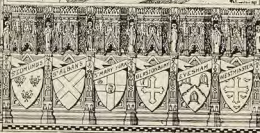


THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



THE
JOURNAL



CARDINAL VAUGHAN

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

VOL. XVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Part I.

Cardinal Vaughan.

It is now, as I write, almost exactly seven years since the death of Cardinal Vaughan, and it cannot be said that his biography has been unduly delayed. It is a remarkable achievement on the part of Mr. John Snead-Cox to have given to the public, before the seventh anniversary, two volumes of 500 pages each, in which so many weighty, complicated and delicate subjects are treated with admirable precision and completeness.⁹ Mr. Cox, as it need not be said, writes with literary skill and finish. He has the instinct of the story-teller—the gift of narrating without interruptions, jerks or side-glances. He has collected his materials from every side, from documents and from newspapers, from the living and from the dead, from friends and from critics. The result is a singularly striking picture, both of the public life and the personal character of the third Archbishop of Westminster.

It is probable that no one, even among those most intimate with him, suspected that Cardinal Vaughan kept a very full and personal diary. From about the age of

⁹ *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan.* By J. G. SNRAD-COX. 2 Vols. London: Burns & Oates, 1910.

twenty till his ordination, the diary is regularly written. After his ordination—he was ordained by Papal dispensation at the age of twenty-two—it is continued at intervals for a few weeks. After this, there is no consecutive narrative till towards the end of his life; but all through the forty years which intervened between his ordination and his appointment to Westminster, he had the habit of putting down, at various times, his thoughts, examinations of conscience and good resolutions. These autobiographical materials have been placed at the disposal of the writer of his life, and they certainly add much vivid detail to the story. They also throw a welcome light on the Cardinal's character. You cannot trust a young man's elaborate estimate of his own good or bad dispositions. He is very apt to read into his own interior the things he finds in books and the views of his elders. And if he keeps a diary, of the effusive sort, his contemplation of himself is apt to produce an emotion that makes him out either a finer fellow or a more desperate villain than he is, and he poses before the glass till his natural traits are hardly recognizable by himself. It will be a surprise to some people to find this busy, practical and somewhat hard man confiding to paper long and emotional statements of his aspirations, his fears, his short-comings and his prayers. The "diary" was a good deal in favour in the early days of Queen Victoria. The widespread influence of Chateaubriand, and, even more, of Lamartine, stirred up all kinds of people to write "confessions" and "meditations." There is an interesting passage in one of Archbishop Ullathorne's letters, in which we see him resisting a temptation of this kind. He is engaged in compiling the autobiography which is so well-known. He says that many persons were disappointed that he confined himself to a narrative of facts, and offered nothing in the shape of sentiment. "Here is A——" he writes, "expressing regret that I give no history of my interior combats when I entered the Novitiate"

Nothing will satisfy some people but sentimentality, as if one could manufacture that feeble article at command" (*Letters*, p. 201).

I am far from saying that the Cardinal, even in his early youth, writes mere sentimentality about himself. On the contrary, all the extracts from his journals and letters that are here printed are distinguished by a touching piety, a transparent honesty, and a wisdom beyond his years. What is more, he really, from the beginning, puts his finger on the quality which is the most marked trait in his character—a certain impetuous vigour, in which the impetuosity was sometimes even more conspicuous than the vigour. Before he was twenty he was full of the idea of converting Wales. He felt, with the humble ardour of a boy, that he might, very likely, be called to do wonderful things, and even to work miracles, as a Welsh missionary. When he was at Courfield, shortly before his ordination, and suffering from ill-health, he longed for "something to stimulate, to occupy, to engross, to urge him on." "I feel," he writes, "that I am young and full of energy, and have nothing to do when I cannot study, and I begin to mope, and almost to get low and miserable." He finds the practice of the "particular examen" very troublesome, and he breaks out into a characteristic resolution never to shirk "trouble." "A person who wishes to succeed in anything, must not mind or care for trouble. Trouble attends everything, and the man who is the slave of trouble is master of nothing." (This sounds very like an echo of the voice of his father.) He thought he was justified in praying that he might have five talents, and not merely two, or three. His ill-health troubled and puzzled him—as if God did not want his work. But he began to think that ill-health was not altogether a misfortune. "Were my constitution stronger," he writes, "and equal to the energy of my character, I should be going very wrong in very many ways How hasty I am in speaking, how sweeping

in condemnations, how positive in assertions, how persevering in my own opinion, how little yielding to others, how wayward and obstinate!" Further on he says, "My line is to arrive." (This is a curiously modern expression for 1853.) "I cannot walk but I must run; seldom do I look where I put my feet, or pause to see what may be the obstacle in the way . . . Everything savours of impatience, of hurry, of love of the object to be attained, and of recklessness as to the means. . . . I am unpriestly in my gait, distracted in my eyes . . . All this impetuosity must be stopped somehow or other . . . At all events, fight I will (by God's grace) . . . The very impetuosity I would suppress shall supply its own steam for its direction into a more useful channel . . . Great energy is too valuable a quality to be killed."

These extracts, and the context which I have omitted to quote, give a singularly acute diagnosis of his own character by a youth of twenty. And we have not merely that, but also calm and mature reflections on the means of correcting what is amiss, on the need of divine help, and on the sanctification and real success that must be the result even of a struggle. No one who knew the late Colonel Vaughan can help feeling a strong suspicion, even a certainty, that this wisdom, discernment and genuine spirituality are the fruits of the training of a father who took a very strong interest in his eldest son. One can hardly be mistaken in referring the very words, in many instances, to the same source.

Herbert Vaughan's aspirations to become the apostle of Wales were not realized; indeed, they seem to have evaporated. He always retained his interest in the region to which he belonged by birth. It was in great measure owing to his insistence that the eleven counties of Wales—that is, all Wales except Glamorganshire—were separated from the dioceses to which they respectively belonged, and formed into an Apostolic Vicariate (now the diocese of

Menevia). He thought that a Bishop exclusively dedicated to Wales would do a great deal for the conversion of the Welsh. The results, as we all know, have been most satisfactory, and good agencies are at work and solid foundations laid for the future. When the Cardinal was staying at Llandindod for his health, in the closing years of his life, his old missionary spirit displayed itself in the public lectures which he gave to considerable audiences at that favourite Welsh watering-place. It was not without a good deal of reluctance that the late Bishop of Newport and Menevia consented to his leaving his own diocese and giving himself to Westminster. When Herbert Vaughan began to be heard of in the Catholic world, Bishop Brown more than once expressed his feelings on this subject. It was he who conferred on the Cardinal the first of the Holy Orders—the Subdiaconate. I have been under the impression that this took place in the chapel at Courtfield, and I seem to have heard the Cardinal say so. But, according to the *Life*, it was at Rome on May 1st, 1853, which he received what his Diary shows to have been to him a very solemn and definite consecration to God and His Church. Perhaps Bishop Brown was in Rome at that time—but I think not; he was there in 1854. But it is certain from a letter of Bishop Brown's, addressed to the Cardinal on the occasion of his appointment to Salford, that the Bishop did ordain him Subdeacon. In that letter, dated October 10th, 1872, he says:—"I recall with much interest to memory that you were long connected with this diocese, and received from me the first of your Holy Orders."

But if Wales was not to have the advantage of Herbert Vaughan's personal devotedness, there has been no example in English Catholicism of a life so indefatigable and so successful in other evangelical undertakings. Three solid and monumental works remain to keep his memory alive—St. Bede's Manchester College, Mill Hill Missionary College, and the Westminster Cathedral. Many powerful

organizations, some of which flourish at this day, whilst others, having fulfilled their purpose, have been modified or have disappeared, owe their existence to his determination; such as the Catholic Truth Society (which was not originally founded by him, but of which he was a second founder and the principal propagator), the Crusade of Rescue, the Voluntary Schools Association, and the Ladies of Charity. Catholic policy and practice bear the impress of his powerful influence in such matters as Elementary Education, Catholic University Education, the settlement of controversies between the Bishops and the regulars, and the decision on Anglican Orders. Some of his work, which seemed likely to be lasting, has come to an end, as, for example, the Oscott Central Seminary, but enough remains, together with the permanent effects of his diocesan administration at Salford during twenty years and in London during ten, to make his career perhaps the most influential and effective in regard to Catholic interests that the Church in England has seen since the destruction of the ancient faith. There are few stories of faith, courage and success, in or out of the Lives of the Saints, that are so striking as that of the foundation of his College for Foreign Missions. The idea was wholly supernatural. It was grounded upon the persuasion that the way to succeed in God's work at home was to make sacrifices for the sake of the heathen. It was difficult to justify such a view by arguments of prudence and what is called commonsense. There was so much "heathenism" at home, such wide tracts of unconverted country, so little money, and so few men, that it seemed folly to spend our resources and direct our energies for the negroes of the United States or the savages of Central Africa. When Herbert Vaughan began, there were very few in England, whether of the clergy or the laity, who would not have argued like this. In fact, it took a long time to convince himself; and when at length he made up his mind that it was God's will, he relied, not on human prudence or the

advice of priest or layman, but upon the inspiration of God. He believed he had that inspiration; and it appears to me that his friends will believe that he had, for he prayed long and fervently, he rectified his intention by sincere humility, he consulted his superiors and directors, and was prepared to suffer whatever God willed in carrying out the work. When, therefore, we read that, in the chapel at Courtfield, in 1860, after several days' prayer, an answer seemed to come to him, with the force of a revelation, "Begin very humbly and very quietly," we treat that incident with the respect which must always be commended by honest spirituality. And when we are told in his diary that, in Spain, in the spring of 1863, after a votive Mass of the Blessed Trinity said with great devotion and sweetness, whilst he had Our Lord before him, it was vividly suggested to him to "begin quietly at Bayswater . . . and in the winter you can go to South America to beg," we have every right to think that the joy and peace which thereupon flooded his heart were a special communication from Almighty God. He had already secured the qualified approval and encouragement of his Bishop, Cardinal Wiseman. The story of his approaching the Cardinal on the matter is well given in p. 106 (Vol. I) of the *Life*. No doubt it was already known. It brings out very strongly how unworldly and supernatural, from the very beginning, was the project of the Foreign Missions. Cardinal Wiseman was already more than persuaded that an enterprise of the kind must be undertaken. The strange words of the Ven. Vincent Pallotti, many years before, had seemed to him to be an oracle of the Most High. Yet he had been in London for some twenty years and, after mentioning it to Bishop Walsh, had never moved in the matter. No one, certainly, can blame him; neither men nor means were to be had. But for all that it would appear that God desired it, and Wiseman, who had a heart that was sensitive to piety and to the ways of the Holy Spirit, now declared that the time

was come. Herbert Vaughan's superior at that time was Manning, who was the provost of the Oblates. Manning had not been keen or enthusiastic when the idea was put before him. Four years before the interview with Wiseman he had said that "something might come of it some day." Later on—in 1863—he had formally permitted his young friend to take up the work, and the Congregation of the Oblates had committed themselves to it, in principle. But we are told that most of them were extremely cool in the matter, and Herbert Vaughan's disappointment was great. By May, 1863, he had resolved to make it the work of his life. In the summer of that year the third Provincial Synod was sitting at Oscott. He went to Oscott to ask for the sanction and approval of the Bishops. All, with the exception of Bishop Goss, approved and blessed the work; but it may be feared that they all looked upon him as a visionary, and that many, if they had not shrunk from hurting the feelings of the zealous young priest, would have joined the more outspoken Goss in refusing to see the use of it. The resolution of the Malines Congress in the same year may have encouraged him, as without doubt did the Holy Father's blessing. Probably neither of these high authorities thought they were committing themselves to anything very definite. But Herbert Vaughan, spiritual as his outlook was, once that he had made up his mind was not the man to lose any chance of making his work known to all who could help him in pushing it.

Expressions of goodwill, however, were not enough without hard work, and Herbert Vaughan began the work of "begging." He undertook a journey through Spanish America. In North America, at that moment, the Civil War was raging, or else, perhaps, he might have preferred to try to collect in the United States. Cardinal Wiseman wrote him a letter, which he received the day before he sailed. The Cardinal was at that time suffering much, and experiencing great depression of heart. But he tells the young priest that

he feels an inexpressible confidence, such as he never felt in his life, that God will prosper this work. He says that this feeling compensates for his sufferings, and he speaks with an earnestness which, in so great a man, must have impressed the young apostle, of the solemnity, nay, the sublimity of what was being undertaken. Herbert Vaughan said afterwards, that no bishop or priest had given him help or sympathy like Wiseman. His adventurous journey to California, down the Pacific Coast, round the Horn, to Brazil, is well described, with plenty of interesting detail, in the *Life*. His travels lasted about eighteen months—from December 1863, to July 1865, and he returned with £11,000 in hand, besides many promises which were fulfilled later. This success was marvellous, and seems to be the special work of God. He had some natural advantages. He spoke Spanish with fluency, he was a very taking personality, and he was a good deal talked about by the newspapers. On the other hand, he met with the same difficulty as in England—a persuasion on the part of the clergy that to collect money for Foreign Missions was to rob the Church at home. The Archbishop of San Francisco explained this to him at considerable length. The Bishop of Marysville, also on the Californian coast, was more large-hearted, but his own collectors "struck" on the appearance of Herbert Vaughan, and the latter had to give up begging. In some places the Government itself interposed. But Divine Providence seems constantly to have interfered. Archbishop Allemany, of San Francisco, to the surprise of those who knew him best, entirely altered his tone, and allowed the young priest a relative freedom in preaching, pleading and collecting. Rich men appeared and gave £1000 at a time; business men, whose hearts were hard at first, suddenly softened and pressed their dollars on him; poor people made their offerings. He went through a great part of Peru, Chili, and Brazil, by rail, or stage, or on horseback. There was war and the rumour of war in most

places, and financial disturbance and depression everywhere. People tried to dissuade him from useless travel and toil. But he replied: "Well, my only hope is in God. If He wishes to find the money, I suppose He can, even where they say there is none." He objected to concerts, and similar means of raising funds. "I think the money got by begging is better coin, and goes farther." He tried to put in practice the rule laid down by St. Ignatius—that in all difficult undertakings we should utterly rely upon God, as if success could only come from heaven by a sort of miracle, and yet at the same time use every means and make every effort on our own part, as if the whole result depended upon ourselves. He came home, as we have seen, with a large sum of money, though not enough to build a seminary and endow it. But he set to work. The present site at Mill Hill was secured in the face of what seemed at first to be unconquerable difficulties. Hard-headed and hard-hearted proprietors suddenly became yielding and considerate; lawyers ceased to obstruct; bigotry was circumvented; and in the spring of 1866, with neither furniture nor professors nor students, the Missionary College was opened by Archbishop Manning. In a year, there were twelve students. Then pious and charitable friends made further offerings, and the present College was built and opened, free of debt, in 1871, with a community of thirty-four. The last time I myself saw Cardinal Vaughan was at the College, two days before he died. He was still Archbishop of Westminster, and I am not sure that he did not think it possible he might still recover and go on with his administration of his diocese for a while. But as one now looks back, it seems as if he had given up everything, and was awaiting death on the spot where the prayers, the labours and devotion of his life had borne their principal fruit. He had done much as a priest, a pastor and a leader, and his name will ever be connected with much successful work. But some of his friends will always think

that his Missionary College speaks most plainly of his inner heart, and represents most strikingly his intercourse with his God. It was fitting, therefore, that when life was failing and activity dying down, he should retreat from his cathedral and from London, and recollect himself with God where God had chiefly spoken to him. It was fitting that his spirit should be called away in the place where his spirit had chiefly lived its spiritual life, and that his body should be laid to wait the resurrection under the shadow of that St. Joseph who had been his guide in so much painful travail for the Kingdom of God.

There are in this biography, innumerable points which awaken interest, and on which comment might be made. Was Herbert Vaughan by nature somewhat insensible to family or personal affection, or was his life mainly a long effort to attain heroic detachment? The writer of the *Life* is inclined to the latter view. It would be presumptuous for any one who had not known him intimately to pass a judgment. But it is certain that he displayed, both in his action and his language, a very marked independence of personal liking and human respect. I should say he was not naturally sympathetic. He was too busy with what I may call objective rectitude to pay much heed to the attractions of affection or to human infirmity. He passed opinions and gave advice as if everybody was likely to agree with him that what mattered was not what a man felt but what was the right thing. This was probably a part of his natural character, and it was intensified as he progressed in the supernatural. But when, as often happened in his intercourse with friends and advisers, his attention was attracted to the troubles, difficulties or frailties of others, there was an alert and inborn nobility in him that urged him to the utmost exercise of kindness, forbearance and considerateness.

Some kind of similar reply might be made to the question whether the Cardinal was intellectual or not. No doubt his natural temperament was not that of a student. He had, naturally, neither the patience, the appreciation, nor,

perhaps, the physical outfit for severe and scientific study. But he had made good studies; studies which were not, indeed, exhaustive or profound, but which provided him with a good working knowledge of theological science, and which protected him against anything in the shape of serious error. He knew when and where to take advice, and he had men always at his side on whom he could rely. He highly appreciated learning, and he took care to promote it in every possible way. Though not a preacher or orator, in any remarkable degree, he could both write and talk with great effect. He had fine ideas, and he could elaborate his ideas, and present them with strong arguments, well laid out and put together. He had a good command of language, and, in his best moments, a very terse, vivid and even picturesque manner of expressing himself. And whenever he spoke or wrote, the innate loftiness of his character seemed to lead him to a directness, an appreciation of principle and a nobility of view, which made his words remarkably solid and impressive. Many of his pastoral writings have this attribute, as well as some of his addresses at the Catholic Truth Society Conferences, and his *Dublin Review* papers. I may venture to add, that more than once, at the meetings of the Bishops of the Province, both before he was Archbishop and after, his expositions and his proposals were presented with a fullness, a statesman-like wisdom, and an eloquence which commanded admiration.

It is too soon to attempt to define with precision the special impression which the earthly life of Herbert Vaughan has left upon the Catholicism of this country. But whenever that attempt is made, it will have to be said that he stimulated in a marked degree the missionary spirit. In saying this, I do not refer exclusively to the Congregation he founded. That enterprise, so supernatural in all its circumstances, has no doubt both struck the imagination of priests and laity and taught us lessons. But besides this, his career was distinguished all along by efforts to reach Non-Catholics and efforts to reach the poor. The move-

ment which has shown itself in cheap literature for Catholics and Non-Catholics, in missions and lectures for Non-Catholics in public halls and similar places, in rescue societies, and in the systematic enlistment of women, of high and low degree, in charitable work, owes its progress and extension if not its origin, in a very great degree to Cardinal Vaughan. He himself looked upon "the regular and systematic employment of the laity in the apostolic work of helping to train and retain the young who have left school in the love and practice of their religion" as "a new departure" in England. We may extend the phrase, and say that during the last twenty years the entire field of missionary effort in this country has witnessed a new departure. It is true that the unresting work of our good and zealous army of priests has always been crowned by a steady increase of converts, especially in the large towns. But, on the one hand, it is not to be denied that the most far-reaching movement of conversion in this country has owed almost nothing to our own efforts or sacrifices, and, on the other, that there are far too many old-established missions throughout England where conversions have been almost absolutely at a standstill since emancipation. It is a great gift of God that we are better realizing, both clergy and laity, that it is our duty to convert this country, and that, in order to do our part in this work, we must be prepared to spend money, to give personal labour, to form organizations, to face cold or hostile audiences, and to sacrifice that comfortable privacy in religion which has always been so dear to English Catholics. This, by the grace of God, we are learning to understand and to put in practice. It may justly be called a new departure, and whilst many men and women are doing noble work in this direction, the leadership, the inspiration, and the devoted labour of Cardinal Vaughan should always be remembered with reverence and gratitude.

✠ J. C. H.

The Hills of Help.*

"I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me."
—Ps. cxx, 1.

In the counsels of Divine Providence, as in the pages of Holy Writ, hill-tops and mountain-sides have often been associated with sacred mysteries, with religious events, with great servants of God. Men chose the "high-places" for divine worship as well as for the worship of demons; and these lonely spots have been the scenes and sources of supernatural help to which men have not looked in vain. From Mount Ararat where the Ark rested a new race sprang to re-people the earth after the deluge. On Mount Sinai the Commandments were proclaimed that were to guide and support the chosen people. Mount Sion became the citadel of Israel and the seat of God's Temple, whence "the Law went forth and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem." On Carmel dwelt the prophets; Horeb and Hermon "beheld the power of God." Christ was tempted on a high mountain; He was transfigured on Mount Thabor; from the Mount of Beatitudes He taught the maxims of a perfect life; on Olivet he was crushed to the earth by sorrow, and then exalted to heaven in glory; whilst to the humble hill of Calvary with its uplifted Cross a stricken world ever looks for salvation. Surely helpful mountains these to which men lift up their eyes in need!

It is the same in later story. The Catholic Church herself is a City whose "foundations are on the holy mountains," and the Rock of Peter on which the Church is built stands amid the seven hills of Rome. How many other mountains in many lands have been made famous by Angelic

* A discourse delivered at Belmont by Frise Cummins at the Jubilee of the consecration of the Cathedral, Sept. 4th, 1910.

apparitions, by the prayers and fasts of saints, by the visions and preachings of apostles! *Monte Benedictus amabat*,—on these hills that Benedict loved his children built their homes, and in time of need came down from them to convert and civilize the barbarian, to drain and cultivate the soil of Europe, to keep alive the lamp of learning, to aid the Holy See in its age-long struggle for freedom. You will find in the mountains of Subiaco "the pit from which you were digged and the rock from which you were hewn"; whilst Monte Cassino became the new Sion and Citadel of the Order, the new Sinai where the Law was given for the monastic world.

May we not rank among these holy hills, these helpful hills, this fair mount whose minster-church was dedicated half a century ago this day? Fifty years ago St. Michael's was a mount to which many eyes were lifted up, whence help should come to many souls. The foundation of this house and the consecration of this Cathedral were early signs of that Benedictine revival which, here in England as elsewhere, marked the latter half of the XIX Century. Only two of our monasteries had succeeded in settling in England after the French Revolution, and theirs was a precarious existence with small resources, scanty numbers and fewer hopes. As could only be expected the first years after their return were a time of depression and relaxation; limbs that had been shackled by Penal Laws for centuries were left scarred and benumbed even when the chains were broken. It was to instil new hope and energy into the Congregation, to prepare for fuller and freer action, to raise the standard of studies and of observance that, in obedience to the highest authority, this monastery was founded. The policy of the Holy See was loyally accepted, and despite difficulties and imperfections was carried out successfully. The pouring of new wine into old bottles may have been followed by some crash of broken glass. There was contention and struggle for a time, action and reaction; but "better the leap of the

cataract than the stagnation of the swamp;" and out of all there emerged a fuller, deeper stream of Benedictine life, the volume of which has grown steadily every decade.

Belmont was established as a general novitiate and house of studies, as well as to become the Cathedral of a Benedictine diocese. It was intended to be a house of observance and of stricter discipline, where the young should be trained in monastic ways,—a monastery to which all might turn for encouragement and example. Men "lifted up their eyes to these mountains," and they looked not in vain for help. For an ideal of monastic life was set up here that was lofty and yet not impracticable. Here were seclusion from the world and claustral silence, and some measure of austerity too; here were steady and continuous study, and manual labour; and above all frequent prayer and prolonged liturgical worship. Nor was the ideal a high one only, it was distinctively monastic; not secular nor ecclesiastical only, nor vaguely religious, but definitely Benedictine, with principles drawn from the Holy Rule and observances from time-honoured traditions. Then for four continuous years of the most impressionable time of life every member of the Congregation was subjected to this discipline, trained on these lines, influenced by this teaching until the whole body had been leavened with the new spirit.

The love of Liturgy has ever been characteristic of the Benedictine, whose vocation is "to stand on the steps of the Sanctuary";⁴ and to this vocation this beautiful Church has ever been an incentive and inspiration. It has been what Cardinal Vaughan called "a live Cathedral," with a voice of liturgical praise that has never been silent since the day of its dedication. Within these hallowed walls the Sacred Liturgy has been performed with a completeness, an accuracy and a dignity that are seldom surpassed and are not without influence elsewhere. One distinction Belmont long enjoyed, sharing it even now with but one other. It was

⁴ Mgr. Manning's discourse at the Dedication of Belmont, Sept. 4, 1860.

the only Cathedral not in England alone, nor in the British Isles only, but within the English-speaking world where the diocesan Chapter discharged its primary duty, and where the Divine Office was chaunted with unbroken assiduity day and night. St. Michael's proved that even in England and the XIX Century the ideal Cathedral need not be a dream. The lesson has borne unexpected fruit. The river that glides here beneath the Belmont-woods flows onward by the slopes of Courtfield, and Courtfield in this diocese and county was the home of the great Cardinal who was later to better in London the example of Belmont. Imperial Westminster on the banks of the Thames followed tardily the lead of this lowly western minster by the banks of the Wye!

Work divides with Prayer the Benedictine day; and prolonged, steady studies have been a feature of Belmont life, where professional reading has never been interrupted by the distractions of a school or the claims of other duties. Notwithstanding many limitations the course of sacred sciences was always fuller than could usually be followed elsewhere; seldom in later life have any of us had the leisure for quiet work that was afforded by these secluded cloisters. True the spirit was often more willing than the flesh was strong, and the claims of the ideal had to yield to physical needs. The attempt to combine in one community, mainly composed of young men, strict monastic observance, full liturgical services and a serious course of studies was perhaps predestined to failure; but it was a noble ideal, and gallant attempts were made to reach it. Throughout the years much good work has been accomplished in these studious halls; and a certain literary tradition has been fostered that was novel in the Congregation. If the literary output has been only relatively abundant, still a goodly number of volumes have been produced during this past half-century either in Belmont days or under Belmont influence.

Alas for the failures and the faults of fifty years! Were this the occasion (which it is not!) or were I the person, one

could tell of many an imperfection, of many a fall from high ideals. Yet were these rather failures than mistakes, faults of omission rather than of commission,—the inevitable short-comings that attend upon human effort. We have left undone the things we might have done, we have not always risen to the height of our vocation or to the expectation of our friends; yet on the whole Belmont influence has been most helpful, most essential,—has been, I don't hesitate to say, the making of our Congregation. The ideals upheld, the fervent spirit introduced, the new life infused, the closer union promoted among the religious families,—of such things the value can hardly be exaggerated! Belmont takes a rank in the Order that is perhaps better appreciated outside than within our own circle. I have heard an experienced Abbot of another Congregation describe it as the most observant monastery in the Benedictine world. "God's mount is a fertile mount; why are ye suspicious, ye lofty hills! in this mount is God well-pleased to dwell."

The Belmont that I am describing, this Jubilarian Belmont, represents an ideal that in some details has passed away,—the ideal of government and administration, not of course of monastic spirit. When first founded St. Michael's was the centre of a very closely united Congregation in which many things were held in common amongst the several monasteries,—two missionary provinces, for instance, the novitiate, the course of studies besides the officials and government. After due consideration and with the sanction of the Holy See this system has since been greatly altered, so there is no room for criticism and hardly for regret. But I note the fact, since it changes considerably the position and the outlook of this monastery. For one thing a new religious family, that of St. Michael's, indigenous to this place, is growing up, fostered under the shadow of the common House. It is only a tender sapling yet, barely shooting into life, though tended with toil and fears; and its

growth is hardly fulfilling the promise of its earlier years! But the English Benedictine tree puts forth new branches with difficulty and rarely, like the mysterious plant that blossoms once in a century; let us trust that its flowers may be as fair as they are rare.

One other element must not be overlooked to-day, when we celebrate the Jubilee not only of this Cathedral but also of the Monastic Chapter. Here at Belmont has been revived an interesting type of Benedictine life that was almost peculiar to England, viz., the combination under one roof and one head of an Abbey with a Cathedral. As in several of our older cities the Bishop's Chair was set up here in a monastic church, a Benedictine bishop finding among his own brethren the canons of his chapter and council. This unique privilege was confirmed to Belmont by the Holy See in recognition of historic claims; and it confers a notable distinction amongst the religious orders of this country upon which we set high value. It forms a link, too, with the Hierarchy of England that we trust may never be broken. Benedictines have been hierarchical from the beginning; their abbots sat with bishops in Synods and Councils and Parliaments, they have had no interests of their own apart from those of the Church, and close ties bind them to the Episcopate that has often been recruited from their ranks. Whatever makes for closer union and for more cordial co-operation between the diocesan and the regular clergy is good for the Order, and good surely for the general interests of religion. In these days the Benedictine lot may not have been "cast in goodly places;" but the diocese that has found in Belmont its bishops, its chapter and many of its clergy may surely borrow the Psalmist's words:—"I have lifted up my eyes to the mountain whence help has come to me."

The life of a Benedictine family centres round its Oratory and its Choir, where the brethren meet each day to join the Angels in praising God, where the Holy Sacrifice is

offered that gives meaning and merit to the daily sacrifice of monastic life. The Jubilee, therefore, of this church's dedication to these high functions is a fitting subject for congratulation and joy. So we thank God for past blessings, we implore His mercy on the years and the work to come; and we find in the grounds for our gratitude in the past sure foundation for our future hopes.

Very special felicitations are offered to two who are present here to-day. The magnificent Founder of this stately church is still amongst us, occupying surely a position seldom or never reached before.* Has there ever been a man who began by building a domestic chapel and beheld it grow into a Cathedral? Has there been a man before who dedicated a church to God's glory, and then survived to assist at the golden Jubilee of its consecration? The beloved Bishop too, who still rules wisely and gently over this flock, has been closely connected with this monastery and church almost since the day of its consecration—again a record worthy of note. To both of these, to Founder and to Prelate alike, we offer sincere congratulations, praying Our Lord to reward them with His love, to bless them with fullness of days, and then to crown them with immortal life. To the new-born Community of St. Michael's struggling into existence, we wish ampler growth, more prosperous years and a wide field for fruitful work. May the harvest of the Belmont Centenary far exceed that of its Jubilee; may it prove to later generations that the Diocese, the Order and the Church, lifting up their eyes to this holy mount, have never looked for help in vain!

* Francis Richard Wegg-Prosser, Esq., of Belmont, Clehonger. Mass was first said in the Belmont almshouses on Candlemas day, 1853. The School Chapel was opened on St. Anne's Feast, July 26th, that same year, and the foundation stone of the Church was laid on Nov. 15th, 1854.

Thomas Marwood, Tutor.

VOLUME Seven of the publications of the Catholic Record Society has half of its 500 pages made up of papers relating to the Bedingfeld family. They range over the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In consequence, they leave a vivid impression of life among the Catholic gentry in those crucial times. Honour to the family which has left such memorials of steadfastness and piety! Whatever party was in the ascendant made little difference; the Bedingfelds came in for buffets, and their acres slipped from their fingers. A monstrous example of this occurred towards the close of the life of the "Cavalier" Bedingfeld. His son, Colonel Thomas Bedingfeld raised at his own cost a regiment of foot and a troop of horse on the King's side in the Civil War. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the storming of Lincoln, and after two years' imprisonment "in the Common Gaol," was banished, and his father's estate sold by "the usurped Power." To relieve his father's wants he consented to the sale of certain property to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England. He was never paid for it, and at the Restoration in 1660, made petition that his title to the estate might be recognized, inasmuch as the Society was not a legally constituted body, and also was composed of the enemies of the king. He never recovered the estates which apparently were in the possession of the New England Society till late years, when they were valued at £7000 per annum. The petitioner puts down his father's loss on the estates at £60,000. The records show us the slow dogged re-purchase of the estates, and testify to the deep love of the soil which we should expect in the old landed gentry. If

the wider distribution of land leads to a wider diffusion of such loyalty, then land bills would have one strong plea in their favour. In the purchase list which Henry Bedingfeld, the second baronet, drew up for a memorandum, we get a sense of homeliness from the use of name abbreviations: "Tom and Harry, etc.—"old Yongs" (a conjunction which must have lent to many a rural quip). Some small cottages are mentioned as having a "hempland" attached to them, which suggests that flax was as much a necessity of the day as pot-herbs, and the spinning-wheel as familiar an article of cottage furniture as the kail-pot.

He who feels patronizingly towards the upper classes of that day on the score of intellectual gifts, and imagines that he swings in a wider mental orbit, may lower his plume when he scans these pages. Here is a family which has neither statesman nor scholar in its muster roll, and which was ostracized both from university and court by its religious creed; yet we are made conscious of a refinement of something more than manners. The shrewd business capacity plentifully in evidence touches us as something more than mother-wit. One disappointed courtier talks in Shakespearian phrase of "Court holy-water," which is more conceivably a literary reminiscence in him than a popular adoption of the poet's language. We have a prayer of Queen Mary which is a striking combination of doctrine and devotion. There are also the verses of the Earl of Arundel, written in prison under sentence of death. It would be held affectation in our day to phrase one's feelings under such circumstances in verse; but we are helped thereby to realize how popular the metrical mood had grown, and how easy it was to fall into *l'es-majesté* and its consequences. The sentiments of the Earl's verses are more edifying than other rhymes from prison walls which are admitted into our anthologies. The prose meditations of the Cavalier Bedingfeld, written in similar straits, though poor in literary form, are a striking manifestation of the compatibility of

religious conviction with the spirit of *derring-do*. One letter of a brilliant court lady reminds us that the Bedingfelds were connected with the authors of the fascinating Paston letters.

By far the most interesting section of the work is the diary of THOMAS MARWOOD, "governor" to young Henry Arundel Bedingfeld at the close of the seventeenth century. Father H. Pollen, S.J., who edits the Bedingfeld papers, shows his appreciation of the fact by his illuminative notes, which probably exceed the diary in bulk, and yet may be cited as an example of reticence; for we feel that the only adequate commentary is the history and topography of the times.

Thomas Marwood was bear-leader to the eldest son of a notable Catholic baronet in critical times. Prince Charlie was at St. Germain when he and his charge visited Paris. Additional legislation was being enacted against Catholics, directed in particular against the very thing that occupied them both, the education of Catholic youth on the Continent. Still more stirring times were to be ushered in by the death of the King of Spain, an event which Marwood chronicles, first as a rumour and then as an acknowledged fact. But principally as a revelation of the from-day-to-day life of English Catholics of the period, the diary has a value perhaps unique for the student of history. However Fr. Pollen leaves little to be desired either of indication or illustration of persons, facts or places recorded; so we may be excused for directing our attention principally to the diarist himself.

Marwood kept a diary because he could not help himself. He shows himself in all things a man of method. He measures events as carefully as he measures the young esquire, whose progress in inches is regularly put on record. The inscription on the inside of the cover of the diary is typical of all its contents: "Measured Mr. Nelson (a pseudonym of his charge) and he was—

June 13, 1700—4 foot 5 inches"—
with five succeeding entries, closing with

"March 2, 1705—5 foot 6 inches."

Not that we are to think that his was a puny and petty-logging mind—understand conscientiously by methodical, and we are near the mark; only some conscientious folk are not methodical, to the consequent dismay of their acquaintance. As a rule the entries are of the barest facts: he seldom indulges himself with sentiments. Two or three words sometimes embrace the doings of as many days. On the rarest occasions is a date left blank. But on the fly-leaf of a book of meditations we find him committing to writing both facts and sentiments of serious spiritual significance. The dates of the deaths of his parents and brothers, of his being shot in the leg, are accompanied by the record of his conversion in 1671, and of his confirmation in 1679, and the fact that he made a general confession of his life in 1686. Then follow a series of New Year resolutions, in somewhat indifferent Latin, from the year 1690 to the year 1698. The first year the resolutions comprise certain prayers, including a daily rosary and the Penitential Psalms, fasting, the practice of particular virtues, and total abstinence from wine. The following year he modifies his fasting with the proviso that he shall always be allowed to take bread and water when it is not forbidden by the Church. The further stipulation that the fasting is not to be under pain of sin, seems to indicate that he was acting under the advice of a prudent director. Yearly the resolutions are renewed with something added, pointing to a determined (and methodical) progress in religious observance. The last entry is a resolution to say the Divine Office daily. We must believe that these jottings were meant for nobody but himself. Their presence in a book of meditations implies that they would meet his eye very frequently, if not daily. The man that could carry out his rule of life so methodically for a decade of years

commands our respect. The tendency of modern days is to depreciate formal processes in religious training, as tending to cramp the development of the soul. Time was, and that not so long ago, when such treatment was synonymous with discipline, and written resolutions and religious charts were an indispensable adjunct. However readily we may grant that they have a tendency to produce the religious martinet, we cannot refuse to admire some of the characteristics which they evolved, and many of the individuals who were trained under them. But our purpose at present is neither apologetic nor critical, but merely to illustrate the person of our diarist.

Such as he was, Thomas Marwood was manifestly suited to supervise the training of a boy, and devout convert as he was, he may be considered fortunate in entering the service of such a family as the Bedingfelds of Oxburgh. He was commissioned to take the boy abroad, first to Flanders and afterwards to France, for the boy's education. Such an object could not be openly avowed without exposing the family to the severe and odious legal penalties which then threatened. We may be sure that Marwood's prudence was quite equal to the exigencies of the case. We are not left in uncertainty on the point, for even in the private meagre notes there are countless hints of circumspection. Names are altered, religious persons masquerade in to us transparent disguises, and even localities are presented as Mr. and Mrs. The change of his charge's name to "Mr. Nelson" is obviously for the same reason.

The first thing one realizes is the number of Catholics of position living abroad. Everywhere the Bedingfelds had formal visits to pay and hospitality to show in return. Their life could not be a dull one, though it could never be without some of the pains and penalties of exile. Respect and courtesy were shown to the travellers by the best families of the places of their sojourn. The fact that they had relatives in many convents in these places would have

widened their circle of acquaintance. It is comforting to feel that the exiled families kept so cordially in touch with one another, and that they met with a respectful sympathy from their alien neighbours. Another point that strikes us is how largely the English conventual establishments abroad were recruited from the leading Catholic families. Even though we may think that the state of things narrowed their choice and offered inducements for religious life, yet we see also that there was a deep-seated devotion in their lives, and that they were far from looking upon the step as a retirement into a respectable and not uncomfortable seclusion. Circumstances facilitated but by no means constrained their action.

Marwood's position was far from being a sinecure. He seems to have been given an absolute control and discretion. We get little insight into the character of his charge. He was a lad of some parts, as we gather from his college doings; but there is no measuring of his moral as there was of his physical growth. We may assume that he was docile, for there is no hint that the tutor's orderings were ever evaded. And certainly his medical methods were drastic. As Father Pollen points out, Marwood shows some familiarity with the practice of medicine. He manifests no lack of confidence in his prescriptions. But bleeding and a simultaneous administering of some of "his pills," makes us glad we have happened on more indulgent times. Small-pox was rife and two of the personages of his story fell victims to it. One of these was the boy's sister. Marwood was commissioned by the doctor to prepare her for the end; for once he breaks into sentiment, and tells us that she passed away like an angel. His young charge gave him several days of anxiety, possibly from a low fever; in spite of the terseness of the notes, we are able to feel both the strain that was put on his affection, and the devotion with which he nursed him back to health. Every minute complaint is entered with sometimes

embarrassing plainness. The various journeys taken had their own incidents of peril, some of them serious enough, and a simple mark of the Cross expresses Marwood's thankfulness for their safety. It is pleasant to us to read that, in Paris the travellers met and enjoyed the hospitality of our Benedictine fathers. We come across some familiar names.

We are not surprised to learn that, when his labours with his charge were at an end, Marwood continued in the service of the Bedingfield family, helping in the administration of the estate. He had proved himself well qualified for his task; capable, devoted and, above all, methodical. He shows himself a man of many interests and of critical observation. His experiences must have ripened his powers, and made him a worthy administrator. The keen attention he bestows upon the fortifications of the towns he visited might not find any practical outcome in rural England, but we may believe that he found scope for his medical acquirements and dispensed his nostrums and dietings to an appreciative and confiding tenantry. Life must have seemed quiet after a sojourn in foreign capitals with the atmosphere of *le grand siècle* still about them. Though he did not run the danger of having his pocket picked in church and might contemplate the loss of his sword with composure, still the perusal of his notes may well have been a source of satisfaction to him, and the memory of the glimpse of a quondam court favourite, even though stigmatized as a "monstrous fat woman," would acquire a halo of fascination in the humdrum of domestic life.

"Amicus Verus et Benefactor Insignis" are the words which his former pupil set upon his tombstone. Those who seek information on the many points of Catholic interest touched upon in the pages of the diary will find it in abundant significance; but the most memorable resultant is the impression of a faithful servant and a grateful master.

T. LEO ALMOND, O.S.B.

Œ Memoir of Dom Boniface Maria Krug

(ABBOT OF MONTCASSINO)

By His Eminence Cardinal Alfonso Capecepatro

THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

July the third, of the year 1909, was for me a day of weeping and great grief. I learned that the day before my very dear friend Dom Boniface Krug had left this earthly life and calmly gone to sleep in the Lord. In my sorrow, I turned myself to Him Who is our Father and best comforter, God. I found myself half-wishful to say to Him:

why is this O Lord? What can it mean? But I quickly put the thought away from me as a temptation, and cast myself, like a loving child, into the open arms of Divine Providence, saying with holy Job: "Thou gavest him to me and Thou hast taken him away: blessed be Thy name." "The holy and comforting words relieved my sorrow a little, and I would have liked to weep but could not. Instead, I turned to prayer, and offered fervent petitions for the blessed soul of my departed friend, who to my imagination seemed visibly present to me, looking exactly as when I saw him and embraced him last. Then I said to Blessed Jesus: "Thee, my dear friend loved well in life, and he has died a holy death: yet, like all men, he has great need of the Divine Mercy and Thine infinite merits: I ask them for him now

with all the fervour of my heart.

After this, I unburthened my heart, so full of bitter sorrow, by talking of my lost friend with one who had also loved him well and was loved in return, my dearly beloved auxiliary Monsignor Pisanì. We tried to console ourselves



D. BONIFACIO KRUG

Abate di Montecassino

by recalling his virtues; and soon the thoughts of both of us reverted to the sweet and saintly conversation we had with our friend a month back, when he was on a visit to us, and spent the day in our company at Capua.

On that last occasion we had indeed noticed that he looked seriously unwell, yet not without a likelihood of recovery—his own opinion of himself, as we may judge from his words: "I am quite hopeful; but should God wish to take me now, it will be best for me. His holy will be done." When he took leave of us, our friend embraced us with great affection; and who would have thought then that, with this embrace, he was unwittingly bidding us a last adieu? Assuredly, the lively affection I have for so dear a friend has inclined me, in the present state of my mind, to shut myself up in silence and prayer rather than to write of him; it is another motive altogether which has led me to speak a hasty word in his memory. Abbot Krug, as I think, was one of those men whom Providence has destined to speak and to act in the good cause, even after death. Hence, it is a good and wholesome task to make him better known to the world. Those who have known him when living, and loved him, may perchance be led to love him better and have converse with him sometimes in Heaven. Those who neither knew him nor loved him will, at least, learn how great and good God is in His servants.

II.

Abbot Krug, born in Germany, brought up in North America, but an Italian, in mind and heart, both by inborn disposition and life-long association, was a man richly gifted by God with an abundance of natural and supernatural talents. Beside a quick native wit of the choicest and rarest kind, Krug had a mind in its nature possessed of a domineering love of the fine arts and a will, strong, tenacious and affectionate. By the grace of God he was enabled to direct his natural gifts to good—the good, always

loved by him, which he sought first in God and afterwards in whatever, in created things, mirrored most clearly to him the infinite perfection of the Infinite and Eternal Good. Tall above the average, of a polished and attractive appearance, he had that exceedingly engaging manner which belongs to a well-bred carriage of the person, a pleasing habit of speech, and a sweet and musical voice. There was a great kindness visible in his countenance,—a kindliness the more beautiful for its transparent humility and modesty,—virtues endowed with a gentle and mysterious grace of their own.

III.

In a little Prussian country district, called Huenfeld in Assia, near Fulda, there dwelt, in honest middle-class comfort, a married couple, John Krug and Christina Margaret Holzapfel. The husband had risen to a grade in the Prussian gendarmerie equivalent to that of a lieutenant of the Carabinieri amongst us. They were Protestants, and had by their marriage, four children; two sons, both dead in 1838 and two daughters, Dorothy and Wilhelmina, hardly, at that time, in their girlhood. They were nearly all Catholics in this little township of Huenfeld, and there was no Protestant Church.

There, on the 9th of September, of that same year, Christina Margaret gave birth to a son. Little could she, a Protestant, have dreamed that the child would become a Catholic and a monk, and end by being one of the great abbots of Montecassino.

The good Christina used often to go to the Catholic Church to pray, and already some gleam of heavenly grace had little by little illumined her mind, so that she could see faintly something of the beauty of Catholicism; notably, she felt herself mysteriously drawn to give honour and to pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary. In this state of mind, desiring also that her son should be baptized without

delay, she pleaded the difficulty of carrying the infant to a Protestant Church in one of the neighbouring districts as a pretext to persuade her husband, reluctant at first, to allow it to be baptized in the Huenfeld Church with the Catholic rite. The ceremony took place on Sept. 21st. Herman Bloesser, a young Catholic, was substituted for the intended Protestant godfather, a relative named Conrad Krug. The entry in the Baptistal register informs us that the names given to the child were Herman Joseph. But he was always called Conrad by the family, doubtless after the man who originally had been selected to hold him at the font.

It fell out that in July 1844, when the boy Herman Joseph was six years old, his father made up his mind, for domestic reasons, to emigrate with all his family to North America. Unfortunately, he fell ill on the way and died, before taking ship, at Bremen. The widow, left desolate by this unforeseen loss of her husband, and some months gone with child, nevertheless, did not lose heart. She declined to turn back. Alone, her little children with her, she ventured on the ocean and, well looked after by the captain of the ship, made the long voyage without accident. Soon after she reached Baltimore, she gave birth to a daughter, who also was baptized in the Catholic Church, and received the name of Teresa.

This is the one who afterwards became a fervent and pious Benedictine nun, and some years later got permission from her ecclesiastical superiors to come and dwell in a little Benedictine convent at Cassino, close to the sepulchre of SS. Benedict and Scholastica; and now, with resignation, laments the death of her dearly-beloved brother, living on in the hope of seeing him again in heaven.

Meanwhile, the mind of the widow, Christina Krug, had become gradually more and more enlightened and inflamed with the light and love of Catholicism and, in a little more than a year after her arrival in Baltimore, she and the two oldest children embraced the Catholic religion in the parish

church of St. James (at that time in the charge of the sons of S. Alfonso, known as Liguorini), and were permitted, to their great consolation, to receive Holy Communion the same day. The mother had a holy and lively affection for the children God had given her, and it was this affection that taught her how to excite in them a clear and forceful conception of what a sincerely religious life means; she was indeed well aware that, according to Christ's teaching, such a life is on a higher plane than the other and sheds upon it the light of Heaven. But her motherly mission to educate her children rightly seemed to her exceptionally difficult, when it had to do with the guidance of her son Herman. The very unusual gifts of the boy, already clearly manifest in his seventh year; the precocious intelligence, strong imagination and vivacity gave birth in her to a multitude of fears; hence she made haste to put this best-beloved son of hers in the care of the Liguorian brothers, who had a school in the town and an excellent reputation as teachers. They laboured zealously in the development of the germs of goodness they found in the boy, and he, on his part, was duly responsive to the pains these excellent teachers spent upon him. And, here, I wish to put it on record that many times Krug spoke to me afterwards of his ever grateful memory of the American Liguorians, who took such pious and loving charge of him in his first years.

At this period there was an incident which I think ought to be recorded. As is often the case in America, there were some Protestant Scholars in the good fathers' school. One day, some of them, when leaving school, for some reason unknown to me, took to teasing Herman and then began to throw small stones at him. Herman, fiery-tempered and active enough ordinarily, bore these insults patiently and merely quickened his pace homeward. But his mother, who was watching for his return, saw what had taken place and took him to task for it, saying to him: "Why did you not defend yourself? How could you let them treat you as

they did?" And the son said to her: "Mamma, that was not the way Jesus spoke in the Gospel; He said instead: when a man cuffs you on one cheek, you should offer him the other." The mother, who was in truth deeply religious, could not help but be pleased with Herman's reply. For myself, I am astounded to think that Herman, at such an age, came to think of this most difficult and mysterious of Christ's Commandments, and tried to put it into practice.

IV

Now, there lived then in America—more accurately in Pennsylvania, a German Benedictine, Dom Boniface Wimmer, a man of piety and zeal, who had come originally from Fulda. He crossed over the seas with only three lay-brothers, and, notwithstanding, had the intention of founding and developing the Benedictine Order in the United States. He was nursing in his breast all the zeal and holy audacity of a veritable apostle of Jesus Christ. To his saintly courage no difficulty seemed insurmountable. The wisest and most competent authorities, when asked their advice, had told him that his design was no better than the pretty dream of a visionary. But Wimmer, a monk of large faith and filled with the spirit of God, did not lose heart for all that was said to him. He had his mind made up and he succeeded. Before long, he built his first monastery in Pennsylvania, that of St. Vincent of Paul. At this point of our narrative our Herman Krug had completed his tenth year.

His course of studies with the Liguorians was satisfactorily completed. His good mother, who gave the best of her love to her only son—so good a boy, so talented and bent on improving himself—gave a good deal of thought to the question, how to advance him further both in his studies and in the education of a Christian gentleman. Now, Divine Providence, which had destined the boy to great things, opened out the way for the mother in a wholly

unexpected manner. Abbot Wimmer came from St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania to spend a little time in Baltimore, and took lodgings in a house not far away from that of the Krugs. He was a German like the Krugs, and somehow they quickly got acquainted. Christina Krug, her son also and daughter, as soon as they learned to know him, gave him their love and veneration. Wimmer had already begun a school for boys of German extraction in his monastery of St. Vincent, with the idea that it would become, not only a place of higher education, but a nursery of Benedictine monks. Christina Krug at once believed her Lord had sent the pious and cultured Abbot for nothing else than to provide for the continuation of the studies and education of her Herman. Abbot Wimmer, on his side, at once took notice of the lad, not only as a good and charming boy, but with the thought that he might eventually make a good Benedictine monk of him—one who would be a help to him in his arduous undertaking of introducing and spreading the order in America. What if he should find in the little Herman some sign that God had called him to the monastic state? As the idea grew in the mind of Wimmer, he determined to find out, as far as he might, the Will of God in the boy's case. He studied his character, watched his ways, and most of all listened most attentively to his talk, encouraging him to speak out freely and tell him his inmost thoughts. He came to the conclusion that, in all probability, God did call the boy to the monastic state, and he thanked the Lord for it. Then, one fine day, when the mother was present, he turned to Herman and said to him: "My son, you want to get up out of bed every day in the early morning, as monks do?" The boy answered briefly, "Yes." Then the Abbot said: "Well, if you really wish to become a monk, come and call me to-morrow in the morning." Herman did so, and in good time. The Abbot, much moved, said to him: "Well done, my son, you shall come with me to my monastery of St. Vincent." Then the mother, who with her daughters had

been praying that their Herman might become a monk, stifled in her breast the grief she felt at his going away so far from her, and entrusted her beloved son to the saintly Abbot. This was in 1849. Behold, then, Herman Krug, only eleven years of age, taken away to Pennsylvania to the monastery of St. Vincent. There, as it happened, the boys wore a purely secular dress and the good Herman, and some others who had aspirations to become monks, realized they did not like it. They met together in order to come to an agreement with each other and ask the habit from the Abbot. But who is to dare make the proposal to him, Wimmer, who though exceedingly kind-hearted, was a stern man and a bit of a crank? Herman, who was the readiest, most straightforward and pluckiest of the lot, took on himself the conduct of the affair and spoke to the Abbot. The latter as it turned out had been weighing in his mind a similar idea and at once willingly agreed to the proposal. This was the beginning of a monastic Seminary in the monastery of St. Vincent. Herman, naturally, became a member of it and, according to custom, when he put on the habit of a monk, changed his first name to that of Boniface. From that day he remained under the protection of that St. Boniface, who had been the first Apostle of Germany, and whom he always held in particular veneration.

Our dear little monk, Boniface, stayed eight years at the monastery of St. Vincent. It would be interesting to learn how it came about that he so widened his outlook there, and lifted up the aspirations of his heart as he did. We know very nearly nothing about it; but we will tell what little we have ascertained. His artist's soul manifested itself unmistakably at quite a precocious age, and among all the fine arts the boy's predilection was for music. Gifted with a most beautiful voice, he took great delight in singing; he also set himself vigorously to practice organ-playing, and became a profound connoisseur of music in general; but his particular fondness was for church music and chant.

This, however, did not hinder him from giving eager attention to the literary and scientific studies gone through at St. Vincent's, and to display in these also a notable aptitude. We cannot say what sort of teachers he had, but, taking into account the circumstances of an American monastery in its beginnings, we do not suppose they were of much consequence.

On the whole, I, who have known the culture of the man, how wide and varied it was, and in some ways so profound and refined, reckon that he was his own master,—a not uncommon case with men of exceptional genius or unusually greed of knowledge.

So lived young Boniface in the monastery of St. Vincent up to the time when he had finished his classical studies, at the age of 18; then it pleased the Lord to put his vocation to the test. It fell out in this way. He began to suffer in his health, particularly from a stomach complaint; and since this illness was troublesome and persistent, he was led to think he ought to have a change of air, and, it may be, to lead a life less severe and confined. This idea was strengthened by those doubtings of self, natural to persons whose consciences are pure and delicate, at a time when they are making the complete sacrifice of themselves by entering the priesthood, or more frequently still, by becoming monks. They are terrible struggles and full of anguish, these that God permits us to suffer when He wishes to bring home to our understandings that the priestly and monastic life is for the strong,—those strong enough, for the love of God and their neighbour, to fight manfully every moment of their lives against the many forms of evil.

For the sake, therefore, of his health and because of these doubts touching his vocation, our Boniface put off the monastic habit, and, in the Autumn of 1856, left his beloved monastery and returned home to his mother. She, in her great love, was most happy to embrace him again and to have him at her side; but, with her, religious sentiment was

stronger than maternal affection. Hence, she remained most anxious that her Boniface should become a monk, and went so far as to join with her daughters in prayer to bring it about, appealing more particularly to the intercession of the Mother of God, in whom she placed immeasurable confidence. On the other hand, young Boniface, though he knew his mother was in easy circumstances and made good money in her business, did not want to lie idle—like so many of our countrymen—taking his ease and living the pagan, *dolce far niente* existence; on the contrary he began to put his studies to profit. He took the situation of choir-master and organist in Cumberland, not far from Baltimore where his mother and her family dwelt. Nearly two years were spent in this way. Young Boniface was affectionate and attractive, and became a good deal in request. The mother, though she was aware how good and religious he remained, was not without fears for him; yet, her exceptional delicacy of conscience, in accord with the admirable American custom never to interfere with anyone's liberty, made her resolute not to do anything whatsoever that might influence her son in the difficult task of choosing his way of life. He himself was silent about it, and outwardly appeared wholly taken up with his choir and organ-playing and music, whilst he was busy in his mind thinking of his future. He had always before him, like a sculptured image, the typical Benedictine monk—a type he had formed mainly from living and conversing with Abbé Wimmer, that zealous and apostolic master of monastic perfection. Now, the more exalted became young Krug's ideal of a monk, the more his hesitation grew upon him. But Divine Providence, which wished to make of him one of the best of monks and destined him for a high mission, interfered; and so worked upon his mind, with such ineffable, mysteries of light and grace and charity that, behold! the two years of probation were not yet completed when, one fine day, Boniface went to his mother

and said: "I will go back to Abbot Wimmer, make my renunciation of all things for God, and become a monk." I cannot assert that the mother wept for joy at this announcement; but I do know for certain that she was filled with unspeakable happiness. She herself had gone on advancing higher and higher in her heavenly aspirations, and now, having married off her two eldest daughters, retired, with the youngest, Teresa, into the recently established Benedictine convent of St. Mary.

V.

Our dear boy, after he had proved his monastic vocation outside the monastery, went back to St. Vincent's. Abbot Wimmer gave him a paternal welcome; for he loved him as a son and had rested many of his hopes in him. It was the year 1858, and Boniface, in the fine flush of dawning manhood, twenty years of age, had determined to be not only a Benedictine and a monk, but, to the utmost of his power, one who corresponded exactly with the loftiest ideal in his mind. He sat down to his work with the liveliest ardour, and with no less fervour devoted himself to sacred studies. In these his exceptional talent and his perseverance enabled him to make rapid progress. On the 10th of March, 1860, he made his simple vows at St. Vincent's, and on the 21st of September, 1861, because of the great need of them, was ordained priest. He celebrated his first Mass at Baltimore in that very church of St. James which he frequented as a child, and which was so dear to him; the more so that his mother and two sisters had embraced Catholicism in it. Altogether, the really exceptional gifts of Boniface and the high and well-merited opinion Abbot Wimmer had of him, combined to push him rapidly to the front. Wherefore, after he had been raised to the priesthood, the Abbot placed him over all the schools of the monastery.

This was not all. During the same period, the young monk preached well and often, and in addition had the

charge of certain of the parishes founded by the monastery and still under its care. We, who have known him intimately, are not surprised at his undertaking so many labours. Besides, Wimmer, as we have seen, had the spirit of an apostle and there was no end to the multiplicity and variety of his apostolic schemes. One fine day, he summoned Krug and bade him go to the confines of Canada, where he had opened a small college. "Go," he said curtly, "as soon as you can, and assume the direction of the college, for it has very great need of it."

Krug obeyed without answering a word, and travelling hurriedly night and day, got to Canada, only to find the college, for some reason unknown to me, unfortunately closed. All the same, he looked after the property of the monastery with great wisdom and prudence; but in obedience to a command of Wimmer, shortly afterwards returned to St. Vincent's.

Here, it is pleasant to me to record how Krug delighted to tell his friends the story of this incident, saying: "I might never have come to Montecassino but for finding the college already shut up." But whilst Benedictine affairs, through the indelatigable zeal of Wimmer and his few monks, were moving onwards with great strides, a terrible war, the "War of Secession," broke out in the United States of America. It began in 1860, and ended in 1865 with that great blessing of Providence, the complete abolition of slavery in the States. One thing notable about the war was, that, in 1863, priests and monks were called out to fight. Krug would have had to take up arms in one of the next batches of recruits, only that the broadmindedness of American custom put no hindrance in the way of his leaving the country beforehand. He might indeed have secured exemption by the payment of a certain sum down; Krug's mother who, as we have said, was well off, sent him the money without asking. But Abbot Wimmer and this Boniface of ours thought they could do something

better with the money by spending it on a journey to Rome, where Krug might be able to get a doctor's degree in theology. On the 25th of July, 1863, Boniface embarked at New York for Italy. Meanwhile, a day or two after his departure from Pennsylvania, the republican government issued a decree dispensing priests and monks from military service. The Abbot with all haste sent news of this to his beloved disciple to bring him back again; but before the message reached him, the ship had already sailed on the voyage to Italy. And so, by a multitude of unforeseen accidents, Providence, which mysteriously disposes of all things in this world, gave to Italy this German-American monk,—a man who was destined to do great things for the Benedictines and for that Holy Place where, for more than fourteen centuries have reposed the bodies of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

The Making of a Myth.

Physica Curiosa, from which the dragon-story in our last number was taken, is a sixteenth-century Natural History, very learned and scientific, and quite as accurate as the knowledge and observation of that age permitted it to be. It is not the work of a practical naturalist. Gaspar Schott, S.J., its author, was not a discoverer or, in any exact sense, a student of nature. He was a man of books. Consequently, his work is a compilation and arrangement and criticism of the facts, real and supposed, recorded by other historians or gathered from travellers' tales. It is this which makes it a real *Physica Curiosa*,—a sort of Wild Beast Show, with a large department devoted to oddities and monstrosities and anything calculated to excite wonder and curiosity. His own pose is not that of the showman, but of the scientist who is anxious to prove that there are very few things in heaven or earth which have not been dreamt of in his philosophy. He is very proud of his omniscience, and with good reason. I doubt if there ever has been a writer with a more extensive and accurate knowledge of the things that never existed than our excellent professor.

Let me hasten to say that this is a real compliment. An exposition of the natural history of legendary monsters may not seem at first sight a valuable addition to scientific truth. But a careful examination and analysis of anything—even of "such stuff as dreams are made of"—has its use, if undertaken and executed in the precise and learned fashion of our author. We are not likely to learn from him anything novel concerning the real inhabitants of the globe's surface. But he may help us to understand better

how such legendary beings as the Remora or the Griffin, or the Phoenix first found their way into history, to watch their development and growth, and look on at the curious and instructive process of the making of a myth.

Let us take, as our example the Echeneis (Gr.), Remora (Latin), or as we should call it, the delayer of ships. This was a small fish, which people believed able, by virtue of some strange innate power, to stop or hold back a ship in full sail before the wind. The earliest authoritative mention of it is in Aristotle (Lib. 2, Hist. Animal). Speaking of water serpents, he says: "All serpents, of whatever genus, are without feet, like fish. Yet some people have reported that the Echeneis (it is best to keep to the original name) has legs; they are altogether wanting. But because the animal has some leathery attachments (*pinnae*) suggestive of legs, it has been thought to stand upon feet. It is really a little fish (*pisculus*), a rock-dweller (*saxis assuetus*), is not eatable, and has got its name from its retarding vessels in motion." Nothing mysterious or mythical so far about the Echeneis. Evidently Aristotle is describing the Barnacle, a sort of shell-fish, serpent-like in appearance, leg-less, an inhabitant of rocky places, inedible, and the most troublesome of the growths that foul ships' bottoms and hinder their progress. But our very next authority, Pliny, begins to muddle matters, and, by the time he has finished his story of the Echeneis, the myth has come into being. First, in translating and improving upon Aristotle, he endows the animal with feet. Then he misunderstands and misrepresents Mutianus, whose attempt at a correct description of the Barnacle becomes as distorted and unrecognizable as a reflection in a muddy brook. Next he tells the story of how, "in his own recollection, an Echeneis stopped the ship of Caius Caligula, whilst he was being rowed across from Astura to Antium." The animal, he says, was discovered adhering to the rudder and was shown to the Emperor; and, he adds, "those who saw it afterwards spoke of it as like a great

snail." (We have now the Emperor and Pliny and some others testifying to an Echeneis, no bigger than a great snail, mysteriously hindering the progress of a ship whilst attached to its rudder; when it was removed, all seemingly went well again). Finally he treats his readers to a bit of fine writing: "What are more irresistible than the ocean and the winds, the waves and the gales? And how could man better combine his strength with that of nature than by his ingenious contrivance of oars and sails? Join to this union of forces the unspeakable violence of boiling waters, when the whole sea is turned into a torrent. Yet the whole of these forces, driving in unison in the same direction, are held in restraint by one poor little mite of a fish (*vixit ac parvus admodum pisculus*) called the Echeneis. Though the winds bellow, and the tempests rage, it is able to govern the uproar, stay the giant forces, and bring the ship sharply to a halt—a thing beyond the strength of iron chains and ponderous anchors cast into the sea. It curbs the dash and tames the rage of a world, and this without effort—not by pulling the vessel back, nor by any other means than merely attaching itself to it. Surely the slightest possible expenditure of energy, and yet enough to contend victoriously against such immense forces and forbid vessels to move. Our ships of war carry fighting turrets on their decks, so that we can give battle on the sea as from within a fortress. Alas for human vanity! that our prows of iron and bronze, designed to destroy with a blow (*ad ictus armata*), should be resisted and ruled by a six-inch fishlet! etc."

Pliny was not the man to let pass such an excellent opportunity of airing his eloquence, and hence one cannot be sure that he is not here playing with his audience. He may have meant just exactly what he has written; but then he may not. I am inclined to think he must have been conscious of a little rhetorical exaggeration. But I do not suppose there was any deliberate intention to mislead,

The passage does not read as though he were laughing in his sleeve at the open-mouthed wonder his words would excite; it is just the bombast of a man making the best of an orator's privilege. The misquotations of Aristotle and Matianus were to him no more than such variations in the turn of a phrase or two as are pardonable in a popular treatise written to excite admiration of the wonders of nature. His use of the singular number in the phrase, "one poor little mite of a fish," may have seemed to him quite justifiable, a recognized figure of speech, much the same as to describe the victories of the Roman legions as the triumph of "a" or "the" Roman soldier. But, whether he intended his grandiloquent words to be accepted in their literal sense or not, the result was that his six-inch phraselets hindered the advance of a knowledge of the Echeneis as effectively as the Echeneis stopped the progress of the Imperial ship.

Now that the myth of the Echeneis is in full being, we see it wax fat and grow out of all resemblance even to itself. Oppian and Aelian, two very notable naturalists, declare it to be a denizen of the deep sea—they could not find it among the rocks of the shore—and the former makes it a cubit in length, whilst the latter describes it vaguely as of the size of an average eel (*cum mediocri anguilla aequandus*). Aelian, like Pliny, waxes eloquent about its powers. "When the ship," he says, "is skimming along with full-bellied sails in a fair wind, the Echeneis, seizing the extreme end of the poop with its teeth, (the adhesive idea has become inadequate), checks the impetus of the vessel in the most violent fashion, as a wild, unbroken colt is held back by a strong bridle: in vain the sails strain before the wind; in vain the winds blow. The passengers (*vectores*) grow anxious and are vehemently disturbed by such doings; but the sailors know well what is the cause of it." Plutarch tells how a certain Trallian picked out for him from a number of fishes one that had an oblong head and pointed snout,

and said it was like the Echeneis. "He had seen one," so he said, "when sailing in the Sicilian Sea, and was wonderstruck at the strength of the little fish, which held back and greatly retarded the ship, until the man in the prow discovered it sticking to the outside of the hull and captured it." St. Ambrose unwittingly introduced a new element of wonder into the story. "The Echinus," he wrote, "is a small animal, vile and of no esteem (I speak of marine animals), which, nevertheless, is oftentimes an index of coming tempests or calms, and gives warning of them to navigators. When it has the presentiment of a storm, it clutches hold of a heavy stone and carries it like ballast or drags it like an anchor, lest it should be tossed about by the waves. So it keeps itself safe, yet not by its own strength; it is made stable and secure by the weight of something else. The sailors, when they see this happening, take it as a sign of a coming disturbance and are careful not to be caught unprepared." This is very excellent natural history; for the holy Doctor is speaking of the Echinus or sea-urchin and not the Echeneis. But the names are rather alike, and even so learned a man as Albertus Magnus and with him Olaus Magnus and Cardanus confuse the two animals and add the prickly spines (*aculeon quoddam pro pedibus habentes*) and the weather wisdom of the Echinus to the description and accomplishments of the Echeneis. And now our myth is very nearly full-grown,—grows into the puzzle of scientists, the great unexplained miracle of the sea. Is it not a fearful and wonderful transformation for a poor little animal like the Barnacle, which began life without a leg to stand on?

Possibly the reader may think it an obvious course for the naturalist, when faced with a problem like that of the Echeneis, to try back, and hunt up its pedigree, and by doing so, unveil its pretensions and prove it an impostor. With our present knowledge, and the help of Father Schott's book, the process is easy. But before the printing of books

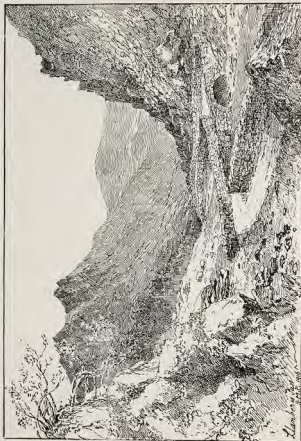
a full collation of authorities was very nearly impossible. Manuscripts were few and scattered; and so precious were they that even the absurdities they contained were handled with reverence. Pliny, in a beautiful script, on vellum, decorated with illuminated capitals, and, perhaps, with marvellous miniatures over which an artist has exercised the imagination and ingenuity of a poet, would be a far more convincing authority than he is nowadays in common print. The natural inclination of a critic in those old times, was to accept any manuscript statement of facts as ascertained truth. When a second writer differed on some points from a first, the commentator, in order to give due reverence to both authorities, would begin a process of harmonizing or composing the differences—most frequently by cancelling contradictory statements and adding together those that were capable of being reconciled one with the other. When a number of writers made a series of assertions which could not be harmonized, the usual way out of the difficulty was to give credence to the consensus of the best authorities on each point in dispute. This was accounted a probable, more probable, or most probable truth according as the accepted consensus outweighed the minority in a lesser or greater degree. It is a logical process, and has its undoubted value in settling points of law in theological and legal practice. But natural Science has to deal with facts, and not opinions, and these cannot be ascertained by mere appeal to tradition and authority. More than one old naturalist, as Plutarch tells us, had a suspicion that the Echeneis was just the Barnacle and nothing else; but he did not dare venture to set his private observation of fact against the consensus of adverse opinion. One of them, Trebius Niger, whom Pliny quotes seriously, is under suspicion of showing his unbelief by treating the subject with disrespectful chaff. He is reported to have said of the Echeneis, that a pickled specimen (*asseratus in sale*) would stir and draw to the surface any gold object that had fallen

into the deepest of wells. You have only to catch your Echeneis and put salt on its tail, and it will stand on its head and swallow the ship, or do any task you like to set it.

Only this reverent submission to authority will explain how a long succession of able and learned men could have puzzled their brains devising theories to explain how a six-inch fish retarded and stopped a ship in its course. They began by accepting as truth, because of the practically unanimous consensus of authorities, the ridiculous story of the little fish and the big vessel. The wisest of men can only give a foolish reason to explain an absurdity. Would the reader believe that an able, scientific writer of the sixteenth century claimed to have proved mathematically, with a diagram, marked A and B and C and D, in Euclid fashion, that, by the proper use of the principle of the rudder, a knowing little fish, attaching itself to the stern of a vessel, could retard and stop it? Or that another excellent genius would devote a long page of similar Euclidian stuff to prove this demonstration an absurdity? Frascatore proposed to explain the miracle by magnetism. He said that the Echeneis could only stop the ship in one of two ways: by being the apparent cause and not the real one—the active force being a magnetic rock beneath it; or by being a joint cause—itsself magnetic as well as the rock, the two holding the ship stationary between them, like magnets on either side of a bar of iron. Zara, who had some curious notions about antipathetic and sympathetic operations, thought the Echeneis must be of a most powerfully dry nature (*ex valentissima siccitate*) and the ship being of the exactly opposite humidity, the two mutually attracted each other. Keckerman held that the animal froze the water around the rudder and so the ship was stuck fast.—Father Schott considers this theory either a joke on the part of its author or evidence of his extreme idiocy. The learned Jesuit rejects all and each of these theories, though he had nothing very satisfactory to propose in their place.

