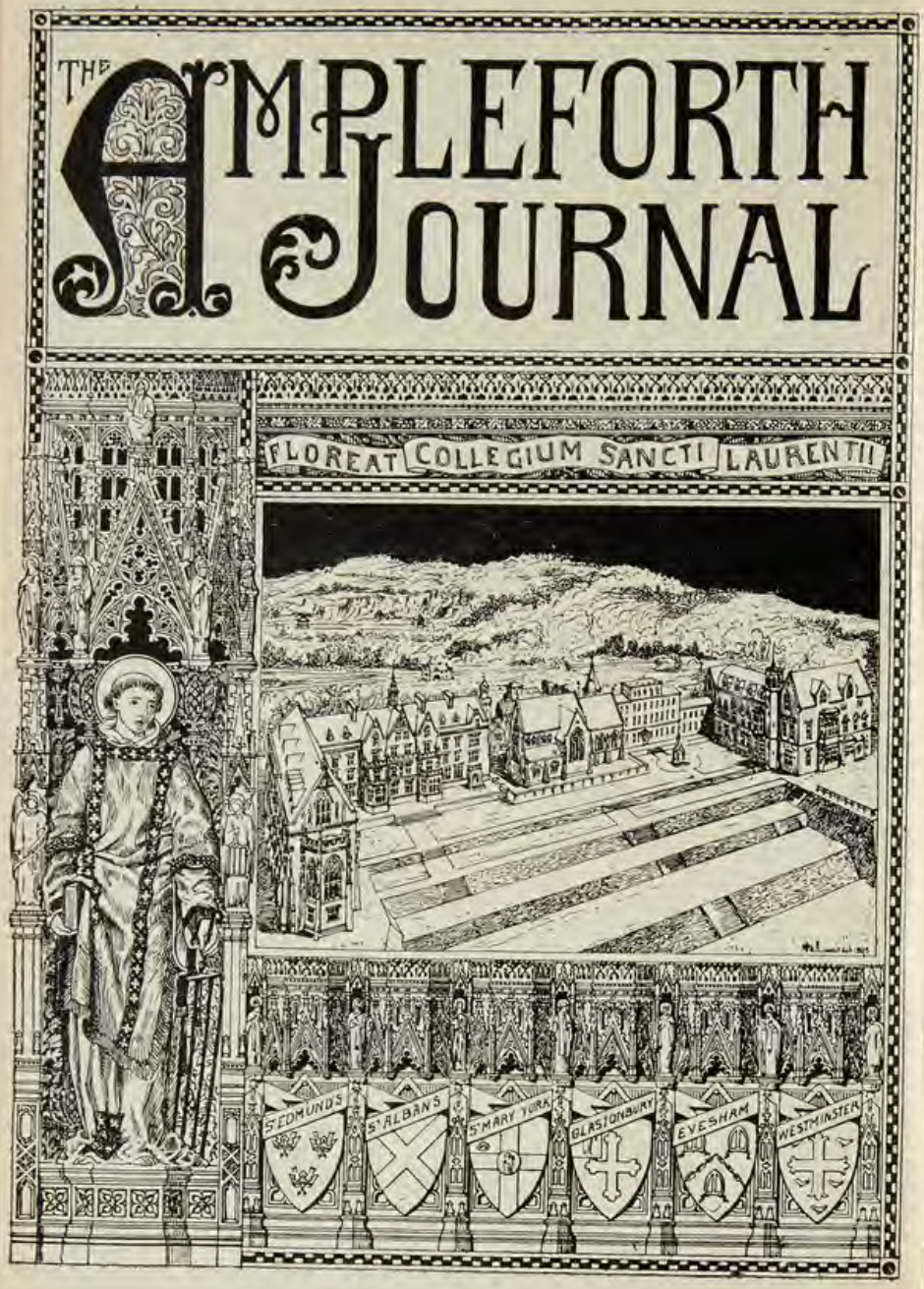


THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. VII.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, YORK.

1902.

INDEX.

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. VII. JULY, 1901. PART I.

A Relic of King Alfred.

IT is not yet very certain whether the country is going to take up with any great enthusiasm the proposed celebration of the millenary of the death of King Alfred. This year, 1901, is supposed to be the right year. But Mr. Conybeare, in a learned note,* argues that King Alfred really died in the year 900. He admits, it is true, that there is only "a mild balance of probability" in favour of that date, and that there is much chronological confusion in the historians, arising from divergence of ways of reckoning the commencement of the year. Our prominent and enthusiastic men of letters and history, such as the late Sir Walter Besant, and Bishop Browne, of Bristol, have pronounced for 901; and the coming October will see the erection at Winchester of a colossal bronze statue of the hero—with such accompanying festivities as may be possible.

Meanwhile, there appears a very full and interesting account of one of the most remarkable relics of the ninth century that this country possesses—that is, the "Alfred Jewel," now in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford.† The history of this "jewel," and the questions as to its date,

* *Alfred in the Chronicles.* By Edward Conybeare, M.A. (p. 80.)

† *The Alfred Jewel: an Historical Essay.* By John Earle, M.A., LL.D. Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 1901.

origin, and significance, are intimately connected with the whole life, reign and character of the great King.

In the year 1693, the workmen who were employed in the excavations rendered necessary by the building or re-building of Sir Thomas Wrothe's mansion of Petherton Park, Somersetshire, found a small jewel, set in gold, which was at once recognized as very ancient and valuable, and which learned men speedily associated with the name of King Alfred. The place where it was found has long ceased to be a gentleman's park; the old park is now merged in various farms, and the locality is known by the name of North Newton. It is about two miles to the west of the spot where Athelney Abbey stood, and therefore practically within that region which is called the "Isle of Athelney." The jewel was almost immediately given into the keeping of Mr. Nathanael Palmer, of Fairfield, in the neighbouring parish of Stoke Courcy. His son, Thomas Palmer, an antiquarian whose collections are frequently referred to in Collinson's *History of Somerset*, presented it, in 1718, to the University of Oxford, and it has been kept in the Ashmolean Museum ever since. There it now lies under glass, visible on every side.

The Alfred Jewel is about two inches and a half long, and in its widest part one inch and a fifth; its thickness is barely half an inch. Its shape, as will be seen from the drawing which accompanies this paper, is like a small tennis-bat. The broad or oval part has a front and a back; the front is an enamelled figure, seated, and holding two sceptres, or palm-branches, one in each hand; the back is gold, wrought and chased in a design somewhat resembling a flower-stem with leaves. It has a foot or socket, made like a boar's head with open mouth, and in the socket there is a cross-pin, which shows that the jewel was fixed upon a stem, which has now perished, having been probably of wood or ivory. Round the sides of the oval runs the legend

✠ AELFRED MEC HEHT GEWVRCAN,

that is, *Alfred ordered me made*. A slab of rock-crystal protects the enamelled figure which constitutes the front of the jewel.

It was in 878, in mid-winter, that Alfred was driven to take refuge in the Isle of Athelney. For nine years his Kingdom of Wessex had been exposed to the incursions of the Danish hordes. From Mercia, on the north and east, and from the coasts of South Wales on the west, first one army and then another had thrown itself upon the outposts of the realm which the king was painfully building up. There had been victories and there had been disasters. But on the whole, at the date mentioned, the western kingdon had been at peace for some years. The chroniclers hint very plainly that these years of peace had been years of laxity and evil-living; "men gave themselves to sloth and luxury . . . eating and drinking . . . even as the brute beasts." They were to be rudely awakened and roughly scourged. After the annihilation of the Danish fleet at Swanage in 875—a date which may be put down as the first English naval victory—the invaders had sworn and covenanted peace and good behaviour, and had kept their oaths. But fresh bands of pirates kept pouring into Mercia over the North Sea "so that the number of the miscreants (perversi) grew day by day." These seem to have overflowed by way of Gloucestershire into Wiltshire, and to have effected a junction with a detachment of their countrymen from Exeter, at Chippenham. From that point, they overran the land of the West Saxons, covering the face of the country "like locusts," and driving the country people, by arms and by famine, beyond the sea. A terrible account is given by John of Wallingford of the rapine and cruelty which accompanied this invasion. It is evident that it was an overwhelmning disaster, and that, for a time, King Alfred had neither an army nor a fortress. He took refuge with a few followers

in that tract of marsh and fen which in those days lay about the estuary of the Parret, where Bridgewater is now, and which is roughly bounded by the Mendips, the Quantocks, and the coast. This is Lord Macaulay's description of it :

> The steeple of the Parish Church is said to be the loftiest in Somersetshire, and commands a wide view over the surrounding country. Monmouth, accompanied by some of his officers, went up to the top of the square tower from which the spire ascends, and observed through a telescope the position of the enemy. Beneath him lay a flat expanse, now rich with corn fields and apple trees, but then, as its name imports, for the most part a dreary morass. When the rains were heavy, and the Parret and its tributary streams rose above their banks, this tract was often flooded. It was indeed anciently a part of that great swamp which is renowned in our early chronicles as having arrested the progress of two successive races of invaders, which long protected the Celts against the aggressions of the Kings of Wessex, and sheltered Alfred from the pursuit of the Danes. In those remote times this region could be traversed only in boats. It was a vast pool wherein were scattered many islets of shifting and treacherous soil, overhung with rank jungle, and swarming with deer and wild swine.*

It was in this natural fastness that King Alfred lay concealed during the Lent of 878, whilst he was painfully gathering together those forces which, soon after Easter, inflicted upon the Danes the conclusive and lasting defeat which resulted in the peace of Wedmore and the baptism of Guthrum. The exact spot where he had his headquarters would no doubt be that rising above the marsh whereon he afterwards built the Abbey of Athelney. The very ruins of this monastic house have long since disappeared; but 100 years ago (1801) a monumental pillar was set up on the "island" by John Slade, Esquire, of Maunsel, proprietor of Athelney and lord of the manor of Petherton,† with an inscription commemorating King Alfred and the

* *History of England*, vol 1, ch 5.

† He was an ancester of the present Sir Cuthbert Slade, of Maunsel.

Abbey that he had there founded. But the fort which he constructed on Athelney may still be traced, the entrenchments occupying the summit of a conical hill near the east end of the bridge which crosses the Parret, after its junction with the Tone. It was from here that he would sally out during those hard months, accompanied by one or two of his adherents, sometimes to obtain food, sometimes to try to reconnoitre the enemy. It is of this period of his life that the well known stories are told, of his watching the cakes in the cowherd's hut, and of his penetrating in the disguise of a minstrel into an encampment of the Danes.

The beautiful ornament of which I am writing was found in the earth not far from the place where King Alfred lay in concealment. It is stated to have been "dug up"—as if it had been, not merely dropped upon the ground, but purposely buried. It is little wonder that it has come to be considered the property of the King himself. As far back as 1698, Dr. Musgrave, a Fellow of the Royal Society, writes in *Philosophical Transactions* that "in all probability it did belong to that great King" (Vol xx, No. 247).

The handsome volume by the Rev. John Earle, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, to which reference has already been made, is an elaborate attempt to set forth the historical and archæological aspects of the Alfred Jewel. Mr. Earle tells us that he has studied it for fifty years. He has often lectured on it; and as each fresh attempt to make others understand it seemed to bring new lights to himself, he at length determined to make a book about it. He saw his way to a theory—and that theory he has set forth in the pages of his painstaking work.

Before explaining what his theory is, let me say that there seems no reason to doubt that this jewel may well be of the age of King Alfred—the second half of the ninth century. It has appeared to some antiquarians that the

excellence of the workmanship, both of the enamelled figure, and of the gold chasing, could hardly allow us to attribute the Jewel to a period so remote, so barbarous, and so disturbed as the century of St. Edmund the Martyr and of St. Swithun. But it is agreed by the best authorities that there is in existence similar enamelled work, dating from the earlier years of the ninth century, which may very well have been English or Irish. Anyone who has seen the eight small circular medallions on the wonderful altar-frontal of S. Ambrogio at Milan will at once be struck by their likeness to the enamel of the Alfred Jewel. These are of the early ninth century, and it is conjectured that they are by an English artist. If so, there was an English or Irish school of enamelling in existence when Alfred began to reign.

There is even less ground for hesitation on account of the goldsmith's work. There are in existence at least three ancient rings, undoubtedly English, and of the ninth century, in which the chasing and lettering are of precisely the same character as that of this jewel. One is the ring of Ahlstan, Bishop of Sherborne, now in the Waterton collection in the British Museum. The second is also in the British Museum, and is inscribed with the name of Alfred's father, "Ethelwulf R." The third seems to have belonged to Queen Æthelswith, consort of Burgred, King of Mercia, Alfred's sister, who died at Pavia on her Roman pilgrimage, in 828. No one who compares these rings with the Alfred Jewel can doubt that they belong to the same period and school. In the words of the Ashmolean catalogue, "The metallic portion is undoubtedly Anglo-Saxon. . . . Altogether it is one of the most curious relics of the kind; and no one, taking all the points of evidence together, can reasonably doubt but that it did belong to King Alfred." As this opinion represents in effect, if not in form, that of Sir Francis Palgrave himself, the most competent authority of his time, it is of great and permanent value.

A word may be said about the lettering. All the letters of the inscription are Roman in form except the G and the C, which are of that angular shape which is generally called Anglo-Saxon, but which are perhaps really rather "epigraphic" forms—that is, forms used in solemn inscriptions. Now it is certain that from Alfred's time the Old Saxon letters were less used and the Roman began to take their place. As to the grammar and word forms, Mr. Earle who is here an expert of the first order, declines to say that they point to a definite date, but he affirms that they certainly fit well with the epoch of Alfred.

These things being so, what, in the opinion of the learned, was this Jewel of King Alfred?

The first notion that seems to have struck the antiquaries, when the jewel was discovered, was, that it was an "amulet." We find this view in Collinson's *History of Somerset*. These eighteenth century gentlemen did not perceive the grotesqueness of supposing that the great Alfred, the most sane of religious men, believed in charms and used them. Or rather, one of them did; for Dr. Pegge, not the least celebrated of the archæologists of that century, briefly and peremptorily states that "Alfred never ran (that we know of) into such vanities."

In the second place we may place the theory that the Jewel was intended to be set on a shaft or handle, and carried with the King into battle. Thus it would be a kind of standard, with the effigy of a saint. This is the use which is ascribed to it by Mr. Philip Duncan, in the catalogue to the Ashmolean Museum. In this view the little jewel would have answered the purpose of a Roman Eagle. I observe that living archæologists adhere to this theory, for Professor J. Frederick Hodgetts, in the first of his series of lectures on the "Life and Times of Alfred the Great" which he began at the British Museum on June 10th, illustrated his observations by an exact reproduction of what he has no hesitation in calling the "picture of his

patron Saint," and "the ensign which was carried on a staff before him to battle."

It must be confessed that it is difficult to imagine this small *icon*, not two and a half inches high, frail, brittle, and precious, carried into a Saxon battle. The idea may probably have been originally suggested by a passage in the Chronicle of St. Neot, which relates how, the night before the battle of Ethandune, St. Neot appeared to the King, and promised that "to-morrow" he would "go on all day long before thy banners." But if the jewel was lost in Athelney, it must have been lost before the day of Ethandune.

Next, we have the Jewel described as the head of a stylus, or of a roll for parchment, or of a book-marker. It will be remembered that this last was the theory of the late Bishop Clifford. In his inaugural address as President of the Somersetshire Archæological Society in 1877, when the annual meeting of the Society was held at Bridgewater, the Bishop took King Alfred for his theme, and spoke of the Jewel. He recalled how the good King, after having translated St. Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis* into English, sent a copy of the translation to each Bishop's see in the Kingdom; "and in each book there is an *aestel* (that is, staff) of the value of 50 mancusses; and I command in God's name that no man take the staff from the book." Here, the Bishop considered we had the explanation of Alfred's gem. It was the handle of a book-staff or pointer —the staff itself being made of horn (and having perished), the handle being precious and durable, and surviving all these years.

The principal objection to this view, which the lamented Bishop sets forth with great learning and ingenuity, is that the jewel would have made a most awkward handle. Not only is its shape such that no craftsman would have adopted it for such a purpose, but it has a back and a front, the front being an effigy. The obvious conclusion is that

it was intended to be used in such a position that the enamelled effigy should be principally in view; just as an enamelled pectoral cross is meant to be worn with the enamel displayed.

Mr. Earle's own opinion is that the ornament was intended to be fixed on the front of the King's helmet.

> The Alfred Jewel is so made as to require a small stem or "stert" for its fixture when in use. It tapers off to a socket which is adapted to receive a small stem, and it is only when erected on such a stem that the figure in enamel will appear in a natural position. How can we accommodate it with such a function as will correspond to these indications of design? Evidently not on the top of a standard-bearer's pole, nor on the top of a stilus, nor at the butt-end of a music-master's wand. It is moreover evident that the stem was a permanent fixture in the socket, for although the socket is now empty, this is due to the perishing of the stem, as appears from the fact that the cross pin is riveted. The stem was therefore not metallic, but of some hard organic substance, perhaps walrus ivory. Our problem, then, is to discover a place in which this jewel, permanently furnished with such a stem, could be so erected as to discharge some appropriate function. That function can hardly be other than personal decoration, and the place in which it might be erected is the helmet of a warrior.*

But I believe it will not be maintained that there is any instance of valuable enamels having been worn among the armaments of a warrior's helmet. Stones more or less precious, with gold settings, were doubtless so worn. But an enamel in the ninth century was something far more precious than any ordinary stone. And it was far more exposed to the danger of destruction. Gold might be dinted or hacked, but it was gold still; a stone might be broken, it is true, but not easily, and it was not very costly to replace; but an enamel was excessively fragile, and once broken was done for. I doubt, therefore, whether

* *The Alfred Jewel*, p. 44.

those qualified to pronounce will consider that Mr. Earle, with all the subsidiary learning which he has brought to bear on the subject, has really solved the enigma of the Jewel of King Alfred.

If I may offer an opinion myself, I should say that it was probably the image of a saint, carried about with him by the King for the purpose of private devotion.

The figure hardly affords any marks or characteristics by which it can be recognized. It is evidently of a religious character. Mr. Arthur Evans thinks that he detects a Keltic character in the eyes. Archæologists say that in the illuminated MSS. of the eleventh century—two hundred years later—there is a distinct style of Saxon drawing, the chief features of which are fluttering drapery and lanky figures. Here the figure is lanky, certainly, but the drapery is rather Byzantine, perhaps. The figure is clad in a green vestment, over one which is represented as brown, whilst the flesh colours are white and the ground blue. The hands of the figure hold a double sceptre, with floriated ends. It is clearly intended to represent one of those blessed ones who are "clad in white robes, with palms in their hands."

I cannot help thinking that it is very likely that it represents St. Cuthbert.

That St. Cuthbert was devoutly and specially honoured by King Alfred, cannot, I think, be doubted. What happened before the great battle of Ethandune is related by several of the Chroniclers. I take the following from the Book of Hyde. Hyde was the monastery at Winchester founded by King Alfred himself. Its very ruins have disappeared; but I believe the fine house called the Abbey House, near the Guild Hall, now the official residence of the Mayor of Winchester, occupies part of its site. The Book of Hyde, as we now have it, is not older than the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the writer had access to documents and traditions which have now in great part

disappeared, and he was not likely to have admitted this narrative without good authority.

(Whilst in hiding in the isle of Athelney) the King had no sustenance save what he caught by fowling, hunting and fishing. And at length it came to pass while his men were away fishing, and he was solacing his distress by meditating on the Scriptures suddenly there stood beside him a pilgrim, begging alms in the name of God. Then did the kind-hearted monarch lift up his hands to heaven and say, "I thank my God that me, His beggar, He visiteth to-day in beggar's guise; that to-day He asketh back what He hath given, and requireth from me His own usury." And quickly doth the King in his pity call his servant, who had nought but a little wine and one loaf, and . . . . bids him give the half unto that beggar. The beggar thanks him, and in a moment, leaving no foot-prints in the mire, vanisheth away, And, lo, the things bestowed on him were found untouched, as well the bread as the wine; and they who had gone a fishing brought back an innumerable multitude of fishes. And when the King slept, there appeared unto him one clad in pontifical robes, who warned him of his duties . . . . and added: "O Alfred, Christ who hath beheld the uprightness of thy heart endeth even now thy troubles. For to-morrow shall there come to thee strong helpers, by whose aid shalt thou overthrow thine enemies." Then said the King, "Who art thou?" And he said "I am Cuthbert. I am that pilgrim who was yesterday here, to whom thou gavest bread. Thee and thine take I beneath my care. Remember this when it shall be well with thee."*

We find this narative both in Roger of Wendover and in Simeon of Durham; the latter is very brief, but he distinctly ascribes the decisive victory of Ethandune to the King's being "emboldened by St. Cuthbert."

If the effigy represents a Saint, then, as it certainly does, there is good reason for conjecturing it to be St. Cuthbert. And how would it be used, or where placed?

I conjecture that the King had it mounted on a shaft, and placed in his sight, within his chamber or in his tent,

* *Alfred in the Chronicles*, p. 31.

as the honoured image of a patron and protector. It is certain that such a practice was far from unknown in England in the ninth century. At the second Council of Calcuth in Northumberland, held A.D. 816, it was canonically enacted that every Bishop, before consecrating a church, should see that a portrait of the patron Saint was painted on the walls or over the altar.* So a King or great Lord, would naturally set up the *icon* of the Saint to whom he was devoted, in his own private chapel, or even in his chamber, where religious rites were at times performed. The use to which the good and religious King may have put such an image may be conjectured on comparing a passage from St. John Damascene. The great champion of Holy Images quotes from the life of St John Chrysostom, and says "He had the representation of the Apostle Paul before his eyes in the place where, on account of weakness, he was accustomed to repose awhile. He could seldom sleep; and as he read St. Paul's Epistles he would fix his eyes upon this effigy with long and earnest look, blessing him, and communing with him in heart and word."† It may seem far from John of Antioch to Alfred of Wessex. But the England of the eighth and ninth century was really in full communication with the Eastern Church, through Rome, through St. Theodore of Tarsus and his followers, and through Alcuin and the great schools of Charlemagne. There is an interesting passage in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church* in which he shows how it was the custom, when a chief or thane was far from a church, to set up a Cross and thus as it were to dedicate an oratory in the open air.‡ May this Jewel of Alfred have been used for some such holy purpose? At any rate, it is an eloquent witness of the piety of his spirit, and reminds us that "England's darling" was as religious as he was brave and prudent.

✠ J.C.H.

* Allen's *Christian Symbolism*, p. 243.

† First Oration. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 95.

"DOES Palestine pay?"*

asks a character in Disraeli's most famous novel, to a friend who had just returned from a tour in that country. "What I have found generally in this sort of thing is, that one hardly knows what to do with one's evenings." "There is something in that," replies his friend, "and perhaps it applies to other countries besides Palestine."

I was reminded of this little conversation by a remark made the other day, on board the steamer from Syria to Constantinople, by an opulent British, or rather Irish, traveller, who like ourselves had just been spending some weeks, with his wife and two sons, in the Holy Land. "Jerusalem!" said this excellent person, who hailed from the North of Ireland, and is, I believe, the largest manufacturer of pocket-handkerchiefs in the world. "What on earth can induce any one to stay in such a place is more than I can make out. Cairo is all very well—not half a bad place in fact. But Jerusalem!" And his son, a youth fresh from a great public school, echoed his parent's sentiments with even greater emphasis.

* A Paper read to the Oxford University Newman Society, June 9th, 1901.

I refer to this incident merely by way of indicating the kind of people who are *not* likely to enjoy a visit to Palestine, and who inspire in one a sort of wondering speculation as to why on earth they ever thought of going there at all. Cairo is, I believe (I have not visited it) a place where one *can* find a good deal to do with one's evenings; but certainly, in the ancient cities of Palestine (although there is now a railway to Jerusalem, and I even saw there two bicycles of pre-historic pattern), I need not say that disappointment awaits the traveller who goes thither with the expectation of finding up-to-date hotels, theatres, boulevards, bands, and generally what I once heard an Aberdeen visitor to our monastery at Fort Augustus describe as "all the resources of modern civilization."

Speaking to Catholics, it is not necessary for me to say that Jerusalem and its surroundings do possess an attractiveness of their own, though of a very different kind from that in which they were tested and found wanting by my acquaintance from Belfast. I suppose that it is hardly possible for, I will not say any Catholic, or even any Christian, but for any one who has studied, however superficially, what Christianity has done for mankind, how it has changed the face of the world, and affected the history of the whole human race, to visit Palestine and not come away profoundly impressed by what he has seen. To walk in the streets of Jerusalem or round her venerable walls, with the life of the unchanging East around and about one, unaltered in all essential respects for centuries past, does undoubtedly cause one to realize in a way impossible to describe the scenes of the Gospel history and of the life of our Lord, which are so familiar to us all. I confess that I had never any great desire to visit the Holy Land. I imagined, somehow, that it was a land of disillusions: I pictured Jerusalem as little more than a village, or at best a decayed town of squalid ruins, with nothing

or almost nothing to remind one of its marvellous past. I should like to say emphatically, for the benefit of those—there are some, no doubt, here to-night—who anticipate the possibility of such a pilgrimage, how different I found the reality from what I had imagined it. Jerusalem is not a place that disappoints; on the contrary, there is a strange fascination about it which grows upon one day by day as one learns to know it better; and this whether one travels thither simply as a pilgrim—and I suppose every Christian traveller must visit in something of that spirit the scenes of the birth of Christianity—as an amateur archæologist, a lover of scenery, or merely as one interested in studying the life and manners of a race entirely different from our own, and withal one of the most interesting people in the world.

Let me come to a few practical points: and in the first place, as to the accessibility of the Holy Land. It may seem something of an enterprise to do Jerusalem, and a good deal of more interest, within the short limits of an Oxford Easter Vacation; but it is entirely feasible. A week to come and a week to go (and the journey by the shortest route takes no longer) leaves one three full weeks for Palestine; and though this does not, of course, allow of long camping or riding expeditions into the interior, it does give one ample time to see Jerusalem itself and almost all of interest in Judaea. One may, in fact, as we did, without any sense of rushing or inconvenience, lunch in Oxford on Friday and find oneself dining in Jerusalem on the following Thursday. There are at least half a dozen lines of steamers which ply regularly between Egypt and the Syrian ports; and leaving Port Said in the evening one finds oneself next morning anchored before the low rocky coast on which Jaffa stands. There is no pier there; one disembarks from the big steamer, as one does on the West Coast of Africa or Brazil, in the open roadstead, and is rowed ashore in an open boat manned by ten lusty Arabs,

who *stand* to their oars with one foot on the bottom of the boat, the other on the thwart, and throw the whole weight of their bodies in the oar, as they rise at each stroke and cheer one another on with snatches of song. Safely landed—not always an easy matter—you can if you like take train from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The railway is French, and the locomotives American; and the ramshackle cars, open from end to end, seem specially constructed to let in freely wind, dust, rain, smoke and sparks from the engine, or anything else that happens to be going. The pace too is extremely moderate, and the route not particularly interesting: so that it is well worth while to incur a little more expenditure of time and money and take the much more attractive journey by road. One traverses first the fertile plain of Sharon, through the luxuriant orchards of orange, apricot, and other fruit-trees (divided by very effectual hedges of cactus or prickly pear) which skirt Jaffa for many miles; then on through rich cornfields, until at length begins the ascent up the narrow rocky glens or valleys, one succeeding another, through which is reached the great plateau of limestone on which stands the Holy City, nearly 3000 feet above the sea. As one mounts by slow degrees towards the highest part of the table-land, one cannot but think of the associations of the road one is traversing. It is widened now, is indeed an excellent carriage road: but it is the same path on which from age to age thousands of Israelites have gone up to the solemn feasts at Jerusalem, and which in after times echoed to the tramp of Roman legions and to the war-cry of the Crusaders. Reaching the top of the hill, one sees to the east the Mount of Olives, crowned by the tall tower or Belvedere of the Russian buildings. From this tower, itself a conspicuous object for many miles round, one has the best and most comprehensive view of Jerusalem of to-day, as well as of its surroundings. Perhaps a few brief figures may give the best idea of what modern Jerusalem is like.

The city within the walls (not, be it remembered, the ancient walls, but the walls of Solyman, dating from about 1500) covers an area of some two hundred acres. The circumference of the walls is a little over two miles, and the extent of the city within them would, to employ an illustration familiar to most of us, about occupy the space included between Piccadilly and Oxford Street, on the north and south, and Park Lane and Bond Street on the east and west. The walls are thirty-five feet high and are surmounted by thirty-four towers. Thirty-five acres are occupied by the great Temple-enclosure, and the rest of the space is divided into four quarters, the Latin, the Armenian, the Jewish, and the Mohammedan. The population is roughly about 60,000, of whom at least 40,000 are Jews.

In comparing Jerusalem of to-day with what one pictures it in the time of our Lord, one must keep two facts in mind: the first, that it is a very much smaller city than it was at that time. For then Mount Zion, a large part of which is now a ploughed field, was covered with palaces, and on every side, on the slope of the hills without the present walls, rose magnificent buildings befitting a great capital. And in the second place we must be prepared for the fact that very little indeed remains of the ancient city. The living rock still crops up in the Mosque of Omar, (the spot where Abraham sacrificed Isaac, and where stood the altar of burnt offering in the three successive temples); also in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on the brow of Mount Zion. But the City of Solomon lies buried under the *débris* of innumerable sieges and captures of Jerusalem. You must dig from thirty to a hundred feet to find it. Excavations have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls are in some places 130 ft. below the surface. Sometimes in preparing for the foundations of new houses workmen dig through a series of buildings, one above the other. One city has, in fact, been literally built on the

ruins of another, and the present city is standing on the the accumulated ruins of many preceding ones.

What are the streets of Jerusalem like? asks a recent traveller.* In many places they are simply tunnels, some eight feet across and ten feet high, with shops opening out on either side like little cupboards. There is no serious attempt at drainage; garbage of all kinds lies about, and the only time these streets can ever be fairly clean is after three or four days continuous rain. There is plenty of stir and movement in them; in fact it is very difficult at times to get along at all. There is no room for cart or carriage-traffic, and all the carrying is done on camels and donkeys. As you make your way along, you meet perhaps a party of Jews going to synagogue with their long curl on either cheek, brilliantly-coloured cloaks, and velvet caps over the white linen coif which they wear at service. Then there is a cry from behind, you step on one side and let a donkey-boy pass, with his donkey laden with huge bags of grain or sand projecting far on either side of the animal. Stepping back to avoid these, you all but tread on the glass vase of a hubble-bubble, which stands on the pavement, while the merchant puffs away at the long tube, and never troubles to accost you as you glance at his wares. Next you meet a party of men with long ragged beards, fur caps, tight-fitting coats ending in a sort of kilt, and thick leggings. They are Russian pilgrims who are journeying on foot through the Holy Land. Many of them have come from the interior of Russia, and have walked for six or eight months on end to Odessa, to catch the pilgrim's steamer thence to Jaffa. Here too are Russian priests wearing shabby black gowns with full sleeves and top hats without brims, and Armenians in their conical head-dresses, with veils hanging over the shoulders. These are the shrewdest people in the East,

* The Rev. Charles Biggs, M.A., author of *Six Months in Jerusalem*.

always well to the fore in business. It is a common saying that it takes three Greeks to outwit a Jew, and three Jews to get the best of an Armenian. Now we have to make way for a procession of slow-moving camels, each laden with a huge block of stone roped to its sides. So with much risk of being trodden on or squeezed flat against the walls, we escape through one of the seven gates of the city, and find ourselves outside the walls, where there is a busy market in sheep and goats going on, and perhaps a Bedouin encampment, one of the most picturesque sights in Jerusalem.*

One of the great changes that have come over Jerusalem in quite recent times is the large amount of building that has been done outside the city walls. Forty years ago there were no houses at all outside the gates, which were shut and locked at sundown, and no stranger, certainly no Christian, could spend a night outside without serious risk. Now all this is changed. Turkish guards still stand at the gates, but these are never closed, day or night; and on all sides of Jerusalem, on the high ground outside the city, have sprung up important buildings—the foreign consulates with their gardens, the new industrial settlement of the Jews, founded by rich Hebrews like the Montefiores and the Rothschilds, the great Russian buildings with their churches, schools and hospices, and the splendid institutions established by Catholics for carrying on their charitable works in the city and surrounding country. The Latin Catholics form numerically but a small portion of the population, but they are beyond all comparison the most active in every kind of good work, religious, charitable, and educational. The French are supposed to have lost a good deal of their prestige in Syria, and other parts of the Sultan's dominions, since their disastrous war with Prussia thirty years ago. But they have recovered much

* *Six Months in Jerusalem*, pp. 106—109.

of it in the last few years, and to-day wield undoubtedly a powerful influence in Jerusalem in the direction of Christianity and civilisation. Religious orders, for the most part French, have built under their protection splendid schools, hospitals, orphanages, and other excellent institutions during the last two decades; and we see in Jerusalem, as in other parts of the East, the strange anomaly of a Government which at home seems bent on making Catholicism and the work of the Catholic Church a practical impossibility, posing in Palestine as the powerful protector and patron of Catholic enterprises of every kind. Politics, as we all know, have a good deal to do with this curious inconsistency. I am not going to touch on that question here, but will merely say that whatever the motive of the attitude adopted by France in the East towards Catholics, the result has been remarkable and far-reaching. Other Catholic Powers too, such as Austria, Spain and Belgium have in Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine representative institutions of various kinds; and it is to the Italian Franciscans, of course, that has belonged for centuries the guardianship of the Holy Places in Jerusalem and elsewhere.

One word as to the position of Germany in the Holy Land—perhaps I should say of the German Emperor, as the motto of the Grand Monarque, "l'Etat c'est moi," certainly seems to apply to the Kaiser more than to any other potentate of modern Europe. The visit of William II. to Jerusalem three years ago was ostensibly for the purpose of opening the German Lutheran church recently erected within a stone's throw of the Holy Sepulchre. But the Emperor, faithful to the policy he has carried out in the Far East and other parts of the world, took great pains to let it be known that he claimed the protectorate of German subjects of whatever creed, and was not in the least inclined to concede to France her jealously-guarded title of "Protector of Catholics in the East," as far as the children of the Father-

land were concerned. It was no doubt to emphasize this view that he acquired from the Sultan one of the traditional holy places of Jerusalem, the spot associated with the death of the Blessed Virgin, and handed over the title-deeds of it to the Latin Patriarch for the benefit of German Catholics. The Kaiser's short visit to Jerusalem in 1897, carried out as it was with a pomp, parade and paraphernalia that had hardly been seen in the Holy City since the fall of the Latin Kingdom, made a great impression on the inhabitants. As to the Emperor himself, the chief impression made on him, was, according to all I heard, not so much the sacred associations or historic interest of the scenes he was visiting for the first time, as the extraordinary foothold gained in and about Jerusalem during the last few years by the Russians. The Muscovite is certainly much in evidence there. The German church and buildings inaugurated by the Kaiser do indeed occupy a conspicuous and central site, touching as they do the very inclosure of the Holy Sepulchre itself. But as he stood at the entrance on the opening day, mounted on his white Arab, with his Empress by his side, surrounded by his brilliant suite, attended by his Turkish guard of honour, and the officials of the Sultan bowing obsequiously before him, what seemed predominant in the Emperor's mind even then was the uneasy thought of Russian expansion. For before entering the church he expressed his wish to speak with the Russian consul-general, who was there, *en grande tenue*, attended by *cavasses* in gorgeous uniform, and all the *personnel* of his consulate; and the function was considerably delayed owing to the length of their conversation. There was a great Russian pilgrimage to Jerusalem at the time, as there is indeed at almost every season of the year, and the narrow streets were crowded with thousands of unmistakeable Muscovites. Looking westward from where he stood, the Emperor could see on the heights outside the Jaffa gate the immense group of Russian buidings, enclos-

ing—a fact not without significance—the former drill-yard of the Turkish troops, and including cathedral, consulate hospice, mission-house, and hospital. Eastwards, crowning Mount Olivet, he might catch a glimpse of their great tower, another hospice, and further down the hill their splendid church with its gilded minarets. The city of Jerusalem, in fact, lies entirely shut in between these two great enclosures acquired in recent years by the Russian Government; and the German monarch, who surveys most things with the eye of a soldier or a strategist, no doubt marked and appreciated the enormous advantages thus secured to Russia in the event—and who can say it is an impossible one?—of the clash of arms sounding again one day within these historic walls, and Christian nations contending, perhaps, not against the Turk, but against each other, for the possession and the guardianship of the holy places.

The holy places! Some mention of them must surely be made in a paper which treats, however fragmentarily, of Jerusalem of to-day; yet it is difficult, for these rambling notes are in no sense intended to usurp the province of a guide-book, and then again the subject is too vast, and spots in and around the Holy City to which sacred associations cling are far too numerous to be even briefly mentioned here. One stands on the steep slope of the Mount of Olives, with the Garden of Gethsemane and the Brook Kedron at one's feet, on the hill above one the Chapel marking the spot of the Ascension, and in front, across the deep narrow gorge of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Golden Gate of the Temple Wall, and beyond it the confused panorama of domes and minarets, and tall bell-towers, and flat-roofed houses of dazzling white. Or one roams about the vast enclosure of the Haran-el-Sherif, the great Temple-site which for 4000 years has been sacred to religion, and is venerated by Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan alike. One looks up at

the circling dome of the Mosque of Omar, soaring into the blue sky over the very spot where stood in the long succession of centuries the Temples of Solomon, of Nehemias, of Herod, Hadrian's Temple to the Capitoline Jove, the Christian Basilica of Constantine, the Mosque of Abd-el-Melek, the Latin Cathedral of the crusading Kings of Jerusalem, and once again the Mosque of Saladin as we see it to-day. One kneels in the Coenaculum or Upper Chamber, within whose walls, according to unbroken tradition, the Holy Eucharist was instituted, and the first Christian Church assembled after our Lord's Ascension. Above all one visits, over and over again—for there is a singular fascination about it—the great church of the Holy Sepulchre, the strange, gloomy, irregular edifice, with little architectural beauty of its own, beneath whose roof are grouped together the holiest sanctuaries of the Holy City. I do not think the average man—certainly not the average pilgrim—troubles himself much while actually in Jerusalem about the exact identification of the sites which Christian tradition of 2000 years has associated with the life of our Lord and the unfolding and consummation of the drama of the Passion. It is all very well for Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*, to denounce Canon Malcolm MacColl from

his study arm-chair as a credulous visionary, because he affirms his belief in the traditional sites, and for the eloquent Canon of Ripon to brand Mr. Hugh Price Hughes in return as a sceptic and rationalist disguised under a veneer of militant Nonconformity. These clerical and journalistic amenities are, I hope, alien to the spirit in which most of us would desire to visit Jerusalem. The question of the authenticity of the sacred sites is a far too large and technical one to enter on in a paper already, I fear, too long. I should like only to sum it up by mentioning the following facts: (1) that Dr. Schick, the learned German who has lived in Jerusalem for more than half a century, the whole of which he has devoted to researches on this subject, has within the last few years, owing to certain discoveries of fragments of ancient walls, and for other reasons with which I need not trouble you, declared himself absolutely and finally convinced of the authenticity of the sites of Calvary and of the Holy Sepulchre: (2) that the site outside the gate of Damascus, which General Gordon, who (whatever his other gifts) was certainly not a trained archaeologist or a scientific student of Scripture, attempted to identify as the scene of the Crucifixion, is now quite discredited, and is significantly enough, described by the guides, to such travellers as care to visit it, not as the Calvary of our Lord, but as "Gordon's Calvary." Sectarian jealousy, in fact, and a reluctance to admit the authenticity of sites of which Catholics have been for centuries the guardians, are now acknowledged by the best authorities to be the chief motives of those who refuse to accept these sites as genuine. To quote the words which were repeated to me as having been spoken by a certain Nonconformist minister who had been for some time studying this question: "I should like," said this perfectly frank divine, speaking of the Holy Sepulchre, "to think that it was not the Tomb of our Lord; but all the evidence is against me."

One is sometimes asked whether it is not a thing that jars horribly upon one to find the Turk in possession of the Holy Places, and Mahometanism dominant in a city which above all others Christianity claims a right to call her own. It is true that one does sometimes turn restive under the necessity of visiting some of the most venerated sanctuaries of Jerusalem by special favour of Turkish officials, and is consumed at times by a quite mediaeval longing to see the crescent once more displaced by the Cross, and the "unspeakable Turk" driven bag and baggage out of the city which he has held so long against a united, or disunited, Christendom. It does go against the grain to see the soldiers of the Sultan lounging and drinking coffee in their guard-room on the very threshold of the Holy Sepulchre, or to see a priest saying Mass, as I did myself in the Grotto of the Nativity, with a Turkish sentry keeping guard with loaded rifle within five paces of the altar. But it is useless to kick against the inevitable. The times are not ripe for a new Crusade. The motto of the Turk is that of the de Rohans, "J'y suis, j'y reste;" and there is at least something to be thankful for from one point of view, if rather to be ashamed of from another. One never sees (I certainly never did) the Turkish guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, during the long hours to which their watch extends, half so irreverent, so indifferent, so careless, so frivolous, so flippant, as some at least of the English and American visitors, who are "doing" Jerusalem as they would do any other show on earth, from Barnum and Bailey's to the Great Pyramid.

The Turk is in possession, it is true; and (as far as present appearances go) he has come to stay. But he is not, after all, so overwhelmingly in evidence here as one might be led to expect. For Jerusalem, it must be remembered, is perhaps, next to Singapore, the most cosmopolitan city on earth. Every language of Europe, and every dia-

lect of Western Asia, is spoken within its girdling walls. The words of the Psalmist, "Illuc ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini," are as true now as they were three thousand years ago. Parthian and Jew, Greek and Mesopotamian, Mede and Elamite, and a score of other races of whom the Apostles never dreamed at Pentecost, throng its many sanctuaries, and jostle one another in its narrow winding streets. It is above all a city of pilgrims; for ninty-nine out of every hundred of those who journey thither are drawn by some religious motive. May I be allowed to end this paper with the expression of a hope that those who may design to visit the Jerusalem of to-day, may visit it in something of the pilgrim spirit? It is the pride of the Briton, as we know, to carry with him his nationality wherever he goes—a habit which may, as he boasts, foster what he calls his native self-respect (others might call it self-conceit,) but which does not tend to make him beloved in the cities and countries where he sojourns. To those who purpose a visit to the Holy Land, I would venture to say, do not grumble because you do not find in the unchanging East all the conventional civilization of the West. Keep open, in the first place, your bodily eyes, to mark and observe not only the material objects which surround you, but the customs, habits and mode of life of the heterogeneous races among which you are temporarily thrown: secondly, the eyes of your mind, to get a little, if it may be, below the surface, and understand the inward significance of what you see and hear: and lastly (may I add?) the eyes of your soul, to appreciate the spiritual privileges which you may, if you will, enjoy in Jerusalem more, perhaps, than in any spot on earth. Be tolerant, be patient, be courteous, considerate, and observant—above all be not too aggressively British. So shall the impression which you make on your fellow-pilgrims be as favourable as the impression which Jerusalem cannot fail to make on yourselves. I can wish you nothing better.

I end, as I began, by quoting the words of Disraeli—"There is something in that, and perhaps it applies to other countries besides Palestine."

D. OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR.

Two Rival Schools of Chant before the Holy See.

Nuovo Studio su G. P. Luigi da Palestrina, e l'emendazione del Graduale Romano, Mgr. C. Respighi. Desclée.

Lettres sur le Congrès d'Arezzo. I. A. Lans. Lethielleux. Paris.

Decadence et Restauration du chant Liturgique." Par A. Super. Dumoulin, Paris.

Que faut il penser des Nouveaux livres de chant liturgique de Ratisbonne? Par: Th: N. Vatar, Rennes.

La Typographie et le Plain Chant. Levé Paris.

Chant Liturgique, Bellet. Grenoble.

CERTAIN events are taking place at Rome which cannot fail to be of interest to the lovers of the Church's chant. The exclusive privilege of printing and publishing the books of Liturgical chant granted for thirty years to the Ratisbon printers expired last year, and efforts are being made to have this privilege renewed and to secure a more general adoption of their choral books. But the world of Plain Chant has travelled far during the last thirty years, and counter influences are at work in Rome

to urge the rejection of the German claims. The question must be a difficult one for the Holy See to determine, and the result is anxiously awaited by ecclesiastical musicians. Our readers will perhaps be glad to have a short sketch of the history of the Chant during the last thirty years, and of the events that have brought two great rival schools of sacred song to confront each other before the supreme tribunals.

In 1868, M. Pustet of the great publishing firm of Ratisbon obtained from the Sacred Congregation of Rites a privilege of thirty years for the exclusive publication of the choral books of the Plain Chant. In addition, the Sacred Congregation issued a strong exhortation to the Churches to adopt the Ratisbon edition and thus secure the uniformity in Sacred Music that the Holy See has always so much desired. This advice was repeated more than once from Rome, so that the Ratisbon books can be justly regarded as the official authentic manuals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. But Plain Chant is a thorny thing even for the Roman Congregations to handle. In France the exclusive privilege granted to the German firm created the greatest consternation among the typographers whose extensive works and employment were seriously threatened by this new monopoly. Their complaints were carried to the Chamber of Deputies, and with the license granted to Parliament some very bitter and unjust charges were levelled at Cardinal Bartolini the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation. The result was that diplomatic representations were made by the French ambassadors at the Vatican, and the gentle answer which turneth away wrath was given. Protests were also made by the Belgian firms and especially by M. Dessain of Mechlin. The decree of the Sacred Congregation in its preamble declared that a Commission appointed by the Holy Father had invited the printers of the liturgical books, both those of Rome as well as of other nations, to co-operate in this

honourable and useful work, under the direction of the Commission and the auspices of the Holy See. The very day following the publication of the decree the Belgian printers protested that no such invitation had ever reached them, and M. Dessain in particular declared that he was equipped for and ready to embark upon such a work.

Nor did the Ratisbon edition make much progress in the Holy City itself; neither the Sixtine nor the churches of St. John Lateran, St. Peter, St. Mary Major, St. Paul adopted it. In England it has been more extensively used owing to the action taken by the IV Provincial Synod of Westminster. The words of the Synod are: "Wherefore, in furtherance of the wish of his Holiness, we adopt by name, as the Chant for all, that edition of the Roman Chant which is now edited at Ratisbon, so that the desired uniformity in the Chant may be brought about" (Conc. Prov. Westm. Decr. XIV).

But a much more formidable difficulty in the way of the Ratisbon edition arose from an unexpected quarter. Dom Guéranger in 1832 revived the French Benedictine Congregation and became first Abbot of Solesmes. But Dom Guéranger will be chiefly remembered in France for his labours in connection with the restoration of the Roman Liturgy in the Gallican Church. Incredible to relate this simple monk, from his cell in an out of the way corner of France, induced the different dioceses of France to give up their local and traditional rites, to which they were deeply attached, and adopt the Roman Liturgy instead. The question of the Chant is naturally connected with that of the Liturgy, Dom Guéranger therefore directed two of his monks to make a profound study of the manuscripts of the Chant and prepare a new edition of the Gradual and Vesperal.

About this time, in the 'sixties,' an enormous impetus was given to the study of the Chant by the recent discovery in the Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, of a MS.

Antiphonary that dated back as early as the ninth century, and was written in neumatic characters in all probability by some cantors from the school of St. Gregory himself. A further important discovery followed closely upon this, that of the Antiphonary of Montpellier, in which the enigmatical neum-characters were interpreted by the subscription of the letters of the scale, A, B, C, &c., and thus a fair idea of the interval represented was given. A host of writers came forward to discuss these and kindred matters, and thus most important additions were made to our knowledge of the ancient MSS. of the Chant. Nor was the execution of the Chant neglected. Men became very dissatisfied with the old hammer staccato style of singing hitherto in vogue, and attempts began to be made to secure a smoother more rhythmical rendering. During all this time Dom Guéranger's disciples, Dom Pothier and others, were hard at work at Solesmes, and after years of study and research they at last satisfied themselves that they had discovered the clue to the reading and execution of the neums in the old MSS. Their labours were published to the world in 1879 in a work whose title was "Les Mélodies Grégoriennes."

The success of this work was extraordinary in France, Dom Pothier was overwhelmed with felicitations from all quarters, and the choirs that adopted his principles were enthusiastic over the new style of execution. Gradually the new system spread beyond the borders of France; the Benedictines of Maredsous in Belgium excited universal admiration by their singing of the Plain Chant. Even in Germany where the Ratisbon edition held full sway, the influence of the Benedictines of Beuron caused the new principles to spread. In Rome, Dom Pothier and his choir met with a most enthusiastic welcome, and His Holiness Leo XIII. honoured our author with a special letter of commendation. Even some of those who had hitherto been the staunchest supporters of the Ratisbon were so much impressed by the beauty of the new execution

that they acknowledged themselves converted to the system.

In 1882 took place the Congress of Arezzo. Under the auspices of the Holy Father the chief masters of the ecclesiastical chant met in conference to honour the eighteenth centenary of Guy of Arezzo. It was soon apparent that the advocates of the Benedictine system were in a majority. A very cautious resolution was passed by the body, "That in future the books of Plain Chant be rendered comformable as far as possible to the traditions of the Gregorian Chant." It was not difficult to see that this motion was indirectly levelled at the Ratisbon edition. The Holy Father at the end of their session received the members in a special audience and felicitated them upon their labours.

The Pope in his address let fall an expression which many of those present considered very significant. In his congratulations he was delighted, he said, to find all their labours tended *a richiamare il canto gregoriano alla sua antica purezza.* Before separating it was agreed that each of the rival schools should take the music of a High Mass and render the Gradual according to their respective system. It struck the outsider that the Holy Sacrifice was rather an extraordinary palæstra to select for the contending parties to exhibit their powers. However, it was so chosen without leading to much result, for both the Benedictine and Ratisbon choirs claimed to have gained the most applause for the rendering of their respective chants.*

In the meantime the supporters of the Ratisbon School were not idle. The famous publishing house of Pustet were fortunate in securing the services of M. Haberl, a doughty champion who does not shrink from giving pretty hard knocks to his opponents. M. Haberl now broached the theory that the Medicean Gradual, on which

* See the letters of Lans. *Sur le Congrès d' Arrezo.* Lethielleux. Paris.

both the Ratisbon and Mechlin editions are founded, was the work and recension of the great Palestrina himself. By the Medicean edition we mean that edition of the Gradual that was published in Rome in 1614 by the Medicean press under the auspices of Paul V.

As this Medicean edition has been the subject of much contention by the opposing parties, and is almost so to speak the key of the position, it will be worth our while to give a little sketch of its early history, more especially as documents have been recently discovered which throw a good deal of light on the subject. The Ratisbon editors have taken this edition for the basis of their publication, maintaining that it is the only official authentic choral book sanctioned by Rome. It is moreover, they contend, the work in great measure of Palestrina, and thus scientifically a work of merit. These two propositions have been contested by Dom G. Molitor, O.S.B., of Beuron, in a series of articles published in the Römische Quartalsschrift (1899). More recently, Mgr. Respighi, papal Master of Ceremonies, afterwards Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, has published an exhaustive treatise* on the Medicean Gradual, and from recent discoveries in the Spanish Archives and elsewhere he has been able to throw a good deal of light on the origin of the edition and of the share that Palestrina had in its correction. We have taken the liberty to borrow the following facts from the pamphlet of the learned Monsignore.

The Reformation period is a term that applies not merely to the Protestant revolt but also to great changes within the Church itself. After the Council of Trent in 1545, nearly every department of the Church was subjected to searching enquiry and reform. Under Pius V. the Missal was corrected, then the Breviary, the text of the Vulgate was for many years in Commission, and it was

*Nuovo Studio Su G. P. L. da Palestrina e l' emendazione del Graduale Romano. Desclée.

natural enough that, in all this movement of change, the Plain Chant would not escape the hand of the correctors It does not seem clear that the Council of Trent ordered any special correction of the books of Chant; from its decrees one would gather that the Fathers preferred to leave the matter of music to the disposition of the Provincial Synods.* The movement set on foot for the reform of the Chant seems to have been started by the musicians. In the Vatican archives there is an amusing and impudent project of reform of Church Music submitted to the Sacred Congregation by one Cimmello, dated 13 December, 1579. In it the writer boldly urges the necessity of cutting down the Chant and so arranging its intervals that it may form convenient subjects for thirty four fugues! The musicians however prevailed, and a reluctant consent was extracted from Gregory XIII, with a Brief allowing the printing of the reformed Chant. The work was entrusted by the Pope to the great Palestrina, as we learn from a letter from the Maestro to the Duke of Padua. The correctors were to confine themselves to offences against the tonality of the modes, to the arrangement of the accents, and to the cutting down of unnecessarily long passages. This information we obtain from letters of a certain Don Fernando de las Ynfantas, a confidential agent in Rome of King Philip II. of Spain, who bore a high character as theologian and musician. Don Fernando threw himself with ardour into the defence of the ancient chant, and by his representations he induced the King of Spain to intervene in the matter Philip had recently at very great expense introduced the reformed Missal and Breviary of Pius V. into his dominions; he had also at great cost caused all the books of chant to be transcribed by hand and scattered throughout

* Cetera quæ ad debitum in divinis officiis regimen spectat, deque congrua in his canendi seu modulandi ratione Synodus provincialis pro cujusque provinciæ utilitate et moribus, certam cuique formulam præscribet" (Sess: xxiv c.xiv).

his kingdom. He therefore viewed with dismay this attempt to force another set of reformed books upon them, and wrote himself to the Pope deprecating any reform of the chant. Don Fernando was not idle; he presented two memorials to Gregory XIII. against the proposed corrections; the first has been lost, the second has been handed down to us. In this he undertakes to prove convincingly to His Holiness that the errors which some distinguished musicians profess to have noted in the chant, far from being errors, were on the contrary wonderful musical effects. He goes on to say that his arguments have so far prevailed upon the *Maestro di Capella* (Palestrina) that the latter has declined to have anything to do with the matter.

What was the result of Don Fernando's representations, backed up by the ambassador of Spain, we cannot exactly learn, we know however that Philip believed the whole thing was dropped. But the Roman printers, having laid in their stock of type and being supported too by a Pontifical Brief, were not going to face pecuniary loss and forego the profits. What Palestrina had dropped other hands were willing to take up, and in 1578 everything was ready for printing, but difficulties arose and nothing came of it. After the death of Palestrina in 1594, his son, Igino, inherited the father's MSS. This Igino was an unprincipled worthless fellow who had covered the family name with disgrace. He professed to have discovered his father's copy of the corrected Gradual and induced some printers to give him £2000 for it. They were overjoyed to obtain a work of the great master and jumped at the bargain. But on careful examination they discovered that they had been swindled, and dragged Igino before the law courts to have the contract rescinded. The printers won their case, for the court found that the MS. was so full of mistakes and changes that it was not fit to be printed. Finally, after various other attempts of

Igino to dispose of the copy, it was at last ordered to be deposited in the library of the Monte di Pietà when it was consigned to oblivion. It is difficult to see from the above brief summary how Palestrina can be claimed to be the author of the Medicean.

The real founder of the Medicean was Giovambattista Raymondo, a Roman printer who had discovered the art of using metal type for Music printing instead of the wooden blocks hitherto in vogue. From his memorial presented to the Holy Father in 1612, we learn that in March of the previous year a Commission under the direction of the Cardinal del Monte had been appointed for the reform of the Plain Chant. The names of six musicians were suggested for the work and, of these, two were chosen by the Cardinal to carry it out, viz., Felice Anerio and Francesco Soriano.* The copy had been approved and signed by the Cardinal, and Raymondo begged that he might have the exclusive right of printing these books for fifteen years. He also prayed to have a Bull published to exhort the Churches to adopt as early as possible this reformed chant. The Holy Father granted the printer's request and extended his privilege to twenty years' exclusive right of publishing the choral books. And so the Medicean Edition appeared in 1614 and bore on its front page the Brief of Paul V. granting the fifteen years' privilege. It is significant however that in the Brief no reference is made to Raymond's second request that the Holy Father should urge the Churches to adopt the New Edition. Hence it has been always difficult to understand how the Medicean can be decked with the title of *the* Offical edition of Rome. There are neither

* Both of these were musicians of note in their day. Anerio succeeded Palestrina as "Compositore" to the Papal Chapel. His publications include several books of Sacred Madrigals, Hymns and Motets. Soriano was a pupil of Palestrina. He became maestro di Capella of St. John Lateran, finally of St. Peter. His name will be best remembered in connection with his arrangement of Palestrina's Mass, Papa Marcelli, for eight voices.

documents nor historical grounds for the support of such a contention; in fact so little was the Medicean known among the Churches, that when the Mechlin editors proposed to take it as the basis of their edition in 1847, they had the greatest difficulty in procuring a copy even in Rome itself. The Ratisbon edition however can fairly claim the title of "official" on account of the several pronouncements of the Sacred Congregation in its favour.

From a scientific point of view the Medicean Gradual leaves much to be desired. It is hard to say what principles guided the editors in their work. Sometimes they cut down the old melodies, sometimes they lengthened them; often the same melody is given in different form for different feasts; sometimes the old melodies are altogether put aside and new compositions substituted. There is an utter absence of critical procedure throughout, and the work bears on its face the appearance of having been compiled by a number of prentice hands. Mr. H. Oberhoffer in two able articles published in the *Journal* April No., 1897, has gone most ably and carefully into this question and has given examples of the faults of the edition. Lest this criticism should appear too strong, we add that Monsignor Respighi's attacks on the Medicean are stronger still, and his work bears the imprimatur of the Master of the Sacred Palace.

Our readers are now somewhat in a position to judge of the problem before the Holy See. On the one hand there is the Benedictine school claiming to reproduce the identical chant of St. Gregory himself, musically speaking of artistic excellence, presenting also a style of execution which even their adversaries have been compelled to adopt. They are strong too in the influential support they have been able to secure. Their position, scientifically speaking, is undoubtedly the stronger one. On the other hand the Ratisbon books have the very important advantage of thirty years continued support

and recommendation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. They have obtained a strong footing in many places owing to the support of the Bishops. Although scientifically inferior to the Benedictine books, the Ratisbon is not so formidable to the ordinary choir, owing to the shortening of the elaborate phrases of the rival chant. Their editors are trusting to the traditional policy of the Holy See, always so reluctant to run directly contrary to its former action. *Nous verrons.* The other editions, such as Rheims, Cambray, the Mechlin, &c., which in their day had considerable vogue, seem to have been left out of count altogether.

With a view to settling this vexed question of the Chant, the Holy Father has appointed a commission of five members amongst whom are the Maestro di Cappella of St. John Lateran, Capocci, and Baron Kanzler. It may be possible that we are attaching too much importance to this commission, which strictly speaking has been appointed by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome with the approval of His Holiness. It is possible that the scope of the enquiry will be limited to the churches of the Holy City itself. But in any case the findings of the commission cannot fail to have far-reaching results. If as a consequence the Roman churches find themselves compelled to forego the liberty in the use of the Chant that they have hitherto enjoyed, and are forced to accept the official books, the position of the Ratisbon edition will be enormously strengthened. It will be difficult to see how other Churches will be able to hold out against such a distinguished example. If on the other hand the Roman Churches are not compelled to abandon their local chants, a most decided blow will be given to the "official" character of the Ratisbon books and the unity of ecclesiastical song so much desired will be as far off as ever.

T. A. B.

P. S. Later advices from Rome inform us that the

Holy Father has declared his intention to appoint an international commission of the chief masters of the Gregorian, with instructions to report on the question, in view of the recent labours and discoveries.

How I went to Sea again in my old age.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

I HAD not been afloat for ten years. But the youngsters seemed inclined to develop a taste for salt water. At any rate I persuaded myself they did. "Capital thing for a lad in an office all the year," said I to myself, "will do him lots of good physically, and keep him out of mischief too. Yes, I will—I'll start a yacht again in my latter days." And so I did. Of course it was altogether an altruistic business. Great bore, no doubt that running about to Wyvenhoe, and Southampton, and all sorts of damp muddy places in October; but it had to be done, and the sense of duty rendered the work quite agreeable. Indeed I found myself developing quite a recurrence of the old enthusiasm. If I had not known that I was engaged in a laborious duty for the benefit of the young ones, I really might have fancied I was enjoying myself. I soon picked out my ship—one I had known well in the olden days, when she was a 'flying fifty,' to whom—no, I don't mean to which—I had been wont to look up with somewhat of awe qualifying my admiration; as we used to look up to the Graces, and the Walkers, and the Lyttletons, thirty years ago. Her fighting days were over no doubt—they don't race yachts now, only machines. But she was a real ship,

a regular old fighting Téméraire—we'll call her *Téméraire* here—long and narrow and full bodied all over, and with as much lead on her keel as would out-weigh an express railway engine.

We fitted her out at Gosport; and I went down to see her laid on the hard to scrub on a bleak, black, north-easterly day about Easter. Yes, she was just what I expected—not a hollow place in her—full-bodied from stem to stern—with no fore-foot, and such a camber to her keel that she seemed to scorn to sit on the ground at all. Yes, she will do. I had never had a flyer in my younger days—always been forced to content myself with sober tubs. And here was a real thorough-bred, with a will and a spirit of her own that would take some mastering no doubt. Landsmen don't seem able to understand that a ship is not a machine, but a living being with an individuality and a will. But we know it. Every ship has her own character, her own fancies, and above all her own will. There is your bluff-bowed, square-bilged, black-sailed old collier-brig—rare nowadays—as sullen, obstinate and pigheaded as a Boer. You can't make her do what you want—you may humour her possibly; but she will do as she likes, and you must make the best of what she will do. And then there is your new-fashioned skimming-dish, more skittish than a blood filly, or a New York beauty; that is no one knows where if you take your eye off her for an instant; as easy to manage, and as light in hand as a lady's hack, but not to be trusted for an inch. Ships have their characters like human beings; and what is worse, you can't train them and educate them as you can a child. What they are when they leave the stocks, so they remain till they come to the breaking-up yard.

Well, there was I with a regular thorough bred—I who had never sailed anything but sober old tubs like farmers' cobs. One thing I had made up my mind to, I would

have no captain—never had a captain since I learnt sailing by myself in a five ton boat five and thirty years ago, and if I could not sail my own ship now, I would stop ashore. So I engaged a mate and a crew of four. We went out one day early in April to try her trim, which was fairly good, though somewhat by the head. Next day the mate wanted to leave.

"Leave? Why what's wrong?"

"Well sir, nothing wrong exactly, sir. But I feel as if I wasn't strong enough like for this ship."

"Strong enough! What do you mean? I don't expect you to set mainsail by yourself. I don't understand you."

"Well, sir, you see I feel as if this ship wanted clippin', sir, she wants eight feet off her mast and five feet off her bowsprit, and the same off her main-gaff, and then we could manage her maybe."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Ah! well, I see where your weakness lies. I quite agree with you—you evidently are not strong enough—you had better leave." So he went, and I got a little chap with half as much muscle and twice as much heart.

We sailed from Cowes in an uneventful manner, for a north wind made a tow out of the harbour the only thing possible. We had very light winds easterly and calms, all the way down channel. On the second morning I was awakened about 4-30 am. with—

"St. Anthony's abeam, sir, about a mile."

Now the mate was not making any flagrantly incorrect statement as to the manner of the great Saint's demise, who of course died a natural death, and was not hung at all. He was merely notifying that we were a mile from St. Anthony's lighthouse, which marks the entrance to Falmouth. Glorious morning, sun just risen, nice easterly breeze, half-flood tide. As in tooling a four-in-hand, so in handling a ship, the commonest test of capacity in the driver is the starting and the stopping. I was just a wee

bit nervous—for I had not been afloat for ten years—and then had never handled one of these deep, heavy, thorough-breds. And it was a crucial operation, for if I bungled it, I might call myself what I liked, but the crew would never after look to me as master; and I intended they should. We had had very light weather, and had carried our great jackyard topsail all night, and there is often a crowd of craft between Falmouth and Flushing, so before we rounded the dock-pier heads it was 'Down topsail.' Not so very many at anchor in the usual spot this morning seemingly. To pick out a good berth, and then to get into it as if you were sitting down to dinner is a test of seamanship.

Yes, there is just a berth inside that schooner in ballast. Just a berth, and only just; and when I put my helm down I shall not know to a hundred yards where this thoroughbred of mine will shoot to. No, there is no room inside the schooner to play games. I must run down inside her, round to under her stern, and then shoot my lady up outside, where she will have room to pull herself up when she has had enough.

'Down staysail'——'Down jib.' And as we run briskly past the schooner I notice the crew forward by the cat's-heads looking at each other, as much as to say 'I wonder now whether this guv'ner of ours knows what he's adoin' on, or whether he's going to make a lot of bloomin' 'fools of us all.' Round she swept under the schooner's stern—steady helm, till she is a good berth clear—and now shoot her up. The mainsail flaps heavily, and the great boom swings slowly to and fro with a vicious little jerk over each quarter—up she goes—up still—what a shoot these long heavy boats have!—still up, up clear of the schooner altogether; and now she slackens—still up slowly—and now pauses—thinks a bit as it were, and then begins to drop. 'Let go;' and the front cable thunders out of the hawse-pipe. 'Give her chain till the forty-five

shackle comes on deck.' And she falls slowly, grunting and grumbling now and then as she takes the chain.

'Stop at that',—down goes the compressor on the cable, the chain which was up and down the stem begins to travel out, as if a triton below had taken hold of it—and now stretches out of the water as far as the bowsprit end. 'Let go;' the starboard anchor plunges down and the chain roars out again. 'Heave in on your port cable till the thirty shackle is aboard.' And then we pipe down to breakfast No. 1, coffee and biscuit, for it is not six o'clock yet.

Falmouth is not a nice town; it is not a town at all, only a sprawling overgrown village. Half a century or more ago it hoped to grow into a Liverpool, or at least a Southampton. But steam killed all such aspirations. Carrick Road nowadays is seldom crowded with a wind-bound fleet of sailing ships as in days of yore. And the great ocean steamers, that used to drop and call for the mails, now pass far off in the offing —unless, indeed, the Manacles pick them up, as they have done once or twice lately. The most cheerful thing about Falmouth is Canon Cassey's delightful little church, and the garden in which the presbytery stands. The church is in its way perfect, and, built as it was more than thirty years ago, is witness to the Canon's precocious insight into the Gothic spirit, an insight rare in the sixties. As for the garden with its brilliant flowers and its luxuriant shrubberies, even in one's memory of Cornish gardens it stands out conspicuous—and praise can go no higher than that!

But this is a ship's log and I must not expatiate on the beauties of Cornwall, topographical or gynaecian; for if you once got me up the Fal among the former beauties, or down at Newlyn among the latter, I should never get the *Témeraire* under weigh again—it took us a good long time to bring her to anchor, you will remember. However we

did get her under weigh the day but one after; and out we went past the Blackstone with a nice little north-easterly breeze. But soon began what we all know so well—creak —creak—creak—BANG—creak—creak—BANG—(da capo)— wind all gone and a nice little swell. "Infandum regina &c."—oh no, don't mistake me, nobody suffered in that way, because there were no passengers aboard. It is one's temper only that suffers on these occasions, not one's digestive organs.

