Abbot spoke in felicitous terms touched with feeling. During the evening a musical entertainment was given by Colonel Frank Walker, Mr. Jelly, Mr. Marwood, and Mr. Bucknall, Father Burge being at the pianoforte. From first to last the reunion was one of the most enjoyable held by the Amplefordians in this city.

We extract the following paragraph from the *Catholic Times*.

AMPLEFORTH DINNER IN LONDON.—On Monday night the London Amplefordians met at the Holborn Restaurant for their annual dinner, the Abbot of Ampleforth, the Right Rev. J. O. Smith, O.S.B., Ph.D., being in the chair. This was his first appearance in public since his solemn blessing and recent visit to Rome in company with Abbot Gasquet and the Abbots of Downside and Douai. There was a good attendance to meet the Abbot, whose health was proposed by Mr. James Hayes, and received with great acclamation. The toast of "Alma Mater" was proposed by the secretary of the Ampleforth Society and drunk with musical honours, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent. During the evening a telegram was received conveying the good wishes of the Amplefordians in Liverpool.

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate Mr. Kealey on his taking the London University degree of B. A. We also congratulate Mr. Joseph Cockshutt on passing his Final Examination in Law.



Writing of Examination successes, we may add that Mr. Perry has passed as usual with honours, and is easily first in a good many classes. Mr. Perry does his own ploughing and plucking at home and takes care not to let anyone else do it. At the London Dairy Show, he took two first and two second prizes; at Kilmarnock, three firsts; at Birmingham six firsts; at Leeds five firsts and one second, and at Dublin one first and one third. It may interest our readers to know that the sound-hearted ox-cabbages, praised so much by the *Agricultural Gazette* were grown in front of the New Monastery.

Here are the official reports:

Extract from the *Agricultural Gazette*.

(1) The London Dairy show.

"As for the swedes they clearly showed the effect of the September drought, though there were some good lots. In the Long Reds, which were very large, Mr. J. Perry was first for some fine specimens of Webb's stock.

Mr. Perry was again first with Webb's strain in the class for globe, Tankard, and Intermediate Mangels.

In a big class for swedes of any variety some fine specimens of Sutton's Magnum Bonum gained the first place for Mr. John Reid, while Mr. John Perry's excellent roots from Webb's seeds were put second.

In a very fine collection of roots, cabbages and other forage crops Mr. John Perry was second for a collection grown from Webb's seeds, in which there were some magnificent Drumhead cabbages." *Agricultural Gazette*, Oct. 15th 1900

(2) The Birmingham Cattle Show.

"The exhibits of roots and cabbages were more numerous than usual and some very fine specimens met the eye, the heaviest of which met with more favour from the judges rather than of those of more quality. Proctor and Ryland's prize for the best collection was won by Mr. John Perry, Oswaldkirk, Yorks. who triumphed with Webb's varieties. Messrs. Webb's prize for the best specimens of their Mammoth Long Red Mangel was won by Mr. T. Penn; Mr. Perry winning reserve. Mr. Perry, however, won the special prize for the three sorts of Webb's varieties, for which there were five other competitors.

In the open class in globe and intermediate Mangels, Mr. John Perry was placed in front of eighteen other competitors.

The open class of Kohl Rabi brought eight exhibits. Mr. John Perry was first with one of Webb's varieties, his specimen being both fine and of good quality.

Mr. Perry had also a second good exhibit which was reserve.

There were two classes of *swedes*, the first eleven entries being restricted to growers of Webb's Imperial variety. Mr. Perry was again successful at winning the cup. In the open class there were eighteen exhibits, Mr. Perry winning reserve.

The ox-cabbages were gigantic in size but very sound headed. Mr. Perry won the first prize with marvellously-hearted samples of Webb's famous sort—*Agricultural Gazette*, Dec. 3rd, 1900.

141 entries in "roots" section of show.

"On the whole the roots shown are of quite unusual size.

Mr. T. Penn of Thame and Mr. J. Perry, Oswaldkirk, are first winners in the classes for long, and globe and intermediate mangel-wurzels respectively. Mr. Perry has also the best Kohl Rabi.

The most important prizes in the root section are those offered by leading seed-merchants for produce grown from their seed. Most successful in this direction is Mr. John Perry who takes two of Messrs. Webb and Son's cups and one of Messrs. Proctor and Ryland." *Birmingham Daily Post*, Dec. 3rd, 1900.

Some old boys will be interested in this letter written by one who was at College in 1840.

Ballarat, Australia.

September 26th, 1900.

The Very Rev. and Dear Sir,

By this mail for Europe, I am forwarding to my dear old, "Alma Mater" two newspapers; one (*The Advocate*) containing an account of the opening ceremonies connected with the Catholic Congress held in Sydney, N. S. W., and the opening of St. Mary's Cathedral in the same city—this being the biggest event of that character that has ever taken place at the Antipodes, and should possess an interest for all "Amplefordians" as the Right Rev. Dr. Polding, the first Archbishop of Sydney, was a Benedictine, and had been in his early days "Prefect of Saint Lawrence's." I therefore

thought it would interest you to receive an account of the opening of the Cathedral that now adorns Sydney, and of which all colonial Catholics have much reason to be proud.

As regards "your humble servant," I was at St. Lawrence's during the prefectship of the Rev. Wilfrid Cooper—so long ago that my name may have gone out of date. Never mind! I cling to those old memories, sad though they be.

Hoping the papers may reach you, with kind regards,

Believe me,

Very Rev. Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LAKE.

The Library in the basement of the new Monastery is nearly completed. The rooms have proved most admirably fitted for the purpose. Br. Elphege Hind, the newly appointed Librarian, deserves the medal of the Royal Humane Society for his gallant work of rescue. It will be some time yet before all is secure and complete. But the chief labour is over. An almost complete set of the Surtees Society's publications has recently been added to the Library.

Fr. Ildefonsus Cummins accompanied Father Abbot to the meeting of the Abbots in Rome, on the occasion of the consecration of the church at St. Anselm's. He has kindly written an account of the ceremony for the Journal. Our Father Abbot assisted at the Blessing of Dr. Larkin the new Abbot of St. Edmund's at Douai, on his way to the Eternal City.

We regret the paucity of illustrations in this number. It was not through any want of energy on the part of our artists. Br. Maurus has been as industrious as ever, and J. Pike and A. Rigby have also contributed drawings. Some of the blocks however were prepared for an article which could not be printed in this issue. Br. Maurus has also made an admirable design for the menu-card of the Liverpool re-union. We hope to be able to publish it either now or at Easter.

Bishop Hedley's most interesting archaeological article on Abbots will be read with pleasure by everybody. We attribute the success

of the Journal chiefly to His Lordship's generous and thoughtful support. We are glad also to be able to print a second instalment of Fr. Preat's "Old Recollections." The former article occasioned a good deal of pleasurable comment and discussion.

Musical enthusiasts will please not to look upon Fr. Benedict's 'Note on Church Music' as a challenge. We are not afraid of, or even altogether averse to, a little mild controversy. But, though we controvert the common saying about matters of taste, and think they are the very things to dispute about—if people want to dispute at all—we do not think any good would come out of a discussion on Church Music. Not being over-musical ourselves we may be permitted to confess that Fr. Benedict's paper seems to be sensible and well reasoned. The incongruity of a good deal of plain chant has probably arisen out of its hap-hazard origin. A devout priest, in old days, would compose the words of an antiphon in honour of a Saint or a Feast, and his direction to the choir master and choir would be that it should be sung to the tune of *O Rex Gloria* or some other well-known melody. It has often seemed to us that this is the probable origin of the *O Deus Optime*, with the name of the Saint set to an incongruous shout or scream in the middle of it. The great 'O's of Advent, on the other hand, are very beautifully composed to fit the same melody. In the same way, an old dramatist would compose a song to be sung to the tune of "Green rushes," or a popular ballad would be written to the tune of "Sally in our Alley."

Plain chant was not composed for well-trained choirs only, or even chiefly, but for country choristers and congregations. However, the incongruity of some of it, we think, is undeniable. In our own personal experience, we have sometimes found it as impossible to sing parts of it in accordance with the meaning of the words, as to make a waltz out of the "Dead March in Saul."

We ought to say, perhaps, that this incongruity, in certain cases, may not be at all objectionable. We are not expected to be always attending to the meaning of the words in oft-repeated prayers like the 'Hail Mary' of the Rosary. We meditate on other mysteries. And a melody for 'Kyrie' or 'Gloria' or 'Credo,' which has no relation to the words, may still be in harmony with the spirit of the Feast, or the Season, and most suitable, therefore

to excite and deepen the devout thoughts and feelings which are appropriate to the time.

We have many times been asked to reprint Dr. Marsh's escape. The quaint and methodical way in which the story is told adds much to its interest. In editing it, we have only corrected some obvious clerical errors. We hope to give a portrait and short history of the founder of Ampleforth in some future number.

Dr. Marsh managed the general escape from Dionleouard better than is evident from his story; and his own hurried flight was one of the wisest moves. If he had allowed himself to be imprisoned, there is little doubt he would have been sent to the guillotine. This sacrifice of himself, instead of saving his brethren in prison, would, most probably, have dragged one or more of them to the scaffold with him. As it was, all escaped. The four French lay-brothers arrested were only in prison a few days. They were released on taking the republican oath. As this may be of interest we print it here in full. It is quoted from the document in the municipal archives.

"Ce jourd'hui, 14 Octobre 1793 (Vieux style), l'an II de la République, les maire, officiers municipaux et notables de la commune de Dionleouard, assemblés au lieu ordinaire des séances, ont comparu les citoyens Nicolas L. . . , Gérard N. . . , Clément C. . . et Laurent L. . . , nés français et frères liés cy-devant à la maison des Bénédictins anglais qui étaient établis audit lieu, lesquels ont déclaré que n'étant plus sous les auspices de leurs supérieurs, qui se sont jusqu'à présent opposés à la bonne volonté qu'ils ont toujours eue d'acquiescer les droits sacrés de l'homme qui sont attachés à la constitution populaire qui est la République, ils étaient dans l'intention de prêter leur serment et d'accomplir leurs devoirs en patriotes et vrais républicains. Ils ont, en présence desdite maire, officiers Municipaux et notables, prêté le serment dont la formule suit :

"De mourir plutôt que de reconnaître un roi, un dictateur ou toute autorité quelconque, autre que celle du peuple français et de la Convention Nationale; de maintenir la Liberté, l'Égalité et l'Unité de la République, et de conserver les postes qui leur seront confiés, au péril de leur vie même" et les dix ont signé avec nous, &c.

May the new Botanical and Archaeological Societies flourish! Out of the fulness of our sympathy we present each of them with a note for their 'Transactions.' Visiting the church of Maresfield in Sussex the other day, we noticed a tombstone whose inscription is worthy of record. Tombstone, however, is hardly the right word, as it was made wholly of iron. It was flat, the full length and breadth of the grave, and the inscription was in raised letters. Hence the words could never have been interfered with. The lettering was: "Here lyeth the Body of M. Robert Brooks who departed this Life the 12 Day of June AETATIS SUÆ 1667." The Brooks are evidently a longed-lived family. Tennyson wrote of one of them:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

To the Botanists we commend this fact. In our walks we saw a sweet-smelling violet and a primrose in flower in November. The violet we held to our nose to be sure of its identity. Deceived by the mild winter, the eponyms also has been pushing out vigorous young shoots. This, however, is excusable, as the foreign shrub may not have taken out letters of naturalisation. But an old English violet and primrose! They ought to have known better. I suppose the 'nodding violet' had wakened prematurely from its nap, and did not know what time it was. Some of the older brethren may remember a parallel freak performed by a monastic 'knocker-up.' He had gone to bed at nine o'clock, p.m. and, awakening out of a deep sleep, he saw the hands of the alarm clock pointing apparently at a quarter to five. Jumping out of bed he hurried on some clothes, and went along the galleries, hammering vigorously at the doors of the brethren's rooms. There was consternation everywhere. Was it a fire, or what? The time was twenty minutes past nine in the evening and he had been sleeping only a quarter of an hour!

Hockey is a good old-fashioned game and we are glad to see it re-introduced. But we thought it was usually played on the ice or on the ground. We did not know it was an aquatic sport.

With the new Telephotographic camera Father Abbot has taken the first photograph which gives the true idea of the situation of

the Abbey,—on the side of a hill, which rises some 300 feet above it. It is a full-plate, with the College filling the picture, and it was taken from the Omist's hill. Photography is the present 'rage' among the students. They have done some good work.

Our meteorologist recorded a two and a half inch rainfall on October 26th. Dahlias and hardy Chrysanthemums were in full bloom on All Monks.

We congratulate Bros. Wilfrid Willson, Joseph Dawson and Lawrence Buggins, who made their solemn Profession on September 29th. Harold Pike and Vincent Gosling have returned as postulants. Fr. Stephen Dawes is still acting as army-chaplain in South Africa.

A new magic-lantern has given an impetus to illustrated lectures to the boys. There is no pleasanter or more instructive way of spending a winter's evening.

We commend to the prayers of their old friends Mr. Oswald Priestman, and Mr. Bernard Stanley, who have recently died, and also Mrs. Richardson of the inn at Byland—the oldest, we believe, of the Catholics of the neighbourhood. R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downtide Review*, the *Dowry Magazine*, the *Sionhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *River Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Barda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, and the *Studium und Mittheilungen*.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



St. Anthony's Abbey
Padua

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1901.

PART III.

St. Anthony of Padua.

THE very useful series of hagiographical "Lives" which has been offered to the public by Lecoffre, of Paris, under the general title of "Les Saints," has now reached its twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth volume. One of the latest is "St. Anthony of Padua."* As the writers of these biographies profess to be "scientific" in their treatment of history, and as the career and wonderful works of so popular a saint as St. Anthony are well known to be not altogether unaffected by legendary and mythical accretions, it is interesting to consider what his most recent historian has to say about him that is new or startling.

I may state, at the outset, that there is not much. The Saint's story is by no means always easy to make out, and a good deal has been said about him that rests on very slight evidence. But, on the whole, there is very little in the familiar "life" which we find in the pages of Alban Butler that it seems necessary to give up or to modify.

The writer is the Abbé Albert Lepitre, a Professor of the Catholic University of Lyons. He writes like the good Catholic that he is. Whilst rejecting mere pious credulity, and exercising a hard-headed caution in judging documents and sources, he is as far as possible from the position of the destructive critic who shows his *a priori*

*St. Antoine de Padoue. Par M. l'Abbé Albert Lepitre. Paris-V. Lecoffre, 1901.

hostility to Catholicism in his treatment of every detail of a Saint's life. It happens that one of the modern authorities whose researches on St. Anthony have been of great value is a certain Protestant pastor, Dr. Edward Lempp, whose articles in a German periodical of recent date have apparently been courteously communicated to the Abbé Lepitre. Dr. Lempp writes with an evident purpose to be impartial; but one can see that his temper is both Non-Catholic and anti-papal, and a bias of this kind unavoidably colours what a man has to say on everything that goes beyond bare fact.

It may not be amiss to describe the principal "sources" of the history of St. Anthony, as they are now known. When Butler wrote, he began by saying that the "genuine life" of St. Anthony had "received several interpolations from popular reports, of no authority." "But," he adds, "Wadding's Annals of his Order furnish us with good memoirs relating to his life and actions." And he refers us, also, to the "judicious notes" of the Bollandists in their third June volume. There can be no doubt that, in one sense, the compilation of Wadding, and more especially a certain writing which he seems to have been the first to publish, called *Liber Miraculorum*, is of great importance for St. Anthony's "legend"; for assuredly it is to this document that the greater part of the doubtful history of the Saint can be traced. The Abbé Lepitre cites it constantly; but as it is a compilation which dates only from the end of the fourteenth century—that is, about 170 years after the Saint's death—and is made up of materials extremely diverse in their value, he generally quotes it only to wrinkle his brows in a note of interrogation.

The oldest, the safest, and the least disputable, source of the history of St. Anthony of Padua, seems to be a life of the Saint, published in 1856, in the great collection called *Portugalliae Monumenta historica*. The author of this composition is not known. It has been ascribed,

among others, to the famous Friar Minor John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury. But as Peckham was not born till 1240, and the writer, whoever he was, states that he had spoken to a Bishop of Lisbon who died in 1232, this is not possible. But there seems no doubt that is to all intents and purposes a contemporary document; St. Anthony died in 1231, and was canonized in the following year, and there is no reason to reject the author's assertion that he was an eye-witness of many of the events which he records. Its style is diffuse, stilted and wanting in precision—more in the fashion of a "legend" or "second lessons" than of an historical narrative. Moreover, as a biography it is very incomplete. We have a fair amount of detail about St. Anthony's youth and his becoming a Friar, and about the last wonderful year of his life, which was spent at Padua. But the eight years between his first appearance in Italy and his latest preaching at Padua are almost blank. Thus we are told next to nothing about that very interesting episode of his life, his visit to France.

Passing over various versions, abbreviations and touched up editions of this primitive life, many of which have survived and are themselves of greater or less antiquity, I may next mention the *Vita B. Antonii* written by Friar John Rigaud, a French Franciscan, about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Rigaud, who died Bishop of Tréguier, in 1325, lived sufficiently near to the Saint's own times to have been able to speak with those who had known him. His work is especially valuable for the French portion of St. Anthony's history, and the Abbé Lepitre considers that almost everything related by him about this period may be accepted without hesitation.

Next comes the *Liber Miraculorum*, first published by Wadding, of which I have already spoken.

Surius, in 1576, printed a "life" which he asserts that he gives from a MS. of a Franciscan writer whom he does not name. The Abbé Lepitre finds so many dubious state-

ments in it that he will only accept it where it seems to be confirmed by more authentic sources.

As to modern lives, there is not one which our author considers to be really critical. The most valuable, as a collection of materials, seems to be that by Euanuele de Azevedo, *Vita di Sant' Antonio di Padova*, published in the beginning of this last century, at Venice. I find it strange that Dom Piolin, in the list of sources which he gives in his *Supplément* (Vol. 2, p. 217), does not mention this life.

A well-written and handsome life of the Saint, in English, has appeared within the last week or two.* It will be interesting to compare it with this new French life which the writer has evidently not seen.

The Abbé Lepitre's historic doubts begin with St. Anthony's name and family. "The original name of St. Antony" says Mrs. Bell, "was Fernand Martins de Bulhom, Bulhom being the Portuguese form of Bouillon." The primitive life says his name was Fernando—but that is all Surius is the first who mentions that his father's name was "Martino," whilst we hear nothing about "de Bouillon" until we come to the work of Mark of Lisbon, as late as 1536. The assertion that he was related to Godfrey de Bouillon, if not descended from that hero, is still more doubtful. Hence Mr. Kegan Paul's statement† that his name was "Ferdinand de Buglione" can hardly pass, for more than one reason.

The Saint lived in Lisbon with his parents till he was fifteen, attending the Cathedral school. The Abbé Lepitre here makes a point which is quite new in St. Anthony's history. He points out that the first Bishop of Lisbon—about half a century before the Saint saw the light—was an Englishman, named Gilibert; that the first priests who served that Church of St. Vincent in which he became a

* *St. Antony of Padua*. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. London, Smith and Co., 1901.

† *St. Antony of Padua*. Catholic Truth Society.

Canon Regular, were English; and that English clergy and knights frequently landed on the shores of the Tagus on their way to and from the Crusades.* The education of the young Fernando may, therefore, have been on the same lines as that of one who was almost his contemporary, and of whose early years we possess such precious details—St. Edmund of Canterbury. The legend of his having imprinted a cross with his finger on the stone, or rather several stones, which are still shown in Lisbon Churches, is only a legend. Some of the accounts mention that he thus subdued a fierce dog; others only speak of a temptation. Mrs. Bell thinks the story may have arisen from his power as a child over animals; but that is not the spirit of the more ancient sources.

Fleeing from the world in order to preserve his innocence, he took the habit of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, in their Church of St. Vincent, without the walls of Lisbon, in the year 1210. Mrs. Bell makes a slip when she says that these Canons were "one of the many orders named after the first Archbishop of Canterbury." Their rule was that of St. Augustine of Hippo—so far as he has left any Rule for men. They not only devoted themselves to the Divine Office, but they undertook the care of souls, administered parishes, and professed to pay special attention to ecclesiastical study. There was a "Congregation" of these Canons in Portugal at that time, the head house being that of Holy Cross, at Coimbra. The "Congregation" of St. Victor, at Paris, and even the Premonstratensian order itself, were formed on the same type.

St. Anthony spent ten years—that is exactly half of his religious life—as a Canon Regular. It was here he made those studies which afterwards produced such excellent fruit. The first Lector of the great Franciscan family, and

* He might have added that the conquest of Lisbon from the Moors about fifty years before St. Anthony was born, was in great part the work of English Crusaders.

the wonderful preacher whom a Pope called the Ark of the Covenant, amassed his learning and stored his prodigious memory during the ten years he lived with the Augustinian Canons. Of this period of his life we hear very little. The writer of the "primitive" legend, although he states that he had the assistance of men who knew the Saint in Lisbon, is provokingly meagre and reticent about all that happened in these years. Fernando only remained two years at St. Vincent's. He then went to reside at the head house of the Congregation, Holy Cross, of Coimbra. This monastery was numerous and flourishing, and Coimbra was a busy and populous city. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the eight years he spent at Coimbra were employed in deep study, and in every kind of preparation for the priesthood. It is not certain whether he was ordained whilst yet an Augustinian; but as we do not hear of his ordination later, and as he was at least twenty-five when he left the Canons, it seems most probable that he was. I have always thought that the ten years of St. Anthony's religious life as a Canon Regular have been made too little of. This is no doubt accounted for by his not having then begun to preach, or (as far as we know) to work miracles, and by the fact that all his early biographers were Friars Minor, who naturally looked upon his taking the habit of St. Francis as a great spiritual conversion, and considered his Franciscan career, although it was very little longer in duration than his stay among the Canons Regular, as the grand feature of his glorious history. But it ought to be borne in mind that his prodigious knowledge of Scripture and of the Fathers, and his general learning and culture, which were admired during his Franciscan ministry, were acquired among the Augustinians.

The circumstances which led to St. Anthony's joining the brothers of St. Francis are well known, and the Abbé Lepitre, except that he is silent on one or two miraculous

details which are not found in the primitive documents, has nothing very new to put before his readers. The five Franciscans who were martyred in Morocco are stated, by Mrs. Bell, to have preached to the Mahometans "with a zeal which appears sometimes to have been wanting in discretion" (p. 19). I should be very averse from saying even as much as this. It is true that the Friars refused to be sent home, and returned again and again to the encounter of the exasperated infidels. But is it always a "want of discretion" to irritate the unbeliever? In other words, is it always indiscreet to persist in presenting the true Faith by word and deed, even when such persistence stirs up the heathen or the heretic to violence? We cannot say so. There are often occasions when nothing can reach the multitude, or advertise the Faith effectively, except persistence of this kind; and if violence ensues—a violence which is only indirectly attributable to the preachers of the Gospel—nothing can enforce or proclaim more effectively the Gospel message than persecution, torture, and the suffering of death with heroic patience. Modern indifference always calls zealous preachers "fanatics," but it is the "fanatics" who stir people up to reflection and action. No doubt it is not always easy to decide when the herald of God should cry out and when he should hold his peace. But the miracles which were wrought by the relics of those martyred sons of St. Francis may be taken as an ample justification of their discretion; and it is possible that their pious "imprudence" not only shook the convictions of many Mahometans, but stopped a great and a growing evil—that is, the inclination on the part of the Christian populations which were in contact with Mahometanism to make terms with it, and to fraternize with the followers of a system which has never yet failed to kill Christianity wherever Christians have allowed it to set its foot.