His more famous confère, Fr. Kircher, had, before him, doubted the existence of the Echeneis and denied that so small an animal could, by any natural cause, delay or stop a ship, propounding the theory that, if the ships had been retarded as reported, it must have been by adverse currents. Fr. Schott traverses Fr. Kircher's arguments, but agrees in the main with his conclusions. He points out that, from Aristotle downwards, the authorities quoted all wrote from hearsay, and are consequently unreliable in the details of their story. But he does not doubt that they recorded an actual nautical experience. The ships were stopped; on this point the consensus is unanimous—"Nemo est praesomere, tot Anctores antiquos, qui scriptis suis prodiderunt prodictos effectus, aut falsos ab aliis, aut fallere alios voluisse." The causes, in his opinion, were various: "good or bad angels, perhaps"; or "in some instances, the fraud and deception of the sailors," deliberately mismanaging the vessel; or, "probabilius," the raging of the sea, "aestas," a word which may include adverse currents or submarine earthquakes; or any similar untoward behaviour of the element. And he is not quite sure that the Echeneis may not, on occasion, have had something to do with it. But he is quite unable to believe that a fish of its inches could do all that had been reported of it.

Next to reverence for authority, the literary value of a good story had a deal to do with the propagation and establishment of the myth. We have seen how Pliny and Aelian made the Echeneis the occasion of oratorical outbursts. Aeschylus and Shakespeare found the fable useful in their poetry, and St. Basil and Augustine in their preaching. I am not sure if it ever found its way into folk-lore, properly so called; most likely it did, but in some unrecognizable anthropomorphic shape. A much simpler marvel put in the hands of a competent mediaeval storyteller would "suffer a sea change" into something so new and strange that only a sun-myth theory or an abstruse



philological derivation would suffice to account decently for its origin.

Something like this has been the fate of the Phoenix. In the form handed down to us from remote antiquity, the myth seems to be nothing more than a parable of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, designed expressly to teach that out of corruption comes regeneration and that death is but the beginning of a new life. The first extant mention of it in Herodotus—Aristotle ignores it—directly connects it with religious teaching, by putting the locality of the transformation of the 500 year old bird in Heliopolis, the Temple of the Sun. Consequently the Phoenix is not interesting or instructive to us from the myth-making point of view. The one wonderful feature of the Phoenix myth is that there were people, in comparatively recent times, who professed to believe in the reality of the resurrection of the new bird out of the ashes of the old one. Since there was no evidence anywhere that anybody had ever witnessed the occurrence, we must suppose that they believed because they wished to do so. They made-believe in it, as children do, and tried to justify their profession of faith with some rags of arguments—about enough to satisfy the requirements of decency. First, as usual, was the appeal to authority—in this case exceptionally weak and hesitating. Then came the argument from analogy. Does not Nicolas dei Comiti tell of a certain Indian bird, the Semenda, that is also born again from its ashes? This is the bird with the "trifid beak," able to play an accompaniment to its song—it was said to have suggested to the shepherds the idea of the bag-pipe—which, when it felt the near approach of death, brought touch-wood to its nest, started the death lament on its triple whistle, set the wood on fire by the beating of its wings, and went off in smoke, leaving behind it ashes among which a maggot (*vermiculus*) was born which afterwards developed into the likeness of a bird. Does not Hernandez tell of another

small owl, in America, the least of all birds in size, but the biggest of wonders, in that it died once a year in the Autumn and came back to life again, revived, in the Spring? The veracious tale of the Barnacle goose was also made to do duty as a proof of the possibility of resuscitation after death. But, to the modern mind, all this is mere trifling—conjuring stuff designed to tickle the ears and throw dust in the eyes of the groundlings, not good enough to be palmed off on enlightened grown-ups like ourselves.

There are, probably, a good many of our readers who, after reading thus far, will think it worse than trifling with them to take notice of the natural history of the Griffin—of Temple-Bar and heraldic notoriety. As well might I write seriously of mermaids and centaurs or the winged oxen with human faces. Such monsters as these are the mere patchwork creations of man's fantastic imagination, and the Griffin is thought to be the simplest and cheapest of them. The making of such a beast is apparently but the manufacture of a toy or a decorative device. Screw a sham eagle's head and wings on the body of a sham lion and you have as good a specimen of a Gryphes or Griffin obtainable. Yet the Griffin came out of nature's workshop, and may be identified with an animal that at one time did exist. According to the Indian tradition, preserved in Philostratus, it was a great bird-beast of the size and strength of a lion, capable of overcoming elephants and dragons. It could fly, but was not very good at it (*volant autem non nullam*)—no better at wing exercise than small birds, and it was not feathered, but had wings of a ruddy skin or membrane, stretched between the ribs as between fingers (*sed rubra pellicula alarum costae tanquam digiti connectantur*). This last phrase is somewhat obscure; but the whole passage is a striking, if sketchy, description of an extinct pre-historic monster, the Pterodactyl. These are generally described as flying lizards, though some scientists still class them among birds, which were at times of great size, eighteen to twenty

and twenty-five feet from tip to tip of their wings. They had a brain cavity like that of a bird, and "jaws probably sheathed with horn like birds," and their wings were formed by an extension of the skin between each side and one of the fingers of the front claws. It is from this peculiarity that they have received their specific name of Pterodactyls—the wing-fingered. Does it not look like something more than a chance coincidence that the traditional form of the Griffin and the supposed form of the Pterodactyl should be so closely similar, and that the notable peculiarity in each case should be this extension of the skin as wings and the stretching of it between the ribs or sides and the fingers;—so plainly suggested by the Indian description of the Griffin, though imperfectly understood and expressed by Philostratus, that the name Pterodactyl seems to belong to the latter also by right? Making due allowance for the vagueness of a popular tradition, handed down through generations, it is very difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the Griffin is the very counterpart of the wonderful flying lizard. They are as like as two Pterodactyls.

J. C. A.

A Procurator in Rome.*

Nov. 18, 1842.

MY DEAR AND VERY REV. FATHER,

I had hoped that a letter addressed to you on this day would have been dated from St. Edmund's, Douay, whereas I have not yet crossed the Channel. You will readily guess the cause of my delay, and your kindness will induce you to pity me and not to blame. I have had a very distressing cough, particularly during the night. For three or four nights it was almost incessant. I am better to-day, and if I do not relapse before Monday I shall proceed on that day. I shortened my visits to Chepstow and Downside, that I might make up some little of the time I had previously lost in Liverpool; but I have again lost ground. I cannot help it. Neither my own legs, nor horses, nor steam engines can move me onwards, if my own little engine (which is sadly out of repair) breaks down, as it is so prone to do. Oh these broken-winded lungs of mine! But yet they are not so *radically* bad as I and others were inclined to believe. I have been induced to consult Sir James Clark. He tells me that my lungs are not diseased, or at least that no suppuration has ever taken place in them. All the mucus which I discharge proceeds from the bronchial membrane. He has resided in Rome. He says the winter is very cold there and that I shall feel it very much at San Calisto. He must have visited the monastery; for he told me that they kept a good table. He desired me to pay him a *friendly* visit, which I shall do to-morrow. I will get as much as I can out of him for my one pound one. I have got a letter of

* Letter written by the V. Rev. Richard Ambrose Preat to the Right Rev. Leke Buxton, Pres.-Gen.

introduction to Mr. Glover. Mr. Lythgoe is out of Town. Mr. Brownlie called on me to-day. The Queen is not at home so that I have not called upon her to take a family dinner with her. Indeed I have been nowhere. I have been above a week in London, but have not seen it. The fog, the rain and the doctors are the only lions I have seen. To be sure I have seen the Joint Stock Bank, where I got twenty pounds and a letter of credit for fifty more. Long life, say I, to the letter of credit; but I fear the dear creature will go off in a galloping consumption. The Doctors and a warm cloak have already made the twenty pounds *begin* to sweat itself thinner. I have a letter from Dr. Polding to Cardinal Acton. Please to present my respectful brotherly regards to the Lady Abbess and all my Sisters. I thank you most sincerely and affectionately, my dear Father President, for the fatherly expressions dictated by the kindest of hearts and so beautifully addressed to me in the farewell letter which you placed in my hands on the morning of my departure from Stanbrook. I trust I shall never prove ungrateful to such a good Father, nor abuse his confidence, nor slight his prudent advice. I preserve the present you made me at the Jubilee Feast.

May the storms of life outside, (particularly between Dover and Calais, Marseilles and Civita Vecchia) *And virtue be my constant guide* (ever alter). Remind the good Sisters of their promise to pray for me, or they shall not have a share in the Pope's blessing.

I remain, my dr. F. President,

Yours very affectionately,
and respectfully,

R. A. PREST.

Nov. 18, 1842.

6 Manchester Street,
Manchester Square,
London.

Rome, Dec. 27th, 1842.

VERY REV. FATHER PRESIDENT,

I have at length arrived at Rome much harassed with my journey. I was truly glad when I stepped out of a Diligence for the last time and had reached what I considered to be my resting place. I did not care whether I was in Rome or in a village. I must defer, Very Rev. Father, giving an account of my journey until another time. I am so much distressed in mind and body that I cannot do it now. On Christmas Eve I received two letters from the Post Office, which had been directed to me at Douay: the one informing me that Mr. Peter Chaloner was dangerously ill and the other announcing the most melancholy death of my brother James' wife. She was found drowned in the water-course of the mill. She has left 8 children. For a long time she has enabled my brother to bear up under the weight of his troubles, and now I fear the worst for him. The last letter the poor creature wrote to me was to beg that I would come to stay with James, for she was afraid he would lose his reason. Pray for her poor soul; and I humbly beg the prayers of the Community for her also.

I have now another subject to mention which distresses me very much. I arrived at Rome at nine on the evening of the 23rd. On the following day I went to San Calisto. All the monks were spending that day and the following one (Christmas day) at St. Paul's, which is about four miles off. I could not, of course, get a sight of my rooms in San Calisto. I returned to the English College and the Vice-President accompanied me in the afternoon to the Monastery of St. Paul's. The Abbot received me most kindly and told me that my rooms would be ready for me at any time. Wishing to remain as short as possible at the Inn, and being anxious to become settled, I fixed the following day at 5 o'clock, the hour when an ex-abbot and the procurator would return to St. Calisto's. At the time appointed I took

my luggage to the Convent and was conducted to my apartments. Never was my heart so chilled on entering the gloomiest prison or vault of the dead. The weak state of my health and the afflicted state of my mind, no doubt, caused me to feel more than I otherwise should have done. The first thought that entered my mind was this: "I have been and am still an invalid. The kindness of my President and of the Fathers of Chapter, influenced solely by a desire of benefitting my health, has induced them to elect me to an office which would give me a greater facility of recovery than I could have in England. I have travelled 1000 miles to realize their kind wishes, and behold the result!" I could not help thinking that to the Liverpool Infirmary would have been a much nearer journey and certainly *very much* better adapted to an invalid. At 7 o'clock I went to supper but not to eat; and at 9 I went to bed but not to sleep. I had asked if the bed was well aired; the reply was given, with astonishment, that I ought not to doubt it. I got them, however, to put their warming trap in the bed, which was like a chair put between the sheets, and a pan of charcoal hung to it. After it had been in some time, the coverlet was so wet that when I drew my hand over it I could see the dew on my fingers. I mount about 160 steps to my rooms, through immense passages 7 or 8 yards wide, and not a soul sleeps within the hearing of a gun from me, except an old man, who in a town would be considered a neighbour in the 3rd or 4th house from the one you live in. Bare walls and bare brick floors, as a matter of course. I asked in the morning for coffee and bread and butter for my breakfast, as I had understood that Dr. Collier had had what he pleased for breakfast. I got a glass of coffee and dry bread. Notwithstanding all this I made up my mind, more I fear in despondency than in resignation, to bear with my hard lot. I accompanied the ex-Abbot into the town to get measured for hat, cap, and shoes, etc., etc. I afterwards met Mr. Trapps and Mr. Hume and Dr. Nicholson. They strongly urged me to

go to Card. Acton to ask his advice whether I should stay in the monastery or not, for they were certain I should get my death of cold in it. Mr. Trapps took me to his Eminence, and he instantly gave permission for me to come out for a time, and told me to look out for lodgings in another monastery, where I can have a South Aspect and a fireplace in my room—which were essential for me in my state of health. I shall be guided by his Eminence as to my residence. But (even to so kind a Father as my President has proved himself to me, I fear to express my apprehensions) I have great doubt whether the change of diet, the coldness of the rooms, the constant draughts through the passages in all the convents will not more than destroy the good effects which I shall derive from what is considered a favourable climate. I find to my sorrow that the climate is only favourable to those English who can afford to unite the comforts of England with the better climate of Rome. All the *English Priests* who are here have warm lodgings and fires. I ought never to have come here for my *health*, and I am grieved that so much money and kindness have been thrown away upon me. Dr. Brown has not yet arrived. He has been some time in Florence. Mr. Sharples is to be Bishop of Malta. Dr. Griffiths is daily expected; Dr. Wilson not arrived as yet. Dr. Butler is in Rome. I think he has not yet made known his arrival. Mr. Gibson (formerly in Liverpool) has returned to England to sail for the Cape.

I remain, very Revd. Father President,

Yours most respectfully and affectionately,

R. A. PRIST.

Rome, Dec. 27th, 1842.

Please to direct to me—care of Revd. Mr. Reynolds,
Superior of St. Isidore's College, Rome.



Rome, Jan. 6th, 1843.

VERY REVD. FATHER PRESIDENT,

On the 27th of Decr. I posted a letter to you, which I fear would cause you as much pain in reading it as I experienced in writing it. Much wearied by my journey, and in a poor state of health; the melancholy tidings from England and the most unpleasant situation in which I found myself, caused me to write in a very desponding mood. On the present occasion I will endeavour to exercise a better control—at least over my pen. May I have the grace to teach myself to submit to God's Will and repress my feelings when they rebel against it! I have been again to Card. Acton and had a long interview with his Eminence. I asked him if I might take lodgings until I wrote to and received a letter from my President. His Eminence readily granted permission. I simply stated three facts: viz., that I had been some time in a poor state of health, that I was very liable to catch cold, and that I was sent to Rome chiefly on account of my health. I was urged to make this request to the Cardinal by the Rev. Dr. Nicholson (Dr. Polding's great friend) and Messrs. Trapps and Hume, otherwise I should not have ventured to take such a step; but I would have submitted to my fate in San Calisto. I think, however, that I should have acted contrary to your wishes, if under the circumstances I had taken up my residence in that wilderness. I could have found a much cheaper and a much later grave in England. Independently of the coldness of my rooms and the draught of the passages, this consideration alone is a sufficient bar to my living there. If, during the night (or even day), through coughing or any other cause, I should need medical help, it would be impossible for me to call anyone to procure me assistance. I need not say what consequences might ensue. It remains for me, therefore, V. Rd. Father, humbly to ask your permission to reside out of the monastery, for the reasons mentioned

above and in a former letter. Should you grant my request, I am told, by Dr. Nicholson, to ask you to state in Latin, on a separate piece of paper, and addressed to me, "that you are aware of my having been for a considerable time in an infirm state of health, suffering from frequent colds and a disordered state of the lungs—that the restoration of my health was the chief cause why I was sent to Rome—and that I have your permission and approbation in petitioning His Holiness to grant me leave to reside out of the monastery." The middle part of the sentence seems objectionable. It is most certainly true that I was appointed the Agent in Rome chiefly on account of my health, and that the spirit of kindness and charity rather than the spirit of wisdom presided over my election. But when I told Card. Acton that I was sent to Rome principally for the good of my health, I felt that the authorities here might think themselves slighted by having such a person sent to them as Procurator and for such a reason. I therefore added that the Fathers of Chapter reposed so much confidence in the Holy See and were so fully assured of its protection, and kindly feelings towards the Congregation, that they thought it sufficient if they sent a person as Procurator who was not totally unfit for the office. Perhaps the same explanation may satisfy Franzoni. I should be very sorry to be considered as having been chosen Procurator solely or even chiefly on account of my fitness for the office, when I know the reverse is the truth. I feel most keenly my great unfitness for the trust reposed in me; and, if possible, I render myself less fit by the consciousness of my incapacity. I fear I shall receive the same rebuke from Franzoni, which another English Priest got from another quarter; when he said he could not speak Latin well. "Why were you ordained Priest?" was the reply.

When I have received your reply I shall have to present a petition to the Congregation of Regulars or Rites, and show your authority (if you think fit to grant it to me); or

perhaps my petition will be forwarded to you by the Congregation to receive your signature. 'Tho' there are instances at the present time of Regulars (not being Agents) having obtained this permission, I cannot get information respecting the necessary forms. However, I repeat what I said in my former letter: "I shall be guided by Card. Acton," who is the Cardinal Protector of Regulars—at least of Benedictines. His Eminence is a most benign and affable man—saint, I might have said. He asked me if I had been in Liverpool and if I was the person who built a Chapel at Aighburth. He smiled and said, "I read the whole of that correspondence." He enquired if the Chapel had been opened, and if there was a maintenance for a Priest? His chief object seemed to be about Edge Hill and St. Mary's. I informed him of the present state of the "Old Chapel," the "Mother Church of Liverpool," that many of the Congregation were obliged to kneel and hear Mass in the open court and open street (a fact which I have witnessed several times), that the land alone, merely sufficient for the Church, will cost above £3000, and the Church, necessary for such a Congregation, £7000 or £8000 more, and that, therefore, a considerable time must elapse before the work could be completed. With regard to Edge Hill, I said that it had been delayed by a long correspondence with the Architect who resides in London; that building a Church in England was a very great undertaking, and in such a town as Liverpool must necessarily be very expensive; that the Catholics having to support so many other existing charities, much time was required to collect funds sufficient to warrant a commencement; that prudence required that we should not be too hasty; and that the extreme depression of trade during the last two years rendered the task more difficult. Having been told that Propaganda always supposed Regulars to be prepared with funds, when they ask leave to build a Chapel, I told him that with the exception of such men as Lord Shrewsbury, no one, Bishop or Secular Priest, was ever prepared with

anything like the full amount when they commenced a Church—that it is sufficient for the present generation if it built a Church and just enabled the Priest to live and pay interest for a considerable portion of the money spent. Much must be left to be done by the next generation, or at least *time* must be given for the total liquidation of the debt. Not one chapel in twenty would have been erected, if the originators had not depended much upon Providence, and much also on the piety and charity of the faithful *for many years to come*. I told him that the Chapels, belonging to the Bishop, which had been built twenty or thirty years, St. Patrick's, for instance, were still in debt, and that St. Anthony's was *very deeply involved* and would be for twenty years to come. I wished to let his Eminence see that Bishops and Secular Priests were no greater conjurers nor better masons than poor simple monks. The Cardinal then asked about the Convents, the number of Religious, and of missionaries. *He wished the different Orders had Convents in London, with their Churches open to the Faithful at all times.* He thought Downside had better found a monastery in London, and make only necessary alterations at St. Gregory's. He first enquired if they had begun the new Building. He next asked about Blundell's money. I took occasion to tell him that the monks had lost the £15,000 left to Mr. Robins which might have been spent according to the wish he had just expressed; *viz.* to erect a Convent in London. I told him that although the £15,000 was not ours by the Law of the Land, it certainly was ours by the Intention of the Testator; and the Law of Equity and conscience, which alone gave the Bishop of London his £28,000, ought to have secured us the £15,000. *Both claims* ought to have been decided before the *same Tribunal*. A Priest (who seemed not to wish his name to be mentioned) who is often at Propaganda, tells me that the great delay in building at Edgell had displeased the Authorities, and was injurious to us and other Regulars also. It is said, that we have

urged the necessity of a new Church being built, and have contested the matter at Rome against the Bishop—then, after having obtained permission, we do little or nothing. He begged of me to write to you on the subject. He says I shall be asked many questions about it when I appear before Franzoni. How I shall get on with a lame story in limping Latin I don't know. I ought to be prepared with authentic information as to the time when the Church will be commenced. I told Card. Acton what had been done prior to my leaving Liverpool, that the Winter would prevent them from commencing the Church, but that in Spring I had no doubt the works would be resumed. By the advice of Card. Acton I have not presented myself before Propaganda. I am not to do so until I can appear in my proper dress; which I cannot wear out of the monastery without special leave. From what I hear in other quarters that leave is never granted. But the Card. spoke as if it would be. At present I am to dress as other Ecclesiastics, and very probably I must continue to do so. My position is very unfortunate. For so rigidly strict are the Laws respecting dress, that the least deviation from the "proper cut" is instantly remarked, and the success of an application to Propaganda depends almost as much on the "Costume" of the Applicant as on the Validity of his Arguments. Even when they have given permission to deviate, they disapprove. In mentioning this, I am aware that I have got hold of the wrong brief and am arguing against the petition which I have made to my President. I state what has been told to me.

Lodgings are very difficult to obtain. There are plenty of them, but they are either too dear or very miserable. The Superior of the Irish Franciscans has been very kind in traversing the streets with me, endeavouring to find a room. I am at present paying about 20d. a night for my bed. For the first few days I took my meals in the house, but now I am wiser. I go to a Caffè and get what they call a breakfast for 3d. or 4d., and dine at another place for 12d. or 14d.

Instead of tea or supper I generally go to bed. There are no coals (unless in the museums) and wood is very dear. To keep a good fire all day would cost 15s. or 17s. a week, and 5 times that would not procure the comforts of an English fireside. The weather for some days has been bitterly cold. To-day the ground is covered with snow, or rather ice covered. This evening heavy rain has washed all away. Generally the weather has been very dry, which suits my breathing better than the damps of Lancashire. I keep my cough, particularly at night, but it is of a quieter description than the one I have generally been troubled with in former winters. With the exception of one evening when I went to the Roman College to witness an Exhibition of the students, I have not been out in the night air, but sit in my cloak before my "bit of a fire." Instead of finishing this Saturday's post I was busy all morning looking for lodgings. I got them in the evening. I have taken them (by the month). They are dearer than I could wish; but the people of the house are well known to the Superior of the Convent, and it is better to pay honest folk a few scudi more, *by agreement*, than to be robbed of double the amount in cheaper lodgings, by falling into the hands of rogues. The Italians (good ones excepted) are awful extortioners. They could kiss your hand and pick your pocket at the same time. One person asked 25 scudi a month for lodgings and in 3 minutes was willing to take 10. It is the same in other matters. Clothes are exceedingly dear, and I think measuring and making are dearer than the cloth. A common staff Cassock, scapular, etc., which the abbot showed me the morning after I entered St. Calisto, cost £3 10s. Having to dress for a time as an Ecclesiastic will entail upon me an additional expense, I must have a cloth Cassock and Sutan. I have had my old coat cut out into something like the legal shape for about 10s. Monks and Regulars wear the same hat, a three-cornered monster, also buckles to breeches and shoes. There

seems to be two sets of Priests, Dandies and Paupers, very shabby or very prim. The St. Calisto Brethren dress as well as the Law allows them. The Abbot Theodoret was astonished when I asked for common buckles. Nothing but silver will do. The streets of Rome in wet weather and for some days after are most filthy. (There is natural filth at all times and in all directions in nearly every street.) This ill suits cassocks and other long robes worn by so many people. I am finishing this letter on the Monday for the English Post of Tuesday. Letters leave for England only three days in the week—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. I got a card of admission to witness the grand display at the Propaganda yesterday, the Sunday within the Oct. of the Epiphany. Addresses were delivered by youths from *all nations*, and, it may be, from a few more besides. Certainly, in a great many of the foreign performers, Italianism seemed to show itself in their manner of speaking and intonation of voice. That arises no doubt from the boys having Italians giving the daily Lectures. Many, I should suppose, particularly those who have left their country very young, have lost their native accent and mannerism. It was a wonderful exhibition of the varied race of Man. Nowhere else can the same congregation be assembled together. It was a small specimen of Turba Magna "ex omnibus tribus et linguis, etc." On entering the little Chapel the first time, I said Mass at the Franciscan Church and walked over the tombstone of a predecessor of mine. This is the inscription on the marble slab: *Ossa Rm. P. Albani Dawneii Anglo Benedictinorum Proc. Generalis et Abbatis, Virtutibus copiose ornati. Obiit 28 Feb., 1733. Ill^{mo} D. Thomas Chamberlaine Hibernus Centumcellis, Anglorum Consul, merens posuit.* Perhaps the Abbot of St. Alban's may lay his bones with those of Abbot Alban Dawney. I thought the title of Abbot was a *late* grant, obtained by Dr. Collier. It would appear that *all* Procs. have not resided at St. Calisto's. I had in-

tended to say something about my money matters, but I have rambled into so many subjects that I have no room. I have already much disfigured my letter of Credit for £50, and I fear my next application will have to plead poverty. My fortnight's stay in London with doctors' fees, cupping, etc., etc., was a great drain, and my journey throughout has much exceeded Father Scott's calculation. But never did I expend money with less satisfaction or pleasure. Pleasure indeed I had none. With the exception of a couple of francs in Genoa and Leghorn, I have not spent a farthing in sight-seeing—yes, I gave 5d. to see the foundling hospital at Lyons. I may have been extravagant in always travelling long stages in the coupé. If I had taken a less convenient place, it would have cost me more; for I should have been laid up on the way. I also took a first place on board the Steamer, which enabled me to have a berth on deck, and this saved me from sea-sickness, which I had great reason to dread. I did not take a meal on board. Had I gone below I should have been sick. The fare was 125 francs, independent of Steward's fees, landing at Genoa and Leghorn, and returning to ship; they compelled us to go on shore at both places and to sleep at Genoa. I draw to-day my 4th £10 from the Bank. The last one will then be in great danger. No English Bishop has arrived. There are about a dozen English and Irish Priests on business or on the spree. Unfortunately I am doing neither one thing nor the other. In my present state I will not visit. I have refused 3 or 4 invitations. To-day we have had violent storms of thunder and lightning, hail and rain. My respectful remembrance to Lady Abbess and Community and the Lord Abbot of Westminster. With unfeigned affection and respect

I remain, Yours etc.,

R. A. PREST.

Via del Tritone, Rome.

Jan. 7th, 1843.



I lodge very near the Franciscan Irish College, so that it is more convenient to get my letters there than from St. Calisto's, which is a long way off across the Tiber. I am going thither to-morrow to call on Theodolet after the death of his sister, and to pay him for hat, shoes, stocks, scull-cap, etc., which he has bought for me. The other day when I called, all the 3 inhabitants of St. Calisto were at St. Paul's. I am about 200 yds. behind the Propaganda. Mr. Sharples preaches to-morrow after the Greek Mass in St. Andrew's Church. I will write to Mr. Brewer about Edge Hill. Indeed, his great kindness to me would oblige me to write to him independently of that business. I have not crossed my letter knowing you do not like it. The matter is cross enough without being put in a cross form.

Notices of Books.

The Two Kings. By Mary T. Robertson. Washbourne. 6s.

This is a short play in three acts. The plot is simple and develops smoothly enough. It should be easy to act. Any difficulty that arises will probably be due to the uneven style of the language, which sometimes aims at considerable elevation, and at other times is very commonplace.

The Idea of Development. By Rev. F. M. Northcote. Washbourne. Price 2s.

Fr. Northcote's aim is to show that the Schoolmen understood and adopted the idea of development in its application to living forms, to the whole economy of the universe, and to Dogma. We commend his essay not merely to all who are interested in the questions of which he treats, but also to those who believe that the progress of thought has rendered Scholasticism obsolete.

His treatment of the subject is not wholly satisfactory. Instead of tersely surveying the attitude of the Schoolmen towards Evolution in its various applications, he is content to quote, with brief comments, a few Scholastic principles and some *quædam* short passages from the greatest Schoolmen. We feel, in fact, that he has not given us all the evidence on which he has formed his conclusions. The result is that the confidence with which he states them scarcely seems to be justified by his premises. This might have been avoided in one of two ways,—either by writing an exhaustive treatise instead of an essay, or by preface his summing up with a "perhaps," and substituting "appears to be" for "is."

We note a more serious blemish. The subject matter of the essay, and status of the writer,—to mention nothing else—demand that differences of opinion should not afford ground for abuse. But Fr. Northcote is most discourteous to those who do not share his views, and expresses his sentiments towards them in language that is reprehensible. Mr. Chatterton Hill, for example, is said to be "either a buffoon or a booby" (p. 91). Fr. Northcote will be an unprofitable controversialist until he realises that he does nothing but harm by belittling the intellectual attainments of his opponents and questioning the purity of their motives.

St. Clare of Assisi. By Very Rev. Léopold de Chéranet, O.S.F.C. Sole authorized Translation by R. F. O'Connor. London: R & T. Washbourne, 1910.

At a time when personal religion is so much neglected, as it is at present, when philanthropic movements—excellent as they often are—constitute the whole religion of so many of our countrymen, there is surely a serious danger that even among Catholics the value of a life devoted to contemplation and prayer may be forgotten. How often one hears the remark, "Give me the active orders." It is only a varied form of Martha's complaint, "Lord, hast Thou not care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? Speak to her, therefore, that she help me."

We welcomed this life of St. Clare, and read it with eagerness, expecting to find in it an able defence of Mary, who "hath chosen the better part," for surely the facts of St. Clare's life simply told, "with truth for their only embellishment," to use the author's own words, should give positive proof of the value both to the Church and to Society of the life of a contemplative. We hope sincerely that the present work may achieve this good end, but for ourselves we must confess to serious disappointment. One reads pages embellished with superlatives and notes of exclamation, and wonders why the author cannot be content to state facts, and let them speak for themselves. Thus, after many passages such as the following, it is a relief to come now and again upon a page from the *Florentia*.

"We now possess the original of the Bull containing the Rule of the Poor Clares. It was discovered in Assisi in 1893, hidden in the folds of St. Clare's habit, and marked with the Pontifical seal, which guarantees its authenticity. Happy discovery! This parchment, concealed from all eyes for more than six centuries, and respected by the worms, is it not in fact a real reliquary, in which the Unshaken reformer, and Pope Innocent IV have in turn deposited golden syllables—syllables of saving efficacy? Let us open it out, then, with religious respect, and ask from it an echo of the heroic times of the Order." (p. 110.)

Again, we are far from desiring to underestimate the great work accomplished by the Franciscan Order in all its branches. Yet any reader of this work who was ignorant of Church History would certainly gather the impression that the sole regenerative force in Italy in the early 13th century was the Franciscan Order; he would be much bewildered if any one told him of the great work wrought by St. Dominic and his followers, to which we have searched in vain for even a passing reference.

As regards the translation. One of the Press notices of Mr. O'Connor's translation of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, by the

same author, began thus:—"Mr. O'Connor's excellent translation is a perfect piece of work." If that be so we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. O'Connor has done himself scant justice in the present work. Passages are numerous which one has to read over several times before their meaning becomes clear. To give but one example—on page 6 we read of St. Clare's father:—"He belonged to that knightly race, so brilliant at the epoch of the Crusades, who regarded the military profession as a sacred institution and the grandest appanage of the nobility, and appeared to esteem only military glory; and one may conclude that, with her two younger brothers, Paul and Monaldo, *he* made great progress through Umbria." Puzzle—what is *he*? On page 237, the fourteenth of the kalends of November is explained, in a foot-note, as September 26. Surely this is impossible, on any style ancient or modern.

Despite these blemishes there is much that is edifying in the book.

The Disaster in Calabria and Sicily—Dec. 28th, 1908. 2s. net. R. & T. Washburne.

The terrible earthquakes that afflicted Calabria and Sicily at the end of 1908 have almost passed away from the memory of most, and this pamphlet is a useful reminder of the great work done by the Holy Father and his energetic agents in coping with the awful distress that resulted. It is clear from the tone of the writing that it is a justification of the Church against the insinuations of the anti-clericals. It certainly shows how earnest and how successful the Pope and his staff have been in relieving distress: freed as they were from "the delays required by the red-tape of officialdom." The expenditure of the large sum of 6,849,098 Lira (£ 274,000s) is fully explained, and all who put their contributions for the sufferers into the hands of Pius X have the satisfaction of knowing that the money was applied without being reduced by heavy administrative charges.

The translation of the pamphlet (which by the way is decidedly expensive at 2s. net.) is well done; a little more attention to punctuation, and to grammatical rules in a few cases (*e.g.*, p. 38 and p. 45) and we would have called it excellent.

The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More. Vol. I. Washburne, Ltd. Price 5s.

This first volume is the *Inner Life of Dame Gertrude More*; we are looking forward with much pleasure to the reading of the second volume—*Her Writings*. Dom Benedict Weld-Blindell is to be heartily congratulated upon this revised edition of the work before us. In spite of all the glitter, progress, and worldly gaiety of modern

times, the number of souls who have an inner propensity towards God, is by no means few. Fr. Baker, who is the author of this Work, would maintain that all who enter upon the religious life, and very many who do not, are called to make union with God, according to their degree, the only object of their life. Fr. Baker wrote this history of the spiritual development of Dame Gertrude's soul with a view to helping other souls along a higher course, or at least to set them upon the right way.

Dame Gertrude was lineally descended from Sir Thomas More, and her life and character contained something of that bright and noble goodness for which we so much admire the illustrious martyr. She was, too, so very like many an ordinary Christian—with inclinations and disinclinations similar to those of our own selves. She found it a very hard thing to give herself up entirely to God. Her vocation was a call from God which in the beginning was most difficult for her to follow. She experienced little else than the *luta et aspera* of the religious life. She could not discover any method of prayer, any way of conversing with God that was congenial to her soul. She felt, and was often tempted to believe that it would be easier to serve God at home and in the world; nevertheless, through all her trials she seemed to know that God was really calling her. Her mental sufferings, her scrupulosity, her natural fear of what might ultimately become of her soul, together with the absence of sensible devotion, preyed warily upon her mind and took all the heart out of her endeavours to follow the call that God was giving her.

Her relief came when, some months after her profession, she at last discovered a method of prayer, or converse with God, most congenial to her soul, refreshing her wearied mind and giving buoyancy to her daily duties and recreations.

We are somewhat fearful of endeavouring to explain this method of intercourse with God, which raised Dame Gertrude More to so high a degree of sanctity, of light and consolation. It is a spiritual thing, a working between God and the soul, so intimate that words of explanation may easily be misunderstood. It contains a liberty of spirit that may be misinterpreted as licence. It has in it a type of devotion to God, whilst full of generosity towards Him, may be thought to indicate that the soul was foolishly acting according to human inclinations, following its wishes only because they were its own, and at the same time pretending that it was called thereto by God.

Fr. Baker maintains that God is the immediate or proximate spiritual director of the soul, at least of the many souls who have what he calls an inner propensity towards God. The duty of a confessor or priestly director is to teach the soul how to discover or

know the voice of God speaking to her. God speaks to the soul both externally and internally. Externally He speaks by the various external obligations and commands of superiors, and the rules and regulations of the religious order and congregation of which the soul is a member. These are clear instructions from God and are to be followed generously and for the love of God, without scrupulosity. An example which suggests itself to the mind, we forget if it was used by Fr. Baker, is that of a steed well cared for, yet disciplined in goodly fashion and never overworked. Fr. Baker would advise quietly sustained effort, not forced or strained.

It is with regard to indifferent matters that the soul has to follow God's call speaking internally to her. The words Fr. Baker frequently makes use of are: that the soul must learn to observe the interior divine impulse. God's impulse is to make us overcome self-love by drowning self in the love of God. This cannot be done suddenly except by an extraordinary gift of God; it must however be the one occupation of life. It is in indifferent matters that we are to observe and follow the divine impulse which will always lead us by the most healthful way for our souls.

Dame Gertrude had a kind of *dispositio* for all sensible images and the workings of the imagination. These hampered her, they wearied her mind and gave her but little knowledge of God. Her way was a way of affection. She learned to combine happy liberty of spirit with continual determined purpose. She knew that God was the object of her life, but she was a weak vessel and must get to Him as she could and not as she would. And it was thus that her companions were led from time to time to suppose that she was distracted, a little dissipated, perhaps, and worldly, when, in fact, had they been able to read the innermost tendency of her heart and soul, they would have discovered that all her purpose was fixed upon God.

Dame Gertrude died at the age of twenty-seven, and during the last few years of her life this world's trials and sufferings were lost in the love and consolation which were the result of her close union with God.

We have only endeavoured to suggest something of the spirit of the inner life of this devout soul, in the hope that many of our readers will be led to make use of this most enlightening treatise upon the spiritual life.

Practical Hints on Education. By Elsie Forey. 2s. 6d. R. & T. Washburn.

This is an unpretentious volume written with much sincerity on the education, in the widest sense of the word, of the young. The book contains much sound and practical advice written in a style that perhaps rather obviously lacks distinction. We could wish that

the remarks in this book were altogether superfluous—were redundant truisms. We are afraid they are not. We doubt whether any profession numbers in its ranks so many "inefficients," as are to be found in the teaching profession. Though things are undoubtedly improving we are afraid there are still many in this country who seek out a precarious existence in making havoc of the intellectual lives of the young. On the moral side of education we would recommend to the consideration of the intending teacher the Socratic maxim—"Know Thyself," as being, of imperative importance in his work. And secondly, we would ask him to remember that those under his care are human beings, many of them in all probability distinctly superior to himself. Those who are unfamiliar with the suggestions in this book should not teach—because they cannot.

Classical Series. Agricola; Julius Caesar; Metellus and Marius. General Editor, W. L. Faint, M.A. 2s. 6d. per vol. J. Murray.

Editors of school books have for some years been tumbling over one another in producing volumes intended to save the learner trouble. Now they are trying to save the classical master trouble—a much more iniquitous proceeding. The market is flooded with editions of "snippets" of which this series is the latest example. There is no royal road to Latin. A boy of average intelligence, if he is taught in the right way on the basis of his English Grammar, will learn sufficiently quickly from a master who knows his work and knows his boys. Still as "snippets" go, this is one of the best conglomerations of them we know, and at the worst provides a number of easy Latin Unseens which those preparing for the Oxford Locals, for example, should find useful.

Moments of the English Martyrs and Confessors. By Henry Sebastian Bourdon. *Martyr: Burns & Oates Price 1/- net.*

In his preface to this book, Fr. Bowden puts forth the claim the lives and writings of our forefathers in the Faith, have upon English Catholics. He has collected much information concerning these Martyrs and Confessors, and apportioned to each day of the year some detail selected from their own writings or sayings, or, and this more often, he has given a brief sketch of their final sufferings.

We can very heartily recommend this little book, not only in that it familiarises us with the lives of those already venerated on our altars, but also it introduces us to many whose names are unfamiliar yet who suffered persecution and death in defence of the Faith.

The arrangement of the book is somewhat similar to the Author's *Miniature Lives of the Saints* but the application of the lesson of the

day is left to the mind of the reader. Perhaps the separation of facts relating to the same person is at first a little confusing, but a very complete index is appended so that reference to any subject may be found without difficulty.

Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June. By Charles Eastley. London: Washbourne. Price 2s.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is one of the most efficacious means of sanctification with which God has endowed the Church in these latter days. This book is another aid to this devotion. It consists of thirty meditations on numerous texts which provide complete matter for thought. The subjects are all connected with the Sacred Heart, its infinite virtues, its consolations, and the Sacred Heart in connection with Holy Communion.

Converts to Rome. Edited and compiled by W. Gordon Gorman. New and enlarged Edition. Sands. 3/6 net.

This is, as the sub-title declares, "a biographical list of the more notable converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the last sixty years." In its original form the book contained only a list of names. Biographical notes and statistics of various kinds have now been added.

College Diary and Notes.

April 12th. Summer Term commences. The Captain of the School, T. A. Dunbar, appointed the following School Officials for the Term:—

Secretary	W. V. Clapham
Gaumenen	W. Cruise Gosdall, A. Kelly
Secretaries of the Billiard Club	C. Ainscough, G. W. Lindsay
Librarian of the Upper Library	G. S. Barnett
Librarians of the Lower Library	E. Williams, J. Walker
Librarians of the Reading Room	R. Power, P. Killea
Captain of the Cricket XI	F. J. Nesson
Cricket Committee	C. Ainscough,
				{ T. A. Dunbar, G. W. Lindsay

Captains of the Cricket Sets:—

1st Set	—T. A. Dunbar, A. Clapham
2nd Set	—L. Williams, B. Bunge
3rd Set	—E. Marsh, C. Sharp
4th Set	—J. Clarke, E. Martin
5th Set	—R. J. Candlish, F. Doherty
6th Set	—Hon. C. Barneswall, G. Emery

April 17th. A meeting of the school was held in the Upper Library. The Captain of the school, T. A. Dunbar, thanked the school for his election, and asked for the loyal support of every boy for himself and the school officials, whose work, during the Summer Term especially, was arduous and trying. He hoped the Cricket Eleven would begin practice at once, as there were few tried members of last year's team available. He was very glad to announce that the required annual sum of £10 for the Social Work Fund had already been subscribed in the two past terms. He proposed that the surplus should be set aside to form a fund which would enable the school in a few years to do something really handsome for Mr. Potter. He also welcomed Fr. Paul Nevill back to the Chair after his absence last term through illness.

April 23rd. St. George's. The Half-Day was postponed on account of the weather.

May 1st. Many congratulations to Fr. Celestine Shepperd, Fr. Leo Hayes and Fr. Bruno Dawson, on their elevation to the priesthood. Br. Herbert Byrne and Br. Antony Barnett received the Diaconate and Br. Gerard Blackmore the Sub-Diaconate.

Congratulations to the following who received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Lordship the Bishop of Middlesborough, the Right Rev. Dr. Lacy:—M. Ainscough, Hon. R. Barnswell, F. Morrough Bernard, J. Morrough Bernard, J. Barton, O. Collison, W. F. Dobson, J. Dobson, F. Doherty, A. Darby, D. Fawcett, E. Leach, C. Lancaster, A. T. Long, D. Long, S. Lancaster, C. Lowther, H. MacMahon, H. Martin, A. Macdonald, R. Power, W. Smith and E. Williams.

May 2nd. Several of the Choir and some "Pontifical Servers" went to Picketing, where His Lordship Bishop Lacy laid the foundation stone of Fr. Bryan's new Church. Fr. Abbot gave an address to a large audience in the evening.

May 5th. Feast of the Ascension. The continued rain put the cricket match against St. John's College quite out of the question. Some ardent spirits in quest of exercise played Hockey. The Natural History Society spent the day in dripping woods and sodden fields in the hope of adding to their various collections. If the present wet weather continues, will they consider the advisability of turning themselves into an aquatic society?

May 7th. We received the sad news of the death of King Edward VII.

May 14th. The First Eleven of the Ampleforth Old Boys' Cricket Club arrived from London to be our guests for Whitsuntide.

May 15th. Whit Sunday. After High Mass the annual cricket match with the Old Boys commenced. We lost the toss, but were sent in to bat on a wicket that it was thought would help the bowlers. The visiting Captain's venture in putting us in, was at first rewarded with much success, for we lost three wickets in the first two overs to Mr. R. Calder Smith's fast balls. Afterwards Neeson and Lindsay

made a good stand and at the luncheon interval the score stood at 43 for three wickets. On resuming, the wicket was a little drier, and the scoring faster. Neeson was out for a valuable 32, and Lindsay left shortly afterwards for 37, made by steady and resourceful batting. None of the other batsmen could do much with the bowling of Mr. Calder Smith, and the innings closed for 118. The "Old Boys" rather collapsed on a difficult wicket, and there were seven wickets down for 40 runs. The "tail" waggled a little, however, and quite a stand was made for the last wicket.

<i>Ampleforth College.</i>		<i>Ampleforth Old Boys.</i>	
C. Ainscough, b. R. Calder Smith	4	G. McDermott, b. G. Richardson	1
F. J. Welch, b. R. Calder Smith	0	A. Papps, c. and b. P. Neeson	1
A. F. Kelly, b. R. Calder Smith	0	R. Calder Smith, st. Kelly, b.	0
P. J. Neeson, b. R. Calder Smith	32	P. Neeson	1
G. W. Lindsay, c. Kerrin, b.	37	C. S. Kerrin, st. Kelly, b. P. Neeson	7
R. Calder Smith	0	G. C. Chaswell-Infant, c. Ainscough,	0
A. F. Wright, b. R. Calder Smith	0	b. P. Neeson	0
A. C. Cliphams, b. C. S. Kerrin	11	W. Hanson, b. G. Richardson	1
C. James, b. C. S. Kerrin	8	H. Pike, b. G. Richardson	8
G. Richardson, b. R. Calder Smith	8	A. J. Hanson, not out	15
P. Pegueso c. R. Calder Smith,	0	F. L. Hayes, b. P. Neeson	11
b. Kerrin	0	R. Calder Smith, c. Kelly, b.	0
B. Burge, not out	9	F. Neeson	6
		G. Buzzett, c. James, b. Ainscough	18
Extras	9	Extras	8
Total	118	Total	74

May 16th. Whit Monday. Rain as usual. The Cricket Eleven were at home to Mr. Forster's Eleven. We won the toss and went in to bat on a pitch that was almost muddy. We made a disastrous start and 7 wickets were down for 23. A. F. Wright then came to the rescue, and realizing that defensive play was useless, took his courage in both hands and commenced to hit in an exhilarating yet orthodox fashion. His timing of the leg balls and his driving on the "off" were quite well done. His innings included one hit for 6—a particularly fine drive over the pavilion. Mr. Forster's team made even a lower score than the School, and we won the match by 25 runs. Neeson and Richardson bowled well considering the state of the wicket.

Ampleforth College.		Mr. Forster's Eleven.	
C. Ainscough, b. Mayfield	0	L. M. Young, c. Lindsay, b.	0
F. Welch, c. and b. W. Barton	0	Richardson	20
A. Kelly, c. Rawstorn, b. W. Barton	9	J. Tall, b. Richardson	9
P. Neeson, bow, b. W. Barton	0	C. Wilkinson, b. F. Neeson	4
G. Lindsay, c. W. Barton, b.	54	A. Marr, c. and b. Richardson	0
Mayfield	4	W. Phillips, b. P. Neeson	6
B. Berge, c. Marr, b. W. Barton	4	W. Rawstorn, not out	8
A. Clapham, c. Young, b. W. Barton	0	W. Barton, c. Berge, b. P. Neeson	1
F. Wright, not out	54	D. Barton, b. F. Neeson	0
C. James, c. Barton, b. Wilkinson	12	A. Mayfield, b. P. Neeson	8
G. Richardson, c. and b. Wilkinson	0	J. Sissons, b. F. Wright	2
P. Peguero, b. W. Barton	0	E. C. Forster, c. Kelly, b. P. Neeson	1
Extras	7	Extras	4
Total	88	Total	63

May 20th. A service was held in the church at one o'clock, the time of the interment of the body of the late King Edward VII. R.I.P. There were no games.

May 21st. The Match v. Bootham School was scratched owing to the weather. The state of the cricket ground suggests that the Swimming Bath is almost an anachronism.

May 22nd. Many left the dormitories and their rooms about 10 p.m. to view the comet. Those who thought they saw it were probably gazing on Jupiter. Others returned to bed re-echoing the cry from *Punch*, "Halley's, where art thou?"

May 26th. Corpus Christi. Congratulations to the First Communicants. A beautiful morning enabled us to have the Annual Procession of the Blessed Sacrament out in the grounds.

The Cricket Eleven met with a severe defeat at the hands of Pocklington School. We did well in getting Pocklington out for 14 on a batting wicket. A. C. Clapham and G. S. Barnett made a good stand for our last wicket and our score was nearly respectable. Of the rest it is better not to speak. All School Elevens seem liable to an unaccountable collapse at times.

Pocklington School.		Ampleforth College.	
F. Barrill, bow, b. Neeson	5	F. J. Welch, c. Helsden, b. Wardroper	2
R. Moore, c. Kelly, b.	14	A. F. Kelly, b. Wardroper	4
G. Richardson	61	I. J. Neeson, b. Williams	4
G. Wardroper, run out	61	I. J. Neeson, b. Williams	4
A. Williams, bow, b. A. Wright	6	I. McDonald, b. Williams	0

L. Helsden, c. Kelly, b. Ainscough	0	G. W. Lindsay, b. Williams	1
J. Helme, b. Ainscough	0	C. Ainscough, b. Wardroper	3
C. Turnbull, b. Wright	0	A. F. Wright, b. Wardroper	16
E. Fisher, c. I. McDonald, b.	0	C. James, b. Wardroper	1
Neeson	8	A. C. Clapham, not out	29
K. Bond, c. Clapham b. Wright	8	G. Richardson, b. Wardroper	0
N. Wood, not out	2	G. S. Barnett, b. Wardroper	20
E. Williams, b. Richardson	0	Extras	11
Extras	10	Extras	11
Total	114	Total	91

June 1st. Goremire Day. It was, unexpectedly, fine this morning, and by half-past nine everyone was *en route* for the famous Hambleton cliffs. At Goremire there was the usual energy in exploring the pseudo-caves there—really mere fissures in the rocks—followed by bathing in the lake and the picnic on the slopes of the hill that terminates in the Devil's Leap and faces Robin Hood's Look-Out. After tea we walked back in drenching rain.

The Cricket Eleven drove to Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle. We lost the toss, but thanks mainly to some good bowling by A. F. Wright, who took 6 wickets for 34 runs, dismissed our opponents for a moderate score. On going in to bat the College Eleven fared badly, half the side being out for 13 runs. Ainscough then made a great effort to save the game, but could get no one to stay with him, though A. C. Clapham and G. Richardson, the last two men, helped him to add considerably to a poor score.

Castle Howard.		Ampleforth College.	
G. Culvert, b. Rev. I. Williams	25	P. J. Neeson, b. Smith	1
H. Helm, c. Lindsay, b. Wright	13	C. James, c. Smith, b. Byass	1
Mr. J. Byass, c. Rev. I. Williams, b. Wright	23	Rev. I. Williams, r. Walker, b. Smith	2
Mr. W. A. Jackson, c. Rev. Barton, b. Wright	13	Rev. J. F. Dolan, b. Smith	2
A. Goodwill, b. Wright	12	G. W. Lindsay, c. Byass, b. Smith	1
Mr. H. Smith, c. Rev. Williams, b. Wright	4	C. Ainscough, not out	49
Mr. H. Huggan, c. Rev. Williams, b. Neeson	14	Rev. I. Barton, b. Byass	4
B. Rodwell, b. Wright	0	A. F. M. Wright, bow, b. Smith	4
T. Smith, b. Rev. F. Dolan	2	A. P. Kelly, c. Thompson, b. Helme	0
T. Thompson, not out	5	A. Clapham, not out	14
G. Walker, c. Clapham, b. Rev. Williams	4	B. Rodwell, b. Wright	0
Extras	4	G. Richardson, hit wicket, b. Byass	9
Total	127	Total	96

June 16th. Mr. W. Swarbrick brought the Thirk Cricket Eleven on their thirtieth annual visit. As is almost invariably the case in this match, the game was a particularly good one and provided its usual close finish. We lost the toss again and on a perfect wicket Thirk put together the quite good score of 211. We had two and a half hours in which to make the runs and began well. Fr. Placid and G. W. Lindsay, and afterwards Lindsay and Wright, scored freely by means of sound and interesting cricket. When the last man Richardson went in to bat we were only twelve runs behind, and as Wright was still in, there seemed a good chance of our snatching a victory. But a few minutes before time Wray, who is perhaps the most formidable bowler we have met this year, beat Wright with a fast one, and we were defeated by seven runs.

Mr. Swarbrick's XI.

A. Wray, c. and b. Richardson	61
B. Foggin, w. Kelly, b.	36
W. Redden, b. Richardson	20
N. Hansel, b. Rev. B. Hayes	10
E. B. Peat, run out	7
F. R. Hansel, b. Richardson	9
R. Bolton, c. Chapman, b. Richardson	74
W. Swarbrick, b. A. Wright	0
Z. Wright, run out	8
H. A. Tisdale, b. Rev. I. Williams	0
N. Hyam, not out	13
Extras	13
Total	211

June 19th. Major Mark Sykes motored over and gave us a lecture on "Military Tactics." His lecture was necessarily general, for, as Major Sykes said, particular tactics would vary with every hundred yards of the country. His lecture was concerned chiefly with the various methods of attack and defence, trench digging and night operations. He held the attention of the School throughout, it is needless to say, and, on inviting questions, was almost overwhelmed. The enthusiasts of the School for *res militares* would have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Haldane, and we are sure the Corps will benefit. Many thanks to the lecturer.

June 23rd. Cricket match v. Mr Hines' Eleven. We commenced the game, destined to be much interrupted by rain, at two o'clock

and stumps were drawn at a quarter-past seven. We won the toss and commenced badly, losing three wickets for fifteen runs. Lindsay and Br. Idephosus then made a good stand. The latter was out, caught and bowled for a faultless thirty, but Lindsay stayed till almost the end. His innings of 62 was a particularly fine one even for the accomplished bat that Lindsay is. His cutting past point was excellent, and it was by this stroke he made most of his runs, but his placing on the "on" side was also good. Our opponents took their innings between the showers, and were obviously handicapped by the frequent stoppages for shelter, but of course the bowlers had the worst of the wet weather. The result was a fairly even draw.

Ampleforth College.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Stonehouse, b.	0
O. Frank	15
C. Ainscough, b. O. Frank	8
Rev. B. Hayes, c. Common, b.	2
T. Spain	2
G. Lindsay, c. Spain, b.	62
Thibson	30
Rev. I. Barnes, c. and b. Brooks	9
A. Wright, run out	9
Rev. I. Williams, bow., b.	9
T. Spain	1
A. Kelly, c. Sall., b. Thibson	10
A. Chapman, b. T. Spain	1
G. Barnett, not out	10
G. Richardson, c. Common, b.	1
T. Spain	11
Extras	14
Total	160

Mr. Hines' XI.

A. Brooks, b. Rev. I. Williams	47
J. Common, c. Rev. I. Williams, b. Richardson	17
R. Thibson, c. Kelly, b.	23
Rev. I. Williams	26
O. Frank, b. Rev. I. Williams	2
C. W. Hines, b. Rev. I. Williams	2
T. Spain, b. Rev. I. Williams	0
F. M. Stonehouse, not out	7
P. Thibson, not out	7
H. W. Gaudle	5
R. Cowan	1
R. Clarkson	1
Extras	2
Total	124

June 24th. The Choir spent a strenuous day at the Fosse, fishing and bathing, and the Natural Historians among them "collecting."

June 25th. Cricket Match at York against the Yorkshire Gentlemen. We lost the toss and had to take second innings, always a considerable handicap in this match. Our opponents lost their first wicket with the score at 20 through a smart piece of stumping by Kelly, whose wicket keeping all through the season has been of a very high order. We had then to wait a long time before our bowlers met with any further success, Mr. Longman and Mr. Symonds playing our bowling with vigour and ease. Eventually we disposed

of the Yorkshire Gentlemen for the formidable total of 259. We made 160, Fr. Benedict's innings of 61, made without a chance or mis-hit alone saving our batting from consistent mediocrity.

Yorkshire Gentlemen.

C. E. Anson, et. Kelly, b. Rev. I. Williams	14
H. K. Longman, c. Wright, b. Rev. I. Williams	51
T. Symonds, b. Rev. I. Williams	74
D. H. Joy, c. Rev. B. Hayes, b. A. Wright	6
J. M. Dawson, b. A. Wright	26
Capt. Bastow, b. Rev. J. P. Dolan	47
K. Hunter, not out	10
C. A. Cunningham, c. Clapham, b. Richardson	13
A. T. Furness, c. and b. A. Wright	4
E. Lane Fox, absent	0
W. Cartiz, b. Rev. J. P. Dolan	9
Extras	12
Total	259

Ampleforth College.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Longman, b. Joy	39
C. Ainscough, b. Joy	14
Rev. B. Hayes, c. Forman, b. Symonds	61
G. Lindsay, c. Longman, b. Joy	14
Rev. B. Dawson, bow., b. Joy	14
A. Wright, b. Joy	0
Rev. I. Williams, et. Anson, b. Joy	12
A. Kelly, b. Cunningham	0
A. Clapham, c. Forman, b. Symonds	16
G. Richardson, b. Symonds	0
G. Bennett, not out	11
Extras	4
Total	167

June 26th. Lieutenant Oswald Williams, who has been staying with us for the last few days, gave us a similar Lecture to the one we had from Major Mark Sykes a few days ago. He dealt with the individual rather than the corps, and his remarks on rifle drill and shooting—on which subject he is a recognized authority—were very valuable and practically useful. Many thanks.

June 29th. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. After High Mass the Natural History Society went out for another field day. At home the Cricket Eleven played Duncombe Park. We batted first and quickly lost two wickets for 14 runs. Lindsay and Br. Ildephonus played well, the latter scoring very freely. He was unlucky to miss his 50 by a single. Wright and Br. Illyd helped Lindsay to put on more runs, and we declared the innings closed for the toss of 4 wickets. Lindsay's 52 not out was again quite a good innings, and his "off" play in these days of "pulling" and "hooking" was a welcome and refreshing relief. There was no chance of finishing the match, and our opponents' score must not be taken too seriously.

Ampleforth College.

C. Ainscough, b. C. Aydon	4
Rev. A. R. Hayes, b. W. Hoggar	8
G. Lindsay, not out	52
Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Stephens	49
A. F. Wright, b. J. Frank	11
Rev. I. Williams, not out	25
Rev. B. Dawson	1
A. Clapham	1
G. Burnett	1
A. Kelly	1
G. Richardson	1
Extras	11
Total (for 4 wickets)	163

Duncombe Park.

W. Houston, b. Rev. I. Williams	57
L. Frank, b. Rev. B. Hayes	25
H. W. Stephens, not out	14
W. Frank, not out	1
O. Frank	1
R. Frank	1
J. Frank	1
W. Hoggar	1
C. Aydon	1
D. Blair	1
C. Wilson	1
Extras	5
Total (for 2 wickets)	125

July 5th. Return match at Castle Howard. We batted first and made a good score considering the state of the wicket. Welch played a fine innings of 56. He should have been caught when he had made 10, but he gave no other chance and batted in quite good style. Br. Illyd hit hard for his 54 and enabled us to close our innings. We had just time to get Castle Howard out, their last wicket falling a few moments before the time fixed for the drawing of stumps. Kelly's wicket keeping was again excellent.

Ampleforth College.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Hall	10
C. Ainscough, c. and b. Thompson	18
G. Lindsay, c. Rodwell, b. Thompson	6
F. Welch, c. and b. Miles	50
Rev. I. Barton, c. Calvert, b. Thompson	0
A. Wright, c. Ansell, b. Thompson	18
Rev. I. Williams, b. Anthony	54
Rev. B. Dawson, not out	30
A. Kelly, not out	12
G. Richardson	1
D. Bennett	1
Extras	10
Total (for 7 wickets)	214

Castle Howard.

T. Anthony, et. Kelly, b. Rev. I. Williams	12
G. S. Pavier, c. Richardson, b. Rev. I. Williams	24
W. J. Meyer, c. Ainscough, b. Rev. I. Barton	18
Rev. I. Barton	17
A. Miles, b. Rev. I. Barton	12
E. L. Dorr, c. Kelly, b. Rev. I. Williams	2
A. A. Hall, c. Bennett, b. Rev. I. Williams	0
Calvert, b. Rev. I. Barton	19
N. H. Smith, not out	20
S. Bickers, bow., b. Rev. I. Barton	6
T. Thomas, et. Kelly, b. Rev. I. Barton	0
B. Rodwell, b. Rev. I. Barton	1
Extras	13
Total	132

July 6th. The "School Officials" had the option of a half-day but the imminence of the Certificates made inroads upon it.

July 14th. Some of the upper Library spent the afternoon boating on the Derwent.

July 17th. The School v. Mr. G. C. Chamberlain's Eleven. Another defeat. The School made 206 and were beaten by fifty runs.

July 27th. The "Certificate" Examinations ended this morning. In the afternoon there was a concert in the New Theatre. Fr. Abbot presided and distributed the prizes.



The following boys have recently joined the School:—J. A. Caldwell, Viscount Encombe, the Hon. M. S. Scott, G. E. Farrell, A. and H. Haynes, and A. Milburne.



We wish to thank Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. A. Penney, and Mr. T. Dunbar for presenting the "Average" Bats to the School.



The Curator of the Museum acknowledges with thanks a collection of Reptiles and Insects from the Straits Settlements.



Our congratulations to the following "Old Boys"—

JAMES ST. JOHN PLATFORD RABY, on his marriage to Mlle. Berthe Loubère de Longpré, on the 9th of August at the Church of Saint Augustine, Paris. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Montauban.

EDWARD JOSEPH MURPHY, on his marriage to Miss Mary Ethel Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, on the 8th of June at the Church of Saint Stephen, New Brunswick.

BERNARD ROCHEFORD, Exeter College, Oxford, on his obtaining a Second Class in the Final Honours School of Modern History.

DECLAN POWER on his success in the Medical School, Trinity College, Dublin.

JOHN MURPHY on his success in the London Matriculation.

EDWARD CREAM on his selection as a member of the British Rugby Union Team touring in South Africa during the summer.

Natural History.

THE Natural History Society has again shown signs of vigorous life. The general meetings have been held on alternate Sundays throughout the term, and have been well attended; the number of members present never having fallen below thirty. Of the papers read, the best, perhaps, were those of G. Lindsay on "Woodland Animals," D. McDonald on "Spiders," and C. Simpson on "Ants." The sectional meetings which were started last year, have been continued. Br. Antony gave a course of lectures on "Animal Life" in the Chemistry room, and the Collectors' section has held its fortnightly meetings in the Physics room, a portion of which seems to have been permanently taken over by the naturalists. Caterpillars of various kinds have carried out their metamorphoses there with moderate success if not with the greatest possible amount of comfort, while a nest of red ants which have been established there for several months have given further evidence of their remarkable intelligence and adaptability by taking kindly to their ungenial surroundings. The interest in natural history has received much encouragement by several whole-day excursions to Sleightholme Dale, Beckdale and the Fosse, together with several shorter visits to places of interest in the neighbourhood. A geological section has now been established under the direction of Br. Sebastian. Serious work has already been begun, and we hope, at no distant date, to be able to record some of the results of the labours of its members.

Notes.

THE Venerable Chapter of Newport Diocese, which was first constituted in September, 1860, is keeping jubilee this month, as may be gathered amongst other things from the address of its late Cathedral Prior published in our present number. The occasion suggests some reflections. A good many people, not laity only, fail to appreciate the peculiar position of the Belmont Canons, who form the only Cathedral Chapter now existing in the Church which is Benedictine or Regular. An institution that is not easily understood seldom attracts sympathy. Anomalies are not welcome to persons of little imagination, who dislike exceptions to ordinary rules; and unusual privileges are difficult to defend, or even to explain, where the historic sense is not developed. Again, titular honours, however meekly borne, are generally unacceptable in democratic communities. There was a time when people disliked to see old established institutions partially overshadowed by a new foundation that possessed a stately church, and severe but suitable buildings in marked contrast to the humble chapels and makeshift fabrics of the former. Before the older houses were turned into abbeys precedence was accorded to Belmont Cathedral as a matter of course; even now some people wonder whether Cathedrals do really rank below abbeys in the general hierarchy of the Church!

+ + +

Looking over the names of those who have worn the Canon's almuce during the past half century one or two points call for remark. Though all canopies are of their own nature perpetual, yet, like other honours up to the Papacy, they may be freely renounced; and the Newport Canons are accustomed to promise at their installation to resign their dignity into the hands of the Bishop when called upon to do so by the President. The provision was wisely inserted in the Statutes of Newport in order to safeguard religious obedience to Superiors who might wish to remove Canons to other spheres of

labour. This leads inevitably to more frequent vacating of the stalls than is usual in normal Chapters; and the idea has grown up in some quarters, that the Canons of Newport are perpetually changing, and that there is little stability about the Capitular body, with some consequent loss of usefulness or prestige. Resignation is certainly one of the canonical virtues at Belmont—it might profitably be emulated elsewhere! and a fair number of ex-canons are about the country providing occasion for antiquated jests, some of whom flitted across the stage with almost ludicrous rapidity, whilst others have spent six or eight years or so in harness. The lower stalls need to be filled by men who, after some years of professorial or official duties in the community, pass on to other work. Yet the popular notion of the Chapter's changeableness is greatly exaggerated; and conspicuous examples of stability prove the contrary. The average tenure of secular canopies is nowhere recorded, but cannot be lengthy, as they are generally conferred on clergymen of mature if not advanced age, in recognition of prolonged service in the diocese. Canopies held for a dozen years or so are not uncommon in the Newport Chapter; and it would be hard to beat the record of 40 and of 39 years lately closed there, or even of the 35 and 23 which are still running.

+ + +

It should be remembered that the resident canopies of Belmont have duties attached to them, more onerous than honourable, that necessitate the selection of younger men and explain these occasional resignations. In conferring these honours prospective usefulness is regarded rather than past services. Canons of this class are not merely honorary; they have to do something more than wear a becoming dress, meet once a month in choir for Tierce and Mass, and once a lifetime exercise the privilege of suggesting candidates for the Episcopate to the consideration of the Hierarchy and of the Holy See. Even those whose tenure was shortest were chosen as presumably qualified professors of sacred sciences or as useful officials, and at any rate they fulfilled the primary canonical duty of attending Choir, which is more than can be said for those who wear the ermine of other Chapters. Laborious Choir-duties require some measure of youth and strength; and failing health, the exigencies of studies and other legitimate reasons justify premature resignation.

The Newport Chapter has the defects of its qualities; it cannot combine incompatible excellencies; its duties have ever been greater than its emoluments; and after all there is something to be said for the idea that, when a man can no longer efficiently discharge the obligations of his position, its resignation is more honourable than its retention.

* * *

The Catalogue of Canons is instructive from another point of view, as showing the large number of more or less prominent persons who at one time or another have worn the black lamb's wool; and the figures are the more noteworthy, since, as the Newport Diocese is neither extensive nor wealthy, nor its clergy numerous, its opportunities for distinction are proportionately few. Though its two bishops have already covered a space of seventy years,—a record without parallel in England, the Chapter has given to the Church two archbishops, Mgr. Vaughan and Scarisbrick, and two bishops, Mgr. Hedley and O'Neil. Its lists include also four abbots, Gregory, Sweeney, Raynal and Smith, two cathedral-priors, Cummins and Fowler, and five conventual-priors, Cockshott and Hurworth of Ampleforth, Morrall of Downside, Vaughan and Wilson of Fort Augustus. Three of the Canons have held office as Vicars General,—Cockshott, Peter Wilson and Paulinus Wilson; one, Dr. Gillett, became Rector of University College, Sydney. Literary work of different kinds and varying merit has been produced by the following members of the Chapter:—Archbishop Vaughan, Bishop Hedley, Abbots Sweeney, Raynal and Smith, Priors Cummins, Morrall and Jerome Vaughan, Canons Mackay, Shepherd, Richards, Woods, Doyle, Dolman, Cody, Howlett and Hayes; and as prelacies and printing are not the only claims to distinction we may add Canons Richards, Wilson and Wade as church-builders and successful missionaries. Altogether it looks as though the English Benedictines had given of their best to maintain the Chapter of Newport during the past fifty years. How many other English Chapters, even of the more important dioceses, could furnish a list of noteworthy Canons longer or more distinguished?

* * *

Here are details of figures referred to above, showing some of the Canons' length of service in the Newport Chapter:—Woods 40,

Raynal 39; Dolman 35 and Colgan 23 not out; Paulinus Wilson 22, Richards and Mackay 18, Wade 17, Hurworth 16, Peter Wilson and Doyle 15, Spears 14, Hilary Wilson 13, Cockshott and Gregory 12; Bishops Hedley and O'Neil, Dr. Gillet and Canon Green 11.

* * *

The most frequent remark of the visitor, when he passes through the door and enters the New Theatre, is "Oh." We made the same observation ourselves. It is not a very original piece of criticism, nor suggestive of much thought, but it is cheap and intelligible. We are also in agreement with another remark we heard repeated more than once that "it's a luxury." We do not mean, nor did the speakers, that the hall is suggestive of banquets and high living, or of expenditure for the sake of display, or of excessive comfort, or that utility has been sacrificed to elegance. There is no hint in it of extravagance. It is quite handsome both without and within—Mr. Peeny, through whose generosity it has materialized, was, we were pleased to see, delighted with its good looks—but there is nothing about it, from its ecclesiastical-looking ventilator to the gun-metal door knobs, which will resent rough handling, or will not wear well, or is too experimental and fanciful to prove of practical use. What one notices is the sound commonsense of the design, and the high-class workmanship of the construction; there is only just so much ornamentation as will make it proper company for our graceful College buildings. We call it a luxury because of the fullness and perfection of its details and its exceptional fitness for its several purposes. It is a luxury only as a perfect razor, or a good fountain-pen, a large-type edition, or (Mark Twain's ideal) a separate pair of suspenders to each pair of pants is a luxury. It represents a great saving of useless trouble and avoidable discomfort.

* * *

What a relief it is to think that our noble study-hall will no longer need to be gainfully pulled about, and stripped of its dignity, and disguised with painted canvas, in order to masquerade for a few hours as a place of entertainment and frivolity! We admit that it has played the part well and cheerfully; but it is now grown too old for such rough usage and has earned a well-merited repose. We

shall not pretend to be sentimental over the break with the ancient traditions. We keep our memories of the past; and believe they will be all the more precious to us, because there is less danger now of their growing stale by imitation or repetition. We part without regret with the "performing curtain," and are already beginning to wonder how we could have enjoyed its ever-green joke of playfully lifting up first one leg and then lifting up the other, and then, shaking out its skirts, steadying itself for an all-together movement, and rising up seriously about a yard or two only to come down with a rush. We hand over our old motto "*Cosmar lenax grandis*" to the new generations with our compliments, and the hope that they will be encouraged, under such vastly improved conditions, to strive after higher things than we have dared to attempt. Should we not account it a luxury to be permitted to start afresh with a new, and up-to-date series of pleasing mishaps and humorous blunders, happily inevitable, as long as boys are boys, even with all the best modern advantages? It is not an exchange of old jokes for new ones. Our well-worn stories will, no doubt, be permitted to pass current even when the new coinage is in circulation. They are good metal.

We understand that some kind friends are arranging to help us in the acquisition of the necessary scenery and other stage properties.

+ + +

What shall we say of the new indoor swimming-bath? 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide—as the Channel, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve, and serve admirably. The appointments are perfect. We suppose there are people who like to take their baths ground up fine, instead of in the lump; but, to our mind, the intricate highly-polished, arrangement of brass pipes near the last door is suggestive of an instrument of torture invented by the Inquisition. It makes us old fogeys shiver to look at it, and reminds us of "the Spanish Maiden."