Playing at golf may be more trying—but then playing at golf is always trying, and a temptation to speak unadvisedly with the lips is one of the normal conditions of the game, so that one has full opportunity of taking such steps as the occasion requires—I may remark the only step I ever found effectual in golf was to give it up and do something else. However a breeze came at last, and a fair one; enough and not too much, so we spent a cheerful evening and turned in at eight bells, night watch—terréné, twelve p.m.—in very good humour. But call no man happy while he yet lives. At four a.m. I turned out of a warm bunk and came on deck to find day just dawning, a fresh breeze, thick with drizzle and fog, distance to Ushant nearly run, nothing to see and generally most uncomfortable. Dickens probably thought he had made a great discovery when he drew Mark Tapley; and so he had for a landsman. Mark Tapleys are few and far between ashore. At sea we are all Mark Tapleys—no credit to us even for that—necessity compels it. No sooner did I realize how very uncomfortable everything was than Ushant began to form itself out of the hazy gloom—just where it ought to be—the rain cleared off, and the breeze came nicely on the port quarter as we rounded the "Ile" and lay for the lighthouse on "Les Pierres Noirs." It is thirty miles from Ushant up the Iroise to Brest, and with a foul tide it took us till two p.m.

Brest Road is magnificent. Imagine Spithead, the

Solent and Southampton Water, instead of straggling out in that three-legged Isle-of-Man fashion, imagine them all put together into a compact sea-water lake, with six to fifteen fathoms water, little or no tide, thirty miles from the open sea, and entered by a long narrow gullet between high hills. Is not the existence of such a model roadstead proof conclusive that Nature intended Brittany to be part of Great Britain—to belong to a maritime people? If Henry the Fifth had not shirked his duty to his country in such a shameful manner by dying before he had consolidated his Empire, and worse, by leaving nobody behind him to do it after him, nature's good designs in our behalf would not have been frustrated as they now are. I went ashore a good deal at Brest—in the body, that is—because I had to stop there a week. But being now in the spirit I intend to go ashore very little—landsmen will suffice to tell you all that.

"Leave such"—that's the landsmen—"to tune their own
dull rhymes and know
"What's roundly smooth and languishingly slow."

But I must remark just one thing about Brest, which indeed applies to most continental towns. Always remember to get your ancestors to fortify your towns. Half the towns on the continent have a fine broad circular park right inside where the fortifications used to be. If our forefathers were now to ask me whether they should fortify their English towns two centuries ago, I should advise them to do so by all means, and especially to clear a very wide glacis in front. Brest is very nice in this way. The glacis is all shrubs and parterres, and a railway runs along the main ditch—an excellent plan—and the ramparts are covered with trees, real trees, wonderfully good ones for French trees.

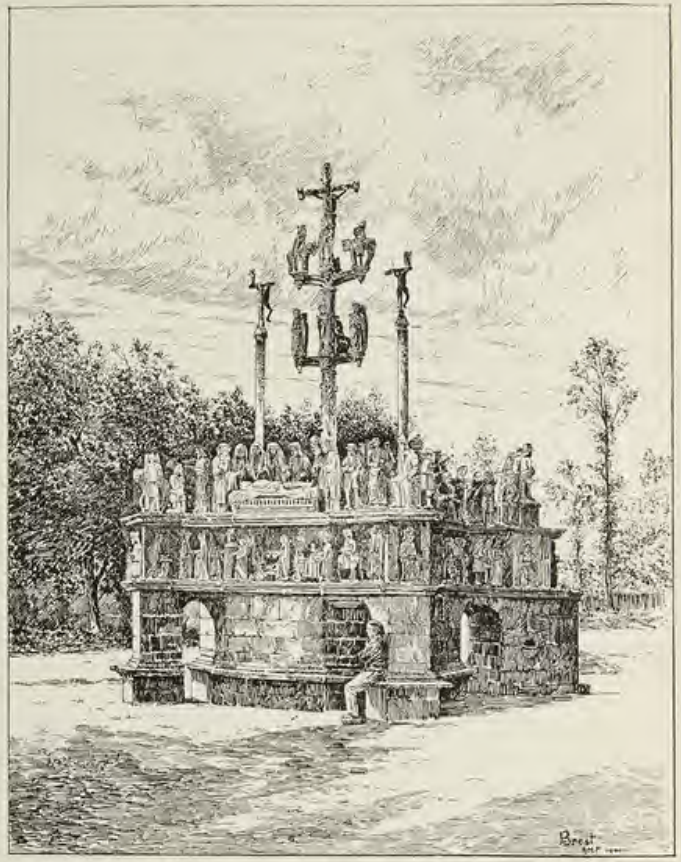
Another thing I must mention too, and that is the Calvary at Plougastel. I thought I knew what a Calvary was, but it seems I didn't. Plant an Irishman, from a

Connemara cabin in front of Chatsworth, and tell him it was a man's house, and he would feel much as I felt when I saw the Plougastel Calvary. My notion of a Calvary had been a large crucifix on a pyramid of steps, with possibly statues of Our Lady and St. John adjoining. At Plougastel a Calvary means a building thirty feet square and fifteen high, covered with two hundred statues three feet high, illustrating the whole of the Gospel history. The figures are rude but full of character. The erection bears the date 1604. The village churches here are large and late in date, fifteenth or even sixteenth century, plain both in structure and in decoration. But there is nothing French about Brittany. Here are even dickey-birds that sing out of doors!

I am not going to take you all down the Breton Coast with me. It is very interesting; indeed, if you don't keep looking sharply at your chart every now and again, it is apt to become even exciting. I like a rocky coast myself; it is so much more simple and straightforward. Just as it is simpler to walk along Piccadilly in the daylight than on a country footpath in the dark. But we might just go ashore at Douardenez for a few minutes. Douardenez makes and has been made by sardines. It is only a fishing village, something like Brixham. But it has 900 boats, and it does nothing but catch and tin sardines. I was there on a Sunday and went to *La Grande Messe* at a great new church in the middle of the town—the old parish church is a mile outside, on the top of the hill. This new church is as big as most Anglican Cathedrals, and was crammed with people, mostly women, whose white caps filled the whole of their own side of the church and halfway up the men's side too. There must have been near upon three thousand at that one Mass. The women seemed very devout, and I can't say the men were not so too; but as I was in the middle of them the only thing I was able to notice at all was—well—all that I

can say is that going out of church after Mass was just like picking your way across Piccadilly Circus after a thunderstorm. Inside the little harbour of Douardenez there was not water enough for the ship, so we lay out in the bay. Sunday evening was lovely and as quiet as an August night at home. But at three a.m. the ship woke me with her jumping. Putting my head out of the companion I found an overcast and dirty looking sky, and a fresh breeze straight into the bay. "Now, my lads, tumble up. We must be out of this as soon as we can." However we were not out of it for an hour, by which time there was a nice little jump on. Nothing for it but a run back to Brest, where it blew hard for two days.

I was rather disappointed at not being able to go through the Chenal du Four either going or returning. But tide was against me on both occasions, and wind too when coming out. One might get into a difficulty there if the wind failed one altogether; otherwise it seems simple enough. I reached out with a N.W. wind till I could fetch through the big Chenal de Fromveur, and by the time I got there the flood tide had made, and whisked us through fast enough. Then came an hour's bobbery where three tides met, and where I could not sail the ship at all for four or five miles. But when we got clear of the Porsal rocks, and could lay our course for the Hanois light, about three points free, the old lady began to travel. All through the night she made ten-and-a-half knots. By daylight we had the land aboard, and before six o'clock were brought up in Peterport. Guernsey will soon be all under glass, it seems to me. The population used to live exclusively on milk and spring flowers; now it seems to be tomatoes and golf. I do not like the Channel Islands. The coast is pretty, no doubt; and if you care for a sort of model of the magnificent on the scale of so many inches to the mile, well, there you have it. But the interior of both Jersey and Guernsey is too dreary for toleration.



It was obviously reversing the natural order of cause and effect to wait for a sou-westerly wind. The sou-westerly wind was evidently waiting, and had been so for a fortnight, till we got home. So we sailed one fine morning with a light nor-easter. Very thick it was, too; one could hardly see Herm and Jethou from St. Peter's. However we had plenty of wind off and on during the day; sometimes all we could stagger under, and then in ten minutes creak—creak—creak—BANG again. We fetched in west of St. Alban's, so I bore up and ran into Portland for the night. Very fine next morning, but a north-east wind of course. I always think the sail from Weymouth to Swanage the most beautiful I know in the world. First come the green downs of Osmington, with old Farmer George riding up the hill on his long-tailed white nag; then the chalk cliffs of Chaldon and then Lulworth Cove and Durdle-door, and Lulworth Castle looking down at you through the 'chine.' Then comes that curious Worborrow bay with its strange looking Tower; and then Kimmeridge with its beautifully stratified cliffs, showing off scores of "faults," as if made to illustrate a geological lecture. And lastly comes the great St. Aldhelm's—not St. Alban's—head towering aloft, with the ancient chapel and the modern signal-station atop. It is a fine coast too further east to Durlstone with its caves, whence were burrowed out the Purbeck marble shafts that our mediæval builders were so fond of. Then comes Swanage, with its pretty bay that looks so snug, and isn't—if the wind is anywhere but south-west. And then the chalk cliffs again to Old Harry. Poor Old Harry, he lost his wife a few years ago, but to all appearances he will soon have another, as his namesake had, for the little chalk peninsular seems to be mouldering away rapidly. But we did not go round by Poole and Bournemouth and Christchurch. The wind came S.E. after we got through the hubble-bubble of St. Alban's race, so I stood out seven or eight miles from Anvil Point till

I could reach right in to the Needles Channel. The wind fell light, and it was touch and go whether we should be able to get into the Needles indraught, or drive helplessly into Freshwater bay. However we did it, and were hustled up through Hurst Narrows with the last of the flood. An attempt to do anything on the ebb being absolutely futile, we dropped our killick just above Yarmouth pier for the night. I do not like Yarmouth Road. True you may lay there with almost any wind; but with a north-easter it is not a restful place. The ship is always sheering about like a man tossing in bed with a fever. Give her what sheer you may she never seems to find a comfortable place, and keeps growling and jerking at her cable worse than a caravan full of hungry bears. However I was beyond all such cares by ten o'clock. It was an early start next morning, for it was Ascension Day, and I must be at Cowes before eight o'clock. It didn't look cheerful at half-passed four, when I put my head up the companion. Strong breeze north-east and with an edge to it—not a razor-edge, but the edge of a saw, or rather of a notched old carving-knife. However we had to get to Cowes—and after all it was not so bad when one set one's teeth at it. In less than an hour we were off "the Green."

"Stand bye to lower mainsail when I throw her up into the wind."

"Aye, Aye, Sir."

Down goes the helm, up goes the ship; the jib sheets clatter, and the mainsail cracks.

"Let your peak and main run—haul on to that peak down-haul." And the mainsail is down on the boom before the old ship quite understands what it is we want her to do. All right, old girl, you may pay off to starboard again now, and run up the river comfortably into a quiet berth for a week or two. Up goes the ensign to the masthead and a drowsy old coastguard hails from the watch-house. "Brest," I reply, which seems to satisfy him.

Flood has nearly done; the inside vessels have begun to swing in the roads; but the tide takes us merrily past "Point," with just enough wind for steerage way. And then both tide and wind slacken, and we scarcely creep.

"Shall us run a line out to the buoy, sir, ready to haul her in as the tide rises?"

"Eh! what?" I said, rousing myself from a fit of abstraction in which I had been for the last five minutes with the tiller between my legs and the ship's keel a couple of feet deep in that middle mud-bank off the Gas Works.

W. D. GAINSFORD.

Old Recollections.

(Continued.)

Under "Old Recollections" in the last number of the Journal there is a description of a College Picnic nearly 60 years ago. It is there recorded that the vehicles used on the occasion were Hulg's Waggons. It would be interesting to know what kind of a waggon readers associated with the name. The date is not so far removed as to be beyond the memory of man. And yet it is pretty certain that enquiry would not lead to enlightenment. Was a Hulg's Waggon a waggon of a particular build? And if so, what was the origin of the name? Was Hulg the inventor? Was he an Englishman or a Dutchman? Were Hulg's Waggons in use in other parts of the country? Unless persons drew upon their imagination, it is likely that "I never heard of them before" would be the universal answer. And if newspapers of the period were examined, or encyclopedias consulted, it

is to be feared that the result would not be more satisfactory. What then is likely to happen when, in two or three centuries hence, the Easter number of the Journal of 1901 is taken up, and as a subject of debate, students are invited to discuss the ancient custom of travelling in Hulg's Waggons? It would not be uninteresting for Students to discuss it now; and whatever the result, it could not fail to be amusing. And the real solution of the question is also amusing. At the time of the picnic there were no Hulg's waggons; nor is it likely that there ever were any. The origin of the name is not to be sought in the memories of the aged, nor in the records of antiquity, it dates back no farther than April of the present year. Inquiry should not be made at the British Museum, but at the offices of the printers of the Journal. The writer of the article wrote: "The community and the students were conveyed in carriages (vulgo, Waggons); but the "Vulgo" was transformed into Hulg's. In such cases authors, as a matter of course blame a Printer's assistant with a most euphonistic name, though he may be disposed to think that the MS. was not altogether faultless. The incident, however, leads to the reflection whether there are not cases that have puzzled the learned, and have led to much erudite disquisition, the intricacies of which merely rested upon similar mistakes.

And now to resume "Old Recollections." Before saying good-bye to the first half of the century, it may be interesting to note the character of the grounds. Then as now conduct was not always perfect, there was a "Penance-Walk," but it was about twenty feet nearer to the Buildings. A leading feature was a wide terrace, on the level of the church terrace and a continuation of the same. It may be localized by extending the church terrace to the west wall of the College. The width was about twenty-five feet, the length from the west wall of the College nearly to the west end of the church. Along the frontage of the old Monastery was a flower border, and at either end, along the study frontage at the east, and the boundary wall at the west were narrow shrubberies. Along the shrubberies and gardens ran a flagged walk about four feet broad, connected with the wide terrace by a grassy slope and three or four steps. But it must be remarked that the garden and walk were about a yard higher than the level of the present flagged walk. Between the wide terrace and the penance-walk there were no steps; the ground between was on a gradual slope. The extreme ends of terrace and penance-walk were connected by sloping walks: the east walk was paved, being the direct way from playroom to playgrounds; the west walk was gravel, and restricted to the Community. The central and larger portion of the incline was a grass lawn with shrubberies at each corner. The corners of the lawn were rounded off by walks connecting upper terrace and penance-walk, and were very convenient for out-door processions. On the lawn itself were ornamental flower-beds. The western continuation of the wide terrace was a flagged area with Ball-place adjoining, which was removed to make place for the northern part of the College. At the end of the Ball-place about half-way down the present ambulacrum, but beginning at a much higher level, was a plantation which extended beyond the clump of trees in the playground south of the present College front. South of the Penance-Walk the arrangement was much the same as now, slopes and walk; but these, like the Penance-Walk, were about twenty feet nearer to the Buildings. In the line of the slope north of the present Ball-place ran the "Bounds-Wall" or sunk-fence. But the large area south of the College front did not then exist. From this description an idea can be formed of the immense excavations required to obtain the present levels. In the North boundary-wall, at the west end of the wide terrace, was a gate opening to a road which, connected with the high-road at the back, was the main entrance to the College.

As the terrace-gate was directly opposite the upper-gate on the high-road, the descent was very steep and called for cautious driving, although tradition says that some youthful visitors once drove down with coach and four at a gallop. The principal uses of the terrace were threefold: it gave access to the Monastery, as just stated, it was the chief Drilling-ground for the Students, and it supplied manual labour for novices.

Drilling appears to have been patronized as early as 1811, though probably in only amateur fashion, and yet not inefficiently; for after a lapse of thirty years or more, two Amplefordians met on a Railway platform, and the veteran soldier saluted his companion as his College Captain. In after years Drilling held a recognized position in the curriculum, and was practised amidst considerable display. There are some no doubt who still remember "Sergeant Beadnell" and his kettle-drum. For some years it was the custom to drill to the notes of a Brass Band, though now and then the day was kept as a "semi-double", with a solitary fife. Sergeant Beadnell was an interesting character, as he was a witness from the Peninsular War. The Band, of course, only played for marching, on the terrace. On the Ball-place there were other evolutions, when the Sergeant would sometimes cause a little diversion by quaint remarks, which if not always original, he quite made his own. On one occasion whilst giving an exercise in "balanced-step" and noticing that some lowered the foot before he cried "forward", he exclaimed, "None of that rocking and rolling like a bowl in a bucket of water." If not exactly according to rule, at all events according to human nature, some were not always quite as attentive in the absence of the prefect as in his presence. On one occasion, on the return of the Prefect, the Sergeant standing by his side made a short speech. "I am glad to say that the conduct of you young gentlemen is generally good; but there are a few who take

advantage of the absence of the Prefect. I am not going to report names to-day; I shall not say anything about you Jones, this time; but I shall be obliged to name you next time you offend." The speech was addressed to the Students, and if the Prefect heard it, it was "per accidens." But now and then it was evident that the Prefect had heard or seen something, from the fact of there being extra drill upon the Penance-Walk.

In olden times on Study-days morning recreation was restricted to the Play-room and the Ball-place; but later this was extended as far as the old Bounds-Wall or sunk fence. After dinner the road down the front fields was included in the Bounds; and the field itself was available for about five months from the first of November.

As a rule Cricket, Football, &c. were played above the Bounds-wall; but it must be remembered that formerly this area was twenty feet broader and considerably longer; and for purpose of fagging it was permissible to stand in the field below. On playdays the Brookfield and the field above were added to the Bounds for the day, at the discretion of the Prefect. But the demarcation of these fields has been much altered by the stubbing of hedges and the removal of Plantations. And real household words have been struck out of the College Vocabulary by the cutting down of *The Two Trees*. "A walk as far as the Two Trees"—"a run to the Two Trees and back," would be unintelligible at the present day. Yet formerly, so constantly were the "Two Trees" in evidence, that they might have served to identify a Laurentian. There is an old story, lately revived by one of the parties to it, that two Amplefordians met in Australia under *striking* circumstances; and when one accosted the other as an old friend, and from Ampleforth, he replied; "I won't believe it, unless you call me by my nickname"; which he was able to do. The effect would have been the same had he said; if you knew me at Ampleforth, where were the "Two Trees"?

They stood in the middle of the field south of the cricket-ground, and were very ornamental. Like other objects of ornament, they yielded to the useful, and being now unknown are no longer missed. To the east and west were small plantations. About half-way between the Two Trees and the Bounds-wall was a Botanical-Garden surrounded by a circular hedge, with a spring in the middle and some kind of a Bath: at all events this enclosure was called the "Bath." Being long disused, it was done away with altogether between fifty and sixty years ago. Another great feature, not of beauty, but of utility, was the Farm-yard, which stood to the west of the front field, and immediately south of the present Ball-place. It was fortunately in great measure concealed by the trees. The position was a matter of Hobson's choice, for until about thirty years ago, the width of the Monastery territory was defined by the width of the front field. This farmstead, disappeared after the purchase of Sootheran's Farm.

Beginning with about 1844, for some years the woodman's axe was kept in good condition, and was wielded with a will. Yet there was system in the destruction, and the more distant and flourishing plantations as seen to-day, are witnesses to a rule of compensation.

Sixty years ago the beautiful grounds at the back of the Monastery were a rough and stony field, unvisited except by the paid labourer, and never looked into for pleasure. Along the road side were a few rows of fir-trees. The transformation began about 1844 under the auspices of Prior Cockshoot, and developed in course of years. But the original plan was confined to shaded walks and laurel banks and shrubberies. It was not until some ten years later that Prior Cooper carried out the happy idea of closing the little cemetery at the west end of the back garden, and opening an ideal one on the hill side. In after years further improvements followed, the outcome of extensive building, and the consequent call upon the

home quarries. The quarries being high up the hill, and a deposit of much rubbish being a necessity, it was well designed to work with a view to future terraces. Few probably will say that the gain was not worth the labour. The view from the top-terrace is amongst things to be remembered. Having mentioned the quarry, which was first opened in 1855 for the building of the church, it may be stated that the stone was brought down in carts and sledges; but when the more extensive buildings of New College, &c., were undertaken, it was deemed advisable to lay down a tram-way. And of course there was an opening; it resembled the great opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway to the extent of there being an accident; it differed in there being no fatality. But the result might have been much more serious. The tram was worked in the ordinary way, by descending and ascending waggons regulated by a drum and brake; for the opening, a waggon loaded with about three tons of stone was brought to the head of the incline, when by some mismanagement it was started down the hill before the chain had been attached. With unchecked velocity the wagon leapt the rails, and bounding against a tree was wrecked: huge stones, rolling helter skelter across the high-road, just escaped bombarding the church door. Fortunately the chief damage was to the waggon; and as the first accident was also the last, it was perhaps a case of "felix culpa," insuring greater caution. No doubt the position of the line was dangerous, as it crossed the public road; but whenever stone was lowered, there was a man on guard to see that no one passed.

This short notice of the Quarries would be incomplete were no allusion made to a well-known character who came as a stranger in 1855 to take charge of the work, and by zealous labour and devoted interest so identified himself with the place as to gain the simple but significative name of *Quarry Bob*. Now a Patriarch of more than four

score years, he is not ashamed of his title, and looks back with pleasure to his connection with Church and College.

At page 300 of the last (April) number of the *Journal* there is a view of the material development of the Monastery during the first half of the century: in reality it was all completed by 1825, and so remained until 1850. But it must not be supposed that enlargement of Buildings, increase of Community and Students, and intellectual progress, embraced all developments. Great additions were made to the landed property. At the beginning about 32 acres formed the landed estate; before 1850, it had increased tenfold. In addition to the land immediately adjoining the monastery, there was the "Mill Farm," on the top of the hill to the north, so called from the windmill that formerly stood on it. It was more or less wrecked in the great storm of 1839; but for years after it remained a land mark, visible from the valley. Those who ventured to climb to the top of it obtained a very good view of York Minster. But in early days the great addition was the Byland Farm of about 220 acres. It is only separated from Byland Abbey by the width of the high road, and part, if not all, formed, in pre-reformation days, Abbey property. A small isolated portion of the Abbey was in an orchard on the newly acquired estate. It consisted of a piece of walling containing a solitary window, which is now the window in the Side Chapel of Ampleforth Abbey Church, nearest to the entrance from the cloister. The purchase of Byland Farm was quite an event, and was entered upon with solemnity, both spiritual and social. It was in 1828, when, in the words of one who was present, "We sang Vespers in the Abbey, and had pears and rum punch." This was not amiss in the days of penal laws! How many have been the visits to Byland Abbey since! And to Rievaulx too. The interesting letter of John Lake, an old Amplefordian in Australia, (in the last number of the *Journal*) alludes to the searches made between 50 and 60

years ago for pieces of stained glass. Some were now and then found; but there was more success at Rievaulx in the search for old oak; and crosses of Rievaulx Abbey oak were not uncommon. At Rievaulx too Vespers were occasionally sung. As a rule an out to Rievaulx has been much the same whether made in 1850, or in 1900; the same splendid ruin, the same magnificent scenery. But there have been exceptional occasions, two of which may prove interesting. One was in the autumn of 1854, the other at least ten years earlier. In September 1854, the Students had gone to Rievaulx, and were rambling as usual through the ruins; they soon noticed that there were other visitors, and evidently visitors of distinction. One of the party inquired where the students came from, and learning that they were from Ampleforth College, he added, "Cardinal Wiseman is here." What a surprise! and what a Cardinal! the Cardinal who had faced the Papal Aggression storm, who had been burnt in effigy by infuriated mobs, but who had shown his master-hand in his appeal to the English people. The Cardinal was spending some time at Filey, near Scarbro', and had come over for the day. He was to return in the evening, but it was soon arranged that he and his party would pay a flying visit to the College on their way home. Immediately a message was despatched with the exciting news. One of our Venerable Fathers, then a youth, ran all the way home, and announcing himself with hurried knocks, astonished the Sub-Prior with the news that the "Cardinal is coming." "When?" "On the way." In these days school managers are not surprised at "Visits without notice." But the Sub-Prior, the Prior was from home, was little prepared to receive at a moment's notice the first and only visit of the great English Cardinal. The Cellerarius, who was also Guestmaster, then took the matter in hand, and somewhat disturbed the afternoon quiet of the kitchen by orders for Tea for sixteen, in the best style of Benedictine hos-

pitality ; not a coventional " afternoon-tea," but something more in keeping with the prospective journey home. The Cardinal arrived, was made welcome, rapidly viewed the place, inquired interestedly about the site of the New Church, and of course received a deputation. In the plenitude of his good will he granted amidst acclamation three playdays ; but unfortunately there was a flaw in his jurisdiction, and authority declared one sufficient.

The other incident was of a different character. Some dozen years or more previously the validity of the Will of Mr. Blundell of Ince-Blundell, near Liverpool, was contested at York. The issue of the trial was of considerable consequence to the Monastery, as a substantial legacy was endangered. To sustain the Will witnesses of course were called, and amongst them two sturdy and plain-spoken farmers from the estate. They not only much amused the Court by their quaint answers but impressed it by their telling evidence. Judgment was in favour of the Will. Naturally these witnesses became small heroes, and being so near the College, they were invited to visit Ampleforth. An out to Rievaulx was arranged, with the double intention of visiting so interesting a ruin, and of seeing on their return the prize cattle on Lord Feversham's home farm. It so happened that the late Fr. Margison was their cicerone. They arrived at Rievaulx, they sauntered through the ruins; their attention was directed to majestic arches and noble pillars, to grand proportions and to artistic details, but Fr. Margison failed to interest. In due time they drove home through the Park and called at the Farm. When the doors were thrown open and they saw the prize Bull, on the instant lips were unsealed and tongue loosed, and one said to the other, "*Ha, this is summut.*" It was evidently a case of the cobbler sticking to his last.

W. B. P.

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

(Continued.)

I crossed the Neid again, over a little wooden bridge by a mill. I then came to the high road from Thionville to Saarlouis through Bouzainville. There was a great number of straggling soldiers coming from Thionville and following those that had arrived the night before. I went straight across the road without following it at all, as I saw a road which seemed to go in a proper direction on the other side.

I felt a very particular kind of satisfaction when I had passed this road, knowing it to be the last in France, though I was very little more in safety on that account.

I followed this road about half-an-hour, and then it brought me into a wood, which being very thick and shady was pleasant, for it was hot. Whenever I came to another road, that branched to the right or to the left, I looked at the sun as my land mark, which together with my watch, were pretty good guides.

At last, however, the road ended in a part of the wood which had lately been cut, and I was obliged to go without a road. Not long after I came to the wood side, which I followed some way, but began to fear I was drawing too much upon Sierck, which was more dreadful to me than either Scylla or Charybdis could be. I had not seen a house or a human being for a good while, when I fell upon a large farm-house, very old and ill built, which I did not see till I was almost at it, as it lay in a valley near a corner of the wood. I thought I would venture to inquire my way to the last village in France towards the Moselle, which I had got the name of at Bouzainville.

The house being alone, I thought there could be no municipality to be feared there, but I feared I should find nobody that could speak French. At the door I found an old woman spinning alone. I asked her in German if she could speak French. She answered in French that she could. I then told her I came from Bouzainville, and was going to such a village, but had lost my way.

"Ah!" said she, with a smile, "if you be not acquainted with the country, it would be more wonderful if you did find the way than if you missed it." I then asked her if she could give me some instructions. She said she did not know the road all the way herself, but, if I would go in, the farmer would tell me more about it. So I went in. He was just finishing his dinner with a very numerous family; what with children and servants nearly thirty, but not one could speak French except the old woman. She said the road was very intricate, that I should never find it. "Well," said I, "could I not get one of your servants to go with me? I will pay him more than his day's wages." She immediately agreed, and while the young man was putting on a pair of shoes, changing a waistcoat and the like, she would have me eat and drink something.

My guide and I jogged on along the open country, without any roads—the most of it was ploughed—and without many words, as we could not make ourselves understood by each other. We saw a number of villages, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, but he never seemed disposed to go through any, which was most perfectly conformable to my dispositions.

At length, however, when we had walked about two hours and a half very fast, for I wanted to get to the end of my journey before it was dark, that I might see where and how I was, he began to be nonplussed. We saw a mill and made up to it. He talked a good deal with three stout fellows that were in the mill, who frequently cast odd looks at me, as they saw I did not understand a word they said. They seemed to inquire very earnestly what I was to pay a guide. It looked indeed a great deal like emigration, but I was in hopes the place was too much out of the way for them to have heard much about emigration. They directed us into a pretty considerable village not far off, but which seemed to me to be very much out of the way. I thought perhaps they had been telling the lad that he was undertaking a very hazardous task to conduct a person that he knew nothing of; and that he would do much better to take me to the Municipality of that village than to the frontier. I said nothing, but seemed to go willingly enough till we got some way from the mill. I then made signs to my guide that that could not be the road, and that he had better go another way; but he would go. If, thought I, I refuse to go with him, he will suspect me, and then may tell the Municipality to send after me, and stop me. So we went into the village. As we went through the streets he frequently asked questions which I did not understand, and as the people seemed to stare at me very much, I thought he might be inquiring after the Mayor's house.

At last we came to a door which we went into. Well, thought I, this is the Mayor's I suppose. The master was just at the door coming out. My guide talked to him a good while, and every now and then looked towards me. I imagined he was telling him how he came by me, and that the millers had ordered him to go no further, but take me to him. At last, to my great satisfaction, this man said to me in French, "You want to go to such a village, don't you?" I said I did, and that I had taken that young man to conduct me, and wondered what reason he had not to be willing to go on with me. "Why," says the man, "he tells me he does not know the road any further, and I can easily believe him, for you are certainly out of your way. But," he added, "if you want a good and secure guide, I can find you one, if you will sit down."

I was afraid he was going to fetch the national guards to arrest me. I told him, as I had taken that young man, I would rather wish him to go on with me. "You might as well go alone as with him." said he. "Besides, as the man that I think I can get to go with you can speak French, he will be a better companion. Come, you had better sit down; my wife shall fetch you a mug of cider to refresh you with, while I am away." Well, thought I, if thou hast a mind to arrest me, thou goest civilly about it, however. I then agreed he should go and seek this other guide, but I thought if I did get off from this village without being suspected, I should have better fortune than I had reason to expect. He was away about a quarter of an hour, which was the most anxious I could imagine, for I expected him to return either with his Municipality in their tri-coloured sashes, or with his national guards under arms, or with both. I am sure, had a person been in my situation at Dieulouard or thereabouts, that would have been the event.

The man however proved honest; he brought an old man to be my guide, but who was the nearest ruining me that had yet been. As soon as he had got near the door, he pushed in his head, with great eagerness, to see what sort of a man he was to conduct, and when the other man told him I was the person, his eyes and whole aspect assumed such an appearance of a mind struck with terror, shrinking back with horror mixed with indignation at the man who had fetched him, that I think I never felt myself so uneasy. Without saying a word to me, he turned suddenly towards this man and said something in such an ill-natured tone, that I scarcely had a doubt but he was asking him why he came to put him upon so treasonable a business.

To bring them to speak French, that I might at least know what was going on, and speak for myself, I asked the man at whose house I was, if he was not willing to go. "Perhaps," said I, "he has some engagement that he

does not like to leave. I will try to find my way alone." "No" answered he, "that is not the case; he says he dare not go with you, unless you show your passport to the municipality." "To be sure then," said my future guide, "I should expose my life. A spy might come as you do, and ask me to conduct him without showing his papers, and if I were so silly as to go with him, I should share the same fate, and I know there are many spies skulking about the country. One was taken between here and Bouzainville, two or three days ago. He had a man to conduct him too. I suppose the poor man was prevailed upon to conduct him without first seeing his certificates, by the hopes of an extraordinary reward, and much good it will do him now. The spy was hanged as soon as he was brought to the camp—they would not let him die by the guillotine—and the poor man that was conducting him is going to Thionville or Metz, and it is little doubted but that he will be brought to the guillotine. This is not a time to do things without precaution." While the man was going on at this rate, I was collecting all the assurance I could, for I was sensible that the smallest indication that a word of all this was felt as applying to myself would have been my ruin. I then said with a smile of indifference "I am sorry nature has given me so unfavourable an appearance, it can only be to that I can ascribe your suspicions. The spy that was taken deserved to be hanged; and if I be a spy, those that hang me will do well. I would go and show my passport to all the Municipalities in France, but I don't imagine it necessary. Why, if I am to stop, and hunt out all the municipal officers in every little village I have to go through, I shall not get to my journey's end this week. I tell you plain, I have walked a great way to-day, more a great deal than I am used to, and I have still a great way to go. I do not like taking many useless steps. If we go to seek the municipal officers, we may go round all the village, and not find one at home. Such a fine day as

this I daresay they are all out at their work." "Yes" said the master of the house, who I began to perceive was my friend already, "Friend N. I doubt not but they are all from home. The mayor is gone to such a village, I know; and such another municipal officer is getting up his potatoes a good way off. Come, come, he has the appearance of a genteel honest man. Don't make so many difficulties, but go with him at once." "Well," said he, "you will show your passport wherever it is asked for." "To be sure," said I. So he took a draught of cyder, and he went off. The man of the house would take nothing for his drink, but wished us a good journey in a very kind manner. I shall long remember the village, the name of it is *Borich*.

While we were talking so much about showing my passport, I was very much afraid this man would have said—"at least for my satisfaction shew it to me." If he had, he would have puzzled me very much, and it would have been very natural for him to do it; however he never hinted at that. The first thing he said after we got out of the village, was to apologize for his having spoken so roughly at first sight. "I am," said he, "very blunt, but I would not hurt any one. This was always my character when I served in the French troops." He then let me know that he enlisted at eighteen in a regiment of Cannoniers, when he got to the rank of a sergeant—that was the way he learnt to speak French; that he and the other man whom I had seen in the village, and who he said was the schoolmaster, were the only two in the village that could speak French; that this schoolmaster was a prodigy of talents, he had learned French and spoke it much better than himself though he had never any assistance. In a word, he told me, I believe, all he knew about himself, or anybody else, and frequently asked me a sly question to get to know as much about me; but though I humoured him as much as I could in other things I did not chose to humour him in this.

The country, I observed, was still wet and miry in some places that we went through, though it had been an extraordinary drought all summer. He said these roads were commonly impassable; that he would not undertake to go the way I had come from Bouzainville to the village I was going to, as they were commonly at that time of the year, in three days. Well, thought I, this drought has been very providential for me.

We left many villages to the right and left, but only went through one, till we came to the last village. There I expected there would certainly be some troops to guard the frontier, and it was a delicate matter to avoid them, and still not to give my guide any suspicions. If I had offered to dismiss him, I was afraid he would not accept it. Besides, I thought, I should still want his assistance. How then was I to propose to him to miss the village, and go round over the country, though the road lay straight through it? At last, as we were talking about troops being in that village, I said: "we shall certainly be stopped, and examined very strictly here." "Oh! certainly," said he. "Well," said I, "Are you very sure do you think with your passport?" "My passport!" said he, "I have none." "You have none," I said, "You will certainly be detained here till somebody comes from your village to claim you." "Oh!" says he, "Your passport will do for both. I only came on your account." "I doubt that," says I, "You know how strict the orders are; each one must answer for himself, my word will do you no good." "Well," said he, "but you have acquaintances here, that you are going to see." They are not just in this village," said I, "they are in Perle; but when I was once in this village, I thought I could find my way easily to Perle." "But Perle," said he, "is not in France." "I know that," said I, "but after the taking of Sierck, you know our French took Perle, and I thought it the most favourable opportunity to get my business done there,

while we were in possession of it." "You are very much in the right there," said he, "I know we took it, but I am not sure we have it still. "Just for that reason," said I, "I should wish to go round the village, as you have no passport, and get to ask the first person we meet beyond it, if our people be not still there." He agreed to it without seeming to have any suspicion at all.

As we were passing over the country, at a little distance from this village, we came to a little clay road that goes from it to Sierck, in which there were the prints of a number of horses feet, which seemed to have passed that day. We concluded that they were the patrols between that village and Sierck, and that we should have most certainly been taken up if we had ventured into that village. A little further, when we got to the top of a rising ground, we saw Sierck, at a little more than a mile to the left.

——laevum implectata Charybdis
Obsidet; atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus.——

I seemed to feel myself on the verge of her vortex, but experienced a joyful sensation, such as I had seldom felt, on the reflection that I was leaving it behind me, and all the hated coast.

Very soon after we saw a man working in the fields. I told my guide to ask him if there were really French troops in Perle. The man said they had quitted it, and he believed there were Austrians in it. Upon this my guide turned to me in great consternation. "Ah!" says he, "you can go no further." I imagined what the case was, and was heartily glad, but it was not yet time to let it appear. I therefore pretended to be as thunderstruck as he was, "I am very unfortunate, indeed," said I, "to have come so far, and that upon business of the utmost importance to me, and now to be obliged to return, and leave all undone."

"Nothing, nothing," replied he, "can be of as much importance to you as your life. I would not go for all the

world. You can form no idea of the cruelties the Austrians commit upon us French, when they take any. At Sierck, they cut the drummer's mouth from ear to ear, and then bid him cry *Vive la Republique*, telling him his mouth would open wide enough then." After appearing undecided a while, I told him I was determined to venture. He told me I was very rash and pitied my obstinacy, but since I was resolved to expose myself so much, he would go with me a little further, and show me the lines of separation between France and Germany, particularly as I might lose my way about that place. In effect, about a mile further we came to a place where there was no road, nor a possibility of making any, the country was so intersected with dingles of a frightful depth and abrupt hills. As we went along he showed me the villages, such an one that he pointed at, was a German village, such another, though further off, was a French one. The sight of the German villages quite recreated my spirits.

At length we came to a very great and steep descent, at the bottom of which ran a pretty considerable stream, which in many places could seldom be visited by the sun. There were however some poor cottages by it. "Here," said he, as we were stepping over a little wooden bridge, "here you step out of France. That is the way to Perle. You are not above a mile off. If you will be advised you will not go yet; but if you persist, here I must take my leave of you. I am sorry for you from my heart. If you come back this way, I beg you will tell somebody in our village of your safe return. I shall be very happy to hear of it." I thought the poor man had a good heart to be so interested for me in so short a time. I paid him ten livres, what we had agreed upon. He mounted the French side of the dingle, and I went up the German side.

The sun was just setting as I got to the top in a fine serene sky. There was a charming prospect of the Mozelle many miles downwards in the country of safety. I think

I never enjoyed existence with such pleasure. It gave me some idea of that happiness, which is to be felt by those who have just escaped from all the dangers and snares of this life of anxious trial, and are arriving on the first verge of their happy eternity.

My heart pleasantly paid its duty of thanksgiving to the Almighty hand, which it doubted not had guided my steps to that place of safety, and I felt a loving reverence for that celestial minister whose friendly guardianship it willingly believed had constantly attended each step that brought me thither.

Perle is a large and well-built village, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, which slopes easily down to the Mozelle, but alas! now,

—horrificis juxta tenet Ætna ruinis,

it is too near France. As I went through the streets I saw all the doors and windows shattered to pieces, and very pensive looks sat on the countenances of the inhabitants. I enquired for an inn, I was told there was one opposite the church, but that it was not likely I should find lodgings.

I went to it, and indeed the first sight announced what I was to expect. There was neither door nor window in the whole house. On asking the master for lodgings, he told me to look at his house, and judge whether it was likely he could furnish lodgings. He had neither bed nor chairs left in his house. "There is," said he, "another inn, perhaps you may be better accommodated there." As I went all the houses seemed to have suffered equally, and when I came to the other inn, it was just like all the rest. Nothing could be had there. This distressed me a good deal, as it was now growing dark, and I was much fatigued. As I was wandering through the village, to see if I could observe a house more likely than the rest, I observed a group of people pretty well dressed at the door of a house, which had a good appearance. I went up to them, and after having told them that I had sought in vain for

lodgings at the two inns, I begged some of them would grant me a lodging, telling them my story. They all gave me the same answer.

"You will not surely," said I, "leave me to lie in the street, for I cannot think of going further to-night." Upon this, I observed a pretty young woman interest herself for me, and speak to her father, to whom that house belonged. After she had said a few words to him in German, "no," he said, "we will not let you lie in the street. You may at least be under cover in my house."

So he conducted me in, some coming in with me, and the rest going to their own houses. As I was going in, "You see," said he, "the condition the French have left us in." I said I did indeed, with great sorrow.

After having sat and talked awhile, for, as this was a more genteel village than most, many spoke French, he took me to see his shop. He was a linen and woollen draper. All his goods were carried away; the shelves broken in pieces and the counter wrenched asunder in every direction. We then went into his cellar, where there were large barrels, and some lesser ones, staved in, and many stone bottles broken. During this time some eggs were cooking for supper, to which the whole family seemed to make me very welcome. The more we talked, the more friendly they were. At last, said the master of the family, "I have a few bottles that have escaped the French, and should be good; it was of the vintage of—79." He then told his daughter where to fetch it from, and indeed very good it was, and very good I thought it of him.

As soon as the wine was brought out, a little boy, the son of the family, ran out, saying something in German which set all the company laughing. His mother told me he said that as his father had brought the wine that was not expected, he would bring something that was not expected too, and they were wondering what it could be.

Immediately after in he comes, wiping the earth off a handsome candlestick—till then the candle had stood supported between two pieces of wood on the chimney piece. "Ah!" said the little boy very archly, "when the Frenchmen were loading all our goods upon the cart, I stole this from among them and scratched a hole in the garden to put it in."

They told me it was ten days since the French came there first, that since that time they came in patrols almost every day, and frequently entered their houses, to see if there was anything still that they could carry off; that their common hour for coming was between seven and eight o'clock, for which reason they advised me not to go before eight next morning. When the family withdrew, they showed me into a little neat room, where there was a pair of bedstocks. The windows were stopped with boards fitted to them. I laid myself on the sacking of the bed in my clothes, and slept as happy as a king. No patrol appearing next morning, I took my leave with great sensibility of their kindness, and grief that so much goodness and hospitality should be so ill rewarded, but I hope it will be amply rewarded elsewhere.

I followed some carts, that were carrying away the new wine as fast as it came out of the vineyards, lest it should fall into the hands of the French.

En queis consevimus agros!

It was very foggy, as it commonly is in the morning of a fine autumn. We could scarcely see twenty yards any way. We were about a quarter of a mile out of the village, when we heard a discharge of musketry towards the river; but could not distinguish whether it was on our side of the river or on the other. The carters whipped their horses to make them run. However, we very soon found they were on the other side of the river. I then went down to the bank, and as the mist moved by like clouds, I could frequently see the fire and the men.

The Austrians I saw very clearly at last, drawn up in a line, and two officers before the line, but the French I could not discover. I really felt a passion to be with the Austrians, employed in so noble a cause, repelling the barbarians, who had committed the outrages that I had seen with my own eyes so very lately upon the innocent, harmless, peaceable swains. At length the French left the field to the Austrians, not one of whom seemed to have the smallest hurt, though some hundreds of shots were fired at them. About five miles further we were to pass the first Austrian posts. I thought I might as well endeavour to save myself the trouble of being sent prisoner to Luxemburg, as according to the ordinary course of things I should. As therefore we approached the village, I observed two countrymen cross the road and enter a path, which seemed to lead into it. I mended my pace and walked with them as one of the company. I was afterwards looking towards the road I had left, to discover the vidette, or first sentry, when I was struck with the sight of a stern Hussar, standing as immovable as a statue on a very good horse, under a large tree, which dropped its branches almost to the ground about him, not more than ten yards from me. I walked by with my two companions unconcernedly; he looked very fixedly at me, but I suppose on account of my air of indifference he said nothing. At the entrance of the village the whole company was posted in two tents on each side of the road. I went through the midst of them, some smoking, some playing, without being noticed.

From this village I crossed the river to go to a little town called Rennich, where I dined. During dinner one of the soldiers, who had been in the skirmish that morning, brought a written account of it to the commanding officer, who was at dinner with us. After reading it, he burst into a great fit of laughter.

"Oh," said he, "my men have made a most extra-

ordinary capture; they have taken an old schoolmaster. The rogue had been at a French village last night, not as it is supposed upon any treasonable correspondence, but drawn by a preposterous attachment to an old widow. He had dallied too long; he was met and picked up at daybreak by the French patrol; and our men, falling in afterwards with that patrol, have taken him again, and brought him to prison. Well, well, he will not be there long; "but," said he, turning to the soldier, "how did he look when you took him?" "Rather dead than alive," replied the soldier. Then he laughed again with all his might. After a good dinner, I left the jolly commander and went along the Mozelle to Creven-Macheren, where I slept. It is on the road between Luxemburg and Treves. There was a large body of pontoniers, who had laid a fine pontoon bridge over the Mozelle here, to make a communication between Luxemburg and the lower part of Sarre.

Next morning I had an early walk to Treves. As I passed opposite the mouth of the Sarre, I could scarcely refrain from apostrophizing her. "Wretch, thou art the river I so much longed to have a sight of, when I was at Bouzainville. Thou jilted me then most unmercifully, but now I care not a pin for thee." At Treves I found all our young men, who came running about me with countenances of sincerest joy, having almost given me up, since Talbot arrived there. He had escaped with me, but arrived two days before me.

Moonlight Hunting.

THE small trawl, which we carried on the canoe, was in great need of repair. It had caught one day on the mast of a boat which had gone down in the previous autumn in some twenty fathoms of water, and, when after much toil we recovered it, we found that it was almost irretrievably damaged. There dwelt, however, on the confines of the small seaport, wherein we were then abiding, a net-maker of great repute. To him we carried our troubles, that is our disabled net, and had the good fortune to find him ready and able to make the damage good. "Old Mat," as he was called, watched us silently for some time as we sat waiting until his deft fingers had finished their work. We on our part, were quite content to linger there. Around us stretched a wonderful panorama of mountains, plain and sea. To our left, dark tree-covered mountains encircled a green plain in which the shining corn-lands merged gradually into the rough marsh-land nearer to us. The river could be traced, though not seen itself, by the clouds of shore birds that were moving to and fro along its banks in hungry quest of the dainties laid bare by the receding tide. At the river mouth two cormorants were busily at work taking toll of the sand-dabs and other small fry that were floating down with the tide to the open sea. Beyond stretched the broad Atlantic, shining and still, except where the gannets broke the glassy surface, or where a shoal of great porpoises raised clouds of spray in their uncouth gambols.

Two scoters were hastening along the strip of yellow sand, now growing wider and wider, within easy shot from the sand hills, if one had only chanced to be there at the right time.

I turned to my comrade to point these two birds out to

him, and the old net-maker, catching the drift of my remark, and inferring therefrom that we took an intelligent interest in what was to him the main business of life, began to grow loquacious. Mostly he spoke of the old times, before the foreshore had been reclaimed and enclosed by his Lordship, whose great castle was set at the foot of the hills many miles away, of the free days when any man could come and go over the fringe of rough coast with dog and gun. Nowadays there was a great change; stout keepers patrolled on the debatable hunting ground, and, though his Lordship's right was more than questionable, his arm was long and none of the dispossessed sportsmen was powerful enough to oppose him. So the marshes were now a forbidden land—by daylight at all events. For the great man by no means had all the game that lived on the marshes. It is doubtful indeed if he had even his fair share. The local sportsmen had taken to "moonlight hunting," as it was euphemistically termed, and though a "hunting party" had now and then been disturbed by the keepers, the encounters had always issued so decidedly against the keepers that they seemed to have resigned themselves to the situation. Mat had, of course, always been a leader among the "Moonlight Hunters" and he told us, then and afterwards, of many narrow escapes in the old days when the keepers were making great efforts to keep people away from the marshes. At last we, too, were bitten with the fascination of this strange sport, and after some time, managed to persuade our new friend to allow us to accompany him on one of his expeditions.

On the appointed night, we assembled on the far side of the bridge at the ghostly hour of twelve. Our party numbered seven in all excluding the dog, a mongrel apparently, a cross, perhaps, between a foxhound and a retriever. He went by the name of Roy and I may premise here that Roy did almost all the work of the night. At first I must

confess that I did not see how we were to catch our game at all. We had been strictly forbidden to bring our guns, as silence was an absolute necessity, and none of the party seemed to be equipped in any way.

However we set out, quietly enough, along the road which ran almost due west along the seaward end of the marshes. After five minutes walking we turned away into the marshes through a gate which led us into a field which in the dim light seemed interminable. Mat guided us across this until we came to a low hedge which surrounded what seemed to be a field of turnips. Here active operations commenced. From some mysterious receptacle six small nets were produced and were fastened to the various gaps in the hedge, so that any creature essaying to pass through would find itself unexpectedly imprisoned. Roy had been watching the operation of fixing the nets with the utmost eagerness and at a sign from Mat leaped over the hedge and set about his work of driving whatever four-footed creatures had taken refuge under the abundant cover there towards the nets. Beginning at the far side, he worked his way gradually towards us. Up and down he went at a steady pace but silently. Three rabbits and a hare were driven into the furthest nets and one great hare came bundling into the net by us, whence he was promptly removed by Mat before he had time to make a single sound.

The booty having been carefully hidden beneath the hedge, we made for our next point which, as Mat whispered, was a small warren. Great caution had now to be displayed as it was necessary for success that the rabbits should be surprised out in the open, where on such a dry night they would be busily feeding. Care, too, had to be taken to approach against the wind, seeing that the savour of humanity, if carried to the keen nostrils of the rabbits, causes them to betake themselves promptly to their burrows.

Before we reached the warren, I received a considerable shock. One of Mat's friends who had hitherto seemed to be a man of comfortable proportions opened his coat and commenced to unwind, from the regions of his waist, a fine silk net of perhaps two feet in width. The process of unwinding was a very lengthy one so that, at last, I judged that he had carried at least forty yards of net under his coat, a feat which reminded me strongly of an "Arabian Nights" miracle. He now turned out to be quite a lean man.

On our arrival at the warren, which lay on a slight rising ground in the corner of a rough field, not a moment was lost. One of the men, who had a number of stakes in his pocket which were about 18 inches long, sharpened at one end and deeply nicked at the other, walked quickly along the front of the warren, driving in the stakes as he went, at intervals of two or three feet. The first stake was longer than the others and was driven in deeply. To it the end of the net was firmly fastened. The top line of the net was then dropped into the nicks at the top of the stakes so that the whole net lay along the front of the warren sloping to the ground at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Before the net was fixed Roy had again been sent to do his share of the work, and Mat informed me that the dog would make a wide detour and drive every living animal within a radius of half-a mile towards the warren. We waited at each end of the net for some time and at last the rabbits came rushing back to their homes. At first stragglers only came but these were closely followed by the main body. Many of these, failing in the scramble to see the net, jumped into it and as the bottom was loose were soon hopelessly entangled. More, however, escaped either under or over the obstruction so that fourteen only were ensnared. Last of all, Roy came up looking as if he thought he quite deserved the kindly pat which his master gave him.

We were then led to a wide field nearer to the shore where our guide told us we should hear and see one of his friends lure plovers to a net.

Another net was now produced, in size about twelve feet long by eight feet high. This was fastened to two long poles and erected twenty or thirty feet away from the hedge. We hid ourselves away behind the hedge, but the caller lay at full length in the long grass close to the net. I should not have believed the feat to be possible but certainly, after a few minutes' calling, plovers began to answer in the distance and, drawing nearer and nearer, several of them flew into the net and were caught. At this point, however, before the performance could be repeated, Roy who had been prowling about uneasily for some time, came up with his teeth showing and his tail hanging, sure sign, so his master said, that keepers were near. After a short consultation, it was decided that nothing was to be gained by stopping. Away we went at full speed to the river. Mat signalled to us to follow him whilst the rest of the party scattered in different directions. We crossed the river in a small boat evidently left ready for such occasions. The first signs of dawn were showing as we reached our lodgings, but we were too weary even to enjoy the beauties of the sunrise, and in less than ten minutes were wrapt in slumber so deep that we did not wake until after mid-day.

R. ROBINSON.

Notices of Books.

COURTIER, MONK AND MARTYR, a sketch of the Life and Sufferings of Blessed Sebastian Newdigate of the London Charterhouse. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. London: Art and Book Company, 22 Paternoster Row, 1901.

Though the author lays no claim to any original research in this life of another of our English Martyrs, yet the book should be welcomed by all. Fr. Camm has gathered together from such sources as Chauncey and Hendriks, all that is known of the Blessed Sebastian Newdigate and the result is a beautifully printed volume, the persual of which is highly interesting and instructive. He sums up the life of the Martyr on page 2, where he describes him as "the friend of his king but a greater friend of his God." Truly the former, for when his sister Lady Dormer spoke to him of the king's bad example which she feared would have no good effect upon him, he stood by his friend and answered "the report and her opinion of the King were worse that he demerited" (page. 14). But when the King visiting his old friend in prison, tried to bring his influence to bear upon him, though the trial was hard and the temptation strong, Sebastian stood by his God answering:—

"When in court I served your majesty. I did it loyally and faithfully, and so continue still your humble servant although kept in this prison and bonds. But in matters that belong to the Faith and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the salvation of my poor soul, Your Majesty must be pleased to excuse me"—"We must obey God rather than man." (Pages 47 and 48). The few incidents

that are brought before the reader in connection with Lady Dormer bring out her strong and beautiful character and her true sisterly love for Sebastian. The Carthusians' daily life is described, and the trying times which the community passed through whilst the storm of persecution was gathering around it. The imprisonment and martyrdom of the Blessed Sebastian and his two companions is simply and reverently related, and several pages are devoted to an interesting and detailed description of the Charterhouse Buildings. The chief events leading up to the Beatification of the Martyrs are mentioned, several interesting documents are printed in the appendix, and the book is well illustrated throughout.

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS: being the Autobiography of Sister Thérèse of the child Jesus, Carmelite Nun. Translated from the French "Histoire d'une Ame," by Michael Henry Dziewicki. London, Burns and Oates, 1901.

This is the "Confessions" of a Carmelite nun who died at the age of 25. There is no romance in the story; there is no revelation or mysticism in it; there is no very searching self-analysis; yet it is a book which has found favour in France, and will, we believe, prove equally fascinating in its English dress. The secret of its success with the French public is, undoubtedly, its literary merit. It is the history of a saint, but it is the personal charm of the writer, rather than her holiness which interests the reader. It is full of wise words—*ex ore infantium perfecisti laudem*—but it is the pretty ways and pretty thoughts, and naive chit-chat of this child of grace which is the distinction of this charming volume.

There must be many people, Catholics and Protestants both, who ask themselves what life in strict cloistral seclusion is like. We have here as intimate a disclosure

of the heart and mind of one who has given herself to God, as human words could give us. There is only a very little that is exceptional in the life of Sister Thérèse of the child Jesus. She was a saint, but only, we are proud to believe, as hundreds of her sisters in religion—Carmelite or otherwise—are saints. She was greatly favoured by God, but not miraculously so; there were none but those gentle calls and inspirations of grace which mean so much to the individual and hardly bear putting into words. She had trials and sufferings,—a motherless childhood, a father paralysed in his old age, an early death from consumption; but there was nothing unusual or excessive about any of them. Indeed, the only exceptional feature in her life, to our minds, was her bringing up. She had saints for parents, little saints, her sisters, as playmates—all of them entered religion either before or after her,—and her very toys and playthings might have been borrowed from the cloister. "Heaven," she tells us, was the very first word she learnt to spell. But here is a passage from a letter of her mother's written in 1876, when Thérèse was only three years old:—

"Even Thérèse has taken the road of self-denial. Marie has given her sisters strings of beads by which acts of self-denial may be registered. They have quaint little discussions together on religious subjects. 'How can the good God be in so small a Host?' asked Céline the other day. Thérèse answered; 'There is nothing to wonder at, He is Almighty.' 'And what does that mean?' 'That He can do all He likes.' It is yet more funny to see little Thérèse fumbling in her pocket a hundred times a day, pulling down a bead at each self-denying act." One is reminded of the children of the lace-makers of Bruges playing at the trade of their mothers with a little cushion and bobbins at the end of strings. Sanctity is a difficult profession to most mortals, but much of the difficulty is taken away when one is trained to it from the age of three.

As a book of pious reading it is a thoroughly healthy one. It teaches faith and the love of God, and is full of a confidence which is inspiriting, and a familiarity which is fearless yet full of reverence. We do not think it will be any the less useful because sin is hardly mentioned in it. Neither do we think the writer less of a saint because she believed she was specially favoured by God. Humility is quite consistant with the cheerful spirit that sees a proof of the love of God in all the events of life.

The translation—we write without having seen the French original—seems to us to be excellent. The scriptural quotations are mostly from the Protestant version, and some of them, naturally, will have an unfamiliar appearance to Catholics. Possibly there was a reason for this, in that the Protestant translation may have been a closer rendering of the French version used by sister Thérèse. This, however, does not detract from the excellence of the book, which is furthermore well printed, with interesting reproductions of portraits of the authoress and her saintly father.

DEVOUT REFLECTIONS ON VARIOUS SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS. By St. Alphonsus de' Liguori, newly translated from the Italian by Fr. Edmund Vaughan, C.SS.R. London, Burns & Oates, 1901. Price 1/-.

The meditations of St. Alphonsus are not quite so well known in this country as they should be. In 1849, an edition was published containing the 'Reflections on the Passion of our Lord,' and also the above 'Reflections on Spiritual Subjects.' This is really a first instalment of the same book. Fr. Vaughan has promised a further translation of the 'Reflections on the Passion,' to be published in the same style and at the same price. The book was printed by St. Alphonsus when he was in his seventy-eighth year. Fr. Vaughan, in his preface, says that it was

composed also in the same year. The passage from a letter of St. Alphonsus, which the translator quotes, favours a presumption that the volume was written at an earlier date, and as much for the Saint's personal use as for that of his spiritual children. He says: "I send you (a penitent of his) two little works, the first of which may assist you in meditating on the Passion of Jesus Christ; I myself make use of it every day. I read likewise, every day, something in the second book, entitled: 'Devout Reflections.' I wish you to do the same; for I have composed it especially for those who desire to give themselves entirely to God." This letter was written in the same year as the publication of the book, and we think the Saint would hardly speak of his customary daily reading of a book which was only just written. It is a little curious, this fact that the Saint could find a stimulus to devout thought in a work which he had composed himself. But we certainly prefer to consider the volume a collection of what, to St. Alphonsus, were the most valuable thoughts he had gathered together in his lifetime, and not a work of occasion written for some penitents in his old age. The great excellence of the meditations is in favour of the former theory.

THE KING'S SECRET, A College Drama: By the Rev. T. P. SKUSE, London, R. & T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row. Price 1/-.

This is an effective play of its kind. Fr. Skuse tells us in the prefatory note that he has taken the plot from a story written in the *South African Catholic Magazine*, by the Rev. Dr. Kolbe. It is built up on the inability of a priest to give evidence in his own favour on account of the *sigillum confessionis*. The Bishop of the diocese is ingeniously brought in as an unwilling witness against Fr. Corcoran, the prisoner. Sentence is being pronounced,

when Pat Kenny is carried into the court and makes a dying confession which exculpates the priest. The play ends with a dinner such as was held not so very long ago at Sydney on a similar occasion. The Bishop makes the speech of the evening, asking Fr. Corcoran's pardon, and concluding with the quotation which has given its name to the piece. *Bonum est abscondere sacramentum Regis*—"It is good to keep the Secret of the King."

THE ORATORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL. By LEWIS BLOSIUS, O.S.B. Translated by the late R. A. Coffin, C.SS.R. Bishop of Southwark. Art and Book Company.

This little book comprises a series of 'interior conversations' as Blosius styles them, intended to help one to form the habit of ejaculatory prayer. Those who find their meditation according to the Ignatian method quite successful will not perhaps see much attraction in these prayers. But those who have tried the Exercises and after years of perseverance in them have at last been obliged to fall back on the wide elastic practice of the Fathers of the Desert, will be glad to see this little book of ejaculatory prayers placed before the public in prayer-book form. For the most part they are conversations with Jesus full of ejaculatory prayers "which spring upward at random like sparks from a furnace, from the heart which is on fire with the love of God. The devout soul will draw from them great profit and sweetness of spirit if he will make a practice of using them with a glad and loving heart."

The College Diary.

The voting for Captain resulted in the election of R. B. Wood. He chose the following Government.

Secretary - - -	J. C. Pike
Librarian of Upper Library	C. de Normanville
Officemen - - -	T. Preston G. MacDermott
Gasmen - - -	H. Barnett W. St. G. Foote
Commonmen - - -	W. J. Lambert H. K. Byrne
Clothesman - - -	F. A. Quinn
Collegemen - -	E. C. Pilkington J. Darby E. Corry
Librarian of Lower Library	J. Quinn
Vigilarii ,, ,, ,,	J. B. Kevill T. Ibbotson
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	E. Crean
Vigilarii ,, ,, ,,	W. Crean C. Marwood
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	G. Preston R. Smith

The following were the captains of the Cricket sets.

1st set - - - -	J. C. Pike F. J. Dawson
2nd set - - - -	H. de Normanville G. Chamberlain
3rd set - - - -	B. Rochford P. Lambert
4th set - - - -	W. Crean C. Marwood
5th set - - - -	R. Smith L. Dees

April 10. J. Rochford left us. We greatly regret his departure, and wish him every success in his future career.

In the evening Fr. Abbot began in the Lower Library an instructive and interesting lecture on Photography, which he concluded on the next evening.

April 14. Sunday. At a meeting of the school R. B. Wood introduced his government.

April 15. Fr. P. Corlett and Fr. A. Clarke came up on a visit.

April 18. General practice for the Sports which showed a marked improvement on that of Tuesday 16th.

April 19. Cricket commenced under very favourable circumstances.

In the evening Mr. Robinson gave us some interesting views of Oxford with the help of Fr. Austin's Magic Lantern. Fr. Bernard then gave a reading form Oliver Twist, "Mr. Bumble's courtship and its consequences," illustrated by Lantern slides.

April 21. Sunday. Fr. Prior's Feast. Study was dispensed with in the afternoon.

April 22. The outdoor bathing season commenced.

April 23. Feast of St. George. The Sports were held to day in delightful weather. Considering the fact that they have not been held for some years, they were a remarkable success.

The following are the 1st set results.

Mile	1st F Dawson, 5min. 28sec. 2nd G.J. Crean
Half mile	F. Quinn. 2min. 4secs.
440 yds.	1st W. J. Lambert, 52½ 2nd G. J. Crean
100 yds.	1st J. C. Pike 11⅕secs. 2nd W. J. Lambert.
Putting the weight (16lbs.) ..	1st F. Dawson 31ft. 4in 2nd F. Quinn
High jump	1st F. Quinn 5ft. 3in 2nd F. Dawson
Long jump	J. C. Pike 17ft. 3¼in 2nd F. Quinn
Pole jump	1st H. K. Byrne 8ft. 2in 2nd W. J. Lambert
Cricket Ball	1st F. Quinn 96ft 2nd R. Dowling
Consolation Race (220 yds).. ..	J. Nevill.

Considerable amusement was caused by the constant breaking of

the 'Tug-of- War' rope and also by such innovations as obstacle races, etc.

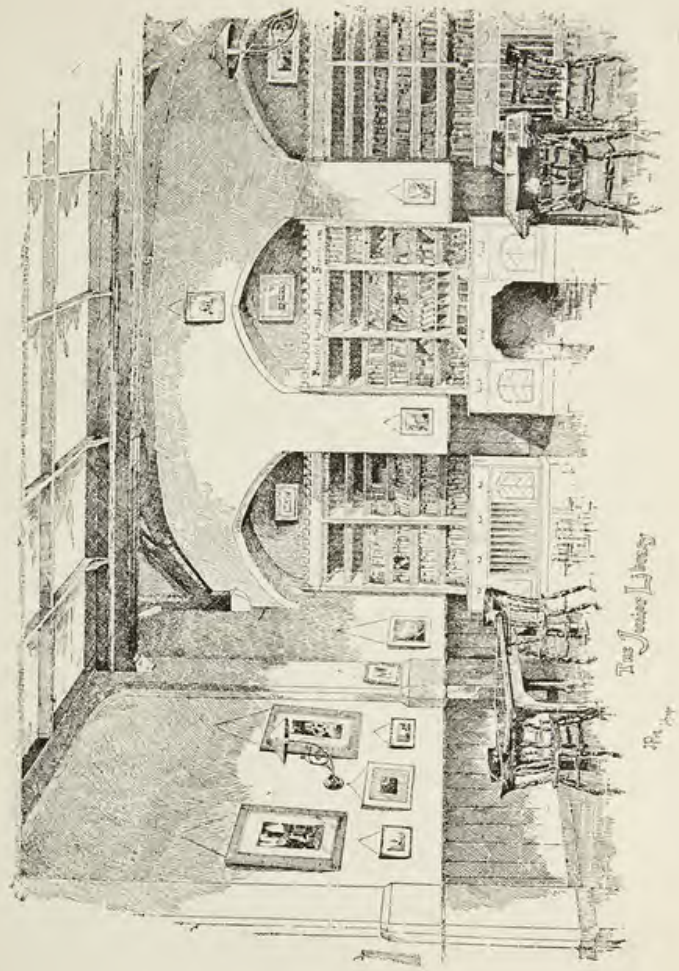
April 25th. A bitter east wind was blowing the whole day. The Colt's match was played, and resulted in a victory for the Colts by 9 runs. Score:

COLTS.

G. MacDermot, b Mawson	3
J. Smith, b Foote	4
J. Nevill, b Mawson	5
R. B. Wood, b Foote	4
F. C. Smith, run out	2
Rev. W. B. Hayes, run out	9
T. Preston, b Crean	6
T. Hefferman, b Crean	3
R. Rochford c Gateley b Mawson	1
H. de Normanville, b Mawson	0
J. Quinn, b Mawson	2
D. Field, b Mowson	0
G. Chamberlain, lbw, b. Crean	1
D. Traynor, b Pike	8
H. Martin, b Foote	3
J. Nevill, not out	4
P. Cartwright, b Foote	1
A. McCann, b Foote	0
A. Neal, lbw, b Foote	0
Extras	13
Total	69

XI.

G. Crean, c Traynor, b. Hayes	1
A. Gateley, c De Normanville, b Hayes	20
E. C. Pilkington, not out	13
J. C. Pike, b Quinn	7
F. Quinn,	1
O. Williams, b Hayes	0
F. Dawson, c. Traynor, b Hayes	1
H. Pike, b Hayes	2
R. Mawson, c Wood, b Neville	4
W. St. Geo. Foote, c. Martin, b. Hayes	1
D. McCormack, b Neville	4
Extras	6
Total	60



May 2nd. Month-Day. The match which should have been played to-day at York v. Bootham was scratched, owing to rain.

May 16. Feast of the Ascension. Fine weather. A very exciting match v. Kirby. We were still behind the Moorside's total of 86 by 11 runs, when we had only one wicket in hand. Foote and Lambert however amidst intense excitement saved the game. Score:

KIRBY.

P. Frank, b Foote	18
T. Coverdale, b. Hayes	2
H. Rutter, b. Foote	21
F. King, b. Foote	2
J. Frank, not out	14
C. Aydon, c Pike, b Foote	4
A. Rutter, run out	0
H. King, st. Hind, b Hayes	7
Jos. Atkinson, c and b Foote	2
H. Atkinson, b Foote	4
J. Anderson, c. Foote	0
Extras	12
Total	86

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, b Aydon	25
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Rutter	4
A. J. Gateley, run out	3
G. J. Crean, c Coverdale, b Aydon	14
Rev. P. L. Buggins, lbw, b Atkinson	0
E. C. Pilkington, b Atkinson	0
F. Dawson, lbw, b Aydon	0
W. Lambert, not out	25
F. A. Quinn, c Coverdale, b Atkinson	4
J. C. Pike, run out	1
W. St. Geo. Foote, b Anderson	10
Extras	18
Total	104

May 21. *Goremire Day.* A thoroughly enjoyable day was spent by everybody. Fr. C. Mercer and Fr. A. Crowe joined us there.