When Fernando, moved to heroic resolutions by the

sight of the bodies of the five Martyrs, was released from his obligations to the Augustinian Canons and received into the humble company which, as yet, had obtained no formal authorization from the Holy See, it was with the intention of seeking martyrdom himself. But this was not to be; and in attempting to return from Morocco to Portugal, he was thrown upon the coast of Sicily, and from thence went to Assisi, where he assisted at the Chapter of 1221—a chapter which, although not so celebrated as that of "the Mats" two years before, was nevertheless a great and solemn gathering of many thousand Friars—the last in which it was attempted to collect the whole Franciscan family together. I think Mrs. Bell is somewhat fanciful in her description of this Chapter. The "celebrated scene between St. Francis and Brother Elias" certainly did not take place. St. Francis had actually resigned the generalship, and Brother Elias, as Vicar-General, presided at the Chapter. But the career and character of Brother Elias requires a great deal of new study. There is really no proof that St. Anthony and Brother Elias were antagonists, as we find in many versions of the Saint's life, much less that he was scourged and otherwise punished by Elias's orders.

It is not possible here to go through the life of the Saint after he began his astounding ten years of public ministry in Italy and in France. But I would say a word as to the Abbé Lepitre's treatment of one or two of St. Anthony's best known miracles.

Let us take, first, the miracle of the horse, or mule, which adores the Blessed Sacrament—a miracle which has inspired so many Italian painters.* The Abbé Lepitre considers that this miracle rests upon incontestable evidence, and cites the testimony of Rigaud, who had ample opportunity of hearing of it from eye-witnesses.

* Mrs. Bell gives an excellent reproduction, in her book, of the fresco at Padua attributed to Bartolommeo Montagna.

But some of the details are not so certain. The name of the heretic which is given as Bononillo—I do not know why Mrs. Bell writes it "Bonvillo"—has no earlier vouchers than Bartholomew of Pisa, who adds particulars which seem certainly "accretions." As for the locality, the primitive life does not name it; but Wadding gives it as Bourges, and Sarius and the *Liber Miraculorum* as Toulouse, whilst the evidence of an octagonal chapel dating from 1417 would make us believe it was at Rimini. Mrs. Bell adopts the latter without question, whilst Mr. Kegan Paul, equally without question, states that it was Toulouse.

A still more celebrated miracle is that in which the Saint assembled the fishes and preached to them. The Abbé Lepitre has no hesitation in admitting its authenticity. It is described by Rigaud. He places it at some locality close to Padua. The *Liber Miraculorum*, and the *Fioretti*, give Rimini as the place. Many of our readers will be acquainted with the charming version of this occurrence which we find in the *Fioretti*—a version much more full of detail than the one given by Rigaud. It can hardly be doubted that the later writer allowed his fertile and gracious imagination considerable play. Still as Rigaud was certainly not acquainted with Italian topography, he may have made a mistake in the name; for Rimini, with its sea-shore, seems a much more probable locality than the little stream or streams which are all that Padua can boast of in the way of a river.

With regard to the other well-known miracle, in which the Saint is stated to have restored and healed the foot which a penitent, in an access of contrition, had severed from his limb with an axe, there is a most extraordinary circumstance. This prodigy is related by Rigaud, an unexceptionable and almost contemporary witness, with all details. But a similar miracle with precisely the same details, is also related of the Dominican St. Peter Martyr (whose death occurred about twenty years later than that

of St. Anthony), and that by one who was undoubtedly a contemporary.

It must not be supposed that the Abbé Lepitre rejects all St. Anthony's miracles except two or three. Of the innumerable miracles that took place after death he does not treat at all. As regards those ascribed to the Saint in life, I think, after carefully reading his discriminating pages, that he may be said to admit the credibility or probability of by far the greater number. What he does is to state the evidence on which they rest—which, in this case, comes to mean stating the date and value of the documentary evidence which remains to us. His volume, as he himself sorrowfully admits, may appear too contentious and critical for the biography of a Saint; but he thinks that something of the kind was required.

Apart from his miracles, it is very difficult, it must be confessed, to form to oneself a clear and full idea of St. Anthony the man, or even of St. Anthony the servant of God. He had no Boswell; no friend, brother or disciple lived with him, stood at his side, or followed him during his life. The commotion stirred up by the preaching of the later years of his short life had hardly begun to excite the attention of his brethren, and to show them what a messenger of God was in their midst, when death came, and instead of relating what they saw, men had to gather together what had passed away. Moreover, as the Abbé Lepitre says, "the preoccupations of people of the thirteenth century were not those of our own day." What our ancestors looked to in the life of a Saint were first and foremost his miracles. We, on our part, take more interest in what is called his "psychology"—his mind, his character, his struggles with himself, his strivings after perfection. St. Anthony, in virtue of the miracles which attended his death, burial and canonization, at once took rank among the wonder-workers of all but the highest class—and it was his wonders that his biographers paid most attention to.

Hence we have only the scantiest materials for building up the picture of his interior.

The feature that comes out most strongly in St. Anthony's life is perhaps that resolute determination, that ardent aspiration, which led him from step to step in his personal career. He leaves the world and plunges into the regular, laborious and studious life of the Augustinian. He feels himself urged to that kind of chivalry which, on the religious side, was a counterpart of that of the Crusader, and to carry out his longing, he joins the poor and humble Franciscans, and tries to find his way to the encounter of the Moslem. Providentially carried to Italy, he buries himself in solitude and in the most humble work, with a view to fitting himself for that special kind of ministry devised by St. Francis. Then, when he does begin to preach, it is no longer the sweet accents of St. Francis that we hear, or the simple and unlettered appeals of the earliest Franciscans, but an outburst of calculated oratory, of full and powerful eloquence, and of terrifying denunciation that spares neither rank nor station. We can see that, all his life, he sighed for martyrdom. He wanted to hurl himself against anything that dishonoured God, and to take the chance of hurts and of death. We do not find in him definite traits of sweetness and simplicity. It is true that, like all the Saints, he was pitiful and merciful in things spiritual as in things corporal. But his call is to fall upon the enemy—whether Paynim, or heretic, or sinner, or tyrant.

Yet this strong and determined character was compatible with great tenderness of devotion. The sermons which have come down to us under his name are rather notes than sermons; they cannot have been preached as we have them. But they afford ample evidence of a certain full and luxuriant warmth of heart towards the Incarnation and to our Blessed Lady, such as recalls St. Bernard himself. His personal austerities are well-known; no doubt his life

was shortened by the way in which he used a body not naturally very strong or sound, in labour and in penance. His emblems are the lily and the book—one the type of his continence, the other of his conquering eloquence. It seems to have been only in the seventeenth century that he was represented as welcoming and embracing the Infant Jesus. But the legend, although it is not found earlier than in the *Liber Miraculorum*, may well have been true. If so, nothing reveals more strikingly the interior ponderings and elevations of one who, whilst he preached to others, was step by step drawing nearer to Christ.

I have never seen any explanation of the reason why St. Anthony is invoked for the finding of things lost. There is, in his legend, at least one instance in which he seems miraculously to recover something which he had lost himself:—I refer to the incident (related by Mrs. Bell p. 64) of his bringing to his feet, by prayer to God, a person who had made off with one of his manuscripts. There is, at Padua, a fresco in which we see the Saint standing on the sea-shore and receiving from a child a ring that has just been cut out of the body of a fish. Probably the idea grew up from some single fact in the Saint's posthumous history—from some miraculous recovery, now lost to history, but widely known at the time, and perhaps made use of in some popular devotional painting. St. Anthony in art would furnish matter for a separate paper. Mrs. Bell, following C. de Mandach's *Saint Antoine de Padoue et l'Art Italien*, devotes a very interesting chapter to it, and her work contains seven full-page reproductions from the old masters of scenes in the life of St. Anthony.

✠ J. C. H.

“Dies Memorabilis.”

The Feast of the Purification of Our Lady at Westminster.

I. (1556)

Ring out ye bells of Westminster,
Ring out a joyous peal,
With glad triumphant melody
Let the hoary belfries reel!—
Our Lady's Presentation Feast
Hath dawned with new delight,
Ring out the gladsome news afar,
Ring out with main and might!

For nigh on twenty years have fled
Since driven from their home,
Without a place to lay their head
Thy monks were forced to roam;
And now the sinful King is called
His long account to pay,
And his injured daughter reigns in peace
O'er English hearts to-day.

Oh! for the day of speechless joy
 When, 'neath the Abbey's shade,
 A country knelt in penitence
 And deep abasement made!
 When the legate of the Holy See
 Absolved from schism's stain
 The erring sheep, and made them safe
 In Peter's fold again!

The crowning glory of that day
 Is seen this gladsome morn,
 When to the widowed sanctuary,
 New sons of prayer are born;
 And the royal house of Westminster
 Resounds once more with praise
 As her monks take up again with joy
 The song of former days.

O stately house of Westminster
 Fling ope thy doors amain,
 Receive in ecstasy of joy
 Thine ancient sons again!
 Fled is the ribald crew that dared
 Defile thy holy walls:
 Welcome the cowl that speaks of Rome
 Once more within thy halls!

Oh joy to see a mitred form
 Pacing those sacred aisles,
 Mid aged monks whose furrowed cheeks
 Rain tears amid their smiles!
 Oh joy to hear the holy Mass
 Restored to Edward's shrine,
 To see her Abbot raise aloft
 Once more the Host divine!

O Mary Virgin! who to-day
 Didst quit thy Mother's side,
 To hide thee in God's Holy Place,
 Who art God's chosen Bride—;
 Alas! these halcyon days are short,
 But, if their joy must wane,
 Pray that, at last, a Remnant live
 To fill these courts again!

* * * * *

II. (1607)

'Tis Mary's Presentation Feast,
 But the Abbey bells are still;
 No visions more of cowlèd forms
 Her sombre cloisters fill;
 For since that day of sweet return
 Full fifty years have fled,
 And Abbot, Monks, and Christian Queen
 Are numbered with the dead.

Within the walls of Westminster,
 Hard by the Abbey gate,
 Frowneth with bleak and cruel mien
 A prison desolate—
 Here the last monk of the great House
 Hath found a living tomb,
 And after two score weary years,
 Awaits his summons home.

But God reserves a mighty work
 For aged hands to-day,
 Ere the Confessor of the Faith
 His "Nunc Dimittis" say:

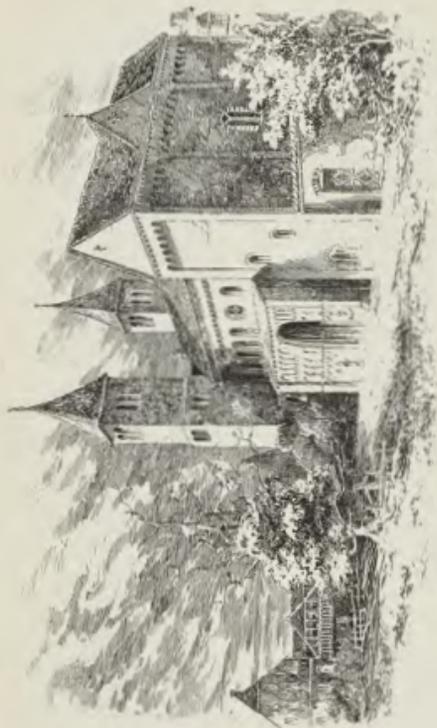
"DIES MEMORABILIS."

The ancient stock of English monks
In him shall not die out :
Mary hath saved the maimèd trunk,
Its leaves again shall sprout !

Lo ! with the chant of " Suscipe "
The prison rafters ring
As fettered hands o'er youthful heads
The holy habit fling !
And the royal House of Westminster
Numbers new brethren twain,
The dearer to their Heavenly Spouse
For the dungeon and the chain !

No fleeting triumph, no transient joy
This second Feast hath brought,
But in Religion's darkest hour
A comfort passing thought :
To-day the ancient race whom once
Augustine brought from Rome
Is saved to England and her Church
For many an age to come !

D. B. C.



Holiday Rambles.

Scots Abbeys of Germany.

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, three monks set out from England on a pilgrimage up the Rhine and down the Danube, having as the goal of their pious wanderings certain abbeys of the Order which lie along the banks of these great highways. The pilgrimage was made in modern guise and with modern aids, under circumstances that were not all penitential, though some were. In spite of high resolves originally made and on occasions manfully renewed the pilgrims did not journey on foot much more than they could help; nor did they decline the chances of secular interest or recreative incident which travels afford. But holidays, however well earned, are more justifiable and not less enjoyable from being joined with a serious purpose: the educational value of such tramps abroad is not to be lightly despised. "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits;" and even

in a hurried inspection of such antique foundations as are still to be found in the domains of the House of Hapsburg, lessons may be learned of monastic lore or Benedictine history. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is now almost the only land where Catholic monasteries flourish that count their existence by centuries. No such suppression has overtaken them as once overwhelmed their fellows in England and Germany, or more recently those of Italy, France and Spain. You may still see abbeys in all parts of Austria which have maintained their unbroken career of usefulness for six, eight or even ten centuries, and which, with some of the pomp and power of olden times, display an adaptability to modern needs that accounts under favourable circumstances for their survival to the present day. Whither our pilgrims went, then, what they saw, and how they fared, will be told in the following pages, —a tale made up of recollections jotted down at odd times, with the addition of a few historical notes to redeem from utter frivolity these rambling records of a summer tour.

Of the monasteries visited the old Scots foundations were perhaps the most interesting, as they were the first to engage our attention. Like granite boulders brought down by a full river from far-off hills, and left stranded in strange environment, Scottish churches still remain in many a German city. In its beneficent effects this *detritus* of the Celtic Church rather resembles the fertilising ooze of the Nile than the rocky *débris* brought down in a Highland spate; but whatever the figure the fact remains that the great stream of travel which once set through Europe to the holy places of Christendom left lasting traces of its flow; and one has only to follow the "pilgrim's way" of former days, up the Rhine from near its mouth, to Köln, thence onwards by Frankfort, Erfurt, Wurzburg and Nuremberg to Ratisbon, where the Danube is struck, to find in all these cities antique evidences of the apostolic zeal and the wandering mood of the olden Scottish monks. The



history of these houses makes an ever-interesting story which may serve to beguile the journey of their modern successors as they fare from one to another.

In the troubled days which during the tenth and eleventh centuries came upon Scotland and the sister island whence the Scots originally sprang, many monks and scholars forsook their own country either as pilgrims to the distant shrines of Christendom, or in quest of the peace and safety which they could not find at home. Some of these settled down in the cities of Germany whose bishops and people, mindful that their own land owed the Gospel to countrymen of these strangers, showed them no small kindness. Every effort was made to detain them in their cities. They built them monasteries where they could study and pray in peace, and entertain travellers of their own nation. The earliest of these foundations was at Köln, where St. Martin Major's was endowed by Archbishop Warinus before A. D. 900, and governed for many years by Helias, a man of great piety, famed for the gift of prophecy. Other houses were established at Erfurt, Eichstadt, Nuremburg, Constance and Vienna; the chief of them, and the one with which we are immediately concerned, being St. James' at Ratisbon. Its story is as follows. Eight hundred years ago when William the Conqueror reigned in England, and Malcolm Canmore, the conqueror of Macbeth, was king in Scotland, a party of Celtic monks on pilgrimage to Rome were detained by some chance at Ratisbon, then one of the wealthiest and most populous cities of the empire. Their names are given as John, Candidus, Clement, Donald, Isaac and Maynald, with their leader Marianus, (or Murdach) who, after being a monk at Dunkeld, had adopted the Benedictine rule at Bamberg. As both Latin and Scottish names occur in this list, the former are probably translations, or substitutes for uncouth Gaelic appellations unpronounceable to the foreigner. Struck by the strangers' piety and learning, and by their grave deport-

ment, the people of Ratisbon persuaded them to settle in their city, where Willa, Abbess of Obermünster, gave them the church of St. Peter outside the walls. This was about 1075. It is a curious coincidence that exactly eight centuries later the community of St. Marianus, after an uninterrupted career at Ratisbon, was revived by the English Benedictines at Fort Augustus in Scotland. The date of its first foundation is known with great exactness on the authority of a contemporaneous manuscript now preserved at Fort Augustus. One of the few relics saved from the wreck of the house at Ratisbon is a volume of Patristic treatises copied by the hands of Blessed Marianus himself and of Blessed John his first disciple, and evidently intended for use at the Collation which precedes Compline. At the foot of the pages or in the margin by the text occur frequent little notes establishing both the authenticity of the manuscript and the date of the monastery. Some of these marginal notes are only rubrics; many of them contain aspirations to Christ or the Saints, prayers of the tired scribe as he marked the passing of the years and the progress of his toil. Here are some of them:

"Anno Dm. MLXXX." (65).

"See Martine et Oudalsice indulgentiam nobis adquire" (84).

"Ste Kiliane pro misero Mariano intercede." (95).

"Translatio S. Benedicti est hac Sabbati nocte Año Dñi MLXXX. Mariani miseri Domine miserere." This occurs at the end of St. Isidore's work.

One of the tractates is an exhortation of St. Marianus himself addressed to his fellow pilgrims from the text: Go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come unto the land where I shall shew thee. The following aspirations are touching:

"Dñe miserere miseri scriptoris suis fratribus peregrinis hæc dicta scribentis causa tui amoris."

"Domine Jesu Christe propter tuam magnam misericordiam miseri Johanni propitius esto." (136)

At the close of a sermon by Alcuin—

"Sit nomen Dñi benedictum. . . Domine miserere miseri scriptoris qui hæc scripsit suis fratribus peregrinis."

Again: "Sit nomen Dñi benedictum. . . Sanctissima Maria et Sancti Dei omnes pro misero Johanne apud Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum intercedite ut mael dimittantur peccata." (137)

On the last leaf of all we read as follows:—

"Tertia Kalendas Aprilis hodie in quinta Feria Anno Domini millesimo octogesimo tertio, mee autem peregrinationis pene septimo et hujus loci habitationis ab Scottis octavo, Regnante quarto Henrico. . . Miseri Johannis anima requiescat in Dei pace. Amen."

Many of these notes are no more than dates, or directions to the reader,—but what pathos there is in others, instinct as they are with life and natural feeling! How the simple phrases breathe the personal piety and human sentiments of the old writers,—relief and satisfaction at so much work accomplished, home sickness sighing for the sight of Scottish hills, resignation to their exiled lot, and love for Christ! Across the void of eight centuries they still speak from the dry parchment the eternal language of the human soul. Beneath rough cows those dim and far-off saints had tender hearts that could feel the glow of patriotism and the love for country and mother tongue. Pilgrims for the love of Christ and their brethren they could not still the pangs of an exile's regret, though they betrayed them only to the silent parchment as they bent with toiling pen over the pages of their daily task.

The fame of Teutonic hospitality drew many Scottish pilgrims to Ratisbon, their own reputation keeping pace with their increasing numbers. A new monastery arose within the city, built for them in 1090 by wealthy citizens

and endowed with large possessions.* It was dedicated to St. James and St. Gertrude. Other cities of the Empire, eager to share the privilege of entertaining the strangers, offered to build them monasteries; and so rapidly did the community at Ratisbon increase that in the course of some fifty years not less than ten or a dozen abbeys sprang from its prolific stem. It seems difficult now to account for the popularity of the stranger monks among the burghers of these flourishing towns; but that they were popular is undoubted, and is the best witness to their usefulness and edifying life. They were not simply religious men serving God in solitude and prayer. They taught the schools of the cities, they preached the Gospel to the poor, and as they administered the Sacraments to the dense populations in the midst of which they had settled, they appealed to the practical as well as pious instincts of the burghers and merchants of the great trading cities. Probably also they compared favourably with the degenerate clergy of the 11th century; and the fact of their being foreigners helped to save them from intruded abbots and other evils of lay domination which afflicted the native cloisters.

In the 13th century, obeying the commands of the Fourth Lateran Council, these Scottish Benedictine houses united into a Congregation whose general Chapter met triennially, with the Abbot of Ratisbon as Visitor and President. They long maintained their early reputation for religious discipline and usefulness. Some of their founders, such as Marianus and John at Ratisbon, Helias at Köln and Macarius at Wurzburg are venerated as saints; and so long as the stream of pilgrims continued

* Marianus died in 1088 and was buried in the Obermunster. Frederick, Count of Frenzenhausen, and Otto, Count of Rietenburg were the chief benefactors of the new Monastery, the Church of which was consecrated in 1120 under Abbot Maurice. The original convent, with St. Peter (St. Petri Convent) remained as a dependent priory until 1552, when it was destroyed and its revenues united to St. James'.

they remained distinctively national. But by degrees the fervour of the monks relaxed, and with other causes contributed to the decline of their abbeys. It must always have been difficult to exclude the German element, and preserve the separateness of the foreign community. The tendency of a native population to absorb a foreign minority in its midst could not be for ever resisted. Moreover the emigration to the Continent diminished as Scotland became more settled and the Church at home more flourishing. Through the difficulty of keeping up a succession some of the abbeys ceased to be exclusively Scottish, and then by degrees became entirely German. To some the name of their founders has clung permanently, as to the wealthy abbey in Vienna, the only one of these foundations which is now in existence. The Schottenhaus ceased to be Scots in the 15th century, and though it has lost the tradition of hospitality to Scottish pilgrims, it still carries out in the midst of a dense population the parochial and scholastic vocation of its first founders. To others such as Constance and Nuremberg,† the Civil Wars of the 16th century proved fatal, whilst others were so crippled in resources and numbers that they had to be temporarily abandoned. Bishop Leslie of Ross, the friend and advocate of Mary, Queen of Scots, whilst acting as her envoy in Germany, used his influence successfully on behalf of these houses. Ratisbon, Erfurt and Wurzburg‡ were at the Queen's request restored by the Emperor Rudolph in 1578; and with a fresh accession of life entered on a new sphere of usefulness. The mother land having herself fallen from

* St. Giles, Nuremberg, was founded by the Emperor, Conrad III. in 1140; as a monastery it did not survive the 16th century; the fine classical church which we visited is now Protestant.

