



Frontispiece

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



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THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE
EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

VIII. THE LOCUSTS

3. *Syria* (continued)

THE strategy of Omar was simple but effective. So long as the army of Irak was confronted with a superior or at least equal enemy, the Emirs in Syria were ordered to act solely on the defensive, to undertake no northward movement, and to confine their active efforts to the completion of the conquest of the territories they occupied. It was by the practise of this carefully-matured scheme that the Khalif was able to transfer the division of Khalid to the threatened lines of Kadesiya at the very moment they were wanted. When Irak had been finally conquered, it was decided that Abu Obayda* should once more assume the offensive, and, according to Omar's instructions, the first blow was struck in the north. Abu Obayda, realizing that Khalid was one of the ablest of the Moslem generals, gave him a command worthy of his capacity, in spite of the Khalif's jealousy.

When Abu Obayda and Khalid set out with their combined forces for the siege of Homs a very slight opposition was made to their advance, the town was soon closely blockaded, its surrounding territories ravaged without it, Baalbek the ancient shrine was captured and the whole of the Orontes valley south of that point placed under contribution, but no endeavour was made to rescue either the besieged city or the newly taken districts.

The Romans, who had had nearly a year to recover from the shock of the disaster of the Yarmuk, seemed to have made little of their opportunity. Heraclius, who had set up his

* *Tabari*, trans. Vol. III, Cap. XLIII, Part IV.

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head-quarters in Edessa (*Urfa*), apparently attempted to organize an army in Mesopotamia, but the news of the multitudes of Moslems pouring into Irak and the sight of parties of their scouts and forerunners appearing on the line of the Khabur filled him and his officers with indecision.

If North Mesopotamia were weakened to relieve Homs, the relieving army might be captured or defeated, Homs lost, and Mesopotamia left defenceless at the mercy of Sad. The citizens of Homs, seeing no prospect of assistance, yielded on the same terms as Damascus, and Khalid and Abu Obayda swept on toward Berea or Aleppo.

In a short time the whole of North Syria surrendered to the Moslems, the municipalities of Restan, Salamiya, Hama, Shaizar and Ma'ara apparently making their own terms and conditions without reference to their former rulers. Indeed, the whole of the district in which these cities lay had lost touch so completely with the Empire that the final severance was completed almost without a pang. When the two Emirs reached the head of the Orontes valley, Khalid was despatched to seize Kinnasrin while Abu Obayda marched towards the coast.

What must have been the feelings of the Moslems as they descended from the heights of Lebanon and viewed for the first time the white-walled cities of the sea! Those stupendous wooded hills overlooking the wealthy and populous maritime towns and the vast expanse of the Mediterranean, broken only on the horizon by the faint pencilling of the mountains of Cyprus, must have presented a marvellous picture to eyes whose only view of the sea had been confined to that hideous gulf which is twixt Aden and Akaba, where the leaden waters are penned in by scarlet rocks, and the burning day is only succeeded by hot and sultry night.

On the coast the last remnants of the Empire made some vain efforts to resist, but opposition was vain; Jabalah, Latikiyah and Antarsus were carried by the Moslems sword in hand, and another power had come forth to share the ships, the merchandise and the markets of the central sea.

Khalid marched on Keinnasrin. Before the town he was met by Roman troops and Arab levies of the people of Ghassan;

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the Romans he defeated, but the Arabs dispersed without fighting.

Keinnasrin itself surrendered after a brief resistance. The walls were demolished; the principal buildings destroyed, and the people given their lives—terms easy enough when we remember that they were dictated by the ruthless Khalid. Concerning the fall of this place the historian Tabari relates that which must have been a common enough occurrence during the campaign; the inhabitants of a neighbouring city—Hadhiriya—begged to submit on the score that they themselves were Arabs, and, poor souls! had been forced by the wicked Romans to oppose their countrymen. In a few days the many surrounding Arab tribes who had settled on the borders not only surrendered, but immediately accepted Islam; others deferred this last concession perhaps for a few more years.

It was now that the Roman power was reaping the full harvest of punishment which Constantius and his successors had earned by their ineptitude. For nearly two centuries Arab tribes had been allowed to plunder, settle or wander over North Syria, paying in return a few taxes and much disloyal service. Now the conquering Moslems found among them converts and supporters in the heart of the enemies' country.

Abu Obayda, having completed the conquest of the coast, proceeded to Aleppo, accepted its surrender and marched thence down upon Antioch. The beautiful city of vice, luxury and sophistry had by this time recovered from the depression and ruin caused by the great earthquake and Persian armies; possibly its honourable position had freed it from much of the taxation which had been imposed so heavily elsewhere to defray the military expenses of the Empire. At any rate, when it surrendered to Abu Obayda it was wealthy, prosperous, and contained a large but unwarlike population.

While the Moslem and Arabian tide swept further and further north towards the Taurus, Am'r, Yazid, Shurabil and Mo'awia proceeded with the conquest of Filistin, where hitherto the Romans had been left undisturbed. In this region the invaders found some new and strange allies in the Samaritan Jews, who had been sorely persecuted since the days of Justinian. Detesting Christians and other Jews alike, these

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fierce and untamable villagers were ready to give every assistance in their power to the invaders, either as spies or guides, or even on the field of battle.

If the Romans were unable to offer any successful resistance in North Syria, it was not to be expected that they would be likely to hold their opponents in check in Palestine. Place after place surrendered, at Ajneiddin the only Christian field army that remained was destroyed, and at last Jerusalem alone of all the inland towns of Filistia remained untaken. The holy city was well garrisoned and its position was of such natural strength that famine was practically the only weapon of the besieger. The inhabitants knew full well that there was no prospect of assistance; the Moslems perhaps appreciated that the town could only be taken at infinite cost. The situation was one that invited mutual concession, and the people of Jerusalem agreed that they would only surrender on certain specified conditions, the chief one being that the town should be handed over to the Khalif Omar in person. Information was carried to Medina of this offer, and Omar set out to receive the submission of the holy places. The Khalif, wrapped in a coarse abba cloak, set off on a camel, with a sack of barley, a bag of dates, a wooden platter and water skin as his sole equipment, and a solitary slave for his escort on a journey of some six hundred miles.

He forms a picture which should rest long imprinted on the memory, this austere companion of the Prophet who had crushed the powers of Persia and Constantinople, and now was setting forth to grant honourable and just terms to a fallen foe; yet I expect that many of my dear countrymen, if they knew all this and saw him as he was, would see no more and think no more than that there was "a dirty old nigger on a blooming camel."

When, near his journey's end, Omar was met by his Emirs, he saw to his horror that they were robed in silk and mounted on richly caparisoned horses. The old Shaykh scrambled from his camel, and, snatching up stones, hurled them at his generals. "And dare you show yourselves to me dressed in such-like clothing?" he roared in righteous indignation. "The clothes conceal our arms," muttered the chieftains—

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perhaps insinuating that they were not accustomed to such reprimands, or perhaps excusing their extravagant appearance. Omar paid no heed to their words, and advanced immediately to meet the Christian delegates. Accompanied by them alone, Omar set out for the holy city, where he was met by the Patriarch Sophronius, from whom the Khalif accepted the formal surrender. The Christians were allowed full rights of freedom in the exercise of their religion, a very moderate tribute being the only tax imposed upon them. The churches were all left in their hands untouched.

While Sophronius was exhibiting the various points of interest of the city to the conqueror, he led him to the church of the holy sepulchre. It was midday, and the hour of Moslem prayer was due. The patriarch ordered a mat to be brought into the church, but Omar would have none of it, and prayed without the porch. With the sly humour of a Bedawi, he secretly told the patriarch that nothing would have prevented his Emirs and followers from praying where their master had prayed himself. Does not this circumstance show in itself how refined and sensible is the mind of an Arab, even in the person of this fierce Khalif Omar with his bag of barley and wooden platter?

The fall of Jerusalem perhaps stung the rulers of Constantinople to a fresh effort, or possibly the gallant defence of Caesarea, which still held out untaken, shamed the Romans into a second expedition. Heraclius, worn out by the fatigues of a long and arduous life, had retired to Constantinople, and was unable to take the field; but his son Constantine, inheriting something of the Imperial spirit of his father, undertook one last attempt to wrest Syria from the clutches of the Moslems.

The moment was favourable for such a stroke. North Mesopotamia had as yet been left untouched; Egypt was still in Roman hands; the Persians, although they had abandoned Irak, were still formidable along the eastern mountain ranges of that region; consequently a victory in North Syria might once more adjust matters to something near their old position.

Constantine landed off Antioch with a large army of Egyptians and soldiers from Asia Minor; the second capital of the East opened its gates with joy to receive them. Vast

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numbers of troops marched westward from the regions of Masius, Adiabene and Singara to reinforce the newly landed army, and apparently the Roman and Persian garrisons and local Arabs of the south-eastern frontier made common cause to repel the northerly advance on the part of Sad.

For Constantine the situation was extremely favourable. Abu Obayda's forces were scattered through the length and breadth of Syria, he himself was at Homs; Khalid with his division at Kinnasrin; one half of Yazid's army besieging Kaesariyah, the other under that chieftain holding Damascus; while the troops of the other Emirs, broken up in detachments of varying sizes, were engaged in over-awing the lately captured cities and districts.

Abu Obayda's first care was to order Khalid to fall back and join him in Homs. This retirement had an immediate effect upon the Bedawin of North Syria, who but a year before had abandoned the defeated Romans to join the victorious Moslems. Although they had excused their former perfidy on the ground that they could not fight against their kith and kin, they now bodily disavowed their allegiance and newly-found religion to assemble under the banners of Constantine, doubtless on this occasion because of their undying devotion to Christianity and the Empire, which stood a very good chance of being on the winning side.

Constantine, with his army now largely increased by these somewhat unstable reinforcements, marched boldly upon Homs, where Abu Obayda decided to hold out until Omar, whom he had kept fully informed of the course of events, could afford to send assistance.

Omar, who should certainly rank among the foremost strategists in history, decided to relieve the pressure on Abu Obayda by an indirect method. Sad, whose forces were in the vicinity of Madain, was now ordered to harass and vex Mesopotamia by the command of the Khalif. His troops were broken up into three distinct divisions, the first destined to march northward along the banks of the Tigris toward Adiabene; the second along the Euphrates in the direction of Kirkisya; the third, a column of horse, was commissioned to proceed directly across the desert to the relief of Homs. The

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result of this brilliant combination was disastrous for Constantine; that prince, who had remained besieging Homs in complete ignorance of these movements, was suddenly confronted with the news that the Moslems were masters of Kirkisya, Hit and Tekrit, that on the Euphrates the Romans had been driven north, on the Tigris they had been cut off from the Persians, and that the army of Irak was preparing to devastate North Mesopotamia and Adiabene. The consequence of this intelligence on the army of Constantine was calamitous, for the officers and soldiers and tribal levies from the East were filled with apprehension for their homes, and hastened away to defend them. This sudden withdrawal of a great part of the Roman army placed the besieged forces of Abu Obayda and Khalid on terms of equality with the blockaders.

Although Khalid knew that Omar was marching in person with reinforcements from Medina, and that the relieving column from Sad was well-nigh due, he persuaded Abu Obayda to sally forth and attack the diminished rank of Constantine. This decision was by no means so rash as it might appear, for the North Syrian Arabs, who had already changed sides twice in the course of the campaign, on noticing the departure of the Mesopotamian troops, immediately began to wonder if indeed it were not possible that Mohammed was not the Prophet of God. It will not, perhaps, come as a shock to the student to learn that these incorrigible traitors distinguished themselves by a third signal act of treachery. The moment the army of Abu Obayda and Khalid issued from Homs to give battle to the remaining troops of Constantine, the Bedawin of North Syria went over to the Moslems *en masse*. Disheartened, the Romans retired to Antioch, where the majority contrived to re-embark on the fleet. However, others, less lucky, fled northward, being continually pursued by the long arm of Khalid until they reached Cilicia. So ended finally and for ever that dominion of the Roman Empire in Syria which had lasted since the days of Pompey.

4. Mesopotamia

That the final expulsion of the Romans from Syria was attributed by the Moslems to the valour and generalship of

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Khalid inflamed the rancorous enmity which the Khalif bore to the Sword-of-the-Lord. Omar detested the hero of the holy wars with an undying hatred, and now that he could dispense with his services, he decided to vent his spleen upon him by commanding his final degradation. The fact that Khalid had out of his immensity of spoils set aside a considerable but perhaps just portion for his own share, was seized upon as a pretext for putting this order into execution. Khalid was bluntly accused of peculation and bidden confess or deny his guilt. The proud desert chieftain refused to answer, and, to the horror and grief of his troops, he was paraded before them bareheaded and pinioned. In spite of the efforts of Abu Obayda, he was sent back to Medina in disgrace, there to be stripped of his possessions and publicly reviled by Omar. That the Khalif could thus abuse his authority in the name of impartial justice throws a vivid light on the marvellous discipline of the first Moslems. The councillors and elders protested, Khalid ably defended himself, but Omar was stern and inflexible. "I humbled Khalid," quoth Omar, "not because I hated him, but because men gave praise to him for the victory and forgot God. God alone is the author of victory, neither Khalid nor another." "O Omar," replied one of Khalid's kinsmen, "thou hast sheathed the sword of the Lord, thou hast humbled the chosen of His prophet, and now thou risest up seeking to justify thyself. May the Lord not hearken to thy excuses!" Omar did not reply, but the decree remained unaltered, and Khalid was destined never to lead the Moslems again.

As though in judgment of this crime of the Khalif, his newly conquered territories in Syria were ravaged by a fearful plague and Hejaz was stricken by famine. By these cruel strokes the choicest warriors of Al Islam were carried off by sickness, and Arabia, the sole source of recruitment, was plunged in the deepest misery. Twenty-five thousand of the troops in Syria sank beneath the pestilence, but perhaps the

* *Jahiri*, Part IV, Chap. 171.

† Since no man had ever a keener sense of justice and knightly chivalry than Omar, I think his offence in this instance becomes unpardonable, even as the fall of Launcelot becomes more reprehensible by reason of his natural virtue.

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heaviest blow of all was the loss of the greatest of the Amirs, Abu Obayda, Yazid and Churahbil, who were carried off along with their followers. Omar was so apprehensive of the results of these calamities that, regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself, he decided to set out for Syria, and could not be dissuaded until one of his followers bade him remember the words of the Prophet: "Shun the land of the stranger where there is a pestilence, but abandon not your home in the hour of visitation, neither run into the danger which is afar, nor flee when it approacheth." Presently the plague abated in virulence, the death of Hejaz came to an end, and, since the Romans had not had the means to attack their foes during the hour of distress, the Moslems were once more at liberty to resume their conquests.

It is interesting to discover from the writings of the Byzantine historians themselves that after the second battle of Homs the Governor of North Mesopotamia had compounded with the Moslem generals and had purchased the safety of his province by acknowledging an annual tribute as due to the Khalif. This fact in itself is strongly suggestive of the nature of the forces of disintegration at work in the declining Empire. We can hardly conceive of a Roman Governor of even the fifth century agreeing to pay tribute to a foreign potentate as such. He might have made some agreement in the name of the Emperor by which a barbarian chieftain would be acknowledged as an ally, but it would have hardly entered into his mind to accept such a person as a suzerain. Evidently the long Persian occupation, followed by a feeble and ineffective government, had broken the ancient and formal Imperial traditions. The governors were not, it is true, independent, but, on the other hand, the Emperor was so far away, communications were so hazardous and assistance so remote, that a governor became more of a feeble viceroy and plenipotentiary than an obedient but powerful official. The Roman army also had entirely lost its Imperial or Cosmopolitan complexion; the ancient legionaries who marched across the Empire regardless of whither they went so long as women, wine, food and indulgent generals were at their disposal, had been transformed into local "Militias," who cared more for the

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safety of their homes than that of the army to which they were supposed to belong, and who fled from the standards to defend their own districts the moment they were threatened.

The conduct of the Governor of Edessa in making private terms with the Khalif's Amirs was reprehended by the Emperor, and one of the last public acts of Heraclius was to degrade him from his office. However, beyond discharging one officer and sending another to his room, the Government of Constantinople could do nothing; it could neither despatch an army to uphold the dignity of the Empire or an Embassy to treat for fresh terms.

The Moslems waited in vain for the stipulated tribute, and when it became apparent that it would not be paid, Iyadh* was commanded to invade and annex North Mesopotamia.

The Bedawin population of the plains neither welcomed nor opposed the invaders. The conquest of Irak had shown them how little mercy had the Moslems for emigrant Arabs, and they profited by the lesson; some fled northward, others yielded to tribute, others accepted the faith of the Prophet, but not one drew a sword or let fly an arrow in defence of the Empire. As for the cities, a brief resistance was made at Dara and Constantine, but the remainder of the towns followed the example of Edessa, where the Roman Governor surrendered on condition that his troops were given quarter.

In this brief campaign that vast gap between Irak and Syria which is occupied by the fertile plains and rich pastures of North Mesopotamia fell under the dominion of Omar and served to complete the circle of the Moslem Empire, the radius of which was now so rapidly increasing. Within a line drawn from Antioch to Diarbekir, from Diarbekir to Mossul, and Mossul to Halwan the population, whether Kurdish, Armenian, Aramean, Greek, Syrian, Persian or Arabian, admitted the supremacy of Omar, and from every section converts or taxes were forthcoming. For those who chose to abide by their ancient religion there was toleration and protection, for those who chose to accept the new one, honour, wealth and promotion.

* The Amir who had failed to capture Jaumat Jandal.

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5. Egypt

At this juncture the student would perhaps do well to consider the condition of the lands which surrounded the new-born Empire of the Khalifate.

To the north lay Armenia in a state of dim confusion which is at this date impossible to unravel; on the eastern limits of that distressful and divided land, Persian officials, native Princes, intriguing bishops, fanatical monks, and fierce mountain tribesmen under treacherous nobles struggled together in unimaginable complexity and seemingly purposeless disorder. To the west affairs seem to grow less chaotic, but our knowledge is equally vague. An Armenian noble bearing the title of Governor of Roman Armenia, holding a faint jurisdiction over an ill-defined tract of country, is the most plausible suggestion that can be brought forward. Asia Minor itself was still under the hand of the Emperor of Constantinople, but it must have been a hand rapidly losing the power of making itself felt. Without the aid of historians we can imagine the general depression and misery which must have prevailed in the surviving provinces; we can picture the roads falling into decay, the declining commerce, the savage bands of vagrant soldiers fleeing from Syria, the grass-grown ruins of public buildings in the towns destroyed during the Persian invasion, the daily apprehension of the villagers and townsfolk of the raiding parties of Arabs who swarmed through the Cilician gates into the fertile tableland north of the Taurus.

While Egypt was even more disunited and disloyal than had been Syria in the days preceding the Arabian conquest, there were indeed then, as there are at this very moment, two Egypts—the Egypt of the rulers and the Egypt of the Egyptians, the Egypt of the Greeks and the Egypt of the Copts, the Egypt of the orthodox and the Egypt of the Monophysites. In the north the Greek cities of Alexandria and Pelusium contained a Greek population, an Imperial army and an Imperial Governor. By the power of the Emperor these military and commercial colonies dominated the whole of the land of the Pharaohs. The swarms of brown-skinned, cowardly slaves who dwelt on the banks of the Upper Nile and inhabited

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the teeming cities of the Delta, reluctantly obeyed the commands of the foreign generals and officials appointed from Constantinople, who dwelt in the towns on the coast, but the hatred which the Copts bore their governors was undisguised.

When the armies of Khosrau had marched across the Sinai peninsula the Egyptians had welcomed them; during the Persian occupation the native sectaries had retaliated on the orthodox Greeks who had formerly persecuted them; when the Persians withdrew, the Copts had suffered once more at the hands of their opponents, whom the presence of the troops of Heraclius once more placed in power.

Owing to this distinction between the rulers and the ruled, the arrogance of the former and the discontent of the latter, the province of Egypt provided a bulwark against the Moslems no stronger than did the broken fragments of the Sassanian Empire in the east, the anarchical territories of Armenia in the north, or the impoverished provinces of Asia Minor in the north-west. Hence we may realize that eighteen years after the flight of Mohammed from Mecca there was in no single quarter any force which could obstruct the Moslem advance; and, since the whole of the lands occupied by people of Semitic or Arabian stock had fallen under the sway of the Khalifate, there is no need to wonder that Omar and his Amirs should begin to look further afield for souls to save, plunder to carry home, or territories to annex.

The first region beyond the natural semitic limits to be attacked by the Moslems was Egypt. Strangely enough, its conquest was not undertaken in the deliberate and methodical manner which had distinguished the invasions of Irak, Syria and Mesopotamia.

Late in the year 19 a party of not more than 4,000 men were despatched across the Sinai peninsula under the command of the Emir Amr'-ibn-el-Asi. Whether this force was intended merely as a raiding party commissioned to plunder the wealthy regions of the Delta, a reconnaissance in force, or an actual expedition of conquest is perhaps open to doubt. Fearing to leave this city in his rear, he attacked it and succeeded in taking it after a siege of thirty days. The moment Amr' was able to resume his onward march he advanced to Ayn-es-

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shems, brushing aside a native army under a native leader which endeavoured to prevent him laying siege to a great fortress on the banks of the Nile named the Egyptian Babylon. However, although Omar reinforced the small army of Amr' with two further divisions of 4,000 men, Babylon did not fall for seven months, at the end of which period it was carried by assault.

With no more than 12,000 soldiers at his disposal, it would have been impossible for the Moslem Amir to have accomplished the conquest of the country had it not been for the fact that the native Egyptians, heartily disgusted at the treatment the Greeks had meted out to them on their resumption of power, extended to the invaders a welcome even more open than that which they had formerly given to the Persians. Although not ready to accept the religion of Al Islam, the native officials, peasants and soldiers sided with the Moslems, and the hated Greeks soon found themselves closely blockaded in Alexandria by an army which derived every assistance in the way of money and provender from the purses and storehouses of their discontented subjects. The Greeks held their ground with desperate courage, but the fame of the wealth and riches of the city attracted numbers to the army of the Moslems. Constantinople was too weak to be able to send by sea an army to the assistance of the besieged equal to those overwhelming streams of reserves which were ever thickening the ranks of the army of Amr'. After an obstinate struggle of fourteen months' duration, Alexandria was evacuated by the Roman troops and the Moslems entered upon their long tenure of mastery in Egypt. The Christian natives who had welcomed them readily bowed their necks to the new yoke, and the gradual obliteration and decline of the Christian faith in the Nile valley began.

6. Iran

Leaving Amr' in possession of Egypt, we must now turn once more to the Moslems in the East. After having completed the conquest of Irak, they were looking towards the mountains of Jibal eager to follow on the heels of the retreating Persians.

Omar was reluctant to allow his Emirs to overstep the

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bounds of caution, for he dreaded lest his Empire should outgrow its strength before its full forces came to maturity.

But the generals were growing restive, and even the iron discipline of their sovereign could barely restrain them. The first advance of the Moslems against the Iranian lands proper was directed upon the province of Ahwaz. Here again they found allies in the heart of the enemies' country in the shape of the Bedawin tribe of Koulaib-ibn-Wail. These wanderers, who had for many years been a thorn in the side of the Persians, now flocked to the Moslem standards. A simultaneous insurrection and invasion proved more than the Persian Governor could cope with, and he abandoned the eastern cities of the province.

Meanwhile, a large Moslem army had been quartered at Bahrayn under Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami. This Amir had prayed that he might not serve under Sad on account of a private feud, and Omar, who desired above all to avoid dissensions, had ordered him to remain in reserve on the Arabian littoral of the Persian gulf. However, when the Amir and his men heard the news of the plunder and success of their comrades in Irak, they began to pine for release from the tedious inactivity of their situation. Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami, who was still unwilling to place himself at the disposal of his rival, yet anxious to engage in the campaign, conceived the bold scheme of sailing with his army from Bahrayn to invade the opposite shores of the gulf, which were the limits of the province of Fars. If there was one single portion of the Sasanian Empire in which the spirit of patriotism still lurked, it must have been in that region, the traditional centre and home of the Persian Monarchy; there indeed at least the Moslems might be met with a valour and enthusiasm equal to their own.

Recking little of this danger, and without waiting for the permission of the Khalif, Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami put his plan into execution. Nor was it long before he reaped the reward of his temerity; hardly had his troops penetrated inland before they were met by a valourous and formidable army which drove them back to the sea in discomfiture, where, to their dismay, they discovered that the boats in which they had hoped to escape had been dashed to pieces by a sudden storm. With the

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sea before them and the Persians pressing behind, the rash Emir and his following found themselves in a most unenviable situation. By dint of hard fighting, Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami contrived to hold his own until such time as he was able to get word to the army of Irak explaining the position of his troops. With some difficulty, a relieving column from the north managed to draw off the Persians by a temporary diversion, so enabling Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami and his crestfallen army to escape.

Omar's punishment of his foolhardy lieutenant was characteristic: "As for thee, O Ala'," ran the reprimand, "thou shalt not return to Bahrayn, but in future thou wilt serve under Sad. If I knew of anything in the world which would cause thee more annoyance than to have to obey Sad, assuredly would I have ordered thee to do it."

The repulse of the expedition of Ala'-ibn-Hadrhami seems to have given the Persians no little encouragement, for soon after the withdrawal of the Moslems, Hormuzan, the Governor of Ahwaz, began to concentrate troops with the object of recapturing the cities he had abandoned during the previous year. Omar, although he had no wish to extend his conquests, was evidently of opinion that in aggression lies the true science of defence, and he accordingly commanded the Emirs of Irak to despatch an expedition to the south-east in order to frustrate the intentions of the Persian before he could put his plans into execution.

The Persians, taken by surprise, fell back upon Tuster, where the Moslems besieged Hormuzan and his army. At the end of seven months the town was carried by storm, and Hormuzan, who held out in the citadel, surrendered on condition that he should be carried to Omar in person. Now, Hormuzan made this stipulation because it had been reported that he had slain one of the most pious of the Moslem Emirs, named El Beta, with an arrow from his own bow.

The Persian noble's request was granted, and he was despatched directly to Medina to be judged by the Khalif. When Hormuzan arrived at the squalid capital, he arrayed himself in the most sumptuous robes, and, putting his golden crown upon his head, requested his captors to lead him before

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the King of the Arabs, saying with some pride that "only Kings might judge of Kings."

The Moslems led the Persian Prince into the courtyard of the mosque, where they bade him sit down. Hormuzan noticed an old man in a ragged cloak asleep in the shade with his face against the wall. "And who may that fellow be?" exclaimed the prisoner. "It is the Prince of true believers," answered his guards. Presently the old man awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, peered at the rich dress of the captive. "Strip him of these heathen garments, and dress him in the clothing of a Moslem," commanded Omar. After Hormuzan had been divested of his finery and arrayed in an old linen shirt, Omar ordered him to speak. "In the language of one dead or one living?" quoth the Persian. "In the language of the living," answered Omar. "Then you grant me my life," replied Hormuzan, "since you say I am to speak as one living and not as one condemned to death?" "God forbid!" cried Omar. "Verily, thou shalt die for having slain El Bera." "May I drink before I die," asked the Persian, "for I am thirsty?" The Khalif ordered a gugglet of water to be set before Hormuzan. "You promise not to slay me until I have drunk this water?" cried the prisoner. "I promise," said Omar. Whereupon the wily Persian dashed the water on the ground, saying, "Now thou canst not slay me, since I can never drink that which hath been sucked up by the dust." "Neither this trick," thundered Omar, "nor any other juggling fraud shall save thee, for assuredly I will do thee to death." "What will save me?" cried the Persian in despair. "Say," answered the Khalif, "'There is no God but the God, and His Prophet is Mohammed.'" Hormuzan eagerly repeated the words, whereupon his possessions were restored to him, besides an annual pension. By these methods was Al Islam imposed upon the men who lusted after life by the men who lusted after death.

The fall of Tuster and the consequent danger of the province of Fars obliged the Persians to make one last effort to save their Empire. It was now no longer a province that was in danger; the very existence of the Persian dominion was at stake.

At Nehavend the final forces of the Persian Empire were



STRIP HIM OF THESE HEATHEN GARMENTS, AND DRESS HIM IN THE CLOTHING OF A MOSLEM."

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gathered under the leadership of Firuzan, one of the last generals of Yezdejird; and, in spite of the continual sequence of disasters that had dogged the fortunes of the armies of the King of Kings, perhaps the Persians had greater hopes at Nehavend than they had ever indulged in before. Sad the Emir, who had won the battle of Kadesiya, had been recalled, the Moslems were now far from their own country, while they themselves had not only overwhelming numbers in their favour, but were established in a country with which they were well acquainted, and whose population contained no elements disaffected to their cause. But at Nehavend the Persians met with no better chance than at Kadesiya; their last army was destroyed with horrible slaughter, Firuzan was slain, and the final reserve treasures upon which Yezdesjird had relied for the future, were seized among the spoils; the last Prince of the Sassanian line, seeing that all was lost, fled north, to die a miserable and obscure death at the hand of a peasant.

The final crash of the Persian Empire came, perhaps, at an opportune moment for Christendom, for when the last Eastern barrier to Mohammedan aggression fell at Nehavend, a floodgate was opened through which the roaring tide of Islam could pass and spend its first vigour upon Asia, instead of recoiling upon Europe and engulfing the whole of the West.

In one direction or the other the huge forces had to find an outlet. The savage tribes of Bulgaria and Thrace might at that date have been induced to accept Mohammedanism with as much ease as were the similar tribes of Turks, Kurds, and Lurs in Iran, while the crumbling strongholds of Heraclius, the barbarian rulers of Middle Europe, and the wasted lands of Gaul might have offered as disorganized a resistance to the concentrated efforts of the conquerors as did the Satraps of Iran.

The student will perhaps realize how much Europe owes to the battle of Nehavend when he considers that the distance from Medina to the province of Jarjun, which Moslems conquered within a year of the destruction of the Persian army, is about the same as that which separates Antioch from Paris.

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Once the Royal army of the Persians had been destroyed, the conquest of Iran resolved itself into a series of wars against the various provincial Governors; within two years Jurjan, Taberistan, Azerbaijan, Kuhistan, Seistan and Mokran had been annexed and depended for their government on Medina.

In twenty-three years the Moslems had conquered an Empire bounded on the north by the Caspian, the south by the coasts of Aden, the west by the Sahara, and the east by the Hindu Kush.

IX. THE SAINTS

That the energies and particular characters of three very different men should have been the cause of the rise of the Arabian or Moslem dominion is a peculiar and striking fact which cannot be passed by without comment. The movement was initiated by the strange, confused and violent earnestness of Mohammed, developed by the simple yet courageous policy of Abu Bakr', and fulfilled by the rigorous inflexible discipline of Omar.

Each of these remarkable men in turn seemed to supply the deficiencies of the others at the very moment it was required; the uncontrolled and incoherent genius of Mohammed was corrected by the plain and simple qualities of Abu Bakr', the gentleness of Abu Bakr' by the hardness of Omar. The prophet inspired the Moslems with enthusiasm, the first Khalif turned their energies into appropriate channels, the second regulated and curbed them at the very moment when, intoxicated by success, they threatened to lose cohesion in their action and purpose in their aims.

Indeed, it would be impossible to say to which of these three arbiters of destiny Islam was most indebted for its place among the religions of mankind. In the twenty-third year of the Hejira the Empire of the Moslems had been immovably fixed over the region which we roughly described in the preceding chapter. It would, perhaps, be of some assistance if at this point we endeavoured to portray a particular description of its general condition.

At Medina we find the headquarters of the militant powers of the new creed, and in Medina we find the capital of the new

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Empire. Medina as a town in itself had perhaps not increased to a very great extent in point of material wealth and splendour, for Mohammed had never had the opportunity of improving its condition, Abu Bakr' had been too busily engaged in affairs of the moment to think either of himself or the city, while Omar discouraged ostentation and display to the utmost limit of his power, and always maintained the strictest simplicity in his own household. Indeed, so rough and uncompromising was the second Khalif in his attitude towards luxury that many a girl in Medina would not marry him or enter his family, where, as they said, boiled camel and barley bread formed the usual fare, and long prayers and black looks were the only form of conversation.*

It is not likely, therefore, that such a man would encourage art, or that under his dictatorship the unwholesome city in which he dwelt would be subjected to many material improvements. Further, it was the custom of the primitive Moslems to make little or no public expenditure on anything save military provisions; the financial administration was confined to the equitable distribution of booty, and, as far as one may judge, the tributes and taxes drawn from the conquered districts were devoted almost solely to the feeding of the poor, the support of the widows of soldiers and martyrs, and the allotment of pensions.

Hence one may infer that the city of Medina in the days of Omar perhaps bore a considerable resemblance to that huge mud village of Omdurman which was destroyed in 1898. The Khalif and the leading chieftains probably dwelt in bare, unfurnished barns, the mosques were perhaps little more than simple courtyards, while around the city and on its outskirts there probably lay a confused mass of mud dwellings, tents and hovels wherein dwelt the crowds who waited for the return of their relatives from the wars, or were preparing to depart to swell the ranks of the armies at the front.

But if Medina was but a kind of depot where the austere Khalif and his advisers marshalled armies, distributed plunder, prepared plans of campaign, despatched munitions of war, received, docketed and checked the incoming bales of the

* *Tabari*, 4, LXXVII

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booty-laden caravans, other cities had grown up within the Moslem Empire, where affairs bore a much less spartan complexion.

In Irak the towns of Basra and Kufa had been founded by the chiefs among the Moslem leaders. These two cities were not the mere standing camps and collections of barracks such as one might expect a barbarian invader to set up, but they were veritable towns with fine buildings and bazaars. The craftsmen and architects who had built for the Persians, now sold their art and cunning to Arab Emirs, and, in spite of the reproaches and admonitions of Omar, the palaces and buildings of the Persians were reproduced in a style hardly less sumptuous as residences for the conquerors. The Arabs who entered Irak seemed to part with their traditional simplicity the moment they left the desert. Cultured and naturally refined in mind, they immediately appreciated the beauties and delights which they found in the Mesopotamian cities.

The civilized Arabs of Hira who embraced Islam helped to hasten the fusion betwixt Arabian religion and Persian civilization. It was by this strange concurrence of the seeds of ancient culture with the receptive though virgin soil of the minds of the desert men that a fresh civilization was given to the world, destined in a short time to blossom forth into a magnificent growth of philosophy, architecture, poetry and science. Further east, in Persia proper, it is not easy to trace the exact effect or the methods of the Arabian conquest; continual revolts and continual repressive expeditions suggest that the Persian spirit died hard and that the conquerors were rather regarded as armed garrisons, than as settlers and colonists. In Northern Mesopotamia and Adiabene, however, the Arabian leaven among the population evidently facilitated the final subjection and conversion of the land. There the Christians, long subject to Persian dominion, offered no obstacle to the advance of the Mohammedan religion, which probably absorbed by a gradual process both the Manichean and Zoroastrian rural population and the Christian Arab shepherds of the desert, leaving the Christian colonies of the cities untouched.