May 26. *Whit Sunday.* Fr. Abbot photographed all the classes in front of the new Monastery. Bro. Peter caused some amuse-

ment, and no little excitement, by allowing Fr. Abbot's large camera to overbalance him and carry him headlong down the front steps.

May 27. A cricket match against Hull 'Zingari' resulted in an easy victory by 9 wickets. Score—

ZINGARI.

F. Till, b Foote	1
C. Asken, c Dawson, b Hayes	9
J. Rushton, b Foote	3
B. Johnson, b Hayes	13
R. Charlton, b Foote	23
J. Scott, lbw, b Foote	2
J. Rawstorn, b Foote	15
E. Lissons, run out	0
A. Johnson, c Gateley, b Quinn	13
J. Rank, b Foote	2
W. Smellie, not out	4
Extras	13
Total	98

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, not out	35
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Askew	37
A. J. Gateley, not out	22
G. Crean, Rev. P. L. Buggins, Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, W. Lambert, W. St. Geo. Foote, J. C. Pike, F. J. S. M. Dawson, F. Quinn — Did not bat.	
Extras	6
Total	100

In the evening the boys who acted in the Farce "*Ici on parle Français*" at Christmas went to Kirby to repeat the Entertainment, accompanied by a number of the masters who had undertaken to give a Concert in connection with Fr. Cuthbert's Bazaar.

May 28. Match at Helmsley. Score:—

HELMSLEY.

E. Trenam, b Hayes	8
H. Toppin, c Lambkin, b Toole	13
J. Essex, c Dawson, b Buggins	19
G. Bumbey, c Hind, b Toole	6
J. Frank, b Crean,	81
W. Milsom, c Gateley b Hayes	4
C. Aydon, b Quinn	81
Rev. H. Drew, st Hind, b Hayes	39
H. Nottage, c Gateley, b Crean	1
J. Boyes, b Crean	7
Dr. Blair, not out	4
W. Boyes, b Hayes	0
Extras	15
Total	278

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c Aydon b Frank	6
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Frank	5
A. J. Gateley, b Aydon	10
G. J. Crean, c Nottage, b Aydon	3
Rev. R. L. Buggins, lbw, b Toppin	3
Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, b Aydon	2
W. J. Lambert C. Frank, b Nottage	30
W. St. G. Foote c Aydon b Frank	3
F. C. Smith, not out	5
F. Dawson, lbw, b Drew	0
F. Quinn, J. Pike — did not bat	
Extras	9
Total	76

May 30. Wet weather set in. Dom Bede Camm is at present staying with us.

June 6. Feast of Corpus Christi. Fr. Abbot pontificated in the morning. The return match against Helmsley was played here. It resulted in a draw in our favour. The feature was a brilliant innings by G. J. Crean who missed his 50 by two runs only. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, b Toppin	33
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c Aydon, b Frank	2
A. J. Gateley, b Aydon	2
G. J. Crean, b Aydon	48
Rev. P. L. Buggins, c and b Frank	6
W. J. Lambert, run out	15
Rev. P. H. Dawes, lbw, b Aconley	6

W. St. Geo. Foote, c Boyes, b Frank 0
F. C. Smith, b Frank 1
F. Dawson, not out... 23
F. Quinn, did not bat.
Extras 31
Total (for 9 wkts.) 167

Innings declared closed.

HELMSLEY.

S. Trenam, b Foote 21
W. Milsom, run out 2
H. Marwood, c Lambert, b Hayes 0
H. Toppin, b Hayes... 9
J. Frank, c Smith, b Foote 9
Rev. H. Drew, run out 7
C. Aydon, not out 21
J. Boyes, not out 1
B. Aconley, Dr. Blair, W. Pickering } Did not bat.
Extras 9
Total 79

June 8. The second eleven played Ampleforth Village, and beat them easily. The scores were:—2nd XI, 93 for five wickets (innings declared); Village, 68.

June 9. *Sunday*. The following boys made their first Holy Communions to-day:—A. Hines, H. Dees, W. Hedley, W. Sharp, C. Anderton, P. P. Perry, and A. Smith.

June 10. Fr. P. Wilson came upon a visit.

June 12. The first eleven went to York to play a match against St. Peter's. The second eleven played St. Perer's 2nd here. Both games resulted in a signal victory for us.

AMPLEFORTH 1ST XI.

E. Pilkington, b Yeld 5
A. J. Gateley, c Harrison, b Yeld 54
C. Smith, b Yeld 60
W. Lambert, lbw, b Roy 10
G. J. Crean, c Newton, b Roy 9
J. Pike, c Hatfield, b Roy 32
F. Dawson, not out 13

Fr. Foote, not out 10
F. Quinn, O. Wiliams, J. Kevill } did not bat
Extras... 13
Total 206

Innings declared closed.

ST. PETERS.

T. Roy, b Foote 1
H. Crothwaite, c and b Crean 1
G. Fisher, c Pike, b. Crean 9
E. Yeld, b Crean 0
G. Newton, b Crean 0
A. Sale. b Foote 3
S. Harrison, b Foote 0
T. Pulleyn, c Lambert b Crean 7
R. Winning, b Foote... 0
A. Farrow, b Foote... 7
C. Hatfied, not out 1
Extras 9
Total 39

A Gateley and C. Smith each played a very fine innings.
2nd XI scores: Ampleforth, 104. St. Peters, 48.

June 13. We played Pocklington Grammar School to day, the fixture being a new one. They were quite a match for us. Score:

POCKLINGTON.

F. W. Mitchell, lbw b Foote 0
H. Gathorne, b Foote 15
G. Eddie, b Foote 9
E. D. Gilbert, not out 51
G. B. Wood, b Foote 12
C. Skene, not out 37
W. Randell, A. Smith, C. Gathorne, M. Sherwood, B. Whiting } Did not bat
Extras 20
Innings declared closed, Total (for 4 wkts) 144

AMPLEFORTH.

E. Pilkington, b Whiting	5
A. J. Gateley, c Gathorne b Sherwood	5
C. Smith, b Whiting	2
W. Lambert, lbw, b Sherwood	0
G. J. Crean, not out	5
J. Pike, not out	2
F. Dawson, H. Foote, F. Quinn, O. Williams, J. Nevill, } Did not bat.	
Extras	4
Total	23

June 15. The 1st form played some village juveniles and were beaten by 3 runs, the scores being—Form I. 39, village 42.

June 18. Match against Mr. Swarbreck's XI. Another victory for us. Score :

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c Bolton, b Macaulay	5
Rev. P. L. Buggins, c Horner, b Macaulay	7
A. J. Gateley, c B. Swarbreck, b J. Swarbreck	53
G. J. Crean, run out	0
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Macaulay	4
W. Lambert, b B. Swarbreck	37
Rev. V. H. Dawes, b B. Swarbreck	0
F. Dawson, lbw b Tose	3
J. Pike, lbw, b Tose	2
W. St. G. Foote, not out	31
F. Quinn, c J. Swarbreck, b Hansell	0
Extras	8
Total	150

MR. SWARBRECK'S XI.

J. Swarbreck, c Lambert b Crean	28
W. Macaulay, st Hind, b Hayes	5
J. Lee, c Danes, b Hayes	0
W. Tose, c Lambert, b Crean	52
B. Swarbreck, b Crean	0
R. Bolton, c Lambert, b Crean	7
W Horner, c Dawson, b Crean	0
F. L. Hansell, b Crean	0
C. Macaulay, b Foote	2
F. R. Hansell, not out	9
W. Swarbreck, b Foote	4
Extras	4
Total	111

June 29. SS. Peter and Paul. Pontifical High Mass. Fr. Abbot for the first time used the beautiful new throne presented by the Ampleforth Society. The magnificent set of Vestments, the gift of Mr. Perry, were much admired.

A match was played against Kirby. Score :

AMPLEFORTH.

Rev. G. E. Hind, lbw, b King	32
Rev. W. B. Hayes, run out	1
A. Gateley, c Spink, b Aydon	1
G. J. Crean, b King	13
Rev. P. L. Buggins, b Anderson	11
W. Lambert, b Anderson	0
F. Smith, b Anderson	3
F. Dawson, b Anderson	9
W. Foote, b Anderson	3
J. C. Pike, b Aydon	0
F. Quinn, not out	0
Extras	16
Total	89

KIRBY.

W. Coverdale, b Foote	0
T. Coverdale, c Hind, b Hayes	2
J, Frank, run out	30
F. King, lbw, b Hayes	4
W: Frank, c. Gateley, b Hind	5
C. Aydon, b. Crean	8
Jos. Atkinson, c Gateley, b Foote	20
M. Atkinson, b Hayes	13
H. King, not out	4
J. Anderson, b Hayes	5
T. Spink, b Hayes	0
Extras	7
Total	99

June 30. The first trial for entrance as members of the swimming Club, about to be formed under the presidency of Fr. Abbot, was held to-day. So far the successful candidates were J. Smith, S Punch and H. Barnett. The chief condition for membership is the swimming of 12 lengths in 10 minutes.

July 2. The month day was kept to-day in spite of the wet weather. The choir went to Fosse.

Return match away against Pocklington was played. A severe defeat. Score :

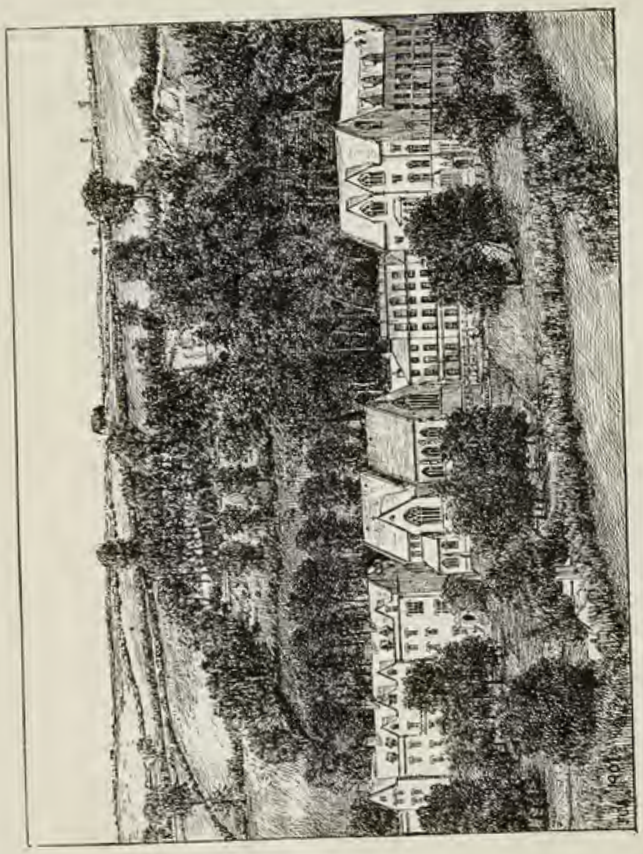
AMPLEFORTH.

G. J. Crean, b Whiting	11
A, J. Gateley, b Whiting	0
C. Smith, b Gilbert	0
W. Lambert, lbw, b Gilbert	0
F. Dawson, b Gilbert	12
J. Pike, not out	40
W. Foote, c Mitchell, b Gilbert	1
H. Byrne, run out	0
F. Quinn, c Randell b Sherwood	4
R. Mawson, run out	34
O. Williams, b Gilbert	3
Extras	10
Total	115

POCKLINGTON.

F. Mitchell, b Crean	0
H. Gathorne, run out	6
J. Wood, b Crean,	2
E. D. Gilbert, hit wkt, b Mawson	81
C. Skene, b Mawson	34
G. Eddie, not out	28
W. Randell, not out	7
L. Smith, M. Sherwood, C. Gathorme, J. Whiting — Did not bat	
Extras	16
Total	175

H. K. BYRNE
O. M. WILLIAMS.



Notes.

We have a strong desire to shake hands with Mr. Dooley, the Chicago Philosopher. As an editor in difficulties, we are glad to find someone in complete sympathy with us. He understands our position and knows how to make allowance for our shortcomings in these notes. Here are his own words. "They aint anny news in bein' good. Ye might write the doin's of all th' convents in th' world on the back iv a postage stamp."

The summary of the Ampleforth news this term can be expressed in two words, "All's well." "They ain't anny news in bein' good." Our record is a good school, good health, good weather, good success—a more than reasonable amount of good in everything and everybody; and in consequence a lamentable dearth of news.

We are bound, however, to make an exception in favour of one thing, and that is, the hay-crop. This is distinctly bad enough to be classed under the heading of 'news.' Happily Mr. Perry has laid down a good few 'bottles' of it in former years and can produce on occasion, some 'fine old crusted' specimens of the first Jubilee year, 1887; "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow."

We are glad to welcome Mr. Gainsford amongst our contributors. The breezy story of his yachting cruise will interest our readers. We should have liked to illustrate the article better, but there were difficulties in the way. We have several times met with Mr. Gainsford's signature to letters in the papers and we notice a recent contribution of his to the "Historical Papers" of the Catholic Truth Society. His thesis in this paper is "Convocation never a Canonical Synod" and his argument is not only convincing but unanswerable. It has always been difficult for Catholics to take the "Comedy of Convocation" seriously.

A correspondent has sent us an interesting note on a MS. Life of St. Cuthbert in the University Library of Cambridge. The MS. is said to be of a date not later than 1620 and consists of about

600 pages. It is imperfect and was formerly of larger dimensions. "It contains" writes our informant, "a treatise on the worship of Saints, on Canonization, a Kalendar, and the largest collection, I have heard of, of Lives of the English Saints, in alphabetical order as far as the letter S. It has three if not four handwritings."

We understand that Fr. Nolan of Cambridge is of opinion that the writer of the first part of the MS.—the author of the Preface and of the Lives from A to L, and therefore of St. Cuthbert's Life—was Nicholas Roscarrock and that he wrote it at Naworth while living with Sir W. Howard. The second handwriting—that of the annotator—he believes to be "Hungate, an O. S. B." There were two Hungates, both Benedictines, living at that time, and either might have been the annotator, but the date of the MS. seems to suggest Fr. Augustine Hungate, professed at Montserrat, Procurator in Curia Romana in 1625, Provincial of York in 1633, President in 1661, and who died in 1672. His brother Gregory was only professed in 1610.

The life of St. Cuthbert begins with the following statement. "I finde the life of St. Cuthbert verie lardgelie written in an olde Englishe uncurious Ryme which is digested into three Bookes. The first wherof is taken out of the Irish and Scottishe Chronicles (believe it, saith myn author, as you list.) And I founde also by the author that he toke his information of sundrie Bishops, viz. Eugenius Bish: Matthew Archb: St. Malachias and others. The second is taken wholie out of the life written at lardge by St. Bede at the instance of St. Egfred, Bish: of Holie Island, where hee maketh mention of fortie sixe chapters in his preface; which storie Surius hathe although not altogether parfitt. The third and last boke is taken out of the 4th boke of St. Bede's Ecclesiast histor: lib 4. cap. 27, 28, and 29. And out of Symon Dunelmensis, and of others of good creditt; out of all which—Malmsbury, Capgrave, a manuscript of Durham, and others—I have made this collection as lardglie as my intended Brevitie will permitt mee, (having lardeglier written elswhere of him.)"

The interest of this paragraph, as it seems to us, is in the last sentence. The writer of the M.S. had already written a 'lardgelier' life. We do not know Fr. Nolan's reasons for his attribution of the

authorship to Nicholas Roscarrock, but we should have liked to believe that this sentence points to Edward Maihew as the writer. He wrote and printed a Life of St. Cuthbert in his 'Trophæa,' published in 1625 but written some years before. If, however, as Fr. Nolan surmises, the MS. was written between 1606 (the latest date mentioned in the first portion of the lives, from A to L) and 1616 (the latest date mentioned by the writer of Lives from L to S) this is out of the question.

On page ten of the M.S. the annotator (Fr. Hungate?) shows his Benedictine sympathies. St. Aidan is mentioned as Bishop and "alsoe abbot of Meilross of the order of St. Basil, says Maior lib. 2. cap. 12." the annotator interjects "or as others say of St. Bennet.' Again, where the writer says that "all his house (Lindisfarne) imitated him (St. Cuthbert)," he adds "having brought them to regular discipline, such as St. Aidan following St. Austen had wrought."

But the valuable portion of the MS. to us in these days is the narrative of the opening of the tomb in 1537, and the tradition of the removal of the incorrupt body to a hiding place. On page 31 the author says; "his bodie was 840 yeres after his death in this our time to witt, in the year 1537, found whole, sound and uncorrupted, without any defect; saving that the Tipp of his nose was a tittle impared, and one of his thighes was a little blemished; which hapned by reason that one of the workmen, when the marble was removed that lay on him, did pierce it through the coffin with a Pickaxe; yea, his verie garmentes remained fayre, which being tolde to Cuthbert Tunstall, then Bish: (the onlie Cuthbert, next St. Cuthbert of that name in that see) hee caused the bodie to be ready coffined and placed where it was first; at which time there was a Chalice of golde founde fallen from his breast towardes his armpitt, a verge or wand of gold, which made the 12 Carrons, 12 Rings; a gold Ring with a blue towp or saphere on his finger, which I myself *have seene* and handled, being in the custodie of my dere friend, Mr. Robert Hayre, in the yere 1606. . . . The names of such as were of most note, at the last taking of him upp, were D. Whitehere then President; D. Spark; Dr. Todd; and William Willar, whoe had the shrine in keeping." R. Hare (says

Fr. Nolan) was a well-known Cambridgeman, who was apparently suffered to practise the Catholic religion in consequence of his numerous benefactions to the University.

Continuing, on page 44 the writer states: "I have been informed that the bodie of St. Cuthbert was conveyed by four Catholicks into a secret place, none knowing where, but the four who promised to conceale it during there lives; and the survyver to discover it in such sort as the first foure had don, by meanes whereof som think that it is still knowne where it is reserved."

This is splendid evidence of the authority and truth of our Benedictine tradition. It carries it back to almost within a lifetime of the opening of St. Cuthbert's tomb in the days of Henry VIII. A good deal less interesting, but we think, nevertheless a further confirmation of the tradition is a phrase in Fr. Edw. Maihew's Life of St. Cuthbert in the *Trophæa* where he speaks of the body as 'olim in the Cathedral shrine at Durham. But we are quite aware that the force of the word 'olim' in the phrase "ubi, ut diximus, olim requievit" is disputable.

Fr. Abbot's feast was kept on June 12th, and was celebrated by an excursion to Sleightholmedale—spelling guaranteed, but may be returned if on trial it is not found satisfactory. 'Variegated scenery' is the report of the neighbourhood that has reached us,—as Aaron Hill would put it "an assemblage of all nature's beauties—hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, waterfalls, all wildly noble and irregularly amiable." The weather also was 'irregularly amiable' and an episode of a duckling and a cyclist introduced a mildly tragic element.—

O dainty duck! O dear!
Approach ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come;
Cut thread and thrum
Quail, crush, conclude and quell!

The particular Fate on this occasion weighed some fourteen stone and 'Quail, crush, conclude and quell' is a mild statement of the result of his 'approach.' The refusal of the Yorkshirewoman of compensation may also be described as 'wildly noble and irregularly amiable.'

Fr. Burge has lectured recently at Stonyhurst and at Ushaw on Plain Chant. An Ushaw correspondent has sent us the following appreciative account of these lectures:—

"The interest in Plain Chant which, from various indications in the pages of the Ushaw Magazine, our reader may have noticed to have been steadily growing at Ushaw, has received an additional impetus from two lectures which were delivered there, last month, by Father Burge.

The lectures may be best described as discussions of the merits (1) of the present style of execution, (2) of the present editions of the Chant. Beginning in each case with the neumatic manuscripts, Father Burge traced both execution and text to the present day, pointing out how each new error originated, as the tradition of pure chant grew weaker, and branched off to form its own particular school. Finally the lectures resolved themselves into a dispassionate discussion of the present Solesmes and Ratisbon systems—a discussion decided with scarcely room for doubt by the many admirable illustrations selected by the lecturer.

It need hardly be said that both lectures were received with profound attention by a highly interested audience, which heartily re-echoed the words in which the President—the venerable Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle—thanked the lecturer at the end of his second lecture. "May Ushaw's best efforts be devoted to singing such music, as we have heard it sung to night."

We are glad to announce the publication of Fr. Burge's admirably printed Mass, "In Dominicis," from the Roman Gradual. We are able also to say that we have heard part of it rendered by a country choir and that both choir and people found themselves able to appreciate it. At Cressington the members of the choir are, we have been told, quite enthusiasts about Plain Chant,—as Fr. Burge has taught them to render it. In preference, however, to offering a critique of our own, we copy the following from the *Catholic Times*:—

"We are very pleased to welcome this attempt to place the beautiful Gregorian Mass "In Dominicis" within the reach of ordinary choirs. The material and get-up leave nothing to be desired; the type is neat and clear, and the paper strong. The editor has adopted a much more flowing and agreeable style of

accompaniment than that of most printed accompaniments, which are often scrupulously strict, and in consequence sound needlessly harsh and crude. The accompaniments of this Mass are quite an innovation, as far as we have experience, and while much easier to execute they soften down certain trying progressions without degenerating into the sensuous or chromatic. Another welcome improvement to our mind is the adoption of crotchets and quavers in the notation instead of the heavy minims and semibreves; the very look of the page almost forbids the adoption of the hammered out drawling style which is usually associated with the singing of the Gregorian. Whether the editor has been able to represent the *free rhythm* of the chant by the grouping of notes, we are hardly in a position to say. Unless a choir master heard the Gregorian rendered by a trained choir, we fancy it will be rather hard for him to gain an idea of the rhythmic flow, the rise and fall of the melody, which the Plain Chant requires in order to render it charming both to singers and hearers. We shall be delighted to hear that Father Burge's attempts in this direction have been crowned with success. A wider adoption of the Gregorian would give the greatest satisfaction to the authorities of the Church who, in season and out of season, have been urging its adoption on the rectors of churches. We may add that the Mass and the Benediction service make a very cheap shillingsworth."

Here is a note about the 'plain-song cuckoo' for our young naturalists. It is generally considered that this rather objectionable parent leaves its youngsters to be brought up on the parish. This, the editor is compelled to confess, is a lamentable fact. But it is generally considered also that the cuckoo refuses to be answerable for the education of its offspring. This the editor has seen reason to doubt. Somewhere in the early portion of the leafy month of June, we saw with our own eyes an adult cuckoo with two youngsters under its tuition. We were able to follow the birds, at a distance, for most of half-an-hour, and can testify that the young ones were being personally conducted and trained by the old bird. Has this ever been noticed before? Of course it is impossible to say that the young cuckoos were the offspring of their tutor. Such a circumstance however, is quite probable. The old bird, or birds, may go back on their tracks and pick up their chicks, when they

can find them, to give the proper cuckoo-finish to their education; or, perhaps, some of the old birds are prepared to give continuation lectures to a limited number of pupils. Whatever be the meaning of it we think the fact which we observed an interesting one.

The large room with a bay window, beyond the calefactory, has been converted into the Abbot's room, to be used as Council chamber and Chapter room. It has been coloured, and newly furnished, and hung with the portraits of the Priors. A number of new Arundels have been added to the pictures on the walls of the Cloisters.

Another picture of St. Jerome—this also attributed to Spagnoletto—has been added to our collection of Old Masters by gift from that old friend of Ampleforth, Mr. Jerome Lambert. In colouring it is not unlike the 'big St. Jerome' which now hangs in the Calefactory. Our best thanks.

We have also to announce the completion and erection of the Abbatial throne in the Sanctuary of the Church. Mr. Bernard Smith superintended its erection. We have not yet had the pleasure of seeing it, but our correspondents are loud in its praise, and we promise a description and drawing of it in our next number. At the same time, we record the arrival of the Abbot's Crozier,—the handsome gift of M. Pécoul. This also we have not yet seen, and hope to describe later. Mrs. Taylor has presented the Sanctuary with a costly Paschal Candlestick, and Mr. Perry has given some handsome new vestments. Lord Stourton has enriched our Library with two finely bound and magnificently printed volumes of records of the Stourton Family.

We were about to write that we had no news from South Africa but just at the last moment we have received word of the death of Mr. Richard Smith, who has left us so recently, and of Fr. Francis Pentony, who died at Grahamstown on July 6th. We have as yet received no particulars, and therefore reserve the memoir of Fr. Francis for our next number. We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of their souls. R.I.P.

From the Halifax, Nova Scotia, papers of January 3rd we learn the death of Dr. Edward Farrell. The *Halifax Herald* says;—

"Dr. Edward Farrell died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock after a fight for life extending over many weeks. Pneumonia, followed by typhoid fever, sapped a constitution weakened perhaps by a life of unceasing activity spent in the service of his fellow men. His death will be a loss to the city, to his native province and the Dominion at large. Dr. Farrell was a native of Dartmouth and was in his 58th year. He was professor of surgery in the Halifax school of medicine, and filled the position of president of the Nova Scotia Medical society. His father was Dominic Farrell, junior, who settled in this province in 1839, and he was grandson of Dominick Farrell, of Waterford, Ireland. The latter was an officer in the Irish brigade of France, and other members of the family held commissions in the British army. One of the same family filled the position of judge in Ceylon. The mother of Dr. Farrell, before her marriage, was Miss Mary Gorman, a native of Dublin, Ireland.

" Archbishop O'Brien was pained to learn of the death of Dr. Farrell, for whom he had the deepest respect. He was a man of exceptional qualities, and if the death had occurred sooner he would out of respect for the deceased have cancelled the new year's reception.

" His Lordship sang the Requiem Mass and performed the funeral service." Our warm sympathies to the bereaved family, especially to our old friends Dr. Louis Farrell, Lieutenant Gerald Farrell, and Robert Farrell. R.I.P.

We close our Notes with the offer of congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Tucker.—

" On the 17th inst., at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Hull, by the Very Rev. Provost Dawson, V.G., assisted by the Revv. E. W. Dawson, F. J. Hall, P. Coppin, and F. Rymer, D.D., Pierce Joseph Tucker, eldest son of the late Samuel Ward Tucker, of Worton Court, Isleworth, Middlesex, to Hilda Mary, only child of Richard Henry Dawson, of Hull, and Fairlawn, Molescroft, Beverley.

We understand that Fr. Edmund and W. Byrne are awaiting their viva voce examination at Oxford. Our prayers are with them that they may have a successful termination to their 'Greats' course. The following extract from the University Gazette will be of interest to our readers. It is the report of the Board of Faculty of Arts on the essay which Fr. Rickaby, S.J., in the character of a research student, has presented for the Degree of Bachelor of Science. The remark that the criticism is 'sometimes rather external and unsympathetic' is characteristic of Oxford. One must suppose it means that Fr. Rickaby has not adopted the view that all differences are capable of reconciliation, that they are resolvable into a higher unity, that Being and not-Being are merely two aspects of ultimate reality. Perhaps this is where his merit lies in our eyes :

" Mr. Rickaby's Dissertation is on 'The Origin and Extent of Civil Authority,' and is, as might be expected, a mature performance. It shows unusually wide reading, and discusses the main points with much judgment and good sense, which is lightened by an occasional touch of humour. It puts the points of its argument in an effective way, sometimes with considerable felicity of illustration. Its criticism of the main writers on the subject is acute and forcible, though sometimes rather external and unsympathetic. We think it has attained a high standard of merit, and establishes a claim to the Degree of Bachelor of Science.

" EDWARD CAIRD }
" J. A. STEWART } Examiners."

" June 6, 1901."

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review* the *Douai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Révue Bénédictine*, the *Abbey Student* the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustines*,' Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Oscotian*.

PRINTED AT ST. WILLIAM'S PRESS, MARKET WEIGHTON.

THE
AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. VII. DECEMBER, 1901. PART II.

Monkwearmouth.

WHETHER we are north or south country-men, Saxon or Celt, English or Norman, we are all interested in Jarrow and Wearmouth. If Canterbury and Holy Island claim to be the primary sources of that great religious campaign which made England Christian, the two monasteries of the Tyne and Wear, so intimately united that they were looked upon as one, are certainly the cradle of English literature and English art.

One day last September I made a kind of pilgrimage to Wearmouth. It was really undertaken for the purpose of clearing up a geographical or topographical confusion, which I found shared by other people. It may not seem a difficult thing to learn from the ordnance map and a gazetteer, where Jarrow is and where Wearmouth is—and how each is related to the Tyne and the Wear. But modern books and maps make very little of the two venerable names. The very points one wants to know are passed over in silence, in favour of full information about the chemical works of the Tyne and the ship-building of the Wear. It is curious—but I firmly believe it is true—that half of those who have written about the double monastery have laboured under a confused idea of the site of the two component houses. The confusion, in my opinion, may be in part traced to William of Malmesbury—a well-known monastic chronicler who

was a monk of St. Alban's in the twelfth century. This writer puts down Jarrow on one bank of the Wear, and Wearmouth on the other, the river separating them. As Jarrow happens to be on the Tyne, this mistake led to much trouble, not only then but since.

Starting from the Central Station at Newcastle you reach Monkwearmouth in about twenty minutes or half-an hour. You find when you land at the station that you are quite close to a broad and busy river, running between high banks eastwards to the North Sea. This is the Wear. You find that Monkwearmouth is on the north bank of that river, and that, on the south, connected by a fine single-span iron bridge, there is another town much larger than Monkwearmouth—the great industrial town of Sunderland. The two towns are as much one as Westminster and Lambeth. There was naturally no sign of Jarrow.

The first thing was to ascertain the whereabouts of St. Peter's Church—that is, of St. Bennet Biscop's monastery. After some wandering, I found a fine church—evidently not an old church, but large and handsome. This proved to be the present Catholic Church of Monkwearmouth, dedicated to St. Bennet, and now administered by the Redemptorist Fathers; the foundations of their projected presbytery or monastery were all open and ready. Surtees, in his "Durham," mentions that at the time he wrote (about 1820) there was a small Roman Catholic congregation at Wearmouth, who called their chapel "Ecclesia S. Petri ad ostium Vedræ." I do not know where the chapel stood —probably in the Pinfold Street, close to the present Catholic Church—but it is evident the dedication has been changed. St. Peter was the titular of St. Bennet Biscop's own church, but there is some justification, it cannot be denied, for dedicating its modern Catholic successor to St. Bennet himself.

Continuing my pilgrimage, I soon came upon the old parish church of which I was in search. I found the older

part of Monkwearmouth to consist chiefly of two long streets running from east to west, that is, parallel with the Wear. At a sort of knot in the middle of the most northerly street I found the old church, ringed round by old houses and lanes, but with a wide clear space on

the north. There is not much of interest in it—except, perhaps, the stone effigy of a Benedictine monk in his habit, which was dug up in the precincts and has been placed in one of the aisles. But there are parts of it, such as the tower, which seem very early Norman. It is impossible that any part of it, except possibly the foundations of the tower, can go back to St. Bennet's time. But there

can be no doubt as to the site. Here, on these lines, was the monastic church of St. Bennet Biscop, of Abbot Easterwin, of Abbot Ceolfrid, and of Ven. Bede. I have no doubt that the monastic buildings formed a quadrangle on the south side of the church—between the church and the river: refectory, chapter-house, &c., on the ground floor, with an entrance leading down to the great highway, the river; dormitories overhead. When Abbot Ceolfrid, in Ven. Bede's youth, started for Rome in 716, there are stated to have been 600 monks in St. Peter's. There are no visible remains of the monastic buildings. The history of the venerable House forbids us to expect any. It was founded by St. Bennet Biscop on a grant of seventy "hides" of land from King Egfrith, in 674. It flourished under St. Bennet, Abbot Easterwin, Abbot Ceolfrid, and their successors for about 200 years. It was then destroyed, about King Alfred's time, by the Danes. After that it may have remained more or less a ruin; but two hundred years later, again, in 1075, it was destroyed by Malcolm of Scotland, at the time that he caught Edgar Atheling and his sister in the port or harbour (or perhaps in the monastery itself). A year or two later it was rebuilt by Bishop Aldwin of Winchcombe—and we read in the chronicles of the roofless crumbling walls, smirched with fire and smoke, of the matted thorns and briars that choked the choir, and of the huts of branches in which the few monks had been living. But the monastery was not destined to revive. As soon as it was restored, Bishop Aldwin seems to have handed it over to the monks of the great Cathedral Priory of Durham (1083). A few monks were kept there—and its superior, who bore the title, strange in monastic nomenclature, of "Master of Wearmouth," seems often to have been some retired dignitary of Durham itself.

Henry VIII (1545) granted "all the House and scite of the late cell of Wearmouth" to Thomas Whitehead—who, by the way, was nearly related to that Hugh Whitehead, Prior of Durham, who surrendered Durham (1540) and was made the first Dean of Durham in 1541. It afterwards passed to the Widdringtons—then to that Colonel George Fenwick of Brinkburn who tramped about Durham and Northumberland as a Parliamentarian during the Commonwealth. A fine hall, or residential mansion, was built on the site of the monastic buildings—partly, indeed, incorporating them—in the reign of James I. The open space, still called the Hall Garth, preserves its memory—but it was burnt down at the end of the eighteenth century (1790); and although there is now a large dwelling-house to the north of the church, it seems to have no connection with the Jacobean hall. The mere statement of these vicissitudes is enough to show why there is now no trace of the monastery where Bennet Biscop died and where Bede lived and taught.

Jarrow is some six or seven miles from Wearmouth. It is on the Tyne. The two rivers, the Tyne and the Wear, flow in an easterly direction across the ancient Northumbria to the North Sea, slightly converging towards each other until their mouths are not far apart. The space enclosed between them, as they near the sea, is even yet very wild and sombre, as if waiting to be devoured by the great industrial works which fringe the two water-ways. Across this flat delta the bells of Jarrow called to Wearmouth, and Wearmouth to Jarrow, from river to river. As is well known, the very church still exists at Jarrow which was there in Ven. Bede's time; and his chair is shown to visitors; but all traces of the monastery have been swallowed up in the vast chemical works whose great chimneys pour out day and night the smoke that the winds from the fells of the Cheviots carry over to where Wearmouth's old church lies forgotten.

It was in this monastery of Wearmouth that the Venerable Bede, the glory of England, was received at the age of seven years. The year of his birth was 673. Bede

lived all his life at Wearmouth or Jarrow. I need not say that his extant writings prove him to have been a man of most exceptional culture, and learned to a degree that can hardly be explained, considering his times. It is to give some kind of explanation of Ven. Bede that I have put down the considerations that follow—considerations that were suggested by the old church at Wearmouth and by the river that he must have known so well.

When Bede, as a child, entered the cloister of Wearmouth, Wearmouth's founder, the great Englishman Benedict Biscop, had just returned to Northumbria from his fifth journey to Rome. The child saw then, for the first time, the man who had made Wearmouth and Jarrow, and who, although he knew it not, was to make *him* what he afterwards became. Benedict had returned with a Brief of Pope Agatho making the monastery exempt, and with numberless MSS. and pictures of the saints. With him he had brought the Abbot John, choir-master of St. Peter's of Rome. Bede, in his infancy, as he began to understand what learning and culture meant, found himself in communication with Rome, and surrounded with an unusually large collection of those monuments that make men free of the wide civilization of all the ages and every country. England at that time was almost bare of books. If we except Canterbury, there was not a library worthy of the name in any cloister or palace of the country.

Benedict Biscop was one of those clear-headed, self-sacrificing, strenuous, and tireless men that England has often produced. He was of noble birth; that is, he was of a race of English chieftains who, with all their limitations, had become, by receiving the Gospel, not merely good fighters, but well-meaning administrators, with a sense of duty, a recognition of moral restraint, and a respect for moral force. No Teutonic stock had accepted Christianity with such enthusiasm as the Anglo-Saxons. It was only some fifty years since Augustine had landed in Kent,

and already the best men and women of the race were thronging into the cloister; not to bury themselves in dreams and idleness, but to pray, to read, to collect books, to build churches, and to civilize a certain circumference around them. Benedict Biscop was a soldier; and he seems to have acquired or possessed land. At the age of twenty-five we find him setting off on a journey to Rome. He was not yet a monk; but from what followed we cannot doubt that his chief purpose was to make inquiries about ecclesiastical life in general and monachism in particular. He set out in company with a man who was to become even more celebrated than himself, the great Wilfrid. But they were not men who were likely to agree very long—and they parted at Lyons, Wilfrid remaining in that city and Benedict going on to Rome. He was the first Englishman that ever went from England to Rome. We have no particulars of his stay in Rome. He returned to England shortly—and for ten years we lose sight of him. Then he travels to Rome a second time—arriving there during the reign of Pope Vitalian. After a stay of only a few months, he returns, but not to England. He stops short at the isle of Lerins, a celebrated centre of monachism, not far from the mouth of the Rhone and the great Metropolitan See of the Gauls, Arles. Here he seems to have put on the monastic habit. But in two years' time we find him once more in Rome. And now he begins to take a prominent part in the story of the English Church. The Sovereign Pontiff was at that very time sending to England, as Archbishop of Canterbury, that holy and learned Greek, Theodore, who was to be the consolidator and the second founder of English Christianity. Benedict, as the conductor of Theodore and the Abbot Adrian, came to Canterbury, and Benedict, for a short time, actually governed St. Peter's Abbey at Canterbury—the great monastery afterwards called St. Augustine's. Then, when Adrian himself had been

appointed Abbot, he went back again to Rome—for the fourth time in his life. We are told that he returned to England after this journey with a great treasure of books, partly purchased and partly the presents of his friends. These were mostly obtained in Rome. Although the city, in the seventh century, was disturbed and despoiled by barbarian enemies, yet still she seems to have been a great storehouse or market of MSS. We read of others besides Benedict—Gaulish prelates for example—at that time carrying away quantities of books from Rome for Gaul.

Benedict was now forty-four years of age. He had accumulated not only books but experience, and had made a large number of useful acquaintances in Rome and in the various Church centres on the road there and back. He returned now to his Northumbrian home, and obtained from his friend King Egfrith a large grant—land equal to seventy hides (each "hide," it is supposed, being reckoned as equivalent to the support of one family)—on the north bank of the Wear, near its mouth. He then began to build his church and monastery. His church he built of stone—certainly the first stone church so far north; even Holy Island and Hexham at this time were probably only of wood. It was in the basilica style, as he had seen churches at Rome. The masons he had brought over from Gaul. The windows of the church, the public rooms, and the cloisters were filled with glass—a thing that had never been seen in England before—(there are glass-works on the Wear to this day). The makers of it he had also brought from Gaul. Sacred vestments and vessels for the altar were in like manner got from the Continent. The church was in use within a year from its foundation. It is certain that it stood on the lines of the existing one.

Three or four years later, Benedict made his fifth journey to Rome. This time he took with him Ceolfrid, his relative. When he returned to Wearmouth, he found in

the cloister a young child between seven and ten, afterwards to be known as the Ven. Bede, who doubtless wondered and admired. For Pope Agatho had made Wearmouth exempt from Episcopal jurisdiction. He had also given him no less a person than the Abbot John, choir-master of St. Peter's, to introduce the Roman ceremonial and chant into Northern England—and also, if we may believe some authorities, to inquire into the orthodoxy of a portion of the Lord's vine-yard which was not only very far from the centre of the faith, but was also the theatre of much military and ecclesiastical confusion. The Roman expert, however, was of the greatest value to the rising monastery. Ecclesiastics flocked in from all parts to hear the lessons which he gave in the cloister; and even after he had left, there were constant inquiries for the writings in which he had happily perpetuated his teachings. We see in his stay at Wearmouth the distinct foundation of a school of Church ritual.

From this fifth journey Benedict had brought back more treasures than ever. The books were "numberless," and not only Church books, but on subjects of every kind—classics, history, science, mathematics, &c. And this time we begin to read of those remarkable works of art which must have made the Wearmouth basilica like a copy of the Lateran itself. We are told that he brought with him what Bede calls—and we must remember Bede was an eye-witness at this time—"picturas imaginum"—paintings of the figures of Our Lady and the Twelve Apostles. With these, we are told, he decorated the middle apse of the church, making a panelling of wood from wall to wall; whilst the north and south walls were also covered with sacred subjects. Four or five years later he made a sixth and last journey to the Limina Apostolorum—and thence once more he returned with most interesting works of art. He adorned the Lady Chapel at Wearmouth with the whole history of Our Lord's life, set round the walls in

pictures; and as for the church at Jarrow, lately founded, he decorated it with the Old and New Testament history in type and anti-type.

It is clear that this extensive scheme of decoration is of the utmost interest in the history of English Art. But it is somewhat difficult to arrive at a precise knowledge of what the pictures were, and how Benedict got them. Some writers speak of mosaics—but it is certain there were no mosaics among them, or Bede would have had the word in his narrative. Were the images round the apse or cella of St. Peter's, Wearmouth, painted on panels in Rome and brought over land and sea to the mouth of the Wear? or did he merely get the sketches in Rome and have them painted by his artists on the spot? What is stated by Bede is, that he brought all his pictures or images from Rome, and put them on the walls of his churches. I am not at all sure that the first consignment at least—Our Lady in the midst of the Apostles—were not panels brought all the way from Rome. Bede says nothing of any artists at Wearmouth, in the sense of pictorial art. But why might not they all have been painted on a kind of parchment? De Rossi says* "From the seventh century onwards there was depicted in Rome on parchment for the purpose of distribution to distant countries, as a model and examplar of sacred iconography, the concord of the Old and New Testaments." Benedict placed this very subject in the church at Jarrow. On the whole, if we take Bede's narrative in its plain sense, bearing in mind that he actually saw the pictures being put up, it seems reasonable to conclude that they were not painted at Wearmouth, or he would certainly have said so.

There is great interest attaching to the subjects of these pictorial representations. For example, that of Our Lady in the midst of the twelve Apostles, which ornamented the apse of St. Peter's, Wearmouth, is almost the first

* Boll. di Archeol. Christiana, 1887, p. 58.

recorded monument in which Our Lady occupies this particular position of honour. It is certain that in Rome itself there is no contemporary existing example. It is always our Blessed Lord who is represented in this prominent and central place. Dr. Zettinger points out that Benedict, in his visits to Rome, must have seen the mosaics of the Oratory of St. Venantius (near the Capitol), which were executed about the year 645. There our Blessed Lady was shown standing between SS. Peter and Paul. in the attitude of prayer. He might have added that this way of representing her was extremely common, even before the seventh century, as we see in the numerous painted glasses found in the catacombs, in which this composition occurs. (See Von Lehner, Die Marienverehrung in der Ersten Jahrhunderten.) The first Roman example of Benedict's pictorial decoration occurs in the ninth century. It is to be seen in St^{a}. Maria di Navicella, or in Domnica, built by Pope Paschal I. (820). Venables, in Smith's Dictionary of Archæology, mentions as the earliest known example of the kind, a mosaic over the apse of the Cathedral of Parenzo in Istria, A.D. 535. In neither of these instances do the Apostles occur. In St^{a}. Maria di Navicella our Lady is surrounded by Saints and Angels. Benedict's work, therefore, either preserves for us a mode of representation already known in Rome, but now not to be traced; or it is a development of the idea of the praying figure between SS. Peter and Paul—and goes to prove, I may remark, what many non-Catholic critics deny, that these "Orantes" really represented the Blessed Virgin. It may be added that probably Benedict visited St. Sabas on the Aventine. Recent excavations have brought to light the frescoes placed in that Church by the Greeks in the seventh century. In the apse there was a large figure or bust of our Lord, under which was a symmetrical series of figures, with one in the midst too much obliterated to let us see what it was.

May Benedict have taken his idea from this? At any rate, the mention of it will help us to imagine what he saw in Rome, and how Rome must have inspired him.

But, after all, Benedict's most striking achievement was his collection of books. We have seen that he returned from Rome more than once loaded with treasures of this kind. Bede's words are "innumerabilem librorum omnis generis copiam apportavit." When we remember the price of MSS. in those days, it is no wonder if Benedict expended well-nigh his whole fortune in collecting and transporting them. We are told that he once sold one MS. to King Alfred—a geographical or cosmographical codex of marvellous execution (mirandi operis), for which the King gave him land of eight families in extent for the monastery at Jarrow, near the river Fresca. (I have not been able to identify this river.) One consideration alone is enough to give us an idea of the extent and variety of Benedict's library at Wearmouth. It enabled Ven. Bede to write his Encyclopædia. To those who do not realise what that means, I would explain that there have been encyclopædias in all ages of the world; not all them, certainly, on the scale of the Encyclopædia Britannica, but real encyclopædias all the same. The most illustrious of encyclopædists was Aristotle; I need not say that he has written on almost every conceivable subject. Among other Greek Encyclopædists may be mentioned Stobæus and Suidas. Among Roman writers, Varro's huge collections, referred to by many of the fathers, have in great part perished. Pliny the Elder wrote encyclopædically before that unfortunate day when, in the interests of experimental science, he ventured too near Vesuvius in eruption. Coming to Christian times, we have an encyclopædia from St. Isidore of Seville—born 570. This eminent founder and consolidator of the church, the schools, and the culture of Spain, no doubt wrote his notes and collections on Scripture, on ethics, on history, on grammar, and

etymology primarily for his seminary. It is the book called the "Etymologies" which is his real encyclopædia. It contains treatises on Grammar, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Medicine, Chronology, Linguistic, Meteorology, Natural History, Geography, Art, Agriculture, &c., and forms a manual of education by no means to be despised. Boethius and Cassiodorus have both left enyclopædic writings, on a smaller scale than Isidore, intended without doubt for manuals of instruction. Ven. Bede's encyclopædia is as wide as Isidore's, and much more advanced in many points. It was meant for his schools at Wearmouth and Jarrow. He cannot have had a copy of Isidore, although Isidore died A.D. 636, a few years before Bede was born—about the time Benedict Biscop started on his journeys to Rome. Let me, in order to impress my reader's imagination, enumerate the chief headings of Bede's Encyclopædia; they are Astronomy, Meteorology, Chronology, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Versification, Rhetoric, Natural Science (or "De rerum natura"), and others still. Under Astronomy we have a marvellous set of tables, constituting what is really the materials of an almanack. His meteorological science enables him to measure the day and the year. In chronology he introduced into Britain the system of Dionysus Exiguus, a name that I have not space to enlarge upon here. In music he makes good use of the elaborate speculations of Boethius on sounds and scales. Under "De rerum natura" we have a very full description of the earth and its contents. It may be remarked that he accurately describes the five zones, as we are accustomed to reckon them. The way in which he applies geometry to all the problems of the earth and heavens would astonish any one who read him through. For Bede, practically, never left Northumbria. He never was at Rome—never at Lyons, or Arles, or Tours, or in Ireland, or anywhere where there were teachers and libraries. It follows that it was Benedict's library that made Ven. Bede. And it

will be observed that I have said nothing about the great English History, nor about his huge labours on Holy Scripture. For his history, he had correspondents at Canterbury, in London, and other places. But he had also the work of Gildas, from which he quotes largely. For his Biblical exegesis he had Latin and Greek codices and the writings of all the great Fathers. Indeed his commentaries are, for the larger part, made up of extracts from the Fathers. He quotes Cicero, Virgil, and many other classical writers, freely. Such was Benedict's Wearmouth library. It is no wonder that when he is dying he delivers a charge about his books, displaying as much tenderness and solicitude as a man shows about his children. Bede relates of his last hours that he spoke of that library which he had brought from Rome—that most noble and most abundant library—(nobilissimam copiosissimamque)—that library so necessary for the instruction of the Church; "and commanded that it should be most carefully kept, as he had kept it, and neither be damaged through want of care, nor dispersed."

There is a most interesting history attached to one of Benedict's codices—a MS. which Bede must have handled. Ceolfrid succeeded Benedict as Abbot; and we are told that he so well carried out Benedict's injunctions that he "doubled" (geminavit) the number of books in the two monasteries. After Ceolfrid had ruled for twenty-eight years he resolved to make his second journey to Rome. This was in A.D. 716, when Bede was about fifty. The monastic library, through Ceolfrid's zeal, had now, besides one complete codex of the Bible in the old Latin rendering, the Itala, three of the new—that is, the Vulgate of St. Jerome's translation. Of these Ceolfrid, when he decided to revisit Rome, resolved to take one as an offering to the Sovereign Pontiff—with other gifts. Coelfrid never reached Rome. He died on the way—at Langres, in

France. Some of his party, however, pressed on to Rome, and presented the codex. For many centuries past no one has given a thought to the Bible from Northumberland thus brought to the Papal Library. But all the learned men knew a Codex in the Laurentian Library at Florence, which was called the "Codex Amiatinus." It was known to date from the middle of the seventh century—and it was justly held by experts to be the oldest and most valuable MS. in the world which gives the complete text of the Latin Vulgate, of the Hieronymian translation. Great was the surprise and delight of all English-speaking scholars when, in 1888, the eminent Catholic antiquarian, De Rossi, demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Codex Amiatinus was no other than the very Bible sent from Wearmouth. Every Englishman that passes through Florence should now pay a visit to the Codex Amiatinus—for Benedict Biscop had it written, and Bede himself must have watched it in the writing, and directed the scribe—perhaps written some of it himself.*

✠ J. C. H.

* The writer must acknowledge his obligation to Dr. Zettinger's interesting paper: "Weremuth-Jarrow und Rom. im 7. Jahrhundert" in *Der Katholik* for September, 1901.

Henry Murdac.

Abbot of Fountains and Archbishop of York.

THE trials and hardships the first community at Fountains had to endure are well known to all. That devoted band from St. Mary's, York, thirsting for a higher and more severe life, were led by the aged and saintly Thurstan into the lonely valley of the Skell in the depth of winter. There he left them to begin that life of austerity to which they felt themselves to be called. There was no generous lord to welcome them; no place of shelter from the winter's cold; no possessions save the garments they wore; no food beyond the scanty temporary provision with which the archbishop had provided them.

They chose for their abbot Richard, the quondam Prior of St. Mary's; they established their church and home beneath the shadow of a friendly elm and began their task of labour and prayer. For two years they managed to struggle on, but it was a hard and trying time, until at length they were compelled to ask St. Bernard to give them a home beyond the sea. Arrangements for this were being made, when the aspect of affairs so changed, that the intended emigration was not carried out. Their edifying life of self-sacrifice had at last attracted attention; little by little their poverty was relieved, and this chiefly through the admittance to their community of men of power and wealth.*

Fountains began to take a firm root and even to bear fruit, for in 1137 twelve of the community went to start a new foundation at Newminster.†

* Hugh, Dean of York, retired in his old age to Fountains, taking with him not only money and other personal property, but also a valuable collection of scriptural MSS. Serlo, a canon of York, also retired here with his wealth.

† The abbot of this new community was St. Robert. See his life in Butler on June 7th.

Two years after this, Abbot Richard I. died and was succeeded by another Abbot Richard, formerly the sacristan of St. Mary's. He took the office with reluctance, and time after time endeavoured to be relieved of his burden. His brethren would not accept his resignation, for under his rule the monastery increased in the number both of its possessions and of its members, so that when Henry Murdac succeeded him Fountains was securely established and was entering on a period of prosperity.

Henry Murdac was probably a Yorkshireman by birth, and at the time that he first comes to our notice we find him holding a prominent position in the church of York. He must have been eminent in some way or other to have attracted, as he did, the attention of St. Bernard; for he is first met with as the recipient of a letter* from the Saint, who, with his usual eloquence, was endeavouring to draw him from the world to the cloister of Clairvaux. He addresses him as 'Magister,' and as one who is renowned for his learning, but assures him that he will learn far more by following Christ than by reading of Him. The Saint pleads with deep fervour, dwelling on the charms of monastic 'quies;' "believe me," he wrote, "you will find more in woods than in books: the woods and rocks will teach you what a master cannot."

Such eloquence could not be resisted; at the time, St. Bernard's influence was felt throughout Christendom; all men's eyes were turned upon the great champion of the church, and Murdac obeyed his call. He went to Clairvaux, giving up all that the world offered him, and became the *alter ego* of the Saint. From him he learnt his spirit of indomitable courage, and that fidelity to duty which never allowed him to shrink from it, no matter how great the cost.

* St. Ber., Opp. I. Mabillon's Edit., 1619, col. 110.

The precise date of his departure for Clairvaux is not known, but towards the end of 1135, when the Abbey of Vauclair, in the diocese of Laon, was founded, he was sent there as Abbot with a colony of twelve monks. In the 'Voyage Littéraire' * he is spoken of as one of its most illustrious abbots. Whilst there he was engaged in a sharp controversy † with Luke, the abbot of a neighbouring monastery of Premonstratensians at Cuissi, just about the time that Richard the II., abbot of Fountains, died at Clairvaux when on a visit to St. Bernard (1143).‡

St. Bernard wished Henry to succeed Richard at Fountains, and wrote to Alexander, the Prior there, to the effect that he was sending Murdac there to make the visitation of the monastery, and advised the brethren to be guided by his opinion in the choice of their new Abbot. He bids them to receive him with the love and honour he is worthy of, and to listen to him as they would listen to himself.§ Murdac was not immediately sent to Fountains, being delayed abroad upon some important business which St. Bernard had commissioned him to perform. Evidently this business was the controversy with Abbot

* Tom. II. p. 39.

† "Henricus de Murdach, tunc Abbas Vallis-clarae, ad quem epistola sequens, tum occupatus controversia quæ inter Vallis-clarae et Cuissiaci monasteria fervebat, apud Hermannum monachum Laudunensem in lib. 3. cap. 16. In Henricum concertabat Lucas abbas Cuissiacensis. (St. Bern., Opp. I. col. 299.),

‡ There is a confusion of dates. Mabillon (Ann. Ben., tom. VI., p. 243, ed. 1739) says that Henry was translated to Fountains in 1138. There is a list of the Abbots of Fountains printed in the "Memorials of Fountains" (Surtees Society) and taken from the President Book of the Abbey. The editor notes that in the original MS. two more columns were prepared for the insertion of the year and month in which each abbot entered upon office, and that only opposite the first three names have these dates been affixed. Following Henry Murdac's name is 1143 and Oct. 12th. This date is confirmed by another Chronicle of the Abbey :— "Circa annum domini 1146 Henricus Mordak, qui successit Ricardo secundo, postquam abbatizavit per tres annos, electus est in episcopum Eboracensem.

§ Ibid., col. 299.

Luke; business which the Saint considered Murdac was eminently suited for.*

At the same time that St. Bernard wrote to Fountains he also communicated with the Abbot of Vauclair,† commanding him to accept, should the brethren at Fountains choose him for their Abbot, assuring him that he himself would take care of Vauclair. The Saint's strong recommendation was doubtless the cause of his election, for there

were worthy men at Fountains capable of ruling the house; men who shortly afterwards became the Abbots of Kirkstall and Meaux, and who ruled these monasteries wisely and well.

The historian of Fountains describes the new Abbot as "Homo magnanimus et in causa justitiæ omnino invincibilis, eligens magis pro justitia periclitari quam justitia, eo præsidente, periclitetur." ‡ He had been brought up in

* "Ipse utilior et huic negotio magis idoneus videretur."

† Ibid., col. 300.

‡ Memorials of Fountains, p. 85.

a severe school of discipline: at Fountains his wish was to emulate the discipline of Clairvaux, and he introduced there the full severity of the Cistercian rule, turning the house upside down—"vir sanctus evertit domum."* During his short period of rule temporal prosperity continued to flow, much property came into their hands, and no less than five new foundations were entered upon.

In 1145 a colony of monks was sent to Woburn, where Hugh de Bolebec gave them house and lands. The year following saw a further development. The high position of spiritual influence, which Fountains had attained to, attracted thither Sigward, bishop of Bergen in Norway, who besought the abbot to establish a monastery in his own country. Such an undertaking was not without much risk, but thirteen consented to face the dangers of a missionary life in that almost pagan land; a home was provided for them in the valley of Lysa near Bergen; and they started on their long, perilous journey with Ranulph for their Abbot. In 1147 Alexander, the Prior, led twelve more, among whom was the Chronicler Serlo,† to Bernoldswic in Craven, where Henry de Lacy had provided a home for them. This foundation, however, was anything but satisfactory, and after a period of five years they removed to Kirkstall. Five days after the departure of Alexander another community with its abbot set out for Bytham, where William of Albemarle was ready to welcome them, and before the end of 1150 another band, the last that the mother house ever sent forth, left Fountains to begin the Abbey of Meaux. 'Magnanimus' well describes the man who, with untiring energy, laboured to improve both spiritually and temporally the house he had

* Ibid.

† He is the author of the Chronicle edited by Mr. Walbran for the Surtees Society. Though he was not one of the first community at Fountains, yet in his boyhood he had known them all when they were monks at St. Mary's. In his old age he dictated all he could remember to Hugh, the Abbot of Kirkstall.

been appointed to govern, and "in causa justitiæ omnino invincibilis" depicts him, who so firmly resisted what he conscientiously thought the simoniacal intrusion of St. William into the see of York.

When Henry Murdac became Abbot of Fountains the church of York was in a disturbed state. On the death of the venerable Thurstan, a great contention arose as to who should be his successor. The court favoured William Fitzherbert, King Stephen's nephew, who was actually elected, and consecrated by his uncle Henry of Winchester, the king's brother. But there was a suspicion that undue influence had been used to secure his election, and William had to cope with opposition from all those reformers of the age, whose earnest endeavour it was to put down the evil of simony. The Cistercians as a body were against him, led by St. Bernard and the two Abbots of Fountains, Richard II. and Henry Murdac.

That freedom of election had been hampered by the King and his party may or may not be true, but that St. William was in any way a party to such an act has never been proved. Like many other holy men he suffered for the faults of others, and the imputation to him of such a crime must have caused him the deepest grief. He was a man of meekness, piety, and charity, a great lover of the poor,* and one who, through all his trials, never had a hard word to say against his accusers.

In his life in the Acta Sanctorum there is one paragraph that points to the origin of the objection to his election.† William Albemarle, Count of York, was eager for the treasurer's promotion, whereas Walter de London was opposed to it.‡ When the result of the election was made

* "Nullum thesaurum pretiosiorem existimans quam pecuniam patientibus subvenire." Acta Sanc., June 8.

† Ibid, p. 138, ed. Venetiis, 1742.

‡ In 'Acta Sanct' he is called "Walterus Londiniensis Archidiaconus," but in 'Memorials of Fountains' he is spoken of as Walter de London, Archdeacon of York.

known, the latter set off to the King to protest against it, but was intercepted by the Count of York and detained in the Castle of Bitham. Hence arose the objection that the Count, acting for the King, had prevented the appeal of the Archdeacon. William's bitterest enemy was a certain Osbert, who is described as envious and fond of power.* Knowing that the Cistercians, the sons of St. Bernard, were the leaders in reform, he would naturally look to them for support. Accordingly, after he had journeyed to Rome and put the case before the Holy See, when the time for its hearing came round St. William was opposed by such men as William, Abbot of Rievaulx, Richard II., Abbot of Fountains, Cuthbert, Prior of Guisboro, and Waltheof, the Prior of Kirkham.

It was not long before the influence of St. Bernard was brought to bear on the side of his brother Abbots, and a letter of his to Pope Innocent II.† about this time, in the opinion of Mabillon, undoubtedly refers to the above-named prelates. Still William's cause triumphed for the time being; he was declared innocent at the court of the Papal Legate, Henry of Winchester, was consecrated on October 12th, 1143, but, unfortunately, was not immediately invested with the Pallium.

Hardly six weeks had elapsed before Innocent II. and Abbot Richard II. died, and the latter's place in the contention was filled by Henry Murdac. The announcement of William's consecration and Pope Innocent's death would reach the ears of St. Bernard almost simultaneously. He immediately wrote to the new Pope, Celestine, and to the Cardinals protesting againt the consecration.‡ The contents

* "Sed livor edax et amor dominandi quemdam ejusdem Ecclesiæ Archidiaconum in regionem dissimilitudinis adeo attraxit." Ibid, p. 137.

† St. Bern., Opp. I., col. 319. "Hi quos videtis viri sunt simplices et recti ac timentes Deum."

‡ Ibid, col. 230, 231.

of these two letters are sufficient to show how ill-informed St. Bernard must have been as regards the character of St. William. They, however, did their work, so that St. William's repeated requests for the Pallium were repeatedly met with refusals. He was again summoned to Rome, but apparently did not start, hearing of the death of Pope Celestine; but he was there in 1146 personally asking for the Pallium from Eugenius III. The Pope hesitated, the Cardinals supported his petition, but the voice of St. Bernard was raised, and in two more letters to the Pope all the power of his eloquence was used against St. William, so that in the end the Pope suspended the Archbishop.* The latter left Rome and went to stay with his relative, Roger, King of Sicily.

The news of his suspension soon reached his friends in England. Signalling out Abbot Murdac as the prime mover and cause of it, they perpetrated a criminal and very unwise act. Rushing down upon the Abbey of Fountains sword in hand, they pillaged the kitchens and workshops, and ransacked the treasury, but failing to find him whom they sought, finally departed, setting fire to the monastery. All the while the Abbot was lying prostrate in prayer before the altar, expecting death at every moment, and thus escaped their notice. St. William at the time knew nothing of this outrage, and in after years, when he came in peace to occupy the See of York, his sincere sorrow for what had been done took him immediately to Fountains, to make peace with those to whom he had been the unwilling cause of so much sorrow and ruin.

It did not take long for the news of this affray to get to the ears of St. Bernard, and it would probably be carried to him by those unscrupulous opponents of the Archbishop who hoped it might bring about his deprivation. St. Bernard wrote a thrilling account of it to the Pope, and shortly afterwards a council was held at Rheims, at which Murdac

* Ibid, col. 236, 237.

and the Archdeacons of York were present. The result was that St. William was deposed on the ground that he had been nominated by King Stephen before canonical election.*

William of St. Barbe, bishop of Durham, was ordered to proceed to the election of a successor. He refused to attend the usual place of assembly at York, fearing the ill will of Albemarle, so the electors met in the church of St. Martin, beneath the walls of Richmond Castle. There was much dissension; Robert de Gaunt, the Dean of York, and Hugh de Puisset, the Treasurer, were in favour of Hilary, one of the Pope's Chaplains, and their wish was probably the wish of the Court, for the latter was the King's nephew and the former the Chancellor of the Kingdom. Their chief opponents were the Bishops of Durham and Carlisle, with the Archdeacons of York, who were in favour of Abbot Henry Murdac. The double election was reported to the Pope, who was then in France, whither also the Abbot had gone on a visit to St. Bernard. From Clairvaux he went to the Pope, at Trèves, who put an end to all contention by consecrating him Archbishop and giving him the Pallium.

After his consecration he appears to have still ruled over Fountains. There was no fresh election of Abbot held there—the Chronicle simply states that Murdac made Abbot a certain monk of Rievaulx named Maurice. He only held the office for three months, when he resigned and retired again to Rievaulx. In the case of the next Abbot,

* (a) The deposed Archbishop took refuge with his uncle Henry of Winchester, and there lived a hermit's life until, at the death of Archbishop Henry, he was again called to preside over the church of York. His episcopacy lasted but a few months, for he died on the 8th of June, 1154, many suspecting that he had been poisoned by one of his most vehement opponents.

(b) The sentence pronounced by Alberic of Ostia was :—"Decernimus auctoritate apostolica Willielmum Eboracensem archiepiscopum a Pontificatu deponendum, eo quod Stephanus, Rex Anglie ante canonicam electionem eum nominavit." (Memorials of Fountains, p. 101.)

Thorold, another monk of Rievaulx, there is no mention of any election, but simply "Successit Mauricio abbas Thoraldus." He ruled for two years, and also resigned on account of differences that had arisen between himself and the Archbishop. His successor was Richard, a monk of Clairvaux and an Englishman. Now from the catalogue of Abbots in the 'President Book' of the Abbey it is plain that these last three were merely deputies of the Archbishop; Henry is termed the third Abbot, and after his name is written 'per se;' his name is again repeated without the 'per se' and bracketed with Maurice, Thorold, and Richard, who is called fourth Abbot, Lastly, Richard's name is repeated, followed by 'per se." It appears thus in the catalogue :—

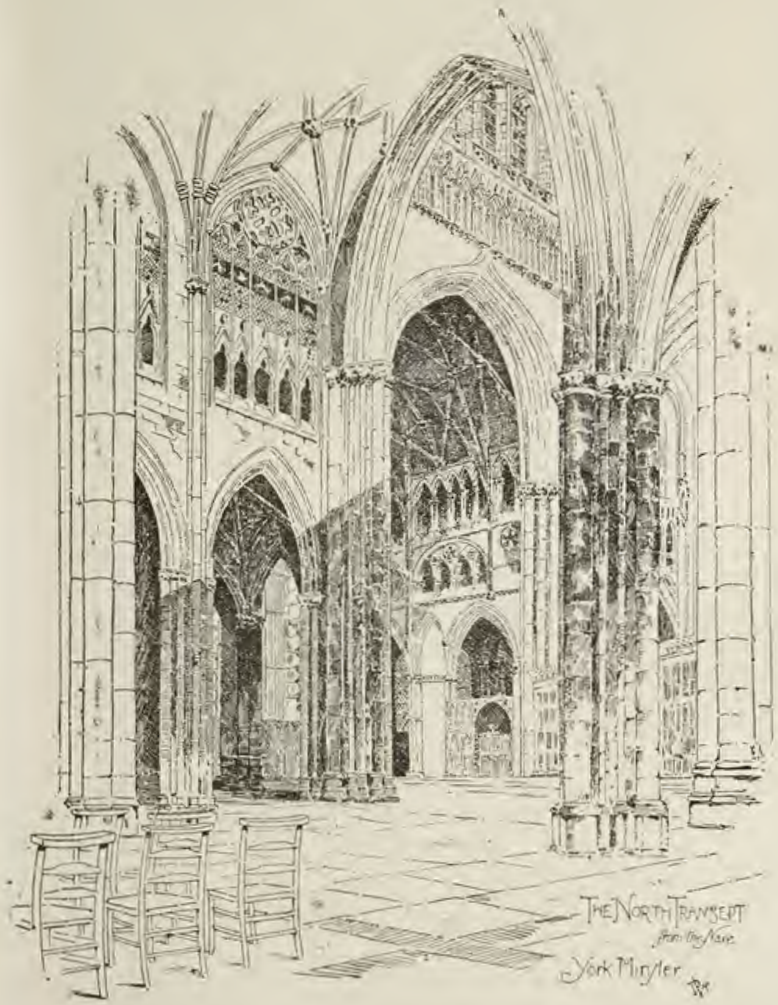
Henricus tercius, per se.
Henricus Archiepiscopus,
Mauricius, Thoraldus,
Richardus quartus Abbas.
Richardus quartus per se.

We must now follow Henry Murdac in his career as Archbishop of the disturbed Church of York. Bearing the Pallium, he returned from France early in the year 1148, and found a state of affairs for which he was not prepared. The King and the Court were his enemies, for they were the friends and relations of the deposed Archbishop, who, by reason of his sufferings and humiliations, had gained universal sympathy. The King would not receive him; the revenues of his Cathedral were confiscated; the citizens of York closed their gates against him. He fell back upon Beverley, which in a short time he was compelled to leave owing to the King having heavily fined the inhabitants for admitting him. At length he found refuge at Ripon, but it was not till the year 1151 that he and the King were reconciled, and he was enthroned at York on the 25th of January.

His troubles did not end here. In 1153, the year of his death, another difficulty arose into which he was forced by his conscientious wish to do his duty regardless of consequences. On the death of William St. Barbe, bishop of Durham, Lawrence the Prior, the Archdeacons, and the rest of the clergy chose Hugh de Puisset to be his successor. The Archbishop objected: he claimed that as Metropolitan he ought to have been consulted before the election was held, and he further objected on the score that the elect was too young and inexperienced. When the two Archdeacons came to him to formally announce the result of the election, they were excommunicated. This gave offence to the citizens of York; they rose against their prelate, and, fearing for his life, he fled from the city, to which he never again returned. The Archdeacons followed him to obtain absolution from the excommunication, and though the King and his son pleaded for them, he would come to no compromise in an affair which he deemed to be his duty; not until they submitted to his authority, and made public satisfaction, did he remove the excommunication.