† The Scots were invited to Wurzburg in 1139 by its bishop, St. Emmerich; the first abbot being St. Macarius. The monastery then reduced to eight priests was suppressed in 1803, but the old church was in Catholic hands at the date of our visit.

the Faith, they became the centres of missionary enterprise as well as homes of monastic life. A few monks from suppressed abbeys in Scotland found refuge there, whilst other clergymen exiled for the faith, and Scottish gentlemen, weary of persecution at home or of warfare abroad, sought an asylum among their compatriots. These foundations fulfilled for the Scots Church the valuable functions of the Seminaries and Colleges which for England had to be established anew. The sons of Catholic gentry could be educated there, whilst missionary priests, both secular and monastic, returned from them to keep alive the Faith that, though barely lingering in the Lowlands, still flourished among some of the Highland clans.*

It is not surprising that the monks, like their Catholic compatriots, sympathised with the cause of the Stuarts, and lent their aid to the risings of 1715 and 1745. The monastery walls were not only hung with portraits of the fallen dynasty, they often sheltered the exiles who were plotting against Hanoverian intruders. Leith, abbot of Ratisbon, accompanied Prince Charlie as chaplain in his ill-fated expedition, and was present with him, disguised as a captain, at the Battle of Culloden. He probably accompanied him in his flight from the fatal moor, as he escaped across the hills on his way to the islands of the west. If so, how little the monk could have dreamed that the half-ruined Fort which they passed on the road to Giengarry, after becoming the stronghold of tyranny and

* Fr. David Gray, O.S.B., one of the early missionaries from Ratisbon, laboured in Scotland from 1597 to 1622; after which time the succession of monks on the mission was kept up, interrupted if sometimes scanty. There were four in 1707. In 1882 Cardinal Howard, as Protector of the Scots College in Rome, corresponded with both Ratisbon and Erfurt with a view to their educating students for the mission in Scotland. Abbots Fleming and Maxwell replied that they could barely keep up their, having sustained many losses in the late wars. But shortly afterwards a Seminary for secular priests was founded at Ratisbon, which proved of considerable benefit. In 1709 F. Gruger McGeogry, O.S.B., brother of the Lated, was at Giengarry; he built the chapel at Dalid, and in 1715 went back to his monastery.

heresy where the last hopes of the Stuarts were cruelly crushed, would one day revive as a fortress of Catholicity, the home of the last survivor of his own community, and the first spot where the Benedictines would be welcomed back to Scotland!*

The spirit of political adventure lingered on at Ratisbon, even when the monks, like the rest of their countrymen had transferred a willing allegiance to the House of Hanover. Some able and intelligent men grew up there, well received in diplomatic circles, from whom during the Great War the British Government sometimes received valuable aid and information. One of these was F. James Robertson, by whose means a Spanish brigade serving in Holland under Major Romano was extricated from Napoleon's clutches, and enabled to take part in the national uprising against the French invaders of Spain. Campbell, the poet, was a guest of the monastery when he witnessed and described the Battle of Hohenlinden.

The Scots house at Ratisbon has failed only in our own days. Escaping the general suppression of 1804 which destroyed what remained of its fellows, it maintained a precarious existence under laws that were fatal to its observance and its usefulness. When the milder government of King Louis removed the prohibition against taking novices, an attempt was made, and was partially successful, to revive the monastery and restore the school. A few monks were professed during this period, and some laity and secular priests were educated there, among the former being Sir Robert Gordon of Letterfourie, among the latter Dr. John Macdonald, first Bishop of Aberdeen. But the interest of Scotland in the old foundation was not very keen; it became increasingly difficult to defend the

* From the camp at Fort Augustus in 1746 troops were sent out in detachments to harass and depopulate the neighboring country. Not a roof was to be seen for scores of miles, only the blackened ruins of what had been thriving farmsteads and populous villages. In Giengarry there had been 5,000 Catholics; after twenty years there were not 500.

rights of the Community against the encroachments of expectant heirs; and at last, when the monks had been reduced to two or three, the suppression of the house was agreed upon by the Bavarian Government, the Bishop of Ratisbon and the Holy See. In 1862, after existing well-nigh eight hundred years, the venerable foundation of Blessed Marianus came to an end. Its ancient inheritance was alienated among many heirs. The remaining monks received a small pension. The Government took vast and valuable estates in lands and forests. The Bishop's share of the spoil was the Church and the monastery buildings. Out of an indemnity paid to the Vicars Apostolic of Scotland the Scots College was rebuilt in Rome. The English Benedictines received the last survivor* at Fort Augustus, which thus inherits from him a few precious MSS. and the honour of descent from a long and famous lineage.

By this time our pilgrims may be supposed to have reached Ratisbon, and to have crossed from the valley of the Rhine into that of the more majestic Danube. Ratisbon, or Regensburg as the Germans call it, is an interesting old city closely associated for many centuries with the Holy Roman Empire, and especially redolent of memories of Charles V. The Imperial Diets and the elections of the Emperors were held here until the dissolution of the Empire in 1806. Some fine mansions with curiously sculptured fronts, and loop-holed embattled towers rising from quaint tortuous streets, tell of the days when great ambassadors lodged there and when Diets were turbulent and dangerous. Ratisbon is also a very Catholic city; the Cathedral with its recently completed towers is a masterpiece of German Gothic, as well as a busy centre of religious activity and a successful school of Plain Chant. On a hill-top in the neighbourhood rises the Valhalla, dedicated by a munifi-

* F. Anselm Robertson, the last monk of Ratisbon, died in November 1900 at Feuchters.



cent monarch to the glory of the great men of Germany. The perfectly proportioned Greek temple, gorgeous with gilding and rare marbles of the South, seems an incongruous hall for Teutonic heroes; and the long lists of worthies inscribed on its walls are neither well chosen nor at all complete. Many Anglo-Saxon names appear, but there is a remarkable absence of North German ones, or of those which figured in the making of the modern Empire.

A few minutes stroll through the streets of Ratisbon brought the travellers in front of a church which a glorious Romanesque portal identified as the object of our search. Many pillared, round arched, deeply recessed and carved with strange monsters, the porch is deservedly famous; it opens upon the long, low nave of a characteristic Romanesque church whose short massive columns and round arches are contorted out of shape with age. The Chancel, elevated some feet above the nave, and its apsidal termination are specially effective. The whole has recently been well restored and strengthened. But to those who had lived at Fort Augustus with the last of the Scots monks the church had an interest, apart from its architecture, as the monument of an ancient and strenuous race. Its aisles still commemorate the line of the later abbots. Ranged along the walls stand great tombs of red marble, each inscribed with some good old Scots name, and telling of its bearer's love for both his native land and his exile's home.

The monastery is a little disappointing. What remains of it has become the diocesan seminary; anxious, however, to see all we could we sent in our names and wishes to the Rector who presently came to greet us, and with much courtesy and interest conducted us through the house. Very little of the building is ancient. A fine Romanesque archway opening into the refectory, and portions of the cloisters, which are plain and uninteresting, date back some 200 years, together with part of the upper story.

The Library inherited from the monks contains no *incunabula* or MSS. of value; and except a few portraits, including a good one of Mary Queen of Scots, there is little to interest the traveller. The relics of Blessed Marianus, or Murdoch as they more correctly designate the founder, are not in this church, but in that of Obermünster, the convent of nuns who were his first benefactors. It was pleasant to remark the veneration in which he is still held and to learn that it is proposed to obtain the formal recognition of his *cultus* and translate his relics to his own church.

"The end of an auld sang!"—the epitaph of the Scottish Parliament came into mind as we turned away from St. James', musing over the snapping of this last link between Germany and the Scottish monks. In other cities we met with other traces of the connection, but Ratisbon lasted the longest. Nuremberg has the church of St. Giles, now neither Benedictine nor even Catholic. At Würzburg where the convent failed only in this century the church at least remains in Catholic hands, as does the well known St. Martin Major's at Köln which was Benedictine till the 16th century. The great Abbey at Vienna where we afterwards called is still Benedictine, and retains the name "of the Scots" without the old Scottish hospitality. Yet Ratisbon is not wholly dead. Thirty years ago its fading memories had vitality enough to stir the souls of those who became the first founders of Fort Augustus; and now in the very heart of the Caledonian Glen, on the rugged shores of Loch Ness, a new and fairer abbey has arisen which has restored the line and perpetuates the life of these good old Scottish Benedictines.

J. I. C.



The Benedictines at Oxford before the Reformation.

2. Durham College.

THOUGH Gloucester College gave shelter to the student monks from the majority of the Benedictine Houses in England, the great northern monastery of Durham never had any connection with it. About three years after Sir J. Giffard gave the land and house in Stockwell St. to St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester, Mabel Wafre, abbess of Godstow granted "to God, and to our Lady Seynt Marie, and to Seynt Cuthbert, and to the Priour and Convent of Durham" some arable land in Beaumont a suburb of Oxford "beside Peralowse Hall in Horsemongerstrete."^{*}

This gift was made about 1286. Between this date and 1291 several other smaller gifts of land were made—three and a half acres by one Roger Semer, one acre by Thomas Leswys, and another by Walter Bost. Other smaller portions, given by Lawrence de Juvenc, John le Slater, &c. made the whole estate almost equal to 10 acres in extent.†

These grants of land in Oxford serve to confirm several facts mentioned by the Durham Chronicler, Robert de Graystones. In the chapter concerning Prior Hugh de Derlington, there is a reference to the existence of some ill feeling between the Prior Hugh and Richard de Hoten, his sub-Prior. The latter was removed from his position at Durham and made Prior of the Cell of Lytham. His success in this last office did not seem to please Prior

^{*} *History of Trinity College* by Mr. H. Blakiston. p. 3.

† *Stevens' Supplement I.* p. 341.

Hugh, so he was again removed and made a conventual of Coldingham. The explanation given by the Historian is as follows:—

"Oderat enim eum, eo quod ipse supprior existens, tempore Ricardi de Claxton Prioris, veniens apud Fynchale in festo natiuitatis Johannis Baptistae, locum et fratres visiturus, ut supprior conseruerat, interrogauit cui H. quondam Prior confiteretur; cui H. praedictus respondit, 'Scio fili, quid habeo facere, et animam meam custodire sicut tu tuam; Haec igitur inquisicelo ei fontem inuidiae et occasionem odii ministrabat.'"^{*}

This petty feud so influenced the Prior that he sent the young monks to Oxford to pursue their studies, apparently to keep them away from the influence of Richard de Hoten, who had many attractive qualities.†

Hugh de Derlington's rival succeeded him in the government of the Monastery, and what is more he continued the work begun at Oxford. R. de Graystones says of him "locum Oxoniae comparauit et aedificare fecit." ‡

It was a quiet and humble beginning, and in 1309 is referred to merely as a site or place (platea). Some progress however was made, and in 1315 we find the College in possession of a small stock of vestments and about 37 books.§

The chief authors mentioned are St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Anselm, St. Gregory, St. Isidore and St. Bede, with Boethius and Henry of Ghent. Four books in the list are noted as pledged to Merton; an evident sign of the lack of ready money in the College's infancy. These were: Bede, super Genesis et de tabernaculo, in uno volumine;

* Hist. Dunelm. Surtees Society, p. 72.

† "Odio Ricardi de Hoten, qui ierensis grauiosus erit, monachos missi Oxoniam ad studendum et eis satis laute expensas ministrabat, malo occasione ministrante non sicut precabatur; unde fuit occasio redemptionis nostrae."

‡ Ibid p. 73.

§ Collectanea iii. Oxford Historical Society, B.

Isidorus, libri ethimologiarum; Postillae super Isaiam Jeremiam, et Ezechielem, in uno volumine; Sermones Augustini de pastoribus et ovibus, cum aliis multis, in uno volumine.

About this time Dom Gilbert Etwyk was the Prior of the College and there is a letter of his to Geoffrey de Burdon, Prior of Durham, still extant.* From this letter it appears that the chancellor of the University with his attendants had been allowed to occupy the chambers of the College, whilst the monks had to confine themselves to the dormitory. Doubtless this had been permitted as a means of raising funds. Dom Gilbert however had been sadly deceived, for he bitterly complains that the chancellor not only refused to pay anything, but had even attempted to take sole possession of the place. To prevent this, the monks managed to get rid of him and his belongings. He tried hard to get back again, and finally a compromise was made. "Pacem obtulimus suis ut ipsi omnes ad nos redirent pro anno presenti, dum tamen ipse solo verbo promitteret se non vendicaturum jus ibi inhabitandi ulterius." The monks found this the wisest plan, on account of the chancellor's influence with the archbishop ("He is the head of the University and the eye of the Archbishop"), which caused all others to turn against them except "a pleasing youth, Martin Simon de Stanes, *inceptor* in civil law, who prefers to endure the hatred of the Chancellor than the oppression of the Monastery of Durham."

During these early years of its existence the College was supported almost entirely by the Mother House, aided by the most important cells, such as Stamford, Wearmouth, Jarrow and Coldingham. There is much information on this point to be obtained from the publications of the Surtees Society. In 1343, Wearmouth spends 32/- "in curialitate facta sociis Oxonie et alibi infra et extra com-

* Collectanea iii. M.

morantibus." From the above date to 1380, the same Priory contributes sums of 6/8 and 10/- quite regularly. From 1360 to 1374, Coldingham regularly subscribes amounts varying from 6/8 to 10/-. In 1364, Jarrow pays 20/4 "studentibus Oxonie." Stamford pays 13/4 every year from 1374 to 1410. In the account of the Durham Bursars, between 1292 and 1368, there are entries to the amount of £205 paid "sociis studentibus Oxoniis" and this does not include the smaller amounts for travelling expenses between Oxford and Durham.

The Sacristan's account shows that 20/- were paid regularly every year from 1348 to 1400; similar entries are also to be found in the accounts of the Feretrarius, Elemosynarius and Camerarius.

Thus, for at least the first fifty years of its existence the College possessed no real permanent endowment. In 1838, Richard (Aungerville) de Bury, the Bishop of Durham, made an attempt to alter this unsatisfactory condition. He had formerly been Tutor to Edward III. before he came to the throne. With the influence thus acquired, he persuaded the King to fulfil a vow he had made on the eve of the battle of Halidon Hill, by granting the Rectory of Symondburn for the support of the Durham Monks studying at Oxford.* The request was granted, but for some reason or other the appropriation never took effect. Another design of his was to leave his large and valuable collection of books to the College, where it was to form a public library for the use of all at Oxford. The common opinion has been that this design was carried out, that the books were actually deposited in Durham College and lost sight of at the Reformation. But Mr. Blakiston points out that it is most probable that the books never found their way to the College.† In all likelihood they were sold on the death of the Bishop to pay the heavy debts he had incurred; moreover it is certain that some of the volumes were

* Wilkins' Concilia, ii. 233.

† *History of Trinity College*, p. 7.

purchased by the Abbot of St. Albans. Again, had his books been transferred to Oxford, the building of the Library there would not have been delayed until seventy years after the Bishop's death, as actually was the case. Lastly, among the documents concerning the College, there is a list of books there in 1400, and as the number of books catalogued in this inventory does not exceed 100, it is not likely that the Aungerville Library was included, since we know that thirty seven of these books were possessed by the College in 1315. Richard de Bury, then, in spite of his generous efforts, did not apparently leave the College in any more flourishing condition than that in which he found it.

Though no financial progress had been made by the middle of the 14th century, still the College was playing no obscure rôle in the intellectual life of Oxford. At this time the Prior, Uthred de Bolton, was one of the leading controversialists in the University. His name is frequently mentioned about this period in the Durham Account Rolls as receiving travelling expenses to and from Oxford, and in 1358 he received as much as £32 12s. 8d. for the expenses of his Degree. He was a bitter enemy of the Friars. Tryvytham in his "De Laude Oxoniæ",* after bestowing high praises on the University, passes on to show how she encourages strife amongst her offspring by pitting the Monks against the Friars. He enumerates three great enemies of the Friars; Uthred is the third,—a blasphemer, a Scot, a beast armed with two horns.

"Jam loco tercio procedit acrius
Armata bestia duobus cornibus.
Hanc Ostredem reptu, qui totis viribus
Verbis et opere insultat fratribus.
Hic Scottus genere perturbat Anglicos,
Auferre nititur viros intraneos."†

* *Collectanea li. Ox. Hist. Society.*

† *Ibid.* p. 208.

After retiring from Oxford he became Prior of Finchale, and in 1374 was sent by Edward III. on an embassy to the Pope.

Another attempt to provide a permanent endowment, and this time a successful one, was begun about 1379. Thomas Hatfield, one of the grandest of the Bishops of Durham, determined to place the College in a satisfactory financial position. This intention is first alluded to in one of his letters, written from London to the Prior (Robert Berington) and convent of Durham "Confrater vester et nobis in Christo dilectus, Johanne de Beryngton, qui erga nos et consilium nostrum pro Collegio Monachorum et Secularium, quod in profectum et honorem ecclesie nostrae Dunelmensis stabilivimus, diligencias laudabiles apposuit et labores, vobis viva voce plene referet, et eiam in scriptis, quid per nos factum fuerit et per nos fieri volumus in premissis."^{*}

A charter was accordingly drawn up in 1381,† which was practically a contract between the Bishop and the Prior and convent of Durham, in which it was agreed that for the sum of £3,000, which he would hand over to them, they would provide an annual income of 200 marks for the support of eight monks and eight secular youths at Oxford. As the Bishop died shortly after the drawing up of the contract, the final settlement was left in the hands of his trustees. The result arrived at was that the receipts from the Rectories of Frampton, Fishlake, Bossal and Ruddington should be used for the support of the College, and also that £4 and £16 should be annually paid by the Rectory and Vicarage of Northallerton. It is thought that these receipts together with the usual contributions from Durham produced an income of about £240.‡

The statutes of the College, drawn up by the Bishop himself, stipulated that it was to be dedicated to Our

* Hist. Dunelm. Sertens Society, App. cxxvii.

† Wilkin's *Canons* li. 614. etc.

‡ Trinity College, p. 10

Blessed Lady and St. Cuthbert. There were to be on the foundation eight Durham monks, chosen by the Durham Chapter in accordance with the Rules laid down in the Constitutions of Benedict XII. The Prior of Durham had to appoint one of these as 'Prior' or 'Custos,' whose duties were definitely stated. All were bound to live a conventual life and perform the Divine Office in the manner prescribed. Eight secular students had also to be maintained, whose chief study was to be grammar and philosophy—four of them to be chosen from the Diocese of Durham, two from the Bishop's estate of Allertonshire, and two from that in Howdenshire. They had to take their meals at a table apart from the monks, and perform all "honest ministeria" for them, provided these duties did not interfere too much with their studies. It was the superior's duty to see that they were regularly provided with tunics, etc., twice a year, and to regulate for their religious duties and studies. They were not required to take vows, but had to promise to always respect and honour the Church and monks of Durham. If their lives were upright and honest they were allowed to remain seven years at the College, but for certain faults, which were enumerated, they were to be expelled; the power to expel was reserved to the Prior of Durham alone. Besides the superior, two others had to be chosen to act as Bursars, who in conjunction with him administered the funds provided by the estates. They were to pay the stipends of the 'socii,' £10 each, and also of the scholars, five marks each, and all necessary payments for books, clothes and wages had to be made by them; but they were forbidden to touch the money for any other purpose "sine predicti prioris seu custodis et omnium sociorum suorum consilio unanimi et consensu." Every quarter the Prior and community had the right to examine the accounts, and each year the Prior in the presence of one of the Bursars must present the accounts to the Prior and Chapter of Durham.

All this of course required the sanction of Ecclesiastical superiors, and in 1387 Pope Urban VI confirmed by a Bull the appropriation of the above-mentioned churches.* Somehow or other, this legal business was not satisfactorily performed. It is evident that disputes arose in reference to the above churches, and hence, for further confirmation, Boniface IX issued another Bull in 1396 and a third in 1403, for the "Reformatio morum ecclesiarum collegii Oxon."†

That a constant supply of students from Durham was kept up is apparent from the Durham account Rolls, in which are to be found numerous entries for the travelling expenses of the young monks to Oxford. The method of keeping up the supply was quite systematic:—

"Ther was always vj Novices, which went daly to schoole within the House, for the space of vij yere, and one of the oldest mounckes, that was lernede, was appointed to be there tuteur. The sayd novices had no wages but meite, drinke and clothe, for that space. The maister or tuteres office was to se that they lacked nothing, as cowles, frocks, stammyns,‡ bedding, bootes and socks, and whene they did lack any of thes necessaries the maister had charge to calle of the chamber-laynes for such thinges. For they never receyved wages, nor handled any money, in that space, but [were] goynges daly to ther bookes within the cloyster. And if the maister did see any of theme weare apt to lernyng, and dyd applie his booke, and had a pregnant wyt wichall, then the maister dyd lett the Prior have intellygence. Then streightway after, he was sent to Oxforde to schoole and there did lerne to study Devinity.§

Promising students were thus always at hand to fill up

* Wilkins' Concilia II. 617.

† *Ibid.* p. 619.

‡ A kind of coarse cloth chiefly used by pilgrims.

§ Extract from Rites of Durham. See Trinity College, p. 14.

the vacancies as they occurred at the College. When a vacancy was made known to the Prior of Durham, he had to proceed immediately to the election of a new scholar* and notify his choice to the Oxford Prior; the letter appointing John Fenton to succeed Richard Clyff in 1424 is still extant. There were times when the students required severe correction. On one occasion the Prior of Durham had to threaten to inflict "condignam ulcionis poenam" on one who had been guilty of offending against "regularem vitam et morum condencioniam."† In 1431, Prior John of Durham has to remind the young scholars of the duties they owed (and which they had evidently not been performing) to the older monks, viz., to wait on them at table and to assist them in washing their hands before and after meals.‡

Thomas de Hatfield was succeeded by John de Fordham, and the latter by Walter Skirlawe. Now, in spite of what Bishop Hatfield had done for the College, it seems to have been very near a collapse during the Episcopate of of Bishop Walter. In 1404, the Prior and Convent of Durham granted him the privilege of being buried in the north part of their choir, because among other good deeds he had preserved "collegium nostrum Oxoniense ab adnulatione et destructione."§ Whatever his assistance was it must have been something substantial, for before the close of the first decade of the 15th century a new chapel was begun and finished. Their first chapel, nothing more than a small Oratory, had been erected about 1330.

"The chapel here was built about the year 1330, which was dedicated to the Honour and Memory of the most Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin Mary, and the glorious Confessor Saint Cuthbert, and being in the Parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, the church thereof belonging to Ouseney Abbey, there was a composition made, A.D. 1326, dated

* Hist. Dunelm. App. cxxxvii "Receptio Scholaris in Collegium Oxoniense."

† *Ibid.* App. cclv.

‡ *Ibid.* App. cxxvii.

§ *Ibid.* App. cxxvi.

Oct. 5th, between the Abbot thereof and the guardian of this place, concerning the Tithes due to the said Parish Church, from the Scite or Inclosure of this College, which, by the said agreement between each party, the College was to pay for all their greater or lesser Tithes 18d. per An., and for all their Oblations and Offerings in the said chapel, which was then to be built, 6d to be paid at the two Feasts of St. Cuthbert, in the months of March and September.* Towards the building of the new Chapel Bishop Skirlawe gave £20, and in the accounts of the Durham Almoners we find that the Mother House gave £35 18s. 4d. It was completed in 1408 but by no means paid for, the accounts for that year showing that £49 8s. 0d. was still owing for building expenses.

The period between 1380 and 1428 was the building one. In 1380, the College consisted of "a chapel or oratory, three or four living rooms at least, with a small refectory, buttery and kitchen, and a stable."†

Passing now to the year 1428, when W. Ebchester retired from his position as Prior, we find that he drew up a list of the movable property of the College.‡ The inventory is made under these headings:—Capella, Aula, Promptuarium, Coquina, Jocalia,§ In Loquitorio, In Camera Custodis, In Cameris, In Stabulo. A glance through the different items serves to throw some light on the existing buildings. Besides the chapel there was a Vestry and Library. The Hall was simply but usefully furnished—one hanging, two bench covers, three tables, three forms, three trestles, two andirons and an iron poker; the last item is "Catasta pendens in aula," i.e., the Stocks for the punishment of the refractory ones.¶ The Kitchen was well

* Steven's Supplement. i. 342.

† Collectanea iii. Ox. Hist. Soc. Introduction to "Some Durham College Rolls"

‡ Collectanea iii. E.

§ Precious vessels and ornaments used in the chapel.