As regards the region around Diarbekir and the southern

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slopes of the Taurus, here again the historians are vague and uninforming, and afford us little insight into the condition of the country, nor is there the slightest material for forming even an indefinite idea as to what were even the preponderating elements in the population.

In North Syria the Arabs were apparently amalgamating rapidly with the Greeks and nondescript people of the coast, imposing their language and religion on the conquered, but at the same time adopting their civilization, inquiring into their studies, examining their philosophies, availing themselves of their arts and taking up their system of government just where the Romans had left them.

In the districts around Damascus and in Palestine itself the dividing line between the people of the country and the Arabians themselves was so slight that, beyond the departure of the Roman officers and their troops, little immediate change took place in the aspect of the land, while in Egypt the population, accustomed to above a thousand years of servitude, were confronted by the alternatives of remaining Christians under a system of government similar to that which they had hitherto endured, save that it was perhaps less rigorous, or, by abandoning their ancient faith and language, becoming the equals of their new masters. I suspect that it was this latter temptation to which the weaker vessels of Egypt so rapidly succumbed; possibly they yielded the more easily on account of the reaction that must have set in when orthodox persecution of the Romans gave place to the tolerant contempt of the Moslems.* It was over such an Empire as this that Omar was reigning in the twenty-third year after the flight of Mohammed and Abu Bakr from the Pagan nobles of Mecca. His dominion was firmly established; each new province was held by colonies of the tribesmen who had conquered them. Each of these military colonies was absorbing, or being absorbed by, the local population; the fires of Christianity in the West, Zoroastrianism in the East, and Sabianism and Manicheism in the centre were gradually paling before the fierce glare of Islam; converts, both sincere and venal, clustered in swarms around the new revelation.

* See Professor Browne, etc., etc.

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The Copt, the Persian and the Greek proffered their skill and learning to advance and assist the faith which had been hitherto supported solely by Arabian valour and fanaticism. Omar was still a ragged Arab such as any of those who had roared in triumph at Bedr' or fled in dismay from the field of Ohod, but among his officers there were Grecian scribes and clerks who kept account of the revenues of the Syrian lands in their own tongue, dark-eyed Persians, brown-skinned Egyptians who professed the eye of God in broken accents and drew the pensions to which their acceptance of the Koran entitled them. One by one the ties of blood and tradition were dissolved by the magic of the Prophet's word, and a new nation appeared in Asia, Arabian in tongue, dominated and bound together by Arabian religion, but containing all the diverse capacities inherent in the peoples of which it was composed.

The last years of Omar's reign were entirely devoted to the final welding together of the strange materials that had come into his hands. He regulated the finances by establishing a permanent commission for their administration, he curbed the independence of his distant generals by obliging them to report to him with constant regularity, checking the accuracy of their information by the advices of a host of spies and informers whom he set to watch upon their movements; the revenues he fixed by settling a regular series of taxes which he imposed upon arable land, upon the wealthy, upon Moslems, upon Jews, upon Christians, upon handicrafts men, upon tradesmen, and upon artisans, each in their degree.

To accomplish the purpose of unity of the Mohammedan commonwealth, the Khalif seems to have availed himself of every means that came within his reach. His justice was that of a patriarch, his financial administration borrowed from Persia, his secret service perhaps from Byzantium, his military organization a capital development of the tribal system of the desert.

That the man who could achieve these wonderful deeds should have been once but a poor, hungry camel herd proves that he was indeed one of the great ones of the earth. As he stalks through the pages of the historians one is filled with an

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awe and respect, and, if one happens to know the Arab nation, perhaps a feeling of suppressed amusement.

Whether it be when we hear from Ayesha's lips that he was tall and gaunt, that his voice was loud and strident, that his walk was brisk, that when he struck a blow it was painful, but that when he gave entertainment, we know full well what manner of man the Khalif was. We can see him throwing stones with angry cries at his silk-clad Emirs, hear him knocking up a sleepy elder at midnight, saying, "A caravan lies without the city, its men are weary and sleep; I fear that robbers may dishonour my name; come with me to bear me company while I watch till morning." We can believe the tale of his feeding a harridan whose husband was at war, and who made the night hideous with her cursing of the Khalif.

Abu Bekr' was noble and just, but truly Omar was a man.

It was in the tenth year of his reign that he entered the mosque at Medina to lead the daily prayer. The Moslems stood in ranks awaiting the first word of the commander of the faithful. There was a slight movement as he passed through the lines; a man rushed forward, struck two or three savage blows at the tall figure of the Khalif and fled from the building. Omar reeled, and fell to the ground mortally wounded. In the confusion the assassin escaped. He was, it is said, a Christian carpenter who had sworn revenge for some slight and private grief. As soon as he could speak, Omar called for four of the elders among the first companions of the Prophet—Zobair, Sad-ibn-Wagyuas, Ali and Orhman. He counselled them to choose his successor from among themselves, and he prayed them each to beware against favouring his own tribe if he were elected. Having thus accomplished his first duty, he asked who it was that had struck him. When he learned the truth, he cried: "Praise be to God I die a martyr's death, and do not fall by the hand of a Moslem!" His last request was that he might lie by his master's side, if, indeed, Ayesha, the mother of the faithful, would permit it. As Omar lay gradually sinking on his bed, he heard a confused noise without the door. On inquiring what it was, he learned that many of the people desired to see him. "Let them enter," he murmured; "let not the men stand without the gate." So until his spirit

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departed the Moslems slowly passed through the room to take one last glance on the face of the dying Khalifate.

With Omar the true spirit of primitive Islam departed. The elders with whom he left the liberty of electing among themselves a commander of the faithful had neither the strength of purpose nor the requisite candour to fit them for the task which had been set them. Doubtless on their lips were the words of the Koran, but in their hearts they concealed jealous, crafty and arrogant thoughts. They were men of the Koraysh first and Amirs of the faithful after; the welfare of their tribe was to their minds of more importance than the solidity of the Mohammedan commonwealth. They lacked the enthusiasm and simplicity of their predecessors, and, though half a continent was subject to them, though the Mohammedan religion was spreading among a score of alien peoples, they were reviving that ancient Arabian world of petty feuds and trivial quarrels which Mohammed had hoped to destroy.

After some haggling, Othman was elected as Khalif, and reigned supreme as Vicar of the Prophet and commander of the faithful.

At the date of his election, Othman was already an old man, not only in years, but in mind. He had accepted Islam, not, perhaps, as a saving faith and sure guide to heaven, but rather to confirm his own fortunes and those of his family. His local patriotism was stronger than his enthusiasm for the creed he had adopted; his aristocratic bias for the men of the Koraysh completely outweighed his consideration for the merits of the humbler though perhaps abler companions of the Prophet. His first acts were those of a partisan rather than a statesman or ruler. He replaced the old and tried officers of Omar by creatures of his own family and tribe, and to maintain the allegiance of the rabble he increased the military pensions and rewards by a tenth.

At first this alteration of the policy of the Ruler of Islam had but little effect on the gradual expansion of the militant Empire. Expeditions still flowed out in every direction, carrying all before them, either subjugating the countries they entered or gutting them of all the movable wealth they contained.

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Between the years 23 and 28, by the conquest of the littoral extending from Alexandria to Carthage, North Africa and another province was snatched from the Roman Empire and western civilization, and at the same time the tenets of the Koran were gradually imposed upon the savage Berber tribes of the Sabara.

In Armenia an army of 12,000 men spread destruction through the land and returned southward laden with an incredible amount of plunder. In Khorasan the advance guards of the true believers were in contact with the hordes of the pagan Turks, while behind them incredible multitudes of Moslems were engaged in crushing, destroying or uprooting the last signs of Sassanid organization, religion and tradition. Off the coasts of Palestine, Mo'awiya, the Governor of Syria, swept the seas with a fleet which sailed unchallenged to Cyprus, Aradus and Rhodes, laying waste the chief cities of those islands and plundering the neighbouring towns on the shores of the mainland, while from Antioch smaller expeditions continually broke through the Cilician gates, raided, harassed, and ravaged the Christian provinces and returned.

But even this spirit of success was insufficient to dull the religious ardour of the Arabs. Though the material fruits of their success were scattered before them in choice profusion, though gold and all the heart of man could desire was within their reach, they still had leisure to criticize, and still were sincere enough to be scandalized at the conduct of the Khalif.

In Syria, Mo'awiya, being a relative of Othman's, was permitted to retain his office, but elsewhere the haughty nobles of the Koraysh, who had grudgingly accepted the religion they now sustained, were promoted in the room of those stern Amirs who had served under Omar. Soon the growing dissatisfaction of the people began to find vent whenever occasion offered; at Kufa the bazaars buzzed with angry murmurs because the newly appointed Governor lived apart from his people. Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, had been relieved of office and slighted; he returned to Medina, where he found many others like him who joined in secretly cursing the favouritism and folly of Othman.

In Syria a certain holy man named Abu Serr complained

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publicly that the Moslem lords were fast losing their charity and virtue and were amassing wealth; he was sent to be judged by Othman for his treasonable utterances. When the fanatic was brought into the hall of audience, an aged Khalif cried to him almost piteously: "O Abu Serr, I cannot force the Moslems to give more than the tithe," whereupon Abu Serr cut the argument off by the root by retorting: "You should obey the command of the Prophet, who said, 'Be generous.' Indeed, you must give alms to the poor and tend them. This is Islam. And you must see that the law is obeyed." A learned Hebrew, named Kal-al-Ahbar, who was present, interrupted this discourse of Abu Serr, saying: "In no law is a man forced to give more than the law commands." The stern logic of this remark inflamed Abu Serr with rage, and he brought down his staff upon the head of the philosopher with some force, shouting out: "How long, O Jew, wilt thou meddle in the affairs of us Moslems?" Othman rebuked the devotee for his violence, and begged him to be gentler in his ways. Replied Abu Serr: "Give me permission to retire from among men, for I can bear with them no longer. Truly the Prophet said to me, 'O Abu Serr, thou wilt live alone, die alone, and at the resurrection rise alone.' Let me begone into the wilderness, for I would have done." Abu Serr was permitted to depart, but his public upbraiding of the Khalif for the worldliness of his officers served to fan the flames of discontent growing in Medina among those who had formerly been companions of the Prophet.

In Kufa the murmurings of the people assumed the form of a conspiracy. Seven of the ringleaders were exiled to Syria, but contrived to return, and at last succeeded in raising a tumult. The bulk of the troops of Irak, being absent in Persia, could not be called upon to stay the rebellion. Othman weakly gave way to clamours of the mob, only to excite their confidence and hasten the spread of dissatisfaction which soon reached Basra. In Egypt a seer named Abdallah-ibn-Saba began preaching the doctrine of the second coming of the Prophet in the person of Ali, saying that Ali was the true Khalif and Othman a usurper. The Moslems of Egypt, already irritated by the exile of Amru, listened greedily to the new creed, which



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appealed perhaps not only to the mystic propensities of the Coptic converts, but was possibly not a little flattering to Ali himself and his friends, who may have secretly encouraged the propagation of the idea. While matters were thus drifting into these dangerous channels, Othman seems to have taken no steps either to punish evil-doers abroad or assuage the anger of the malcontents at home. The Khalif, indeed, appears in the character of a weak, vacillating, feeble old man. He could not resist promoting his favourites, he could not refrain from amassing the public treasure in his own house, he was unable to take a strong and bold course, yet seemed equally incapable of successful craft.

In Medina matters reached such a pitch that the Moslems assembled unashamed in the Mosque for the purpose of censuring their ruler. The companions of the Prophet sent a messenger to his house to warn him of the dangers with which his actions threatened the commonwealth, but with no effect; he neither mended his ways nor yet obtained the removal of his enemies. His only attempt to meet the calamities which confronted him was to assemble the various governors of the neighbouring provinces and ask them for advice. "Power is slipping from my hands," he said, "what am I to do?" Mo'awiya advised the improvement of discipline in the army, and chastisement of the offenders, another Amir counselled largesse and donatives, but the wretched Khalif, who was equally torn betwixt impotence and greed, could do neither one thing nor the other. Amru, who was present, and whose removal from Egypt still rankled in his breast, broke out in fury. "There is not one," he cried, "not one among the companions of the Prophet of whom you have not made an enemy. The people complain of the tyranny of your officers. Either dismiss them or abdicate. You have no other choice, for if you attempt violence—in the name of God!" Othman's only reply was: "O Amru, verily thou hast the same lice in thy garments as have the others!" It sounds like the helpless abuse that a man utters when he has nothing to say. So long as Mo'awiya remained in Medina, his presence assured the peace of the city, but he was obliged to return to his province to attend to its government. Before leaving, he implored Othman

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to accompany him, but the obstinate Khalif refused to leave his home or the precincts of the Prophet's tomb. Mo'awiya was greatly troubled in mind, and, before taking his final departure, he earnestly begged Ali and the other elders, for the sake of their reputations, if for no other reason, to watch over the safety of their aged ruler. Ali and his friends were in no humour to take this advice. Slighted, insulted and forgotten, they felt but little inclination to support the man who had treated them so ill.

Othman's follies were, in truth, indefensible. Not only did he rob and misgovern, but he even went so far as to revive certain pagan customs during his pilgrimage to Mecca, incorporating in the ceremonies prescribed by the Prophet others of the old order which had been abrogated. This in itself was sufficient to alienate the few sympathizers he still had beyond the ranks of his dependents. Presently the various sections of the people of Kufa, Basra and Egypt began to realize that, along with the men of Medina, they had a grievance in common. They came to the city in armed bands, terrorized the town and endeavoured to force the Khalif to accede to their demands. Othman was hoisted in the streets and forced to remain in his house. At length, he was persuaded to propitiate the infuriated people by publicly promising to investigate and redress their causes for complaint. This momentary concession stayed the trouble for a time, but Ali and his party were not to be so easily pleased. When the discontented Egyptians and Kufans had departed homeward, Othman begged Ali and his friends to give him some assistance, but the sound companions of the Prophet would do nothing to help the unfortunate old man who could do nothing to help himself.

Within a year the Kufans and Egyptians were back in Medina with a greater following than before. None of the promises had been fulfilled, and this time they meant to make an end of the question. Again Othman temporized, but the interception of an unlucky despatch exposed the falsity of his professions of good faith. Othman was stoned in the mosque, and, on fleeing to his house, was closely blockaded by his enemies. In vain he sent for soldiers; his troops were marching

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to victory in far-distant lands. In vain he called for Ali, Talha, Zobayr and Amru; they would not come, they said they were engaged. Surrounded by a few friends and dependents, he endeavoured to oppose the infuriated people, but the only answer to his entreaties was the cry of "Abdicate! Abdicate!" Othman stubbornly refused, and the siege of the Khalif's house began. The outer walls were carried after an obstinate resistance. Mohammed, a son of Abu Bakr', rushing in foremost among the throng, seized the Khalif by the beard. "O Son of Affan," shouted the youth, "where are the apostate Amirs and accursed ministers now? What help can they afford you?" "O my son," murmured Othman, "verily Abu Bakr' would not have rejoiced to see my white beard in the hands of his son." Overcome with remorse, the young man fled from the room, but others with sterner hearts soon surrounded the old Khalif, "Abdicate!" they cried. "Abdicate of thine own will!" But Othman stretched out his hand, holding a Koran, saying: "I will only give unto God that which only God hath given to me." A knife was plunged into his throat, and the blood spurted on to the sacred book, marking the passage, "Truly God sufficeth, truly he sees and hears all things." So, while his armies were conquering the world, perished Othman the Khalif in his eighty-second year.

The news spread away from Medina and met the hosts of relieving troops coming from Egypt, Irak and Syria to Othman's assistance. The moment they learned of the fate of the ruler, they immediately returned to their several homes—a first sign of that kind of anarchy which was to be the future bane of all Moslem countries.

"Le Roi est mort!" cries the oriental. "And now let the devil take the hindmost, for this is indeed the deluge."

The moment the aged Khalif had expired beneath the blows of his assassins a curious lull came over the angry mob of Medina.

The fanatics would not have the wretched man whom they had hacked to pieces buried in the common cemetery; but, beyond the insane fury of a few, public wrath speedily cooled down and gave place to perplexity in view of the necessity of choosing a new Khalif.

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Ali was favoured by the people of Medina and the fanatics of Egypt, Zobayr was backed by the visitors from Kufa, Talha by the townsmen of Basra. All those chiefs who had winked at the rebellions against Othman, who had refused to assist him in the hour of stress, who had watched the besiegers gradually penetrate into the wretched man's house, now began to grow uneasy, fearful and suspicious. Each in his heart desired the Khalifate, each dreaded the jealousy of his comrades, each loathed the idea of any but himself being elected. Ali, who, as we have seen on previous occasions, was deplorably weak in the face of a political crisis, hovered and hesitated in the most hopeless and helpless way. He longed to be Khalif, he had permitted Othman to be slain without mercy on this account, yet he had no fellow feeling with the fanatics who had slain his rival. He desired the good repute of his fellow companions of the Prophet; he dreaded their enmity, yet he had not the wit to obtain their friendship. The rivals, Zobayr and Talha, meanwhile, were too weak numerically to dare to challenge or put forward their public claim; consequently days rolled on, and no Khalif was chosen. At last the people of Medina themselves began to insist on the nomination and selection of Ali, who protestingly yielded to the clamours that he had himself perhaps originated. But before accepting the Headship of the faith, Ali, who knew full well the troubles that awaited him in the future, insisted on being accepted by all the chiefs in the first instance, Zobayr and Talha being obliged at the dagger's point to acknowledge their rival's supremacy.

The moment Ali had been made Khalif he exhibited very plainly how unfit a man he was for the post. His first action was to begin by boasting very loudly that he would dismiss all those officers whom Othman had appointed. A certain Shaykh warned Ali that these governors were now powerful men, and that it would be best to proceed cautiously against them. Ali scorned the advice, saying he had a duty to perform, and would perform it. The councillor commended Ali for his words, explaining to a friend afterwards that if a man refuses good advice you are justified in giving him evil counsel, for it is what he both desires and deserves.

Ali's position was dangerous enough. His supporters com-

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prised a very heterogeneous assembly—fanatics who looked upon him as an incarnate God, visionaries who expected him to reform the whole of Islam, greedy adventurers who stood by him for promotion's sake, haughty Arabian nobles who revered his kinship with the Prophet, and deserters from the armies of generals of Othman's appointment.

It would have been difficult for a strong man to have maintained order in a faction composed of so many different parts, but for a slothful and weak character like Ali it was impossible. In a very short time he had involved the greater part of his Empire in inextricable confusion. He enraged Talha and Zobayr by refusing them respectively the Governorships of Basra and Kufa. He permitted the whole of Othman's family and fellow-tribesmen to scatter unchecked over the land proclaiming the martyrdom of the late Caliph, and finally endeavoured to supersede no less a person than Mo'awiya, the Governor of Syria. This act was madness in itself, for Mo'awiya was virtually an independent monarch, governing both wisely and well a kingdom in which he was not only popular, but firmly established. Soon the unsatisfactory results of Ali's rule became plainly visible. Talha and Zobayr, having conspired with Ayesha the wife of the Prophet, set out for Basra with a strong following, intent upon stirring up rebellion in Irak.

In Egypt the people broke out into fierce faction fights, some favouring Ali, some Othman, some neither. In Syria, Mo'awiya, perceiving that peace with Ali was out of the question, stirred up the people against the murderers of Othman and their abettors by every means in his power. Sermons were preached, poems descriptive of the sad event recited, and Othman's shirt, all dabbled with blood, exhibited to the excited soldiery. Ali, who had no very great knowledge of military strategy, seemed to follow no consecutive plan in his attempts to deal with the troubles with which his Empire was assailed. He followed Talha, Zobayr and Ayesha into Irak. There the advantages of the situation were pretty equally divided; half the country population seemed to take one side, half the other, while Kufa declared for Ali and Basra for the rebels. At the battle of the Camel the issue was decided

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finally in Ali's favour; Aysha was captured, while Zobayr and Talha were slain.

But the rebellion in Irak was by no means the most serious danger with which Ali was threatened, the embroiled condition of Egypt and the ever-rising power of Mo'awiya in Syria being far more important. Ali was meanwhile filled with hesitation and doubt. He could not keep order among his people, nor yet could he please the religious enthusiasts without irritating the adventurers, or vice versa. At length, the unhappy Khalif decided upon hazarding a battle against the Syrian forces of Mo'awiya. The two armies met at Siffin, near Ragga. The army of Ali would have gained the day but that at the critical moment the fanatics of Irak refused to fight the soldiers of Syria because the latter tied Korans to their lance-heads. Unable to force his disorderly hosts to fight, Ali endeavoured to compromise. He proposed a court of arbitration, with two judges and a jury of 800 persons, formed from among the supporters of Mo'awiya and Ali. This suggestion was accepted by the Syrian party, the case was tried, but no judgment was come to, the parties separating with angry words and recriminations.

But although he gained no advantage by diplomacy, the unlucky Ali lost more by admitting the idea of arbitration than he had ever hoped to win. In the first instance, Mo'awiya henceforth had an excuse for styling himself Khalif, while many of the most sanctimonious of Ali's supporters immediately took umbrage at his worldly conduct. "God," said they, "can alone decide any matter," and from this assumption they proceeded to argue that no man had a right to govern, judge, or give orders of any kind.*

These uncompromising sectaries broke out into a rebellion in the vicinity of Kufa and Basra, and kept Ali engaged for many a day in the task of quelling them. While the fanatics kept the Khalif busy in Irak, Mo'awiya was able to work his will in Egypt, which he soon annexed by the help of Amr-ibn-el-As, who had gone over to the Syrian party early in the day.

Ali's affairs prospered worse and worse from day to day.

* These dismal Theists were called Kharijites.

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He could not please the fanatics without infuriating the worldly, nor could he satisfy the worldly without enraging the religious. His party contained every irritating material that had been swept into the fold of Mohammedanism; the fierce plunderer, the worldly lawyer, the haughty tribal Shaykh, the lolling-tongued martyr jostled side by side with scant friendship or harmony in the ranks of his army. And Ali was weak, weak as water; he could not rule as Omar or Abu Bakr' had ruled before him; he could not even lie and temporize as Othman had done; he could but curse his fortune and bear hand upon hand as he heard of Mo'awiya's daily prowess, how he had raided to Mossul, swept into Nejaz, or finally conquered Egypt. At last, Providence grew weary of this useless man who sat in Kufa racking his scanty wits, and it chanced a certain devotee believed that Ali was condemned to die. One day a wild-eyed man struck down the Khalif in the mosque as he was going to lead prayers. The sword was poisoned, and Als died of the wound. Here, we may note, begins that long catalogue of murders and assassinations undertaken by Moslem devotees for a spiritual end.

MARK SYKES.

(To be continued.)

A NOTE ON ONE ELEMENT IN COMEDY

"YOU have to laugh all the time nowadays," I was once told after the play, "it's so uncertain what they mean to be funny." No words could better express the conscientious attitude of the present day towards comedy. To laugh at the right moment, in the right way, with the proper vigour, was already considered a duty by Aristotle. But the sterner views of Stoicism and early Christianity did not encourage jesting. St. Benedict taught that a man had advanced high in the moral scale when he ceased to laugh altogether. And though human nature would not always bend to this asceticism, I am not aware that any Christian teacher urged laughter as a duty. This multiplication of man's burdens was the work of what some have called the New Paganism: and perhaps in the long run the Comic Spirit may turn out to be as stern a taskmaster as the Decalogue.

I have used Meredith's phrase, for that sentimental and romantic writer is largely responsible for our anxious cultivation of a sense of humour. But he is by no means the only authority to underline the didactic purpose of laughter.

Nor will I accuse so great a man of turning pleasures into duties by his own unaided effort. The passion for reforming his fellows, especially in trifles, is easily aroused in man, and ridicule is his handiest weapon. Thus you may find the strange spectacle of a serious-minded man endeavouring to correct the foibles of his friends by levity: or in a violent fit of the comic spirit setting to the dismal task of laughing at his own virtues lest he should become too virtuous. Mr. Eustace Miles and the vegetarians have not undermined the pleasures of gluttony more effectively than this dreadful Comic Spirit and its alleged social utility attenuate the merriment of true laughter. I shall say no more on the subject, but merely observe that laughter for its own sake with no contempt nor didactic purpose latent in it is still a possibility: and it is a pity that those who write on this subject insist so much on the supposed power of laughter to correct or repress its object, as if mankind only treated the world as ridiculous in order that it should cease to be so.

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If theorists agree a good deal in this perverted way about the *raison d'être* of laughter and its usefulness in social life, they differ in other respects largely as their views in general differ. Filled by the conviction that man is naturally an aggressive emulatory animal, one writer holds laughter to be caused by a sudden sense of superiority over others: as when from our taxi-cab we watch an old gentleman chasing his hat. Absorbed in physiological questions, another finds laughter to be caused by some sudden release from tension: as when the dustman's cart appears before a crowd waiting for the Lord Mayor's Show. The most famous of living philosophers makes the contrast between mechanism and life the centre of his thoughts: and laughter accordingly results from the perception of the mechanical intruding itself into the living. We laugh when the clown tumbles as though he were an automatic toy: we laugh in a cinematograph theatre to see all the inhabitants of a village pursuing a runaway perambulator over hedges and ditches, rivers and railway embankments, as though some clockwork mechanism in them had been wound up and must work itself out. We laugh at habits that have become mechanical, at stereotyped civilities, for example, repeating themselves on inappropriate occasions: as when we stumble against a lamp-post and involuntarily beg its pardon. We laugh equally at the rigidity of thought or character which cannot adapt itself, has none of the plasticity of life and is alien to all worlds but the narrow sphere of its own interests: for example, at Phil May's picture of the elegant society lady out slumming, who can think of nothing to say to a costermonger's wife except that London is very empty at this time of the year.

M. Bergson uses all the resources of his own incomparable art to elaborate and illustrate this theme. That he has found the whole secret of the comic few would allow. Human nature is, after all, not merely comic when it is running in the deep grooves that it makes for itself. Sudden bursts of new and creative energy may sometimes be comic. When a respected uncle begins in his old age to take interest in agriculture and to be learned about turnips, he displays a strenuous and admirable vitality: but his nephews laugh at him.

Nor, again, is the contrast between the mechanical and the

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living the only contrast which is rich in laughter. To compare the real with the ideal may have as comic an effect even when the real is no more mechanical than the ideal: as, for example, in the Eatonswill election, so far as the humour depends on the incongruity of the method with the aim and object of the business. Hazlitt, indeed, goes so far as to find here the chief source of the comic. "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps: for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be."

But I do not propose a detailed criticism of M. Bergson's theory. I wish rather to notice certain facts which may or may not be explained on his lines. Apart from any theory of the matter, repetition is clearly one of the humorist's chief weapons: and bound up with repetition a certain over-simplification of character or events, which sometimes, though I think not always, does really give them a mechanical appearance. Let me illustrate my meaning from two writers of whom the one is admitted to be comic, the other is not.

It would generally be admitted that the irresistible power of Dickens is displayed as clearly in the small characters that crowd his work as in his heroes or heroines. His method is in fact the same for all his creatures, great and small. It is to seize hold of one or two quite simple elements and to build out of them a character which is as vivid to the reader after two minutes as it ever will be. The method allows very little for change or development. Mr Pickwick, almost alone of his great creations, appears to alter much under his hands. And it involves a perpetual reiteration which some readers dislike: they become weary of Captain Cuttle's hook and Mr Carker's dazzling teeth. But such repetition, after all, is only one form of exaggeration, which is the appropriate method of caricature. It is one of the methods by which Dickens concentrates attention on the salient traits in the inexhaustible collection of odd men and women with whom he peopled the world. It serves simply to heighten an effect which Dickens can secure in a moment by extreme vividness of colouring.

Take, for example, two of his most delightful characters Mr Boythorn and Mr Micawber. Mr Boythorn appears very little, but he is familiar as soon as he enters: "The dinner was

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put back an hour and we were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze when the hall door suddenly burst open and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence and in a stentorian tone: 'We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain ever to have such a son. I would have had that fellow shot without the least remorse!'

"Did he do it on purpose?' Mr Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!' returned the other. 'By my soul I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face and didn't knock his brains out!'

I must forgo the pleasure of quoting more. But the picture of Mr Boythorn given in a few pages is as complete as possible. We know that we should have enjoyed more of him had Dickens given us more; but it would certainly have been more of the same kind.

Of Mr Micawber, on the other hand, we hear a great deal. But the portrait is no more though no less vivid. We only get variation after variation on the theme of sanguine rhetoric followed by despairing ruin. And it is an essential part of the humour that the theme should be repeated. Getting into debt is only funny if you do it constantly enough. M. Bergson would no doubt compare this kind of ludicrous effect with the working of a Jack-in-the-Box and find once more intrusion of the mechanical into the realm of life.

Now it may seem paradoxical to say that the same comic exaggeration and over-simplification that helped Dickens to construct so fantastic yet vivid a world can be traced in a celebrated historian. But let the reader consider the works of Lord Macaulay. At times he might think it was Mr Boythorn himself who was speaking. Macaulay wishes to tell us that Frederic William of Prussia was a naturally savage character. This is how he does it: "His rage constantly vented itself

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to right and left in curses and blows. When his Majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie." Or he would have us appreciate the hard work of Frederic the Great's secretaries: "These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro slaves in the time of the sugar-crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine." We should be seriously concerned for their health if we did not recall Macaulay's description of his own fate when asked to review the Memoirs of Lord Burghley: "Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour, the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations, is an agreeable recreation." Let a King have the misfortune to desire marriage and this is what Macaulay makes of it. "He was indeed a husband of ten thousand. His first object when he became King of Spain was to procure a wife. From the day of his marriage to the day of her death, his first object was to have her near him and to do what she wished. As soon as his wife died, his first object was to procure another. Another was found as unlike the former as possible. But she was a wife: and Philip was content." Or, again, if the Pope is unlucky enough to offer a present which makes a few diplomatists smile, "A universal roar of laughter from Petersburg to Lisbon reminded the Vatican that the age of crusades was over."

The great men of history may be excused if they were a little frightened to appear in so intense a light. But they could have consoled themselves by remembering that historians are like others who sit in judgement on their fellows: "There ain't a magistrate goin'," remarked Sam Weller, "as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people." Macaulay leaves with his readers an impression of his own character equally simple, vivid, and at times comic. Such amazing energy of mind itself recalls Sydney Smith's famous description of him as a steam engine in breeches. But it is not only the pace at which he travels and the ground which he covers: it is also the extreme simplicity of direction in all his thinking.

Where in this doubtful age will you find such simple

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confidence in human progress as is expressed with his usual vivacity in these words? "It is the fundamental law of the world in which we live that truth shall grow, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. A person who complains of the men of 1688 for not having been men of 1835 might just as well complain of a projectile for describing a parabola, or of quicksilver for being heavier than water." Or, perhaps still better, when his political views can at the same time find expression: "We allow that a modern Tory resembles in many things a Whig of Queen Anne's reign. It is natural that such should be the case. The worst things of one age often resemble the best things of another." Where, again, shall we find men reviewing with self-confidence so entire and simple the whole field of art and statesmanship: ready to decide at a moment's notice whether a French moralist or an English poet is low in the first class or only high in the second?

Certainty and omniscience are now so rare that we may feel inclined to laugh at them. Macaulay's scheme of rhetorical antithesis may seem too simple to contain all historical truth. And we may suspect that the men who are summed up in a brilliant epigram or a single damning epithet might on further acquaintance resemble the *Mélanide* of Arkel's description—un pauvre petit être mystérieux comme tout le monde. But what of that? Lord Macaulay, at least, gave us a world of rare brilliance and splendour, none the worse if he occasionally used the appropriate methods of caricature with, perhaps, unintended success. And if Dickens's world is still more brilliant and far more comic, let me end as I began with a reference to Aristotle. Does he not tell us that poetry has more solid merit than history?

A. G. HEATH.

A PLEA FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF SHELLEY*

[So much has been said from different points of view about Shelley that it is with diffidence that one undertakes to add to the amount. I possess no qualifications for the task other than an acquaintance with the circumstances of Shelley's life and a fairly extensive reading of his works can give. I feel, however, that there is a danger of the creation of a Shelley-myth if one or two main facts about him are not kept in mind; and it is with this opinion that I set forth what is to follow. My sole claim is that, however far from a just appreciation of Shelley's character what I shall say may be, it is at least more on the right lines than much that has been said.]

The following pages will contain frequent references to Francis Thompson and to his prose-poem on Shelley. I wish it to be understood that I am not making a general attack on Thompson, but only expressing a fundamental difference from him on his view of Shelley. I can well remember with what admiration I first read his appreciation of Shelley, and how, immediately on reflection when the intoxication of such effervescing pages had somewhat subsided, I felt that they had no real relation to Shelley at all—that, however beautiful the work might be on its own merits, as a criticism it was wholly misleading! It is, therefore, primarily with a view to disentangling Shelley from the luxuriance of Thompson's imagery that I have written the following pages, but they are also intended to contain my own opinions as to what were the fundamental qualities of his character. Most people, I know, are fully as capable as I am of perceiving the irrelevance of Thompson on Shelley, but such people probably will not resent a short essay which attempts briefly to set forth the case against the Shelley-myth of Thompson and others.]

POETRY was to Shelley, perhaps more than to any other poet, a means, and not an end. The creation of beautiful poetry was incidental to his main ambition, which was almost certainly propagandist. Poetry was simply his readiest and most natural vehicle of expression. It is just, therefore, to him to consider him first as a teacher and secondarily as an artist. But this is very seldom done. People so readily perceive the wildness and extravagance of some of Shelley's ideas that they are inclined to dismiss them all with a smile of pity, and regard Shelley purely as an artist. This, however, is most unfair and lop-sided. Shelley's poetry is as ethical as Wordsworth's, and books have been filled to overflowing with considerations of *him* as a teacher. Wordsworth does not dazzle

*A lecture read to the School Poetry Society.

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and astonish the mind as Shelley has done. His thoughts break over us quietly—not as Shelley's, wave after foaming wave, till the breath is almost knocked out of us. Therefore, people perceive the ethical value of Wordsworth: Shelley they remember only as a wonder of ecstatic sound.