Lawrence the Prior was, perhaps, as determined as the Archbishop. He was an able and eloquent man, of whom Gaufridus de Coldingham says: "non habens opus ab aliis mendicare consilium in adversis." The Archbishop stood firm, and so did the Prior, who eventually, accompanied by the elect, journeyed to Rome and succeeded in obtaining the consecration of Bishop Hugh. On their return the Prior died, and when Hugh arrived in England he found that the Archbishop had passed away.

He had had a stormy life: the peace of the cloister which had attracted him to Clairvaux was snatched from him by the call to other duties—duties which were required of him by the highest authority on earth. It was for the Church and her welfare that he placed himself in the front rank of those, who fought against that evil so prevalent at the time in which he lived. Unfortunate it was for him, that it fell



to his lot to be in opposition to one, whom the church has since placed upon her altars, but no one can impugn the sincerity and honesty of his purpose. His great fault, perhaps, may have been a somewhat intolerant spirit, as seems to have been the case with regard to the resignation of Abbots, Maurice and Thorold. If he spared not others, he did not spare himself, for he was renowned for the sanctity and austerity of his life. He did not long survive his friend and father St. Bernard, nor his great supporter Pope Eugenius III. The latter died on June the 8th, St. Bernard on August the 20th, and the Archbishop on October the 14th. As the Chronicle tells us: "subsecutus est quos amavit. Dilexerunt se in vita sua in morte quoque non sunt divisi; duces gregis Dominici; ecclesiæ columnæ; luminaria mundi.*"

* Memorials of Fountains, p. 109.

G. E. H.

The Sincerity of Anglicans.

If one may judge by occasional conversations, Catholics in general are little inclined to believe in the good faith of Anglicans. When the subject comes up one generally finds a rooted conviction in many of the company, that in the ranks of the Anglican clergy are many who know full well that they ought to become Catholics, yet for worldly reasons will not. One might of course argue that however much appearances may be against these men, still we have no right to judge them; but my present object is to shew that appearances are overwhelmingly in their favour, that as far as we can see there is very small chance of any of them reaching that stage of conviction which would make it their duty to come over.

And first, we are not in a position easily to enter into their thoughts; the very clearness of our case, and our inexperience of change unfits us. To us the question is very simple. When we are young and have not examined our faith, one fact suffices us; the majority of Christians have always lived in union in one Faith; the minority have split into countless discordant sects teaching contradictory doctrines; we need not ask where lies the truth. Later when we reason on the faith that is in us, we find that there is no logical halting place between Catholic Truth and Agnosticism; arguments against the Church are arguments against all religion; proofs for the existence of God are inseparably linked with proofs of His Church. Premisses which we have always believed are shewn to lead naturally to conclusions which we have always believed; every part of the system is easily

connected with every other; and we feel that if a man will only tell us how much of our system he holds, we are quite ready to shew him that he ought to hold the rest. And we find it hard to believe that any intelligent man looking at the same system can fail to see as we see its logical unity, and the constraining connection of part with part. We do not realize that this constraining power is dependent on our subjective state, that it indeed binds together our existing convictions, but would have no power to lead us on to a new conviction. Few of us have gone through any serious change of convictions on any point, or have examined the process of change; and so we fail to realize that this process is a process of growth, and not of logic. The mind grows from knowledge to knowledge at its own pace; in the light of to-day's convictions it views and reviews facts and theories, digests or rejects new arguments, and to-morrow it finds itself modified by this food and this exercise in the same scarcely appreciable way as the body is changed by its daily food. The argument that on paper faultlessly connects premiss with conclusion produces no effect whatever on the mind that is unprepared to digest it; if you force it on the unwilling stomach you can only expect to produce a violent mental indigestion,—possibly also a lasting distaste for that particular kind of food.

To apply this to the present subject, it is improbable that any large number of the Anglican clergy are taking such mental food and exercise as will lead them on to perceive the need of conversion; and it is folly to expect that they can be suddenly transformed by argument.

It is objected that facts are against this view; that there has been a long train of converts who have followed the light that was given them and been led into the Church; that what they saw others can see; and therefore those who do not follow the light must be wilfully shutting their eyes to it. Fortunately these converts have given us

records of their journey; and these make abundantly clear the points that I am contending for; viz., that to begin with, they were far nearer to Catholic Truth than we can expect an ordinary Protestant to be; that they moved slowly, grew in fact; that arguments which logically ought to have led them on, did not; but rather events and views which logically ought not to, which we should never think of offering to an inquirer. To illustrate this I shall use the stories of Newman and Manning, choosing these both for the eminence of the men and the accessibility of their records. To those familiar with the story of the Apologia, any summary will probably seem so inadequate as to give no real picture of the years of Newman's change; yet if it only suffice to recall the real picture to their minds, it will serve my purpose; it will shew the contrast between the easy logical connection of premiss with conclusion, and the slow growth of the man's mind from belief to belief, from belief in the premiss to belief in the conclusion. In mere logical outline, his progress may be sketched as follows:—

The revealed truth must be learned either from the voice of the living Church of to-day, or from the voice of the primitive Church of Antiquity. And on examination, this second alternative is impossible; for (1) the appeal to Antiquity must in any case be an appeal to Antiquity as interpreted by private judgment; and (2) even the Anglican system cannot claim to be Antiquity pure and simple, but only a development and adaptation of Antiquity; and (3) the voice of Antiquity declares against itself; to the early fathers, communion with the living church of the day was the test of truth. So the living voice of the Church of to-day is the only possible exponent of the revealed truth; and if she has been expounding for two thousand years, it is only to be expected that the truth to-day will be more fully unfolded and developed in detail than in the early ages.

That is the outline of the argument that converted Newman; and I can quite imagine an energetic controversialist pondering and developing the argument, setting it forth irresistibly in a two hour's discourse, and then challenging an adversary; "If you are an honest man, either show where the argument fails, or else acknowledge that your position is impossible and come over to us." And as the months passed by and brought neither answer nor conversion, we should hear the familiar sneer, "This is your good faith, your invincible ignorance; the man has nothing to answer to the argument, yet he has not the honesty to yield to it."

Now the simple fact is that to advance from the first step to the last step of this argument took Newman nine years, from 1836 to 1845; and as we follow the record of his progress it becomes clear how utterly distinct is the process of the mind from the logic of the argument; how, in his own words, "it was not logic that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it." *

(1). The English Church was to be the bulwark of Catholic Truth against Liberalism;† but the attempt to give her a reasonable ground to stand on raised at once the question of the Roman claims. And the position that faced him was this;‡ Rome, with her claim of Universal Communion taught corrupt doctrines and tolerated corrupt practices; England, with her pure doctrine drawn straight from antiquity, was isolated from the rest of Christendom. If Rome would revert to the faith of antiquity, England would

* Apologia p. 285.

† Apologia p. 195. ‡ p. 202.

rejoin her; England would regain the note of Catholic Communion, Rome the note of Apostolic Truth; but in any case truth must be preferred to union;* it was impossible to join Rome with her present corruptions.

(2). As early as 1836 all the difficulties which finally proved fatal had occurred to him; St. Augustine held the Donatists cut off from Christ *because* separate from the body of the Church;† three years later this staggered him when driven home; but in 1836 he was satisfied‡ with suggesting that the Roman Church in competition with the Greek and Anglican Churches could not claim the position of St. Augustine's Catholic Church. And similarly he noticed the probability§ that the Anglican system was Antiquity developed, and could not be found complete in the early centuries; that it was Antiquity combined‖ with private judgment—more Protestant than Catholic; he saw the possibility that the present Roman system is the legitimate development of the Primitive, and therefore identical with it; and he simply passed them by as difficulties. He saw that if these probabilities were facts they reduced the Anglican theory of the Church to a crotchet and a dream; but he had no fear that that Church *was* a dream, and so the difficulties left him undisturbed: "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt," as he says¶ in another context.

And here I must point out the inevitable appearance of shiftiness presented by one in Newman's position. If his theory had been shattered by these difficulties, he would only have formed a new theory; for when a man who has no doubt of his facts attempts to express them in terms of some theory, you may demolish his theory without in any way shaking his facts; as a scientific hypothesis may

* p. 203.
† p. 203.
‡ p. 204.
§ p. 204.
‖ p. 207.
¶ p. 374.

perish, while all the facts it covered are restated in terms of a newer theory. Newman's fact was that in the Anglican Church he was in touch with Catholic Truth; if you had demolished all theories embodying this fact, he would not have wondered: "after all the Church is ever invisible in its day."*

(3). The next step forward was caused by no new argument but simply by the concrete vision of the third difficulty stated above; the Monophysite controversy in the fifth century presented† three parties in the same relative positions as Rome, the Anglican *Via Media*, and the Protestants; and behold! in the midst of antiquity the test of truth was union with Rome. To the same effect‡ tended Wiseman's *Dublin Review* article on the Donatists: "securus judicat orbis terrarum" brought home the fact that for St. Augustine the source of Catholic Truth was the living Church and not antiquity.

(4). The Antiquity theory was destroyed; and a logical machine would have advanced at once to the conclusion of the argument. Newman did not; he was simply in a new position. He could not§ go to Rome, for her corruptions; even supposing the Anglican Church was not the voice of the living Catholic Church speaking Catholic Truth, yet at least she was a channel of grace, she had the note of holiness, a divine life energised in her; and it was still to be proved that she did not speak Catholic Truth. This last point he would test at once‖ by means of the article on the Catholicity of the English Church, and Tract 90. The answer was unmistakeable the English Church by her bishops¶ vigorously refused any Catholic interpretation of her teachings, and in establishing the Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem

* p. 207.
† p. 209.
‡ p. 211.
§ p. 221.
‖ p. 230.
¶ p. 244.

she ostentatiously fraternised with the Prussian Protestants.*

(5). Theoretically doubtless this should have decided Newman, more especially as it was accompanied by the discovery † that in the Arian controvesy, as in the Donatist and Monophysite, Antiquity was against him; but practically it only forced him to the conclusion ‡ that the Anglican Church was either not a normal branch of the true Church, or else in an abnormal state. But at least she had the note of holiness,§ she was a channel of grace, her divine life ‖ was as great a note of the Church as any could be; she was ¶ as Moses in the desert, as Elias communicated from the Temple; as Samaria, a receiver** of uncovenanted mercies, under no command to return within the fold of the covenant,—nay, evidently directed not to return, lest she should sanction the abuses that existed within that fold.

(6). The Anglican Church had sunk by stages from being the one voice of Primitive Christianity to being a Schismatic branch of the Catholic Church, and then to being no Church at all, but only "Samaria;" there could be no more progress on this line; any further advance must be in the way of improving the position of Rome. And so it was; the study of the theory of development of doctrine completed the work, by presenting the "abuses" of Rome as the natural developments of the primitive doctrines, identical with them as the tree is identical with the sapling; the objections to joining Rome disappeared, the Samaria theory was forgotten, and Newman became a Catholic.

In this record we find all the elements that are thought to be grounds of suspicion against the Anglican clergy in general; the firm faith in Catholic truth, a few steps only

* p. 245.
† p. 243.
‡ p. 260.
§ p. 262.
‖ p. 316.
¶ p. 269.
** p. 264.

as logic goes, from our own position; the incredible slowness in advancing those steps; the utter insensibility to argument, amounting in Newman to a feeling of outrage when logic was forced on him; the apparent inconsistency of standing unmoved by the fundamental arguments and yielding to one of no visible cogency. When we find a man in an impossible and illogical position, we use the argument that A, which you hold, inevitably involves B; if you hold A you must also hold B, which is the Catholic position. And perhaps when this has no effect we try him in the opposite direction, saying if you reject B you cannot possibly hold A, you are a mere Agnostic. It may be true that A does logically include B; it may be even true that a man who has advanced to hold A will in time grow to hold B also; and that a man who has begun by rejecting B will grow to reject A also, if he continues to grow in that direction; but the immovable fact at present is that he does hold A and he does not hold B. We have seen photographs of a horse in the act of jumping; its position is an absolutely impossible one—to rest in; but none the less it is in that position at that moment. At any time in in those nine years Newman's position was logically impossible; it was inevitable he should grow out of it if he continued to grow at all; but for the time being his position was just that illogical and transitional one, and not the complete one which we should say "is involved in what you already hold." It is of course easy to label this growth as shiftiness, and the incompleteness of view at each stage as wilful blindness; but I doubt if many will care to do this in Newman's case; and by him others should be judged.

Of much the same character is Manning's story, and I shall therefore give it in less detail. It is true that his biographer accounts for the phenomena of his transition stage by a theory of double dealing, of two voices; but the same was thought of Newman till the Apologia appeared. Manning's account of his own path is given in the Intro-

duction to his Ecclesiastical Sermons (pp. 1-9). It shows that his position before his conversion was absolutely Catholic, more so even than Newman's; he held that the true Church must be infallible and must be one; that its one voice is the voice of the Holy Ghost: and that he was actually in this Church; till the facts before his eyes—the Gorham judgment—made it clear that the English Church was no infallible teacher of Catholic truth. If conversions were to be judged by mere logic, we should ask Why the Gorham judgment? To Catholics it is not the one supreme proof that the Church of England does not teach Catholic doctrine; it is one instance in a multitude, the natural outcome of the general course of the Anglican Church. Why should it carry conviction where so many other instances had failed? To Newman the same fact had been brought home by the outcry against Tract 90, by the Jerusalem Bishopric; events which had not affected Manning. There is no law that the mind shall be ripe to appreciate events when they happen; no law that the logically strongest arguments shall have most influence on the individual mind.

Let us also follow the ripening of Manning's mind, to see the slowness of the growth. He began his Protestant ministry with the conviction that he must have divine certainty for the message he was to preach; it must be safely handed down by a church visibly at one with itself. After "many years" he realized that this could not be left to merely human tradition; for this would be fallible and give no divine certainty that the message had been safely delivered. So the Church as hander on of the message, must be infallible, must be a supernatural body. It is a very small advance, a poor result of many years' thinking, in a man who began with demanding that his gospel should be infallible. Yet he went no further, till Newman's Development of Christian Doctrine called for further inquiry. Then it came home to him that besides a

divine message, and an infallible hander down of that message, he must have an infallible voice to say what is the message that has been handed down; for the voice of a mere man or multitude of men saying "This is the teaching handed down in the Church" would be only a human and therefore fallible voice. So the voice of the Church now speaking must be a supernatural voice,—the voice of the Holy Ghost. For concurrently with this was growing on him the conception of the Church as a person, as a body whose soul is the Holy Spirit; this informing of the body by the Holy Spirit is the cause alike of the unity of that body and of the infallibility of its utterances. This is the conception of the Church which he preached constantly as a Catholic; there could be no higher; yet when he first grasped it "gradually, slowly, and at first dubiously" it did not convert him; it only led him to say that in spite of verbal contradiction, England and Rome must be in substantial agreement; for the mystical body must be one and one only. The *Development* was issued in 1845; six years longer Manning remained in the English Church. He had slowly worked to the position just defined; in a quieter time he might have remained there indefinitely. It needed the Gorham Judgment with its quasi repudiation of Baptism to bring home as a concrete fact that the voice of the English Church was not the voice of the Holy Spirit.

These are the records of palpably honest men laboriously following the light that was given them; yet they present all the features that in other cases are held to prove dishonesty and wilful blindness. It has taken these men so long and so much effort to advance the few steps that separated them from the church; what probability is there, naturally speaking, that anyone in an ordinary life time can advance into the church from a really Protestant position? I say naturally speaking, because I am not prepared to argue the question from a supernatural point of view. If anyone takes the position that these men came

into the Church because they were faithful to their light, that all others who are faithful will also be brought into the Church, that every individual now living in England will either come into the Church or else have to answer for neglecting his grace, he will of course include the Anglican clergy under the same condemnation. I only suggest one consideration. These clergy do a certain amount of work, have some definite effect. Remove them and their parishes would not be what they are. And that work, that effect is on the whole good. The effect of suddenly removing them in a body would be the lowering of the moral and religious efforts of millions in this country. So that they are doing a work which as far as it goes is part of the work of God; and humanly speaking it can be done by them only. Whether you withdraw them altogether, or replace them by Catholics, you leave their flocks unshepherded; a Catholic priest could not obtain a hearing. I only suggest this as a difficulty to be considered by anyone who holds that the Divine Will requires the Anglican clergy to come over in a body to-morrow; I do not profess to discuss the supernatural workings and aims of the Divine Providence. But I feel that on natural grounds and on the general evidence that lies before us, no case can be made out for thinking the Anglican Clergy less honest and truth-seeking, than were Newman and Manning in the long years when they did not come over. We only harm ourselves and harden them by misjudging them. They are engaged in working out an existing system. If their attention is concentrated on its outlines and foundations, it is reasonable to expect some of them to follow Newman and Manning; but if they are only working out its details there is little hope of this, for work at the details of a scheme has a great power of distracting us from the merits and demerits of its outline.

J. B. McL.

Notes of a Rambler.

I.

The Battlefield of Saarbrücken.

I SUPPOSE I should have expected it.

Battlefields are not proverbial for the coolness of their climate. At any rate everything and everywhere about Saarbrücken battlefield was hot.

It was the anniversary of the great fight, and the sun-god had evidently looked it up, for, like the old soldiers down there in St. Johann, he put on the garb of that day in the seventies once again, and stood as he stood then above the plain most merciless.

Mine was the only exception to the nationality of the party which was German to the bone, and as we toiled along the white, dusty, and mostly unsheltered road that led from the town out towards the famous Spicherer Berg, the enthusiasm of my companions waxed warmer and warmer —at that early stage I felt that the battlefield would be hot—and I began to find the following of an harangue in German, to which I was subjected, a somewhat difficult matter. The pace increased in proportion with the enthusiasm, and I presently began to have entirely my own ideas of the English equivalents of certain German polysyllables. Then, I confess, the volume swelled and swamped me, and I gave the struggle up, and contented myself with watching the animation of countenance and gesture, with a show of the liveliest interest, though, upon my word, I could not restrain a broad, and doubtless a very ill-timed, grin.

For all that, I did pull my hypocrisy well up on me at times, and launched forth a shot at random in the mildest and most unintoxicating German at my command, but with a sudden stop, and a stare, and a gesture indicating abnormal interest.

"Und auf diesem Weg marschierten die deutschen Soldaten?"

Great Heavens!—or the German equivalent in the heavy traffic line—hadn't he started with *them* half an hour back, in whole battalions, and weren't they by this time all lying dead or dying under the French shells from yonder heights, and wasn't the battle nearly won and—

"Oh," I jerked, for I'd had my weather-eye open, "here's a Gast-Wirthschaft at last! Wir wollen trinken, nicht?"

And we forthwith did. It was the anniversary of Saarbrücken, you know, and the battlefield was hot.

I paid for my nationality in that Wirthschaft.

I ought not to have done so, of course, for I'd paid for it before. But English generosity, you know, English generosity: we *will* play the fool with it; and I'd hardly had time to say "Prosit," and clink my big handled glass of Munich—(we'd be straight-forward in England and call the thing a jug, but they don't seem to care for the word out there)—when I was roused from a meditation, into which I'd instinctively fallen on the disabilities of residence in England, by an astounding clatter, and lo! a tall tower of glasses seemed to have sprung up in answer to my thoughts, and stood before me on the table.

Then I realized with a sort of shock, that mine was the cellar, so to speak, and that I was the sold!

I suppose the thing had lost its head after coming in contact with a limited thirst: at any rate the lid had remained unshut, and I paid for my nationality—and the glasses.

My ardour had cooled just a little. Not so that of the stalwart German who accompanied me as we started off once more. With a burst of enthusiasm he pointed up to the side of the house we had just left.

In the broad end wall I saw two objects—one close beside an upper window, the other much lower. They looked like immense iron German beer-glasses (if you can imagine such a paradoxical concoction) that had tried to bury themselves head-first in the wall and had got tired of the job half-way.

I conceived a large sense of respect for those two objects, however, when I learnt that they were nothing so welcome to a German as large beer-glasses, but that they were a couple of French cannon-shot that the batteries on the heights across the plain had sent to present their compliments and—was there anyone there who hadn't paid for his beer? Everybody, it seems, *had* paid for his beer, long before then, may-be with his life,—may-be not; at any rate the two shots saw no reason for further worry, so they made themselves comfortable and stopped where they were, and there they've stayed ever since. Yet they didn't look pleasant even after thirty years, and I'm quite of the opinion that if that was the sort of rain that fell on hot days then, it's just as well for my health I wasn't there.

But the soldiers of the Fatherland! It seems impossible! Stand on that white road in dust and perspiration, with the blazing August sun beating down scorching and pitiless, and realise,—realise for it is a fact of history,—that under that sun that glaring road was a mass of shattered humanity,—was streaming with staggering wounded, and that yet not there, not there, did the valiant infantry of the old Emperor stop, but onwards hurrying, onward up the road they swept, soldier on soldier, choked with the dust of thousands of feet, over the heaps of the slain,—onward and right away over that broad plain with no particle of

cover, no patch of shelter, under a hail of lead and iron,—onwards and up those terrible precipitous heights alight with the enemy's guns,—and that there, and there only, did they halt and fall gasping, with their hot faces in the bloody grass, while the Frenchmen fled in panic before those who had dared and done such deeds.

A plain without cover indeed!

A plain with the most precious of all coverings, the dead bodies of those who had given all they had—ay, their very lives—for their beloved land!

As we left the road and got on to the level turf of the valley, my friend,—one of the two Germans who now accompanied me,—shot up an umbrella between him and the sun. His coat had already disappeared with the rest of our party, who had scaled the heights on a previous occasion and preferred to await our return in some cooler spot. I made the remark that the poor fellows, thirty years ago, had had no such shelter in *their* advance across this open plain.

The young German threw down the umbrella.

"No" he cried to his companion "are we Prussians? The soldiers of '70 advanced like this"—

Down on his face, up and a swift dash onward, down again, a second dash, down—he had been a soldier and knew the work, and, as I saw him, it flashed upon me—the terrible situation of those who had advanced as *he* advanced, and straight in front, looking down upon them the line of the French guns. 'How can any have escaped?' I asked myself and my companions. And the answer these Germans gave was "No man knows."

On we passed over the open battle-field, drawing nearer to those hills that rose, wooded and difficult, right across our front.

The plain we were crossing is now used for military practice. What better drill-ground can the soldiers of to-day require? They exercise on soil sanctified with the life-

blood of their fellow countrymen; upon the hills, standing out against the sky, they see their sepulchres.

Surely a precious acquisition—this plain of Saarbrücken,—a nursery of national pride and spirit, a monument of heroism, an example for all time.

I picked up a modern brass military cartridge-case, and I did not throw it away again, for it had lain where heroes had bled and died.

We pushed on once more to the foot of the Spicherer Berg. A rough pathway is worn there now by the feet of the thousands that have since made the ascent, but if I say that even now the climb, for the most part, is performed, as up the rungs of a ladder, by taking advantage of the slightest foothold, and by clinging with torn fingers to grass and shrub and stone, what must it have been when those brave men went up, with their loads upon their backs, their rifles in their hands, a pitiless sheet of lead pouring down upon their heads, no pathway cut, but all obstruction? It seems impossible that it can have been done, and yet it was done. For they were men, with hearts of men and the battle-cry "For God and Fatherland."

I thought, as I struggled upwards, wet with perspiration, and covered with dust from head to heel, and almost vertically above me the ne of the brow of the hill the French had held, I thought then of the vivid painting I had seen in the Hôtel de Ville at Saarbrücken, of that day's fight on this very ascent—every figure a portrait. I remembered the young officer falling as with uplifted sword he cried his men onward. He lies where he fell, and here, where we rested a few moments on a slight level, is his grave.

Here, too, under the same clump of trees, we saw the graves of many another poor fellow who had died upon the slope. It was with strange feelings that we stood beside them and read their names and saw the tribute to their gallant deeds. Each grave had its little group

of country-folk and towns-folk standing round, their faces saddened with the memories here stirred. Among them I noticed one tall dark woman from Lorraine, just over the hill, wearing the peculiar head-dress of her country, and I remembered that her native land had been the prize for fights and feats like this.

Then we went on our way again.

More stiff climbing, more gasping, and grasping, and slipping, up and up, higher and higher, until at last we stood upon tbe top. Here was a change. The steep we had clambered up went sheer down to the plain: here was a surface comparatively flat, and here had the Prussian soldiers halted, dead-beat but victorious; further on, the broken ground and the thickets amid which the enemy had disappeared.

I moved along the very edge of the hill-crest. Far below lay the broad stretch of country, every foot of it open to my view, dotted here and there with the figures of those who, like ourselves, had remembered this great day. Here standing where the French batteries had stood, one could well realise the other side of the battle—the commanding position of the guns, the surprise, soon to change to panic, with which the gunners must have seen those men below press doggedly on in spite of the deadly showers that tore and rent their ranks. And everywhere about us, strong and clean and sad, stood the immortal testimony to that day's valour—the sepulchres of the dead. These were, for the most part, beautifully worked obelisks and monuments, amid laurels and cypresses, and on each were inscribed the long lists of names of men from regiment upon regiment that had added their quota to that roll of glory. Then we crushed down our feelings and got the camera to work to carry away for us some record of the scene. Each monument was photographed in turn.

When I was about to photograph the sepulchres of the men of the 39th and the 40th regiment—the latter's list

of dead being exceptionally heavy—some soldiers of the 17th Regiment of Infantry were passing by and they readily agreed to group themselves about the tombs of those of their own profession they were honouring there.

The only inconvenience that resulted was an intense desire on their part to see themselves in the camera afterwards, but one of their number, a little more enlightened, succeeded in convincing his comrades that they could not be gratified.

In spite of the board with the 'Verbotener Weg' inscription I fear that in my photopraphic ardour I must have trespassed on some worthy German's land, for the resulting picture, in one case at least, has shown me that my camera was most distinctly pitched amid a goodly crop of oats.

We descended from the heights and, taking a by-path across the plain, soon reached the main road. The sun was still blazing above our heads, the dusty road shimmering with the fierce heat, but these must be considered blessings by the sons of the fatherland, for they save their adopting the artificial means I have seen them so often employ for raising a respectable thirst,— a respectable thirst being of the sort that is 'extinguished' by an hotel in Düsseldorf that I know of, which has served out its fifty litres before to-day in seven minutes. Horace has it somewhere that "Siccis omnia dura Deus proposuit," which was hard on the total abstainers. If the converse be true, then the Germans must indeed be what they seem —a happy people.

Close by the trellis-gate of the Garten Wirthschaft I spied a two-horsed waggonette coming down the road full of smart-uniformed cavalry officers.

I whipped out my camera, and only just got my snapshot in time to escape the hoofs of the horses as they came down upon me. The officers gave me a series of most benignant smiles and a military salute, and passed gaily

on. When I developed my negative I found that I had included a cross with a laurel-wreath, that stood over a soldier's grave by the side of the road. There was no escaping from the signs of that awful day.

A little lower down the road we met a stalwart bearded man, slightly grey, in peasant's garb. His coat was covered with war medals. We spoke with him a while and photo'd him, and he said he was proud of it, 'for he had never thought that he would go to England.' Had he been a soldier in the war with the French? Indeed—indeed he had!

We descended the valley, and there visited 'Ehrenthal' —the 'vale of glory,' a secluded cemetery, neatly railed in, and entirely devoted to those who died in the battle or from wounds there received. It was packed with graves—not an inch of ground to spare—and every monument beautifully clean. To-day was the anniversary, as I have said, of the first fight, and the graves and monuments were loaded with gorgeous wreaths of flowers, palms, and laurel, and embroidered silk scarves, from friends and comrades and regiments, mourning, proud, remembering. One woman lies amid them there—the sole representative of her sex—she who with the highest heroism succoured the wounded and the dying, and has herself been laid to rest with those she loved to tend.

Her portrait is to be seen, as is that of many another actor in the tragedy, (some are still living in Saarbrücken and St. Johann) in the large and soul-stirring picture in the Hôtel de Ville, representing the old Emperor William visiting the little town after the battle, and passing among the stretchers on which were lying, bloody and bandaged, his shattered soldiery.

Yes, they have laid her there—in 'Ehrenthal,' in the 'vale of glory.'

One of the last sights, as we left the edge of the actual battle-plain was a sad one too. An old beggar sat by the road, bareheaded under a most broiling sun, and not two feet away from him lay a broad cool shadow, which, as the sun went round, moved along the road before his feet but never reached him. And from the white glare of the road arose the monotone of his mournful cry.

"Thank God, dear friends, for your eyes, and have pity on me." He could not see the shadow: he was blind.

Late that night, in a small town on the borders of Bavaria, we sat in a Garten-Wirtschaft listening to an excellent band and concert, and enjoying our Munich and cigars. Around us at the little tables under the trees sat hundreds of Germans full of their usual good humour: everywhere hung electric lamps, touching the faces and the foliage with light and colour; and, over all, a brilliance of stars and the dark purple of the summer night.

A young boyish-faced Frenchman from historic Metz—not so very far away—joined us where we sat, and between the pieces chatted vivaciously in broken German.

I took up my programme to find the next Männerchor, but the paper proved a blank. I was thinking of Saarbrücken.

EDWARD KEALEY.

Oscott half a Century ago.

WERE I not Diogenes, I would be Alexander; to be an Amplefordian must be the great ambition of all men who are not Oscotians. I cannot help it, if I am in pride of birth like to those incomprehensible Frenchmen who are said to confess their nationality without a blush, and even to pretend they would not be Englishmen if they could. But what do men now know of the Oscott of the fifties, Consule Weedall? There is nothing of the same kind to day. There are half a dozen great colleges, but no one *facile princeps*. Half a century ago Oscott stood alone, Securus judicat orbis terrarum. She has since had a "vocation," and exchanged her proud position for a better, I suppose. There was once a well-known M. F. H. who said, "You don't mean to tell me that the position of a Bishop, his weight, his dignity, his real importance among his fellow men, can hold a candle to that of a Master of Foxhounds?" As the M. F. H. spoke of one of his own "bishops," he might have been right. But comparing Oscott now with the Oscott of my day is no doubt like comparing a nun with the beauty of a couple of years since, when society was at her feet. She has now the better part of course—but still the other was very, very nice. One takes such superiorities on faith, as not being demonstrable to the unaided reason. I must confess that to the mere carnal eye Oscott has not now the position she had when "*the* Cardinal" had just been her President, and a still greater Cardinal that was to be, the greatest of nineteenth century Englishmen, made her his home, and when "Oscotian" meant to Catholics what "University man" meant among Protestants. So, though one cannot of course agree with the aforesaid M. F. H., yet one somehow understands what he meant. Besides all that, was not Oscott half seminary in our day, or at least a quarter? Had we not a larger percentage of "Bunkers" than would have saved the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha? Were we not leavened therewith? "Raised," in fact, as the cooks used to say; or as the moderns would express it "Aerated." We were leavened, raised, aerated, spiritualized by the "afflatus bunchericus" or if we were not, we ought to have been. If you thrash a lad and it does not do him good, that is his fault.

One of the most alarming changes that has come over the schoolboy during the last half-century is his civilization. Timeo Danaos &c., I cannot believe that the highly civilized schoolboy is to be taken quite seriously. The change is too abrupt, it is unnatural. The marvellous metamorphosis described by St. Augustine would seem to be small in comparison. From being a Sioux Indian out of Fenimore Cooper's novels the school boy is now a sybaritic comrade of Lucullus. This moral cataclysm is so stupendous that I dare not deal with it—it makes my head whizz round. Why, the "man-at-college" (late "school-boy") has even lost his enjoyment in the suffering of others—he takes no delight out of himself—no more than the Hibernian who neglected to go and see the man hanged. Even Lucullus would have liked to see Christians dismembered and eaten in the arena, if they had been in season in his day.

But I must turn from a psychological problem that bewilders me to a less profound view. There has come a wonderful change in what I may call the "international law" of schooldom, i.e., the unwritten custom fixing the mutual relations of pedagogue and pupil. Formerly this code was clear and simple as a table of tolls on a turnpike-gate. He who rode might read. The relation was simply one of

war, war inextinguishable, eternal, honourable—at least it was honourable on our side. We conducted the strife with the utmost chivalry, according to the strictest code of honour; and if that code were drawn up by ourselves alone, such was entirely due to the preposterous claim of suzerainty put forth by our opponents, and to their habitual refusal to refer any disputed question to arbitration. Under such circumstances all we could do was to draw up a code based upon our sense of justice and honour, and to hold up our opponents to the scorn and contempt of the world whenever they outraged it; which I am sorry to say they always did. As they are now where prayers alone can benefit them—at least one is bound to hope so—there can be no harm in my saying that our chivalrous conduct produced no response from the wholly unappreciative sensibilities, or rather "hebetilities," of our opponents. They deliberately anticipated Boer tactics; and no doubt they did, for the time being, obtain the advantage. But we, stubborn Englishmen that we were, knew not we were beaten. We kept pegging on, we knew we must win in the end, for we had the staying power. And we have won; for here we are to-day, and where are they?

I suppose all that sort of fun is over. Boys are all good boys now *ex hypothesi*. It is quite startling to recall the hideous connotation of the term "good boy" in the old days. No word now in use conveys any notion of its loathsomeness. Perhaps the expression "Knobstick" may somewhat enlighten those who can appreciate the technicalities of the manufacturing districts.

Yes, verily, all that fun is over. "Jam regnat Apollo—divisque vidimus permixtos heroas—et duræ quercus" (the stern prefects) "Sudabunt roscida mella." And to those, who admire the gratifying civilization of the modern school-boy, let me recommend the poet's next line, "Pauca tamen suberunt priscæ vestigia fraudis." But that

cannot, shall not be! The peace between pedagogue and pupil is, must be, Eternal; for is it not founded on reason and mutual good feeling? It is, and it shall last! last, like a solemn treaty between mighty empires, till it pays somebody to break it.

Another change forcibly strikes me, the relaxation of discipline. Not so much of the *de haut en bas* discipline, as of that exercised by the boys over each other; in the games for instance. Fancy in the old days anyone not playing at the public games in season! Fancy, choosing one's own way of amusing oneself! Bless my soul! There would have been Inquisition and Auto-da-fe on the spot for such shameless exercise of private judgment. And the civil arm of the pedagogue would have responded freely to enforce the decree of the ἐκκλησια (Anglice, "public meeting").

Like Church and State in the middle ages, pedagogue and pupil united to go for the heretic. And justly so, for who was to "fag" the cricket balls, or "mind goal" at "bandy," or do a thousand other necessary servile duties, if not those whose lack of rank and knightly bearing—and eke of muscle—unfitted them to bat, or bowl, or perform the more important and interesting functions of the games. There must be hewers of wood and drawers of water even on a school play ground. How the upper lads get on now I can't imagine—life can't be worth living for any body higher than Syntax. Formerly it was decidedly not so for any one below that school.

"Bounds" used to be a never-ending source of interest and excitement. "Bounds" still exist, I believe, but like the mongoose in the box on the traveller's knee, they are not "real" bounds. Our bounds were real and much resembled the Elizabethan torture called "Little-ease." I was a tall boy and felt very uneasy in bounds. In my day the surrounding plantations were young and afforded quite inadequate "cover" to anyone stretching his limbs.

Once, when "skimming" with a class-mate, we encountered a "divine," providentially immersed in his Office. I took to my heels, but my wary comrade crouched behind an ash sapling, the thickness of a stout walking stick, and so was passed unobserved—thanks to the Office. "Skimming" and the subsequent "Boiling" illustrated how sweet the naturally nauseous may become when sufficiently forbidden. I have never been able to make out whether the pedagogy or ourselves began the dispute about "Boiling." Two facts are undeniable, that we "boiled" only because it was forbidden, and that it was forbidden only because we wanted to do it. Unfortunately, as in the case of hen and egg, each of these two facts must be preceded by the other; and so which actually came first is not easy to say. "Boiling" consisted in getting up at five o'clock, boiling water over a gas-jet, making very thick sweet cocoa in a jampot—the spoon must stand up in it—swallowing it red-hot, and then going in to "Meditation" conscious of having done a noble and valorous deed, and with a magnanimous disdain of the pain in your stomach. "Skimming" was merely the preparatory exploit of obtaining the necessary food and utensils at "Atkin's" shop outside. All this serves to illustrate the healthy antagonism existing between the two classes of our community. The great thing in life is to excite an animosity—in its primary sense of academic rivalry—and when that is once raised the exciting object may be withdrawn and the animosity continues to thrive; as in lighting a fire with a red-hot poker. We did not like stiff cocoa *per se*; and on the other hand there was no harm in making or eating it *per se*. But agreement with one's surroundings is the one unendurable condition of existence. So we boiled cocoa, and the prefect ferruled us for it; whereby much interest was engendered to our mutual satisfaction. Whether prohibition was the cause or the effect of "boiling" nobody ever knew or cared.

Smoking was a minor source of animosity. It was intrinsically and in its effects so very objectionable that even the most stringent prohibition could hardly fan it into popularity; and so smoking was practised only by heroes of exemplary physical courage—by which I mean persons of exceptionally dull nervous sensibility. Ask me not "renovare dolorem" of that memorable summer's morning when I rose an hour before the 5-30 bell, in order to enact the glorious tragedy—for such it was—of a pipe. Was I ill? Not I! I dared not. I could have braved the ferrule—but not the finger of derision. For three mortal hours did I hide the nicotian fox gnawing at my digestives; till at last came breakfast, followed by the blest moment of emesis and relief.

My first retreat impressed me greatly, though by no means in the manner intended. It was given by Cardinal Wiseman; and I well remember the effect his mere presence had on me—such a gigantic mass of scarlet. He was not a tall man, but he was "large." Large in several senses of the word, as befitted a Cardinal, especially the first Cardinal who had appeared as such in England for three centuries. Yes, he had an imposing presence—when he had gone out, there seemed to be a great deal of room to spare. Then he frightened me out of my wits in those terrible meditations in the great library—darkened to the bare visibility of darkness—for four good hours every day. Didn't I sleep? Sleep indeed! With the Cardinal particularizing the effects of hell-fire on each of the physical senses! I remember his specializing with much gusto—or ought I to say unction—on the torture possible through the sense of smell; driving the point home by a graphic description of what he himself had endured once in Rome, when a church was burning and the fire had got down to the sepulchral vaults. I should think I didn't sleep indeed! I believed and trembled; recognizing that as my proper function. I am not at all sure it

did not do me good. Certainly it did me no harm, save the momentary terror. But what should we think now of putting a child not yet in his teens through eight days of that kind of thing? And then the weary pacings up and down the cloisters during the intervals facetiously called "Recreation." Up and down, up and down as hard as we could stride, as the ostriches pace to and fro in the yards at the Zoo. The retreat used to be in Passion Week, so that we antedated Easter, sang our Alleluias on Palm Sunday and looked upon Holy Week as a season of mirth and rejoicing. I think the religious exercises were a bit "dour and stark" for children. Anyhow they fixed themselves on the memory.

In the old days we were "Educated," not stuffed. I am proud to say I never passed an examination creditably in my life. Who was it who said, "Any subject that will be of use to a man in after life is an unfit vehicle of education?" Whoever he was he knew what education meant. How our education was effected I don't know. I don't think our teachers knew. There was no conscious attempt to "educate" on their part. The quality was "not strained. It dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." The poet refers to the "study-place."

I must have been in "Poetry"—a fitting season—when my "education" bud began to burst, when the world of reality began to shine out behind the world of sense, like the transformation scene of a pantomime or the blossoming of the tree that grows up under the hand of an Indian magician.

What a new world it was, when one began to meet things face to face without the senses as go-betweens; when a living army sprang up out of bush and rock and hedge-row, as Boers spring out of the veldt where no one had thought of a living thing, while the sensible creation was but damming back the flood of life behind it. No one told us about the other world behind the one we saw.

But the knowledge came from our teachers all the same. We caught it of them, as we catch small-pox or influenza. Poor old Mr. Flanagan, the historian—seculars were not "Father" in those days—I must have caught it from him; he was our class master, and the only one of our natural enemies, except perhaps Dr. Amherst, subsequently Bishop of Northampton, who invariably disarmed our natural animosity. The bacillus of Education issued from Mr. Flanagan, unconsciously no doubt; but it "caught on;" and I have never been worth my salt as an utilitarian since. Such men knew what Education meant—or rather, they didn't *know*, they *felt*—they could not have explained, if you had asked them—but they had the secret in them, and they could impart it; as a horseman's will passes to his horse without knowledge or volition. Men could educate in those days—I don't suppose they could instruct. None of us could have passed the simplest of latter-day examinations, I daresay, but we left College able to think and to feel—not mere gramophones, grinding out again the pattern that had been packed into us previously.

What a change has come over the mode of developing the human machine even within my short memory. And are we Catholics doing well in falling down to worship the image the Man in the Street has set up? in sending our sons to Oxford and Cambridge instead of completing their education in our own Colleges? I doubt it. I believe that fifty years ago a better education—aye, a better *secular* education—was given in our Colleges than at Oxford or Cambridge. I do not pretend that our professorial staff had equal talent; I do not pretend that in the pure classic or in the higher mathematics our men would have done much in "the Schools." But we got a better "education." For one thing our lads were taught to think; were taught philosophy. It is a standing disgrace to the University of Oxford and Cambridge that they have

had no school of philosophy no professor nor lectures therein for three centuries!

Only the other day an Oxonian was raised to the Anglican episcopate and eventually to the primacy of York for no other reason than that he had written a little book on the Laws of Thought. He had made the discovery that our thoughts did not tumble out of our minds higgledy-piggledy, like bricks shot out of a cart, but that we think, as we digest, after a system, though we know it not! No wonder they relieved his weary intellect from the necessity of thinking any more by making him a "bishop." He was almost capable of being put to Aristotle.

If the English Universities were thus thirty years ago, are they better now? Far worse! Of course they have responded freely to the demand for bipedal gramophones, and they teach physical science, and modern history, and French and German. I daresay there will be a Chair of Cobblery and a Sartorial School in a year or two. Stay! They have made one really important reform—they have abolished celibacy! And thereby have they rung their own death-knell.

Formerly the College was the Fellow's world, as well as his Alma Mater. He was her child; she nourished him in her own bosom; she existed for him, and he lived for her. He had no aim, no ambition, no interest outside his College; her success, her prosperity, her honour, her advancement were his life's end and aim. Beyond her he had no thought; save, when old-fogeydom came, to doze out the afternoon and evening of life in a college living, with a wife to warm his possets and swaddle up his gouty toes. But what is his College to the Fellow to-day? He lives with his young wife and family in a suburban villa. He is a man in society and his life is there; his hopes, interests, ambitions are there; his heart is there now. He goes down to his college in the morning to lecture or what not, just as a solicitor goes down to his office, or a merchant to his counting-house. His college is a matter of daily bread, that's all. The marriage of Fellows has knocked the bottom out of Oxford and Cambridge. They are no better now than any other Educational Company Limited, run for dividends.

Let us stick to our own colleges as we did fifty years ago. It is true that no college now holds the relative position that Oscott held in my day. And why? Partly because we are getting into that nasty habit of sending our young men to Oxford and Cambridge; and partly because we distribute through eight or ten Colleges the men who are too few to support more than one thoroughly good professorial staff in Rhetoric and Philosophy. I should not like to see our schools imitate the Protestant Public School system, which I believe to be a thoroughly bad one. But I do think we ought to separate school education from University education. We ought to have a single university for the whole of England. And no school proper ought to carry its boys beyond Poetry. Then we should beat Oxford and Cambridge on their own ground. Nine-tenths of our school lads now go into business; they want no University education, for they leave school at 17 or 18. Let our ordinary schools provide thoroughly for them; and for the few who can afford the time and means for a thorough education let us have one English Catholic University.

I never discovered why St. Cecilia's day was chosen for our annual "blow-out." Perhaps St. Valerian was an *ædilis curealis*, who they tell me looked after the civic turtle and so forth in those days; which might explain it. Anyhow we always had our annual feast on the 22nd of November; and we always prepared for it by an inverted carnival of voluntary short commons. When the day came, a whole holiday, there was first a game of "bandy"—of which game more hereafter. That particular game of bandy was not taken altogether seriously. It was the

game in a "Pickwickian sense" only. Nobody cared who won or who lost. In fact we all knew it to be merely a sort of *hors d'oeuvre*. Like the great Guildhall banquet, ours was a cold collation and was plentiful. But there the resemblance ceased. We had no opportunity of comparing the merits of "calipash" and "calipee," nor did we wash down with any ancient vintage of Madeira. But we were provided with an ample supply of the best sauce, and we remembered that not only did St. Cecilia's come only once a year—a misfortune it shared with Christmas—but also that it lasted a single day only, a misfortune unique. Our friends, the enemy, wonderful to say, laid aside their natural animosity on this occasion; so much so that, tenderly sympathising with our aspirations and our difficulties, they wisely decreed an hour's interval between the main gorge and the subsidary struggle named dessert. That hour was not wasted. As a matter of strict business we jog-trotted round the bounds one after another; not a word was spoken; we were devoting all our energies to the engrossing difficulties of—shall we call it—"stevedoring"?

Then came the dessert. Personally I used to get very angry with some well-intentioned, but unsympathetic and conceited fellows, who had a nasty trick of distracting one's attention—that should have been concentrated with the adhesion of a barnacle on the pears, figs and port-negus—of distracting, I say, that attention by singing, piano-playing and other childish *nugæ*. I kept my temper only by calling to mind how very much worse it must be for them than even for us. Finally, at our last gasp, we were toddled up to the theatre at the very top of the great tower—they tell me there have been far more infirmary cases on the 23rd since the new theatre was built—there to doze uncomfortably on backless benches, while some poor miserables who had had no dessert at all, went through a play. I was not myself distinguished for histrionic

talent—but stay!—I am doing myself an injustice—I once bawled among the Roman citizens in Julius Cæsar with much applause; so might say with bashful Horace "Militavi non sine gloria." But that must have been at a summer Exhibition—to have foregone the Caecilian feasting would have left a deeper impression on my memory. Fancy the "swat"—I am told that is the latest East-ender for "bore," it is forcible, but not yet long enough in bottle to mellow—of rigging up and painting and burnt-corking when you ought to have been wholly immersed in pears and port wine negus!

I spoke about "bandy" just now. I don't for a moment suggest that "bandy" ever had a look in where cricket was spoken of. Cricket is *sui generis*, like port; you can't range it along side any other. But, when you do come down to the clarets and hocks of diversion, bandy is the best game for winter by a long chalk. Did I hear any one say "footer"? I am informed that that very low-class word is used to indicate a sort of game, or rather riot, which was prevalent in my time among "bunkers," "niggers," and so forth, and by them called "football." Certainly I never played at "football." I should as soon have thought of playing at marbles. But "bandy" really was a game—and it was purely Oscotian. For there is but one "Bandy Woods" in this present world—though probably there are many in the next. The "Bandy Woods" is to bandy what "the links" are to golf. It consists of four rows of fine old beeches, perhaps five hundred feet long by a hundred and fifty wide, forming the nave and aisles of the cathedral where "bandy" is worshipped. We played with a ball about the size of your head, leather stuffed with hay—the ball I mean, not your head. And we drove it with sticks, something like your modern hockey sticks, but natural limbs of trees, heavier than hockey sticks. Any number a side played, sometimes forty or fifty; but nobody ever got hurt, beyond a few raps on the

shins or knuckles. Nowadays hockey seems far more dangerous a game than German duelling. "No cooing within reach" was the saving rule. A "coo"—originally "coup" no doubt—was a stroke where the stick was raised above the knee. Clear of other players you might "coo" as you liked; but within reach you must "scrape." The Bandy season was short. Christmas pudding and mince-pies took the heart out of it; though it languished on between the spells of skating till time for "scout" and "rounders."

No place was ever so well off in a frost as Oscott. There was a regular gradation of "pools" to suit the temperature, from the shallow "Obie's," that would carry after a single night's hard frost, to the superb "Powell's" a mile long and deep enough to cover the three spires of Lichfield, as tradition went.

I have scarce mentioned the personnel of my day for obvious reasons. But I must say a word of him who created the later Oscott, both physically and morally, Doctor Weedall. He was President all the time I was at College, and he died the same year I left. And he was President of old Oscott all the time my father was there in George the Fourth's days. And in the interval he built the new college. So small in stature that the gothic chasubles—I never saw a Roman vestment in my younger days—used to trail upon the floor, he verily ruled us all, from Vice to cookmaid, down to the day of his death. Do you ask if he was beloved by us? No, of course not. We should as soon have thought of loving the Law of Gravitation. He did not speak to me six times all the while I was there. It was not the way in those days. But we held him in the highest respect and veneration. School boys—and "men at college" too—do not now-a-days understand the ancient Olympian method. And the present "Hail-old-cock-well-met" method was not understood by us. I never saw Dr. Weedall in the "bounds" in my life; and seldom elsewhere save in chapel. Perhaps the old Olympian system was not perfect; but the new system has brought about a strange lack of veneration for everybody and everything.

Fare thee well, old Oscott, fare thee well, Alma mater mea! Few men owe more to their alma mater than I owe to thee; few owe as much. Thy present religious vocation is an honourable, a blessed state, no doubt. 'Twere lacking reverence to deny it. But thou art novice yet; thy solemn vows are still untaken. And should it please Heaven to call thee back into the world to seat in thee the English University I hope for, I fear I should be too carnally minded to weep overmuch at thy downfall.

W. D. GAINSFORD

An Alien Priory.

LEWES is an old-world town, but it is up to date in one very important article—in its guide books. They are many, enthusiastic, eloquent, and well-informed. For the last quality they are indebted to the Sussex Archæological Society, which has made the old Castle its headquarters. For the other qualities I can suggest no very sufficient reason. From the railway line between London and Newhaven the attractions of Lewes are all on view like the goods in an open shop-front. From the right-hand windows of the Continental train one sees the old town set out in tiers on the steep slope of the downs, roof above roof, dull-red and monotonous, with nothing to catch the eye but an embattled tower, ancient enough but ungraceful, and a flimsy-looking fragment of a castle, seemingly perched upon the tiles and chimneys. From the

opposite window there is spread out the unattractive suburb of Cliffe, and close to the railroad, on a lower level and in full view, all that is left of the Old Priory of St. Pancras. One can look close at every wall of it and take everything in, even in the brief passage of a mail-train. To me, when I passed through this summer, the town seemed to have no shapeliness or glow of colour; it did not

nestle among trees or bask in the sunshine; there was no charm of mystery or poetry about it, it looked to be a fair-sized country town, with little evidence of a great past and no promise of a great future—a town of weekly markets and annual horse fairs; small race meetings, county balls, and local cricket-matches; an old inn or two; modern golf-links; and the district assize-courts. The remark I made to myself, as the train ran on to Newhaven, was that I might take Lewes as seen.

Since then I have been there, convinced in spite of myself that the place was worth a visit. The guide-books had converted me. Though I had been disappointed once, I was induced by them to risk disappointment a second time. To some extent I felt myself inoculated by my previous experience, and was only likely to take the complaint in a mild form. Yet I felt serious discouragement—and I think my companion did also—when one of the older inhabitants of the town met us with an expression of surprise that we should have come sight-seeing to Lewes. In an apologetic manner we mentioned that I was a Benedictine and was interested in the ruins of St. Pancras. "Oh! there is little to see *there*—only some remains of the out-buildings." "Then," we said, "there is the Castle." "You will easily see what is left of *that*. It is only a few steps from the High Street." "And there is the Museum of the Sussex Archæological Society." "I am afraid you will not find much *there* worth a visit." And so with the other objects of interest we had culled from the guide-book. It was not inspiriting. But we were made very welcome by our friend and also, for some small considerations, by the custodians of the Lewes treasures. We did our sight-seeing loyally, and can honestly say we found Lewes interesting—unobtrusively and unemotionally interesting.

Here let me say I have no cause of complaint against the guide-books. They leave the court without a stain on their character. Everything answered fairly to the description, but it was all on a small scale. We found just as little of the Priory of St. Pancras as we had a right to expect. The barbican of the Castle was distinctly picturesque, but there was nothing inspiriting about the tower and the other fragments. We recognised and duly appreciated the "Roman spire"—a round tower of the proportions of a very tall Sussex hop-kiln. There was a Norman porch and font, and a Norman nave—each good of its kind and little of its kind. There were bits of Gothic

of all styles—Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and debased—"bits" and nothing more. There was a "very perfect brass" in one of the churches—very perfect but quite uninteresting; and a really interesting brass of a knight—with the head wanting. There was a collection of Sussex iron-work in the Museum, very authentic, almost unique, of just a little more than local interest: fire-backs and fire-dogs, stirrup-irons, turn-spits, candlesticks, locks, keys, "*et hoc ignobile genus omne.*" There were some pieces of excellent tapestry, which, stitched together, would cover the walls of a fair-sized breakfast room. For the rest, the Museum was made up of the usual fragments of sculpture, stone-celts, arrow-heads, rust-bitten spears, broken brown pottery, bead necklaces, coins, rings, and the usual commonplace exhibits of a county archæological society. Taking Lewes as a whole the visitor will find in it a praiseworthy collection of treasures—locally precious and generally unimportant—over which a pleasant morning may be profitably spent. But though its attractions are many and well-cared for, we did not find in it anything to grow enthusiastic about. It is well enough; but not the sort of place to induce a healthy stranger to miss his train, or drop into poetry, or finance a hydropathic establishment.

To me, as an English Benedictine, the very name of Lewes was poetical because of the old Priory of St. Pancras, first and greatest of the alien houses in England. First and greatest I may say without fear of contradiction, though both these qualities were doubtfully its own by right. Sir George Duckett states, on the authority of Pignot, that the priority of foundation rightfully belonged to Barnstaple, in Devon. And Paisley in Scotland, and afterwards Bermondsey in Surrey, claimed precedence of Lewes through their abbatial rank. But St. Pancras rightly or wrongly bore the honours both of primogeniture and importance, and its prior, with hardly an interval, was

the accredited representative and Vicar-General of the Abbot of Cluny in England. He is also reputed to have been very rich, and probably was so, since the income at the time of the dissolution of the priory was £1,091 9s. 6d., equal in present value to about £10,000 a year. I say *probably*, for such visitation accounts as have been printed show no superfluity of money or goods, and, though we know the income, we know next to nothing of the obligations and liens that burthened it.

The reader will probably be aware that the Cluniac monks came over to England in the time of William the Conqueror. If they were not brought into the country at his instigation, they came at his express wish. It was part of his policy to bring French ecclesiastics into England. Just as he had settled his Norman knights and soldiers throughout the land, creating a loyal nobility, so he tried to lessen the power of the unfriendly Saxon Episcopacy by introducing prelates from abroad. He deposed Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and put Lanfranc in his place. He acted in a similar way with other English sees. But it is impossible to say that what he did, or caused to be done, was not for the good of religion. Though the scheme was begun in policy, it was piously carried out. He did not take occasion to reward his followers with bishoprics and abbeys, as he had parcelled out estates among his soldiers. A warlike prelate like his brother Odo of Bayeux, he rewarded with an English earldom and not an English bishopric. He sought only for such pious and learned priests as would be an honour to the Church and a benefit to the country. And one of the first to whom he applied for these holy and learned clerics was St. Hugh, Abbot of Cluny.

The application to St. Hugh and the answer to it are preserved in the Cluny records. "William, King of the English, that splendid man, strenuous in battle and supreme in wealth and resources, now that he has begun to feel mas-

ter of the aforesaid kingdom and has secured its crown by war, wishing to put its episcopate and abbeys in order, sent letters to the most illustrious abbot, St. Hugh, and commanded him, under cloak of entreaty (mandavit ei supplicando) to send him six of our brethren, who may advise him in church matters, and who, placed in authority, will make him feel secure concerning the safety and good government of the flock. He added further that he would give to Cluny annually per head 100 pounds of silver 'sub titulo amicitiæ et gratiæ,' lest the holy place be at a loss for the want either of them or their earnings."* A proposal eminently characteristic of the Conqueror's dealings with the Church, a strange compromise between haughtiness and humility, between piety and profit. St. Hugh, however, refused rather curtly this entreaty-command and benevolent purchase. The "Philosopher of Christ," as the chronicler calls the saint, answers that no doubt the petition was proper enough on the part of the King, who was looking to the eternal welfare of his people, but that if he, Hugh, accepted the conditions joined to it, he would be risking his own salvation, selling for profit the souls committed to his care. He would very much rather spend money in the purchase of monks—he was greatly in need of them—than make money by their sale.

Such is the story of the first attempt to introduce Cluniac monks into England. The attempt was repeated later. In the Lewes charter of foundation there is mention of an application for *twelve* monks, and the English king promises to make the whole lot of them either bishops or abbots in the land that God has given him. This, however, seems to be the Second William's request. The king is not distinctly named, but the phrase "in terrâ hereditatis suæ" refers pretty plainly to the Red King, who inherited England from the Conqueror, and contrasts with the words

* Reyner, Apostolatus, Script. XLVII.

of the first petition "ejusque coronam regni bello obtinuisset." Moreover, William de Warrenne, who grants the charter, refers to a conversation between King William and St. Hugh, which took place in his own presence—"nobis audientibus requisivit ab abbate"—a conversation in which William I. could not possibly have taken part. But, whether or not this records a second request by the Second William, or is an inaccurate report of the first petition given on hearsay, it is quite certain that the Royal proposal or proposals came to nothing.

Nevertheless, in this as in most things, the Conqueror got his desire. Where William himself failed his son-in-law succeeded. He had given William de Warrenne, on the distribution of English estates among his knights, the Rape of Lewes. King William's object in doing so is evident. England's vulnerable point—if I may use such a word to describe what is in reality a multitude of points—is the coast-line of Kent and Sussex, so close to the Continent and with so many bays, river mouths, and shelving beaches. It commanded, moreover, the Straits of Dover, William's highway of communication with his Norman dukedom. It was plainly all important that he should be able to rely absolutely on the loyalty of the lords of the sea-cliffs and chalk downs of the south-eastern counties. He therefore, with his usual sagacity, portioned out the sea-board of these counties, as far as possible, among the members of his own family. Odo, his brother, he made Earl of Kent;* other important estates on the coast he gave to Robert, Earl of Eu, Sir John de Fiennes, and Sir William de Warrenne, all kinsmen of his or connections by marriage. To the latter, who had married Gundrada, the king's sister, through the gift of the Rape of Lewes,

* An unwise appointment since Odo afterwards conspired against the king. William, however, at the first inkling of the intrigue, deprived his brother of his earldom and cast him into prison. This was a high-handed treatment of a bishop. But the king justified his action by the characteristic saying: "I arrest not the Bishop, but the Earl of Kent."

was given charge of the coast and harbours to the west of Beachy Head in Sussex. The chief of these harbours or landing-places are those now called Seaford and Newhaven. The only road inland from these is commanded, at a convenient distance from the sea, by "the twin mounds of Lewes." Recognizing its strategic importance, William de Warrenne built his castle and made his home there.

De Warrenne found at Lewes a little wooden church dedicated to St. Pancras. This he pulled down and rebuilt in stone. It is probable that he had already in his mind the erection of a monastery, and this was a beginning of his scheme. He tells us, in his charter, that Lanfranc had advised him to found a monastery, and that the idea had ever afterwards remained in his mind. But where to find monks to take charge of it? Here he may have remembered the king's (his father-in-law's) application to St. Hugh of Cluny. At any rate, by his own account, he and Gundrada, his wife, start on a journey to St. Peter's at Rome, visiting many monasteries on the way, "causâ orationis," and we may suppose with the scheme which he had "longe antea in proposito" in his mind. He is "diverted" to Cluny by reason of the war between the Pope and the Emperor—Gregory VII and Henry IV of Germany. The monks are hospitable; he stays with them a long while —long enough to make good friends with them. St. Hugh is away, but he does not wait for the Abbot's return to commence negotations about his monastery at Lewes. He tells the monks of the stone church he has built, and asks formally for two or three or four monks, promising, on his part, just to begin with, "tantum in principio," lands, cattle, and goods sufficient for the keep of twelve persons. Finally, expressly to please King William—"when he had found out it was the wish of the king"—the Abbot grants the request.

It is difficult to reconcile William de Warrenne's story with the pre-establishment of Barnstaple in North Devon.

Barnstaple, it is true, was not a direct filiation from Cluny, but the Abbot-General must have known of it and, as head of the Cluniac congregation, have given it his sanction. St. Hugh, we read, made difficulties with De Warrenne, and was reluctant to send monks to Lewes, on account of the distance, and chiefly, says William, "because of the sea." The Saint could hardly have brought forward these objections if he had already got over the difficulty of a greater distance and a much wider sea. But, however this may be, St. Hugh gave his consent at last, and, the Channel once bridged over, the Cluny monks came into England very readily and in considerable numbers. It was like another invasion and conquest.

Very shortly after St. Hugh's time, in the days of Abbot Peter the Venerable, the ascendency of Cluny was at its highest. It had communities in nearly every country in Europe, and was said, a little boastfully, perhaps, to stretch from England to the Holy Land. Certainly it had houses at such wide extremes, but though the Congregation was very powerful, it is only fair to state that many of its settlements were only outposts, scattered and solitary, with sometimes no more than two monks in them, one of whom called himself prior. Indeed, this was one of the features of the Cluny institute. They had proposed to themselves a special task—the conversion of the barbarians. But such missionary work must not interfere with the monastic life. How then to reconcile the missioner and the monk? It was obviously impossible to effectively preach the Gospel to barbarians from the Burgundian and French monasteries. The difficulty was got over by a theory of an indefinite expansion of the cloister. The monks may not leave their cloister; they must therefore carry their cloister, or a portion of it, with them. Hence the institution of the "cell," which, wherever it might be, was, in theory, as much a part of Cluny, or St. Martin, or La Charité, as though it was enclosed within

their walls. Wherever the monastery acquired a *pied à terre*, a "filiation" or "cell" was added to the parent cloister. And not even when such a filiation or cell grew, as happened under favourable circumstances, into a great priory or abbey and had other filiations or cells of its own, did it become independent, or any the less a part, of the parent house.

The system, like all systems, had its advantages and its defects. Its most evident advantage was the possibility of rapid expansion and the capability of useful outside work added to the cloistral-life, and gained without an absolute sacrifice of the Benedictine principle of stability. There was, of course, a partial sacrifice. It looks, indeed, like a compromise, in which the substance is given up and the shadow retained. But however sentimental the bond which connected a cell at Constantinople with a mother house in France may seem, it was sufficiently real to the monk to be a law and a restraint to him, and to reconcile him to a life outside the monastery walls. Hitherto the Benedictine principle of expansion had been colonization. A parent house, as numbers and opportunity made occasion, threw off a "swarm," which settled in a distant hive and made its home there. Such a filiation became independent as soon as it could take care of itself. And however "alien" might be its origin or beginnings, such a house became naturalized, or rather indigenous, wherever it might choose finally to settle down.

The chief fault of the Cluniac system was that it remained Cluniac wherever it might find itself; and Cluniac meant only and always French. Whatever advantage the cell system had brought to Cluny the Benedictine colonizing principle was gone. It remained "alien" in every land but its own, and neither age nor custom could ever make it otherwise. When a third church, of cathedral proportions, and more costly than a king's palace, was erected on the site of the little wooden church of St. Pancras, and a hundred generations of monks had succeeded each other within its walls, Lewes Priory was as little English and as purely French as when Lanzo and his monks first crossed the straits in a Norman galley.

It is interesting to notice how quickly William de Warrenne, the founder of Lewes Priory, was able to put his finger on the chief defects of the Cluniac system. Not quite twelve years after the first charter of foundation, that is, on the accession of William II, a second charter is drawn up and signed. De Warrenne is very satisfied with the little Community given him, but even so short an experience as the interval between the two charters has taught him the necessity of protecting himself from certain possible inconveniences. He is resolved that his prior must not be altogether at the beck and call of the Abbot of Cluny. He considers it a matter of complaint that Dom Lanzo, the first Prior of St. Pancras, had been summoned abroad and detained a full twelve-month away from his charge—he was actually away at the moment the charter was under discussion. W. de Warrenne is at no pains to conceal his dissatisfaction, declaring (in the charter) that he was half of a mind to cancel the Cluniac agreement and make terms with "the greater monastery"—St. Martin of Tours. A community newly established and in its infancy (nova et tenera), he says, will not come to much good if it should frequently fall into new hands. He therefore insists on certain formal promises in writing. First, the prior must not be removed without a just and manifest reason, such a one as "nemo rationabiliter debet contradicere." Secondly, the prior sent over must be a picked man, such a one as would be only less fit than the Grand Prior of Cluny or the Prior of La Charité sur Loire. Thirdly, that by the annual payment of 50 *solidos* of English money, the Priory of St. Pancras should be entirely free from all service, impost, or tax. Fourthly, that the Abbot of Cluny should have no authority to interfere with the prior in the government of

his house or any of its affiliations—Castle-Acre was already in project—save in matters of observance or of reform, where external help may be needed. It was evident to W. de Warrenne, as it must be evident to everybody, that an alien priory can only be useful to a country when it has something to give to it—Christianity, learning, reforms, or able and holy men. If its monks come over with empty hands or with a spirit of greed, they will be useless to it; perhaps even worse than useless.

A glance through the list of Lewes priors shows how alien the priory always remained. Until the middle of the fifteenth century, there is hardly an English or a naturalized Norman name on the roll. We English Benedictines have certainly no right to think of this as a matter of complaint. It was inevitable—just as inevitable as that our lists of Douai and Dieulouard priors are made up of English names. We have to think of these Cluniac Priories, at Lewes and elsewhere, as occupying a somewhat similiar position in England as our own priories did in France and Lorraine. Our houses were all "alien" up to the time of the French Revolution. St. Edmund's, as the new law of Registration has brought forcibly home to us, is an "alien priory" still. The parallel, of course, is not an absolutely exact one. We English made no claim to a permanency abroad, and preferred to be looked upon as passing guests. But our monasteries and property were permanent enough, and might easily have remained so to the present day. The real difference between the English aliens in France and the French aliens in England is that we lived in France to do what we could to benefit our own country, and they remained in England to serve it with what efficiency they might be able. We are pleased to remember that our forefathers were not only just but generous to the stranger monks settled amongst them, and we are equally pleased to acknowledge that this justice and generosity was amply and unselfishly returned. Perhaps the balance of debt

is rather against us than in our favour. The Cluniac monks, for a long period of their existence, were an unquestioned benefit to their adopted country; we, though our reputation in the days of our exile is practically stainless, and our name is affectionately cherished, are bound to admit that we did not lay ourselves out to make a return for the hospitality shown us.

It is freely admitted that when the Cluniac monks were fervent and confident of their mission they met not only with sympathy and encouragement, but with open welcome and warm affection. It must be admitted also that they responded with equal warmth, and, as far as possible, identified themselves with their adopted country. Take, as an instance, the behaviour of the French monks of St. Pancras when their countrymen landed at Rottingdean, in the year 1377. The Prior, John de Cariloco, with his following, joined the knights who gathered to resist the invaders. The English were beaten, and the Prior and others made prisoners; but it is instructive of the attitude of the alien monks that they should not only have been ready to resist their marauding countrymen when their monastery was threatened, but that they should have fought in the defence of the English shore. An esquire of the Prior's retinue, a Frenchman also, notably distinguished himself for his bravery before he was slain on the field.

This took place only a little before an agitation was begun against the alien Cluniac monks. Reyner* transcribes a petition presented to Parliament by English monks of the French Congregation, in the year 1330, during the reign of Edward III. It is a complaint of bad and disastrous government both in spirituals and temporals, and a prayer for remedy. It is exceeding instructive, and I give an abstract of the different charges made against the foreigners.