¶ This is Mr. Blackburn's interpretation of *Catasta*, but the "pendens in aula"

stocked with all necessary utensils and the room spoken of as the "Loquitorium" was probably what we now call the "Cafefactory." From the list we see the Prior had two rooms, that there were nine more for the use of the monks, and three others, containing five beds, for the scholars. There were two outhouses—a stable and a wood-shed. It is thus quite clear that a great advance had been made between the two dates above mentioned.

As W. Ebchester, the Prior of the College, has just been mentioned, it will be convenient here to notice three documents relating to the respective positions of the Prior of Durham College, always spoken of as "Prior Oxoniæ" and the "Prior Studentium" the superior who was in charge of Gloucester College. It is not surprising to find the latter claiming a certain jurisdiction over the former, since Gloucester College, by virtue of the Constitutions of Benedict XII and the repeated Acts of General Chapter, was the representative College of the whole body of Black monks in England, and had a right to claim a certain amount of support from each Monastery.

The documents referred to are:—

1. Querela Prioris Studentium *
2. Rotulus in quo recitantur compilationes factæ per Johannem Wessyngton Priorem pro defensione Ecclesie Dunelmensis.†
3. A lengthy defence of the Rights of the Prior Oxoniæ against the claims of the "Prior Studentium."‡

The first which was drawn up about 1422 complains that William Ebchestyr had referred a dispute, regarding order in procession, to secular authorities instead of to the Fathers of the Order; that, contrary to the command of makes it an impossible one. More probably the *Catasta* was the *Strappado*,* a pulley-arrangement for hoisting a man up by the wrists, either as a punishment in itself, or to more securely administer a flogging.

* Collectanea iii. N.

† Hist. Dunelm. App. cxxvii.

‡ Collectanea iii. A. It has no title prefixed.

the Prior Studentium, he had taken part in certain processions, when his absence from such would have prevented disturbance, and would have been to the greater honour of God and Religion: that, when summoned to Chapter in virtue of Holy Obedience, he had refused to obey, denying the right of the Prior to thus summon him or any of his subjects; lastly, it is asserted that graduates of the University had complained that, contrary to all customs in vogue at Oxford, he took his place in processions above the Bachelors. The closing paragraph of the 'Querela' shows the conflict to have been no slight one—"In causa qua dictus Wilhelmus renueret obedire religioni propter odium seu rancorem conceptum contra prefatum Priorem, idem Prior, in verbis sacerdotii paratum, se reddidit ad renunciandum officio Prioratus pro perpetuo ad effectum quod dictus Wilhelmus satisfaciat Ordini in persona alterius Prioris sibi per Dei gratiam succedentis et ad hoc iuravit per sancta Dei evangelia."

To the first accusation is added "Hoc est falsum," to the third "Verum est," both additions written in a handwriting which Mr. Blakiston asserts to be different from that of the rest of the documents.

The second document referred to only contains one sentence concerning this matter and is clearly intended as a protest for all time against the claims of the "Prior Studentium."

"Item, quod Prior studentium non habet interesse in collegio nostro Oxoniensi ea ratione, quod prius erat Prior in dicto loco nostro quam erat creatus aliquis Prior studentium."

The third commences by quoting the 'Constitutiones' of Benedict XII "De studentibus ad generalia studia mittendis." It then continues—By the said constitution the 'Prior studentium' of the Black Monks at Oxford claims jurisdiction over the monks of Durham College, but

the Prior, or Warden of the said College, disputes this claim, and against it alleges that a long time before the publication of the constitutions and before Bishop Hatfield's endowments of the College, the Durham Monks had a house of their own, in which eight of them lived a community life, this number having been determined by a certain Hugh (de Derlington) who was Prior of Durham in 1257.*

The writer then points out that the "Prior Oxoniæ" had always been appointed by the Prior of Durham, receiving jurisdiction from him, and as a proof of this he quotes the case of Dom Gilbert Elwyk in 1316; another instance, in 1340, in which the Prior of Durham College is spoken of as "per Priorem Dunelmensem prefectus;" and a third instance of a certain Prior N. of Durham appointing R. de C. Prior of the College and giving him full authority over the students there.†

A good deal more evidence is brought forward to show that before the promulgation of the 'Constitutiones' the Prior of Durham College had always been appointed by the Prior of Durham. It is pointed out that the Pope's object in creating the office of 'Prior studentium' had been to safeguard regular discipline at the houses of study, and that as this in the case of Durham College had been fully provided for, the 'Constitutiones' ought not to affect them. In conclusion, the writer asserts that the authorities of Durham College will voluntarily (and here their freedom in the matter is considerably emphasised) contribute towards the maintenance of the 'Prior studentium.'

* This would be during his first Priehip, for in 1285 we find "electus est Hugo de Derlington, quondam Prior in Priorem Ecclesie Dunelmensis, per viam compromissi." *Hist. Dunelm.*, cap. 121.

† Mr. Blakiston, thinks that N. must stand simply for 'nomen' since about the time stated there was no Prior whose name began with N. R. de C. might be Robert de Claxton, Prior of Coldingham in 1374, or perhaps Robert Crayk who was a senior monk at Durham in 1396 and seems to have had some early connection with the College.

A further reason to account for this high feeling between the two Priors' might probably have been this, viz., that the existence of Durham College not only kept the Durham monks away from Gloucester College but was also the cause of other Monks from other Monasteries absenting themselves. Students from the Abbeys of Whitby and St. Mary's, York, were admitted into Durham College. Mr. Blakiston quotes from accounts of the last quarter of 1394—

"For an iron band for a beam in the low chamber of the York monks—7d."

Again in 1414, 13s. 4d. is received for the camera of the Whitby monks, and 20/- for the camera of the York monks.

Others having no connection with the Order were also probably permitted to rent Chambers at the College, for a certain T. Moston pays 8s. 8d. for the use of a room there in 1414, and Gilbert Kymer, when Chancellor of the University between 1446 and 1453, dates some of his acts as Chancellor from the College. He is mentioned in Wood's "Fasti" as being "of Durham College."

As to the arrangement of the College buildings a general idea can be obtained from Loggan's birds-eye view of them. They enclosed a quadrangle, the south side of which was occupied by the Chapel; on the west were the Refectory, Kitchen and Stores; the Prior's apartment and Calefactory were on the north; the Library, Vestry and Cameræ on the east. The external appearance of this last block is even now substantially unaltered; it overlooked, on the east, a small garden, and beyond this was a large grove, most of which has not yet been built upon.

Little is known of the College during the last fifty years of its existence. Its revenue gradually decreased until, in 1540, the date of its dissolution, it was valued at scarcely £123. Along with the Mother House, it was surrendered to the

Crown by Prior Hugh Whitehead on Dec. 31st, 1540. The last Prior of the College was Edward Hyndmer, who, on his resignation, received one of the Prebendal stalls at Durham. Scholastic life at the College, however, did not cease immediately, for the Dean and Chapter of Durham supported it for about a year under the charge of Dom George Clyffe.

Between 1500 and 1540, there are at least 85 Benedictines mentioned in the 'Fasti' as supplicating for degrees. The majority of them would be Gloucester College students, but Durham College had its share. There were certainly eight alumni of the College who took degrees during this period:—Thomas Swawell, who was afterwards Prior there; Thomas Castell who succeeded the former as Prior; Hugh Whitehead, Prior of the College and afterwards Prior of Durham; Edward Hyndmer, the last Prior, who took his degrees in 1513. The remaining four were H. Sparke, W. Todde, Stephen Morley and Robert Dalton. The last three were very likely the last of the Benedictines at the College for they were all Canons of Durham in 1541; this dignity doubtless being conferred upon them in recompense for losing their positions at the College.

The stream of Benedictine life at Oxford ebbed slowly and gradually. "After the Abbeys were dissolved in 1535 and 1536, I find many monks and other religious persons, who had pensions allowed them out of the Exchequer, to retire to the University, and to such places therein, that were nurseries for them, as Canterbury College, Gloucester College, Durham College, St. Bernard's, &c., which were full of them; where they continued till they were wore out or had gotten benefices."* To tear themselves away from Oxford was a hard wrench and during these five or six years we find them creeping back to the home of their early studies. For them it had great attractions and pleas-

* Fasti Oxonienses. Wood. Under date 1538.

ant memories, and when driven from their monasteries and cast adrift, it was to Oxford they turned for rest and quiet and peace.

G. E. HIND.

With an Old Fowler.

No sport calls for more skill and endurance than that of wild-fowling. Pursued in the coldest and stormiest season of the year, and on the exposed marshes and mudflats that form a considerable portion of our coasts, it tries even the strongest constitution. As for skill, only those who have attempted the feat, can understand how difficult it is, under ordinary circumstances, to get within shooting distance of any number of wild fowl. Feeding, as they do, in open ground or on open water, with keen-eyed sentinels, regularly posted, they note the appearance of a man even half a mile away, and promptly depart from what they know to be a dangerous neighbourhood. Here and there, it may be, the bed of a winding creek seems to afford the gunner a possible though muddy means of approach, but he finds, perhaps, after five or six hundred yards of most uncomfortable progression, that a miserable snipe, rising in his path with a startled scream, has given his expected prey all the warning that they require. Now and then, during a long frost or in very wild weather, wild fowl are easier than usual to approach, and it may be taken as a rule that the sport obtained increases in proportion to the discomfort of the surroundings.

Perhaps the most deadly form of wild-fowling is the

decoy system, and so strange is the method practised in England that a short description of it may be interesting. A pond or small mere is chosen in a district favoured by wild fowl, with high reeds growing round, behind the shelter of which the fowler may work unseen. On each side of this, winding creeks are constructed. These are covered with reeds and form the main portion of the trap. It should also be premised that these covered creeks grow narrower as they leave the pond and finally run into a long bag-shaped not, and that at various intervals there are small openings so arranged that they cannot be seen by the birds until they have gone beyond them. Now, given the birds on the pond, they are attracted into the "pipes," as these carefully prepared creeks are called, in this way.

A certain number of tame ducks are kept on the ponds and are fed in the pipes. This feeding is always done in the same way. The fowler throws a handful of grain over the belt of reeds so that it falls in front of the pipe into which he wishes the ducks to go. Then he proceeds to the first opening in the pipe and repeats the operation so leading the ducks well up into the pipe. Here we have one factor in the operation, the other is a very strange one. A small reddish dog, which must be perfectly trained, acts the chief part in luring the fowl to their destruction.

The handful of grain, having been thrown to the mouth of the pipe chosen, which is done after careful examination of the wind, the dog appears at the mouth of the pipe and, after gambolling about long enough to attract the attention of the wild fowl, runs or swims, according to the height of the water, into the pipe. The wild-fowl at once hurry across and led by the tame birds go confidently into the pipe. Presently the dog appears at an opening higher up and runs before them still further into the pipe. They follow with renewed eagerness until at length, as

they begin perhaps to doubt, the fowler shows himself at one of the openings behind them and they dash in great alarm up the pipe until they find themselves entangled in the net at the end. Why they follow the decoy dog, is not quite clear; some say, from curiosity, others, because they imagine it to be a fox, and wish to exact vengeance for many past wrongs. However that may be, these decoys are often valuable possessions and are strictly protected by law. Anyone, firing a gun or otherwise disturbing the birds near is liable to a heavy fine.

It was on the East Coast in the land of the Broads that I first had the pleasure of seeing how a decoy was worked, and the old fowler to whom the decoy in question belonged, conceiving a mild affection for me, or perhaps for my pouch and flask, offered to take me out in his fowling punt to shoot on the flats some miles away.

A strong north-easter was showering hail and snow upon us, as we made our way carefully along the sea-wall. Carefully, for the long storm, of which we were now feeling the tail-end, had made many gaps, and a man, if he happened upon one of these suddenly, might come near to breaking his neck. My companion, however, who was one of the marsh people that sleep by day and shoot by night, seemed quite able to foresee the damaged parts, though to me the night was as yet so dark that I could barely distinguish my hand when I held it before me. On our left nothing could be heard but the sound of the sea which had just reached its appointed limit for the time and was already beginning to ebb; on our right could be heard the ceaseless calling of the wild fowl that had assembled in thousands on the marshes waiting for the feast that the sea would leave behind.

And here lies hidden a great mystery—one of many in nature—How do wild fowl learn the times of the tide? Birds that rest by the shore can, of course, see the waters turning back, but what of those that find peace and

security on the wild moorlands, many miles inland? Yet these birds vary the time of their arrival day after day as the tide varies, and though we may misread the time tables that wise men make for us the birds never err. As soon as the feeding grounds are uncovered, there they are with the healthiest appetites in the world. If instinct guides them, their instinct—but here my speculations were interrupted by my companion who warned me that we were about to leave the sea-wall to reach the punt-house. We turned sharp to the right and after a few hundred yards of rough walking reached the punt-house, which was cleverly built into the side of a wide creek and covered with reeds so that, as I found later, it required an experienced eye to distinguish it at a hundred yards distance. Yet it was large enough to contain one double-handed and two single punts. To-night, or this morning rather—for the grey light of dawn was already appearing—our work lay with the largest boat, which the gunner was already getting into order. These punts are strange looking boats,—in shape very much the same as an ordinary canoe-yawl, wide in the beam and flat-bottomed, so that they draw very little water and can even be pushed over the soft mud. They are painted heron-grey and in a dull light are not easily seen two hundred yards away. A short mast is set forward in the boat and is chiefly used when sailing from one shooting ground to another. When fowl are near, the mast is taken down and stowed away beneath the deck; the gunner lies in the well of the boat and by the help of short paddles works his way within shot. Generally, however, he arranges matters so that he drifts on to the birds with the tide; for wild-fowl are jealous of the slightest movement. When ready for the shot, the gunner, by a slight movement, disturbs the birds and as they rise with outspread wings from the water, the great punt-gun takes its tithe of them. These guns are really small cannon, and elaborate arrangements are made to counteract the recoil.

If this were not done, the gun would probably drive a hole through the bottom of the light boat.

At last all was ready and we dragged the boat down to the water's edge and embarked. The gunner lay in front of me, peering out into the haze, whilst I lay behind, comfortably ensconced on a mattress composed of old sacks.

It was now light enough for me to observe that what I had taken for a wide creek was in reality the sluggish river which here opened out into the sea.

In perfect silence we drifted down past the sea-wall, a stroke now and then from the paddle keeping us clear of the banks, until a trembling insecurity in that department of my interior, which years ago I used to call my "bread-basket," told me that we were entering the troubled waters of the German Ocean.

The worst might have befallen me, if I had been allowed to brood over my misfortunes, but luckily my attention was distracted by a signal from my companion to look over the top of the well. I crept cautiously forward and in a moment forgot all the terrors of the tumbling sea.

We were moving slowly along the edge of mud-flats that in the dim light seemed interminable. And over all were scattered companies of wild-fowl innumerable. I had seen wild-fowl gathered together before, and I have seen them since, but I may never have the good fortune to see them in such numbers again. We were at the tail-end of a wild and long-continued storm and, worn out with the hard struggle against the elements, the birds were crowded together feeding with an evident determination to make up for lost time and were almost entirely oblivious of danger.

A single cutlew rose with a warning screech and a few gulls moved uneasily, but the others heeded us not. Not a hundred yards away, a great company of widgeon seemed

to offer a chance of a good shot but my companion still paddled gently on.

At first I wondered why he was throwing away the chance that, on other days, he would have spent hours to gain. At length, however, I heard the grunting noise that told me that geese were at hand, and aided by the sound I discovered, about two hundred yards away, a flock of grey-lag geese. These were the objects of our lengthened stalk, so to speak, and a few minutes would decide their fate. More and more slowly we advanced. The tide was helping us and the paddle was useful only to prevent the punt from swinging broadside to the birds. End-on the boat was a small mark, and though every now and then the bird nearest to us looked up and moved slowly away, we gradually came nearer and nearer. We were now within shot, scarcely a hundred yards separated us from the birds, when I observed my companion's hand fumbling for the cord which worked the trigger of the great gun. Still he did not fire and so we crept on.

At last when we had come within about seventy yards, the birds suddenly took the alarm, and struggled to rise. Many a shot at geese has been spoiled by the haste of the inexperienced shooter. They are clumsy birds on the ground and though, when well on the wing, they move at a great speed, they are very slow at starting. So it seemed to me that the gunner had changed his mind and was not going to fire at all since the birds were already clear of the ground and the leaders well under weigh. Then with a deafening roar, and a cloud of smoke that blotted out the whole scene, the gun went off. Before the smoke had cleared away, the gunner ran the punt into the mud and, finding by trial that it was too soft for walking upon, hurriedly put on a pair of great mud-shoes. These are contrivances, by means of which a man may make his way over ground which would be unsafe without some such aid. It has happened more than once that a gunner

has lost his life on the marshes for want of them. Roughly speaking they are short boards which are strapped securely to the feet. They require considerable skill in their use and it would not be advisable to venture upon dangerous ground with them without considerable practice beforehand. Whilst my companion was thus occupied, I had time to count up the spoil. Fourteen geese lay waiting to be gathered in but to my great surprise there were no cripples to be seen. This was probably due to the closeness of the range which was almost less than half the usual distance.

However that may be, when all had been gathered in, and the gun loaded once more, the old fellow was in so good a humour that he told me to take the next shot.

We changed places and coasted slowly, the gunner working the paddle from behind. The birds however were now more on their guard. The noise of the gun had startled them and the light had grown much stronger. So we worked along for nearly half-an-hour before my chance came. At last we drew near to a long low bank of shingle and mud. The gunner whispered me to get ready and not to fire until he gave the word. Still I could see nothing on the bank except mud and stones covered with weed and moss. As we came nearer, however, I could see that some birds were moving there, and before I was near enough to distinguish their marking, knew from their frequent whistlings that they were golden plovers. How many were there, I could not tell: no small number, I felt sure, or my friend the gunner would not have condescended to waste the charge of the big gun on them. Not until we were quite close to the bank did he steady the boat so that the gun would rake the bank, and raising the birds with a loud 'ahoy,' gave me the word to fire. The bank seemed to be alive with birds as I pulled the trigger, and at that short range the execution was great. Seventy three birds were picked up

as they fell, and thirteen winged birds were recovered with the aid of the twelve-bores.

The fowler was now quite satisfied with the morning's work as he might well be, having some three or four pounds worth of birds in his boat and, being eager to get them to market, turned the punt's bow towards home. The gun was, of course, loaded again and ready for any chance shot, but the birds had been effectually scared away. A few Barnacle Geese flew across us near the punt house but well out of shot. A fine black and white bird is the Barnacle Goose, but chiefly interesting because of the strange theory, held years ago generally and in some places to this day, of their origin. Gerard writes "What our eyes have seen and our hands have touched, we shall declare. There is a small island in Lancashire wherein are found the old and bruised pieces of ships, wherein is found a certain spume or froth, that in time breedeth into certain shells, in shape like that of the muskles, wherein is contained a thing in form like a lace of silk finely woven, one end whereof is fastened into the inside of the shel, even as the fish of oysters and muskles are, which in time commeth to the shape of a bird: when it is perfectly formed, the shel gapeth open and the first thing that appeared is the fore-said lace or string: next come the legs of the bird hanging out, till at length it is all come forth and hangeth only by the bill: in short space after it commeth to full maturitie and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers and groweth to a fowle, bigger than a Mallard and less than a Goose. For the truth hereof if any doubt let them repaire unto me and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses."

R. R.

Some English Word-growths.

It must be a puzzle to foreigners to understand, why such words in English as Shin, Sick, Hang and Kill came to have the meanings they possess. They appear as if they had been accidentally picked up out of chaos like so many independent stones, and the poor foreigner has to commit them to memory to the best of his ability. If any one could manage to diminish this inconvenience, he ought to be regarded as a benefactor of the foreigner and even of the home-born Englishman.

Professor Skeat gives two roots that will be found useful in our little garden; namely *Ki* and *Ski* (or rather *Sku*), the former under the word *Hie*, and the latter in his List of Aryan Roots.

Ski is apt to take the forms *Sy*, *Sc*, *Sw*, *Sh*, *S*, and even *Ț*; whilst *Ki* is prone to settle down into *Qu*, *W*, *V*, *H*, and occasionally through *V* into *P*, *B* and *F*. Both *Ski* and *Ki* seem to signify motion, the former perhaps the quicker of the two.

SKI. *Ski* is said to be the Scandinavian name for a skate, and the sound emitted in skating undoubtedly suits the word. *Ski* is perhaps the origin of the word *Shoe*. Professor Skeat derives it from *Sku*, to cover. But the French Soulier exhibits more probably the Teutonic way of regarding the article in question, not as covering the foot, but as being fastened to it like a skate.

KI. This appears in the Latin *Kio* and *Kico*, in the Greek *Kio* and the English *Hie*, the group forming an example of Grimm's law.

SKI. From this comes *Shy*, to rush off as a horse does when frightened; and the adjective *Shy*, meaning originally ready to rush off.

When a horse shies, it rushes off sideways, whence arose the word *Skew*. From *Skew* came *Shunt* to push on one side and *Squint* to look on one side, as also *Shun* and *Eschew* to move off on one side. *Skew* probably led to *Screw*, where *R* is intrusive and helps with the *C* to suggest the feeling of roundness as in *Crook*, *Crank* and *Curve*. *Screw* leads to *Swerve*, *Swirl* and *Whirl*, as also to *Shirk*, *Shrug*, *Shrink*, *Shrive*, *Swivel* and *Shrimp*. The *R* in *Swivel* was difficult to pronounce and therefore readily disappeared.

R is an erratic letter, sometimes intruding, sometimes dropping out and frequently leaping from one part of a word to another, as in some of the above words.

Words are nasalized in other languages principally to solidify them, as in *Vinco* from *Vico*, but in English the process introduces quite a number of new words, as in *Bear*, *Bring*; *Fly*, *Fling*; *Slow*, *Slink*; *Step*, *Stamp*; *Trap*, *Tramp*; *Wrig* (in *Wriggle*), *Wring*; *Shrug*, *Shrink*; &c.

SKI with *N*. This *N* is possibly the preposition *On* or the Gothic *Ana* and readily becomes *Ma*. *Skim* is to rush along a surface and then as a transitive verb to draw it off. *Scum* is that which comes to the surface of a liquid, used with a bad sense in English, but in a good sense by Germans. To *Swim* is to stay on the surface of water, whilst the *Swan* is the bird that dwells on the surface of water. *Skin* is the surface of an animal, and *Shin* is the part of a man's leg where there is nothing but skin on the bone. To *Scamp* work is to do it superficially and a *Sham* is only superficially like the real thing. A *Swamp* is a slushy surface that seems to swim on half-concealed moisture. *Skimpy* things are poor and attenuated like skin, and are of scanty substance. A *Sound* is a narrow arm of water, which a man is able to swim across. Skeat says that Squeamish people have "a swimming in the head." *Shame* is the feeling a person has, when he is

caught Shamming, that is, pretending to be what he is not. Schooner is only a couple of centuries old and yet is from Scoon of the same elements. Skeat adds that the "Clydesdale Scon or Sooon, to glide swiftly, is applied to stones with which one makes 'ducks and drakes' on water."