Anybody that has read Shelley's life must at once be struck by his own subordination of himself as an artist to himself as a seeker after truth. It was ethic and metaphysic that occupied Shelley's own mind; he seldom talks of his poetry. This attitude towards his poetry is apparent both in his life and actually in the verse itself, and we find Keats writing to Shelley and exhorting him to be more of a poet, "to load," as he says, "every rift of his subject with ore." But this self-conscious mosaic method was foreign to Shelley. Beauty and richness were incidental to his songs. He meant his readers to look *through* them rather than *at* them; and it is obvious that the artist in Keats has felt this and disliked it. Shelley was not self-conscious enough for Keats, in whom the artist predominated. There is in much of Shelley foundation for Keats' objection. His ethical preoccupation undoubtedly skimps at times the due clothing of his thought. But perfect balance is rarely found, and Shelley's error is on the right side.

In spite of this, however, the world at large esteems Shelley less as a thinker than as an artist. People are so carried away by the exciting aether of his lyrics that they still fail to see whither he would take them. The marvellous speed of Shelley's vehicle seems to satisfy the reader just in itself. As people when motoring can rush through the most beautiful country and see nothing of it, being completely occupied by the enjoyment of the exhilaration of rapid motion, just so the reader of Shelley is apt to resign himself solely to the exhilaration of intellectual speed, and to remember nothing of it afterwards but just simply that—for Shelley is par excellence the poet of speed, of wind-driven cloud and swollen, swirling water! There is a force in him which is almost in itself sufficient like the wind. There is always a feeling of the elements in his poetry, the vast width of the sky, the keen bite of high atmospheres, the rarefied air that rises off snow! The mere rush of his words, the very breath of his pages is in itself a pleasure and an

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experience. Thus it is that the reader is apt to conclude that Shelley wrote as he is read, for the very pleasure of the thing. Moreover, it is this that has given rise to the Shelley-myth of Thompson. Thompson's presentation of Shelley would seem undoubtedly to be based on this quality in Shelley's poetry. He shows Shelley as a kind of cosmic child, half-imp, half-angel, romping with the elements out of sheer delight in his familiarity with them. Image is piled on image. All the richness of Thompson's genius is requisitioned to build a marvellous fairy-palace of beauty for the wayward Shelley to dwell in. Yet it is not Shelley who finally takes possession, who (to change the metaphor) slips on the shining garment. It is not Shelley, but some creation of Thompson's own brain. We feel the personality of the wonderful figure that Thompson depicts, and we know it is not Shelley—much rather is it that wonderful figure of Wisdom that is described in Proverbs and read on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, that one who "was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times; playing in the world, and whose delights were to be with the children of men!"

Shelley, however, was far from delighting to be with the children of men. It is surely a most remarkable thing about this most vital, most vivid of all poets that he seemed not to like life, to have no sympathy with its teeming variety. Human life to him was a tawdry masquerade, an untidy sprawling thing, a blemish on the infinity that contained it. There was but one consoling thought in it all for him, namely, that it had an end, and ceased to flourish its squalor in the face of eternity. Death came, the reconciler—and the great silence ceased to be outraged by the antic shouts and the groans of that noisy, troublesome, sorrowful little monstrosity, man.

Yet there must be life! The universe was no vast temple existing for no purpose but its own profound and majestic silence. There must be life to fill it and enjoy its mighty harmony—but not human life, not man, not the creatures that Shelley saw about him. He wanted great spirits to inhabit the universe and make it conscious; great, silent spirits! He wanted, in fact, God!—the mighty, silent, all-containing, self-sufficient spirit into which such men as were fit should be

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absorbed at death, of which they should become part, not conscious part, but part nevertheless—part of the silence, the great brooding, healing spirit of silence through which the planets tip-toed. Heaven and earth should pass away, and there should remain the "white radiance of eternity!"

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

All his life Shelley loved sleep, because it brought him into touch with eternity. It might be said that Sleep was Shelley's communion, for in it he drew closer to the God of his worship, the great universal spirit of harmony and silence.

This, then, is the secret of Shelley's strangeness and un-certhliness, his hatred of conscious separate life, his loathing of the warring atom. Man to Shelley was not made in God's image. It was rather as though God, like the demon's mirror in Andersen's "Snow Queen," had fallen to the ground and been smashed to atoms, atoms which death restored once again to the whole. There is nothing to recall to us the "winsome face of the child" in this somewhat grim theory. Yet it was Shelley that held it.

"Adonais," that marvellous lament for Keats, untimely dead, with all his music frozen in his throat, is Shelley's most perfect expression of his general attitude towards life and death. Adonais, he tells us, has become part of the great whole. He is gone into the silence that is God. His lot is enviable. Envy and calumny, sorrow and pain, cannot now prevail against him—"he has out-soared the shadow of our night." He is at peace, at one with God—no longer a warring atom, but a harmonious part of his own sweet song. It would seem, indeed, almost to be Nirvana that Adonais has attained. The great happiness of "not to be"!

It is strange to find so vital, so inquisitive, a soul as Shelley's longing to resign its conscious entity. One does not see how even death will solve the problem of existence if we no longer *are* to know it—and Shelley certainly thirsted to solve it.

One is encouraged to hope that Shelley was not quite consistent to his own professions, and that he did in some measure conceive himself as continuing his conscious life after

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death. Plato, his great master, would encourage him in the belief. Without this inconsistency, it is difficult to say in what exact sense Shelley can have looked upon death as the *solution* of the "great mystery." The phenomenon is not unknown of people who profess no belief in a future life yet speaking as though there should be one, the truth being, no doubt, that it is all but impossible for consciousness to conceive itself ceasing to be! If this be so in the normal case, what must it have been with Shelley, whose consciousness was a white-hot thing! Can he really have conceived of it as ceasing to be? It is preferable to suppose that here Shelley's power of expression was not equal to his idea, and that he really conceived of self-consciousness as both being and not being at the same time—being in the sense that a soul cannot cease to be itself, not being in the sense that it is no longer separate from God. This view is justified from Shelley's writings, for at one time he seems to imply one thing, at another another. Shelley was soaring beyond his own logic.

Certainly Shelley's idea of Beauty seems to imply a conception of a spiritual world beyond yet containing this present one, where the dark places shall be made clear and the seeking soul satisfied with reality. His idea of Beauty is entirely Platonist. It is "intellectual beauty" of which he is perpetually conscious. It is the essential reality that underlies all beauty that he is always seeking, the essential something which *is* beauty. His soul was preoccupied with that beauty which cannot be seen with the eye, but must be understood with the soul, the perpetual revelation of God in all beautiful things. Shelley was profoundly conscious of this existence of intellectual or spiritual beauty. He never for a moment lost sight of it, nor can he have failed to be aware how very dimly the human soul can see. He must therefore have looked forward to some more spiritual vision which should see the inner meaning clearly; and he must have known that it cannot be in this life. He stands, therefore, almost pledged to belief in a conscious future life. He must have felt that the spirit has an inheritance of which the flesh cannot dream, for the vaguest apprehension of intellectual beauty is an "evidence of things unseen." To Shelley, moreover, the idea of intellectual beauty

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was a presence so vital and deeply felt that it meant much more to him than physical beauty (as, indeed, it must to anyone that has once tasted of it). The ability to frame a desire implies the possibility of satisfaction. Hence Shelley's reason must have told him that it was not for nothing that these evidences allured him. Only he was not patient. He could not wait to know. His insatiable curiosity could not stop short at anything but complete satisfaction. Hence arose his numerous flirtations with death.

The greatest quality of Shelley's nature was earnestness. It was the hidden meaning of things that he must for ever be at. He could not lull his faculties with any of the opiates by which men commonly seek to forget the appalling mysteries by which they are surrounded. Neither could he accept the guide of faith. His spirit never rested, but was always hard at it, storming the innermost citadels of mystery and silence. He never gave the cosmos a moment's rest, but assailed it always with fresh speculations. In his youth he was deceived by shadows, but as he grew older he withdrew from each one of them in turn. He tried to attach himself to teachers, to be a disciple and learn from others. But he always found that the teacher was less in earnest than the disciple, so little by little he came more and more to stand alone. There never was a soul so bent on truth as Shelley's. He surely has the "heroic sanctity" of the unwilling agnostic—for Shelley was no indifferent agnostic, content to know that he can *know* nothing! Shelley wanted nothing so much as to know, nor was he convinced that he could not. There is something marvellous about his unceasing quest after knowledge. He is the very Galahad of poets. At the end of his life as at the beginning he was still intent, only more so, on the same problems; the last words he ever wrote were these: "Then what is life?" He was absolutely single-minded, and desired no relaxation, no slackening off of the appalling pressure. Can such a man be called a child?

Undoubtedly Shelley had many of the qualities which we commonly see only in children. God in His mercy enables most of us to grow out of them! But to say that Shelley had childlike qualities is not to admit that he was in any sense a

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child. The qualities of childhood that he retained are the elements of tragedy. To the consideration of a man's problems in a poet's degree Shelley brought a child's intensity and singleness of purpose, a child's relentless absence of humour and a child's terrible sensibility. He shows none of the happier aspects of the child's nature—not even in his own childhood had he them! Shelley was no cosmic child, romping amongst the elements, pursuing the abstract as a child might a butterfly, pulling comets by the tail and pillow-fighting with the fat white clouds. There is a much truer portrait of himself by himself in "Adonais," where he tells us that "his own thoughts along that rugged way pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey." That also is a picture of one sort of childhood, perhaps, but it is not the picture that Thompson gives.

To dismiss Shelley as Thompson's cosmic child is, then, a superficial view of the poet. It is unjust and lop-sided. Although there are admittedly in Shelley very many of the qualities of the child, he cannot therefore be dismissed as a child. Because he continued to see life in the degree of a child does not mean that he continued to be one. There is a great deal of loose sentimental talking done about children nowadays. People seem to imagine that anything they do not understand can be called childlike. An unusual degree of feeling in a man certainly does not make it possible to dispose of him under this heading, and the sooner "the winsome face of the child" is dissociated from Shelley, the better for the chance of some right understanding of him. Shelley was simply a young man, in thought and feeling very much of his generation, earnest to an intense degree, and so much by nature a lyric poet as to be able to express his intense ethical preoccupation in most wonderful vivid poetry. There is really no further mystery about him, and it only confuses a plain issue to imagine one. He was, as has been said, intensely a poet by nature, and so situated in worldly affairs as to be placed beyond the necessity of making his own living and so diverting his mind. Hence there was nothing to distract him—his natural turn of mind might indulge itself to the utmost. He has been called selfish, but this is not a just accusation in the ordinary sense. Selfishness implies preoccupation with one's self and

A Plea for the Better Understanding of Shelley

ones own affairs, whereas Shelley was almost as unconscious of himself as of others. His preoccupation faced not inward, but outward, hence he cannot in the ordinary sense be called selfish.

The fact is that a positive hailstorm of epithets, good and bad (but in either case of almost equal inapplicability), has fallen about Shelley ever since he died; and almost all of them show a complete failure to understand him on the part of the throwers! Some, on the plea of the tragedy of his unhappy first wife, virulently attack him as a moral monster; others endeavour to defend him as being so much of a genius as to be immune from the ordinary laws of conduct. Both forget, or perhaps never knew, that Shelley was only being consistent to his principles, which, however repugnant to our feelings, claimed his intense allegiance. Both Shelley and Harriet, his first wife, held that the marriage contract is, *ipso facto*, null and void if at any time the contracting parties cease to love one another. It was because this happened that they parted, and actually regarded themselves as unmarried. What, then, does this prove? It only goes to show what is the main contention of this essay, namely, that Shelley, so far from being a cosmic child or any other such creation of his admirers, was in reality a slave to a narrow but intensely cherished set of ethical principles; that instead of the lightness, the waywardness, the caprice which popular ignorance has ascribed to him, he was in reality bound to a rigid code! Shelley was, in short, consistent to a fault, or perhaps it were better said to a disease! He was a true son of the revolutionary period in which he lived. His notions have the tragic consistency of all great errors. Wholly to condemn him, indiscriminately to praise him—both are wrong. What is needed is some attempt to understand him.

Thompson was a curiously unsuitable person for the task. In Thompson's portraits there is a little too much of "the light that never was." He was too much prone to follow his ideal through, however it might clash with his subject. Thompson grasped a few stray particulars about Shelley, and based on them an imaginary Shelley. He has done the same thing with children. There is no subject about which Thomp-

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son more often writes than children, yet there was probably no subject about which he knew less. A slight practical knowledge of children dispels illusion about them, as Coventry Patmore found to his grief. Similarly a slight practical study of Shelley dispels the more elementary illusions about him. There is probably no better clue to his character than is afforded by these words of his own: "Nothing will be done," he says (I quote from memory), "until a sense of humour is banished from the world." This exactly represents Shelley and his view of life. May it not also represent Thompson?

To sum up, then, Shelley is the saint of his own rule of life. His whole life is the story of an intense devotion and fidelity to a certain ethical code of his own making. The secret of his actions is consistency. In his poetry he is simply a spirit striving ceaselessly to solve the problem of its own existence. He is not romping with the elements, but striving with them, wrestling with them to make them divulge to him their secrets. His social creed is the one common to his time, an unbalanced worship of Liberty. His spiritual creed it is harder to write. Yet it may be done. The one constant creed of Shelley's inner and more spiritual life may be written in a few words, and those his own. They express the highest devotion of Shelley's life, the one by which he acted—though mistakenly, yet in all good faith. They explain all his unearthliness and the strain of intense spiritual loveliness that runs through all his poetry, and is even present in his most outrageous works. They are true "natural" religion, the highest achievement of the pagan. They are pure Shelley, and they are these:

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

R. A. ERIC SHEPHERD.



"The rest of the island is girt with a rampart of rocks" 1200

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AN ISLAND IN THE WESTERN SEAS

IT was a dull wet day about the beginning of August that we got on board the "Gael" at Oban, and ran out from under the shelter of Kerrera Island. We were bound for the Isle of Eigg, and the prospect was sufficiently gloomy. The passage through the Sound of Mull had little to offer us except a certain wild grandeur and its historic interests—the Rock of Lismore, Duart Castle, once the home of the McCleans, Ardornish Ruins, Loch Alline and its woods, Tobermory with its sunken Spanish galleon.

It was still wet and blustery towards mid-day as we left the Sound behind us and rounded the Point of Ardnamurchan. A little later the "Gael" slowed down to allow us and our luggage to be tumbled into a small skiff for the half-mile row to the island. Our landing-place lay south-west under the great frowning Scur.

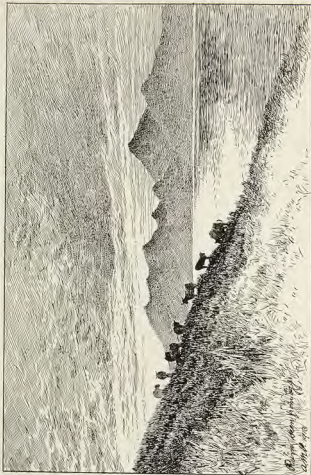
The island lies due south of Skye at a distance of some eighteen or twenty miles. It is about six miles by three, and is called "Eigg" or "the notch," owing to its rather remarkable appearance. The lowest part of the island lies across the middle, and it is here that there runs the chief, almost the only, road. All the northern shore is bounded by beetling cliffs, which rise sheer, and gradually mount higher and higher until they reach an altitude of about 1,000 ft. The line of cliff is practically unbroken. On the southern side the formation is similar, but here the whole is dominated by the vast rock or "Sgorr" (1,289 ft.).

There is only one place in the whole island where the cliff wall sinks down, and that is over against the ruined church of St. Donnán. The rest of the island is girt with a rampart of rock that defies the efforts of the boldest climber. Our own little dwelling lay away to the north-west. There a green valley is to be found shut in on the land side by the high northern cliffs already mentioned, so high and continuous that they seem to cut it off from the rest of the world and make it a little world apart. On the west of the valley are low cliffs, rocks, sand and the sea—not an open expanse of sea, because

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five miles away, but seemingly much nearer, there rises up out of the waters the gigantic mass of the Rum mountains like some great breakwater piled by the hands of giants. Away to the north, filling up the whole gap between Rum and the western boundary of our island, are the distant shores of Skye, with its Coolin Hills and Red Coolins. Hugh Miller, the naturalist, speaks with warmth of the beauties of Laig Bay, and describes its geological wonders. "There are few finer scenes in the Hebrides," says he, "than that furnished by this island bay and its picturesque accompaniments."

The valley runs entirely round the bay, and apparently yields good crops for such a cold climate. The present owner of the island is anxious to enhance the value of the land, and consequently many of the islanders have left the rough life of the sea to become crofters. The inhabitants are about 165 in number, and half of these are Catholics. Right through the dark days of persecution the hardy islanders clung to the old religion. At one time, indeed, they appear to have been in great danger of losing their faith altogether, owing to the dearth of priests. We have a letter written by one of St Vincent de Paul's intrepid missionaries, Fr Dermot Duggan, to St Vincent, telling him of journeys amongst these very islands and how he had saved the faith among the inhabitants of Eigg, baptizing the unbaptized. Some of these latter were already far advanced in years, so long was it since they had received the consolations of their religion. There is a deep earnestness in these stalwart Catholics. All without exception approach the sacraments once each month. The eleven o'clock Mass on Sundays finds them all at church. A little before the Mass begins they gather together and have their weekly chat, the men forming one group, the women another. They pray in church with evident devotion. When Mass is over a short simple instruction is given. This is followed by a pause for thanksgiving, and then by a kind of simultaneous impulse all rise and walk out. A minute later can be heard the greetings and light-hearted laughter of a people that is surely most pleasing to God. They are a simple, hardy race, generous and warm-hearted, in some ways not unlike the Irish peasants; indeed, in many of their customs they strangely resemble



An Island in the Western Seas

that people who first preached to them the Christian faith.

In their own homes their lives are simple as can be. The peat bogs supply them with fuel, and each household gives a present of two cartloads of "peats" to the priest of the island. Their food is of the plainest. Milk, butter, potatoes, scones—these form the main articles of their diet. Many of the children hardly know the taste of meat. Yet they are a strong and well-built race, and they can do a strenuous day's work with anyone. There are no shops on the island, save a little store where certain very necessary articles such as candles, twist tobacco, etc., can be purchased.

Their houses are small and clean, and one can never enter them without feeling at once that he is welcome, and has fallen amongst friends. Twice each year a policeman visits Eigg. He lands, signs his name in a book, takes the all-important "dram" and departs. That seems to be the main way in which the Eiggites keep in touch with the British Government.

The children are healthy and inured to bad weather. In storms that would keep us snugly at home they tramp off to the school away in the centre of the island. They are strangely quiet and well-behaved compared to our rowdy youngsters of the town. There is something almost humorous in the way they foregather before their Sunday Catechism, like their elders, boys to the right and girls to the left. And there they sit demurely for the allotted half-hour of conversation. As to games, about which I made particular inquiries, there seems to be only one of much note, and that is shinty. At Christmas time all the islanders assemble on the beach to indulge in this remarkable sport. Even the ladies take part. We believe the division of sides is not very evident. We are told that a former reverend father here has been known to captain one of the sides.

I made the first expedition alone the day after our arrival on the island. There is a terrible tragedy connected with Eigg, and I was anxious to visit the scene of it; so, although the day was threatening, I set out to find the cave of Francis, or, as it is more generally called, the McDonald's Cave. On reaching the south-east corner of the island, partly because I wanted

some one to talk to, and partly because the way was difficult to find, I looked about for a guide, and found an old man. His name I afterwards discovered was Sandy McKinnon—a fine type of Highlander, active in spite of his seventy-two years, and, like so many of his race, one of nature's gentlemen, slow from active life a few years ago, he got the good priest to retire in his speech, but always worth heeding to. Nothing to retire some purpose. The owner of Egg generously paid this full day to value his craft. The reverend gentleman did this to figure. Sandy stood a bottle of whisky to the assembled ladies, and retired like a gentleman to his cottage, where he hopes to end his days. On the present occasion he volunteered to act as guide. We made out way along a little gully and down the face of the cliff to the rocky shore which faces Changoe Island, and we were not long in coming to a small opening in the cliff, which was surrounded by mosses and ferns. Into this Sandy led me, crawling on all fours through a low tunnel. Very soon the cave widened and deepened, and we stood upright on a spot where was marked one of the most terrible dramas of even Celtic history. The story seems quite authentic, though the date cannot be fixed within a few years.

Somewhere about the year 1577 the McLeods of Sive one winter's day came sailing over the twenty miles of open sea which separate the two islands. They had a real or imaginary wrong to avenge. The McDonalds of Egg, looking out from the northern cliffs, saw the formidable array, and, guessing the evil intent, took counsel for their safety and that of their wives and children, and decided to betake themselves to this hidden cave. They were few in number, perhaps some two hundred or two hundred and fifty in all. Rapidly they collected their belongings and made their way to the cave. It could easily hold that number, as it stretches back about eighty yards into the mountain. It is said that the little water-course which now falls about twenty yards to the left fell then over the mouth of the cave, and if that was so it must have been doubly safe. The warriors from Sive landed in due course, burnt the houses and destroyed everything within reach, but not a man, woman, nor child could they see. Tired and disappointed, they got aboard their ships



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again, and were just pushing off from the shore when they espied on the cliffs above them the solitary figure of a man who had been sent out from the cave to reconnoitre. Putting back quickly, they again made their way round the headland. The ground was covered with a thin layer of snow, and they traced the footprints till they arrived at the mouth of the ill-fated cavern. They called loudly to the men of Egg to come out from their hiding-place; but to do so meant certain death, and those poor rough folk naturally clung to life. Then the men of Skye gathered all the combustible stuff that could be found along the coast, and, turning the small watercourse, they heaped the fuel into the opening, and, heedless of the cries for mercy from within, they set it ablaze. Not one of all in that living tomb crawled out again into the light of day. They seem to have died in family groups, as the bones were found in separate heaps. "Maybe," said my old guide, "you'd be likin' to tak' awa' some of the bone to keep?" And with that he began turning over the stones near the entrance. "There used to be many bones, both great and wee," he said, "but they buried them all in one place." We found a small piece of bone. I took it in my hand. It was very brown, and crumbling away with age and damp. There it lay, a tiny relic of that day of horrors, once part of a living man, done to death in an age of unspeakable cruelty by people who were well nigh his own kith and kin. There for three centuries it had lain in this dark resting-place.

Hugh Miller, the naturalist, who visited the island some sixty years ago, has an interesting description of the cave as he found it.

"Never yet was tragedy enacted on a gloomier theatre," says he. "An uncertain twilight glimmers grey at the entrance from the narrow vestibule, but all within for full two hundred feet is black with Egyptian darkness. The floor for about a hundred feet inwards resembles that of a charnel house. At almost every step we come upon heaps of human bones grouped together. They are of a brownish, earthy hue, here and there tinged with green. The skulls have mostly disappeared, for travellers have of late years been numerous and curious, and many a museum exhibits in a grinning skull its

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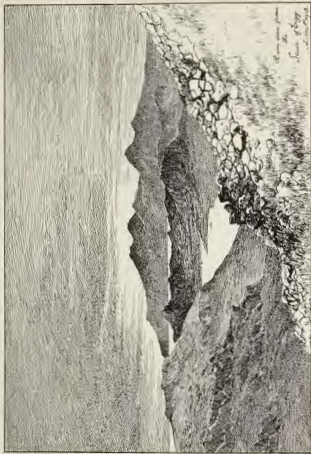
memorial of the massacre of Eigg. Enough still remains to show in the general disposition of the bones that the hapless islanders died under the walls in families, each little group separated by a few feet from the others. Here and there the remains of a detached skeleton may be seen, as if some robust islander, restless in his agony, had stalked out into the middle space ere he fell."

A tiny lock of grey hair was there among the bones, and even an infant's toy. When the people of Eigg were smoked to death, not one was spared. A rusty copper coin, seemingly of the reign of Mary of Scotland, gives some indication as to the date of the tragedy. Some find a certain difficulty regarding the authenticity of the story in the fact that within twenty years at most a raiding chieftain, the McClean of Duart, visited the island, and we have the record of another massacre apparently on a large scale. He came with his "Spennads," those very Spaniards who, after the disasters of the Armada, had fled round the north of Scotland only to have their vessel sunk in Tobermory Bay. The authenticity of the second massacre is quite certain, and the legal record is still extant.

Did, then, the original murderers re-populate the island? Did the McLeods of Syke settle in Eigg? And did they expiate their awful crime by a like fate? It may be so.

A little further south is a far more imposing opening in the cliff wall known as the Cathedral Cave, and to this we now made our way. Here it was that in the days of persecution the priest would gather his little flock and say Mass—maybe on the ledge of rock to the left. How strange must have been that Mass in a vaulted cavern away in the western seas, the hunted priest with a price on his head, and the earnest fisher-folk who refused to change their religion with their king! The sea breaks up into the mouth of the cavern, and at high tide shuts off retreat for many hours.

We wandered back up the cliff and hillside. Away to the east was the line of Scottish hills, and I could not help stopping from time to time to admire. "Those that do be coming into the country," said the old crofter, "do think much on it; but those that do be always in the country do not reckon much on't." Little as he guessed it, old Sandy himself gave the lie to



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his own depreciation of that wealth of grand natural beauty which surely plays no unimportant part in forming the enviable characters of the islanders.

Bidding him good-bye, I scrambled to a commanding hillock to watch the "Gael" steam past the island and take off the mails. No one landed. It was now afternoon, and the rain was falling unpleasantly; but before returning home I determined to visit the ruins of the old pre-Reformation church. Some words of my companion of the morning had roused my curiosity. Towards the middle of the eastern side of the island the towering cliffs which bound the northern shore gradually fall away and change to rolling ground about the Bay of Kildonan. Here among the high grass and clover fields is an unimposing ruin built with rough-hewn stones of great size. It is the old church of St Donnan. The saint was a contemporary of St Columba. "He wished," says the chronicler, "to join the monks of St Columba, but the latter, foreseeing in prophetic vision the martyr's crown in store for Donnan, made answer and said, 'God forbid that I should be the soul-father of one who is going to glorify God with red martyrdom.' However, having followed Columba to Scotland, he founded a monastery in the island of Eigg, "Coenobium in Egea insula fundavit." Eigg at that time was under the rule of a pagan queen. Hearing of the advent of Donnan and his monks, she ordered them to be slain, and employed pirates to do the work. The martyrdom took place A.D. 617, and is thus commemorated in the calendar of Marianus Gorman: "Donnan the Great with his monks. Fifty-two were his congregation. There came pirates of the sea to the island in which they were, and slew them all. Eigg is the name of that island." We learn the manner of their death from Angus the Culdee. The monks were engaged in hearing Mass. "Let us have respite till Mass is ended," said Donnan. "Thou shalt have it," said the pirate chief. They then gathered together in the refectory, "Ibique passi sunt, die decima septima aprilis." Hard by the little ruins is the stone supposed to mark Donnan's shrine, perhaps the place where he fell. The ruined church itself is filled with graves, for, like the simple Irish peasants, the people of Eigg love to be near their island saint

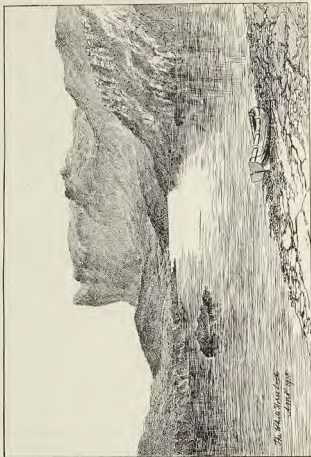
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in death, and still are buried within the walls. I climbed through a small high window, for after each burial the stones of the door are built up. Within are many curious devices that must be of great interest to those who understand such things. I looked out of the little window. Was it just such a day as this, that red-letter day 1300 years ago, when Donnan and his fifty-two companions bore witness with their blood? Were the long white waves breaking gently along the beach of the inlet and against the low cliffs of Chasgie Island? Did Donnan take a last look at the distant peaks of the Scottish mainland, and hear the cries of the gulls overhead, and bless God who had fashioned these far-away isles so wondrously? And somewhere beneath my feet were there the mouldering remains of half a hundred saints?

It is strange how many legends and anecdotes have managed to find a local habitation and a name in this little rocky island. Cave and gully, loch and burn, all have their quota to add to the folk-lore of the western isles. There is a weed-covered loch just behind our farm strangely resembling the imprint of a left foot. It could hardly hope to escape. The story goes that long ago a certain giant was fleeing from a more powerful neighbour. One foot he planted in this spot, and the other in the island of Rum!

Not far off, in a steep gully, is the pool where at the dead of night, when an islander is going to die, an old woman may be seen washing a shroud—surely a most gruesome occupation! She appears to be a horrible old hag. An over-bold islander once asked her for whom she was preparing her shroud. "For you," was the reply. The sequel may be guessed. Again, there is a certain white horse that dwells beneath one of the lochs and demands from time to time human sacrifices. And so the tales go on. In the winter months, when the island is cut off still more from the outer world, and the packet steamer is more seldom seen in the offing, then are the peats heaped upon the hearth, and the old people tell again the legends of the island. "I have gone out into the darkness with my hair all standing on end after a night's ceilidh," said one of them to me. So it is that the tales are handed down.

The mention of the white horse brings back to memory



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another feature of the natural beauties of Eigg—its lochs. There are seven or eight of them in all—little smooth sheets of water walled in by basaltic cliffs, lonely as the lake-land tarns, never disturbed save by the gull or the gannet or the rising trout. The mountains hereabouts are built up of myriads of basalt columns, many of which have broken loose during the winter frosts and tumbled down the steep sides to bury themselves in the waters of the loch, or to help to build up its banks. There they lie all strewn about in wild confusion, as though that old Eigg giant had been playing spellikins when he was frightened off and had left them as they lay. Near the western end of the great shoulder of rock that culminates in the Scur is a broader sheet of water, and in it is a little island. It is told how there dwelt on that island certain Amazons. The scientific explanation, I believe, finds traces of lake dwellers. Perhaps there is about the same amount of probability for both opinions. The island in question is too small to make it worth while for the rival claimants to quarrel for the ownership. It measures a few yards from end to end.

Geologically the island is richly endowed. The most interesting phenomenon is the "singing sands" or "musical sands," as the natives generally call them. It was the same Hugh Miller who discovered them, and he glories in his find to the tune of some ten pages of small print. "At length" (he is walking along the northern shore of Laig Bay) "we reach a small, irregularly formed bay a few hundred feet across . . . I became aware of a peculiar sound that it yielded to the tread as my companions paced over it. I struck it obliquely with my foot, and the sound elicited was a shrill, sonorous note somewhat resembling that produced by a waxed thread when tightened by the teeth and the hand and tipped by the nail of the forefinger. . . . As we marched over the drier tracts an incessant 'Woo! woo! woo!' rose from the surface." Until this discovery there were but two places known in the world in which such sand existed. They are at Jabel Nakous, in Arabia, and at Reg Rawan in the neighbourhood of Hindoo-Kush. In regard to the former there exists amongst the Arabs a strange tradition. There is in the bowels of the hill, they say, a hidden monastery, and the curious sounds are those of

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a gong summoning the monks to prayer. What strikes one most in reading the accounts of the phenomenon is the variety of the figures used in describing the strange sounds. They are compared to a humming-top, the striking of a clock, "the faint strains of an æolian harp," a squeaky string, an underground monastery, the sound of a finger drawn round a wet glass, the cry of a seagull, the sound of "drums and nagarets." Perhaps the only conclusion we can draw is that the sounds are unique in nature. Why it is that the sands emit this peculiar sound was a puzzle to the scientists of last century. One learned writer attributes it to "a reduplication of impulse setting air in vibration in a focus of echo." This simple and lucid explanation may, for all we know, still hold the field!

Following the shore round the northern end of Laig Bay, the path rises up a high shoulder of the cliff and then sinks down into a low strip of land shut in by sea and towering cliffs. The latter at this point are particularly fine. They resemble the frowning walls of some gigantic fort or impregnable city. One hot afternoon my companion and I scrambled for hours along the base of this vast rocky cliff, and not a break in the precipice wall allowed us even a hope of scaling the cliffs to the moors above. The surroundings filled us with a strange sense of awe. It is not only the utter and absolute loneliness of the place, for this it shares alike with most of the island. One seldom meets a fellow-being except among the cluster of farmsteads in Laig Bay or along the solitary road. But here, under the northern and eastern precipice, there is something else. The cliffs are so strangely dark, threatening and forbidding that they seem to hold one in their clutches as the sea gradually forces its way up to their base and shuts off all escape till the turn of tide. Close to the water's edge in a lower line of cliffs is the Chieftain's Cave. It was here that, after the defeat of Sheriff Muir, the Clanranald chief took refuge. It is a wild and inaccessible spot where he came to find shelter. The islanders are fond of telling how the refugee complained to his henchman of the hard stone pillow which alone was available. "How, villain!" quoth the latter. "Dost blame thy pillow, and to-morrow thou mayest not have a head to lay upon it!"



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It was a glorious day of sunshine when we made our second ascent of the Scur, this time from the south side. The path rose quickly from the wild southern shore, and we were not long in reaching the gigantic eastern precipice of that amazing rock. There it rose absolutely perpendicular above us, a sheer wall of four hundred feet. As we walked along the southern base all its varying fantastic shapes came into view, composed as it is of basalt columns, twisted here and broken there in an alarming fashion. The base gapes wide from the topmost slopes of soil. Over and over again the great masses of rock appear to be waiting the lightest touch to send them crashing down into the valley beneath, where there is evidence of many a like catastrophe.

After we had clambered along the base of the rock for about three-quarters of a mile, we found a steep narrow gully. Up this we made our way, and, after some rather trying hand-over-hand work, found ourselves at the top of the lower end of the rock. Here are the remains of ancient fortifications. How immensely strong the position must have been before the days of shot and shell! Turning east, we climbed in the direction from which we had been walking for more than an hour, but now we were upon the summit of the long mountain rock. At last the end came, and we were perched up in our narrow hold, a veritable crow's nest, girt about on three sides with precipice, and looking upon one of the most superb views that man could wish to see. The mountains of Scotland formed a magnificent panorama. They must have stretched out for sixty miles or more. In the farthest north the hills of Skye and the great jagged Coolins could be seen. The white houses of Arisaig and Mallaig were visible on the mainland. Right opposite is Loch Moidart. It was at Moidart that Bonnie Prince Charlie landed in 1745, but only to wreck the fortunes of many an old Scottish family, and to send so many of his faithful Highlanders to their death on Culloden Field. Still further south Ardnamurchan Point stands out boldly into the western sea. Beyond are the mountains of Mull, and away further still is a small island which we judged to be that very Iona where Columba first built his rude cells of earth and wood when he brought Christianity to these shores. To the

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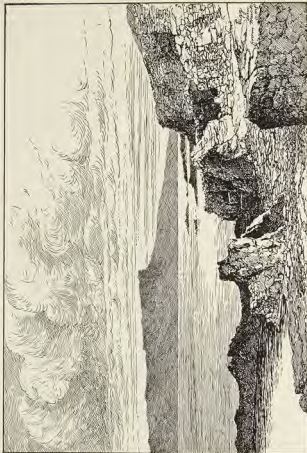
west, very clear this afternoon, runs the long broken line of the Outer Hebrides. At our feet in the sparkling water looking like a raised model map, is the Island of Muck, i.e., the "Isle of Pigs," from the Gaelic "Muick," or may be it signifies the Isle of Monks from the monastic ruins found there. Dr Johnson tells us that the latter derivation was invented by the laird of his time, who wished to be called "Monk" rather than "Muck," since it is customary to call the laird by the name of his lands.