+ + +

Silver jubilees come so fast and frequent nowadays, that one hardly realizes they are only an annual crop. In quantity this year the harvest is hardly up to average. We have only three, Frs. Basil Clarkson, Elphege Duggan and Bede Polding, to present to our



Fisher Lake

readers for their congratulations. We warmly offer them our own. No doubt the congregations of their respective missions, will, if they have not already done so, congratulate them in a more acceptable fashion. It has grown into a custom that they should be given what sporting people call "a benefit" on the occasion. May it be a successful one! A correspondent has sent us the following cutting from a local paper, in connexion with the event at Maryport:—

On Wednesday Father Polding's people are going to celebrate his silver jubilee in the priesthood by presenting him with a purse of gold. There is to be a procession to Netherall Park, where tea will be provided for the children and for adults, and the band of the Chadwick School will give an open air concert. Father Polding has proved himself a sympathetic, earnest priest, who has done a lot of work since he came to Maryport. It is a heavy station for a single man and killed poor Father Brown. But Father Polding seems to thrive on work. Methodical, quick to grasp details, to grip essentials, with the power to concentrate on the matter under attention, he gets through an amount of work that would worry many another man into his grave. In fact if Dr. Watts were alive to-day he would probably revise his immortal lines and write:—

How doth the busy H.B.F.
Get all his duties done?
By working far into the night
And rising with the sun.

♦ ♦ ♦

Bazars also are nowadays almost of annual occurrence, but they do not come in triplets. We have to chronicle an important and successful one at Workington. It was a three days' fête, and the object, as his Lordship, the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, who performed the opening ceremony on the first day, said, was to obtain money to furnish two altars. He remarked that "a church without altars was like a picture-frame without a picture, or an egg-shell with nothing in it. They had a magnificent high altar, but they wanted side altars, and this bazaar was for that object, and he was sure they would support it well, support their good pastor in providing these for them—it was not for himself, but for them he was working—then they would have a magnificent church second to none in the

diocese." On the second day, the bazaar was opened by Abbot Smith, and on the third by Fr. Wolston Barnett. The takings on the three days, was, as Fr. Clement Standish informed the audience at the close of the bazaar, the handsome sum of £347 2s. 5d. This, of course, does not represent the total amount realized on the occasion.

♦ ♦ ♦

We have already taken notice of the great improvement made in the Hall by the "terrazzo" pavement laid down last term. Our readers will be pleased to learn that the old Refectory is in process of being beautified in the same manner. We do not mean that it is or will be "a thing of beauty," nor do we hope or suppose it will be "a joy for ever." But the work will relieve its plainness and add greatly to its usefulness and comfort. We are delighted to see the southernmost class-room restored to its pristine roominess and cheerfulness, by the removal of the old stage and its fittings. The "little library" has been re-floored with polished wood blocks and the old dado has been replaced by handsome panelling, similar to that in our new canteen. They are all solid and decorative improvements.

♦ ♦ ♦

We record with regret the death of Dr. P. A. Smith, J.P., which occurred at his residence, Dundreman, Queen Mary-avenue, Cross-hill, on Monday morning. Deceased was one of the best-known medical practitioners in Glasgow. He graduated at Glasgow University and practised for over a year in Dunbarton. Shortly afterwards he settled down in the South Side of Glasgow. Dr. Smith was the medical attendant of the late Archbishop Eyre, and his name was a household word in Catholic Glasgow. Notwithstanding the time claimed by his profession, Dr. Smith played a prominent part in the public life of the city. The deceased was fifty-four years old. His wife—a sister of his Grace Archbishop Maguire—predeceased him many years ago, and he is survived by a family of three sons and three daughters. News of his death came as a shock to the Catholics of the west of Scotland. While it was known that he had been seriously ill for some time past, few suspected that the end was so near. Sincere sympathy will be extended to his family in their bereavement. May he rest in peace.

Oxford Notes —

The summer term at Oxford, though it certainly has advantages unshared by other terms, yet for many an undergraduate is always overshadowed by a dark and threatening cloud. As the end approaches, ominous blue documents are thrust into our letter-boxes, requesting our attendance on a specified day and at a particular half-hour in the North or South Writing School, or in some other apartment of a certain group of awe-inspiring buildings that front upon "the High." The ordeal of "Finals" is upon us, and soon some hundreds of careworn, white-necked, black-coated, ragged-gowned undergraduates wend their way twice *per diem* to the Schools for a week, to lay open the stores of their knowledge (or otherwise) to the merciless scrutiny of examiners. This year, however, so far as the Ampleforth Hall is concerned, the examinations caused much less flutter in the little community at Beaumont St. than in some preceding years; for we presented only one candidate for the honour schools. Several other students underwent certain smaller ordeals, which however troublesome to the victims themselves, are not usually blazoned before the academic world. The honourman was Br. R. O'Driscoll, a member of the Institute of Charity, who has been studying at our Oxford house during the last three years, and who, on the recently published examination lists, was placed in Class III in the Honours Schools of Modern History. Another candidate in the same examination was Mr. B. Rochford, of Exeter College, to whom, as an "Old" Ampleforthian, we now tender our hearty congratulations upon his attainment of the highly creditable position of a Second Class.

Br. Sebastian Lambert, having completed his course of post-graduate study, has bidden farewell to the University, and returned to undertake work at Ampleforth.

The conferences for the Catholic lay undergraduates were given this term at the house of the Chaplain (Mgr. Kennard) by Fr. Bode Cann, O.S.B., and were apparently highly appreciated.

One of the greatest events of the term, so far as the general life of the Varsity is concerned, was the visit of Mr. Roosevelt to deliver the Romanes Lecture. Of course we all went—or rather, as many as could gain admittance to the closely packed Sheldonian Theatre (whose inadequacy is always sorely emphasized by such occasions);

and saw the distinguished ex-President—*Ulysses ille alter, viarum pariter experitus et consiliorum largitor*, as his presenter (Dr. Goady) described him—duly invested with the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Then we listened to the lecture, entitled "Biological Analogies in History," which brought before our notice the processes which operate in the growth and decay of nations. If not of extraordinary profundity, the discourse was all very interesting, and we were firmly convinced at the finish that we English and Americans are both very fine peoples.

* * *

We are always grateful to Fr. Maurus for his excellent drawings, but this time he has put himself to unusual trouble to do us service, and we feel so greatly in his debt that we cannot pay it with words. The artistic bits of mountain scenery are from sketches made by himself during the fortnight's stay of the brethren in his charge at Llanfairfechan. They make one believe there is no sketching ground to equal North Wales in all our picturesque land. They will revive pleasant recollections in the minds of many of our readers who have visited the Snowdon neighbourhood. And they will serve to the Juniors as a record of a delightful holiday. Our portrait of Cardinal Vaughan is from a painting by Mr. Walter Cox in our collection and will be welcome because it is so little known. Our other illustration is from a charming photograph of Fairfax's pond. Its effectiveness has been partly lost in the process of reproduction. But it is the best view we have seen.

* * *

We have to record the death, on 1st June last, at Rio de Janeiro, of one of our old Amplefordians, Joseph Augustine Baker Mawson.

After leaving Ampleforth and studying some time at Louvain, he went through a course of Civil Engineering at King's College, London, and thence proceeded to Brazil, where he was engaged for several years on survey and construction of railways. In 1899 he became Principal Resident Engineer of the Central Bahia Railway, and in 1902 received the appointment of Superintendent and Engineer of the Espirito Santo and Caravellas Railway. In 1909, whilst engaged in superintending the reconstruction of a section of

the Leopoldina Railway in Espirito Santo, he was seized with the illness to which, later, he succumbed.

He died at the age of forty, after receiving the consolations of Holy Religion, leaving a widow and four children. He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mawson of Hampstead, and was a collateral descendant on his mother's side of the Venerable Father Baker, O.S.B., the well known ascetical writer and Confessor of the Faith.—R.I.P.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphi*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Dawnside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Osotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Studies and Mitteilungen*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Austral Light*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, and the *Irish Rosary*.

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

VOL. XVI

JANUARY, 1911.

PART II.

Forgotten Fights.*

II.—THE CHAPTER OF MYTON.

(September 12th, 1319).

Oh, thou hast heard the iron tread,
And clang of many an armoured age,
And well recall'st the famous deed—
Captains and counsellors, leave or sage,
Kings that on kings their myriads hurled,
Ladies whose smile embellied the world.

THE Vale of York with its encircling hills has been the scene of many a conflict. Its frequent rivers, its fair forests, its wide stretches of alluvial soil attracted early settlers; later on its city, as the capital of the North, became a coveted prize for every rival combatant. Of the many hard tussles that have taken place near those hoary walls, Stamford Bridge and Boroughbridge, Northallerton, Towton and Marston Moor have all left some mark on history; but who shall catalogue the dates or tell the tale of the countless fights that have been forgotten? In the dim twilight of story we can discern Celtic tribes scuffling together on these over-looking wolds, leaving low earthworks, flint arrow-heads, and kitchen-middens as their only memorials. The barrows,

* Reprinted by permission from the "Yorkshire Weekly Post."

camp, and weapons of their diverse successors lie scattered over bleak uplands, where they in turn wrestled with invaders on many a hard-fought field. From Roman stations built to overawe these sturdy Brigantes our own cities and towns have sprung—Aldborough, York, Malton, and many another. Angles and then Danes swept next over the land, fighting their way to settlement and conquest, but where are the records of their victories? Where did Agricola's legions overcome the rude valour of Cartimandua and Venutius; where were the feeble arms of Romanized Britons broken by Ælla's fierce Angles? Traces of these fights may be found in abundance, but all so completely forgotten as not to leave enough material even for a paper in "*The Ampleforth Journal*." Luckily some few later battles can still be traced in old chronicles to occupy an idle pen, three of which were fought in this neighbourhood, hard by one another in site and date.

The decisive defeat at Bannockburn in 1314 delayed for three centuries the obvious destiny of Britain, and the politic plans of Edward I for the union of the whole island under one rule. Whatever may be thought of the project or of the means employed for its attainment, its failure or delay brought untold misery to Scotland and England alike. For many a year after Bannockburn and for many a league on both sides of the Border continuous devastation went on, and ferocious fighting that was barely distinguishable from civil war. Even the honey that in the summer of 1316 fell like dew upon the grass in Yorkshire, as reported in the *Bridlington Chronicle*, brought no augury of peace and plenty to the troubled land! Scottish incursions into England were almost annual; English hopes of final victory were perennial. Thus, in 1318, the Scots burned the church at Northallerton and plundered Fountains and Ripon. In the summer of the following year King Edward led an army of 30,000 horse over the Border, but accomplished little; and whilst he was vainly besieging Berwick a Scottish

force, some 15,000 strong, under Randolph, Earl of Moray, and Sir James Douglas, made a raid into England, by way of diversion, plundering and burning as they advanced. They crossed the Tees, burnt Northallerton once more, and arrived within a dozen miles of York before meeting with any opposition.

In the absence of the temporal peers and the regular troops, who had followed the king to Scotland, the defence of the country fell to the Archbishop and the spiritual barons, and to such untrained levies as they could hastily collect. The majority of these were tradesmen and craftsmen of the city, with yeomen and labourers from the shire, all eager enough to fight whilst their blood was hot, and to defend their homes and farmsteads. Marauding Scots and Highland clansmen, with Wallace's death and Edward's ruthless conquest to avenge, proved unwelcome visitors in Yorkshire villages leaving behind no dearth of stories of their ferocity. Large numbers of the clergy, too, crowded enthusiastically into the armed ranks, the Archbishop, William de Melton, being supported by the Chancellor, Hotham, Bishop of Ely, by Pickering the Dean, and by the Abbots of Selby and St. Mary's. As a banner the Archbishop's Cross was set up—a gilded crucifix on a silver staff, borne by a mounted cleric in the midst of the eager host. Evidently memories of the Battle of the Standard (1139) were responsible for this ill-starred expedition and its heroic hopes. On that more fortunate occasion a still more formidable Scottish army under St. David had been met and defeated on this same north road by Yorkshire levies, headed by an Archbishop, gathered under the banners of the local saints. But Melton's hopes of repeating Thurstan's victory were sadly belied, and had never been well founded. No war-worn warriors stood beside him like Walter d'Espeç, or Robert de Mowbray, and the Norman knights ranged under St. Peter's banner at Northallerton. The only lay leader now available was Nicholas Fleming, the Mayor, a plucky

old burgess no doubt, with such warcraft as a man could not help getting in those stormy days, but no match for the skilled experience of Douglas or Moray. Ill-armed, undisciplined, in number about ten thousand, the Archbishop led out this motley array against the advancing Scots, and met them 12 miles away in the meadows of Myton.

The country about Myton-on-Swale can be little changed since that sad September day in 1319. The church, boasting columns from Isurium, stands on its ancient site, but modernized out of recognition; a little village straggles along the road leading to the river and the ford; flat lush meadows—the Ings, spread out on either side, through which the sluggish Swale cuts its way to join the Ure half a mile below, where at Swale Nab the united streams take on the name of Ouse. Sedges and willows still line the steep muddy banks. Flowing some 15 or 20 feet below the meadow level, and about as many yards in width, the river forms a deep, broad ditch, wide enough, with its slippery banks and muddy bottom, to be a serious obstacle and deep enough to be dangerous. There was a ford further up at Bralferton, and perhaps a bridge here at Myton, for in an earlier charter giving Myton to the monks of St. Mary's, Robert de Mowbray promises to rebuild one that he had lately destroyed.

It is not easy to identify the exact site of the encounter, or to reconcile later traditions with contemporary chronicles. Some think it to be Myton Ings, a wide meadow to the South of the Village, surrounded on three sides by the river; but Abbot Burton, in the chronicle of Meaux, distinctly says that the fight took place between Myton and Thornton, which is to the north of the former; the Ordnance map marking a likely-looking spot half-way between Bralferton and Myton. Somewhere in these meadows then by the river's bank, within a mile or so of Myton, the two armies met. On the Yorkshiresmen's side every possible blunder was committed; they had neither discipline nor military leaders; they fought without order or ranks; whether they



perpetrated the final error of crossing a river in the face of an unbeaten enemy is not clear, but seems highly probable. As it would be uncertain in York on which bank of the Ouse the Scots were advancing, the English when nearing Myton may well have found themselves on the opposite side, in which case the Scots would hardly have allowed their whole force to cross, but would fall upon it when divided. This might account for the English retreating, as they certainly did, upon the river, and for the escape of such as were saved. Perhaps there was no crossing before the fight at all. Unless the Ouse were passed below Swale Nab there would have been a double passage to accomplish, over both the Ure and the Swale; and bridges were, if possible, even scarcer then than now; yet it is improbable that the men of York came out by Bootham and the Galtre forest.

The English blunders were terribly expiated. Setting fire to the hayricks and corn stooks standing about the fields in September, the Scots charged suddenly under cover of the smoke which the wind blew into their adversaries' faces, and overwhelmed them, bewildered and outnumbered. Many made an attempt to stand, and sold their lives dearly, like the gallant Mayor of York; but lack of discipline tells in such critical moments more than personal bravery; and once the mob, for it was little else, began to waver, the panic soon spread. Driven back in confusion towards the river, more were drowned than were slain by the sword. Some managed to save their lives by swimming or fording the stream; but scores or hundreds sank, weighed down by their accoutrements, or shot and stabbed as they slipped on the muddy banks. In the meadows the rout became a butchery; and altogether three thousand are said to have been killed, for the victors would not hamper their movements with numbers of peasant prisoners not worth a ransom. If the English had to cross the river to begin the attack, the survivors would mainly be those more lucky, or less plucky ones, who had not passed over before the rout began.

Noae of the higher clergy, for instance, were amongst either the captured or the killed. Either they had kept on the safe side of the stream, or they were setting the minor clergy a good example by taking no actual part in the bloodshed! The Bishop-Chancellor, the Dean, and the two Abbots were thus saved, together with the Archbishop, though the latter's cross-bearer had a narrow escape. After the repulse he swam his horse to the opposite bank, and leaving the animal to drown, scrambled out by the willows; he hid the cross in a kind of cave, and lay concealed there himself until night-fall, when he managed to effect his escape. The Cross was afterwards found by a rustic, and later on was restored to its owner.

Even to the clergy little quarter was shown, or else many had fought desperately to the death; for the field was strewn with scores, some say hundreds, of dead bodies still clad in white vestments, in surplice or alb, or possibly in the white habits of monks. From this circumstance the fight came to be known as the White Battle of Myton. It was also called in derision the "Chapter of Myton," from the numbers and prominence of the clerics assembled; was there also some covert suggestion that a Chapter might be a mob, and might possibly end in a fight! He that takes the sword must not complain if he perish by the sword; yet we may not lightly censure the mediæval Churchmen who took up arms of worldly warfare, especially against an excommunicated prince like Robert Bruce.⁹ Moreover as spiritual barons, controlling lands and tenants under feudal tenure, the bishops and abbots of those days, and even abbesses as well, had to take part in the country's defence; the duty becoming more urgent, when as on this occasion, their temporal peers were elsewhere engaged. They had to summon and to arm their retainers, in whose ranks they might mingle to encourage, to bless, sometimes to lead, but

⁹ Bruce had been excommunicated by the Papal Legate for the sacrilegious possession of his rival, John Cummin, in the Friary Church at Dundee.

whether any number of them actually fought, except in this "Chapter of Myton," may be doubted. Its nick-name suggests that the clergy's participation was something unusual, and they may have meant to indicate, by the still more unusual wearing of their vestments in the fight, that the occasion was exceptional and the cause sacred. But apart from feudal obligations, the right of every man, cleric as well as lay, to take up arms in defence of hearth and home was never questioned in these Northern parts, whilst Scotland enjoyed Home Rule! A Scottish raid was too serious a calamity for even the clergy to remain neutral. They never failed actively to oppose it. The great victory of the Standard at Northallerton may have occasioned this slaughter at Myton, but a few years later Myton was amply avenged at Neville's Cross, when the Scots were overthrown and their King taken prisoner by another Archbishop. In all these battles it was under the banners of local saints and the leadership of Churchmen that the men of the North assembled and fought for their country. Patriotism was not a growth that flourished in mediæval soil, but at least men had fellow-feeling and self-interest enough to rise against an enemy that burnt their homes and besieged their cities. It needs the superfine philosopher or cosmopolitan patriot of the 20th century to cheer our national reverses, or to sneer at popular rejoicings for the relief of beleaguered British towns!

Beaten and humiliated, a miserable remnant of the Myton mob fled back to the shelter of York walls, leaving the Scots to continue their raid in triumph. They crossed the river in pursuit, and burnt the suburbs of the city about Micklegate Bar; they nearly captured Queen Isabella at Cawood, they advanced close up to Pontefract, and after ravaging Airedale and Wharfedale they returned unhindered with prisoners and spoils. On hearing of the invasion, Edward broke up the siege of Berwick, and tried in vain to intercept the marauders. Nothing shows more plainly the King's

incompetence and the nation's helplessness at the time than this inability to revenge their slaughtered countrymen. They made instead a truce for two years from Christmas following. Well may the chronicler at Bridlington lament that "by the wicked guile of the Scots the Lord did thus chastise and avenge the arrogance and covetousness of the English."

III.—BOROUGHBRIDGE.

(*March 16th, 1322*).

SOME seventeen miles north-west of York, and hardly three from Myton, the bridge, which from the twelfth century has carried the old Roman road across the Ure, gives its designation to the little town that witnessed our next Forgotten Fight. Burg-brigg succeeded to Aldburgh, from which it partly borrows its name; and the Old Burgh is what the English styled Iseur (Isis-Ure), the ancient Brigantian capital, where Cartismandua reigned before the Roman Conquest, where Caradoc was betrayed by her to his Imperial foes. Isurium, or Isur Brigantum, gradually declined before the rivalry of Eboracum, the more convenient capital, some sixteen miles further down the navigable Ouse. Sacked by Saxons in the sixth, by Danes in the ninth century, and burnt by the Conqueror in the eleventh, Aldburgh never recovered its old importance, and was even passed by its new neighbour half a mile away, when, some time before 1200, the Watling Street was slightly diverted and a wooden bridge thrown over the river. To this bridge and the fight for its possession, the town owes its appearance in general history.

The Battles of Myton and of Boroughbridge lie close together both in locality and in date. The latter was fought less than three years after the former on a site which is



barely three miles away; and the ill-starred campaigns of which Myton was but one disgraceful incident occasioned the insurrection that was crushed at Boroughbridge.

There were good grounds for the unpopularity of Edward of Carnarvon. The first English Prince of Wales failed to maintain the United Kingdom, of which his birth had been an augury. The feebleness of his rule and of his character, his fondness for foreign and unworthy favourites, the oppression of his people, the ill-success of his Scottish campaigns, and his failure to maintain his father's conquests—all these causes combined with the barons' disaffection and rivalry to render his throne and his life insecure. The great nobles were eager to take advantage of the King's weakness in the interest of their own selfish ambitions, and were ready to use popular discontent as a pretext or an excuse for rebellion. Already, in 1312, their anger against the King and his favourites had broken out in open violence; they had seized the Gascon adventurer, Piers Gaveston, of whose influence and insolence they were both jealous and afraid, and after a travesty of trial had ignominiously beheaded him on Blacklow Hill. This typically mediæval way of removing unpopular Ministers was effective, if unconstitutional; but it was an outrage on Royal authority not lightly forgiven, nor likely to be forgotten. Thomas, Earl of Lancaster was the chief leader in the agitation,—a cousin of the King and of the same Plantagenet blood, with presumptive claims of succession to the throne. Dissembling his rage and deferring vengeance, Edward was compelled to effect a hollow reconciliation with the barons; and Lancaster had accompanied him in the fruitless campaign that preceded the Chapter of Myton; but the causes of discontent were many and deep, and by the summer of 1321 the quarrel had flamed out afresh.

Professing to voice the popular demand for justice, and encouraged by previous success, Lancaster once more had recourse to violent measures. Under his direction the

northern lords assembled at Pontefract, where in the Priory Chapter House they entered into solemn league for mutual defence and the redress of grievances. The Earl's ostensible purpose was to remove upstart counsellors from the King's side. In modern terms he wanted to effect a change of Ministry, to upset an oppressive Budget, and propose new methods of taxation,—with himself, no doubt, as Chancellor. What Lancaster thought to-day, England would think to-morrow. How extremely modern it all sounds, only he gathered an army together instead of making a campaign of speeches; for in those less subtle days political problems were decided not in polling booths but on battle fields—they broke heads instead of counting them.

It is not easy to estimate the character of the man who thus boldly defied the King's power. With the wealth and influence of six earldoms, Lancaster, Leicester, and Lincoln, Salisbury, Ferrers, and Derby, he was probably too powerful for a subject; and in his stronghold at Pontefract, which he had inherited through his wife, heiress of the De Lacys, he held almost regal state; yet his considerable following among the populace as well as amongst the old nobility must have sprung from something else than Royal blood or immense possessions. He was accepted as their champion by the common people whose many grievances he undertook to redress; and he was so beloved by them, even when defeated, that his tragic fate was regarded as martyrdom, and Heaven was believed to have sanctioned his cause by miracles. Lancaster seems to have been a sincerely religious man, generous in almsgiving, full of reverence for the priesthood, yet he was vain, violent and revengeful; he never seems quite equal to the part he played, he was neither a brave soldier nor a prudent statesman. That ambition largely influenced his policy can hardly be doubted, or that he had an eye upon the Crown. His private life was not free from reproach. He was not strong enough to be a popular champion, nor virtuous enough to be a martyr.

The barons were really beaten before they had got to Boroughbridge. Their sporadic risings in the south and west had not been successful; and as the King gathered troops, the lords fled before him from Burton-on-Trent to Doncaster, and then along the Great North Road, spoiling the land as they went. They hoped apparently, to escape to Northumberland or even to seek shelter with the Scots with whom they had secret dealings, a sad commentary on their patriotic protests a few months before. They arrived at Boroughbridge about March 14th, 1322, only to find its passage disputed by a small force advancing to the King's aid from the north.

This little town is built on slightly sloping ground on the right bank of the Ure, on the opposite side of which the road runs northwards through some low meadows, and then rises forty or fifty feet up Kirby Hill, on the slopes of which the Northern Army is said to have been drawn up. This was commanded by Sir Andrew de Harcla (miles Borialium, bellicosus, strenuus), a professional soldier and captain of experience and skill, which is more than could be said of Earl Thomas. Within a few months and a few miles of Myton, the insurgents seem to have repeated the faulty tactics that were fatal there; for they began the battle hastily between the bridge and Kirby Hill with all the risks of a river to their rear in case of defeat. The encounter was precipitated by the rashness of De Bohun, Earl of Hereford who, "despising the feyness of the northern folk,"* attacked them without waiting for the main body's support. Disappointed of an easy victory, he was forced back upon the bridge; retreat under such circumstances easily turning into rout. Human bones, with broken swords and armour,

* The *Malmsbury Chronicle* gives 4000 as the number of De Harcla's Army, and says that while Hereford crossed the river by the narrow bridge, Lancaster passed by a ford, and was driven back by a persistent flight of arrows from the Northern Army. He thinks that the Earl's followers were seven time more numerous than their opponents, and rightly marvels at their cowardice and lack of spirit.

found by the bridge-foot show one stage of the battle to have been a desperate attempt to defend the passage; and here one of the few recorded details recalls an incident in Harold's fight at Stamford Bridge. The Earl of Hereford, stubbornly fighting, was retreating slowly over the bridge, when a nimble Welsh pikeman, hidden beneath, struck at him through the open timbers, and inflicted a mortal wound—avenging many a Welsh wrong on the hated name of De Bobun! It was never a very serious fight. Lancaster either took no part in it, or soon retreated. The chronicler speaks of two soldiers and a Standard-bearer being killed, besides the Earl of Hereford, and of Lord Clifford and others being wounded! There must surely have been more casualties than this; tradition, which always exaggerates however, tells of "a great slaughter"; the common people may have been spared on throwing down their arms, but as nearly seventy knights and nobles surrendered, it looks as though the leaders had either little stomach for the fight, or else a very mistaken notion of the King's clemency. Leland, gathering up local traditions two centuries afterwards, says that the "residue of the barons' party were pursued from place to place; and to the church-hold was no reverence given, and the father pursued the sonne, and the sonne the father"—the horrid results of domestic strife in which all natural ties dissolve.

The Earl of Lancaster with others sought sanctuary in a little chapel that stood in the Market-place, and begged for a day's truce. Some may have been slain even here; the rest were reserved for a more ignominious fate. With Hereford slain and Clifford disabled, and Lancaster's pusillanimity discouraging his followers, many of these deserted during the night; whilst the Royal army were reinforced next day by fresh troops under the Sheriff from York. Expecting no mercy, the Earl refused to surrender when summoned by De Harcla, and, turning instead to the crucifix over the altar, cried: "Good Lord, I render myself to Thee, and put me into

Thy mercie!" He was overpowered and taken prisoner. It may have been at this moment that he uttered the famous prophecy foretelling the similar fate that awaited his captor within six months. De Harcla was only doing his duty, with no special cruelty and no personal enmity; but popular imagination was naturally impressed by the startling fulfilment of the prediction. Meanwhile the King's gratitude lavished honours on the successful commander, who was advanced at a bound to the Earldom of Carlisle, and as the most important charge in the kingdom was entrusted with the defence of the border against the Scots.

The King's vengeance was not so easily sated, and the slaughter on the scaffold was greater than on the field. Of the captured knights and gentry many were held to large ransom, like Nicholas Stapylton of Myton, who afterwards, however, made his peace with the King. Others more guilty or more powerful were promptly put to death; Lords Mowbray and Clifford were beheaded at York, whilst further executions at London, Canterbury, Windsor, Gloucester, Winchelsea, and Cardiff showed the extent of the rebellion, the completeness of its failure, and the vindictiveness of the King. Lancaster's own fate was swift and dramatic. Led back to his castle at Pontefract, he was summarily tried before a small court of his peers; there could be only one verdict, for the King was not likely either to overlook his present rebellion or to forget the execution of Gaveston. Six of his personal followers were hanged and quartered, royal blood saved him from a like ignominy, but within a week of his capture, on March 21, 1322, he was led outside the town "to a spot he much loved," afterwards known as "St. Thomas's Hill," and there beheaded. His remains were buried by the monks in the Priory Church of St. John. The Earl met his fate with a dignity and pious resignation that partly redeemed his guilt, and were supposed to justify his subsequent veneration.

It is somewhat singular that the two protagonists in this

struggle, Edward of Carnarvon and Thomas of Lancaster, should have received the dubious honours of popular canonization. The latter's reputation for sanctity, widely spread at one time through the North of England, rests mainly on the view that he died a martyr in defence of popular liberties, but it was fostered by the circumstance that his chief enemies, De Harcla and the King, both met with a fate like his own. Within a short seven months the Earl of Carlisle was hanged and quartered after the Battle of Byland for treasonable dealings with the Scots; within a few years Edward was deposed and murdered at Berkeley. The anger and shame that rankled in men's minds after Byland redeemed the reputation of the martyred Earl, whose faults and failure were forgotten in the deeper disgrace of his faithless enemy and his incompetent King. Whether De Harcla's doom was really foretold by Lancaster at Boroughbridge, whether it was merely an exceedingly shrewd guess, whether the story only grew up after De Harcla's death, no one can tell now, but there was at least a striking coincidence, and it was readily believed at the time. To this plausible reputation for prophecy was further added the bruit of numerous miracles wrought at the martyr's tomb.*

Blessed Thomas's repute for sanctity failed to survive either popular fickleness or the disapproval of the authorities, clerical or lay, who were unlikely to encourage insurrection by canonizing rebels. On the other hand, the fame of King

* Some old Vestments belonging to St. Alban's, Warrington, afford a curious illustration of the Earl of Lancaster's reputation for sanctity. They were found hidden in the old parish church many years ago, and are good specimens of the best period of "Opus Anglicanum" in excellent preservation. One of the figures worked on the silk orphrey—the lowest if I recollect aright—a knight in armour, lance in hand with a halo round the head, is thought to represent Blessed Thomas of Lancaster. It is a soldier saint certainly, not St. George nor St. Michael, unlikely to be St. Maurice. The chasuble dates from about the middle of the 14th century; it belonged to a town in B. Thomas's own county where his veneration would be strongest, and to a church whose patrons, the Botlers, were adherents of the House of Lancaster. The attribution is a fair conjecture if not a certainty, and forms an interesting link with the subject of this paper.

Edward's martyrdom met with less official opposition; his tomb in Gloucester Abbey became a place of favourite pilgrimage and of frequent marvels, the offerings there being so abundant that the monks were able to rebuild almost the whole fabric of the Minster. Both King and Earl fall, however, into that large class of doubtful martyrs, with Simon de Montfort and Richard II, Archbishop Scrope and Henry VI, whose tragic ends excited people's pity, but whose causes never satisfied the strict requirements of Roman procedure.

The execution of Lancaster and his followers is further noteworthy as the commencement of a series of ferocious reprisals that long besmirched our annals with blood. Interrupted during the French wars of Edward III, these vindictive executions began again after the deposition of Richard II, for Bolingbroke stamped out fiercely the risings of his Yorkist enemies. The usage became regular during the Wars of the Roses, when, after every battle, a bunch of noble heads was cropped by the hangman's knife. No mercy was shown in those days to defeated politicians. There was something to be said for the practice. Those who made the quarrel paid the last penalty if they failed. As they played for heavy stakes, and their game imperilled the nation's interests and other people's lives, the extreme penalty was duly exacted from those who lost. Ministries are changed more peacefully now, with more bad language than bloodshed. The vanquished politician in those days lost his head; now he only loses his seat!

J. I. C.

A Comedy of Errors.

Up to the present time, only a few students have given serious attention to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The classism of Lord Bacon's devotees has been too high-pitched and insistent to be ignored; hence most of us have some knowledge of the dispute. But we have been content to base our conclusions on second-hand information gleaned from newspapers and magazines. I have not met the man, whether of the Bacon persuasion or not, who has gone to the trouble of reading through Mr Ignatius Donnelly or Mrs Gallup. It has not seemed worth the while. The sober-minded amongst us have given the matter the same amount of careless and amused attention we gave to the Tichborne case in the seventies or Dr. Cook's pretensions a few months back. We have the book we call Shakespeare. What else matters? Time enough to get angry when the higher criticism attempts to rob us of it—to prove, let us say, that the plays have come to us from a Sanscrit source through a Teutonic channel, or that the name Shakespeare is a corruption of Schachspieler or some other German name, or that the recent discovery at Oxford of certain fragments of Latin Verse,—one long passage beginning with the words:

*"Futurus, an non sim futurus, item movet,
Pendetque in hac mens anxia: sine fortius
Sustinere sortis iniquae vulgura,
An arma capere contra malorum minas,
Lactusque obsidentes repugnando vincere? &c."*

and another, beginning:

*"Advenimus—adlex—siste—vertigo capui
Rotat; deorsum tremula aciem convertere
Lumina refugiant; xethera corvorum greges
Medium secantes caestharum similes volant, &c."*



HARPOD HOUSE
Shelton or Linn
1849

which a learned antiquarian recognized as portions of Hamlet and King Lear and demonstrated to be in the well-known handwriting of Desiderius Ignotus—proves Shakespeare to be merely a translation from a Latin original. Mr Bangs, in his *House-Boat on the Styx* describes a controversy between the shades of Shakespeare and Bacon concerning the authorship of Hamlet. Each claimed the play as his own. The shade of Sir Walter Raleigh was called in to act as arbiter. He heard what both claimants had to say and carefully weighed the testimony put before him; then after mature deliberation he gave his verdict: "I am not ashamed of it—I wrote 'Hamlet' myself."

All the same, the difficulty of believing that Wm. Shakespeare, Gent. of New Court, Stratford-on-Avon, wrote the poems and plays has been growing greater and not less through the discoveries, trivial as they are in themselves, of recent years. The latest Baconian book, *Bacon is Shakespeare*, by Sir Edward Durning Lawrence (the occasion of this article), whilst failing to convince me of anything except the author's bigotry in the Baconian cause—the book leaves one with the impression that the writer is ready to commit to the flames all that is left of the Stratford gentleman, bones and bust and epitaph, taking his chance with the curse—has materialized the shadowy doubt which has been haunting me, a Shakespearian bigot, for a good many years. A re-reading of Sidney Lee's standard biography did not lay the ghost. But the reader may be re-assured. The spectre is not in the least like Francis, Lord Bacon.

Wm. Shakespeare of New Place, Stratford—Shaxspere or Shaxper is the spelling Baconians prefer (derivation, Jaques-Pierre)—if indeed he wrote the plays, is the wonder of all time, a miracle of men. Let us contrast two estimates, both a little extreme, one of the poet and the other of the "gentleman." Of the first, General J. Warren Keifer^o

^o *The Open Court*, Jan. 1904. An article by Dr. Paul Cass, in the February following, is responsible for the "ghost."

writes: "No panegyric is too great for the Shakespeare plays and poems. The author, if one person, was profound in all learning of his time, including knowledge of Greek and Latin, the French and Spanish languages and of ancient and modern writings. The author was a philosopher, a moralist, an historian, a linguist, with a vocabulary larger (15,000 words, while the learned Milton, just after him, had only 8000) than any other writer of his day, who coined more English words than any other writer, if not all other writers, of all time. He must have read untranslated books and MSS. (such as Ovid, Homer, etc.), which he unmistakably consulted, quoted, or followed, as occasion required. His knowledge of philosophy and kindred subjects was so great that enthusiastic friends of his . . . claim that Bacon sat at his feet, took notes of his wisdom and "borrowed" much that made him famous. The author excelled all medical men of his day in his knowledge and science of medicine and of the human system, especially in the qualities of the human mind. He is quoted as authority on questions of lunacy and the moral and psychological characteristics of the intellect.

"He wrote as a naturalist and practical student, of the life and habits of domestic and wild animals, birds and fishes.

"His works display, not only the learning of the critical student of the law, but that of an experienced practitioner at the English Bar. They show knowledge of the Justinian Code, and a familiarity with Italian, French and Spanish, as well as English Courts. His descriptions of Court procedure are accurate, and like all other of his displays of learning, go without criticism.

"The author's familiarity with the life, habit, social customs and etiquette of those highest in the social scale, including kings and queens, courtiers and royalty in England and other countries (especially Italy) is apparent, throughout the writings, to the least observing . . .

"He had a profound knowledge of ancient and modern political governments, particularly of ancient dynasties, and the reign of the sovereigns of Spain, Italy, England and other countries . . .

"His knowledge of military and naval arts and the science of war as then known and practised is manifest, etc., etc."

Now having looked upon that picture, look on this—Mr. George Hookham's summary of what we know of the Stratford Shakespeare's life (quoted by Sir E. D. Lawrence).

"We only know he was born at Stratford, of illiterate parents—(we do not know that he went to school there)—that, when 18½ years old, he married Anne Hathaway (who was eight years his senior, and who bore him a child six months after marriage); that he had in all three children by her (whom with the mother he left, and went to London, having apparently done his best to desert her before marriage);—that in London he became an actor with an interest in a theatre, and was reputed to be the writer of plays;—that he purchased property in Stratford, to which town he returned;—engaged in purchases and sales and law-suits (of no biographical interest except as indicating his money-making and litigious temperament); helped his father in an application for coat armour (to be obtained by false pretences); promoted the enclosure of common lands at Stratford (after being guaranteed against personal loss); made his will—and died at the age of 52 without a book in his possession, and leaving nothing to his wife but his second-best bed, and that by an afterthought. No record of friendship with anyone more cultured than his fellow-actors. No letter,—only two contemporary reports of his conversation . . . In a word we know his parentage, birth, marriage, fatherhood, occupation, his wealth and his chief ambition, his will and his death, and absolutely nothing else; his death being received with unbroken and ominous silence by the literary world, not even Ben Jonson, who

seven years later glorified the plays in *actibus*, expending as much as a quatrain on his memory."

Can we believe that these two presentments are aspects of the same individual, that the successful petty tradesmen and the "Soul of the age, the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage" are one and the same individual?

Before attempting to answer the question, let us look at the details of the first picture in a better light, and correct the perspective a little. Of late, specialists in law, medicine, botany, and other branches of science have found pleasure in studying Shakespeare's *obiter dicta* in their own particular line of knowledge, under a magnifying glass; and the result has been a surprised discovery of the poet's exactness in the use of technical terms, some of which they themselves had not been properly acquainted with, and a profound admiration of his incomparable phrases, so splendid in inspiration and delicate in finish, that they, with all their professional training, could never have conceived them. Reverently they have doffed their caps and bent their knees before the Master, generously concluding that his knowledge of the peculiar science or craft was more expert than their own. The conclusion is not warranted. There is a story to the effect that a doctor of eminence, who was attending a lady suffering from some obscure disease he could not diagnose, learned from a freshly-painted portrait of the patient the nature of her illness. The artist, the renowned Mr. J. S. Sargent, with eyes sharpened by use and experience, directed by that untaught and unteachable instinct we call genius, had seen through the mask worn by the woman of the world and with an artist's cunning, had revealed on the canvass a medical truth the physician had failed to detect. We do not suppose the painter was aware of what he was doing. It is not likely he had any scientific acquaintance with the disease whose symptoms he had so accurately set down. In the same way Shakespeare diagnosed truths in several

branches of science, not because of an exceptional learning, but by means of an abnormal artistic perception. His poet's eye (not on these occasions "in a fine frenzy rolling," saw beneath the surface of things unmarked verities and beauties of life and nature, and his poet's pen (not then engaged in giving to airy nothings local habitations and names) recorded these revelations in verse so full of grace and inspired perfection that, for lack of an adequate superlative, we describe it as divine.

I am not questioning anything that has been said in eulogy of the *quality* of Shakespeare's learning—it was of the best both in accuracy and insight; or of its *range*—his view may be described as taking in the whole field of knowledge and peeping beyond the boundaries. But I claim that the assertions concerning the *depth* and *extent* of his expert scholarship are not justified by the evidence in our hands. I think it certain he did *not* "excel all medical men in his knowledge and science of medicine and of the human system." He had, no doubt, the makings of an eminent pathologist and practitioner. But such acquaintance as he displays with clinical methods, or with anatomy, or with the *materia medica* of his day, could have been picked up in the sick room, or from an apothecary, or from the pages of a herbal. The wonder in him is not the acquired science, but his sympathetic intuition of the working of the human mind and heart in health and disease; of the influence of mind on body, and mind on mind; his intimate familiarity with every phase and variation of excited feeling, the causes and consequences in persons of different temperament and grades of society; and his supreme artistic gift of telling description and vivid representation of what is so intangible, by means of the seemingly hap-hazard conversation of the characters of his plays. In the same way I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the writer of the plays was neither a soldier nor a sailor by training or experience, and the "manifest knowledge of military and naval art and the

science of war as then known and practised" must have been acquired by him in the taverns and on the quays, or in his armchair from books. Any dramatist of intelligence could gather, from such sources, enough science of soldiers and sailors and soldiering and sailing for his purpose. That Shakespeare's "military and naval art" is apt and accurate, and the use he makes of it vivid and picturesque, only tells us, once again, that he was a great artist and knew his business.

I do not think it correct to say: "He wrote as a naturalist and practical student of the life and habits of domestic and wild animals, birds and fishes." Shakespeare knew a great deal about flowers and dogs and birds and all rural things, country born and bred as doubtless he was; and the dulness and confinement of town life and indoor occupation made them doubly dear to him. So he wrote of them, not "as a naturalist and practical student," but as one who loved them. Here, again, it is not his science of these things that astonishes us, but the deft, fond touches, more impressionist than descriptive, with which the consummate artist recalls their charm to himself and his readers. To say, further, that the dramatist must have been "familiar with the life, habits, social custom and etiquette of those highest in the social scale, including Kings and Queens, courtiers and royalty in England and other countries (especially Italy)" is another strained assertion. Shakespeare does indeed make skilful use of some local colour in his foreign plays. But his Greeks and Romans and Italians are just English men and women apparelled like foreigners, only recognizable as such by their local habitation and names. They are, indeed living and real to us, but this is by reason of the common humanity that shines out of them, not because they are true to a national type. The characters of the plays think and speak Shakespeare, and Shakespeare thought and spoke English. "Look how the Father's face lives in his issue, even so the race of Shakespeare's mind

and manners." Ben Johnson saw in each and all of the Shakespeare creations the mind and manners of Shakespeare, the father who begot them. Moreover, the dramatist did not need anything more than his own profession (actor and playwright) to learn all he needed to know of social life and custom in palace and castle. As a player the gates of imperial Windsor were opened to him and he was admitted to the royal presence, where he might study "Eliza and our James" in their habits as they lived. He had the entrée also of the houses of noblemen—by the back-stairs, it is true; but an interested outsider sees things in their truest light. And where could anyone note the traditional usage and etiquette of the court better than on the stage itself? Probably the mimic formalities were more exact than the real ones. Court scenes had been rehearsed by the actors, times without number before royalty; do we suppose that the sharp-tongued Eliza or the "wise fool" allowed mischances and solecisms to pass without comment? We have Shakespeare's own description of the attitude of a court audience in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a symposium of critics, outspoken and unsparing of laughter and ridicule. We have in it a picture, drawn from the life, though with rather too flattering a pencil. They were clumsier wits at Windsor, and less kindly, than the dream-household of the noble Theseus and Hippolyta at Athens.

I think too little credit is given to the Elizabethan stage as a continuation school for an aspiring young man of exceptional parts and some grounding,—one who, like Shakespeare, came up to town with a little Latin and less Greek. Most of the plays an actor had to make himself familiar with and commit in part to memory were written by scholars—university graduates, schoolmasters and divines—and the writers to my mind were ever anxious to stuff their verse with an erudition unwholesome for its complexion. An actor of ordinary ambition and quickness could therefore, readily fit himself out with a skin of learning—

plenty of good law to be had for the asking. He was an artist, with an artist's conscience—one that is never satisfied but with the best materials and best work, and would take infinite pains to secure what it required. Such a passage as that so often quoted out of the grave-digger scene in Hamlet, could it not have been evolved with the aid of the Law Dictionary published in 1544 and 1593? "Where he his quiddities now, his quiddies, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knife to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shove, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hark! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fine, and the recovery of his recoveries to have his pate fall into his yowles vouch him no more of his fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too; than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The conveyances of his lands will hardly he in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?"—I think an hour's consultation with an experienced solicitor or his confidential clerk, would have enabled a man like Shakespeare to waltz through this and the like passages without tripping, even if he were not sufficiently well served by Karstell's manual or the "Boke of Justices of Peas."

The patient reader will, by this time, have drawn the conclusion, that, in this long preambular traversing the notion that the writer of Shakespeare's plays must have been a finished scholar and gentleman by birth and training, who—actually engaged as Bridgwater General, Admiral of the Fleet, Barrister and Everybody's Family Physician; when not Professor of Philosophy, Morality, and other kindred subjects; running a private lunatic asylum, acting as guide, philosopher and friend, in several languages, to home and foreign courts—found time to write some poems and plays, the writer has been all the while engaged in answering

elastic enough and showy enough to enable him to pass muster among college men—with so better tutors than the leaders of his company and no other text-books than their collection of plays. He could pick up a useful smattering of some modern tongue. He might have the advantage, on occasion, of some special coaching to fit him for a role in a Latin play at Oxford. At one time or another, incidents in ancient and modern history, English and foreign; stories from Ovid, Virgil, Plutarch and the Greek dramatists; French and Italian romances; fragments of philosophy, science, morality, medicine, law!—something indeed of all the learning of the age would be served up to him. Think what a help this must have been to the development of a man like Shakespeare. They were the broken meats of scholarship, but nutritive and plentiful and easy of digestion. Then—and this means so much in Shakespeare's case—when could his ear have been better attuned to the rich harmonies of his native language, and his mind and voice educated into the mastery use of its infinite resources, than on the Elizabethan stage? It was then and is yet the primal font of English pure and undefiled. Shakespeare coined many words; but what an inheritance was his, when, the days of his apprenticeship over, he was admitted as a master-playwright himself! We partly know and may partly conclude from the common practice that, genius as he was, he made a liberal and unscrupulous use of the tools, materials, designs and unfinished stuff he found in the workshop.

One branch of expert learning, attributed to the poet in its most cultivated development, I hesitate to criticize. Shakespeare's greatness as a lawyer has been vouched for by Lord Campbell and so many of the most eminent legal authorities that it would be rash to challenge the verdict. But admitting all that is said by them, may not Shakespeare have been enough to take counsel's advice and call to the help of those better in orned than himself?—There was

the proposed question and pleading the cause of William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. He readily admits it. But it is at this point the comedy of errors begins. Which Wm. Shakespeare wrote the plays? Mr Sidney Lee tells us there were at least five of them alive at the one time. One was drowned in his youth and two of them do not seem to have strayed from their native heath. A fourth we know well—too well for his good repute—the gentleman of the New Place. There remains yet one, of whom we know just a little more than nothing,—of whom we get a passing glimpse, shadowy and spectral, yet the very thing to haunt one's imagination with the vague suspicion of a mistaken identity and grave injustice,—a ghost waiting three long centuries for recognition and redress.

Side by side in the register of the marriage (by licence) of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, on the 28th of November, 1582, there is the entry of the marriage of another William Shakespeare with one, Anne Whately, on the 27th of November, 1582, both from the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon. What became of this second William who has left no record of himself in the deeds and registers of his native county?

For nearly three hundred years the friends and worshippers of the prosperous Wm. Shakespeare of New Place have had the fullest liberty and leisure to prove his identity with the author of the plays and poems. They have not succeeded. They have made out a plausible case; but the fact that their proofs have not satisfied such eminent and impartial judges as Theobald, Dickens, Lord Palmerston, John Bright, Emerson, Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Leconte de Lisle—to mention only a few literary names—who have expressed either a grave doubt or a positive disbelief in their client, is sufficient to show that the case is not convincing. The weak points in it are three: (1) the claimant's life, (2) the will and its signatures, (3) the monument in Stratford church.

(1) What we know of this claimant's life is sufficiently told in Mr. G. Hoekham's accurate statement already quoted. The sum of it certainly does not agree with one's idea of a great poet's career; but then it does not absolutely contradict it. A prosaic occupation and an unlovely meanness of disposition are not really incompatible with high thoughts and their artistic expression. The lives of great men have left footprints on the sands of time much less suggestive of the sublime than the hob-nailed impressions left by the Stratford burgess.

(2) To my mind it is with the will the real difficulty begins. The document is a long one with much detail. Yet in none of its items and provisions is there one word suggestive of the career of a literary man. There is no mention of a book, or a MS., of a keepsake, a letter, a portrait of himself, or any souvenir of his life in London. Since his death, not a verse, or fragment of his handwriting, not a letter from a friend, not a volume of his printed quartos has been, I believe, traced to the possession of his descendants or to the house he lived in. Has a man no care for the offspring of his brain? Could Shakespeare have been heedless and indifferent what became of the precious MSS. of his plays, so carefully transcribed, whose immortality he himself had predicted, less than one half of which had been set up in print? His son and daughters, as we know, were unable to write their own names, but can we suppose they had no family pride in their father's literary eminence? Or that knowing of it and proud of it, his children would not have kept some precious trifle "for memory, and dying, mention it within their wills, bequeathing it as a rich legacy unto their issue?" They were proud enough of the patent of gentility he took the trouble to procure for them and of the wealth he had amassed by petty investments and profitable loans to friends. If the Stratford burgess be the poet, how are we to explain this unnatural carelessness on his own part, and this equally unnatural heedlessness or ignorance on the part of

his children? Only a policy and conspiracy of concealment, carefully planned and carried out by the Stratford man and his family, is adequate to explain the Shakespeare will and the behaviour of the Shakespeare people—if we suppose him to have been the author of the plays. Such a conspiracy is inconceivable—even on the Bacon-hypothesis.

Then, there are the Shakespeare signatures to the will. These are three; all of them clumsy, laborious scrawls, with the look of being the blotchy, disjointed efforts of a man whose fingers are all thumbs. The sight of them, when I looked at the document some years ago, made me turn from it with impatience and dislike and a desire that the document would prove to be a forgery. But its genuineness is now undoubted; it is strongly corroborated by the existence of the purchase deed and a signature to the mortgage of the Blackfriars' tenement mentioned in it.

Lastly, there is the Stratford monument. Wm. Shakespeare of the New Place was buried in a very ordinary way in the chancel of Stratford Church. The gravestone over his remains has nothing to mark him out for distinction except the doggerel verses praying that his bones may not be

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENDO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM.
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MARET, OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOU BY SO FAST?
READ IF THOU CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST.
WTF IN THIS MONUMENT SHAKESPEARE WITH WHOME
QUICK NATURE DISE, WHOSE NAME DOETH DECKEY TOMBE
FAR MORE TEN COST SIEH ALLY HE HATH WRIT T,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT

PRINTED IN 1616
REPRODUCED 1948

disturbed. The monument, quite distinct from it, is not above or by the side of the grave; it is an afterthought, set up against the chancel-wall, with nothing to connect it with Shakespeare but the inscription, and nothing to connect

it with the particular Shakespeare of New Place but the date of death and year of his age, added as another afterthought to the monument. Notice how it is crushed in, in small letters, at the right-hand, bottom corner of the inscription. (See the illustration). The bust and monument are the signed work of a London sculptor, Gerard Johnson (Janssens) and were presumably sent down to Stratford by the actors of Shakespeare's company or some other city friends. The inscription on the monument speaks of the poet's greatness—the first allusion to it in Stratford or anything belonging to Stratford; the tombstone designed by the members of the family is silent. Did they know of it? Or was it that the coming of the monument took the family and village by surprise, and, knowing only the one Wm. Shakespeare, they erected it to their townsman by mistake? Shakespeare was certainly without honour as a poet in his own county. Parson Ward, Vicar of Stratford 45 years after Shakespeare's death, has a paragraph in his diary where he speaks of this famous townsman of his. He remarks that he had "heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit without any art at all"—as though the Stratford people had to reconcile his want of art, which they knew, with his reputation among wits, which they accepted on hearsay. The Stratford vicar adds a happy thought at the end of the paragraph: "Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays." However, much of all this is mere surmise. The facts we know are that the gravestone does not honour Shakespeare as a poet or as famous; that at his burial there was no provision made for a monument, which has been added as an afterthought and came as a surprise; that after the Latin and English inscriptions of the monument were cut, the age and date of death were added in smaller letters in a corner; also an afterthought. It is this last afterthought which is the only documentary proof of the identity of the poet with the Stratford burgess. Is it conclusive?

I lay no stress on the further evidence drawn from the

spelling of the name—that the poet and his London editors always spelled it Shakespeare or Shakespere and that the Stratford man and his family always spelled it Shaksper, Shacksper, Shaxper, or some other variation of the Jacques-Pierre sound, until after the date of his burial; we have Shaksper still on the tomb. It is a plausible argument and no more; but people in those days varied the spelling of their names as they fancied. Sir Walter Raleigh spelled his surname in three different ways—for no intelligible motive except what the Americans call “cussedness.” No decent man wore the same spelling in all weathers. We may reasonably suppose that, in London, Shakespeare spoke and wrote his name as they did in London, and, in Stratford, spoke and wrote it as they did in Stratford. He was a man who liked to get twelve pennies for his shilling, but was not likely to worry about a letter or two short in his name. The London poet may have considered ‘fustian your only wear’ for a country esquire and anything good enough to be buried in.²

To conclude somewhat abruptly. (I had thought to have touched on the Bacon hypothesis and some other things.) As, in the present state of our knowledge or ignorance, the hitherto so greatly venerated William Shakespeare seems likely to be disqualified as the supposed author of the poems and plays, we shall need some other claimant to set up in his place. This must be another William Shakespeare. A candidate of the personality and name of Bacon is out of court. There lived in honour and repute a certain poet named William Shakespeare, who himself published volumes of verse—*Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece* and the *Sonnets*—who also declares on the title-pages of certain

² In 1616, when the Stratford Shakespeare died, the poet edited and published the *Rape of Lucrece*, newly revised. The edition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, published in 1619, was afterwards greatly augmented; the *Folio* has nearly twice the number of lines. We know first of the death of the poet in 1602, when *Othello* was published. There is an allusion to the death of the author, as though it was not well known and had recently taken place.

quarto editions of separate plays that they were ‘written’ ‘newly corrected,’ ‘newly corrected and augmented,’ or ‘augmented’ by William Shakespeare,—who left many other manuscript plays in a writing wonderfully free from blots and erasures which his editors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, knew to be Shakespeare’s own inimitable handiwork;—whose person and poetic gifts were familiar to Henry, Earl of Southampton, who accepted the dedication of the poems; to William, Earl of Pembroke and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, who accepted the dedication of his plays; to Ben Jonson, who as he says “lov’d the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any,” and wrote golden verses “To the memory of my beloved the AURIOR, Mr. William Shakespeare; to L. Digges and others who have sung his praises with less skill but an equal fervour; to other twenty-three players who acted in the plays and whose names are affixed to the first folio; to one bitter enemy, Robert Greene, a jealous rival, who wrote a libel against Shakespeare’s person and the quality of his work, but did not doubt his authorship; to the publisher of this lampoon, Henry Chettle, who, after ascertaining its inaccuracy, printed an apology for his share in its production; to J. Davies, who in a contemporary satire, which he entitles the “Scourge of Folly,” describes Shakespeare as “the English Terence; and, we may add, to the royal patrons of him whom Ben Jonson apostrophizes as the “Sweet Swan of Avon,” who made “those flights upon the banks of Thames, that so did take Eliza and our James.” Contemporary evidence such as this, to my mind, is unanswerable. It can only be set aside by a proof that the witnesses were either deceived or deceivers. In either case there must have been a conspiracy of lying, of which they were the victims or the agents. It is no compliment to Lord Bacon but an unkind and unfounded calumny to assert, as his supporters do, that he originated, organized and put such a devilish conspiracy into execution.

But if the real poet Shakespeare be the man we have called the ghost, how is it we know so little of him? I cannot say. To me it is a little easier to suppose a mystery or concealment about Shakespeare's last days—he was a public figure until then—than to accept an impossible hypothesis like that of Bacon, or recover my lost faith in the Shakespeare of New Place, Stratford. Perhaps the explanation is the simple one that people in the early days were so taken up with the wrong Shakespeare that they missed their chance of learning anything about the right one. Time has obliterated the trail and one cannot follow it. Perhaps we may see a clue in the rumour, recorded by Davies, that "he died a Papist," or, perhaps, like so many men well-known and greatly loved and esteemed, he "went under" through some act of waywardness or folly:

"So, oft it chanceth in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot chose his origin,
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or, by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault."

J. C. A.

A Memoir of Dom Boniface Maria Krug

(ABBOT OF MONTECASSINO)

By His Eminence Cardinal ALFONSO CAPECELATRO

ABBOT KRUG IN ITALY.

VI

LET US, dear readers, cross over from America to Italy and follow in thought and with our hearts the young monk, who, verily, was indebted to Italy for much of his merit and renown. It was from our Catholic Italy, more particularly from Montecassino that he drew the inspiration which made him what he was; by it, therefore, he was Italianized,—Italian of the Italy which in its learning, its fine arts and its polity is essentially Christian. It is this Italy which he loved, which we loved together, which I still love—the Italy I hope to behold renewing its youth and more abundant than ever in grace before I die. Krug, filled as he was with the spirit of religion, with that commanding genius of his and artistic soul, comprehended most clearly and intimately the mission entrusted to Italy by Divine Providence—a mission which will be fulfilled by her mainly through the Papacy and the Church. Hence he regarded Italy as the mother of nations from whose breasts they receive the nourishment of Christian culture.

I think that outwardly he was more of the German than the American, and that this was an advantage to him. It showed itself chiefly in a characteristic stubbornness and enterprise. Perhaps, also, he was a bit Teutonic in his ideas of painting and music, as we shall see later on. But, substantially Krug was an Italian of the best,—one who

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honoured our beloved country for what was noblest and greatest in her, the heritage received from Christ, which is her distinction among the nations of the earth.

VII

In December of the year 1863, Krug was in Rome, and the holy city aroused in him the vivid admiration and wonder one would expect in a young monk, full of fervour and easily stirred with enthusiasm. He took up his abode in the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul outside the walls, a Basilica whose wealth and magnificence, compared with the little unpretentious chapels of Pennsylvania, were calculated to excite considerable surprise and some novel imaginings. There he came across Dom Carlo Ma. De Vera, a Neapolitan monk, abbot of Montecassino, then a guest of the brethren of St. Paul, who invited Krug to come, when he could, to Montecassino, on a visit to a holy place where he might pray at the tomb of St. Benedict, which could not fail to do him good. Krug eagerly accepted the invitation, and the fifteenth of the same month found him already on the top of the holy mountain.

Fourteen centuries have passed since that hill was first held in veneration and the fame of the place, far from diminishing, has steadily increased. What a part it has played in the history of the Church and of Christian civilization—a part which, if I may say so, is visible to the sight, mirrored on the place itself! What a store of noble and saintly memories crowd upon us as we stand on that hill, the home and breeding-place of Christian perfection, of all the sciences and arts, and of civilization itself! We may leave the reader to divine for himself the thoughts and feelings of the young monk as he came under the spell of Montecassino. Of one thing we may be sure, that from the day of this first visit Dom Boniface Krug was filled with a love of the holy place so great and ardent that day by day it grew in force, until it exercised mastery over his whole

life. Montecassino took the first and highest place in his thoughts and affections; seldom could he refrain from bringing it into his conversation and striving to spread the love of it among others.

On this visit to Montecassino, meeting again the Abbot De Vera, the favourable impressions of their first acquaintance ripened into a friendship which influenced his after career. I, for many years the close friend of De Vera and afterwards of Krug, may be believed when I say that the one was worthy of the other. The two friends made me think of a brotherhood of love like that which existed between some of the ancient Fathers of the Church, men who knew how to make use of the sweet pleasure of a holy friendship to lift themselves to the height of Christian perfection. Moreover, De Vera had, what I have remarked in Krug, that rare and exquisite grace of body and mind which makes the perfect gentleman.

I believe Krug to have been the superior of De Vera in the breadth of his culture, but the latter was better endowed with the gifts which make conversation attractive and win the good will of those evilly-disposed to us. A result of his pleasing ways was that he quickly brought Krug under subjection, so to speak, to himself. Very soon De Vera began to ask himself why this admirable young man should not make his solemn profession at Montecassino. Monks like Krug were needed there. Before long the same thought entered into Krug's mind, in love as he was with the Abbey, drawn to it also as he was by Abbot De Vera's kindness and the bonds of their friendship. As their mutual thoughts clashed together and revealed themselves, they struck a spark which rapidly burst into flame. Krug wrote to tell his Abbot, Wimmer, of the desire to become a Cassinese monk and make his solemn profession at Montecassino. Wimmer rejected the proposal again and again but at last gave an unwilling consent. So the young monk came back to Montecassino in December, 1863, and on the 28th of the

March following made solemn profession at Abbot De Vera's hands, retaining the name of Boniface.

VIII

Abbot De Vera had a great opinion of his new subject's culture, and set him to teach theology in the seminary at Montecassino. A year later he gave him charge of all the students who wore the monastic habit. But when the scholasticate was closed through the suppression of the Religious Orders in Italy, Krug undertook to give lessons in Greek. With this duty was joined the office of guest-master for foreigners; an office of much importance at Montecassino because of the number of visitors, many of them celebrated for their talents or rank, who find their way up the mountain from all parts of the earth. It should be said that the generous and kindly hospitality of the monks is well-known and valued over the whole civilized world. Krug, who always zealously fulfilled whatever duties the abbot required of him, showed his capability also in this office, more particularly by his linguistic accomplishments and the exquisite polish of his manners and speech. Among the many notables who came there in that year, 1869, was the celebrated American Poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Our monk accompanied him about, and so well pleased was the poet with Montecassino and the reception he met with there that, when he was back in America, he wrote some charming verses which he entitled *Montecassino*, singing the praises of the abbey and acknowledging his pleasure in the society of Krug, of whom he wrote: "With one young friar I sat conversing late into the night."

Whilst the young monk was thus busying himself in the various offices entrusted to him, he showed himself ever more and more pious and attentive at choir and in every monastic observance. Abbot De Vera, when he drew Krug to himself, had the idea of making use of him in carrying out a design of reforming the religious life at Montecassino.

And, as we shall see, Krug did have so much to do with the recent re-making of the Abbey, that I believe it was chiefly for this purpose Providence brought him over from America to Italy. There were then at Montecassino De Vera, Tosti, and some other of the better monks banded together by the conviction that it was necessary to lead the Community back into the flower-strewn path of monastic perfection and the primitive observance of the Benedictine Rule.

One of them, Tosti, a man of books, gifted with a super-heated imagination, had some fantastic plans of a monastic revival founded on learning; but his confidence in De Vera was so absolute and deferential that he left everything in his hands. De Vera was himself an ardent lover of learning, but he was wise enough to see that, though culture, in its wide sense, might be the crown and glory of the monastic building, its foundation and true beauty must be sought for in St. Benedict, in his Rule and in monastic perfection. It is true indeed that fourteen centuries have passed over the tomb of St. Benedict; but, though centuries bring changes, no change can alter anything that is essential either in the Church or in its Institutions. Krug was of one mind with De Vera; and, because of his youthfulness, his ardent disposition and his American training, he was inclined to push the matter forward more boldly. Already the German and American Benedictines had adopted the primitive Benedictine observance without any troublesome complication.

Thus, in this matter of reform, the two, De Vera and Krug, advanced in perfect agreement, save that the former displayed more prudence and timidity and the latter more fervour and enterprise,—always, be it said, in humble submission to the abbot. As it happened, Krug had a powerful and unexpected helper at his side in one of the monks who had entered Montecassino at a mature age. This was Dom Gaetano Bernardi, a very dear friend of mine, at one time a professor of repute, eminent for his knowledge

of letters, a man rich in goodness and good sense, who left the world to consecrate himself to God and embrace the Rule of St. Benedict. Bernardi, even in his worldly days, had learned how to reconcile in himself a great love of religion with love of his country, and for many years had kept before his mind and heart the loftiest monastic ideals. After he became a monk, he burned with the desire to realize them and, consequently, co-operated with Krug even before the premature death of De Vera.

Meanwhile, the better-informed ecclesiastics had foreseen for some time that the great political change which had taken place in Italy would be followed by a hurricane which would hurl itself against some of the Institutions of the Church, in the front rank of which were the Religious Orders. And, truly, in the year 1866 came the suppression in Italy of all the Religious Orders, a signal for the outbreak of a war with religion, both moral and intellectual, not yet at an end. We Catholics have believed it was ordained by Providence to rejuvenate the Catholic Church and our Christian polity, and to usher in a second Spring. Some noble attempts were made to save from suppression a few of those religious communities which had deserved best of the State, first and foremost of them Montecassino. To Montecassino the intervention most valued was that of Gladstone, a Protestant and European celebrity of the front rank, and a warm admirer of Abbot Tosti. Unreasonably, some unbelievers and sectarians blew upon the smouldering political passions till they burst into flame. All that could be done was to save a few Houses classed as national monuments. It was in this way Italy was saved from the disgrace of the destruction of Montecassino, and we have the happiness of seeing it yet alive and blossoming with a new life.

One of the first results of the suppression was the fattening of the Government treasury with some millions of *lire* and the impoverishment of monasteries and monks. Montecassino is a sort of little city, and the loss of its possessions,

notwithstanding its tough constitution, menaced it with a death by starvation for want of money. De Vera, second to none in his love for Montecassino, was weighed down with anxiety and trouble. The good monk, Krug, was grieved at his friend's grief, but was even more greatly distressed by the danger that threatened the place which was now complete mistress of his thoughts and affections.

It was in character with his courage and enterprise that he then called upon Abbot De Vera to let him go back to America and by preaching and begging raise funds for Montecassino. Abbot De Vera had great faith in Krug and accepted his proposal, saying to him: "Go; God, through the intercession of St. Benedict, will bless your work; Montecassino will be saved; it has withstood all the tempests of the world for many centuries and will weather them yet again." Krug, kneeling at the Abbot's feet, said: "Now, my father, give me your blessing and, in the name of St. Benedict, I will go at once." This scene took place towards the close of 1870. So, through a series of vicissitudes, ordained by Divine Providence, we know not why, our monk, Dom Boniface, after seven years at Montecassino, returned to the United States. His mission was not without fruit.

IX

Far from the little cell at Montecassino whence each day Krug let his eyes wander over the vast and beautiful panorama spread out beneath him, far from the quiet schools where he taught and the slow chant of the Monastic choir, we see our monk, almost on the instant, once more back across the seas, a dweller in the huge bustling cities of America. Whenever he could he stayed in a religious house or with one of the bishops. But this was not always possible. He had to go from place to place, varying the length of his stay as circumstances demanded and changing completely the habits of his life. During the three years and something more he spent in America he was an apostle rather than a monk, or,

more correctly, both monk and apostle at the same time. Moving quickly from church to church, from city to city, he oftentimes preached in English, German and Italian on the same day. His words were truly those of an apostle; they were at once a revelation of his earnestness of soul and of his great love of St. Benedict, and were eminently persuasive and efficacious. St. Benedict was not then well known in America; the fervour of the monk made people know him and love him. At the same time he brought them to the knowledge and love of the true religion by his preaching, Catholics and Protestants alike.

When he spoke expressly of St. Benedict and Montecassino, this was Krug's invariable refrain: "We will not suffer the countless lamps that burn before the shrine of St. Benedict to be extinguished. No: come to the help of Montecassino and we will say, for your benefit, a Mass in perpetuity upon the holy sepulchre." And the good Americans, some Protestants among them, gave handsomely. How much money was collected during this apostolic journey is not precisely known. I have heard it put at a hundred thousand *lire*; it was not less than that. Hence Krug was the salvation of Montecassino. It is through his labours that the lamps are alight still and will, we hope, continue to shine at the tomb of that Saint, who is the Patriarch of the Monks of the West and did much to lay the first foundation of our present civilization. But the three years spent by Krug in America were not devoted solely to the quest of money for Montecassino. His work was interrupted by the terrible fire at Chicago, an event which threw all America into confusion; however, the burning of the city gave him an opportunity of doing a good deed. In Chicago, there had been recently erected a convent of Benedictine nuns, among them Krug's sister, Theresa, whom we have already mentioned. Now, this house was one of those burnt to the ground. Krug, with the Archbishop's permission, purchased land for its rebuilding and zealously devoted what

experience he possessed to the superintendence of the work. Whilst labouring thus with all his might in the cause of St. Benedict in America and for the preservation of the Cassinese Abbey, there came to Krug the saddest of tidings from Italy. His best loved friend, the one who had done so much to keep him at Montecassino, Abbot De Vera, had piously departed this life on the 23rd of December, 1871, after a long and painful illness. God had called him to Himself. Great was the loss to the Cassinese Monks; but the protection of St. Benedict remained with them.

X

By the Autumn of 1873, nearly three years had passed since Krug had left for America; then, his mission fulfilled, he returned to Montecassino. At De Vera's much-lamented death, D. Nicola d'Orgement, his vicar, had succeeded to the Abbaey. He was a man of great piety, very prudent, and one of those who shared Krug's ideas concerning the reform commenced at Montecassino. He gave proof of this by the nomination of Krug to the claustral priorship on March 17th, 1874.

It is the office of the Cassinese Prior to watch over the exact fulfillment of the Rule and the monastic life. Krug, as Prior, was assuredly not only the most punctual at choir and in all the monastic duties, but he was a model to everyone of recollection and visible earnestness in each and every act of the monastic life.

Meanwhile, it had pleased a mysterious and beneficent Providence to stir up at Montecassino a wonderful activity, at the very moment when, by its suppression, it seemed that the spirits of the monks would be depressed and entebled. This activity, so noble and saintly, was due in part to the inspiration of Krug and was wholly or chiefly indebted to him for its direction and encouragement. It was a time when the Catholic Church displayed a fresh interest in the revival of the liturgical chant and of sacred

music. Krug, as I have remarked, was passionately devoted to the fine arts, and to music in particular. He gave himself up completely to the work of perfecting the execution of the liturgical song that awakened the echoes of the holy mountain, aiming to bring back to it more and more fully that sweetness and antique beauty which is so expressive of religious thought and feeling. At the same time he cultivated music of another sort, playing admirably on the organ, and on the piano which he had in his room. As he busied himself, in this fashion, with musical composition, an idea came to him, which some may deem an inspiration of genius, but which to me seems an inspiration not altogether human in its origin. There was talk then of a *Life of Jesus* written by Renan, a romance full of error, heresy and contradictions. Now the thought took shape in Krug's mind that he might counteract the impious and mischievous ideas of Renan by some melodies into which he had breathed the faith and love of Jesus Christ. These melodies were afterwards published, and Tosti, who contributed the preface, gave them the following title: "The Life of Christ expressed in musical thought, for the pianoforte." The work is divided into six parts: 1° Nazareth, 2° Bethlehem, 3° Genesareth, 4° Gethsemani, 5° Golgotha, 6° Alleluia. I think that people who can judge will consider Genesareth to be the most beautiful of the series; in the melody Krug makes one almost feel the rising of the storm on the lake. But that the reader may have some notion of this noble attempt, I transcribe here in full Tosti's preface, both for its own imaginative beauty and because it gives me the opportunity of bringing together the names of my two dearest Cassinese friends.