SKI with P. This P may possibly represent the preposition Up, and thus Skip means to leap up, and nasalized becomes Jump and Jumble. From Skip comes Sheep, the animal that skips about when young. This ousted the older word Ewe (connected with the Latin Ovis), and was later confined to the female. A Ship skips over the waves of the sea. Skeat derives Ship from Shape, but this will not explain Skiff, which is the same word as Ship. *Sk* may soften into *Sh*, but *Sk* cannot become *Sk*. A Chinese once said to a friend of ours, "What a strange language yours is, you have Ship at sea and Sheep on land". He could not perceive any difference between the two words. You have heard a boy say, "The stone just Shaved the man's leg," meaning that it skipped by his leg, barely touching it. This gives rise to Shave, spoken of the chin, which the razor seems barely to touch. This leads to Shape, which cuts off little bits at a time, the P giving the impression of something harder than hair. Hence comes Sweep. Sweeping takes off something from a surface, but not so much as in Shaving the chin and still less than in Shaving a piece of wood, whilst Scooping takes off still more. From the same elements we have Shove (to push up), Sheaf, Shift, Shovel, Scuffle, Shuffle, and Scoff. A Shaft is or was a rod that has been well Shaved.

SKL with T. The T seems to be connected with the preposition At. To Skit is to tease a person by throwing stones or cutting remarks at him. In Squirt the R is said by Skeat to be intrusive. From the same elements we have Shoot, Scatter and Shatter. Scatter nasalized becomes, according to Skeat, Squander. Also Skittish,

Skittles, Scuttle (to hurry), Scout (to ridicule), and Shut from "shooting the bolt." Scud, Skid and Skedadle are intransitive. The sound, caused by a cycle Skidding is not unlike the word.

KI with P. This gives Hop, just as Ski with P gives Skip. From Hop we obtain Hap and Happen "to come with a Hop." Hence is derived Happy, employed like Lucky in a favourable sense. From Hop Skeat deduces Hobble, Hobby and even Hoop.

SKI with KI. From these elements are formed such words of double movement, as Shake, Shock, Shog, Shaggy, Shiver, Jog and Jig. Jig nasalized produces that odd word Jinks. A Jigger is a contrivance for moving heavy goods up and down. A thrifty housewife Shakes her cinders in a Sieve in order to Sift them. Shaw a thicket, so called from its Shaking, is found in the names of places, as Windleshaw. However, Bradshaw is from Brad's Haigh, near Wigan, belonging to the Earl of Balcarres, sometimes called the Haigh.

The same give Swag (now Sway), from which we have Swagger. Sway nasalized produces Swing, which moves backwards and forwards. A Swinging blow is given with a long Swing of the arm. From this comes the old word Swink, meaning strong, whence Skeat derives Swain, a strong man. When a long rope is stretched from one point to another, it hangs down in the middle and Sways to and fro and is therefore said to Sag. The word Sag nasalized becomes Sink. When newly ploughed land has a heavy shower on it, the sharp ridges sink, and the field is said to be Sagged or Sad, and when the ground becomes powdered it is called Saud. A man, when ill is usually Shaky and is hence said to be Sick, the notion of vomiting being added later. From Shake are also formed Shackles, Switch and Shank (a leg), all exemplifying double motion.

When a person is accustomed to amuse us by merrily

wagging his tongue, we call him a Wag. In the long time ago, when the English and Germans formed one people, they spoke of a man Swagging or Sagging his tongue. From this came the word Sag, which the English have softened into Say, Saying, Said, whilst the Germans have kept the G intact. From this we have Saw for a saying and Saga. Sag nasalized produces Sing. If hair is set on fire it is Singed, and the noise produced resembles the word.

KI DOUBLED. This combination also implies double motion, as in Quake and Quagmire. Quake gives rise to the diminutive Quakle (not found except in the Latin *Vacillo*), and Quakle contracts into Quail, which becomes transitive in Quell. If you wish to quell a man thoroughly you must Kill him outright.

Of the Quick and the dead, the latter have no motion at all, whilst that of the Quick is always more or less double, owing to the two arms and two legs. Connected with Quick is the Latin *Vixi*, which recovers the K sound in *Vixi* and *Victum*. Wight is a living person and Wick is a place to live in, as Berwick, Norwich and Villa for *vicula*. Wick is the living part of a candle when lighted. Bees usually live in Hives—connected with the Latin *Civis*.

In sleep we have no motion, but when we rise out of it we return to double motion and Wake. Hence Watch, connected with Vigil. It is strange that Quick, meaning alive, should come to mean Quick, rapid. This Quick become a transitive verb in Kick to hurry a thing on, in Keck to shoot stones out of a cart, and in the school boys' Chuck. At first it seems difficult to believe that Kick can become High, yet Skeat tells us that High is from the Sanskrit root Kuk, which is practically the same as Kick. Pronounce High as spelt, nasalize it, changing the vowel as usual, and you have the verb Hang, whence Hinge. In Stonehenge the second syllable keeps the

original meaning of 'lifted up high' and not as we usually take it, 'dependent from a point.'

Adding Ch to High we obtain Hitch to fix up high, and Hook (?) the thing that Hitches up. A Hutch is hitched up against a wall and the name is helped by its apparent connection with Hut. Hatches are so called from their resemblance to the bars of a hutch. Hank is a string or loop and then a handle by which you hang a thing up. Hanker is to lit yourself up to reach a thing you desire and this is modified in Hunger. A joint of venison when hung up to ripen is called a Haunch from Hang and the terminal Ch.

Wag or Quake gives us Waggle, Quiver, Quaver, Waver (like the Latin *Vibrare*) and Weak. Weak nasalized wit Ch becomes Wench, a weak person, now applied only to rough young women but not necessarily weak. A Wick-et is a small light door that readily wags to and fro, and a Week is a wag of the moon. A Viceroy takes the turn or wag of a King. Wag nasalized appears in Wing, Wink and Wince and also grafted with Ch, in Winch. If you watch a man turning a Winch, he will seem from some positions to move his hand up and down and not in a circle.

The Latin *Vagor*, connected with Wag, gives us Vagabond, Vagary and Vagrant, and a Vagabond does not proceed straight but moves sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other.

From Wag we have a Wave of the sea; we Waive our rights with a wave of the hand, (or brandish a Weapon at the Waifs of the town.) I have seen an old Weaver Wobble along to his loom in order to Waft his Weft to and fro across the Warp to produce a Web, where the B seems to give the impression that it is strong and durable.

From High we have also Heave to push up high things that are Heavy, and thus to make a Heap, which however requires a good deal of Heft. The P in Heap seems

to imply something more solid than the softer V in Heave. From Heap we obtain Hip, the short I showing that the Hip is not a very large Heap. Heap nasalized becomes Hump and this with the terminal Ch becomes Hunch. A joint of venison hung up to ripen is called a Haunch from Hang supported by Ch.

When an object wags about, it becomes Vague and sometimes, in a superlative degree, vast, and thus appears to be a Waste. Hence the Teutonic tribes called the countries they were rushing to, the West. Skeat however maintains that West is derived from Wes to dwell, because the sun goes to dwell there during the night.

To feel how heavy an article is, you waft it to and fro in your hand, and thus in a rough way you try to Weigh it. This seems to be the same word as *Venum* for *Vegnum* in the Latin *Venundare*, contracted into *Vendere*. Some years ago a writer in Notes and Queries suggested that Cincinnus, the Latin for a Lock of Wavy hair, was originally Kiknus, when we find the double *Ki* still represented.

More might be added but this must suffice. If this theory were to be accepted, it would enable the foreigner to see, as it were, into the very heart of these words, though we can hardly expect that all of them will prove satisfactory.

The same method might be adopted for other sets of words in English. Let us try one such case.

From Dryge or Dry we have Drugs (formerly composed of dried plants), Dreags, Dross, Drought, Drift, Dirt (the erratic R changing its position), and possibly Drigsty, softened into Thirsty. From the same with Ch comes Dredge, to scatter dry stuff, such as flour over moist food for cooking purposes. There is indeed another word Dredge derived from drag.

Dry or Dryge nasalized becomes Drink and this with the terminal Ch, Drench, connected with Drown, Drift and

Drain. Drain grafted with Ch would produce Drench again, and therefore Trench has been appropriated for the purpose and has thus two distinct meanings.

When we speak of the thirsty earth Drinking the welcome rain, we fancy we are employing a metaphor, whereas we are simply using the word Drink in its original meaning.

When boiled or moist herbs Dry up in a strainer they are said to Drip, and then Drip is transferred to the moisture flowing off in Drops. The colour of dried herbs hence takes the name of Drab. Drab or undyed cloth is therefore called Drap or Drapery. However, this and some other of the above statements are contrary to the decisions of our highest authorities, and therefore must be regarded simply as suggestions for debate.

W. A. BULBECK.



AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE IN 1845.

Old Recollections.

(Continued)

AS regards material development, it was remarked in the last number of the *Journal*, that the first 30 years in the history of Ampleforth may be divided into a building period and into a period of rest; each comprising about a quarter of a century. The opinion was further expressed that it was a matter for congratulation that, whilst great energy had been displayed in providing what was really necessary, no attempt had been prematurely made at architectural effect. When, however, it is understood that, very soon after the completion of the Buildings, the accommodation was taxed to its utmost by an increase of students that raised the total to 80, the question of still further extension could not have been long deferred. Fortunately the necessity did not arise, though averted by an unfortunate crisis that threatened the existence of the College. By migration to Prior Park and consequent circumstances, the number of students fell from 80 to about 13, so that the question was reversed. It was no longer how to find room for ever in-



creasing numbers, but how to find numbers to fill existing room. This was the problem to be worked out between 1830 and 1850; a problem that called for courage, self-sacrifice and persevering effort. The Divine blessing so abundantly bestowed on the first quarter of the century was not withdrawn during the second. And, about 1850, the question of increased accommodation again arose.

Before leaving the first half of the century it may be well to notice a few more items of general interest. We will begin with what is more directly Monastic. Those who have known no other than Public Professions at High Mass, with full Monastic Ceremonial, and have been accustomed to the daily use of Cowl and Hood, must not suppose that this was always so. At Ampleforth, with the solitary exception of the late Abbot Clifton in 1839, there were no public professions until November 1850. Up to that time Professions were in private before two witnesses. The necessity for this precaution under the Penal Laws was not diminished by the Emancipation Act, for though it legalized the residence in England of those who were willing to be registered as monks, it prohibited all future Professions.

The aim of this Law was to provide Monasticism with a quiet and gradual extinction. Evidently it has signally failed. A registered Monk at the present day would be a curiosity. If Monastic growth could not be stopped by the fear of either rack or gibbet, it was comparatively only playing with the subject to threaten transportation beyond the seas. Perhaps there never was any serious intention of enforcing the law. In any case it has been more honoured in breach than in observance. And in these days talk of transportation of Monks can only be classed amongst idle tales. As regards the "Habit," in the first half of the century Cowls and Hood were not in use. Monastic dress was confined to Cassock and the Scapular, with not unfrequently the addition of Professor's gown. The first

importation of a Hood was by "Dom Gregorio," a Cassinese Monk (about 1845) who for a time was Professor of Theology. He knew little of English. At times he came amongst the Students, who delighted to prompt him in the use (sometimes perhaps in the abuse) of words. As he would now and then find out on retiring, they were not slow in showing their appreciation of the Italian Hood, by their contributions to the Bag he carried behind him. It was in 1850 that Cowl and Hood were generally adopted. Any one who remembers "Papal Aggression," as it was called, must surrender to the impeachment of being no longer young, for it accompanied in this same year the restoration of the Hierarchy, now 50 years ago. Part of the furor was a Queen's Proclamation, impressively warning parties concerned of the illegality of wearing the "Habit," &c., in public thoroughfares. The Penalty was a fine of £50 for each offence. The Proclamation may have gratified the populace carried away by thoughtless bigotry; but those concerned were very unconcerned indeed about it. At Ampleforth it led to an amusing incident, that passed current at the time. Soon after the Proclamation (perhaps in consequence of it) half-a-dozen of the community went out for a walk, wearing their habit, and they passed through Ampleforth. The story is that the clergyman of the village, at that time somewhat of a bigot, took offence and felt it his duty to defend the law. Being, however, a man of no personal influence, he thought it wiser to make a representation to his neighbour at Oswaldkirk, a Clergyman of much higher social position, and also of much more enlightened ideas. The reply was not encouraging; whatever the words actually used, the meaning at least was thus reported: "I do not think it quite right for the College-gentlemen to disobey the Proclamation, but I cannot see my way to interfere, as I should not like to make a fool of myself."

Probably he knew that no action could be taken except by the Attorney-General, who would not have thanked him for the information. It is well that there is no Spooner nor Newlegate at present in Parliament to suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the expedience of helping his Budget from the accumulated fines of Monks for the last half-century!

From the description already given of the old chapel, it will be readily understood that space for ceremonial was very limited; seldom was anything attempted beyond ordinary High-Mass and Solemn Vespers. And these Vespers were only Solemn "secundum quid;" the Priest, Deacon and Sub-deacon with a few servers occupied the Sanctuary, whilst Cantors and monastic choir were in the gallery. As regards Processions little could be done, unless weather was favourable. But, outside, the arrangement of the walks was convenient. The wide Terrace running the full length of the frontage was connected by two semi-circular walks with each end of the Penance-walk; so that a procession on Rogation-Days could file through the front door, passing down the western walk and returning by the eastern one to re-enter by the front-door. Of course the Procession of the year was at "Corpus-Christi;" the course was the same, with the addition that an altar was erected in the middle of the sloping lawn between the upper Terrace and the Penance-walk. Here a halt was made, and Benediction given, the singing being usually accompanied by the Band. It was an impressive service. In Holy Week the Sacred Passion was sung on all the four days. The position of the "Altar of repose" varied; sometimes it was in the Library, sometimes in the Back Library, and at other times in the Chapel, in the recess at the Gospel side of the Sanctuary. The devotions of the "Month of Mary" were introduced about 1844, and the first *public* Retreat was given by "Father Rinolfi" in 1850.

It has already been mentioned that the students, who through the week occupied the body of the chapel, were accommodated on Sundays in the gallery, so as to make room for the Catholics of the neighbourhood, who not only attended Mass, but were also present at Vespers. For some time previous to 1830 it was usual to give the village children instructions at the Altar-rails. And it is to be feared that at times the gravity of the students above was sorely tried. There is no record why the practice was



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discontinued, but the following incident may perhaps supply a clue. In due course the children were instructed about the Church, the visible head of the Church, and the power and dignity of the Pope, &c. On one occasion, a boy on being asked, who was the Pope? was evidently perplexed; he knew he was a great man, but failed to grasp the question. Being urged for an answer, presumably he sought for the greatest man he could think of, and at last blurted out "Maister Boodges," the then Prior, and later Bishop Burgess of Clifton. The effect in the gallery may

be imagined. On a later occasion also the old Chapel witnessed a curious scene. To say, as a universal proposition, that donkeys never say prayers might perhaps be questioned. It may be safer to qualify; donkeys never say prayers, if they have four legs. And the donkey in question was of this class. It will be news to many that the site of the present sacristy and "Statio" formerly formed part of a small paddock allotted to the College Donkey: within it grew a wide spreading purple beech, under the shade of which old Neddy spent many a quiet hour, a scene that might have been selected for an illustrated edition of "The Eclogues." Close to was the external door of the Old Chapel, by which the villagers and externs had access. No doubt Neddy had many times heard at least a confused sound of the chanting in Choir, which as many times had passed unheeded. But one day the door had been left on jar: whether instinct prompted a discovery of what was within, or whether for once Neddy was attracted by notes not usually in harmony with his own, the fact is, that pushing open the door, he for the first time attended Chapel. The noise of his hoofs on the flagged floor was a strange accompaniment to the Chant; but when his long ears became visible, there was no chant to accompany. The ridiculous claimed its tribute, and it was excusable if it was paid in the usual way. But the Donkey was not the only hero of the moment. The meeting of extremes is amongst the anomalies of human nature; and on this occasion there was an instance that divided the attention of the Novices between the Donkey and the Novice-Master. Amongst the Alumni of St. Lawrence's he was amongst the most devoted; yet he was one of the most serious of the serious, not only in countenance but in gait; so much so that rumour stated that, at time and place unknown, he had swallowed a poker. Needless to say that it was never located: he died many years ago, before the discovery of X rays. On this occasion attention was

directed to an upper stall where above all in choir the Novice-Master was convulsed with laughter, which burst forth in spite of all efforts at repression. This was a record-day for the Novitiate. The minor event was the presence of the donkey in chapel; the event of the day, the condition of the Novice-Master, hitherto deemed impossible. But Neddy was a good donkey, in spite of this escapade. Thousands of miles did he travel; eight miles daily in two journeys to Oswaldkirk for the post, before there was a walking postman—morning and evening with the milk-cart—and all the carrying for the Laundry with additional journeys not seldom. But he could take care of himself; he could recognize his legitimate master, and allowed no saddling or riding by strangers. It may be added that the doorway through which Neddy entered the chapel is now occupied by the safe in the sacristy.

In these days when there are facilities for everything, it would no doubt look odd, were "servers" called upon to furnish the "Altar-Breads;" yet in the first half of the century it was the duty of the Sacristan to make them, and the privilege of the "High-Altar Servers" to assist him. But Altar-Bread Moulds have long ceased to be articles of equipment in the Sacristy, and are more likely to be found in the Museum. Usually the Sacristan and his assistants met in the Refectory round the stove by which it was then warmed. The process could not be called economical, though on the score of expense, the waste was not very appreciable. This arose not only from the care of the Sacristan responsible for not passing anything defective, but notably from the *scrupulous* alertness of the assistants in periodically testing the condition of the moulds. This was done by baking at intervals unleavened cakes, until the experts pronounced everything in order as to degree of heat, cleanliness, &c. As these were the perquisites of the assistants, it was easy to account for the *scrupulous* care, which in less palatable duties was not so

noticeable. About 1846 this particular industry was supplanted by the more satisfactory production in Convents. Since then circumstances have not only changed but numbers also. In 1841 there were only about forty Students, and the Priests were limited to the Prior, Sub-prior and Missioner, with the addition of a French Secular Priest who usually sang Mass on Sundays. The Sub-Prior rode over to Brandsby Hall every Sunday morning, returning in the afternoon. Sometimes some smaller boys would way-lay him on his return, in the hope of getting a ride up the fields.

But in olden times most of the riding was on "Shanks-pony." As a consequence journeys were short; or rather, anything really deserving the name was an event. If it was not easy to come to Collège, it was equally difficult to get away. Until the introduction of the Railway, the only public conveyance was a coach or omnibus three times a week between York and Helmsley. To come from Liverpool or to return was a journey of two days; and as every one could not be inside, the prospect of such journeys on the top of a coach on a rainy day must have been delightful. To meet the necessities of locomotion, beyond carts and waggons, a solitary gig was deemed sufficient: thus no further intimation was needed that *walking* was the order of the day. After a time prospects brightened, the gig having made way for a "shandry" which though perhaps aesthetically no improvement, looked more like business, and brought the prospect of an occasional ride within the limit of hope, for at a crush it might hold six. Later came a two-wheeled Dog-cart, more presentable, if rather less capacious; and not to trespass into the domain of more modern times, the culmination was a four-wheeled Dog-cart with movable top, which for the first time offered a ride on a rainy day without a wetting.

But just as people now must be on the move, because it is so cheap and easy to travel, so conversely they then

remained at home, because it was so difficult to get away. And although at the Midsummer holidays, by hire of coaches and chaises a number left for home, it was not at all uncommon for twenty or more to remain at College. And right merrily was the vacation spent. Ordinarily of course outings were on foot; but now and then something more was attempted, and the neighbourhood was scoured for the hire of ponies, mules, and donkeys for some more lengthy expedition. What with bringing the animals the day before, and taking them back the day after, such an expedition was a matter of three days; and it is amusing to think that in some cases the walking involved was as great as the distance to be saved by the ride: but this was part of the fun. But even in the days of the Gig, there was a notable exception. On occasion of Ordinations about 1843, when Fr. Wilfrid Cooper, the Prefect, was raised to the Priesthood, not only was there an extra Play-day, but also a Pilgrimage to Lastingham; and the Bishop graced the occasion. He was driven in state (*in the gig*) by the Prior, and of course on arrival they put up at the leading Hotel! The Community and the Students were conveyed in carriages (Hul's waggons), a feature of the journey being the crossing of the Rye at one of the fords.

The return journey was diversified by the excitement of recrossing the river after night fall, and of meeting with an irate farmer, who complained of injury to a calf, but who only gave evidence of the presence of a bull, as he shouted "yaw've kilt moi calf, and I deant know whether it'll live or dee."—It was quite a record-day, and probably unique in its episcopal feature.

This was an extraordinary use of the waggons; but those who only hear of sending waggons to Ampleforth or Gilling Station will perhaps learn with some surprise that, under ordinary use of waggons, came journeys to York for groceries and other domestic needs, also journeys for coal

to Darlington, to Kippax and Aberford, entailing two days and a night on the roads. Only fancy, under such conditions, a present week's consumption of coal keeping two waggons and six horses constantly at work.

Having touched upon excursions in and out of vacation it will scarcely do to leave unnoticed the late Queen's visit to Castle Howard about 1845. To walk upwards of twenty miles to greet her Majesty was no mean proof of Catholic loyalty, especially when her presence was limited to a swift drive through the Park. The Prefect of the day was very demonstrative but, by an unfortunate mistake, he contributed much to the amusement of the moment. The roads were lined with loyal subjects; and he took a position in front of the line, the better to command the ringing cheers. As a royal carriage approached he lead the cry, vehemently sustained as it passed: then a second carriage passed, by him unnoticed; it was the Queen!—he had expended his loyal effort upon a cheer for the Duchess of Sutherland.

This visit to Castle Howard brings to recollection that for many years no vacation was complete without visits to the Picture Galleries at both Castle Howard and Duncombe Park. Those at Castle-Howard are the more extensive but in both galleries, as is well known, are to be found works by the great masters. In which they more abound may be left to the decision of experts. But if the opinion of a former House-keeper at Duncombe Park is to have weight, the verdict should not be doubtful. On one occasion, whilst showing the College party round, and knowing that Castle Howard was also visited, she introduced the remark, at Castle Howard you will find a greater number of pictures, some no doubt of considerable merit; in fact you there see a very fine collection; but here we pride ourselves upon having a remarkable selection."

But excursions were not confined to visits of the treasures of art; the beauties of nature were not forgotten. The

scenery of Rievaulx, and Byland and Gormire commanded admiration. But on all these occasions the picnic accompaniments were remembered too. On the Gormire day whether in or out of vacation, a special feature was the "rolling of rocks." Many smaller ones were put in motion by the use of pick and crowbar; larger ones were detached by the use of blasting-powder. On one occasion a man had been sent the previous day to drill and prepare the holes, so that there might be no delay in the morning, on arrival of the company. Expectation was at its highest—the train had been laid, explosion was momentarily expected, every eye ready to follow the huge stones bounding down the mountain side. Moment followed moment, minutes followed too, and yet no result.

What could have happened? The man was carefully sheltering behind a rock. Timidly he approached the scene, fearing a delayed explosion. Still longer delay adding to his courage, he at last examined the hole, and in a tone of relief mingled with surprise, he exclaimed, "Why! its voice." He had attempted to blast with rice! He had left the powder in the shop at Ampleforth, having by mistake taken up a parcel of rice instead.

But, of all vacation outs few were more popular than a trip to Ripon Minster and Fountains Abbey by coach and four. To see once more a town, to visit a real old Minster, to thread St. Wilfrid's needle, to wander through the Park and Abbey, and besides, to ride in real old English style, with crack of whip and blast of trumpet, what more could College boys desire on a fine day in July or August?

W. B. P.

Dr. Marsh's Account of his escape from Dieulouard.*

(Continued.)