We returned along the northern path across the rolling hills purple with heather.

The inhabitants of the island are never quite at home with the English language, and always speak Gaelic in family life. The children, indeed, in many cases "have no English," as their parents tell you; and in a few cases the older people have forgotten the little English they learned at school.

One should not leave the island of Eigg without paying a visit to the most typical of the older inhabitants, a dear old lady called Widow McDonald. She has been ailing of late, which, considering that she is eighty-four years of age, can hardly be a matter for wonder. She has been a widow for fifty years, and has seen her children and grandchildren grow up around her. She is still as busy as can be, spinning the wool with her old-world spindle, picking the lichen for staining it, dyeing it herself, then knitting it into stockings or shawls. She used to make it into cloth with her loom, but her children, thinking this work too great a task on her strength, put an end to it in the only way possible—they burnt her loom!

Another glorious day favoured our departure. Laig Bay looked very fresh and green by the blue, sparkling waters, a very corner of the earth for the heart of man to rest in. We passed up over the steep side of the gully near the pool where it is said the ghostly hag washes shrouds, past the school-house, across the island and down to the jetty. The sea was tossing heavily as we boarded the "Gael" from our little skiff. We were soon steaming away to the south; Muck was on the starboard, Rum was away to the north-west, covered with heavy white clouds. The Scur of Eigg was astern; there it lay like a great crouching lion ready to spring over the tossing



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sea. We made for the Sound of Mull, and the sea grew rougher as we rounded Ardnamurchan Point. I looked back, wishing to get a last view of the island. I was just in time. A minute later the rocks and the lighthouse had shut out from sight the far-away "Sgorr nas Eigg."

R. A. D.

TO A PROCURATOR IN ROME*

My dear Confère,

At the present moment there is not any business of great importance to be transacted at Rome. In conformity, however, with the wish of the last General Chapter, held at Woolton, you will please to request, and, if possible, obtain for us permission to celebrate the festivals of St Gregory VII and St Alphonsus (de Lyons) on the earliest vacant days in the year. After the middle of April our Calendar is so crowded that we have not place for any additional festivals. Whereas, in the earlier months of the year, our Calendar has several vacant days.

You will have the goodness also to obtain, or rather, to petition the Holy See to continue the privilege now enjoyed by Dr Marsh, ex-President, of giving the degree of D.D. to the Chapter (General) or, when it is not sitting, to the President and Regimen concurrently. The number of Doctor's Caps at the disposal of Dr Marsh is four. Ask for the same number.

Your own wisdom and enlightened mind will point out to you the means by which you will be able to promote the interests of the English Benedictine Body, and to secure to it the good opinion of His Holiness and the authorities of the Holy See. *Salus populi suprema lex esto.*

I commend you and all that you will undertake for the good of your brethren to Almighty God, and take leave of you with regret, but with the most complete confidence in your fidelity, wisdom and zeal. Be so kind as to give me a place in the affections in your heart. *Bene ambules et Dominus sit in itinere tuo et angelus ejus comitetur tecum.*

Be assured that you have in a most unworthy Superior a sincere friend and an affectionate Father.

I am, then, my dear Confère,

Your faithful and affectionate,

L. B. BARBER.

Stanbrook Convent,
November 2, 1842.

* These letters will need no word of introduction to readers of the JOURNAL. They will remember the articles entitled "A Procurator in Rome." (Vol. XVI.)

To a Procurator in Rome

Seel Street,

January 28, 1843.

Dear Mr Prest,

I thank you kindly for your cordial sentiments of friendship and respect, which I duly appreciate. Mr Challoner is out and busy with the contemplated new orphan house. Your brother has been at Ampleforth, and left after a visit of some days, a little improved. He is now again, by a more recent account, still further improved. Time is a great abater of all sorrow. I saw a letter from John a few days ago.

The chapel attached to the priest's house at Edgehill will be opened in July, and Mass will be celebrated then; the children will be assembled for Catechism, and the obsequies of the dead will be performed. Rev. James Dowding, of Little Crosby, is appointed Incumbent. But this, for the present, is a secret here. The churchyard walls are now completed, and the whole is greatly admired. The second annual meeting of St Anne's Society took place last week. Richard Shiel, Esq., John Rosson, Esq., and a whole host of friends attended; £110 was given on the occasion. It is considered by our friends the most honourable to us of any meeting we have had in Liverpool. Our friends, Charles and Mrs Challoner have visited St Anne's, and are highly delighted. Beg of Cardinal Acton to procure a small portion of the relics of St Anne, presenting to His Eminence my dutiful respects. The penitentiary will be built this summer. Rev. Mr Phillips undertakes the penitentiary. The chapel of St Anne's will be half up by the time you receive this letter, and as soon as the masons have finished the priest's house and chapel, they will commence the church. The foundations are cut for the church, and there are twenty-five men daily at work.

Causes of delay were: the bankruptcy of Wright, (2nd) our loss individually in the Order, (3rd) the danger of insurrection in the Country owing to distress. Again, it was considered more respectful to Doctor Briggs not to start instantly, but to let the world know that the Holy See approved the undertaking, and that, after a time, we should quietly commence. A good effect has been produced; no one considers it in the spirit of opposition now. The delay has been salutary

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to the minds of all. None in the town, that we know of, disapprove, but all urge it forward. Religion has not suffered, and charity has not been wounded. Indeed, if Cardinal Fransoni will condescend to look at the subject in my view, he will commend the peace, the moderation, and the happy results of this delay, which, at the commencement, our friends, even in Rome, recommended to us.

We have now in bank £3,000 for St Mary's, and we had in accounts £1,000 for St Anne's. We are spending at Birtley in house, school and chapel and cemetery £1,400. In Liverpool, at St Mary's, we have commenced two schools. Both are full, and we shall spend £1,000 in building new schools.

We beg the blessing of the Holy See upon these great works. Hoping soon to hear from you, and wishing you health, success in all your works, and praying for your eternal happiness,

I remain,

Your affectionate Confrère,

H. BREWER.

Stanbrook Convent,
February 2, 1843.

My dear Confrère,

I received both your excellent letters in due course. As soon as I read the first I made up my mind not to write until I had received a second. The reason will at once suggest itself to you. It was written under such a severe depression of spirits, brought on by the various circumstances detailed in the letter, that I judged it better to wait for one written when you could take a more dispassionate view of things. However, I deeply sympathized with you and entered into all your feelings. Well, we will hope that this gloomy commencement will be followed by a brighter day, and that you are already beginning to find yourself more at home among the Italians. On the 16th of last month I went to Downside to spend a few days with the Brethren, and proposed to go to Chepstow to see

To a Procurator in Rome

Dr Brown on the 24th. I did so; but on the very night of my reaching Chepstow I was attacked with a violent cholice, which brought on vomiting, which continued at intervals of about twenty minutes for twelve hours. It was accompanied with nettle rash. I was confined to my bed for three days, and during one of these I received your second letter from Rome, forwarded to me from this place. I came home on Tuesday quite fatigued and weak. I am hardly equal to writing, but you have been so long without hearing from me that I make a willing effort that a speedy end may be put to your anxiety at my too long silence.

By your last letter it is clear that the authorities at Rome have their eyes on our proceedings at home. Your explanation about Edge Hill was very right and proper, and I hope you have ere this written to Mr Brewer on the subject.

Dr Brown thinks that I had better not make the petition for your residence out of a convent. His Lordship suggests that you might find lodgings more pleasant and salubrious in a Franciscan Convent or in a Convent of Passionists or in any other convent.

If you want money you must apply to Mr Heptonstall. He will be here on Monday next, and I will speak to him on the subject. I am sure that you will not spend needlessly, and a Superior would make a fool of himself who was to say at this distance, "I will tie you up and leave you no discretion." If the Congregation must have an agent at Rome, the necessary expenses must be defrayed.

With as little delay as possible I wish you to put in a petition in the proper quarter that we may insert in our Calendar for the First Sunday in May the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and for the Second Sunday of November the Patrocinium of the same. These festivals have been inserted by Mr Scott in the present year's directory. I am informed that these two festivals, as being only of Indult Apostolic to certain localities, cannot be taken into our Calendar without a similar Indult. You had better include in the petition a request also for us to keep the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi. Please also to apply that the Confraternity of the Rosary, which was established

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some years ago at Downside for the students of the College may be extended to the community.

There is a petition getting up among the secular clergy for the renovation of the Hierarchy in England. This is considered by some wise heads as a side blow at the Regulars, inasmuch as they cannot be Parochi without a Papal dispensation in each individual case. I have received a circular from Dr Rock and a few other secular clergymen on the subject. I shall take no notice of it. Dr Brown, O.S.B., wishes me to impress upon you the advantage of cultivating a confidential intimacy with Father Glover. And while he would have you to act a proper part towards Cardinal Acton and Cardinal Fransoni, he recommends you to make up to Palma and such subordinate officials, by whose means alone can any business be successfully expedited. A word to the wise is enough. By this time you will begin to speak a little Italian. Every day will improve you in the use of that language, and you will soon come to speak Latin fluently. How have you got it so deeply fixed in your head that you were made Proc-in-Curia Rom. solely on account of your health. Such a ground, for aught I know, may have influenced the vote of here and there one. I am sure it did not influence mine. In public Chapter I asked if you had this and that qualification, and in every case I received a satisfactory answer; and these answers decided me. You have every qualification but one (and I doubt if that will hurt the cause), and that is a too great diffidence in your own abilities. If you have too much honesty for a diplomatist, the example of a Court will correct that Yorkshire excrement.

I received the letters you sent from France. Every letter has given me great pleasure and delight, abstracting from what has been painful to yourself. When you write, please to say how your brother James was when you heard. Remember the Gospel of the Feasts of Abbots, and you will feel religious comfort in the practice of that obedience which has removed you from friends and kindred and country.

All here are much in the same state as when you left. Lady Abbess and Community unite in affectionate souvenirs.

To a Procurator in Rome

I have received Cardinal Acton's and His Holiness' letter in answer to our Capitular letter.

God bless you and comfort you.

I remain,

Your affectionate Confrère,

L. BARBER.

Stanbrook,

March 27, 1843.

My dear Confrère,

Yesterday, *Lætare Sunday*, gave me cause to rejoice in the receipt of your letter, dated the 13th. By this time you will have received another from me informing you of the death of Dr Marsh on February 23. Thanking you for your letter, and rejoicing that you write in so much better spirits, I feel still more grateful that you write to me so much at your ease and *à cœur ouvert*. This takes from the stiffness and coldness of official communication, and promotes a kindly exchange of sentiments—as long as our letters are not to come under the eyes of your Italian friends *n'importe*. I must return once more to your appointment. To confirm what I have before asserted, I will say this: that among the members of our house there was, previous to Chapter, a strong desire for Mr Heptonstall to go to Rome. But when the time came for debating the point in Chapter, your name was mentioned the first, and as the questions put as to your aptitude for your office received satisfactory answers, no other was mentioned in Chapter, and you were elected on the ground of fitness. I heard enough years ago of a Roman winter from Dr Brown, O.S.B., ever to send an invalid there for his health. You will disappoint me to my sad humiliation if you do not prove more than equal to your duty at Rome. A man that can sit quiet and not murmur when he is not brought forward, to me he gives *prima facie* evidence that he deserves to be brought out and affords presumptive certainty that he will succeed on his new stage. Once when Dr Morris was at variance with me, then Prior of St Gregory's, because he was too fond of showing

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himself too much abroad, he wrote to Mr Baines, then of Bath, who sealed a letter of comfort with the motto: *Merit seeks the shade*. A more true maxim cannot be advanced, and applies as well to you as to the Bishop of Troy. Now I have no fear of your success in, for you never courted, office. God has sent it to you unsought. *Confortare et esto robustus*, I am not a little humbled, great man as I am, and so long with my light not under, but on, the bushel, that Cardinal Fransonius should not remember my name. I have written to him more than once in *re* Jenkins et Baines, and in the archives of his office it must appear under good and evil report. You are right. It would have been well to write to the Cardinal Prefect as well as to the Pope after the Chapter, and I should have done so, only I thought I should save myself the trouble of two Latin letters by sending that to the Pope under cover to Cardinal Aëton, to whom I wrote more fully than I could have done in a foreign language. I remember when Dr Brown was acting for us at Rome, he repeatedly urged Mr Birdsell to write directly to the Prefect of Propaganda and not to Cardinal Weld. He saw the *jalousie de métier*. I shall know better another time. I see also the impropriety of "Curia Romana"; "Sede" should have been the word in a document *ad captandum*. You are aware that it is the style in our Constitutions. These are *in se* petty discoveries, but they are no proof that you are not fit for your office. Are they evidence of my unfitness for mine? I will profit by them. Plainly enough I see you are making your way with the authorities. Have you had an audience of His Holiness? I hope he will like you and admire your Benedictine costume. In your own words: "A simple petition that the Chapter or (Chapter not sitting) that the President with the Regimen shall have power of conferring a Doctor's degree on two of the Body *qui idonei judicentur*," was what I meant; but if you can obtain a permanent grant to the effect of your suggestion it will be better still. The last grant, obtained by our late President, was a power to himself to nominate four D.D.'s. But this is, I think, too great a power for the President alone.

I am writing to Mr Brewer to-day, and I will name your suggestion about the new church of Mr Fisher. In my opinion

To a Procurator in Rome

Mr Brewer has too many irons in the fire at once. A Magdalen asylum is now contemplated at Woolton. Whether this be an addition to that projected at Edgellill or not I do not know. Phillips is not, *ut opinor*, qualified to carry on such an undertaking. I differ from you about the *English* Jesuits. The foreign have never been *Parochi*, and therefore care nothing on that score. But those at home do. Remove them, or attempt it, and in England they will cry out lustily. If I am well informed, they took the grant for Liverpool as it was. They took it, however, with a certainty that those Liverpools who frequented their church would be so clamorous for it to be placed on the footing of other chapels, that Bishop and Propaganda would be obliged to yield the point. I have heard more than one say this. I believe all that which you utter about favourable or unfavourable Bishops to the Regulars. As to the Hood, come, my good friend, *Rome Romano vivit more*. But if ever the House falls under your management, make better arrangements than your predecessor.

Mr Scott received safe and paid (like snarly you) the amount of postage on the letter which you were urged by Mr Nicholson to expedite so early. My profound respects to Abbot Theodulet, if he will accept them from a plebeian. Which do you like best, an English or Italian Benedictine? Mr Scott was so hard to bring to book that Heptonstall went away without the books of accounts from him. If they do not send you money you must draw—only taking great care to give them timely notice, that they may be prepared. Scott grumbles, but you cannot go on without the needful. I am sure you will not spend more than necessary.

The Prior of Downside writes me that Dr Baines is very poorly. Teresa Jay is gone home, and the other two little friends laughed pleasantly at your injunction, and performed it not, but beg their affectionate duty to you. Mr R. was very ill some time ago. He is better again.

Lady Abbess and all our good sisters beg to be most kindly remembered.

Dr Morris is gone to live with Phillips—how long? Now forget not the Cardinal's Hat, at which I have long aimed. Get me that, and then I shall say of you, "*Omnis talis*

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punctum" to whomsoever asketh my opinion of your diplomatic abilities. In sober earnest, adieu and God bless you. I remain,
Your affectionate Confrère,

L. BARBER.

In reply to your kind inquiries I am much better, but I cannot last yet. I have an idea we had better get our Calendar renewed at Rome with all changes and addition of saints and then reprinted.

Stanbrook Convent,
April 29, 1843.

My dear Confrère,

I received with pleasure, and in due course, your letter of the 3rd inst. You appear not to have received either of the two letters which I had addressed to you subsequently to the death of Dr Marsh. I notice this lest they may have missed, and you not be aware that I have been attentive to you. The first of the two I addressed to the English College; the second to San Calisto. For the proposed edition of the English Breviary, this printer is the identical rogue who cheated us so much in the large edition—neither Quarto nor Octavo—so many copies of which we have in hand and cannot dispose of them. They are on bad paper, full of typographical errors, and neither convenient for hand or bench. When Dr Brown agreed to take so many copies, the edition was to have been in four volumes. Princethorpe nuns ordered, through Dr Brown, a number of copies, and when they saw the event they would not take one; they all remained in our hands. To make short I will have nothing to say to the present edition. Downside says the same; from Ampleforth I have had no answer. The book will be nothing better than an unwieldy fat butcher. I will thank you to procure Mr Scott and myself a Benedictine Missal each in sheets. We can have it bound in England to our taste. Unless you have drawn for money and advertised old Heptonstall of it, I am afraid you have received nothing yet. The old gentleman has been in a sad humour for some time. He does not like London work, and what he does not like

To a Procurator in Rome

he manages to throw on Mr Scott. We had better fix a salary for you, I wish you had given me an idea of what may be necessary for your support. By this time you can form a tolerably accurate judgment. I am going to the Lancashire Propositus meeting next week. I shall see Mr Fisher and Molineux and I will consult with them as to your salary.

Certainly you will do well to enter into a book a registry of the Indults and Grants made to us by the Holy See. Note also in it any new decrees, or at least the substance, emanating from any of the Congregations of Cardinals which it may interest us as a body to know. It seems advisable that we should revise and remodel our Calendar and submit it as a whole to the Holy See for approbation. This is a point which I will name to Messrs Fisher and Molineux, and with them appoint Mr Scott and Jenkins to perform the task. I have not sufficient time myself. As I proceed with mine, I take your letter in hand that I may notice anything to be noticed. We are now arrived at "Palma." Put up with a little from him, as he may be very useful to us. Dr Ullathorne never, he says, gave a bribe to anyone, and yet he got through his business with expedition and facility. But he is such a pushing character, and withal so small, that he can creep through chinks. But what I am going to say now I say in perfect confidence, and do not notice it when you write to me.* Dr Nicholson is, I dare say, offensive to Palma because the Doctor is independent of him. This good Doctor has written to Ullathorne and Dr Brown, O.S.B., sounding them as to their disposition to receive English mitres. The Doctor says he had not been desired to write thus, but had his reasons for so doing. In Holy Week Dr Brown, Ullathorne, Scott and myself held a consultation on this letter. The result: Dr Brown wishes to retain his present Vicariate. We imagine that Propaganda wants a Reg. Bishop either for Lancashire or Durham. In either case we are of opinion that it will be expedient to allow Dr Ullathorne to take any English mitre that may offer, and to this effect he has written to Dr Nicholson. You will know how to act in case you are asked anything on this head. Be sure to say

* No harm can come of the publication of the information now.

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nothing about it unless you come to the knowledge of the aim of Dr Nicholson in another way. Perhaps it will be as well for you to mention to Cardinal Acton *tempore opportuno* what we are doing in the South Province. We have nearly finished in Gloucestershire a beautiful church and presbytere for the benefit of two deserted congregations. We are erecting (it is actually commenced) a large church at Coventry and a presbytere at Little Malvern. This is to show we are not idle. I earnestly desire to have a house in London, and have been hammering at Mr Scott about it for nine or ten years. He will not take a bait, and as he would have to see about the money, I have done no more than urge it. Indeed, he has not the means of doing a good thing. Cheltenham and Coventry are the two mill-stones of the south. In the midland and western districts we shall meet no hindrance to the erection of chapels, and therefore have no necessity for recourse to Rome. Mr Brewer undertook too much at once, and now a penitentiary is started at Woolton. Do you think Mr Phillips a man for such a business? We shall run wild at this rate.

It was Pius VII who granted the caps to Dr Marsh, and it certainly was a special favour to him. Chapter, in 1834, in a certain way (*ipso annuente*) took it out of his hands and gave one to Dr Brown—*quo jure non affirmo*. I thank you for your suggestion about those caps. I care not a rub about them, yet, as they fly about in the direction of every head but those of Benedictines (a chance one excepted), it is desirable to have now and then one to dispose of. Exercise your prudence and take the advice of such as you confide in in making the petition at all. You may make it in my name as President if you like. I never consulted with anyone about the matter. I may have named it to Mr Scott. Dr Poynter obtained caps at once for Drs Lingard, Fletcher, Archer and Gillow, but then these were *nominatim*, and for their learning, or services, or both.

Your friend, Sister Ursula Wakefield, will be professed on the octave of the Ascension. Pray for her and for me. Write as often as convenient. Lady Abbess and community unite in kind regards.

Ever your affectionate Confère,

L. BARBER.



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THE REBEL

WHEN the redcoats came upon us like a mountain
stream in flood
And our slowly gathered troop, true hearts, lay
trampled in their blood,

Fifteen minutes' ruthless slaughter, and the dream of months
was o'er,
Like a fruit nursed all a summer time, found cankered at the
core—

Then we found him 'mid the dead and dying, Patrick Doyle
and I,
And he bade us save ourselves that night, and leave him there
to die.

But we bore him round the hill to Patrick's cottage in the
glen:
We would keep him there in hiding till his strength should
come again.

And the storm broke black upon us as the night began to fall,
And between the rain and thunder thrice we heard the banshee
call.

But to us 'twas but the battle's end, some hero's dying shriek;
And we trusted he would hear it not, so loudly did we speak,

Speaking all our foolish thinkings, how true friends would
guard his way
To a land beyond the waters, wherein freedom still hath
sway,

Where his toil should fruit and ripen, and the grief that vexed
him here
Should fall from him in a land more worthy of him and more
dear.

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Fools, as though he could be comforted if all the world beside
Walked in freedom, while his own land lay in chains at Eng-
land's side.

What new toil could win his love, who heard her never-ending
moan?
He who gave his life for Ireland's freedom cared not for his
own.

But we talked our foolish thinkings, for our hearts were blinded
then,
And we rested in the pine wood till the call came once again.

And to us 'twas but the raving of the wind above the pines,
Where the torn blast round the tossed tops knit anew its riven
lines.

Ah! dull ears that could not hear it, hearts that could not
understand!
For to him it spoke all plainly of the sorrow of our land,

Where tyrants, few and evil, have oppressed a holy race,
Thriving on our scorn of riches, mocking at our love of grace;

Few and evil, but behind them lay the might of England's
arm,
Like a giant that strikes blindly, harming with no thought of
harm.

Did we plead unto our tyrants? blacker grew the ruffian scowl,
For our manhood scorpion whips and for our maidens outrage
foul.

Did we rise in wrath to crush them? straight the hosts of Eng-
land came
To uphold the wrong for justice' sake, enslave in freedom's
name,

The Rebel

England, blind to all but mammon, with no heart to under-
stand,
With the easy ear for slander, and the heavy blundering hand.

So he told us till our hearts burned, whispering harsh with
anguished breath;
And he heard the third call sounding from afar before his
death.

And to us 'twas but the wailing of the storm-wind on the lake
Or the answering wind that cries back when the mountain
caverns shake.

Ah! dull ears that could not hear it, hearts that could not
understand!
'Tis the spirit of our isle, the guarding angel of our land.

She has cried through all the ages, while our age-long woe
unrolls,
Speaking hidden words of sorrow to the ear of chosen souls;

Sitting lone with hair dishevelled, on the lonely mountain
side
She has wailed her endless wailing, and her sons have heard and
died.

And he died between our hands there, and we laid him in the
clay,
And with bleeding hearts we left him,—peace be with his soul
to-day.

J. B. McL.

SCHOOL NOTES

The school officials for the term have been as follows:

Captain of the School and Head Monitor	B. E. Burge
Monitors	F. W. Long, L. T. Williams, R. J. Power, G. W. Farrell, E. J. B. Martin
Librarians of the Upper Library	C. R. Simpson, E. J. B. Martin, G. Lintner
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	N. Fishwick, G. L. Beech
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library	C. Knowles, L. A. Unsworth
Librarians of the Lower Library	R. J. Power, J. P. Douglas
Captains of the Games	W. I. G. McDonald, W. P. St L. Liston
Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, J. B. Smith
Captain of the Cricket Eleven	B. E. Burge
Cricket Committee	B. E. Burge, L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison
Secretary of the Tennis Club	C. R. Simpson
Captains of the Cricket Sets	
1st Set.—	B. E. Burge, L. T. Williams
2nd Set.—	E. J. B. Martin, R. J. Power
3rd Set.—	N. Fishwick, C. Rochford
4th Set.—	L. Unsworth, C. F. Macpherson
5th Set.—	C. P. Power, V. Cravos
6th Set.—	R. J. Cheney, C. S. D. George

* * *
Our best wishes go with C. Cravos and J. Macpherson who left the school at Easter. The following boys joined the school at the beginning of the term: R. Murray, E. J. Dease, H. A. Wallace, E. B. O'C. Robinson, J. F. Gerhartz, I. G. D. A. Forbes, R. S. Douglas.

* * *
At the beginning of term Noel J. Chamberlain was elected captain for the third time this year, but ill health has necessitated his absence from school. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *
DURING the course of this term the Upper Library has been reopened, and the old Billiard Room has become the Lower

School Notes

Third room. The Upper Library is still the room that so many generations of boys have known and recognized as beautiful in architectural proportions and design, for it retains its large and lofty Jacobean windows, and the curious but beautiful bit of the tower stairs. The renovation, accepting all the outstanding features, has only added to them, and given to the room a very real character of its own. Of late years it had grown a little out-at-the-elbow, and its beauty called for some attention to the walls and floor. This attention has now been given, and a carefully considered scheme of decoration has been put into execution. The walls have been panelled with old oak in Jacobean style, seven and a half feet high, surmounted by *coaststone* work, which produces so wonderfully the effect of stone. The floor is of oak blocks stained to harmonize with the panelling, and the bookcases have undergone a miraculous transformation at the hands of a French polisher. The pictures have been selected from the national portraits published by the Medici Society with one exception, the beautiful portrait of the eleventh Lord Arundel (an Amplefordian) attributed to Lawrence. On the whole, these are the least satisfactory part of the scheme, and it might have been better to have let the room "speak for itself" until some pictures, both beautiful and of the proportions the room demanded, had been obtained.

The Head Master reopened the Library and improved the occasion by turning a very material fact into an incentive to high thinking and moral elevation. He also performed the same ceremony for the Lower Third upon their entrance into their possession. This room is panelled in pitch pine with a pitch pine block floor. It is a bright and cheerful room, and a considerable addition to our school accommodation. Dom Ambrose, who planned and carried through both these transformations, has deserved and gained the gratitude of the school.

* * *
WORK on the new cricket ground ceased towards the end of June owing to the dryness of the weather. It will be resumed again in the autumn. The progress made has been good, but the most difficult part is still ahead. In the meantime the site

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of the new pavilion has been staked out. It will face south-east towards Gilling Castle. "The Press" have succeeded in viewing the plans, and can assure readers that it will be a building worthy of the new ground. In addition to the central room, which will measure forty-seven feet by fifteen, there will be a kitchen, changing rooms, lavatories and ample storage for sight boards and all the appurtenances of a cricket ground.

* * *

This term Rackets gave way as usual to Handball, which has enjoyed an unwonted popularity, as if the rumour of the removal of the Ball Place had given it new life. One thing to be regretted is the frequent substitution of a soft ball for the orthodox hard one. The law that "a four" playing with a soft ball must always give way to "a four" which can produce a hard one is rapidly being forgotten.

But is this law?
Ay, Marry is't.

* * *

We have heard something this term of the activities of an enthusiastic poetry society, of which Father Abbot is President, and there is some evidence of their activity in another part of this Journal. It is said, indeed, that some of the members have not limited their enthusiasm to the reading and criticism of poetry, but have themselves cultivated the muse. But of that no evidence has been submitted to us. While recognizing to the full that poets are not to be constrained we cannot but be disappointed. However, we wish them continued ardour and continued inspiration.

* * *

THE new buildings have made slow progress, and we are reconciled to seeing them unfinished in September. For some time they have presented a pathetic sight. The very newness of their partially-built walls rearing their heads above the ground has pleaded in vain for a finishing hand. There is no response. No sound of trowel or chisel breaks the stillness of the air. An occasional man lurks amidst the walls. Maybe he digs a hole or fills one up or unloads a rare truck of some

School Notes

material, which, it is hoped, will be useful some time in the future. On the more active days the clerk of the works in "sullen magnificence" presides over a solitary bricklayer, who from early morn to late at night piles brick upon brick on certain walls of the Fives Courts that have the good fortune to be constructed of that material. The truth is that the quarrymen of the district, whence comes the stone, have been out on strike. No doubt upon the adjustment of their differences with their employers, our building will be rapidly completed. *Quod Deus det.* In the meantime it stands

"a naked subject to the weeping clouds."

* * *

WITH a view to the cricket a further change has been made in the horarium. The "long" afternoons (now Wednesday and Friday) have been lengthened to six o'clock and the "short" shortened to half-past three. The change was met with some suspicion, but a simple mathematical effort has proved that the balance is in favour of recreation by three-quarters of an hour in the week. From this point of view it has met with universal and ungrudging approval. Undoubtedly the games in the first and second sets have been improved, but the former arrangement gave sufficient time to the lower sets, and on the whole Tuesday and Thursday make better half days.

* * *

SEVERAL stained glass medallions have been recently put into the Study windows. We have to thank Mr Clement Standish, Mr Patrick Neeson and Dr Dawes for them. Two are in memory of Bernard Dawes, who died in 1886, shortly after he left school.

* * *

THE thanks of the Cricket Eleven are due to Mr William Taylor, who has given two bats for the best batting and bowling averages in the matches played.

* * *

IN the last number we were able to record the fact that we had been favoured with a sub-post office of our own. So lucrative has the Government found it, that we have now a full post-office with telegraph and telephone.

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THE fathers of the English Benedictine Congregation held their chapter here in June. Needless to say the boys were not admitted to their deliberations—nor was there a Press gallery—nor did they even issue a précis of their proceedings in the Council Chamber. In fact we only became aware that something out of the ordinary was happening by the unwonted numbers of visitors, who suddenly appeared in our midst bearing upon their persons the insignia of high office.



At the last meeting of the Ampleforth Society, held on June 10, Abbot Hunter-Blair and Mr George Chamberlain were elected vice-presidents.



A JACKDAW of unblushing effrontery and characteristics singularly reminiscent of its fellow of Rheims has taken up its quarters in the house or its precincts. No place is sacred to him. He attends class seemingly indifferent as to whether it be Greek or Mathematics, the First Form or the Sixth; he presides at "prep," walks the cloisters with becoming gravity and has even attended Church. It is feared that he may meet his death in one of these escapades, for the temper of monks as well as Cardinals is tried to cursing—nay even killing—point. In the meantime for his sake we pray that he may keep his hands or rather his beak off Father Abbot's ring.



This year "Gormire Day" was fixed for June 4th. Very rightly there was no departure from the programme of many years. Favoured by exquisite weather we enjoyed one of those days which end in a healthy tired feeling that all is well with life—and which draw in their wake refreshing sleep. As a "universal picnic" for the school "Gormire Day" remains unbeaten, and will do so for many a long day. How many of the school know its origin? In the early years of last century its purpose was primarily utilitarian, for it was spring cleaning day. We have learnt that a relic of this still lingers, in that the domestics from kitchen and laundry annually on this day swarm over

School Notes

those parts of the building which, normally, are not visible to them. There are still those alive who remember the time when the school hired every available "mount" from the surrounding district for the great day. On the evening before, "the bounds," where they were tethered, presented a scene of extraordinary animation, and during the night small boys in the dormitories lay awake listening to the neighing of the horses or the braying of the donkeys, that next day were to carry them to Gormire. This was a custom that might well be revived.



If all the year were playing holidays
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come they wished for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.



On July 3rd the Choir took advantage of one of these "rare accidents" to go for its summer outing to Fosse Lake. The weather was perfect, for Apollo smiled wooingly upon these favoured minions of the muse of song. Bathing was the chief duty of the day, and voices whose wonted strains are sweet as any nightingale rang in discordant clamour across the lake. Great havoc, too, was made among the smaller tribes of fish who inhabit there, and it is reported that one adventurous fisherman cast his line with such vigour that thrice did he follow it into the water himself; but his ambitious heart was rewarded with a perch goodlier and greater far than those of his comrades. At midday, lunch was served by no less a dignitary than the school *chef*. In the afternoon the rest of the school intruded upon this Parnassian retreat; and harpywise swept down and seized upon a sumptuous tea. A little later Choir and school departed homewards, with the prospect of earning by many days of work the pleasure of some future "accident."



We are grateful for the insertion of small gates into the "bounds wall." The former long-standing stiles involved an amount of salutatory effort on the part of our elders and visitors, always exorbitant and sometimes almost criminal.

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The captain of the school has collected £10 for Mr Norman Potter's work.

* * *

We offer congratulations to Dom Hugh, Dom Francis, Dom Ildephonus and Dom Iltyd, who were ordained priests by the Bishop of Sebastopolis on June 11th, and also to Dom Raymund who was ordained deacon.

* * *

We offer to Sir Mark Sykes, who is telling in our pages the story of the great prophet of the East, our sincerest sympathy on the death of his father, Sir Tatton Sykes. May he rest in peace.

* * *

We also ask the prayers of all boys present and past for Francis Lynch lately dead.

* * *

The school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (<i>Head Master</i>)	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.
Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Bruno Dawson.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Benedict Hayes	Dom Antony Barnett.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Francis Primavesi.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Ildephonus Barton.
	Dom Iltyd Williams.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing and Painting*).

J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

R. Blades (late Yorkshire 2nd XI), (*Cricketer Professional*).

Sergeant-Major Grogan (Sergeant-Instructor, late Irish Guards).

W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster, West Yorks).

Mrs Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).

SCENES FROM HAMLET

IN writing about such plays as *Hamlet*, it is usual for the critic to begin with a few easy generalities, intended to reveal a knowledge of the play so detailed and profound, that, if the prompter at the rise of the curtain had suddenly gone mad and insisted on swallowing his copy, the critic might have been called upon to supply his place, and to prompt from memory. To no such knowledge does the present writer pretend; so that he will limit himself, by way of preliminaries, to a tilt against the most famous character in the play—the Ghost.