Tosti writes to this effect: "A mystery is not understood but felt; it is, therefore, the uttered expression of this feeling which is the principle that should govern the manifestation of a mystery, even as a mystery is the principle of every truth. This uttered word is outside the rules of

grammar and does not confine itself within the limits of an idea, but along the unending paths of ideal beauty it freely soars into the serene regions of the Infinite and discloses the conversation of the creature with God, which is the mother of all speech and harmony. It was man who first began to tell of the glory of God, for he first felt the rhythmical cadences of created things in cause and effect and their harmonious movement towards union with their ultimate end.

"Those who can feel this impersonal harmony are the true artists, they who, with conventions of line and verse and sound, give shape to it so that we may make acquaintance with it. Of all these conventions the least defined are those which are expressed in sound. These go straightest to the heart and awaken in us an aesthetic sense of God, for the reason that they are facile, universal and outside the laws of thought. Beside the cradle, a mother does not reason, she sings. In the presence of a mystery, we are all of us like infants of a day; art only and music eminently can enable us to perceive it. A mystery in the hands of the logician and philosopher is dumb; invoked by the prayer of feeling, it becomes like a stream of consolation in our veins, inspires visions of beauty in our minds, fills our hearts with the riches of love and transfigures the whole man in God.

"This is what a monk of Montecassino, Boniface Maria Krug, has striven to realize, clothing prayer with harmonies of music, which do not speak and cannot be expressed in thought, but which rise on the wings of meditation to find God in the most stupendous and precious of his revelations—in Christ.

"He has read and meditated on the life of Jesus; then letting his fancy roam through the pious story, he has fixed his mind upon those facts in which the contemplation of the Divine and Human Nature is broadest and most lucid; afterwards he has laid bare the emotions he experienced in a concord of musical sound. The angel who brings the

Divine Salutation; the song of the angels by the crib at Bethlehem, the stilling of the storm on Genesareth at the word of the Son of God, the agony of the Son of Man at Gethsemani, the Consummation at Golgotha, and the awful jubilation of the Man-God risen from the grave;—it is like love's analysis of the greatest of all mysteries, Christ.

"Only at Jerusalem and with the formalities of the Levitical ritual did the Jehovah of Moses permit Himself to be adored; always, everywhere, in every way, Christ permits us to love him. Who knows but that, along these thin streams of harmony. He may enter into the dwelling, when the doors are shut, to bring us that peace which the world has no power to bestow."

I will not attempt here to pass judgment upon the capability of music to express thoughts and affections, either generically or with more particular and precise definition. I am inclined to think that Krug, like many notable German musicians, made too much of the powers of music to describe thoughts and feelings. But I will go so far as to say that a profound religious sentiment is the very soul of Krug's music. Of this I have a sort of personal proof which I give herewith,

I do not remember with certainty what year it was when I really got to know my dear friend D. Boniface Krug at Montecassino, but I call to mind how I heard him play on the pianoforte, with masterly skill, a portion of the *Life of Christ*, and that I was greatly astonished and moved. Even now I seem to see and hear him at the piano as he is saying: "See at this moment we are in the Garden of Olives; Jesus is praying for us and his prayer is like a sweet perfume ascending to Heaven:—Listen! He is now oppressed with grief and his anguish grows and grows until He is covered with a sweat of blood:—Listen again! now the angel comes from Heaven to comfort him,"—and all the while he is speaking in this fashion and his skillful fingers sound on the keys of the instrument notes of sweetness or of power, Krug

is moved to the very soul; now he lifts eyes full of emotion to Heaven, at other times they are wet with tears, and so enflamed is he with devotion that he seems to be praying whilst he plays:—thus and so great was the feeling expressed in his countenance and in each of the movements of his body.

The Yorkshire Exiles of 1585

WRITING of this year, Bishop Challoner records the exile from London prisons, of twenty priests and a layman on 21 January, 1584-5 and gives their names. He also records the exile on 25 Sept., 1585, of thirty-two priests and two laymen, also from London prisons. An attempt has been made in the *Downside Review*, XXIX, 167, to identify these thirty-two priests. He adds:—"There were about eighteen men according to Campden and others, (Dr. Bridgewater says twenty-two), all priests but one (he a deacon,) sent into banishment from the northern prisons about the same time. Of whom Dr. Bridgewater writes, that they were for the most part, advanced in years; some being sixty, others seventy or upwards, and one eighty years old; and that many of them had been a great many years in prison; some ever since the beginning of this [*i.e.* Elizabeth's] reign, *i.e.* for twenty-six years. [Bridgewater's *Brevis Descriptio*, etc., fol. 411.]"

As Challoner gives no names, the present writer, who has been unable to verify the above reference, supposes that Bridgewater gave none. They are, however, to be found in an ancient catalogue, which was probably drawn up by Father Richard Holby, S.J., and which has recently been printed for the fifth volume of the Catholic Record Society by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., at pp 193-4. All these twenty-two names are mentioned by Dr. Bridgewater in the *Concertatio Ecclesiae* with the exception of Edmund Hartburne. An attempt will be made in the following pages to identify some of them; and to that end an alphabetical list has been compiled. The prisons from which the twenty-

two were sent into banishment seem all to have been in Yorkshire.

(1) Of *William Birkbeck* nothing whatever is known. He was not an absentee at the Northern Visitation in 1559 but, as Birkbeck is a not uncommon name in Yorkshire, the probability is that he was a Yorkshire incumbent, who signed the oath of Supremacy in that year but afterwards repented.

(2) *John Bolton*, whose name occurs in Dr. Sander's list, reprinted from the *De Visibile Monarchia* in Dr. Gee's *Elizabethan Clergy*, was committed to York Castle in the first year of Queen Elizabeth. Removed thence to the Ousebridge Kidcote at York, he remained a close prisoner there for ten or twelve years, and after about eight years' imprisonment at Hull was banished at this time.

(3) *Michael Bolton*, an old man, was imprisoned in the Ousebridge Kidcote, York, in 1581, and after having his ears bored, was sent to the Blockhouse at Hull, whence he was banished at this time.

(4) *James Clerkson*, whose cause has been introduced under the name of James Claxton, was a Yorkshireman educated at the English College at Rheims. He was sent on the English Mission in 1582, and having been exiled at this time, returned to England and was eventually hanged, drawn, and quartered between Brentford and Hounslow, 28 August, 1588, under the statute 27 Eliz., c. 2. The object of the wholesale banishments of this year was obviously to bring the exiled priests who were brave enough to return within the purview of this bloodthirsty act.

(5) *Thomas Feild* eludes identification; but perhaps he was the priest of this name who compounded for the first-fruits of the Rectory of Wilsford, Lincolnshire, 14 June, 1554.

(6) *William Fieldesend*, is probably the W. Fyldisend who signed the oath of supremacy for a cure in the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield in 1559.

(7) *Edmund Hartburne* is unknown. One *Edward Hartborne* of Grimsby, Lincolnshire, received the first tonsure in London in June, 1554, and *Robert Hartburn* or *Hertborne*, Rector of Longnewton, Durham, was deprived in or before 1562.

(8) *John Hugh*, the deacon of Challoner's statement, is the *John Hewitt* alias *Weldon*, venerable martyr, noticed in *Mr. Gillow's Bibliographical Dictionary*, and in the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*. He suffered at Mile End Green, 5 Oct., 1588.

(9) *William Hudson* cannot be identified.

(10) *Robert Kent* signed the oath of supremacy for the vicarage of Carlton with Willingham, Cambridgeshire, in 1559. He had been educated at the University of Cambridge. His name occurs in *Dr. Sander's* list. He was deprived in or before 1569. He arrived at the English College at Douay on his way to Rome, 22 January, 1577-8, and at the English College at Rheims on his way to England, 31 May, 1580.

(11) *John Marsh*, ordained priest at Douay in 1579, was exiled at this time. Being captured in France by "the King of Navarre's people" he was sent to England and imprisoned and again exiled in 1588. The reason for this leniency is that he had promised to take the Queen's side against her enemies, including, one can have no doubt, the Pope.

(12) One *Peacock* was exiled this year; and though the *Dictionary of National Biography* under *Peacock, Thomas*, states that this Catholic worthy died about 1582, the present writer thinks that *Thomas Peacock* is the priest in question. The *Concertatio* states that *Thomas Peacock* died in exile. He was B.D. (Camb.), 1554; Prebendary of Ely (7th Stall) 1556; President of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1556; and Rector of Barley, Hertfordshire, 1558. He was deprived of his prebend and rectory in 1559, and resigned his presidency in the same year to avoid expulsion.

(13) *William Robinson* may be the person of this name of

Higham Gobion, Bedfordshire, who was ordained sub-deacon in London in March, 1558. One of this name compounded for the first fruits of the Vicarage of Marton, Lincolnshire, 17 Feb., 1560-7.

(14) *Philip Sherewood*, a Yorkshireman, who had a benefice in Durham, retired to Douay in 1571, and having been reconciled, returned to England in 1575 and was imprisoned at Hull. Exiled at this time he died in or before 1588.

(15) *Thomas Shillito*, of the archdiocese of York, B.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was ordained deacon in London, March, 1556-7.

(16) *Thomas Smithwaile*, remains unknown. Perhaps he is the *Dr. Smithke* who was living in Paris 27 April, 1580.

(17) *Edmund Sykes*, venerable martyr, was borne at Leeds, and educated at the English College at Rheims. He was, ordained priest 21 February, and sent on the mission 5 June, 1581. After being banished at this time he soon returned and was shortly afterwards arrested and condemned under 27 Eliz., c. 2., for being a priest and coming into the realm. He suffered at York, 23 March, 1586-7.

(18) *William Ustinon* appears in the *Concertatio* as *William Husinson*, so his name was probably *Huskinson*; but he remains unidentified.

(19) *Anthony Wilkinson*, of Chester diocese, ordained sub-deacon in London in Sept., 1554, shortly afterwards became priest, and was appointed Vicar of Bramfield, Suffolk, that same year. He signed the oath of supremacy for this cure in 1559, but resigned before 1562. On 26 July, 1558-9 he obtained the living of Thorington, Suffolk, where he was not succeeded till 1571; but he probably went abroad before this as his name occurs in *Dr. Sander's* list published that year. In a list of fugitives beyond the sea dated 29 January, 1576, his name occurs, and he is described as *Parson of Melford*. The patron of the Rectory of Long Melford, Suffolk, at that time was Sir *William Cordell*, Master of the Rolls. On 27 April, 1580, a Catholic named

Dr. Wilkinson was living in Paris. Anthony Wilkinson arrived at Rheims in 1580 being then described as a priest of the archdiocese of York, and he was sent on the Mission the following year. In 1584 he was committed to the Ousebridge prison at York and was banished in this year.

(20) *William Wilkinson*, an old man, was arrested at Dr. Vavasour's house at York, 15 August, 1580, and committed to the Ousebridge Kidcote.

(21) *Robert Williamson* compounded for the first-fruits of "le green Chantry," Cambridgeshire, 20 August, 1547, and was in prison at Hull in 1579, then aged 60.

(22) *John Wright* afterwards Dean of Courtai, is the subject of a notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography* under the name of Thomas Wright. See also *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, IV, 86.

JOHN B. WAINWRIGHT.

A Procurator in Rome.*

St. Calisto, March 14, 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER PRESIDENT,

I received your long expected letter on the 18th day after its date. I thank you most sincerely for the kind sympathy expressed therein. I had attributed the delay in answering my first letter to the motive which you have assigned, and knowing your feeling consideration, I thought you deferred responding to my second, in order to allow a part of the cold season to pass over before you decided on my place of habitation. Having been made acquainted with the will of my President that I should reside in some Monastery, as soon as circumstances permitted I prepared to go to *San Calisto's*. For two reasons—If I went to *another Monastery*, that would have been regarded by the sons of St. Bennet here as a *slight*, and a sin never to be forgiven. It would have wounded the pride of the "Noble Benedictines" most deeply, that a Benedictine Gentleman (for I think myself one I assure you) had given a preference to any of the "Lower Orders," and had passed by the "Full Bloods" of Rome. To wound the pride of anyone makes a very "raw" sore, far worse than Pat ever established on the ribs of his four-footed cripple. In the 2nd place had I taken advantage of the liberty you gave me (*which* was like the liberty Mr. Molyneux used to give to a lad, of choosing whether he would be flogged with a whip or a stick; but flogged *he must be*) had I chosen *another* monastery, if I were uncomfortable or overtaken by sickness *there*, it would be said to me "why did you choose *that* place?"—had you gone

* Letters written by the V. Rev. Richard Ambrose Prett to the Right Rev. Luke Barber, Pres. Gen.

as first desired to S. Calisto's, this would not have happened." Evils are easier endured when produced by circumstances ordained by others and not chosen by ourselves.—In going to S. Calisto's I claim no merit. For in truth all things considered there is not much difference between one Monastery and another, as a place of residence for me. Whilst in moderate health I can live wherever I am sent, as well as any other person. In sickness, if I cannot be with English, Irish, or Scotch, who will care *some little* about me, it matters not whether I am with Hottentots or Italians. Nay, a faithful Sambo would be a comfort to me, even in a Monastery of Rome's Nobility! The Pope has his Swiss Guards for the same reason that I would like to have my "Black Guard." It appears I have mistaken the motives which influenced the Revd. Fathers in my Election. This mistake has been the cause of all the trouble I have given you. From the first, it certainly has been most deeply rooted in my head that my bodily infirmities, and not my mental abilities, caused me to be sent hither. And tho' you were pleased to weigh me in a more honourable balance, I cannot eradicate the notion, which has been planted by others in my brain, that the good of my Body Corporal rather than the good of the "Body Corporate" gave the preponderance to my name over others. It was said that a Procurator was to go to Rome more for form's sake than from any other cause, that there would be little or nothing for him to do, that I should be able to do this "little or nothing," and that a residence in Rome would prove the restoration of my health. On this latter ground, and on it alone, my brethren congratulated me on my happy destiny. I am not deceived by my own humility (!) Were it not for the consideration just mentioned my name would not have been heard in the matter, or if suggested, it would have stood as low on the list of candidates, as its final letter stands on the alphabet. However, this is now an idle question. I am here, and I must, and will, do the best I can; and I'll try

to make my "Taper" last as long as I can. It has not been blown out this winter, and I trust it will not be "sweated away" in the ensuing summer. In obedience to your orders I will entertain a better opinion of myself in future. Should the Pope himself tell me I have too much assurance, I can contradict him on the authority of my President. It is now time that I should say why I have so long delayed in replying to your letter. I waited ten days to be introduced to Card. Franzoni by Abbate Theodolet, *who would* do that office for me and would have been highly offended if I had not allowed *him* the honour. I could not present the Memorials until that was done. I wrote out petitions in Latin for the "Feasts" and the extension of the Sodality, and took them to Theodolet to know if the form was correct. He said they *must be written in Italian* and that he would translate them into that language. He has done so and sent them to the proper offices, and the answers will be received on Saturday next. The answers are sure to be affirmative. We went to C. Franzoni and the new Secretary Mgr. Brunelli on Saturday. The former Secretary Cadalini was made Cardinal about 6 weeks ago. Abbate Palma was engaged and I was not introduced to him. I will go to him in a day or two. I had with me Mr. Nicholson who had business with the Cardinal, so that very few words were addressed to me. He said he did not remember your name, and it struck me that the change of Presidents ought to be notified to *him* as well as to the Pope and the Cardinal Protector, as I suppose has been done, for I know nothing about such matters. Mgr. Brunelli was very agreeable and said he would be most happy at all times to transact business with me; and when I told him of my "defect of speech," he observed "that if he attempted to speak English he would be a greater blunderer." He speaks Italian slowly; I understood all he said. I will attend to your observations regarding my conduct towards the "Subs," and also in reference to Father Glover. I have called twice upon him,

but did not succeed in finding him disengaged. I do not know whether I understand rightly your orders in regard of the Doctor's Caps. Am I simply to petition, that Chapter or (Chapter not sitting) that the President with the Regimen shall have power of conferring D.D. on 4 of the Body "qui idonei judicentur"—or do you wish me to ask that this power may *continue* in the above authorities, so that when one of the 4 Doctors shall *die* or become a Bishop, the Chapter, or Pres. and Regimen, may grant the honour to another; provided always that no more than 4 are in the enjoyment, *at the same time*, of the Title thus granted? I am pretty certain you do not intend the latter interpretation to be given to your words, but as I have a *slight* doubt on the subject I ask advice. If I were better acquainted with the Secretary I would ask him (or Palma) if such an *extended* grant would be given, and if they thought it would I would ask for it. A day *may come* when Regulars may not have such Friends in the High Places as they *now* have; therefore the more we get now, the less we should want when there may be persons in power unwilling to give us anything.—The next Post after my last to you I wrote, as I promised, to Mr. Brewer regarding Edge Hill. I received in reply 3 reasons for the delay: 1st Wright's Bankruptcy, 2ly our loss individually in the Order, 3ly the danger of insurrection in the County owing to distress. He says also that our Friends at Rome, at the commencement, recommended delay. A day or two after he sent 3 annual reports of the Society, one to be given to Cardinal Acton. He informs of what has been done, and of what will be done. I'll not announce *all* that *is to be done*, for fear unforeseen occurrences may frustrate the intentions of Father Provincial. I hear that the St. Patrick's Gentlemen have opened a large room in Crosby Street as a School and Chapel and that Copperas Hill are going to do the same in another part of the Town. The Seculars will have 5 Chapels and we the "Aborigines" only 3, even when Edge Hill is built—I do hope

Mr. Fisher will build his new Church sufficiently distant from the old Chapel, so that *both* may be used as places of Worship. I have heard nothing of the petition you speak of. If it be the case that where there is a Hierarchy Regulars cannot be Parish Priests without special appointment from the Pope, I fear we should stand a poor chance of such a Privilege granted to us. We should not have the Jesuits to assist us in obtaining it. They do not care to be Parochi. Hence they ceded that right in seeking permission to build their Church in Liverpool. They avow themselves to be mere supplementaries or assistants to the Clergy. All they desire to have is, Liberty to Preach, Instruct Youth, and be in the Confessional. I believe they would not only yield up all Parochial rights which they now possess in England, but they would gladly see the same taken from us, if *thereby* they obtained a wider field to pursue the above 3 objects. Give them leave to have *mere* Chapels-of-Ease wherever they choose to erect them in England, and on that condition they would sign the Secular Petition. I have always understood that to be the principle by which Jesuits are actuated. The Regulars in Ireland are not Parish Priests, except accidentally, when a Bishop chooses to appoint one to a Parish. The state of Regulars in Ireland would be a precedent against us. Before the Reformation I suppose we held the Parish in which any of our Monasteries stood. Had we Parishes *distant* from the Monastery? I believe the Benedictines had Parishes in their gift, and appointed Secular Priests there, the same as the Abbot of Mon. Cassino does now. Did they ever appoint one of their own Monks as a Parish Priest and to live out of the Monastery? Father Athanasius, the "Northern Light" can no doubt illuminate my historical darkness. It is not very probable that the Hierarchy Question will be entertained at Rome. The Propaganda is very loth to give up the power it possesses of *full* Government, when there is no Hierarchy. There is scarcely any Kingdom *which* at the present time enjoys the

complete rights of a Hierarchy. France I believe does. Her motto is "Noli me tangere," and ever has been. Ireland does not. Dr. O'Finan is an example of that. I suppose the "Petitioners" in England wish to be placed on the same footing as Ireland, *viz.*, that Bishops be elected by the Parochi, subject to a "Veto" exercised by the Pope; that the Bishops appoint "suo arbitrio" the *Parish Priests*; and *they*, being once appointed, become "Fixtures," in spite of Bishops, unless they offend in certain points specified by the Canons. Under such a regimen we should obtain precious few appointments to Parishes in 7 out of the 8 Districts. Many a long year will roll over before this takes place. Propaganda having, of late years, had so much trouble in managing our little Church in England, they will not, as yet, leave it *more to its own management*, but will continue to treat it as a "minor" and keep it "sub Tutoribus."—I have been asked by a person who frequents Propaganda "how Mr. Tate of Ushaw is affected towards Regulars."—I don't know a single Priest *favourable* to Regulars. If I knew of one, let him become Bishop, and I'll bet long odds he becomes *unfavourable*. Now that you, Father President, have given me leave to have a bit of conceit of myself, I give it as *my opinion* that no good will ever be done, or at least be *permanent*, as long as our *well being*, *our vitality and powers of extension* depend on the men who happen to be made Bishops, and *happen to continue* favourable to us above 6 months after the mitre has sat upon their brow. There should be "*regulations*" *well explained*, and not left to the interpretation of either Bishops or regulars. I follow the Directory in use *here*. It has *scores* of Saints, with "Ordinis N." figuring after their names, *which* I never heard of. I could cull out a list, so as to enable you to keep *two* a day. They observe Sundays as mere "Feria," like the Seculars. I don't know how Dr. Collier managed to follow the English Benedictine Directory. They would not let me wear "our Hood." They said I should be taken for a monk

of a different Order. The Habit is 99 parts of the monk. Of course that is a "rhetorical flourish" called "Hyperbole." They are, however, monstrously exact in—counting threads. I will make enquiries in higher quarters whether I can observe my own costume and will do it, if not prohibited. In the "Authority" you gave me, the words "Curia Romana" are inserted. I fancied I observed a disapproving motion in C. Franzoni's features when he read that part. They do not like the term. After receiving your letter and after I had entered S. Calisto I called at C. Acton's twice or thrice, but did not find him at home. I saw his Em. on Saturday. Nothing particular was said. Theodolet was with me. He *would* accompany me. He is fond of introductions, and waiting upon Cardinals, etc. He is fit for nothing else. He prides himself on his "*blood*." That made an "honorary Abbot," and not his brains. *He* was "counsel" for Dr. Collier in the letting of our House. The tenant is *his particular* friend, and the tenant was allowed to draw up the writings! They are so illegibly written that I cannot decipher them. When I have got them translated or read to me by a Friend, and I thoroughly understand the case, I will look into the business. As I understand the business at present, the Tenant has power to make almost unlimited improvement or alterations, and then pays the rent from his right pocket to his left to defray the expenses! If this be the case I must see a receipt from a tradesman for every farthing expended, and not take the tenant's word backed by Theodolet's oath as the only voucher. Neither will I give him time to get receipts manufactured for the occasion, if I can help it. An old Priest gives me the account of the "foolish contract" entered into. I scarcely credit it from the opinion I have of Dr. Collier. But I can believe *most firmly* in *any* amount of roguery, duplicity, rascality, larceny, petty and grand, etc., etc., just short of infinitude *which* an . . . may be said to be guilty of. I hope in my next letter to be able to give all particulars.—On the 21st of January

I sent to Mr. Heptonstall and Father Scott certain Indulgences obtained by Mr. Nicholson. I wrote to both on the envelope. As I had been referred to Mr. Scott in the first instance as "my Paymaster," I asked him to send me additional supplies. None have been sent, and I am in low water. I fully expected that Mr. Heptonstall after his visit to Stanbrook would have endeavoured to save himself the expense of a begging letter from me, and that he would forthwith have sent a cheque. As he must be aware of my "need," I still depend upon receiving a remittance from him.

I must not close this letter without expressing my sincere regret at your severe indisposition. I trust you did not feel its effects beyond a few days after your return to Stanbrook. My last accounts from Masham were dated from Jan. 14th. They were written (as is the usual case) more with the view of appeasing my disquietude than of giving the true state of my brother's health, etc. Abbot Zelli (the real Abbot) desired me to present his "I don't know what" to you when I should write to you. I can't "Englishify" Italian compliments, but I *thoroughly understand* them, and I know the value of them. Dr. Brown returned my call before I entered Calisto. I have spent an hour with him two or three times. He is much improved in health. Will you please to give my three young friends half an hour's penance on their knees in the middle of your room, as a *kind memento* from me. My respects to Lady Abbess and kind regards to the Comty.

I remain, Very Revd. Father,

Your dutiful and respectful

(in my heart if not in writing) son,

R. A. PREST.

S. Calisto, Roma, April 3rd. 1843.

VERY REVD. FATHER PRESIDENT,

Enclosed I send you an advertisement and Typographical specimen of a proposed reprint of the Benedictine Breviary. I do not entertain very great hopes that it will prove a favourite with the Brethren in England. Knowing however that Breviaries are much enquired after, both by Missioners and Monasteries, I deem it my duty to apprise you of any contemplated Edition, which I may hear of. Perhaps you will take the trouble of forwarding the "Specimen" to St. Gregory's, and request Father Prior to transmit it to St. Lawrence's. If I can procure another "Prospectus" I will send it to St. Edmund's, for Father Burchell's inspection. Being in *one* volume I fear it will have too many "references" and will be exceedingly clumsy in shape. It will neither be one thing nor another, neither an agreeable travelling companion, nor a commodious choir or steady associate. It will contain feasts not observed by us, and exclude some of our English Saints; but it will also have the offices, not inserted in our Breviaries of Festivals which we do celebrate. It will be useful as an appendix. What nonsense the Editor is made to talk about the inconvenience "of 4 vols. however small," experienced by Travellers and Missionaries? I know which form of Breviary the hundred Benedictine Missionaries of the *English* Cong. would prefer, notwithstanding the great experience in Missionary matters possessed by Italian Benedictines, who within the present century sent out one missionary to the Mauritius and have even now another solitary "*rara avis in mari*," of the same species on its way to Botany Bay. The Printer requires the sale of 500 copies being ensured, before he goes to press. A Paul is 5d. and a fraction, so that the cost will be about 6s. 6d. per Breviary. A very good addition of the Ben. Missal has been issued during the last year of the Folio size. The price is about a guinea. It

is a much cheaper article than the former. The man ought to make an allowance to English purchasers in consideration of the Carriage and Duty to be paid by us. I received at the Propaganda the Indult for celebrating the Feasts of St. Gregory VII and St. Alphonsi Mariae de Ligorio, diebus primis non impeditis. Item Festum S. Cordis B.M.V. Domca. 12 Maii; Patrocinii B.M.V. 20 Dom. Novemb.; SSmi. Cordis Jesu, Feria VI, post Octavam, Corp. Xti. I have also obtained the grant for St. Gregory's. I will send the two documents by private hand the first opportunity. I should have supposed that a book would have been kept by the Procurator as a Registry of the various grants we obtained thro' his agency. If Feasts once get into the Directory they will be registered often enough. I have not seen Palma as yet. Yea, I have indeed seen him, and he has seen me waiting for an introduction to his Highness, but he did not vouchsafe to condescend to it. Dr. Nicholson was with me in an anteroom.

Palma passed through, and the Doctor attempted to shake hands with him. I never saw a more rude cut direct. I think his two masters Card. Franzoni and Monsr. Brunelli, would not have so acted. Dr. Polding told me that the "Haughty Roman" turned a Priest out of his audience chamber, because the said Priest looked disrespectfully at his nose—which nature has left in an unfinished state. Very probably I have met him in the streets, and unwittingly have paid a marked attention to that dilapidated member so much despised by its owner. Hence, perhaps, the sentence of banishment is pronounced against me. I hope the "whole" Ben. Eng. Congregation will not be annihilated as a further punishment of the grievous crime of its agent! Well! I suppose I must try again to get admitted into his presence, and as I am doomed to eat a vast deal of Italian "dirt," I must "stomach" Italian "insults" also. It has cost me four or five "wet shirts, &c., &c.," in attempting to obtain an introduction. I must now look out for another

friend to accompany me; for Dr. Nicholson will not. I have seen Mr. Glover. How very strong a resemblance he bears to his late Brothers? He said that at one time he was strongly in favour of the restoration of the Hierarchy in England, but he has now changed his opinion. In answer to my question "How the Jesuits in England would be affected by the restoration of the Hierarchy?" he replied that they would exist there as in other countries where Jesuits are not Parish Priests. It is evident that we should have to contend "alone," unaided by other Regular Bodies, when the day of contest arrives respecting Parochial rights. The Jesuits will assist us, if they consider that Benedictines being Parish Priests will tend to their advantage. I spent the day at St. Paul's on the Feast of our Holy Father. The General of the Jesuits according to "long usage" graced the choir and Dinner Table with his presence. I never heard the Gregorian Chant sung in such perfection. Of course I helped to execute it. The singing was certainly most devotional and Church-like. It almost pleased me as much as the "Angelic strains" of Stanbrook Choir, where the heart more than the lungs influences the character of the sacred Melody. Aossini Card. Pref. of Bishops and Regulars and C. Acton dined with us. I sat next to the latter. His Em. again broached the Subject of a Benedictine Monastery in London with a neat Gothic Church attached to it for the use of the Public. His Eminence seemed to have the idea that the Order is rich. He said nothing about Edge Hill; neither did I. One of the annual reports sent me by Mr. Brewer was directed to C. Acton, but I have not delivered it. Seeing that there is only £681 in hand, he might be induced to ask me what the supposed cost of House, Church and Penitentiary will be, and whether the land is paid for; its value &c., &c. The answers to which would make the £681 look very diminutive. I think it is best to say nothing about it, until I am asked to speak; and it will be so much the better if

I am not asked until July, when, it is said, the House will be built and the temporary chapel opened and in use. When I can inform Card. Acton and others that 160 children are receiving Catechetical Instruction every Sunday at Edge Hill, they will be better pleased than if I stated that we had £3000 in Bank. I hope the question of building another chapel will not be sent to Rome by either Provincial until one of the two intended churches in Liverpool is opened and the other in a state of forwardness. Dr. Wilson arrived in Rome on the 22nd or 23rd of March. I fully expected Mr Heptonstall (having been apprized of my necessities) would have taken the opportunity of saving 3 postages, one from me to him, another (perhaps double) from him to me, and a third for the acknowledgement of the cheque. He probably thinks that I have had the good fortune to receive the *accumulated arrears* of rent from the tenant occupying our house. About 3 weeks ago I took the contract or lease to the Prior of the Irish Augustinians, to get it translated into English. The Prior has been taken ill and continues so, and the translation has not been effected. He tells me, however, that the property is leased at 130 scudi per annum for 9 harvests or "gatherings," which word has a most vague meaning in the mouth of a lawyer or rogue. There may not be 9 gatherings or harvests of "some garden productions" in twice 9 years. Dr. Collier, remitted the first 9 months' rent to enable the tenant to put the fountains in order, and he also agreed to make certain repairs in the house. That is the substance of lease. Whether Dr. Collier made the promised repairs and paid for them I don't know. I should think he did not, judging from the information I received from Abbot Theodolet, who says that the rent (from December 11th, 1839, to the present time) has been swallowed up by the repairs which the tenant has made, and *will be* swallowed up probably for 6 more years by future repairs which the tenant is authorized to make. He said the place was let for 9 years, and when

I asked him how many years' rent the repairs would swallow, he said "perhaps 10." At this announcement I opened such a pair of eyes, hands, nostrils, and mouth (all in English) that the Abbot understood my thoughts as well as if I had spoken Italian like a native! He began to praise the honesty and uprightness of the tenant and to state what a princely revenue *will be* obtained from the property at *some future time!* There must be somewhere another document of later date authorizing the tenant to pay yearly the 130 scudi from his right pocket into his left. May I ask, V. Revd. F. P., if you have any explanation of the affair, made to yourself or chapter by Dr. Collier. I must act upon the *original "lease,"* unless the man produces a paper signed by Dr. Collier empowering him to spend the yearly rent in repairs. Those repairs, of course, will be strictly defined in the paper and the estimated cost of them specified. A person must then value the repairs and see if they be *worth* the amount of rent *due now.* Even signed receipts from tradesmen will be no proof that work has been done on the premises to the amount specified. If the tenant be a rogue, and knows his business well enough to deserve that title, he may have had work done to the value of 50 scudi, and paid a Tradesman 60 on condition that he would give a receipt as having received 50. The tenant is the Scrivener and Accountant of St. Paul's and St. Calisto's. If, therefore, it turns out, that regularly signed documents leave us entirely at his mercy, I must appeal to Theodolet to use his influence over the man, who is dependent on the Monastery, and prevent as from being *robbed* through a knavish contract which he *induced* Dr. Collier to agree to sign. For the *honour* of the McTubs he ought to mend what he has marred, or I shall respect "noble blood" rather less than I do now. I am sure he will, and I am certain he did not knowingly induce Dr. C. to enter into a foolish contract, *if it really be such* as I am now given to understand it is. In advising the Contract, I believe the Abbot sought to benefit both parties,

but certainly the eye which looked after the interests of his Protégé the Tenant, was more "wide awake," than the other which looked over the interests of the poor *Inglese Benedettini*. I expect to be able to send the two "Indults" *foreign post-free* some day this week, by Mr Reynolds who is returning to Ireland, not much against his will. He has had the Fever 3 times within 3 months, the Tertian ague. The attacks have been short but severe and lasted only the usual 3 days. After a checked perspiration, a violent shivering comes on and continues for an hour or two, then a swimming sweat (excuse the word, I never use any other). The next day at the same hour the shivering returns and again the third day. If it does not stop then it is a bad job. Few can stand such rough usage more than 3 days, and that knocks 3 years' life out of them. My *Butler* the other day brought my breakfast and seemed to ail nothing; he was in bed before 12 and very ill of the Fever. The Vice-President of the English College has just recovered from it and gone away on the recruiting service. At the Augustinian Convent there are 3 sick out of 6. One, only, is sore throat. When I took my paper to get translated I saw Rev. T. Brown when the shivering fit was on for the first time. Hot and sweating tho' I was, the very sight gave me "a cooler." He had been in bed a fortnight, and the change in the Fever was considered favourable. The river had been 7 feet high in that Convent during the late floods. The long continued rains, they say, will cause an unhealthy summer and autumn.

I am told that not very long since a Monsignor was introduced to Palma, and the reception was "I don't know him." The Monsignor's name was again repeated by the introducer and it extracted a similar response, "I don't remember his name; I know nothing about him." I was going to put a mark of admiration and astonishment after the polite phrase, but it would be bad grammar to do so; for it is nothing wonderful or astonishing for P. to be rude,

and certainly not deserving of admiration. It is perhaps fortunate that the petition for "Caps" has not been presented until I get into P.'s good graces. I almost doubt the result of such a request. Was not the former grant conceded as a *special favour* to the President paying his respects at the Holy See? By what Pope was the privilege given? I suppose the "preamble" must be that "the Gen. Chap. or President being desirous of promoting and encouraging" learning, etc." and of rewarding "bene meritis" humbly supplicate—I wish the petition for a *permanent* grant had come direct from the Chapter or President, as it is not an *ordinary* affair, even to ask for 4 Caps "pro hac vice tantum." Excuse my presumption for *thinking*, instead of "doing as I am bid." I will not fail to do the latter also. I supposed the petition for the "Feasts" was the only one that had "speed" endorsed on it. I will not delay in order to gain time that I may grow wise enough myself to be a "Doctor." That would be too cunning a trick for an "honest Yorkshireman" as you style me. I have tried to pen a more "sober" letter than the antecedents. I trust I shall continue to improve.

I am very respectfully and devotedly,

Yours,

R. A. PERRY.

May 20th, 1843.

VERY REV. FATHER PRESIDENT,

Your letter announcing the death of the venerable Ex-president, and directed to the English College, never reached its destination. I have made enquiries both at the College and the Post Office. Your next "favor" arrived four days after I had posted my last communication, which will account for my not making mention of its reception

when I wrote. I have reason to believe that other letters have been lost or detained "in transitu." I have had no account from my Brothers since the 14th of January. Their letters must have been lost or purloined. Surely they would not be guilty of the latter dirty trick in Rome, where there is a Pope, some 40 Cardinals, almost as many Bishops, about 4000 Priests, and upwards of 370 Churches! If the authorities do open letters in this Holy City to peep and pry into other people's concerns, it would be well to reopen one of the old Pagan Temples and send for a New Zealander to teach the "Extraordinary Virtuous" a *bit* of common pagan honesty. Your last kind Epistle was welcomed by me on the 13th inst. Previous to receiving it, I had been twice with the Petition for the "Caps" to Propaganda, but was unfortunate in selecting two days on which there were special convocations of Cardinals. Monsigr. Brunelli was engaged on both occasions. Agreeably to your recommendation, I have sought advice on the subject. On Thursday I showed the petition to Cardinal Acton, and gave him additional verbal reasons, why the favour therein asked for ought to be granted to us. His Eminence said that the Petition might be presented and was not in the least unreasonable. I wish most heartily that either the Cardinal, or his *English* Tongue and EARS adorned the Audience Chamber of Propaganda. I was in hopes that I should be able to hand in the Document on the following day and perhaps be enabled to give you Brunelli's opinion on the subject; but it rained, and does rain in such torrents, that I could not venture out. I get wet through, often enough, in *fair* weather; I'll not willfully try the experiment in wet weather. I informed Card. Acton, as directed, of the new Churches and houses built and being built in the S. Province, and reinforced him of the operations taking place in the North, *viz.*, new Church, House and School at Birtley to be opened this Summer or Autumn, two Schools at St. Mary's, Liverpool, opened and full of

children some months ago, &c., &c., &c. I also mentioned that in the Midland and *Western* District there was no hindrance to our erecting Chapels, etc., and I added, that we were always *more* ready to communicate to the Authorities here, such pleasing and peaceful information, than to bring complaints of a contrary nature. His Eminence was much gratified with the Intelligence. On a former occasion I had told him of the contemporaneous visits which the President and the Bishop of Siga made to each other shortly after your Election. I was honoured by an introduction to his Holiness during Passion week. I was to have been introduced shortly after I presented myself at Propaganda, but Dr. Nicholson having been appointed my interpreter afterwards told Brunelli that he would rather decline the office, as he had not seen His Holiness for 5 years and that probably the Pope would not recollect him. I accompanied Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Sharples interpreted for both. His H. asked if Dr. Wilson was a Benedictine (as was natural from the company he was in). Naming St. Laurence's as my Monastery, brought to his recollection Dr. Baines, "with whom he had to settle matters when Prefect of the Propaganda." H. H. asked "how many novices in St. L.?" "how many convents?" H. H. enquired when I had seen Dr. Brown, and associated with his Lordship's name a complimentary expression. He enquired after Dr. Polding. His H. stood the whole time, and was most unlike "Jupiter Tonans," "The Thunderer of the Vatican." I have not as yet seen the *bigger* man, Abbate Palma. I had prevailed on Dr. Nicholson to accompany me in Easter week, the customary time for paying visits of respect to officials, but I was very unwell, and could not keep the appointment. Since then, I have despaired of getting an interview. I will order the two missals when I have received answers from Ampleforth, Douai and the North Province and when I have received money from *somebody*. I have borrowed a trifle from a Student of the English

College for my own purposes, but I'll not go a-begging for Provincial and Procurator nor even for President, although I would willingly do it for the Rev. Fathers Barber, Scott and Heptonstall. I could not release a letter from post without being beholden to the servant; I could not pay the monthly account of my "quarter of a servant." I went to the Bank, to the Irish Franciscans, to the Irish Augustinians to beg relief. The two last had nothing to lend; the Bank would not advance a few pounds, unless the Abbot of St. Paul's would sign his name to the paper and be answerable for the amount. I offered to bring an Abbot to vouch that I was the accredited Agent of all the English Benedictines, and that they were a respectable Body of men. But no, it would not do. I have felt and fretted so much on this point and am in such low spirits and health, that I think it prudent to dismiss the subject and lap up all my vexation in the short phrase, "*it is too bad.*"—Dr. Griffiths left about a fortnight ago. I learnt from Father Glover that one cause of his coming was to settle about the erection of a Jesuit Church in London. The Bishop has prevailed and there is to be no Jesuit Church. They might have one on certain conditions. But they were of such a nature that the Jesuits declined acceding to them. One condition was, that the Jesuits should pay to the Bishop £60 a year—another was, that the number of Priests should not exceed four. It would seem a fixed rule that the Bishops are to have a percentage upon the receipts of all new Churches. Dr. Brown is still here. It is supposed he is endeavouring to get a Coadjutor. I fancy there has been some general business connected with all the English Vicars. Dr. Griffiths, speaking to me of a copying machine, said he had just written a letter to each of the Bishops in England. Dr. Brown paid me a visit yesterday. He said he could neither read, write, nor pray, so he drove out in the rain. He came to a wrong place either for wine or spirits, for I never felt so much like "ditch-water" as I have done these last 6 or 7

weeks. As I shall have to write again in a fortnight or 3 weeks to state the result of the Petition, I must beg your excuse for this "shortish" letter.

Present my kind respects to Lady Abbess and Community, and be pleased to accept a full measure of the same for yourself, Very Revd. Father President,

from your affectionate Son,

R. A. PREST.

S. Callisto, Roma.

May 20th, 1843.

P S—If any Rogue at the Post office opens this letter, I beg he will seal it again, and pass it on according to directions, as there is neither money nor treason in it.

The Man in the Iron Mask.

THE question of the identity of this personage has been so completely taken over by Romance from the domain of serious history, that the only suitable style for introducing the subject is that of Ainsworth or Bulwer Lyton. Thus:—

It was on a sultry afternoon of Sept., 1698, that a party of well-armed horsemen "might have been seen" dusty and travel-stained, picking its way through the narrow streets leading to the Great Gate of the Bastille of Paris.

This troop was in attendance on M. de St. Mars, the newly-appointed Governor of the Château, who was coming to take over the duties of his new post. But of far greater importance than the details of his new office, was the care of the prisoner whom St. Mars had brought with him. All the way from a fortress on the Mediterranean Coast, St. Mars had guarded his prisoner with extraordinary vigilance. In order that no man should see his features, he was required to wear a mask of Black Velvet (not iron), and to travel under a canopy of waxed cloth, concealing his age.

No one knew his name,—unless, perhaps, the Governor himself (though this is uncertain), but the soldiers may have whispered to each other that the Captive was only known as the "old Prisoner,"—that he had been kept in several strongholds in the South, such as Pêrouse, Pignerol near Turin, Exiles, the Isles of St. Marguerette, opposite Cannes, etc., but that everywhere he was guarded with the same jealous care, was under the charge of the same governor, St. Mars, and was consigned to special cells prepared for his reception. He was called in every case "the old Prisoner,"—meaning *not* old in years but the longest in custody as a Prisoner of State.

The troopers were not in a position to tell more than this.

The party was duly received by the Commandant; and the Prisoner was lodged in the rooms prepared for him, which were so constructed as to exclude, or stifle, all sounds from within or without.

Once delivered to the Commandant only he, and not any of a more menial rank, was attended upon the masked prisoner,—whose personal characteristics were that he was tall, of noble bearing, and a pious Catholic, asking only for religious facilities and for books of devotion. He never complained, but submitted himself humbly to the will of God and the King. He was, also, of comparatively youthful appearance,—a fact, of great importance when we come to weigh the various claims of so many pretenders.

In this famous Fortress, he lived for a further period of five years, making about forty in all, and during that period he was seen and observed by many chance visitors. But the strictest instructions were given that he was on no account whatever to be given an opportunity of telling "what he knew" to any living soul. The structure of his cell, and the strict regularity of his life favoured this policy.

In the end the "ancient prisoner" died on the 19th of November, 1703, having made his confession on the previous day, but having failed to receive Communion owing to some blunder or delay.

On the following day, he was buried in the church-yard of St. Paul's, the Parish church of the Bastille, under a "burial name," according to custom and law; which name in no case, was the deceased's real name.

These are about all the leading ascertained facts of the case. That "the mask" could play the lute, and had a passion for lace and fine linen, that he was served on silver and on bended knee, and that he was addressed as Monseigneur, are due to the imagination of romancists—writing many years after his death.

No mystery in the history of the world has been enquired into with so much sedulous and untiring labour.

There are twelve or fifteen serious claimants to the personality of the mask, many of whom have had something like a score of volumes written on their behalf. The search is almost baffled by the fact that a "herring is constantly trailed across the scent" and that public curiosity is often directed to this or that similar case, and is thus withdrawn from the true quarry. The number of persons who were (like the mask) kidnapped by Louis XIV. and kept in one of his many strongholds is surprising. The secret was known to the two succeeding kings but each kept his counsel, or adopted the current solution.

The great Napoleon took an interest in the matter, and when he came to uncontrolled power, caused a careful search to be made of all the foreign correspondence of the period. Nothing bearing on the question was discovered, but it was made clear that there was no truth in the stories of a French Royal Personage being the long searched for "Iron Mask."

This puts out of Court the suppositions dear to Romance, that the illustrious captive, was a twin brother of Louis XIV, or a son of Anne of Austria by a second marriage, or the favourite son of the Great Louis, viz., the Comte de Vermandois, who by the way, was buried 20 years before the Prisoner in question; or, again, a son of the Protector Oliver, or the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, all whose claims are contrary to known and authentic history. Many others are shewn to have been seized before "the Mask" was even born, or to have out-lived him: in the end.

To take a few of the more important cases,—shewing, as it were, their various "claims" and "disqualifications":—

A dozen volumes, or more, have been devoted to the single case of *Ereole Mattioli*, who finds more support from historical students than any other prisoner.

Mattioli was the minister of a Duke of Mantua, who having grossly deceived both his master and Louis XIV, fell at last, after much patient watching, into the hands of the latter potentate, and was lodged in a succession of fortresses,—(he also like "the Mask" himself, covered the face, as did many of the young Italian Nobility.

But then, Mattioli was sent to Pignerol (see above) in 1879—six years after "the Mask" was received there. There was never any mystery about Mattioli, who was there



ONE OF THE PRISONS

for punishment—not for seclusion. He was openly called by his own name, and had no prison appellation, as was usual in French Prisons.

Again Mattioli could not speak French, which "the Mask" spoke fluently—though with a foreign (! German) accent. Moreover, when St. Mars moved, he always took the "Old Prisoner" with him, but not always Mattioli, who was left behind. Apparently he never was taken to the Bastille at all, which "the Mask" certainly was.

Lastly, a prisoner of importance died at Isle St. Marguerite early in 1694,—and after this date no reference to Mattioli occurs in the correspondence with Saint Mars. Notwithstanding these apparently stubborn disqualifications, "the case of Mattioli was sustained by Lord Acton (1906), up to the last."

Another almost equally voluminous case is that of a M. de Marchiel, an obscure conspirator, hit upon by an officer of the French Army, M. de Jung (1873),—after "enormous labour and research." Marchiel was seized at Peronne, by order of the Minister Louvois, and sent first to the Bastille and then to Pignerol, and again, seemingly, to the Bastille. The main facts and dates "fit in" to this claimant's case with much exactness.

But the evidence did not satisfy any of the writers who have followed M. de Jung,—such as Lord Acton Andrew Lang, &c. ;—and next, the great anxiety lest the prisoner should be seen or heard, the undoubted deference with which he was always treated; and his marked piety are not explained by this theory.

It is rejoined that if this be the Marchiel who was connected with the gang of Poisoners "who made France a scene of fear and horror for so long a period—during which more than 100 people were burned at the stake,"—it is easily understood that some depository of dreadful secrets and unknown powers may have been consigned to secrecy by *lettre de caché* and yet kept alive in case of need.

Thus is evidence played backwards and forwards like a ball, while the unhappy personages are moved about and interchanged to the intentional confusion of investigation.

We have for instance the cases of the two valets whose history has been examined by Mr. A. Lang :—

1°. Eustache Dauger (a Prison name) round whom the whole story of the Mask seems to revolve. He was not a servant, but humbly consented to be employed as a valet. He had done *something*; we know not what; Mr. A. Lang

says we shall never know (see his "The Valet's Tragedy").

2°. The other valet, called La Rivière, seems to have been harmless, but to have been kept in Prison out of pure routine,—the sole reason being that he *might* have learnt what the other valet *had done*.

This is the constant enquiry of the ministers, "Is it known (asks Louvois with more and more nervousness) what your old prisoner (Dauger) *did*?" Another says "The King had no greater anxiety than to conceal what it was that Dauger *had done*," and again, "The King says that the safe keeping of Dauger is of the *last* importance."

Now what was it that Eustache Dauger had done? And why was it of such vital consequence?

Who, then, was this noble-looking, accomplished and devout young Catholic,—so carefully observed and so closely secluded,—attended with deference and provided with a lavish table,—and yet whose safety was of the *last importance* to a mighty King, and able to cause him the *greatest anxiety*.

It requires a special treatise—(or many such treatises, to go by precedent)—to establish the identity of any wearer of that Mask, or any occupant of that canopy on the 19th Sept., 1698, at the Gates of the Bastille.

No claim, even approximately, fills the above conditions.

And yet there existed a young Prince, before whose coming greatness even Louis XIV must have felt himself insignificant, and have feared for the security of his kingdom.

The *only* young man in Europe, who could be so described, was Joseph-Ferdinand, Electoral Prince of Bavaria, grandson of the Emperor Leopold the 1st, and the heir, under the *will* of Charles II of Spain, of all her possessions, including Naples, and Milan, Mexico and Peru.

Now Charles II, who then held all these possessions, was very ill. As the time drew near for his signing his *Will*

(which was known to be in favour of the Electoral Prince) Europe was in consternation at the immense increase which was about to fall into the hands of a power already too large. The situation is fully explained in popular handbooks—except the incident which follows.

Louis XIV who had been preparing by concessions, by negotiations and treaties against this calamity (for so it was), seemed to bear the blow with equanimity. After many intrigues and interventions, the will was signed;—but, a few days later, the Prince "died suddenly," and King Louis was safe for the present.

The cause of this death was officially stated to be small-pox, but the Elector his father (who came in for a good thing by the death of his son) *believed* the reports which had quickly arisen that *some sinister design had ended his son's life*.

Now, we know what was the terror of small-pox at a time when there was no cure and no palliative. Even in the highest ranks (as in the case of Louis XV a short time afterward), it was well-nigh impossible to induce anyone to tender the usual offices, or make the most necessary examinations; and it is probable that on arriving at the spot where the Prince had been treated, the Elector found that the *Coffin* had been buried on some highly plausible and readily accepted excuse, and that the attendants had dispersed.

It is also probable that of all King Louis's abductions, that of the Electoral Prince was found to be the easiest;—even though it was far-away the most momentous.

Louis XIV, by virtue of another *Will* of Charles II, and in right of his wife Marie Thérèse (daughter of a former King of Spain), was soon at work fighting for *his* share of the inheritance of the poor Electoral Prince,—who was hidden away beneath his velvet Mask, or under his cloth canopy, in the strongest Prison of France, far from the knowledge of Europe and his Kinsmen.

Monsignor Barnes, in his charming study of the subject, (with a novel solution) says: "In the *total absence* of real evidence, a hypothesis is the only resource open to us."

It is a hypothesis that is here submitted, but it is, at least, one that fulfills the most important conditions, especially in those particulars in which others have been found wanting.

M. S. W.

To a Friend.

Sad it is to feel no strength in me,
Strength or light, whence needy souls may borrow.
Saddest, O my friend, and deepest sorrow,
Saddest to have nought to offer thee.

Like the rank sour grass No creature tasteth,
But it wasteth
Shunned of all the shepherds as they pass,
Like the tainted spring Whereof none drinketh,
So, methinketh
Waste I, while the sheep are hungering.

Bitter woe is me, to have forsaken
Him that clad my days in strength and light.
Freely gave He; justly hath He taken:
Justly am I withered in his sight.

Light and grace were given with loving hand,
Yet I sinned, and lo, they are departed.
Blinded now, dull-minded, shrunken-hearted
Helpless mid the hungering flock I stand.

Helpless, though I see their looks appealing,
Craving love to soothe, and truth to calm;
Helpless,—in my speech there is no balm;
Sad, for in my touch there is no healing.

Eyes that looked unto me when they fainted,
Loving wondering eyes in anguish keen [been!
Scan me sadly, lacking what hath been,—what hath
Drink not here, poor lamb; the stream is tainted,

TO A FRIEND

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Pass, ye faint, unaided, For no food
Seemeth good;
All is turned to ashes, all is faded.
Pass unsoothed, sad heart, And let the morrow
Ease thy sorrow
Lest I tear thy wound with blundering art.

So much sight is left—to see my blindness,
Light to know that all my light hath gone;
So much love—to wish the stricken one
Aid of stronger hand and wiser kindness.

Yet O bitter sight, To see them shrinking,
Sad thoughts thinking,
Shrinking from me to the purer light!
Bitter truth, to know My cankering sin
From within
Spreadeth, and to every eye doth show,

Yet my heart, for whom There was no living
Save in giving,
Now could learn to bear its worthy doom;
Sad years could endure If He commanded
Empty handed,
Shunned of shepherds, pitied of the poor.

Could endure that none from me may borrow
Comfort, for no comfort lives in me;
But I sink beneath this deepest sorrow
That I find no gift to offer thee.

Were I strong in grace and heavenly power,
Richly unto all men overflowing,
Still to thee the best were ever owing,
Thine the richest fruit and fairest flower;

TO A FRIEND

Thine the choicest hour Of all my being ;
 Clearest seeing,
 Deepest loving, thoughts of vastest power ;
 Thine the crown of life, And all its beauty—
 Thine in duty—
 Thine the prayer-drawn peace that sootheth strife.

Now from me so poor Not deepest sorrow
 Aught will borrow ;
 How shall I high friendship's test endure ?
 Like the blighted tree Whose vintage wasteth
 And none tasteth
 Stand I, with no gift to offer thee.

Yet I dare not say, As to another
 " Pass, my brother,
 Love hath left me, seek it where you may,"
 But to thee I live As those that sicken
 Palsy-stricken,—
 Doomed to take, but never more to give.

December, 1904.

Notices of Books

The Supreme Problem. By J. Geoffrey Raupert. R. & T. Washbourne. Price 5s.

The title which Mr. Raupert has chosen for his new work is an ambitious one, but he attempts to forestall criticism by claiming that the volume is not a theological treatise. It is difficult to maintain this claim in dealing with such a theological topic as the Supreme Problem, viz.: the question as to our duty here, and the destiny of our souls hereafter. A book written "from the standpoint of a layman" may still be theological, and Mr. Raupert's book is to a great extent a theological treatise, though it approaches the subject rather from the moral theologian's point of view. In this sense it may be admitted that there is a popular character about the work, and it is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Raupert did not choose a title that would convey the method of treatment more distinctly.

The first part of the book deals with the fall of man, manifested by the wound of the Intellect and of the Moral Nature and the devil's dominion over the human race. In the second we have the Restoration of man wrought in the Person of Our Lord.

It will be seen that a very wide area of theological matter is covered, but by anyone who knows Mr. Raupert's other works it will be surmised that the main topic selected for treatment will be Spiritualism, nor is it doing Mr. Raupert any injustice to assert that the chief value of the work lies in the chapter that deals with spirit agencies. The other chapters are somewhat cursory in treatment and hence dogmatic in tone, and they are not likely to convince the "new theologians" who may open the book.

On the other hand the chapter on "spirits" and their manifestations is powerful and it will give anyone who is inclined to dabble in these matters occasion to pause and think seriously of the danger involved. Everyone knows that the charlatan finds a happy hunting ground in the credulous side of human nature, but there is abundant evidence to show that too often the devil turns the opportunity to account with disastrous consequences to his poor victims. Human nature has been girt round with limitations and the wise man is he who has learnt to recognize these limitations. Mr. Raupert is doing a good work in emphasizing this fact and in warning off those "fools who rush in

where angels fear to tread.' It may appear to some readers that he neglects the "modus operandi" other than Spiritualism that the devil may use to secure the "Fall of Man," but he makes it manifest that there is no reason to doubt that the devil does use this "modus" of spirit agency in certain cases.

The book, then, serves a useful purpose and it may be recommended especially to those who are inclined to regard the whole question of preternatural interference as unreal, and to those who are drawn by morbid interest to play with powers that are too great for man.

The Cost of a Crown. A Story of Douay and Darham.
By Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

The publication in a worthy form of a Sacred Drama written for the occasion of the centenary of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. The play is concerned with the facts of the Venerable John Bost's life and death. It is from the necessity of the case rather lacking in sustained dramatic interest. Perhaps the subject lends itself better to the treatment it would receive as an Historical Novel. The appeal of course is not so wide as that of Fr. Benson's Nativity Play. It was written however to be acted rather than read, and those who witnessed its production at Ushaw were unanimous and loud in its praises. Needless to say the "got up" of the book is excellent.

The Plain Gold Ring. Lectures on Home. By Robert Kane, S.J.
Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

In these six lectures on the sanctity of home and kindred subjects Father Kane calls attention to matters that intimately concern the well-being of a nation and he also gives some excellent advice as to the manner in which the deep influence of that word "home" may work its full blessings in the people.

It is evident that we are reading what was primarily intended to be delivered from the pulpit. There are signs of carelessness, for example in the use of metaphor, such as "upon it cold silent clouds of misfortune may fall like snowflakes." We do not like the strained, artificial alliteration—"no Sabana so sterile or so stera as a civilized city," "within that wide weird wilderness," are examples of what meets us in almost every other line.

Jesus is Waiting. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Burns & Oates.
2/6 net. *Life of the Bl. John Eudes.* By Rev. Matthew Russell,
S.J. Burns & Oates. 2/6 net.

The first of these two works is another addition to those little books which Fr. Russell has published to cherish devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. It consists of a series of short papers or con-

ferences on the Holy Eucharist, and many of these, no doubt, will be a useful stimulus to those who show but little attention to the Prisoner of Love, and also to those who kneel before the tabernacle and know not what to say. One must remark that after the deeply devotional character of the first two conferences, it is somewhat of a shock to be plunged suddenly into the midst of controversy in "The Blessed Eucharist in the Bible." This paper seems out of place, and is so slight that it could have been omitted with advantage.

The suggestion on p. 33 that the words from the "Tantum Ergo"—"salus, honor, veritas et benedictio," supply the French "Salut" and the English "Benediction," as names for this popular service, is perhaps ingenious, but even in a devotional work it is well to keep in mind the results of historical research. The English name "Benediction" has surely a more obvious origin than that suggested.

With regard to the second work, we regret that we cannot say much in praise of this short life of Bl. John Eudes. The subject treated is sufficiently interesting to demand attention—indeed it must always be so with heroic characters who live a life of struggle in the face of discouragement and opposition—but one feels sorry that the way the tale is told tends rather to irritate than to attract. There are digressions, such as that on p. 30, which are not expected in a brief sketch such as this: there are a number of instances in which the author openly draws on his imagination for incidents, saying that no doubt this or that happened; there are striking examples of loose grammar and long clumsy sentences, these being most in evidence in translated passages, (e.g. p. 102 and p. 111).

Both these books are well printed and neatly bound, but the price in both cases is altogether too high.

Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin. By A. Vermersch,
S.J. Vol II. R. & T. Washburne. 3/6 net.

In our July number of last year we noticed the first volume of these meditations and what we said then of the usefulness of the work we can endorse with regard to the second volume. The greater part of the book is naturally concerned with Our Lady. There is a meditation for every Saturday in the year—treating of the graces, the virtues, and the glories of the Virgin Mother. A supplement gives two series of meditations on the Holy Ghost, and also matter for various movable feasts and for five meditations in preparation for the feast of St. John Berchmans. The promised index has duly appeared at the end of this volume and adds very considerably to the value of the book.

The Devotion to the Heart of Jesus. By Father John Bernard Dalgairns. 7th edit. Burns and Oates. 3/-net.

This beautiful work by Fr. Dalgairns is too well known to need commendation. The intense faith and devotion, the clear mind, the strong, forcible eloquent style of the author are all here and give us a book that has the power of appealing to the intellect, and of touching the heart. We have to thank the publishers for giving us an edition that is such an advance on former editions in printing and general attractiveness. On p. 74, "this weariness of the Holy See is a drag" reads strange, and a reference to a former edition confirms the suspicion that an *e* ought to be omitted in the word "weariness."

Early Steps in the Fold. Instructions for Converts and Inquirers. By F. M. de Zulusta, S.J. (Washbourne). 2s. 6d. net.

The author of this book is already well known to priests for his "Letters on Christian Doctrines." His power of clear and interesting exposition is here devoted to the treatment of difficulties that beset the convert's path. But it is not of the large questions, of the very grounds of belief and conversion, that the book treats. It essays the humbler task of smoothing minor difficulties, which often prove serious obstacles to the inquirer or convert.—The treatment of confession we may note as particularly good in this respect. Then the book contains a wealth of information as to Catholic practices and Catholic societies, which will be necessary to the convert, and in this compendious and convenient form not useless to a busy priest. The style is easy and pleasing. The author is sometimes humorous: "The hen cackles over each of its voracious feats." Perhaps he is also sometimes too colloquial and careless in expression. A sentence on page 102 might be taken to mean that the Athanasian creed was binding daily on priests, etc. At times there is a trace of the amenities of controversy in such phrases as "cuckoo continuity" and "Real Absence."—There are a few mistakes in the printing. On page 64 there seems to be a "not" missing in the explanation of the alleged unassociability of Catholics. On page 147 "feast" in the last line but one should be "vigil." In the note on page 183 "of a tenth" should be "or" a tenth. On page 253 "as we have seen" should perhaps be "as we shall see." On page 272 "no less than over eighty" is a curious expression. On page 284 "Stella Maria" should be "Stella Maris." On page 296 with reference to privileged altars "any altar" should perhaps be "all altars." There are a few other errors.

We should have liked to have seen the Benedictine "*loties quoties*"

indulgence for the Feast of All Souls and its eve mentioned among the others.

Bishop Hedley's "Our Divine Saviour" is referred to as, "Our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare. Translated by Charlotte Balfour. Longmans, Green and Co. 1910.

The legend of Saint Clare was written about the time of her canonization (1255), by order of Pope Alexander IV. It has been attributed to St. Bonaventure, but more generally to Thomas of Celano, the biographer of St. Francis. However the authorship is doubtful. Upon this excellent translation of a charming work we can bestow no higher praise than to apply to it words, which Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., writes of the whole life of St. Clare: "Come to it after immersing your soul in the stories of the *Fioretti* and you will find no break in the melody." To let the work speak for itself we quote one typical passage, and would gladly give many more:

"Another day it happened that the handmaids of Our Lord laid not enough oil wherewith to dress a little meat for the sick. Then the good Virgin St. Clare, the mistress of humility, took a jar and washed it well with her own hands, and put it outside the house, so that the brother who begged the alms should take it from there. Then she prayed the brother who procured the alms that he should ask for a little oil. And the good faithful brother ran to take the jar and hastened to succour the great endurance of the poor ladies. But before he came, Our Lord by His sweet mercy and by the prayer of St. Clare, filled the jar of oil for the consolation of the poor ladies. And when the brother found the jar full he thought that they mocked him, and he said thus, murmuring against them, 'These women laugh at me, who call me to go and beg for oil for them and their jar is all full!'"

The book is well printed and bound, and 24 interesting illustrations enhance its value.

An Easy Way to use The Psalms. Abbot Smith, O.S.B., Ampleforth Abbey. 2s. 6d. Post Free.

We desire to call the attention of all who recite the Divine Office to this book. It should be a very welcome present to nuns, and peculiarly suitable at this season. It may be obtained from Father Abbot, and from the Secretary, Ampleforth Abbey.

A Handbook of Practical Economics. By J. Schrijvers, C.S.S.R.
Translated from the French, by F. M. Capes. Sands & Co.
3/9 net.

Father Schrijvers' "Manuel d'Economie Politique" was first published in 1907. The author's object was "to popularize knowledge of the true principles of Political Economy and especially to initiate young men called to spend their lives in social works into the science."

The book at once achieved a notable success. It has already been translated into Dutch, Spanish, German, and Italian, and now F. M. Capes has given us an English translation.

There is room for such a book as this. Sociological and Economic problems are always with us and at the present moment loom large in the public eye.

This Handbook places before the reader in a popular form a review of the various schools of political economy—the chapter on the socialist school is particularly good and clear—and a well planned account of the three great economic facts,—the production, exchange, and distribution of wealth.

An account is given of the most recent institutions in connection with the great questions of the relation of labour and capital and the amelioration of the present chaotic state of society.

On the whole the book is well planned and very readable, a quality too seldom found in books on this great subject, and it can be strongly recommended as a most suitable book to be placed in the hands of young men desirous of gaining some knowledge of the origin and history of the social problems of their day.

The ample sociological and economic bibliography renders it a useful reference book to professors of the subject and to the scholar.

Perhaps one may be allowed to express a desire that the next edition will correct a very prominent mistake in the opening words of the book. "Economy is a term derived from two Greek words:—*oikos* = house, and *nomos* = distribution." Such errors are apt to shake the reader's confidence in the rest of the book. Could the author have done better than give *in extenso* Aristotle's account of the derivation of the term and the development of the science?

We have received a copy of the *Benedictine Almanac* (price 1d.). We think that it has been found a familiar and useful booklet for many years to most of our readers. If any are not acquainted with it, they may obtain copies from the priests at any of the English Benedictine missions or direct from the Editor at the Abbey. This year there is noticeable a distinct advance in its evolution towards

perfection—an increase to 68 pages by the addition of eighteen, a superior quality of paper, and—what pleases us, since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—a more substantial cover similar to that of the *Journal*. The bishops and prelates of the Congregation, the abbots and missions with their priests, and the convents, are set out in their order. The Explanation of the Benedictine Medal, Privileges recently granted by the Holy See, the Necrology of the year, the "Pious Association of prayers in union with the Fathers of Ampleforth Abbey," are included as in former years. But we notice also a considerable amount of new matter, such as, an explanation of The Calendar, Vespers and Vestments, a devotion appropriate to each month of the year, the text of the recent Decree concerning First Communion, and minor additions in the Calendar.

College Diary and Notes.

Sept. 15th. Opening of Term. Our best wishes to the following who left last year:—W. V. Clapham, C. Rochford, G. W. Lindsay, C. James, T. V. Dunbar, C. Ainscough, J. and A. Newton, G. F. Barnett, H. J. Martin, W. Goodall, J. Ryan, J. Walker, A. Power, G. and M. Figueroa O'Neill, G. and F. Welch. The following are the new boys:—C. Leese, H. Hickey, G. Lintner, G. Hayes, R. Lynch, P. Wallace, E. Le Fèvre, M. Gerrard, C. Rochford, H. Redmond, F. Cravos, G. Newsham, D. Collison.

Sept. 16th. J. Robertson was elected Captain of the School, and appointed the following School Officials for the Term:—

Secretary	—	—	—	A. C. Clapham
Officers	—	—	—	G. Richardson, N. J. Chamberlain
Gamesmen	—	—	—	V. G. Narey, A. F. M. Wright
Librarians of the Upper Library	—	—	—	J. Miller, R. H. Blackledge
Librarians of the Lower Library	—	—	—	C. R. Simpson, E. Marsh
Librarians of the Reading Room	—	—	—	D. Fawcett, R. Candlish
Editors of the <i>Diary</i>	—	—	—	A. C. Clapham, R. H. Blackledge
Secretary of the Literary and Debating Society	—	—	—	V. G. Narey
Secretary of the Junior Debating Society	—	—	—	C. R. Simpson
Secretary of the Reading Room Debating Society, J. Morrigh Bernard	—	—	—	
Games' Committee	—	—	—	{ A. C. Clapham, V. G. Narey J. Robertson, A. J. Kelly

Though this page is beginning to resemble the Catalogue of Ships in the *Diad*, or portions of *Hawatha*, we proceed to do the traditional thing and give another list. The Captains of the Hockey and Football Sets are:—

1st Set—A. C. Clapham, V. G. Narey.

2nd Set—F. Long, F. J. Courtney.

3rd Set—C. R. Simpson, C. Sharp.

4th Set—R. J. Fower, D. Long.

5th Set—J. Morrigh Bernard, A. MacDonald.

Sept. 20th. The usual Meeting of the School was held in the Upper Library. Robertson thanked the School for his election as Captain, and said that he relied on the goodwill of all, and the energy of the School Officials in particular, to make the term go smoothly and, what was more important, well. It was customary he said, at the first meeting of the year to deal with school questions somewhat after the manner, to compare small things with great, of the King's speech from the Throne. There was this difference however, that while the King had his speech written for him, the Captain of the School had to make his own. The first and most important *exordium*, if he might use an infrequent singular, was to give a good start at the very commencement of the year to the Social Work Fund. The word of the School had been given to Mr. Potter by his own predecessors that an adequate sum of money would be provided annually by the School for the apprenticeship or higher education of one of Mr. Potter's boys. The maintenance of the Social Work Fund was therefore a matter of School honour. He particularly wanted the new boys to realize this, and he hoped that the fund this year would not be less than that collected by last year's School. As to the games, the prospects for Hockey were bright, but as much could not be said for those of the Football Eleven. There were only two members of last year's team available, and much practice and great improvement would have to take place in the play of the others if we were to avoid a series of defeats this term.

Sept. 26th. The Hockey Club have acquired the New Cricket Ground. It is a great improvement on the Ram Fields, which are really only potential Hockey Fields, and are in need of the mowing machine and the roller. Indeed it would not be altogether wise to use the scythe on some of them.

Oct. 2nd. Hockey "Class" Match. Higher III v. Lower III. The Upper Form suffered the humiliation of defeat by five goals to two, at the hands of the lower and smaller, but more skilful Form.

Oct. 6th. Month Half-Day. The Upper School went to Rievaulx and Helmsley, and returned through Duncombe Park. It is a walk not easily beaten even in this part of the country. It was

a hot summer-like day, and though a little too early for the full glory of the autumn tints, the woods were very fine. The Lower School went to Byland. With praiseworthy foresight and adequate knowledge of human nature the cute Yorkshireman has provided for the refreshment of visitors to these famous Ruins. Hence it is possible to go, in word, to see the Ruins, in deed, for Tea. We wonder if any of us in our frequent visits to Byland have had the experience lately enjoyed by Mr. Andrew Lang, and described by him in the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 24th. "We may dream in a way when we are wide awake if an illusionary set of images is as in dreams presented to our senses. I never knew this till yesterday. I was standing in the ruins of Byland Abbey, in Yorkshire where the Scots inflicted a severe defeat on Edward II in 1322. I looked through one of the windows and saw a large green dovecot with a pointed roof and wide projecting platform on which some small animals were moving in a rather fantastic way. On the other side of the road is a little inn, and I thought, 'This is some elaborate aviary that does much credit to the ingenuity of the landlord, and must amuse his guests.' I looked again: beyond the wide window there was only a green field with cows feeding in it. The other appearance (which I could not reconstruct) was the illusion of short sight and of fatigue. My mind had reasoned on it, just as in dreams we reason on the phantasmagoria of slumber."

After Supper a Lecture was given by Dr. Brennan on the "Catholic Church and Nursing of the Sick." It was an interesting and comprehensive lecture on a difficult subject, but it was not always easy to follow the order or relevance of the slides.