From hence I went to Pagny les Goins about eight miles further, and very hot it was though the middle of October. At this village lived a Benedictine I had formerly known as Superior of St. Leopold's at Nancy. Before he lived at Nancy, he had been several years in an abbey of his own at Bouzainville, on the little river Nied, not above five or six miles from the river Sarre, and nine or ten miles below Saarlouis.* This I thought the most likely place to get over at. I therefore prevailed upon him to get a passport for himself from his Municipality, on a pretence of going to see his old acquaintance at Bouzainville, which he agreed to, not without apprehensions, and only after having been made to expect a good reward; for the poor man was already reduced to the greatest distress since he left his Abbey. I stayed all night with him that we might be fresh and have the whole day before us when we started; for it was very dangerous to lodge in any place where one was known. Accordingly, before it was light, lest I should be seen going with him by the people of the village, we set out and directed our way towards the high road that runs between Metz and Strassbourg, which we reached about eight o'clock. We had gone about eight or nine miles through very bad roads—and often no roads at all—so that Dom Raguel (that was my fellow

* This account is printed from Dr. Marsh's own manuscript. It has been published in the *Orthodox Journal* of 1834 and 1835, and also, translated into French, in *La Semaine religieuse* (Nancy) of 1882.

traveller's name) began to want his breakfast, and I myself had no objection to the proposal: but where were we to be in safety? We agreed not to stop till we found a public house somewhere alone, which by good luck we did very soon. We had to follow the high road going towards Metz about a mile, and when we had been about a quarter of a mile upon it, we met with a little public house standing alone. We got a very bad bottle of wine, and a bit of ham, and a little cold meat, but the innkeeper did not let us eat it very peaceably. He had but one room in his house, so we were seated at a wretched table in the middle of the family. He was mighty curious to know who we were. To begin his inquiries, he said he thought he had seen one of us before at his house. We told him we believed not.

"So you come from a great way off," says he. "About Strasbourg they say there is dreadful work."

I left Dom Raguel to speak alone; he said he had not heard of anything particular.

"You come from the interior then," said he.

"Partly that way, not far off," said Dom Raguel.

"A vast many emigrants go from the interior," says he. We said not many we believed, too great care was taken of that.

"Oh!" says he, "the rogues are too cunning for us, but we are too strong for them. So you are tradesmen I suppose."

We answered not. This I soon perceived was rather too imprudent, for he immediately said: "What then can engage you to travel when it is so dangerous to travel?"

I told him a business of a very important nature called me a little further in the country; and Dom Raguel said he had friends the same way, whom he had not seen for a great while, so being acquainted with me, he had taken the opportunity of my company.

"There," says he, "I knew you were in business (marchands); I am sure I have seen you somewhere."

"Very probably," says I, and so we left him quite satisfied with his penetration. We then crossed the country till we came to the high road from Metz to St. Avold, which we saw covered with a number of straggling national guards; but crossing it immediately we had no words with any of them. We then came to the high road from Metz to Saarlouis, having left Metz some way to the left. It was half past twelve when we reached the village called Les Étangs, where we fell upon this road. There we got a bit of dinner during about half an hour without much molestation. The innkeeper, however, like the other we had breakfasted with, would talk with us. He told us he had just returned from the army, where he had been with his cart in 'requisition'; that he had *assignats* of five livres offered him at Worgass for twenty *gros* sous; that it was a shame to see the filth the national guards made in the magnificent Abbey of Worgass, though it was not their own (not being in the French territory). At length he could not contain his curiosity any longer, but asked us plainly where we were going. Dom Raguel said to Bouzainville. "Oh!" said he, "The good monks used always to call at my house when they went to Metz. They were all good fellows, but those times are over." Then fixing his eye on Dom Raguel. "I think," says he, "you are one." He acknowledged he was. The man said he knew one or two who were in great distress: that he thought they had been hardly dealt with. From thence we had about three miles to go along the road towards Boulay, to a village called Volmerange, where Dom Raguel told me he knew a path which would lead him into Bouzainville, and had the double advantage of being shorter and safer.

As we went along the high road, we met two or three

gendarmes nationales, a kind of military charged to seize all those who are to be arrested, for whatever cause, and who had at present a particular charge to patrol on the highways, and stop all such as appeared to belong to the first or second requisition, and carry them before the nearest magistrates to make them give an account why they were not with the army. Even without this commission they would stop whomsoever they pleased, and ask for their pass, and so could every soldier or national guard you met.

But I was more apprehensive of being stopped on the first account, as my whole appearance would seem to announce that I should be with the army. However, as I seemed to be going towards the frontier, nothing was said to me. A little before Volmerange we crossed the small river Nied, and entered the country which is called Lorraine Allemande, or German Lorrain, not because it does not belong to France, but because the inhabitants speak only German. I thought there was less to be apprehended from the inhabitants here, as I had frequently heard they were no friends of the Revolution. Indeed, they never had liked the French nation in general, speaking a different language. But my total ignorance of the German language was not likely to entitle me to much friendship among them. I must however say, I felt a sort of secret satisfaction to perceive myself so nearly out of France, hoping I was leaving the last high road I should meet in that odious country. We had about fifteen miles to go after quitting the high road, within sight of Boulay; and a charming road it was, lying through a fine rich plain, mostly meadow land, watered by the windings of the Nied. The children that were guarding their cattle seemed completely happy in their thoughtlessness. But the villages (we had to go through three or four) seemed to sit round the direful tree of liberty with gloomy concern, and gazed at us with looks of dread and alarm.

It began to grow dark when we were about three miles from Bouzainville.

Though we had never heard of any military operations on that part, and consequently had good reason to imagine it was but slightly guarded, I thought I would ask a carter whom we were just going to meet, and who seemingly came from Bouzainville, if there were any troops in it. He said he did not come from Bouzainville, but there had not been any to his knowledge since the beginning of the war. This I took for excellent news, and went on with a very cheerful heart, till we came within a hundred yards of the entrance into the town. It was already completely dark, when we heard a drum begin to beat just before us. I was less alarmed because every municipality has a drum and drummer to publish decrees, to assemble the national guard, &c. However, I thought it was not a municipal drum but a military one, by the manner of beating. I said to Dom Raguel, we had better go no further without inquiring again whether there be no troops in the town. "There is no need of that," said he, "the carter we met just before must certainly have known."

"It will be very little trouble," said I, "to ask, and it will be a very bad business if we run upon a guard without knowing."

"Well," said he, "here is a farmhouse near that belonged to us, but I suppose the farm is sold, and the farmer very likely turned out; or perhaps he may be a violent democrat and it will not be safe to meet with him."

"At any rate," said I, "let us inquire somewhere." So we went to the farmer's door, and Dom Raguel asked if such a man lived there yet; he was answered in the affirmative. He then asked if he could be called out to the door, for we heard the house was full of people.

Dom Raguel told him who he was, that he had come to see his friends of Bouzainville, whom he had not seen for many years; that he had a friend with him, but that he

did not like to go into the town till we knew for certain whether there were troops, with whom we might have some difficulty about our passports.

"Nay!" replied he, "never think of going into town to-night. You will be safe to sleep with the *Corps de garde* at the entrance, and then to-morrow you will be carried before the Municipality and Commandant to be examined. The troops are only arrived this afternoon, there are six thousand just come. All the houses are full. I have already seven regulars, and I am expecting four more national guards. I wonder you thought of coming hither such troublesome times."

"You will get no lodgings when you go into the town to-morrow. I would offer you such lodgings as I shall be able to furnish for this night if I knew your fellow traveller as well as I know you." Dom Raguelet told him he would answer for me. "Well," says he, "I suppose you know as well as I do, what danger there is in harbouring those we don't know. I daresay you would not expose me." He then invited us in. We found the seven soldiers sitting by the fire cooking their supper. They did not at all seem to suspect us to be strangers. They were complaining heavily of the hardness of their service. They had come six leagues that day from Thionville, loaded like mules; besides their ammunition, they had carried a day's meat in bread, flesh-meat and rice. But they swore if they came up with the emigrants, they should pay dear for causing them such pain.

Whenever the soldier has any subject of complaint, the friends of the Revolution employ all their address to screen the odium from the present rulers, and cast it upon the emigrants. They are made to be the cause of all their sufferings. The Convention is seeking nothing but his happiness, and would procure it for him, were it not crossed in its salutary views by the wicked plots of the emigrants, the natural enemies of the people.

We had not been long in the house, when the poor national guards, whom our host said he was expecting, came in. They immediately set about cooking their supper, telling the regulars they had just heard they would be beaten up to arms next morning at four. I asked why they came to arrive so late; it was hard to be obliged to be on foot again so soon. They said they had only received orders to come off at ten that morning.

They imagined that something unforeseen had happened, that they were sent for in such mighty haste, and these began complaining of the badness of their flesh-meat, without seeming the least anxious to know why they were sent for so precipitately. There were several other people in the farmer's house who seemed to think I belonged to the army, and the farmer seemed desirous they should think so. Fortunately, though we talked a good deal with these soldiers, they were not inquisitive. They never asked me any questions, a thing I endeavoured to avoid by asking them; which I observed pleased them very much, as it gave them an opportunity (which they seemed to seize with avidity) of relating all their own exploits. We had in particular a very long, though not a very accurate, account of the battle of Arlon, which had taken place about three months before, and in which it seemed they had all been engaged. They said they had beaten in that action four times their own number, notwithstanding the enemy had all the advantage of the ground, and the best intrenchments possible.

"But indeed," said one, "it is acknowledged now, on all hands, that no troops in the world can withstand French soldiers in equal numbers. At the beginning of the war we were not good troops; it must be allowed, we were afraid of being killed; but now we are so familiar with death, we make nothing of it."

"Ay," said another, "the Frenchman is brave: no soldier in the world will attack with his spirit and im-

petuosity, but he is a devilish coward when he begins to run away."

I thought this man had characterized him very well, but it was a character I should not have liked to venture in that company.

"O!" replied the other, "you will hear no more of a Frenchman's running away; that is all over. He used to run because he was afraid of being killed, and then going to hell, and all that stuff;" but now *il se f... de son ame comme de l'a*, and as he pronounced these words he threw a bit of crust, which he held between his fingers and thumb, into the fire. That I might be less suspected of a design to emigrate, I asked the farmer, before the soldiers, if no emigrants went out of France.

"Not now," he answered, "too good precautions are taken."

"Why?" said I, "what precautions secured you so well? Before the citizen soldiers arrived, I understand you had no troops in the town."

"Ah! les *gens. f.*," said the soldiers, "we could give a good account of them, if any of the *villagers* attempted to join the army while we were here."

"Oh!" said one, "there will always be troops in the town hereafter, and in all the neighbourhood. They say *Monsieur le Roi de Russie* is at Mertzig * (a little town just at the other side of the Sarre), and he promised to be here tomorrow; but I would advise him, for his own good, to be wiser. Nay, I think, if he delays a day or two at Mertzig he will be ours."

"Well," said I to the farmer, "what were the precautions that you were going to tell us of? I think that an emigrant might arrive here now at the close of the day; then go in the night to the river; swim quickly over; and long before next morning he would be far out of harm's way."

* The MS. has *Uterling*.

"Ay, ay," says the farmer, with a smile of pity for my ignorance, "it is fine talking; the emigrants are as sly as you could be, and a hundred times more so, but if they were a thousand times slyer than they are, it would be of no use to them. Why, don't you know then that our bank of the Sarre is palisaded many a mile, both above and below Bouzainville; that sentinels are placed within sight of one another all the whole length? Besides, how would they get to the banks of the Sarre? There are companies, here and there, all the way from Saarlouis as far as the French territory goes downwards. Your emigrants in the night would run upon some of these companies; then their emigration would end before they reach the river. Or, if by extraordinary luck they were to miss these companies, do you think there are no patrols on foot to pick up your straggling gentlemen who pretend to walk in the night? No! No! let your emigrants have forty schemes to get their ends; the patriots will have fifty to defeat them."

"I am glad to hear what you say," said I, "for I was really afraid this part of the frontiers had not been so well fortified and guarded, as I had never heard of anything like an action in these environs."

"Well, then," said he, "you see people here have their eyes about them more than you thought; now, since these citizens have arrived, still better care will be taken I daresay; for though they go away to-morrow morning, as they have just been saying, some part of them will stay. Besides, we expect more of them to-morrow than arrived to-day, and as soon as ever they arrive they begin duty."

"Aye,—f—," said one of the soldiers, "a company of our soldiers belonging to this regiment was put on guard as soon as we arrived."

"Yes," said the farmer, "if you have a mind not to sleep to-night you will hear the horse-patrol more than

twenty times before morning, even though we lie here from the frontier; they have gone by once, it will not be long ere they pass by again;" and indeed very soon after they did pass again.

In such conversation as this, which I had brought on for my own instruction, and a great deal about fighting, which the soldiers expatiated upon with great satisfaction, our supper time passed away, and the soldiers prepared for bed. All the bed indeed which they had was a couple of blankets each, which they laid upon some straw in the places they found most convenient in the farmer's barn and out-houses, and, with these accommodations, they seemed perfectly content. As soon as the soldiers were gone, the farmer's wife brought us a bottle of wine; the common drink of that country is cyder, or more commonly perry, made of wild pears, of which a great number of trees are seen growing amidst the corn. The farmer and his wife began to cheer up, and were very civil, though she could not speak a word of French.

Before we went to bed, Dom Raguel inquired after a certain woman who was maid in their Abbey when he lived in it, and in whom he seemed to have great confidence. They said she lived in the town, and very often came to their house. He begged the farmer would send for her next morning as soon as possible.

"Why," said he, "if you want to see her, I will send for her to night. My daughter knows a back way to her house; she can miss the guards. I am sure she will soon be here, when she knows you are with us." The daughter was accordingly sent. While she was away, we talked a little more about the guarding of the frontier. "You said," says he to me, "there had not been anything like action in this neighbourhood. We have good reason to think there was one to-day. We have heard firing down the Sarre. I suppose the Austrians, finding it impossible to cross the river, are now endeavouring to come up at this

side." For about the mouth of this river both sides are German.

This deranged another plan I had of going down at some distance from the Sarre till I fell into the German territory between that river and the Moselle.* In about a quarter of an hour came this woman, who had been an Abbey servant. She drank our healths, and talked a great deal of former days with Dom Raguel, regretting mightily past times compared with these, told how such and such—all the principal inhabitants—for being suspected, were ordered to serve before any others, and their property all seized till such time as they should regain the confidence of their country by some illustrious achievements. This was a piece of refinement I had not heard of before.

As this woman was preparing to go away, Dom Raguel told her and the farmer he wished to say something to her in private. The farmer and his wife immediately went out, and then Dom Raguel told his old friend, that he hoped he could trust her with a secret, for he had always known her for a trusty woman.

"Well," says she, "and I hope I have not forfeited my claim to that character, which I prize above all."

"You see," says he, "this young man is a great friend of mine; he is an Englishman, and would fain get back to his own country."

She seemed to startle at the idea of getting out of the country. As the very word emigrate makes many people shudder, I thought, to prevent the effect, by telling her that I did not mean to emigrate.

"How then," said she, "do you mean to get home?"

"Why," said I, "You must know that all the laws against emigration are only to hinder natives of France from going to join the enemies of the Convention, but not at all to prevent foreigners from going to live peaceably at home."

* In the MS. *Wortelle*.

"Well then," said she, "why don't you go by the common road?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "I was refused a passport, I don't know why."

"Come, come, Lyse,"* (that was her name), said Dom Raguel, "cannot you find somebody in the town that knows how the guards are stationed, and that will undertake to conduct him to the river-side? He will be handsomely paid."

"I durst not propose it," said she, "to my dearest friend; no, not for this house full of guineas. Don't you know, then, what a terrible thing it is to be a suspected person? I have sacrificed—what cost me a great deal to sacrifice—my religion, not to be suspected. You must know, for a long time I could not prevail upon myself to go to the service of this man, who has taken the place of our good worthy old curé. My husband often told me I should make our family suspected, yet, at that time it was not such a dreadful thing to be suspected as now;—still, I was forced to comply, how much soever my conscience was reluctant. There is no evil I can figure to myself so great as that of being a suspected person. I hope these things will end before I die, else, Good God, what will become of me?"

I saw she was quite upon thorns in our company, since this proposal had been made to her, and that she wanted to get away from us: so I said "Very well, I will not press the matter any further; I sincerely desire you will say nothing about it. I think I shall go back and live as well as I can, till I can get a passport."

"Yes," says she, "believe me that will be the best thing you can do. I have been suspected more or less, and, if I were to inform of you, I could wipe away every trace of suspicion; but you may be easy." And so she took leave of us. Her last words left me rather uneasy notwith-

* Lyse in the MS.

standing, for, though she seemed to leave us in good dispositions enough, I feared her desire of clearing herself from suspicions, and of proving her patriotism without a doubt, might at least overcome every other consideration.

As soon as this woman was gone, the farmer took us up to our bed, such as it was; the only spare one, I suppose, that he had. It was in his granary over his house, and consisted of two mattresses, or something like them; to the upper side of the undermost, and under side of the uppermost, were stitched two pieces of rough linen in lieu of sheets, which are removed for the sake of washing two or three times in the course of their wearing.

When we were alone—"Well," said I to Dom Raguel, "what advice would you give me now? Everything seems to go against me."

"Nay," replied he, "ask me for no advice, for I assure you I have none to give you."

"But what would you do in my situation?"

"I don't know what I should do," said he. "I think I should go back, and surrender myself at the house of confinement; for what chance is there of your succeeding now?"

"No," said I, "that I never will. I am resolved to run the greatest risks, rather than do that."

"Well, well," he answered, "do as you will. I must go back very early to-morrow." I saw he began to be afraid of being with me. We pulled off our shoes and our coats, and so slipped in between our two beds.

He seemed to sleep tolerably well. But I must own I slept very little; not however I think out of fear, but because I was thinking all night what scheme I should adopt next.

First, I thought of endeavouring to engage my companion to stay all next day with the farmer, and then at night to try my luck in attempting the passage of the Sarre alone.

But then I despaired of prevailing on him to stay, as he seemed already to have done so much. Besides, what would the farmer think of it? What idea would his neighbours form of us, at a time when people have their eyes open to the smallest things? Would not the woman whom we had trusted with the secret be bringing it out in some way? Next, I thought of getting up immediately and trying my fortune that same night, by creeping as well as I privately could across the country, till I should get to the river side; then, if Providence conducted me so far safe, to climb the palisades as far off a guard as I could, let myself down the other side into the water, and so swim over. This scheme was very hazardous. I was, however, very near making a trial of it.

Fortune, said I to myself, favours the bold. Here recourse must be had to extraordinary means. "In extremis extrema sunt tentanda." I may be killed before to-morrow morning; but is not lingering in a prison two or three years, to die of famine, or to be torn in pieces by the polluted hand of *poissardes* in the end, still worse? I never feared the mere passage from this life to another, and shall I be a bit better prepared for eternity twenty years hence than now? What will it signify, a hundred years hence, whether I died in 1793 or 1803? No, no, I can trust to the mercy of my Judge at present as well as twenty or thirty years later. On the other hand, I thought it was almost madness to expect to succeed. It is so easy to get bewildered in a dark night, in a country where you are an entire stranger;—not even a star appeared to steer by. After having walked an hour, I should, perhaps, be going towards the direct opposite point to which I was aiming at. Then it would be almost certain the nearest guard would hear me fall into the water, if I did even get so far. The certain consequence of which would be, that he would run up to the spot, find me only a few yards from the bank, and

shoot me there, at his ease, in the water. Well, said I, if I must go back, I will not however go back to let myself be taken tamely like a sheep. There was at Luneville a recruiting party belonging to a regiment of light horse (*chasseurs*), in which I was acquainted with two officers. I had seen them at Dieulouard, only ten days before, as they were going from Luneville to the army. I then told them, in jest, that if an order was issued for my arrestation I might very probably come to enlist into their regiment. They told me many people did it; that I should be kept at Luneville about six weeks or two months to learn the exercise, and then be sent to fill up vacancies in their regiment with the army. I knew that these light horse were employed in the most advanced posts, that consequently it would be easier to ride off with arms and baggage, if I entered amongst them, than to desert from any other rank of troops.

This scheme I therefore resolved upon if I found it impossible to get over the frontier. But I thought I would try another part of the frontier, where France and Germany separate on the Moselle, a little below Sierck, before I entirely gave up the plan upon which I had acted so far. I had heard there had been some partial actions in that neighbourhood very lately. Sierck had been taken by a party of Austrians, and the French having assembled in greater numbers retook that town, and in revenge plundered some neighbouring villages; and for this reason I had no thoughts of entering into that neighbourhood. But now as I saw the troops flowing so rapidly from Thionville, which was the next considerable town to Sierck, I thought their attention might be drawn from that part of the frontier, as something more important seemed to call for their attention about Bouzainville. Having come to this resolution, I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep, for I feared I should not have strength to execute my designs if I did not get

some little rest. I had already walked more than I had ever done in a month before, and next day I should have twenty-four or thirty miles more to go to reach my destination on the banks of the Moselle. After a very uneasy night, I told Dom Raguel my resolution. "As you please," said he very coolly, "I can go no farther!" I told him I did not at all desire it, but asked him, as he had lived many years at Bouzainville, if he could not give me some information about the country I should have to go through. He said he was as ignorant of it as I myself.

I heard our soldiers go off about four or five o'clock, and just as they were going under my window, one said, with as much composure as possible to his companion, "we shall come up with the Russians to-day." "I suppose so," answered the other as coolly. Just after we got up, which was at six o'clock, great numbers of national guards began to pass close by the farmer's door. There being no rooms in the town or suburbs to lodge all, they had been lodged in a village we came through the night before. Luckily they had arrived after us. Particularly, a whole battalion, on the 8th of the month, had been lodged in a very grand abbey near the farmer's called the Abbey of Frieshtroff. They were indeed loaded surprisingly. Most of them had something more than a large knapsack, heavy cartridge box, and lubberly firelocks. Some had spades or axes, others large tin vessels hung to their sides, to carry and cook their victuals in. Yet it was astonishing what spirits they appeared in. They were all capering and shouting and singing. There was however, I thought, something so frantic in their carriage as to cast an infernal kind of gloom upon the whole mass.

It was nearly two hours before they all passed, for they seemed to observe no order at all. At the rear were several gendarmes, particularly to drive on the loiterers, and pick up such as offered to escape. One of them came

into the farmer's as we were at breakfast. He came, he said, to see if none of the men had stepped into the house.

He was no agreeable visitant, for, as the national troops have frequently no uniform, I feared he might take me to be one, or at least might ask me to show my ticket why I was not. However, he took no notice of me, but began to ask the farmer if he had given the second part of his contingent of wheat for the support of the army. The farmer told him he had, and had received orders to have his third ready, in hay as well as corn, for the beginning of next month.

The meaning of these contingents was this: so much corn and hay had been judged necessary for the army till the next harvest. This sum total was distributed among the Departments to be furnished in kind; the Departments made the distribution over the Districts, and these upon the Municipalities, which then taxed individuals. The quantity at which each one was to be assessed was to be delivered in three payments. The first was to be about the beginning of October, the second about the beginning of January, and the third and last about the beginning of April. Now, the second had been called for already, and it was expected that the third would be wanted shortly. This furnished the most reasonable conjectures that a famine must ensue, particularly as potatoes, on which the poor almost totally subsist, and in general all vegetables, had fallen through the excessive drought of the season.