The introduction of the Ghost as an essential element in the play leads us most direly to suspect that not only fate and circumstance, but the author himself as well, were against Claudius, for whom our sympathy is thereby at once aroused. The unfortunate king laid his plans with admirable care and finish, so much so that Shakespeare is reduced to the basest of dramatic devices—the spiritualistic—in order to circumvent him. It may be, of course, that our interpretation of the play is at fault; that Hamlet is, as often in real life, a secondary character masquerading as a primary, and that the true hero of the play is Claudius—a second *Œdipus*. More seriously, it would seem that the play for Shakespeare took place inside Hamlet's mind; he saw everything through Hamlet's eyes, and the Ghost was no more than one among the strange creatures and phantasms roaming in that grey world. Hamlet's mind is the stage upon which a high and awful tragedy takes place; the rest is accessory.

Of the performance of Hamlet at the Exhibition of 1913, it may truly be said that it was moving; and this is as much as to say that it was simply and sincerely acted. The restraint of gesture and motion hardly ever became stiffness, and the lines were neither mouthed nor slurred, but spoken with real regard for their cadences and beauty; with the result that Shakespeare had it, as only too rarely, all his own way. The first honours are certainly due to L. T. Williams, who succeeded throughout in holding the stage with the difficult part of Hamlet. It was

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a remarkably level and consistent piece of acting, not basing itself upon particular scenes, but getting its effect as a whole. The beautiful and "sympathetic" part of Ophelia was well taken by G. J. Simpson. Like Hamlet, he laid himself open to the charge of monotony; but probably both were right in keeping to the note that they could strike effectively, and in not attempting the varied touch of the professional actor. F. W. Long redeemed himself, after an unlikely Polonius, by a very good and hard-working First Gravedigger: we should like to have seen R. J. Power cast for Polonius, though he made an admirable Horatio, especially in his conversation with Hamlet on the Castle platform. B. E. Burge was hardly wither-wringing enough as the Ghost, but impeccably dignified. D. Long seemed the best of the players, and L. B. Lancaster (Osric) was an excellent "water-fly." The crowd made a remarkably effective exit with the king, after his terror as he watched the players; but a similar exit in the last act was quite undignified and failed entirely.

The staging was as good as usual, with the exception of the lighting; even in the crowded scenes the back of the stage was almost in darkness. Another batten is badly needed; or, if this is impossible, the cloth behind the first batten might be higher. Mr Eddy is to be congratulated on a good performance of Henschel's striking and beautiful music.

There linger in one's mind reminiscences that go to show what impressions were deepest made—the scene of the king's horror before the players; Ophelia's "mad" scene, with its lovely traditional melodies, and its infinitely pathetic giving of the flowers; some of the cadences in Hamlet's lines; the solemn funeral music of Henschel's; the falling swords at the end; and many smaller things, that went to make what might have been merely a "school play" into a beautiful thing done with a certain reverence for its beauty.

Here follows the list of Characters:

<i>Claudius (King of Denmark)</i>	E. J. MARTIN
<i>Hamlet</i>	L. T. WILLIAMS
<i>Horatio (Friend to Hamlet)</i>	R. J. POWER
<i>Polonius (Lord Chamberlain)</i>	F. W. LONG
<i>Laertes (his son)</i>	G. E. FARRELL

Scenes from Hamlet

<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	B. E. BURGE
<i>Rosencrantz</i> }	W. I. G. McDONALD
<i>Guildenstern</i> } <i>Courtiers</i>	THE HON. R. BARNEWALL
<i>Osric</i> }	L. B. LANCASTER
<i>Marcellus</i> } <i>Officers</i>	(H. J. EMERY
<i>Bernardo</i> }	C. R. SIMPSON
<i>First Player</i>	J. B. ALLANSON
<i>Second Player</i>	D. T. LONG
<i>Player King</i>	J. MORROGH BERNARD
<i>First Gravedigger</i>	F. W. LONG
<i>Second Gravedigger</i>	J. B. ALLANSON
<i>Priest</i>	C. R. SIMPSON
<i>Gertrude (Queen of Denmark)</i>	E. WILLIAMS
<i>Ophelia</i>	G. J. SIMPSON

LORDS, SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS.

W. P. Liston, J. B. Caldwell, J. G. Mortogh Bernard, H. C. McMahon, H. W. Martin, B. S. Martin, C. P. Power, the Hon. C. Barnewall, T. A. Long, L. A. Unsworth.

The music in the play was selected from Henschel's Music, specially written for H. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Hamlet," at the Haymarket Theatre, 1892.

X.I. LE F.

The Exhibition

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

The Head Master in his annual report said that so far as the health of the school was concerned the past year had been on the whole satisfactory. In the matter of games the Rugby code of football, which had been adopted during the previous year in the place of Association, retained its popularity, and he thought that this year the team was stronger. The Officers' Training Corps was in a most flourishing condition: the official report from the War Office spoke of it as "a promising contingent, showing good results." He then described certain changes which had been made in the method of school government at Ampfloss. There had always been at Ampfloss the theory of the management of the school by the school in recreation time. The government had now been reorganized; seven monitors had been appointed, with the Captain of the School as first monitor; and in their hands lay the management of the social life of the school, together with the right of inflicting limited punishment. The three prefects (who were masters) still remained, each with his own section of the school for which he was responsible to the authorities. Passing on to the studies inspected by four representatives of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, and though it was not allowed to publish their report, he thought he might give the general impression which the visit made upon the Senior Inspector, Mr J. Marshall, M.A. This gentleman, who had come to Ampfloss with no knowledge or experience of monastic schools and with anything but a prejudice in their favour, was deeply impressed by the religious, social and intellectual life of the school. What especially struck him was the real and personal interest that the masters took in the boys entrusted to their charge. This was due to a number of causes—

e.g. (1) the smallness of the classes, (2) the close community of faith, religion being here not a mere form or a subject only of instruction, but the ideal and governing principle underlying the whole activities of the place, (3) the fact that every

THE Exhibition took place on Tuesday, June 10th. A very large number of parents and "old boys" were present. The cricket match *Part v. Priant* was begun on Monday and, the same evening, "Scenes from Hamlet" were produced in the school theatre. Both these events receive special attention elsewhere in these pages. On Tuesday the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was sung by Father Abbot. After this the Exhibition with distribution of prizes, was held in the theatre. The following was the programme:

I—OVERTURE	"Prelude and Gavotte"	Gregg
II—ENGLISH SPEECH	"The Almiral's Chant"	Alfred Noyes
III—PART SONGS	"Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O Sea!"	G. A. Macartney
IV—LATIN SPEECH	"Hautobriemomenonem," Part I	Terrace
V—DANCE	"Cherms!" "Collours!" "Knowles!"	Edward Schaub
VI—FRENCH SPEECH	"Le malade imaginaire"	Mullier
VII—TRIO FOR VOICES	"Snow in Spring"	Carl Reinecker
VIII—AIR	"Wahm, Kockfeger v. Lavcater III"	Gregg
IX—ONE TO ALMA MATER	(Edited and Scored by R. W. OBERHAYER, Esq.)	Bishop Hadley, O.S.B.
X—EPILOGUE	"The Chork"	Anonymous
	"God Save the King"	Williams!

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one of the teachers was himself in his time a pupil in the College, and (4) the comparative youth of the staff, a large proportion of the masters being of an age and physique and temperament that qualified them to take a full part in the life of the school. The Inspector realized that this was a *live* place, having a quite definite idea and ideal, and a thoroughly well considered scheme for their attainment as far as attainment was humanly possible. The Head Master concluded by thanking the donors of special prizes for school work—namely, Messrs. J. McElligott, J. H. Nevill, J. Fishwick, W. Milburn, J. Raby and Matthew B. Honan.

SPEECH BY THE ABBOT

Father Abbot thanked the Head Master for his report and also took this opportunity of publicly thanking the staff of the school for the untiring labour and care which they had bestowed upon the boys entrusted to them. He wished also to express the gratitude of the school to Mr. J. P. Smith, who had guaranteed to continue for the next six years one of the scholarships which had been founded by the Ampleforth Society. The Abbot offered a hearty welcome to all the guests who had come for the Exhibition, and said it was a special pleasure to have in their midst Bishop Vaughan and Abbot Hunter-Blair, the latter a very old friend in a new dignity. This Exhibition was remarkable in one matter which was at the same time a source of profound regret—namely the absence of the Bishop of Newport (Dr Hedley), a distinguished son of Ampleforth, who during fifty years, with one exception, had never failed to be present at these festivities.

SPEECHES AT THE LUNCHEON

After the Exhibition proper the guests assembled in the study-hall for lunch. When the serious business of corporal refectio was accomplished Fr. Abbot rose to give the toast of the Pope and the King. He spoke of his recent visit to Rome and of the severe illness through which His Holiness had just passed. They should for that reason wish him a complete restoration to health and (with more than usual fervour) *ad multos annos.*

The Exhibition

Dom Denis Firth, O.S.B., then proposed the health of the guests. It was, he said, a very serious business. If his hearers read St Benedict's Rule they would find how much stress he laid on the proper reception and entertainment of guests. It was not perhaps possible to reproduce the ritual that St Benedict prescribes in all its fullness, but the spirit could still be maintained. Proceeding, he said he was very glad to welcome the many guests who were that day honouring Ampleforth with their presence. He would particularly like to welcome that great and distinguished prelate of the Church, the Bishop of Sebastopolis. He was an illustrious member of an illustrious family. He himself, the speaker, had been trained at Belmont by another distinguished member of that family, Dom Roger Bede Vaughan, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney. Concluding, he again welcomed the guests and called upon all to drink their health.

Bishop Vaughan, replying for the guests, said it was a great pleasure for him to do so. Looking back through the centuries it was easy to see how much civilization owed to the Benedictines, and no country owed so much to them as England. They had practically been its apostles. They had founded its episcopal sees. For many centuries the Primate of England had been a Benedictine. They had promoted learning and kept the lamp of culture alight in troublous times. And, if he might strike a more personal note, he himself had been born in a Benedictine diocese and educated at a Benedictine school. He had spent two years at that centre of Benedictinism, Monte Cassino. He had known Bishops Polding and Roger Bede Vaughan at Sydney, and that fervent monk, Dr Gillett. And, if he had not been educated at Ampleforth itself, he had come under Ampleforth influence, for, when he was at Downside Fr Ildephonus Brown was installed there as Prior. So he could claim a close connexion with Ampleforth and with the Benedictines. Concluding, he expressed his very sincere thanks in his own name and in that of all the guests for the hospitality that had been shown to them.

After lunch the Officers Training Corps was reviewed by Major Barrington. The march past with the accompaniment

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of the band was very good. After performing various evolutions together the troops then went through the company drill. At the finish Bishop Vaughan addressed a few words of commendation and encouragement to the Corps. He exhorted them to regard their work not merely as a preparation for a military career, but as an excellent training of body and character. If properly used the drill that they had so well exemplified that day would create in them valuable habits of discipline and self-reliance.

In the evening there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and "Te Deum," and thus ended the Exhibition programme.

The following are the names of the prizewinners:

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Set I	H. J. Marron.
Set II	V. G. Knowles.
Set III	A. E. Rankin.
Set IV	F. G. Morrogh Bernard.
Set V	L. A. Unsworth.
Set VI	D. M. Rochford.
Set VII	J. A. Dalby.

ENGLISH

Set I	} J. O. Kelly.
Set II	
Set III	A. E. Rankin.
Set IV	F. Clancy.
Set V	T. V. Welsh.
Set VI	D. M. Rochford.
Set VII	A. F. Bisgood.
Letter Writing	R. J. Cheney.
Hand Writing	L. V. Milburn.

HISTORY.

Set I (<i>English</i>)	J. O. Kelly.
Set II	C. B. Collison.
Set III	A. E. Rankin.
Set IV (<i>Roman</i>)	W. H. Martin.

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Set V (<i>Greek</i>)	{ T. V. Welsh } <i>ex æquo.</i> { L. A. Unsworth }
Set VI	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set VII	A. F. Bisgood.

GEOGRAPHY

Set I	W. J. McDonald.
Set II	F. G. Morrogh Bernard
Set III	J. B. Allanson.
Set IV	G. R. Cuddon.
Set V	C. H. Robinson.

LATIN

Set I	C. R. Simpson.
Set II	J. B. Caldwell.
Set III	E. Leach.
Set IV	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set V	1. C. J. Rochford 2. C. F. Macpherson
Set VI	J. B. Allanson.
Set VII	V. G. Cravos.
Set VIII	D. M. Rochford.

GREEK

Set I	H. J. Marron.
Set II	J. B. Caldwell.
Set III	M. J. Ainscough.
Set IV	H. M. Gerrard.
Set V	S. F. Cravos.
Set VI	J. G. Morrogh Bernard.

FRENCH

Set I	G. A. Lintner.
Set II	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set III	L. A. Unsworth.
Set IV	B. S. Martin.
Set V	C. J. Ffield.
Set VI	R. G. McArdle.
Set VII	J. B. Allanson.
Set VIII	E. J. Massey.
Set IX	A. F. Bisgood

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GERMAN

Set I	G. M. Hall.
Set II	Hon. R. Barnewall
Set III	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set IV	R. G. Emery.

MATHEMATICS

Set I	F. W. Long.
Set II	V. G. Knowles.
Set III	G. A. Hayes.
Set IV	D. T. Long.
Set V	E. N. Fishwick.
Set VI	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set VII	F. G. Morrogh Bernard.
Set VIII	C. J. Field.
Set IX	A. L. Milburn.
Set X	F. E. MacDonnell.
Set XI	C. J. Unsworth.
Set XII	J. R. Loughran.

SCIENCE.

<i>Mechanics</i>	F. W. Long.
Set I (<i>Physics</i>)	J. O. Kelly.
Set II (<i>Physics</i>)	D. T. Long.
Set III (<i>Physics</i>)	H. W. Greenwood.
Set I (<i>Chemistry</i>)	E. W. Williams.
Set II (<i>Chemistry</i>)	
Set III (<i>Chemistry</i>)	F. L. Le Fèvre.
Set IV (<i>Chemistry</i>)	C. J. Field.
<i>Nature Study</i>	C. H. Robinson.

MUSIC.

Piano	H. J. Emery.
Violin	R. J. Power.
Improvement	T. V. Welsh.

PAINTING AND DRAWING

Painting	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Drawing—1	D. T. Long.

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Drawing—2	L. B. Hawkswell.
Drawing—3	E. N. Fishwick.
Drawing—Form II	J. P. Douglas.
Drawing—Form I	L. V. Milburn.
Drawing (<i>Mechanical</i>)	A. B. Gibbons.

"AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY" SCHOLARSHIP.

2nd Year	B. E. Burge.
1st Year	V. G. Knowles.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Classics—	
For the Higher Certificate Candidates	R. J. Power.
(Presented by John McElligott, Esq.)	
For the Lower Certificate Candidates	E. Leach.
(Presented by John H. Nevill, Esq.)	
For the Lower School in Latin Grammar	V. G. Cravos.
(Presented by John Fishwick, Esq.)	
Mathematics—For the Upper School—	
"Milburn" Prize—	J. O. Kelly } <i>ex aqno.</i>
	J. B. Caldwell }
English Essay—For the VI and V Forms	E. W. Williams.
(Presented by John Raby, Esq.)	
Music—For Theory—"Turner" Prize	V. G. Knowles.
Drawing—For the best Model Drawings of	
the year	G. A. Lintner.
(Presented by Matthew B. Honan, Esq.)	

HERR OBERHOFFER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

WE were very glad to welcome to his old school Mr George Oberhoffer, who with Herr R. W. Oberhoffer came this term to give us a Pianoforte Recital. Genius is a much misused word, but we do not hesitate to apply it to the remarkable gifts of Mr Oberhoffer, whom we now heard for the first time since his triumphs at more than one foreign conservatoire. The programme consisted of two parts, part I being two arrangements for Pianoforte Duet, and part II a series of solo items by Mr George Oberhoffer. Perhaps the most enjoyable number was the performance of the Hungarian Dances arranged as a Pianoforte Duet. The general feeling of dissatisfaction which most of us experience with regard to Pianoforte Duets was absent here. The players were obviously so much *en rapport* that we did not feel that any sacrifice of individual inspiration was being made. In the second part, Mr George Oberhoffer's playing (although he was suffering from a very severe chill which developed on the following day into a serious illness) was exquisite. He played with his head as well as his heart, with rare understanding as well as sensibility, in short, as a recent critic said of Mr Harold Bauer, "like a gentleman." Of his merits as a composer we had two delightful examples; brief, but sufficient to show us that he does not allow Mathematics too great an influence over the Muse, and on the other hand that in spite of Debussy, Ravel, Vincent D'Indy, and Richard Strauss he still believes in musical sequence and in modulation, and does not rely for effect on the beauty of the single chord. Our sincere thanks for a most pleasant evening. We hope that a wide musical career lies before him.

PROGRAMME

PART I

PIANO DUETS by Herr R. W. and Mr G. OBERHOFFER

- I.—EIGHT HUNGARIAN DANCES
II.—WEDDING MUSIC

Job. Brahms
A. Jensen

- (1) Processional March
- (2) Bridal Song
- (3) Round Dance
- (4) Notturmo

Herr Oberhoffer's Pianoforte Recital

PART II

Recital by Mr GEORGE OBERHOFFER

- I.—Minuet in C
- II.—Variations in A
- III.—(a) Valse in B Flat; (b) Capriccio
- IV.—Papillons
- V.—Bacchante
- VI.—Aeolus
- VII.—Tarantelle

Paderewski
Paderewski
G. Oberhoffer
Schwann
Lechitzky
Gerubim
Liszt

LECTURES

Mr L. W. HUNTER.

ON June 22nd Mr Leslie W. Hunter, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford, lectured to the School on "The Truth of Homer." The literary truth of Homer has long been established, and in the greater part of his lecture Mr Hunter dealt with the archaeological evidence for the real existence of the civilization mirrored in the Homeric poems. A rapid survey of the growth of Minoan and Mycenaean culture brought the lecturer to a very vivid account of the work of Schliemann and Arthur Evans at Hissarlik and Crete respectively. "Work" we are accustomed to call it, but Mr Hunter spoke of it with such glowing conviction as turned it into sheer adventure. To all Homeric scholars, even to those who write books, the quest of an ancient world is almost what the quest of the Grail was to olden knights of romance. Schliemann and Evans were the pioneers on land, but it was left for Mr Bérard, armed with a copy of Homer and a Pilot's guide, to explore every inlet and cave on the Mediterranean coast, and in the fascinating couple of volumes which were the result of this adventure to establish still further the archaeological truth of Homer. Mr Hunter then turned to the literary truth of the poems, and after speaking of some of their technical points—the manipulation of language and of rhythm—dwelt with much felicitous quotation on the poet's insight into the permanent stuff of human character. The sixth *Odyssey* with its charming combination of pure joyousness and unlaboured dignity was here inevitable, and might we suggest to Mr Hunter that his own rendering, with its qualities of liveliness and sensitive precision, proves that there is ample room for yet another translation of Homer?

Mr C. L. LEADLEY-BROWN.

MR LEADLEY-BROWN of the East Yorks came from York to give members of the Officers Training Corps a lecture on Musketry. Most of the school attended and were treated to so breezy a lecture that, without ex-

Lectures

aggeration, we can say it developed towards the end into a perfect hurricane. This is a genuine compliment, for the subject sounds so serious and business-like, as effectually to exclude intellectual fresh air, but throughout we breathed freely and learnt more of the true principles of Musketry in three-quarters of an hour than we could have believed possible. The lecturer discussed the value of musketry specialization, insisting upon the necessity of not allowing theory to become divorced from practice, and showed by many illustrations how this frequently occurs. We thank Mr Leadley-Brown most cordially, and hope that we may hear him again on some future occasion.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the society was held on Sunday, May 4. In private business Mr Kelly was elected secretary. The chairman (Fr Justin McCann) opened the proceedings with a short address on poetry and on the objects, as he conceived them, of the newly formed society. He spoke of the poet as prophet, disburdening himself of an inspired message. He urged the society not to confine their interest to one school or epoch of poetry, but to be catholic in their tastes.

Mr Hayes then read a paper on poetry. He discussed its definition and its origin. He spoke of the relation of poetic inspiration to the words and metre in which it found expression. Comparing English poetry with the poetry of the Greeks and the Romans, he expressed the opinion that only our native poetry could give us its full message.

Mr Hall considered the relation of poetry to music, and thought that the latter had much the advantage in the expression of emotion.

Mr Lintner said a word for alien poets.

Mr Kelly and Mr Knowles dwelt on the close unity of form and matter in poetry.

Mr Hayes answered various criticism and questions.

The second meeting of the society was held on Sunday, May 11, Fr Benedict Hayes was present as a visitor.

Mr Knowles read a paper on Wordsworth. He gave an interesting sketch of the life of the poet, showing its influence on his poetry. Then, examining his poetry more narrowly, he said that Wordsworth excelled chiefly in his shorter poems. He had a power beyond the ordinary of insight into nature and of appreciation of commonplace events. His poems were characterized by a kind of intellectual frugality. Seldom did he attempt to portray love or the stronger passions, and in his pathetic pieces he did not give full play to his emotions. Mr Knowles spoke also of his nature poems and his sonnets, and illustrated his points with quotations.

Mr Hayes criticized Wordsworth rather severely.

Fr Benedict spoke of Wordsworth's seeming inability to keep up his inspiration in the long poems. They read rather like a loose combination of many smaller ones.

The Poetry Society

Mr Murray, Mr Kelly, Mr Lintner, and Mr Hall also spoke, illustrating the subject or submitting difficulties to the reader of the paper.

Mr Knowles replied to criticisms and questions.

The third meeting of the society was held on Sunday, May 18. Fr Joseph Dawson was present as a visitor.

Mr Kelly read a paper on "Shakespeare: the Man." He showed how false was the general impression that we could know nothing of Shakespeare's character and disposition except what was gathered from doubtful anecdotes and vague traditions. Making abundant extracts from the poet he delineated his main characteristics. His wide range of experience was chiefly remarkable. He was a man of many sympathies. He had an enormous specific acquaintance with the common people. His humour was strong and essentially English. He was, too, a great master of detail. Mr Kelly also spoke of the vein of contemplative melancholy that runs through his plays and of such vexed questions as his religion.

Fr Joseph was not sure that we could get any very distinct notion of the poet from his plays. It was rather a general impression.

Mr Hall, Mr Knowles, Mr Hayes, Mr Lintner, Mr Murray, Mr Collison, and Fr Justin also spoke on the subject.

The fourth meeting of the society was held on Sunday, May 25. Fr Gerard Blackmore was present as a visitor.

Mr Murray read a paper on John Milton. He gave a very full sketch of the life of the poet and his varying fortunes. Tracing the growth and development of his poetic power, from his earliest efforts to the epic period of his later years, he illustrated the matter with apt quotations. He explained the causes of his long poetic silence and spoke of his prose labours. Time prevented the reader from dealing fully with the great epics, "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained."

Fr Gerard spoke of the sublimity of Milton.

Mr Lintner, Mr Kelly, Mr Knowles, Mr Hayes, Mr Collison, Mr Hall, Mr Emery and the chairman also discussed the poet.

The fifth meeting of the society was held on Sunday, June 1.

Mr Hall read a paper on Tennyson. Giving a history of his

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life and its circumstances, he traced the evolution of his poetry and its advance in popular favour. Tennyson, he said, was often condemned as shallow. But his poetry was not a mere collection of beautiful lines without any depth of thought. He adduced many passages to show that this view of Tennyson was quite unfounded. Nor was he a copyist. He was an original artist, and, if his poetry had any fault, it was, perhaps, that it was sometimes too beautiful.

Mr Murray admired Tennyson as a man as well as a poet.

Mr Knowles dwelt on Tennyson's faults. He was a hunter after style. To this he had often sacrificed substance and reality.

Mr Hayes dwelt on Tennyson's lack of depth when compared with poets who were his contemporaries.

Mr Lintner read one of Tennyson's short poems as the best answer to some severe criticism that had been passed on him.

The chairman congratulated Mr Hall on his courage in eulogizing Tennyson. It had long been unfashionable to confess a liking for his poetry. But there were signs that that fashion was passing away.

Mr Hall replied to criticisms.

The sixth meeting of the society was held on Sunday, June 15. Br Felix Hardy was present as a visitor.

Mr Knowles read from Wordsworth. He illustrated his effort towards great simplicity of style and subject. He then read some of his poems dealing with the French Revolution, and some of the shorter lyrics. To illustrate the way in which Wordsworth curbed his emotions and did not allow them full play, he read the "Fountain." He also read the "Leech Gatherer" and the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

Br Felix then spoke. What he liked about the poet was his departure from that style of classical allusion and love of flowery diction, which were characteristic of the poets who preceded him. He pointed out that Wordsworth achieved just what present-day poets were striving after. We were again in a period of reaction and our modern poets were again seeking the simple mode of expression and the direct interpretation of nature.

The seventh meeting of the society was held on Sunday, June 22. There were present as visitors Fr Gerard Black-

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more, Fr Ildephonus Barton and Mr Eric Shepherd. Mr Collison read a paper on Keats. He told the story of the poet's life, of his medical studies, of his first attraction to poetry. After speaking of his literary acquaintances and his tendency towards poetry of a rich sensuous type, he gave an account of the publication of "Endymion," and later of his greatest book, containing "Lamia" and the "Eve of St Agnes." Discussing the poet's character he found him a man of rather unstable principles, and his poetry showed the same instability. He concluded by reading from his poems.

Mr Hayes dwelt on the sensuous beauty of the poet's language.

Mr Knowles also emphasized this point and spoke in appreciation of the good use Keats had made of his short life.

Mr Shepherd considered Keats as almost the youngest of our poets. In his poetry he found a certain sadness. There seems to have been a great void in his life which he could not fill with the frail and transient glories of the world. He thought this was due to his lack of faith; Keats had not the belief in "the undiscovered country," whose confines begin only where those of this life end. So he did not believe that we might live for ever in a land where beauty and joy were not transient but everlasting. In his opinion the acute feeling which the poet experienced burnt him up. As regards his poetic method, Keats was the antithesis of Wordsworth. The substance of Wordsworth's poetry was "emotion remembered in tranquillity." Keats, on the other hand, wrote in the very storm and stress of acute experience.

Mr Emery and the chairman also spoke.

The eighth meeting of the society was held on Saturday, June 28. Br Bernard McElligott and Br Felix Hardy were present as visitors.

Mr Shepherd read a paper on Shelley. After a very interesting review of his eccentric life he went on to discuss his poetry. There was not enough of the man in his work. He was always soaring into the intangible ether. But when he returned to earth he gave us of his best. In illustration the reader quoted the poem on "Night." Shelley, he continued, was impatient with the mystery of life. He was always asking what it was and trying many clues to the mystery. "Adonais," Mr Shepherd

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thought, was the finest elegy in the language, and in it we could see that "intellectual beauty" that was always his chief charm. His mind saw, behind the commonplace, principles and ideas hidden from the ordinary man, which filled him with thoughts of beauty. Shelley was, he repeated, essentially an ethereal poet, although it was his rare returns to our common earth that we owed some of our greatest English poems.

The ninth meeting of the society was held on Sunday, July 6. There were present as visitors, Fr Ildephonsus Barton Br Bern-ard McElligott, Br Stephen Marwood and Mr Eric Shepherd. Mr Lintner read a paper on Coleridge.

Dwelling very fully on the story of his life, Mr Lintner showed the conditions in which the poet lived and wrote. He described his relations to Wordsworth, and other important influences to which he was subject. Making some quotations from his poems he found himself obliged to speak very summarily of the latter half of his life. He emphasized the power and range of his imagination.

Mr Knowles spoke especially of Coleridge's command of the witchery of word and metre. He quoted "Kubla Khan" in illustration of this.

Mr Hayes discussed Coleridge's metrical skill. He then expressed the gratitude of the society to the chairman and the visitors who had done so much to help their efforts. He wished particularly to thank Mr Shepherd. They had realized fully that they had heard a poet speaking on poetry.

Mr Shepherd thanked the last speaker for his flattering reference to himself. He had only been too glad to be present at their meetings, and could very honestly congratulate them on the success they had achieved. Turning to the subject of Coleridge he discussed his method of writing. He seemed to depend for his inspiration on dreams or some state equivalent, and his inspiration in consequence was entirely out of his command. It was intermittent and in the end failed him entirely. He criticized his prose writings and commented upon his disastrous slavery to opium.

The chairman closed the meeting with a few words of thanks to Mr Shepherd and Mr Hayes, and expressed the hope that the society would continue its work with ardour undiminished in the future.

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of term:—C. F. Macpherson, E. J. Dease, R. P. St L. Liston, C. P. St L. Liston, J. G. D. A. Forbes, E. B. O'C. Robinson, V. G. Cravos, E. D. Baines, A. B. Gibbons, T. Kelly, L. A. Unsworth, D. T. Long. The contingent now contains seventy-seven cadets.

The following promotion was posted this term:—

To be Sergeant: Corporal Leese.

During the Easter holidays our O.C. went through the course at Hythe and obtained his certificate. May 12 was a field day. The scheme had a very clear and definite object apart from purely military practice or display—for it was intended that the plan of operations should develop into a sort of armed picnic—an object easily attained. With this end in view it was arranged that the band should form a convoy protected by sections two, three and four, with section one acting as a harassing force. The attack began on the moors just below "Tom Smith's Cross," and continued as far as the game-keeper's cottage. Section two, afterwards relieved by section three, formed the firing line. Lunch came at Scawton whence we made for Helmsley. Our entrance into the market place caused no small flutter amidst these peaceable civilians. A well-earned tea awaited us. Later in the evening when the band played us out, we were literally seen off by the township. At the end of the day we had covered fourteen miles.

At the Exhibition, Major Barrington reviewed the contingent, and a short but smart display of company drill, which apparently was greatly appreciated by the visitors, followed. Much the same evolutions were repeated next week for the edification of Abbot President Gasquet and the fathers assembled for the general chapter. The War Office inspection took place on June 26, but the report has not yet been received. The encouragement given us by the inspecting officer leads us to believe that it will contain no severe criticism and some praise.

One new member, Cadet Macpherson, has been added to the band. We neglected in the last number of the JOURNAL

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to thank Colonel Leese for a further gift to this department of the contingent. We do so now, the more cordially because late.

The band on July 3 went to Scarborough, where apparently they spent the best of days, for they returned well pleased with themselves.

Practice on the range has been assiduously attended throughout the term. The shooting competitions will not take place until the last week of term when the following prizes will be competed for:—

1. Silver Cup presented by Colonel Anderson.
2. Silver Cup presented by Mr L. Cadic.
3. War Office Miniature Rifle presented by Mr. G. H. Simpson.
4. The Head Master's prize.
5. The Officers' prize.
6. Prize presented by Captain Boyce.
7. Prize presented by Mr. W. J. Sharp.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THE Natural History Society has once more returned to life during the present term and continued its varied activities with undiminished vigour, though, perhaps, slightly reduced in numbers. The usual weekly meetings were held on Sunday evenings, and the papers read by members, though they contained no very epoch-making discoveries, were worthy of commendation, in that they showed a much greater first-hand knowledge of the subjects of which they treated than is usually the case. The activity of the society in the field has been somewhat restricted by the difficulty of arranging excursions. This cause, perhaps together with the unwonted popularity of the camera, has led to much closer observation of the birds of the immediate neighbourhood. Many photographs of nests and young birds have been produced which, while they hardly bear comparison with the best work of Kearton, have, no doubt, served the more modest purpose of adding considerably to the sum of human knowledge of the habits of some of our commoner species.

One other effect of this revival of interest in bird life may, perhaps, be worthy of mention. Towards the end of May a pair of spotted flycatchers built a nest in a cavity in the wall of the north dormitory. Hardly had the nest been completed when it was dislodged by a wild west wind. The site was, therefore, abandoned as unsuitable and a similar one was chosen within a few feet of the ground beside the doorway on the square. This time the occupants met with the success which their temerity deserved, and the eggs were safely hatched, the nest being kept under very close observation during the whole period of incubation. This year, also, the wagtails which have for many years attempted, unsuccessfully, to rear their young in the bathing pavilion were allowed to do so without molestation. Of which act of grace they showed their appreciation by rearing a second brood in the same nest. We are glad to see that the study of natural history is capable of raising even the egg-collector to better things.

In the June number of *British Birds* a writer of note

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remarks upon the scarcity of corncrakes in the eastern counties, and suggests an inquiry to ascertain, if possible, what changes are taking place in the distribution of that species. This inquiry will interest many who have spent the present summer in the so-called Vale of Mowbray. For that vale seems to have become the favourite haunt of the corncrake, and its wonted peace has been disturbed by the ceaseless croaking of this most unmusical of birds. A pair seem to have established themselves in the gasworks' enclosure, while another threatened to occupy the shrubbery at the east end of the monastery, and actually spent a restless night therein. To the thoughtful mind their ceaseless music suggests curious speculations about their domestic economy, for they would seem neither to eat nor sleep. Yet with all their faults they compel our admiration for their sagacity, for, in spite of repeated attempts to dislodge them, they succeeded in remaining undiscovered, and when the hay was mown in the long meadow the young birds were just out of the nest and so escaped a violent death. A rare bird which has increased here of late is the grasshopper warbler, of which there are three or four pairs nesting in the valley. They, too, have so far escaped the vigilance of the naturalists, and no nests have been found.

Another infrequent visitor is the twite, whose nest was found this year among the willows near the bathing place. This shy bird seemed to have found the proximity of the cricket nets rather disconcerting and deserted the nest after a short time.

We were pleased, too, to find that a pair of kingfishers have again taken up their abode in the brook. These birds sometimes take a heavy toll of the young fish, and their methods of doing so are, perhaps, not such as would commend themselves to the orthodox sportsman. And yet, on many an afternoon when the trout were sulking, they have brought joy into the heart of the angler as they flashed along the water or sat motionless beneath some sheltered bank gazing into the stream.

The best thanks of the society are due to Mr Savile for a very pleasant day spent on his estate near Arden Hall on July 4.