Oct. 11th. The Hockey First Eleven played "All Comers," and won an interesting if one-sided game by ten goals to three. For the winners, Wright at full-back, and Kelly and Robertson, forward, showed quite good form. The following were the Eleven:—Goal, H. Weissenberg. Backs, A. C. Clapham, A. F. M. Wright. Half-Backs, I. MacDonald, W. S. Barnett, R. A. Marshall. Forwards, V. G. Narey, J. J. Robertson, A. J. Kelly, J. A. Miller, and D. P. MacDonald.

Oct. 12th. The School Retreat commenced, given by Fr. Philip Wilson, O.S.B.

Oct. 23rd. We are glad to be able to record another Lecture from Colonel Mark Sykes. His subject this time was "Mareschal Saxe." The strategy and tactics of this brilliant though not famous general were clearly and vividly expounded, so that even the lay mind could appreciate the triumph of independent common sense over the mere law-abiding observance of text-book rules. Many thanks to Colonel Sykes for a most interesting evening.

Nov. 1st. Feast of All Saints. Fr. Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass. A "Class" match was played after Mass between the Lower Third and Second Form. The Lower Third had quite the best of the game and won by five goals to nothing.

In the afternoon the First Eleven played Dancombe Park on the School ground, and gave them their annual beating. It is a good match to play early in the season as it gives the Eleven an opportunity of getting together, and learning one another's methods. The final score was 4-1 in our favour. We had only two members of last year's Eleven playing, V. G. Narey and A. C. Clapham, both of whom have improved. Of the others Harrison showed some promise at right-outside. He centres well and has some speed, but he should be more careful to keep on-side. Wright at full-back was promising and kicks well, but he has a great deal to learn still. The following was the team:—Goal, J. A. Miller. Full-backs, A. F. Melville Wright, Rev. R. C. Hesketh. Half-backs, R. A. Marshall, A. C. Clapham and W. S. Barnett. Forwards, R. Harrison, Rev. W. S. Lambert, Rev. W. I. Williams, V. G. Narey and L. T. Williams.

November 3rd. Month Half-Day. After Tea the Month day "Speeches" took place in the Theatre for the first time. The speakers seemed a little overcome by the strangeness and the splendour of the *mise en scène*, and few accurately gauged the acoustic properties of the building. These are such that render most effective a quiet utterance combined with a very distinct enunciation. The Trial Scene from *Pickwick Papers* was well done, and D. MacDonald's recitation of one of Aytoun's Ballads of "The Scottish Cavaliers" quite held the audience, and would have been excellent but for the lack of the necessary "fire." Of the others "Hawatha's Photography" was the most interesting to listen to. Appended is the programme:

BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

(Diocesan)

Mr. Justice Starbleigh	VISCOUNT ENCOMBE
Sergeant Busha	J. G. SIMPSON
Mr. Winkle	M. GIBBARD
Mr. Skimpin	J. MORRUGH BERNARD
Son Weller	G. F. MACKAY
Foreman of the Jury	HON. C. BARNEWELL
Other	A. T. LONG
RECITATION "The Slave Trade" Pitt	G. RICHARDSON
RECITATION "Hawatha's Photography" O. Swanson	A. RANKIN
RECITATION "Fishtar ille" O. Swanson	W. BEASLEY
RECITATION "Walsley's Downfall" From Henry VIII.—Shakespeare	F. POZZI
RECITATION "Ballad of the Unsurprised Judge"	W. ROCHFORD
RECITATION "The Guides at Cabul" H. Newbolt	J. C. TEMPLE
RECITATION "Burial March of Dundee" W. E. Aytoun	D. P. MACDONALD

Nov. 13th. "All Monks," thoughtlessly on a Sunday this year, and that a wet one. This double misfortune was softened by a most entertaining Magic Lantern Lecture by the Revd. Sir David Hunter Blair, who had come to spend the feast at Ampleforth. His subject was Brazil whence he has recently come home. It is of course impossible to do justice to the Lecture in these pages. First of all it possessed the most important quality of all these things, it was interesting. It was also informing. There were thrown on the Screen pictures of naps, scenery, buildings, towns, weird-looking human beings, and insects that made the mouths water and hearts ache of many collectors.

Nov. 14th. Fr. Hunter Blair continued his Lecture in the time of French Prep. He spoke to-day of the work of the religious orders in Brazil and especially of the Benedictine Order. The Lecture was naturally not as varied as yesterday's, but the Lecturer's fluency and brightness made it very interesting.

Nov. 22nd. St. Cicely's Choir Feast. The Solo in the Ode *Cantantibus Organis* was taken with much credit by J. Caldwell. The Choir spent the rest of the day riotously.

Nov. 25th. Fire Drill. The "idea," in the military sense, is that a fire has been discovered in the Big Dormitory at night. The discoverer gives the alarm to the Prefect who immediately wakens those in the Big Dormitory. Certain boys "told off" for the purpose at the beginning of term, give the alarm to the Headmaster, the Sub-Prefect and the head boys in the other dormitories. The others put on their overcoats and shoes nearest to foot, and form up silently and quickly at the end of the Big Dormitory. The head boys of the other dormitories march their charges down to this spot, and at a given signal all file down the Tower and rapidly gain the Lawn. Meanwhile the Fifth Form under the direction of the Sub-Prefect, and with a self-sacrifice suggestive of a whole crew of Casabiancas stay behind to ply Fire-Buckets, get out the hoses and turn on the water. This practice was, we learn, a success as to the rank and file. Indeed their coolness and self-possession was admirable. But the Fifth Form found that water will not flow through a twisted hose-pipe, and when they tried to straighten it, it displayed the energy and initiative of a boa constrictor. We hear it is proposed to have a night alarm and practice, presumably in the summer.

Nov. 26th. Inter-School Match, Ampleforth v. Bootham School. As there were only two of last year's Eleven available, this match aroused more than ordinary interest, and speculation both about the side and the prospective merits of individuals was considerable. The game was a hard one and well fought to the finish. Neeson scored the first goal with a long low shot that went through a crowd of players into the corner of the net. Bootham missed an easy chance of equalizing from a free kick given against Wright close in. Shortly afterwards Neeson made a good opening by drawing the opposing half-back on to himself and then passing accurately to the inside forwards; Narey got to the ball and racing the backs, scored a second goal at close range. Bootham were better after half-time and pressed hard. Wright and Clapham had a strenuous time but defended well. Shortly before the end, Bootham obtained their only goal of the

match, the left inside heading into the net a good centre from the right wing. We won 2-1, a score that sufficiently represents the run of the play. The following played for the School—*Goal*, J. A. Miller; *Backs*, A. C. Clapham and A. F. M. Wright; *Half-Backs*, N. J. Chamberlain, P. J. Neeson and C. Clarke; *Forwards*, J. Kelly, W. S. Barnett, V. G. Narey, G. Richardson and R. Harrison.

The Second Eleves played at Bootham. We won the toss and pressed at once. I. MacDonald opened the scoring with a shot that was neatly placed from a difficult angle. McCabe scored a second goal after a clever if unorthodox dribble, and shortly afterwards the same player added a third. The second half was Bootham's. After twenty minutes' hard pressing they scored from the left wing. Two minutes later they added a second goal. The rest of the game resolved itself into a duel between the Bootham forwards and Martin in goal. From this Martin emerged victorious, after a really good exhibition of energetic and determined goal-keeping. The whistle went for "Time" leaving us victors of an exciting game by the odd goal in five. School 2nd Eleven—*Goal*, E. J. Martin; *Backs*, C. Collison, H. Weissenberg; *Half-Backs*, I. MacDonald, R. A. Marshall and A. J. Kelly; *Forwards*, L. Williams, R. H. Blackledge, H. McCabe, D. P. MacDonald and F. Pozzi.

Dec. 11. Month Half-day. Home Football Match. Our opponents were St. John's College, York. Their team came with an impressive record of eleven matches played and won. Shortly after the start Br. Sebastian opened the scoring for us with a shot that, to caricature a well-known metaphor of Newman's, passed between the Scylla of the goalkeeper's right leg and the Charybdis of his left, through the channel of his hands. This early success roused the School to enthusiasm and they were vocal for the rest of the game. After twenty minutes' play, Narey added a second goal from an easy position. St. John's then pressed very hard and the game ruled fast and exciting, now one goal being in jeopardy, now the other. A brilliant run on the left wing by Br. Abasias, accompanied by a long and swelling roll of cheers, terminated in an accurate centre from which Br. Illyd scored our third goal. St. John's retaliated and soon afterwards opened their scoring, McKillop having no chance with a fast shot. Just before half-time Narey restored our lead.

Harrison had centred from the right to Br. Sebastian, who drew the full-backs on to himself and then passed to Narey, who had placed himself well. Shortly after this we lost Br. Illyd who sprained his knee and could take no further part in the game. In the second half, St. John's pressed, and the defence immediately felt the loss of one of our forwards. After about ten minutes' play St. John's scored their second goal, and five minutes later added a third. This put them on excellent terms with themselves. The home team were now saved from depression by the articulate encouragement of the School. The backs and half-backs played untiringly and their tackling was resolute and clean. Towards the end when they were beginning to show signs of distress, Narey placed the issue beyond doubt by heading a fifth goal from a centre from the left. So a great game ended 5-3 in our favour. The foundations of victory were laid by the fine play of the forwards at the beginning of the game, but the real honour must rest with the backs. A more thorough justification of our system of defence—Br. Peter's System as it is called—whereby any opposing forward must meet two of the backs before he can challenge the goal-keeper, could not easily be found. In fact the whole game may be summed up as one of men *versus* method. But perhaps after all the classical master who cares for none of these things, but who was heard to murmur as he left the ground

"Tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventium
Cotsonat omne nemus,"

escaped his own notice in indicating the real cause of our success.

After supper the December "Speeches" took place in the Theatre. The music was well done but the piano was so placed that the pianist was invisible from many parts of the auditorium. "Where should this music be?" we wondered with Ferdinand in the *Tempest*, "I' the air or the earth?" Fr. Abbot, who presided, spoke at the end and commented on the statuesque attitude of many of the speakers. The programme was as follows:—

VIOLIN	"Allegro, 5th Violin Sonata"	E. MARR
	<i>Beethoven</i>	
BRETTAVION	"The Last Lament"	L. WELLSHAM
	<i>Browning</i>	

RECITATION	From the "Holy Gail" <i>Tomson</i>	H. MARRON
FRENCH DIALOGUES	}	"M. Jourdain et son Maître de Philosophie" <i>Maitre</i>	}	D. P. MACDONALD
				A. F. M. WRIGHT
PIANO	"Allergo mesto Op. 10, No. 1." <i>Bach</i>	B. BURGE
RECITATION	"From the Meed of Heroes" <i>Freeman</i>	C. LAESE
PIANO	"Votéiel Gottlieb" <i>Spiris Franklin</i>	D. P. MACDONALD
RECITATION	"The Song of the Shirt" <i>Hood</i>	B. BURGE
RECITATION	"What is Justice?" <i>Plato, Republic I.</i>	F. COURTNEY P. FIGUERO
RECITATION	"Ode to Sleep" <i>Wordsworth</i>	D. COLLISON
PIANO	"Die Jagd" <i>C. H. Meyer</i>	N. CHAMBERLAIN
RECITATION	"The Slave's Dream" <i>Longfellow</i>	C. S. CRAVON
RECITATION	"The Village Blacksmith" <i>Longfellow</i>	HUN, M. S. SCOTT
RECITATION	"The Death of the Flowers" <i>Bryant</i>	G. EMERY

Dec. 3rd. Inter-School match at Pocklington. This, of course, is the match of the Season. Pocklington were reported to have a poor team and had been badly beaten by Bootham School who were in turn beaten by ourselves. According to the Rule of Three, we should thus have gained an easy victory. But mathematics takes no account of the personal equation. At half-time we were one goal down and at the end of the game the score was 2-0 against us. The actual play calls for little description. The ball was as much in our opponents' half as in our own, but the Pocklington defence was sound, and our own forwards weak and indecisive in front of goal. One longed for a quarter of an hour of Robertson whom doctor's orders had relegated to the comparative idleness of a linesman. Neeson played a great game at centre-half and had the mortification of seeing the forwards throw away the many openings he made for them. The School team was:—Goal, J. McKillop.

Backs, A. C. Clapham, A. F. M. Wright. *Half-backs*, N. J. Chamberlain, P. J. Neson, C. Clarke. *Forwards*, R. Harrison, G. Richardson, V. G. Narey, P. Figueroa, J. Kelly.

The Second Elevens met at home. The game was played in a moderately dense fog and drenching drizzle. Icy blasts of East wind swept across the valley at such frequent and apparently purposive intervals, that one wondered whether Aeolus had not transferred his cave from Sicily to the Lion Wood. The game was uneven, and there was never any hope of the unexpected happening. We pressed from the kick-off. First Marshall scored, and shortly afterwards McCabe and Blackledge. In the Second Half, Blackledge, Barnett and Kelly scored goals, the last named with the best shot of the match. Martin in goal did not touch the ball during the whole game, nor was he invited to do so. The final score was 9-0. The School 2nd XI. was as follows—*Goal*, E. J. Martin; *Backs*, O. S. Barton, C. Collison; *Half Backs*, I. MacDonald, R. A. Marshall, A. J. Kelly; *Forwards*, F. Pozzi, J. A. Miller, H. McCabe, R. H. Blackledge, W. S. Barnett.

Dec. 7th. A Football League has been formed in the School. It is to have a short life as its dissolution is fixed for the end of Term. The School is divided for the purpose into three divisions. The winning Team in each division is, it is thought, to be rewarded at the end of Term.

Dec. 8th. The Choir and Pontifical Servers with a number of the Religious went to Pickering to assist at the opening of the new Catholic Church. Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., preached to a large congregation and afterwards opened a bazaar in aid of the funds of the mission.

Dec. 15th. Fr. Leo Hayes gave a most interesting Magic Lantern Lecture on "Mystery Plays: their place in the History of the Drama."

Dec. 17th. The Christmas Examinations commence.

Dec. 18th. Dress Rehearsal of the *Nativity Mystery Play*.

Dec. 19th. V. G. NAREY was elected to-day to a Foundation Scholarship for History of the value of £80 a year at Trinity College, Oxford. Many congratulations.



COLLIERY SCHOOL, CHAPEL BANK.

Dec. 21st. End of the Examinations. At half-past four the *Nativity Mystery Play* in the Theatre. An appreciation will be found in another column.

After supper *Fr. Abbot* read out the *Order of the School*. The following are the head boys in each class:—

Sixth Form —A. C. Clapham
Fifth Form —G. Richardson
Fourth Form —F. T. Courtney
Higher Third—C. R. Simpson
Lower Third—V. Knowles
Second Form —N. Fiddwick
First Form —J. Morrough Bernard

The Headmaster then spoke of the Term's work, and on behalf of the masters and School congratulated Narey on his success in winning a Foundation Scholarship at Trinity College. He also announced that he had heard from the President that Narey had been given the position of second Scholar of the year in the College. He then read out the names of the winners of the English Essay Prizes in the School. They were as follows:—

Fourth Form—C. Mackay
Higher Third—J. Temple
Lower Third—G. Lintor
Second Form —J. Hofferman
First Form —L. Lanester

An "extra" Prize for Essay writing was awarded to I. MacDonald. A Prize offered for the best French Letter was divided between R. A. Marshall and N. J. Chamberlain. A Special Prize for Model Drawing was won by E. Morrough Bernard. Two Prizes offered for the best work done in the Higher and Lower Certificate Examinations last July, were won respectively by G. W. Lindsay, and F. J. Courtney. The Certificates were also presented to the boys successful in these Examinations.

Dec. 22nd. The End,



Cuique civitati religio est, nostra nobis. This we were once compelled to learn was the Roman Imperial policy in dealing with the religions of the dependent states. The point of the quotation here is in its application. We appreciate the *tour de force*, but how is an editor to introduce a note on Cricket in the December number of the *Journal*? Each number of a School Magazine has its own duties, but this time we have to make amends for our predecessor. The last number of the *Journal* was from the School point of view jejune to the verge of emaciation. We cannot write on a dark December evening of the cricket of last term, but we must thank the donors of the "Average" Cricket Bats, MR. W. J. TAYLOR, MR. A. PENNEY, and MR. T. DUNBAR. G. W. LINDSAY, won the prize for the best Batting Average. A. F. M. WRIGHT, for the bowling, and A. J. KELLY, whose wicket-keeping was perhaps the outstanding feature of last year's Eleven, the Bat offered for the best fielding. The "Wyse" Bat offered for the Best All Round Cricket was awarded to C. Ainscough. G. W. LINDSAY, and A. F. WRIGHT, were also awarded their "Colours." Our thanks are due, too, to MR. J. STANTON, for the handsome prize offered by him to the winners in the Lawn Tennis Doubles. They were J. RYAN and P. VUULSTEKE,

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It is easier to talk of the Swimming because although it is not Summer it is wet. Swimming "Colours" were presented last term to P. VUULSTEKE, and C. MACKAY. The following were the winners in the Club Sports held last July:—Race (100 yards, Open), P. VUULSTEKE, Silver Cup. Learner's Race (1 length, 34 yards), F. MORROUGH BERNARD. Diving (Open), C. COLLISON, Silver Medal.

+ + +

Congratulations to the following who gained Certificates at the Public Examinations (Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board), held last July:—Higher Certificates—W. V. Clapham, A. C. Clapham, V. G. Narey (Distinction in History), G. W. Lindsay. Lower Certificates—R. A. Marshall, J. A. Miller, F. Courtney, B. Livesey, F. Long, B. Burge, N. Chamberlain, G. Barnett, G. Richardson, P. Peguero, W. Barnett, and J. Walker.

The Curator of the Museum acknowledges with thanks the gift of a Dervish dagger and Mahometan Sabat, presented by S. Redmond, Esq.

* * *

A new series of Picture Post Cards of views of the Abbey and School has been issued. The series consists of forty-two different views. Those of the buildings erected within the last two years, the Infirmary and the Theatre, will probably be of most interest to those who know Ampleforth well. The other views are also satisfying.

* * *

The Third Library has been completely renovated. Its new vestment was well wanted, but the accomplishment has surpassed the expectation. The chief features are a pitch pine block floor with a border of walnut and ebony, a panelled dado, and two large book cases, that have not the appearance of troublesome superfluities but are fashioned in harmony with the whole. Though the general effect is perhaps a little heavy, the room being too square to display the panelling well, it leaves the impression of sound good workmanship, which will not only stand the test of time but when the wood has taken a deeper colour, will lead to a room hitherto unattractive, a warmth and an invitingness, which are necessary properties of all libraries. The old refectory too has made a vigorous attempt to renew its youth, and though no amount of labour and skill will ever make it architecturally beautiful, the best has been done for it.

* * *

The Golf course has once again assumed its seasonal aspect. On our return in September it was mown and raked, and its Greens were rolled into an attractive flatness, a work compared with which the cleansing of the Auquan stables was but house-maid's dusting. The vegetable excrescences which seem to please so well our farmer, have their own way in the summer term and the long vacation, but eventually they go down before the enthusiasm of the golfers, which, by the way, has been unwonted this term. The Secretary reminds the Editor that increased membership means increased facilities for im-

provement, and that this is the explanation of those already effected. Golfers are bad recruiters; they entuse too vulgarly, they insist too much; the cult is not presented in all that alluring secretiveness that works such wonders, and the initiatory ceremonial is painful in many ways. All golfers have been well aware that Mr. Perry's cattle display what Sidney Smith described as "an astounding genius for obesity," but they will learn with consternation of their unwholesome appetite for "rubber cores," dainty morsels not found in all the fields of the valley and calculated, one would think, to produce dyspeptic kine. We give below the record of a tournament and also with other details, the names which each Hole has had assigned to it on the new scoring-card, against which the writer has only one complaint—that the spaces allowed for the record of scores do not admit of a three-figured total. Next term there is to be a match against Sir William Worsley's Team.

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The Competition—nine holes—that took place on Dec. 15th was won by D. MacDonald. The best three cards returned were the following:—

D. MacDonald,	51—12	= 39 net.
W. F. Dobson,	46—4	= 42 net.
C. W. Clark,	47—2	= 45 net.

The following gives some idea of the course:—

HOLES.	YARDS.	BOGIES.
1. Cricket Field.	190	4
2. Cowworks.	115	3
3. Green Bench.	330	5
4. Beth.	210	4
5. The Bank.	95	3
6. Scudfield.	215	4
7. Bathing Wood.	285	5
8. Punch Bowl.	100	2
9. House.	200	4
Total	1740	34

* * *

The Natural History Society is so far affected by the habits of a large portion of its subject matter that it hibernates during the two winter terms. If the lesser animals discover this—those animals, that is, whose *esse*, from the boy-naturalist's point of view is their *colligi*—they surely will hibernate, we permit ourselves the Irishism, in the summer also. But the small boys do not rest like this. Though there is not much opportunity for practice in the winter, there is more time for theory. Br. Antony has been indefatigable this term in guiding and assisting them. He has given them Lantern Lectures, the slides being made by himself from photos taken by himself, on a variety of subjects; and they have discussed with him and themselves and anyone whom they could find able to keep up his end in the conversation, such subjects as Among the Woods and Reeds of Fairfax Pond, A Bend of the Stream, the Salmon, The Ant, The Kingfisher, The Gold Crest, The Waterhen, The Corn-crake, The Weasel, etc., etc.

* * *

The new Theatre has made an excellent lecture hall and has been in constant requisition. A lecture from Dr. Brennan on the "Catholic Church and the Sick" was delivered early in the autumn. He succeeded in making a subject, which may sound a little dull and serious for an out-of-school lecture, distinctly entertaining, and illustrated it by a so large and varied assortment of slides that it is scarcely possible that anyone could have been bored by his treatment of it. The great and almost impassioned earnestness of his delivery—markedly when speaking of the Crimean war—showed that he had more than interest in his subject. Colonel Sykes for the second time this year lectured to us. His subject was "Mareschal Saxe," a too little studied but masterly soldier, who was really the central figure of a war we learn to call the war of Jenkin's Ear or Austrian Succession, according as we view it in its opening stages or its end. Who will say when the one began and the other ended? Though the combatants had not very clear ideas for what they were fighting, there was one man who was determined that his side at any rate, whatever the war was about, should have the best of it, and he was a German fighting for the French; not such a German as our self-satisfied jingoes may picture to themselves, of slow and ponderous

intellect, but an incomparable military genius quick to seize all the vital points of a complicated situation and turn them effectively to his advantage; more than the equal of our Marlborough and second only to Napoleon. This may seem hyperbole, but it was the practical comparison to be drawn from the lecture. Mareschal Saxe's astounding capacity for calculating to a nicety the enemy's moves, a result of the power of looking at a situation from their point of view as well as his own, gave him an incommensurable advantage over a dullard such as Cumberland, while the rapidity of his movement both in Austria and Belgium baffled the opposing brains. He made a fight or avoided it as he liked, and only once did the dogged dulness of his enemy get the better of him. As a result Saxe took a fort he was anxious should not surrender to him! Is anything stranger in the history of military warfare than his feigned inactivity in Brussels, whither he had summoned the Paris ballet to amuse him, and the suddenness with which, by the issue of instructions so numerous and so detailed as to appear incredible, he put in motion his great campaign which reduced the Netherlands? His genius was only equalled by his endurance of physical suffering which never seemed to cloud his brain. Our best thanks are once again due to Colonel Sykes. Fr. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B., an old friend of us all, also gave two lectures on Brazil whence he has so recently returned. Full of anecdote and spirit he succeeded in alternately making us long to visit those distant climes, and then rejoice in and be thankful for our own. The entomological portion of the lecture, showed that there is plenty of scope there for some of our naturalists, who would be satisfied to spend their lives in an occupation which now fills but a few hours of their recreation. We have also to thank Br. Sebastian for an interesting geological lecture and Fr. Leo for his explanation of mystery plays which was preparatory to the reality.

* * *

Though we are not able to congratulate the Football Eleven on an unbeaten record this term, still the team deserves praise and some notice. We began the season with what on paper must have been quite the weakest team almost of the last decade. But the Eleven has only met with one defeat—at Pocklington where it has always been

hard to win. Their success was due to method and individual energy rather than to scientific play. Indeed the style, especially that of the forwards, reminds us of Artemus Ward's famous review of a poem,—it savours more of perspiration than inspiration. None of the forwards has caught the spirit of the short passing game which is so well adapted to a light school team. They are quick on the ball and on their feet, but very often pass to the opposing backs. The half-backs became quite good towards the end of the term, and the backs though slow are reliable. It is a pity we lost the match with Pocklington School, as Pocklington are under their new Headmaster, an International Rugby player, taking up the Rugby game next term, and we shall have no opportunity for revenge. It may interest some of our readers to have a record of all the Ampleforth v. Pocklington 1st Eleven matches, as for many years to win this game has been the athletic *raison d'être* of the Football Season:—

Year	Ground	Winner	Score
1892	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	3-1
1893	Pocklington	Ampleforth	3-0
1894	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	6-0
	Pocklington	Draw	2-2
1895	Ampleforth	Draw	3-3
	Pocklington	Pocklington	3-1
1896	Pocklington	Ampleforth	5-1
	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	4-1
1897	Pocklington	Draw	3-3
	Ampleforth	Pocklington	8-2
1898	Pocklington	Pocklington	3-0
	Ampleforth	Pocklington	3-2
1899	Ampleforth	Pocklington	2-0
	Ampleforth	Pocklington	7-1
1900	Pocklington	Ampleforth	2-0
	Ampleforth	Pocklington	1-0
1901	Ampleforth	Draw	0-0
	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	0-0
1902	Pocklington	Ampleforth	6-1
	Ampleforth	Draw	2-2
1903	No Match		
1904	Pocklington	Pocklington	7-0
	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	2-1
1905	Pocklington	Pocklington	2-0
	Ampleforth	Draw	1-1
1906	Pocklington	Pocklington	3-2
	Ampleforth	Pocklington	2-1
1907	Pocklington	Ampleforth	3-0
	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	2-0
1908	No Match		

Year	Ground	Winner	Score
1909	Pocklington	Ampleforth	2-1
	Ampleforth	Ampleforth	5-1
	Pocklington	Pocklington	2-0
1910	Pocklington	Pocklington	2-0

The following is a summary of the results:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
FIRST ELEVEN	33	14	13	6	71	55
SECOND ELEVEN	21	13	3	5	82	29

+ + +

As our readers will see "in another place," as they say in the House of Commons, a Football League was lately formed in the School and enjoyed a short but terrific existence during the last fortnight of Term. Leagues in games have a way of recurring at Ampleforth like decimals in a smaller, or comets in a larger sphere. But it must be many years since the last League flourished at Ampleforth, for its existence is within the personal knowledge only of those masters who are in a rather complete state of adolescence. The League this term undoubtedly gave additional enthusiasm to the games. The valley like Prospero's enchanted isle was "full of noises" during the matches, sounds that the most defective ear could readily distinguish from, say, the music of the spheres. Undoubtedly this time the League filled a gap. The introduction of the "Set" system has led to the decay of the homogeneity of the Classes, and the old keenness is absent from the few "class" matches that are now played. The League games supplied this. By the way, on what principle were the Teams christened? What was the *fundamentum divisionis*, as logicians say? As all the names were more or less geographical, the "Unity of Place" theory suggested itself to us. It undoubtedly holds in the case of the Second Division which is consistently Hellenic, but breaks down badly—continentally in fact—when applied to Division I. Apart from this the Third Division seem to have been completely at the mercy of an ironical sponsor. The winning teams were:—
First Division—R. A. Marshall's Eleven. *Second Division*—C. Leese's Eleven. *Third Division*—G. Emery's Eleven.

+ + +

The *Journal* has again brought out a Christmas Card. This year the design is a folding card, on the front page of which is depicted in colour the Abbey Arms together with the Abbatial Mitre and Crozier. Within is a short original poem of two stanzas each a triplet. The poem is pleasant but a little incomplete. With Jacques in *As You Like It*, we feel inclined to demand "Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?"

* * *

"This watery part of the World that almost through all ages lay Fallow, hath in these later times been Furrow'd by several Expert and Stout Captains." So wrote Charles II.'s "Cosmographer and Master of Revels" in beginning his record of the earliest voyages across the Atlantic. We met the sentence some time ago, and the floods in the valley during the early part of December have recalled it to us. The Brook was no longer content prettily and nicely "to chatter over stony ways" and "bicker down the valley" but became quite naughty and behaved like a nasty torrent. The field flooded in the empty hope of frost and skating, gradually developed into a large and virgin lake. As we saw it each morning grown more and more extensive after the invariable night's deluge, we could not help thinking of these "Expert and Stout Captains" who most surely would have ventured upon it. But after all the floods here have been insignificant compared with those in the Midlands and the Thames Valley.

* * *

There have taken place during this term the usual Old Boys' Dinners in London and Liverpool, both of which were normally attended. Captain M. S. Woollett was in the Chair at the Reunion in London, and Mr. R. J. Bradley in Liverpool. In addition to these, Old Laurentians residing in the North got up a very successful Dance which was held at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool. There were a hundred and four present and we are assured the Dance was a great success even financially. The London Old Boys intend to "foot it feartly" on January roth, the date they have fixed for their Annual Ball. The arrangements this time are in the hands of Mr. Bernard Rochford who has had some experience in organizing his

College Balls at Oxford and from whom we are accustomed to expect success.

The Secretary of the Vacation Cricket Club has sent us the following Report of the annual Northern Tour of the Club:—The results of the matches are as follows:—Played 13; Won 2; Lost 5; Drawn 6. The results are not as poor as they seem. Some of the games lost were lost by a narrow margin and a fair proportion of the drawn games were drawn well in our favour. But without doubt poor fielding in more than one case robbed us of victory. G. W. Lindsay however was consistently smart at cover point, and O. L. Chamberlain was always careful behind the wicket. The batting of the team was generally sufficiently strong, B. R. Collison and J. Barton being the most consistent scorers. B. R. Bradley who was unfortunately not often available, played one great innings at Sutton, and gave a shorter but really brilliant display of batting at Lancaster. A. J. Kelly and N. J. Chamberlain too played well. B. R. Collison, G. Richardson, and G. H. Chamberlain, shared most of the bowling, and S. C. Lovell's abnormal deliveries were often of value.

In conclusion the Club's best thanks are due to the many friends whose support and hospitality rendered the tour a social success.

Appended is a summary of results:—

CRATICULAR v NORTHERN (in XI). Lost.

Craticular 92.

Northern 107. G. Richardson 4 wickets for 17 runs, O. L. Chamberlain 4 wickets for 6 runs.

CRATICULAR v GARSTON. Lost.

Craticular 161. H. J. Spackman 31, F. W. Hesketh 34, J. Barton 28.

Garston 163. G. H. Chamberlain 6 wickets for 47 runs.

CRATICULAR v SUTTON. Won.

Sutton 121. G. Richardson 5 wickets for 28 runs.

Craticular 175 for 3 wickets. B. R. Bradley 113 not out.

CRATICULAR v PRESTON (in XI). Drawn.

Craticular 121. A. Kelly 37.

Preston 63 for 4 wickets. G. Richardson 3 wickets for 23 runs.

CRATICULAR v MR. R. F. GORRALL'S FULFORD-LE-FYLDE XI. Drawn.

Mr. Gorrall's XI 174. J. Rimmer 3 wickets for 24 runs.

Craticular 119 for 8 wickets. B. R. Collison 48, A. Kelly 28.

CRATICULAR v MR. ST. JOHN DAVEY'S LANCASTER XI. Lost.

Craticular 124. B. K. Bradley 41, G. H. Chamberlain 42.

Mr. Davey's XI 182. G. H. Chamberlain 6 wickets for 38 runs.

CRATICULAE = WHITTINGHAM COUNTY ASYLUM. Lost.

Craticulae 47.

Whittingham Asylum 200 for 4 wickets.

CRATICULAE = UPTON. Won.

Craticulae 172. J. Barton 45, O. L. Chamberlain 33, C. Marwood 25.

Upton 60. G. Richardson 7 wickets for 27 runs.

CRATICULAE = OXTON (see XI). Drawn.

Craticulae 171 for 8 wickets. Innings declared closed. J. Barton 46, N. J. Chamberlain 33 not out.

Oxton 130 for 5 wickets.

CRATICULAE = OBERKIRK (see XI). Drawn.

Oberkirk 226 for 8 wickets. Innings declared closed.

Craticulae 79 for 6 wickets. C. Ainscough not out 23.

CRATICULAE = OLD NAVYRIANS. Drawn.

Old Navyrians 142 for 7 wickets. Innings declared closed.

Craticulae 164 for 8 wickets. Rev. J. P. Dolan 21, J. Barton 29, B. R. Collison 21.

CRATICULAE = LIVERPOOL (2nd eleven). Drawn.

Liverpool 227 for 7 wickets. Innings declared closed.

Craticulae 150 for 9 wickets. B. R. Collison 41 not out, O. L. Chamberlain 25.

CRATICULAE = INCE-BLUNDELL. Lost.

Craticulae 47.

Ince-Blundell 40 for 8 wickets. B. R. Collison 6 wickets for 26 runs.

W. V. CLAPHAM came in 1903 and left last July. In 1907 he passed the Lower Certificate Examination, gaining First Classes in Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic and English, and the Higher Certificate in 1908, 1909 and 1910. He won the Ampleforth Society Scholarship in 1908.

C. ROCHFORD came in 1903 and left last Easter. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1909. He was a member of the Cricket Eleven of 1909 and Captain of the Football Eleven of 1909-1910. He was Captain of the School from September, 1909 to Easter, 1910.

T. DUNBAR came in 1905. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1908, gaining First Classes in Latin, Greek, and English. He was awarded the Ampleforth Society Scholarship in 1909, and was Captain of the School during the Summer Term 1910. He left last July. He is going up to Trinity College, Dublin, this term.

G. W. LINDSAY came in 1905. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination with First Classes in Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English and History, in 1909. He passed the Higher Certificate in 1910, gaining a Distinction in History. He was a

member of the Cricket Elevens of 1909 and 1910. He was a member of the *Dramatic Society* and took the part of Prospero in the *Tempest* in 1908. He left last July.

C. JAMES came in 1907. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1909, and was a member of the Football Eleven of 1909-1910, and of the Cricket Eleven of 1910.

C. AINSCOUGH came in 1904. He was a member of the Cricket Elevens of 1909, and 1910 and Sub-editor of the *Diary* in 1909-10. He left last July.

* * *

Congratulations to the following "Old Boys" :—

TO MR. G. W. FARRELL on his recent marriage to Miss Eileen O'Meara, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. D. O'Meara, at St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

TO MR. T. A. MAWSON who was married at St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, on Sept. 27th, to Miss Josephine Mary Kuypers, daughter of Mrs Kuypers of 29 Belsize Park-gardens, Hampstead, and the late Charles Kuypers. The Papal Blessing was read after the mass by Dom. Benedict Kuypers, O.S.B., of Downside.

TO DR. EDWARD DAWES of Longton, Staffs., who was married on October 12th, at the Catholic Church at Hadzor, near Droitwich, to Miss Agnes Elizabeth Hodgkinson, of Rashwood Court, Droitwich. The Rev. W. S. Dawes, O.S.B., officiated, assisted by the Rev. V. H. Dawes, O.S.B., and the Rev. Fr. Gothwalta.

TO MR. R. A. ADAMSON, on his invention of an important Engineering patent.

TO MR. P. A. SMITH on his recent success in the Final Medical School, Glasgow University.

* * *

MR G. W. H. NEVILL who was home on leave from West Africa paid as a visit this term.

MR C. E. ROCHFORD, Wadham College, Oxford, has been appointed Secretary of his College Soccer Eleven.

MR B. ROCHFORD is studying for the Bar in London.

MR N. COCKSHUTT contested Rochdale as the Conservative candidate in the recent General Election.

* * *

Senior Literary and Debating Society.

The First meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, September 25th. The chair was taken by Fr. Prior. In Private Business the usual election of officials took place. Mr. Narey was elected Secretary, and Messrs. Clapham, Robertson and Richardson were chosen to form the Committee.

In Public Business, Mr. Narey read a paper on "Samuel Johnson." He traced the life of his subject from his birth at Lichfield in 1709 to his arrival in London in 1737, pointing out the difficulties with which he had to contend—his mental and physical infirmities, and his father's financial losses; and showing how Johnson, an infant prodigy, proved to be an utter failure until the latter date. After many trials, sufferings and labours in Grub Street, at length he triumphed over all the *littérateurs* of his day, and after receiving a pension of £300 a year from George III, became a literary dictator. He had already written two great poems and his great prose work, *Rasselas*, in addition to compiling a Dictionary. When he had risen to the foremost place in his profession, he forsook letters almost entirely and devoted himself to conversation and tea-drinking. In both he became proficient; while he was the most brilliant conversationalist of his time, he was also able to boast of drinking twenty cups of tea at a sitting. Though his appearance was disreputable and some of his habits most disagreeable, he knew everyone of importance. Among his friends he numbered Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith and Garrick. That he is, perhaps, the best-known character in English literary history is due in great measure to his biographer, James Boswell.

In the discussion which followed, the following members took part—Messrs. McDonald, Chamberlain, E. Williams, Clapham and Peguero.

The Second Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, October 2nd. In Public Business, Mr. Miller moved "That Aviation

will shortly prove of Practical Utility." Though he did not hope for the realization of the wild dreams of some of our popular novelists, yet there was, he said, good reason to expect some striking and useful results of the energy and enthusiasm which had recently been displayed. The improvement already made in the construction of airships had proved beyond doubt their practical utility for military purposes, and the recent remarkable achievements of aviators which he enumerated, held out similar hopes for aeroplanes.

Mr. Wright in the course of a violent attack on the misdirected enthusiasm of aviators, said that the aeroplane was still a useless and dangerous toy. They could be of no use in war, and it was improbable that they would ever be useful as a means of travel.

Mr. A. Kelly disagreed with the bon. opposer. Aeroplanes had stood severe tests, though of course they were as yet far from perfect; in English manoeuvres they had already been used with great success in scouting, and it had been proved that they could be used in war with great effect for dropping bombs.

Mr. Livesey regretted the antiquated idea of some opponents of aviation, that it was intended to be a new form of amusement suitable only for those who had grown tired of golf and motoring. He also pointed out its utility in the exploration of the Arctic regions of the Globe.

Messrs Blackledge, Mackay, Marshall, Chamberlain, Courtney and Narey continued the discussion. The motion was carried by 18 votes to 14.

The Third Meeting was held on Sunday, October 9th. In Public Business, Mr. A. Clapham read a paper on "John Wilkes." The paper began with an account of his family and early education, on the completion of which he at once became one of the most profligate members of the profligate society in which he lived. His quick wit and ready tongue made him welcome everywhere, and he soon had a large circle of friends which included Dr. Johnson and Gibbon. He began his political career as member for Aylesbury, but he was not a good debater and was not successful in politics. However he became famous in politics by his duel with the Lords and Commons on the questions of privilege of members of Parliament and the legality of general warrants. His "North Briton" was a violent

attack upon the Scotch and particularly upon the Prime Minister Bute. He was outlawed, fled to the Continent, and unable to meet his expenses, eventually returned to England and stood for trial. He was condemned, went to prison a ruined man and emerged with a fortune waiting him. The House of Commons being closed to him, he became Alderman of the City of London and later, Lord Mayor. Before his death he was once more admitted to Parliament, where he succeeded in his demand that all that had previously been recorded against him should be expunged from the Journals of the House of Commons. The following members took part in the discussion—Messrs Peguero, Mackay, L. Williams, E. Williams, Marshall, Narey, Wright, Richardson, McDonald and Chamberlain.

At the Fourth Meeting, which took place on Sunday, October 16th, Mr. Roberson moved "That Members of Parliament should receive Payment." He pointed out that Members of Parliament should fulfil two conditions—that they should be representative of their electors and that they should be the best available men. Present members satisfied neither condition; the payment of members would give the working man a chance of becoming a member of Parliament and would thus tend to create a class of professional politicians. With regard to the want of independence which, it was alleged, would be the inevitable result of the proposed measure, he urged that this danger, even if it should be considered real, could hardly be proposed as a serious objection in the present state of Party politics.

Mr. Marshall, in opposing, said that the present motion had been brought forward chiefly with the purpose of dealing with the situation created by the Osborne Judgment. Trade Unions have at present many worthless representatives in Parliament; it was tyranny to force members of the Unions to pay for their support. The reversal of the Judgment would be a grave misfortune; payment of members would destroy Party Government.

Mr. Livesey deprecated payment of members as it would destroy the independence of the elected representatives. It was, moreover, quite unnecessary.

Fr. V. Wilson considered it untrue to say that there was a very



BANKLAND'S SCHOOL, USED AS CHAPEL.

general desire on the part of the Labouring classes for payment of members, though many perhaps had advocated it in the hope of solving the problem created by the recent Osborne Judgment. At the same time, he said it would be most unwise to reverse that decision.

Messrs. Chamberlain, Clapham, Mackay, E. Williams, Blackledge and Narey also spoke; on the motion being put to the vote it was defeated by 19 votes to 15.

At the Fifth Meeting, held on Sunday, October 20th, Mr. Richardson read a paper on "Daniel O'Connell." After describing his early life and education he sketched the political career of O'Connell, dwelling chiefly on his action in Catholic Emancipation and the part he took in the agitations for the repeal of the Union.

A discussion followed which was carried on by Messrs. Mackay, E. Williams, A. Kelly, Peguero, Narey, Chamberlain and Livesey.

The Sixth Meeting took place on November 6th. In Public Business, Mr. Long moved "That our present method of treating criminals tends to increase crime." We justly deplored, he said, the barbarity with which past generations treated their criminals. Yet, their methods, though brutal, were effective; for if a convicted criminal was denied a place of repentance he was denied also the opportunity of committing further crimes. Our present system was ineffective because it did not reform even the young criminal and did not deter the professional criminal from further crime. Though the total number of criminals was decreasing, the number of professional criminals had steadily increased during the last thirty years. Nearly all the members of this latter class were well-known to the police and, with proper legislation allowing the infliction of life sentences, they would, in a few years, cease to exist. The present system of short sentences did not deter the professional from his chosen occupation, while the demoralizing effects of prison life had been known to change many a young or weak-minded offender into a hardened thief.

Mr. Cadic, for the opposition, said that it was inexpedient to make the treatment of criminals more severe than it is at present, that it was on the whole effective, and that the suggested reforms were

impracticable on account of the difficulty of discriminating between different classes of criminals. He gave an account of the Bostal System which had been in force for several years and had been proved successful in reclaiming young offenders from a career of crime.

The following members also contributed to the Discussion:—Messrs. Mackay, Courtney, Marshall, Kelly, Bosley, L. Williams, Chamberlain, Livesey, Peguero, Blackledge and Wright. The motion was won by 27 votes to 4.

The Seventh Meeting was held on Sunday, November 20th. In Public Business Mr. A. Kelly read a paper on "Sydney Smith," in which, after giving a short sketch of his life, he gave a detailed account of his literary career from his appointment as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was one of the four founders, and an indefatigable contributor. Shortly after leaving Edinburgh he was elected a member of the Holland Society and received several clerical appointments. An account was given of the "Peter Pimley" letters in favour of the Roman Catholic Emancipation. The reader then followed his literary labours until his retirement, and read many characteristic selections from his writings.

Messrs. Barnett, Mackay, L. Williams, Richardson, Wright and Narey also spoke.

At the Eighth Meeting held on Sunday, November 27th, the motion for debate was "That the British public devotes too much time and attention to Sport," moved by Mr. McDonald, opposed by Mr. Burge. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 18.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, December 4th. In Public Business Mr. Chamberlain read a paper on "Spiritualism." In his introductory remark on the recent spread of Spiritualism he said that it was now an organized religion, claiming to be Christian but in reality recognizing our Lord only as the greatest of moral teachers. The spiritualist claims that by the mercy of God the spirits of the dead were allowed to return to this world to instruct those whom they had left behind. The fact that its adherent almost invariably ended by denying all the beliefs of Christianity was in

itself sufficient to condemn it as dangerous if not diabolical. He then proceeded to explain in detail the various means of communication with other world and of materialization by means of "Astral matter." The reader then examined the various explanations which have been offered of the various phenomena of spiritualism and gave reasons for believing that they were the work of evil spirits. In the discussion which followed there spoke—Mr. A. Kelly, Mr. Livesey, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Narey, Mr. Morrogh Bernard and Mr. Wright.

The Tenth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, December 11th. In Private Business, a motion introduced by Mr. Kelly, whereby "Every member of the Society should speak at least once every three weeks," was rejected.

In Public Business, Mr. Courtney moved "That Ireland should not have Home Rule." He said that Ireland differed from our colonies in this, that Ireland was an integral part of the Mother Country, while the colonies were dependencies or outgrowths. The distance of some of our colonies made Union impossible. It was true that the Isle of Man had Home Rule, but its insignificance made it of no account. In South Africa, too, self government had been possible, because it had had the effect of uniting conflicting parties by a common bond and enabling them to work in concord. Religious differences rendered this impossible in Ireland. It was not the Union, but the invention of machinery and improved means of transit that had ruined Irish trade. The poverty of the peasants was due to the poverty of the soil. Their condition had improved since the Union. Another insuperable objection was that under Home Rule the burden of taxation would be insupportable.

Mr. Mackay, in opposing, appealed to the honour and gratitude of English Catholics who owed their religious freedom to the Irish. The objections to Home Rule were purely imaginary. Home Rule could be no danger to the English, who cared nothing for Ireland as long as the yearly revenue and taxes were paid. He maintained that Ireland had always been loyal in spite of misrule and injustice. Many of the popular misconceptions about the character of the Irish and their inability to govern themselves, were the result of prejudiced and ignorant accounts of Irish affairs which disgraced the columns of

the English Press. The measure of Home Rule demanded was very moderate and would have beneficial effects on English politics by removing from her Parliament an element of discontent and obstruction. A contented Ireland would be a great source of strength to the Empire in time of National danger.

Mr. Williams challenged the last speaker to name any present Irish grievances. The demand for Home Rule had become a habit, he said, which persisted after the cause had ceased to exist. The Irish nation was the spoilt child of Great Britain. They had received whatever reforms they desired, and there was now no real discontent among the peasantry. In the present financial state of Ireland, Home Rule meant ruin and misery to the peasants. Messrs. Ponsi, Morrogh Bernard and Livesey also spoke. The motion was won by 23 votes to 11.

Junior Literary and Debating Society.

The 166th meeting of the Society and the first meeting of Term was held on Sunday, the 25th of September. In Private Business, Mr. Loese and the members of the Lower Third were elected members of the Society. Mr. C. R. Simpson was elected Secretary, and Mr. E. Marsh, Mr. J. Temple, and Mr. C. Collison, to serve on the Committee. In Public Business, Mr. Simpson moved "That Aviation is a practicable means of Transit." He said that he would not attempt to show that Aviation possessed all the excellencies of a fully perfected means of transit. It was an infant, and hon. members should treat it with the indulgence due to tender years. Of the two requisites in a satisfactory method of travelling,—swiftness and sureness—, it admittedly possessed the former to an unparalleled extent, and already gave promise of soon attaining a sufficient measure of the latter. Aeroplanes could be steered with greater ease and exactness than any other vehicles, and their freedom from the trammels of rails, channels, and hedges, greatly diminished the chances of accidents. It would doubtless be objected that accidents were common. So were they in other modes of travelling, and the accidents to airmen nearly always occurred when they were trying to break "records." The greatest enemies of aviation were, in fact, its promoters who, instead of trying to provide for the needs of sober travellers, attempted extraordinary feats.

Mr. Marsh opposed the motion. He said that the history of Aviation had not so far verified the account of it which Mr. Simpson's exuberant imagination had enabled him to give. Zeppelin airships might have a future before them, but the history of aeroplane trials was a record of failure, and would continue to be so until the sciences of Meteorology and Mechanics had made very great advances. This failure was practically admitted by airmen, who, after establishing their reputations, retired to pursue the Ciceronian ideal of *vivam cum dignitate* as far as their shattered

nerve would allow them. Accidents to airmen were beyond comparison more numerous than those that happened in other kinds of locomotion, and it was significant that they were generally inexplicable.

Mr. Knowles pointed to the importance of aviation as a part of military equipment. The favour with which all progressive nations regarded it was a proof that its defects could be remedied.

Mr. E. Martin doubted that any real progress was being made in aviation. Types of aeroplanes were nearly as numerous as airmen, but all were equally unsuccessful.

Messrs. Temple, Power, Haynes, Sharp, and Barnwell also spoke.

The motion was lost, 15 votes—17.

The 167th Meeting of the Society was held on October 2nd, Br. Alexius and Br. Bernard being present as visitors. In Private Business, Messrs. O. Collison, G. Lintner, and G. Hayes, were elected members of the Society. In Public Business Mr. E. Martin, after complaining of the vacillation of the Committee in regard to the subject for debate, moved "That this House deplores Civilization." He said that Civilization had taken much from the variety, fulness, and pleasure, of life. Uncivilized man was able in war to display and develop greater bravery than was now usual, and yet he did far less damage. In peace he enjoyed immunity both from the trials and perils introduced by material civilization and from the sophistication which was euphemistically termed education. He referred to the decay of chivalry, and dwelt upon the character of modern games and the spirit in which they were played, as an example of the inferiority of modern tastes.

Mr. Robertson opposed the motion. Taking as his point of departure Dryden's "I am not as free as Nature first made man," he explained that by being civilized, man had become free. He had been the slave of his natural surroundings, but science had made him their master, increasing his safety and his comfort, and making travel easy. He had been at the mercy of any man more powerful than himself, but now he had rights against everyone. The tortures practiced by uncivilized nations had been abolished, oppression had given way to justice, and men were humane. He

could not understand how life had thereby become either less full or less pleasant.

Mr. Farrell said that if Civilization had increased pleasure and ease it had also been accompanied by an increase of crime. Oppression had not given way to Justice, but, in order to evade Justice, had adopted secret and ingenious methods.

Mr. Clarke could not think calmly of a time when man's mind and body alike were ill-fed.

Mr. McDonald said that uncivilized nations held human life cheap, and inflicted death in peculiar and horrid ways.

Mr. Power said that though Civilization had to some extent spoiled natural scenery, it had wholly created the love of it. Motor cars had not destroyed uncivilized man's appreciation of nature, for he had none.

Mr. W. Rochford ascribed the development of this appreciation to the monotony of modern life. Uncivilized man lived an interesting and eventful life, and his tastes and affections had objects more closely related to him than inanimate nature.

There also spoke Br. Alexius, Br. Bernard and Messrs. W. Martin, Haynes, Rankin, Chamberlain, Lintner, McCabe, and Hayes.

The motion was carried, 18 votes to 17.

The 168th Meeting of the Society was held on October 9th. Br. Francis was present as a visitor. In public Business Mr. Sharp moved "That China and Japan constitute a danger to Western Civilization." He described how the Japanese emerged from a state of stagnation which had lasted for centuries, and were now on a level with European nations. The effort by which they had achieved this was not yet exhausted and would soon make them the first people in the world. Already they were a formidable military power, and when the vast population of China was, as it soon would be, imbued with the Japanese spirit of progress, the two peoples would be stronger than any European nation or combination of nations. Hon. members must not seek comfort in the thought that the superiority of Western methods would outweigh the advantage of numbers. China and Japan would fight us with our own weapons. Private enterprise and public encouragement sent representatives of the yellow

ances to all European centres of industry and learning, and these on their return introduced to their own countries the products of Western culture.

Mr. Temple opposed the motion. He said that China and Japan, though populous, were poor, and by the suppression of the opium trade the former had lost its chief source of wealth. The union of the two countries was most improbable for the Chinese were intensely conservative, and yet jealous of the rise of the Japanese. They had not forgotten the humiliation and loss of territory which they had suffered from Japan. The strength of Japan was commonly overrated. Its development had been unhealthily rapid, and economic distress and political unrest were widespread. Moreover, under the influence of Western ideas they would undoubtedly lose that spirit, partly patriotic, partly religious, which, more than military skill and organization, had decided the issue of the Russian war.

Mr. Lintner said that the Chinese, who, intellectually, were a richly endowed people, could not for much longer be despised and robbed by European nations. They too had abandoned their old traditions. They were improving their system of internal administration, and were modelling their military organization and equipment on the best modern examples.

Mr. Long doubted that the "Awakening of China" was much more than journalists' "copy." The Palace government at Peking was so corrupt that any real national improvement was impossible.

Mr. Simpson thought that owing to the German scare the Yellow Peril received less attention than it deserved. China and Japan were not too proud to recognize the superiority of other countries. They were learning all that Europeans could teach them, and would soon be in the enviable state of knowing as much as their masters.

Mr. Hayes said that the Chinese were too thrifty to spend their money on external conquest. Moreover the development of their own vast country would engage their attention and tax their resources for a long time. The debate was continued by Messrs. Marsh, Robertson, E. Martin, Power, Barton, Haynes, Clark, Emery, Ainscough, W. Rochford, McCabe, and the Hon. K. Barnwell.

The motion was rejected, 16 votes—22.

The 169th meeting of the Society was held on October 16th. In Public Business, Mr. Clark moved "That in the opinion of this House Germany is a menace to England." Mr. Collison opposed. There also spoke Messrs. Lynch, Lancaster, Farrell, Barton, Power, Temple, E. Martin and Lintner.

The motion was lost, 15—19.

The 170th meeting of the Society was held on October 30th, Fr. Dominic, Br. Iltyd, Br. Stephen, and Br. Raymond being present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Walton moved "That this House believes in ghosts." Mr. H. McCabe opposed. The debate was continued by Messrs. McDonald, Robertson, F. McCabe, Temple, and Chamberlain.

The motion was carried, 23 votes—11.

The 171st meeting of the Society was held on November 9th. Br. Alexius and Mr. Neuson were visitors.

In Private Business Mr. Temple drew the attention of the House to the rule which prescribed a minimum number of speeches from each member as a condition of his remaining in the Society. He said that this rule had been broken, and he proposed that it should be enforced. After some discussion the Committee was directed to consider the matter and present a report to the House. In Public Business, Mr. Emery moved "That this House would welcome a return to government by absolute monarchy." He put forward a number of ingenious reasons to show that Parliament was unnecessary. Our system of laws would be simpler if the sovereign legislative power were simpler. The Representative and Party system led to an excessive output of legislation. Many experienced and thoughtful men believed that it would be greatly to the advantage of the country if all law-making were suspended for a few years. The moral effect of elections was bad, and candidates made rash promises to their supporters, which when they were elected to Parliament they had to attempt to fulfil under penalty of losing their seats.

Mr. F. McCabe opposed the notion. He explained the nature of despotism and showed that we could never be sure that we had placed ourselves in the power of a suitable ruler. "Office shows the man," and no satisfactory method of choice could be devised.

But this was not the only difficulty. No one man could control and direct the government of England. The issues were too vast and too intricate. The English constitution was the envy and admiration of all civilised countries. Was the House prepared to play "Athanasius contra mundum"?

Mr. Knowles reminded the House that they had at a previous meeting voted in favour of savage life, and that as it was the custom among savages to have a single ruler, they had indirectly voted for absolute monarchy.

Mr. Lynch said that a study of Russian life was an unfailing remedy for a desire for absolute monarchy.

Mr. Hayes thought that the abuse of absolute power by some monarchs did not affect the principle. Doubtless some absolute monarchs became tyrants, but it was equally true that larger governing bodies often misbehave themselves, and it was easier to get rid of the former than the latter.

Mr. Barton feared that a single ruler could not command that breadth of view which, though often leading to apparent indecision, was necessary for the right conduct of life.

Mr. Rankin said that a single ruler would be more subject to evil influences than a large governing body. On religious matters, especially, he would be likely to prove intolerant.

Mr. Ainscough thought that absolute monarchy and national progress were never found together. Stagnation or civil war were its usual results. The feeling of the House was decidedly against Mr. Emery's motion, and it was lost—10 votes to 27.

The 172nd Meeting of the Society was held on November 20th. In Private Business, Mr. Hickey was elected a member of the Society. In Public Business, Mr. Lintner moved "That in the opinion of this House England owes more to the Pen than to the Sword." He said that the effects of war were famine, debt, discontent, and revolution; and he gave historical examples to show that a war rarely stands alone but usually causes further wars. England owed her present prosperity to her sparing use of the Sword, and her great constitution and just laws to her practical recognition of the beneficent power of the Pen.

Mr. Knowles opposed. The source of England's greatness was her Empire, and that Empire had not been built up by authors and journalists. Her greatness had been won by the Sword alone, and therefore, he submitted, she owed more to it than to the Pen. It was not the Pen that defeated the Armada and saved England from becoming a Spanish Province. He could not accept the saying that battles were won by strategy, for fighting was a condition *sine qua non* of winning a battle, and strategy was not. Finally, he said that Englishmen and foreigners looked to England not as a centre of learning but as a great power.

Mr. F. McCabe said that the Sword contributed nothing to the advance of civilization. At most it removed obstacles, and even in that work it was the minister of the Pen.

Mr. E. Martin quoted an instance of the powerlessness of the Pen which nearly involved the House in a Bacon-Shakespeare argument.

Mr. Farrell said that although the Norman Conquest was achieved by the Sword, its excellent results were the work of the Pen.

Mr. Robertson entered a *amovet* against trust in proverbs. He said that they were often misleading. However, the release of the Athenian prisoners because they could recite Euripides was a classic instance of the power of the Pen.

The Hon. R. Barnewall reminded the House that Scotland was not conquered, but was united to England by treaty.

Mr. Leach said that as safety was necessary for culture, civilization was the work of the Sword.

Mr. Lancaster rejoined that mere safety did not produce culture. Intellectual activity, not military power, made nations civilised.

Mr. L. Rochford drew the conclusion that it was impossible to assign England's greatness to one rather than the other. Messrs Clarke, Temple, Barton, Power, and Chamberlain, continued the debate. The motion was rejected, 17 votes—26.

The 173rd meeting was held on Nov. 27th. Br. Raymond and Br. Francis were present as visitors. Mr. Harrison moved "That, in the opinion of this House, Party Politics are ruining the country." Mr. I. MacDonald opposed. There also spoke Messrs. Sharp, Robertson, Temple, Power, Hayes, Ainscough, and the Hon. R. Barnewall. The motion was lost 17—21.

The 174th meeting took place on Dec. 4th. In Public Business Mr. R. Power moved "That the American Colonies were justified in their rebellion." Mr. Leese opposed. There also spoke Messrs Simpson, Knowles, Robertson, Barton, Lynch, Marsh, Lintner, Lancaster, Walton, and Martin. A motion to adjourn the debate was defeated. The House then divided. The motion was rejected 14—23.

The 175th meeting of the Society and the last meeting of Term was held on Dec. 11th. In Public Business Mr. G. Farrell moved "That this House regrets the killing of animals for pleasure." Mr. W. A. Martin opposed. There also spoke Messrs Marsh, Temple, F. McCabe, Killis, Leech, Power, I. MacDonald, E. J. Martin, and A. Rankin. The motion was lost 18—22. A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting and the Session to a close.

The Nativity Mystery Play.

Fr. Benson's "Mystery Play, in honour of the Nativity of Our Lord," was produced by the Lower School on Sunday, December 18th, and again on December 21st, 1910. Living as we do in an age in which the English Drama seems to depend for its popularity almost entirely on "problem" plays, with their gloomy realism at one end of the scale, and picturesque insanities at the other, we welcome Fr. Benson's Mystery Play as an indication that such things can still be written, and still be enjoyed; and not a little consoling is the thought that it comes not entirely alone.

It would be difficult to give an adequate account of our impressions of the play, but all who were present must have been conscious of the simple and reverent dignity which pervaded all the scenes, and which brought home to us not only the pathos and beauty, but also the deep meaning of the Christmas story. Quite conceivably we might have had a Mystery Play on different lines. We might have been treated to a gorgeous spectacle at the court of Herod with a host of personnel the correct grouping of whom would have been a sore tax on the ingenuity even of Sir Herbert Tree. Then possibly we might have had a realistic representation of the thronged streets of Bethlehem, with many lines of blank verse concerning the Star; and those who remember the descriptions of the court scenes in "By What Authority" and "The Queen's Tragedy" will not underestimate Fr. Benson's powers of scenic display. But he has not done this, and we are grateful to him. Instead, he has told us the simple Gospel story, focussing our attention from prologue to *finale* on the central fact of the Incarnation. And, as he has told the story, the one dominant thought with which he was constantly impressing us was the Almighty lowliness of the Infant Jesus. Many little touches—the simple language of the two children Martha and Abel, the newborn lamb which Ben-Ezra, the shepherd, found in piteous plight in the frost and snow, the words of the beautiful Coventry carol "Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child"—all combined to make us realize most vividly that

"Supreme Spirit subject was to clay,
 And Lata from its own surcote learned a law,
 And Light brought a lump into its way,
 And Awe was raised in awe,
 At one small horse of Nazareth."

But if the play was simple it was also dramatic. The faith of the old shepherd Zachary with his reverence for Isaias whom the merchants call a dreamer, the scene in the inn at Bethlehem where the merchants turn Mary and Joseph from the door, and the effect produced on the various characters by distant strains of angel melody and fleeting glimpses of angel forms, made the simple plot live for us, so that we followed with interest the development of the story, conscious at the same time that this interest was not aroused by any irrelevant padding introduced for dramatic effect.

In his introduction to the large acting edition of the play Fr. Benson mentions that his work has no claim to be considered a literary production; and since he makes this express declaration, entirely, as we consider, in the spirit of the original Mystery Play, we have hardly a right to criticize the "book" of the play apart from considerations of setting and the particular object the author had in view, nor to regard it as in any way written for a reading public. That the quality of Fr. Benson's verse is unpretentiously simple—that is, that it is lacking in the dramatic "agitation" which we meet with in some of the verse of modern dramatists like Mr Comyns Carr or Mr Stephen Phillips, we admit; nor do we think, under the circumstances, that there is anything particularly reprehensible in this. For surely Fr. Benson was aiming not at a poetical achievement, but at a reproduction of the spirit of the mediæval Mystery Play, in which there does not seem to be any conscious striving after poetical expression. In *Everyman*, it is true, there are many really poetical passages, but in the *Coventry Nativity Play*, for example, where the plot is taken straight from the Gospel, and where therefore there was no need to create a poetical atmosphere, the language is characterized by an artless directness, which served its purpose equally well. Fr. Benson, then, appears to us to have shown his discernment in not attempting to "improve" by fine writing a subject already full of the deepest poetry, and whilst he has

preserved the essential feature of the Mystery Play, simplicity, he has substituted for the homely familiarity of the original a spirit of quiet dignity and refinement perhaps more suited to our sophisticated age. The whole play seemed to breathe the prayer

"So, a little Child, come down
 And hear a child's tongue like Thy own."

About the actual production of the play there is little to be said except that the stage management and the acting and singing fully realized its spirit. Of the actors themselves Knowles and Power were especially good, and not the least pleasing feature of the latter's performance was the fact that though his tone was necessarily low, he was heard in every part of the theatre. McDonald gave a spirited impersonation of the scoffing Israelite merchant, and G. Simpson's representation of Abel was an illuminating instance of how perfectly a small part can be played. A word of praise is due to C. Simpson for undertaking the part of Gaspar at two hours' notice. Of course there were one or two minor improbabilities which occur in every play. For instance at the first performance we could not help noticing that the snowstorm in the first scene confined its (or shall we say "his"?) energies to a very limited portion of the atmosphere, and that the aged and frost-bitten Zachary was led for the purpose of repose and comfort away from his warm seat near the fire to one that looked much colder and snowier; but these are trifles. What really mattered,—the production and acting of the play in the appropriate spirit—that was thoroughly satisfactory and successful. The choir of Angels did their work upon the stage very well,—so well indeed that afterwards it must have been either innate modesty or the versatility of the true artist which prompted one of the *ci-devant* cherubim to remark that, had he been called upon to do so, he would fain have represented an angel of a different complexion. The Solos were well rendered, but we thought that some of the Carols might have been sung with more energy, and with a lighter and more joyous touch. However, all concerned are to be congratulated upon a highly successful production.

Obituary.

GERALD. F. LAMBERT. R.I.P.

The death of Gerald. F. Lambert will come as a surprise to those who knew him but have not heard of his long and languishing illness. They will remember him in the school as a bright and cheerful boy who held his own in all its walks and within this small sphere gained some eminence as a singer and an actor. He left in 1900 and was at work in London for more than a year, when his health made imperative a brighter and more bracing atmosphere than the city affords. Accordingly he went to Canada, as it was thought a few years of healthy and vigorous colonial life in easy circumstance might give his constitution—never really frail—a robustness more fitted to the active work he would naturally have inherited. In 1906 he returned and, having some months previously made a retreat here, was married in January, 1909. After a single year the first signs of the terrible disease showed themselves. Full of faith last June he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, whence he returned as many another in body no better, in spirit wonderfully renewed. Seared by suffering and the pathos of the birth of a child, he made an end so touching in its spirituality, so manful in endurance that, though one is loath to dwell on details, the meaning of his life would be lost without its mention. In those few months he saw with clearest vision

"The truths which wisest poets see dimly."

May he rest in peace.

FRANCIS SMITH. R.I.P.

Just as we go to Press news reaches us of the death of Francis Smith of Bungay after a short illness. He left Ampleforth in 1890. May he rest in peace.



College Gate
 Trinity College
 Hartford, Conn.

Notes.

THE past year will be memorable amongst us for one fact—the building of the Theatre. In our last number we told our readers of its completion, its appearance and its practical excellence, in promise. It has now been subjected to the test of use. As the result we have pleasure in announcing that it passed the examination in all branches—Greek was not compulsory—and has been awarded a double first, honours both in Science and the Arts, with a College fellowship in addition. We would gladly present it also with a gold medal for proficiency in Acoustics, if we had one at our disposal. Its excellence in that particular is beyond all praise.

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The first piece to be set on the boards is Father Benson's well-known Mystery Play, "Bethlehem." A full-dress rehearsal was given before the Christmas holidays. One of those present was so greatly impressed by the spectacle that he has been moved to write a prose-poem, printed in the *Tablet* of Dec. 24th. Quoting the saying of the Druid in the story of St. Paulinus, as told by St. Bede, that the life of man is like a sparrow's flight through the hall, in at one door and out of the other, when one is sitting at meat in the winter-tide, the writer says: "The play seemed to me brief, brief as the sparrow's flight, and I was out in the cold again. Yet in that brief space I had been given a glimpse of another world. I had lived for a space in the snowy uplands of Bethlehem, and it was when the heaven had opened. The veil was drawn apart. The air was full of angelic song and angelic presences haunted the hills. It was the world of faith made manifest."

"The play, indeed, was a deeply religious thing. It was a bodying forth of the fact of Christmas, and none could see and listen without a wakening of faith and spirit. It was a meditation and a prayer, for almost as one looked the heart turned to adoration

and the lips moved in involuntary orison. It was a vision and a heavenly hymn.

"I had feared what it might be to see sacred things tricked on a stage and portrayed so really. Yet my fear was vain. Surely never anything can come amiss when simplicity and duty tender it. A great reverence and awesome restraint and gentleness moved all alike. And the play breathes simplicity and piety.

"Unless ye become as little children is its spirit, sustained, unbroken, in the old Zachary, in the young Abel and Martha, and surely never was better commentary on those words.

"And the carols, simple and pure, were again in utter concord with the story. They made much of the play. Their harmony was sweet and moving.

"I spoke of a vague mystery. And there was, too, in many a part the thrill of half-revelation, the presences unseen and dimly felt, the music mystical. It was the supernatural, and the effects were well and cunningly produced. And yet, again, beside this revelation by suggestion only and vague adumbration, there was a startling realism, a realism of fact and presence, that seemed in strange contrast. Yet, it did not jar. I knew I was back in the England of long ago, and was content to see as they of old saw with lively faith. And I saw the symbolism of the Passion at the Crisp, and the whole history of that Life gathered to a point of vision."

♦ ♦ ♦

There are still many of the brethren living who will appreciate His Eminence, Cardinal Capocelatro's comment on "Abbot Krug's Thoughts in Music on the Life of Christ." We were among those at Belmont who listened to the Abbot's inspired playing and can testify to the accuracy of the description. And, like the Cardinal, we were impressed with the realism of the storm on the Lake of Genesareth. But we remember being best pleased with one of the simple melodies, suggestive, to our youthful fancy, of Beethoven; Bethlehem, we think it must have been. Also, we doubted, as the Cardinal seems to have done, whether Music was capable of expressing the Abbot's pictorial thoughts. A few days ago we had the pleasure of hearing Sir Edward Elgar's Italian overture

conducted by himself. Beyond a vivid impression of sunshine and colour and vitality we could not gather anything distinctly Southern or Italian. We have to admit that we failed to grasp the idea in the great composer's mind. Music, as a medium of pictorial expression, has greatly advanced since the year of Abbot Krug's first visit to Belmont. Yet we have a right to doubt its power to convey a definite message from the mind of the composer even to minds trained to receive it. Hence we do not think we shall be doing an injustice to the Abbot when we say that his melodies, meritorious as no doubt they were, were quite inadequate to fulfil his noble purpose.

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Our Oxford correspondent sends us the following notes:—

The past term has been pleasant, but uneventful. We were anxious when we came up to observe the progress of the new buildings at Oriel and B.N.C. In recent years Oxford has not been happy in its architectural efforts, and we rather feared the effect these College extensions would have on a street, which in the eyes of some is without parallel in England. B.N.C. is completed; and though scaffolding and hoardings as yet prevent a correct appreciation of the addition to Oriel, sufficient can be seen to dispel all anxieties. The same cannot be said for the new Electrical Laboratory erected by the Drapers' Company at a cost of £23,000. Whilst acknowledging the munificence of the donors, we may be allowed one grumble at the apparent incompatibility in such buildings of external grace and internal efficiency.

This year to have been a term of "reform," as the proposals of "Council" embodying the Chancellor's suggestions were before Congregation; but results have been largely negative. Clauses relative to the Women's Delegacy and the question of "Faculties" have been passed; but no tampering has been allowed with the subjects for "Smalls." Greek, it appears, cannot be abolished without Oxford, as such, ceasing to exist. A crumb of comfort is however held out to science men, who will, perhaps, be allowed to substitute some other subject. Some justification for an uncompromising pro-Greek attitude may be found in the fact that, though

the weeding-out process at the entrance examination is as severe as ever, the number of "freshmen" has this year provided a record.

Public lectures of the more popular type have been few; no Roosevelt, Shackleton, nor Sven Hedin has visited us. Still we have passed lightly from the discussion of "Art, its Meaning and Influence" with the new Slade Professor to "A visit to the Cave Men," under the direction of A. E. Marriat, and ranged carelessly from subjects psychological in "Knowing and Acting," to those more opportune in "Carols," by the Professor of Music. We were pleased to notice, too, that Dom. Morin, O.S.B., had been invited to lecture. This time, his subject was the Athanasian Creed, and despite the disadvantages of a foreign tongue—he spoke in French—and the somewhat forbidding title, he drew good audiences.