* Apostolatus, Script. lxviii

1st. The communities are reduced in size to about one third—Montacute and Bermondsey are singled out by name—and this injurious state of things is perpetuated by gifts out of the revenues given for the support of the monks,—these gifts being sent out of the country.

2nd. The houses are not "visited" by the Archbishop or Bishop, or anyone who is English.

3rd. Contrary to St. Benedict's rule, superiors are not elected. The sort of "pastors" sent are people who have no knowledge of clerical matters, and are skilled only in getting money together for export.

4th. Any monk who talks of the "Order" or of "religious life," *i.e.*, talks reform, or is guilty of criticism, is fined and punished.

5th. We (the English) in this province are less than twenty professed monks, yet the foreigners have sufficient for their needs and we are left in want. Some of us are kept 40 years in the Order before Profession; others are never professed at all. Parliament, the petition says, has already ordered that the Prior of Lewes should be made an abbot, in order that he may receive Professions, and also hear grievances, in England; so to save the English monks the ignominy and perdition of a journey over the sea. (This decree was never carried out, but shortly afterwards Bermondsey was changed into an abbey.)

6th. The French assume, as though by heredity, the attitude of masters, whilst the English are looked upon as inferiors. The complainants naïvely add that "the two nations in one house will never agree."

Certain of these grievances may be put aside as wholly English grievances, very real, no doubt; but, after all, the rules of the Cluniac congregation were made for Frenchmen and not for Englishmen. The appointment of superiors by a foreign prelate and the necessity of crossing the seas in order to be admitted to profession should not be classed as abuses, unless it be held that the existence of a Cluniac

congregation in England is in itself an abuse. Any change in such matters was a change of institute. The proper remedy for the English complainants was for themselves to join an English Benedictine house. The Cluniac monks cannot be blamed for the maintenance of their own principles and property:—

"Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno."

I confess I have no great sympathy with the Parliamentary order to denationalize Lewes, or with the transformation of Bermondsey into an "indigenous" abbey. Very great laxity and abuses might possibly warrant secular interference with the institutes of a great congregation like that of Cluny. But it is a question whether, under such circumstances, instead of trying to tinker up a broken-down machine, or attempting "indifferent" reform, it would not have been better to take Hamlet's advice and "reform it altogether."

The other charges were inevitable at any period when the Cluniac Order was so deficient in subjects that it could not supply monks enough to man its houses or priors fit to rule them. It must be admitted—the acts of visitation bear witness to it—that there was much mismanagement of revenues and possessions. It is quite possible that the parent houses abroad made undue requisitions. We have seen that Sir William de Warrenne thought it needful to guard Lewes against excessive taxes of this kind. But it should be remembered that certain such payments were part of the system, and that such seigneurial rights were a custom—a bad one, we may admit—of the age. Cluny, La Charité, and St. Martin des Champs received tithes from their filiations and cells, and they, in their own turn, tithed other sub-filiations and cells. Such rights were certain to have been abused, and equally certain to have been resented, even when not abused. We, in these days, are unable to pronounce a judgment in the matter. Probably the great "dedecus

Regis," a phrase thrice used in connection with these foreign payments—should be understood to mean no more than that the abbot's claims were satisfied, when a difficulty was made in raising the wherewith to satisfy the royal exactions.

With the question of episcopal visitation I am not prepared to deal in this paper. The Cluniac monks were made especially exempt, (I believe,) by Pope Gregory VII, himself a monk of Cluny, and they were very jealous of their privilege. They had their own system of visitation, and what should have been a sufficiently effective one. A very few of the Acts of Visitation of the English houses have been published in English.* Sir George Duckett, who has translated them, says, in his preface, "we find that the priors are always said to acknowledge the episcopal jurisdiction." But the published acts do not bear out this statement. The report made in 1275 and 1276 has no reference anywhere to episcopal jurisdiction. It is a few years later, in 1279, that they make their appearance. The Benedictine visitors, in the case of Bermondsey, use the phrase "the Ordinary whose jurisdiction the Prior acknowledged and has always acknowledged," and, in the case of the Priory of St. James at Exeter, "the prior renders all *due* obedience to the Diocesan." It is the priors, and seemingly only those of certain priories, who are under the episcopal jurisdiction, and not the houses or the communities. The natural inference is that he, the prior, was entrusted with parochial work, and as a "pastor" —he is so termed in the English petition—owed obedience to his bishop.

"Les deus naciuns en une mesun ne sey accorderunt iamés."† This is the moral of the history of the English alien priories. As long as the Cluniac monks in England

* One may hope they will soon *all* be published in the original Latin.

† Reyner, Apostolatus, Script. lxviii.

were wholly French they lived in peace, did good works, and stood in fair repute. We English have learnt a like lesson from our stay in France. St. Gregory's, St. Lawrence's, and St. Edmund's were all homogeneous through out their existence. For this reason they are living and flourishing still. It was different with St. Bennet's at St. Malo. There the English Priory was broken up because "the two nations in one house will never be in accord."

J. C. A.

The Present Stage of the Homeric Question.

A HAPPY illustration of the union of the scholar and the man of affairs has been afforded this year at Oxford in the person of the present Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Monro, Provost of Oriel. His entry into office has been accompanied by the issue of the second part of the Odyssey, Bkk. xiii-xxiv., a continuation of the commentary which was commenced more than a quarter of a century ago by the late Mr. Riddell of Balliol, and completed by Dr. Merry of Lincoln. The first portion of the new volume is occupied with the text and notes, the latter, it is needless to say, being thoroughly in keeping with the high level of scholarship attained in the author's well-known work, "The Homeric Grammar." The chief interest of the work for the ordinary reader will be found in the appendix, where we have Mr. Monro's opinion on the multifarious issues which make up

the Homeric question. This runs into more than two hundred pages, the absorbing interest of which renders superfluous the author's apology for its length. In it we have a calm survey of the historic problem, on the one hand devoid of any pre-conceived theory which might lead the writer to read his own conception into the evidence, and on the other hand displaying a sympathetic appreciation of the recent discussions that have centred round the Greek epics.

Readers of the Journal may, perhaps, be interested to learn the results of this examination. Those who are engaged in the study or exposition of Homer may not have the book ready to their hands, and others who have "crossed the bar" in their Homeric course may be glad of a glimpse at the present stage of the controversy. It will be convenient to pass in review the general position of the problem. There was, as everyone knows, an Homeric question which engaged the minds of the ancient Greeks. There were several Greek epics of antiquity besides the Iliad and the Odyssey, and more than one of these were at one time or another attributed to the reputed author of the two great poems. Moreover, we find allusion to the existence of χωρίζοντες, or "Separaters," who assigned the Iliad to Homer and the Odyssey to another author, but their theory did not gain general credence. By the third century B.C. the Alexandrian critics had arrived at the conclusion that the Iliad and the Odyssey were the only genuine works of Homer, and this was accepted by the generality of men up to modern times. The modern question, however, starts from a different point of view. It is expressed as follows by Sir R. Jebb in his "Introduction to Homer":—

"The Iliad and Odyssey present two main problems.

"(1) The first is the fact of their existence. Greek literature opens with these finished masterpieces. We are certain that ruder work had gone before, but we know

nothing of it. This phenonemon was less striking to the old Greeks than it is to us, since they knew no literature but their own. It is fully appreciated only when a comparison with other early literatures shows it to be unparalleled.

"(2) The second problem depends on the inner characteristics of the poems. Each of them forms an organic and artistic whole. Yet each contains some parts which appear to disturb the plan, or to betray inferior workmanship. How can we account at once for the general unity and for the particular discrepancies?"

These two problems—the external and the internal—are the basis of the "Homeric question" (p. 104). This "higher criticism" owes its origin to the publication by the German scholar Wolf of his "Prolegomena ad Homerum." (1795.) Readers will remember that Wolf maintained that the poems were composed without the aid of writing, but were handed down by oral recitation, a process which was liable to cause many alterations in the text. When these poems came to be written down, about the middle of the sixth century B.C., changes were deliberately introduced by critics and revisers who aimed at bringing the work into harmony with certain forms of idiom and canons of art. The artistic structure of the poems argues against the antiquity of the present form, and was due to the work of later hands. Though the "greater part" was contributed by the original poet, the remainder was added by the Homeridae, who followed out the lines traced by him. It is to be noted that this theory of Wolf was not based in any large measure on internal evidence. He argued from what he called "historical" grounds, *i.e.*, from the character of early popular poetry. But this position has lost much of its force. In the first place the art of writing goes further back than Wolf imagined, for the Phoenicians, who had intercourse with the Greeks probably before 1100 B.C.,

possessed it, and it is not likely that the Greeks would neglect to acquire this part of civilisation. Further, there is no ground for the assumption that Homer is the poet of a civilisation incapable of sustained or artistic poetry. But this point will be touched upon later. Wolf's theory resolves itself into this, that the poems were put together at the beginning of the Greek literary age, out of short unwritten songs which had come down from a primitive age. The poet who began the series also composed most of them, and the later poets continued the general line of his work. The principle of solution once introduced made great headway. Lachmann, using the test of inconsistency of detail, dissected the Iliad into eighteen different lays, to be ascribed, probably, to separate authors. Hermann, keeping closer to the Wolfian tradition, maintained that the primitive poet had produced the original sketch of our Iliad and Odyssey, which was merely completed by later writers, within fixed outlines.

A reaction from this line of thought soon appeared. The "primitive bard" theory gave way to the "great poetical artist" theory. Nitzsch pointed out that the "cyclic" epics of the seventh and eight centuries B.C. presuppose our Iliad and Odyssey, being designed as introductions or supplements to these two poems. Homer worked up a number of short lays previously current about Troy into a large epic on the "wrath of Achilles." The Odyssey is to be considered more original than the Iliad. Grote, following on these lines, thought that our Iliad had outgrown the plan of the original poem, which was concerned with the "wrath of Achilles." Whole books were added by later rhapsodists, until we have a poem on the war of Troy, an Iliad. These additions, however, belonged to the same generation as the Achilleid, as also did the Odyssey.

A more conservative view has been expounded by W. Christ. Homer is supposed to have composed a number of epic lays intended to be recited separately, and therefore,

to some extent, independent. This was the original Iliad, forming a whole complete in itself. This "old" Iliad was amplified, partly by Homer, partly by a band of poets called Homeridae. The Iliad, then, will be an enlargement of an epic by a great poet, who left room for others to complete and complicate it. Every modern critic has recognized that the Odyssey is marked by a closer unity of plan than the Iliad, knitted together by the person of Odysseus. Still even the Odyssey has not escaped the critic's touch. Kirchoff has put forward the most elaborate view on it. He considers that there was a very old poem on the "Return of Odysseus," an epic composed long after the epic art had been matured. A sequel to this "Return" was composed by another poet, giving the adventures of Odysseus after his arrival in Ithaca. This sequel never existed apart from the old "Return," but formed the "old redaction" of the Odyssey. Some centuries later a third poet took up the work. He incorporated a number of epic lays, and gave the whole a better ending. This addition comprised the adventures of Telemachus. The whole poem was freely altered, and thus we get the "later redaction" which is our Odyssey.

The above review does not do justice to the authors of the respective theories. It is a summary of previous summaries made by English authors, and is necessarily imperfect. In reality each view is set forth with an elaborate array of arguments based on the subject matter and language of the poems, which it would be incongruous, not to say impossible, to give in detail in the pages of the Journal. The result intended to be brought home to the reader is this, that modern criticism on these lines holds the field. Though it is true that views such as Lachmann's have not found general acceptance, it is equally true that "Homeric unity" does not find many advocates among modern scholars. Mr. Lang, indeed, writes of "learning" that:—

"vainly thee,
Homer, she meteth with her Lesbian lead,
And strives to rend thy songs, too blind is she
To know the crown on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy."

And Matthew Arnold thinks that the "grand style" of the poems bespeaks a single genius. But the fact remains that critics who have studied the details of the poems have usually favoured a manifold authorship. It is with these facts in mind that we must approach the consideration of Mr. Monro's treatment of the subject. Otherwise we might be inclined to regard him as merely destructive. This is not the case, as will appear.

As his book is an edition of the Odyssey it is from the point of view of that poem that he deals with the question. A considerable portion of the work has appeared in detached form in various periodicals, but it is here brought together and presented in one whole. He observes that there is a marked difference in general character between the Iliad and the Odyssey. The Iliad is based on a mass of tradition or legend, Saga, that is historical in form. It deals with events and persons of high and serious interest, such as worthily make up the history of a national life. Its verisimilitude proved the advanced stage of intelligence, at least of the class for whom the poem was intended. In the Odyssey, on the contrary, though there is an historical setting, most of the narrative belongs to the realm of pure fancy, akin to the class of stories denoted in German by the word Märchen. It is full of marvellous incidents, the work of supernatural or imaginary beings, and is generally devoid of local or national interest. This forms the most characteristic part of the narrative. It is true that this description does not apply in the strict sense to Ulysses (so the editor writes the name), for the main subject, the return of Ulysses to Ithaca, belongs essentially to the same cycle of legend as the Iliad. But the character of the incidents is, in the main, folk-lore, and this fact is emphasised by the difference in the character of the hero himself, who in the Odyssey approximates rather to the Ulysses of Attic tragedy than to the Iliad sketch of the leader in war and council. The reason for this alteration would seem to be that the stories that gather round him in the later work are folk-lore stories, told in the first instance without names of persons or places, which gathered by a sort of attraction round the name of Ulysses. We find, then, these two elements in the Odyssey—heroic tradition mingled with folk-lore tales; Saga combined with Märchen. Of the latter class are the story of the Cyclops, the witchcraft of Circe, the enchanted isle of Calypso, the Moving Rocks, the bag of Aeolus, the Laestrygonian giants, many of these having their parallels in other mythologies. On the other hand the heroic tradition prevails in the latter half of the poem. The Trojan cycle was familiar ground to the hearers, not necessarily in the shape of poems already current before Homer, but as a traditional narrative of the great war. The poet would take up some incident of that well-known event and work it up into a poem, conforming in the main lines to the national memory or belief. This we see in the case of the Iliad, where the poet has taken the subject of the wrath of Achilles and developed an epic poem, possessing, as Aristotle pointed out in the Poetics, the organic unity of a work of plastic art. So in the case of the Odyssey we have a subject chosen—the return of Ulysses to Ithaca—in which a series of unconnected adventures is marvellously welded together within the compass of a single poem. The peculiarity of the Odyssey lies in this that the poet has gone outside the quasi-historical tradition and has incorporated a number of fanciful stories. These predominate, as has been noticed, in the first half of the poem, but even in the later part they have a prominent place. Thus, for example, the wooing of Penelope, and the return of her

husband in time to prevent the marriage with one of the suitors, are subjects common to various cycles of legends. The first part of the slaying of the suitors with the bow has a fairly like character. In short, we have a complete outline of a popular tale which was anterior to the growth of the heroic tradition, into which it was eventually absorbed, and has been presented to us in a perfect form by the author of the Odyssey.

It will be noticed that no mention has been made of Telemachus. His part in the Odyssey has been regarded as forming a distinct subject, the work of a different author, though composed with a view to the rest of the poem. This is the prevailing view, but Mr. Monro entirely dissents from it. Telemachus, he thinks, was a traditional actor in the drama, and the Telemachia is not disproportionate in length nor irrelevant to the main theme. The youth is not raised to the place of hero; the interest in him is reflected from the figure of real hero. The language difficulties raised by Sittl disappear under Mr. Monro's handling. Interpolations are frequent, but there is unity of structure throughout. This conclusion surely commends itself to readers of the Odyssey, and it is typical of the constructive character of the editor's work.

Looking at the Odyssey as a whole, Mr. Monro would allow that there are considerable interpolations. Chief of these is the song of Demodocus, the so-called "comedy of the gods," and there are others in the Phaeacian story. The eleventh book, which gives the interview with the spirits of the dead, stands very much apart from the other adventures, and the latter part must be an interpolation belonging to an age when the notion of future retribution had gained a place in Greek theology. Further there is an ancient tradition going back as far as Aristarchus that the poem originally ended with the line Od. xxiii., 296, and the reasons for accepting this judgment are to be found

partly in the general character of the story and partly in the many traces of post-Homeric language and ideas. It stands as a "continuation," designed to satisfy the Greek hearer or reader, just as one often completes in one's own mind the story in a novel. Allowing, for the sake of argument, all these points, the broad result stands out clearly that the Odyssey as we know it is substantially the same as the work of the original poet. It is a great epic poem, an organic whole artistically developed, the production of a single great mind.

The present work does not treat of the Iliad in detail, but we may gather the author's view from incidental remarks, and from an edition of the Iliad published some years ago, in which we have a much less pretentious handling of the subject. Generally speaking, the result is similar to that in the case of the Odyssey. Aristotle's view of the organic unity of the whole is accepted, the sequence of the narrative being sufficiently in accordance with the general design of the poem. There are probably later additions, *e.g.*, the Catalogue, the Doloneia, the story of Nestor, and the last book, but these occupy comparatively little space, and substantially the Iliad, as we have it, is the production of a single mind. This conclusion is a further instance of the constructive nature of Mr. Monro's work, and is extremely valuable, inasmuch as it is the deliberate judgment of one of the leading Homeric scholars of the day.

A question here arises as to the relation of the Odyssey to the Iliad. Did one man compose these two confessedly great epic poems? As we may have surmised from the previous discussion, our author answers in the negative. Here he abandons what we may call the traditional view and goes back to the position that was rejected by the Alexandrian critics. The difference of subject matter between the two poems has been sufficiently dwelt upon. Aristotle suggested it in the 'Poetics.' The Iliad," he says

"is simple and pathetic, the Odyssey is complex . . . . and ethical," but he never doubted that both were the work of the same great poet. Still we find ancient critics feeling the need of a theory of some kind to account for the common authorship. The Odyssey, Longinus said, serves up the broken fragments of the feast that was spread before us in the Trojan story. The one was written in the prime of Homer's life, the other in his declining years, when, like the setting sun, he had lost the intensity of his power but not his greatness. The hint thus thrown out has been taken up by modern scholars. It has been noted that the Odyssey is full of references to the story of the Trojan war, yet it never repeats or refers to any incident related in the Iliad. There is a "tacit recognition" of the former poem. The story is carried on beyond the point at which the Iliad left it.

The points of difference between the two which suggest a wide interval of time between their composition may be summarised somewhat as follows:—(1) The contrast in subject-matter, expressed in the terms Saga and Märchen. (2) The manifest imitations of the Iliad in the Odyssey. (3) The evidence in the later work of the growth of a new calling, that of the profession of epic singer, the result of a movement partly literal and partly social, which must have taken a considerable time. (4) Divergence in respect of dialect, *i.e.*, in grammatical forms, syntax, and vocabulary. In the last-mentioned point we find, *e.g.*, a marked increase in the words which express what we may call the ideas of civilisation. (5) The advance in Mythology showing the development of the moral sense in the dwellers on Olympus. The abode itself is no longer a mountain in Thessaly, but a supramundane region never shaken by winds, or wetted by rain, or covered with snow. (6) The change in historical aspect from the condition of a great and far-reaching war to that of a profound peace, in which there are signs of active Phoenician commerce. Connected

with this, the geographical knowledge southward and westward is enlarged, and the common field system of tenure of land is replaced by individual wealth in land. The mention of plants and animals lends some confirmation to the general view, and the greater prevalence of iron is noticeable.

These are the primary considerations which lead Mr. Monro to consider the Odyssey a much later production than the Iliad. They are, it is clear, of varying force, and will appeal differently to different minds. To estimate them at their true value is beyond the scope of the present article, and requires more knowledge than the writer of the article possesses. Still there are two or three general considerations that naturally occur. In the first place the subject matter is necessarily diverse from the nature of the scenes described. A poem on a great war does not leave room for much incorporation of folk-lore tales, whereas a poem on the wandering over the sea naturally suggests them. Moreover, there are examples of Märchen even in the Iliad, as Mr. Monro allows, *e.g.*, the story of Bellerophon, and the incident of the horses of Achilles speaking with human voice and prophesying his death. These make the distinction less absolute. And why should we confine a great writer like the author of the Iliad to one style of writing? The author of "Othello" is the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," two themes sufficiently diverse. We know that the Greeks thought that the same man could not be an eminent tragic as well as comic actor. The answer is the same. We have evidence of the combination. Further, as regards the progress in civilsation and the extension of knowledge, etc., is the evidence so strong as to make it impossible that the changes could not have taken place, say, after a lapse of twenty years? That length of time may reasonably be presumed between the composition of the two poems, whilst it makes it possible that they proceeded from the

same author. Given suitable conditions, the advance in thought "when the world was young" must have been rapid. The evidences of recent excavations point to a literal "golden age" of pre-historic Greece, to active intercourse with peoples across the sea, to the establishment of a pax Mycenaea in the Mediterranean lands for at least one or two generations, and who can test the rate of progress which these circumstances would favour? In reference to the dialect, the difficulties are more formidable, but we have to remember that our text is not the text of the composer of the poems. These have come down to us through the medium of Aeolic, Ionic, and Attic dialects, and bear traces of each in the process. This is natural if we remember that the accepted theory is that oral recitation was the chief means of their preservation. Moreover, the original text was itself a combination. The forms of speech undoubtedly "Homeric" could not have been, all at once, the spoken language of the time. There was a literary language of the day as well as a colloquial language; of some of the epithets "Homer" himself does not seem to have known the full meaning. These facts, though they do not give an answer to the difficulties, still make one chary of building too much on arguments from dialect. Moreover, it is noticeable that such arguments have a way of yielding to other conceptions when the latter become imperative for some reason or another. Fick's theory that the poems were originally written in the Aeolic dialect and suddenly translated into Ionic is rejected by Mr. Monro, and the strength of his argument is not a little increased by the historical considerations he puts forward.

If, however, we allow the whole contention that the Odyssey is of much later date than the Iliad, what would this imply? That we have two great epic poems, the work of two men, geniuses of the highest stamp, standing apart from all other early epics. The later cyclic poems of the seventh and eighth centuries throw these two poems

"back into an inaccessible foretime, out of all relation to the subsequent course of Greek literature." In the scanty remains we have of these later works we find the Iliad and Odyssey held in special veneration. The later poets were content to compose their works with direct reference to the early poems. They sought to supplement the two previous works. Though they opened up new local sources of legends and changed the tone and spirit of the stories, yet they wrote under the direct influence of the Iliad and Odyssey. These two poems, then, stand apart from the rest of Greek literature, and although, according to the theory, they were composed by different authors living at a considerable interval of time from one another, still they are the product of the same civilization. Here we must quote the exact words of the author:—"It may be regarded as certain that, whatever amount of historical truth there is in the story of the Trojan war, the Homeric poems are a mirror of the age to which they belong, and reflect, not only the arts and industries, the institutions and beliefs of that age, but also the political condition of the then Greek world. The picture drawn in the Iliad of an array of contingents from all parts of Greece united under the military command of an 'emperor' or Bretwalda, to whom the many tribal 'kings' are in a species of feudal vassalage, must have answered to a real state of things. This inference is amply confirmed by the wonderful series of monuments unearthed by Schliemann and those who are carrying on his work. The Homeric empire of Agamemnon—a King of Mycene 'ruling over many isles and all Argos'—has found its historical antitype in the 'Mycenæan' civilisation. In the period occupied by that civilisation it is easy to place a drama like that of the Iliad, of which the often-renewed strife of East and West furnishes the background. In the Odyssey, too, . . . there are all the signs of a condition of tranquillity which implies the presence of some central power controlling the

chivalrous and restless tribes of Greece. That this Homeric polity is essentially 'Mycenæan'—that is to say, that it is not separated by any long interval or serious breach of continuity from the period of the Mycenæan remains—appears now to be the general opinion of archæologists and historians. It cannot be accidental that hitherto these remains have been chiefly found in the countries most prominent in Homer—Argolis, Laconia, Attica, Bœotia, Thessaly, Crete. It is also clear that the Mycenaean civilisation is contrasted at every point with that of Dorian Greece: and accordingly we find that in the period depicted by Homer the Dorians had not entered or even seriously threatened the Peloponnesus. Eventually this pre-Dorian Homeric empire was overmastered and destroyed by the descent of the northern tribes, the Dorians and Aetolians who drove out the inhabitants—the Homeric Ἀχαιοί or Ἀργεῖοι—from the greater part of the Peloponnesus." This passage is of considerable importance in its bearing on the point we are considering. If the Homeric poems are a "mirror of the age to which they belong," and that age is pre-Dorian, then they belong to the period before 1000 B.C. Now archæologists are disposed to regard the civlisation depicted in the poems as later than the Mycenæan, or at least as Mycenæan in a stage of decline. Suppose the Mycenæan age to have lasted from 1500 to 1200 B.C., which seems to be the likely date, it follows that the age to which the poems belong is brought within a fairly narrow compass. We have, then, according to the theory, two great geniuses flourishing during this period, each of them composing a great epic in which they give us a mirror of the age. Surely we ought to be grateful to modern criticism for giving us two geniuses instead of one, as the ancients believed. The tendency of modern analysis is to qualify the heroes of the past. In this case we have the contrary process, the duplication of the phenomenon.

There is, finally, a further point. If the poems, and the early Greek culture which they bring us, so fully and vividly, are to be identified as Mycenæan, it becomes more than probable that the language of Homer was the dominant language of the same great period. There was, that is, one "Homeric" or "Old Achæan" tongue spread over a continuous territory extending from Thessaly to the Peloponnesus. This was the official and literary language, and its ascendancy was broken down by the Dorian conquest, though it remained the literary language in the realm of poetry. The establishing of this position would seem to be the most valuable part of Mr. Monro's work, and it throws light on the much-disputed question as to the place of origin of the poems. He argues strongly against the supposed Asiatic Aeolic origin, and no less strongly against the prevailing belief of antiquity that "Homer" hailed from Ionia. The local knowledge shown in the Iliad is not enough to convince us that it was produced either in Asiatic Aeolis, or in the Ionian settlements. The two names are probably non-Homeric, for the passage in which Ἴωνες occurs bears marks of being an interpolation. On the other hand the poet displays an acquaintance with European Greece which would hardly be possible to an Ionian. There is a double strata of tradition in the Iliad, which shows traces of a distinction between the leaders in the Trojan war and the more ancient local chiefs and heroes. This proves familiarity with the most cherished legends and memories, and when we remember the local colouring of the poems we have a strong argument for the European origin.

Let us summarise the results of this discussion. The Iliad and the Odyssey, substantially as we possess them, are the production of authors who flourished in the period known to archæology as the Mycenaean period. They are poems of a matured epic form, and present to the reader a mirror of the age to which they belong. They were composed in European Greece in the language spoken in the region over which the pax

Mycenæa spread. This language was the "Old Achaean" dialect, though the poet would use, under appropriate conditions, archaic words and inflexions, and perhaps, occasionally, borrowed words. Our text is not the text of the original poems. There is in it a mixture of dialects which was not in the first poems, but which has supervened as a corruption brought about by the circumstances under which they were transmitted. On the Dorian conquest of Greece the poems were carried abroad in the migrations, and during the period of exile the Ionic and Aeolic dialects left their mark on the text. After the Ionian decline, and the shifting of the literary centre to European Hellas, the poems were brought back from their long exile, and although they retained their Ionic form, the influence of Attic made itself felt, and thus we have the Vulgate text known to the Periclean age and transmitted to us by the Alexandrian critics of the third and second centuries B.C., in particular by Aristarchus.

The above may be considered a general outline of the answers given to the Homeric Question in the book we have been considering. Of course the conclusions will not be accepted by all modern critics, but the work has all the appearance of a standard work, and would seem to justify the title of this paper, which assumes that it presents an authoritative contribution to the present stage of the Homeric Question.

J. E. M.

Alfred Millenary.

September 20th, 1901.

As the mists of ages gather
Round the names of song and story,
Praise we Alfred, King and Father,
First on England's roll of glory.

Boyhood's eager efforts brought him
Treasures prized by saints and sages,
Later years of failure taught him
Lessons from Life's darker pages.

Schooled by hardship, toil and danger,
Smitten by disease, unyielding,
Strove he 'gainst the Danish stranger,
Wessex' royal sceptre wielding.

Into lowly exile driven,
Not then did his purpose waver.
Need of England, harassed, riven,
Nerved his arm to strike and save her.

Be to-day his task to teach us,
How to face our duty sternest,
Heeding not the taunts that reach us,
So our aim be high and earnest.

That we rear a race heroic,
True to Alfred's fame abiding.
Saint and Scholar, Sage and Stoic,
England's weal to him confiding.

May her sons great mem'ries cherish,
Peace and war-won laurels earning,
Till the world's last Empire perish
'Neath the flag of freedom burning.

A. C.

Fr. Francis Pentony. R.I.P.

In June of this year passed away in South Africa Fr. Francis Pentony. By all of us he was known as a man of elevated thought and high aspiration. His inclinations led to a life apart from the world. His happiness was to be in his cell surrounded by his books. He was of a sensitive, highly-strung disposition, which shrank from all bustle and contention. This characteristic barred his usefulness in College life; the exigencies of discipline often demanding what his gentle nature shrank from. He was chosen by his superiors for a higher course of studies in Rome, where he could indulge to the full his love for study and quiet. He stayed there some years, edifying all by his earnestness in work. A short time before he left he lectured on philosophy to the younger students, by whom he was held in great esteem.

On his return to Ampleforth he lectured in Theology. Those who had the privilege of studying under him will never forget how completely he sacrificed himself to his work. His lectures were the result of continuous study. Hour by hour he would remain in his cell, surrounded by his books, and completely buried in his work. He spent much of his time in reading systematically and seriously the best English authors. I can remember well his answer to me one afternoon, when I asked him why he did not recreate himself after his morning's study. "Oh! I am reading this so as to have something to think over during my walk." His mind seemed to be insatiable.

About this time the great troubles of his short life began. His brother Wilfrid, his youngest and best-loved

brother, was carried off by consumption. This blow was followed a few months afterwards by the loss from the same disease of his brother George; and in 1897 he accompanied his brother, Fr. Paul, to South Africa. Scarcely had they landed when Fr. Paul died, and Fr. Francis returned to England. How deeply Fr. Francis was wounded by this threefold loss can never be known. He bore his loss quietly, without complaint. But we, who knew him so well, found him changed. A gentle melancholy settled upon him; his enthusiasm died down, and his health gave way.

His Superiors, therefore, moved him from the monastery to the mission, in hopes that active work would distract him from his grief. But he never could reconcile himself to this work. He did it conscientiously, but his heart pined for the quiet of his cell and the companionship of his books. To his great joy he was chosen to fill the chair of Philosophy at Belmont. He entered upon his work with all the enthusiasm of his earlier days. He once again found himself surrounded by young minds which he could fill with his own enthusiasm for sacred studies. But his strength was gone; he gradually failed, and the shadow of consumption rested on him. In the year 1899, he was brought back to Ampleforth in a dying state. He regained his strength, however, in some degree. In the hope that his life might still be saved, he was sent to South Africa in October of the year 1899. The beautiful dry climate seemed to work wonders in him. His letters grew more cheerful and hopeful. But shortly after last Christmas their tone changed. He began to complain that he could not regain his strength. His spirits sank, and he pined for home. The separation from friends and the associations of a lifetime seems to have been a great misery to him. "I will take the risk"—"Let me come home"—was the theme of his letters.

Two letters filled with this cry reached Ampleforth

after death had come, and God had granted his request in a better and far higher sense.

Our thanks are due to the Bishop and clergy who treated Fr. Francis with every kindness, attended him during his sickness, and laid him to rest with all the ceremonial of Holy Church.

May these few words lead even those who did not know him to pray that God may speedily bring him from the land of exile to his true home.

W. B. H.

Notices of Books.

CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC, by IGNAZ MITTERER. Translated and adapted by W. Jacobskötter. Published by Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

We can highly recommend this little book to our readers. The state of our Catholic Church music in England is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of the public. Severe reprimand or very qualified praise has been awarded to it by those best able to give an opinion. To have the laws of the Church and her wishes in a cheap and handy form, and in the English tongue, will be a real service to choir-masters and organists.

The text contains the following information :—

(1) The decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the use of the Latin tongue in Liturgical, and of the vernacular in extra-Liturgical services.

(2) Lawful and unlawful "Texts" at Mass and the Liturgical Offices.

(3) An exposition of the Gregorian Chant and its right to be called "the Music of the Church," and to be received as such in preference to all other kinds of music.

(4) Precepts and decrees (from the Cærem. Episc.) for the employment of the organ and other instruments during Divine service.

(5) Who may be choristers, by whom they should be appointed, and how they should conduct themselves during Divine service.

(6) An appendix is added which contains the latest decrees of the S. R. C. on Church Music and the famous 13th decree of the fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster.

The editor has carried his work through with evident pains. He adds to the text certain explanatory foot-notes which are as instructive as they are necessary. We think, however, that he ought not to have passed over in silence the work of the Solesmes Benedictines, which has cast such a new light on the theory of Plain Chant. Then, too, he permits the Ratisbon Edition of Plain Chant to pass as *authentic*. Is it still the only text approved of at Rome? We believe not. We certainly hope not—if only by reason of the many grammatical blunders which fret its pages.

The extract from a letter of Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, to the translator, with which the volume opens, is important and significant: and whilst it should do much to enhance the sale of this excellent little publication, it should further help to awaken the English Catholic mind to higher aspirations in ecclesiastical musical art.

CARDINAL POLE. A Memoir by DUDLEY BAXTER, B.A. Oxon: Art and Book Company, 22, Paternoster Row.

This is a short and interesting sketch of the life of the great English Cardinal—"the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury." The author's object is to make "the character and career of Reginald Cardinal Pole better known among his countrymen, and in the preface he expresses his hope that it may induce "some more competent Catholic scholar" to become his standard English biographer. The chief features of the Cardinal's life are brought before the notice of the reader;—the interest that Henry VIII took in his education and advancement; and his refusal to stand by the King in the question of the divorce, the Cardinals' opinion of of which was given to the world in his treatise "pro Ecclesiasticae Unitatis defensione." The account of his labours to re-unite England with Rome in Mary's reign is short but concise, and gives the reader an insight into the Cardinal's zeal for the interests of religion; and in the closing chapters the trials and troubles of his declining years are sympathetically told. English Catholics should welcome this little work as being the life of one who "alone among Englishmen save Adrian IV was actually elected to the Supreme Pontificate."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS. By Fra GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. Edited, with introduction, by the Very Rev. J. PROCTOR. Sands & Co., and M. H. Gill.

In his long introduction, Fr. Procter is chiefly concerned to establish the dishonesty of a translation "free from all sectarian feeling or prejudice" published by Mr. Hill in 1868, a translation from which Mr. Hill seems to have "expurgated" everything Catholic, yet to which he refers his readers for a picture of the mind of Savonarola. It is

not easy to imagine anything more unfair to the author himself or to his readers.

The work itself is a short statement of the grounds of faith; in four books it deals with the foundations of natural religion, the proofs for the Christian faith, the reasonableness of Christian doctrines, and the unreasonableness of all others. The language and method are scholastic throughout—concise arguments in technical philosophic language follow each other as in St. Thomas. As a storehouse of such arguments it may be of use to the preacher; though St. Thomas' store is far fuller and richer, and there are passages in this edition so involved as to suggest that the translator has missed the force of the Italian original.

But it is nearly impossible that such a book should appeal to an outsider; written for a different age, in unfamiliar form and phrase, it could not have that insight into modern views, that keen sympathy with modern difficulties, which are so satisfying in an apologist like Lacordaire.

The real interest of the book lies in the view that it gives of the author's mind. In an ordinary manual of philosophy or theology one does not feel the personality of the author; he simply reproduces that which has been handed down to him. But here, as in St. Alfonso's devotional writings, one feels that all has grown into the author's mind and become part of him; and every now and then an idea comes forth transformed and breathing life. When he says "as every effect honours its cause chiefly by its perfection, man cannot pay to God a greater homage than that of a perfect life," it is not the philosopher but the lover of God that speaks. On p. 43 he traces in the lower forms of life the principle that the life is more perfect the more it rises above matter and is independent of it; but it leads him not to a dry philosophic analogy, but to the Christian doctrine of self-denial and separation from all material things. The book is not easy reading,

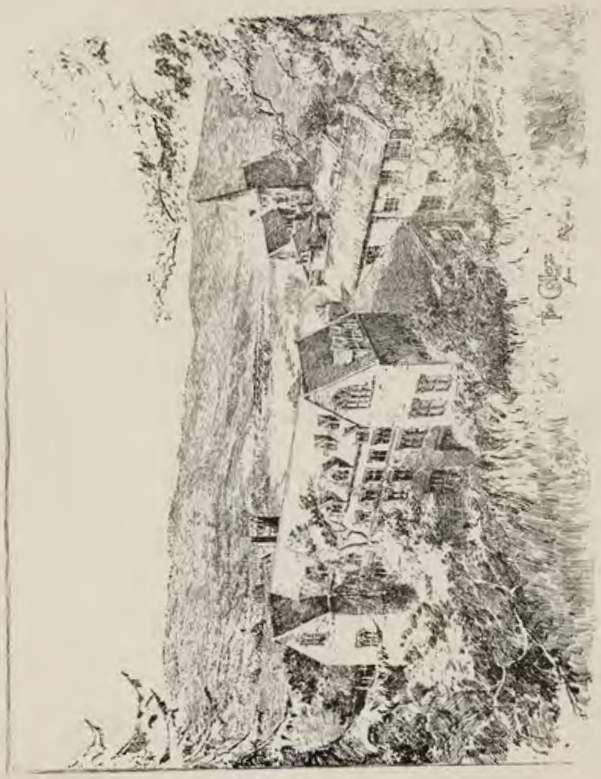
but it abounds with suggestive spiritual light on all the border-land of philosophy and religion.

Is the author or the translator responsible for the statement on p. 19 that "as form has no being without matter it cannot operate without matter"? This, as it stands, can only mean that after separation from the body the soul has no existence!

COMMUNION DAY. By the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL. London: Art and Book Company, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

This small book is sub-titled, by the author, "Fervorinos" before and after Communion days. This Italian word, he tells us, has no English equivalent, but is creeping into use amongst us. It means a short and simple devotional homily, which aims rather at exciting fervour than at giving instruction. And certainly every book that aspires to increase our *fervour* in Communion claims our attention. The past generation, we are told, used to make a kind of retreat a few days before and after their Communions, but now-a-days we are accustomed to see a great majority of those who have approached the altar rails leave the Church with those who have not. Others may spend a short five minutes after the last Gospel, and some of the devotees before leaving will make up for want of devotion by burning a candle. Perhaps one out of a hundred will be left in the church a quarter of an hour after Mass is finished. This is not fervour. It rather points out that we have become lukewarm—that we do not appreciate as we should the greatest gift we can ever receive on earth.

The book before us is meant for spiritual reading on the eve and evening of Holy Communion, to awaken devotion and to suggest thoughts for a worthy preparation and thanksgiving. At the same time much of it may profitably be used immediately before and after Holy Communion.



The College Diary.

Sept. 12th. The boys returned after the Midsummer vacation. We found a goodly number of new faces among us:—A. Weighill, Goathland, Whitby; Jos. Darby and James Darby, Formby; Basil Cartwright, Birmingham; R. Hesketh, Liverpool; R. Calder Smith, Manilla; W. Dees, Croydon; B. Pike and S. Pike, Bristol; E. Keogh, London; J. Shirley, Dublin; P. Ward and J. Ward, Liverpool; H. P. Emmerson and E. Emmerson, Newfoundland; P. J. Neeson, Glasgow; H. Chamberlain, Grassendale; J. Pradéra, Bilbao; R. Marwood, Pleasington; L. Miles, Liverpool; A. Blaney, Dundee; G. Murphy, Halifax, Nova Scotia; S. Lovell, St. Leonard's; T. Field, Dublin.

Sept. 15th. Sunday. The voting for captain. W. J. Lambert was elected and chose the following government:—

Secretary	O. Williams
Librarians of Upper Library	C. de Normanville D. Traynor
Officemen	J. Smith H. Barnett
Clothesman	F. Hayes
Commonmen	H. de Normanville E. Pilkington
Collegemen	P. Williams W. Williams P. Smith
Gasmen	C. Primavesi J. Nevill
Librarian of Lower Library	L. Burn
Vigilarii ,, ,,	P. Lambert M. Neville
Librarian of Upper Gram. Library	N. Harrison

Vigilarii ,, ,, ,,	P. Bentley C. Preston
Vigilarii of Reading Room	H. Dees F. Ibbotson
Captains of football sets :—	
1st set, - - - - -	W. Lambert H. Byrne
2nd set, - - - -	B. Rochford P. Lambert
3rd set, - - - - -	A. Hines S. Pike
4th set, - - - -	A. Rosenthal C. Rochford
5th set, - - - -	H. Dees C. Anderton

Sept. 21. Prince K.S. Ranjitsinhji is at present residing at Gilling. On this date he played for Mr. Kilvington's XI *v.* Mr. Peacock's XI. Prince Ranji and Fr. Elphege Hind opened the innings. The Prince, having completed his century, retired, and shortly afterwards the game had to be abandoned on account of rain.

Sept. 23. To-day Prince Ranji paid us a visit. He was to have played football in the afternoon, but was unable to do so as his knee troubled him. Whilst watching the game he was besieged by numerous applicants for his autograph; the hand camera was also busy. Later in the afternoon, he made a short address to the boys in the study hall, saying that it had afforded him great pleasure to see the Abbey and the College, and that if at any time in the cricket season he could spare a few days, he would be only too glad to come and help us in our matches.

Sept. 27. Fr. Placid Corballis came here from Fort Augustus in a weak state of health. We are glad to say that the change has benefitted him considerably.

Sept. 28. This evening, in the Upper Library, Mr. Robinson explained the latest football rules, and Fr. Bernard read us various extracts on the methods employed by notable players in their several positions in the field.

Sept. 29. Sunday. A harvest thanksgiving was held at Kirby-moorside. Fr. Abbot pontificated and preached, and some of the choir went to sing the Mass.

Oct. 2. Month-day. Match v. Bootham. The 1st XI at home gained an easy victory, the result being 9 against 2; but the 2nd XI were beaten at Bootham by 4 to 1. This defeat has broken our record, it being the first time that the colours of the 2nd XI have ever been lowered.

Oct. 6. "All Comers" played the XI and were beaten by 6 to 4.

Oct. 9. Match played at home v. Harrogate. A hard-fought victory for the XI. Result 5 to 2, Lambert scoring three times and Traynor twice.

Oct. 10. This evening we commenced a two days' Retreat, preached by Fr. Rector.

Oct. 17. Match v. St. John's, York. The XI again victorious. Result 7-0.

Oct. 19. Match v. Mr. Rowntree's XI on the home ground. It was a hard and rough game in which, at times, more force than science was displayed. The XI still unbeaten. Result 4-2. Fr. Maurus scored twice, Br. Benedict and W. Lambert once each.

Oct. 22. Solemn Requiem Mass for the late Abbot O'Gorman. Fr. Austin's feast was kept to-day. A sumptuous repast awaited us in the refectory. After the "solids" were disposed of, Fr. Basil (in Fr. Bernard's absence) in flowery language eulogised Fr. Rector, who was presiding at the Sixth Form table. W. Lambert, the Captain, said a few words on behalf of the school, assuring him of our support, and of our appreciation of the interest he takes in us He then proposed his health as a toast. Fr. Austin thanked Fr. Basil and the Captain for their kind wishes, and said that the applause which had been so freely accorded him was an encouragement to him to pursue the same course of action which he had hitherto followed, viz., that of curtailing play-days. This remark was made and received with equal good nature. Mr. K. Weighill who is here on a visit, took part in the set games. In the evening there were magic lantern views of Ireland with interesting explanations by Fr. Placid Corlett.

Oct. 26. Match here v. York Trinity, in which we were assisted by K. Weighill. Another victory, 7-1. To-day has been made a red-letter day in the history of the College by the arrival of a billiard table, for which we take this opportunity of expressing our deep gratitude to Fr. Austin and Fr. Bernard. The Upper Grammar Library has been fitted up as a billiard room and suits

admirably. A photograph of it will probably appear in a subsequent number of the Journal.

Oct. 27. Sunday. Fr. Benedict gave a lecture on Botany in the Upper Library. His subject was "Clover in its various stages." He brought with him a large number of specimens, beautiful no doubt from a botanist's point of view, but——

Oct. 30. Fr. Benedict spoke in the Upper Library on the advantages of reading, giving extracts from various authors.

Nov. 1. Feast of All Saints. Pontifical High Mass in the morning. Compline and Pontifical Benediction in the evening. The time before dinner was occupied by a repetition of the Peloponnesian War, very properly resulting in the downfall of the Athenians. Score 3-0.

Nov. 3. Sunday. Literary Debate in the Upper Library. The question was "Is it true that the English give too much time to outdoor games?'

Nov. 5. A visit from Fr. Powell, the Prefect of Studies at Douai.

Nov. 6. The second XI met Bootham here and wiped out their former defeat by reversing the previous score: 4-1.

Nov. 7. Month-day. The first XI went to play Bootham, and found them much improved. They managed, however, to win by 2-1. Fr. Bede, as is his Month-day custom, accompanied by Fr. Benedict, took a party of the more serious of us to "archæologize." This time the scene of operations was Rievaulx Abbey.

Fr. Denis Firth arrived from South Africa.

Nov. 10. Sunday. Fr. Abbot lectured in the study on "What can be done with the hand camera," illustrated by magic lantern slides.

Nov. 11. Herr Max Trier and G. Oberhoffer went to a concert at York which Herr R. W. Oberhoffer had organized. Our congratulations to Mr. Oberhoffer on its great success.

Nov. 12. Fr. Abbot and Mr. Taylor went to the old Amplefordians' Dinner at Liverpool. There was a record fall of rain in honour of the coming play-day.

Nov. 13. Feast of All Monks. Solemn High Mass. It is always a pleasure to us to record anything to do with old institutions. To-day was celebrated by the demolition of 25 geese. The state of the weather rendered outdoor exercise impracticable and showed us the value of the new indoor games. Four adventurous spirits went down the fields with a football, and were justly and universally considered lunatics. The less irrational members of the school waited for a temporary cessation of the rain and sleet, and went out for a walk. In the evening Fr. Benedict gave a lecture on "Light" in the Junior Library, Fr. Austin assisting with the lantern.

Nov. 14. Solemn Requiem Mass at 7 a.m. The match with Hymer's College, Hull, had to be postponed owing to the unsatisfactory state of the ground.

Nov. 17. Sunday. Literary Debate in the Senior Library. A paper on "Colonization" was read by O. Williams and opposed by G. Oberhoffer.

Nov. 20. St. Cecily's was kept to-day. As the weather was anything but pleasant, the Choir and Band had to amuse themselves indoors during the morning; in the afternoon they went over to Helmsley for tea. On returning in the evening, Fr. Elphege read a paper on "The History of St. Lawrence's," illustrated by lantern slides. The musicians then met together for the customary "punch." The great match of the term was played to-day. The first XI met Pocklington on the home ground, and the second XI away. At home we won by 4 to 0, but it was a hard and close game The second XI were not so fortunate at Pocklington and lost the game, the result being 2 to 0. A new ladder was presented to the gymnasium by Mr. Robinson. We wish to thank him for his kindness.

Nov. 22. The new rifle range arrived. It is not at all elegant in appearance, but it is harmless and extremely useful when the weather compels us to keep indoors.

Nov. 24. Sunday. Literary Debate in the Senior Library. The question of "Compulsory Games" was discussed, being introduced by F. Hayes; the second speaker was J. Nevill.

Nov. 26. Another visit from Fr. Cortie, S.J. His lecture this evening was on "The Sun," and in his usual eloquent manner he traced for us the life and history of "Sun-spots."

Nov. 27. Fr. Cortie gave us his second lecture, choosing for his subject "Solar Flames and Corona." It was very interesting, and the pictures on the screen of a great number of solar eclipses were excellent. We wish to thank him for the trouble he took and for his kindness in so favouring us.

Nov. 28. The match with Kirbymoorside was cancelled as they were unable to get a team together.

Nov. 29. Recreation was given this afternoon in honour of Fr. Cortie. The Band and Choir played the School, and were easily victorious.

Dec. 5. The XI went to York to meet St. John's and suffered the first defeat of the season. Result: 3-1.

H. Byrne
O. Williams.

Literary Debates.

The first meeting of the Debating Society this year was held on Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Fr. Rector was in the chair, and there were also present Fr. Benedict, Br. Lawrence, Br. Benedict, Mr. Marwood, J.P., and Mr. T. Marwood.

The subject for discussion was "Is it true that the English as a nation give too much attention to outdoor games?"

H. Byrne, who considered that the English *do* give too much attention, upheld his opinion by trying to contrast the habits of the Americans with those of the English.

J. Smith—the champion and defender of the English nation—said that the habits of the English are proper because they suit the English nature. He argued that the Romans owed their position to the attention which they gave to physical development, and reminded us that they only fell when love of luxury and ease had crept in among them.

Neither of the speeches were delivered in what one could call flowing language, and the nervousness which was perhaps the cause, and certainly the result of this, seemed to communicate itself to the rest of the house, and had its effect on the subsequent proceedings. After the house had enjoyed a few minutes' discussion, in which G. McDermott and G. Chamberlain were the chief debaters,

Fr. Benedict rose and brought forward several points that had not been noticed. He distinguished between actually taking part in games and the mere interest in the result of competitions. Of the former, he maintained that there was not enough, especially among the lower classes, and that it was one of the great needs of the day that poor people should have occupation for such times as Sundays. On the other hand, he said that the interest in the doings of people of which we know nothing, except through the newspapers, was much too general, and was sure to have a bad influence on the mind.

As no one seemed inclined to dispute Fr. Benedict's assertions, Fr. Rector summed up the arguments given on either side, and added some remarks on the advantages of games, especially for the young.

The voting showed a decided approval of the existing state of affairs. Twenty-two voted that the English do *not* give too much attention to outdoor games, whilst the opposite opinion found only seven supporters.

On Sunday, Nov. 17th, a debate took place in the Upper Library, on the "Lawfulness of Colonisation." Fr. Rector was in the chair and there was quite a number of other Religious present.

After the minutes of the previous debate had been read and passed with some alterations, G. Oberhoffer read his paper in defence of colonisation. He seemed thoroughly to believe in what he was saying, and went even farther than the question required, holding that colonisation is not only not unlawful, but necessary, to escape the evils of over-population. He described what the state of Europe would be, were it not that Europeans had colonised parts of other continents, and argued that the evils attendant on colonisation are quite counter-balanced by the frightful results of over-population.

O. Williams, on the other hand, considered that colonisation is nothing but theft. He described the various stages of the growth of a colony from the native's point of view, their awakening to the real state of affairs, and their resistance and subjugation. He objected to the argument that colonisation is good for the aborigines, on the ground that it is not for a country like England to decide what is good for them, and because experience has shown that no good influence on the natives follows from colonisation, but degradation, perhaps extermination.

As examples of this, he mentioned the aborigines of Australia, the Hottentots, and Red Indians.

He answered G. Oberhoffer's argument that the evils of over-population necessitated it, by saying that those evils might be avoided by emigration. He also spoke of the evil influence on colonists themselves—saying that they were always wild and lawless—and concluded with a short quotation from "How we made Rhodesia" to show the spirit in which the natives were treated.

After this G. McDermott brought forward a number of othe. arguments supporting G. Oberhoffer's side, and the discussion became general.

Soon afterwards Br. Dominic rose and mentioned the United States as an example of the good effects of colonisation on the colonists themselves—and New Zealand as one of the good done to the aborigines.

The wideness of the question facilitated general and varied discussion, and the ranks of those speaking in favour of colonisation were made very formidable by the addition to them of W. Lambert, G. Chamberlain, J. Kevill, and others. O. Williams was forced to defend his opinions almost unaided.

As it was nearly nine o'clock, Fr. Rector summed up the arguments given, and asked for a show of hands. Nineteen voted that colonisation is lawful, and five that it is not.

On Sunday, Nov. 24th, there was a meeting of the Debating Society, at which many Masters attended, to discuss whether games ought to be compulsory or not. F. Hayes and J. Nevill each read a paper. After the minutes of the previous debate had been read and passed, F. Hayes gave his reasons for advocating compulsory games.

He spoke at considerable length of the good, both moral and physical, done to a boy by games, and of the way in which they benefit the boy at College by giving him a liking for it, and so causing him to use all his influence in after life for its good. He considered that, if games were not compulsory, boys would not become sufficiently proficient when young to enjoy them, and so would not play them. In concluding, he endeavoured to awaken some sparks of patriotism in the breasts of his audience, by contrasting Englishmen, who have compulsory games in their boyhood, with Frenchmen who are not forced to play.

J. Nevill objected to games being compulsory, for two chief reasons He contrasted an army of voluntary recruits with one raised by conscription, and applied the principle to games—taking Tennis and Rounders as examples. He also argued that compulsory games tend to make boys narrow-minded and to confine their powers of conversation to subjects pertaining to athletics—preventing them from more intellectual pursuits such as botany and geology.

H. Barnett then spoke of the advantages of compulsory games, and his arguments provoked a series of attacks, chiefly from G. Chamberlain, A. Richardson, and C de Normanville, which was followed by an animated, if futile, discussion between H. de Normanville and the two latter.

Br. Dominic then spoke of the moral good done by compulsory games to a boy—by giving him the habit of obedience, and the power of self-restraint and of command. It was unfortunate that the season of the year made football uppermost in the minds of most of the speakers, for this, combined with the fact that one or two gentlemen on either side were speaking with a purpose, narrowed the question down to a degree which threatened to render any satisfactory discussion impossible.

After about a quarter of an hour of further debating, Fr. Rector rose and briefly placed before the house the arguments for either side. The voting showed that the majority favoured F. Hayes' opinion.

H. Byrne.

Notes.

Thinking of the little differences between one Exhibition and another, two well-known verses suggest themselves to us as peculiarly inapplicable:—

"Oh, the little more and how much it is,
And the little less and what worlds away."

Weighed against previous Exhibitions, that of 1901 would certainly turn the scale. But "the little more and how much it is," or is'nt, is not a matter of avoirdupois, and neither is it altogether a matter of Arithmetic. The little more in the way of guests, in the older days, would have meant only a little less room, and would have been altogether undesirable. Taking things as they were, we believe that our record Exhibition party of 1901 was all that could be desired. We, old fogies who live in the past, when we return to our Alma Mater, always find something to regret,—something changed or something gone, which we probably would never have given a thought to if it had been in existence. It would, perhaps, be a pity if we did'nt. The pleasantest topics among old companions are the differences between the old times and the new. "The tender grace of the day that is dead" is the atmosphere we delight to dwell in. And then, if we had nothing to regret and everything were just as it used to be, what should we do to find matter for our post-prandial speeches?

Old and young, we are all proud of the success of our little Oxford Hall. It was not phenomenal, such as would call for notice in the morning papers, but it was more than we had a right to expect. No failure is the most really satisfactory of all results. Our three students have all passed in the final examination, and taken their degrees. Two of the candidates have done this in "Greats," Fr. Edmund Matthews and William Byrne and Fr. Edmund deserves great credit for having taken

a place in the second division of the Honours list. Wm. Byrne, now Br. Ambrose took fourth division Honours. May this good beginning be an assurance of the continuance and prosperity of the Oxford Hall! Fr. Oswald Hunter Blair presides over it still, as he has done from the beginning. Fr. Edmund remains to act as tutor to the younger students. and, in the intervals of Oxford work, gives instruction in classics to the young Religious at Belmont.

During the term, Bishop Hedley has given the "Oxford Lectures;" it is the second time His Lordship has undertaken this important task. They were very well attended; but our readers will hardly need assurance of the fact. His Lordship also read to the Newman Society, on Dec. 1st, the paper on "Monkwearmouth," which he has kindly contributed to this number of the Journal.

We give here the remarks of the Oxford Examiners on the work of the students we presented at the Midsummer Local Examinations. They tell their own story, and comment would but spoil them;

Report of Ampleforth College.

"To the Delegates of Local Examinations, Oxford."

"Gentlemen,

"I beg leave to report to you that I have this year examined fifty-eight candidates from Ampleforth College in the subjects prescribed by you for the examinations for your certificates.

"Among the youngest boys, the papers on *English Grammar* showed a good knowledge of rules throughout, but the paraphrases and explanations were apt to wander a little from the point. In *English History* the knowledge of events was satisfactory; the boys who took the earlier period did better on the whole than those who offered the Eighteenth Century. In *English Composition*, a piece full of detail was well reproduced by almost every candidate, three or four boys doing the paper better than anybody did it last year. For these last two papers I should like to mention the names of Taunton and Bradley, and to them I would add Barton as being the best of the few boys who offered English poems. The general level of the *Geography* paper was well maintained; there was hardly a failure, and the knowledge shown in some of the maps was very

creditable. The *Latin* showed a great deal of steady work. In the sentences especially (of which I had occasion to complain last year) there was a marked improvement. Hines principally distinguished himself, but the answers of W. P. Crean, Preston, and Marwood were also satisfactory. In *French* the translation was better than the sentences, and the paper would probably have shown even better results if the candidates had been willing to adhere a little more closely to the actual words set for translation. Wyse was distinctly best, and among the younger boys Taunton showed much promise.

"Turning to the *Junior* candidates, in *English Grammar* the work was singularly level; in *English History* there was more diversity. Some of the boys showed good knowledge of the events of the '45 and of the Peninsular War. It is of course most desirable to teach history with strict impartiality, and this has been very well carried out; at the same time it is difficult to preserve an understanding of the history of the last century without a clear knowledge of the parties to which the chief statesmen belonged. In this paper, as in most of the English subjects, Chamberlain showed considerable merit.

"Last year I had occasion to refer favourably to the knowledge of Shakespeare shown by the school, and I am very glad to repeat my praise without qualification this year. The acquaintance with the text of "King Henry V." was very sound, and the answers to the general questions were in most cases based upon the actual knowledge of the candidates; there was little or none of that fine and vague writing which is one of the worst faults in answering questions on English literature. In the *Poems of England* set as a substitute for Shakespeare, Blackmore showed very good knowledge of a wide range of the best patriotic verse. *Geography* was a paper in which the knowledge was unevenly distributed. France and Wales and the map of Europe were well known, and the small sketch maps were in many cases clear and excellent. South Africa, on the other hand, offered a fertile field for conjecture. The *English Essays* were a very even lot; those candidates who chose 'The Advantages of Travel' as their subject did best, but throughout there was a distinct improvement in diction since last year.

"In *French* the translations into English, both unseen and also from the prepared book, were well done and showed good sense.

The grammar had been well learned, but there was a certain lack of confidence in its application. The best papers were those of Blackmore.

"In *Latin*, the last and perhaps the most important of the subjects, the set book was not so well known as in French, but there was evidence of careful grounding in grammar. St. John shows very considerable promise of scholarship, and the work of Burn, Quinn, and Traynor was very fair.

"Lastly, I come to the work of the elder boys. In *English History* one sometimes has to complain that the beginning of a period is known to the detriment of the end, or *vice versa*, but of this there is no sign, for the knowledge covered the whole period. In this, as in many other subjects to which I shall have to refer, the best paper was done by Byrne.

"The remarks which I have already made about the Junior paper on *Shakespeare* apply with equal force to the Seniors. The knowledge is more advanced, and there is a further set of questions on *Childe Harold*, but in all classes the knowledge struck me as being at first hand, derived from reading the works themselves, and not provisional answers carefully prepared against the questions an examiner might be expected to ask.

"In *Geography* the map of Europe was very much better known than that of Africa, and the geography of the South West of Ireland was more familiar than that of the Firth of Forth. The best papers are a very distinct improvement on those of last year, especially those done by H. de Normanville and Smith.

"The *English Essay* calls for no special remark; there was a slight tendency to diffuseness and want of orderly treatment, but there was a very good average standard of work.

"In *French* the translation was superior to the prose and grammar; in the last subject the elementary knowledge seemed sound, but the advanced questions in grammar were rather too difficult for the majority of the candidates. Smith distinguished himself most, but I should also add a word of praise for Williams, Hayes, and Byrne.

"To end with the classical papers, the *Latin Unseen Translations* were better than the prose, but in the prose this year a distinct improvement was plain. The most striking feature of the examination to me has been the great improvement in Byrne's work,

which must be a great satisfaction both to himself and to his teachers. He is well supported by Williams, Smith, and Hayes. In *Greek* Byrne shows a good promise, while Smith has made considerable progress.

"In summing up the main results of the examination, I can only say that the teaching of Ampleforth College seems to me conducted on sound lines, with great diligence and genuine love for the work. I am impressed alike with the steady effort to maintain the standard of instruction and the attention which is shown to any points in which weakness is disclosed by examination or otherwise. Just one-third of the candidates whose work I have seen this year were examined by me two years ago, and I am therefore in a position to speak as to the progress made by them and the satisfactory results produced by the Ampleforth teaching. It goes without saying that all have not made the same amount of improvement, for all are not equally endowed by nature; but, so far as I can judge, the natural capacities of each boy have been thoroughly well developed by the instruction he has received.

"I remain, Gentlemen,
"Your obedient servant,
"GRAHAM BALFOUR, M.A.,
"Worcester College, "Oxford.

"July 22, 1901.

"Countersigned:
"A. T. GERRANS, M.A.
"Secretary to the Delegates."

"OXFORD LOCAL EXAMS, 1901.

"REPORT.

"*Acts of the Apostles*" (Seniors).

"The number of candidates examined in this subject was much larger than in 1900, and I am glad to report that the results were very satisfactory,

"The answers as a whole give evidence of a quite adequate knowledge of the text of Scripture, as well as an understanding of its meaning'

"Two defects, perhaps, might be pointed out: (1) the want in some cases of a sense of due proportion, the result being that the

easier and less important questions are occasionally answered at quite inordinate length and crowded with irrelevant details: (2) a tendency to quote from memory (usually with very partial success) the actual words of Scripture and also the notes of the text-book, instead of replying to the question in the candidate's own words.

"On the whole, however, the papers sent in testify to careful preparation and an intelligent grasp of the subject.

"The marks gained by the whole of the candidates work out to an average of 75 per cent of the maximum obtainable. The highest marks were obtained by C. *A. de Normanville*.

"DAVID OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR, O.S.B., M.A.,
"Examiner."

"To the Delegates of Local Examinations, Oxford.

Ampleforth College, York.

"Gentlemen,

I have the honour to submit my third report on the Mathematical work at Ampleforth College.

"Seven boys presented themselves as candidates for the Senior Local Examination, twenty-three for the Junior, and eighteen for the Preliminary.

"The standard attained was not a remarkably high one, but it was unusually even and there were few performances which did not present some meritorious features. I suppose that every Examiner has to reiterate the teachers' comments on inaccurracy, but the educational value of the study of mathematics seems to depend in a large measure on the cultivation of habits of accurate thought. The geometrical side of the subject is of special importance in this particular, and due attention should be given both to the propositions and to simple riders.

"Without extending their curriculum the boys might derive even greater mental benefit by striving after greater accuracy and closeness of reasoning.

"I append details of the various branches:—

"*Arithmetic*. Seniors. While but little fall below a fair standard, there was not much which rose above it. The answers gave me the impression that the boys found the paper somewhat long. Whether from haste or from other cause, there was a considerable amount of inaccurate work, and in not a few instances

I found it difficult to follow the train of reasoning. H. K. Byrne was the only boy who obtained correct answers to more than five questions out of twelve.

"Juniors.—With the exception of interest, their knowledge of which is valueless, the work of the boys was on the whole quite good, and the marks obtained were agreeably even. J. J. Darby heads the list.

"In the Preliminary examination some of the boys did very well, a single slip alone depriving Preston of full marks. On the other hand there was a singular prevalence of inaccuracy, especially in in reduction and in fractions.

"*Algebra.* The Senior candidates exhibited a satisfactory acquaintance with fractions and equation, but no one solved either problem, and questions involving indices exposed great weakness. Bryne excels his fellows both in knowledge and in accuracy. The remainder were fairly close together.

"I cannot speak so highly of the Juniors, who appear to be weak in the very departments in which their elders are strong,and to have no especially strong points to compensate. Traynor is appreciably in advance of the others.

"*Euclid.* The first four books were offered by the Seniors. H. de Normanville alone was moderately successful. The boys seem to have neglected this part of their work. Only one boy wrote out correctly Euc. I, 6.

"Among the Juniors Traynor was much the best in writing out the propositions set. Euc. I. 6, and II. 14, proved too much for the majority.

"Yours very truly,
"H. T. GERRANS, M.A.,
"Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College,
"Oxford."

LIST OF SUCCESSES, 1901.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE HIGHER CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

Vincent S. Gosling,—passed in Latin, French, Mathematics, English and History.

Thomas Preston,—passed in Latin, French, Mathematics, English and History.

William T. Sheppard,—passed in Latin, Mathematics, History, and obtained *distinction* in English.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

Senior:

H. K. Byrne	1st Class Pass.
F. J. Dawson	" "
H. de Normanville	" "
G. A. MacDermott	" "
S. Punch	" "
J. E. Smith	" "
O. M. Williams	" "

O. M. Williams obtained distinction in Religious Knowledge.

Junior:

A. Blackmore	1st Class Pass.
L. B. Burn	" "
G. H. Chamberlain	" "
E. H. Darby	" "
J. J. Darby	" "
L. Finnesey	" "
H. T. Martin	" "
B. Marwood	" "
A. T. McCormack	" "
D. P. McCormack	" "
A. E. Neale	" "
J. A. Parle	" "
A. S. J. Primavesi	" "
B. Rochford	" "
F. Calder Smith	" "
L. B. St. John	" "
J. Quinn	" "
R. P. O'B. Dowling	2nd Class Pass
W. St. G. Foote	" "
F. W. Hesketh	" "
J. B. Kevill	" "
D. Traynor	" "

Preliminary:

W. A. Williams	1st Class Pass
D. F. Anderton	2nd Class Pass
B. R. D. Bradley	,, ,,
W. P. Crean	,, ,,
T. Heslop	,, ,,
A. Hines	,, ,,
C. Marwood	,, ,,
G. O. Preston	,, ,,
C V. Wyse	,, ,,

Our brethren of St. Edmund's, at Douai, have been called upon to choose whether they would apply for Registration and remain in France, or seek a new home in England. For some time it was believed they would not need to take any steps in the matter. They were already tenants of the Republic, and were so far approved as to have been in receipt, from the French Government of certain annual pensions for scholars. But they found, almost at the last moment, that they were not an exempt monastery. They have decided to stick to the old ship, and have received assurance they will be permitted to do so. There were some of us who would not have thought that an ill wind which drove them on our English shore. But, no doubt, they have chosen for the best. Their decision to remain was made with the full approval of the Holy See. On the other hand, we can quite understand that our French brethren may have found it impossible to submit to the provisions of the new Act, and we welcome them unreservedly to our country. Mr. Granville Ward deserves the thanks of all Benedictines for securing them a home. France can ill afford to lose them.

Many of our readers have expressed their interest in the Cambridge MS. Life of St. Cuthbert—extracts from which we published in our last number—and its reference to the tradition of the removal of the body of the Saint and the secret burial in another part of Durham Cathedral. Fr. Allanson has left in MS. an account of the Benedictine tradition which may be new to many of our readers. We cannot print the whole, as the MS. is of some length, but the following is the gist of it:—

The earliest Benedictine notice of the tradition, to Fr. Allanson's

knowledge, is that in Fr. Serenus Cressy's "Church History." Speaking of the incorrupt body of the Saint, the historian says: "And no doubt it continues so (incorrupt) to this time in the hands of some devout Catholics, it is to be hoped secure from the outrages of Calvinistical enemies, more envenomed against God's saints than the heathenish Danes themselves." This is not a very satisfactory testimony, and would seem to imply that Fr. Cressy knew little or nothing except the bare tradition of the removal.