CRICKET

UP to the time of going to press the School Eleven have played eight matches, won five, drawn two, and lost one. The lost game—against the Yorkshire Gentlemen—it was generally felt should have been won, but somehow or other the School batsmen never got going. Certainly as a side they were worth more than the 165 runs which they made against good, but not extraordinarily good, bowling. Of the drawn games the first, against Mr. Everard Radcliffe's Eleven, was quite open as the School had only just commenced their innings when rain put an end to the play. In the second, against the "Old Boys," the honours we think rest with the School, who were within twenty runs of their opponents' total (for six wickets), with only four wickets down. It was unfortunate that the inter-school matches with St Peter's, Ripon and Pocklington could not be played this year as it seemed that the School had a good side which it would have been pleasant to have emphasized. Turning to individuals Long and Beech carry off the bowling honours. They are a particularly good pair to start with, and though the eleven did not include much in the way of change bowlers, Burge, who captained the side very well throughout the year, seems to have the knack of changing the bowling at the right time. A slow left-hand bowler would have greatly strengthened the attack. Of the batsmen Burge, who has scarcely done himself justice, was far and away the best. He has a great variety of strokes and his advent at the wicket always filled the spectators with hope. Collison and Williams were also good. Both have a number of scoring strokes and their sound defence makes them a good pair to start an innings. Of the others, Kelly, who has come on greatly this year, and McDonald played some fine innings in critical circumstances; Kelly against Bootham School and Mr Swarbreck's Eleven, and McDonald against the Yorkshire Gentlemen. The fielding was smart and scarcely any catches were dropped.

AMPLEFORTH V. ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.

Played at Ampleforth on May 17 on a saturated wicket.

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and ended in a ridiculously easy victory for Ampleforth. At the fall of the eighth wicket Burge closed the School innings.

<i>Ampleforth</i>		<i>Royal Scots Greys</i>	
		First Innings	
Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Lord St Germans	6	Sgt Storey, c. Collison, b. Long	0
J. O. Kelly, b. Crabbe	1	Pte Storey, b. Hayes	0
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b. Murdock	39	Sgt-Maj. Telford, b. Hayes	1
B. E. Burge (capt.), b. Murdock	37	Lord St Germans, c. Barton, b. Long	7
Rev. I. Barton, run out	46	Mr J. E. Crabbe, c. McDonald, b. Long	0
C. B. Collison, b. Lord St Germans	4	Sir G. S. Baillie, b. Long	5
Rev. F. B. Dawson, b. Telford	34	Sgt Cook, c. Burge, b. Long	13
I. W. McDonald, l.b.w. Telford	18	Sgt-Maj. Wilson, b. Long	6
L. T. Williams, not out	7	Cpl Murdock, b. Hayes	4
F. W. Long, not out	2	Pte Watson, not out	2
W. G. Chamberlain did not bat.	—	Extras	1
Extras	13	Total (for 8 wickets) 207	47

<i>Royal Scots Greys</i>		<i>Ampleforth</i>	
Second Innings			
Sir G. S. Baillie, b. Hayes	2	Cpl Murdock, not out	16
Pte Watson, c. Kelly, b. Long	4	Sgt-Maj. Telford, b. Barton	0
Sgt Cook, b. Hayes	13	Pte Storey, b. Barton	0
Sgt-Maj. Otto, run out	9	Sgt Storey, st. Hayes	1
Sgt-Maj. Wilson, b. Barton	1	Extras	2
Mr J. E. Crabbe, c. and b. Barton	5	Total	46
Lord St Germans, b. Hayes	0		

AMPLEFORTH v. MR EVERARD RADCLIFFE'S ELEVEN

This match was played between heavy showers on May 21. It was most unfortunate that the weather interfered with and eventually put an untimely end to a game that promised to be very interesting. Burge lost the toss in the gathering gloom of threatening clouds. Mr Radcliffe's Eleven, which included five county players, went in to bat. The wicket was fairly easy but the bowlers at once found a good length, and even Mr Longman was forced to play with considerable care and restraint. A moderately good score was rather slowly put together until Mr Radcliffe went in at the fall of the ninth wicket, when the

Cricket

cricket brightened up considerably. Forcing the game Mr Radcliffe hit four after four and made a most sporting declaration with the score at 207. Meanwhile two or three stoppages had taken place on account of the rain, and shortly after the Ampleforth innings opened a real downpour put an end to the game.

<i>Mr Radcliffe's Eleven</i>		<i>Ampleforth</i>	
H. K. Longman, c. Barton, b. Long	32	Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Wilson	9
C. O. Hall, b. Long	5	J. O. Kelly, not out	1
J. P. Wilson, c. Barton, b. Hayes	1	Rev. A. B. Hayes, not out	4
H. C. Stanley, b. Hayes	6	B. E. Burge (capt.)	—
G. A. Sandeman, c. Kelly, b. Long	4	Rev. I. T. Barton	—
C. E. Anson, b. Long	6	C. B. Collison	—
Capt. A. Walker, c. Dawson, b. Hayes	22	Rev. F. B. Dawson	Did not bat.
E. S. Jones, b. Hayes	4	I. W. G. McDonald	—
M. Sykes, not out	29	L. T. Williams	—
G. Oakes, b. Hayes	19	F. W. Long	—
E. J. Radcliffe, not out	46	G. E. Farrell	—
Extras	13	Extras	7
Total (for 9 wickets) 207	—	Total (for 1 wicket) 21	—

AMPLEFORTH v. CASTLE HOWARD

On June 4 at Castle Howard. This is one of the old-fashioned "masters'" matches. It is interesting because it means a visit to the beautiful house of the Earl of Carlisle on whose ground the match is played, and because there are no boundary hits, which are the indulgences, so to speak, in a batsman's life. Every run scored has therefore really to be run, and those who field in the country may disappear as to their legs in meadow grass or among the large beech trees that fringe the ground. The game proved a triumph for Fr Benedict who scored 127 not out and took seven wickets for 53.

Castle Howard

J. Calvert, c. Barton, b. Hayes	3	W. T. Meyer, not out	22
H. K. Jones, l.b.w., b. Hayes	7	T. Thompson, b. Hayes	4
J. Byass, b. Hayes	17	B. Rodwell, b. Barton	8
M. H. Smith, b. Hayes	5	H. Nash, c. Chamberlain, b. Barton	1
H. Huggan, b. Hayes	7	Extras	6
G. Calvert, c. Hayes, b. Barton	27	Total	104
T. Smith, b. Hayes	0		

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<i>Ampleforth</i>	
J. O. Kelly, b. Smith 0	W. G. Chamberlain, c. Smith, b. Meyer 2
B. E. Burge, b. Byass 2	Meyer 8
C. B. Collison, c. Jones, b. Huggins 14	L. T. Williams, b. Meyer 8
Rev. A. B. Hayes, not out 127	F. W. Long, b. Meyer 6
I. W. McDonald, c. Huggins, b. Calvert 10	G. E. Farrell, c. Calvert, b. Byass 2
Calvert 10	W. A. Martin, b. Meyer 0
Rev. I. T. Barton, c. Smith, b. Meyer 50	Extras 12
Total	221

AMPLEFORTH v. "OLD BOYS."

Played on Exhibition Day, June 10, and ended in a draw. The "Old Boys," though rather weak in bowling, had a strong batting side. Mr T. Ainscough and Mr B. Bradley, playing magnificent cricket, put on a hundred runs for the second wicket, and things were looking badly for the School when Mr Cyril Ainscough, who seemed well set, was bowled by Long. A sporting declaration was made by the "Old Boys" and the School had just a chance of snatching a victory. After losing Kelly and Burge for very few, Williams and Collison, and afterwards, Collison and McDonald, played bright and refreshing cricket. The end just missed being quite exciting. Collison played a fine innings. He scored chiefly by means of the off-drive, but his placing on the leg side was also good. In one of the later overs when time was everything, he rose greatly to the occasion and scored twenty-one off six successive balls.

<i>Old Boys</i>	<i>Ampleforth</i>
T. Ainscough, c. and b. Long 48	L. T. Williams, b. Chamberlain 21
Rev. L. Huggins, run out 0	J. O. Kelly, lb.w., b. Crean 0
B. Bradley, b. Long 67	B. E. Burge (capt.), c. Chamberlain, b. Chamberlain 7
G. H. Chamberlain, b. Farrell 6	C. B. Collison, b. Huggins 84
Rev. V. H. Dawes, not out 8	C. B. Collison, not out 23
C. Ainscough, b. Long 14	I. W. McDonald, not out 23
P. J. Neeson, run out 0	O. J. Collison 0
J. Barton, not out 8	W. G. Chamberlain 3
O. L. Chamberlain } Did not bat.	F. W. Long 5
O. S. Barton } Did not bat.	G. L. Beech 4
G. Crean } Did not bat.	G. Farrell 4
	W. A. Martin 0
Extras 13	Extras 9
Total (for 6 wickets) 164	Total (for 4 wickets) 144

Cricket

AMPLEFORTH v. BOOTHAM SCHOOL.

Played on the Bootham ground on June 18. The wicket was a paradise for bowlers. Burge and Long very soon had Bootham out for sixty-four. Williams and Collison opened the Ampleforth innings and, considering the small total required, gave the school an excellent start. A procession, however, then commenced and in spite of Kelly's resolution—it takes two to stop a procession—the ninth wicket fell with the Ampleforth score still short of the Bootham total. Martin, however, stayed in with Kelly to the end, and Ampleforth won a rather narrow victory by a wicket and ten runs.

<i>Bootham School</i>	<i>Ampleforth</i>
J. O. Wood, b. Long 0	L. T. Williams, b. Latchmore 18
M. H. Rattrey, c. Chamberlain, b. Long 7	C. B. Collison, b. Latchmore 11
R. Armstrong, b. Beech 1	I. W. McDonald, b. Latchmore 0
G. L. Latchmore, c. Long, b. Burge 21	B. E. Burge (capt.), b. Latchmore 8
A. L. Wilson, lb.w., b. Burge 9	O. Collison, c. Wilson, b. Latchmore 4
E. J. Toulch, c. McDonald, b. Chamberlain 3	J. O. Kelly, not out 10
H. L. Penney, b. Burge 5	W. G. Chamberlain, b. Barker 3
R. H. Benson, b. Long 4	F. W. Long, b. Latchmore 6
J. Barker, c. Long, b. Burge 0	G. L. Beech, b. Gibson 0
H. Mortimore, b. Burge 1	G. Farrell, b. Gibson 0
J. L. Gibson, not out 0	W. A. Martin, not out 10
Extras 13	Extras 4
Total 64	Total (for 9 wickets) 74

The Second Elevens played at Ampleforth. Owing to Bootham coming by the wrong way at the wrong time there was only an hour and forty minutes' cricket. Nothing definite could be done in this time.

<i>Ampleforth (Second Eleven)</i>	
M. Ainscough, run out 0	E. J. Martin, c. Benson, b. Carr 11
H. J. Emery, b. Mowat 27	H. J. Marron, not out 13
L. H. Rochford, b. Mowat 0	F. Doherty, not out 1
J. B. Caldwell, c. Carr, b. Mowat 23	C. F. Leese } Did not bat
Hon. R. Barnewall, c. Fisher, b. Mowat 6	M. J. Gerrad } Extras 1
G. F. M. Hall, c. Benson, b. Carr 40	Total (for 7 wickets) 122

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Bootham School (Second Eleven)

G. Littleboy, b. Marron 2	R. Pierce, 24	} Did not bat.	Extras . . . 8
H. Fisher, run out 24	L. Tebbutt 8		
L. Jackson, c. Ainscough, b. 10	J. Butler 28		
Marron 10	R. Mowat 4		
K. Wood, not out 10	G. Carr 4		
S. Benson, c. Gerrard, b. Marron 28			
T. Busley, not out 4			
Total (for 4 wickets) 84			

AMPLEFORTH v. MR W SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN

Played at Ampleforth on June 24. Heavy showers during the morning more or less flooded the ground and play was not possible until a quarter past three. Mr Swarbrick's Eleven won the toss and went in first. Though handicapped by the wet ball Long bowled very well and the first three wickets fell to him for only nine runs. A stand was then made by Wray and Boddy which took the score to sixty when the latter was caught, also off Long's bowling. The innings closed for 129. Ampleforth opened badly and four good bats were out for twenty-two. When Kelly joined Fr Benedict the game was in a very interesting state, for only an hour remained for play, a hundred and eight runs were required, the bowling was good, and nearly half the side were already out. Fr Benedict played with quiet confidence and Kelly after a shaky beginning settled down to a resolute innings. Their stand for the fifth wicket took the score to 103, when Fr Benedict was late for a fast one from Wray. Four runs later Kelly, in attempting to drive Wray, was caught and bowled, and the end was quite exciting, the runs being hit off in the last over.

Mr Swarbrick's Eleven

W. Goodrich, c. McDonald, b. 2	F. R. Hansell, st. Martin, b. 10
Long 2	Williams 5
W. Reddin, c. and b. Long 4	E. Peat, c. Williams, b. Beech 9
A. Wray, c. Hayes, b. Beech 51	H. O. Tibbits, c. Barton, b. Beech 9
B. Foggit, c. Hayes, b. Long 0	W. Swarbrick, not out 1
W. Boddy, c. Beech, b. Long 9	Extras 10
J. Lee, c. Martin, b. Beech 22	
R. Bolton, B. Williams 6	
Total 129	

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C. B. Collison, b. Wray 6	L. T. Williams, not out 6	} Did not bat.	Extras . . . 10
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b. Wray 43	F. W. Long 9		
B. E. Burge, c. Foggit b. Reddin 9	G. L. Beech 0		
I. McDonald, b. Wray 0	W. A. Martin 37		
Rev. I. Barton, l.b.w. Wray 2	J. O. Kelly, c. and b. Wray 37		
Rev. I. W. Williams, not out 18			Total (for 6 wickets) 131

AMPLEFORTH v. YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN

Played at York on July 3. On a good batting wicket the School failed to play Fargus's fast bowling with much success. McDonald was top scorer with forty, made by patient, but rather uninteresting, cricket. The Yorkshire Gentlemen hit off the runs without much difficulty and passed the Ampleforth score with only four wickets down.

Ampleforth

Yorkshire Gentlemen

J. O. Kelly, b. Fargus 8	N. S. Harrison, c. Collison, b. 40
C. B. Collison, b. Fargus 15	Beech 4
Rev. A. Hayes, c. Anson, b. 4	S. M. Fayne, c. Kelly, b. Barton 27
Reynard 6	C. E. Anson, b. Barton 48
B. E. Burge, c. and b. Reynard 39	E. A. Raimes, b. Barton 14
Rev. I. W. Williams, b. Anson 40	C. H. Robinson, b. Williams 6
L. W. McDonald, c. Anson, b 2	A. H. Anson, b. Barton 2
Fargus 14	Rev. A. Jones, b. Barton 18
Rev. I. T. Barton, c. Anson, b. 15	A. H. Anson, did not bat.
Fargus 5	Rev. A. Fargus, c. Hayes, b 18
L. T. Williams, b. Anson 5	Williams 14
G. L. Beech, c. and b. Fargus 0	Capt. Reynard, not out 14
F. W. Long, b. Anson 0	
W. A. Martin, not out 14	
Extras . . . 11	
Total 165	
Total (for 9 wickets) 218	

AMPLEFORTH v. DUNCOMBE PARK

Played on the School ground on July 9. Burge won the toss and Williams and Collison gave the School a good start by scoring fifty for the first wicket. This paved the way for a very fine fifty-four by Burge, who played a beautiful innings, his shots on the off being a delight to watch. He got out in rightly attempting to force the game. Collison and McDonald

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were playing quite happily when the innings was declared. The Duncombe Park Eleven were on the whole rather short of defensive strokes and except for Mr W. Frank's sixty-seven—a great effort for his side—found Long's good-length balls too much for them.

<i>Ampleforth</i>	<i>Duncombe Park</i>
L. T. Williams, l.b.w. b. Blair . . . 33	A. Storey, c. Long, b. Beech . . . 5
C. R. Collison, c. Magson, b. Blair 32	M. Clarke, c. Collison, b. Beech . . . 4
B. E. Burge, b. Robinson . . . 54	Dr Blair, b. Long 9
I. G. McDonald, not out 17	J. Petre, c. and b. Long. 2
O. J. Collison, not out 10	W. Frank, c. Kelly, b. Burge . . . 67
J. O. Kelly	H. Clarke, run out 4
H. J. Emery	F. Hildrick, b. Long 2
J. B. Caldwell	H. Helme, l.b.w. b. Long 0
G. W. Chamberlain } Did not bat.	J. Robinson, b. Long 3
F. W. Long	G. Magson, b. Long 0
G. L. Beech	J. Middleton, not out 1
Extras 7	Extras 8
Total (for 3 wickets) 153	Total 105

LAWN TENNIS

THE impetus that Tennis received last year from the abounding enthusiasm of J. D. Telfener has not spent itself. Fifteen members constitute the regular club, and, favoured by the weather and an excellent organizing secretary, C. R. Simpson, the devotees of the game have had no occasion to complain. They are, too, living in hopes that the men who are making the new cricket ground will finish that excellent work by lengthening the tennis courts so as to improve play on the line. Compared with their present gargantuan task this is a becomingly modest aspiration. Mr J. Stanton has again offered two tennis rackets as a prize for the "Doubles' Tournament." The Tournament games have been devoid of real excitement. Appended are the results of the tournament.

	1ST ROUND	Score
1 W. P. Liston F. W. Long v.	} 6-1, 6-3
2 C. Leese L. Rockford	}	
3 G. F. M. Hall E. Martin (Scratched.) v.	}	
4 C. R. Simpson H. J. Emery	}	
5 J. Caldwell J. B. Smith v.	}	
6 J. Dobson G. Lintner	} 6-3, 6-2

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	<i>Players</i>	<i>Score</i>
7	W. A. Martin R. Murray <i>v.</i> 6-1, 6-1
8	B. J. E. Barge E. Martin	

SEMI-FINALS

	<i>Players</i>	<i>Score</i>
	W. P. Liston F. W. Long <i>v.</i>	
	C. A. Simpson H. J. Emery 6-4, 6-0

	J. Dobson G. Lintner <i>v.</i>	
	W. A. Martin R. Murray 6-4, 6-2

FINAL

	<i>Players</i>	<i>Score</i>
	C. R. Simpson H. J. Emery <i>v.</i> 6-1, 9-7
	W. A. Martin R. Murray 6-4

SWIMMING.

THE indoor bath has not been used very much this term, but its effects are easily discernible to anyone who watches the bathing. For nearly every boy in the school above the Preparatory division can swim. The Head Master if he still believes in the old Greek definition of a dunce, as one who "knows neither his letters nor how to swim," may therefore congratulate himself on the singular absence of that species in the school—that is, of course, on the presumption that all above the Preparatory division know their letters. Water polo has been played, but not enough. The aquatic sports will take place at the end of term, and the following events will be decided:—

1. Colours—12 lengths in 10 minutes (400 yards).
2. Silver Cup, Open Race—3 lengths (100 yards).
3. Diving Prize.
4. Learners' race; for those who learnt to swim this term—1 length (33 yards, 1 ft.)
5. Race—3 lengths (100 yards). Open to the Lower School.

THE FISHING CLUB

THE Fishing Club now numbers ten. Three new members, D. T. Long, C. F. Macpherson, and L. Lancaster, were elected at the beginning of this term. Admission to its fellowship is difficult and it is unlikely any more will be allowed to join until one of the ten leaves or resigns. This exclusiveness is maintained from a desire on the part of the club not to trespass on the kindness of those neighbours who give "permits" to their preserves. The club is now a year old, and it speaks well for its success that, after surviving the inevitable initial ridicule, membership is now much coveted. The great advantage it presents is, of course, in the very nature of the sport, and when the weather is wet and other sports fail, fishing is at its best.

Mr Frank of Helmsley kindly gave us a day's fishing on his waters in the Rye, and on "Gormire Day" we enjoyed a day on the lake. Shallowdale has also been fished. Foss Ponds, where we share the fishing rights with Sir George Wombwell, were visited on July 3. Some good sport was ruined in the afternoon by the arrival of the School who instantly, with boisterous clamour, took to the water. The new punt, however, took some out into quiet spots, and several good fish were caught—one weighing a pound and three-quarters. But the Holbeck, whose waters on one occasion yielded ten brace of trout averaging half a pound, has been the main scene of piscatory effort. Here the competitions for the prizes so kindly offered by Mr F. J. Lambert and Mr Paul Lambert have taken place, but so far the junior members have failed to bring home fish of the required weight and size. The final competition has been postponed until after the present drought.

Father Ildephonus Brown, who has undertaken to restock the Holbeck in the autumn with three hundred yearling trout, has the best thanks of the club.

Members enjoy regularly the perusal of the *Fishing Gazette*. From its pages we reprint the following letter and editorial comment. W. S. L. will be easily recognized as our vice-president.

The Fishing Club

"Dear Sir,—What seems to me an unusual incident—or is it my limited experience that is at fault?—happened to me yesterday.

"I was fishing the worm up stream for trout in a small brook, water very low and gin clear. I was trying 'Yarvow' for the first (and last) time, and my hook was a fairly large Stewart. I cast my worm in a likely-looking run near a bank of weeds, at once felt a sharp tug, and back came my line without the hook. The Yarvow had broken just above the hook-gut. I immediately substituted a fine 'Hercules,' cast into the same spot and was immediately into another fish. When I grassed it, I found, to my surprise, that it was the same fish I had lost a few minutes before; there was my lost Stewart, with the still wriggling lob on it, stuck far down in the trout's gullet—not hooked lightly in the mouth!

"All my preconceived ideas have been rudely shattered. I thought that in such a condition a respectably bred, highly strung trout would be 'shy' for many hours after. I have had many similar experiences with pike—but trout!

"I wonder if this really is an unusual experience?—Yours truly,
W. S. L."
June 22.

[I have recorded very similar experiences in the *Fishing Gazette*, probably once in half a dozen years. It must have been awfully tantalizing to the trout not to be able to swallow the worm that was wriggling in his mouth and throat.—Ed.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

CONSIDERING the number of interests which the summer term calls into existence, it is a triumph for the Photographic Club to be able to record a membership of twenty-four. The "dark" room is rapidly becoming unequal to the present photographic fever, and any development of the microbe will necessitate a reconsideration of its dimensions and apparatus. No specifically photographic expeditions have been made this term, but the home activity and Gormire Day were prolific in scenic views and pictures of a more purely domestic, or rather scholastic, character. Nor has the camera of the naturalists been inactive. There are, in fact, some excellent pictures of birds' nests, but this branch of the art demands a patience and a love of nature, which the mere flippant "snapper" too often does not possess. Father Abbot and Father Aelred Dawson have offered prizes for the best photographs taken, developed and mounted by the competitor himself. We offer them our best thanks.

OLD BOYS

MR D. POWER has taken his degree at Trinity College, Dublin. Mr EDWARD EMBERTON was recently called to the Bar. DOM ALEXIUS CHAMBERLAIN was elected president of the Oxford Stubbs Society, and presided at their annual dinner, when the guest of the evening was Mr Ernest Barker, Fellow of St John's College. Mr A. T. KELLY has been playing cricket for Trinity College, Dublin, First XI. Mr T. O'C. DUNBAR has passed Intermediate Law Examination at Trinity College, Dublin. Mr F. GOSS, has passed his Law Finals. Mr CHARLES ROCHFORD is reading for the Bar. He has taken the Law School at Oxford.

The Craticulæ Cricket Club have arranged the following fixtures for the vacation;—

Mon.	Aug.	4.—Garston.
Tues.	"	5.—Sutton.
Wed.	"	6.—Ormskirk.
Thurs.	"	7.—Oxton.
Fri.	"	8.—Liverpool.
Mon.	"	11.—Upton.
Tues.	"	12.—Old Xaverians.
Wed.	"	13.—Poulton.
Thurs.	"	14.—Lancaster.
Fri.	"	15.—Kirby Lonsdale.
Sat.	"	16.—Whittingham Asylum.

NOTES

WE are glad to print the following disavowal by Professor Kendall in answer to the "Notes," which our readers will recall, in the May issue of the JOURNAL:—

THE GEOLOGY OF AMPLEFORTH

It is much to be regretted that the writer of the "Notes" on pp. 373-377 of your excellent journal should have rescued from well-deserved oblivion a very foolish article or so-called "interview" that appeared in a local newspaper. It is bad enough to be misrepresented in an ephemeral daily paper, but to have the nonsense that a reporter puts into one's mouth repeated in a magazine of the standing of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL is really too bad, and though I have many pressing calls upon my time, I feel bound to place my repudiation upon the same record with as little delay as possible.

The writer of the "Notes," though sheltering himself behind the stereotyped phrases of mock humility "we write as one of the less wise," etc., should have hesitated before giving fresh currency to follies that one would have thought the merest tyro in geology would have appraised at their true value and ascribed to the anonymous reporter rather than to a geologist of experience.

I cannot undertake to write an article on the geology of that most important feature the Coxwold-Gilling fault-trough. My views upon the subject are well known to the Geological world and may be found in the *Victorian County History* as well as in the *Proceedings* of the Geologists' Association. It must suffice to say that I have never held any of the following opinions ascribed to me directly or by implication:

1. That the Coxwold-Gilling fault-trough has anything to do with the Valley of the Tees.
2. That the Kimeridge clay is beneath the Corallian rocks.
3. That underground water is squeezed out by pressure of the superincumbent rock.

Notes

May I further enter a demurrer against certain statements by my critic (p. 375)? I say:—

1. There is no red chalk at Flamborough Head.
2. There is no "greensand" West of it.
3. There is no red sandstone below the carboniferous rocks of the Lancashire coast.

As to the divining-rod, I am not disposed to deny its efficacy; but I do say that the percentage of the successes to the failures that have come under my own observation do not exceed the ratio to be expected from pure chance. There is a special piquancy in the reference on page 374 to the "tract of land between the college and Oswaldkirk" which has been pronounced to be "barren and unprofitable for ordinary well-sinking." The divining-rod apparently failed to detect the numerous copious and constant springs in that area, a few of which have yielded the water-supply heretofore enjoyed by the villagers at Oswaldkirk. Perhaps the magic wand declined to take notice of such hard water regarding it as belonging to the category of "rock."

PERCY FRY KENDALL.

Professor Kendall has also kindly contributed the following note.

THE OSWALDKIRK ARTESIAN BORING

The following data may be useful to geologists interested in this district.

The bore-hole in Hagg Plantation was put down by J. Villiers of Beverley. It has a diameter of 8 inches, and is lined with flush-jointed tubes to a depth of about 308 feet.

The strata dips very steeply at this point and hence estimates of their thickness must be subject to a correction.

The following gives the depth of each stratum encountered:

Corallian Rocks	180 feet
Oxford Clay	128 "
Kellaway's Rock (?)	34 "

No water was found until the Oxford clay was pierced,

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when it rose with considerable violence and overflowed at the top of the casing tubes.

A gauging of the flow at about 4 feet above ground level indicated a flow of between 180,000 and 200,000 gallons per diem. The hydrostatic pressure registered would suffice to lift the water to a height of 92 feet above the surface (which, by the way, is about 4 feet above the level of the road).

The water is of about the hardness usual for water from the corallian rocks.

A remarkable circumstance is that down to a depth of 180 feet all the water poured down the hole to facilitate boring operations ran away into the rock.

So great an artesian pressure as that experienced here was a great surprise to me, though I fully anticipated that the water would rise above the surface. The grounds of my expectation are, briefly, the following:—The Kellaway's Rock, splendidly displayed on Roulstone Scar, is not at that place separated from the Corallian by Oxford clay, as is the case on the Yorkshire Moors, and, indeed, everywhere else in Britain; but as one follows the outcrops towards Wass and Ampleforth, boggy ground with springs comes in; whence it is inferred that the normal succession has supervened. Now, as the strata dips eastward as well as a little southerly it follows that the Kellaway's Rock and its cover of Oxford clay will descend beneath the surface leaving the Corallian to form the fine fault-scarp of Ampleforth and Oswaldkirk. The Kellaway's Rock is a good sandstone, therefore a free imbiber of water, and the portion lying below the lowest point of its outcrop will be water-logged. Pierce the cover of impervious rock and the impounded water would, except for friction, rise to a corresponding height to that of its lowest point of natural escape. This is the principle by which I was guided in recommending the boring. My most sanguine expectations were more than realized because I had, in conservative spirit, or perhaps an unwonted access of modesty, assigned too high a figure to the friction.

I believe there is no other bore-hole in Yorkshire from which so fine a supply, at such a pressure, is obtained.

PERCY FRY KENDALL.

OXFORD NOTES

The Summer Term was academically uneventful, although Congregation stirred in its sleep when a proposal was made to establish a business diploma. The threatened encroachment of Commerce *non placebat*, and Mr A. D. Godley, who seizes ruthlessly on any humorous situation in which the Hebdomadal Council finds itself, published a witty poem in the *Oxford Magazine* suggesting "Bus. B." as the designation of the fortunate scholar. Certainly the selection of a Board of Examiners in the theory of Business would involve a little care.

The Romanes lecture was given by Professor Ramsay Muir and dealt with a scheme for the Peace of Europe. It was much like other Romanes lectures.

The Professor of Poetry does not, we fear, take his position very seriously. From Christmas to June we have had only two lectures, one on "Keats in Oxford," and the second on "Keble's Lectures on Poetry." Both were full of a calm allusiveness, and a certain fertility of reminiscence, but neither came to grips with the subject of poetry.

The Professor of Music contents himself with one lecture per term, and the lecture itself is not usually very valuable, but the musical illustrations are always of first-rate quality. This term Sir Walter Parratt's subject was "The Full Orchestra," and lengthy extracts from Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, and Delius were played by an orchestra of sixty performers. The trouble taken in collecting and rehearsing this orchestra for a single lecture is eloquent of Dr Allen's enthusiasm.

An excellent series of lectures have been given by the Slade Professor of Fine Art, Selwyn Image, M.A. He is always lucid and penetrating, and his lectures should be valuable to those who wish to appreciate pictures, when they appear in book form.

Our hearty congratulations to Dom Sylvester Mooney who obtained a second class in the Final Honour School of Natural Science. Dom Alexius Chamberlain sat for the Final Honour School of Modern History; but the lists have not yet been published.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Roman Curia, as it now Exists. By Rev. MICHAEL MARTIN, S.J. Washbourne, 6s. net.

THE year 1908 was notable in the annals of the Papal Curia for the reorganization of the administration. The long centuries between St Clement and his letter to the Corinthians and the Roman Curia of 1908 have seen that "mighty mother," the Church, gather in nation after nation, and the extension of her influence has been necessarily accompanied by progressive change in methods of government. First the Pope dealt personally and alone with the comparatively limited business of the primitive Church, but soon he used a gradually extending permanent council, which began with the members of the "presbyterium" of the Roman Church, developed to include the "suburban" bishops, and then, in the twelfth century, found a definite form in the College of Cardinals.

Distinct departments of administration, known as Congregations, under the management of the Cardinals or of the Pope himself, were fully organized and developed in the sixteenth century. From that date the further development in the Church had brought about anomalies in various ways, and the wheels of the machinery of administration ran but poorly or not at all. Hence the cordial welcome given to the Papal constitution "Sapienti Consilio" of June 29, 1908, which, by reorganizing the Roman Curia, removed most of the anomalies and relieved the congestion of business.

The changes in the old order of things demanded explanation, and this has been supplied very amply by Fr Martin's book, the full title of which gives a summary of its contents: "*The Roman Curia, as it now Exists: An Account of its Departments, Sacred Congregations, Tribunals, Offices, Competence of Each, Mode of Procedure; How to Hold Communication with; the Lateri Legislation.*"

For a future edition two suggestions may be offered. The first is the insertion of the rather necessary negative "non-" before "Catholics" in the sentence "whether the Catholics be baptized or not baptized" (p. 231). The second is an extension of the index. There is much useful information introduced in the book by way of illustration, which ought to be included in the index. Having not mention, for example, of "Oratories" in reading the book, the attempt to re-discover the matter by means of the index proved vain.

Apart from these small criticisms, the book is all that could be desired by the canonist, or by anyone whose fate it is to be involved in matters that lead to the Roman Curia.

H. D. P.

Notices of Books

Mystical Contemplation. By Rev. E. LAMBALLE. Trans. by W. H. MITCHELL, M.A. Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a careful and temperate explanation of the subject of mystical prayer. The writer discusses the nature of mystical contemplation, its accessibility to the general, the "direction" of the mystic and the varying phases of the experience. With regard to the nature of mystical contemplation his attitude is conservative, and there is perhaps some need now for a good English exposition of this standpoint. We have had Père Poulain and Fr Sharpe, and the Encyclopædia represent the same school. But the position of the Abbé Sautreau and the strong body who oppose that teaching has not till now been substantially represented in English. This book puts the matter right, and it does so, we venture to think, very successfully. Père Lamballe is a more moderate controversialist than the Abbé Sautreau, and his argument is the more cogent for his moderation.

As to the main bone of contention between the antagonists, it would, perhaps, be too much to say that the matter is now decided. Fr Sharpe—to take the most downright exponent of the one school—supposes that the supreme mystical experience is the same in kind as the beatific vision. Père Poulain talks much of feeling and touching God. The Abbé Sautreau and Père Lamballe, on the other hand, insist that we still walk by faith. There is really a considerable difference theologically between the two extremes, but we question whether it is of such moment for practice.

In any case, it is not easy to settle the question. As far as concerns the theological tradition, the school of the Abbé Sautreau has the better case. But the chief criterion is the testimony of the mystics. It is accepted on all hands that they are the supreme authorities in matters mystical, and the writers we have mentioned, with the exception of Fr Sharpe, occupy themselves largely with quotation from the writings of the great mystics, these being chiefly St John of the Cross, St Teresa and St Francis de Sales. Now, the trouble is that both parties claim the support of these writers. You could not wish for a better array of *pièces justificatives* than can be found in Père Poulain's most interesting book. But the Abbé Sautreau has no difficulty in supporting his own thesis with similar pregnant and apposite sentences. Nor is Père Lamballe at a loss for the same. So that the reader is left somewhat confused, and he may be excused for refusing to decide anything.

However, mysticism is one of the practical sciences. It is much more a matter of action than of theory, and a little uncertainty as to its theological analysis does not seem to have done harm hitherto and will not, perhaps, now do it.

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Père Lamballe's book should be of great assistance to those who have the direction of coemptative souls, and, indeed, to all priests. His exposition is clear and his judgment sound.
P. J. McC.

Tolerance. By REV. A. VERMEERSCH, S. J. Trans. by W. HUMPHREY PAGE, K.S.G. Washbourne, 5s.