Some slight stir was caused when it became known that the Town election was to be held before we were due to go down. To prevent any possible "ragging," a universal "gating" on the day, and even a premature conclusion of the term were suggested. More moderate counsels prevailed, however, and an appeal by the Vice-Chancellor to the good sense of undergraduates effected more than restraining measures would have done. It seems that, if treated like a man the undergraduate will behave like one. A similar conciliatory manifesto issued before "Guy Fawkes day," secured what was described as "the quietest 'fifth of November' on record."

In the world of athletics, the success of the Oxford XV in the Rugby match was not so pronounced as was expected after their consistently good play in the trial games. However, it has given us something on the credit side in the rubber of inter-Varsity events, which we think will be needed before the Association and Hockey matches are finished with next term. For the boat race we are sanguine, the 'trial nights' having shown a wealth of talent from which to select a crew.

At our own Hall the places of those who went down have been taken by Bns. Bernard McElligott and Ethelred Taunton, and the Rev. D. Devas, O.F.M. The former are reading for "Greats," the last named will take History. We have been pleased to renew acquaintance with an old member of the Hall, in the person of Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P. He has been giving the Conferences this term.

To judge by the attendance, they have been more than a little appreciated by the Catholic Undergraduates.

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The annual London Reunion of Old Boys took place at the Holborn Restaurant on Nov. 17. Fr. Abbot had kindly come from Ampleforth to be the chief guest of the evening, and Captain Woollett, now the most venerable of lay Ampleforthians, presided. In proposing the toast of "Alma Mater" coupled with the name of Fr. Abbot, the chairman likened himself to the sailor who, when pressed to make known the three wishes nearest his heart, had no hesitation about the two first: 'that all the sea were grog,' 'that all the earth were barley.' These desires fulfilled, he could conjure up no more wants. It was only with considerable difficulty that any further wish could be found: 'thirdly—a little more barley.' So the chairman, too, found himself at a loss, he said, what to add to the well-merited praises he had lavished on Ampleforth in so many former toasts at annual gatherings, or to the wishes he had already expressed. Fr. Abbot in his reply spoke, as we have come to expect him to speak on this occasion, of College affairs during the past year. The theatre had been completed and any doubts about its acoustic properties were now at rest, for it was found to be perfect in this respect. The autumn retreat, the lectures of Major Mark Sykes, Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair and others, were occasions when the suitability of the Hall in every way was proved to equal the highest expectations. The new heated plunge-bath was an acknowledged luxury for the boys, and the apparatus for expeditiously drying their garments after exposure to the unpropitious and often treacherous English climate had, to say the least, proved a great convenience. He referred also to the Oxford House of Studies, to the high percentage of successful candidates at the Certificate examinations held at Ampleforth in the summer, and to the contemplated formation of a military corps under the direction of the War Office. Mr. J. M. Tucker, the secretary, proposed the toast of the visitors, to which Fr. S. St. John of Farn Street responded, dwelling on the friendly relations, past and present, between Benedictines and Jesuits. Mr. Harold Pike spoke of the Cricket Club. The past season had been a success, due in great measure to the

ability of Mr Hanson, the secretary. As for the matches, they had won 8, lost 6 and drawn 6; and a good ground had been secured for next season at Park Royal. He welcomed the new members who had joined, and expressed an ardent hope that in future all boys belonging to the district will join without fail as soon as they leave Ampleforth. He was cordially supported when he spoke of the gratitude of the team for the kindness shown to them on their visit to the College at Whitsuntide. In the musical part of the menu Mr. Edgar de Normantville, as in former years, accompanied the songs provided by Mr. Charteris and Mr. Corbie. Whilst it was a pleasure to meet some who had not been present in more recent years, there was, we cannot doubt, some unexpressed regret that many who reside near London took no part in an annual reunion of Old Amplefordians which both provided refreshment, in more senses than one, on the occasion itself and has left many pleasant memories for the future.

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The Liverpool Reunion and Dinner was held this year on Thursday, Oct. 27th, a date rather earlier than usual, and this may have accounted for the fact that the attendance was not quite as good as in previous years. His Lordship, the Bishop of the Diocese, who is frequently kind enough to join us, and is always a most honoured guest, was prevented from being present by pastoral work in the northern part of the Diocese.

It was a pleasure to have our old friend Fr. Browne, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's,—now Provincial—and to welcome Fr. Bede, O.F.M., the Superior of the new Franciscan House in Liverpool. The chair was occupied by Mr. Raymond Bradley, and, as is always the case, the Reunion was an enjoyable one.

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We take the following account of the centenary celebration of Workington, from the local paper. Our readers will appreciate Father Benson's admirable sermon:—

The Workington Catholic Church of Our Lady and St. Michael's celebrated its centenary on Sunday with special services, for which most of the seats had been reserved. A number of prominent Protestant townspeople attended, and, despite the fearful weather,



OUR LADY & ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

the church was filled morning and evening. The congregation included the Rector's brother, Mr. C. Standish, of Burscough. The proceeds go to augment the fund for the erection of two side altars and a new pulpit, which it is hoped will be accomplished by March, and further to supplement which a sale of work will shortly be held for the disposal of the goods remaining from the recent bazaar.

All the priests who took part in Sunday's services (with the exception of Father Murphy) were, or had been at one time or another, connected with the Workington Mission.

In the morning the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle (the Right Rev. Richard Collins) celebrated Pontifical High Mass, the priests who took part in the service and the offices assigned to them being:—Assistant Priest, Father Gregory Murphy, of Whitehaven; Deacons of the Throne, Fathers Basil Feeney, of Brindle, and Elphege Duggan, of Cardiff; Deacon of the Mass, Father Theodore Turner, Workington; Sub-deacon of the Mass, Father Vincent Corbishley, Workington; Master of Ceremonies, Father Basil Clarkson, of Brownedge; Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Father Stephen Dawes; in the stalls, the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, of Ampleforth; Father Wulstan Barnett, Warwick Bridge, and Father Wilfrid Baines, of Aberford. Father Hutchison, of Petersfield, was absent through ill-health, and Father V. Wilson, of Warrington, was also unavoidably absent.

The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, M.A., of Buntingford, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was the preacher at both services. In the morning, speaking from 2 Corinthians vi, 9, "Dying, behold we live," he said the Catholic Church had latterly come forward in a way it had not for 300 years, and on all sides they heard praise and blame concerning her. To the charges and accusations brought against them it was very difficult for simple Catholics to know what to answer.—And yet from those charges they could learn a great deal—more even from the criticism of their enemies than from the praises of their friends. One charge very commonly brought against them was that they could not possibly be what they professed to be—a divine church, while all other churches, however Christian they might be, were but human after all, the church with the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—because they had made such

a failure of their life in the world. They had to acknowledge that there was a great deal of truth in the charge. It was true that 300 years ago they held a position in Europe they did not hold now; that the Southern Latin countries were beginning to cast them off and that their lives were not so startlingly different from those of other people. They must acknowledge the whole truth of this charge, admit the facts whilst disagreeing with the conclusions drawn from them. It was perfectly true that one of the marks of the Catholic Church was her failure. It was also true that it had always been one of her marks. The same charge was brought against them 300, 600, 800 years ago. She was always dying and belying the claim she made. And not only the life of the Church at large, but the life of her children was an evident disproof of her claim. The great blackguards, the monumental criminals of history, they would find them in the Catholic Church. A mad Catholic was the most evil thing in the world. It was true that, if the Catholic Church failed with the soul, she failed more disastrously than any denomination ever invented. In another mood precisely the opposite charge was brought against them in disproof of their Church's claim—the charge of over success. "You cannot possibly claim to be the Divine Church," said their critics, "because your success is so amazing. If you were the Church of Jesus Christ you would not be in the midst of every political ferment, at the heart of every public disturbance. You are at the forefront of every worldly movement, mixing yourselves up with education and politics; you are too worldly and political to be the Church of the gentle and retiring Jesus." This charge also had a truth in it. It was true that they had the most amazing power of recuperation and revival. It was true that it seemed almost impossible to stamp out Catholicism anywhere; that if driven from one city or country they went to another; that falling in France, Spain, and Portugal, they were succeeding beyond all dreams in America, Japan, and Russia; that the Catholic Church left one cause to support another; that for every failure she could show ten successes. The Catholic Church was always dying, yet behold she lives, because this was one of the marks of Jesus Christ himself. The claim the Catholic Church made was a reproduction of the life of Jesus Christ upon earth. The lines and principles upon which He lived were the lines

and principles upon which the Catholic Church moved. There was no failure, no tragedy so gigantic as that of Calvary. In Christ it was through failure that divinity showed itself, and in spite of her inability to win her enemies or retain her friends, there was no success so gigantic as that of the Catholic Church. Was there any Church which had sprung out of the East and conquered the West, and was now conquering the East? Was there any movement that had sunk so low and risen so high? And whilst there were no criminals so monumental as Catholics, so was there no Church which had produced such saints as the Catholic Church. The more they looked at the Catholic Church in the past and the present, the more they saw the way in which she met and fitted the needs of the world. However far or deep they went in human experience she was there; she was the very incarnation of the life of God itself. The history of the Workington Church illustrated these two great marks of the Catholic Church. What must it have been for those faithful Catholics, 300 years ago, with failure on all sides, to see that place which had been regarded as a very stronghold of religion in England, when abbot after abbot was hanged, monk after monk driven abroad, to see the gallows erected to put to death those who dared to rise in the cause of the Holy Mother whom they loved, and the cause which had triumphed in England apparently lying in its death bed. Yet there once again, for the last 100 years, stood the successor to one of those religious houses so long abolished in England; there in that very chapel, stood fragments of one of those abbeys which were cast down; there ministered the sons of Benedict, the spiritual descendants of those who witnessed so nobly 300 years ago. If the world in that place had seen the crucifixion and death of Catholicism, to-day it saw the resurrection and the eternal life of Catholicism. The Catholic Church was able to go to extremes on both sides—to walk with the saint and the sinner. She had an answer to every charge and accusation brought against her. "She is perfectly adapted to save men" he concluded, "for she alone comes from God, and alone goes to God. She is perfectly adapted to this decaying world, because she, too, dies daily, and yet, behold, eternally she lives."

The Abbot of Ampleforth (the Right Rev. Abbot J. O. Smith,

O.S.B.), pontificated at Vespers and Benediction. The Te Deum was intoned by the Abbot and sung to the Solesmes Chant.

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At Cardif, Fr. Elphege Duggan's flock met to congratulate him on the occasion of his silver jubilee and presented him with a cheque for nearly £260. This recognition is well deserved. Wherever he has been stationed, Fr. Duggan has shown himself hard-working and successful, and the building of the Church at Canton is chiefly due to his labours. In his reply to the address, he said that they, his parishioners, "had now put it in his power to become a subscriber to the church, as he proposed devoting the whole of the proceeds of the presentation to the building fund." This is proof enough of his devotion to the mission entrusted to his care.

♦ ♦ ♦

We gratefully acknowledge donations for the library from Fr. Abbot and from the following fathers—Very Rev. J. I. Brown, Rev. T. B. Feeny, F. B. Hutchison, J. A. Worden, J. W. Baines, and Rev. J. P. Willson. The Right Rev. J. I. Cummins has very kindly presented us with "*La Revue Biblique*" for the current year.

♦ ♦ ♦

May we recommend Fr. Benedict McLaughlin's pamphlet, *The Catholic Doctrine of Property*, to our readers? It is an admirable exposition, most orderly, clear and convincing. The reader will find it interesting from beginning to end, both because of its subject-matter and because Fr. Benedict has the gift of guiding the minds of his readers to the right conclusions, leading them gently on step by step, so that they seem to reach the solution of the questions proposed, by their own efforts. They discover the truth for themselves and do not have it forced upon them. The examples chosen as illustrations are always apt and easy and decisive. No doubt the pamphlet will have a great circulation as a publication of the Catholic Truth Society. But it deserves to be issued in a better form.

♦ ♦ ♦



OUR LADY & ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

The following passage may be of interest to our readers. It is an extract from the "Diary of the Rev. John Thomlinson," Surtees Society, p 96. (Note).—"Sir Henry Fletcher of Hutton in Cumberland, Third Bart., died as a monk at Douay in 1712, having settled his estate on his kinsman Thomas Fletcher of Moresby. The settlement was contested by Sir Henry's sisters and co-heirs, and, after some litigation, under terms of accommodation the said Thomas Fletcher was permitted to enjoy Hutton for his life, and, on his death without issue, the property reverted to Henry Vane (bapt. 8 June, 1689), second son of Lionel Vane of Long Newton in the County of Durham, by his wife Catherine, sister of Sir Henry Vane, who on succeeding to the estates assumed the name of Fletcher."

* * *

The critical spirit will no doubt carp at the logic of the conclusion drawn from this story of a foreign missionary, but we give it for the benefit of those readers who are still happily medieval in mind—that little band from whose souls this sceptical age has not yet driven "a belief in fairies"—and who therefore prefer to attribute to miraculous intervention effects which, it is true, possibly are partly natural. The strangeness of the present occurrence, the sudden cessation of a deadly epidemic synchronizing with the burial of a medal of St. Benedict, is in any case a sufficiently interesting coincidence to find a record in a Benedictine Journal. The father who vouches for its truth is a member of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, and bears a name associated with other views of miracles, medals and monks. Here is the story as set forth by Monsieur Briand himself, the zealous priest of Bangalore City, India:

"My new Christian quarters were set up, and everybody was healthy and happy. But all of a sudden the death-roll became enormous. It began with the little children. All children were dying without any apparent sickness. Every day one or two burials had to be made. In a month or a month and a half between 40 and 50 children died. Everybody began to be afraid. "Why should we remain here?" said they. "In three or four months our huts will be empty—there will be no more children among us." I tried to reassure

them, but I was myself anxious and afraid. What to do? I did not know, for it is not easy to struggle against death. I then remembered to have read at some time or other that the medals of St. Benedict were very effective against sorcery. As it is not an article of the Creed I had not, I must say, very much confidence. However, I made up my mind to try. I went to the place with my catechist and some of the Christians one Sunday evening. I had with me some medals of St. Benedict.

I was a little puzzled how to use them. However, I suggested that they should be buried at the four corners of the village. A pick-axe was brought and a hole made in the ground. The four medals were put into them and the holes filled up again. I left half satisfied, not trusting too much to what I believed to be an experiment. I was anxiously waiting for the result. Strange to say, from this moment the death-rate stopped as if by magic. The children are strong and healthy and the trial is almost forgotten. I leave each one to conclude for himself. The only thing I may add is that it got me over a great difficulty."

+ + +

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Bowmont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rosary*, the *Osanian*, the *Rathfifian*, the *Raven*, the *Revised Storia Benedettina*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

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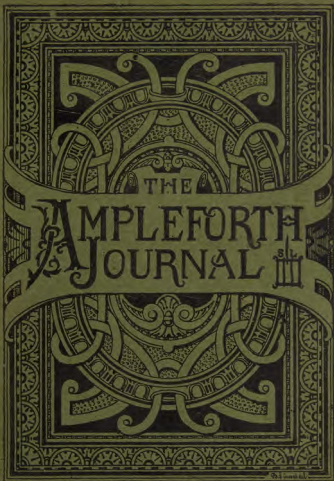
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VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1911.

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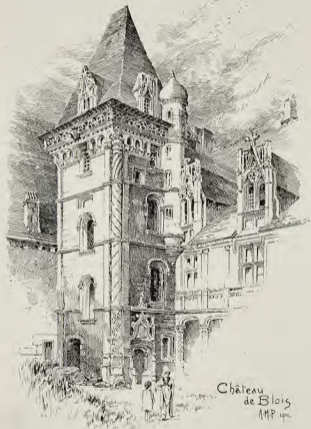
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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

VOL. XVI

APRIL, 1911

Part III.

A New History of Wales.

THE appearance of a new history of Wales, on a scale which is fairly complete and exhaustive, as far as it goes, is an event which should not be passed over without notice.* It is true that it stops at the end of the thirteenth century, when Edward I overcame the son of the Welsh chieftain, Llewelin the Great, and made Wales in most respects a part of the realm of England. The extraordinary intricacy and obscurity of Welsh records, however, and the remoteness of the whole subject from general European history, amply justify these two volumes, filled as they are with conscientious and painstaking research. Professor Lloyd says that there has not been a history of Wales since the one published by Miss Jane Williams in 1869, and that it was therefore full time to attempt another. No doubt, the science of history has advanced during the last forty years, and much research has accumulated. But it is rather unkind of Professor Lloyd to ignore Mr. Newell's *History of the Welsh Church* (1895), and Mr. Owen Edward's brilliant volume, *Wales*, in the *Story of the Nations* series. I cannot find that he even

* *A History of Wales from the earliest times to the Edwardian Conquest.* By John Edward Lloyd, M.A. 2 vols. (Longmans, 1911.)

country—Howel the Good, Griffith ap Conan, Owen of Powys, Llewelyn the Great, Owen Glendower. But the mountains separated the tribes from the central authority and from each other, and if a chieftain was ambitious or irrequiescent, he had only to keep within his native fastnesses to defy his overlord and to be virtually independent. The English power penetrated further and further each century, and at last when Henry the Seventh, a Welshman, became King of England, Wales did not care any longer to resist, and held out her hands to be united to the English realm.

Professor Lloyd, as becomes a scientific historian, will not admit that we have any evidence of Christianity in Wales before the fourth century, when we find British Bishops attending the Council of Arles in 316, and the Council of Rimini in 359. He thinks, moreover, that these Bishops and their "churches" were only in Roman stations and hardly touched the native inhabitants. As to this, something will have to be said presently. Meanwhile, we are sorry to give up King Llewelyn, and even St. Paul, in whose apostleship our fathers believed. We would fain believe that "Claudia," mentioned by St. Paul (II Tim. iv, 21) in connection with Pudens, was really Claudia the daughter of Caracacus, that she married Pudens in Rome, and that they all travelled to Britain, in company with St. Paul himself. Does not local tradition say that St. Paul's headquarters were at St. Donat's, where now the stately castle of the vanished Stradlings stands on the Glamorgan coast? And is not the spot where he preached still pointed out a mile or two off at Llantwit Major?

If we give up St. Paul, there is St. Peter. Cressy relates a vision, vouchsafed to St. Edward the Confessor, in which the Prince of the Apostles states explicitly that he travelled to Britain and preached there.

Then we come to St. Lucius. In spite of the modern critics, it is difficult to renounce all belief in the embassy sent to Rome towards the end of the second century, and

mentions these two books. It can hardly be that he thinks Edward has given a comprehensive sketch of the land and its vicissitudes, which it is not too much to say makes Wales better known to the general reader than even Professor Lloyd's two volumes and copious citations of authorities.

For myself, I am more interested in the ecclesiastical history of Wales than in the political. Wales, however, has a history which is at once strikingly separate from that of England, and remarkably complicated in itself. The reason of this is easily seen in its very position. It is like a huge fortress posted on the Western coast, strongly defended against external aggression, and extraordinarily complicated in the arrangement of its interior. Two-thirds of its confines are washed by the Western sea; for the rest, two rivers, the Dee and the Severn, ring it round almost like a moat. Within these water-lines, there is a belt of flat or diversified country all round; whilst further in are great mountains—the Black Mountains, Penllynion, and Snowdon highest of all—with their spurs and chains. Such a country could easily defy the armies of early and mediæval times. The Roman never penetrated beyond its outward fringe. The Norman and the Plantagenet threatened it for centuries, from Hereford, Shrewsbury, Chester—advancing, striking, retreating, and advancing again. Castles were planted wherever a foothold was gained; by the Normans at Cardiff, Aberystwyth, Brecon, Montgomery, Flint, Bangor, Aberystwith, Cardigan, Pembroke, Swansea; by Edward I at Cardiff, Aberystwyth, Brecon, Montgomery, Flint, Bangor, gradually won land and at the sword's point—Clare, Bohm, Hastings, Mortimer, Ffizalan, Lacy, Valence. But Wales would never have been even nominally subdued had she been united under one Prince. Such union she could never attain. Now and then, in her history, a leader appears who seems to gather around him the power and valour of the

the letter of the British King to Pope Eleutherius. Venerable Bede had the story, we may say, direct from Rome, through one of the Canterbury monks, possibly Nothelm. It is found in the recension of the *Liber Pontificalis* known as the *Catalogus Felicianus* attributed to the year 530. But whether Bede's informant copied the entry in the *Liber Pontificalis* or not is a little doubtful. The record in the latter runs thus: Hic (Eleuther) accepit epistolam a Lucio Britannio (sic) rege. In Bede we find, Misit ad eum Lucius Britanniarum rex. The form "Britannio" is so unusual that most writers simply alter it to "Britanniae." Why does not Bede use either of these forms? Instead, he writes "Britanniarum." Dr. Guest, in his *Origines Celticae*, makes the remark that, to the best of his belief, Bede never uses the plural "Britanniae" except when he is evidently copying some classical or some foreign ecclesiastical writer, and, he continues, as the "catalogue" did not furnish the phrase he must have found it elsewhere. It is not improbable, therefore, that Bede's informant used some other source than the *Liber Pontificalis*. The story is given by Nennius, or whoever wrote that collection which is called *Historia Britonum*, and which, though compiled in the ninth century, not only preserves ancient traditions, but transcribes documents as old as the fourth and fifth centuries. It is given also in the *Liber Llandavensis*—the celebrated *Book of Llandaff*, which, although put together in the twelfth century, nevertheless is made up of documents many centuries older, as is proved first by the curious difficulty which the compiler evidently experiences in understanding the records, and secondly by the occurrence of a great many expressions in old Welsh which a twelfth century writer could never have used. Any one who knows the neighbourhood of Cardiff will find a confirmation of the legend in the dedications of the local churches. Coming from Newport, by the old Roman road traversed by the legionaries, he finds, first, St. Mellon's, on its gentle eminence overlooking

the distant channel. It is well known that, before the Norman conquerors of Glamorgan gave to this venerable church the title of their own Saint, the founder of Rouen, (said to have been born in Cardiff), it was dedicated to St. Lleurwg, and that the name stood for a King of Britain whose name was Llever-maur, or the Great Shining. On the other side of Cardiff, we have the Church of St. Fagan, a name mentioned by William of Malmesbury as one of the preachers sent to the King from Rome. Merthyr Dyfan, the Church of St. Dyfan, is not far off; he is one of the missionaries sent from Rome, and is mentioned also by Malmesbury and in the Triads. Then three or four miles from Cardiff, to the eastward, we find Michaelstone-y-Vedw, a dedication in which is embalmed the name of that Medwy whom the *Book of Llandaff* gives as one of the ambassadors of King Lucius. All these dedications are without doubt extremely ancient. The names appear nowhere else in Wales, and the fact that they cluster together around the Church of St. Lucius, and that they had got into his story long before the early middle ages, has to be explained somehow. An attempt has been made by Harnack to account for the entry in the *Liber Pontificalis* in a way that leaves out Britain altogether. In a paper read before the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, printed in 1904, he informs us that he has discovered that an embassy was sent to Rome between 179 and 216 by a Syrian Prince, Lucius Aetius Septimius Megas Abgarus, King of Edessa. The word "Britannio," in the passage relied on, he considers to be either a mistake or a deliberate alteration for "Britio," from Britium Edessenarum, that is, Berytus. The authority of Harnack is great. But I would venture to suggest that there is no instance in any author of Berytus being called "Britium." We have proofs—coins, among other things—that, in the second century, the word was BHPYTI (in the genitive). It is not a word which it is very easy to confound with Britannia. And even if we

admit "Britio" why should any Roman scribe wish to change it into "Britannio"? Professor Lloyd says "The Lucius story, in itself incredible, was not known, it would seem, to Gildas, Augustine of Canterbury, or Aldhelm." On the other hand, both Lappenberg and Bright are inclined to think that it is not without foundation.

Whatever may be said of the legend of King Lucius, it appears certain that, in Rome, and in the great centres of civilization, it was widely understood by the beginning of the third century that Christianity was more or less diffused in Britain. Tertullian, about 208, speaks of "districts of the Britons, inaccessible to the Romans, subjugated to Christ." This seems to point to Wales, for no other district of Britain was inaccessible to the Romans. Origen asserts (A.D. 238) that the land of Britain, through the coming of Christ, had "assented to the religion of the One God." Origen may have spoken with British auxiliaries in Alexandria. There are two other passages in his writings in which he speaks as if Christianity had a considerable foothold in Britain. At the beginning of the fourth century we have the recorded fact of British Bishops attending Church Councils in Gaul and Italy, and the fairly attested traditions of martyrdoms, especially at Caerleon, during the Diocletian persecution. We have also a unique piece of archaeological evidence. In 1892 there were unearthed at Silchester the foundations of what is recognized to be a fourth century Christian Church. This stood within the circumscription of a Roman town—and it is no doubt true that nothing has been found to show that there were any churches at that time away from Roman stations. But it is not so certain, in spite of the absence of monuments, that Christianity was not fairly strong in Britain by the end of the fourth century. Professor Zimmer, who is an expert in Celtic research, thinks it likely that "Christianity was gradually spread throughout Ireland in the fourth century by Irish-speaking Britons." St. Patrick was a native of Britain. He began to preach in

Ireland half-way through the fifth century. Now St. Patrick was born—I am not going to discuss where he was born, though in my opinion Professor Lloyd is utterly wrong on that point—but he was born in the midst of an organized Christianity; that is, Christianity must have been predominant in Britain when St. Patrick was born in 373. This is evident, also, from the history of the mission of St. Germanus of Auxerre and St. Lupus of Troyes, who came to preach in Wales against the Pelagian heresy about 430. By this time Christianity had so completely won the day that heathenism makes no appearance in the story. Again, Gildas was born in or about A.D. 500. He never mentions Paganism except as a far-away tradition of the past. His youth was spent in a purely Christian atmosphere. We gather from his invective that the Christian Church in Britain was already a highly developed organization. "The Bishops and priests were numerous," says Professor Lloyd; "their offices were valuable and worth taking much trouble to secure." And it is to be noted that he writes before the days of the great Celtic monks. The modern Nonconformist is fond of saying that the old British Church was a family or tribal arrangement, and that Bishops were an afterthought. If they knew Gildas, they would see their error. Illtyd, Samson, David himself, can hardly have come to the years of manhood when the *De excidio Britanniae* was published to the world (about 540). In their hands and those of their successors, the monastic system, for a time, seemed to overshadow the episcopate; but what is clear is that there had been an episcopal Church in Britain before the days of David, and that it was strongly rooted and normal as in other countries.

Professor Lloyd will not say that British Christianity came from Rome. But, in regard to the mission of St. Augustine, he has the following sensible and useful passage:—

There was no insurmountable barrier, it would seem, between Augustine and the British Bishops. No theological differences parted the Roman from the Celtic Church, for the notion that the latter was the home of a kind of primitive Protestantism of apostolic purity and simplicity is without any historical basis. Gildas shows clearly enough that the Church to which he belonged held the idea current at Rome in his day as to the sacrifice of the Eucharist and the privileged position of the priest. The Roman missionaries knew of nothing against the Christians of Britain before they landed in the island, but on the contrary held them in high esteem for their reputed holiness of life, nor is it to be supposed that Augustine would have asked them to join him in preaching the Gospel to the English if he had not known them to be, from the Roman point of view, of unquestionable orthodoxy. It was no doubt the case that they had not been used to acknowledge any special authority over other Churches as vested in the Bishop of Rome; in the eye of Gildas every Bishop sits in the chair of St. Peter, and has entrusted to him the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet this was due to Celtic isolation, and not to any anti-Roman feeling. (Here he quotes St. Columbanus, and continues) When this much was conceded it was but a short step to the acknowledgment of such claims as were put forward by Rome at this early stage of the history of the Papal power (Vol. i, p. 173).

Professor Bury, in his *Life of St. Patrick*, writes in a similar spirit of the relations between the Catholicism of the Celtic nations and Rome. We ought to hear no more of the "corruption" of an imaginary "Evangelical" Celtic Church by Roman usurpation. By the end of the eighth century, as the isolation of Wales grew less marked and communication with Rome grew easier, and as Welshman and Saxon found it to their interest to unite against a common foe in the Danes, all the Welsh Churches seem to have abandoned their distinctive practices, such as the celebration of Easter, the form of the tonsure, and the "completion" of Baptism, and to have conformed to the Roman practice. At the beginning of the tenth century, one of the very few Princes

who ever succeeded in uniting both South and North Wales under his sceptre, Hywel Dda, or Howell the Good, the greatest of them all, paid his visit to Rome. In the celebrated Code of Laws which was compiled under the direction of Howell, and which was taken to Rome for confirmation, there is nothing, or next to nothing, about the Church. Yet it is impossible to suppose that when the Welsh Prince visited Rome he would not take the opportunity of conferring with the Holy See upon the position of the ancient Welsh dioceses. On the one hand, we can see from an expression in Asser's *Life of Alfred* that there was a disposition in Wales at that time to consider St. David's to be a metropolitan See. On the other hand, after Howell's return, nothing seems to come of this, but in a few years we hear of three Welsh Bishops, including Elfod of St. David's, being consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It would be interesting to search the Vatican archives and try to find some record of this tenth century visit to Rome. But perhaps we are not far wrong in concluding that Rome then definitely pronounced that Wales belonged to the Province of Canterbury, and that all claims on the part of St. David's to metropolitan rank ceased with the consecration of Elfod.

It will be gathered from the tenor of these remarks that Professor Lloyd has dealt with the subject of religion, so far as it comes into his scheme, without any conspicuous anti-Catholic bias. I should have been glad to find, in these two volumes, a more detailed account of mediaeval Welsh religious history than he has been able to give. There are one or two well-known monuments of these times which are certainly liable to give false impressions, and which need to be corrected. One of these is the *Speculum Ecclesiae* of Gerald of Barry (*Giraldus Cambrensis*), Gerald, who was a brilliant scholar and an accomplished writer, flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century. He was an ardent nationalist and a bitter opponent and

critic of the Monks. Yet Wales owed everything to the Monks. When the Normans, from the eleventh century, began to take hold of the country, the old monastic system, founded by Dubritius, David, Cadoc and other Welsh saints, had disappeared, or was disappearing. The Normans, in order to strengthen their position, not only planted castles everywhere, but very frequently founded a monastery near the castle. These monasteries were generally colonized by men from some English or Norman abbey, of which the new foundation thereby became a cell. Thus Pembroke was a cell of St. Martin of Séz, Carmarthen of Battle Abbey, Kidwelly of Sherborne, whilst Tewksbury not only founded a priory at Cardiff, but possessed numerous parishes in the neighbourhood, Chepstow and Abergavenny depended on great Houses in Normandy, and the famous Llanbadarn Vawr, close to Aberystwith, was transferred to St. Peter of Gloucester. All these were Benedictine foundations. Wherever they were set up, they became a centre of divine worship and teaching, and superintended, by the vicars whom they appointed, numerous poor and rude parishes which were entrusted to them. For about a hundred years they were without rivals. Then came the great Cistercian invasion. From about the middle of the twelfth century, the Cistercians carried everything before them. Earsl and knights vied with each other in securing their services. Settling down beneath the shelter of the mountain, on the banks of the river, they cleared the ground, grew corn, fed cattle, built churches, and opened the ranks of their choir monks and the company of their numerous lay-brethren to all orders of those that dwelt in the land. The greatest monasteries in Wales were Cistercian Abbeys—Margam, Neath, Strata Florida, Valle Crucis, Cwmhir, and many others. Their Abbots became great territorial lords, and their cloisters were used by princes for protection, counsel, and burial. Some hundred years later than the Cistercians came the Friars, both Dominicans and Franciscans, whom we

soon find settling down in the precincts of the principal towns, and teaching and preaching throughout the country. The Franciscans especially speedily became popular. They were welcomed by Llewelin the Great, himself, a very few years after their first appearance in the British Isles. They had houses at Cardiff, Newport, Carmarthen, and other towns. They were employed by Archbishop Peckham (who was himself a Friar) to make good the deficiencies of the secular clergy in instruction and preaching. They were always found on the side of the Welsh people, and kept on good terms even with such a scourge of religion as Owen Glendower. What is certain, and what wants bringing out is that, in spite of such invectives as we read of in Geraldus, and in spite of the denunciations and disparagements of the English ecclesiastics who from time to time journeyed into Wales, or came within its borders, there was, during the whole of the middle ages, from Howell the Good to Owen Glendower, a faith, a piety, and a culture which were not in any way less marked than in England itself. One sufficient proof of this we find in the surviving writings of the Welsh Bards. The Bards were an institution peculiar to Wales. In the height of their predominance they reflected too accurately the sensuous ideals and easy morality of the castle and the camp. Hence, just before the days of Owen Glendower, we find the Friars holding them up to execration, whilst they, on their side, scoffed and mocked at the narrowness and hypocrisy (as they called it) of their opponents. But for all that, we find in the Bardic compositions the portrait of a Catholic people. The Welsh literature of the age—a literature totally unknown to the Englishman either of those times or of our own day—is largely devotional. The name of God begins and ends even the secular ode in praise of a chief. The Incarnation is dwelt upon with a fervour and simplicity which it would be difficult to surpass. The name of Our Lady adorns and transfigures the face of nature. There is a special and

tender devotion to the Cross. The English reader may find specimens of the mediæval Bardic poetry translated in Stephen's *Literature of the Kymry*.

Professor Lloyd closes his labours with the death of Llewelyn the Great in 1240. Victorious and prosperous, leaving a son to carry on his work with every prospect of a happy reign, Llewelyn died at Strata Florida, having assumed the monastic habit. Then, and for one hundred and fifty years afterwards, religion, piety and letters flourished in Wales. The picture of the times can be still read in the Bards. If the historian of Wales had continued his recital down to Henry VIII and Elizabeth, he would still have found, in the Bardic writings of the sixteenth century, a witness that in these days is growing more and more clear, to the old religion that was then being superseded. It is only the other day that the Rev. J. Hopkin James, Vicar of Ystrad Mynach (in the Rhymney valley) published *Sermons in Song*, being the compositions of forty-two Bards of the Tudor period, from the collection of Welsh MSS. at Llanover. Many of these Bards are on the side of the so-called Reformation and speak bitterly about Catholic matters. I am sorry I cannot myself read the Odes in their original Welsh. But a very honest introduction by Mr. James makes it clear that a considerable proportion of the writers are frankly angry at the changes, and alarmed for the future. They lament the passing away of the old order. They mourn for the destruction of the monasteries. One Bard sings with regret of the great Cistercian house of Margam, calling to mind the praying and the working of the kind Monks, and telling how he often seems to hear the "In principio erat sermo" as it used to be said at Mass in the great Church. More than one have a word of regret for the good Friars and their preaching. The churches, they complain, are so altered that they are "unpleasant" places to go to; no tapers or images; the priest no longer wears a comely silken vestment; there are no gold and silver crosses;

and the church, stripped of altar and roodloft is as bare as a barn. We find a touching Ode to a crucifix, written probably to be sung in the church where it hung. We have also beautiful verses about Our Lady of Penrhys, the great shrine in the Rhondda which drew pilgrims like Walsingham itself. "When Rome's power has passed," cries out one of the singers, "there will be neither prayer nor fasting; penance, absolution, confession, incense, blessed wax, pax; cross and holy water will cease. Worse than all, no longer will there be communion of Christ's body." These poems, be it remembered, are written by laymen, hardly any of them what can be called educated men. They show clearly that Welshmen, a hundred years before the vaunted Welsh Bible, had an intimate knowledge of Holy Scripture. Whatever their leanings are these writers see clearly what a change is coming. Rome is the source and centre from which Jesus and Mary have come, and the "Canon"—that is the Mass. Now "devils are deceiving" the country. Luther, Calvin, Beza and Zwinglius are taking the place of Marc, Matho, Luc and Jevan. The "Saxon religion" is coming in—and "everything will go." Everything did go. A hundred years later, the Welsh people, naturally religious, might still have been saved to the Church. But there were no preachers—no apostles. A few years more and Nonconformity fastened its grip upon them—Nonconformity with its perverted use of the Bible, its ardent sentiment, and its practical abolition of repentance. The Catholic Church, in these days, has to show them how the Bible must be used and not abused, to change subjective sentiment into objective worship of God and Jesus, and to teach them that sin must not only be given up but repented of. These are some of the tasks which make the conversion of the Welsh such an uphill work.

✠ J. C. H.

*Forgotten Fights.**

IV.—BATTLE OF BYLAND.

(October 14th, 1322.)

Flower-fondled, clasped in joy's close caress
 It seems allied with Nature, yet apart;
 Of woods and waves inecant love-lessons
 The glad, sad, tranquil, passionate human heart.

BYLAND is not generally associated with battles. Its wooded slopes beneath which the abbey nestles, the limpid stream watering its fertile dale, the ivy-clad walls of the ruined minster tell rather of psalmody and prayer than of a battle's dust and din. Yet Byland had seen evil days even before the spoiler expelled its brethren and unroofed their home; and at least once had witnessed a sharp and bloody fight, the slaughter of English men-at-arms, a king's shameful flight, the sack of the Abbey and the stripping of its helpless monks. Small wonder that to Englishmen Byland should be a "forgotten fight," though the Scot might well have remembered it! These occasional reverses at the hands of the "Celtic fringe" the Englishman regards as regrettable incidents, best forgotten, but fully justifying the great King Edward's policy of bringing the whole island under one rule. The "Standard" has not been forgotten, nor Neville's Cross, nor Flodden Field, nor Solway Moss. Myton, Byland, Belmont (that never even had a name till the other day!) have been forgotten even by the victors; for the noisiest Scot that boasts of Bannockburn, as he may do very rightly, has never even heard of Myton or Byland.

After the battle of Boroughbridge (March 16th, 1322) the insurgent Earl of Lancaster with many of his noble adherents had been duly put to death, his successful opponent,

Sir Andrew de Harcla, being rewarded with the earldom of Carlisle. Encouraged by victory over domestic foes Edward of Carnarvon burned next to retrieve past disasters suffered from the Scots; so he rejected the Pope's offer of mediation, and in Parliament held at York early in May that same year another expedition across the Border was arranged. Accordingly in July the king led "a great army against Berwick," which he besieged as usual without success; he advanced as far as Edinburgh devastating the country as he proceeded, whilst the enemy avoiding serious engagements, retreated to the mountains and forests, until famine and discontent broke out among the invaders and forced them to retire. The Scots, of course, pursued as the English withdrew; they besieged Norham Castle, and about the middle of October they surprised and completely defeated the English in the neighbourhood of Byland, only the fleetness of his horse saving Edward from capture.

In attempting to identify the exact site of this engagement we find the later accounts, written usually by people without much acquaintance with the locality, to be indefinite, contradictory, and inconsistent with the original chronicles. Some connect with this fight the earthworks on the moor behind Ampleforth—called Studford Ring;⁶ but these must be far more ancient than the fourteenth century! Oldstead Bank is suggested as the site by others, or the broken country to the west of the abbey between Kilburn and Byland, or even the valley between Byland and Newburgh. We can hardly doubt, however, after reading the Chronicles carefully, that the battle was fought somewhere on the moors at the top of Hambleton hills. Our earliest authority is the Bridlington Canon, annalist of Edward II's reign; and we could hardly have a better, since it was to Bridlington that the King fled straight from the field, and the earliest information could be obtained from the Royal escort, or from the Augustinian brethren

* Reprinted with permission from the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*.

⁶ *Etymology: Historia Ricardii.*

at Newburgh. The chronicler tells us of Bruce's hasty and cautious advance with no small army (*cum exercitu non modico festinanter et castè*), of King Edward being taken unawares (*Regem non circumspectum sed improvisum*), of the Scots climbing what he calls "a lofty mountain," over against the monastery of Byland, on which the English army was drawn up. The hill stands about 600 feet higher than the abbey (*super excelsum montem super monasterium de Bellalanda*)! In another passage the fight takes place on top of the hill (*in vertice collis*), and the Scots are described as climbing up through the underwood of the forest (*inter arbusta per medium nemoris*), the English being scattered at their first onset.

Parallel to this, and somewhat more detailed, is the narrative of the Chronicle of Meaux. Bruce's army, made up of Scots and the men of Bute, Arran and the Isles, follows the retreating English to the sides of Blackhowe Moor (*jusque at latum moræ de Blackhowe*), on the crest of which the latter lay encamped, having tried to block the steep paths by which alone the Scots could climb the moor. The attacking party got up, however, and rushed the position. It seems to have been an earlier Majuba!

The Hambleton upland, still mainly an open moor, rises to an elevation of over a thousand feet; its western edges fall in beetling cliffs or precipitous slopes above Gornire Lake; Rowiston Scar is prominent at its south-west corner, and on its southern boundary are the steep banks behind Kilburn and Byland, one of which was marked fifty years ago by the White Horse. Winding up Sutton Bank is a highroad that probably represents an early and easy pathway from the plain, leading directly to Rievaulx and Helmsley. The upland slopes gently towards the east, scarred by the gills and dingles that drop down into Ryedale. Half a mile to the east of the White Horse is a point still known as "Scotch Corner," a designation derived perhaps from the Scotch drovers who used this track on

their way to York market, but possibly from some incident in the fight which has made the scene famous. Scotch Corner stands over against the Wass Observatory; between which two points the moor falls away into a hollow scooped out by some primeval glacier, where a comparatively easy ascent affords a natural track to the tableland from the valley beneath. One or two rough paths still climb over this brow from below—how steep and difficult let one testify who has pushed a bicycle up them on a summer's day! Behind Scotch Corner lies Oldstead Moor; in front, but separated by a narrow glen, is the ridge of land called Olstead Bank, which some have surmised to be the actual battlefield. Broken ground, and probably thick forest, lay at the foot of the hill to where Byland Abbey stood, a mile or so further east.

The English on withdrawing from the Border apparently considered the campaign to be at an end; their march through Newcastle, Durham, and Allerton had been undisturbed, and their sense of security increased as they drew near the shelter of the impregnable walls of York. Seeing how often of late years Randolph or Douglas had rudely knocked at the York Bars, their confidence was not justified. Edward's army, more numerous than the one he had led to Bannockburn, but already diminished by famine and disease, was now still further weakened by disbandment, and divided for convenience of victualling. Some thousands had gone off to Boroughbridge, perhaps under the Earl of Carlisle; Pembroke was in the neighbourhood between Thirsk and Newburgh; the main body with the king marched over the Hambleton Hills, till they came to the southern edges of Blackhowe. Here on what is now called Scauton, or Oldstead Moor, midway between Rievaulx and Byland, they encamped for some days in fancied security; the king with his favourites seeking more comfortable lodgings at the former abbey, and according to one account, amusing themselves in good old



English fashion with hunting and sport! Their position and weakness were soon made known to Bruce, either through his own spies or through disaffected adherents of the Lancastrian party, still very numerous and recently maddened by the wholesale execution of their leaders. Bruce had a considerable force at command, possibly some 50,000 or 60,000, most of them mounted on hardy ponies; these were once more launched over the western border, a mobile army, unhindered by luggage trains, moving with extreme rapidity.

Cleveland traditions tell of a Scottish force in one of these campaigns hurrying through Scarth Nick, a narrow gorge at the northern end of one of these Hambleton roads, and forcing the countrymen to lead them along the track by torch-light. The patriotic guides all at once extinguished the torches, leaving the Scots bewildered in the dark narrow pass. Our northern neighbours came so often to these parts that it is impossible to determine the particular campaign in which to fit this story; but in 1322 their main body certainly forced the western border by Carlisle, and crossing Stainmore came down into Yorkshire by North-allerton. News of their invasion reached Edward at Rievaulx, for we have his letter to Pembroke telling him of the report, and ordering him to collect his forces, and raise the country towards Byland, reaching it by Thursday October 14th, as early in the day as possible. There he will find the Earl of Richmond and Henry de Beaumont, with instructions how to act. The King is near hand in safety, collecting his forces. The letter is dated Rivaux, 13th of October, the hour of vespers; the battle was fought next morning.

The Scots advance was disconcertingly rapid; and if the English were not in the strictest sense surprised, they were at least overwhelmed before concentration had been effected and their scattered divisions recalled. They would have time, however, to take up a strong position on the high

promontory, with steep escarpments, jutting out between Whitestone Cliff and Scotch Corner, which I conceive to be the actual site of the encounter; and they were able, as described in the chronicles, by blocking the steep mountain paths, to guard the few approaches to their camp. To scale such precipitous crags, and attack an army in position on the summit, was a daring feat that could never have been accomplished unless the defenders had been either vastly outnumbered or grossly incompetent. That day the English were both. I imagine the Scots to have pushed their first advance up what is now known as Sutton Bank, and to have been there met, not only by English arrows, but by the rocks and showers of stones of which the Lanercost Chronicle tells. The pass was stubbornly defended; Sir John Cobham and Sir James Ughtred, keeper of the Castle of Pickering, fighting in advance of their men, led the resistance, which was for some time successful. Many of the attacking party fell; and in spite of the valour of its leaders, Sir James Douglas and Randolph, its repulse seemed inevitable. But Bruce remembered, what Englishmen often forget, that a flanking movement may succeed where a frontal attack fails. Choosing a body of nimble mountaineers, of whom he had many in his forces, he sent them round to scale the hill some distance from the pass. Advancing rapidly and secretly through the broken country beneath Rowleston Scar, and concealed in the thickets and underwood, these Highlanders climbed in silence either through the dingle beneath Wass Observatory, or up the steep slopes behind Kilburn, where the White Horse now overlooks the plain. Contempt for the enemy or over-security—faults apparently ineradicable from the race—had left the English flank unguarded, or had judged it sufficiently defended by impregnable precipices; generalship was usually lacking in Edward II's campaigns, and his wholesale slaughter of the Lancastrian nobles six months before had lessened its available supply. If these surmised details of

the fight be true, "Scotch Corner" may commemorate the point where the foe broke unexpectedly against the English flank.

Scour swift'er shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Highland band,
Right up against the unguarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.

The fight here was short and sharp. If the English still stood their ground it was not for long. One likes to conclude from the number of prisoners and slain, including men of high rank, that some did their duty and scorned to fly; but bewildered and surrounded, surprised and leaderless, what wonder if men gave way, and after vain attempts to rally that they broke and fled.*

During the battle the king was actually at dinner in the abbey with some of his chiefs, and with no thought of impending disaster. Whether Rievaulx or Byland is here meant is not quite certain, for even early annals, written at a distance, do not clearly distinguish between the two neighbouring abbeys. Rievaulx had been the headquarters until October 13th; but Byland was given as a rendezvous for the 14th, whither Edward would surely betake himself; and he was in greater peril of capture at Byland than at Rievaulx, even before his army was defeated a couple of miles away on the moors. Wherever he was, tidings of the attack and of his army's plight reached the king almost at the same moment. Mounting a swift horse in hot haste he had barely time to escape, abandoning his baggage and treasure, his army and his honour! Even the Great Seal of England was a second time lost in the confusion of defeat.

* A somewhat similar disaster befel an English army, though an ambulance at Roslyn, in 1303, where as the operations were in a hostile country, the carelessness was even less excusable than at Byland. At Roslyn the Kilburn is said to get its name from the slaughter of English prisoners by the Scots who feared their rescue. The derivation does not sound genuine, and curiously enough we have a Kilburn close to Byland, and to the site of our battle, though with no similar story attaching to it.

Avoiding the road to York, as likely to be blocked, he rode all day and night, and reached Bridlington next morning, whence, after resting at the Priory one night, he fled on again further south. One may regret that he succeeded in escaping. Far better for him to have fallen in honourable fight, or even in headlong flight, than to have survived for the terrible fate prepared for him later at Berkeley by the She-wolf of France.

Meanwhile, great was the carnage on Blackhowe Moor, in the Rievaulx dingles, on the hillsides and fields about Byland; the number of prisoners was still greater. Some were pursued to the very gates of York. If little mercy was shown in those days to the common soldier, men of rank were usually spared for the sake of their ransom.* Of these the chief were Sir Henry de Sully, Butler of France, and John de Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, who after raising with difficulty an unusually heavy fine had enough of warfare in England, and were glad to get back again to France. Pitiable in the extreme was the plight of the poor monks. Newburgh, Byland, and Rievaulx were then in full glory, with their noble churches and fair monastic buildings well-nigh complete; all were ransacked, and everything of

* The following verses might pass for a contemporary account of the fight in Yorkshire dialect; they are really taken from a late and inaccurate, but poetical and romantic, description of the battle in *The Bells of the Chymble of Scotland*, III, 238, written about 1532:

"And in the field qhair their wes thickest thrang,
With scharp swordis and axis greet and lang,
The maid ene tell that many man mycht see
And dang thame down als thik as ony dew.
The Ingliomen so scharglie war assaillit,
Thair strenthis als for lang fechtin that faillit,
That fore it wes, othen no better mycht be.
To turn their lak out of the field and fle.
The Scottis men last fallout on the chace,
Quosome tha outtake tha gat hill girth or gait.
Right mony thousand in the feild war slane,
And in the chace neir als mony agane."

value was carried off, but the enemy had sufficient reverence neither to burn the buildings nor hurt their inmates. This is the more praiseworthy in view of English sacrilege two months before. In their Scottish raid, Dryburgh had been burned, Holyrood and Melrose were plundered, whilst at the latter the prior and another monk were murdered together with two blind lay brothers, the Sacred Host was desecrated, and the silver pyx stolen. Here at Byland the monks' lives were spared, though they were stripped without pity of everything, even of their habits! This last detail reminds one of incidents in the Boer war, and throws light on the fighting conditions of Scottish levies, unhampered by commissariat or baggage trains. Clothing soon wears out in a rough and hurried campaign through wild country; we can hardly then blame the half-naked Highlanders if, with a northern autumn well advanced, they did not scruple to borrow the ample cowls and thick tunics of the monks. But they must have looked odd! It is the one comic element in a tragic story, this vision of bare-legged Scots in Cistercian cowls, and of monks reduced to a cast-off kilt! (*Religiosos omnes indumentis suis usque ad carnem exerunt.—Chron. de Melza.*)

After the battle Bruce pushed along the valley towards Malton, burning, spoiling, cattle-lifting by the way; and we can imagine the fate of Ampleforth, of Oswaldkirk, and Hovingham after the Scots had passed through. "He wasted all the wolds" as far as Bridlington; there, between spiritual and temporal terrors, the poor canons were in a serious dilemma, afraid of being too civil to an excommunicated prince who yet, if displeased, might burn their house over their heads. They wisely moved their treasures for safety across the Humber, leaving only one small chalice in the church; one of the canons who had a brother in Bruce's army was deputed to treat with the enemy, whose exactions they promptly paid, and then sought relief from the Archbishops for censures possibly incurred. After ravaging the

Ridings between Beverley and Ripon, the Scots retired on St. Luke's day, October 22nd, unmolested as usual, with their spoils and prisoners.

The disaster at Byland was immediately attributed to the treason of the Earl of Carlisle, and so brought about the fulfilment of a prophecy ascribed to Thomas of Lancaster when defeated at Boroughbridge a few months before. With a force of five, ten, twenty thousand men—so widely do accounts differ—de Harcla remained inactive whilst the Scots were ravaging Yorkshire. He may only have been the scapegoat that has to be found whenever disaster overtakes British arms; on the other hand, realising the hopelessness under existing conditions of the conquest of Scotland, he may have been making political arrangements on his own account. Whether traitor or scapegoat, his doom was swift and terrible. Arrested and taken back to Carlisle, he was there tried and degraded. The Earl's belt so lately won was torn from his body, his knightly spurs were hacked from his heels, and he was then drawn, hanged, beheaded, and quartered as a traitor. It was October 31st; on that morning, says the chronicler, "the sun was turned to blood;" in his sudden fall and awful fate men beheld the doom denounced by the martyred Lancaster six months ago.

The Battle of Byland was not merely a disaster, it was a disgrace—one of the most shameful actions ever fought on English soil. Of our Forgotten Fights, that of Belmont was but the rout of untrained levies, hurriedly gathered, and badly led to meet a sudden foray. The reckless bravery of Myton was not without its honour. Boroughbridge was little more than a skirmish. But Byland was the overthrow of an army led by experienced captains, commanded by a king, and of all dates in the year it was fought on October 14th, the anniversary of the Norman victory at Hastings. Well might the patriotic chronicler bewail the misery of the times! "A man of God had foretold

that the miserable and despised Scots should overthrow the English to their extreme confusion; and what greater shame could come to them than to see their king hurried from place to place in his own kingdom, the people everywhere despised, and driven before the foe like sheep without a shepherd! There was no one in those days strong enough, or brave enough to resist the constant raiding of their enemies. Because of their sins the Lord had taken away the hearts of the English!"

As a decisive engagement the battle of Byland has been overshadowed by Bannockburn, yet by sickening the English of Scottish adventures, it completed what Bannockburn began. After Byland there was no more fight left in King Edward or his people; the long truce of thirteen years arranged between the two countries was the virtual abandonment of English claims, and a recognition of Scottish independence. Yet curiously enough Byland was to be the last success of the Scots. They were badly beaten at Dupplin Moor and at Halidon Hill. When they next invaded Durham and met the Church levies under St. Cuthbert's banner, they lost both the battle and their king. Neville's Cross was followed by Otterburn, by the fatal field of Flodden, by the slaughter on Solway Moss, last of all by Pinkie—an unbroken series of disasters that paved the way for the long-desired union of the two Crowns. After Byland the Scots never raided the Border in force without meeting a reverse. They never again came within sight of York Bars—not at least until one of Bruce's descendants entered its Minster as an English king; not till a Scottish army bartered another king to his enemies at Topcliffe; not till a disinherited prince, the last of Bruce's race, led the Scots as far as Derby fighting for his father's throne. Some of which fights are best forgotten!

J. I. C.

APPENDIX

In view of local interest in the battle of Byland and of the inaccessibility of the original authorities for this narrative, it may be worth while to gather together the chief of them, and print them in the original.

1. "Nec multum post festum Sancti Michaelis, Robertus de Bruys, cum exercitu non modico, infra regnum Angliæ Anglicos est prosecutus, ita festinanter et cautè quod ferè in monasterio de Bellalanda dominum regem non circumspèctum sed improvisum cepisset, si non ipsum gratiose Christi pietas respexisset. Super excelsum namque montem super monasterium de Bellalanda, ubi fuit dispositus exercitus Anglicanus. Scoti inter arbusta per medium nemoris ascenderunt, et in primo congressu Anglici coram hostibus sunt dispersi."—*Bridlington Chronicle*, 1342.

2. "Ipsum regem Edwardum in Angliam velocius usque ad latus morae de Blakhowe prope monasterium de Bellalanda persequebantur. Convenerunt ergo adversus Scottos comites de Pembrik et Rychmund, vicinorumque locorum homines, super verticem ipsius morae, et conati sunt ascensus obstruere per quos via patebat, ne Scoti in ipsam moram ascenderent, sed minimè valuerunt. Nam exercitus Scottorum, Brandonorum et Insulanarum fortis erat et magnus, et invitis Anglis ascenderunt in montem et commisso bello Anglos devicerunt. Rex autem Angliæ Edwardus qui tum ad monasterium Ryevalis seu Bellalanda fuerat videns suorum fugam et Scottorum audaciam, cum suis Dispensatoribus quantocius fugebat: ferebatur enim quod regem in monasterio prandentem comprehendissent nisi in fuga sibi citius consulisset. Verumtamen rex thesauros suos ibidem amisit. Scoti vero prædicta monasteria Ryevalis et Bellalanda violenter ingressi, religiosos omnes indumentis suis, remota pietate, usque ad carnem exuerunt."—*Chronicon de Melis*, Cap. XX.

3. "ter a Scottis victus, videlicet apud Stryvelyn in Scotia, apud Berwyk et Bylandbank in Anglia ipsa terga vertit." *Ibid.*, XXII.

4. "Comes autem Richemundiae, dominus Joannes de Britannia, missus cum suis ex parte regis Angliae ad explorandum Scotorum exercitum de quodam monte inter abbatiam de Bilandia et abbatiam de Rivallis, ipsis subito occurrentibus et ex insperato supervenientibus, nitebatur cum suis per lapides projectos impedire ascensum eorum per quandam viam arctam et strictam in monte; sed Scottis ferociter [et] intrepide ascendentibus super eos, multi Anglici per fugam evaserunt, et multi capti sunt cum comite supradicto. Juste quidem venit vindicta super eum, quia ipse impediatur unam formam concordiae inter regna. Quod cum regi Angliae, qui tunc erat in abbatia de Rivallis, innotuit, ipse, qui semper fuerat cordis pavidi et infortunatus in bellis et qui fugerat ab eis prae timore in Scotia, jam fugam iniit in Anglia."—*Cronicon de Lanercost*.

5. "circa festum Sti Lucae prandentem regem apud monasterium de Bella Landa super Blakehowmoor paene comprehendissent, nisi fuga sibi consulisset."—*Polychronicon*, Lib. VII, of Ralph Higden, a monk of Chester.

6. "cum rex in partibus moram traheret Borealibus, in loco qui dicitur 'Regalis Vallis' minus cauté, Scotti per exploratores perfidos quos habebant Anglicos edocti de Regis male cauta perhendinatione, ingressi sunt regnum . . . quem velut fugientem Scoti persecuti sunt usque ad Abbatiam de Byland, . . . quamobrem Rex, vix arreptis armis, fugit Eboracum celeriter."—*Historia Anglicana*, 166. Walsingham, monk of St. Albans, circa 1381.

Hymn of Father Postgate.

O GRACIOUS GOD, O SAVIOUR SWEET,
O Jesus think of me;
And suffer me to kiss Thy feet,
Though late I come to Thee.

Behold, dear Lord, I come to Thee,
With sorrow and with shame,
For when Thy bitter wounds I see,
I know I caused the same.

O sweetest Lord, lend me the wings
Of faith and perfect love,
That I may fly from earthly things,
And mount to those above.

For there is joy both true and fast,
And no cause to lament,
But here is toil, both first and last,
And cause oft to repent.

But now my soul doth hate the things
In which she took delight,
And unto Thee, the King of Kings,
Would fly with all her might.

But, oh! the weight of flesh and blood,
Doth sore my soul detain,
Unless Thy grace doth work, O God,
I rise, but fall again.

And thus, dear Lord, I fly about,
 In weak and weary case,
 And like the dove Noe sent out,
 I find no resting place.

My wearied wings, sweet Jesus, mark,
 And when Thou thinkest best,
 Stretch forth Thy Hand out of the ark,
 And take me to Thy rest.

NOTE.—Nicholas Postgate, born 1596, at Epton, in Yorkshire. Ordained Priest at Douay, in France, 1648. Came to England and laboured for souls near Mulgrave Castle, Whitby, for 50 years. Was martyred at York, August 7th, 1679, being 83 years of age.

The Epiclesis of the Mass.

THE Catholics of the Western Patriarchate are often pained and puzzled to understand the meaning of the bitterness and hatred entertained by the Orthodox Eastern Church against the faithful in communion with Rome, Papicatholics, as they are pleased to style us. I am not aware that there exists any such feeling among the Westerns towards their brethren in the East. Their confession of the same faith in the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist, their venerable rites, their unflinching attachment through long years of oppression and persecution to the teaching and practice of the primitive Church, inspire us with feelings of deepest sympathy, and make us regret that we are so near and yet so far. I do not know how it may be abroad, but certainly in English Catholic Literature, the Orthodox Church is invariably treated with every consideration, and the idea of coining nicknames to fasten on so venerable a body would be regarded amongst us as little short of outrageous. It is therefore, all the more difficult to account for this animosity on their part, which, as long as it exists, must form an almost impassable obstacle to union between the two Churches, a union which is the hope and prayer of every Catholic heart.

It is possible that some over zealous Missioners of the Latin rite in the East have in the past depreciated the ancient liturgies, and endeavoured to force the Roman Mass on the United Greeks; but all such attempts have been reprobated by Pope Leo XIII of blessed memory, and Latin Missioners are ordered in most formal terms to desist from any attempts to impose the Roman liturgy on Orthodox Easterns. Moreover, the Holy See in the case of Greeks united to Rome, has approved of the retention of their ancient rites and customs, and desires that in matters of discipline and

practice no difference should exist between the Uniats and the Orthodox.⁹ Saving what is absolutely necessary for the purity of faith, the Holy See has respected all the traditional rites of the East, and has gone to the utmost limits in removing every ground of difference or offence. But this conciliatory attitude on the part of the Latin Church towards the ancient liturgies, appears so far to have met with little appreciation on the other side. A painful exhibition of this unfortunate spirit was recently displayed in a reply of the Patriarch of Constantinople, to the Encyclical "Præclara" 1894. Nothing could be kinder or more sympathetic than the tone of Pope Leo XIII's address to the Easterns. The answer of Lord Anthemos VII, Patriarch of Constantinople, is given in Fortescue's *Orthodox Eastern Church*,† page 435; of its offensiveness or its bad manners "Melius est silere quam loqui."

The growing friendliness between the Anglican and Eastern Churches is, we fear, responsible for some of the misunderstanding. Rome is represented at Constantinople as the common foe of the Greeks and Anglicans, and mischief-makers have usually little difficulty in fanning into flame the embers of family feuds. The refusal of the cup to the laity in the Latin Church is now stigmatised by the Greeks as a *mutilated Sacrament*, and there is no difficulty in discovering where they learnt that phrase; and all the while at their very doors the Orientals, in union with Rome,

⁹ The Christians of the East are divided into three great groups: (1) The *Uniat*—Christians who follow the Eastern rites and are in full Communion with the Holy See. (2) The *Orthodox*, as they are termed, in Communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople. (3) The Armenians, Jacobites, Nestorians, etc., who are not in Communion with either Pope or Patriarch, and are regarded by the Orthodox as heretics and schismatics.

† *The Orthodox Eastern Church*. By Rev. A. Fortescue, published by the Catholic Truth Society, 5/- . A work that can be most warmly recommended to all English speaking Catholics, who desire to know something of our brethren in the East. The book is a mine of information on their liturgy and history. Erudite and concise, it is a valuable addition to our Catholic literature.

give the consecrated wine to the laity and that with the fullest sanction and approbation of the Holy See.

But if we turn to the Greeks themselves to learn what are the grievances against us which are responsible for this ill-feeling, we are told that there are four chief grounds of complaint which stand in the way of all hope of union with the Latin Church:—

(1) That Rome has tampered with the Nicene Creed by adding "Filioque" (qui ex Patre Filioque procedit). The small part taken by Rome in sanctioning this addition to the Creed, will rather surprise the Orientals, and may be read in the *Orthodox Eastern Church*, page 381.

(2) The use of unleavened bread in the Latin Mass instead of the ordinary fermented bread used by the Greeks. This appears to us a somewhat insignificant difference in a matter of discipline; but it is not so with the Orientals. They can hardly find words strong enough to denounce the Latin practice.

(3) The Communion under one kind.

(4) The Epiclesis, or the Invocation of the Holy Spirit after the words of Consecration, to change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

Of the four grievances, Father A. Fortescue considers that the last, the Epiclesis, is the one serious obstacle in the way of the reunion.

It has been thought that some short account of this great rock of offence between the two Churches might not prove uninteresting to the readers of the Journal, to whom, as members of the Western Church, all questions connected with the return of the East to the fold must be a matter of the deepest concern.

It is well understood that the essential rites of the Mass are common to the two great Churches of the West and of the East. We have in both at the outset the reading of the Scriptures, then the preparation of the offerings, the Preface, the *Sanctus* and the words of Christ in instituting

the Holy Eucharist. Then follows the *Anamnesis*, that is the calling to remembrance—*Unde et memores* of the Latin rite. So far the general agreement is maintained, but immediately after the *Anamnesis* the Easterns introduce a special prayer to the Holy Ghost to descend upon the Altar to sanctify and change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. This special invocation of the Holy Spirit is termed *Epiclesis* (a calling down), and without it the Eucharistic Mystery is held by the Easterns to be incomplete. The utmost importance is attached to this rite, partly, no doubt, from the impression that it furnishes a fine weapon against Rome. It may interest our readers to have before them some samples of the *Epiclesis* prayer to enable them better to enter into the point of the controversy. The following, taken from Brightman, are examples of this prayer in use in the Eastern rites:—

"Send down on us and these gifts set before Thee Thine all Holy Spirit . . . that He may bless and make this bread the sacred Body of Christ and this chalice the sacred Blood of Christ."—*From the Liturgy of St. James.*

"Send upon us and these gifts set before Thee Thine Holy Spirit, that coming down He may make of this bread the Body of Our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ . . . and the mixture that is in this cup the Blood of the New Testament of Our Lord God and Saviour, Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and eternal life to those who receive it.—Amen."—*Syrian Jacobites.*

"We pray and implore Thee to send down Thy Holy Spirit upon us and upon these Thy gifts set before Thee and make this bread the sacred Body of Thy Christ and what is in this chalice the sacred Blood of Thy Christ, changing it by the Holy Ghost."—(*Byzantine*) *St. Chrysostom.*

"We pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit upon us and upon these gifts set before Thee to bless and hallow them and show forth this bread as the Sacred Body of Our Lord God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and this chalice the Sacred

Blood of Our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ shed for the life and salvation of the world."—(*Byzantine*) *St. Basil.*

As a sample of a more exuberant *Epiclesis* the Coptic Jacobite liturgy may be cited:—

"O God the Father Almighty, send down from Thine holy height and from Heaven Thy dwelling place, and from Thine infinite bosom, from the throne of the kingdom of Thy glory, Him, the Paraclete, Thine Holy Spirit, who is hypostatic (here follows a long enumeration of the attributes of the Holy Ghost) . . . send Him down upon Thy servants and upon these Thy precious gifts which have been set before Thee, upon this bread and upon this cup that they may be hallowed and changed and that He may make this bread the holy Body of Christ and this cup also His Precious Blood of the New Testament even of Our Lord and our God and our Saviour and the King of us all."—Amen.

There is no ambiguity or symbolism about this *Epiclesis* after the Consecration. Its two-fold object is sharply defined:—

(1) To beg the Holy Ghost to hallow and bless the offerings.

(2) To pray that He will change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

All this invocation of the Holy Spirit to change the bread and wine after the words of Institution have been pronounced, appears very irregular, to say the least, to us who believe that the great Mystery of Transubstantiation is effected at the Consecration. But even from our point of view a favourable and Catholic sense may be offered for this Eastern rite. The doctrine that attributes to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity the special attribute of hallowing and sanctifying, is one of special prominence in the Roman liturgy and presents no difficulty. Nor can we be surprised at the desire to emphasize the truth that all Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity share in the action of the great Sacrifice. While the power of the Almighty Father in the

creation of the world is adored in the Preface, the work of the Son is set forth in the words of Consecration, and the co-operation of the Holy Spirit is recognised in the Epiclesis. This rite, therefore, is based upon a deep theological truth and is susceptible of a Catholic interpretation. It is perhaps upon some such orthodox understanding that the Epiclesis is still approved by the Holy See in the liturgies of the United Orientals.

On the other hand, the importance attributed to it cannot but be regarded by us as dangerous, and must tend to derogate from the full value of the words of Consecration. Unfortunately this tendency, even in the unchanging East, has become rather pronounced in recent times. Controversial writers of the East in their anxiety to score against Rome, are apt to insist unduly upon the necessity and importance of the Epiclesis and thus have dealt a blow to the inherent virtue of the words of Consecration.* It is significant that any kind of Elevation of the sacred Species after the words of Consecration is expressly forbidden in the East. Dom de Paniet, in his excellent paper, read before the Eucharistic Congress in London, draws attention to a rubric in the Eastern Missals to the effect that the words of Consecration are to be taken in an *historic* sense only, and although this offensive rubric has been removed from the more recent editions, the doctrine implied is still maintained by some of the Greek theologians.† Father Fortescue takes the view that this is by no means the general opinion. He says:—"The commoner view is that both words of Institution and Epiclesis are necessary. The words of Institution come first, and lay, as it were, the seed that is

* At the Council of Florence (A.D. 1439) which was attended by the Bishops of both the Eastern and Western Patriarchates, the following decrees were passed and subscribed by all present. "Etsi verba divina Salvatoris omnino circumstantiis transmissis observanda habent." Again: "Forma Injunct Sacramenti est verba Salvatoris."

† Father Fortescue, in a private communication to the Author writes that in the latest edition of the Euchologion (Venice 1898) the rubric in question still appears.

fructified by the Epiclesis. This seems to be the idea of the Synod of Jerusalem, according to which, the Sacrament is instituted by the essential words and sanctified by the Holy Spirit."

We should be unwilling to believe that the great body of the Eastern Church is unsound on this central truth of Catholic worship. It would be deplorable to think that they who for centuries so jealously guarded the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist "through fire and sword" should in these later days surrender it to the exigencies of controversial warfare.

We must always bear in mind that we cannot expect to find in the formularies of the Liturgy the same precision that we look for in a dogmatic proposition. Otherwise some of our own forms would hardly pass muster. Several of the "Secrets" of the Roman Mass might appear very startling to an Oriental. The following, taken from the Tuesday of the Fourth Week in Lent, on the lines of which many of our "Secrets" are constructed, reads as follows:—"May the Sacrifice that we have offered to Thee always give us life and defend us." We could hardly maintain the strict literal meaning of this petition as it stands. The explanation usually offered in this case is that many of the Secrets of the Roman Mass were originally prayers after the Consecration (*post pridie*), and many liturgists now hold that these *post pridie* prayers were lifted bodily from their place after the Elevation into the position which they now occupy before the Preface where they figure as Secrets. Upon similar grounds we should hold that formularies now enshrined in the ancient liturgies are entitled to every respect for their venerable age, and a large slice of charitable construction can be bestowed on original intentions which undoubtedly were pious and orthodox. Father Fortescue offers a benign interpretation of the Greek Epiclesis, an interpretation which does credit to his ingenuity. "We should note that in earlier ages Christians were not

concerned to examine at what exact moment the Consecration takes place. The loose arrangement of all early liturgies shews this. They looked upon the whole Eucharistic prayer containing both the words of Institution and the Epiclesis as one thing . . . But speculation as to the exact moment where all the necessary form had been pronounced or investigation of the minimum required for a valid sacrament, this is a development of later scholastic times."