"Well," said the gendarme, "they have asked you for the third part of your contingent, and when that is consumed they will ask for another contingent, for the army must live. This is a dreadful war, a dreadful war indeed. I was in the war at Hanover; it was nothing like this. For by the beginning of May there will be no hay in the country." At this rate he went on for a great while and at last concluded: "We must either conquer soon, or give up all." Many people,

I believe, thought as the gendarme did. I know I did; and at present I cannot conceive how the people have found means of subsisting. Indeed I do suppose they have been obliged to live on very little, and a Frenchman will live and be contented with a very little indeed.

It is probable, too, that the greatest part of the gold and silver, precious stones, &c., that were in France have been sent out of the country to buy provisions from neutral Powers at vast prices. It must likewise be considered that all the nobility, who formerly consumed and wasted a very large portion of the productions of the country, are there no more. I do suppose that one half the provisions produced in France, heretofore, were not employed as necessaries, but as superfluities of life. This I think I can say, that since they have had provisions enough till this harvest they will be in no danger of want of them next year; for I am persuaded they will have very good crops. It has often been said the land could not be cultivated, but in all the country I came through I suppose it never had been cultivated better; their wheat—their hopes for next year—was already sown and seemingly in very fine order. It is true numbers of young husbandmen had been taken from the plough to shoulder the firelock. But there was still remaining a sufficient number of old men to do the tillage, with the help of the females, who are not at all unaccustomed there to put a hand to husbandry. We must consider that there are but two professions now in France—arms and the plough; and if in any nation all that are not necessary for the latter followed the former, that nation might train very numerous armies in the field.

Our gendarme saw some of his comrades going by, and he followed. We finished our breakfast, thanked the farmer, and took our leave. Dom Raguel returned, and I took a path which seemed to lead in the direction I wanted to go.

(To be continued.)

Notices of Books.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND PRAYER, translated from the French by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. London and Leamington, Art and Book Co., 1900. 5s. net.

With very many people the best recommendation of this book—and a very sufficient one—will be its origin. It is written by a monk of the Abbey of Solesmes, and is translated by our good Sisters of Stanbrook. This should be a guarantee of knowledge, experience and fervent conviction on the part of the writer, and of skill and attention to editorial details on the part of translators and editors. In none of these respects will the reader or purchaser be disappointed.

With regard to the subject-matter of the book, the Preface tells us that it has received some warm approval and considerable recognition in its original form. We honestly hope that the English version may meet with an equal success. There are, just at the present moment, indications of a demand for works dealing, directly or indirectly, with Mystical Theology. Several have been recently published, both in France and England, and this fact may be accepted as evidence that there are readers, in sufficient numbers, who have a use for them or an interest in them. Of course, much as we might wish it, we cannot suppose that a Treatise on Prayer, drawn up expressly for the guidance of Contemplatives, will have a very wide circulation. Though its usefulness ought not to be limited to the cloister, the man or woman of the world will, rightly or wrongly, conclude that such a work, would ask too much from them and, moreover, they will expect it to contain a good deal they will not be able to

understand. Mysticism as a language of its own, and the use of technical phrases in works treating of Contemplation can hardly be avoided. It is this, perhaps, more than anything else, which limits the usefulness of books professedly devoted to the higher spiritualities. As it needs a special vocation to lead a life devoted to Contemplation, it needs also a special training or a special grace to understand, or even to be interested in, its methods.

The writer of this treatise, as might be expected of a disciple of Dom Guéranger, lays particular stress on the use and value, in the Spiritual Life, of the Liturgy. This, as the distinguishing feature of the work, we prefer to lay before the reader in the words of the author. He says:—"No way of prayer is better regulated than that of the Holy Church. She leaves nothing to self-will; she fixes every thing, the attitude of the body as well as that of the soul, even to the slightest movements. Thus she preserves herself in a marvellous manner from the spirit of independence, while she subjects herself in all things to the "Spirit of adoption," whose unceasing aim is to take entire possession of the whole of human nature in order to bring it back to its divine Author.

To suppress all human methods of prayer in order to adopt only the Church's method, is not to throw off all yoke: it is on the contrary to enter the spiritual school wherein it is requisite to make profession of singular self-denial, by renouncing all private judgment and everything that savours of independence. Then the Church imposes her own form, which is the one given her by the Holy Spirit, and she fashions the soul by a process which in a single day contains all the degrees that the masters have pointed out in the spiritual life. For the Church militant in her prayer, which is the Divine Office, the "work of God" as St. Benedict says, reveals all the forms of acquired and of infused prayer.

We see her practising meditation in the reading of the Fathers, that is the human and discursive element of her prayer; for it, only the ordinary help of the Holy Spirit is needed, such as we require whenever we wish to apply our minds to divine truths. Contemplation appears in many of the liturgical prayers which express a very simple gazing at divine mysteries rather than a thoughtful analysis of them. Prophetic light shines in the inspired writing; while the "Sanctus," the Doxologies, the "Gloria Patri," the "Alleluia," the "Amen," and in General all those expressions by which the Church militant echoes the songs of the Church triumphant, speak of the inebriation of the soul with the fulness of God."

In another chapter the author says still more plainly "mental prayer, as we understand it now-a-days, is the indispensable preparation for worthily celebrating the Divine Office and for rendering to God the homage of perfect praise."

THE ROSARY GUIDE: for Priests and People. By the Very Rev. J. PROCTER, O.P. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. 3/6 net.

Fr. Procter has done a good work in writing and publishing "The Rosary Guide." It is in every respect what it claims to be. All that any devout Catholic can need to know, or even wish to know, about the Rosary he will find in this manual, and he will find it clearly, elegantly and concisely told. We can say even more than this. Many a one, taking up the book without any interest in its subject, will feel himself moved by Fr. Procter's thoughtful eloquence, and will be led to understand better and sympathise more fully with the confidence of the Holy See in this popular devotion; sometimes, doubtless, to be further led into the Rosary Confraternity itself. One cannot fail to be impressed, when reading the long account of

approbations, privileges and Indulgences, with the value the Rosary Devotion and the Rosary Confraternity has always had, and never so greatly as at the present time, in the judgment of the Rulers of the Church. Some people may regret that the book was written before the controversy concerning St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary was brought before the public. But, in a manual of this kind, even a defence of the popular story of the institution of the Rosary would be out of place. It is quite probable that Fr. Procter would be glad to rewrite the first chapter of his book; but it is possible also that he would prefer to leave it unchanged. However that may be, we are glad we are not called upon to express an opinion in the matter.

The Rosary Guide is, we think, just exactly what both priests and people want, and should be of some use also to unbelievers. It is beautifully printed in a small but very clear type. We venture to point out an inaccuracy on page 109, where King Casimir II. of Poland is spoken of as writing to the General of the Dominican Order. We suppose this must be a misprint for some later Casimir, since Casimir II. died in 1194, a few years before the Order was established.



The College Diary.

Jan. 17. On this date we returned to College. About thirty boys were absent, chiefly owing to sickness. It was very foggy, and several of the boys coming up the fields lost their way, and did not arrive until after nine o'clock. Five boys have left, D. Burn, W. Fitzgerald, C. Reardon, J. Howard, J. Punch; and the following five came to take their places; N. W. Harrison, Leeds; A. Peart, Buenos Ayres; R. McGuiness, Liverpool; W. Sharp, York; W. Turner, Warrington.

A change has been made with regard to the names of the classes. In place, of the old names, which we are sorry to lose, Forms have been substituted.

Jan. 18th. Fr. Austin gave us a magic-lantern entertainment consisting of views of Belmont, and the ruined Abbeys of Scotland which was much appreciated.

Jan. 21. The voting for captain. F. Dawson was elected. He chose the following to assist him as government:—

Hon. Sec.	-	-	R. B. Wood
Librarian of Upper Library	C. de Normandville		
Officemen	-	-	{ F. Quinn W. St. G. Foote
Commonmen	-	-	{ W. Lambert H. Byrne
Clothesman	-	-	J. Pike
Gasmen	-	-	{ H. Foiding E. Roche
Collegemen	-	-	{ C. Primavesi E. Corry
Librarian of Lower Library	-	-	T. Ibbotson
Vigilarii	-	-	{ J. Quinn D. Traynor
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	B. Bradley		
Vigilarii	"	"	{ C. Narwood W. Crean
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room			{ A. Hines P. Bentley

Jan. 24. Fr. Benedict gave us a lecture on Astronomy illustrated by magic-lantern views.

Jan. 25. Archaeological lectures by Fr. Cuthbert on "Saxon Architecture," and Fr. Maurus on "The Construction of Buildings."

Jan. 26. A heavy snow storm began the wintry weather which lasted till the 18th of February.

Jan. 27. Fr. Abbot favoured us with an interesting lecture on Rome with magic-lantern views.

Feb. 1. The month-day. Sliding all day.

Feb. 7. Fr. Feeny and Fr. Wilfrid Darby paid a visit.

Feb. 3. Fr. Abbot's second lecture on Rome.

Feb. 4. Play was given for skating, from a quarter to ten to half-past five. Fr. Benedict gave a short lecture on 'Light' by way of preparation for the coming lectures of Fr. Cortie on Astronomy.

Feb. 5. R. Mawson returned as a postulant. We were very glad to see him again, and he proved a useful addition to our Football XI.

Fr. Cortie, the well known astronomer of Stonyhurst began his lectures on Astronomy. They were something to be thankful for; not a mere collection of marvels and curiosities, but an orderly exposition of some of the main lines of astronomical development;—the development of lenses, and their adaptations to celestial photography; the steady growth of the size of telescopes, with the mechanical difficulties it raises, and the ingenious devices that have met those difficulties, crowned by the beautiful simplicity of the heliostat. The explanation of the principles of the Spectroscope, and of Spectrum Analysis was full and clear, and illustrated by striking experiments; and finally our attention was rewarded by some beautiful photographs of solar eclipses, of the moon, and some of the more important nebulae.

Feb. 15. Lecture by Fr. Cuthbert on "Early English Style," and by Fr. Maurus on "The Development of Architecture with regard to Arches."

Feb. 17. Fr. Prior gave us an interesting lecture on Venice, assisted by Fr. Austin and his magic-lantern.

Feb. 18. Shrove-Monday. Most of the school went down to skate, though the ice was very rough. A party of archaeologists and photographers, with Fr. Elphege and Mr. Robinson, went to

Pickering, and spent a very enjoyable day. In the evening Fr. Cuthbert gave us a lecture on Florence.

Feb. 19. Shrove-Tuesday. In the afternoon most of the boys walked to Helmsley for tea. In the evening we were entertained with charades got up by Fr. Maurus, which were very much enjoyed by all.

Feb. 22. Fr. Benedict gave us a botanical lecture in the Upper Library.

Feb. 24. Literary debate on the advantages of Party Government. G. McDermott's able defence was opposed by T. Heffernan.

Feb. 28. Month-day. The first XI played Harrogate, and although Harrogate played masters we obtained an easy victory of 7 goals to 2. Dawson scored 2, Lambert 3, and Crean 2. The second XI played Pocklington. It was a very even game, and ended in a draw, the score being 3 all; Nevill 1 goal, Jackson 2.

In the evening Fr. Abbot gave us a lecture on the St. Gothard Railway, with magic-lantern illustrations.

March 3. Literary Debate in the Upper Library. W. Lambert read a paper on "Classical Education," and was opposed by F. Quinn, who upheld the Commercial view.

March 10. Bros. Elphege, Theodore, and Maurus were ordained priests by His Lordship the Bishop of Middlesbrough. We offer them our hearty congratulations.

March 11. Recreation for the Ordinations. A party set out to Kirkdale under the guidance of Fr. Bede, and explored the caves. After a good long walk over the moors they eventually came to Helmsley, where they did justice to an excellent tea, and then drove home. Br. Lawrence took several of the boys to a meet at Gilling bridge, and the rest played football.

March 12. Football-match v. Helmsley. We easily won by 6 goals to 1. F. Maurus, Dawson, Lambert, and Crean shot the goals.

March 17. Racquet Sunday. Owing to wet weather, we played very little racquet. The traditional 'coffee and buns' in the evening.

March 18. Fr. Edmund and Br. Placid returned from Oxford. W. Byrne did not come with them, but went home for a holiday.

March 19. St. Joseph's feast. High Mass.

March 20. Match v. Harrogate at home. R. Mawson took

F. Quinn's place as full-back; the latter played centre forward, and shot eight goals. Result 13-1.

March 21. Feast of St. Benedict. Rounders for the first time. Some Upper Library boys played a racquet tournament, which was won by F. Quinn, and W. Lambert. An interesting lecture by Fr. Basil on the Italian Lakes, with excellent magic-lantern views. It was followed by some scenes in the life of 'Little Nell.'

March 23. Match 2. York Trinity. Result 6-1 in our favour.

March 27. Magic-lantern entertainment illustrating Tennyson's poem 'Enoch Arden.' It was very much enjoyed.

March 28. The Easter Examinations began.

April 1. Arthur Gateley returned as a postulant.

April 3. The Retreat began and was given by Fr. Abbot. Messrs. C. Hines, C. Quinn, and G. Lambert came to take part in the Retreat with us.

April 8. The XI went over to play Helmsley. Helmsley put their best team in the field, determined to regain their lost laurels. It was one of the best, and most exciting matches of the season, and resulted in a victory for us; five to none. Fr. Manus shot one goal, W. Lambert two, and G. Cress two. Considering that they are the 'cup' holders of the district, the victory we obtained speaks highly for the excellent play of this year's Football XI.

The Results of the seasons matches are as follows.

Played 11, won 9, lost 1, drawn 1.

		For	Against
v	The Religious	won 6	0
v	Ampleforth Village	won 16	0
v	Bootham School	won 14	0
v	Pocklington	lost 0	1
v	Bootham School	won 4	1
v	Pocklington	drawn 1	1
v	Harrogate	won 7	2
v	Helmsley	won 6	1
v	York Trinity	won 6	1
v	Harrogate	won 13	1
v	Helmsley	won 5	0

Goal average 78 for, and 8 against.

Second XI Matches		For	Against.
v	Pocklington,	won 6	0
v	Pocklington,	drawn 3	3
v	Bootham,	won 4	3

April 9. Fr. Basil took a party to Pickering. Mr. Robinson and Br. Lawrence took some of the smaller boys round Rievaulx and Hambleton, and home by Byland.

J. C. PIKE
R. B. WOOD.

Literary Debates.

3rd Meeting. Sunday, Feb. 24th, 1901. The Rev. Chairman, Fr. Austin Hind opened the meeting at 7-45. Mr. G. McDermott arose first, and delivered a very interesting speech in favour of Party Government. It is worthy of remark that Mr. McDermott committed his speech to memory, instead of reading from his paper, as is usually done. He (Mr. McDermott) maintained that Party Government was the best possible form of administration because the ministers were bound to act according to the wishes of the people, not according to their own ideas. He then contrasted Party Government with the absolute monarchical and oligarchical systems, and endeavoured to prove that it is vastly superior to either of them. "The British Government is," the speaker continued, "a model form of administration, in fact the best form of government in the world; a good proof of the superiority of the party system." After dwelling for some time on the history of the different forms of government, Mr. McDermott concluded by saying, that an Opposition is a good means of keeping the Government in working order. He was heartily applauded on resuming his seat. Mr. Heffernan now arose, and after giving a short history of Party Government, pointed out some

of the evils arising from the system, such as the 'red tape' which characterizes the actions of the British Government, the consequent weakness of the army, and the principal of cheapness before efficiency in our national defences. He considered the system detrimental to England's position as a first-class power, and concluded by expressing his opinion that the sooner something is done to remedy this great source of weakness, the better it would be for us as a nation.

Mr. R. B. Wood and Mr. H. Byrne spoke in support of the party system. The question being put to the vote, Mr. McDermott's supporters were in the majority. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting at 8-30.

4th Meeting. Sunday, March 3rd, 1901. The Rev. Chairman, supported by Fr. Benedict McLaughlin and Br. Lawrence Buggins, opened the meeting at 7-45. The minutes being read and passed, the chairman arose and explained the subject of debate, "Classical versus Commercial Education," and exhorted the members to consider the matter well before supporting either proponents. Mr. W. Lambert then arose and read a very well-written and interesting paper in favour of the Classical method. He pointed out first the true meaning of the word education; derived from the Latin *educere*, it meant the leading out or training of the faculties of the mind. Commercial education, Mr. Lambert assured us, did not train or refine the mind but only gave practical knowledge. Men of influence and wealth were not looked up to if they only had a commercial education. He then dwelt very much on the beauties of the classics, likening Greek to gold, Latin to silver, English only to lead and iron. The classics are the connecting link between the period before Christ and the present day, and are therefore the means of studying the first four thousand years of the world's history. After some concluding remarks on the difference between a classically and a commercially educated boy, Mr. Lambert sat down amid much applause.

Mr. F. Quinn arose and dwelt upon the utility of commercial education. He considered it superior to classical, and better adapted to this very practical and business-like age. Several members having taken part in the discussion—notably, Messrs. R. B. Wood, H. A. Polding, and G. McDermott—Fr. Benedict McLaughlin, arose and supported classical training, giving us his views in

his usual logical manner. The meeting concluded at 8-45 with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

5th Meeting. Sunday, March 3rd, 1901. Fr. Austin Hind opened the last meeting of the term at 7-45. The minutes being read and passed, Mr. Byrne arose and gave a very sound and convincing lecture favouring the introduction of conscription into England. The speaker maintained that it would be the only sure way of having a sufficiently large army to be ready for any emergency that might arise. It would also mean the abolition of England's amateur army, the Volunteers, and the prevention of such disasters as had taken place in South Africa in the late war, since we should have an adequate military force at our disposal. The German system Mr. Byrne considered superior to any other. The idea that the trade of a country was damaged by conscription he considered false, and to support his opinion he gave us some figures showing the increase in Germany's exports and imports during the last thirty years. He concluded his speech amid great applause.

Mr. Roche opposed with a very able and neat paper. He considered Conscription as being against the first principles of English liberty; besides, England had a navy large enough to defend her shores. He maintained that a well-trained small army was better than a big one which was ineffective. The fact of every man having to work side by side would be ruinous to the British aristocracy.

At the conclusion of Mr. Roche's speech a good many members gave their views on the subject. In the voting, each side was equal (11 all).

A vote of thanks to the chairman brought the meeting to an end at 8-30.

T. H. H.

Notes.

To the general public, the most notable result of the General Chapter, held at Downside Abbey in February, has been the retirement of Prior Raynal and the election of Fr. Ildefonsus Cummins to the Cathedral-Priory of St. Michael's, Belmont. For twenty-seven years Prior Raynal has remained in office and to the very last he has showed no signs of diminished energy or lessened capacity. Now that his rule at Belmont is come to an end, our wonder is that he should have withstood the strain of responsibility for so long a time, for it can be said of him, with the strictest truth, that never for a moment did he lay down his burthen or forget it. He had no pleasure and took no recreation outside the duties of his position. He was at all times and every moment the master and father and friend of the young religious committed to his charge. That, after such an example of devotion to his work, he is still unbroken is due, we presume to say, to the fact that, with him, to be himself was to be all that his office required of him, and that, however age may have dealt with him in other ways, his heart is as youthful as ever. Everyone is glad that the Downside 'familia' has chosen him, and the Chapter has appointed him, Abbot of St. Albans. May life and health be long continued to him!

With regard to the election of Prior Cummins we shall be forgiven if we say that it did not come as a surprise to us. One is never really surprised to find the right man in the right place. Such a thing may be unexpected, even unprecedented, but when it does happen it always seems as though it were the only thing that could happen. Prior Cummins' office is a difficult one, and under present circumstances more difficult than ever it was, but, however oppressed he may feel with his responsibility, it should be a comfort to him to know that he has the full, unqualified confidence of his brethren.

A little incident, of no consequence in itself, but of some significance at the present time, took place at the first election, twenty-seven years ago, of Prior Raynal. Naturally, the young

monks at Belmont found a good deal to say about such an important event. There were the usual suppositions and probabilities discussed—none of them, perhaps, very truly supposable or probable—and, with the imaginative temerity of youth, some of them looked, or tried to look into the seeds of time and told, without being challenged, what they saw there. One smooth-cheeked seer, who has probably forgotten all about his juvenile predictions, ended one of these occasions with an unexpected pronouncement. "I prophesy," said he, "that Fr. Ildefonsus will be the next Prior of Belmont after Fr. Prior (Raynal)." He has had a long time to wait for the happy moment when he could say "I told you so," and now that the time has come we have not heard that he has remembered to say it.

At that time it seemed as though the career of Fr. Cummins was inseparably connected with St. Michael's, and the so-called prophecy had rather the appearance of a commonplace possibility. Indeed, to many other people at the time it did seem that there was nothing more likely to happen. Since then the incidents of Prior Cummins' life have appeared to separate him definitely from the monastery of his youth. An assistant of Fr. Jerome Vaughan in the foundation of Fort Augustus and the first resident monk there; the first procurator of our house of studies in Rome; on the mission, as coadjutor or rector at Warrington, Maryport, St. Peter's, and St. Anne's, Liverpool,—there was only one slender tie that, through all changes, bound him to St. Michael's and that was his connection with its studies as a frequently-deputed examiner of its Schools. We may be sure, however that it has all been for the best, and this we can safely say, that no one of his predecessors at Belmont has entered upon his task with so wide and so varied an experience.

General Chapter has inaugurated a new departure in regard to Belmont. Hitherto St. Michael's has been known as a Common House, supported by the three elder monasteries, where all postulants for the habit have to go for probation and their early ecclesiastical studies. But whilst training and professing monks for others it has never taken subjects for itself. This restriction is now removed; and Belmont, without discontinuing its former duties, becomes free to accept novices for itself, and so gradually

to build up a *conventus* of its own which, if all goes well, may some day rival in numbers and importance those of the older foundations. There will be difficulties to overcome! The want of a school as its natural recruiting ground must be a serious obstacle to development, though in the eyes of some, this might be an attraction. On the other hand Belmont starts its career with many advantages, and with the prestige and promise of the past forty years; its quiet, studious atmosphere, its Cathedral dignity, not to mention its character for monastic observance, may well bring to the House numerous vocations, as they will certainly give it individuality.

As a Cathedral Priory, Belmont has the distinction of being the only representative of the great Cathedral-monasteries which once formed a chief feature of English Benedictine life. The Bishop and Chapter of its diocese are Benedictines, and its Prelate, the Cathedral Prior, enjoys like an Abbot the *juris pontificalis*. Belmont has successfully solved a problem which no other Cathedral in the English-speaking world has yet attempted, though there are rumours that an attempt is to be made at Westminster,—the problem of how to carry out in a missionary and unendowed country the complete circle of Cathedral work. Its Canons are the only Chapter which fulfils the Canons' normal duty of the daily choral recitation of the Divine Office:—a valuable object lesson in these days of novel experiments! The friends of Belmont will wish the House success and prosperity under its new *status* and its new Cathedral Prior!

As editor, we have a further duty and it is to thank Prior Cummins for his present contribution to the *Journal* and for the help he has given us in the past. We know that we may always look on him as a friend and well-wisher, and we hope he will still find time to favour us with his valuable papers. On the other hand, we do not think it will be a presumption in us to say that, under all circumstances, he will have the sympathy and help of the brethren of St. Lawrence's. We believe the future of Belmont is safe in his hands; and though it has many new needs through its altered circumstances, we have the faith of the old Italian priest who said:

"Dio non manda mai bocca, che non mandi cibo."