A CONSIDERABLE literature has grown around the vexed question of religious toleration, yet Fr Vermeersch's contribution is by no means superfluous; on the contrary, it is a book which may be read with great profit by people both within and without the Catholic Church. The author writes not as an historian, but rather from the moral and social standpoint, though a good deal of historical matter is necessarily introduced. There is, for example, a calm and impartial section on the methods of the much-abused Inquisition, and the records of the past are searched for material to support the writer's view of the Church's powers in regard to the repression of heresy. Though he has great names against him (notably Bellarmine and Suarez) Fr Vermeersch concludes that the Church has no power to shed blood in punishment for heresy, even when the error is a formal and wilful denial of revealed truth; the contrary opinion, he says, is not supported by sound tradition, and did not come into vogue before the sixteenth century. "The repressive action of the Church is justifiable only if it proceeds from love for men"; hence the motives for her intolerance can be only correction and preservation, which exclude the shedding of blood. He admits, however, the part which fanaticism and bitterness and misguided zeal have played in the past, though he does not fear that, were Catholics again to become supreme in the country, there would be any danger of the repetition of such abuses; for he recognizes "the providentially destructive influence of time, which swept away the Inquisition as it swept away feudalism and the old Roman Empire." At the present day the opposition to toleration comes not from Catholics but from their enemies. Fr Vermeersch rightly insists upon the fact—which, though almost a truism, has been too often forgotten in practice—that the Church's power of expansion lies in her charity: she is the religion of love, and it is the duty of Catholics to secure for that power the fullest development, and at the same time to practise a generous and sincere toleration in private life. "Let us," he says, "declare ourselves opposed, on the one hand, to that overweening erudition which magnifies its flimsiest conjectures into irrefutable arguments against religion, and, on the other hand, to that narrow-minded orthodoxy which, by exaggerating the purport of authoritative definitions and explanations of the truth, throws suspicion on the loyalty of others." An obvious remark, doubtless, but timely

Notices of Books

withal! Fr Vermeersch, indeed, says much that may well be pondered and mentally digested both by your cock-sure rationalist and by your hunter of heresies. Alas! that the style of the book should be so uninviting! We can describe it only by the expressive, if somewhat colloquial, epithet, "stodgy."
W. C. S.

The Book of Hymns with Tunes. Edited by S. GREGORY OULD, O.S.B., and WILLIAM SEWELL. Cary and Co., London, 1913. 2s. 6d.

ANY attempt to appraise the value of a collection of Catholic hymns is treading upon thorny ground. As English hymns are chiefly if not entirely for congregational singing, they should appeal to the popular taste. Unfortunately, the popular taste is deplorable, and old association has a most potent influence in strengthening it. Often "the good old tune that everybody knows" is devoid of any redeeming feature except its associations arising from supposed antiquity, whereas "that new tune that nobody likes" is often in reality a good old tune, or if not old, at least good. We have no intention of comparing the collection of hymns before us with any other collection; we merely set down some of our own impressions of the book. The composers or sources of the tunes are very various—eighty-four in all for the two hundred and seventy-six numbers which the book contains. We say "numbers" advisedly, because considerable matter is included besides hymns properly so called—a Plainsong Mass, Benedictions, the Te Deum, the Rosary, etc. On the whole, the music seems excellent, though we are sorry to find some old enemies included, such as Hemy's tune to "O Paradise, O Paradise," and Crookall's to "Dear Angel, ever at my side." Is it possible to write a dignified tune to such litting measures? Again, hymns with four lines of six syllables seem very difficult to treat; for example, "Hail, holy Joseph, hail!" Dom Gregory Ould has written a tune for this hymn (No. 193) which is an improvement on that so often sung, but cannot be described as dignified. The tunes for hymns 238 and 260 (Stations of the Cross) by the same composer are very dignified and effective. Indeed, there are many beautiful tunes throughout the book, but we have gathered an impression that a large number of them are such as a congregation would find it difficult to sing, unless a fair proportion of them have copies of the music. That they should do so is probably the intention of the editors, as they have published the book in a very compendious form for the moderate price of half-a-crown. The words may be had separately, from Sands and Co., price twopence net.

A word about the plainsong accompaniments. They are models of what rhythmic accompaniment should be, and every organist who is

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called on to play the chant would do well to study them. For this reason alone the book would be worth having.

The various indices are excellent and comprise: Subjects, Metres, Authors, Composers, and a general index of First Lines with notes on the sources of both words and music.

In conclusion, we congratulate the editors upon the results of their scholarly labours, and wish the work the wide circulation which it deserves. It will help to fulfil the quotation placed on the title-page from the Douai Bible of 1610: "To our God let there be pleasant and comely praise!"

M. D. W.

The Way of the Heart. Letters of Direction by Mgr D'HULST. Washbourne, 5s. net.

Is a book such as this there is a double manifestation—that of the soul directed, and that of the soul of the director. This book gives us the letters of direction written, during twenty-one years, by Mgr D'Hulst to a soul in darkness and difficulty, and when we have read it, it would seem that it is of the former that we have learnt more than of the latter. To one who had met Mgr D'Hulst's name only in a theological text-book connected with a restricted view of Biblical Inspiration these letters were the filling in of the veriest outline. They show a man filled with the intensest priestly zeal, involved in the administration of a large diocese, one of the prime movers of the Paris Catholic University, and its rector from 1880 to 1895; conférencier at Notre-Dame; deputy; and engaged in other multifarious activities; yet we see him following with the greatest anxiety and earnestness the struggles of a single soul seeking to solve its doubts and showing the sweet reasonableness of the *obsequium fidei*. One understands how he was "ready to sacrifice all the rest whenever all the rest came in conflict with a soul's need." It is impressive and stimulating.

Of this soul's need he had a full appreciation. He found a mind that struggled in the coils of intellectual difficulties about the most fundamental truths of religion, but a mind accompanied by a heart unsatisfied except by the Infinite. By *The Way of the Heart* he led this soul to its Creator.

From the form of the book it follows that the treatment of the same questions recurs. It is a difficulty in the use of the book that has been met quite adequately by a full index. The book is full of thoughts that are fresh, and points of view that are sane; of the latter we may instance the careful insistence on the distinction between "the miraculous" and "the providential" in the wonders worked at Lourdes.

H. D. P.

Notices of Books

The Dominican Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Fr RAYMUND DEVAS, O.P. Longmans and Co., 1913. 5s. 6d.

MANY who are familiar with the name of Père Lacordaire, and who know that it was he who brought about a revival of the Order of Preachers in France, have little or no idea of the great reform accomplished throughout the Order by his disciple, Père Alexander Vincent Jandel. Called to the office of General by Pope Pius IX in 1850, Père Jandel ruled the Order for twenty-two years. Of his unwearied journeyings and labours, and of the difficulties he encountered and overcame in the work of reform the story is ably told by Fr Devas in this book. To every friend and admirer of the great Dominican Order it is a work full of interest, and the principles contained in Père Jandel's letters and instructions apply to every religious house, and to all times. A few extracts may serve to show this.

"Every religious Order is pre-ordained to attain a specific end, and to attain it by certain means which the Founder himself determines. Whosoever leaves this path . . . departs therewith from his vocation, and falls from the way of perfection."

Insisting on the close connection between observance and fruitful study, Père Jandel says: "I have visited many provinces of the Order in Europe, and I can assure you that where there is true observance there the studies flourish, and, on the contrary, where observance is wanting, learned individuals may be found, but the general standard and appreciation of study has sunk very low." Again, he says: "Knowledge and learning are necessary. They do not, however, suffice, 'for knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth'; therefore, as Our Lord Jesus 'began to do and to teach,' so it is necessary for us everywhere to diffuse the good odour of virtue, 'always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus,' and to work for the salvation of souls by the holiness of our lives and the fervour of our prayer, more than by preaching; 'for the kingdom of God is not in speech,' 'but in the showing of the spirit and power.'"

This last passage illustrates Père Jandel's remarkable gift of interweaving thoughts and texts from Holy Scripture with his own words.

M. D. W.

Christ's Cadets. By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. Washbourne, 1s. net.

THIS is the first volume of a "Stella Maris Series," which is to contain, in the words of the introduction by Fr Lester, S.J., "the lives of great Socialists written by Socialists, and many other lessons in the spiritual life from a Sodality point of view." The series has been admirably begun

The Ampleforth Journal

with these three sketches of the lives of the three young Jesuit Saints, Aloysius, Stanislaus and John Berchmans. Those who had the good fortune of coming upon Fr Martindale's charming little *Rhyme of Aloysius* looked to him with confidence for a restrained but stirring and lovable account of the most easily misinterpreted among all the saints. It is a duty that one owes to these saints themselves, as well as to the Church that canonized them, to make reasonable efforts to understand and admire them; and in this task a great many, perhaps all of us, will be helped by this little book. It may be that the "New Hagiology" is reaching a little too far at the outset from the old lay-figure method, and that we are given three pictures of holy youth rather than of heroic sanctity; but sanctity is a subtle thing, and we cannot be sure that our palates are not jaded by the errors and excesses of past biographers.

The book contains here and there passages of concise thought that would give material for valuable meditations, apart from the lives of the particular saints, and it is written in a style that is vivid without becoming gaudy. On page 89 we notice an "unverified quotation."

N. H.

Sermon Notes of J. H. Newman, 1849-1878. Edited by Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. Longmans, 5s. net.

THESE Sermon Notes were not written for publication; the Cardinal, as we are told in the interesting Introduction to the book, wrote them for his own use and his own use alone; but the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory have conferred a benefit both on those who preach and on those who are preached to by collecting and publishing them. They are the outlines of over two hundred sermons and instructions which are models of what sermons and instructions ought to be. One benefit there is that these notes will not confer on a preacher; they will not enable him to compose his sermon quickly. On the contrary, they are so brief and yet so full of matter that their proper development will require quite as much labour as unaided composition. But the result will perhaps be more satisfactory.

H. K. B.

Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour. By WILLIAM J. LOCKINGTON, S.J. Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.

FR LOCKINGTON, in his Preface, apologizes for venturing to publish these lectures on physical culture given to members of the Society of Jesus. He has no need to do so. In these days any work that will give clear and true ideas on the body as regards the spiritual life should be

Notices of Books

welcomed. The first part of the book is devoted mainly to the defence and explanation of two theses, viz., that if the normal man wishes to be useful either as a preacher or a teacher he should possess a healthy body, and that to keep the body healthy and fit is a constant practice of mortification. The later chapters give practical directions for exercises suitable for busy clerics. Perhaps some of these exercises are too exacting for men who make no pretensions to be athletes. Half-a-crown for so small a work unfortunately may interfere with its circulation.

H. W. A. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention of books in this list does not preclude further notice in a later number.)

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- The Summa Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas*, Part III, Vol. 1, 6s.
The Maid of Spinger. By MRS EDWARD WAYNE. 2s. 6d.
Little Pilate and other Spanish Stories. By LUIS COLOMBA, S.J. Trans. by E. M. BROOKES. 2s. 6d.
Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection. Compiled from various sources by Rev. JOHN HENRY, C.S.S.R. 1s. 6d. net.
Meditations on the Sacred Heart. By Rev. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J. 2s. 6d. net.
Landmarks of Grace: The Feasts of Our Blessed Lady. Compiled by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. 2s. 6d. net.
A Short Course of Catholic Instruction. By BERNARD W. KELLY. 4d.

From LONGMANS

The New Testament. Vol. III, Part 1. *The Epistle to the Thessalonians* (The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures). Paper, 6d. net; boards, 1s. net.

From BURNS AND OATES

The Converter's Rosary. By ALICE M. GARDINER. 1s. 6d. net.

From HERDER

Compendium Theologicæ Dogmaticæ, Vols. I and II. AUCTORE CHRISTIANO PESCH, S.J. 5s. net. Bound, 6s. net each.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Beaumont Review*, the *Downside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

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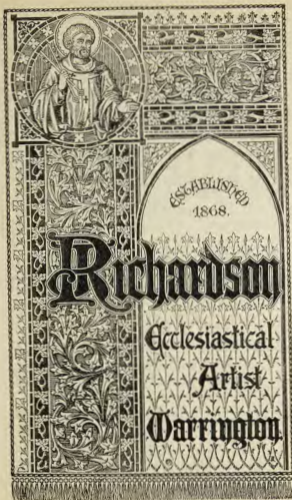
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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

Vol. XIX

January 1914

No. II

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

X. MOAWIYA.

THE moment Ali expired, the private quarrels which had smouldered among his advisers burst out into open dissensions. Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali, were destined to a dismal series of unhappy vicissitudes, Hassan the elder was selected a Khalif in his father's place. The moment demanded rapid and energetic action; a sudden advance in force on Syria would have silenced the murmurs of the motley following of the young Khalif, a disaster or victory would at least have distracted men's attention from the perilous religious arguments and political intrigues which were rife among the camps and cities of Irak.

But the son of Ali while inheriting some of that political timidity which had proved his father's bane, lacked completely the personal prowess and signal valour which had so distinguished the adopted son of the prophet on the field of Ohod. The troops of Irak clamoured to be led against those of Moawiya. Hassan promised to lead them but procrastinated the departure of the army from day to day. Moawiya, however, was not one to let an enemy gain strength by wasted time, or an Empire slip through his hands by a neglected opportunity.

While Hassan fumbled and delayed, Moawiya was marching southwards. The troops of the governor of Syria reached the vicinity of Madain just in sufficient time perhaps to save Hassan from the fate which had overtaken his father. The wretched youth's army was in complete revolt, while his councillors intrigued against one another as to which should be first to betray him.

Helpless and hapless Hassan yielded to Moawiya and

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acknowledged his supremacy. So complete was his surrender that not only did he swear fealty himself, but he even obliged his brother and his children and relatives to accept his rival as commander of the faithful.

Such meekness one would have imagined would have procured the goodwill of the most implacable tyrant, but Moawiya was one of those hard masterful men who seem to have no scruple so long as the object after which they are striving happens to be in doubt.

Hassan had agreed to retire with his brother and his people to Medina, where he was to receive a modest annual pension. But Moawiya would accept no risks; with the greatest difficulty he had by wisdom and valour achieved the Khaliphate; he could not bear to think of a potential rival; the stormy reign of Ali had shown how many forces were at work which made sudden rebellions not only possible but probable.

In the eyes of Moawiya that Hassan was incompetent, that he lacked ambition, that he yielded meekly, were not valid excuses for prolonging his life. Soon after the luckless exile reached Medina he was poisoned by his wife, who in turn was slain by her employer the Syrian Khalif.

Though Moawiya has earned the curses of posterity for the murder of his helpless rival we should remember that this single crime put a period to his personal cruelty. Once Hassan was dead the house of Ali were permitted to live in peace, the Commander of the faithful felt secure, and if we take into consideration the times in which he lived, we may attribute it to his credit that he does not oblige historians to chronicle a series of massacres and assassinations. Once securely seated in the place of power Moawiya proceeded to unify and organize the distracted dominions which had fallen under his control. The son of Abu Sofian proceeded to accomplish the task he had set himself with rare ability and wisdom. He dealt with each problem which presented itself to him with the exact measures which were likely to achieve his ends. When the Bedawin of the Syrian under the crafty Kays threatened rebellion he mollified them with kindness and leniency.

When Ziyad, the boldest and wisest of the partisans of the family of the prophet, withdrew into the fastness of Istakhr'

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to await events, the Khalif gained him over to his side by giving him office and employment as governor of Basra and subsequently of Irak.

But if Moawiya could judge when it was reasonable to be gentle, no one was more ready to employ force when it was required. Acting from a secure base in Syria, with Irak tightly held in leash by Ziyad, it was possible to deal with the Kharijite fanatics in a decided and successful manner. With relentless severity the troops of the Khalif massacred these sectaries and crushed almost completely their efforts to propagate their schism.

While engaged in ordering these affairs in the interior of his dominion Moawiya had also to take into consideration the danger which was always attendant on the early Khalifis, in the shape of the numerous hosts of hot-blooded, eager adventurers, who longed for war and foreign conquest, and whose desires, if not fulfilled, naturally impelled them to mutinous thoughts. Moawiya did not hesitate to make use of these turbulent spirits; he dispatched them to Khorasan to conquer the hordes of savage Turks who dwelt beyond the Djihun. The student may gain some insight into the nature of the almost incredible vigour of Al Islam in its early days, if he does but reflect that the Mongol, Tartar, and Turkish hordes of the North-East, whose raids had been the terror of Persians, Goths and Romans, were now being violently attacked, dispersed and conquered in their very homes. While the more intractable were induced to fight for God and his prophet on the banks of the Oxus, the governors of Egypt were encouraged to continue the Western conquest of the African coast, and day by day the standards of the prophet were carried nearer and nearer to the coasts of the Atlantic.

In the Mediterranean the fleets of the Arabians swept through the Greek Islands unchallenged, and sailing through the Dardanelles disembarked an army destined for the siege of Constantinople.

For six years the Moslems beleaguered the Capital city of Christendom, and for six years the valour of the Romans and the stout walls of the city held them at bay. If the Romans fought at the Yarmuk with desperate courage, they held the

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walls of their last retreat with unconquerable determination. The flight of the Greek Christians from Syria had provided the Capital with a garrison just as the Persian occupation of Egypt had provided Heraclius with a field army. It appears, indeed, almost a common factor in the destiny of the city that she should be saved almost from destruction by the result of a misfortune which might have been expected of itself to have levelled her with the dust.

But the final deliverance of the town was due to a peculiar circumstance; although the Moslems were repelled for six years, the Romans could not have expected to hold out for ever. It is a maxim among military men that the capture of a business place is merely a matter of time unless a relief or diversion is effected.

The diversion which saved for Europe the fuel for the lamp of the Renaissance came from an unexpected quarter.

The sagacious Ibn Khaldun has remarked that the conquests of the Arabs are more easily effected in the plains than in the mountains; hence, though the blaze of Moslem success had flared from Khorasan to Barbary, the Lebanon mountains were barely subdued and the dominion of Moawiya did not stretch above three days' march North of Antioch. In the Amanus and Taurus mountains dwelt a race noted since the days of Pompey for its independence and military qualities. Sometimes Isaurians, sometimes Amanians, and now Mardites, they have ever been a thorn in the side of settled government; ever rebels against Constantinople, they were ready enough to support the cause of the waning power against its stronger and more terrible rival.

While the whole was shaken by the noise of Moslem success, Moawiya found himself suddenly confronted with the dangers of war, defeat and rebellion within a bowshot of his capital, Damascus.

The sturdy mountaineers of the North led by Roman nobles had invaded the Lebanon, and while closely adhering to the mountains were carrying disaffection and mutiny into the very heart of Syria.

Moawiya was no savage tyrant to endanger the safety of his Empire through obstinacy or caprice; he grasped immediately

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the import of the situation. If the mountains of Syria were once occupied by the enemy, a Christian rebellion, a desertion of hundreds of venal converts, and the probable loss of Jerusalem would have been the logical outcome of such a situation.*

Moawiya knew how to be bold in retreat, just as he knew how to be unhesitating in advance. The moment the invasion of the northern mountaineers was seen to be real, the Arabs were recalled from Constantinople, the war with the Romans came to an end, and a treaty was concluded with the Emperor, by which Moawiya agreed upon a truce of thirty years' duration, and the payment of an annual tribute of 3,000 pieces of gold to the Imperial Exchequer.

It has been said that this action has cast a shadow over the glories of the reign of the first of the Omayyads; surely it re-ounds rather to his credit that he did not force matters to an unavoidable conclusion such as Leipsic or Waterloo.

But Moawiya was bringing into play the maxims of the desert, and again we may note that in the desert the most successful see no dishonour in compromise. Once the treaty of peace had been signed, Damascus and Moslem Dominion in Syria was relieved of the fear, but not the presence, of the Mardite mountaineers. The Arabs were unable to displace these invaders, who clung closely to the inaccessible regions of the Lebanon mountains, but since their funds of money and supplies from Byzantium had been cut off it was not difficult to limit the scope of their operations.

By conceding this treaty Moawiya had established his authority securely within his Empire, made peace with his only formidable rival, and employed the full attention of his more dangerous followers in distant expeditions in Asia or Africa where defeat entailed no loss and victory served to increase his prestige. The Khalif was now in a position to devote his mind to the fulfilment of a project which had long occupied his thoughts, the foundation of a permanent dynasty with his favourite son Yazid as his lawful successor.

The Omayyad tribe of Arabs lacked not for great men, but Moawiya, either from parental weakness or political intuition,

* Frequently disaffected Bedawin used to take refuge among the Mardites.

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seems to have considered that the elective method of choosing the Khalif was impracticable and fraught with danger to the State.

Though it had been successful in the cases of Abu Bekr' and Omar, the fall of Othman and the failure of Ali must have suggested to so wise a man as Moawiya that a dynastic system based on filial succession was the only scheme which could endow the new-born Empire with political stability. Consequently as soon as the external and internal affairs of the Moslem state were sufficiently calm, the Khalif proposed to the world that after his death Yazid his son should reign, and that all men should recognize in him the incontestable heir of the Khalifate. The suggestion seems to have appeared so reasonable that in no single one of the conquered cities or newly founded Moslem colonies was there any protest or objection raised. However, at Medina, where men still talked and thought almost as they had done before the battle of Bedr', this proposal met with opposition and anger. Hussein the son of Ali, Abdallah the son of Omar, Abdallah the son of Abbas, and Abdallah the son of Zobeir each refused to acknowledge Yazid's right of succession. Each one perhaps imagined he stood some chance of seizing the reigns of power on the death of the reigning prince; each one could count on a goodly following of discontented adventurers and greedy relatives; each one seemed to think his chance of success too valuable to be lost by taking an oath of allegiance. Moawiya accepted the situation with some philosophy; he forbade his officers to molest the recalcitrants, saying that he would reason with them in person. The Khalif then visited Medina in person and vainly endeavoured by arguments and cajolery to bend the four obstinate nobles to his will. Had Moawiya lived a little longer he might have gained his object, but within two years of the issue of the Edict of succession the great Khalif died at Damascus in the very act of admonishing Yazid his son and heir to continue his policy of clemency, diplomacy and justice.

In Moawiya we pass a great figure in the history of the world. He was one of those liberal, far-seeing, even-minded statesmen, which at rare intervals the stern methodic religion

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of the prophet puts forth. Strangely enough European civilization, although continually producing an uninterrupted succession of statesmen, philosophers, poets, soldiers and heroes, hardly ever produces men of the type of Moawiya or the late Amir Abdurahman of Afghanistan, yet in the Mohammedan world they are to be encountered in almost every age. Mohammed Ali of Egypt, the Kioprilis in Turkey, Akbar in India, Shah Agu Mohammed of Persia, Saladin the great, are only some examples of this particular stamp of ruler to whom I refer. In Moawiya we find elements of greatness utterly unknown among the master spirits of Europe, and a modern Plutarch would be puzzled with whom, among our great ones, to compare or contrast him since Napoleon, Frederick, Peter the Great, Luther, Henry IV, or Charlemagne, would be found useless for such a purpose.

The chief and dominant characteristic of Moawiya as a ruler was a perfect balance of mind, coupled with an extraordinary niceness of discrimination, which told him when it was opportune to use force, cruelty, mildness, argument, compromise or boldness.

He had the ability to use any weapon, and he had the gift of selecting the weapon he ought rightly to employ. Reared amidst wild religious enthusiasm and passion, placed in supreme power when the forces of Moslem Arabia were just too loose, Moawiya was just and kindly in his treatment of his Christian and Jewish subjects. He seized his place by force, yet he never exhibited any desire to make despotic use of his position; the raw Bedawin might indulge in the most insulting personal remarks concerning his person in his presence without danger, his councillors might criticize his actions without fear. Although an Arab of the desert he exhibited no contempt for the civilization he had conquered, and although a supreme leader and controller of men he never exhibited that vanity or overbearing pride so common in oriental rulers. In Moawiya we must salute a statesman and prince, who could at once be calm, moderate, able and energetic.

Before leaving Moawiya to turn to the inglorious reign of Yazid we should do well to note that the spiritual governance of the Mohammedan world died with Ali, henceforth religion

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was in its essential meaning divorced from practical government. It was for the reader of the Koran and the preacher of the law to tell the Khalif what was compatible with Islam, the Khalif himself ceased to be of his office either a seer, a saint, or a devotee, and was now a Monarch ruling over a vast Empire and controlling the destinies of thousands of non-Moslem people.

XI. YAZID.

THE great prince was dead and in his room his son Yazid was lord. The new ruler was weak, a man of sports and chase, clothed in soft garments; a lover of women and wine, for now a strummer and jiggling rhymester held sway and dominion over the sons of the men who had conquered under Khalid and sworn allegiance to Omar, but the dead Khalif's hand still pressed upon the people whom he had governed; they did not scorn his son but were ready to accept him as their master. When the messengers rode forth into the newly conquered provinces to proclaim the accession of Yazid no voices were raised in protest, no mobs assembled in angry buzzing multitudes to disown the commander of the faithful, no shrewd scheming generals announced themselves masters of the districts they governed. Yazid succeeded his father in peace, the sky overhead appeared to him cloudless save for one tiny speck which hung over Medina.

Near the tomb of the prophet still dwelt the four whom Moawiya had in his wisdom spared, Hussain the son of Ali, nursing his rage against the family who had cozened his brother to his doom, Abdallah the son of Zobair thinking of his father's lost opportunity, Abdur Ranman the son of Abu Behr' perhaps mourning over the corruption of the age, Abdallah the son of Omar burning with indignation that one of Omar's stock should bow to the house of Abu Sofian! These alone in all the world refused to accept Yazid as their commander in war or their Iman in peace.

Yazid trembled before them; he had no ready resource, no



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quick bribes, no governorships, no gentle words; the weapons of his father's armoury were denied him. Yazid the weak could only think of violence! He bade the governor of Medina slay the recusants in case they remained obstinate.

Walid the governor seemed loathe to obey his master's commands. He endeavoured to persuade, but failing, was slow to act, so slow indeed that the four escaped to Mecca, before any attempt was made upon their lives. Once in the Holy City Abdallah the son of Zobair showed himself the stronger of the malcontents; Hussain counselled quiet, but Abdallah seized the office of leader of prayers in the Temple, gained over the Meccans to his side and hunted the governor out of the town. Enraged at the failure of his officers the Khalif sent Amr', another son of Zobair, with troops to seize his rebellious brother. Amr' was defeated, captured, and beaten to death. Yazid's first action as a Prince had lost him the Ka'aba. Abdallah was master of Mecca solely by force of character and arms. Hussain, dreading to venture greatly, refused to lend a helping hand, stayed mewed up in his house waiting for a favourable turn of events, knowing that his opportunity if it ever came lay in Kufa, the turbulent city of Irak, burned with perhaps a somewhat forced indignation of Hussain's flight to Mecca. The rebellious leaven of the Kharijites had only been subdued by Moawiya not destroyed, to them Hussain was a keen reminder of the days of disorder and wild fanaticism of his father's time.

The Kufans were strongly imbued with the superstitions of the sectaries, they were still more hungry for license and revolt, they longed for the revolution and confusion which Ziyad had so sternly quelled. Hussain's flight was sufficient excuse for the Kufans to embark upon intrigues; letters of invitation were sent to the son of Ali, begging him to come and declare himself lord of Irak and rightful commander of the faithful. Hussain pondered over the proposal; his wisest friends and counsellors bade him beware of the fickle townsmen who lured him on for private ends; but Hussain would not heed them; he was infected with the same curious and fatal lack of political vision which distinguished his father and brother, hesitating when it was necessary to show boldness, now when caution and

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suspicion were requisite he became reckless and confiding. Hussain set out for Irak with a small guard of 40 horsemen and 100 foot. This tiny army he had the folly to encumber with his whole family—his sons and wives and daughters.

In spite of the prayers and adjurations of his friends, Hussain risked on this perilous enterprise not only his own life but that of all his race. The day that Hussain set forth a strange event occurred in Kufa. The clumsy intrigues had been reported to Yazid, who ordered immediately Obaidallah ibn Ziyad to leave his post of governor of Basra and install himself in Kufa before Hussain should arrive. Obaidallah was a man of some craft and he had the wit to enter Kufa veiled and surrounded by his escort, letting it be thought that he was Hussain himself entering the city. The deluded people followed Obaidallah to the city hall and called upon the governor to yield up the place to the son of the apostle of God; the governor hesitated, the people clamoured the louder; the governor endeavoured to appease them, cried from the house top, "Begone, son of the apostle, I would not that a son of Ali should come to evil on my account." Suddenly the hooded figure, who, surrounded by his men at arms, was supposed to be Hussain, plucked aside his mask, and thundered on the door of the palace, crying, "A curse upon Hussain and a curse upon ye all, open the gates." The rabble amazed, fled in dismay, the doors of the palace opened, and Obaidallah took charge of Kufa. His first action was to seize the persons of the two conspirators of Hussain's party—the mob recovering their courage surrounded the palace and demanded their release. By the way of reply Obaidallah paraded the two guilty men on the roof. The throng without roared for the prisoners to be given up, a scimitar flashed in the air, two staring heads were flung to the people below, and Kufa was subdued and the cause of Hussain irreparably lost.

As soon as the town had been quelled Obaidallah ordered an Emir named Omar ibn Sad to proceed with a strong force of loyal soldiers to the desert frontier to await Hussain, who, all unconscious of the disaster, was pushing across Najd towards the borders of Irak.

Omar, although devoted to the cause of Yazid, dreaded to

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incur the blood guiltiness of slaying the son of Ali. He protested against being entrusted with so hideous a mission, but Obaidallah was relentless; if Omar did not obey he would be disgraced and superseded. Omar gave way and set out to accomplish the task.

The Emir had little stomach for the business in hand, and although determined to obey his orders, endeavoured to warn Hussain of his impending fate and so persuade him to retreat. A Bedawin was sent out to inform the rash pretender of his danger, but when Hussain learned of the fall of Kufa he would not turn back. "Where can I go?" he cried, helplessly, "with my family and little ones?"

Omar came upon the forlorn group near Kerbela and arrayed his four thousand men against the devoted band of 140. Hussain endeavoured to parley; Omar, overjoyed at some excuse to avoid performing his odious work, sent back to ask Obaidallah whether he might accept a conditional surrender; Obaidallah's reply to his Emir was short and peremptory: "Have I sent thee as an ambassador? Attack or thou shalt be disgraced!" With a heavy heart Omar took the field once more, but again acceded to Hussain's demand for one day's delay. Obaidallah grew impatient and sent a second officer named Shamir to see that his orders were carried out. Shamir was about to command the troops to set on, but even he acceded to Hussain's request, that the final conflict be postponed until the morning of the following day. Shamir was as hard-hearted and ruthless as only the Arab can be when decided on an act of wrong, therefore, in giving Hussain a night of grace, he did not hesitate to make fate doubly sure by sending a party to cut off the camp of the pretender from the waters of the Euphrates.

While the enemies were encircling the camp Hussain prepared for death. There is something terrible and beautiful in this last night which the son of Ali passed on earth. Without his tent, alone in the darkness, he furnished his arms, singing of his coming death, of the wickedness of his foes, of his valour and his heavenly reward. One of his children who lay sick within, hearing him, began to cry; the women burst out into weeping and lamentation. Hussain calmly reproved them.

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"Weep not," he said, "lest the enemy hearing us rejoice!" Then, as if confounded by his misfortune, he cast his eyes to heaven, crying, "O God, thou knowest that they have falsed their oath; punish them, O Lord!"

When the better part of the night was spent he called his followers to him and freed them of his service. Death, he said, was for him alone; but no man stirred from his place. "O son of the Apostle, and what should we say unto him on the day of resurrection?"

Hussain with a sigh dismissed them to their posts. Presently a bedawi stole silently into the camp to offer the doomed man a camel and guidance to a tribe where he could hide in safety, but Hussain, whom the approach of death infused with a grand nobility, replied, "And what of these? To leave them would be dishonour, to live without them life a burden." The bedawi vanished into the night and Hussain was alone; presently he slept, and in his dreams he heard the prophet say, "Weep not, O Hussain, to-morrow thou shalt be with me." The morning dawned and found Hussain and his companions at prayer, and the enemy ranged around them in battle array. The son of Ali mounted a camel and approached the army of Kufa; he called upon them to accuse him of any crime he had committed against them; he reminded them of his father and the prophet; he asked them if they had not written to him begging him to come; he implored them to have mercy on his family and companions; lastly, crying, "Did you entice me hither with oaths of allegiance to slay me?" But under the stern eyes of Shamir and Omar the Kufans were adamant. "We are away," they cried, "with thee and thy oaths of allegiance." Hussain returned despondently to his following, and Shamir, standing at Omar's side, cried, "Dost thou hesitate? Lay on." Omar remembered the governorship promised him in Khorasan, and seizing a bow let fly an arrow at a venture, crying, "Bear witness I have stricken the first blow"; and as if it were a signal the battle (if so such the piteous slaughter may be termed) began.

The sun rose high in the heavens and scorched the land; Hussain's men were parched with drought and soon fell a prey to their enemies' darts and spears, dying miserably within sight

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of the river from which the cruel Shamir had cut them off; among them Ali, the eldest son of Hussain, perished before his father's eyes, and at this fearful sight the wretched man gave way and fell along his son's body, weeping and groaning as though his heart would break, while from out the tents ran Zaynab the lad's mother, shrieking in despair. Indeed, the camp must have presented a heartrending spectacle; of the 140 only five companions remained, leaning upon their spears, their armour hacked, their weapons broken, their eyes dulled with despair of life and misery of burning thirst; in the middle the mangled corpse of Ali with Hussain and the mother weeping beside it in agony of grief; from within the tents came the wailings of little children and the sobbing of women; in the distance the cool yellow waters of the Euphrates, near and about the dry desert scrub, around in a shameful circle stood reluctant yet unpying ranks of the relentless enemy—the agony was long drawn out.

The five surviving men were slain but Hussain was still untouched; he mounted a horse and faced his foes alone. A swift arrow brought his charger to the ground. Hussain rose, only to sink to the earth again, overcome by thirst. Still the enemy hesitated to strike. It was too foul a sacrilege against the laws of God and honour for anyone to raise a hand against this helpless man.

Hussain tottered toward the tent; there he found a little child weeping. It was his son Abdallah, not above a year old. He seized the infant in his arms; again a bow twanged and the child was hushed, its head transfixed with an arrow. Hussain set the little body on the ground. "Verily," he cried, "verily from God we come and unto Him we return." Then, while the whole army of the enemy watched in rage and shame, he began walking slowly toward the river alone. Suddenly the harsh voice of Shamir was heard: "Curses on you! let him not drink! he is dying of thirst! if he drinks he will live." Again an arrow sang through the air and Hussain was struck in the mouth; the blood flowed in torrents from his lips as he dragged the barbed shaft away. Omar ran towards him to end the tragedy. "Thou art come to kill me," murmured Hussain, and the Emir, falling back ashamed, turned to his men, shouting,

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 "Why stand you idle?" The soldiers rushed in and Hussain
 the son of Ali was dead.