From these few remarks it will be seen that the Latin Church cannot be reproached with any want of consideration or charitable interpretation of a rite that is repellent and strange to our modes of thinking and teaching. Can we find in our brethren in the East a similar toleration towards the practice of the Roman liturgy that is not in all respects conformable with theirs? I fear not. The absence of anything like their Epiclesis is now considered to be almost heretical on our part. Some even go so far as to doubt the validity of our Consecrations. This question must be seriously discussed amongst ourselves if we are to cherish any hopes of reunion. To begin with, no small difficulty arises from the fact that our own writers are not agreed as to the question whether there is or is not an Epiclesis in the Roman Rite. The Bishop of Newport in his admirable Manual on the Holy Eucharist says:—"And it can hardly be doubted that in the Roman Mass the prayer *Supra quae proficitio* is the Epiclesis. In that prayer God is asked to 'accept' the Sacrifice and to cause it to be carried by Jesus Christ himself to the heavenly altar, that all who share in it may be filled with blessing and grace. This is an adequate equivalent to the Greek form" (page 80). It is interesting to add that an old writer quoted by Duchesne as a contemporary of Pope Damasus (A.D. 366) considers that the reference to Melchisedech in the prayer *Supra quae proficitio* ("that which thy High Priest Melchisedech offered to Thee") is intended to identify Melchisedech with the

Holy Ghost. This is rather a bold conjecture, but it would help to bring the prayer into greater conformity with the Greek Epiclesis. On the other hand, Duchesne points out:—"While the Greek liturgies express themselves in clear, simple terms in the Epiclesis, the Roman liturgy in the *Supra quae proficitio* and *Supplices te rogamus* is couched in symbolic forms. The Church prays that the Angel of God be directed to carry the offering to the highest heavens to the invisible altar before the throne of the Divine Majesty. This symbolic movement is the reverse of the Greek forms. It is not the Holy Ghost that descends upon the offering, but the offering that is carried on high by the Angel of God."* Funk, the great liturgist, holds that if there is an Epiclesis in the *Supplices te rogamus*, it is a very indefinite one. Dom de Puniat, in the paper above quoted, is altogether opposed to the Bishop's views. He says:—"It is generally thought that we can find traces of the Epiclesis in our formula *Supplices te rogamus* which, as a matter of fact, occupies the exact place where the Eastern Epiclesis is usually found. It is now proved that there are exceptions to this rule, and we must not unduly insist upon this indication of conformity with the Oriental rites. But of that which essentially constitutes the Eastern Epiclesis, viz. the demand for Consecration, there is not the least trace either in the Manuscripts or in the actual formularies of Rome." Such being the divergent views of our champions it is clear that we can offer no decided or effective reply to the charge that the Epiclesis after the Consecration has been dropped by Rome. Controversially therefore, we should be getting the worst of the argument. It is hard however to think that the Roman Ordo, so distinguished for its antiquity, its sobriety, its orderliness, should be in a state of bewilderment, unable to meet the arguments of the schismatical church upon so grave a question. But matters have not yet come to this pass and there is, I believe, a reply ready at hand which

* *Origines*, p. 181.

will furnish not only an ample justification of the Latin arrangement, but one which will compel our adversaries to abandon the attack in order to defend their own position.

Since our liturgists are so divided on the question, it seems as if we shall have to drop altogether the *Supra quae proferitur* and *Supplices te rogamus* as an adequate equivalent of the Greek Epiclesis. Would it not be possible to come to some general agreement on the position that the Roman Mass has an Epiclesis not *after* the Consecration, but *before*?

I have endeavoured in the former part of this paper to set out the two clear-cut aspects of the Greek Epiclesis:—

(1) The prayer of invocation of the Holy Spirit, to hallow and bless the sacred offerings.

(2) To change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

These two objects are invariably stated with the utmost clearness in the Greek Epiclesis. On the other hand we must admit that this double element cannot be found in our *Supra quae proferitur*. There is, however, another prayer in the Roman Canon to be found not *after* but *before* the Consecration, a prayer which is directed to the exposition of these two very ideas with all the clearness of the Eastern forms. It is the prayer which begins *Quam oblationem*:—"And do thou, O God, deign in all respects (1) to bless, to apply to us, to ratify this oblation and render it reasonable and acceptable to Thee. (2) That it may be made for us the Body and Blood of Thy beloved Son, Our Lord, Jesus Christ." No Greek Epiclesis could set forth its twofold ends with clearer definition. It will be objected, perhaps, that although the objects of the prayer are liturgically correct, there is no special invocation of the Holy Ghost. There is, however, a distinct invocation of God the Father, and it is not possible to doubt of the efficacy of an Epiclesis, whether blessed by the First or Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. For the Catholic Faith, which we all confess, teaches that all the works

exterior to the Holy Trinity itself are effected by the three divine Persons. To throw doubt upon the validity of an Epiclesis sanctioned by the First Person would appear to be shaking the very foundations of the Faith. And here we think we shall be able to turn the tables upon our friends. It may reasonably be questioned whether this special invocation of the Holy Ghost *after* the words of Consecration really belongs to the primitive rite. It is not at all improbable that the Epiclesis was introduced into the Oriental liturgy as a consequence of the heresy of Macedonius who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost and was condemned in a Council of Constantinople A.D. 381. In the fourth century amongst the Easterns there was by no means a very definite belief in the divinity of the Holy Spirit. Even St. Basil the Great, who believed in the doctrine personally, did not at that time appear to preach it openly.⁹

And St. Gregory Nazianzen, the prince of theologians, defended St. Basil for his prudent reserve on this point, and held that the doctrine must be taught gradually and with great caution. Is it credible, then, that the Eastern Churches of the fourth century with their imperfect notions of the divinity of the Holy Ghost should celebrate a rite in which the position and divinity of the same Person are proclaimed in the most ambiguous manner? At the end of the fourth century the position was changed. It was found necessary to emphasize the condemnation of the heresy of Macedonius, and no more effective means could have been adopted than the introduction of the special invocation of the Holy Spirit in the sacred Mysteries. If this conjecture be a reasonable one, the Eastern Epiclesis, as it now stands has no claim to be regarded as an essential primitive form, and we venture to claim that the invocation of God the Father in the Roman *Quam oblationem* before the Consecration represents the primitive rite.

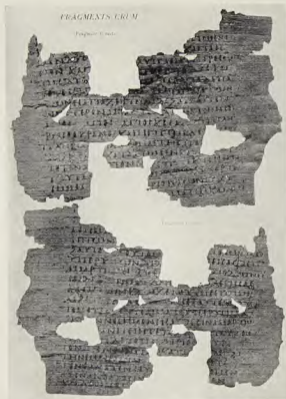
⁹ Vide *Catholic Dictionary*: "Trinity."

But we have still to meet the objection that the Latin *Quam oblationem* comes *before* and not *after* the Consecration, and the Eastern theologians have defied us to discover a single liturgy of theirs in which the Epiclesis does not follow the Consecration, a position, according to their views, which is derived from primitive tradition. Our task, therefore, is to discover a group of Eastern liturgies in which the Epiclesis *precedes* the Consecration, and if we are successful, we shall be warranted in maintaining that the present position of the Eastern Epiclesis has not the support of unanimous Catholic tradition and is therefore not a primitive rite.

We turn first of all to the liturgy of St. Mark, the Egyptian rite. The following prayer immediately precedes the words of Institution:—"Fill, O God, all this sacrifice with the blessing that comes from Thee, through the descent of Thy all Holy Spirit; because, Our Lord Jesus Christ, on the night on which He was betrayed," etc. (here follow the words of Consecration).—*Brightman liturgies*, page 132.

It may be objected that this is a very slender piece of evidence to establish an ante-Consecration Epiclesis. Still we can claim to have brought to light a distinct invocation of the Holy Spirit to descend and bless the offering before the Consecration. On the principle that every little helps, we draw attention to this embryonic Epiclesis in St. Mark's liturgy.

We now turn to another *Egyptian* rite, the Coptic Jacobites. The *Sacelus* is taken up and developed as follows:—"Truly heaven and earth are full of Thy holy glory through Thine only begotten Son, Our Lord and Saviour, the King of us all, Jesus Christ. Fill also thy sacrifice, O Lord, with the blessing that is from Thee, through the descent upon it of Thy Holy Spirit, and in blessing bless, and in purifying purify these thy precious gifts, which have been set before Thy face, this bread and cup." Then follow the words of Institution.—*Brightman*, page 176.



A Reproduction of one of the oldest Liturgical Manuscripts yet discovered.

Here the objects of the Epiclesis are defined much more distinctly than in St. Mark's liturgy. The phraseology is curiously identical, and points to the existence of a sacred rite, so important that the traditional formularies had to be carefully followed.

In both there is the same object in view, viz:—the invocation of the Holy Ghost to bless and hallow the yet *unconsecrated* elements. We shall be told that in both these liturgies another Epiclesis of the regular type is to be found after the Consecration. But, as Dr. Baumstark has pointed out, it is impossible that the primitive rite had two formulas invoking the Holy Spirit on the offerings, the one before and the other after the Elevation, and after careful examination the learned Doctor has come to the conclusion that in the *Egyptian rite the Epiclesis preceded the Consecration*. If we are called upon to decide between the two, certainly we should judge that the ante-Consecration formula bears the superior marks of primitive tradition.

But there is something more, the Egyptian liturgy has fresh surprises in store for us. And here I should like to draw attention to the remarkable paper of Dom de Puniet on "Fragments inédits d'une liturgie égyptienne écrite sur papyrus," a paper that does not seem to have received the attention that it deserves. A recent discovery has brought to light a fragment of an Egyptian liturgy of the eighth century, and Dom de Puniet was the first to realize its important bearing on the question of the Epiclesis and give it to the public in the form of a paper read before the Eucharistic Congress in 1908.* With his permission I propose to draw upon some of the arguments and evidence adduced by the learned Benedictine in support of the ante-Consecration position of the Roman Epiclesis. The

* For a detailed account of the state of the fragments, and the various suggested readings by which Dom de Puniet has so cleverly restored the mutilated text, see *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie chrétienne* under the head of "Canon of the Mass" by Dom Cabrol.

discovery was made by the British School of Archaeology under Professor Flinders Petrie in the neighbourhood of Assiout in Upper Egypt, on the site of an ancient Monastery of Balyzeh which was destroyed in the tenth century. Three pieces of thin papyrus, torn and worn and almost illegible, constituted this remarkable find. They were first entrusted to Mr. W. Crum, who recognised that he had to deal with the Eucharistic prayers of a type distinct from any existing formularies. Dom de Puniet was then invited to inspect these precious fragments, and with wonderful skill and perseverance he has contrived to piece together these scraps of paper, and still more cleverly to supply the words and phrases too many of which are wanting. Through the kindness of Dom Cabrol, editor of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie*, we are enabled to present an illustration back and front of one of the pieces of the papyrus discovered. It will give one some idea of our task of restoration and deciphering so ably discharged by our learned confrère. With two of the dilapidated fragments we do not propose here to deal, as they refer to earlier and later parts of the Mass. But the third piece, and that fortunately the best preserved, has an important bearing on the subject that we are discussing. It is torn off near the end of the "Preface," which is easily recognised, and the other Egyptian liturgies are of great help in restoring the missing words of this text. We now offer this most important document in its restored form, the original being represented in ordinary type, and Dom de Puniet's reconstruction in italics:—

"Before Thee stand thousand thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand of Holy Angels and Archangels; before Thee stand the Seraphim six wings to the one and six wings to the other, with two they covered their face, with two their feet, and with two they flew. And all bless Thee for ever. With all that bless Thee, accept our blessing as we say to Thee Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Fill us also with the glory that is with

Thee and vouchsafe to send Thy Holy Spirit on these created gifts and make this bread the Body of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the chalice the Blood of the New Testament. Because Our Lord, Jesus Christ, on the night on which He was betrayed, took bread, etc. . . . (here follow the words of Institution and the rest of the writing is torn off).

We have here a document of the highest importance in dealing with the question of the Epiclesis. It is, so to speak, a "full fledged" Epiclesis of the most approved type, with the two great aims distinctly declared and the special invocation of the Holy Spirit before the Consecration. It is perhaps the oldest liturgical manuscript in the world and represents the liturgy of the great Patriarchate of Alexandria, the second only in importance and prestige to old Rome. We might have had some doubts as to the true nature of the Epiclesis in the rudimentary forms of St. Mark's liturgy quoted above. Even in the Coptic there is something wanting of the true type, but the new document dissipates any doubts we may have had concerning the rite in these two liturgies, which are thus shewn to be the links in the chain of the tradition of an ante-Consecration Epiclesis in the Egyptian liturgies. It establishes the triumphant conclusion that in the Alexandrian rite the Epiclesis preceded the words of Institution, and that the two great Patriarchates of Rome and Alexandria were in agreement upon this rite. The document, we say, is the oldest in the world. It dates at the latest, according to Dom de Puniet, back to the eighth century, while the oldest Oriental liturgical manuscripts that we possess do not remount beyond the tenth century. The practice that this document represents must be of still earlier date, so early, in fact, that it is impossible to assign any limit to its antiquity. The challenge to produce an Eastern liturgy that does not contain a post-Consecration Epiclesis is thus taken up and the evidence that we have adduced establishes an almost certain conviction that the Alexandrian rite, the most ancient that we are acquainted

with, had an ante-Consecration Epiclesis of the clearest and most approved form. It may be objected that as this manuscript ends at the Consecration there might be another Epiclesis in the usual Eastern position. But as this ante-Consecration Epiclesis is of the regular Eastern type, it is inconceivable it should have to be repeated word for word after the Consecration.

The great Patriarchate of Alexandria, from its extent, its learned school, its great Bishops and Doctors, was perhaps the most distinguished of all in the second and third centuries of our era. Constantinople was not even thought of when crowds of scholars of every race were flocking to the great port of Egypt, when the schools of Alexandria calculated the date of Easter for the Catholic world. For some time it has been conjectured that in the early centuries the relations between Rome and Alexandria were of a very close kind and the discovery of our document cannot fail to strengthen this impression. And if any Eastern liturgies venture to differ from the traditions of Rome and Alexandria, it must be all the worse for those Eastern liturgies.

If we are to cherish hopes of reunion, it would be unseemly to set forth these conclusions in the spirit of a controversial victory. We are chiefly concerned to vindicate our own claims to the possession of a primitive rite in our Epiclesis, without the least desire to belittle the ancient Oriental practice. It simply comes to this, that both are right, both can appeal to the support of venerable Catholic tradition for their appropriate adoption in the liturgy. Such a concession on the part of the great Church of the West should surely soften the bitterness and opposition of the East. If it fails to do so, we can only draw the conclusion that Constantinople entertains exaggerated notions of its own importance, and will be content with nothing less than the complete surrender by the West of all its primitive liturgies, and the adoption of all the Oriental

rites. Such an idea is too preposterous to be entertained, but we have reason to fear that such claims are far from being unknown in the East.

We cannot but hope that in God's Providence a magnificent development awaits the Eastern Church in the future. We feel confident that its steadfast attachment to the faith and to the Catholic traditions, in spite of the allurements of Protestantism and the brutal persecution of the Turk, will in due time receive its ample reward; that the present estrangement is nothing but a cloud that will soon pass and reveal the great and glorious day when East and West shall have but one heart and one soul, and be knit together in the bonds of that union for which our Divine Master so earnestly prayed.

"AND I WILL STRENGTHEN THE HOUSE OF JUDA, AND SAVE THE HOUSE OF JOSEPH; AND I WILL BRING THEM BACK AGAIN, AND THEY SHALL BE AS THEY WERE WHEN I HAD NOT CAST THEM OFF."—Zach. x. 6.

The 1910 Catholic Congress.

I AM afraid these impressions are very full of criticism. At the most elaborate dinner, if the salt has been forgotten, somehow one is more likely to notice that one omission than the ten thousand things that have been remembered. Perhaps also the circumstances favoured discontent; from Friday night till Tuesday morning in a baked and smoky town, with no friends and few acquaintances in the Congress, alone in strange hotels; there were no genial times to relieve and refresh the mind.

There was a town hall meeting on Friday night to inaugurate the Congress. The body of the hall filled slowly, with too few men and too many women and children. But in the orchestra was a most inspiring sight, the great assembly of young priests. They were not seen again, as the next day was Saturday and their missions would claim them till Monday, when the Congress was practically over. But gathered that first night, full of life and simplicity and enthusiasm, they looked an enormous power for good, an encouragement and an inspiration.

The meeting was orthodox—thoughtful rather than enthusiastic—until Father Dowling broke upon it. He was not on the programme, and it seemed to us that the Archbishop scarcely consented to his speaking—at the most would not refuse him a hearing. But in a few minutes he had awakened a fighting spirit in the audience, and at the end even those who disliked his enthusiasm were convinced that his thesis was true. He showed that there is a Freemason conspiracy at work to dechristianise the schools and the people in the Latin countries, which has finished its work in France, is triumphing in Portugal, is beginning in Spain, and will take the countries one by one and destroy the religious power of the schools and the clergy under

shelter of systematic lying in the press of all countries. His remedy is an international association for Catholic defence; the united Catholics of all nations can use social and commercial pressure which ought to hold the Government of any country in awe.

Saturday and Monday, morning and afternoon, were given up to sectional meetings in the halls and lecture rooms of the University Buildings. I only heard of two instances of rival sections being appointed to meet in the same room at the same time, and both difficulties ended without bloodshed. But I believe that if every visitor had been asked to fill in on a card the meetings that he had hoped to attend and the meetings he actually succeeded in attending, those cards would have made instructive reading for the organising committee. For finding your meeting required strenuous work, and there was no certainty as to which meeting you would find.

The first thing was to buy a handbook to the Congress, and seek the table of Contents—on page xi. This reveals that the list of Societies taking part in the Congress will be found on p. 7. On p. 7 we read *Catholic Boys' Brigade*, p. 57. Turning to p. 57 we find that the Brigade meets in Room M. at 10 a.m. on July 30th. This opens up two lines of enquiry: Where is Room M? and What other meetings are held on the morning of July 30th? A little search shows that the second problem must be left unsolved. The only way to get an answer would be to go through the list of Societies from p. 57 to p. 96 and see one by one which are meeting on that morning. It will be better to accept what we have found, even though most important things may be happening elsewhere. Where is Room M? M suggests a Plan, and we turn to the Contents again. But there is no mention of a Plan; nor does one appear at the front of the book; nor at the back. If however any chance takes you to p. 97, there, behold, is the beginning of plans. Most of the lettering is too small for bad eyes, but Room M at least

stands out plainly in the plan of the second floor. We can now enter the building with a clear purpose—Boys' Brigade, Room M, 2nd floor. But the passages are surprisingly narrow, and winding, and dark. And they are full of people, all asking the way and none answering. The walls are covered with placarded names of Societies, some with guiding arrows, some without. The letters used on the plan are not used in the buildings themselves and are unknown to the stewards. The people ask for Room C, or Room J, but the stewards retort with the question, What Society is it? However, the sight of stewards suggests a last hope that there may be posted up somewhere a table showing all the meetings to be held this morning. But when asked the steward looks surprised, and only says, What meeting is it that you want? Evidently it has not been foreseen that anybody might wish to select. Proceeding "along there" as directed, we are soon forced to ask the way again; with unexpected results. For the poor people are all longing to ask the way themselves (having already asked each other often and vainly), and the moment you raise a smiling questioning eye to them, they think you are going to say, "Can I help you?" and they burst out, "Oh, Father, can you tell me where Room K is?" Even the Brigade boy in uniform who seems posted at the crossways on purpose to rescue the wanderer—even he forestalls questioning by asking the way to the Secretary's Office. In the end, stairs occur at an unlikely corner; and in the echoing emptiness of the second floor a voice asks, "Boys' Brigade?" and guides us to Room M, where a dozen people are already listening to a paper.

One cannot help thinking that there may be fifty others downstairs who had meant to be at this meeting, but who will in the end despair of finding it, and drop in somewhere else. Sectional meetings are small enough at the best; and it seems quite probable that some of them were spoiled because those who were interested in them could not find them. It was said at the Congress that after the first

morning's confusion the women rose to the occasion and posted Guides at every turning. Like the butcher who could only kill beavers, like the baker who could only bake brides-cake, these Guides specialised on somewhat narrow lines; they could only guide you to women's meetings. But that they seem to have done well.

There is a certain narrowness of view that seems characteristic of working-class politicians. Doubtless it comes from the want of wider education. Trades unionism bears the mark of it at all points—in such things as fighting for ninepence-halfpenny an hour rather than for eighty pounds a year. It is useless as a rule to ask a trade unionist if it not better to earn eighty pounds in a year at sevenpence an hour than to earn forty pounds at ninepence an hour. He has some easy dilemma to show you that this possibility cannot be considered, a dilemma based on a fixed view of some detail. The general impression one gets is of a man planning a new highway, who thinks the only possible routes are those marked out by the existing sheep-tracks. If the route you suggest can be expressed as a development of a sheep-track, he will consider it. If not, he thinks you are talking in ignorance; you do not even know the sheep-tracks.

So there was a cramped feeling about the official speaking at the meeting of Catholic Trades Unionists. The point was to justify their meeting at all. Now, since there are Catholics in the trade unions, and since the unions are being used to promote Socialism, it is quite evident that there is need for the Catholic members to meet and discuss at what point exactly they are being forced on to wrong lines, and how they will stop the process. But someone with an eye for sheep-tracks had mapped out a dilemma, thus. If you are starting a Catholic Trade Union, you are not enough to form a strong one, and you must expect hostility from the older unions. But if not, if you are only Catholics who happen to be trade unionists, your religion has nothing to

do with trade unionism, which is for all religions; you can meet as Catholics to discuss Catholic matters, or as unionists to discuss trade matters, but you cannot meet as Catholics to discuss trade matters. And from the two horns of that dilemma the official speakers could not lift their eyes in all their efforts to explain the need of the Catholic Trade Union movement.

It was a poor setting for a great paper. A crowd of men had gathered in the lecture-room and the passage to hear Mr. Belloc on Catholicism and the Means of Production—a crowd of enemies as well as friends. There was a constant undernote of caustic comment and bitter retort in the fringes of the audience throughout the paper, with now and then open interruption. The title of the paper suggested that we should be shewn that Catholicism in some way affects the distribution of Wealth. Really Mr. Belloc's thesis was quite different; that the Church desires to see the means of production owned by many small owners, and not as now in the hands of a few (which is the beginning of the Servile State), nor in the hands of the politicians (which is Socialism). In two ways the thoughts seemed new and startling. First, that what are called steps to Socialism in recent legislation are really steps to a Servile State and not to Socialism at all. And secondly, that our Catholic programme of enforcing the responsibilities of ownership will also help on the Servile State. Wisely, perhaps, Mr. Belloc did not stand and read, but sat like a professor at a desk and with the help of his notes re-thought and re-expressed what he had to say, so that it came to us new made; the thoughts of a great man feeling here and now the difficulties he is wrestling with. Approval or disapproval, enthusiasm or indignation, were out of the question. The only thing to be done was to concentrate the whole attention on grasping his idea of the Servile State, and seeing what light old ideas and this new idea cast on each other. The new idea was this.

When the State or the city takes over the tramways,

someone cries Socialism. Really it is putting more power into the hands of the capitalists. For they are asked for a loan to buy up the trams, and they receive interest, and in fact their money is now invested in the well-managed city trams instead of the old ill-managed company trams. This process is going on rapidly, and enlarging every year our dependence on the capitalist class. To confiscate would lead to Socialism; but no one proposes to confiscate, and till they do we are not on the way to Socialism. To buy up enriches the capitalist and is leading us rapidly into a Servile State. On the other side, if you force the capitalist to provide proper housing and proper pensions, these are bonds that bind both ways; they define how the workman is to depend on the capitalist. And the only remedy is Pope Leo's, that the State should favour the small owner; since independence only flourishes in a community of small owners.

Here as on many other occasions in the Congress, it was striking to notice how many acknowledged that they had at one time been convinced or half-convinced Socialists. It seems certain that but for Pope Leo's pronouncements most Catholic efforts for reform would be on Socialist lines. And the interrupters of Mr. Belloc seemed to be men touched with Socialism, men bitter against the present miseries, and angry, most angry, with those like Mr. Belloc who resist their proposed remedy in the name of freedom and popular welfare. As far as I know, this school did not make itself heard articulately at the Congress.

On Monday afternoon the great Catholic Truth meeting clashed with the meeting of the Federated Temperance Societies. An attempt to "do" both, by hearing Abbot Ford on the Work of the Catholic Truth Society and then crossing over to the Temperance meeting proved a great failure. The one paper of value in the Temperance meeting was Fr. Hanrahan's on the Catholic Temperance Crusade, which came first. Missing this, all the rest of the meeting seemed spent in beating the air. The remaining

papers and most of the speeches treated total abstinence as the only practical remedy. Fr. Hanrahan's paper explaining the Crusade with its two degrees—total abstinence and strict temperance—had evidently made no impression on the audience—at least on those who spoke. Fr. Hall described his league in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer, which in seven years has enrolled from one parish 230 adults and nearly 500 children. Fr. Kent described the League of the Cross and pleaded for new energy on the old lines. And Mr. Carter gave us the old impossible exaggerations which make one feel that some of these workers cannot be taken seriously just because they are so terribly in earnest. Their earnestness blinds them. I thought of Our Lady's words, "Son, they have no wine," as a text for Mr. Carter's comment, "Wine is a mocker. The use of intoxicating drink as a beverage is as much an infatuation as is the smoking of opium by the Chinese." And of how St. Paul would have been pulled up for saying, "Do not still drink water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities." "There can be no shadow of doubt that a working man can do quite as hard work if not harder without alcohol than with it. It is an unmitigated evil, utterly indefensible in the light of religion, philosophy, or good sense," said Mr. Carter. Religion, philosophy, good sense. One had thought St. Paul had some share of these.

Most of the talk was in this strain. It gave no help towards the object of the meeting—the finding of principles and a programme broad enough to serve as foundation for a national temperance movement. When all was over it seemed that the next step would be to unweave the web so painfully woven; to win back those who were repelled by these exaggerations, assuring them that there are other and safer arguments; to get the enthusiasts to see their overstatements and drop them and look for a true foundation for their work.

For on the other side, one could not forget that these were the men who had done the work, wherever work has been done. And when a veteran priest from London said that work can only come from enthusiasm, and while total abstinence is an ideal that appeals and rouses, there is little chance of men being enthusiastic in the cause of moderate drinking, it was evident that here at least was one part of the truth.

I suppose the true doctrine is to be learned from considering the Church's teaching and practice on similar problems—wealth and poverty, marriage and celibacy, home life and monastic life. Drink is a gift of God for our use, good in itself, but with great danger of abuse. To say on the one side that the use of it is bad in itself, or on the other that abstinence from it is unnatural, is to lay a false foundation, the truth being that the use of it is good and abstinence is better. As home life is good and religious life better, marriage good and celibacy better, possessions good and poverty better. Not many can rise to the better, the great mass of men must be content with what is good. And therefore for most men the way of salvation is not by total abstinence but by temperate use. To attempt to make the mass of a nation sober and temperate is a possible task; to attempt to make them abstain altogether is impossible. Attempt to lift them above what they are capable of, and like a log in the water they will alternately rise too high and sink too low. For the great mass of men the only possible good life is a life of temperate use of drink, and this must be the aim of any practical crusade. Nevertheless, the work of that crusade will be done for the most part not by men of their own class, but by the few who have chosen the better part for the sake of the Kingdom of God, who like St. John the Baptist drink no strong drink. Just as a celibate clergy has been the chief means of securing the purity of marriage and of the home, so the abstainers must have most influence and power to promote temperance among moderate drinkers.

About the music and liturgy it is difficult to speak because of the fear of rousing personal feeling or the rivalry of schools. Perhaps it will be possible to suggest some broad principles without offending. Doubtless there are a dozen of our greater colleges and seminaries which are quite capable of dealing with an ecclesiastical great day. They have long experience and traditions which make it easy to provide for the Masses of many priests, and to chant the liturgy safely and reverently. I suggest that this experience is a part of the Catholic wealth in this country, which ought to be used at the National Congresses. In liturgy and music as in other things a National Congress ought, I suppose, to bring before the whole body the best that has been achieved. Many of the Colleges and perhaps some other churches could go through all the Congress liturgy in a way that would give a high standard to the country at large and be suggestive to other equally capable choirs. As it was I do not think anyone would feel that the liturgy and music were worthy of the occasion. The Cathedral coping with the National Congress gave much the same impression as a single mission suddenly called on for episcopal High Mass. I do not pretend to recall details. But, for an instance, the authorities had despaired of providing mandatories for the priests; one for each altar had to suffice. College sacristans accustomed to large retreats for the clergy will smile. Or again, at Vespers it seemed that a few heroic singers had resolved that every collapse and blunder should be promptly repaired; and quite often they succeeded.

No doubt there are special difficulties about the music at present because of the transition that is going on in plain chant. There is no one chant now familiar to all the clergy. So that whatever chant is used, most of the clergy will have to be silent. Still this fact can be faced, and a competent body of singers can be got to give a worthy example of what the coming chant is to be.

Sunday was the crown of the Congress. Everything was

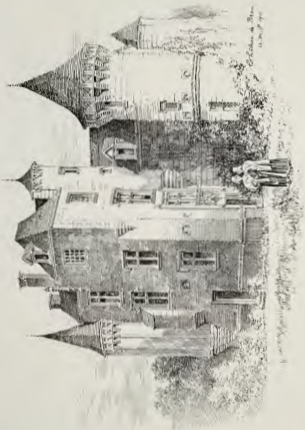
worthy of a National Congress. The great time began at the High Mass with the Bishop of Northampton's glorious sermon on other-worldliness as the true guide for mending this world's ills. Even while it was preaching one could feel that it had stirred and lifted everyone. A fervent declaration of the truth that was foundation for the whole Congress, the hearing of it prepared us to approach all smaller questions from the right height and with consciousness of the common spirit that had brought us together. In the afternoon the Town Hall was crowded by the women's meeting, which seems to have been one long enthusiasm. Men were admitted, but to a late comer this only meant standing in a dense mass at the end of the hall where hearing was impossible. And at night came the men's meeting.

On Friday night the Congress had seemed to consist too largely of priests and women. Now this was set right. Though there were women there and hundreds of clergy, they were swamped and lost sight of in the great crowd of laymen. In the meeting the great figures were the Archbishop and Mr. Belloc. The Archbishop's power as a chairman is wonderful. His opening speech occupies one page only of the Report. He could give only two sentences to each subject that he touched. And yet so quickly and so surely did he go to the heart of the subject and say exactly what should be said, that at each separate point there broke out rapturous cheering from the great audience. Mr. Belloc had to second a resolution of loyalty to the Holy See. I suppose the reason we expect to hear somewhat formal and platitudinous sentiments on such a resolution is that an ordinary mind would assume its own loyalty unexamined, and put forward the motives that will probably appeal to other minds. Not so Mr. Belloc. From him we had, not appeal nor argument, but rather insight, and intense realising. Am I loyal to the Pope? it is a tremendous thing to be. Is it a thing a man can rest in? seemed to

be his way of approaching the question. And the highest height of the evening was touched when he came to grips with the question. Loyalty or no loyalty will soon divide the world. Have you a master? will be the question. "And it will need a certain courage in the near future, believe me, throughout the modern world, and a certain military quality (by which alone things are done) to say 'Yes; I am under discipline. I obey. I have a master, and he lives at Rome.'" And later, the same spirit dealing with a particular question. On social problems, you say your religion alone can point the way to solve them. Then, What is your solution? "When such questions are asked, the most powerful and most fundamental and most final thing is to say, 'I march under orders.'"

Early in the meeting we seemed to hear a murmur outside. It came again, louder and more frequent, and distracted attention from the speaker. A counter-demonstration perhaps? or fighting in the approaches of the hall. Presently came a clear sound of singing—Faith of our Fathers! It was an overflow meeting, evidently large and enthusiastic. There went a sigh of relief round the hall, and a brightening of eyes; and the speaker suddenly recovered our attention, deepened by the thought of the enthusiasm without. From time to time some one on the platform was beckoned out; now Mr. Belloc, now another. And when the Archbishop went silently out there was intent watching the interval till he should reach the outside meeting, and an exchange of knowing smiles when the roar of cheering showed that he had arrived.

They broke up with another hymn when we were still far from the end. We finished at last in a homely key with Bishop Cowgill's confidences to his own people, and streamed out in that mood of reflective joy that comes from the triumph of a great cause. The square was still crowded. High up beside a lamp-post one man was speaking, gesticulating, declaiming; but nobody listened. Near by there was



St. Peter's Basilica
by G. G. G. G.

singing mixed with the noise of the crowd, people singing in a brake, two brakes, many brakes. The music seemed somewhat methodist, treble voices singing a sugary melody supported by two or three-part harmony. People wondered, Who are they? is it an opposition service? but no one knew. The crowd stilled, the singing took possession of the square. We caught the words, "What can befall the Church and the Pope?" and knew it must be a Catholic hymn. A boy-conductor of twelve or fourteen years took command and started another hymn, and the crowd waited, and cheered at the end. Then they drove off, seven large brakes packed with people. When all were under way they made themselves known by a cry—"Batley Carr for ever!"

J. B. McL.

Dr. Gee's Second List.

In his most interesting paper on "Catholic Clergy deprived by Queen Elizabeth" in the *Downside Review* for 1907, Dom Norbert Birt criticizes Dr. Gee's "The Elizabethan Clergy, 1558-1564," and, concerning the latter's Second List, entitled "Names given on Sander's authority but not certainly identified," remarks that "very many of these are easily identifiable."

That may be so; but, on the other hand, others present great, if not insurmountable, difficulties. Perhaps it may be permissible to see how far the 77 names in the Second List can be identified, and to add some names which should have occurred therein but are omitted.

- (1) All that the present writer knows about HENRY ALWAY, the first name on the list, has already been printed in the *Downside Review* for 1910 at p. 168.
- (1a) WILLIAM ATKINS of Sander's list, omitted from Dr. Gee's lists, is probably a mistake for Anthony Atkins of Dr. Gee's first list.
- (2) SIMON BELLOST who was at Merton College, Oxford, for six years, was ordained priest in 1533, and joined the Society of Jesus 24th May, 1560, aged 53. He was probably one of the first English Jesuits, if not absolutely the first. He was sent to Treves and Louvain, and was alive in 1570. He is very likely to be identified (as Dr. Gee suggests) with Simon Bellister, who took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1542.
- (3) THOMAS BENNET, Master of Salisbury School, is probably the M.A. and Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, who was ordained acolyte in New College Chapel by Lewis Thomas, Bishop of Shrewsbury, on 18th February, 1553/4. This prelate died in 1560/1. He probably refused to conform under Queen Elizabeth.

- (4) RICHARD BERNARD (whether he was the Prebendary of East Harptree, in the Cathedral Church at Wells, 1557, who vacated his stall before 1564, or the Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, M.A. in 1557) is certainly the D.D. [? of Rome] who matriculated at the University of Douay in 1578, and in 1579 joined the English College at Rheims to teach theology. He was appointed Prefect of Studies by Dr. Allen on the 21st of August, 1579; but in 1580 went back to a canonry, which he held "Twini," wherever that is. He seems to have been alive in 1598.
- (5) JOHN BARWICK or BERWICK was Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, ordained acolyte at Oxford, March 1554/5, Fellow of Christ Church, ordained deacon in London, March 1555/6, M.A. 1556, Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, 1556/65. He died in exile before 1588.
- (6) RICHARD BISHOP was in 1581 residing at the English College, Rome. Probably Demy of Magdalen, Oxon, 1538, M.A. 1547, Rector of Illicote, Warwickshire, 1543.
- (7) JOHN BRADSHAW, ordained acolyte at Chester in April 1557, signed for a cure in the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield in 1559; but appears to have been deprived before 1571. He arrived at the English College, Rheims, 27th June, 1580, and went with William Reynolds to Liège to take the baths 27th June, 1582, returning thence on the 17th of September. He was alive in 1596.
- (8) No JOHN BEMUND was Chancellor of Chichester at this date; but one John Baymunt was Vicar of West Rudham, Norfolk, from 1555 to 1560, and did not sign in 1559.
- (8a) EDWARD BROMBOROUGH (in Sander's list, but omitted from Dr. Gee's list), entered Winchester College in 1545 from Arrow in Warwickshire, aged 12. In 1551 he went to New College, and in 1557 was eminent for logical and philosophical disputations, and was accounted a good grammarian, according to Anthony & Wood.

After taking the degree of M.A. he was one of the Proctors in 1559, but was deprived of his Fellowship in 1560 for recusancy. He left England in 1563 or 1564, and probably went at once to Rome, where he took the degree of D.D., and became one of the chaplains of the English Hospice. On 7th February, 1569/70, he gave evidence against Queen Elizabeth. He left Rome in the spring of 1580 with Bishop Goldwell of St. Asaph's, William Giblett, a former fellow of New College, Thomas Crane, mentioned below, William Kemp, an old priest, Dr. Nicholas Morton, Penitentiary of St. Peter's, and the three first Jesuit missionaries sent to England, B. Edmund Campion, Fr. Robert Parsons, and Bro. Ralph Emerson. He arrived at the English College at Rheims 31st May, 1580, and on 10th June was on his way to England. He is said to have crossed *viâ* Dieppe, but nothing more is known of him.

- (9) EDMUND BROWNS was ordained deacon at Oxford in March 1553/4, being of York diocese. He was probably a Chaplain at one of the Oxford Colleges. Probably this is the priest named Browne who was being openly received, entertained and maintained in Lancashire in October 1570.
- (10) JOHN BUSTARD was born in 1549 at Adderbury, Oxfordshire, and entered Winchester College in 1562. He became Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1567; but was deprived the same year, for refusing to attend Anglican worship. He withdrew to Louvain, and entered the Society of Jesus there in 1570/1. Having "made his theology" with success he was sent to Douay where he began to teach the whole course of philosophy, and took the degree of B.D. on the 7th of June, 1575. He died there on the 24th of June, 1576, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He appears to have been a young man of singular promise, unhappily unfulfilled.
- (11) GILES CAPEL, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, 1540;

Rector of Duloe, Cornwall, 1541; M.A. 1545; Rector of How Capel, Herefordshire, 1549; Prebendary of White Lakington in the Cathedral Church of Wells, and Rector of Yeovilton, Somerset, both in 1554; was succeeded after deprivation in the two latter benefices in 1560. He was living at Louvain in 1562, 1572, and 1576, and died abroad probably at Louvain before 1588.

(12) GEORGE GATACRE (whom Wood and Dodd and Dr. Gee call John Catagre, thereby confusing him with an elder brother, who was at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1540) was 4th son of William Gatacre of Claverly, Salop, Esquire, J.P. (a good Catholic alive in 1564). He entered Winchester College at the age of twelve in 1545. He was Fellow of New College and B.C.L. in 1556. He left Oxford for conscience's sake and was formally removed for non-residence in 1564. He became an attorney and died at Claverly on the 25th of January, 1618/9.

(13) EDWARD CHAMBER OR CHAMBERS, Christ Church, Oxon, 1547; B.A. 1548/9; Prebendary of Chichester 1549; ordained acolyte and subdeacon at Oxford in December 1554, and priest in London in May 1556; Fellow of Eton 1557; B.D. 1557/8; at Hart Hall, Oxford, 1568; afterwards went abroad and returned on the mission in 1581, when he helped Fr. Parsons, S.J., to print Catholic books at Uxbridge. He was the head of Fr. Parsons' seminary at Eu 1582-9, having fled abroad to avoid a warrant for his arrest issued 21st March, 1581/2. In contemporary documents he, like many others, is frequently styled a Jesuit, but I do not think he joined the Society. He was driven from Eu in 1589 and died at the University of Douay soon afterwards. He had a brother John, a Marian priest, who lived at Edith Weston in Rutland. He had a sister, Lady St. John of Bletsoe, and a niece married to Mr. Griffin of Dingley, Northants. The priest named Chambers who was confessor to Dame

- Joanna Berkeley's Benedictine nuns at Brussels from 1601 to 1626 must have been a relative.
- (14) CLEMENT is, no doubt, Thomas Clement, Prebendary of Abthorpe, in the Cathedral Church of York, 1554, whose prebend was sequestrated in 1559 and who was succeeded in 1564.
- (14a) COLIN in Sander's list is probably the John Collyyas of Dr. Gee's first list.
- (14b) COOK in Sander's list is probably the John Cook of Dr. Gee's first list.
- (15) ALAN COPE, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1549; M.A. 1552; Proctor 1558; B.C.L. 1560; was imprisoned in 1560; but managed to escape to Flanders that same year. He went to Rome where he became Doctor of Canon Law, and Doctor of Divinity, and Canon of St. Peter's. He died there in September or October 1578.
- (16) COURTMILL remains unidentified.
- (17) THOMAS CRANE (who appears elsewhere in Dr. Gee's book as Dominic Chane) was a native of Arundel and a B.A., who was elected a Fellow of Winchester College in 1548. He became Rector of Winnall, Hants, in 1553/4 and of Shawe, Bucks, in 1555, and went to Rome before 1564, when he eventually became a Doctor of Divinity and a Chaplain of the English Hospice. In 1580 then aged about 60 he arrived at the English College, Rheims, with William Giblett and Edward Bromborough, both old alumni of Winchester College, and of New College, Oxford, and both also, like himself, ex-chaplains of the English Hospice at Rome. He is said to have crossed to England with Giblett from Boulogne, but probably soon returned to the Continent, where he died before 1588.
- (18) CROOK is probably Thomas Croke, Vicar of Rogate, Sussex, 1554, who was succeeded after deprivation in 1560.

- (19) JOHN CUBBIDGE, or COPAGE, or CUPPAGE, born 1499, was senior Fellow of Manchester Collegiate Church, when it was suppressed in 1547, and one of the two Fellows named in its charter, when it was restored in 1557. He was in prison in 1571, 1577, and 1579, in Chester Castle. In 1581 he was removed from Chester Castle to Salford Fleet, where he died in 1585 aged 86.
- (20) JOHN DALE, M.A. 1545, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. Margaret's, Fish St., London, was deprived early in Elizabeth's reign, and ordered "to remain in the town of Newmarket, or ten miles' compass about the same, saving towards London and Cambridge but four miles."
- (21) JOHN DANISTER is a name that causes some difficulty. His identity has been discussed inconclusively in *Notes and Queries*, 10th S. iv. 289, 355, 437; vi. 94, 157. A correspondent at the second reference suggests that he is the same as John Fenn, the schoolmaster of Bury St. Edmunds (No. 24), and this suggestion is supported by a phrase in the life of the martyr James Fenn in the "Concertatio Ecclesiae" which was probably written by the said John. Whoever the author was, he calls the martyr "prudens foenerator," an obvious pun on the name Fenn; and it is possible that Danister may represent *δανιστήρις* taken as a *nom de guerre*.
- (22) DAVISON D.D. is said by Dodd to have lived to an advanced age and to have been alive in Brussels in 1604. One John Daveson of Chester diocese was ordained acolyte at Chester in September 1557. He does not occur in Sander's list.
- (23) JOHN FELTON cannot be identified but he was probably a relative of B. John Felton the martyr. He served various cures for three or four years after Elizabeth's accession, but was reconciled to the Church and arrested in 1582 in Worcestershire.
- (24) JOHN FENN is the subject of a notice in Mr. Gillow's

Bibliographical Dictionary as well as in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere. (See n. 21 above.)

- (25) RICHARD FLEMING compounded for the first-fruits of Elkerton, Gloucestershire, 11th May, 1548, and for the Rectory of Stratfield Turgiss, Berkshire, 28th March, 1555, and was succeeded in the latter living after deprivation in 1559/60 (Rymer's *Foedera*, xv. 563). He afterwards joined the Irish Province of the Society of Jesus. Dr. Oliver in his *Collections* at p. 246 states that he was a man of great virtue and union with Almighty God and that Sacchini mentions his distinct prediction at Paris in 1581 that Claudius Aquaviva would be elected General of the Society.
- (26) JOHN FOX is possibly a mistake for NICHOLAS FOX, Fellow of New College, Oxford, 1551, M.A. 1556, removed for recusancy in 1560. This Nicholas Fox entered Winchester College in 1546, at the age of thirteen from Widdington, Essex, and is probably the Nicholas Fox of London diocese ordained priest at Rheims in 1581, being admitted to all sacred orders within twelve days by virtue of a dispensation. He is to be distinguished from the Nicholas Fox of Thorpe, Yorks, admitted to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, as pensioner, 27th July 1573, aged eighteen. However "JOHN FOX" may more probably have been John FUXE or FOOKS, M.A. 1555, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, 1551, ordained sub-deacon at Oxford April 1557 and subsequently deprived. It is to be observed that it is Dr. Gee who calls him "Fox." Dr. Sander calls him "Fuccius," which seems more nearly to approximate to Fuxe or Fooks than to Fox.
- (27) THOMAS FREEMAN (who may be the Master of St. Paul's School, London, who is also mentioned by Dr. Sander, but apparently as a different person) may be the person who compounded for the first-fruits of the Rectory of Boxwell, Gloucestershire, 7th May, 1561. In a



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paper dated 1st Feb., 1575 (*Cal. S. P. For. n. 21*), he is said to have been formerly imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and to be then at Ahtwerp.

- (28) For WILLIAM GIBLET see the *Downside Review* for 1910 at p. 179.
- (29) Though the benefice of HENRY GILL is unknown, he was in Spain 27th June, 1580 (*Cal. S. P. For. n. 327*), and, according to the *Concertatio* died in exile before 1588.
- (29a) Dr. Gee omits one GRANGER mentioned by Sander, of whom nothing is known.
- (30) GRENVILLE (or GREENWELL) is unknown.
- (31) WILLIAM GRESHOPPE, a Berkshire man, Fellow of C.C.C., Oxon., 1558, M.A. 1559/60, went to Rome with Henry Kyrton, B.U.J., Fellow of New College, and died at the English College 22nd February, 1568/9 aged 34. His monument is still extant in the English College Chapel which is dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury.
- (32) The HAMPDEN of Gee's list, and THOMAS HAMEDIN of Sander's list, is undoubtedly the THOMAS HANADYNE Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, tonsured in London May 1554, and a fugitive beyond the seas in 1579.
- (32a) HARCOURT, prebendary of Norwich, though he is included in Dr. Gee's first list, is unidentified.
- (33) EDMUND HARGATT, B.D. 1556, entered Winchester College in 1536 aged 13 from Padbury, Bucks, and became Fellow of New College from 1543 to 1553 and Vicar of Writtle, Essex, 1553, and Fellow of Eton 1554. He was ordained Ostiarius in London in December 1553, and before going to Winchester had been a querister at New College. He was living at Louvain in 1575. See also Lewis's *Sander's Rise and Progress of the Anglican Schism*, p. xxxiv.
- (34) HARPER may possibly be NICHOLAS HARPER, B.C.L., Rector of Combe Martin, Devon, 1552.
- (35) JOHN HART, LL.D., cannot be identified, unless he was the person of this name who entered Winchester

College in 1505 aged 12 from Newton Longville, and became Fellow of New College in 1513 and Rector of Akeley, Bucks, in 1523. It is to be observed that Sander does not call him John or LL.D., and was probably referring to Richard Hart of the Collegiate Church at Manchester, as to whom see the *Dowside Review* for 1908 at pp. 144, 145.

- (36) THOMAS HAWKINS entered Winchester College in 1540 from Newbury aged 12. He subsequently became Ostiarius, or Second Master, and having taken the degree of B.A. at New College, Oxford, became a Fellow of Winchester College in 1555 aged 27.
- (37) JASPER HAYWOOD, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, 1558, is the subject of notices in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in Mr. Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary*.
- (38) JOHN HEMING held a prebend at Wells, probably Combe IV or Combe VI. One of this name became a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, from Worcestershire and took the degree of M.A. in 1555, and being absent from the College was ordered to return into residence in 1561. It seems he is to be distinguished from John Henning *alias* Cox, a priest of the diocese of Winchester, born about 1540, who entered the Professed House of the Society of Jesus at Rome 24th November, 1562. A priest named John Cox *alias* Devon was sent to the Marshalsea 15th April, 1561, "for saying of Mass and conjuryng."
- (39) THOMAS LEVSON, a schoolmaster of Durham, remains unidentified. Dr. Gee suggests that he became incumbent of St. George's, York, in 1562. The *Concertatio* states that he died in exile.
- (40) RICHARD JACOBY, "Ricardus Jacobi," was imprisoned according to the *Concertatio*. It is possible that "Jacobi" stands for James, and that Richard is a mistake for Roger. ROGER JAMES entered Winchester College in 1530 from Dorchester aged 13, and was

- Fellow of New College 1538 to 1540, B.A. 1537, M.A. 1540, Fellow of Winchester College 1540-1552, and Rector of Bradford Peverel, Dorsetshire, 1552-1563. He was living in exile in the Spanish dominions in 1572 and 1576. The *Concertatio* does not mention Roger James.
- (40a) JOHNSON of Sander's list, omitted in Gee's second list, is probably the HENRY JOHNSON of Gee's first list, Rector of Broadwas, Worcestershire, 1548, and of Kinwarton, Warwickshire, deprived in 1561. In 1571 he had been in prison. In 1572 he had a benefice in the Low Countries. He is probably the chaplain of Lord Chideock Paulet who in 1578 was captured at his lodgings near St. Paul's and committed for some time to the White Lion in Southwark.
- (41) ROBERT JONES, a native of the diocese of St. Asaph, ordained subdeacon at Oxford in September 1554, was a chaplain at New College, and in the following year became Rector of Yatton near Bristol, and Rector of Radcliffe, Bucks, and was deprived in or before 1562.
- (42) JOSEPH is very likely CHRISTOPHER JOSEPH, Rector of Leaden Reding, Essex, 1557, who was succeeded after resignation in 1562.
- (42a) THOMAS KIRTON of Sander's list, omitted by Dr. Gee, is probably the Thomas Kirton, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, ordained acolyte at Oxford September 1554.
- (43) OWEN LEWIS is the subject of notices in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in Mr. Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary*.
- (44) GEORGE LONDON may be the Benedictine of this name who supplicated for the degree of B.D. at Oxford in 1539.
- (45) RICHARD LUDBY, prebendary of Hereford, cannot be traced with absolute certainty, but a RICHARD LEDBURY was a zealous Catholic in Herefordshire in 1564.
- (46) EDMUND LYSTER, Rector of Brandon, Essex, 1544, resigned before 10th September, 1561.

- (47) STEPHEN MARKS, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, 1549 to 1556, M.A. 1554, ordained acolyte at Oxford December 1554, Rector of Exeter 1556, Fellow of Trinity 1556-1560, supplicated for the degree of B.D. in 1559, and was deprived of his Fellowship at Trinity in 1560. He died abroad before 1588.
- (48) MATHER D.D. is not in Sander's list, but in Dodd's and cannot be identified.
- (49) MATTHEWS D.D. The same remark applies here. One HENRY MATTHEWE, Vicar of Hoo, Kent, was sent to the Marshalsea 20th April, 1559, and again committed to the same prison for contempt 15th August, 1559. THOMAS MATTHEW, O.S.B. of Westminster Abbey, was ordained deacon in London in December 1557.
- (50) MISIVER is probably Thomas Mynevère, O.S.B. of Westminster Abbey, tonsured in London September 1555. At Elizabeth's accession he escaped into his native county, Herefordshire, and was received with open arms. The date of his death is not recorded. He was alive in 1564.
- (51) NICHOLAS MORTON is noticed in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in Mr. Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary*.
- (55) RICHARD NICHOLSON, D.D., is again not in Sander's list. One of these names was Vicar of Haconby, Lincolnshire, 1545 to 1550. A Dr. Nicholson, priest, was living in Paris 27th April 1580, but this was undoubtedly Dr. William Nicholson, a seminary priest ordained at Cambrai 6th April, 1577.
- (56) WILLIAM NOTT should be WILLIAM KNOTT. Knott entered Winchester College from Chichester in 1540 aged 12. He became Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1547, and subsequently took the degree of M.A. In 1564 he resigned his Fellowship, being then in Rome. It was probably there that he took the degree of J.U.D. In 1572 Dr. Sander recommended him to

- Anne, Countess of Northumberland, for his knowledge of Italian and French, as well as for his sobriety and wisdom, and in 1575 he is mentioned as being her "chief counsellor" at Brussels. In April 1580 he was in Paris on his way from Spain to Namur, and left to join the Prince of Parma. Nothing further seems to be known of him.
- (57) JOHN OLIVER, of Worcester diocese, described as a pensioner of King Edward VI, and probably therefore educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, was ordained deacon in London in December 1553. One of these names was Rector of Baddiley, Cheshire, and absented himself from the Visitation of 1559. According to the *Concertatio* he was an exile.
- (58) CHARLES PARKER, D.D., brother to Henry, Lord Morley, became Rector of Great Parndon, Essex, and of Swanton Morley, Norfolk, in 1558, and absented himself from the visitation of 1559; but was not succeeded in his living till 1571. It is not known at what date he was deprived. Dodd (II. 62) and the *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* (I. 377) state that he was a bishop-elect in Queen Mary's reign, and the *Concertatio* styles him "electus episcopus," but though he may have been elected a bishop later, he was certainly not one, when Queen Mary died. In February 1561 he was studying in Paris, and probably took his degree there. In 1572 he was at Louvain, and in 1581 he was living in Milan.
- (59) HENRY PENDLETON, D.D., is not in Sander's list, and is wrongly included in Dodd's. He was of Brazenose College, Oxford, and died in 1557.
- (60) JOHN PERITON cannot be identified.
- (61) JOHN PILE should be JOHN PEEL, a priest of the diocese of York, who after working for sixteen years for the reconciliation of his countrymen to the Faith came to the English College at Douay 12th May, 1576, to obtain advice, leaving again for England on the following 12th

- November. He seems to have laboured mainly in Lancashire, and to have gone abroad before 1588.
- (62) HENRY PIUS, *i.e.*, presumably, PYE, died in exile before 1588 according to the *Concertatio*, but no thing is known of him.
- (63) THOMAS PLUMTREE, master of a school at Lincoln, is the Blessed Martyr, an excellent account of whom, from the pen of Father Phillips, of Ushaw College, will be found in the second volume of Dom Bede Camm's *Lives of the English Martyrs*.
- (64) DAVID POWELL, Prebendary of Salisbury, is probably the Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford, who was ordained subdeacon at Oxford in New College Chapel 18th February, 1553. In 1554 he became Vicar of Kenton, Devon, and was succeeded there in 1562.
- (65) JOHN REDSHAW is unknown, but in the lists of priests in the Public Record Office S. P. Dom. Elia, *cxviii*, 13 and 47, one "Redman *alias* Redshaw" was supposed to be in Norfolk in September 1586. One John Redman is mentioned by Dr. Gee as having been succeeded after deprivation in 1559 in the living of "Edersham" or "Eversham" in the diocese of Chester.
- (66) SEDGE D.D. is, doubtless, DR. THOMAS SEDGWICK, the subject of a notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which however omits to record that he died in prison in Yorkshire a confessor for the Faith in 1573.
- (67) WILLIAM SHEPPERD, Vicar of Darlington, was absent from the visitation of 1559, and probably resigned soon after. He died in exile before 1588.
- (68a) DAVID DE SKENTHRIST of Sander's list, omitted by Dr. Gee, is unidentified, but was doubtless the Vicar of Skenfrith, Monmouthshire.
- (69) WILLIAM SMITH, Rector of Newbury, Bucks, 1554, was succeeded after deprivation in 1559. See Rymer's *Fœdera*, xv. 363.
- (70a) PETER DE SOUTHWARMBOROUGH who should have

- been in Dr. Gee's second list is to be identified as PETER DAKINS, Rector of South Warborough, Hants, 1550, succeeded after deprivation in 1559/60.
- (71) GEORGE STORY, a native of Durham, Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford, 1549, M.A. 1553, incorporated at Cambridge 1555, Rector of Great Weldon, Northants, August to September 1553, died in exile before 1588.
- (72) EDWARD TAYLOR, a native of the diocese of Worcester, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was ordained acolyte in London in March 1557/8, and being deprived of his Fellowship, went to Rome before 1565, and became Warden of the English Hospice there in 1567.
- (73) HUGH TENANT is probably a mistake for STEPHEN TENANT, an old priest, who arrived at Douay in 1569, and died there in the early morning of 11th November, 1575, aged nearly 80, having been twice exiled. If he was D.D., he probably took this degree at Cambridge.
- (74) THOMPSON is probably ROBERT THOMPSON, parson of Beaumont, Cumberland, succeeded in 1562 after deprivation.
- (75a) CUTHBERT VAUX, who should be in Dr. Gee's second list, not his first, as he has not identified him, became M.A. and Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1559 and was deprived in 1560. He went abroad, where he took the degree of S.T.L. and died before 1588.
- (76) RICHARD WALLY OF WOLLEY (? D.D.), M.A. Cantab., Rector of Layton, Essex, 1531-1561, Rector of St. Gabriel's, Fenchurch St., 1550-(?)1561, Rector of St. John's, Wallbrook, 1547-1551, arrived at the English College, Douay, 20th May, 1581, and died in the English Hospice, Rome, in 1587.
- (77) For ANTHONY WILKINSON, see the *Ampleforth Journal* for January 1911, at pp. 143-4.
- (78a) EDWARD WILLIAMSON, of Sander's list, remains unidentified, unless he was the person who became Vicar of

St. Mary's, Wiggenhall, Norfolk, in 1556. He signed the oath of supremacy in 1559.

- (73) EDMUND WINDHAM, of Sander's list, and WILLIAM WINDHAM, of Dodd's list, appear to be mistakes for NICHOLAS WENDON, M.A. Cantab 1554, LL.D. (probably abroad) before 1567. He became Archdeacon of Suffolk in 1559, a Prebendary of Norwich in 1561, and Rector of Winesham, Suffolk, and of Tavistock, Devon, about the same time. He was, it is said, a layman, and was deprived of his prebend on this account in 1570, though he kept his archdeaconry till 1575. He had been Vicar of Mioster, Kent, from 1557 to 1561, but never resided at any of his benefices. In 1562 he was living at Lound, Suffolk, dressed as a layman with Spanish cloak and sword. He had gone abroad by 17th July, 1563. The probability is that he was in minor orders. In 1572 he was "a civilian and great papist" living at Bruges. In 1575 he went to Italy. He was ordained priest at Cambrai 23rd February, 1577/8, and afterwards obtained a Canonry and an Archdeaconry there. In 1580 he was in Rome. He died "in castris," i.e., probably, in a Spanish camp in the Netherlands, some time about December 1589.
- (74) RICHARD WIST is unidentified.
- (75) RICHARD WOOD, D.D., is not in Sander's list, but in Dodd's, and is clearly a mistake for Thomas Wood of Sander's list. This is an interesting man, concerning whom little or nothing has been written. He was probably the M.A. Oxon. of 1538, and seems later to have taken the degree of B.D. He was Prebendary of the 11th Stall in Canterbury Cathedral 1554; Rector of High Ongar, Essex, 1554; Dean, Hants, 1555, and Harlington, Middlesex, 1554; and Vicar of South Weld, Essex, and Twickenham, Middlesex. He resigned South Weld, in 1558/9, and Dean in 1559, and was deprived of the remaining four benefices soon after the accession of

- Elizabeth. Among his previous livings he had held the Vicarage of Walthamstow, Essex, from 1537 to 1541, and that of Bradwell-by-the-Sea, till 1555. He had also been a Prebendary of Westminster before the Abbey was restored to the Benedictines in 1556. He was also one of the Royal Chaplains to Queen Mary, who had nominated him to the See of St. Asaph, at the same time that she had nominated Bishop Goldwell to the See of Oxford. He was sent to the Marshalsea for his religion 13th May, 1560, though he had neither said nor heard Mass since Lady Day 1559. On 20th November, 1561, he was transferred to the Fleet. On 28th November, 1569, he was in the Tower and threatened with the rack. He remained there till, on 14th October, 1571, he was sent again to the Marshalsea where he still remained in July, 1580. It is probable that he died there.
- (76) Of RICHARD WOODLOCK (not WOODCOCK) nothing is known except that he was formerly a monk of Hyde Abbey, Winchester.
- (77) For JOHN WRIGHT subsequently Dean of Courtraï see the *Dictionary of National Biography* under WRIGHT, THOMAS, and see also *Notes and Queries* 10th Series iv 86. JOHN B. WAINSWRIGHT.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *The Ampleforth Journal*.

THREE PRIESTS:—JAMES STELLE, EDWARD DAKYNS, AND
DAVID KEMPE.

REV. SIR:—Since you were good enough in January of this year to devote some of your valuable space to a short article from my pen on "The Yorkshire Exiles of 1585," it has seemed to me possible that in your magazine you would allow me to state facts and ask questions about the three priests mentioned in the heading to this letter.

- (1) JAMES STELLE, priest, was according to Bridgewater's *Brevi Descriptio* fol. 410 (as cited by Bishop Challoner), exiled in this year (1585) from a Manchester prison. Where was he ordained, and what is his history? The same authority says he was previously imprisoned at York. When?
- (2) EDWARD DAKYNS is mentioned as an exiled priest of good family in the *Concertatio*. He is of course to be identified with Edward Dakyns, horn at Brandesburton, near Hull, in 1554, son of John Dakyns, gentleman, and educated at Pocklington School, and at the University of Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. from Peterhouse in 1574/5, and that of M.A. from Trinity Hall in 1578. He migrated the same year to Gonville and Caius College, where he was admitted as fellow-commoner 7th Dec., 1578, and soon began to show his Catholic leanings. (See Dr. Venn's *Gonville and Caius College*, I. 99.) He arrived at the English College of Douay, then at Rheims, from England on the 4th Nov., 1581, accompanied by one James Younger, afterwards a priest and S.T.D. He was ordained subdeacon at Laon on the 9th or 10th March, 1582, deacon at Châlons-sur-Marne on the 31st March, 1582, and priest at Rheims on the 14th April, 1582. He said his first Mass on the following 23rd April, and was sent on the Mission the same year. He returned to Rheims on the 9th Sept., 1584, and again on the 20th July, 1585, and was again sent on the Mission on the 20th Jan.,

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1586. He seems to have been at large in the North in 1593, and was possibly in London in 1594 (*Catholic Record Society's Publications*, V. 222, 226). Is anything further known of him?

- (3) DAVID KEMPE, of the diocese of Exeter (probably one of the Kempes of Lavethan, Cornwall), is also mentioned in the *Concertatio* as a priest of good family, who was an exile. He went from England to Douay, probably not having heard of the transference of the English College to Rheims. From Douay he arrived at Rheims on the 17th January, 1580. He was ordained subdeacon at Soissons in September 1581, and priest, apparently at Rheims, on the 21st December, 1581. Having said his first Mass on the 9th January, 1582, he was sent on the Mission on the 14th September in that year. He arrived back at Rheims with the venerable martyr John Hewitt, referred to in "The Yorkshire Exiles of 1585" as John Hugh, on the 7th November, 1585, but left the College on the 7th January, 1586. He seems to have been captured by the "King of Navarre's people," and sent into England, and to have been imprisoned in London, whence, as he had undertaken to "take the Queen's part," it was proposed to send him again over the seas in July 1588 (*C.R.S. Publications*, V. 155).

Is it known what was his ultimate fate?

Your obedient servant,

JOHN B. WAINWRIGHT.

Le Beau Roy de Paris.

How it came about that a young English student on the Continent, William Gifford by name, made the acquaintance of the two brothers, Henry Duke of Guise and Louis the Cardinal, we do not know. His relationship to Throckmorton, Elizabeth's agent at the Court of Charles IX, may perhaps have brought him to their notice. But however the connection began—through mutual friends, family influence or lordly benevolence—it ended in something warmer and more intimate than the ordinary patronage of a prince carelessly bestowed upon a needy client or a useful servant. And this friendship—it was nothing less—had so much to do with the character and career of one whom we, Laurentians, esteem as our founder and the most illustrious member of our House, that the personality of the noble Duke becomes of interest and consequence to us. We are by inheritance Guisards, sympathisers and partisans of that well-loved and best-hated of the princely families of the sixteenth century.

The history of Henry, Duke of Guise, begins with the murder of his father, Francis, the second Duke, in 1563. Concerning this crime volumes have been written, mostly in defence of Coligny and the Protestant party. But something yet remains to be said. Fresh documents are being constantly unearthed and brought to light, and the tendency of these is not, as I think, in favour of the Huguenots. In Bernard de Lacombe's recent book, *Les Débats des Guerres de Religion*, the heretics show themselves to have been, from the first, a violent and overbearing faction, rebels by Divine authority, with a mission to extirpate Catholicism in France. Their earliest and constant preaching was against the Blessed Sacrament, which they attacked with *des propositions execrables*. And, as M. de Lacombe remarks, in

a country and a century when Church and State so interpenetrated each other that to strike at the one was to wound both, a heresy which became aggressive was nothing short of rebellion. There was no direct persecution of the Huguenots at first. But soon some repressive measures had to be taken by the Parliament of Paris for peace sake, and though these were not harsh nor rigorously carried out, the result was a loss of temper on both sides, followed by incriminations, executions and reprisals. Civil war was the inevitable consequence. It was precipitated by the discovery, upon the person of a heretic go-between named Sagne, of letters compromising certain of the leaders of the Huguenot party. Under torture he confessed a design to seize Poitiers, Tours and Orléans in the interest of the heretics. Likely enough he revealed more than he knew; one can put little faith in information extracted by surgical methods; but, real or imaginary, the plot was believed; and it proved, in effect, a surprisingly intelligent anticipation of the Huguenot campaign begun after the death of Francis II in 1560. Before the war broke out the Catholics had already become so embittered against the Huguenots that there were serious riots, with shedding of blood and threats of wholesale massacre. On their part, the heretics did everything that was calculated to enflame the passions of all who remained faithful to the national religion. They were not content to assert their individual right to liberty of conscience and worship. They had the ambition to make their creed the dominant one—by force, if necessary. They demanded either a share in the administration of the country or a portion of it given up to themselves. They talked of extirpating Romanism with the sword. And with insult and ridicule they struck at what to every Catholic is more precious than personal honour and national integrity, dearer than home, or life or liberty—the all-Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Where the Huguenots gained the mastery they could not be made to keep off their unholy hands from

the Tabernacle even by the threat of death upon the scaffold. Take as an example what occurred at Orléans under the eyes of Condé and Coligny. One day, somehow, an unpremeditated desecration and pillage of a sanctuary commenced; within forty-eight hours there was hardly a single one in the whole city left inviolate. Contemporary writers tell us how, at St. Aignan, the silver shrine given by Louis XI was wrecked and the relics burned; how the ciboriums were emptied beneath the feet of the crowd and put up to be shot at with pistols. A wooden statue of Our Lady, venerated by the Blessed Joan of Arc and greatly beloved by the people, was carried away from the church of St. Paul and hacked to bits with a meat-hatchet. Nothing that Catholics held sacred was spared. Even the shrines borne in the annual procession of the Maid of Orleans were destroyed, and the unholy zeal spent itself on the books, stained-glass and pavements of the churches. Loud praise has been given to the Huguenot leaders for the discipline maintained among their followers when they entered and took possession of the city. It was admirable whilst it lasted—a period of four short months, during which Condé professed to be acting in the King's name, talked of his loyalty and had hopes of being restored to royal favour. Seemingly, it was all a mere pretence in order to gain time whilst he made his position in the city secure. Meanwhile, some of his followers pulled down the busts of Louis XI and Louis XII from the façade of the Hôtel de Ville and cast them into the Loire; others took the heart of Francis II from its silver shrine, burnt it and then "cast the remains to a dog." After the desecration of the sanctuaries, Condé himself did not hesitate to lay hands on the sacred vessels and mint them into money for his needs. Huguenot and Catholic alike asserted that their evil deeds were mere reprisals or blows struck in self-defence. Each side also claimed that its aims were patriotic—at the same time that Condé and Coligny signed their names to the disgraceful treaty of

Hampton Court and Catherine de Médicis, the Queen-Regent, was squandering the wealth and honour of France in the cause of her worthless children. And neither side seemed to doubt that it had God on its side and looked confidently to Him for victory.

It would not, however, be just either to the Huguenots or Catholics to attribute their sanguinary deeds wholly or chiefly to fanaticism. The victims were few of them martyrs in any true sense of the word. Family feuds, greed, jealousy, ambition and other low motives gathered a majority of the combatants on either side around their chosen standard. One of themselves describes the generality of the heretic cavaliers as needy gentlemen who hoped to better themselves by "fishing in troubled waters." Others turned Protestant out of hatred of the Guise. With Catholics, the most powerful incentive to cruelty seems to have been the dread of what would happen to their Church, themselves and their belongings if the heretics came into power. Catherine never made a worse mistake than when, for peace sake, she took Condé and Coligny into her confidence, put them in high places, gave equal rights to the Huguenots, and bade the Guise keep away from Paris. The city was terrified. Duke Francis was stirred to action. He marched on the capital with a bodyguard of his supporters and was welcomed by the citizens as the saviour of the nation. By this act he so endeared himself to the Parisians and so attached them to his cause, that his enemies nicknamed him the "King of Paris."

In the civil war which ensued he greatly enhanced his reputation. He was not given the supreme command of the army sent against the rebel Huguenots. But it was he who defeated and dispersed their forces at the battle of Dreux. Condé had broken through the centre of the Catholic army and taken the Commander-in-Chief, Anne de Montmorency, prisoner; Admiral Coligny had crushed the left wing; but the right wing under Guise stood firm

and the Duke skilfully seizing upon the favourable moment, when, in the Huguenot historian's words, they were half-defeated by their victory (*demi-vaincus par leur victoire*), completely routed the heretics, taking Condé prisoner. Then, wisely declining to be influenced by the Queen Regent's timid proposals of an armistice, he pushed on to Orléans, seized the suburbs by a coup-de-main, captured the stronghold "Les Tourelles," famous for the exploit of Joan of Arc, cut off the approaches to the city both by land and water, and held the Huguenot capital in his grasp. It was at this moment that he was basely assassinated by a man who declared he had been hired and sent for the purpose by Coligny.

The Admiral gave a straightforward denial to the charge. He protested that he had never "sought out, incited nor solicited anyone" to do the murder "either by words, money, or promises, personally or by others, directly or indirectly." But whilst doing so he made several admissions. Politrot de Mérc, the assassin, was correct in saying that he had been in his service, was, indeed, still in his service, and in his pay, when he committed the crime. But he was hired, says the Admiral, not as an assassin but as a spy. Again, Soubise informs us that this hired spy was a man who had been boasting in every place that he would kill Guise; Coligny admitted that he had so boasted in his own presence. He admitted further that he, on his part, had not taken the trouble to "dissuade any who happened to say in his hearing they would kill Guise if they could." And he added, with a frankness not at all admirable, that, far from regretting the Duke's death, he held it to be "the greatest good that could have befallen the kingdom, the Church of God, and, more especially, himself and his own house."