Fr. Anselm Mannock, in a MS. at Downside, quotes Fr. Cressy's words about the security of St. Cuthbert's body from outrage, and in a marginal note there is the statement: "Three Benedictine monks have knowledge of it even to this day, 1740, and are bound to secrecy." Elswhere in his Annus Sacer Britannicus," Fr. Mannock further says: "When in King Henry VIII's, time his shrine was defaced, the monks removed it to a more secret place, and there it remains known only to three monks, who are all bound to perpetual secrecy. I had it from one of the three in the secret, about the year 1730, named Fr. Casse, Monachus Parisiensis, who lived in the family of Sir Edward Gascoigne." This is a plain statement, and if it be supposed that Fr. Casse had learnt the secret as Provincial of York, and that it had been so handed down by his predecessors in office, who were some of them very long-lived, only three or four generations of Provincials would carry it back to Fr. Preston, or Fr. Sigebert Buckley, and the first years of the English Benedictine Congregation. Fr. Casse might have been admitted to the secret by Fr. Lawson, Fr, Lawson by Fr. Hungate (a supposed annotator of the Cambridge MS.), and Fr. Hungate from Fr. Preston.

A century later Fr. Gregory Robinson, also Provincial of the North Province, made a further statement which Dr. Lingard has published. According to Fr. Robinson the body of the saint was removed, not in Henry VIII's time, but in that of Queen Mary, and that "the Catholic clergy, previously to their expulsion under Queen Elizabeth, buried many things which they esteemed sacred in the vault under the place where the shrine had stood, but for greater security deposited the Saint's body in a different part of the church, and that the secret was communicated to the restorers of

the English Benedictine Congregation by some of those who had actually been employed in its removal. The spot itself is distinctly marked in a plan of the Cathedral which they keep, but that spot they are under an oath of secrecy not to disclose." This authoritative statement by one in the secret differs from the earlier one by Fr. Mannock in the date of the secret removal of the body; but it must be remembered that Fr. Mannock wrote only from what he had heard many years before from Fr. Casse. Dr. Lingard found a confirmation of Fr. Robinson's statement in evidences, to his mind, of a re-opening of the tomb between the year 1542, in the reign of Henry VIII, and 1827, when Raine made his investigations. Mr. Raine, of course, had a different theory for the loosened stones.

Finally, Fr. Allanson speaks of "a letter written by Mr. Pembridge to Dr. Brewer, dated the 14th of November, 1800, in which he sent him a rough sketch of the Cathedral marking the spot where, according to the tradition, the body of St. Cuthbert is deposited." This remained in the custody of the Provincials of the North, and is still in existence. An older plan, spoken of as "the original," on paper, and in a very decayed state, and which Fr. Allanson seems to think was the one among Fr. Robinson's papers at his death, in a morocco case with locks, has apparently altogether disappeared.

Dr. Lingard wavered in his belief as to whether the remains found by Raine were those of St. Cuthbert or not. An autograph letter of his later than anything that he has published, written to Fr. Allanson, and siding with the Benedictine tradition, was at one time in the Library at Ampleforth.

We have received the following communication from the Prefect:—*Cricket Ground Extension.*

Since last Cricket Season, we have been hard at work upon the Cricket ground. The surface had become very uneven. In some parts the ground had sunk as much as one foot below the mean level.

It has been thought wise not only to re-level the surface but also to increase the size of the ground by removing the West and North banks. The soil from these banks is being tipped into the hollow on the South side near the bath, thus making a large extension on that

side also. A plot of 65 yards square has been thoroughly levelled and relaid by Messrs. Backhouse & Sons, of York. The rest of the ground is being brought to this level. The West bank has already been removed, and the men are at work now upon the North bank. The boys have helped very considerably during the term, and deserve praise and thanks for their public spirit. All this has entailed great expense. The Prefect willl be very grateful for any donations towards defraying the heavy expenses.

He begs to offer his thanks for the following generous subscriptions :—

	£	s.	d.
W. Taylor Esq., ...	10	0	0
J. Noblett Esq., ...	10	0	0
Per Rev. W. S. Dawes, O.S.B., ...	5	0	0
,, Rev. J. C. Standish, O.S.B., ..	1	0	0
,, Rev. B. Hutchison, O.S.B., ..	0	10	0
,, Rev. A. Crow, O.S.B., ...	0	10	0
A friend, ...	2	0	0

The usual London and Liverpool Amplefordian dinners were held in due course, and at each there was the usual enthusiastic gathering. Much of the College news will be introduced to the reader by the speeches on the latter occasion. We quote from the *Catholic Times.*:—

"Annual Ampleforth Dinner.

"One of the most interesting and enjoyable gatherings held in Liverpool during the winter season is the annual dinner of the Old Amplefordians, which took place on Tuesday evening last at the Exchange Hotel, Tithebarn street. The chair was taken by Mr. George C. Chamberlain. There were also present the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B., the Very Rev. Canon Woods, O.S.B., the Very Rev. Wilfrid Brown, O.S.B., Very Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B., the Rev. Fathers J. Hayes S.J., B. Davey, O.S.B., W. Darby, O.S.B., J. Cody, O.S.B., M. Suter, O.S.B., R. Corlett, O.S.B., H. Willson, O.S.B., E. Duggan, O.S.B., his Worsh ip the Mayor of Barrow (J. P. Smith, Esq.), Colonel Wm. Walker, H. Miles, C.C., and Messrs. T. Taylor, Jas. Blackledge. R. J. Bradley, H. Quinn, C. Quinn, Noblett, J. Noblett, J. F. Taylor, M. Wortley, J. Ainscough, S.

Fairhurst, J. T. Conroy, Wm. Murphy, R. Stopforth, J. Withnall, T. Carroll, T. Neal, P. J. Marsh, R. Steinmann, R. Steinmann, Junr., A. Steinmann, P. Carroll, D. Burn, Wm. Taylor, Burn, T. D. Couban, C. Standish, Wm. Egan, G. Theakstone, E. Darby, Ward, W. C. Hamer, E. Massey, J. G. Fishwick, J. Withnell, and J. Fishwick. After an excellent dinner the chairman proposed the toast of "The Pope and the King." Mr. Chamberlain, in proposing the toast "Alma Mater," said Ampleforth had been borne forward on the crest of the wave of progress, and 1901 finds her more flourishing than any preceding year—fully equipped, up-to-date, and abreast of the times and requirements of the day. Where stood a small monastic house of timber and limited dimensions, there now stands a noble abbey, with stately church and house and college attached. In the place of a prior with a few devoted monks, there is now an abbot surrounded and supported by a numerous and able Community. And in place of some dozen hardy lads there is now a goodly college of over a hundred well cared for and well-dressed young gentlemen. The great progress that has been made at Ampleforth during the past fifty years was due to the ability, to the energy and industry of the monks who have been brought up at Ampleforth under the rule of the great St. Benedict. As they were honoured by the presence of Abbot Smith (hear, hear), he would assure him, in their name, that they drank the toast of "Alma Mater" and his own with all sincerity and joy, and that they knew that under his able rule as Abbot Alma Mater would flourish in the future even more than she had done in the past (loud applause). The Right Reverend Father Abbot, in replying to the toast, said that at the last dinner they presented him with a beautiful throne for the Abbey, and he took this opportunity of thanking them for their kind gifts. The Abbot mentioned that a new science laboratory had been erected at Ampleforth. Mr. R. J. Bradley gave the next toast, "The Jubilarians" (the Very Revv. Canon Woods, Paulinus Wilson, and Wilfrid Brown, O.S.B,), and in so doing spoke in glowing terms of the great work that had been done by these monks. The toast was responded to by the Very Revv. Canon Woods and Wilfrid Brown, O.S.B. The Reverend Father Corlett, O.S.B., proposed "The Mayor of Barrow." The Mayor in responding said that he was proud to have the honour of being the first Catholic Mayor of Barrow (loud applause). The Rev. J. Darby, O.S.B. proposed the toast of "The Visitors," which was responded to by the Reverend Father Hayes, S.J. The toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. T. Taylor. During the evening musical items were given by the Reverend Father Corlett, O.S.B., the Reverend Father Suter, O.S.B., Colonel Wm. Walker, Dr. Conroy, and Mr. G. Theakstone. The arrangements for the dinner were successfully carried out by a committee, of which Mr. John Fishwick was secretary."

May we add our most sincere good wishes tothe congratulations the three Jubilarians received at the Liverpool dinner? All three, naturally, have been separated from their Alma Mater for a great number of years, but they have never lost touch with it, and are as well known and as deeply respected by the present generation of Amplefordians as by those they taught and trained more than thirty years ago. We append an account of a meeting of the Jubilarians at Brindle, when Fr. Wilfrid Brown received a presentation from his congregation.

"On Saturday evening last, a grand concert and presentation took place in the schools of the above-named mission, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Very Rev. Prior Wilfrid Brown, O.S.B., rector of the mission, it being fifty years exactly on that day since he received the Benedictine habit.

The presentation took place at the interval. The chairman, Mr J. F. Polding, gave a short account of the circumstances leading up to this pleasing event, and introduced Mr. Wm. Lawson, an old member of the congregation, who read a beautifully illuminated address, which ran as follows:—

"To the Very Reverend Father Brown, O.S.B., Brindle; and Cathedral Prior of Chester.

"Very dear and Reverend Father,

"Your golden jubilee as a Benedictine brings great joy to your many friends, but to none is it so great a happiness as to the members of St. Joseph's congregation, Brindle.

"Of the fifty long years during which you have worn the holy habit of St. Benedict, eighteen have been passed in our midst; years of zealous labour nobly to fulfil the two-fold duties of citizen and priest.

"Your unfailing devotion and your kindness to those under your charge have won for you the affection and the admiration of all.

"The erection of the High Altar, the stained glass windows, Our Lady's Altar, and the Baptismal Font, together with the freedom of school and church from debt, joined to your many other improvements, all witness eloquently to the untiring energy which has so well deserved its crown of success.

"As some token of our deep gratitude for all that you have done for us, we offer you the new Stations of the Cross as a lasting memorial of your long and unwearying work for God and souls.

"With hearty congratulations on your recent promotion as Cathedral Prior, we beg you to accept this Pectoral Cross, and may God be pleased to hear our prayers that you may wear it during long years yet to come.

"Heartily asking your blessing,

"We remain,

"The Congregation of St. Joseph's,

"Brindle.

"Signed on behalf of congregation: J. F. Polding, chairman and treasurer; William Lawson, secretary." Then follow the signatures of the Committee.

Father Brown spoke, gratefully acknowledging the handsome presents, more especially the new Stations of the Cross, which were to him the most pleasing memorial of his jubilee that the congregation could possibly have made. He dealt with some of the changes which had occurred since Canon Woods, Father Wilson, and himself were clothed with the monastic habit fifty years ago, particularly at St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, where that happy event took place. He also paid a graceful and very touching tribute to the Right Rev. Abbot Bury, O.S.B., who taught the speaker and his companions philosophy and theology, and who, even yet, occasionally assisted at Brindle, and asked the congregation to remember the good Abbot in their prayers at the Mass of Thanksgiving on Sunday.

On Sunday, the 17th, the solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung by the Very Rev. Father Wilson, assisted by Canon Woods as Deacon and Fr. Brown as sub-Deacon. The sermon was by Canon Woods, who told the congregation how, fifty years ago, in loving obedience to the Divine call, three English boys knelt before the altar in the little chapel of Saint Lawrence's Priory, at Ampleforth, and begged to be clothed in that holy habit which had been worn by so many sons of St. Benedict since the fifth century Those boys were now venerable fathers, and they were met together at that altar to join in that Mass of Thanksgiving for the graces and blessings of half a century. One in particular had great claims upon that congregation, but all three begged for the prayers of those present; that through God's great mercy they (the three fathers) might have the priceless grace of final perseverance, and thus receive the reward promised by our Lord to those who left all things to follow Him.

In the afternoon the sermon was by Father Wilson, who based an excellent discourse on the epistle of the morning, and dealt with the arduous labours of the clergy from St. Paul's days to our own; also referring to the great age of St. Joseph's Mission, whose people had kept the faith through the worst days of persecution.

During Benediction the entire congregation rose while the "Te Deum" was sung, thus bringing the Thanksgiving services to a fitting close."

The Stations of the Cross presented to Fr. Wilfrid for his church are the engravings after Führich so well known to all old Amplefordians. The old set in their black frames—minus the First Station, which has been missing for years—adorn the stone staircase which leads up to what, we suppose, will now be called the *Old* Billiard Room.

To the congratulations received at the Ampleforth dinner by the new Mayor of Barrow we add our own. The following account, taken from *The North-Western Daily Mail*, will interest his many friends:

"Mr. Councillor J. P. Smith, who was elected Mayor of Barrow to-day at noon, is 37 years of age, having been born in 1864. He is thus the youngest Mayor who has occupied the civic chair in the borough of Barrow. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. Joseph Smith, corn miller and merchant, of Lancaster, a gentleman who in his lifetime took great interest in public affairs in the Palatine town, and was an active member of its Council for many years. The Mayor of Barrow was educated at the Preston Catholic Grammar School, and at the Benedictine Monastery at Ampleforth, near

York. On leaving school he went, through the courtesy of Mr. Edward Storey, into the engineering shops of Messrs. Storey Brothers, Lancaster, and afterwards put in some time at an engineering shop at Leeds, where they make a speciality of milling machinery. He came to Barrow on the eve of the introduction of the Hungarian process at the Corn Mill. When Dr. Williams retired as a representative of Ramsden Ward in 1891, Mr. Smith was elected as his successor without opposition. At the end of his first term in the Council he had a contest to face, but he retained his seat, and has since then been re-elected twice without opposition. He commenced an agitation in the Council within twelve months of his being elected in favour of a public installation of the electric light, and fought for his scheme several years before the Council agreed to put down a modest electric plant as an introduction. The original plant was started on February 28th, 1890, about two and a half years ago, and has already been twice enlarged since that time. The rapid progress of the Electrical Department has been very gratifying to its promoters, and the results achieved so far warrant the hope that it will soon become one of the paying branches of the Corporation estate. Mr. Smith was chairman of the Executive of the Barrow Liberal Association for many years, and for several years held the position of President. He was chairman of the Cricket Club for many years, and at the death of Sir James Ramsden was elected President. He was also chairman of the Barrow Athletic Association, a member of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Council of the Municipal Electrical Association. During the present year Mr. Smith was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Barrow. Mr. Smith was an active member of the Barrow Naturalists' Field Club for many years, and for one session acted as its President. In 1892 Mr. Smith married Miss Edith Edge, younger daughter of Mr. Thos. Edge, late Chief Accountant of the Furness Railway Co., but just twelve months ago had the great misfortune to lose his wife after a long illness. Last year Mr. Smith's colleagues on the Council had asked him to accept office as Mayor, and he had provisionally accepted, but the unexpected loss of his wife caused him to withdraw only a few days before the 9th, and his place was filled by Mr. Hy. Cook, J.P., who stepped into the breach at the last moment, and has proved himself an excellent Mayor."

The Mayor's Sunday at Barrow which followed immediately after the election of Mr. Smith will be remembered for a long time by the Catholics of the town. The Mayor with the Aldermen, Councillors, Magistrates, and public officials, with the local Volunteers, Fire Brigade, and Corporation officers marched in procession to the Catholic Church and were, most of them, present at the High Mass. Dean Billington, of Lancaster, also an old Amplefordian, preached on the occasion, and the collection was given to the funds of the North Lonsdale Hospital.

We desire to congratulate also another member of the family, William B. Stanislaus Smith, who has been recently called to the Bar at the Inner Temple.

The new Science Room is made up of the Old Study extended as far as the Old Library, which, our readers may not know, is now a Billiard Room. Another excellent work has been the removal of the key-board of the organ from the Choir. This has been managed by installing it in the organ recess and building out the organ over the entrance into the church. The entire cost of this important alteration has been borne by our devoted friend and benefactor, Mr. William Taylor.

The droughty summer failed to affect either our water supply or the quality of Mr. Perry's roots. His swedes seem to have turned over a new leaf.

At the London Dairy Show Mr. Perry gained the first and second prizes for Long Red Mangolds, the first for Yellow Globe Mangolds, and the first for the finest collection of roots. At Kilmarnock he was awarded with the second prize for Globe Mangolds and the second for Long Red. At Leeds he was again very successful, carrying off 5 first prizes—for Swedes, Long Red Mangolds, Yellow Globe Mangolds, Common Turnips, and for the finest collection. At the Birmingham Show Mr. Perry won Messrs. Webb & Sons' prize for the best collection of three different kinds of Mangolds, a second prize for Globe and Intermediate Mangolds, another second for Swedes, and the first for Common Turnips, gaining a victory over the Duke of Portland, who gained the second prize. He was awarded the first prize for Carrots. Of the Kohl-Rabi class the *Agricultural*

Gazette says: "There were only three lots of Kohl-Rabi, but the two which won the prizes were superb specimens, combining size and weight with model forms of high quality. They were both grown by Mr. J. Perry from Webb's seeds. The ox cabbage exhibited, than which grander specimens have seldom, if ever, appeared, were also grown by Mr. Perry in Yorkshire."

The Dublin awards have only just been made known, and Mr. Perry obtained four first prizes, two seconds, and two thirds. The following extract is from *The Times*:—

"In the class for six specimens of long mangel the prizes go to Mr. John Perry, Oswaldkirk, York. For mangels of other varieties Mr. Perry is again first, the second prize going to Mr. P. Mitchell, Theydon Bois, Essex. For swedes the first prize is taken by Mr. J. Auchterlonie, Leckerstone, Dunfermline, and the second prize by Mr. R. Smith, Glasnevin, Dublin. There is an interesting display of collections of roots for cattle-feeding in winter, includin g mangels, swedes, turnips, carrots, potatoes, beetroot, kale, kohl-rabi, parsnips, and cabbages. Mr. John Perry is again first in this section, the second prize being awarded to Mrs. C. McIntosh, Havering Park, Romford."

Mr. Perry's favourite mare "Lassie," which has been seen mowing the cricket ground regularly for the last 14 years, had to be shot last week. This extreme measure was resorted to in order to save the poor animal unnecessary suffering. It was with great reluctance that Mr. Perry saw himself thus compelled to part with his faithful friend of over 30 years.

We trust our subscribers will be pleased with the illustrations in this number. We have enlisted Ernest Railton among our artists, and we are pleased to note the family likeness between his work and that of the most graceful of pen and ink draughtsmen, Mr. Herbert Railton. Mr. Herbert Railton has promised his Alma Mater a drawing for framing—we already have some of his etched work on our walls—and also, some day, an illustration for the Journal. Our thanks to our artists and contributors, who have this time, as always, come so readily to our help. The illustrations in this number are by a new firm, the Printing Arts Company, of Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

More than two dozen "Arundels" have been added to our collection, and all of the very best. Our thanks are owing to Frs. Wilfrid Brown, Ildefonsus Brown, Anselm Burge, Placid Corlett, and others who have generously helped to secure them. We are also indebted to Fr. Philip Willson, who has given us the "Best Hundred Pictures" for our Library.

Prince Ranjitsinhji honoured us with a visit during the term and showed his well-known good nature and kindness by interesting himself in the games of the boys. Fr. Cortie, S.J., also has increased our indebtedness to him by a continuation of his admirable Astronomical lectures.

On the mission, we have heard of the successful colouring and decoration of St. Anne's, Liverpool, and the opening of a new school at Workington. Fr. Hutchison was honoured by a very accurate and appreciative sketch of his career, illustrated by a portrait, in *The Workington News*. The schools are very handsome, and Fr. Hutchison well deserves the praise he received at the completion of his work. The opening ceremony was made a public occasion by the presence of the Mayor and other officials of the town. His Lordship the Most Rev. John Lyster, D.D., preached on the occasion, and also delivered an address in the Public Hall, at which the Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle presided. We are sorry the account of the proceedings is too long to be printed in these Notes. Dr. Lyster's pleasant talks to the children in the schools and his eloquent sermons and address made as great an impression upon the Protestants present as upon the Catholics.

Harrington, a suburb of Workington, also had its sensation and grew enthusiastic over the return of Fr. Denis Firth from South Africa. His portrait, like that of Fr. Hutchison, was published in the local paper, with an equally accurate and excellent sketch of his career. We do not quote from the long account in the newspaper of the incidents in his South African experience, because we hope that he will write us the story of his military chaplainship for the Journal. We are glad to welcome him home again, and though we understand it was through the effects of an accident he has come back so soon, we trust he is none the worse for his arduous life in

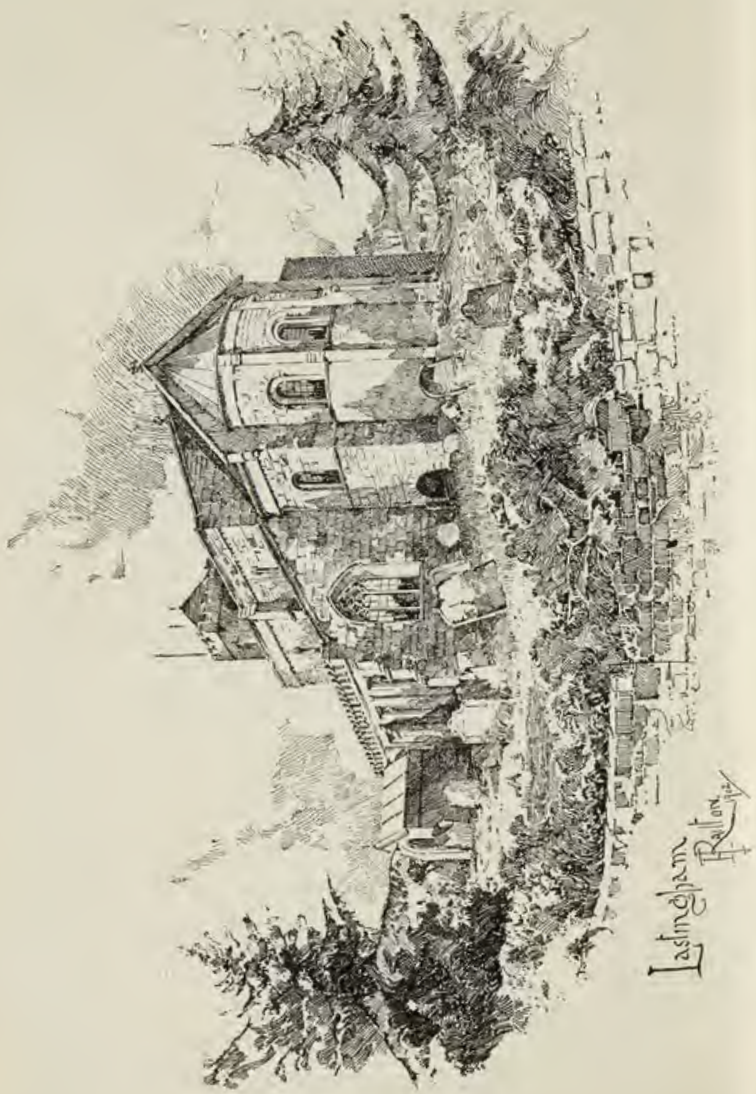
the camps. Fr. Stephen Dawes remains still in South Africa, and is stationed at Aliwal North.

May we call the attention of our readers to the fact that Bishop Hedley's sermon "Christ always with us," preached at the opening of St. Bennet's, Beccles, has been printed as a pamphlet, and may be had from the Art and Book Company, Leamington? Many of our readers will be glad of this addition to their collection of Bishop Hedley's sermons.

We are glad to see that our Football eleven is beginning to re-assert its superiority over the representatives of Pocklington Grammar School. Of recent years they have seemed to be invincible. The present Ampleforth team deserves to be congratulated upon its uniform success. We noticed the name of one of our crack forwards of a few years ago, William O'Brien, in an amateur inter-county match betwen Lancashire and Cheshire.

We ask prayers for the repose of the soul of Abbot O'Gorman, for many years President of the English Benedictine Congregation. He died very suddenly at Malvern, shortly after rising in the morning. He had been a partial invalid for a long while, but even in his infirm state was able to fulfil the duties of his Office until little more than a year ago. He retained the title of Abbot of Westminster, the ancient Presidential title, until his death. The years of his reign were disturbed and full of change, but his was one of those peaceful, self-contained natures which never anticipate trouble, and refuse to permit themselves to be worried. May he rest in peace.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Révue Bénédictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Oscotian*, and *De Maria-Groet*.



THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1902. PART III.

The Praise of the Candle.

AT the recent Archæological Congress in Rome, Dom Augustine Latis, a Benedictine of Monte Cassino, read some interesting notes on the "Præconium Paschale," the well-known "blessing of the Paschal Candle," as it is called, which is sung by the Deacon at the beginning of the solemn office of Holy Saturday. I am glad to see that he upheld the authenticity of the famous Letter of St. Jerome *ad Præsidium*, which has hitherto been kept among the doubtful or spurious works of that Father.* It is eleven years ago that Dom Morin, in the *Revue Bénédictine*, successfully challenged the practically unanimous conclusions of the great critics, and proved that the first part of the letter was really by St. Jerome himself.† His arguments have been criticised by no less an authority than Mgr. Duchesne; but it looks as if that illustrious archæologist had really written hastily, and without making any careful analysis of the letter.

The interest of this Letter *ad Præsidium* is two-fold: first of all, it is the earliest document which speaks of the Blessing of the Paschal Candle; and, secondly, it contains some very characteristic remarks from the pen of the great Doctor of Holy Scripture. The best authorities, as far as I have read, consider that the earliest mention of the

* See Migne's Patrologia Latina, vol. xxx, p. 182.

† Revue Bénédictine, 1890, 1891, and 1895.

Blessing of the Paschal Candle occurs in a decree ascribed to Pope Zosimus (418), and found in the *Liber Pontificalis*. This Pope is stated to have granted permission "that the Paschal Candle should be blessed in each parish."* But the date of St. Jerome's letter is stated, in the letter itself, to be within a year of the execution, or murder, of the Emperor Gratian, which would make it 384. There seems to be no reasonable grounds for ascribing the ordinance of the Paschal Candle to the Council of Nicæa (325). That Council committed the duty of computing the time of Easter, and of the feasts depending on Easter, to the Patriarch of Alexandria, a prelate who, it was presumed, would have easy access to the best scientific information, living, as he did, next door to the great University. It was the custom, at Alexandria and elsewhere, to inscribe these festival dates on a great column of wax. This was a not uncommon way of making a record which, though it was meant to last for a time, was not to be permanent. Marble or bronze would have been too solid and too expensive, whilst parchment would not have lent itself so readily to the purposes of a public inscription. The great churches, therefore, at least from the times of the Council, had a huge column of wax, probably square, on which, each year, the calendar of the movable feasts was inscribed by Episcopal authority, the record of the previous year being at the same time deleted. But this waxen column was not, at first, a candle. In other words, as Father Papebroch says, it "had no wick." † We have a reference to these waxen monuments in Ven. Bede. He says that some of the Wearmouth brethren who visited Rome in 701, saw, on the waxen tablet or column in S. Maria Maggiore, the words "Year 668 from the Passion of Our Lord." This is a valuable piece of evidence in regard to the ecclesiastical style of computation, but for the moment

* Per parochias concessit licentiam benedicendi cereum Paschalem.

† See the *Conatus Chronico-Historicus* in the Acta SS. Maii, tom. vii, p. 32.

we are only concerned with an eye-witness's testimony to a Paschal column. How long the custom lasted of thus inscribing on wax the liturgical calendar is not clear. But we find that by degrees the usage grew up of using parchment for that purpose, and of attaching the parchment to the waxen column itself.

But although it cannot be maintained that the Council of Nicæa instituted the Paschal Candle, it seems that the Paschal Candle, after all, had its origin in these engraved records of wax. At all events we find, from St. Jerome's Letter (384) and the decree of Pope Zosimus (418), that within about half a century of the time of the Council the "blessing of the Candle" was common, at least in Italy. It has been attempted to prove, from a text of Prudentius, (410) that it was known at a very early date in Spain. But it is now recognised, although to my surprise Dom Latis still thinks otherwise, that the poem of Prudentius which has been relied on has no reference to the Easter Candle, but rather to the light which used to be lighted in every church or household at the hour of vespers. The title of the hymn, indeed, which is part of the *Cathemerinon*, or "daily service," should not be "Ad incensum Cerei Paschalis," but "Ad incensum lucernæ." Mabillon, however, found in very ancient copies of the Gallican, Gothic, and Mozarabic liturgies, the text of the "Paschale Præconium" almost as we have it in the modern Missal.* And that it was widely known in the West of Europe by the beginning of the sixth century is proved by the fact that Ennodius, Bishop of Treves (520), is related to have composed two forms of this Benediction. †

If I may hazard a conjecture, two distinct types of ecclesiastical practice seem to have coalesced in order to give to the Church the Paschal Candle. There was,

* De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ, lib. ii, p. 140.

† St. Augustine himself tells us that he composed "verses" on the Paschal Candle. But the "Exultet" is not in verse.

first, the practice, already described, of making a great Paschal column for the inscription of the festivals. The solemn inauguration, during the Easter offices, of this column opened the way to various mystical allusions. Not only was it shown to represent the column of fire and of cloud which led the people of Israel through the desert, but the wax itself was made to symbolize our Blessed Lord and the virginal Motherhood of Our Lady. The other practice was that which the Emperor Constantine is said to have begun, but which in the nature of things must have become common and even necessary—of burning a great light all through the solemnities of the vigil of Easter. Light naturally symbolized our Lord in numberless ways. We have only to read St. Gregory Nazianzen's Oration on Baptism* to realize the piety, the devotion and the fancy which a great orator could weave around the mystical lights which accompanied the sacramental rite. What more natural than that two observances which occurred at the very same solemnity, and which could so easily be made to refer to the redemption of man and the resurrection of our Saviour, should be dedicated in one and the same ceremony? And when the usage of recording the festivals ceased, the waxen column would still be there, and its mystical meaning, with that of the light, would easily form the subject of one of those eloquent prayer-sermons of which the liturgy of the Church was so prolific in the days of its first triumphs over the world, whilst the rhetorical traditions of Rome, Carthage, Milan, Lyons and Toledo were still vigorous.

But there is another Christian custom which is most certainly, although somewhat obscurely, connected with the great Easter Candle. The blessing and distribution of wax, sometimes stamped with the image of the Lamb, goes back to the earliest Christian times. The heathen use of amulets, with or without the figure of an animal, is

* Oratio xl.

a subject which can only be referred to here. The image was the symbol of the substitution of life for life; the wearer purchased his immunity by wearing the effigy of that which had been slain as a propitiation. The *bulla* which hung round the neck of a child of noble parents originally signified protection of this kind. In the Roman Church, the distribution of the Agnus Dei began long before the conversion of the Empire. We read that in times before any Paschal Candle was thought of at Rome, the priest of each Church, on Easter-Eve, formed images of wax, stamped with the Lamb, which he distributed to the people, in order that by devout use they might be protected from evils of body and soul.* It was not merely the figure of the Lamb that represented Christ as the conqueror of sin and death, but it was the substance of wax, which, from about the fourth century, on account of the natural marvels of the bee and its production, seemed to the Christian writers to bear a special mystical analogy to the life and death of our Redeemer. Long after the usage of the Paschal Candle had become common in the West, we find, here and there, that it was the practice to break up, or melt down, the Candle of the preceding year so as to form Agnus Dei. At Rome, where the Paschal Candle was not a very early introduction, when it was finally adopted, the benediction of the Agnus Dei was changed to another day, and took place once in seven years, as at present.

The use of wax, therefore, and of light, as symbolising our Lord and His victory, was not confined to one festival or to one occasion. But the great Easter column, when its earliest purpose could no longer he served, became the most distinguished symbol of our Blessed Lord on the greatest of His festivals.

The history of that very striking "præconium," or encomium, which the Deacon sings over its consecration,

* See Papebroch, *Conatus*, cited above.

is only less attractive than the story of the Candle itself. Who composed this "Exultet"? There is nothing quite like it in the modern Missal. In the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, however, prayers, dedications, prefaces and benedictions of a similarly florid, ornate, rhetorical and devout character were, as has been already remarked, very common. Many beautiful examples are reproduced in Dom Guéranger's *Année Liturgique*. It would almost seem, from St. Jerome's words, that in his day there was no fixed form of the Paschal "præconium," and that the Deacon was supposed to "improvise" one. Præsidius was a Deacon of the Church of Piacenza, and we learn from this letter of St. Jerome to him, that he had asked the Saint to compose for him a "laus Cerei"—a form of "praise" for the Paschal Candle. It must be admitted that St. Jerome is somewhat rough and crude in his reply. He tells his correspondent that he has no mind to undertake such a task. He goes on to say that, even if he had, it would be an extremely difficult thing to do. The following passage may be translated literally:—

If a man wished to recite the Praises of the Candle—to spread to the winds the sails of his genius, and to launch out into the open sea—he would be at once checked by the clamour of rhetoricians, by the description of flowers and meadows, and by soft whispering cadences describing the Bee—the bee, and all the marvels that accompany its conception and generation. The whole of the fourth Georgic is set forth, the queen leads out her army, ranks, orders, and services are described, and one would think one was reading about a military encampment. Here is the chance of the rhetorician! It brings to mind Quintilian's story of the man who mourned that a nobleman had killed all the bees by poisoning the flowers. All this is very delightful and soothing to the ear—but what has it to do with the Deacon? or with the ecclesiastical liturgy? What has this rhetoric to do with the Paschal season—the season which sees the Lamb slain, and the flesh of the Lamb consumed with girded loins; when the Bishop is silent and the Priest stands back among the people, to allow the Deacon to proclaim

that which he can barely have learnt, and thus to uplift his voice at a great festival once, and once only, in all the year? Seest thou now how great a task this is? Understandest thou how difficult? Could anything be harder than to have to write things that were fit, and at the same time to make men see that they were fit?

Before condemning the great Dalmatian for a venial exhibition of ruffled temper, we must bear in mind that the circumstances may have really justified strong and plain language. We can gather from this passage that the forms of the "Paschale præconium" known to St. Jerome—who was living in Rome at the time this Letter was written, although temporarily absent—were not unlike the one we ourselves know, and yet were very much more diffuse and rhetorical. In the present Missal there are only two brief allusions to the Bee, in the words "De operibus apum," and "Apis mater eduxit." But in the forms that St. Jerome had in his mind there was evidently a long and elaborate exercise upon that insect, its virtues and its mystery. If he does not exaggerate—for after all, to say that the whole of the fourth Georgic is introduced is only a pleasant hyperbole—there was reason for a protest against bad taste and fanciful declamation. In fact, the protest, or a similar protest, was eventually successful, and the short references to the Bee in our present form is a significant and somewhat pathetic survival of a "theme" which must have given a good deal of trouble to some rhetorician of North Italy. I say North Italy, first because St. Jerome is speaking of Piacenza, and next because there exists a vague and formless tradition that the "Exultet" was composed by St. Augustine, "when a Deacon." St. Augustine, when a Deacon, lived in Africa. But there is a persuasion that the "Exultet," like the Te Deum, owed its origin to Milan. The present form used by the Church of Milan is practically the same as the Roman, yet with curious differences, which must date from the time of St. Ambrose.

St. Jerome is not content with denouncing the Bee.

He also makes the curious point that wax, as an adjunct to divine service, is unknown both in the Old Testament and in the New. "You never find honey," he says, "you never find wax, in all the sacrificial legislation; only the light of the lamp, and the oil-fed flame. . . . You have the seven golden lamps in the Apocalypse—is there a word about wax?" Now, St. Jerome had read everything; we may safely say, therefore, that the mystical praises of wax were a novelty in the Church of the fourth century. It is a form of devotional expansion to which there is not the slightest reason for objecting, and in fact, as we know, it has found its way into the present Liturgy of the Church, not only on Holy Saturday. But it was clearly a novelty in St. Jerome's time, and he expresses his distaste for it—not quite seriously, perhaps, for he finishes by saying that he would like to speak to Præsidius by word of mouth, when he could express, with less risk of being misunderstood or blamed, his views upon the task his correspondent would impose upon him. "If I try to write effectively," he says, "they are down upon me for a rhetorician and no priest." He then leaves the subject of the Candle, and exhorts Præsidius to leave the world and retire to solitude. At the very end, bidding him take courage, he playfully reverts to the matter about which he had written, and tells him to learn a lesson from the "hymn of the Candle"—to cherish "the light" and wreathe it round with flowers—to "become a Bee himself."

Dom Latis, who has examined a large number of early and late mediæval MSS. of the "Paschale Præconium," says that they all have the same principal points or features, and the same divisions of the text. We find the praise of the Light Eternal, the symbolism of Easter-eve, and the comparison of the waxen column with its flame to the fiery pillar of the desert. We find the praise of Our Lady and the mystery of the bee. This last point, in spite of St. Jerome's strictures, only disappeared by degrees from the

modern office. Dom Latis describes a fourteenth century missal of Monte Cassino in which there is still a great deal of it; and before and after the passage about the bee are red crosses, marking the places at which the Deacon, in those days, "blessed" the Candle. He no longer blesses it, but still the whole ceremony is even yet called "Benedictio Cerei." In many ancient texts, the words of the Deacon expressly refer to the spiritual and temporal advantages which are to be gained by those who carry portions of the Candle to their houses; and we learn with interest that, at Monte Cassino, to this day, on the vigil of the Ascension, before the Paschal Candle, the image of Christ, is taken away, waxen crosses are affixed upon the gates of the monastery and of the Church.

In all the texts, the Deacon concludes by a more or less comprehensive prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff, the Bishop, the clergy and the faithful. In the monastic missals, however, instead of the Bishop, it is the Abbot who is named, "una cum Congregatione beatissimi Patris Benedicti." Nay, it seems that in some of the Italian convents, chiefly in the South, where the Greek emperors had obtained all sorts of exemptions, the Lady Abbess got herself put into the text. There was a good deal of liberty taken, in those times, with this part of the great Blessing, and the names of emperors, kings, princes, doges, consuls, &c., were freely introduced in places where their importance was recognised; so much so that one can often infer with fair certainty the age of a manuscript from the names that are prayed for.

Dom Latis has too little to say on the very attractive subject of the melody, or notes, of the "Exultet." He states, on the authority of the *Palæographie Musicale*, recently published by the Solesmes Benedictines, that the prevailing melody as found in the MSS. of the eleventh and twelfth centuries was in the sixth mode—a setting which must have given to the words a very different effect from

that to which we are accustomed. For the present melody is in two parts—the introduction being in the third mode, and the rest, after "Per omnia sæcula sæculorum," in the second. To me, there is no difficulty in understanding how two different modes came to be associated here. The first part of the Exultet is a proclamation, or invitation, similar in character to those solemn calls to prayer found, for example, in the Ordination service, and on Good Friday. The second part is after the fashion of a "preface." There is no reason why the the tonality should agree. It is quite intelligible that the "invitation" should be freely set, according to the fancy of the composer, to a florid hypodorian type, whilst the rest should be in that phrygian measure to which we are accustomed in the many forms of the Preface.

✠ J. C. H.

What Was the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ?

THIS is a question which has been more frequently discussed amongst Protestants than amongst Catholics. Though both curious and interesting, it does not seem, as far as the writer is aware, to have been treated by any modern Catholic author of eminence. The best treatise upon it is the work of an Evangelical, a Dr. William Stroud, a physician of distinguished reputation in his day, who was a native of Bath, was educated at Edinburgh, and practised in London. A rare combination of qualities seems to have fitted him for the task. He was well acquainted with medical subjects and medical literature, and was also deeply interested in all Biblical questions. He died in his 70th year, in 1858.

Presuming that a brief summary of what has been written on this matter would not be uninstructive, the writer has ventured to draw up this simple and imperfect essay.

But first let us understand the question asked. We are not enquiring what was the *final* cause of our Lord's death, the end or purpose for which He died. That was, undoubtedly, to make atonement for sins, and to rescue the souls of men from the power of the devil and the pains of hell. Nor are we asking what was the *motive* cause. That unquestionably was the love which our Lord bears to us. Nor is it asked what was the *formal* cause;

for that was the envy and malice of the Jews. And the apparent *external* cause was the cruelty and violence of His executioners. With the above causes we are not concerned. But what we are asking is what did our Lord die of? When any one we know, an acquaintance or friend, dies, one of the first questions we ask is, what did he die of? Was it fever, or inflammation, or consumption, or decay of nature, or what? This is the question which we are asking about our Lord. What was the physical cause of His death?

It is certain and of Faith that our Lord died a human or natural death. The point in dispute is the cause. And we may observe that there is a sort of consensus of opinion amongst many writers on this subject that His death did not result from crucifixion alone.

Some have ascribed it to supernatural agency. This was the opinion of Tertullian, who says that Christ, when crucified, spontaneously dismissed His spirit with a word, thus preventing the office of the executioner *(Apol.*, p. 20). Origen is still more explicit. "Since," he says, "those crucified persons who are not stabbed suffer greater torment and survive in great pain, sometimes the whole of the following night and even the whole of the next day, . . . Jesus prayed, and as soon as He had called, was taken to to the Father" *(Origen*, vol. ii, p. 237). Other eminent writers take the same view. But, with all due deference to these great authorities, we may observe that natural effects are more satisfactorily explained by natural causes. And all agree that the supernatural should not be invoked, except when the results cannot be explained by natural principles.

Others have ascribed the death of Christ to the wound inflicted in His side by the soldier's lance. But this is evidently a mistake. The sacred text gives us clearly to understand that our Lord was dead before the wound was inflicted. This mistake evidently originated in a corrupt

interpolation, inserted before the 50th verse of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.*

Others again have ascribed His death to exhaustion—bodily and nervous exhaustion, such as would arise from the loss of blood and from the pain inflicted by crucifixion. Though something can be said in support of this view there are many weak points about it.

(A). All medical authorities state that though crucifixion was undoubtedly very painful, the pains and loss of blood were not ordinarily such as would take away life in three hours. The wounds in the hands and feet did not lacerate any of the larger blood vessels and were nearly closed by the nails which produced them. Then there is a point in the structure of the cross which is usually forgotten. St. Justin and others tell us that, besides the upright and cross beams, there was a bar projecting from the middle, upon which the criminal sat astride. Thus the hands and arms, after the erection of the cross, were relieved from that tension which the weight of the body would have caused, and which would have stretched and opened the wounds. Death consequently was a lingering process. Criminals usually survived for at least two days, but have been known to live for five and even six days. Hence deaths, for the sake of humanity or convenience, were often accelerated by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking of bones, or injury to some vital organ.

(B). Again, just before His death our Lord uttered a loud cry, a cry of which the tone was so measured and so reasonable and so full of feeling, that the centurion on guard was moved to declare that He who could, at such a time, utter such a cry, must be the Son of God. Now the utterance of a cry so loud and so strong is altogether

* St. Matt., c. 27, v. 49—"And the others said let be,—let us see whether Elias will come and deliver him (But another taking a spear pierced his side, and there came forth water and blood)." v. 50—And "Jesus crying out with a loud voice yielded up the ghost." The interpolated passage is shown by the parentheses.

incompatible with a state of weakness and exhaustion, and yet our Lord died immediately after it.

(c). These arguments again are confirmed by what Scripture tells us of the conduct of Pilate. Crucifixion was a common punishment amongst the Romans. Pilate, in his official capacity, had doubtless seen many examples of it. Consequently, he could form a fairly correct notion of the time at which death, in such cases, would probably occur. Moreover, he knew the condition to which our Lord was reduced by the severities, in the shape of ill-usage and scourging, to which he had been subjected both by the Jews and the Romans. Nevertheless, when the death of our Lord, three hours after crucifixion, was announced to Pilate, he refused to believe it. It seemed to him incredible that death should have supervened so soon. And he actually sent for the officer appointed to superintend the crucifixion to see if the statement were true.

To these arguments some have replied that the body of our Lord was of a refined and delicate nature, and hence, in His case, the loss of blood and pain of crucifixion would cause death sooner than in others of a coarser and more robust type.

To this the opponents reply that, though our Lord was of a refined nature, He was not delicate; on the contrary, His body was fitted for the endurance of suffering. He had no constitutional weakness about Him. His body had been formed in the womb of His mother by the operation of the power of the Holy Ghost. And from such an agent nothing feeble, or defective, or vitiated, could come.

Again, this constitutional strength which He had at His birth had never been broken by accident, or disease, or excess of any kind. On the contrary, it had been developed and increased by His manner of life, both before He commenced His ministry and after it. And at the time of His passion, as to health and strength, He was in the very prime of life.

All this, however, only serves to give fresh zest to the enquiry. If the physical cause of our Lord's death was not a supernatural agent, or the wound inflicted by the lance, or exhaustion which resulted from crucifixion, what was it? It would seem that it must have been some power in nature, efficient for the purpose, actually present, and set in motion by some weighty influence. And this power, clothed with all these circumstances, is found in that agony of mind, of which the result is a ruptured or broken heart. This, of course, is not of Faith. It is merely a human judgment. No one is obliged to believe it. Yet, relying on what the Holy Scripture tells us, and on high medical authority, we may reasonably accept it as being true.

That we may see the grounds of this belief more clearly, let me ask, what are the symptoms of a ruptured heart before death, and what are the symptoms after it? And if these symptoms are apparent in our Lord's case, may we not reasonably conclude that His death resulted from this cause?

Before death, there is, in the first instance, great excitement, intense feeling, an emotion so overpowering as to reduce nature to the extremity of distress. This is naturally followed by violent palpitation of the heart; a disturbance of nature which is relieved by heavy and profuse perspiration. This perspiration at first is usually of a watery nature, but if the trouble continues, it becomes oily or glutinous in character, and in extreme cases nature is relieved by a sweat of blood. We may observe, in passing, that many think that the bloody sweat which our Lord suffered in the Garden of Gethsemani was something, if not miraculous, at least preternatural. This is a mistake. There are many instances found in history of similar suffering. Thus Charles IX of France, a man of great mental and physical energy, died from this cause. When agitated and troubled, blood flowed from the pores of his skin, and on one occasion, according to Voltaire, he was

found bathed in a sweat of blood. The same circumstance is narrated by Motley, in his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, concerning the Duke of Anjou,—that personage who at one time was expected to contract a marriage with our Queen Elizabeth. De Thou, an eminent French historian, relates how, in the war waged between Henry II of France and the Emperor Charles V, a certain officer, having been treacherously seized, was threatened with death, and was so agitated in consequence, that he sweated blood from every part of his body. Numerous other instances could be cited.

But to return. When nature in the extremity of distress fails to find relief in heavy and profuse perspiration, great oppression is felt in the chest, to ease or relieve which a man naturally cries aloud; and if the strain continues to increase, one of the ventricles of the heart, usually the left, is torn open by the force acting upon it, and we have a ruptured or broken heart. The blood thus discharged floods the pericardium or membrane which surrounds the heart, and thus, by compressing the heart from without, stops circulation and causes instant death.

Now apply all this to our Lord's case. When in the Garden of Gethsemani, He was, as St. Luke says, in an agony; in other words, His nature, through the violence of conflicting emotions, was reduced to the extremity of distress. This disturbance of nature, on that occasion, found relief in a profuse sweat of blood. Moreover, He was strengthened to endure His affliction by the ministry of an angel. On the cross, on the day following, the same causes of conflict and distress still remained. There, however, not only was He deprived of such natural relief as could be afforded by a sweat of blood—there He not only had no angel to comfort and strengthen Him, but He was oppressed by a sense of abandonment altogether new. Hence His cry of desolation: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" When, therefore, He uttered

that loud cry which filled those around Him with astonishment, may we not reasonably conclude that it was the result of grievous oppression felt in the region of the heart? And when He expired so suddenly after that cry, may we not infer that the great vein of the heart had given way and that the heart was ruptured or broken? A medical man or a coroner's jury might not perhaps be satisfied with anything less than a *post-mortem* examination, but does not the *prima facie* evidence lead to this conclusion? And is not this conclusion still further strengthened by the signs of a ruptured heart after death?

To make this point clear, let me observe, what we all know, that blood in its natural state is a red liquid. When, however, blood is taken in any quantity from the body, and allowed to grow cold in a basin or vessel of any kind, it soon divides itself into its constituent parts, viz., a pale watery liquid called serum, which is made up chiefly of albumen and water, and a soft clotted substance of a deep red colour, termed crassamentum. Formerly, when doctors were accustomed to bleed freely in cases of fever and inflammation, the above phenomenon was frequently witnessed.

Now, when the blood remains in the body, this separation of the red particles from the watery matter seldom takes place except when the heart is ruptured or broken. This is a well-ascertained fact in medical science.

To apply this again to our Lord's case, let me ask what took place after His death? Did not a soldier plunge a spear into the body in the region of the heart, and did there not issue, as the Evangelist tells us, a stream of water and blood? And does not this go to prove that His heart was ruptured or broken?

The subject would perhaps be incomplete unless we went one step further. Ought we not to ask what was the chief cause of that agony, as St. Luke calls it, that intense feeling on the part of our Lord which reduced His nature to

the extremity of distress, and which finally broke His Sacred Heart?

There is a famous picture of the crucifixion painted by Michael Angelo. So vividly is the mystery with all its circumstances represented there, that no one can look attentively at it without being moved by it. The forehead lacerated with the thorns, the cheeks pale and sunk and streaked with blood, the lips livid and swollen, the eyes expressing unutterable grief, the body torn and bruised and bleeding, the whole so perfect in detail and so true to life, strikes the most indifferent and insensible beholder. And yet the most notable feature in this picture is the motto which the painter has written beneath it. And what is this? "No one thinks of it."

Undoubtedly, of all the interior sufferings of our Lord in His passion, the vision of the future indifference of the mass of men was the most distressing. Not that He was not troubled by the natural fear of suffering and death, and by the supernatural horror of the sins of men which had been laid upon Him. But the affliction which arose from these, though great, was comparatively trifling. It was the agony (agonia) or conflict of feeling created by the forgetfulness on the part of men of all He had done for them that reduced Him to the extremity of distress, that broke His heart, and was the physical cause of His death. *Qui potest capere capiat.*

M. W. B.

An Army Chaplain in South Africa. 1901.

HAVING answered to a call for volunteers to supply vacancies in the Catholic Army Chaplain Department, at the beginning of last March, I was accepted by the War Office to serve for at least six months with the troops at the front. Four other Catholic Army Chaplains embarked with me on board the splendid transport Canada, the same trooper that had conveyed Lord Roberts on his return from South Africa. For our companions there were some 90 commissioned officers of all ranks and regiments, about 800 I.Y.'s., and 600 S.A.C.'s. Many of the officers had been through the early stages of the war, and were returning to recommence their arduous duties. Several had been through the siege of Ladysmith. Several had been at Modder River, Magersfontein, and Paardeburg. One young Captain showed me the hole in his tunic where a Mauser bullet had gone

clean through his right lung. He said he was one of the first to be struck down, and his only regret was that he was compelled to be an onlooker instead of a combatant in that fierce battle. We sailed from Southampton at three p.m. on the 12th March, and after a lovely voyage of 18 days, which included a short stay at Las Palmas, we reached Table Bay on the morning of the 30th March. The sight which met our eyes on that morning was enchanting. "It beats the Bay of Naples," said a much-travelled officer standing near me. The great Table Mountain, with its long flat summit flanked on either side by lofty peaks, towered above the town, which lay in a many coloured circle at its base, fringing the clear blue waters of the Bay. A rich golden sunlight glorified the scene. Behind the town rose bright green woods; and still further in the background, the jagged, clear cut peaks of the Hex and Roggeveld Mountains, clothed in transparent gold and pink, made a delightful feast for any appreciative eye. On our immediate left, we passed Robben Island, a low-lying yellow piece of land where a colony of lepers dwells in isolated desolation. On approaching the dock we glided past the shoulder of Signal Hill on our right, and at its base we saw Green Point with its huge encampments—one for soldiers, the other for Boer prisoners. We were inside the dock about eleven a.m., and berthed between the Hawarden Castle and the Tongariro. The latter vessel was about to take some hundreds of time-expired New Zealanders back to their native land. They were on the landing stage, and we were much amused at a number of them, who were tossing a poor Jew in a blanket. The villain had been caught trying to palm off some faked wares, and was receiving condign punishment.

On landing, we reported ourselves at the Castle to the G.O.C. and after 24 hours received orders to proceed to our several destinations. My orders were to go to Bloemfontein and report myself to the senior chaplain. Two other

chaplains were ordered to Pretoria. And in the evening of April 1st we found ourselves on board the mail train bound for the far north. The journey was a very slow one. We started on Monday evening about nine p.m., and reached Bloemfontein on the following Thursday at about four in the afternoon. But such a long journey was not devoid of incident. We reached Matjesfontein on Tuesday morning at 7.30, where breakfast was waiting for us, for which we had already paid the conductor 2s. 6d. We were sorry we had advanced that money, for if the breakfast was waiting for us so were the flies. The plague of Egypt was "not in it." There was porridge and mutton-chops, bread and butter, and coffee—but everything edible and non-edible in that buffet was black with legions of flies. They swarmed on the porridge, on the mutton-chops; they drowned themselves in coffee; they plunged about in the butter; entered nose, mouth, ears—and after a desperate effort to swallow a mouthful of that half-crown's worth, we were compelled to give up the struggle and retire in disgust, ignominiously routed. Fortunately, we could fall back on a slender store of tinned provisions laid by in the train, whither the flies did not pursue.

Beaufort West was reached at 5.30 in the evening. We found to our dismay we had to stay there till daylight next morning, as a commando of Boers had been reported up the line, and it was not safe to travel by night. We started next morning about five a.m. and proceeded, with one or two stoppages, to De Aar Camp. Between Deeffontein and De Aar we encountered a huge swarm of locusts in full flight. It will give some idea of their numbers that it took the train about thirty minutes to pass through the swarm. It was as if we were moving through a greyish white snowstorm.

Naauport was reached at 6.30 p.m. After a delay, we moved off again, preceded by an armoured train as the line

was not safe. An hour after midnight we rumbled over the Orange River at Norvals Pont, a bright moon giving those who were wakeful the opportunity of a delightful view.

At nine a.m. on the Thursday morning, we reached Springfontein, where we received news that the line had been torn up and wires cut 25 miles north. We proceeded onwards, the armoured train in advance and another train not far behind us. The line had been repaired, and the telegraph wires were being mended, as we passed the spot where the Boers had been busy during the night. After steaming through another flight of locusts and inhaling the sickening odours proceeding from a number of dead horses, cattle and sheep lying close to the line, we reached Bloemfontein at five in the afternoon.

After waiting four days in the town, I received orders to take up the duties of chaplain at No. 8 General Hospital, a little over a mile to the south-west of Bloemfontein. It is the hospital which received such severe condemnation from Mr. Burdett-Coutts on his visit to Bloemfontein. If he were to visit it now, I think he would find it one of the best-appointed hospital camps in South Africa. Having lived there for the last six months, I can bear witness to the fact that no sick or wounded are attended more skilfully, more carefully, and patiently nursed, than those in No. 8 Camp. The P.M.O., Col. Goggin, a clever, kind, warm-hearted son of Old Ireland, had earned his laurels at Colenso and Spion Kop, where he was in command of a Field Hospital attached to General Buller's army. Many a chat I had with the Colonel about those dark days, when several times he was kept busy, not merely from morning till night, but the whole round of the 24 hours, attending and operating on the poor battle-stricken soldiers.

An Army Chaplain's duties and experiences in South Africa vary according to the nature of his appointment. In the early stages of the war, a chaplain was attached to

a certain division or a certain regiment. He marched wherever that division or regiment marched. He was present at its different engagements, and shared with his fellow-soldiers all the dangers and hardships of the campaign. Now few chaplains are permitted to accompany the numerous small columns that are scouring the country in search of the Scythian foes. They are mostly stationed at one or another of the different military centres and hospitals in the colonies. If near the railway line, they have their van which they can have attached to any train and so visit the numerous posts and blockhouses up and down the line.

I had the good fortune, as I have said, to be appointed to No. 8 General Hospital, Bloemfontein. This hospital is a large camp, pitched out on the veldt. It consists of a series of long airy huts and marquees and tents arranged in two divisions, the Medical and Surgical Divisions. In a wide space separating these two divisions stands the cookhouse, stores, electric light apparatus, surgery, and operating hut. The officer's quarters were at the N.E. corner of the camp, and there I pitched my tent, or rather it was ready pitched for me, at the beginning of April last year. The novel experience of camp life was interesting at times—painfully interesting. In April, autumn is well advanced and merging into winter. The sun is very powerful in the daytime, equal to any Midsummer sun here in England. The lightest clothing is worn; but when

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark."

So does the cold! It comes with a stride, and cardigan jackets and top coats are hurried on. It is hard, living in this temperate climate, to realize this. But one must remember that the veldt near Bloemfontein is spread out at an altitude of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. Imagine retiring to rest in a thin tent pitched on the

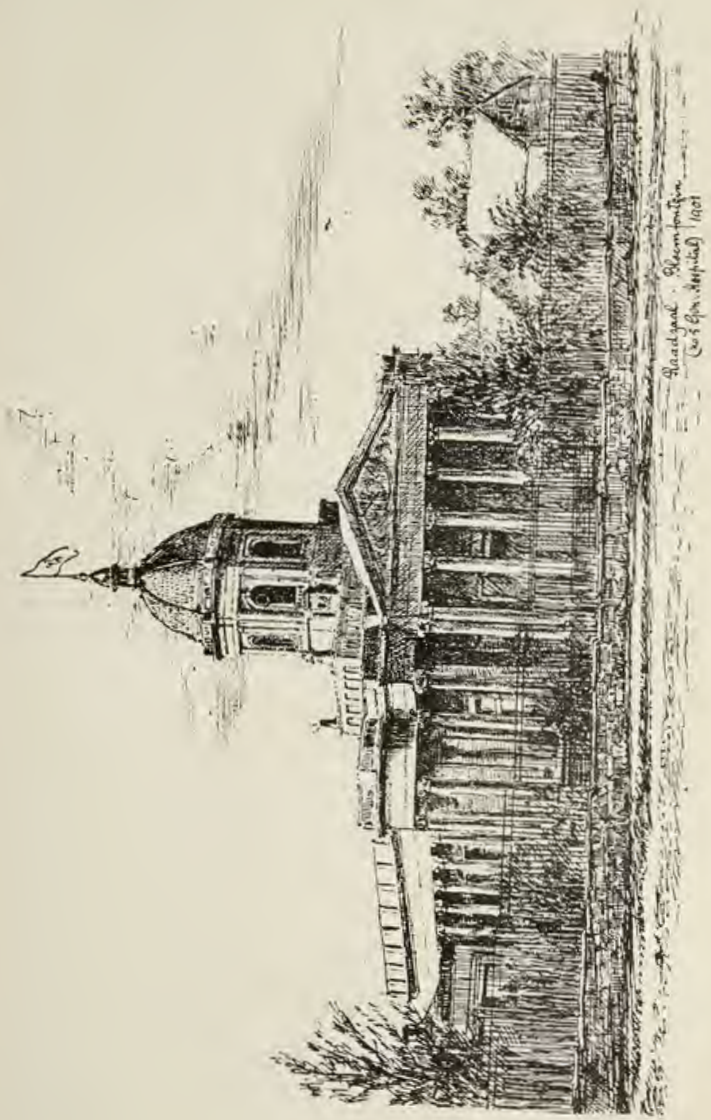
top of Ben Nevis, or of a mountain 1,500 feet higher than Skiddaw.

It took me about a fortnight to secure a comfortable night's rest in my new home. It was secured by requisitioning some extra half-dozen blankets, and sleeping boots made of flannel lined with cotton wool, in addition to the regulation "flea bag!" which constitutes a most important item in the "Wolseley Kit."

In order to mitigate the cutting keenness of the night air, which makes one feel afraid to breathe, at first, for fear of catching pneumonia at every breath, the only means was the humble candle. Every one in camp is entitled to one candle per day. But fortunately on the advice of an experienced friend, I had taken a supply out with me, and occasionally on an extra cold night more than a dozen dips were blazing merrily on the deal table. Some of the officers had paraffin lamps, but that they were a source of danger was proved in a neighbouring camp. A new-comer, a young C. Surgeon, had lit his lamp, just before the dinner hour, 7 p.m., to warm his tent. It did warm it with a vengeance. Dinner had not proceeded very far when an alarm was raised, and the young doctor rushed out to see the whole tent in a blaze. In five minutes his tent and all his kit was consumed in a short fierce conflagration. The next morning he had himself photographed in the midst of his ruins, like "Hannibal amid the ruins of Carthage."

Several other inconveniences attach to camp life in South Africa. The flies, in spring, summer and autumn, are a most irritating pest. They swarm in black masses in every tent, but especially in the mess tent. Thousands and millions are slaughtered; but the number never seems to diminish. I wonder if the Boers have learnt a trick from the insects. We have killed and slaughtered and captured well on to 100,000, and "still they come."

Various kinds of ants, too, seem to cover the whole veldt. They enjoy making a home in one's tent and feeding on



the canvas. A snake also occasionally makes its way into camp. One was killed just when it was about to enter my tent. But the greatest trial of all is the dust. There is nearly always a dust about Bloemfontein. It has the reputation of being the dustiest plain in South Africa. Each day and all day long one had to endure it. I remember well one week early in September. It peppered our meals and irritated our lungs. It seemed to rise with the sun in the morning and settle down again at sunset. It wound up, at the end of the week, with such a thick driving storm that one could not see a yard ahead. It filled every tent, though they were all closed up carefully. After a good hour of this furious onslaught, down came the rain, which lasted for about 48 hours and certainly cleared the dust away, but, at the same time, washed us out of our tents. It was the spring rain, and when, finally, the sun came out, the veldt began to show patches of green.

The duties of an Army Chaplain attached to a hospital camp are onerous or not according to the cases that come in.

The names of all the patients and their locality, the nature of the disease, whether serious or dangerous, is registered in a tent which is labelled on a board outside: "P.M.O's Office." Besides that, if there was any urgent case, the acting surgeon was invariably careful to inform me of the sufferer whose disease was critical and needed immediate administration of the Sacraments. I had the fortune to have a good friend in the senior officer of the surgical division, Major Holmes, R.A.M.C., a splendid specimen of humanity, standing 6 ft. 4 in., and a fine example of the fearless Irish Catholic. I can see his tent now, with its crucifix fastened up on the canvas facing the entrance. When I first arrived at the camp, he made me at home at once, gave me every information that a poor ignorant civilian priest, who had suddenly dropped into khaki, required, and all the new discipline and fashion of military life.

Going through the different huts day after day was a melancholy sight. It was heart-rending to see the strong young men struggling for life with the deadly enteric—especially if it was combined with pneumonia—and with the wearing, tearing dysentery, which so often brought on abscess of the liver and finally death. And after that, the sad funeral procession to the great cemetery close to Bloemfontein. The Irish Rifles were stationed at Spitz Kop, about three miles away. They were the only regiment that could boast of a band at that time, and the first notes of that band I heard were the sad and solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul, when they were accompanying the remains of one of their regiment from our camp over the veldt to its last resting place, amid thousands of other war-stricken soldiers sleeping their last sleep, far away from home and friends in the Bloemfontein Cemetery.

Apart from the duties immediately connected with No. 8 General Hospital, I had the Rest and Convalescent and Military Prison Camps under my charge. These camps lay over two miles away to the south-east, out on the veldt. My chief duty was to say Holy Mass there at 7.30 a.m. every Sunday morning. It was rather an effort at first, as the whole of my apparatus for performing the sacred office had to be stowed away in a couple of saddle-bags fastened to my little Basuto steed, on which, before I became used to it, I used to go through unwittingly many intricacies of the "manège." The first Sunday, when I reached the marquee set apart for Sunday service, I found one end of the said marquee occupied by Tommies preparing breakfast for the non-commissioned officers. Another Sunday, close to the improvised altar, a huge specimen of the canine species was comfortably ensconced among a heap of straw with a litter of new-born pups around her.

The Roman Catholic prisoners were always marched down to Mass, and I took a friendly interest in them. Most of them were in durance vile for small offences, but

military discipline is very strict. All of them went to their Easter duties.

Bloemfontein being the most important centre in the Orange River Colony, nearly all the movable columns used to come in, from time to time, to refit with remounts and stores. Their arrival furnished some object of interest to break the monotony of ordinary camp life.

I remember, last July, Plumer's famous column came in, after the great march up to Pietersburg in the north of the Transvaal, and encamped little more than a mile away, between No. 8 and the Rest Camp. I rode over to the column on the morning of July 19th and found myself among the 6th contingent of New Zealanders. The head-quarters were easily made out, as there were only half-a-dozen real bell tents visible. All the other shelters were very small erections, made out of the ordinary regulation dark brown blankets, of just sufficient height to enable one to crawl under on hands and knees. I introduced myself to the C.O., Col. Banks (7th Dragoon Guards), by whom I was very courteously received. On inquiring if he had any Roman Catholics in his ranks, he replied: "About 50. Would I like them to be paraded?" At my request, he also had a tent erected about 100 yards away from the camp, and there I went. Presently the men came to me in twos and threes, until a fair number were assembled. They were delighted at the opportunity of going to the Sacraments, as many of them had not had a chance since leaving New Zealand. I heard their confessions, and next morning drove over and said Holy Mass and gave them Holy Communion. I also renewed my acquaintance with several of their officers, with whom I had travelled up from Cape Town in March. One of these, however, I missed—young Lieut. Ryan, and learnt with grief that he had been treacherously shot by the Boers in one of the many engagements of their last march up to Pieters-burg, during which the Boers hoisted a white flag and

lifted up their hands in token of surrender. Poor Ryan unsuspiciously left his ensconcement and advanced about 50 yards; then the uplifted Boer hands were lowered, and before he could get back he was shot through the head. After such treachery the white flag was never recognized again. Adjoining the New Zealanders' camp lay the 5th Queensland Imperial Bushmen, under the command of Col. Flewell Smith, and thither I went in the afternoon of Sunday, the 21st. The colonel received me very hospitably, and after tea a long line of Bushmen stood on parade just outside the tent.

But what a difference between them and the New Zealanders! In outward appearance not so much. There was the same dirty trek-worn khaki; the same slouch hats, but adorned with a band of racoon or opossum skin—the distinctive mark of the New Zealanders was a brass fern leaf on the collar of the tunic. The New Zealanders seemed darker and more swarthy; the Australians were yellow and leathery, and both types "hard as nails," with very little superfluous flesh and very fit for the arduous duties they were engaged in. But, as I passed down the line of Bushmen, and spoke to them about going to their duties, the response was not encouraging. "Oh, your Reverence, no use talking to me; I'm a bad egg, sir." "We don't see a priest in the bush for 18 months, and that's enough for us." One couldn't help replying: "A bad egg! Why, you're a strong, full-fledged bird. You've got your wings, and you can fly to heaven if you like, or you can dive down to hell if you really want to." However, I said I would give them a chance by having a tent erected outside the camp, and those that wanted could come to their duties next day.

Next day I rode over again, but found the camp in commotion, as orders had come to prepare to march. Most of the men were on fatigue duty. A young lieutenant who was accompanying me bethought himself of some prisoners to whom I might do some good, and on my agreeing to see

them, he had them brought forward under a strong guard with fixed bayonets. It was the first day that bayonets had been issued to the Australians, and both men and officers were amused at the little weapons. When the prisoners and their guard approached, the officer gave the the word of command: "Guard, unfix toothpicks!" I spoke to the prisoners, but they were hardened fellows, all of them, run in for insubordination of some kind, and instead of thinking of going to the Sacraments, their tongues were occupied in proclaiming their innocence and the hardships of their lot. I could do nothing with them, so I told the lieutenant to pack them back to prison. Then the order came: "Guard, fix toothpicks," and the villains disappeared.