We have already offered our congratulations to Fr. Priest on his nomination as titular Abbot of St. Mary's York, we now renew them on the occasion of his institution in the Abbacy by the General Chapter. Our compliments and best wishes are freely given to the new Cathedral Priors, Fr. Wilfrid Brown, Prior of Chester; Fr. Remuuld Woods, Prior of Rochester; Fr. Anselm Burge, Prior of Durham; and Fr. Paulinus Wilson, Prior of Norwich. Dr. Wilson has also been elected *Magister Scholarum*, an office which carries with it a seat at Chapter. Fr. Prior Cummins has been succeeded in the Rectorship of St. Anne's Priory, Liverpool, by Fr. Wilfrid Darby, who is well known to the members of the congregation, and will be welcomed back by them with affectionate recollections of the former days when he lived amongst them.

We desire to make good an omission in our account of Fr. Abbot's installation. We unfortunately made no mention of the numerous and handsome presents he received on the occasion. By Mr. Noblett, *senr.*, he was presented with a cloth-of-gold cope and a *rochet* of Brussel's point lace; Mr. Swarbreck gave him a handsome gold chain for his pectoral cross; Mr. Pécoul is having a specially-designed crozier made for him in France; from Mr. Perry he has received a set of red vestments, and from the neighbouring missions a 'precious' mitre and Pontifical; the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook sent him an illuminated copy of the Holy Rule and Mr. Granville Ward made him a present of money. We did mention the fine gift of an Abbatial throne, designed by Mr. Bernard Smith, which the Ampleforth Society had resolved to make and which will soon be erected.

The changes and improvements which have been made in the College and its surroundings are not very numerous or very noticeable, but still the visitor will find that some really useful work has been done, if he is sufficiently interested to look for it. First and most important, the Library work in the basement is nearly completed; for all this all Ampleforthians should be grateful. Then, there has been removing and replanting of trees; a further smoothing away of traces of the recent building operations; a new orchard—we wont tell anybody where it is; wall-painting in the Abbot's room and the arrangement and furnishing of a chapel at

the end of the first gallery; new pictures on the walls; a complete re-arrangement of the Hall; finally, a Photographic Club has been started amongst the boys and an excellent dark room set up for them by Fr. Abbot.

Mr. Robinson is the energetic guide, counsellor and friend of the Photographers. He has taken up a new process of reproduction which promises to be successful. We hope to present our readers with a drawing of the Collège, after the telephotograph taken by Fr. Abbot, in our next number.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the very admirable sermon on *The Monastic State*, preached by Bishop Hedley at the re-opening of St. John's, Bath, has been published by the Catholic Truth Society. It has been fully reported in the *Tribune*, but Catholics, and especially monks, will be glad to have it in a more readable form. The Catholic Truth Society have also issued, in Latin and English the "Form for the Reception of a Convert," edited by his Lordship. The full and excellent English translation should make it valuable and useful.

Fr. Anthony Balbeck's note on "Some English Word-growths" will interest our readers. We may be permitted, however, to doubt the usefulness of his theory in smoothing away the difficulties of the English language to the foreigner. We ourselves confess that we should prefer to tackle the problems contained in the paper "when the wind is southerly" and "we can tell a hawk from a handsaw."

The interesting discourse of the Abbé de Mainvilliers, on March 20th, at Archbishop's House, will perhaps induce some of our younger men to read Bossuet. There are few books of any age that have a more powerful influence on mental education, in the true sense of the word, than his *Histoire Universelle*. The Abbé told a striking story about Mommsen. It appears that that great historian was summoned to the Tuileries, somewhere about 1861, to help Napoleon III. to put the finishing touches to the "Life of Cesar." The Abbé de Mainvilliers, in a conversation with Mommsen, some time afterwards, asked him what he thought of the Emperor as a historian. Mommsen replied, that he was bitterly disappointed

with him (*fortement déçappointé*). He was neither a scientific historian, nor a thinker, but only a man of facts—a sort of German professor. He found the imperial writer crammed with knowledge of every kind, and furnished with endless documents and dates; but he had no leading ideas, or luminous master-thoughts. The letter killeth, the spirit quickeneth. In history, the "letter" is the heaping up of details, which crush the life out of an author. The "spirit", he went on to say, is the grasp and the *coup d'œil* of a Bossuet, who seizes the substance of great and decisive events, discovers the why and the how, passes judgment on them, and puts them in their place as part of a grand picture.

The Art and Book Co., of Leamington, have reprinted, in a small and handy booklet, the well-known seventeenth century translation of the *Speculum Monachorum* of the Ven. Abbot Blossias, O.S.B. The translation, though certainly quaint and archaic, is singularly easy, clear and eloquent, as most of the English of that period was, even in the mouths of men who had to live abroad. The somewhat ancient and formal phrasing seems to suit the theme. It is curious to find the term "asceta" translated by "practitioner,"—as "internal practitioner," "spiritual practitioner." The word, at that time, meant one who exercises or practises, as a learner, some profession, as distinct from a trade or art. In comparatively recent times it was not unusual to hear it applied to a young medical man. There is a mistake perpetuated at page 93, where we are told to examine our conscience "without inordinate *disipation*"—that is without going over the day's events too minutely—and the translation has changed it into "inordinate *discipline*." At page 57, where the text speaks of the Holy Spirit visiting the soul, it is not very clear why the word *indistinctiter* is rendered "solemnly." Perhaps it is, a misprint for silently.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated February 9th of this year, the privilege is conceded to the Abbots of Monte Cassino, of St. Paul's (Rome), and of La Cava, to be present and to vote in the "semi-public" Consistories held previously to Canonizations. The Abbots themselves, in this petition, do not seem to have thought they were asking for a "privilege," for they pray for the "confirmation" of their "right." Certainly it seems

to have been the custom, at least up to the middle of the sixteenth century, for Abbots to vote in these Consistories. There are three Consistories held after a Canonization has been, in principle, decided upon. The first is one at which the Cardinals alone are present, and is secret. The second is altogether public, and there are cited to it not only Cardinals and Bishops, but a number of officials, the Governor of Rome, the Princes Assistant at the throne, and others, and the public are freely admitted. This is followed by a third which is called "semi-public"—and this is confined to Cardinals and Bishops, at least as far as regards voting. In this last Consistory Abbots used to have a seat. Benedict XIV thinks that this custom lapsed about the time of Gregory XIII, when so many Abbeys were given *in commendam* to Cardinals that there were hardly any Abbots in or about Rome who were not Cardinals. The Sacred Congregation, without admitting any right, have counselled the Holy Father to give these three Abbots what they petition for, as a "privilege." It need not be recalled that the Abbots of Montcassino, St. Paul's and La Cava are "ordinaries," with a diocese subject to each of them. It is on this ground, no doubt, that the privilege is given.

The great relic, said to be of St. Lawrence the Martyr, in the possession of the Bishop of Newport, is forming the subject of a searching investigation by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It has been traced back to the sixteenth century. It formed part of the collection of the Emperor Charles V., to contain which the Escorial was built. One of the Princes or Dukes of the Este family brought it to Italy, and placed it in the Abbey of Fonte Vivo. The late Abbot Casaretto, who was Abbot Ordinary of this monastery, took it with him when the 1860 suppression of monasteries occurred. At the request of the Sacred Congregation, the Bishop has had the relic examined by an anatomist—Professor Stewart, curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. He reports that it is a *humerus* (upper arm bone) of an adult of very short stature—not more than about five feet high. There is nothing about the bone that is in any way incompatible with either the manner or the time of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. The remarkable point, of the stature of the person to whom it belonged, may help materially to establish its authenticity—or the contrary.

We have the pleasure of chronicling another act of grace, on the part of the authorities at Oxford, towards our establishment in the University. The position of the Jesuit and Benedictine halls was slightly anomalous, for in theory a 'private hall' is the venture of an individual; it is a personal possession of the licensed master, comes into being with his institution of it, and passes out of being with his ceasing to reside within a mile and a half of Carfax. These two halls, however, were of a somewhat different type. They seemed to have come to stay. They suggested an attempt to give permanence to an institution that the statutes of the university regarded as essentially temporary. They belonged to a corporation that had existence outside the university and of which the licensed master was the representative. The official mind of the authorities could not brook this anomaly, and for some time the question was under consideration.

The death of Fr. Clarke, S.J., precipitated matters. Strictly speaking Clarke's hall lapsed with his death, and the Vice-Chancellor had to appoint some one to wind up its affairs. Instead of this the University has allowed Fr. O'Fallon Pope, S.J. to continue Clarke's hall, with its full rights and privileges, until the term of residence has been kept that is required before application to open a hall can be made. This permission was quite exceptional treatment, but during last term the statutes have been amended so that now the Vice-Chancellor is empowered, on the removal, by death or otherwise, of a licensed master, to appoint a graduate master of the University to carry on the hall until the successor has satisfied the requirements of residence. This, it will be seen, is a distinct recognition of the permanent character of the halls, and, moreover, relieves us of the necessity, which we should otherwise be under, of keeping a second master of arts at Oxford to be prepared to take on the hall at a moment's notice.

The Jesuits and Benedictines seem to be dividing the honours as lecturers to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford. Our late Subprior, Fr. Anselm Wilson, occupied the chair during last Michaelmas term, and this term his place has been taken by Fr. Finlay, S.J., the lecturer in Political Economy at the Catholic University in Dublin. Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., an old friend, at

present an undergraduate of Clarke's hall engaged in research work, will lecture in the summer term, and we hear that Bishop Hedley has consented to give a second course in the following term. We know that for some time the chaplain, Canon Kennard, has made various attempts to secure Abbot Gasquet as lecturer. Hitherto he has proved unsuccessful, but during a very brief visit to Oxford this term, Fr. President was, we believe, prevailed upon to promise to give the lectures at some date in the near future.

Many of your readers, writes a correspondent, will be interested to hear of a course of lectures delivered last winter in Oxford by Mr. Arthur Evans. These lectures gave an account of the excavations carried out in Crete under Mr. Evans' supervision, and the story they unfolded was of surpassing interest. Following in the wake of Dr. Lehmenn's work at Troy and Mycenae Mr. Evans has brought to light a real palace of Minos at Knossos. Led by a conviction that some form of writing was used by the Greeks of the Mycenaean age, the explorer set to work in Crete for evidence to support his view. The result has been to uncover a large part of a vast pre-historic building, a palace on a far larger scale than those of Tiryns and Mycenae. All the evidence tends to show that the civilization represented on this spot was cut short suddenly in the fulness of its bloom, not unlikely by the Dorian invaders whose very existence has, of late, been called in question. The party walls of clay and plaster still stand intact with the fresco painting on them, in many cases perfectly preserved. When we remember that these represent a civilization some twelve centuries older than that found beneath the volcanic ash of Pompeii we can appreciate the interest of the discovery. Among the many features of interest in these frescoes is that of a cupbearer. The colours are almost as brilliant as when laid down over three thousand years ago. For the first time the true portraiture of a man of this mysterious Mycenaean age rises before us. The flesh tint is of a deep reddish brown, the limbs are finely moulded, whilst the profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. In another room are ladies with white complexions, their hair elaborately curled, wearing fashionable puffed sleeves and flounced gowns, who extorted from a French visitor the remark 'Mais, ce sont des Parisiennes.' But the crowning discovery, as

Mr. Evans calls it, is a clay tablet of elongated shape, bearing on it incised characters in a linear script, accompanied by numeral signs, with regular divisions between the words, and for elegance hardly surpassed by any later form of writing. Pictorial illustrations supply a clue, in many cases, to the meaning. If the language is some primitive form of Greek it will probably be not difficult to decipher it and thus one's hopes are raised of the prehistoric becoming an historic age of Greece. To appreciate the significance of this, we must call to mind that it is not till five centuries later that we find the first dated examples of Phœnician writing, from which the Greek has been generally supposed to have sprung. The most commonly recurring symbol on the blocks of masonry is the *labrys*, or double axe, the special symbol of the Cretan Zeus, and thus the 'House of Minos' turns out to be also the House of the Double Axe, in other words, the Labyrinth. Can we not then concur with Mr. Evans in maintaining that the spade has supplied a simpler solution than the learned German who has seen in the Labyrinth 'a thing of belief and fancy, an image of the starry heaven with its infinitely winding paths, in which, nevertheless, the sun and moon surely move about?'

A very large and excellent autotype reproduction of Fr. Manrus Powell's admirable drawing of the Abbey is now published. We hear that a distribution of the copies will be made this week. We have not yet seen it, but have been told, and have no doubt, it is a complete success. Only a limited number of copies are being printed. The price is one guinea.

When is Prior Burge's newly-edited Plain Chant Mass to make its appearance? It ought to be ready soon, and there are many who will be glad to make use of it. Miss Theresa Burge who passed first in all England in the recent Scholarship examination is the daughter of "Jack" Burge, whom Amplefordians of the sixties will all remember. There were nearly 7000 candidates.

The General Chapter, during its meeting, sent a message of condolence to the King, on the death of our late Queen. His Majesty sent a grateful acknowledgement.

Fr. Abbot has been elected a District Councillor for the Helmsley district.

The following letter from one of our oldest Ampleforthians, to whom our readers have already been introduced, needs no explanation or apology:—

Ballaast, Victoria.

My dear Fr. Prior,

By the last mail, which left here a week ago, I briefly acknowledged the receipt of your very kind letter, with the accompanying *Journals*, for which I am more than indebted to you. Had you searched the British Isles, you could not have sent me a more acceptable present than these mementoes of dear Old Ampleforth. Not that the 'mem'ry of the past' requires revivifying, for the associations and traditions of my *Alma Mater* are indelibly engraven on my memory, and ever will remain there. Within four feet of my elbow as I sit at table hangs a picture of Ampleforth enlarged from a small print, also two photos (7 by 9 inches) of Rievaulx Abbey, evidence enough of how much I cherish the memory of the scenes of my youth; and, not only that, I have tried to live up to the inculcations I received in that hallowed neighbourhood. I must tell you that I spent four years at College, without a vacation "at home," so that even now I can trace on the page of memory every nook and corner, every tree and shrub, as they stood in the days of yore. Gardening and flower-culture was and is still a favourite pastime of mine, and I helped to plant several plantations in the lower part of the bounds. It is so long ago, and so many changes have taken place, possibly those land-marks no longer exist.

I was particularly interested in "Old Recollections," by my old friend Fr. Prest. There is attached thereto a very good illustration of the old chapel as I knew it—the very bench I occupied I can point out—and well do I remember the darkness made visible at night prayers by "one Dip—a veritable rat-tail." It was in that dear old spot I sang my first solo at Midnight Mass in 1841. Fr. Cooper, I think, presided at the "Battle of Waterloo Organ." I had a very fine treble voice, and from the enclosed slip (a newspaper cutting) you will observe I am singing still. I have now been singing in our local churches for a period of 46 years, and the old "Ampleforth boy" always took the lead with his "Basso profundo." I am much given to music, and that, in conjunction with flowers and good pictures, is my only hobby. I believe that Music and not

Fire was stolen from Heaven, and when I shuffle off this mortal coil I am somewhat undecided what piece I shall select to accompany me out of this world—not a new idea, by any means.

I was much pleased in scanning over the list of the old boys in the *Journal* of Dec. 1895, most of whom (at College with me) I well remember. Strange that I have only met with two Ampleforthians out here; viz. Richard Milner and one Bury, of Dublin. I am of opinion that there were two Burys from that city (Charles and Thomas) as well as two from Liverpool—they were cousins. Some thirty years ago, in passing through one of the streets of Melbourne, I observed a face that seemed familiar. The very attitude—meaning mischief—confirmed my opinion, for I must tell you that the small fry at College always regarded Milner as a perfect "Terror terrorum." I approached and addressed him by name, giving my own at the same time. His reply was most decided and curt: "No sir, you were never at Ampleforth with me." Not being able to satisfy him I resorted to the unwinding process, by giving him the names of the then Prior, Prefect, all the Religious, Novices, &c., and a score or so of the Boys. "They were all there," he remarked, "but not you." I was about to despair, when suddenly he asked, in a very temporary style, "My nick-name. Sir, if you please." I gave it instantaneously. He seized both my hands, with "By George, you were there," and from that day we were the greatest of friends, to the day of his death, which occurred in New Zealand some 12 years ago.

That amusing little incident goes to prove that after all, there's something in a name, especially a "nickname."

About eight years ago, I was travelling by rail, and occupied a carriage with a very respectable couple (a man and his wife). It is always my custom—being a good amateur detective, blessed with quick perceptions, a good memory and sharp sight to find out who and what my travelling companions are. In this case I set to work as delicately as I could and after a few preliminaries asked "what part of the old country &c.?" So small a village in England that no one outside ever heard of it," he replied. "What name, if you please?" "Oswaldkirk." "Dear me," I remarked. "I wonder if Mrs. Thorpe still carries on the hotel there—on the same side of the village as the little Anglican church and no great distance from it." I never saw a man look so perplexed. I further added;

"Now I presume you know Ampleforth College"—which of course he did.

I was never deceived but once in carrying out that hobby of mine. Not long ago I was travelling with two very well-dressed men who were very conversational. I tried again and again, but failed to find out who they were. Arrived at my destination, and bidding them good bye, with a remark as to my pleasant journey and companions, by a sort of flank movement I asked whence they were travelling, &c. They politely informed me they were two of the principal Melbourne detectives.—I need say no more.

At first, I was much perplexed over the likeness in the Journal, July 1903, with no name attached. I found later on it was that of Fr. Percy Anderson, one of my most intimate companions when boys together. Dear me, what changes! and how few of the stragglers are left! I am almost the 'last of the Mohicans,' although some time ago I was referred to in one of our Catholic Magazines as "the evergreen." That won't do, for, as you remark, I am getting on in years, yes, 71 next birthday. Time has been lenient with me; the only disability I suffer from being a sort of cramp in my right hand when writing;—you will observe this too plainly when trying to decipher this rather long and incoherent epistle.

Your kind letter and mementoes have to some extent only rekindled the memory of the long past. In spirit I have been skating at Fairfax' on the Fosse ponds; I have been rummaging under the windows of dear old Byland and Revalnx Abbeys in quest of pieces of stained glass; have visited Goremire and the old farmhouse, at the foot of the hill, where we camped. I even now speak of Goremire as being the most weird-looking spot I ever set eyes on. I remember, on one Goremire day, Fr. Cooper engaged a man to go out with us and blast some of the rocks. When all was ready, he discovered he had left home with a packet of rice instead of powder.

As the mail goes to-night and in an hour's time, I must make an effort to close this. I think it is something of a blessing for you that my right hand is somewhat disabled.

Please accept my renewed thanks, &c.

Believe me to be, dear Fr. Prior,

Yours very sincerely,

JNO. LAKH.

We hear no bad news of our Amplefordians in South Africa. The Hon. N. Stourton is now gazetted in the King's Dragoon Guards and the Hon. E. Stourton in the Yorkshire Light Infantry. Edward Maynard and Ambrose Magoris have also left for the front, and our old friend Fr. Denis Firth has volunteered as chaplain. His knowledge of Dutch should be of value. Our best wishes go with them all. Our parting advice to Fr. Denis is the one "old Quack" insisted on so strongly—if he should meet with the Boer general with the damp name, let him be sure to 'change his things.' We shall be glad and anxious to welcome him home again.

We made—so we are informed—some meteorological records this spring. We don't quite know what they were, but we are quite prepared to believe that the whole business was 'a record.' We hope it will remain so.

We offer our congratulations to William Bradley who has taken the distinguished degree of B. Sc. in Honours, at the London University. May we also—to pass to quite another subject of congratulation—offer our best wishes to the newly-ordained priests, Fr. Elphege Hind, Fr. Theodore Ryland, and Fr. Maurus Powell?

Fr. Basil Feeny has been appointed to the mission of Harrington, vacated by Fr. Firth.

The death of the Right Rev. Dr. Rudesind Salvado, Bishop and Abbot of New Norcia, Western Australia, has removed one who has, for some years, been venerated as the patriarch of the Benedictine Order. His work among the savages of Australia is a matter of history and "Bishop Salvado's experiment," as it is usually called, is an example of what patience, kindness and faith can do with the unteachable. Where other missionaries had failed, the Catholic religion has succeeded; and what Ethnologists had declared to be impossible Bishop Salvado has done. Many old Amplefordians will remember his visit to St. Lawrence's in 1869. He had a personality it was not easy to forget, and a voice—for singing or preaching—which, like his 'niggers,' would not brook confinement. We remember still a few of his stories, and, notably, how, on his first meeting with the natives, he overcame their shyness, and cemented a life-long friendship, with what Lancashire children

would call "a sugar-butter." Fr. Cuthbert Pippet took an excellent photograph of him, which we would have liked to have been able to reproduce.—R.I.P.

A distinguished Amplefordian has been taken from us by the death of Judge Meynell, of the Durham County Const. circuit. He was the son of Mr. J. Meynell of Kilvington Hall, Thrusk, but has long been separated from his native county. It is only a very few years ago that he renewed his acquaintance with his *Alma Mater*. "In 1872," says the *Daily Express*, "he was appointed Recorder of Doncaster, and a year later succeeded to the Judgeship of the Durham County Court district, following Judge Stapleton in that office. He was popular as a Judge, and his decisions were rarely, if ever, questioned. He was just as well known as Chairman of the joint Committee in the Durham coal trade. He was also closely identified with the public life of the city and county, and, besides being an active magistrate, took a lively interest in the government of many county philanthropic institutions. In 1856 he married a daughter of Mr. R. S. Short, of Edlington, Lincoln. He belonged to an old Yorkshire Roman Catholic family, and leaves a widow, a son, Mr. E. J. Meynell, barrister, and two daughters." He was buried in St. Cuthbert's Cemetery, Durham.—R.I.P.

We have to record also the death of Benedict Pippet, the youngest brother of Fr. Cuthbert Pippet. Benedict Pippet went to Ampleforth in 1859. Later in life he took up the agency of Lord Herries' estate in South Yorkshire and spent most of his days at Everingham. He very seldom visited his *Alma Mater*, although we believe he retained very happy memories of his school days.—R.I.P.

We have also with much regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Emile Prest, brother of Abbot Bede Prest. Mr. Prest attained the rank of a Patriarch among Amplefordians; he entered in 1847. He took the keenest interest in all that concerned his *Alma Mater*. Besides sending his son to College, he was one of the most earnest promoters of the scheme for building the New Monastery. Ampleforth loses a most devoted son in Mr. E. Prest.—R.I.P.

One of the oldest Laurentians has passed away in the person of Mr. Geo. Chamberlain, J.P. Mr. Chamberlain went to Ampleforth in

1838 and as far as we are aware was the Patriarch of the Amplefordians. He occupied a very distinguished position in the commercial world of Liverpool, and played a most important part in the development of Southport. St. Lawrence's enjoys the unique distinction of seeing the third generation of Chamberlains inscribed upon its rolls.—R.I.P.

We ask the prayers of his old friends for Francis Brandreth, whose vessel has been so long overdue that all hope of his safety has been given up. We offer his bereaved mother our deepest sympathy. He was an only son.—R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dual Magazine*, the *Stuyvesant Magazine*, the *Rationalist*, the *Bowmont Review*, the *River Bloodstone*, the *Abley Student*, the *Harsnet*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Barda*, the *St. Augustines'*, *Ramsgate*, the *Student and Mitheolungen*, and the *Ovation*.