Admirers of Coligny have found this protest, which certainly has the merit of sincerity, an adequate defence against the charge of being a party to the murder of his rival. But no one can be surprised if it failed to satisfy



the Court or the French nation, and did little to temper the anger of the young Duke, Henry, then only a boy of thirteen, who not only succeeded to his father's title and possessions but to his position as head of the Catholic party. To give an assassin in desire and intent money to enable him to worm himself into an enemy's household is not unlike introducing a venomous snake into a bed-chamber or letting a mad dog loose in a garden—the while comforting one's conscience with the reflection that snakes are poor weak creatures whose hisses are evidence of their timidity, or with the proverb that barking dogs do not bite. Coligny may not have taken the boastful utterances of Poltrot seriously, but to the assassin his silence was likely to serve, and actually did serve, as a tacit approval. This lays him open to the suspicion of even a more guilty participation than he dared admit to himself. Henry II, to my mind, was not a more direct accomplice in the murder of Thomas-à-Becket. Is it surprising, therefore, that the young Duke should have doubted the purity of the motives of a man who would have been condemned as an accessory before the crime in any ordinary court of justice, or that he refused to believe in the high-mindedness which saw in the murder of his father a consummation it had not dared to contemplate, but, when it happened, welcomed it as a special interference of Divine Providence in its behalf? Is it to his discredit that his attitude towards Coligny should have been that of Macduff to the murderer of his wife and little ones: "front to front bring this fiend of France and myself; within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too"?

A young man of exceptional beauty and physical perfection, whose comeliness Tasso describes as a wonder above anything he had seen elsewhere in Europe, who, according to the Venetian ambassador, was the finest of all swordsmen and the first in every manly exercise, of whom it was commonly said "he spoke ill of no one and never refused a favour" was not likely to be ever busying himself with

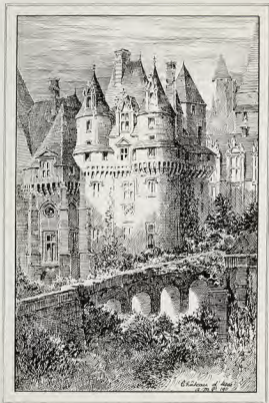
underground schemes, or to steal upon an enemy in the dark. We have a right to doubt, not the facts of the Duke's history, but very much of the inferential stuff with which certain scientific historians have obscured them. According to some of them he was everything he did not outwardly seem to be—a Machiavelli with golden curls and boyish frankness and impetuosity; a loathly serpent with an unaccountable taste for innocent pastimes and pleasures. I prefer to think him what God had really made him—a noble, high-spirited youth, somewhat sobered, but not soured nor spoilt, by the untoward death of his father. And, cleared of the accretions of discoloured varnish and dirt, this is the portrait the facts of history give us. They show him to us as the well-loved, chivalrous, "handsome King of Paris," whose good temper was irresistible, who was said to have met with, during his career, only one enemy of his own making. This was Henry of Valois, afterwards Henry III, a degenerate, whose insane jealousy ruined both their lives. The young Duke's attitude towards Coligny was the frank and open hostility of the soldier. It brought him into trouble in his early days. The anxiety to come to blows with his redoubtable enemy urged him, on one occasion, in 1567, foolishly to pursue and engage Coligny with too small a force, and on another, in 1569, disastrously and without orders to cross a river in face of the foe: thus winning for himself an unenviable reputation for imprudence and reckless valour. But he regained the admiration of his contemporaries by a brilliant exploit. Again, it was a direct challenge to Coligny; and again, contrary to the wish of his commander, if not actually in defiance of his orders. The Admiral had invested Poitiers, an ill-fortified town practically at his mercy. The Duke threw himself into the place, and defended it with such obstinacy and skill, that Coligny was glad of an excuse to withdraw from the siege. When the war was over and Catherine de Médicis attempted to bring about a reconcili-

ation between the adversaries, the Guise, in characteristic fashion, offered instead to meet Coligny in a shirt and sword duel to the death.

We must now hasten to that hideous nightmare of murder and hatred, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To Catholics, even more than to Protestants, the smell of blood, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten," seems to linger about it still. Truly, the hands of the perpetrators are so deeply dyed that all great Neptune's ocean will not wash them clean; rather they would "the multitudinous seas incarnadine making the green one red." But we have only one man's deeds on that night to consider—a man, however, who, on suspicion, by some enemies of his, has been fiercely blamed for it. If Henry, Duke of Guise, were really guilty, we should not wish to palliate the crime. But the attempt to make him the scape-goat failed even in his own days; now, the evidence of his innocence is clearer still. The acknowledged truth is that the massacre had a double object: first, to make away with Coligny and, secondly, to stain the honour and destroy the influence of the Guise. MacDowall, in his recent volume, makes this plain and sure. Henry of Anjou, heir to his childless brother Charles IX, saw in the Protestant Coligny, with the Huguenots at his back and the Catholic Guise, the national hero, two rivals and possible obstacles in the way of his succession to the throne. He sought to rid himself of both at one stroke. Hence the double-edged design. His, to my thinking, was the cunning brain and seared conscience which conceived and planned the massacre and its details. He had already dipped his hands in blood. It was he who, after the battle of Jarnac, gave orders for the murder of Condé, a prisoner of war. Catherine, the Queen-Mother, was with him in his murders as in everything else. All her mother's love and passionate Italian loyalty to race and family was at his service. Doubtless, she was equally guilty of the massacre; but the ordering of the scheme seems

to be work of a man's mind rather than that of a woman. At first, only the death of Coligny was planned. A man, named Maurevel, once a page in the Guise household, was summoned and bribed by Catherine to shoot the Admiral. After the crime he was to ride away on a horse procured from the Guise stables. The attempt failed completely. Coligny was only wounded; and though, at first, he and his friends were persuaded that it was the handiwork of the Guise, as soon as it was discovered that the musket used had been furnished by one of Anjou's guards, the true authors of the crime were recognised, and Anjou's name was mingled with the Huguenot threats of reprisals. It was the fear of these reprisals which made Catherine summon a secret council the day after the attempt. We know the names of those who were present at this conclave in the garden of the Tuileries. They were, besides Catherine and Anjou, Gondi the Florentine, Birague the Milanese, Gonzaga the Mantuan, and Tavannes who tells the story. Then and there the massacre was arranged. The Guise was not summoned, though, once again, he was to bear the blame and figure as the principal agent. Why had he been left out of their councils? Why was he kept in the dark when so intimately concerned? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the conspirators judged him unfitted by nature to be entrusted with their cold-blooded murderous designs, of a metal and temper too fine to be employed in the business of an assassin?

At a later hour, the Duke fell into the trap prepared for him and was dragged into the horrid business. By the express personal command of the King he rode, with d'Aumale and Angoulême, at the head of the party sent to kill Coligny. We do not know what representations had been made to him. The tale of the discovery of a Huguenot conspiracy was used to bring Charron, provost of the city merchants, to give similar countenance to the crime. Somehow, he was persuaded to obey the King's orders and make a parade of his obedience. But he did not draw his sword nor enter



Coligny's residence. His acts were those of a man who has undertaken a disagreeable duty. Nevertheless, the picture of our Duke waiting below the window of the sick warrior, calling out to the assassin, "Besme, have you done?" and bidding him throw the body down saying, "M. d'Angoulême will not believe unless he sees," is a hateful one. I wish it could be blotted out altogether—though I believe the seeming brutality of his behaviour to be evidence he was sick with disgust, impatient to have his horrid commission over and done with. I do not, however, pretend to read what was in his heart. He may, perhaps, have been more guilty than we and his friends believe. It is only possible to assert that he was certainly more innocent than his enemies declared. His after movements are wholly to his credit. He spent the rest of the night and much of the following day in a vain pursuit of Montgomery, one of the Huguenot leaders. Twenty miles he rode away from the city and twenty back again—all the while the bloody work was in progress. Catherine is reported to have been annoyed with him and to have suspected he conspired at his enemy's escape. She was really angry when she learnt that, in addition, the Duke had given shelter to a number of Huguenots—above a hundred, it was said—in the Hôtel de Guise. The confidential report sent over to England by its agent has the following summary of the part taken by him in the massacre: "The Duke of Guise is not so bloody, neither did he kill any man himself, but saved divers." No one who had anything to do with the events of that terrible night has come out of it with cleaner hands. But the unsatisfactory commendation of the English State Paper, "the Duke of Guise is not so bloody," is likely to remain the verdict of posterity.

As for Anjou, soon to mount the throne as Henry III, the result of the massacre was the ruin of all his hopes. Coligny was removed but the Guise remained, powerful and as much loved as ever, too near the throne to be trusted as a friend,

disposition, is not only an injustice but also folly. He was a fierce adversary, the chief adversary but always an open and honorable one. He shew only on the battle-field. He never persecuted the heretics. We have seen how he saved many of them in his house on St. Bartholomew's Eve. During the bloody crusade that succeeded in the province, there was no slaughter of the Huguenots, no ill-treatment of any kind, in the districts under his control. When the king demanded from the Estates the means needed for the total suppression of heresy, the Guise, when asked his counsel, briefly said that he was nothing but a young soldier, tried rather to execute orders than to give advice, yet that, in his opinion, the Huguenots should be left unmolested "so long as they remained quietly in their houses, without doing anything contrary to the king's will." During Anjou's campaign, it was the Guise who saved the garrison of La Charrie from being massacred when they capitulated, demanding and insisting that the terms of the capitulation be fulfilled. At Issouze again he had the Guise "distinguish- ing himself honorably by his efforts to restrain the atrocious barbarity of the soldiers; he filled his own tent with the poor women who had fled from the burning town and was seen carrying little children before him on his saddle across the ford of the river to hold them in safety on the other side; with his own hand he killed a soldier who was ill-treating a girl." Again, his fidelity to the king is incomprehensible unless we accept it as real loyalty—the loyalty of a man always true to his word, his duty and his friend, who could not choose but be loyal, even when it was fatal to his own interests or he was convinced that his countrymen and country would suffer by it. He braved the king to his face with honour or duty demanded it. As the head of the Catholic League he had an independent policy and was compelled to deal personally with politicians and their secret schemes. It became his duty to uphold the Catholic succession in spite of Henry's

too highly placed to be openly treated as an enemy. We are not concerned to consider the question whether the Guise had designs upon the throne or not. The facts of history and such documents as are now accessible permit one to doubt it. I woe, at least, in his after career, he had only to stretch out his hands to take hold of the crown and place it on his head. Nobody at the time was strong enough to forbid him. He was King of Paris in fact as well as in name. But he made no movement. The historian, as usual, is inclined to suspect him of some momentary lapse of intelligence, or of constitutional timidity—his contemporaries would have accounted either idea; my suspicion is that he had a conscience and, being "not so bloody," hesitated to plunge the nation into war for his own interests. The divinity that doth hedge such a king as Henry III may not seem to us a serious obstacle—Henry put no great trust in it himself—yet it meant something to a loyal Catholic of those days. The divine right of kings had been questioned in the schools, but it was upheld at Rome. Guise remained loyal. But Henry's jealousy increased until it reached the point of insanity. He felt insecure with so powerful a subject close beside the throne. He could never act or feel like himself, standing side by side with a man whose greatness made him seem so small. He would never be first in his own kingdom, never be really king as long as the Guise lived. There was murder in his heart, and the Guise was aware of it.

His attitude at this time, in this final act of his tragedy, is, I think, only intelligible to one who lets his plain deeds and words speak for themselves. Those who treat the facts as a cypher, which can only be read by the genius who has hit upon the key, will not only make bad history of them but bad sense. His kindness to the Huguenots, for instance, is only explicable as kindness—generous deeds prompted by a noble and generous heart. To talk of them as inspired by policy or as a cunning disguise, cloaking a cold and cruel

indifference or Catherine's intrigues. But in all he undertook he was direct and sincere, unselfish in his ambitions, chivalrous in his ideals, generous in his dealings with friend or foe, afraid only of being untrue to himself and to his God.

His murder in the Castle of Blois, stabbed by the king's assassins in the king's chamber, needs no commentary. He was not taken unawares. He went to meet his death warned and ready for it, expecting it, facing it with the cool courage of a soldier and the serenity of a martyr. There might have been circumstances under which he would have fought for his life and drawn his sword against his king. This was not one of them. Less than a fortnight before the end came, his friends urged him once again to leave Blois. His reply was characteristic. "As things are, nothing shall make me move; if I saw death coming in at the door I should not fly out of the window." It was not obstinacy nor foolhardiness that kept him from making his escape. It was his duty that held him back. He saw death coming in at the door and went without hurry or hesitation to meet it. He must be true to himself even at the cost of his life. Henry, when he crept into the room to look upon the body of his victim, is reported to have said: "At last I am King—I did not know he was so tall." Truly he was never so tall and never so much a king as in his death.

J. C. A.

The Harrowing of Hell.

WHAT triumph-song draws nigh

These portals drear and vast?

At what high revelry

Stand these grim walls aghast?

Lift up your heads, eternal gates.

Without, the King of Glory waits!

What King of Glory this?

A piteous human shape,

No comeliness is his,

With five great wounds agape!

The Conqueror of Death is here.

Your King's Creator draweth near.

Death's victor? He doth bear

Marks of Death's victory:

Torn by the nails and spear,

Death's Victim rather He!

He, who was dead, and is alive again,

Comes as the Monarch of Death's dim domain.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Vicit Leo de tribu Juda!

J. B. W.

Notices of Books

Holy Week Book. Cloth, 1/- net, leather, 2/6 net. Burns & Oates.

This recent edition of a manual for the Services and Office of Holy Week is a great advance on previous editions of the same kind. The size of the book is convenient—the binding is elegant and durable and the type is in every way excellent. A great feature is the pointing of the psalms according to the Solesmes chant. English and Latin are placed side by side throughout and there are very few back references. Altogether the book is excellent and should supersede all previous editions of cheap Holy Week books.

Gemma Galgani—A Child of the Passion. By Philip Coghlan, C.P.R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd. London. 1911. 1/- net.

Gemma Galgani was born on March 12th, 1878, and died on April 14th, 1903. We find in her life those early tokens of Divine favour which, for those who have eyes to see, so often mark out God's nearest and dearest friends—virtuous parents, an intense attraction to the Passion of Our Lord, life-long suffering in one form or another. Her first great trial was her mother's death, which took place when she was only seven years old, but in answer to a divine impulse, given to her in prayer, she freely offered this sacrifice to God. There followed spiritual trials and privations, especially the mortification of her intense desire to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion, a desire which she learnt from her pious mother. It was only after oft-repeated entreaties that her longing was satisfied when she was nine years of age. Before long she was permitted to communicate daily, and this she continued to do all her life unless unavoidably prevented. Then came the death of her favourite brother, after which she was more than once seriously ill, then her father lost all his substance, and died in 1898 leaving his children destitute. The next year she was again at death's door, but was cured by the miraculous intervention of Blessed Gabriel the Passionist. Soon after this she was adopted by a pious family in Lucca with whom she lived for the remaining five years of her short life. From this time the ecstasies which she had often experienced became much more frequent, and the communications which she received from God were indeed wonderful. Among other favours her guardian angel was continually present to her bodily senses, and she conversed familiarly with him, as St. Frances of Rome did. The crowning grace was the reception of the Sacred Stigmata which took place on June 8th, 1899.

Thenceforward the Holy Wounds reappeared every Thursday evening about 8 p.m. and remained until about 3 p.m. on Friday. Later on her director, Father Germano, a saintly Passionist, who afterwards wrote her life, bade her ask Our Lord to make the outward appearances cease. Her prayer was granted but she was assured that she might expect no alleviation but rather an increase of her sufferings. All through her life she showed prompt and perfect obedience to the wishes of her confessor, who after most searching investigations were perfectly convinced of the genuineness and heroism of her sanctity. Again and again during her life-time she obtained from God the conversion of the most abandoned sinners, and since her death the favours and miracles wrought through her intercession are past counting. The Holy Father himself has expressed the highest admiration for her sanctity, and there can be little doubt that Gemma Galgani will one day be raised to the altars of the Church. That a simple girl living in the world has been so highly favoured by God in these days of ours is a striking proof that "the Hand of the Lord is not shortened."

The Children's Charter. Talks with Parents and Teachers on the Preparation of the Young for Holy Communion. Mother Mary Loyola. Burns & Oates. 2/- net.

The Child Prepared for First Communion. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. R. & T. Washbourne. 1d.

Mother Mary Loyola has added to her many useful publications a booklet which will certainly prove of great service to those whom it concerns, viz. to those whose happiness it is to prepare young children for First Communion. It is full of sound advice and helpful hints how to reach and influence permanently the minds of the little ones, given by one who speaks from experience. The very important point of the home influence is very well brought out. While strongly recommending this book we regret that the price is so high. A book of this size and length (183 pages) ought to cost less than 2/- in these days of cheap printing.

Father Zulueta's pamphlet, although it covers some of the same ground as *The Children's Charter*, gives in addition a useful explanation of the decree "Quam Singulari." The author treats the subject in the straightforward common sense way, with which we are familiar in his other works.

College Diary and Notes.

Jan. 19th. Lent Term begins. The following boys joined the School:—C. J. Field, A. G. Gibbons, J. M. Dalby and H. S. Marsden.

Jan. 20th. A. C. Clapham was elected Captain of the School and appointed the following officials for the Term:—

Secretary	...	A. J. Kelly;
Gamesmen	...	V. G. Narey
Officersmen	...	{ A. F. Melville Wright
Librarians of the Upper Library	...	{ I. A. Miller
Librarians of the Middle Library	...	{ G. R. Richardson
Librarians of the Lower Library	...	{ R. H. Blackledge
Secretary of the Debating Society	...	{ B. J. Boscock
Secretary of the Junior Debating Society	...	{ E. C. Marsh
Editors of the <i>Diary</i>	...	{ R. J. Robertson
Games Committee	...	{ D. St. John Fawcett
Captains of Hockey Sets:—		{ E. S. Oveindain
		{ G. R. Richardson
		{ J. A. C. Tompfe
		{ G. R. Richardson
		{ R. H. Blackledge
		{ A. C. Clapham, V. G. Narey
		and J. J. Robertson

1st Set—A. C. Clapham, V. G. Narey;

2nd Set—B. Barge, F. I. Guarnsey;

3rd Set—H. Emery, J. C. Claha;

4th Set—C. E. Lees, D. T. Long;

5th Set—H. A. Martin, R. J. McGavin.

Jan. 21st. The frost of the last two nights has been hard enough to make games impossible and to give us hopes but as yet not more than hopes of skating.

Jan. 24th. A Lecture was given on Lourdes by Fr. Taylor of Glasgow. The lecturer had a good collection of slides and was more than usually intimate with his subject. His fervid enthusiasm for this great Shrine of the Blessed Virgin and all that it stands for

was irresistibly contagious, and his lecture was followed with intense interest.

Jan. 26th. Meeting of the School in the Upper Library. After the Secretary had made the usual announcement of the changes in the School lists, A. C. Clapham rose to thank the School for his election as Captain. He announced the names of the Officials entrusted with the Government of the School and made the usual hortatory remarks about the games. The chief Athletic Event this Term was of course the Sports which would be held as usual on Easter Monday. There was also the prospect of the formation this term of an Ampleforth contingent of the Officers' Training Corps. He hoped that a large number would join and so give the contingent a good start. R. H. Marshall is leader of the Opposition, a sort of *advocatus diaboli*.

Feb. 2nd. Month Half-Day. The Upper School went to Fosse, where arrangements had been made at a friendly farmhouse for tea. The Lower School went for a horn-chase in the neighbouring woods.

Feb. 3rd. Two members of the School who had gone down to the Skating Pond after breakfast brought back news that the ice would bear and the "will to believe" caused this to spread like wild fire. Two of the masters who went down and in, declared that the report was unduly optimistic. A case of the personal equation again!

Feb. 27th. The Shrove-tide holiday. A slight drizzle and mist in the morning—weather that a Scotchman could refer to as "saft." The Sixth Form went to Malton for the day. The Fifth and Fourth Forms walked over to Newbury to a meet of the York and Ainsty Hounds. Hounds found close to the Priory and went away rapidly to Yearsley, Gilling and on to the School. Thus those who stayed at home were in luck as while they did not go to the meet, the hounds came to them. The two Thirds went to a meet of the Sinnington Pack at Wass. There was only poor sport as a ringing fox kept hounds employed round and round the woods near Byland. But after the Thirds had given up and started for home with feelings of disappointment approaching to disgust, a fresh fox took the hounds away to Goremire. A few stragglers of a Natural History party that had

been out with Br. Antony were sitting on the edge of the cliffs consuming a modest lunch when they saw the fox heading straight for the edge of the steep cliffs with bounds close up. On seeing the human boy ahead of him Reynard turned sharply away and pursued and pursuers were saved from an immediate death. We do not know what was the result of the run but poetic justice would seem to require that the fox should escape.

The Golf Club went over to Kirby Moorside where they spent the day on fresh greens and Golf Links new.

March 2nd. Month Half-Day. In the evening the usual "Speeches." Narey's piano solo was unusually well done:—

RECITATION	From "Chastel"	F. W. LONG
	<i>Coleridge</i>			
PIANO	"Wanderbilder"	V. G. NAREY
	<i>Beethoven</i>			
RECITATION	"A Shameful Death"	HON. R. BALNEWELL		
	<i>W. Morris</i>			
RECITATION	"Wreck of the Bakenhead"	N. CHAMBERLAIN		
	<i>F. H. Doyle</i>			
RECITATION	"A Soldier's Dream"	L. MELBURN		
	<i>F. Campbell</i>			
RECITATION	"The Fishing Boat"	C. FIELD		
	<i>Mary Howitt</i>			
PIANO	"Ravenscroft"	E. WILLIAMS		
	<i>Mendelssohn</i>			
RECITATION	"Ulysses"	C. MACKAY		
	<i>Tennyson</i>			
RECITATION	"Jameson's Ride"	E. J. MASH		
	<i>A. Austin</i>			
RECITATION	"Swingpaper"	A. DENT YOUNG		
	<i>Nesbitt</i>			
RECITATION	"The Bean Feast"	E. J. MARTIN		
	<i>Browning</i>			
PIANO	"Lider Obse"—Op. 15	N. CHAMBERLAIN		
	<i>Mendelssohn</i>			
RECITATION	"Molire versus Tullius"	L. FISHWICK (K. J. MCGAVIN		
	<i>From the Maquet de Fre—Dumas</i>			

March 8th. The Measles epidemic which has been ravaging the kingdom now prevails here. The Infirmary is full though we are glad to hear that there are no serious cases.

March 17th. Scholarship Half-Day, to celebrate Narey's Scholarship won last December at Trinity College, Oxford. Hockey in the afternoon. After Tea Fr. Prior read a lecture by Mr. H. Livesey on the "Highlands of Scotland." Most of the slides were from photographs taken by Mr. Livesey and were exceptionally clear and beautiful.

March 18th. Return Football Match with St. John's College. The first half was slow and played in a blizzard of snow, hail and rain. There was no score at the interval. Afterwards it was finer and the School play considerably improved. The passing of the forwards was pretty and effective and proved altogether too clever for the St. John's defence. We won 4—0. There were one or two changes in the School Eleven. W. S. Barnett made his debut in goal and was exceedingly smart. A. F. M. Wright went from full-back to left-outside and played very fairly considering the change of position. The individual effort which ended in his shooting our fourth goal was indeed quite Homeric and deserved the vociferous applause with which it was greeted. A. C. Clapham was in first-rate form at full-back and has developed into a fine player.

March 21st. St. Benedict's. Sports' Practice begins.

March 26th. Liturgically "Laetare," athletically "Racquet" Sunday. The courts were filled all day. Everyone was out of practice of course but there was abundant promise of some good Racquet players especially in the Upper Library.

April 4th. Mr. Norman Potter paid us another visit and lectured on the great work he is carrying on in the East End of London. It is three years since he visited us and we hope the ovation he received at the end of his Lecture will assure him, if further assurance be necessary, that we are always glad to see him and to hear from his own lips of the great social work to which he has devoted his life and in which the School has specially interested itself.

April 5th. "Government" Half-Day. A heavy and unseasonable fall of snow rather spoilt the afternoon, and the School "Officials" driven by the weather from the Bounds and Ball-Place, whiled away the time in the Libraries and Billiard Room.

April 6th. Month Half-Day. "Speeches" in the evening in the new Theatre. Fr. Prior presided in the absence of the Abbot. A spirit of emulation hitherto rather noticeably absent was evident to-night, caused doubtless by the offer of the Headmaster of a Prize for the best Recitation of the evening. This was awarded to D. P. MacDONALD. L. Williams *proxime accessit*. Appended is the full programme:—

RECITATION "Kubla Khan"	B. BURGE
	<i>Coleridge</i>	
PIANO "Romance"	W. ROCHFORD
	<i>Beethoven</i>	
RECITATION "The Bellman's Speech"	J. LYNCH
	<i>L. Carroll</i>	
RECITATION "Victor Gallinaith"	E. LE FEVRE
	<i>Langfellow</i>	
RECITATION "My Green"	F. NEWSHAM
	<i>Anonymous</i>	
RECITATION "Columbus"	L. WILLIAMS
	<i>Tennyson</i>	
VIOLIN "Ty Again"	E. MAESB
RECITATION "Anonymous"	D. COLLISON
	<i>Basing of Balder</i>	
RECITATION "Sailing of the Longships"	P. A. KILLEA
	<i>Langfellow</i>	
RECITATION "Sailing of the Longships"	R. J. HARDMAN
	<i>Nordst</i>	
PIANO "From 'Henry IV'"	H. EMERY
RECITATION "Ode to the Poets"	N. FISHWICK
	<i>Shakespeare</i>	
RECITATION "Ode to the Poets"	J. C. CLARKE
	<i>Keats</i>	
RECITATION "Darkness"	G. F. FARRELL
	<i>Byron</i>	
RECITATION "Domine Quo Vadis"	D. P. MACDONALD
	<i>W. Watson</i>	

April 7th. Major G. Barry Drew, West Yorkshire Regiment, came over to inspect the O.T.C. contingent.

April 8th. Easter Examinations commence.

April 9th. Palm Sunday. Blessing of Palms, and Pontifical High Mass by Fr. Abbot.

April 9th. Meeting of the School in the Upper Library. The Headmaster in the presence of the School and a number of the masters presented Football "Colours" to V. G. NARBY and A. C. CLAPHAM. In handing the "Colours" Fr. Edmund said that the gaining of "Colours" was a great honour in the sight of the School and of value even in after life; for proficiency in athletics was every year being taken more and more into account in the granting of appointments; it was in fact regarded as some sign of general capacity. As an instance of this he referred to the conditions regulating the award of the Rhodes Scholarships. He was particularly glad to see that the boys who had won distinction on the football field were also proficient in the study.

April 12th. After Tea the Order of the School was read out by Fr. Abbot. The following are the head boys in each class:—

Sixth Form	—A. C. CLAPHAM
Fifth Form	—F. W. LONG
Fourth Form	—F. J. COURTESY
Third Form	—C. R. SIMPSON
Lower Third	—V. KNOWLES
Second Form	—N. J. FISHWICK
First Form	—J. MORRISON BERNARD

Many "Old Boys" arrived for the Retreat which commenced this evening. The Retreat-giver is Dom Joseph MacDONALD, O.S.B., of Fort Augustus.

April 16th. Easter Sunday. End of a most interesting Retreat. Many thanks to Fr. MacDONALD. After High Mass the annual Past v. Present football match was played. As last year a rather high wind spoilt the play and made accurate football impossible. We had the advantage of the wind in the first half and after about twenty minutes' play some good passing along the forward line ended in McCabe making an opening for Robertson who scored with an easy shot. In the second half the "Old Boys" playing with the wind pressed continually and eventually P. A. Martin equalised with a fine shot which gave Barnett no chance. There was no further scoring though the School pressed hard towards the end. The "Old Boys" were weak forward but had a strong defence and C. Rochford

was a tower of strength at full-back. The following were the teams:—"Old Boys":—*Goal*, O. L. Chamberlain. *Backs*, H. Rochford, C. Rochford. *Half-backs*, G. Gaynor, B. L. Collison and F. W. Hesketh. *Forwards*, C. Marwood, P. Peguero, P. A. Martin, G. H. Chamberlain and P. A. Chamberlain. *School*:—*Goal*, W. S. Barnett. *Backs*, A. F. Melville Wright, A. C. Clapham. *Half-backs*, C. Clarke, P. J. Neeson, N. J. Chamberlain. *Forwards*, J. A. Miller, H. McCabe, J. J. Robertson, R. H. Blackledge and V. G. Narey.

In the afternoon the "Old Boys" played the School Golf Club and won rather easily. Clarke made a good fight against B. S. Marwood and was only beaten at the 18th hole. The following was the score:—

<i>School</i>		<i>"Old Boys"</i>	
C. Clarke	0	B. S. Marwood	1
D. P. MacDonald	0	G. Marwood	1
A. F. M. Wright	0	H. Weighall	1
F. J. Neeson	0	C. Marwood	1
Rev. F. E. Dawson	1	C. W. Hines	0
Rev. V. L. Hayes	1	P. A. Martin	0
Total	2	Total	4

After Tea the Racquets Matches were played off. The games were followed with much enthusiasm and resulted in each instance in a win for the School pair:—

B. Barge and D. P. MacDonald beat B. Rochford and J. McLaughlin.
A. C. Clapham and O. S. Martin beat P. A. Martin and G. Gaynor.

A short Billiard match had been arranged after Supper, but when the two first games resulted in a win for the Old Boys the third was abandoned. P. A. Martin beat L. G. Ruddin 150—85; and B. Rochford beat A. C. Clapham 150—70.

April 17th. Easter Monday. Athletic Sports. The gale of yesterday had fortunately died away and the grass track was in good condition. There was a large attendance of visitors and Old Boys and after lunch Colonel Anderson brought over a large party from Wass. The 100 Yards Race in the First Set yielded a good finish, Blackledge just winning from Miller. The two met again in the Quarter Mile. Blackledge established a good lead but Miller put in

a terrific spurt in the last lap and nearly succeeded in overhauling Blackledge who just won by a stride on the tape, in even time. In the Mile Race Pozzi accomplished a great performance and broke all records for the course. The jumping was only moderate but the Hurdles were done in good time. In the Second Set Harrison and I. MacDonald carried off most of the prizes for the races. MacDonald had no one to beat in the Mile and allowed himself to finish much too fresh. The Hurdles in this Set provided a particularly good race between Simpson and MacDonald. They jumped every hurdle practically together, but Simpson was the faster in the run home. A new feature this year was a Cross Country Race, Open, about two miles in length. This was won by F. Pozzi. At the end Colonel Anderson—the donor—presented the cup for the best aggregate of wins in the First Set. It was won by A. F. MELVILLE WRIGHT. Appended are the results:—

Ampicforth College. Athletic Sports. April 17th, 1911

Conducted under the Rules and Regulations of the A.A.A.

All Races run on a Grass course

First Set (Age over 16).

Event	1st.	2nd.	Time, Height, etc.
100 Yards	R. Blackledge	J. Miller	11 sec.
200 Yards	R. Blackledge	A. Clapham	26 sec.
440 Yards	R. Blackledge	J. Miller	57 sec.
Half-Mile	F. Pozzi	A. Clapham	2 min. 14½ sec.
Mile	F. Pozzi	A. Clapham	4 min. 52½ sec.
Hurdles	R. Blackledge	J. Miller	20½ sec.
High Jump	J. Miller	A. Wright	4 ft. 10½ ins.
Long Jump	A. Wright	A. Clapham	17 ft. 7½ ins.
Weight (16 lbs.)	A. Wright	G. Richardson	27 ft. 7 ins.
Cricket Ball	A. Wright	W. Burnett	86 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins.

Second Set (Age 14½ to 16).

100 Yards	R. Harrison	C. Sharp	11½ sec.
200 Yards	R. Harrison	J. Heffernan	28½ sec.
440 Yards	R. Harrison	J. Lottner	61½ sec.
Half-Mile	I. MacDonald	J. Heffernan	2 min. 31½ sec.
Mile	I. MacDonald	C. Simpson	5 min. 28½ sec.
Hurdles	C. Simpson	I. MacDonald	2½ sec.
High Jump	I. MacDonald	G. Farrell	4 ft. 2½ ins.

Event.	win.	sec.	Time, Height, etc.
Long Jump	J. Doherty	G. Farrell	14 ft. 5½ ins.
Weight (14 lbs.)	F. McCabe	C. Sharp	20 ft. 1½ ins.
Cricket Ball	D. Fawcett	F. McCabe	62 yds. 2ft. 10 ins.

Third Set (Age 13 to 14½)

100 Yards	J. Clarke	L. Rochford	1½ sec.
220 Yards	J. Clarke	—	3½ sec.
440 Yards	J. Clarke	L. Rochford	7½ sec.
Half Mile	H. Emery	J. Clarke	2 min. 58½ sec.
Hurdles	J. Clarke	A. Darby	24 sec.
High Jump	A. Darby	J. Clarke	3 ft. 10½ ins.
Long Jump	C. Cravos	J. Clarke	13 ft. 10½ ins.
Weight (12 lbs.)	A. Darby	E. Orendain	21 ft. 14½ ins.
Cricket Ball	G. Chamberlain	J. Clarke	60 yds. 1 ft.

Fourth Set (Age 11½ to 13)

100 Yards	F. Cravos	E. Blackledge	14½ sec.
220 Yards	F. Cravos	A. T. Long	32½ sec.
440 Yards	F. Cravos	E. Blackledge	72½ sec.
Hurdles	M. Gerrard	J. Heslop	25 sec.
High Jump	A. T. Long	R. McGavin	3 ft. 10½ ins.
Weight (10 lbs.)	L. F. O'Neill	J. Heslop	22 ft. 0½ ins.
Cricket Ball	A. T. Long	H. McMahon	54 yds. 2 ft.

Fifth Set (Age under 11½)

100 Yards	G. Simpson	J. Cravos	14½ sec.
220 Yards	J. Cravos	G. Simpson	34½ sec.
Hurdles	G. Simpson	D. Collison	25½ sec.
High Jump	G. Simpson	(Hon. C. Barnswell)	3 ft. 5½ ins.
Long Jump	G. Simpson	T. Orendain	11 ft. 5½ ins.
Weight (10 lbs.)	A. Gibbons	J. Cravos	18 ft. 2 ins.
Cricket Ball	G. Newsham	J. Cravos	39 yds. 2 ft.

Extra Events.

Cross Country Race (1½ miles)—F. Pizzi	0 min. 1 sec.
Three-legged Race (100 yds.)—C. Sharpe, F. McCabe	—
Sack Race (100 yds.)—D. Collison	—

After tea a team of "Old Boys," twenty strong pulled the first 24 of the School and lost after a prolonged and agonising tussle.

April 18th. Going Home Day.



The *Diary* in this issue will no doubt remind our readers of the brief passage of arms between King Lear and his youngest daughter. We propose to guard against criticism by quoting it ourselves:—

King Lear. What can you say . . . ? Speak.

Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cordelia. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing.

Nothing has come of nothing. We write mindful of the maxim *parvum pro nihilo*. Little seems to have happened last term that is patient of allusion or comment. School life merely pursued the odd tenour of its way and was void of episode. The Diarist is therefore as stranded as would be the Chorus of a Greek play where the protagonists had failed to turn up. Our contributors have had nothing out of the ordinary to record. And it is in the extraordinary that the journalist, unlike the French gendarmier, whose main duty it is to see that nothing unusual happens, finds his element. Hence an attenuated issue.



We have again the pleasant duty of thanking Colonel Anderson for the gift of a silver Cup for the boy who obtained the best aggregate of wins in the sports. We were glad that the donor was able this year personally to present the Cup to the winner—A. F. Melville Wright. At the risk of becoming a target for the cynic who defined gratitude as a lively appreciation of favours to come, we venture to record here with many thanks Colonel Anderson's promise of a Cup next year for the winner of the Cross Country Race, and of another for the best shot in the School contingent of the O.T.C. *O si sic omnes!* There are still other mouths, or should we say legs, of winners of events that might suitably be similarly rewarded.



Of the Sports themselves there is not much to say. The author of the counsel "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*" must have been a lover of silence, for the good does not seem to admit of diffuseness of treatment. This is why, apparently, the preacher finds it more difficult to speak at length of Heaven than of—well, Heaven's

antipodes. The Sports this year went off so well that it is not possible to be prolix in writing about them. The dry weather of the previous week had made the Grass Track round the New Cricket Ground hard and firm, and the whole course was in first-rate order. To this must be attributed in measure the great improvement in the "times" for all the distance races. Except in the Third Set the Mile, Half-Mile and Quarter Mile were run in considerably faster times than were obtained last year. Pozzi set up a new record for the Mile in the First Set—a particularly fine performance. R. H. Blackledge's 440 was done in "even time," and this race produced a terrific finish between the winner and J. A. Miller who only lost by a foot. The "Hurdles" Race was popular this year and in every Set well done. The Final in the Second Set between C. Simpson and I. MacDonald was indeed a splendid race and yielded a very close finish. The only event that was consistently weak throughout the School was the Putting of the Weight. In every Set except the Fifth the results obtained in this event were worse than those of last year; and last year's results were not remarkably good. This would seem to point to a want of practice, because consistent practice in weight-putting, provided the orthodox style is cultivated, is sure to add even a cubit to the novice's throw. The Cross Country Race was a new event in the School Sports and was followed with great interest. The handicapping came in for some adverse criticism, but as a Second Form boy finished fourth and within reasonable distance of the winner, it is not very clear in what respect the handicapper was at fault. Finally the management of the Sports was a model of efficiency without fuss.

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There have been no Hockey matches this term on account of illness and only one Football match—the return with St. John's College, which did not produce a good game. The Football Eleven stands therefore where it did last Christmas, mediocre in all respects except possibly for the improved play of A. C. Clapham who has turned out if not a showy at any rate a remarkably useful back. Of the Hockey Eleven L. Williams has developed quite exceptional speed as a wing forward and should be very useful next year. Wright is also now a great full-back and plays with skill and daring.

Robertson and Kelly are good inside forwards but did not play at the end of the term owing to illness.

+ + +

It is pleasant to notice that the way in which the School joins in singing portions of the Plainsong, such as the *Credo* at Mass and the Psalms at Vespers, is improving. It is a decided proof, if any were needed, that Plainsong lends itself to congregational singing. Of the work of the Choir proper there is little to be said, perhaps we might best describe the general style of singing as rather colourless. There is a want of vigour and attack especially noticeable among the trebles. During Lent we were pleased to hear again Palestrina's exquisite Mass *Aeterna Christi Munera*. It is years since it was sung at Ampleforth. It is to be hoped that this is a beginning of a revived cult of the masters of polyphonic music. Might we suggest that though we admire the traditional *Troades* responses it would be a distinct gain to our musical education if they were somewhat varied, and room were found for more music of this school, which is too much neglected even by choirs which are capable of rendering it?

+ + +

During the Christmas holidays the Upper Library and Billiard Room were repaired and generally improved. New baize—much desiderated—now covers the doors of the Library, the seats in the Billiard Room which during the last few years were almost wholly eviscerated have been again upholstered, and a number of new busts of poets and politicians have appeared. In short both rooms if we may say so have turned over a new leaf though the paper is only a partial success, and in one case at least it is only fairly evident who is represented by the stucco image.

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A room for changing for games has been fitted up next to the plunge bath. It serves its purpose but while the process is in operation there is sense of confinement and a longing for a less cribbed environment.

+ + +

An Officers' Training Corps has been formed but several details still remain to be settled so we must rest satisfied with recording the fact of its existence and promising a full account in the Mid-summer number. The prospect as to numbers is good and with the present military ardour a fair state of efficiency may be looked for next term. The armoury in the new building leaves little to be desired.

* * *

We have to thank Fr. Taylor, of Glasgow, for two lectures on Lourdes and Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux. His subjects were excellently illustrated by a large variety of slides, while his personal knowledge of many who have been cured and his intimate acquaintance with the history and locality of Lourdes made the lectures something more than the hackneyed discourses into which such subjects may easily degenerate. Mr. Norman Potter again talked to us of slum-life—its light and shade, chiefly shade we fear, but sometimes illumined by exquisite deaths of heroism. We were most interested to hear of the splendid work being done by Fr. S. Rawlinson, O.S.B., of Downside, in the organisation of the Fisher Club. Mr. Potter spoke in the highest praise of all his efforts which are placing this particular branch of his work on a permanent and assured basis. Mr. Potter's wonderful genius for social work inspires everybody who hears him with a desire to lend a helping hand. This is surely the highest compliment we can pay to him. Fr. Abbot again lectured on Rome which he knows so well. Our best thanks are due to him and also to Mr. H. Livesey for a lecture on the Scottish Highlands beautifully illustrated by slides from the lecturer's photographs.

* * *

What were our phagocytes doing this term? School work was disorganised, matches were scratched and the games quite spoilt, all through an invasion of the measles germ. We were glad to say that there was no serious case and considering how widespread and violent the epidemic has been elsewhere we escaped well. The infirmary whose staff was augmented by the addition of two trained hospital nurses was quite full—and at one period there was even fear of a small waiting list. But by the end of term all were well again



and though the convalescence of one or two was slower than was desirable, still the last state of the invalids was obviously not worse than their first. But microbes friendly to the good estate of man must have had a bad time of it.

♦ ♦ ♦

Our best thanks are due to Dom Aidan Crow for the gift of a number of books to the three Libraries. To the Upper Library fell Morris' *History of British Birds*, in eight volumes—a valuable present. Also to the Rev. Fr. Taylor for a number of "Retreat" books.

♦ ♦ ♦

Natural History has still a firm hold on the affections of the small boys. Besides the "voluntary" class which meets bi-weekly, a good deal of practical work—whatever that connotes—has been done in the Museum during the latter part of the winter. The Junior Natural History Society is still in its early fervour and its members well marshalled and sometimes inspired by Lancaster (iii) and Barton (ii) who combine the offices of Secretary and Whip, have discussed a great many animals from the majestic bloodhound to the salutary grasshopper.

♦ ♦ ♦

An old college servant—"Tim" Marks—died of cancer towards the end of the term. During the last eight or nine years he has been a familiar figure in the vicinity of the "boots" though previous generations will associate his name with waggons, boxes and subsequent collections "for Tim" on going home morning. For many years he was first waggoner and when the gates were broken by the trucks running amuck in recent building operations, while fellow feeling made him sympathetic he hardly hid a secret joy as he became reminiscent of similar occasions on which he was the protagonist and of how nearly his career at the college was cut short. He was domesticated only when rheumatism necessitated freedom from work open to the inclemency of the weather. He then succeeded the old Crimean veteran John Caughlin in the presidency of the boot-room. Oh bootless task but yet how full of boots! The monotony of the

work is surely unequalled though on fine days he found a variant in hoeing weeds. It is possible that our consciences may recall occasions when our importunity added something if not to the dullness of his occupation to its asperities; if so we may well remember him in our prayers. His death was slow and not free from pain. R.I.P.

* * *

Our congratulations to the following "Old Boys":—

GERALD J. HARDMAN, second son of the late J. B. Hardman, K.S.G., of Birmingham, on his marriage on Feb. 25th to Miss Barbara Mary Isabel Young, the fourth daughter of the late Bernard J. Young, J.P., and Mrs. Young, of Richmond Park, Sheffield. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton.

Also to PAUL J. LAMBERT in his recent marriage to Miss Margare Ladell.

And to SIR WILLIAM AUSTIN, Master of the East Galway Foxhounds, on his recovery from his recent severe accident in the hunting field.

* * *

Senior Literary and Debating Society

The First Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, January 19th, 1911, with Fr. Edmund in the chair. In Private Business, the Society elected Mr. G. Richardson Secretary for the ensuing term, and Messrs. A. Clapham, V. G. Narey and A. Kelly to form the Committee. The Secretary then read the rules of the Society.

In Public Business Mr. Blackledge read a paper on "China."

The Second Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 5th. In Public Business Mr. Maron moved "That the present legislation with regard to Aliens was not stringent enough." He said that the laws which restricted immigration were framed and enforced with more charity than prudence. As the present law was administered anyone who had in his possession the sum of five pounds could enter the country. Beyond this, no care was taken to ensure that the alien was capable of work while this restriction was no hindrance to the admission of dangerous Anarchists. The consequence was that England had become a refuge of outcasts and criminals from every other country of Europe. The alien quarters in our large towns were the hotbeds of disease and vice, and the unskilled labourer was deprived of work by the foreigner. The Aliens Act must be strengthened and enforced with greater vigour. Sympathy for the foreigner was misplaced while the position of the British workman was in danger.

Mr. Barnett opposed the motion. Since the Stepney scare the public had become unreasonable on the subject of aliens. Their numbers and their vices had been exaggerated. He quoted statistics to show that England had in proportion to her population less foreigners than most other countries. They were as a rule harmless and industrious. They had in the past played no small part in the development of our industries and our constitution.

Mr. Marshall pointed out that much of the present distress due to unemployment could be traced directly to the admission of foreigners into the country. He also advocated more careful enquiries into the past records of aliens.

Mr. Blackledge was opposed to further legislation. The Anarchists were at present quite harmless in England owing to the freedom which they enjoyed.

Mr. Narey agreed with the objections of the hon. mover to the admission of individual aliens but drew attention to the growth of textile and other industries which had resulted from the arrival of Flemish colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain maintained that alien immigration could not be restricted by legislation. The attempt had been made in the United States and it had failed. The present difficulty would be met by giving further powers and more adequate protection to the police.

Mr. Borge defended the Aliens Act. Its utility had been nullified by its inefficient administration in the hands of Radical Home Secretaries.

Messrs. Clapham, Kelly and L. Williams also spoke. The motion, on being put to the vote, was won by 15 votes to 13. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

At the Third Meeting of the Term, held on Sunday, February 12th, a paper was read by Mr. E. Williams on "Tennyson." In the discussion which followed Messrs. Chamberlain, Marshall and Narey spoke.

The Fourth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 19th. In Public Business Mr. Livesey moved "That England is at present suffering from too much legislation." The hon. mover began his speech by enumerating the recent legislative measures, most of which he considered harmful to the family or the individual. Bad legislation was the result of hasty and ill-considered bills which were either so harmful that they could not be enforced, or so unintelligible that they led to fruitless litigation. The result was that no time was left for the consideration of many social and industrial reforms.

Mr. Morrogh Bernard opposed. He maintained that recent legislation had not been capricious but was based on definite principles. During the eighteenth century there had been an absence of legislation. Too much attention had been given to Wars and

Foreign Politics. This, and the recent expansion of the Empire had made the present legislative activity necessary. The passing of the Reform Bill, the consequent changes in Parliamentary life, and the new social conditions of the people which resulted from industrial development had also contributed to the rapid changes in our constitution which the last fifty years had witnessed. The hon. mover would have been nearer the truth if he had maintained that England was suffering from too little legislation.

Mr. Narey drew attention to the condition of the lower classes in our large towns. Until an attempt had been made to improve the social conditions of the poor it could not be said that legislation was unnecessary or excessive.

Mr. Pozzi objected that present legislation was in the direction of limiting the freedom of the individual and the family.

Mr. Marshall supported the motion in a vigorous indictment of most of the recent enactments for the supposed amelioration of the condition of the poor. Messrs. Clapham, A. Kelly, and L. Williams also spoke. The motion was carried by 20 votes to 9.

The Fifth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 26th. In Public Business Mr. Narey read a paper on "The Condition of England." The three great characteristics of Englishmen, he said, are sentimentality, endurance and generosity. The rich are benevolent but idle with no serious thought of their position. The middle classes have had their day and are showing signs of decay. The working classes are kindly and patient but impotent. The crowd is the important factor in modern life. It is taking the place of the family and has begun to feel its power. The improvements which science has brought, have failed to make England more compassionate, more courageous or more contented.

Messrs. Chamberlain, Marshall, A. Kelly and Clapham contributed to the discussion which followed.

At the Sixth Meeting, held on Sunday, March 5th, the motion before the House was "That the time is not far distant when England will lose Canada." In moving, Mr. J. Kelly said that recent events had made it clear that English authority in Canada was merely nominal and that English influence was seldom exercised in

Canadian politics. Our greatest colony was realizing its individuality and had ceased to feel the bond of kinship. Both parties in the United States regarded the Reciprocity Agreement as the thin end of the wedge. By this agreement Canada will come into closer connection with the States in political as well as in fiscal matters.

Mr. Young for the opposition denied that Canada had shown any signs of disloyalty or desire to lose the protection of British power. The Reciprocity Agreement simply aimed at giving the Canadian farmer a better price for his corn and increased facilities for production. It would be foolish for Canada not to try to use the United States as a market for her produce. He quoted President Taft to show "that with regard to the recent treaty no thought of political union had entered into the minds of the negotiators on either side." Mr. Marks also had declared that all Canadians were determined to preserve intact the bonds which connected Canada with the United Kingdom. In conclusion Mr. Young denied that it would be to the interest of Canada to sever her connection with England.

Mr. Marshall thought that Englishmen usually failed to appreciate the loyalty of Canada. If anything could have induced her to make overtures to the United States, our refusal to make trade arrangements with her must have done so long ago.

There was a good debate in which Messrs. Clapham, Narey, Williams, Chamberlain, Mackay and Richardson also took part, and on a division there voted—for the motion 11, against, 15. The usual vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

At the Seventh Meeting which took place on Sunday, March 12th, Mr. L. Williams read a paper on "The Siege of Ladysmith." A discussion followed in which Messrs. Pozzi, Chamberlain, Blackledge, Marshall and Narey took part.

The Eighth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 19th. In Public Business Mr. Pozzi moved "That the Supremacy of England as a commercial nation is not likely to continue." The speaker took a gloomy view of our commercial prospects. Our shipping trade was on the decline, our coal and iron industries were not what they used to be. It was true that there had been a temporary increase in exports but this was an evil

because it gave men a sense of security. We had lost long ago our supremacy as an agricultural nation and what had we gained in its place? The number of our unemployed was daily increasing; everywhere there were signs of distress and want. We had taught Germany and other nations the secrets of our trade and we must now give place to these younger and more vigorous nations.

Mr. Clarke, in opposing, quoted figures to show that our trade was increasing and that we were maintaining our commercial supremacy. The cheapness of foreign goods may prove a temporary check but the superiority of British goods must ultimately restore the balance. Our progress was steady but sure, while that of other nations was spasmodic and not likely to be permanent.

Mr. Chamberlain while admitting that the trade of other nations was increasing pointed out that this did not prove that our commercial position was in danger. There was room for more than one industrial nation in the world.

Mr. Marshall stated that Germany, having beaten us in European and American markets, were now competing with us in the other great markets of the world. Our own colonies were now waging a tariff war against us. The first note of warning had already come from Canada.

Messrs. Hall, Livesey and Richardson also spoke. The motion was lost by 10 votes to 16.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, March 26th, when Mr. Boocock read a paper on "Oliver Goldsmith."

The Tenth Meeting was on Sunday, April 2nd. The motion for debate was "That true Education was a mental training rather than a preparation for special pursuits," moved by Mr. Lacy, opposed by Mr. Smith. The motion was carried by 18 votes to 5.

G. RICHARDSON, Hon. Sec.

Junior Debating Society.

THE 176th meeting of this Society was held on Sunday, the 5th of February, Br. Francis and Br. Raymond being present as visitors. Mr. C. R. Simpson, Mr. C. Collison and Mr. R. Robertson, were elected to serve on the Committee, and Mr. J. Temple to be Secretary. Mr. Lintner then pointed out that no member of the Lower Third Form was on the Committee, and notice was given of motions to provide a remedy for what the younger members of the Society considered to be a violation of sound principle. In Public Business, Mr. Long moved that "In the opinion of this House, Aliens should not be admitted to England." He said that the recent affray in Steppoy would be a disguised blessing if it drew the attention of the public to the number and dangerous character of aliens in England. They were a lawless class. Many of them were Anarchists, just the kind of men who had recently overthrown the government of Portugal. Was there not great danger of their attempting to do the same in this country? The presence of peaceful aliens also was harmful. Sentimental objections to their expulsion were strong and widespread, but singularly out of place, for these foreigners were the chief bar to the improvement of the poorer classes. Of this there was no doubt, for as they were careless of cleanliness and sanitation, they were willing to take very low wages, and consequently they either obtained employment which ought to be given to Englishmen, or forced Englishmen to work for inadequate pay.

Mr. Hickey, opposing the motion, said that aliens were objectionable because they were expected to be so. Their liberty of action was offensively restricted, and they were constantly reminded of their supposed inferiority. No wonder they did not reverence or esteem a society which treated them so badly. At home, as abroad, British arrogance was the chief cause of the hostility of foreigners. It was impossible to get rid of them without giving great offence to the countries from which they came, and our relations with other

Powers were so unsatisfactory that the risk involved in such a step would be great.

Mr. Barton agreed with Mr. Hickey on the main question but thought that he did less than justice to the character and behaviour of aliens. They were on the whole well disposed towards England, and rightly regarded it as the country in which they had most liberty.

Mr. Robertson said that aliens introduced diseases into the country and were largely responsible for the prosperity of doctors.

Mr. E. Martin said that idleness was the enemy of the aliens. If care were taken that they were well supplied with work they would be law-abiding and respectable.

Br. Francis and Messrs. Simpson, Collison, Sharp, Farrell, and Clarke, also spoke.

The motion was rejected—11 votes to 24.

The 177th meeting of the Society was held on the 12th of February. Br. Idephonus and Mr. Winslow were present as visitors. Private Business was devoted to the question of the representation of the Lower Third Form on the Committee. Since the last meeting of the Society the existing Committee had had the delicate task of examining the motions of which notice had been given, and deciding whether they ought to be presented for discussion by the Society. Some they had felt obliged to reject. On others they pronounced no opinion but sought refuge in the Chair. In Public Business Mr. Rankin moved that "This House approves of the French Revolution." Mr. L. Rochford opposed. The debate was continued by the Hon. R. Barnwell, Messrs. Collison, Knowles, MacDonald, Power, Lancaster, and Robertson.

The motion was rejected—10 votes to 18.

The 178th meeting of the Society was on the 19th of February. Fr. Dunstan, Br. Francis, Br. Raymond and Mr. Winslow attended as visitors. During Private Business the Committee question again failed to reach a settlement. In Public Business Mr. Caldwell moved that "In the opinion of this House, Englishmen devote too much time to Sport." He feared that the day was not far distant when that very quality which had won for Englishmen an honourable

and well-merited renown, would bring upon them loss and humiliation. To be thorough sportsmen was the glory of Englishmen, and in no small degree the source of their greatness in the world. To be mere sportsmen was contemptible. It was also unprofitable. Its results were evident to-day in England where art, literature, education, social reform, the well-being of the country, were neglected. He would go further. Love of sport, if carried beyond certain limits, lost its true nature. The interest taken in popular games now was based not on true sportsmanship but on a degenerate love of mere excitement or on a desire for gain.

Mr. Ainscough, opposing the motion, professed himself an advocate of the old view that games are necessary for good work. A bow that was always strung would break. He reminded the House of the connection between Waterloo and the playing-fields of public schools. Mr. Caldwell had admitted that England owed her greatness to the love of games; he had not proved that excessive devotion to them was more than exceptional, and had forgotten the secondary (though certainly not the primary) meaning of the saying that abuse is no argument.

Mr. Farrell said that in their enjoyment of games Englishmen were only taking advantage of the rewards of their labours. It would be absurd for them to continue the laborious, joyless, life to which their former weakness and poverty had condemned them.

Mr. Knowles said that great numbers of Englishmen were not only wasting their time but ruining their health by their devotion to games. Professional athletes always died young.

Messrs. MacDonald, Rankin, Power, Liotner, Chamberlain, Haynes, Sharp, and the Hon. R. Barnewall, also took part in the discussion.

The motion was lost—12 votes to 13.

The 179th meeting of the Society was on the 26th of February. Fr. Benedict, Fr. Dunstan, Mr. Swann and Mr. Winslow attended as visitors. In Private Business the Lower Third again demanded a place in the Committee. In Public Business Mr. W. Rochford moved that "This House would welcome Home Rule for Ireland." He said that Ireland was the only country subject to

England whose petition for self-government had not been granted, yet it was supported by the undoubted neglect and mismanagement—partly culpable, partly inevitable—of Irish needs by the English government. The grant of Home Rule would relieve the English Parliament and English statesmen of work, and so enable them to give much-needed attention to purely British affairs.

Mr. Chamberlain opposed the motion. He said that if the Irish were given Home Rule they would probably attempt to leave the Empire. Certainly they would suffer commercial and financial ruin, and the country would lapse into the bankruptcy and desolation from which English energy and English money had rescued it.

Mr. H. McCabe said that there was no desire in Ireland for separation from England. Financial difficulties, on which Mr. Chamberlain had dwelt with such satisfaction, could be overcome by a gradual establishment of self-government on a well-considered scheme.

Mr. MacDonald said that recent legislation had relieved—or should be said "deprived"—Ireland of her grievances. The grant of Home Rule would only multiply her rulers.

Mr. Power said that the laws to which Mr. MacDonald referred only effected improvements of detail. The root of the matter lay deeper, out of the reach of any foreign statesman, however well-intentioned. The demand for Home Rule was no new thing, but it had only recently found men to voice it.

The debate was adjourned, and continued at the next meeting of the Society on Sunday the 5th of March, when Fr. Benedict, Mr. Swann, Messrs. Barton, Harrison, Lancaster, Collison, Lintner, Sharp, and the Hon. R. Barnewall, spoke.

The motion was rejected—by 11 votes against 16.

The 181st meeting of the Society was held on the 12th of March. In Public Business Mr. Leach moved that "The Romans benefited England more than the Greeks." Mr. Hayes opposed. The discussion, which occupied this and the next meeting of the Society, was continued by Messrs. Knowles, F. McCabe, MacDonald, Barton, Lynch, Marsh, W. Martin, and Haynes.

Finally the motion was rejected—14 votes to 18.

The 183rd meeting of the Society was held on the 26th of March. Br. Anthony, Br. Francis, Br. Alexius, and Mr. Winslow were visitors. In Public Business Mr. Haynes moved that "A soldier's life is preferable to a sailor's."

The Hon. R. Barnwell opposed. Messrs. Caldwell, Knowles, Lintner, Simpson, Long and Rankin took part in the debate.

The motion was rejected—14 against 17 votes.

The 184th meeting of the Society was on the 2nd of April. Br. Ildephonus, Mr. Swann, and Mr. Winslow were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Barton moved that "This House approves of Vivisection."

Mr. O. Collison opposed. There also spoke Messrs. Power, Emery, C. Collison, W. Rochford, MacDonald, Simpson, Long, Leese, and Sharp.

The motion, sharing the fate of every other motion presented to the Society during the term, was rejected—16 votes to 17.

Obituary.

J. DUNSTAN SPRADBURY. R.I.P.

J. DUNSTAN SPRADBURY died on St. Joseph's day at his home in Liscard. He was only forty-two years of age and has left a widow, Mrs. Spradbury, and one daughter, to whom we offer our sincerest sympathy. He came to Ampleforth in 1883, and towards the end of his time here he developed a fine baritone voice which gained for him the leading parts in the operettas then in vogue. A good runner, for a long time he held the hurdle race record. After he left he entered the novitiate but did not stay. His keen sympathetic nature caused him to devote much time to social work more especially that connected with Fr. Berry's homes. For three years he has suffered ill-health and his death met with resignation and fortitude: was the culmination of much suffering. He died with all the Sacraments and we ask the prayers of all that one whose life was so unselfish may be speedily rewarded.

PHILIP CARTWRIGHT. R.I.P.

News of the death of Philip Cartwright has reached us too late for further notice in this number. We ask the prayers of all for the repose of his soul.

Notes.

AN allusion in one of our articles to the "White Horse" of Kilburn reminds us of the delusion which used to prevail in our youth, and possibly obtains yet, that this gigantic work of art is a monument of immense antiquity, clustered with hoary legends, deriving its origin from the days of King Alfred, if not from those of Hengist and Horsa! A conspicuous object to all passengers along the railway, and visible for miles over the vale of York, the White Horse that adorns the south slope of the Hambleton hills used to be recognised by returning schoolboys with sinking hearts, as indicating near approach to the college, with the severe discipline and more lengthy terms of those distant days. We made closer acquaintance with its heroic dimensions on Goresire-days, when they furnished a common topic of talk and an object of curiosity to the "new fellows." In the early 'sixties the prevailing idea certainly was that the origin of the White Horse was lost in the twilight of fable, that it dated long before the memory of the oldest Amplefordian; and apparently the local Monkhamns never corrected the notion! Yet at the date of which we speak the Kilburn White Horse was about four years old; and most of the elder boys and all the religious must have "minded the bigging o't!" How easily legends grow, and how fallacious is human memory.

* * *

Let it be recorded then that this particular White Horse has nothing either romantic or ancient about its origin, for it was made about 1857, through the enterprise of the schoolmaster and the innkeeper at Kilburn, where indeed the original sketch of the figure is still to be seen. Gill's *Falls Eboracensis*, published in 1852, full as it is of local legends and gossip of every kind, never mentions the White Horse. Unlike similar figures in southern England this one is not cut out of native rock, nor is it periodically "scoured" by clearing away moss and weeds. It has to be renewed by laying down fresh chalk or lime, which the winter rains sweep away with



unfailing regularity. Neither was the Horse intended to serve any particular purpose—except perhaps to give people something to talk about. It was certainly not meant to advertise racing stables, or the Hambleton inn; nor to mark a warrior's grave or exploits, unless the Charge of the Light Brigade inspired it, from which our neighbour, Sir George Wombwell, had just then returned. Stories connected with Whitestone Cliff, sometimes called "The White Mare's Crag," may have prompted the project, or memories of a more famous White Horse in the Berkshire Vale, in which case our figure may be remotely related to the standard of the Saxons! Had it been meant to commemorate the Battle of Byland, it could hardly have been better placed; and even now it might serve to recall that disastrous battle once fought on these very slopes. A White Horse would be an appropriate monument to the cowardly king who showed the white feather at Byland, and owed his escape to the swiftness of his steed.

* * *

Prior Cummins' paper suggests another idea to local antiquaries and lovers of legendary lore. The rolling of rocks down the scree below Whitestone Cliff is a Goremire-day custom that has interested generations of Ampleforth boys for over a century. Can this ancient ritual be really traced back to the fourteenth century and to the battle of Byland? Has something of the kind been traditional in the countryside ever since the ill-starred day when Ughtred of Pickering and his men rolled down rocks and showered stones on the plucky Scots climbing up these cliffs to attack the English camp? There may be something in the suggestion, and meanwhile the legend can take its place beside that of the fabulous antiquity of the White Horse.

* * *

Some of our younger readers, if they have not been afraid of spoiling their Latin style by perusing monkish chronicles, may marvel at the phrase quoted from Walsingham's history, "*malé cauta perhendinatione*." The latter word is correct Latin if not classical. It derives from the deponent verb "*perhendinor*," and signifies "putting off until the day after to-morrow"—"an evil habit" which, if incautiously exercised, as by King Edward II, may lead to trouble.

* * *

On Monday, March 20th, Fr. Anselm Wilson gave a lecture on the Poetry of Francis Thompson to a small audience at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. He stated that great men are egotistical but that their egotism is always interesting, a revelation of their thought and views on life, nature and art. The very great, the greatest among poets, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, are not under this compulsion of self-revelation. In a short biographical sketch of his author he mentioned as a significant fact that Thompson took Blake and Aeschylus as his sole equipment on his flight from the medical schools of Manchester to the wider world of London. Both the great and rugged imagination of Aeschylus and the weird exaggerations of Blake may have affected Thompson; and perhaps too in his "Ex Ore Infantium" we may find a trace of the simple poem "The Lamb," one of Blake's "Songs of Innocence." A point of interest well brought out was that Thompson's unflinching Christian optimism appeared throughout his work, despite the natural melancholy which beset him. In summing up, the lecturer gave his reasons for the opinion that Thompson would eventually not stand in the front rank of English poets. The chairman, Fr. Walshe of Mount Pleasant, considered that the supreme achievement of the "Hound of Heaven" would entitle Thompson to a place in highest rank.

We have some hopes of being able to publish the lecture in our Summer number.

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From our Oxford Correspondent:—

The "Oxford Correspondent" is always in somewhat of a dilemma. Either his notes may be about the larger life of Oxford as a University when there is a danger of his being lost in his subject and becoming utterly uninteresting to his readers, or he may confine his attention to our own Hall in which case there is a probability of meagreness of incident preventing even the stage of aridity being arrived at. A compromise appears the only solution.

One Oxford term is very like another save for the difference of the seasons. Even these do not enable you to decide off-hand which term you are in, so much are they yielding to the topsy-turvydom

of the age. At the beginning of term our climatological conditions would have done credit to a South-coast watering-place; at the end snow-showers and North-Easters might have been described by that non-committal term "seasonable"—only that they weren't.

The Oxford Sunday has long required a solution. We had thought only a revolution could achieve it. Church bells, Salvation Army and Boys' Brigade bands, Socialist meetings to the accompaniment of an itinerant harmonium, the utter impossibility of escape either by doing anything or going anywhere suggested an equation of the fifth degree; but the throwing open of the Ashmolean Museum and University Galleries has provided a refuge, and for this small concession we are thankful. The pictures too are now hung in their new quarters, the improvement in setting and lighting making them appear to much greater advantage.

The "Greek question" in a modified form is to come up again next term. Taken out of its legal phrasing, the Statute suggests that alternatives to either Latin or Greek be allowed to those who intend reading for Honours in Science or Mathematics. The whole discussion is a by-path of the larger one of the time at which a man should begin to specialise. It is not a question of his capability of doing this or that, but of the advisability of confining his energies to subjects with no reference to his future work. This is especially deleterious when the examination in those subjects is merely of the mental-gymnastics class and not a test or guarantee of a liberal education. It is urged that the standard in "Smalls" is of this type. For the same reason there has been of late an outcry against "Divers" or the examination in Holy Scripture, and we were pleased to note that the recent papers gave more scope to one acquainted with the doctrine and inner meaning of the Books.

For the boat-race Oxford were always strong favourites; but even their most sanguine supporters could scarcely have anticipated success in record time. True the conditions were favourable and the tide strong, but, notwithstanding, the achievement merits a superlative. The critics were confounded over the Association football match and we do not now mind acknowledging we were among them. Our defeats in the bigger inter-University events have been at hockey and athletics, so that we are "dormy one" with the cricket match to play.

Hilary Term brings Moderations in its train, and as a consequence the "extra" lectures were few, and but sparsely attended. The Slade Professor was always interesting and solid, but on one occasion the academical portion of the audience consisted of two members of our Hall. Towards the end of Term a lecture was advertised by Sir Walter Parratt on "The Temper of the Age and its influence on Art, with illustrations." No illustrations were forthcoming and those who attended listened for twenty minutes to some general observations on the music, painting, and architecture of the present day. The brevity of the lecture, however, provided an amusing incident, for the late Vice-Chancellor, arriving in all the glory of scarlet exactly twenty minutes late, got to his seat just in time to hear the concluding sentence. His immediate exit was, under the circumstances, almost undignified.

To those interested in Cretan archeology Dr. Arthur Evans' two lectures, on "Minoan Wall-Paintings," and the "Cretan Campaign of 1910," proved attractive; he exhibited a great number of interesting slides. Last Term also witnessed a new appointment to the Chair of Poetry. We went to Professor MacKail's last lecture, on the "Progress of Poetry," with a feeling that we were about to witness a triumphant finale, with clarion notes and blaring of shawms. But our desire was not gratified. Professor MacKail did not vanish from us in splendid eclipse; rather he faded from our midst in a rich haze of pleasant phrases and graceful comparisons. The election to the vacant Chair resulted in the appointment of Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen; the other nominee was Canon Beeching.

Perhaps the event which aroused most general interest was the visit of Mr. Arthur Bourchier to lecture on "Shakespeare and the Drama." A large non-academical attendance was inevitable, and we were not surprised that from our place amid the throng we could catch but fitful glimpses of the platform. We appreciate the feelings of Hector as he regarded the serried Grecian ranks

ἀντὶς ἅψ' ἄρα τῶν ἑλλήνων, κείνων κείνων, κείνων ὄντων

although it was not the flashing helmets of Greece which troubled us, but the more peaceful productions of Meiss, Ellison and Cavell. Mr. Bourchier described the present age as the "Renaissance of the Music Hall," and spoke strongly of the low standard of public

taste which forces managers to produce inferior plays with an alternative of losing their livelihood. As a remedy, he pleaded for an increased appreciation of the higher side of dramatic art, that an audience should be keen and interested critics of the *acting* of a play. Quite a feature of the lecture was the sincere and moving way in which Mr. Bourchier spoke of the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, describing it as the triumph of simplicity in dramatic art.

As usual, the musical taste of the University was provided for by a series of excellent concerts, and we have been visited by many well-known artists, among whom were Melba, Pachmann, Harold Bauer and Sousa. Perhaps the most interesting performance was that given by the Bach Choir and Dr. Allen's Orchestra of Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Dr. Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony. The Sea Symphony was performed first, and seemed to give a great deal of exacting work to the choir, so that it was not surprising that at the end of the Choral Symphony the voices appeared to be too tired to respond to the conductor. Dr. Vaughan Williams' work was very well received and contained fine choral passages, and some really wonderful "tone poetry."

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A valuable and extremely useful gift has come to the library in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, printed on India paper. We are indebted to the Very Rev. J. I. Brown for this addition to our reference books—and we take this opportunity of thanking him for his generosity to the library.

* * *

Someone has called our attention to the fact that this year is the Golden Jubilee of the New College. Not knowing anything better to do with the information, we hereby solemnly make a note of it. We do not feel unduly excited by the revelation. Fifty years is a very creditable age for the New College to have reached, but we are happy to say, nothing near sufficient to entitle it to retire with an old age pension. We might perhaps have warmed up a little enthusiasm about it, if we had any. But jubilees and centenaries have been so numerous of late we have used up our stock. Moreover, the system of bi-metallism in vogue has depreciated the value of the more solemn occasions. A golden jubilee ought to be equal to two

of the silver articles at the very least. We fear it is not now equal to one—certainly, not to such a silver jubilee as we celebrated twenty-five years ago. Yet the last quarter of a century has been, we think, more notable than any of its predecessors for solid achievement and new developments. The golden hopes and visions of fifty years ago have been amply realised.

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We have the usual notification to make of active and profitable work in Cumberland. This time it is a Bazaar to raise £300 for the extension of the Sanctuary of St. Joseph's, Cockermouth. More than £250 of this was in hand when the three days were closed. Fr. Fishwick should be congratulated on the result. But as Fr. Abbot and Fr. Gregory Murphy more than hinted at the opening ceremony, no one will be surprised at it. Fr. Fishwick is not accustomed to fail in his undertakings.

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Let us also congratulate Fr. Cuthbert Jackson also on his magisterial lecture on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. His effort realised for the Liverpool Charity more than £90. The lecture was repeated afterwards at Hindley and Parbold. Fr. Bernard Gibbons served up the illustrations. We have also the pleasure of announcing that Fr. Basil Primavesi has passed his Final with honours in Esperanto. He has been elected a Fellow of the British Esperantist Association and President of the Warrington Club.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rosary*, the *Orcadian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Rowen*, the *Rivista Storica Benedetina*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, *Ushos Magazine* and the *Edmundian*.

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