It was an interesting sight watching the column preparing to trek. Hundreds of horses were standing tethered in long lines; others coming back from the dam where they had been watering; others that had just been brought in from the remounts at Bloemfontein were being tried. One of the latter was a real "buck-jumper," and the whole camp turned to watch the most comical action of the animal. The way the brute bunched itself together and leaped into the air—the poor rider rising involuntarily from the saddle at every jump, and at last forced to lie down and embrace the neck of the playful animal and then slide off on to the ground—raised roars of laughter, which continued as the beast, having rid itself of its rider, went jumping and bucking all round the camp.

It was a great treat to watch the actual start of the column on a fresh trek. First of all came the scouts and flankers, on their rough unclipped horses, with their rifles slung or held in small leather buckets at the side of the horse. As the column drew away from the town, the flankers opened out and spread away in a fan shape until they were lost in the distance. Then came a succession of Cape carts and light buck-waggons, all drawn by wiry mules. Some of the heavier waggons had as many as ten mules har-

nessed to them. But all moved on at a trot, keeping up a pace of between six and seven miles an hour. It was an agreeable contrast to nearly all the other columns we had hitherto seen. There were no crawling ox-waggons, lumbering along at two miles an hour, with their long teams of eighteen oxen to each waggon. On each side of the swiftly-moving vehicles rode small squads of horsemen. And, finally, bringing up the rear, two lines of flankers, stretching out like wings far away into the distance. It took the whole column less than half-an-hour to pass our camp, and the dust raised in passing made snapshotting a rather difficult task. General Plumer and his staff joined the column from the town, but did not come within the range of our cameras.

What struck me most about this force was the difference between it and our own regular army. I remember Dalziel's corps coming in after a long march from the west of Orange River Colony. It was comprised of 300 Mounted Infantry and the Oxfordshire Regiment, with three guns and a maxim. The regimental band was playing merrily at the head of the regiment; but the sight of the poor "foot sloggers" trudging along with worn-out boots and ragged uniforms was anything but a merry one. Numbers of them, too, had fallen out and were limping alongside footsore and weary, trying to keep up to the last with their regiment. And how slow was the pace in comparison with that of Plumer's column! The Infantry are only fit to hold the blockhouses and forts. Marching them across the hard and dusty roads, without the prospect of ever catching a Boer, is a cruelty without any object attained.

Camp life, with its strict discipline, its orders, and routine, becomes monotonous after a week or two, when the first freshness of new experience has worn off.

In order to relieve the monotony, different kinds of recreation are indulged in. One institution was a concert given

every Tuesday evening to the patients, in a hut which was dignified by the name of library, and where the services were held on Sundays. After I had been in camp about three weeks, the colonel commandeered my services and imposed on me the task of providing a fresh concert once a week. It was congenial work at first, but as time went on, the difficulty of discovering new talent increased. It was wonderful, though, to find what fine art lurked underneath the khaki. The entertainments mostly were contributed by the Tommies themselves. There was usually very much self-confidence in the Tommy artists, generally in an inverse ratio to their talent, and the effort of accompanying them on the rickety old piano was at times most trying. For about four months I held the office of concert master, and then relinquished it in favour of a couple of new arrivals, civil surgeons, who were accomplished musicians.

A. D. F.

(To be continued.)

The Last Prior of Lewes.

A CERTAIN Richard Crowham is usually credited with the melancholy honour of closing the list of the Lewes priors. It was he who at the dissolution surrendered the Priory to the King ;—to be re-surrendered by Henry into the itching palm of Thomas Cromwell, who coveted for himself this golden "plum," fairest fruit of the tree planted by the Norman monks. It was Crowham who witnessed the destruction of the shrines, when the abomination of desolation entered into the sanctuary,—who may have seen with his own eyes the great church in ruins, plucked down in indecent haste * for the sake of the lead on its roofs. He it was under whose rule, not the glory only, but the life of the great Priory departed, when it was "broken in pieces like a potter's vessel" and its inhabitants spilt like water on the face of the land. The house of St. Pancras was then struck out of living history ; but nearly a century later the name of a Prior of Lewes again figures in monastic annals—a sorry Prior, certainly, without monks or revenues or dignity, who had no interest even in the ruins of his convent, but who yet was no pretender, and, could make as fair a claim to the title as Crowham and his predecessors. This was Anthony John Walgrave, otherwise Timcock,† in religion Fr. Francis, one of the first monks professed at St. Lawrence's, Dieulouard.

The history of Fr. Francis Walgrave is not usually considered an edifying one. Yet he was a man of good life

* This was done before Cromwell took personal possession of the Priory.

† "*Origenes Gentium*." *Downside Review*, vol. xix.

and of so many good works that it is impossible to pass him over in the history of the English Benedictines. Indeed, he may be said to have made a good deal of the early history himself. It is interesting enough, always ; but we are not really grateful to him for much of it. We find it so impossible to be in real sympathy with him. It is true, we do not feel angry with him as his contemporaries were ; his insolence cannot hurt anybody now. But neither can we have an honest laugh at him ; grotesque as his pretensions were, they are not really amusing. We can, however, think and write of him as charitably as the facts of history will permit us. Indeed, even in his own life-time, there were some who loved him least who yet had cause to be grateful to him before he died.

Let me say at once the worst that can be said, or rather has been said, of him. Weldon, quoting from a letter of Fr. Barlow, then President of the English Congregation, gives the following description, which for long has stood as a summary of Fr. Walgrave's character :—"Who can say that Father Francis ever lived quietly? When he was in Spain did he not behave himself so seditiously that he was expelled the colleges? At Dieulwart was he not burdenous to all his brethren? Have not all sorts of men, religious, clergy and seculars experienced his rudeness since he has been at Chelles? But what wonder, when he came to religion that he might not starve in the world. He seeks the world here and like a worldling despises religious men." From which it is only safe to conclude that Fr. Barlow was very angry when he wrote the letter, and that Fr. Walgrave had given him good or bad reason for it. In the controversies of that period restraint of language was almost unknown. People did weigh their words, but it was to choose the one that was heaviest and would hurt the most. In the language of the prize-ring—which best suits the occasion—"slogging" was the accepted method of attack or defence. The proverbial *odium theologicum*

disgraces most even of the private letters of the time. It is only fair, however, to state that there was not much theology and, perhaps, very little hatred in a good deal of it. Priests were trained to controversy—English priests especially; and the gladiatorial instinct betrays itself everywhere, even in official documents. Fr. Francis was troublesome—very; he was arrogant and enjoyed a quarrel; he could scold with the best, and was an unsparing adversary; but no real disgrace, as far as I know, attaches to his life in Spain, or at Dieulouard, or at Chelles, or at Cluny; he was a priest before he became a monk, and, therefore, however obscure his birth, he could hardly have been in danger of starving when he entered religion;* and, however rude he may have been in the assertion of his opinions and the defence of his position, he was—let it not be thought incongruous—a master of the spiritual life. President Barlow would, doubtless, have regretted his words if he had known they were afterwards to find a place in history. They were such as would have been forgotten by himself and forgiven by Fr. Walgrave as soon as the matter of dispute was done with. Now, however, they are likely to live; but they should not be suffered to stand altogether without protest.

Fr. Francis' connection with the English Benedictines began with the acquisition of Dieulouard. Dr. Gifford was the first novice, taking the habit in the Monastery of St. Remigius at Rheims, on the 22nd of July, 1608. He was followed by Fr. Laurence Reyner on the 30th of the same month, and two days after, on the 1st of August, "Antonius Walgravius sacerdos" was clothed under the name of Fr. Francis. Six days later, with three companions, Fr. Nicholas Fitzjames, Fr. Laurence Reyner, and Bernard [Warden], a servant, he started for St.

* The Valladolid lists say that Walgrave was born of yeoman stock, spent three years at Cambridge, and studied law for six years in London before he went to Spain to become a priest.

Lawrence's, which was reached on the 9th, the Vigil of its patron saint.

The beginnings of the new monastery may be passed over here, as they have been described recently in the *Journal*.* Fr. Walgrave's share in the work was an inconspicuous one. On the 8th of September, 1609,† he made his vows. At the end of the same month he went with Fr. Leander to Douai. He was only twelve months and a few days at Dieulouard, yet he succeeded, so says Fr. Barlow, in making "himself burdenous to all his brethren." This opens out an interesting question. Fr. Francis' burdenousness may, certainly, have been personal incompatibility, but the fact that it was so well known to Fr. Barlow, so well remembered many years after, seems to suggest that it was a public matter. We may, therefore, ask, are there any indications of disagreement or difficulty at Dieulouard in those early days?

The signs are plentiful. We find four names of Priors, or Superiors of the house, within the space of six months; and one or other of the names is variously omitted by different historians and records. This speaks for itself. It was the question, so frequently raised in monastic annals, of the legality of authority and the rights of subjects. It is more than probable that Fr. Walgrave assisted, at least, in forcing the question into prominence. And it is well worth one's while to make an effort to throw light upon a matter which helped to shape the form, and determine the very existence, of the English Benedictine Congregation.

The *Annales Monasterii S. Laurentii*, or, as it has been named, the "Dieulouard Diary," shows that for some months the Community consisted of three priests—two of

* *Ampleforth Journal*, vol. v., p. 27.

† The "Diary" says that he made them on August 1st, "privatim in capitulo circa octavam mane." The Profession paper, preserved in the Archives at Nancy, seems to show that he renewed them solemnly in the presence of Fr. Augustine Bradshaw at Douai.

them novices—and a lay servant. Of these it is sufficiently evident from the records that no one—not even the professed monk, Fr. N. Fitzjames—claimed the name or authority of Prior. Fr. Fitzjames was formally made Subprior by Fr. Augustine Bradshaw shortly before the 30th of May, 1609, and he acted as novice master; he also received Fr. Gabriel's vows; but he was never called "Prior," and it was Fr. Laurence Reyner who, in his own name as well as in that of Fr. Augustine, superintended the building, and made contracts and agreements with workmen and authorities.* That Fr. Bradshaw considered himself as the Prior the "Diary" plainly attests. It is "vi *prioris* consensus et pacti" that the student-novices in the Lorraine monasteries were "tacite" professed, and it was Fr. Bradshaw who made the pact and gave the consent. But the legality of this was evidently called in question.

The canonical erection of St. Lawrence's as a monastery naturally agitated the minds of the conventuals at the time. For this, by a decree of the Council of Trent (Sess. 25,

* This is sufficiently evident from documents in the *Archives Départmentales* at Nancy relating to the law suit concerning the "Pensioners' court." This deserves a fuller explanation. As Prior Cummins said in his article, the monks found "an empty church, a bare cloister, and an unfurnished cottage," but, it should be added, they found the church in a ruinous condition, "abandoned for four years and become a stable for beasts;" sheds and outbuildings in the quadrangle against the East cloister—the "domuncula" was probably one of these; and the main South buildings of the old monastery practically non-existent, the kitchen only being of practical use. (The Dieulouard historian, Fr. Melnotte, is of opinion these latter were in disuse from the 13th century.) Fr. Bradshaw arranged that the West cloister, between the kitchen and the tower of the church, should be hurriedly and temporarily adapted as a monastery. This side of the cloister looked upon the Place St. Laurent and the Cemetery, as the "Diary" tells us, and to make it available for building purposes it was necessary to encroach upon the graveyard. In the *Archives Départmentales* there is Fr. Bradshaw's agreement with the municipality, in which, for a strip of the cemetery, described in one document as "100 pieds de long and 28 pieds de large," and in another "Longitudine circiter 80, Latitudine vero 14 pedū," he undertakes to bury the parishioners without charge in the church and cloisters ("liberam—id est sine solutione

cap. 3), the written consent of the bishop of the diocese was absolutely required.* Application was made for this—it is not probable that the Bishop sent it *proprio motu*—and we find a formal document of approbation issued by his Lordship, dated April 8th, 1609. It is probable that this was asked for by Fr. Bradshaw himself. He is at Dieulouard on April 2nd, and it is after the reception of the document, on the last day of May, that he nominates Fr. Nicholas subprior, and gives, in Chapter, certain constitutions to the monks.

The evidence available at the present time warrants the supposition that some or all of the monks were not satisfied with this arrangement. On the 22nd of July in the same year, Dr. Gifford made his profession, and there is the authority of Fr. Maihew and the constant tradition of the Congregation that, almost immediately afterwards, he was elected Prior by the Community—"brevi post [professionem] ob præclara merita monasterii Prior factus est." On the other hand, the "Diary" states that, in October of

alicuius pretij pro terra sancta—sepultura in eorū ecclesia et claustro.") This was on the 3rd of May, 1607. Fr. Augustine's plan, which Reyner carried out, was to run up a wall which would widen the cloister, and build a wooden storey above ("ex tabulato opere"). The cloister widened was divided into a Refectory—at the end nearest the kitchen—and four other rooms; overhead there were eleven cells. Afterwards, when the monastery proper was built, the wooden portion of the first monastery seems to have been pulled down. The added strip of the cemetery is represented as not built on in 1621, but at that time, or a little later, an enclosing wall was erected along the whole of the West face of the quadrangle; and the cloister, which stopped short of the tower of the church in order to leave a roadway for the parishioners to the graves in the quadrangle, had already been continued to the tower by the addition of a small building about 8 feet square, with steps to the higher level of the church door. This was a subject of litigation with the parishioners. The legal documents speak of this cloister as the "Pensioners' court." Apparently it was then only a covered-over portico, and served as a play-ground for the students.

* This could not be granted by a Vicar-Capitular, but it was a matter of dispute at the time whether it was in the power of a Vicar-General to give it. This question was afterwards raised by Fr. Walgrave in connection with the foundation of St. Edmund's at Paris, and later by Bishop Baines

the same year, Fr. George Browne, of the Abbey of St. Simbert in Spain, was appointed by Fr. Bradshaw and the Spanish General to the same dignity. Fr. Browne apparently resigns the *facultatem Rdmi Generalis* into Fr. Bradshaw's hands as soon as he receives it. This brings the Vicar-General at once from Douai to Dieulouard. He reaches the monastery towards the close of the same month, and on Nov. 1st appoints a new Prior, whose name we do not yet know; some unhistorical person—probably one who objected to Fr. Bradshaw's action—having pasted a paper over the continuation of the "Diary."* The name which has thus been blotted out—if we may judge from the evidence of the tops of the letters which are not fully covered over—was not Dr. Gifford. The "Diary" makes no mention of his election at all.

This is quite sufficient evidence of the disagreement and of what the contention was about. But there is further proof of it. A later or, at least, a younger hand than the writer of the "Diary" has prefixed the words "Anno 1611" to this item in the "Diary," and this again has been crossed out by another disputant. But absolute proof of the discussion concerning the election or appointment of a Superior is given by the issue of formal documents by the Chapter at Nancy and the Bishop of Verdun in June, 1610. These are explanatory of the gift of the property. The monastery is granted "fratribus et religiosis ordinis Sti Benedicti natione Anglicana ac ordinis hujusmodi." It is not given to the Spanish Congregation.† It is to be an independent house with full conventual privileges, and not simply a "cell" or attachment to the Spanish houses, with Superior and monks subject to the appointment and control of the Spanish Superiors.

* We are in hopes that the name may be safely uncovered.

† The Spanish Vicar-General's position in the matter is defined thus:—"Rdo. fratre Augustino de Scto. Joanne dicti ordinis religiosi Anglo, id procurante."

It should be understood plainly that at no time did the donors of Dieulouard adopt the "English monks"—those clothed by Fr. Sigebert Buckley at Westminster—to *the exclusion* of those of the Spanish profession. Mr. Bishop, in his "*Origenes Gentium*," is mistaken in supposing this. The quarrel is wholly with the Spanish jurisdiction. Both the explanatory documents issued in 1610 and 1615 are clear on this point. The latter expressly says that the gift was made to the English Benedictines to the exclusion of no one (ut nemo ad missionem Anglicanam destinatus monachus dictæ nationis Anglicanæ a beneficio hujusmodi donationis excluderentur). And it says also that it was never the donors' intention (nostræ intentionis nunquam fuisse) that Dieulouard "præfatæ Congregationis Hispaniæ, vel ejus Præsidentibus et superioribus, ulla ratione subjicerentur." It is an injustice—unintentional, no doubt—to say, as Mr. Bishop does, of the Primate and Chapter of Nancy, that their declaration was "to the effect that no monks of the Spanish profession could claim even to live at Dieulewart *(ut ne quidem concesso sibi hospitii jure gaudere queant)*." The words quoted by Mr. Bishop refer only to the *superiors* of the Spanish Congregation, and it is to prevent these from exercising jurisdiction (nedum jurisdictionem, quam minime habent, consequi volunt, id assequentur, ut ne quidem, &c.) that they are to be denied the rights of hospitality. There is nothing in any way unkind written of the monks. They have as much right to St. Lawrence's as any other Benedictine English—as much and no more.

Was the Prior or Superior of Dieulouard to be elected by his monks, or appointed by Fr. Bradshaw and the Spanish General? Was the monastery to be a true *conventus*, or an appanage of the Spanish abbeys? This was the real question at issue. There were only two things the donors of Dieulouard were insistent upon: first, it was to be English property and not Spanish—

France was too jealous to concede even a foot of land to overbearing Spain; and, secondly, it was to be a monastery with full canonical rights. By existing law, a Superior had no ecclesiastical standing unless he was either elected by his brethren or appointed by the Holy See. He might hold the revenues and wear the title of Superior; he might exercise delegated jurisdiction; but he was not a prelate. Even Fr. Bradshaw, as Vicar-General of the English monks of the Spanish profession, with the ample faculties delegated to him by the Spanish General, and the nearly absolute jurisdiction over so many subjects, will not have been recognized as a dignitary by the ecclesiastical authorities. With all his authority he was only a simple monk.

Outside the monastery, the Cassinese English Benedictines had already been in communication with the authorities at Nancy and Verdun. With this neither the monks nor Mr. Pitts had anything to do.* There is evidence that the Cassinese agitation concerning Dieulouard was begun in Rome by Fr. Anselm Beech. Its coincidence with the question raised in the monastery concerning the priorship was in all probability accidental. And there is more than room for a suspicion that Fr. Walgrave's name should be connected with the priorship dispute. He is hurried out of the monastery just before Fr. Bradshaw first appoints a prior. If it was he who raised the question, he deserves to be blessed rather than to be blamed for it. It helped to bring all English-born Benedictines together, and if the contact was at first hostile, afterwards it was brotherly, and it ended in the making of the present English Benedictine Congregation.

Fr. Walgrave's stay at Douai was short. Fr. Bradshaw almost at once found work for him to do. Mary, daughter of Claude of Lorraine, Duc d'Aumale, had recently been

* Vide Mr. Pitts' letter to Fr. Bradshaw (Oct. 12, 1609) in the Municipal Archives at Nancy

elected Lady-Abbess of the Royal Convent of Chelles—a little town some 13 miles out of Paris, on the road to Meaux, Toul, and Dieulouard. Bent on reform, she looked around for assistance, and Dom Bernard, the Prior of the College of Cluny in Paris, is said to have recommended her to apply to the Benedictines of Dieulouard. It was their reputation for austerity and discipline which prompted him to make the suggestion. Fr. Bradshaw answered the appeal by sending Walgrave to her. It should be stated that the Abbey of Chelles had three churches attached to it, one of which, that of the *Holy Cross*, was by its foundation and the requirements of the Holy See a Benedictine conventual church, where the public recitation of the Divine Office by the monk-chaplains was of obligation. It was this foundation Fr. Walgrave took possession of in 1611. In 1613, Fr. Bradshaw, on his removal from the office of Vicar-General, joined the little community, but not as Superior. Fr. Walgrave, with his usual astuteness, had obtained a direct appointment from the General in Spain, which made him independent of the Vicar-General.

Fr. Walgrave at Chelles began at once to take novices and soon had a little edifying community of Benedictines. The Abbess was so pleased with the monks who served her so well, that she determined to found for them a supplementary house at Paris. Fr. Walgrave negotiated the matter, and obtained Fr. Leander's (the new Vicar-General's) consent. Six Dieulouard monks were ordered by Fr. Leander to proceed to Paris to form the community. These were Fr. Clement Reyner—the first Prior according to Hewlett, the historian of St. Edmund's—Fr. Nicholas Curre, Fr. George Gaire, the venerable Fr. Alban Roe, Br. Placid Gascoigne, and Br. Dunstan Pettinger. Their first place of residence was in Montague College; afterwards they were transferred to the Hotel de St André, subsequently the Paris house of the Visitation Nuns.

Mr. Bishop, in his "*Origenes Gentium*," has been bold

enough to challenge Weldon and Hewlett and *Gallia Christiana* in their account of the foundation of St. Edmund's. It is impossible to say that he has justified his position. Besides that the Edmundian monks must have had access to a great number of documents and letters which are not available now, his arguments are far from convincing. His statement is that Fr. Bradshaw was the first Prior of the house —practically, therefore, its founder—and he rests this on two pieces of evidence. One is "a little Latin printed business put out by Maurus of St. Cross." The other is a letter from Fr. Rudesind Barlow to Fr. Boniface Blandy.

The "little Latin printed business" betrays its origin in the name of its writer. This was Fr. Maurus Hames, as Mr. Bishop correctly states. But the "Maurus of *St. Cross*" should have hindered Mr. Bishop from making the misleading statement that he was professed at St. Malo's in 1630. The St. Cross is Fr. Walgrave's Priory of Holy Cross at Chelles. Fr. Maurus was one of Fr. Walgrave's disciples, clothed and professed at Chelles; he followed Fr. Walgrave when he joined the Cluniac Congregation; and was "incorporated"—says the Chapter List of 1633—into the English Benedictine Congregation, April 24th, 1630. He may have renewed his profession at that date—there may have been question of the validity of the vows received by Fr. Walgrave—but to say, simply, that he was professed at St. Malo's in 1630, implies that he was of a later generation than he actually was, and would lead one to suppose he was an unprejudiced witness, who had access to important documents not open to Weldon and Hewlett. In reality he was a lay-figure, and should be looked upon as Fr. Walgrave's dummy. The "little Latin printed business" was nothing but a partisan pamphlet issued by Walgrave between 1623 and 1624, when, having failed to wrest St. Edmund's from the English Benedictines, he did his best to bring about its suppression. This was so well known to Weldon and Hewlett and

Allanson that they passed the pamphlet by as worthless.

Fr. Maurus Hames appeals for support of his statement to the "Cartophylacium Calense." Chelles had been started ten years; it began with one monk and reached its fullest maturity with six, and yet it has already a "Cartophylacium" with "really authentic documents," as Mr. Bishop calls them. The pretentiousness of the title, "Cartophylacium Calense," given to Fr. Walgrave's effusions—it could be composed of nothing else—is so truly Walgravian—Timcocky, perhaps, I should say—that it is difficult to write of it seriously. Fr. Walgrave desired to be looked upon as a sort of Superior General, with Chelles and St. Edmund's under his jurisdiction. This position was not recognized by Fr. Leander. The Vicar-General does not even put himself to the trouble to consult Fr. Walgrave in appointing or changing the monks. Nor has Fr. Walgrave anything to do with the after-removals of the Community from one house to another. Fr. Leander and Dr. Gifford take no heed of him. Later, however, in 1619, he tries to get himself officially recognised. Through him the Abbess makes the Benedictines an offer of a house, on condition that Fr. Walgrave's over-superiority is admitted. Fr. Leander, at first, agrees to the condition, but before the documents are signed, on consultation with Bishop Gifford, he rejects both the condition and the gift. Poor Fr. Walgrave! His demerits are so highly estimated that they are reckoned to more than cover the value of a house purchased for 8,000 florins, and this when the monks of St. Edmund's had no roof to cover their heads.*

* Papers in the archives at Nancy show that the offer of the Paris house was not an act of pure benevolence on the part of the Abbess. One of the novices, an English lady, Miss Bluette (Blewett?), wished to benefit Dieulouard, and, doubtless at Fr. Walgrave's suggestion, gives to the monastery 10,000 francs, on condition that St. Lawrence's pays to the Convent at Chelles a *rente viagère* of 150 francs as her "dotte." The Lady Abbess gives her consent to this, but afterwards suggests that the money be sunk in the purchase of a house for St. Edmund's.

To support his pretensions to a superiority over the Paris house, Fr. Walgrave, through Fr. Hames, makes the most of Fr. Bradshaw's residence in Paris. He is sent there by Fr. Walgrave "prævidere" to make preliminary arrangements for the monks* (the word *prævidere* is translated by Mr. Bishop "to be superior of;" surely a misconstruction of its meaning), and, until the ex-Vicar-General leaves Paris, he is considered by Fr. Walgrave as the Superior of St. Edmund's, nominated by himself. He professes to have nominated Fr. Berrington as the second Prior, and after him, Dr. Gifford. But, even if he had made these nominations, they would have been altogether worthless. He was neither Superior of the monks nor Superior of the house. He was Fr. Augustine's Superior at the time, and this is the reason why he lays stress on the very slight connection between the ex-Vicar and the Paris house—this, and the fact that Fr. Bradshaw ended his days in a Cluniac Priory. Dr. Gifford was asked by the monks to act as their Prior, and with Fr. Leander's approval accepted the office.† And he, so far from acknowledging Fr. Walgrave as his Superior, when the monks were compelled to leave the Hotel de St. André.

Fr. Maihew, the Prior, and his council agree, and hand over for the purpose all contracts, rights, &c., to the Abbess and Fr. Walgrave. It will be seen what a disputable matter so simple a transaction became, when the house purchased was refused by Fr. Leander, there was a new Lady Abbess at Chelles, and Fr. Walgrave had broken with the English Benedictines. The convent could rightly claim the dowry of its inmate; the monastery could justly claim the value of the gift made to them—the Prior asked for 1,000 francs; Fr. Walgrave also could claim that, in the donation to his monastery, Dieulouard, there was the intention of conferring a benefit upon himself. It is characteristic of Fr. Walgrave that he held different views as his own circumstances changed. It is also characteristic of him that he withheld his own signature—through some misgiving, apparently—to the agreement between Maihew and the Abbess,—an agreement arranged by himself.

* I am taking Mr. Bishop's summary in the *Downside Review* ("*Origenes Gentium*") as accurate.

† Fr. Clement Reyner had been removed to Douai and was teaching at Marchiennes College.

declined to enter the house prepared for them by the Abbess, preferring to sacrifice the annual pension she gave them. He took and furnished another house for the monks at his own expense.

The second argument of Mr. Bishop, on which he relies to upset the St. Edmund's tradition, is that in a letter (February 8th, 1616) Fr. Rudesind Barlow says:—"Fr. Gabriel preacheth at Paris. Fr. Nicholas, Fr. Placido, Fr. George, Dom Dunstan lie with Fr. Austin in Paris." The natural interpretation of this is that the four monks, in their house difficulties, had to take shelter under Fr. Augustine Bradshaw's roof. One would hardly write in such terms of a Prior and his Community. The phrase in the letter proves no more than that between Fr. Austin and the monks there was the relationship of hospitality.

During this period of his life, Fr. Francis was in open revolt against the newly-orgainsed English Benedictine Congregation. He had given his adhesion, readily enough, to the makeshift Union of Fr. Leander, and to the misbegotten Union of Fr. Anselm Beech; when the true Union of the English Benedictines was sanctioned and decreed by Pope Paul V, he perversely challenged both its authority and its existence. It was a surreptitious Bull and a fictitious Congregation. In his usual aggressive way, he was not content with passive resistance to the Union; he waged a vigorous and unrelenting war against it. To say that he was "burdenous" to the Congregation at this time is much too mild an expression. Impregnable, almost unassailable, as its position was, he was so clever in expedient, so unscrupulous in method, and so bold and quick in act, that there was real anxiety among its defenders. They could not feel the security which was so clear to their judgment. Fr. Walgrave's cleverest move was to shelter himself behind the venerable walls of the old Cluny Congregation. There he, in his own person, was secure. He succeeded in persuading the Abbot to accept

him as a subject; he persuaded the monks of Cluny that their English rights were invaded by this new English Congregation; he seems to have even made them believe that they had always been, and were still, the only English Benedictine Congregation, and that England, as a Benedictine province, belonged wholly and only to them. Moreover, for the defence of their supposed rights and the security of his own preposterous position, he persuaded the Abbot of Cluny to appoint and institute him, Fr. Francis Timcock, alias Walgrave, the Prior of Lewes in Sussex, and Vicar-General of the English Cluniac Congregation.

Behold him, then, posing before the French nation as the defender of French rights and interests against perfidious Albion. With the help of Fr. Barnes, he issued pamphlets and booklets which attracted attention enough to distress the English Benedictine Superiors, and to bring down upon his own devoted head that most learned, and, surely, the hugest and weightiest of all controversial pamphlets—it is a folio volume of 724 pages of small print—the *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Anglia*. Posterity, if it has little else to be grateful for, owes much to Fr. Walgrave and Fr. Barnes as having been the occasion of this splendid and always valuable work.

The attack made by Fr. Walgrave upon St. Edmund's was an important episode in this battle royal. Fr. Walgrave's argument seems to have been that the Priory of Chelles was founded by Cluniac monks*—what would Fr. Augustine Bradshaw have said of this, if he had been living?—and that, therefore, St. Edmund's, as a cell of Chelles, was also a foundation of Cluny; the *Cartophylacium Calense* was a piece of "bluff" in defence of this latter position. But the most interesting point in the controversy came later, when Walgrave denied that St. Edmund's had ever been canonically instituted as a monastery. Here he

* He definitely states this in a later document. He says "D. Fr. de Valgrave avec 6 Religieux Anglois de Cluny établi a Chelles de l'an 1611."

brought up the question of the necessary, written approbation and permission of the bishop of the diocese. He declared that it had never been given. Fortunately Archbishop Gifford was able to testify that he had applied for and received it himself. And the Cardinal de Retz, then Archbishop of Paris, confirmed the statement and declared it had been granted by his brother, the previous Archbishop. Our Fathers seem generally to have failed to perceive the vital importance of this documentary approbation. On a very much later occasion, it was through the neglect of it—a mere formality under the circumstances—that Bishop Baines was able to justify the Prior Park secession from St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth.

The climax, or rather anti-climax, of this inglorious contest was reached when Fr. Francis Timcock, alias Walgrave, Prior of St Pancras in Sussex, solemnly excommunicated the Superiors of the English Benedictine Congregation. This was magnificent—buffoonery. It was only stage thunder, as Fr. Walgrave well knew; nevertheless, it served its purpose. It was calculated, and skilfully calculated, to give the now inevitable excommunication against himself the appearance of a feeble *tu quoque*.

But the ground was crumbling under Fr. Walgrave's feet. It was some Austin Friars who had been accustomed to enjoy the hospitality of the Convent at Chelles, and the extraordinary virtues of the leathern girdle of St. Monica—a devotion condemned by the Doctors of the Sorbonne—which brought about his downfall. The story is a sordid one, and may be left untold. Except that he showed his usual bull-dog pertinacity, and had to be forcibly ejected from Chelles and Paris, Fr. Walgrave's attitude was dignified and even pathetic. The right was wholly on his side in this, the struggle which crushed him. But the Abbess succeeded in raising up against him that capricious but irresistible power, which Fr. Walgrave had unsuccessfully invoked against the English Benedictine Congregation

—national jealousy. He was driven out of Chelles, in the face of the most authentic agreements, on the plea—a dishonest one—that French Benedictines were to be introduced in the place of the English. He was dispossessed of the house in Paris, because, when he produced his titles, the French officials tore off the seals and defaced the documents. Though eighty of the nuns at Chelles declared for the Benedictines at the Archbishop's visitation, and only eight, including the Abbess, sided with the Augustinians, the Archbishop seems to have been afraid to decide in Walgrave's favour. Fr. Francis pleaded before any tribunal he could get to listen to him, but it was all to no purpose, and he found himself compelled to retire—not strategically only; this time in stern reality—within the shelter of the Congregation of Cluny.

The evening of his life was comparatively kindly and peaceful. The storm had spent itself, but it was not to be expected that so great a disturbance would die down in a moment. There was a reconciliation with his brethren, and a generous one; the Congregation, on its part, ordered the past to be forgotten, and forbade any one to revive the memory of it, at the same time declaring that it would always welcome Fr. Francis in its houses in the manner in which the Cassinese brethren were received; on his part, Fr. Walgrave obtained for St. Edmund's the little Priory of La Celle en Brie. He made efforts to benefit also in a similar manner St. Lawrence's, the house of his profession; and if this scheme fell through, and La Celle proved of little value to the Congregation, the acts nevertheless, were graceful ones, and should not be forgotten. He died at a great age amongst his old brethren, so it is said, in St. Edmund's at Paris, Nov. 6th, 1668. To the last he was the same restless, enterprising, and assertive man he had shown himself at the beginning; always unsuccessful, he never admitted disappointment nor accepted defeat; and he was not easy to deal with even in his

friendliest moods. But the peace he had made with his brethren, though strained at times, was never broken; and if few of his good works have survived him, he passed away with the knowledge that all old wounds were healed and all enmities forgiven, and that God had saved him from the reproach of having injured, in his reckless anger, the Congregation to which he owed the devotion of a son.

J. C. A.

Notes of a Rambler.

II.

Laach.

What I do not know about Maria Laach would fill a considerable volume. What I do know would not make a decent prefatory note.

One might surround one's self, I suppose, with dusty tomes, and records, and periodicals, and pictures, and begin a wholesale system of diving into this and that and the other, extracting a morsel here and a fragment there, and picking and choosing and plunging and snatching, until a quantity of matter should be piled high around, calculated to bring each and all and one's own poor self to the most intimate and depressing acquaintance with the extent of one's ignorance.

But, as with Horace, so with myself, "*vivitur parvo bene.*" This is a note, not a guide-book: a ramble, not a voyage of discovery.

To me Maria Laach represents the very simple picture, untrammelled by vulgar details, of a great eleventh-century

Benedictine Abbey in Rhineland, in receipt of imperial patronage, responsible for certain "Stimmen," and dearly beloved of the Andernach postcard.

My personal acquaintance with the internal aspect of Maria Laach is limited,—never having got any further than the porchway.

One can't see much of an Abbey from the porchway. All *I* saw, through an open door on the left, was the broad back of my friend as he stood imbibing the very comforting information that the Clergy Retreat then taking place had not been arranged with any *very* special consideration of the interests of the casual visitor from abroad.

I am afraid I was not very complimentary to that Retreat: particularly when my friend invited me to stand in the doorway and offer my impressions in English—which he refused to translate—for the benefit of the apparently strong-minded young lay-brother, who stood behind a counter, in a Catholic Repository sort of room, saying things that were really stony-hearted.

My personal acquaintance with the internal arrangements of Maria Laach resulted in my feeling like a tramp with a grievance.

I am still of the opinion, as I think it over, that the toil and trouble it had cost us to reach that door that day deserved better recognition.

And as we retired, with what grace we had left, towards the roadway, I believe we said so—forcibly.

At a quarter after four that August afternoon we had parted company with the steamer "Gutenberg" that had brought us down from Mainz to Andernach.

When Andernach was young, and rejoiced in the name of Antenacum, it was possibly not wholly devoid of a conscience.

It is ancient now and its name is Andernach.

The small wooden erection, opposite the landing-place, where we designed to leave our baggage for the night, was

presided over by a shirt-sleeved and not over-clean individual who insisted on evading all questions relative to the charge. Had some large-hearted edict gone forth, and were our purses to be spared?

Alas, the eye of our honest Rhinelander held a sinister ἐν νυκτὶ βουλή, which somehow raised a hostile "Never put off till to-morrow" hurrying to our tongues. I felt quite pleased to find myself in a position to commandeer that trifle. Most of these things seem to have been put together by someone who was bent on proving us a pack of—well, not heroes. Accordingly we opened fire with our maxim, and were hauling our traps to the doorway with a certain air of independence that a Britisher speedily acquires and feels called upon to display in the State-ridden Fatherland, when, with sulky blessings, the desired information came stumbling forth and our "things" went bundling back.

Of one little thing I'm sure. The gentleman who took off his coat and his conscience together never suspected that my portmanteau was innocent of a lock.

To judge by the appearance of the place the Corporation of Andernach is comparatively harmless.

The old days, when the Roman prefect and his legions had their headquarters in this frontier fortress, are still well represented by gate and bastion and watch-tower. The stirring days of the Middle Ages, when capture and recapture were the order of the hour, have likewise left their traces in the ruined Schloss near the Coblentz Gate and the marks of violence on the great Stadt-thor; and yet again appears the handiwork of another and no less ruthless age, for in 1668 the watch tower on the Rhine was breached by the cannon of the French, who thirty years later set the town in flames.

The story of the rolling Rhine, its hills and its hamlets, is, in great measure, the story of nations.

Streets of the olden time brought us in heat and dust to the Andernach railway-station, where we took train for Niedermendig.

Outside the Bahnhof at Niedermendig stood a sign-post with the encouraging assurance that Laach was between one and two hours' walk—all depending on the walker—up among the mountains; but there also stood outside the station a number of two-horsed landaus, which, from the babel of tongues and the flutter occasioned by the train's arrival, seemed to possess a considerable contingent of the driving fraternity per steed. I'm glad I said "seemed." I hope, for its credit's sake, that the German language has found some other name for the comfortable person who sat upon the box and reflected cheerfully, "If we go any slower we'll stop."

They were a charitable people.

There was nothing they would have loved more than to have been permitted to provide every individual person with a large and separate landau, and charge every individual person in every large and separate landau the full and illegal fare. I'm afraid we disappointed them.

I don't know what they said, but it didn't *sound* wholesome, and they looked, well, as if "they never would do a good-natured thing again."

Perhaps it was the unnatural heat of those days that had given us a tinge of the old serpent: at any rate we joined two other travellers, struck the bargain at the station door, and watched the white road trail away behind us for a good five crawling up-mountain miles, past the cottages of Niedermendig village, on and on, and up and up, thinking ourselves lucky indeed in not having kept to our original intention of tramping it afoot.

There was one interesting feature, however, in that weary ride. The great lava-pits, that we left on either hand, gave one food for thought and matter for conversation. Here we found ourselves in a land where lava had once flowed in gigantic streams down the slopes of the two great groups of volcanoes clustering round Laach.

The beds of lava, the course of which is easily discernible, though the termination of the activity of these volcanoes is assumed to have been about four thousand years ago, are turned to good account by the inhabitants of Niedermendig and Cottenheim, some of the pits being upwards of two hundred feet deep, and the thickness of the layer varying between three hundred and four hundred feet.

I've stolen the statistics from a handy guide, being, like Sammy Weller, possessed of a vision of unambitious pretensions.

The four-wheeler toiled steadily along over the lava road, and between the stacked-up lava behind the fences.

The conversation, too, was mostly lava, as our thoughts persisted in wandering back to fanciful pictures of those days when the rolling rivers of molten fire plunged thundering upon the world, till the stars covered their eyes aghast from Earth's blinding furnace; and then, with the ages, took off their terrors and stripped from their hearts the young world's hot ways, and, under the grasses and the wild flowers, learnt the lesson of subjection to the life of Man.

Those pre-historic days seem to have been *very* uncomfortable. There must have been a regular boom in nerve-tonics.

That the volcanic agencies have even yet not altogether ceased seems to be proved by the fact that mineral springs, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, abound in the neighbourhood, especially in the Brohlthal.

The Brohlthal is interesting as having furnished the tuff-stone of which were built the early churches from this part of the Rhine right up to Holland, and the comparatively modern Apollinaris-Kirche below Remagen. The tuff-stone is veined with pumice, and in many places even overlaid with pumice-stone, which, though the more recent volcanic production, dates, if I may use the word, from a pre-historic age. It is curious, however, and interesting to hear that certain plants which belong to

species still extant are found in the tuff-stone in the quarries. The Romans were well acquainted with these districts: they worked the great basalt-lava mines at Niedermendig, and many a Roman found his last resting-place in the beds of pumice-stone at Andernach.

In that fiery August I sometimes wished I wasn't quite so far "from Greenland's icy mountains." Warmheartedness in men and things is all very well in its way, but it mustn't be overdone. The Niedermendig mines have, I believe, gone to the other extreme and contracted a chronic cold; even in summer the temperature down there is so low that great masses of ice are formed on all sides. This, however, we had no time to verify, nor did we taste the Mendig beer, which is stored in the deserted galleries of the mines, and builds up a reputation, where reputations are generally built, in the dark.

It was growing late. There were not many people upon the road. A young priest in broad beaver hat and cassock; a party of ladies; a goat-herd coming down from the mountains with his goats, staff in hand, a long feather in his hat, and a patriotic air waking all the echoes that lived in his neighbourhood; a stalwart peasant with his rude bullock-waggon jolting and creaking slowly down the hill;—such were the few we met or passed, and, as we neared Laach, at last, we overtook one of the monks of Laach, a sturdy specimen of manhood in large-brimmed hat and flowing habit, his young face brown and burnt with the sun of the hay-fields, his long rake upon his shoulder, his shoes all dust, his eyes upon the ground.

A large Abbey, a small hotel, trees to no end, and silence,—that's Laach.

At least that *was* Laach till our carriage-wheels disturbed it, but it soon relapsed into its old self again when the vehicle disappeared among the trees.

We suspected Maria Laach of endless latent possibilities as we caught a glimpse of its dome and Romanesque towers far back above the stone enclosure.

The only possibility that we had any particular objection to disclosed itself, as already related, at the earliest possible opportunity. And so we presently found ourselves on the hotel-verandah sipping our Gläser Bier and puffing our cigars very reflectively. I know no better antidote to a disappointed spirit.

After all, we had merely snatched this one day from our long Rhine journey on the off-chance of seeing something of a place we had heard spoken of with fervour by every German we had met, and, as we had decided to risk the nature of the latent possibilities, we had perforce to abide by our decision.

And in the depths of a German glass and in clouds of smoke one sees things very philosophically.

Down below us the valley was a mass of fresh green woods, beyond which lay the great Laacher See or Lake of Laach, and, on the further side, the rich blue line of the mountains standing out against the cloudless sky:—the whole forming a pleasing picture whose wealth of colour must have impressed the most unobservant of men.

We had our supper on the raised verandah, and then started off on the rude road leading between the great woods and ending at the water's edge. There we discovered a little clearing, an old boat moored amid the rushes, a few water-fowl darting hither and thither, and a general air of peace and seclusion.

It was very still. Under the magic influence of the twilight—or a hearty meal—we felt amicably inclined once more; so we took our seats on a rustic bench beneath the overhanging trees, a few feet from the water, and fell, in a way that to me was a surprise, into a quiet and comfortable conversation, puffing at our cigars the while slowly and thoughtfully.

The remembrance of that spot has dwelt with me ever since. I do not know that I have ever fallen so completely under the spell that Nature casts over us at such

an hour and amid such scenes. Behind us and on either hand, close down to the water, rose the deep and silent woods, and before us stretched the great expanse of the Laacher See.

The Lake of Laach is no ordinary lake.

It possesses a circumference of some six miles, its waters covering over 1,400 acres, and averaging a depth of 218 feet; but its peculiarity consists in the fact that it lies in the largest and most remarkable of the volcanic craters, and that range of mountains towering up across the lake forms a part of the edge of the huge crater.

Suffocation by the carbonic acid gas, that issues from a fissure at one part of the basin, is a fate that is occasionally known to overtake mice and birds; the mineral springs in the neighbourhood I have already noticed.

In the twelfth century the Benedictines, to save their lands from inundation, set to work to sink a shaft on the south side of the lake for the conveyance of the water to the Nette, and a similar operation, about the middle of the nineteenth century, again considerably lowered the level of the water. There is good pike-fishing, I was told,—a 40-lb. pike not being unknown—though I understand that the angler has to pay for the fish he catches before being allowed to take them away.

There was something fascinating and romantic about that curiously situated Lake of Laach, something that appealed in the gentle washing of those wide waters in that frowning mountain-hold.

And as we sat, with the broad wild scene before us, we watched the night come down—pale and beautiful.

After a long time we threw away the glowing ends of our cigars and rose to go.

We turned into the little roadway, now but dimly visible, as all things are in the clear warm August nights before the moon is up. The Abbey's stately towers arose

above the purple woods—a solemn memory of mediaeval days: over the mountains some stars hung brilliant: the waters lapped unseen among the reeds: the world held phantoms of known things, not things: and Life was on the Borderland of Death

"Couchant and shadowèd
Under dim Vesper's overloosened hair."

And we retraced our steps in silence, thinking strange thoughts, towards the twinkling lights of the hotel.

Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a great light in the room, and, creeping to the window, I saw the moon riding round and bright over the mountains and casting a long gleaming pathway across the waters.

I had seen this romantic land in the heat, and in the purple mist of the evening, and now bathed in moonlight splendour.

One more turn of the wheel and I was up betimes and once again at the window watching the sun rise over the crater's edge,—great bursts of gold and crimson, an ever-varying pageantry, heralding his coming,—helping the beholder to the fullest realization of the feelings of that barbarian race, who, as we read, in the great city's square at dawn, shuddering with expectation, fell down at the sight of this their god, and, in waving masses of kneeling figures, with open arms and outstretched hands, blew kisses in the air, in humblest and most loving adoration.

Never shall I forget that sight as the mountain-ridge ran rapidly aflame, and the tide of the dawning danced upon the height, and plunging in a flood of glory upon the sea turned it to flashing fire.

The great Abbey's bells were ringing the morning Angelus as we sat down on the verandah to our early meal.

In those out of the way Rhineland districts one has to be content with very frugal fare. The black bread may be very wholesome, but I found it most unpalatable, and I

must plead guilty to having, on one occasion at least, consigned that portion of some healthy meat sandwiches, surreptitiously, to the waters of the Rhine.

If we were not quite awake when we sat down to breakfast on the Laach hotel verandah, we were anything but asleep when we rose again. That breakfast was an acrobatic performance. If one wished, for instance, to take a sip of coffee without swallowing a large fraction of a plague of wasps, one had to be quite clear that the verandah was not a sleeping-apartment. It was most disheartening. Whatever I liked they liked; and, worse still, whatever cost most they liked most. Not that the meal was the least bit aristocratic. Not at all. I'm glad it wasn't, or I should never have got anywhere near the table. For I trace some sort of unholy connection between the arrangement of the hotel menu-card, the physical condition of the hotel wasps, and the dwindling coin of the stranger who paid for, and never got, his breakfast.

Somewhere about half-past six we put on our knapsacks once more, bade good-bye to Laach hotel and to one or two visitors who where lounging about the verandah steps, in *négligé* attire, sniffing the morning air.

The last person to bid us "adieu" was a cheery gentleman who had entertained us with his conversation in the carriage from Niedermendig station; and early that afternoon when we landed far away at Cologne, after a long Rhine journey, almost the first person we met in the street, strolling leisurely along, was the same gentleman we had left at the Laach hotel.

We were starting early to avoid having to bear, in addition even to *our* slight impedimenta, "the burden of the day and the heats," for we were setting foot to a fifteen-mile walk across the mountains to Andernach, unguided, in a country we had never traversed before.

Soon after leaving the hotel we struck, on the left, into the rough and narrow mountain road, that wound gradually

along the edge of the great See to the height of the further side of the crater.

One last glance at the monastery towers behind us, and we plunged round a curve into the forest that stripped the road of half the daylight, allowing only a glimpse here and there of the sparkling waters far below us on the right,—the deep tangle of branch and underwood on the left being quite impenetrable.

A splash of white paint on a tree at intervals was intended to keep the wayfarer in the right path, but these presently began to get fewer and further between, and at last came to an end altogether.

We tramped those fifteen miles with a lightness of heart that robbed the journey of all tediousness.

On the road that took us over the crater's crest we found hundreds of little brown frogs, each about half an inch long, leaping about our feet.

I am afraid we brought the morning peregrinations of very many of the lively fellows to an untimely end, for it was impossible to avoid walking upon them at every step.

The road very soon became a mere rude track, and this we followed tenaciously, making it a strict rule never to turn from the straight path unless some signboard compelled us so to do. This plan we found serve extremely well, for we came upon some decidedly embarrassing positions.

Generally, at awkward parts, the friendly notice "To Andernach" appeared upon a tree, and it was quite extraordinary at times to find one's self without warning turned, when in the middle of an open field, into a path at an absolute right angle. On such occasions it was well for us that we used our eyes, for the natural track had perforce to be abandoned for one that looked the most unpromising in the world.

At one point, on emerging from a wood, we saw that ahead of us the road forked at equal angles to either side. "Here, if ever," we said, "we shall want a signpost."

The board indeed was there, but, to our unmitigated dismay, it had fallen from the tree, and no man could have told which road it had pointed out as the road to Andernach.

We stood and reflected and examined the ground. No; we could not justly find one road more important in appearance than the other, so we trusted to Providence, and, with a fear and trembling that did not speak well for the quality of our trustfulness, passed on, and a few moments later dived down into the dark woods once more.

During the whole fifteen miles we met not more than three or four persons, and we saw scarcely more than a dozen. We had covered quite half the distance before we met anybody, and in very many places we were the first to break the spider's webs that hung, glittering with dew, right across the road from the trees on either hand.

As the morning wore on the sun grew warmer, and the first freshness of the young day disappeared. And with the heat would come at times huge swarms of the large flies that abound in those parts in the summer, and with their poisonous stings came infinite annoyance.

One felt a sharp thrust in hand or face and the work was done. I looked down at my hand, I remember, and found the blood running down my fingers and a great fat fly taking his morning meal.

We felt the growing heat on the barren mountain-tracks where there was no protection from the rays, and our mouths grew parched and our throats hoarse and dry, and we longed to see some human habitation. But in all those miles I remember to have seen only one such, and that was too far away from our line of march to allow us—who had a vision of a punctual Rhine-steamer at Andernach luring us on—to make a call. It was, I recollect, announced on a signboard by the road as a "'place of refreshments' three and a-half minutes' distance."

Either that post had been transplanted, or the German who timed the distance was a very thirsty specimen.

And so we plunged on, sometimes in the dense forests which, here and there, held ancient stones marking the spot where, in the gloom, a tragedy had occurred: sometimes in sweet peaceful country lanes where the squirrels gambolled; down into deep valleys; along mountain-sides where the lava-quarries were; through the fields where the reapers sang; along the great roads where the rude crucifixes of stone stood with quaint carving and a date and a name of centuries ago.

On and on, mile by mile.

At last, the last of the hills was topped, and down below us between the green slopes rose the towers of the Church of Andernach, with the Rhine for background and the vineyard-clad heights beyond.

The shortest way down into Andernach? The rosy-cheeked young Teuton would ask his mother down there where the red roof showed amid the trees. And under her friendly guidance we turned aside into the narrow pathway, and down through shade and sunlight, and under the apple-boughs, with the music of a mountain-stream in a gorge on the right, then dipped below the level of the gleaming roofs, and the town and the heat and the dust rushed back into our lives.

A squeeze of lemon with some sugar in a glass of mineral water, a comfortable lounge in an easy chair in the arbour before the Wirthschaft, listlessly watching the lazy boats and the rafts on the Rhine and some toilers far up in the vineyards, and then came the whistle and swirl of the steamer that bore us away.

I often think of Laach. For in that fair Rhineland home of prayer and peace one recognized again the silent tongue that has the most to tell, the whispered word that creeps into the crannies of the soul and fructifies.

And yet, again, I love to liken Laach to some wondrous passage in the oratorios of the great masters, which, by

the emotional effect it produces upon us, places certain thoughts before our minds with an intenseness and an impressiveness that no mere spoken expression of the same thoughts will produce.

The "Thanks be to God" in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will bring the tears of gladness and gratitude bursting from the heart, and raise an impulse within the listener, that is almost uncontrollable, to join with all his soul and strength in that leaping chorus of joy and benediction.

So are the deep chords of our Being stirred ever and ever anew, as long as from the lowest line of the sand the Surge we see not calls, and our hearts' most hollow chambers give reply.

EDWARD KEALEY.

Lastingham and its Abbots

WHEN King Edwin ascended the throne of Northumbria, in the year 617, the kingdom was still pagan. It was through his marriage with the daughter of the Catholic King, Ethelbert of Kent, that he first came to know anything of Christianity; for St. Paulinus accompanied the young Queen to the north, and by his zeal soon converted the King, who was baptised at York in the year 627. His example was very soon followed by many of his subjects, and paganism began to steadily lose ground, until the disastrous battle at Hatfield, in 633, in which Edwin was slain and his army defeated by the combined forces

of the pagan Penda and the apostate Cadwalla. The infant church was destroyed, and St. Paulinus was obliged to seek safety in flight.

For a year or more the savage Cadwalla tyrannised over the land, until his power was overthrown by the good King Oswald. The victor, brought up in the Catholic Faith by the monks of Iona, naturally turned to that home of his early years, to those saintly men who had been his guides and instructors, and besought them to send some one to again establish Christianity in his kingdom. One was sent, but very soon returned home, "meeting with no success and being unregarded by the English people," whom he spoke of as "uncivilised men and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition." * The Council of the monastery was summoned to arrange for the appointment of a successor, when the monk Aidan, turning to the one whose mission had been a failure, addressed him thus:—"I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees nourished by the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection." This spirit of discretion appealed to the minds of all present. St. Aidan was made a bishop and sent to preach the Gospel in Northumbria. He reached the land of his mission in the summer of 635, and chose for his home the lovely isle of Lindisfarne. Here he soon gathered round him a band of earnest monks, whom he sent forth to evangelize the country. Among them were four brothers—Cedd, Cynebil, Celin, and Ceadda or Chad; the eldest, Cedd, was the founder of Lastingham.

Cedd's first missionary labours were undertaken amongst the Mercians, to whom he was sent by Bishop Finan, St. Aidan's successor. After he had laboured among them for some time with great success, he returned to Lindis-

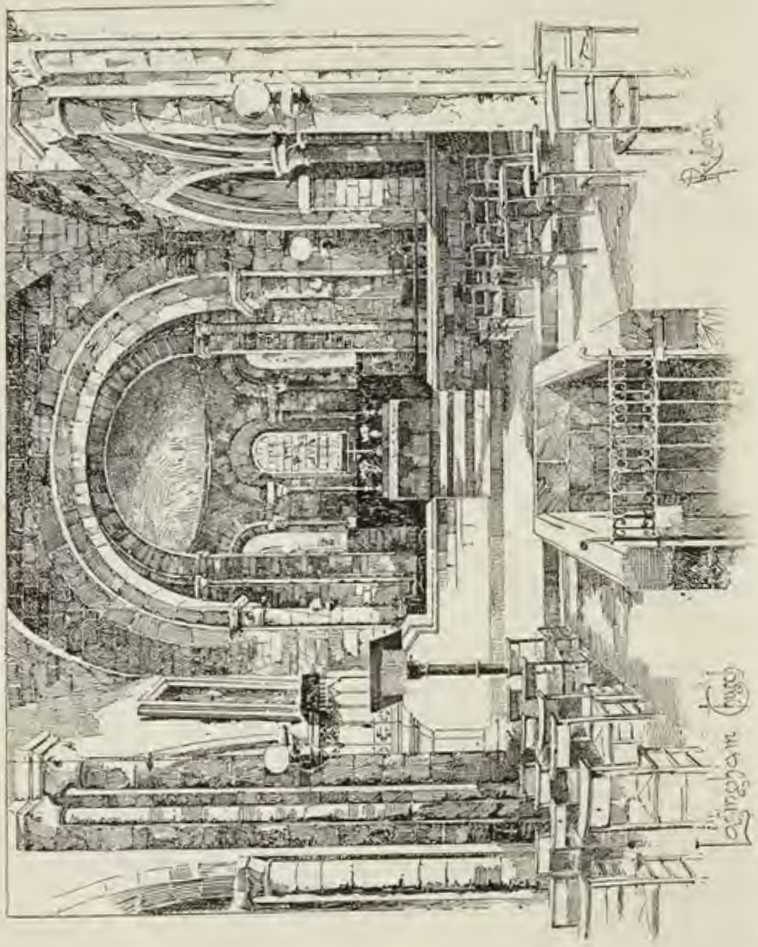
* St. Bede, Bk. iii, chap. v.

farne to seek Finan's advice and to obtain more priests to carry on the good work begun. At the time of this visit, Sigbercht, King of the East Saxons, was in the north with King Oswy, who prevailed upon him to embrace Christianity. He was baptised by Finan at the royal ville of the Northumbrian Kings called "Ad Murum."* On returning to his own kingdom he was accompanied by Cedd with the new title of Bishop of the East Saxons, having his episcopal See at London. Cedd's labours in the south were as successful as those amongst the Mercians; churches were built, priests and deacons ordained, and two monasteries established—one at a place which the Saxons called Ythancester, now Froshwell, the other at Tillaburg, the modern Tilbury. During these years he occasionally visited his old home at Lindisfarne, and it was during one of these journeys to the north that he founded his third monastery of Lastingham.

As Celin, Cedd's brother, was a chaplain of King Ethelwald, it is not surprising to find that his great reputation as a missioner had reached the King's ears. When they met, the King was so struck with his piety and wisdom that he offered him land on which to build a monastery, "to which the King himself might frequently resort to offer his prayers and hear the word, and be buried in it when he died." † The holy man chose a place "among craggy and distant mountains which looked more like lurking-places for robbers and retreats for wild beasts than habitations for men." ‡ The Venerable Bede thus narrates the founding of the monastery:—"The man of God, desiring first to cleanse the place for the monastery from former crimes by prayer and fasting, that it might become acceptable to our Lord, and so to lay the foundations, requested of the King that he would give him leave to reside there all the approaching time of Lent to pray.

* Now Walton, near Newcastle.

† St. Bede, Bk. iii, chap. xxiii. ‡ Ibid.



All which days, except Sundays, he fasted till the evening according to custom, and then took no other sustenance than a little bread, one hen's egg, and a little milk mixed with water. This, he said, was the custom of those of whom he had learned the rule of regular discipline; first, to consecrate to our Lord, by prayer and fasting, the places which they had newly received for building a monastery or a church. When there were ten days of Lent still remaining, there came a messenger to call him to the King; and he, that the religious work might not be intermitted on account of the King's affairs, entreated his priest, Cynebil, who was also his own brother, to complete that which had been so piously begun. Cynebil readily complied, and when the time of fasting and prayer was over, he there built the monastery which is now called Lestinghae, and established therein the religious customs of Lindisfarn, where they had been educated."*

During Paschal time of the year 660 the building of the monastery was going on. The church was a simple wooden structure, such as that which, I believe, may be seen to-day at Grenstead in Essex, and the conventual arrangements were like those of Lindisfarne. The name of the monastery, as the Venerable Bede has it, was Læstingaen; others have called it Lestingaig, Lestingahen, Lastyngaeu. In Doomsday Book it is called Lestingeham, while Fleury has Lestington, and Dom Jerome Porter simply Lesting. The numerous ways of spelling it have given rise to various conjectures as to its meaning. Mr. Ch. Wall, in his "Monastic Church of Lestingham," says:—"To a certain extent it has been spelt according to the mode of representing the sound in vogue at the time and cannot govern its meaning. The *eu* is but the early form of *ea*. Professor Skeat traces the development of and pronunciation of *ēa*, which in the early Saxon manuscripts is without the vowel-length, and shows how it is

* Ibid.

the same word as the Latin aqua (water) and means the 'stream,' and has no other meaning; this, combined with the prefix Læsting, 'a son of Læst,' makes it 'The stream of the sons (or tribe) of Læst.' This is the etymology of Lestingaen, and Lestingham is taken to be 'the home of the sons of Læst.'"

Before proceeding further it will be well to notice what proofs there are to identify the modern village of Lastingham with the Lestingaen of Bede. The identity has been denied, and some have tried to prove that Kirkdale, a place six miles from Lastingham, on the Helmsley side of Kirbymoorside, is the site spoken of by Bede. The Kirkdale advocates set forth several arguments.

From the fact that Lestingaen was church land it is unlikely that its name could ever be changed to Lestingham. Their opponents answer that there is not sufficient proof that these names are different, and that the probability is that they are but different forms of the same name. A more powerful argument in favour of Kirkdale rests on the interpretation of the runic characters inscribed on a slab of stone built into the west wall of Kirkdale Church. The Rev. D. H. Haigh more than 30 years ago read a paper before the Yorkshire Archaeological Society and expressed his satisfaction that this stone was "the lid of the coffin of King Æthelwald," for he interpreted the runes to mean "To the memory of Æthelwald, Cedd placed this stone." Were this interpretation undoubtedly the true one the argument for Kirkdale would be strong indeed, for one of King Æthelwald's intentions in founding Lastingham was that he might be "buried in it when he died." Unfortunately the characters are now much obliterated, but Mr. Haigh's opponents pronounce his translation incorrect; he himself speaks of the runes "Cyning Æthelwald," *i.e.*, "King Æthelwald," and in his translation of the whole inscription quite disregards the "Cyning." Had it existed it should have been in the translation, and its absence there throws discredit on the interpretation.* Another inscription over the door of Kirkdale Church militates against the former one. It states that Orm, the son of Gamal, bought St. Gregory's minster when it was in ruins and rebuilt it in honour of Gregory; but Lastingham Church, the Venerable Bede tells us, was built "in honour of the Mother of God."

The claims of Lastingham have a long and strong tradition in their favour. When the Abbot Stephen of Whitby took refuge there in the time of the Conqueror, he speaks of the place to which he went as being the ruined home of a once celebrated community of monks. This could not have been Kirkdale, which at that time must have been a comparatively new church, for Orm, as the inscription tells us, lived "in Edward's days King, and in Tosti's days Earl." Once grant that Stephen's Lestingeham was the Lestingaen of Bede, then also is it the Lastingham of to-day, for the latter was indisputably Stephen's place of refuge. Moreover, the Venerable Bede's words, to some extent, describe the locality as it still is. To reach it the lonely and barren moor has still to be crossed, and even when one arrives at the fertile and pleasant valley in which it lies, one feels it is an out-of-the-world spot, a place of loneliness suited to a life of prayer and contemplation.

Cedd, the first Abbot, did not remain at Lastingham to personally rule over the monastery. John of Tynemouth tells us that Cynebil, his younger brother, was left in charge while the bishop attended to the affairs of his diocese in the south. There were many claimants for his help and guidance, for not only had the people of his diocese to be cared for, but his monasteries at Froshwell and Tilbury had also to be attended to. His life must have been a stirring and busy one, involving many journeys from south to north and back again, making all

* See Warner's "Life and Legends of St. Chad" and Wall's "Monastic Church of Lestingham."

the more welcome the short periods of rest and quiet which he sometimes enjoyed at Lastingham.

Not long after the establishment of Lastingham its abbot was called upon to take a prominent position with regard to the internal affairs of the whole English Church. Northumbria, as we have seen, had received Christianity from the monks of Iona, and consequently, in the northern parts of England, the customs and traditions of the followers of St. Columba had obtained a strong hold. Kent and the south, having been evangelised more directly from Rome, were not imbued with these Celtic customs. In time the two spirits, the Celtic and Roman, came into contact, and the absurdity of the differences between them became manifest. The chief bone of contention was the time for the observation of Easter. The Venerable Bede tells us "it is said to have happened in those times that Easter was kept twice in one year; and that when the King, having ended the time of fasting, kept his Easter, the Queen and her followers were still fasting and celebrating Palm Sunday.* This occurred at the court of King Oswy, who kept his Easter with the Scots, whereas his Queen, Eanflede, followed the Roman usage.

In the year 664, it was arranged that the question should be fully discussed at St. Hilda's monastery of Whitby. Cedd, trained and ordained according to the rites of Lindisfarne, which were those of Iona, would naturally be expected to lend his support to the Celtic tradition. He kept an open mind, and the well-known moderation of his character influenced the Council to use him as the interpreter between the leaders of the two parties, Colman and Wilfrid. Wilfrid won the day, and while, on the one hand, Colman with his followers departed from Lindisfarne to return to Iona, Cedd "forsook the practices of the Scots and returned to his bishopric, having submitted to the Catholic observance of Easter.†

* Bk. iii, chap. xxvi. † Bede, Bk. iii, chap. xxvi.

This same year the holy abbot and bishop died. Though the Venerable Bede speaks of his departure from Whitby to his bishopric, he must have soon returned to the north, for he was back at Lastingham when the terrible epidemic known as the Yellow Plague was decimating the country. It broke out in the community at Lastingham and seems to have carried off a great number of the monks. Cedd himself fell sick and died, as also his brother and coadjutor Cynebil. The saint was laid to rest in the open graveyard of the monastery—"the abbot among his brethren, the father among his children, in a spot of his native country." When in after years a stone church replaced the original one of wood the body was removed within its walls and laid at the right hand of the altar.

The pestilence of the year 664 left its mark all over the land. Tuda, the bishop of Lindisfarne, was another of its victims, as also Wini of the West Saxons, the only bishop whom St. Wilfrid considered to have been canonically ordained. One may conjecture that it carried off the greater number of the Lastingham community, from the necessity there seems to have been of recruiting their ranks. Thirty of the monks from one of St. Cedd's southern monasteries came to Lastingham, "either to live near the body of their father, if it should please God, or to die there and be buried." This spirit of devotion may have brought them to Lastingham to fill the vacant places made by the numerous deaths, and thus to perpetuate the house that the saint preferred above others. Their good intention, however, was frustrated: the fatal disease spared but one of them, a "little boy who was delivered from death by his father's prayers."

Ceadda, or Chad, succeeded his brother as abbot—the youngest of the four brothers, all priests and two of them bishops. Cedd and Ceadda have been much confused—"a brace of brothers, both bishops, both eminent for learning and religion, now appeared in the church; so like

in name, they are often mistaken in authors one for another. Now though it be pleasant for brethren to live together in unity, yet it is not fit by error they should be jumbled together in confusion." *

Chad is more generally known that Cedd, and many visiting Lastingham fail to connect it with the memory of St. Cedd, whose shrine the Lastingham Church is.

The Council of Whitby, in its results, had much to do with the future years of the new abbot. St. Wilfrid's triumph there was shortly afterwards followed by his nomination to the See of York. When the question of his consecration came up, he refused to receive it at the hands of any of the then existing bishops in England. In fact, the Church in England was in a state of great confusion; the See of Canterbury was vacant; the validity of the consecration of all the other bishops except Wini was at least doubtful; so St. Wilfrid made it a condition, *sine qua non*, of his acceptance of the bishopric of York, that he should be allowed to receive canonical consecration in France.

What took place during Wilfrid's absence points to Chad being the leading light of the Scottish party. His prolonged stay abroad allowed time for King Oswy's disposition to change, and from being favourable to his cause, he returned to his former partiality for his hereditary customs. It is hard to say what was the precise cause of the change. It may have been that he looked upon Wilfrid's absence as a slight upon himself and his people; or perhaps the cause was jealousy of the growing influence of King Alcfrid, with whom he was sharing the government of Northumbria, and who had been the chief promoter of the nomination of Wilfrid. As Wilfrid did not return, Oswy sent Abbot Chad to be consecrated bishop of York.

Lastingham once more had to lose the personal supervision of its abbot. The latter journeyed to Canterbury

* Fuller's Ecclesiastical History.

only to find the see vacant. Proceeding to Wini at Winchester, he received the episcopal consecration from him, assisted by two British bishops, and immediately returning to York began his episcopal duties.

Of a gentle, retiring, quiet disposition, the lonely moor and silent solitude of Lastingham were far more acceptable to him. The old writers all speak of him with reverence and affection, showing forth the blamelessness and holiness of his life. A few days here and there, which he could snatch from the busy life of a bishop, always journeying through his diocese on foot, as was his custom, would no doubt be spent at Lastingham, but of this there is no record. He ruled the diocese for three years, nobly doing his work, winning admiration from all.

Meanwhile Wilfrid returned to find himself deprived of his see. But he made no protest; with humility and discretion he quietly retired to his monastery at Ripon. In 669, Archbishop Theodore came to England as Metropolitan. Immediately turning his attention to the state of the episcopate, he soon came in contact with Chad, and hesitated not to tell him plainly what he thought about the irregularity of his consecration. The reply was characteristic of the Saint:—"If you know I have not duly received episcopal consecration, I willingly resign the office, for I never thought myself worthy of it; but, though unworthy, in obedience submitted to undertake it." * He voluntarily resigned in favour of St. Wilfrid and returned to Lastingham.

During this period of his stay, the increase of the number of monks at Lastingham and their growing reputation point to a time of great development. Of the eminent men there, two are known to us by name—one a man of no mean intellectual ability, the other a saintly man who came to the monastery carrying an axe and hatchet in his hand, thereby plainly denoting that he did not come to lead an idle life, but one of toil and labour.

* Ibid, Bk. iv, chap. ii.

This was St. Ovin. He had been the major-domo of Queen Etheldreda's household, but giving up his position, dressed as a poor peasant, he made his way on foot to the monastery to become the least of the brethren. He was Chad's favourite disciple, following him to Lichfield when he afterwards became bishop of the Mercians. The Venerable Bede says nothing of his departure from Lastingham, but in his narration of the last days of St. Chad at Lichfield St. Ovin is a prominent figure.

Trumhere is the name of the other monk above referred to. After saying that he was Bede's master in Divinity, there is nothing left to say; little else is definitely known about him. Does this mean that Bede was ever at Lastingham or that Trumhere once lived at Wearmouth or Jarrow? At any rate this mention of him by Bede points to an intimate connection between these two monastic centres.

Chad remained but a short time at Lastingham, for both the Archbishop and St. Wilfrid had learned his great value. The Archbishop "completed his ordination after the Catholic manner,"* appointing him to the bishopric of the Mercians.

Wulfhere was the King of the Mercians at the time, and there is an interesting legend (containing, like most legends, some smattering of truth) regarding his connection with Chad. The King's two sons were Wulfade and Rufine. Wulfade, a keen hunter, was one day pursuing a stag which led him to the cell in which Chad was living the life of a hermit, and the chance meeting brought about the conversion of Wulfade, then of Rufine, and finally of the contrite father, who in a fit of anger had murdered his two children. The whole legend may be read in Warner's "Life and Legends of St. Chad," but is too long for insertion here. The story was told in nine of the old cloister windows of Peterborough, and the explanatory couplets there chosen were as follow :—

* Ibid, Bk. iv, chap. ii.

"The hart brought Wulfade to a well
That was beside St. Chaddy's cell.

"Wulfade asked of Seynt Chad,
Where is the hart that me hath lad?

"The hart that hither thee hath brought
Is sent by Christ that thee hath bought.

"Wulfade prayed Chad, that ghostly leech,
The faith of Christ him for to teach.

"Seynt Chad teacheth Wulfade the feyth,
And words of baptism over him seyth.

"Seynt Chad devoutly to mass him dight,
And hoseled Wulfade Christy's knight."

The contrition and conversion of the King is thus told :—

"Wulfere contrite hyed him to Chad,
As Ermenyld him counselled had.

"Chad bade Wulfere, for his sin,
Abbeys to build his realm within.

"Wulfere endued, with high devotion,
The Abbey of Brough with great possession."

There may be some little truth in the legend, but history makes no mention of Chad ever living a hermit's life among the Mercians. Wulfhere, however, was a good friend to him, giving him land on which to build a monastery, at a place called by Bede "Etbearwe," or "the Wood." Here the bishop gathered around him a small community, seven in number not counting his favourite Ovin. He ruled his diocese for nearly three years, still remaining Abbot of Lastingham, and died at Lichfield on March the 2nd, 672. His death, the coming of the choir of angels, the humility

of the saint in forbidding Ovin to make known the wonderful privilege with which he had been favoured, are all beautifully narrated by the Venerable Bede and well known to all. Many years after his death St. Egbert spoke of a holy man who, at the time of St. Chad's death, saw the soul of the sainted Cedd descend with the angels to bear his brother's soul away with them. The body of its second abbot was not laid to rest at Lastingham, but first in St. Mary's at Lichfield, then in St. Peter's, and finally, in 1148, it was translated into the present Cathedral. His faithful disciple Ovin probably died in the monastery at Ely, founded by his former patroness St. Etheldreda; for near Stretham, in the Isle of Ely, there has been found a curious stone cross with the inscription, "Lucem tuam Ovino da Deus et requiem. Amen." It is said to be of seventh century workmanship, and there cannot be much doubt as to its being a memorial of the humble Lastingham monk.

Information about Lastingham after the death of St. Chad is very scanty. A stone church replaced the one of wood, some time or other before the death of the Venerable Bede in 735. The latter acknowledges his indebtedness to the Lastingham monks for much of his history that concerns the Northumbrian and Mercian Churches. Eddi, the musician from Kent, who came to the north to teach the ecclesiastical chant, would not have neglected to visit so important a monastery, and monastic life must have continued to flourish there until the time of the Danish invasion. In 867 the Danes swept across Northumbria, laying waste the land with fire and sword; the whole of the country between Ouse and Tyne was made desolate—Lastingham, Whitby, Ripon, and Beverley all met with the same fate; wherever Halfdene, the Danish leader, marched, his route could be traced in the smoking ruins of towns and villages.

It was the death-blow to monasticism in the north,

and for nigh upon 200 years it was practically extinct in this part of England. When the revival came Lastingham was resuscitated as a Benedictine monastery. But is it possible that it might have been Benedictine previous to the invasion? There is not much historical evidence to guide us to this conclusion. Some of our English Benedictine writers have looked upon SS. Cedd and Chad as Benedictines. Fr. Jerome Porter, in his "Flowers of the English Saints," calls them both Benedictines, evidently on the authority of Trithemius.* The latter is not very reliable, for amongst other inaccuracies he states that St. Cedd flourished about the year 680, fully 16 years after his death, as well as giving him the title "Ecclesiæ Lindisfarnensis Episcopus."† Fr. Edward Maihew, in his "Trophœa," thinks that St. Cedd adopted the Benedictine Rule after the Council of Whitby.‡ That St. Benedict's Rule was in any way discussed at Whitby has never been mentioned by any one in speaking of the famous Council held there; but surely had St. Cedd introduced the Rule into Lastingham he would not have chosen for his successor one who, from all appearances, was the most prominent of the Scottish party, viz., St. Chad. Still, we know that St. Wilfrid was about this time introducing St. Benedict's Rule all through the north, and we find it being adopted at such Celtic centres as Lindisfarne and Ripon. The Synod of Hertford, presided over by Archbishop Theodore in 673, one year after St. Chad's death, insisted on the universal acceptance of a characteristic Benedictine principle. It decreed "that monks do not remove from one place to another, that is, from monastery to monastery, unless with the consent of their own abbot, but that they continue in the obedience which they

* De Viris Illus: O.S.B., Lib. iii, chap. cxvii, Lib. iv, chap. lix.

† Lib. iv, chap. cl.

‡ Acta Sanctorum, March 2nd.

promised at the time of their conversion." * This was nothing more nor less than the Vow of Stability, peculiar at the time to St. Benedict's Rule. The likelihood of this law being accepted at Lastingham, the close connection between it and St. Bede's monastery, and the fact that St. Benedict's Rule was practically adopted throughout the country, are worthy of consideration, though of course in no way proving that Lastingham was a Benedictine house before its destruction by the Danes. An argument against this idea has been grounded on the Venerable Bede's reference to the church there being "built of stone in the monastery," for the Celtic monks lived in small huts built around the church, there being a separate habitation for each monk! But, after all, could not a Benedictine church be said to be built "in the monastery"?

Nothing now remains of the original monastery and church. There have been authorities of no mean worth who have considered that the present crypt dates back to Saxon times. Mr. Raine, in speaking of it in his "Antiquities of Durham," claimed a very high antiquity for it; judging from the massive square pedestals, the short circular columns, the absence of ribbed groining in the crypt, he was induced to believe that "the church of Lastingham, if not the original building of Cedd, is at least the most ancient ecclesiastical building in the country." The general opinion to-day is that there is nothing to be found earlier than the Norman period, and so there is nothing architectural that can help us to a knowledge of the kind of monks at Lastingham between St. Chad's death and the Danish invasion.

To think, as some have done, that after the coming of the Danes there was not a monk to be found in the north for a great number of years, is a somewhat exaggerated opinion to hold, for the faithful and careworn bearers of St. Cuthbert's body must not be forgotten. Monasticism, as a

* St. Bede, Bk. iv, chap. v.

system, had certainly died out there, but it was carefully maintained in the south, whence it found its way back again after an exile of almost 200 years.

The story of its return is a beautiful one. A simple, earnest monk, Aldwin, in the Benedictine monastery of Winchcombe, happened to light upon the Venerable Bede's account of the evangelization of the north, and of the glorious saints who built and ruled over so many monasteries there. It pained him to think that the light of faith which had once shone forth from Lindisfarne, Ripon, Whitby, and Lastingham was now extinguished. He felt called to go and kindle it once again—to follow in the footsteps of Cedd and Chad, of Paulinus and Wilfrid. He chose for his companions two monks of Evesham—Elfwy, a deacon, and Reinfrid, who is described as being "ignarus litterarum." On foot they journeyed to the north, leading an ass which bore along their necessary vestments and books. They passed through York on to Monkchester, now Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they knew they would be near to Jarrow, once the home of Bede. Settling there they soon attracted the attention of Walcher, Bishop of Durham, and to their great joy he gave them the ruined church of Jarrow, which they took possession of in 1074. It was in a sad state, ruined and roofless. They set to work to patch and mend, built for their shelter a rude log hut, and began their regular monastic life. It is to these three that the whole monastic system of the north owed its restoration. A large community soon gathered round them, and Jarrow could no longer give shelter to all. So Elfwy remaining at Jarrow, Aldwin removed to Wearmouth, and Reinfrid, whose fortunes we must follow, went to Whitby.

Reinfrid had once been a soldier, "miles strenuissimus" in the Conqueror's army. In 1069, when he had marched with his leader through Yorkshire, wasting the country with fire and sword, he had turned aside to visit his old

commander in arms, William de Percy, then in possession of Whitby. He was deeply moved, soldier though he was, by the sad sight of the ruined monastery; hence we find him, after he had given up the soldier's career, going back to Whitby to end his days in quiet and solitude.

He found his wish could not be gratified, for many came flocking to him, and he was soon surrounded by a monastic community. Amongst the new comers was one named Stephen, a man of great ability, one of his ablest qualities being a wonderful power for organization. A man of energy and activity, he differed much from the simple quiet Reinfrid, who, soon discovering his capacity for ruling men, gladly handed over to him the reins of office. This change of superior was not for the peace of the community, for the new one, anxious to improve the temporal status of his monastery, aroused a spirit of opposition in Reinfrid's benefactor, William de Percy. One account still extant of this matter is attributed to Stephen himself,* there are also two others, "the Memorial of Benefactions" of Whitby Abbey, and Symeon of Durham's narration.† Stephen, or whoever wrote the account attributed to him (it is a disputed point), attributes the opposition to de Percy's jealousy of their prosperity:—"Willielmus de Percey qui locum ipsum nobis donaverat videns locum nostrum nuper desertum in multis meliorari, multa adversa, tam per se quam per suos, nobis ingerebat ac boni pœnitens si quo modo nos ab eo effugare possit arte qua poterat laborabat." The whole narration shows that opposition from de Percy and attacks from pirates compelled the monks to leave Whitby, that a number of them returned after a time, but that Stephen with the remainder obtained the grant of Lastingham from the king and settled down there.

A different cause of this secession is given by the editor

* Dugdale, Monasticon, i, 387.

† Surtees Society, Vol. lxix.

of the Whitby chartulary, who thinks that Reinfrid ruled Whitby till his death; that then there was a strong party in favour of Stephen's succession, but that the Percy family were anxious for one of themselves to fill the vacant post, viz., Serlo, William de Percy's brother. A peaceful settlement could not be agreed upon, so Stephen with his followers left Whitby for Lastingham.

This was in the year 1078. Stephen was consecrated Abbot of Lastingham by Thomas Bayeux, Archbishop of York, and set to work to build the church and all that was needful for the community.

The present church is the one he built, but there are no signs of any conventual buildings; had the monastery been built as substantially as the church, there would surely be something left to indicate its site. That nothing now remains above ground is indicative of the intention of only a temporary residence. They remained there about ten years and then removed to St. Mary's, York.

It does not appear that Lastingham was completely abandoned, for there are indications of it still continuing as a monastery until the end of the twelfth century. The following extract from the "Liber Vitæ" of Durham is worthy of notice:—"Pro monacho Sancti Petri Lestingaensis, unusquisque sacerdos x missas et alii cantent psalter' tres, in conventu autem sicut pro monacho nostro, hoc est xxx^ta plenaria officia."* The "Liber Vitæ" was originally intended for the preservation of the names of the benefactors of the Durham Church, but this purpose was not strictly kept to, and in course of time it became a memorandum-book into which matter of various interest was introduced. The above passage finds a place amongst other information of a like nature, chiefly treating of the different agreements between the monks of Durham and other monasteries with regard to

* Surtees Society, Vol. xiii, p. 72. St. Peter as patron is unusual: the original church was dedicated to the Mother of God.

praying for each other's dead brethren. The editor of the volume states, without any hesitation, that the handwriting of the cited passage is of the end of the 12th century, and so it points to the fact that Lastingham had a monastic community about that time. It might be said, of course, that the agreement was entered into the book many years after it was first drawn up, indeed, before the community migrated to York. However, at the end of the "Liber Vitæ," we find "Excerpta ex Obituario Ecclesiæ Dunelmensis," a document that contains a special agreement with the monks of York:—"Pro monachis Eboracensibus vii plenaria officia in Conventu."* The editor again notes that this leaf is written in various hands of the 12th and 13th centuries, and therefore it seems that the two agreements with York and Lastingham respectively were drawn up with no great space of time intervening. If this was so, then the Benedictines were at Lastingham and York simultaneously, and when the majority migrated to York some of the community still remained at Lastingham. If monastic life continued at Lastingham till the end of the 12th century, there were but a few years intervening between its cessation and the appointment, by the Abbey and convent of St. Mary, of the first vicar mentioned in the Torre Manuscript in the York Minster Library.† This vicar was "De Septon," who received his appointment in February, 1230.

But there is a still earlier mention of the Lastingham living than this. In Archbishop Gray's Register, under the date February 14th, 1229, we find "admission, on the papal provision, of Cozeni, 'scriptor' of the Pope, to the Church of Lestingeham, at the presentation of the Abbot and convent of St. Mary, York; and we institute him in the

* Ibid, p. 136 (8).

† This list of vicars is printed in Mr. Wall's "Monastic Church of Lestingham," p. 51.

person of Mr. J., the sub-dean."* Cozeni's name does not appear among the Vicars in the York MS. and perhaps this is due to his never having taken possession of the Vicarage on account of the the disturbances which Mr. J. (John Romanus) was causing at this time, through his indiscretion in assisting foreigners to obtain English benefices; on one occasion the violence of the mob compelled him to conceal himself in the Cathedral.

After the mention of "De Septon" there is a break of almost 100 years. In 1313 the Abbey and convent appointed "De Claye," and from this date to the present time the name of each successive vicar is known with the date of his appointment. From 1313 up to the suppression of the monasteries 19 were appointed by the Abbey and convent. The names of two are the family names of two of the Abbots: Roger Kirkeby was installed Abbot in 1337, and in December of that year, Richard or William de Kirkeby became Vicar; Edmund Whalley was abbot from 1521 to 1530, and in 1527 an Edmund Whalley was appointed to Lastingham.

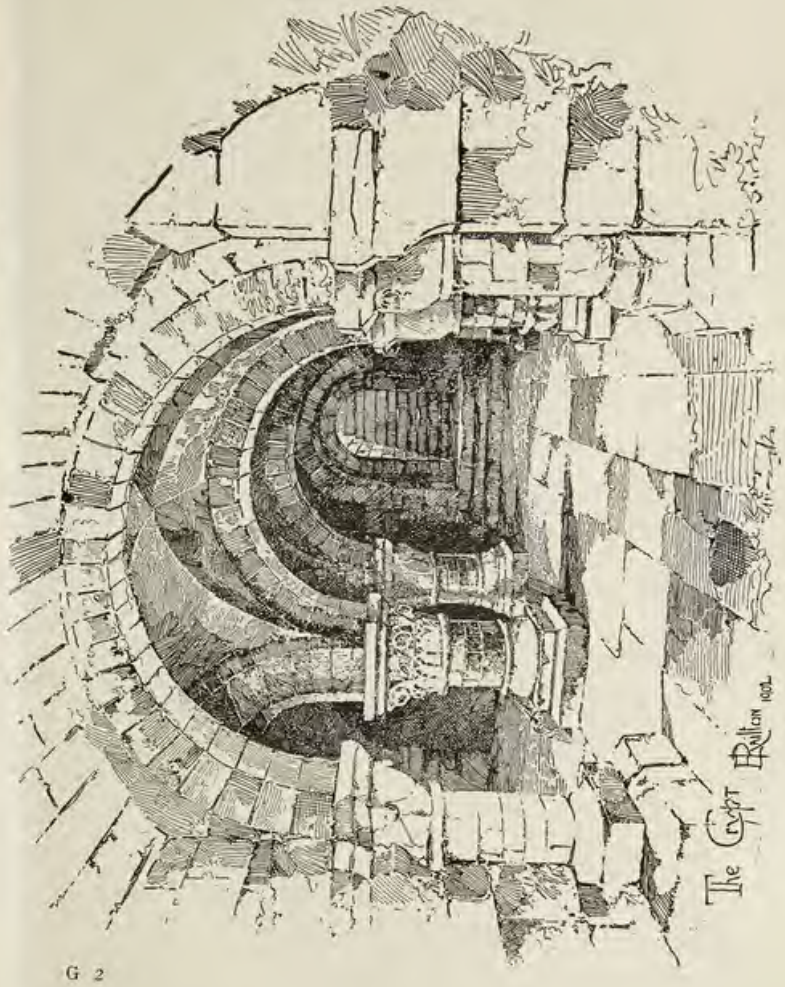
At the Dissolution, the Crown took the patronage. The vicar in 1637 has been termed by Mr. Wall "a second Vicar of Bray," for he managed to prevent himself from being ousted by Presbyterian intruders in 1649, but signed himself in 1653 "Leonard Conyers, Minister." The Rev. Luke Smelt, who died after a vicarship of 62 years, had to be assisted in his old age by the Rev. Jeremiah Carter. The Rev. J. evidently found it very hard to make ends meet, having a wife and large family to support with a salary of £100 per annum. He was an expert angler and helped to keep the tables of the local gentry supplied with trout. He also rented the village inn, of which his wife made a capital manageress. As this appeared unseemly, being called upon to explain his conduct to superiors, he pointed out that, far from being improper, his avocation

* Surtees Society, Vol. lvi.

enabled him to do much good by providing refreshments for many of the parishioners who had to journey long distances to church, and in preventing excessive indulgence by his personal presence during the time of temptation.

The Church of Lastingham as it now stands is only the choir of the old monastic church; there is nothing of the ancient nave remaining above ground. The whole was originally in the Norman style, though much has been rebuilt in Early English times. The crypt is by far the most interesting portion of what remains, and is entered by a flight of steps descending from the middle of the present nave. It is all very massive, and was probably built by Abbot Stephen, who, however, makes no mention of it, but simply states that he erected all things necessary for the monks. It is divided into three bays, having aisles and an apse at the Eastern end, and is lighted by three small and deeply-splayed Norman windows. The four pillars supporting the roof are very solid, and decorated, all differently, by a simple but bold design. A number of very ancient stone and wood fragments are preserved there; the latter may once have formed part of the wooden church built by St. Cedd.

G. E. H.



G 2

Old Recollections.

We have seen, in the earlier numbers of the *Journal*, how the first quarter of the past century at Ampleforth was characterized by rapid and energetic development, both material and intellectual. To begin with a house built as a residence for one priest, and in the face of the penal laws to establish a monastery and college with a capacity for nearly 100 residents, is more than proof of successful administration. And, under ordinary circumstances, the requirements of the second quarter of the century would have called for continued development. Though, at that time, further additions would no doubt have been regarded as substantial improvements, it is easy to realize at the present day, how additions on the scale and in the style of the period might easily have marred future prospects. At the time, the "Prior Park" episode, which now is treated as a mere historical fact, must have been looked upon as a dire calamity; yet by the light of the progress of the last half-century, one is rather tempted to look upon it as a blessing in disguise, and as an additional example of how "all things work together unto good." The result was a postponement of all necessity for building for twenty years. But, towards the end of this term, extension again became a necessity. It has lately been judicially defined that hotels are full when all beds are occupied, and that there is no obligation of providing temporary accommodation. Judged by this nocturnal standard, the College was full at this time, and it was not

to be supposed that recourse would be had to a "shake-down." And yet it was premature to build. There was a reasonable expedient; and this was the first step in extension. What was known as the *large* dormitory (occupants of the present dormitory are allowed to smile) contained 22 beds, eleven on each side; and as the distance between was considerable, a single row was added down the centre, giving an increase of eight beds; but as this did not suffice, recourse was had to the original chapel in the garden, and thus the further addition of eight or ten beds was obtained. But there was still a difficulty: there was no connection between this building and the collegiate premises; the only access was through the back garden. However, necessity proved to be once more the mother of invention. The difficulty was overcome by taking out one of the dormitory windows and substituting a door; and as this door was several feet above the garden, and thus considerably higher than the entrance into the old chapel, a wooden covered passage was constructed, supported by wooden props. This was a great success, admirably adapted to its temporary purpose, and remarkably ugly; but it was the useful, not the ornamental, that was aimed at: and the ugliness was redeemed by the ingenuity. To crown all, some genius gave it a name at once descriptive of construction and use: the name was perfect—"*Box Alley*." Thus, at small outlay, a temporary provision for notable increase was provided. But increase in community and in number of students made all the more urgent the necessity for class rooms and for extension of cloisters. It has also already been noticed that the big passage, *i.e.*, the old portion from the bottom of the main staircase to the end of the refectory, was the only space open to the community for indoor exercise. In 1850 these welcome improvements were added. Up to that time the playroom and study above formed a wing of merely their own width; the

improvement was to add a passage of about thirteen feet in width, running along the north wall, with class rooms above, each having access from the study. As these were additions, naturally and fortunately they claimed no architectural merit beyond what was reasonably akin to what existed. But it was a decided advance. Although the light was from the north, to come from the old passage into the new was almost like coming out of a tunnel into broad daylight; and the *big* passage became a misnomer. It is needless to say how class rooms were appreciated.

In describing the old playroom, in a previous number of the *Journal*, attention was called to the unaccountable peculiarity of the position of the windows, all in the north wall. It is amusing to think that what should originally have been done as matter of choice, was only carried into effect twenty-five years later by force of compulsion. The erection of the new passage along the north wall of the playroom necessarily blocked up the windows, and only "Hobson's choice" remained; to put windows in the southern wall. What a transformation! The gloomy playroom for the first time full of sunshine; the dullness of northern aspect changed into a cheering southern view of the charming valley. How natural to ask why this was not done before—or, rather, why not done at first! Up to this time we find no record of the presence of an architect; it would seem that the aid of an intelligent builder was all that was deemed necessary. But, though in the additions of 1850 no architect was engaged, Mr. Joseph Hansom was called in consultation, and, profiting by his presence, a design for a new belfry was obtained. Judging, no doubt, that something classic would be the most appropriate, he gave drawings for the present belfry, which has done duty for more than fifty years. Remembering that the old belfry was on the roof of the old top dormitory, how thankful bell-ringers must have been! To ascend three sets of steps several times a day

supplied at least some little idea of the labour of the treadmill. What a contrast to ringing from the passage level! And no doubt the sleepers in that dormitory appreciated the absence of the bell-ringer, who no longer awoke them at 4.50 a.m., with the consolation that they might sleep again for 40 minutes, if they could. Possibly the old priest had once been bellringer, about whom one of his friends told the story that, being on a country mission, he was accustomed to rise at the old monastic hour. This friend visited him occasionally and enjoyed his hospitality, but he never could appreciate what looked very much like a bell-ringer's eccentricity; for he entered his room about 5.0 a.m., told him the time of of day, wished him good morning, adding that he need not get up just yet. The closing of the belfry also put an end to another "sleepers' trial." For a time there were one or two peacocks about, and unbidden they selected the old belfry as a roost, much to the annoyance of the somnolent, who far from welcomed their sonorous notes. The bell, whether in the old or new belfry, was of, course, the great material regulator of both monastic and collegiate discipline. But there was another use which it was found most effectually to serve, though limited to an individual. There was an old man, a resident of the village, by name Ralph Cooper; in his younger days he had worked at the foundations of the calefactory wing, and in later years worked at ditches and drains, and not infrequently within the College bounds. Naturally he would attract attention, and often enough he found the boys rather troublesome, meddling with his tools, &c.; so that it was a relief when the bell called them away. When he heard it, he would exclaim, "There goes the *Peacemacker*." The above changes and improvements necessitated also changes in the shrubbery that lined the southern wall. A noted fig tree of considerable size was cut down, not because it was unfruitful, but because it interfered with the

new windows. It was a favourite, for owing to southern and sheltered position, in a good season it produced ripe figs. But it was out of bounds; this difficulty, however, was in some measure overcome by means of a lasso, in the shape of a string weighted at one end, and thrown so as to curl round the stem. The pilferer operated from a study window above, and if clever enough, with a jerk brought in the fruit; no doubt his dexterity gave a special relish to the capture. The transition from a fig to an apple is often not very distant; and this incident brings to memory that the old ball-place was close to the playroom, and was bounded to the east by what was then called "Jacky Sotheran's orchard." For many years it has been tenanted by the monastery; but in earlier times the owner most inconveniently kept it in his own hands. As balls occasionally went over the wall, a player was sure to go over too; and as balls and apples have a resemblance in size, it is not surprising that the two were at times confounded. But it would seem that the owner attributed the confusion to something more than a mistake, and in consequence took means to catch the ball-seekers. The story goes that on one occasion he had the advantage, and pouncing upon the boy before he could scramble up the wall, and seizing him, exclaimed, "I've watched thee, and I've catched thee, and I'll leather thee now."

The additions in 1850 may be said to have completed all reasonable means of extension. And as one meaning of perfect is complete, we may say that the buildings then were perfect, and incapable of improvement. But, in the stricter sense, no one could call them faultless, when so little could be found to satisfy. And by the light of the requirements and expectations of the opening of the second half of the century, it became more and more clear that the best of all improvements would be to pull everything down, and to begin "de novo." Rather a large order, and in execution requiring time and opportunity.

Other things being equal, it might be expected that the erection of a church would claim priority, and this precedence was emphasized by actual necessity: for the chapel was inconveniently packed, without further means of enlargement. About this time there was a good deal of building in progress at Duncombe Park, under the direction of Sir Charles Barry, and it so happened that both the contractor and the clerk of the works were Catholics, who naturally made themselves known at the monastery. They soon ceased to be strangers, and their professional knowledge and experience were welcome. The clerk of the works had a son who had studied under Sir Charles Barry, and it was arranged that he should submit drawings of a church. As may be seen from a lithograph amongst the collection of views of the monastery at this date, it was designed to run north and south at the west end of the buildings. The design showed considerable merit. But it could not be said that the young architect at that time had had much practical independent experience. Mr. Joseph Hansom, however, would have been willing to be sponsor for constructive stability; so that for a time there was some probability of the design being adopted. But there were other difficulties in the way, and preliminaries were interrupted by the "General Chapter" of 1854. In the end, to facilitate matters, Mr. Charles Hansom, brother to the above-named architect, was instructed to prepare plans. He proposed to build east and west, and his plans were approved. Any comparison between the two designs has long ago lost all its interest; but it would seem that the change of position has proved a gain. On the other hand this position had a drawback; it was too circumscribed. The site was deficient in length; the extreme western limit of the property did not extend beyond about twenty feet from the end of the proposed church, and it was essential to preserve a cart road to the farm below. The

choice, therefore, was between building a church in proportion to the actual site, which would have been too small, or designing on a grander scale, which would necessitate a stunted nave, to be eventually lengthened by at least two additional arches, when the land owned by others should belong to us. Where an individual dare not venture, a community at times may run a risk. No one posed as a prophet, but the belief was strong that the time "was bound to come."

And come it did. And though patience was thus rewarded, it was still further to be tried. Whilst waiting for the land, money became available for the extension, but when the land had at last been secured, the proffered help had lapsed. Hence the waiting for land was turned into waiting for money. Patience again. And again may we not say, "it is bound to come."

It was towards the end of the summer of 1854 that this building question was settled, and the new church became the talk of the day. Whether Cardinal Wiseman had already heard of it, or only picked up the news in his flying visit, alluded to in an earlier number of the *Journal*, he showed interest in the matter and was pleased to inspect the site. Amongst the necessary preliminaries, there was one that evoked deep regret. The ground was, of course, to be cleared, and as a consequence two fine copper-beeches were to be sacrificed. Only those who remember their beauty and ornamental effect can appreciate the loss. Though it was a pity to cut them down, the notes of "Woodman, spare the tree" would have fallen upon deaf ears, for one stood in the way of the sacristy, the other of the Lady Chapel.

Amongst all the preliminaries none were more important than the question of ways and means. Prior Cooper was earnest and successful in obtaining external help, but he relied, too, upon internal economy, and no doubt felt gratified to see a transfer of about £1,800 from income to

the building fund. In due course contracts were signed, the principal contractor being Mr. John Simpson, of Hull, the Catholic builder alluded to above in connection with the works at Duncombe Park. The building of the church marked the beginning of a new epoch, and naturally enlisted interest all round. The students during holidays carried the news home, and some brought back offerings which they had solicited. One boy in particular handed in a special prize, with a history attached to it. He had broached the matter to a Quaker. The gentleman seems to have been interested in him, if not in his request; but apparently he had a scruple as to co-operation in the erection of a Catholic Church. This, however, he adjusted to the boy's satisfaction, and presumably to his own, by giving him a sovereign, not towards putting up the church but towards pulling down the old chapel. Should it be argued that there was no intention of pulling down the chapel, as it is still standing in the old west wing, it may be assumed that the donor would in no way have objected to the pulling down of the altars; and as these were wanted for temporary use in the new church, it may be taken that his twenty shillings were applied to the pulling down and removal; and since sum would be exhausted before re-erection, it is evident that thus conscience was safeguarded on both sides.

For a quarter of a century the silence and quiet of the monastery had remained unbroken, save in the hours of recreation, when monotony was varied by sounds of relaxing minds and joyful hearts. But in 1850 a new order had been introduced; besides professors and students, there were masters and men as bent upon material work as the former were intent on the the intellectual; and from morning to evening there was the clang of tools, shovel and pick, mallet and chisel, hammer and saw; but this was only the introduction to what was to follow and to characterize a good part of the

remainder of the century. Fortunately this interfered little with regularity; it was chiefly noticeable in recreation time, and interest in the progress of the work was a set-off to the inconveniences. In 1850, too, the work was chiefly to the north, and little in sight of the students. But beginning with 1854 all was within view. During the earlier buildings, in the spring of 1851, there was an accident that might have been more serious, and that had a sequel that was really comical. The serious side was not merely the injury done, but the person affected, who was no other than the venerable Bishop of the Diocese. He had come, by arrangement, to consecrate the Holy Oils, and to remain a few days. Having gone out for a walk, he was returning through the back garden, and coming in full view of the new buildings, his attention was attracted to the workmen. Whilst descending the steps, he still kept his eyes upon the buildings, and as in this he was imitating the star-gazing philosopher, though he did not fall into a pit, he unfortunately fell some feet into the area near the refectory. The workmen simply stared: we will suppose that they thus limited their sympathy through ignorance of how to give "first aid" to a bishop. However, Brother Bennet was soon to the rescue; there was some damage to both person and raiment; but, when the experience of the "Old Quack," as he was playfully called, and the skill of such an expert as "John Wright" were available, what more could even a bishop desire? When next morning his Lordship presided in the chapel, his arm in a sling was the only indication of the mishap. So far the tragedy. Now for the comedy. That year there were to be plays at Easter to wind up with the usual farce. As a preliminary the theatrical wardrobe was examined for selection of dresses and necessary repairs. As a consequence an article of apparel, suitable for an old man in the farce, was sent to the tailor. Clothing when repaired was always deposited in a particular place, to

remain until claimed by the owners. The brother who taught the farce happened to be also guest-master, and noticing the returned articles, he at once took possession of the old man's apparel, and carried it off to the play-cupboard. It never struck him that *his* "old man" was not just then the only old man in the house. So when his Lordship was preparing to leave, he naturally inquired for the article he now missed, and Br. Bennet as naturally hurried off to the tailor, probably intending to scold him for the delay. Of course he had repaired it at once, had put it with the other things, and in the appointed place. Then there was "hue and cry." Who had seen it, who had taken it? Just as the case was becoming desperate, the suggestion arose that it might be worth while to examine the play-cupboard, when, to the general relief and to the amusement of most, the lost article was found. The guest-master had drawn upon the episcopal wardrobe to help to rig out his old man in the farce.

The building of the north passage and class-rooms in 1850-1 had thrown new light and life into the village. It was proof unquestioned that building meant employment, and that increase of work meant additional wage, and that, with more men to feed and lodge, building at the College was allied to prosperity to the village. Hence in proportion as the end of the work had caused regret, so much greater was the rejoicing on hearing of church building on a much more costly scale. And it no doubt added to the pleasure to find that, amidst so much work, the village wants were not overlooked; for about 1855 a school and school-house were built in Ampleforth, on the north side of the road, not far from what is known as the Manor House. It was so planned that the school might be turned into a small cottage when no longer required.

It has already been stated that the designs for the church were drawn by Mr. Charles Hansom; but not long after, the two brothers, Joseph and Charles, joined in

partnership. In no great length of time, however, there was a dissolution, when, by mutual agreement, their various works were divided; and amongst the number allotted to Joseph was the Church at Ampleforth. It is thus that the shell of the church was designed by Charles Hansom, but all interior work by his brother.

W. B. P.

Rev. Matthew Gregory Brierley, O.S.B.

ON the 21st December, 1901, died at Maryport and two days after was buried at Crosscanonby, the Rev. Matthew Gregory Brierley, O.S.B. Though the present notice aims to be no more than a mere outline of his life and labours, yet the facts we are enabled to give prove abundantly that Fr. Brierley held an honourable place among missionary labourers, and did his share in the work of saving souls and of reclaiming his country to its ancient Faith. He was born at Brindle on the 22nd of February, 1831. At the age of twelve, in 1843, he came to Ampleforth, and after the usual course of studies, at the age of nineteen, in 1850, received the habit from the hands of Prior Cooper. He was solemnly professed the following year, 1851, on the 9th of November. After six years of study and teaching and preparation for missionary labour, he was ordained priest, on June 6th, 1857. Shortly afterwards he left Ampleforth to take charge of St. Mary's, Woolton, from which mission he was transferred, in 1862, to St. Anne's, Liverpool, where with his fellow-priests he worked for

some years with all the devotion required in a large and populous district. The scene of his great labours, however, was destined to be on the west coast of Cumberland. In 1868, he was appointed to the mission of Cleator.

At that time there was no accommodation for school or Divine worship sufficiently suitable for a rapidly-growing population. Father Brierley determined that there should be both, and before long a fine church and schools were erected, the fruit of the energy and zeal of the new pastor. The general population of the town and district of Cleator, has reason as well to cherish gratefully the memory of the energetic priest, for it was mainly through his efforts that Ennerdale Lake was made to supply both from the abundance of its beautiful waters. During his stay at Cleator Fr. Brierley's zeal led him to found the two missions of Egremont and Frizington, and before he left West Cumberland he had the satisfaction of seeing both places on a footing of independence. In 1875, he himself had the honour of being the first resident priest at Frizington, as well as of promoting the existence of its first Local Board and sitting as its first chairman.

This was not the first time Fr. Brierley had taken his share in public matters, for at Cleator he had been placed on the Board of Guardians, and had shown himself one of its most useful and energetic members. Nor must we omit to record that he knew how, on many occasions, to meet and repel attacks upon the religion he so strenuously worked for, made by some who witnessed his zeal and were angered by the success it so justly merited. From West Cumberland Fr. Brierley removed to Goosnargh in 1879, and there again he had the satisfaction of obtaining many religious privileges for the Catholic inmates of the Asylum of which he was in charge. In 1896, he was placed at St. Alban's, Warrington, whence, two years later, failing health compelled him to retire. The last three years of his long and arduous life were passed quietly

at Maryport, where, as we have said, he died, not far from the chief scene of his Apostolic labours. The last funeral honours were paid to his remains by the Abbot of Ampleforth (who sang the Mass) and many of the neighbouring clergy, secular and regular, and, amid the sorrow of the people of Maryport, who had learned both to respect and love him, Fr. Brierley was laid to rest on the 23rd of December, 1901, in the cemetery at Crosscanonby.—*Requiescat in pace.*

J. A. W.

Notices of Books.

OFFICIUM PARVUM BEATAE MARIAE VIRGINIS. London, Art and Book Company.

This is a neat pocket volume and well printed, with a frontispiece representing the "Annunciation" after Fra Angelico's fresco at St. Mark's, Florence. The Latin and English texts are given side by side, the former being that of the Propaganda Press edition (Rome, 1898). The translation of the Psalms is based upon that of the Douai Bible as printed in the Stanbrook edition of the Psalter, whilst Fr. Caswall's rendering of the hymns has been adopted.

THE HOLY ROOD. A paper read at the International Catholic Congress, Munich, September, 1900. By DUDLEY BAXTER. London, The Art and Book Company.

The author's object in giving this historical sketch to the public is to advocate "the restoration of the Holy Rood to its ancient place of honour in our churches . . . the restoration to its traditional Catholic position in ecclesiastical architecture of the Cross of Christ." From showing how fit it is that the sign of our redemption should have a most prominent position in our Churches, he passes on to point out that the Holy Rood is "the tangible traditional expression of Catholic instinct," that it enshrines the Blessed Sacrament and marks off the Holy of Holies of the New Law with, as it were, a transparent veil. He puts aside the objection that such screens interrupt the view of the altar and choir, for the view will in no way be obstructed if the columns of the screen be made slender and lofty.

The College Diary.

Jan. 16. The boys returned to College. We were sorry to hear that five had left: S. Punch, J. Quinn, F. C. Smith, L. St. John, and A. Blackmore.

Jan. 17. Unpacking occupied the morning, and set games the afternoon.

Jan. 18. Study commenced. Polling took place in the evening. H. Byrne was returned Captain and appointed the following government:—

Hon. Secretary - -	W. J. Lambert
Librarians of Upper Library	C. de Normanville J. Gomez
Officemen - - -	G. McDermott J. B. Kevill
Clothesman - - -	J. Nevill
Gasmen - - - -	H. Barnett A. Neal
Commonmen - - -	H. de Normanville E. Pilkington
Collegemen - - -	P. Williams J. Darby A. Smith
Librarian of Lower Library	L. Burn
Vigilarii ,, ,, ,,	A. MacCormack P. Lambert
Librarian of Reading Room	R. McGuinness
Vigilarii ,, ,, ,,	P. Bentley

Jan. 24. First meeting of the School was held.

Jan. 27. The ice being good, Fr. Rector gave play from dinner until half-past five.

Jan. 28. A slight thaw during the night rendered the ice unfit.

Jan. 29. Fr. Rector generously gave play for skating.

Feb. 1. To-day was played the first match of the term—against York Trinity. The state of the ground prevented the display of

much science by either side. Another victory was added to our list, the score being 6—0.

Feb. 2. Sunday, Candlemas Day. Fr. Abbot pontificated. Skating in the morning.

Feb. 5. Match *v.* Hymer's College, Hull. This, being a new fixture, was looked forward to with some anxiety. After a well-contested game, we won by 2—1. The Month Day was kept to-day. There was a match between the Lower Library and the rest of the school, which ended in a draw—two all.

Feb. 9. Sunday. The Shrovetide holidays commenced. Sledging.

Feb. 10. Shrove Monday. A party went to Castle Howard in the morning with Fr. Bernard. Those who remained at home enjoyed the sledging, which a hard frost had considerably improved.

We were entertained in the evening by some very excellent charades, including an adaptation from Bacon's "Macbeth," in which the notable features of the school were depicted.

Feb. 11. There was sledging in the morning. The Football ground had been sufficiently cleared of snow to render it fit for the match which had been arranged against Helmsley. Our opponents were not up to their usual form, so that after an easy game we won by 12 goals to nil.

Another set of equally successful charades were produced in the evening. Fr. Maurus is really indefatigable. He has still further increased the debt of gratitude we owe him by these two entertainments.

Feb. 12. Ash-Wednesday. Distribution of ashes.

Feb. 13. The 2nd XI played the first of a series of practice matches against a team selected by Mr. Robinson. They were beaten by 2 goals to 1.

Feb. 14. School debate in the Upper Library.

Feb. 15. The return match v. Hymer's College was played here on a ground still partially covered with snow. Our opponents did not appear to such advantage as at home, and we were again successful, this time by 3 goals to nil.

Feb. 16. Fr. Abbot gave a lantern lecture in the Lower Library on "Lenses."

E. Pilkington and C. Primavesi each read a paper in the Upper Library on "The American War of Independence."

Feb. 17. At the kind invitation of Sir George Wombwell the Upper Library went to skate on his lake at Coxwold. He also very generously provided lunch. The skating was good, and the party, which was reinforced by such of the masters as could get away, enjoyed the day thoroughly.

Feb. 19. Match *v.* Pocklington, away. The ground was very wet. We won by 6—1.

The 2nd XI played here and turned the tables on their opponents, winning by 4 goals to 2.

Feb. 22. A company of wandering minstrels, who frequently visit the College, played in the study-hall to-day. Their performance was all the more appreciated as it secured for us extra play.

Feb. 24. Feast of St. Matthias. Benediction in the evening.

Feb. 26. Fr. Abbot showed some prize photographs in the Lower Library with the aid of the Magic Lantern.

March 2. There was a Debate in the Upper Library on "The Spanish Inquisition," A. McCann and A. Richardson each reading a paper.

March 6. Month-Day. The XI went to Harrogate to play the College there, and won by 2—1 after one of the hardest games of the season. Br. Benedict and W. Lambert scored.

March 7. The Debate of last Sunday in the Upper Library on "The Spanish Inquisition" was continued.

March 9. Racquet Sunday. Set games. The custom of partaking of coffee and buns on this day was kept up with much relish.

March 12. Feast of St. Gregory. Owing to a misunderstanding the match fixed for to-day was postponed until to-morrow. Games were played in the afternoon.

Our angling party went to Fairfax Pond to-day and returned well laden. Among the spoils was a huge pike weighing 23 lbs.

Mr. Robinson gave a Lantern Lecture in the Lower Library on "Egypt."

March 13. Match (away) against Malton Church Institute. The game was very vigorous and resulted in another win for the XI. Score 7—0, V. Hayes being responsible for 5 goals and W. Lambert for 2.

March 15. The first of a series of Examinations in Latin and Greek Grammar for the Upper School was held to-day. The first prize in each subject will be £1.

March 16. Sunday. Rounders commenced.

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. Play was given in the afternoon till 5.30. The English and Irish met in the usual deadly struggle in the bounds. The Irish were rather outnumbered by their opponents and lost by 2 goals to nil.

Br. Placid Dolan returned from Oxford for the Easter vacation.

March 19. The last School Debate of the term was held in the Upper Library.

March 21. Feast of St. Benedict. Pontifical High Mass in the morning. In the evening Fr. Cuthbert gave a Lantern Lecture on "The Rhine."

March 22. The Easter Examinations commenced. The Sixth went to Fosse to fish and had a most exciting day. After fishing patiently until a quarter-past three for bait, a small perch was hauled in amid great enthusiasm. From that until six o'clock the fish bit freely, and two small pike weighing about one pound each were landed by the united efforts of the party.

March 23. Palm Sunday. Pontifical High Mass, Blessing of Palms, and Procession. Set games in the afternoon.

March 26. The Retreat commenced and was preached by Fr. Bede Camm, O.S.B.

H. K. Byrne.
O. M. Williams.

Literary Debates.

On Sunday, Feb. 23rd, the Debating Society met to discuss whether the American Colonists were right in revolting. Fr. Rector was presiding, and Fr. Benedict was also present. Since the last Debate, notice had been given that the rule allowing a member to speak only once on a motion would be enforced, so that this meeting was looked forward to with not a little curiosity and anxiety.

E. Pilkington first spoke in defence of the Colonists. He gave a lengthy account of the events which led up to the war, the mistakes and acts of injustice of the Government, and the firm refusal of the Colonists to allow themselves to be oppressed; arguing that the Government was responsible for the war, because the Colonists had had been driven to desperation by the repeated infringements of their rights, and had been forced to defend themselves by force of arms.

C. Primavesi, on the other hand, considered that the Colonists showed great ingratitude in opposing the mother country's just and necessary measures, since England had always allowed them great freedom and many special privileges, and had saved them from falling into the hands of the French, at the cost of many lives and a large addition to the National Debt. If they had wished, they could have come to some agreement with England, for they had many supporters in Parliament; but from the first, they intended to gain their independence, and only put forward the taxation imposed upon them, as an excuse for resorting to arms.

G. Chamberlain, with delightful freedom, gave his not very favourable opinion of the character of the Colonists, and thought that, in opposing the mother country, they had shown great disregard for their obligations to her as children.

G. McDermott considered that the way the Government had treated the Colonists was at once most unjust and a great blunder, and that policy and not feeling for the Colonists was the reason for

which they had fought the French. Several other members then expressed their different opinions, and G. Chamberlain brought in an amendment which was not, however, put before the House. Before the voting, Fr. Rector remarked that the Debate had been very successful considering that it was the first under a new rule, and touched upon the importance of a careful choice of language in addressing the House. The voting showed a large majority in favour of E. Pilkington's opinion, and proceedings were then closed by a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed and seconded by E. Pilkington and C. Primavesi.

At a meeting of the society on Sunday, March 2nd, A. McCann moved that the Church was not responsible for the faults of the Spanish Inquisition. He told the story of the origin of the court and the object for which it was instituted. The Popes, he said, had sanctioned the Inquisition as an ecclesiastical court directed against religious abuses, but had ever opposed it as an instrument of arbitrary power. A. Richardson, opposing A. McCann's motion, read out a long list of brutalities, the usual accusations against the Church, the bloodthirsty propensities of the Inquisitors being described with a vividness that was quite thrilling. G. Chamberlain, who supported A. Richardson, said that the Jews were quite indispensable in Spain, and therefore Ferdinand and Isabella, being sovereigns, would not have persecuted them. He also indulged in graphic descriptions of the brutalities practised, and maintained that the whole Church was responsible for the actions of the Spanish part, on the analogy of a man being responsible for the doings of any member of his body.

C. de Normanville corrected G. Chamberlain's view of an auto-da-fè and considered A. Richardson's authorities, Llorente and Prescot, to be quite unreliable. He then read many long extracts from which he drew conclusions.

After several others had spoken, H. de Normanville brought in an amendment to the effect that the Inquisition was merciful considering the time when it existed. Supporting this motion, he said that it was not fair to judge the actions of those who lived centuries ago by the standard of the present time, and showed that the Inquisition was comparatively mild by taking examples of punishments used by contemporary courts, enlivening his discourse by a graphic description of an execution in England at that time.

He considered that the Spanish court gave more opportunities for defence than many contemporary courts, and that secret trials, in attacking which so much rhetoric had been expended, were absolutely necessary for the safety of the accuser.

G. Chamberlain differed with H. de Normanville on many points and took the opportunity to correct the seemingly general opinion that Llorente and Prescot were A. Richardson's only authorities. This he did most effectively by reading out a long and evidently carefully prepared list of authors from whom, he said, A. Richardson's statements had been derived.

At this point the Debate was adjourned until the following Friday. Speaking on that day Fr. Benedict said that, compared with lay courts of its own time, the Inquisition was a good tribunal, but compared with ecclesiastical courts it certainly was not. This was shown by the constant interference of the Popes, examples of which had been quoted by previous speakers. He then asked H. de Normanville to withdraw his amendment, as it prevented discussion on the subject for which the society had met. The amendment was promptly withdrawn.

Speaking on the original motion, Br. Dominic disagreed with G. Chamberlain's view that the Church was responsible for the action of a part of it, and pointed out that the Inquisition had been used by the Spanish sovereigns as a political tool to consolidate their Empire.

After some further discussion A. McCann's motion was carried by 17 votes to 5.

A. Richardson then proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which A. McCann seconded.

H. Byrne.

Notes.

One does not need to be an old man to remember the beginnings of the present cricket ground. For a year or two at the commencement of the seventies, the idea of a proper cricket field, apart from the bounds, had been in the air, yet it came as a surprise to most people when the authorities that were announced their willingness to listen to suggestions or proposals as to the site. That anything would come of such suggestions was not, we believe, promised at the time. Nor do we believe that anything did come of them. There were some made, no doubt. The Senior Library deputed its two most eloquent members to represent their mature views on the subject. Moreover, we were the owner of a scheme ourselves—one of such undoubted originality that no one has dared, or thought it worth while, to challenge our right to it. The cricket ground was made; but with some of us the ghosts of the vain fantasies we harboured in those old days haunt the flatter fields of our valley still. They have declined to rest in peace beneath the well-laid sods. They have survived the stone roller which Jerry and afterwards Captain dragged over their grave. Ours is but a superannuated article by this time, but it still "squeaks and gibbers" as in "the high and palmy state" of the early seventies. "Hae autem considerationes," as the undergraduate wrote, "neque hic sunt, neque illic."

Fr. Prest's little ground, when finished, pleased everyone with its prettiness. It was as shapely and as flat as the arena of a circus. The irregular bank which surrounded three sides of it reminded one of the ruined walls of an amphitheatre. Or it might have been compared to the pattern view of a crater in the school geography, with the south bank broken down by the lava when it flowed down into the valley. We remember how proud we were of it at the

time. A professional, who came with a local team, looking down on its soft, green, even surface, said it was like an adjectived billiard board. An older youth, who had travelled in distant regions, compared it, not to its disadvantage except in size, to one of the great national grounds—the "Oval," most probably. His audience looked at him as we can fancy Mr. Whistler looked at the critic who said one of his paintings was worthy of Velasquez. "Why drag in Velasquez?" Mr. Whistler remarked. If the bystanders had put their expression into words, they would have said "Why drag in the Oval?"

It soon became evident, however, that the new cricket ground was a luxury which could only be indulged in on state occasions. It needed to be treated with the respect due to a dress-suit. Even as Sunday wear, it was liable to become shiny and ragged at the elbows. Practically there were only four first-class "pitches:" one east and west, another north and south, the other two diagonally, at intermediate points of the compass. Such other "pitches" as were made use of were more or less chords of an arc. There came early in the history of the ground the momentous question of its enlargement—momentous because it involved the destruction of the "Two Trees." The present student can hardly be expected to understand the amount of sympathy and veneration Amplefordians of the old days squandered on the two hoary-headed vegetables which stood N.W. of the oval. There were hot discussions and strong representations—we ourselves felt warmly in the matter—but, æstheticism could not long keep up its end against the flannelled athlete. The two great ash trees went by the board, and the oval took a shape which we do not know how to describe—a useful sort of curvilinear, rhomboidal, parabolic, trapeziform polygon.

Later enlargements left it much in the same shape, only rather more so. We do not know how the recent work upon the ground has affected its appearance—we have not yet seen it—but, for many years, we have been convinced that the old cricket ground only needed further enlargement—such as we understand has now been happily completed—to be one of the handsomest and most useful grounds possessed by any college in England.

Our heart has rejoiced to hear of the planting of trees in the fields to the right and the left of the wood behind the College. We learn also that the wych-elm near the gas-works is to have new companionship in its old age, and that clumps of trees—"plumps," the Yorkshire folk call them—have been planted to the west of the Monastery. The soil near the wych-elm should be exceptionally favourable for forest growth. We remember the time when the oak tree some yards further down the valley was a mere sapling, such as a boy would not think it worth his while to climb. In this latter tree poor Tom Swale took a peculiar interest. We do not know if he planted it himself. But he never failed to pay it a visit when he came from York. We remember him telling us youngsters impressively that one day it would be the finest tree in the valley.

Our artists have been at work painting and decorating the Church, and a new terrace is in process of construction in the front of the Monastery. A new science-room is also being fitted up. We hope to say more of these useful labours when they are finished. No doubt, all will be perfect and straight for the visit of the Head Masters in May.

We desire very particularly to acknowledge our indebtedness to Bishop Hedley for the interesting and instructive article on "The Praise of the Candle." In our youthful days, we were for some time exercised in mind about the wax tablets upon which Horace and Virgil and Cicero were wont to inscribe their poems and orations. We failed to appreciate the ingenuity of such a contrivance. It had not dawned on us, or had not been impressed on us by our classical master, that the wax surface was blackened, and that the writing of the stylus was in white lines on a black ground. In fact, it was only when we came to prepare a waxed copper for etching that we learned what a very admirable invention for writing —with an obvious limitation—the wax tablet was. When a sheet of white wax is warmed and smoked with the flame of a lighted taper moved continuously over its surface, the carbon is incorporated with the wax, and produces a deep black, mirror-like film, on which the slightest scratch is plainly visible. Moreover, the soot so deposited will not dust off, or dirty the hands if they rest on it, and no amount of washing with water will efface or injure the writing.

The French ecclesiastical title *primicier*—primus in cerâ or primicerius—which, we believe, still survives in some capitular churches, had direct reference to the large wax tablet which was hung in the churches, inscribed with the names of the members of the choir and the order of the services. We do not know when this notice-board, if we may so call it, went out of use. There are references to it in the tenth century.

A second welcome to Fr. Firth, this time as a literary contributor as well as an artist. His experiences will interest everybody. Mr. Kealey's quotation, "vivitur parvo bene," reminds us of the inscription on a house in Ormskirk which our Fathers made occasional use of for more than a hundred years, it is said, before Fr. Talbot took up permanent residence there. It is still known as the "Mass House." Ormskirk was in those days served as a "station" from Woolston Hall, a residence of the Standish family. Fr. Bulmer's pocket-book, with the record of the Baptisms and other incidents of his monthly visits, is still in existence. He was the last of the occasional priests. Popular opinion connects the priests with the inscription "vivitur exiguo melius." May it be that this improvement on Horace is a reference to the hardships of our Fathers in those old days? Or is it simply a recognised family device?

From the Very Rev. Prior Cummins we have received this interesting summary of Benedictine events elsewhere :—

The following Notes are mainly gathered from the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, printed and published at the Abbey of Raigern in Moravia, which chronicle the doings and writings of the allied Orders of Benedictines and Cistercians. The periodical from which they are taken is a high-class literary production, of which the contents show that there are more enterprise and activity in the Order than is usually imagined. These particular Notes refer to some of the more recent developments of Benedictine work in different parts of the world. They may prove interesting as signs of that revival of monastic life and energy which marked the close of the Nineteenth Century, and which has by no means yet spent its force.

In Hungary at Martinsberg they have just been celebrating the ninth centenary of the introduction of the Benedictine rule into

that country and the foundation of the abbey by St. Stephen in 1001. It was its first abbot, Astricus or Aschericus, afterwards Archbishop of Gran, who brought the Royal crown from Rome to the "Apostolic" King. Nine hundred years may not seem much to us in England who a short time ago were keeping the thirteenth centenary of the Coming of the Monks, but it makes a respectable antiquity; on the other hand we have not in England any actual abbey which has existed for nine centuries. Congratulations on the happy anniversary were received by the Arch-abbot, Dom Hippolytus Fehér, from the Sovereign Pontiff and from his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor King. In its own community and the four dependent abbeys which together make up the Hungarian Congregation, the Arch-abbey of St. Martin's counts some two hundred religious; it possesses over one hundred parish and other churches served by its monks, besides the patronage of thirty-five other village cures; whilst some sixteen hundred boys are educated in its various gymnasia. The late Arch-abbot of Martinsberg, D. Claudius Vaszary, is now Cardinal Prince Primate of Hungary.

Two remarkable appointments of Benedictines to bishoprics were made during the past year. D. Remigius Barbieri, late abbot of San Pietro at Perugia, has been named Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar—an unusual preferment for one who is not a British subject; and the Abbot of Maria Laach, D. Willilbrord Benzler, has been made Bishop of Metz. In the latter nomination the influence of the German Emperor is apparent, who has been on very friendly terms with the monks at Maria Laach, and has shown great interest in the restoration of their famous Romanesque church.

The Beuron Congregation is developing in a part of Germany formerly full of monasteries, but only now after a hundred years' desolation beginning to be affected by the Benedictine revival. A new abbey for men is being built at Gerleve, near Billerbeck, in Westphalia, and another for nuns at Eibengen, near Rüdesheim, on the Rhine. Catholic Rhineland should offer a fine field for Benedictine enterprise where an indigenous type of monasticism might well take root and greatly flourish.

The abbot of La Cava has succeeded in making an arrangement with the authorities at Salerno by which the cloistral buildings, with

the monumental church, are restored to the possession of the convent. The abbey had been sequestrated, though the monks were not expelled. It now acquires a legal existence and a less precarious recognition by the Government.

Legitimate difference of opinion as to the effect of the recent laws against Religious in France is well illustrated by the diverse action of the two Benedictine Congregations there. The monks under Solesme have all preferred exile before submission to the iniquitous laws. The Isle of Wight has received the two communities from Solesme itself; most of the other abbeys have found refuge in Belgium. Ligugé has gone to Kerk de Stadt near Hasselt; St. Maur to Baronville; Ste Vaudrille to Voueche; Wisque to Bauraing; and Ste Anne de Kergonan to Ciney. On the other hand the French houses of the Subiaco Observance have judged it better to apply for authorization. They consist of three abbeys and one small priory, which are largely engaged in apostolic work and the cure of souls.

In Italy the famous old abbey of Praglia outside Padua, which was suppressed many years ago and alienated, has again come into the possession of the Benedictines, and will receive a community of the Subiaco Congregation.

The monks of Montserrat in Spain have undertaken a new foundation at a renowned place of pilgrimage, the Church of Our Lady of Wonders, which has been assigned to their keeping by a Bishop of the province of Lerida. In addition to the monastery and the care of the sanctuary they will have charge of an Agricultural School.

In the far-off Philippines even the stress of war has not checked the activity of the Spanish Benedictines, who have just opened in a suburb of Manilla a college already numbering sixty boarders and more than twice as many externs.

There are now in the Holy Land two Benedictine foundations, both at Jerusalem. One is the ancient Sanctuary of Abu Gosch; the other, more recently acquired, is a fine property on Mount Olivet near the brook Cedron. Here a monastery is to be built, and a seminary for the Syrian Christians, the direction of which, by decree of the Propaganda and by desire of the Syrian Patriarch,

will be in the hands of the children of St. Benedict. The Abbot-General of the Subiaco Congregation has charge of this undertaking.

In Brazil the newly-revived Congregation makes steady progress under the able and zealous administration of Abbot van Caloen. The Holy Father has lately committed to it the duty of evangelising the native Indian tribes which in some parts of those vast provinces still remain pagan. To supply monks for the Brazilian congregation, and particularly for this mission work, a monastery is being established in Belgium. The old abbey of St. Andre lez-Bruges, founded in the year 1100 by Count Robert of Flanders on his return from the first crusade, was destroyed with other Flemish monasteries during the French Revolution. The Benedictines have re-acquired the property, and are now building a fine monastery, greatly assisted in the work by the good will of the Bishop and the charity of the burghers of Bruges.

At home we may chronicle the modest beginnings of the new Conventus of St. Michael's, Belmont, by the clothing, just before last Christmas, of its first two choir-novices, whilst two other students are preparing to enter the novitiate for the same house this year. A new mission, which is being worked from Belmont, has been commenced at Ledbury, a little market-town midway between Hereford and Malvern.

It is very interesting to see our foreign brethren entering so generally into the wide field of mission work, reverting under the influence of modern needs to an earlier type of monastic activity. The attraction of the apostolate is being felt, with its recompense of augmented vocations and increased opportunities of usefulness. If the literary side of Benedictine life is not cultivated quite as much as of old—though here, too, are clear signs of a strong revival—at least new energy is being shown in those fields of Apostolic labour in which the Order's earliest triumphs were won.

From an Oxford correspondent:

"In the last number of the *Journal*, writes an Oxford correspondent, an article was written on "Oscott," in which the writer took occasion to fall foul of Oxford in its character as a place of education. It consists mainly in a contrast between Oscott as it was, and Oxford as it was and is, very much to the advantage of the former. If the writer had confined himself to the assertion that Oscott half a century ago gave a better education than Oxford did, or does at present, one might have left the assertion to rest on his authority, but he goes on to depreciate Oxford, and makes himself responsible for a statement that is liable to cause considerable misconception. He writes: "It is a standing disgrace to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge that they have had no school of philosophy, no professor nor lectures therein, for three centuries!" If this meant merely that there is no one system of philosophy which is taught universally throughout the colleges, it would be true, or if it meant that none of the final honour schools are solely concerned with philosophy, it would be true of Oxford, though not I believe of Cambridge, but the context would seem to preclude both of these interpretations. It implies that there are neither professors nor lectures given in this branch of education. I have before me, as I write, a lecture list for Hilary Term, 1902, in the final honour school of Literæ Humaniores. This school, commonly known as "Greats," attracts most of the best men at Oxford, and about 150 men enter for the examination every year. This list contains lectures on Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Ethics"—"Politics"—"Metaphysics"—"Organon," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Logic, Theory of Knowledge, The British Moralists, The Greek Sceptics, Ethics, Psychology, Metaphysics, Political Philosophy, altogether more than thirty lectures in the various branches of philosophy. I have gone into this detail in order to prevent a colossal misconception arising in the minds of those readers who are unacquainted with Oxford. The University career is vulnerable: we Catholics may not be "doing well in sending our sons to Oxford and Cambridge," but the reasons why will be very different from those mentioned in the article to which I am referring. As to the death-knell which the writer assures us is already ringing for the Universities, all one can say is that it seems to have a very cheerful note for the ordinary undergraduate, who is flocking to Oxford in large and undiminishing numbers every year."

In connection with the above paragraph from a correspondent it is interesting to note that amongst the special subjects which may be offered by candidates for Literæ Humaniores at Oxford, there

are two concerned with the Scholastic Philosophy—the first dealing with the early period, of which the special book is a portion of the work of Scotus Erigena; the second dealing with the later period, of which the special book is St. Thomas' "Summa contra Gentiles." Those of our students who look forward to a course at Oxford will do well to bear this in mind as a guide to their reading.

Archaeologists of the present time are having their field-day. The Aegean and its surrounding lands are the scene of busy work, the results of which are tending to construct for us a new and hitherto undreamt of history. The Professor of Archaeology at Oxford, Mr. Percy Gardener, has, during the last term, given three lectures on the excavations at Delphi. The work here is being carried on by the French school, and owing to the jealous way in which the members of that school guard their treasures, it is not easy to learn the actual state of the discoveries. We shall have to wait until the official works on the subject are published. Still there is enough known to arouse our interest. We are enabled to picture to ourselves the site of Delphi with a very fairly accurate restoration of the principal buildings of the fourth century B.C. The lecturer threw on the screen a picture taken from the work of one of the French school. There we have the Sacred Way, bounded on either side by the treasuries for which the shrine was famous, the Temple, the Theatre, the Stadium, the Lesche of Cnidus, &c., the whole presenting a beautiful scene in which practically every detail can be vouched for.

An interesting point brought out by the lecturer was that the temple described by Pausanias and Strabo as existing in their day, was wrongly thought by the writers to be the old temple which the Alcmaeonidae are described by Herodotus as adorning. That temple was destroyed in the early part of the fourth century.

Amongst the most important "finds" are a bronze figure, perhaps of Apollo, with the peculiarly contracted waist that we find in the Mycenaean pictures, and a bronze charioteer six feet high, for the most part in a natural pose, with here and there a touch of conventionality. The only rival of the latter is the Hermes of Praxiteles. These two figures belong to sixth and fifth century work. Thus we see how spade-work is revealing to us another of those sites for which the ancient world was famous.

What would the title, "The Rejection of Falstaff," suggest to the ordinary mind? Much speculation was aroused at Oxford by the announcement of this title as the subject chosen by the Professor of Poetry as his theme for lecture. It turned out to be nothing very recondite, but merely the rejection of Sir John by his former boon companion on his accession to the throne as Henry V. The closing scene of the play in which this takes place must often have left a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of readers, and it was to explain this that Mr. Bradley set out. He remarked that Shakespeare could never have meant his readers to experience this sense of incongruity, this want of harmony with the canons of justice, in the winding up of a drama. He really did not mean the reader to extend his sympathy so deeply to Falstaff, he meant him to feel that there was no injustice, no excessive harshness in Henry's treatment of his old friend, but the fact was that the dramatist in the early part of the play had overreached himself. He had been so taken up in painting this quintessence of humour, had made the character a work of such exquisite art, had so aroused the interest, the sympathy, nay the affection of the reader for the old man, that he had not been able to adjust the picture afterwards to the reversal of fortune. The suggestion is an interesting one, and though we may not accept the sketch to the full, still the character of Falstaff will have a fuller and a newer meaning to those who were privileged to hear the address.

Two of our priests, Fr. Carew and Fr. Gregory Browne, have been compelled by the failure of their health to retire to the Monastery from the mission. We hope, for their sakes, their seclusion will be only temporary, and that they will quickly regain their strength. Fr. Feeney has taken Fr. Browne's place at Maryport, and Fr. A. Crow has left Warrington for St. Peter's, Seel Street. Fr. Thomas Noblett begins his missionary career at St. Alban's, Warrington, and Fr. Theodore Rylance at Brindle. Fr. Bluté has removed to St. Mary's, Warrington, and Fr. Baines has undertaken the beginning of the new mission at Orford Lane. We wish them all success in their new labours.

After a mild winter, spring set in with its usual severity. There was only a short interval between sleighing and tobogganning and the warm weather game of rounders. The snow had hardly disappeared when the Brimstone butterfly was seen skimming on

strong wing over the leafless hedges, and the Tortoiseshell B. sunned itself, with outstretched wings, on the sheltered roadways.

During the last month football has languished, and the soberer mind has fondly turned to thoughts of golf.

Mr. Robinson's healthy enthusiasm for angling has won disciples to the gentle art. Trolling for the lusty pike in Fairfax's or in the Fosse pond is a sport we can appreciate. In two days' fishing at Fairfax's, kindly permitted by Mr. Wilson, three monsters were landed, each of more than twenty pounds weight.

Our thanks to Fr. Bernard Gibbons for the handsome present of a set of Hoffman's prints and for two fine old engravings of St. Lawrence.

The Crean family have reason to be proud of the honour won by Surgeon-Captain T. J. Crean in South Africa—the Victoria Cross, conferred for conspicuous gallantry on the field. May we add our congratulations to those of his numerous friends?

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Bateman, who died on December 27th, and was buried in the College Cemetery next to Mrs. Bede on December 30th. The connection between Mr. and Mrs. Bateman and Ampleforth dates back some fifty years, and there will be very many to sympathise with Mr. Bateman in his loss. R. I. P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Révue Bénédictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Oscotian*, and *De Maria-Groet*.