"The deed was accomplished and all that remained to be done was to dispatch the women and Ali, the only surviving son of Hussain, to Yazid at Damascus. The Khalif was in his hall of audience when Zair the messenger of victory presented himself before the council. "Woe is thee," cried Yazid, "what news bringest thou?" Zair replied: "Know O Yazid that God hath given thee the victory; Hussain and his companions chose battle, and in battle we overthrew them; they hid themselves in the fastness as the doves hide from the eagle, and in the fastness we slew them even to the last; their treasures have been rifled, their garments soaked in blood, their cheeks made grey with dust. The sun withers them like dry sticks, the winds scatter their members, the vultures and buzzards are their only companions!" and so saying the messenger threw the stivelled head of Hussain upon the ground. A murmur of pity passed through the ranks of the councillors, Yazid was overwhelmed with fear at the action of his officers; no excuse could wipe out the blot which had stained the house of Moawiyah, no regrets could take from the dead man the aureol of martyrdom. Yazid repented whereas repentance availed him nothing. "The boy Ali and the women were sent to Medina as a place of honourable exile, but the news of the crime of Kербela spread to every town, to every encampment, and to every village in the Moslem Dominions; to this day men gash themselves in frantic grief in remembrance of the day of Moharrem, and to this day the House of Islam is divided against itself. "The evil consequences of the massacre of Kербela were not long in making themselves shown. The people of Medina, already horrified at the action of the Khalif's officers, were informed by a deputation which had lately visited Damascus, that the commander of the faithful was irreligious, drunken, dissolute and prodigal—the scandal of Kербela now seemed doubly disgraceful, and the outraged citizens turned from the unworthy prince in disgust and declared themselves free of his rule. In Mecca the rebellious Abdallah announced that he



THIS SCENED FROM THE STORY OF HUSSAIN, SON OF ALI, MURDERED AT KARBELA. THE SCENE WAS PICTURED THROUGH THE HANDS OF THE CONSULTING ARTIST, MR. D. W. WILKINSON, F.R.S.

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was commander of the faithful, and ruled the city as Iman and Khalif.

Yazid, however, could still reckon on his father's organization, and an army was even dispatched from Syria for the conquest of Hejaz and the holy cities. Medina was taken and sacked, and ere long Mecca was closely besieged. Abdallah the rebel could not have held out for long; the army of Syria was equipped with the weapons of the infidel, the slings and ballista hurled pots of blazing bitumen into the Ka'aba and Mecca was on the brink of destruction, but just before the final assault was ordered came the news of Yazid's death, and a general confusion of affairs at Damascus.

Confusion worse confounded, amid which the student may scratch his head in dismay and curse oriental history as a diabolical invention intended for the torture of criminals and the production of imbeciles.

The sudden and unexpected death of Yazid at the very moment when the martyrdom of Hussain had taken a strong hold on the imaginations and minds of the Moslems, served to precipitate an era of chaos, anarchy and confusion, which the clearest of minds would not find easy to appreciate, and the most lucid of writers or speakers hard to describe.

The composition of the conflicting factions is difficult to analyse with precision, the order of events are scattered with regard to space and doubtful with reference to sequence in time, in fact for several years the Moslem Empire seems lost in a mist of wars, revolutions, factions, schisms and betrayals.

Before endeavouring to relate some of the events which occurred during this period of upheaval, it would be as well to review the conditions of the dominions which lay under the hands of the conquerors. In Arabia we find but little changed; that country was, in fact, reverting to its original condition. Mecca, the chief and religious centre, was ruled by the Grandees of the Koraysh, who never seem to have realized that anything which occurred outside their petty affairs could be a matter of the slightest importance.

Syria, Moslem instead of Christian, was rapidly becoming accustomed to the new regime, and had already schooled her new masters in Roman methods of government, taxation,

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finance, and the transaction of public business. Egypt, still a province, remained as before, a land of slaves and tyrants; superficially, language and religion were changing, but beneath the surface Egypt was the Egypt of old; the Egypt of the Greeks, of the Ptolemies, and of Rameses, was now the Egypt of the Arabs. In Irak fanaticism and schism thrrove on fertile soil; the philosophy and subtlety of Babylonia was mastering the rude wildings of the desert, for in Basra and Kufa theologians disputed in battalions, while in the mountains of Sherizor throngs of ferocious Kharijites wandered from place to place plotting destruction and revolution in the cause of Theocracy. In Persia the original people were discarding rapidly their ancient faith and assimilating the new one to their needs. On the outer marches Barbary and Khorasan, the bolder spirits of Islam were conquering and converting the savage Turks and Berbers, thus preparing a scourge with which to harass mankind for another 1300 years. In Armenia plundering expeditions raided and destroyed; and perhaps pagan mountaineers, perceiving a road to license and gain, began to talk in their barbarous tongue of the one true God and his prophet Momo. On the Amanus Moslem and Roman observed the trace which neither approved and neither dared break.

In this condition of affairs one may detect four moving principles in the Moslem world. The principle of Syria, where centuries of Roman rule caused men to tend to bear respect for worldly authority, and approved and comprehended an Imperial theory of government; the principle of Arabia, where the remaining people unconsciously leaned toward patriarchal aristocracy, and severance from the outer world—since Arabia's geographical position allows of her people giving but never permits them to receive; the principle of Irak, where all was argument, theology, fervour, zeal, contradiction, poetry and metaphysic strife of a bloody humour; the principle of the frontiers where the spirit of Holy war ruled supreme and untarnished—for no matter what Khalif ruled, no matter what schismatic or civil brawls rent the Empire of Mohammed, the men of action still streamed East and West to slay or convert in the name of God, and publish the fame of His prophet.

Having briefly sketched the motive forces which impelled

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the peoples, mobs, armies and sects, it is now my task to introduce the reader to the men who led them.

When the news of the death of Yazid reached Hassain, the besieger of Mecca, that officer's first action was to offer to acknowledge Ibn Zobair as Khalif if he would but accompany his late enemy to Damascus. Ibn Zobair, true to his native bias, refused to leave the Holy City, and preferred to repair the damage done by the siege, to give judgment in the market place, and to lead the prayers in the temple. He dreamed of reviving the system of government which was ended by the death of Othman, and of maintaining Mecca as not only the religious but civil centre of the Mohammedan world. Since all was in disorder without the limits of the Arabian peninsula, Ibn Zobair was able to call himself commander of the faithful, send a governor to Egypt and another to Irak; but Mecca was too remote from the outer world ever to be a capital, and Ibn Zobair's obstinacy in remaining there presently met with its reward. Meanwhile Damascus was the scene of perplexing and rapid revolution; on Yazid's death his son Moawiya II, reigned for thirty days, dying at the end of that time of poison or disease.

Khalid, the second son of Yazid, was then proposed, but his tender years and gentle manners prevented his acceptance by the Emirs and Chieftains of the court. As a compromise Merwan-ibn-al-Hakam was then selected, since he was of Omayyad extraction, and his services as secretary to Othman gave men sufficient confidence in his powers of administration. We may notice how strongly the dynasty idea had taken root in the minds of the Moslems of Syria, when we consider that Merwan was proclaimed Khalif on condition that he should marry Yazid's widow, and adopt Khalid as heir to the throne.

The accession of Merwan was not achieved without some trouble, nor was he firmly established even in Syria until he had fought a considerable action and defeated and slain a bedawin chief named Dahak who favoured the cause of Ibn Zobair. When Merwan was at last accepted as Khalif in Syria, the Empire was momentarily divided between himself and Ibn Zobair—the latter being acknowledged approximately in Irak, Khorasan, Hejcz and Egypt, while apparently the

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Omayyad was accepted by the chieftains of Syria, North Mesopotamia and Persia, and also controlled the troops operating in North Africa. Within a short time of his accession Merwan succeeded in driving this rival force out of Egypt, and the Syrian and Arabian powers appear to have held for a brief space the Northern and Southern halves of the Moslem world.

The situation, already somewhat complicated, was made the more complex by an anarchical development in Irak. The Kharijites of Basra and the Shiites or sympathizers with Hussain, who dwelt in Kufa, made common cause against both Khalifs and formed a third party in the contest. We have therefore the extraordinary spectacle of the troops of Ibn Zobair fighting with the army of Merwan in South Syria, the Kharijites invading North Syria under a leader named Sulaman, while a Shiite chieftain named Mokhtar intrigued against the officers of Ibn Zobair in Irak.

Merwan succeeded in freeing South Syria from the presence of the Meccan forces, while the ferocious Obaidallah ibn Ziyad drove back the Kharijites in the North, and slew their leader; but in Irak the Shiites, under Mokhtar, seem to have held their own. Merwan at this juncture appears to have shown signs of having some intention of playing his adopted son Khalid false; at any rate, Yazid's widow's suspicions of her second husband's honesty were so great that she decided to resume her former state, and one night dropped a cushion across Merwan's face and sat upon it until life was extinct. This rash act on the part of the untrusting widow in no way advanced the cause of Khalid, and Abdel Malik, the warlike son of Merwan, was chosen and proclaimed as his father's successor without difficulty. Meanwhile Mokhtar, the Shiite leader in Irak, succeeded in obtaining the countenance of Mohammed-ibn-Hanifa, a deserving son of Ali, who had hitherto led a retired life at Medina, and thus secured the whole-hearted support of the entire Shiite faction. Mokhtar, calling himself the lieutenant of the Malidi, now broke out in open rebellion against the government of Ibn Zobair, and appears on the scene as a third pretender to supreme power. The Omayyad, Abdel Malik, was now faced with a possible attack from Arabia and North Mesopotamia, which had gone

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over to the cause of Mokhtar, and was consequently obliged to divide his forces into two armies for the purpose of watching his respective rivals. Luckily for the Omayyad cause Ibn Zobair and Mokhtar spent more energy in attacking one another than in fighting with their mutual foe. Mokhtar invaded Arabia and was driven back, Ibn Zobair's brother Mosab invaded Irak and was victorious, Mokhtar was slain and the Meccan pretender was once more in possession of his lost province.

Possibly Ibn Zobair would now have turned his attention to Abdel Malik in Syria, but before he could consider the matter the Kharijites poured down from Susiana into the low countries of Basra, and thus occupied his attention to the full. Abdel Malik now made ready to attack Ibn Zobair, and considered the weakest point in his enemy's line would be in the distracted regions of Kufa and Basra. Abdel Malik marshalled his army and prepared to march southwards. Scarcely had he started than he was forced to retrace his steps. A pretender had appeared in Damascus, and the garrison had gone over to him before the enemy could be attacked, the Omayyad Khalif was obliged to besiege and recapture his own capital. Hardly had this been accomplished and Abdel Malik was once more preparing to set forth, when news was brought that the Romans were about to break the treaty of Yazid and invade Syria.

Abdel Malik patched up a peace with Constantinople in all haste, yielding to the most extravagant financial demands of the Emperor, for he knew full well that money and money alone could save his Empire in such an extremity.

690 A.D. The Omayyad Khalif finally set out for Irak in 71, and by buying over the officers of his enemy contrived to defeat Ibn Zobair's brother, Mosab, who fell in battle soon after active hostilities had commenced.

When Irak fell into the hands of the Syrian it was, as may well be imagined, in a condition of the wildest disorder and confusion, and fully a year was consumed by Abdel Malik and his generals in the pacification of that district, and the neighbouring Eastern provinces, which were hotbeds of Kharijites' schism and disaffection.

However, the sectaries and fanatics were temporarily crushed by a general named Mouhallab, and late in 71 Khorasan,

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which had always remained loyal to Ibn Zobair, was added to the Dominions of the Omayyads. Abdel Malik had now hemmed his rival's power within the limits of Arabia, for Ibn Zobair could hardly count on support in any other part of the world. He decided to put an end to his rival's small area of authority, and summoned an army at Damascus for the conquest of Mecca, but none of the Syrian officers or Amirs would accept the hateful task of besieging the Holy City; they had no desire to emulate the prowess of Obaidallah ibn Ziyad or Schamir, and stoutly refused to lead the troops upon so sacrilegious an expedition. Abdel Malik was on the point of abandoning the scheme, when an obscure officer named Hajjaj came forward and offered to conduct the army.

This man, whom legend has delighted to surround with a quantity of repulsive qualities and characteristics, appears to have been a soldier of daring resourcefulness, equipped with military and administrative talents of an uncommon kind. Abdel Malik at first hesitated to entrust an army to a person of so little experience, but surprised at the fellow's insistence, at last acceded to his demands, and gave him command of some 3,000 men. Hajjaj marched off into Hejaz and carrying all before him was soon encamped outside Mecca. The Khalif, perceiving that there was some method in the apparent madness of his new general, provided him with the reinforcements that were required for the siege of the Holy City.

Ibn Zobair held out bravely for a time, but circumstances were too strong for him. He had lost his opportunity when he refused to proceed to Syria. Arabia had been emptied of its only resources, and Ibn Zobair could look nowhere for allies, assistance or succour.

In desperation the Meccan Khalif threw himself on the swords of the besiegers and left Abdel Malik sole surviving lord of the Moslem world.

The problem of the mastership of Islam had been solved; Mecca and Medina, save as places of pilgrimage, disappear from the pages of political history, and Arabia became a part of the Syrian Empire of the Omayyads.

MARK SYKES.

THE NECROLOGY

IN religious houses where the Divine Office is recited in choir, an ancient custom usually obtains of reading out each morning the names of the brethren of the particular monastery or congregation whose anniversary occurs that day. Towards the end of Prime, after the chanting of the Martyrology with its catalogue of canonized Saints, the Necrology follows commemorating the brethren, relatives and benefactors of the Order, for the repose of whose souls the *De Profundis* is then recited. It was this practice that led to the compilation, in 1883, by Abbot Snow of the *Necrology of the English Congregation O.S.B.*, of which the volume under notice* is a revised edition, enlarged and greatly improved. This new *Obit Book* contains the names of all English Benedictines, nuns as well as monks, from the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the Congregation was revived, down to the close of 1913. Fuller notices than those given by Abbot Snow are attached to each name. Most acceptable, too, are the lists of the missions served at different times by the Congregation, together with catalogues of Presidents, Provincials, Cathedral and Conventual Priors, etc., etc., drawn mainly from Abbot Snow's edition of the old Constitutions (1879). The work of reference is greatly facilitated not only by a full and accurate index, but by the arrangement of the names in three different categories—chronological, calendrical, and alphabetical. The whole is prefaced by a new introduction, giving a full and tolerably accurate account of the restoration and varied constitution of the English Benedictine body.

At first glance, a Necrology seems merely a dull catalogue of names and dates, with little interest to members of the Order, and with none to those outside. Yet more than antiquarian value gathers about a record like this, though memory and imagination are needed to supply the details that give it life. There are people to whom even the

* *Obit Book of the English Benedictines from 1600-1913*, being the Necrology of the English Congregation of the Order of St Benedict from 1600-1883, compiled by Abbot Snow, revised, enlarged and continued by Dom Henry Norbert Birr, Edinburgh, 1913.

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Martyrology makes no appeal!—souls in whom never a memory or emotion stirs at the sound of a saint's or a city's name, howsoever deeply charged with romance or history! And the poor victims are all unconscious of their loss. The daily recital of its Necrology helps, moreover, to maintain in a monastery or congregation its sense of historic continuity. Morning after morning, ere the day's work begins, the memory is recalled of those who have gone before, "our fathers in their generation," living the same life, doing the same works as ourselves, and dying in the same habit. The example of their stability is an incentive and encouragement to their descendants, particularly when amid the confusion of forgotten names there flashes out, from time to time, one more famous or familiar that lightens up the dry record, and breathes life and meaning into the ancient practice. It may be a name centuries old, a founder or benefactor of our own monastery, some well-known writer whose pages are yet read or whose tomes at least linger on our library shelves—perhaps some "painful missionary" with life-long labours in the very districts we ourselves have served—a martyr or confessor for the faith whose blood was shed at Tyburn, or whose life was shortened in Newgate or the Clink—a Vicar Apostolic of the scattered English Church, or a devout nun whose days ebbed silently away in some Flemish cloister. Mingling with these occur names of later date—an old priest of whom quaint anecdotes still float about the calefactory—some honoured father of our early monastic years—or a long-gone friend who stood by our side in these same choir-stalls and passed away in dim early days, yet whose name can still bring a throb to the heart and a tear to the eye. Amongst this host of names most are forgotten even in their old homes, but some have passed into the larger story of the Church, whilst round a few the halo of sanctity hovers, which may one day translate them from the Necrology into the Martyrology. Doubtless the force of these associations can be felt to the full only by those to whom this *Obit Book* is a home record, more copious and sacred than any great family's genealogy; but memories like these cluster round our monastic usages, lending interest to each day's Necrology.

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Apart from this special appeal, the *Obit Book* should prove useful to antiquarians and genealogists who will find much valuable information in these lists of persons, families and missions connected with the English Benedictines. One or two points are noteworthy; and, first, how widely spread over the country in older times were the missions or chaplaincies of the Congregation. What region was not full of our labour, north, south, east and west! and in many places long since abandoned. Another feature is the peculiarly English character of the names, few being of foreign, or even of Scottish or Irish, extraction. As might be expected, this feature is not so prominent during the last half century, but it still exists, and on the whole fully justifies the national name of the Congregation. As the only religious order working exclusively for England, though all their Houses were abroad, the English Benedictines attracted many ardent souls who longed for the return of their country to the faith; and the oft-recurring names among its monks or nuns prove how deeply the Order had struck root among the old Catholic families of the land.

In a work teeming with hundreds of figures, it may seem invidious to remark upon slight errors or to expect perfect accuracy. One rather marvels at its general exactness. Still correct detail is what one looks for in a compilation of this kind; as a book of reference a Necrology is nothing if not accurate; there are too many mistakes here, and of the many that have escaped notice most might have been avoided with more care. Perhaps we were unfortunate, but every single entry of the first dozen that we looked up, and could personally verify, was found to be inaccurate. Amongst the missions, for instance, whilst Downside and Stratton-on-the-Fosse both appear correctly, Ampleforth and Gilling are both wrong as to dates; so is Fort Augustus; and, as might perhaps have been expected, Belmont or Clehonger are forgotten and the new Familia there totally ignored. The Knaresboro' mission should have been identified with Follyfoot and Plumpton, through which its incumbents can be traced back to 1693. Spilsby and Skendleby, where Benedictines laboured for some years, are not given at all; the dates of Petersfield and Easing-

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would be inaccurate. On the other hand, some new Priors unknown in Fr Snow's day have been discovered for St Gregory's, and six years added to its antiquity, though the figures are not of great value if not more authentic than those of the later Northern Provincials or Ampleforth Priors.* The catalogue of titular abbots does not include those of Cismar and other places. Further examination would probably reveal further mistakes; and altogether, if other missions and men are as inaccurately presented as those with which we have personal acquaintance, then the list of *Errata* must be a long one.

When we mention further that many of these mistakes have been copied wholesale from Fr Snow's lists, where their inaccuracy has been glaring for thirty years, will it seem hard to say that most of them might have been avoided had greater care been used and more hands called in to assist the compiler? We are fully aware that the proof-sheets have been submitted to several pairs of eyes. Where, however, innumerable personal and place names have to be dealt with, each involving many small details, accuracy can only be attained by enlisting local knowledge from every quarter. It is doubtless difficult to secure such assistance. In earlier ages, a volume of this kind would have been brought out *curâ et studio monachorum*, and no more personal names would have appeared on the title-page. Representing the patient toil of many hands and months the book would have been proportionately more accurate. But we shall end on a note of congratulation and praise. Every English Benedictine will be grateful for Dom Norbert's indefatigable labours; and if they have not been sufficiently supplemented by others' assistance, all the more credit is due to a painstaking editor who has corrected many of his predecessors' errors, and filled out older chronicles with most interesting details. To quote a few words from the admirable introduction to the

* It is interesting to compare Fr Snow's catalogues of 1879 with those of Fr Birt in 1915, and to watch the growth of legend in connection with early Douai history. Presumably the newly found Priors are to support the pretensions of the "premier" abbey, by a process of "underpinning" which, however ingenious, inevitably suggests some weakness in the superstructure.

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earlier edition, "The Death Roll of the English Benedictines will enkindle an honourable family pride in the breasts of the English sons of St Benedict, and will awaken an interest in many who are linked by ties of blood, reverence and gratitude to the members of the Venerable Order."

J. I. C.

VISITS TO AN UNKNOWN SHRINE

IN Southern Bavaria among the rolling uplands that lie between the Starnburger See and the Ammersee there rises a steep hill. This is the mountain of Andechs. A group of brown and white buildings crowns the summit of this hill—a Benedictine monastery. The hill and monastery form a centre for pilgrimage from all the surrounding country. Beside two miraculous images of Our Lady and a store of other relics, "The Three Holy Hosts" are venerated here. Two of these are said to have been consecrated by Saint Gregory the Great. At the consecration the species were temporarily transformed into an apparition of the crucified Saviour for the conversion of an unbelieving lady to belief in Transubstantiation. In other words, these two Hosts are claimed as those of that Mass of Saint Gregory whose story was so popular in the latter middle ages. According to the Andechs' version of the story, whilst Saint Gregory said Mass before an unbelieving matron a bleeding finger appeared on the one Host and a cross of blood on the other. Some pictures of the miracle as, e.g., a fifteenth century alabaster painting in my possession, represent the Species as changed into the appearance of Christ appearing as crucified among the instruments of the Passion. The third Host was said to have been consecrated by a later Pope at the time of the Berengarian heresy. At the consecration the L.H.S. stamped on the wafer appeared red as blood. What truth underlies these claims I cannot say, but a Catholic will at any rate be scarcely disposed to admit that these Three Holy Hosts, the object of the veneration of centuries, are in reality but bread.

In the tenth century a strong castle stood on the holy mountain, which did not yield to the monastery till the fifteenth century. The castle belonged to the powerful family of the Counts of Andechs. In the tenth century Count Rasso of Andechs beat back the pagan Huns who were pouring their devastating hordes into southern Germany. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and brought back to Andechs many valuable relics—in fact, the nucleus of the present collection. He died a monk and was admitted to the

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honours of sanctity. A later Count of Andechs was Bishop of Bamberg, where the Three Holy Hosts were at that time preserved. To honour his family castle, the Count-Bishop brought the Hosts to Andechs. St Elizabeth's mother was the daughter of a Count of Andechs. In her widowhood the Saint visited her mother's old home and enriched the chapel with a vestment made from her wedding dress. Andechs also possesses a pectoral cross given to the Saint by Pope Gregory IX in token of condolence for her husband's death. Soon afterwards the family became extinct and the castle fell into ruin. The monks in charge of the chapel placed the relics, including the Three Hosts, in a chest and buried them under the chapel floor. For 109 years the treasure lay hidden and no one knew where to find it. At length, in 1388, during the celebration of Mass, a mouse revealed the spot where the relics were buried. When dug up all were found to be uninjured. It was about this time that the two miraculous images of Our Lady were made and set up at Andechs. These will be described later. About the middle of the fifteenth century, a Benedictine monastery was founded on the mountain. It was during the first quarter of the seventeenth century that Andechs reached the height of its fame. It must then have been a Bavarian Walsingham. Pilgrims flocked from all sides. The Dukes of Bavaria often visited the mountain and among the pilgrims was the wife of the Emperor Matthias. This prosperity was broken by the unwelcome advent of the Swedish troops during the Thirty Years' War. Of the two images of Our Lady that which stood (as now) over the lower of the two chief altars was removed by the monks and buried in the garden. The other image, then considered less miraculous, was set in its place. One of the monks, however, betrayed out of fear the burial place of the image. The Swedes attempted to dig it up. A sudden panic seized them and compelled them to desist from the attempt. They were equally unsuccessful in their efforts to pull down the other Madonna from the High Altar.

This Swedish incursion was but a passing storm, and the glory of Andechs continued till the close of the eighteenth century. In 1669 all the buildings were destroyed by fire

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with the exception of the relic chapel which was miraculously preserved. An interesting account of monastic life at Andechs in the eighteenth century yet remains in the diary of a monk, which has been used as the basis of an account of his life published by a nineteenth century Prior. If this diary does not present the picture of the community of canonizable saints which some unreasonable persons seem to expect in all religious houses, it witnesses to a peaceful, useful and genuinely religious life. It would appear that church music, doubtless of the florid Renaissance type, was much cultivated at Andechs.

In 1803, however, the great tempest of the Revolution swept down upon the holy mountain. The order went forth to suppress all the religious houses of Bavaria. The Commissioners who came to Andechs were content with expelling the monks. They also seized nearly all the reliquaries of any value and carried them off, relics and all, to the royal treasury in Munich. This time no supernatural intervention saved the hallowed treasures. The pilgrimages soon ceased, although the chiefest relics, the Three Hosts and the miraculous Madonnas, still remained. The holy mountain was forsaken and desolate, and seemed destined to share the fate of Walsingham, Canterbury, Bury St Edmunds, and many another English shrine.

Better days, however, came for Andechs. In 1846, King Ludwig I restored Andechs to the Benedictines, and the pilgrimages were revived. It is true that the old splendour has departed. To the line of 25 mitred Abbots have succeeded simple Priors. The relic treasure is far smaller, and the costly reliquaries, rich with gold and jewels, are no more. In place of 325 parishes that yearly made pilgrimage for Andechs, to-day only 156 parishes send a pilgrim band thither. Nevertheless, we cannot but be very thankful that the mountain is once more in the hands of the monks, that the greatest relics yet remain and that pilgrimages are made once more. Andechs seems like an old man who after a long life marked by great joys and great sorrows has settled into a peaceful way of life without intense pleasure but also without suffering. May it long remain in this peace and moderate prosperity,

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undisturbed by the enemies of religion, now, alas! once more so threatening!

Andechs is then to-day a peculiarly Bavarian shrine, and a shrine of the Bavarian peasantry. Outside Bavaria it is, I think, almost unknown. The result is that there are no elaborate pilgrimages got up by Bishop X or Monsignor Z, advertised months before in the Catholic papers, and conveyed abroad by special trains that leave Charing Cross at 8.30 on such and such a day and arrive at their destination at 10.50 on such and such a day.* Instead, we have the simple pilgrimages of villagers going for the most part on foot like the pilgrims of the Middle Ages. Indeed, the spirit of the Middle Ages still hangs about the mount of Andechs. Long had I desired to find mediævalism with its simple piety, so picturesquely and naively expressed, still surviving in some out-of-the-way corner of Catholic Europe. At length, quite unexpectedly, I found it at Andechs. I think it may not lack interest for the readers of this magazine, if I give some description of my visits to this shrine so unknown and for that very reason so well worth the knowing. These visits I made on foot last summer, 1912, from Tutzing on the Starnburger See.

When I first went to Andechs I knew nothing of its sanctity. I was only told by the non-Catholics with whom I was living that there was an old monastery there (I imagined secularized), and a beautiful view over the Ammersee from the church tower.

It was May 2, and a fine sunny day. On my way I stopped to look at two village churches. These country churches are full of baroco furniture, of fat cupid-like cherubs, of tinsel-coloured images, of crudely realistic crucifixes, and of hideously coloured banners. Artistically, they are all that they should not be. Not the most rigid devotee of Gothic, however, would wish even the fattest cherub away, when once he had felt the devotional atmosphere of these churches! Everything speaks of the devotion of the peasants, of their attempts to make their churches as beautiful as they could according to their own naïve ideas of beauty. There is an atmosphere of homeliness, of simple piety. In some of the larger villages the modern

* I do not of course mean to object to such pilgrimages, though I greatly prefer the more primitive and simpler type of older times.

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restorer has had his way, the baroco furniture has been cleared out and consigned to the rubbish heap, and the church has been most correctly Gothicized. The result is coldness and emptiness, the respectability of a moderately high Anglican church at a fashionable watering-place. I am always glad to escape from such churches back again to the people's churches of bad art but devotional feeling.

To return from the digression. I walked on for some hours from village to village, till at last at a turn of the road just where it touches the end of a line of low beech-clad hills, I saw in the distance a hill rising sharply up from the surrounding country. At the foot of the hill lay a village with orchards around it; a pleasing medley of red roofs and white blossom. On the top of the hill were the above-mentioned buildings, church and monastery, and also, to say truth, the old monastic brewery with its chimney! Thus first I saw Andechs. Soon I came to the village at the foot of the hill, Erling. From there I climbed up the hillside. I walked by a little path skirting a large meadow. Instead of going straight to the church, I stopped at the inn half way up the hill and ordered coffee. I sat out in the garden, and enjoyed a beautiful view over the surrounding country. Below lay the meadow with several fruit trees then in full blossom, among whose branches that evening some goldfinches were playing, and below that Erling with its church. Then followed the rolling country, meadow and woodland and in the distance the snow-clad slopes of the Bavarian alps.

Not even the charms of this view, however, prevented me from becoming impatient as time passed on and no coffee appeared. So at last I decided to have a look at the church at once. Flights of steps led up to an open space at the top of the hill. On one side of this was the brewery buildings at the further end of the church. This brewery is one of the sources of maintenance for the monks. On great pilgrimage days they sell not a little of this beer, which is, I heard, very good to the pilgrims who are naturally very thirsty after their long walk. I hope no tectotalism will be scandalized at this. Tectotalism is all too modern to be regarded in this mediaeval place.

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The church is of the usual Bavarian type. It is an oval building of no great size, whitewashed outside. The building itself dates from the seventeenth century, being built after the fire of 1669. At the west end rises the tower with an onion-shaped bulb at the top crowned by a flèche. The furniture of the interior dates from a restoration carried out in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is, therefore, of the usual baroco style only far more elaborate than the furniture of an ordinary village church. The roof is painted with religious scenes, which at first sight look like the illustrations of some pagan myth. Around the walls runs a gallery. At the east end are two altars, one above the other. Round the outside are a series of pictures depicting the most important and miraculous events in the history of Andechs. Above the lower altar is the earlier miraculous Madonna, the image buried during the Thirty Years' War. The image dates from the fourteenth century and represents Our Lady seated with the Divine Infant on her knee. She is crowned and carries a sceptre; below her feet is the crescent moon; the dress is blue and gold. Around the image extend gold rays, doubtless a later ornament. Around the altar stand large votive candles, some of which are of considerable antiquity. On the gallery above is the upper altar, and above that another image of Our Lady. She is standing with arms outstretched. Around the statue is a border of artificial roses. In these roses are electric lamps lit during festal services. There are only pews at the back of the church under the organ gallery. The rest of the church is empty save where a pillar, also richly adorned, rises to support the roof. Beside each pillar stands an altar and above the altar is an eighteenth century picture. Needless to say there is no lack of the cupid cherubs, chubby and smiling, with most comical little wings of green and gold. Everything in the church seemed fixed in a calm beyond all touch of change. The eighteenth century has brought into the church not alone its classical taste but also its atmosphere of imperturbable peace.

After a hasty glance around, I returned to the inn, drank my coffee and then climbed up again to the church. Now I noticed pilgrimage announcements in the porch. Moreover, a monk

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within the church proved that there was still a monastery here. I told the sacristan that I wished to ascend the tower. He unlocked the door leading up to this and let me find my way up alone. It was a long climb, on very varied but all quite practicable flights of steps mostly of wood. I passed the bells and at length found myself in the wooden bulb at the top of the tower. Mounting above this, I reached at length windows in the sides of the lower spire, which gave me a wide view over the surrounding country. It was now late in the afternoon and the calm and soft lighting which forms the peculiar but indefinable charm of a spring evening lay over the landscape. Immediately below me was the monastery garden, a walled enclosure chiefly devoted to the cultivation of vegetables and fruit. To the east side of the church was the monastery itself, a massive and tall white building with steep brown red gables grouped around a quadrangle. The monastery seemed to date from the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The general impression given by the monastic buildings, like that of the church, was one of imperturbable rest, as if time inside the old wall did not move at the same swift pace as in the world without. Beyond the garden fell a ravine and beyond this rose a grassy tableland. Beyond this again was a stretch of pine forest that extended to the very edge of the Ammersee. This is a large lake, one of the largest Bavarian lakes. It looked somewhat lonely and uninhabited. Around and beyond the lake lay wide expanses of rolling upland steeped in hazy light. On the opposite side snowy mountain peaks closed in the far horizon. Certainly the holy mountain of Andechs does not lack either for commanding position or for natural beauty all around it. When I returned to the church, the pilgrim notices made me inquire of the sacristan what was the object of pilgrimage. He told me of the miraculous Madonna above the High Altar. I had just time to venerate the image before setting out on my return home. Before I left Andechs, however, I bought a little history of the shrine from the monastic shop. There, first, I heard about the Three Holy Hosts. I felt very sorry that I had not heard earlier of the sanctity of Andechs and that, therefore, my first visit to the holy mountain had been as a tourist rather than as a pilgrim. I determined, however,

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to pay a second visit later in a more fitting spirit, and also to choose for this visit some great day of pilgrimage. The day I chose for this pilgrimage was Ascension Day (May 16). This also was a warm sunny day. From my book, I found that on this feast pilgrimages were due from a great number of villages, some of which were very far off. This time I did not follow the road the whole way, but wandered awhile among the beech hills. Among the beech trees were secluded glades of greenest turf on which the sunlight lay softly. All sorts of brightly coloured flowers grew among the grass. I followed the hill slopes till they reached the road just where Andechs first appears in sight. I reached Andechs about midday. This time I walked along the main road up the hill. A fair was in full progress. The village was crowded with people, some dressed in local costume. On either side of the road were booths where a brisk trade was doing in all kinds of sweetmeats. The whole scene was most animated and lively. The church was equally crowded with people. All were peasants. The more devout were kneeling in the pews behind, engrossed in prayer. The less devout were walking about the church and paying a short visit to the different objects of devotion. The gallery above was also full of people. Some had bought outside tapers of red wax, which they placed in a large taper stand at the back of the church. I went up myself into the gallery and walked around it. As the people, or rather the pilgrims, passed the upper altar they put a little offering into a box in honour of the Three Holy Hosts and some knelt for prayer. The Hosts themselves I did not, however, yet see. As I came down from the gallery, I was fortunate enough to arrive just in time for an exposition of relics in the relic chapel. This is a little chapel at the side of the gallery to the head of the stairs that lead up to it. Here are kept the Three Holy Hosts, the relics brought by Saint Rasso from the Holy Land in the tenth century with the relics of Saint Elizabeth and many others beside. On certain fixed times on these pilgrimage feasts, the chapel is opened and the chief relics are shown to the people and explained. I joined the crowd that filled the chapel. Of the monk's explanations I understood little and can only remember hearing that one relic shown was of Saint Elizabeth. The

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chapel alone in the church is in the Gothic style, for it alone, as we saw, belongs to the older church. On the walls above the stairs outside are many ex-voto pictures, thankofferings to Our Lady of Andechs. I looked at some of these while the crowd pressed downstairs after the exposition. Some date from the sixteenth century. Most are pictures of miracles wrought at the intercession of Our Lady of Andechs—for crudeness of art laughable, for *nature* delightful, for pious feeling admirable. One of the ex-votos represents the Swedes fruitlessly endeavouring to tear down the image. On others we see cattle saved by prayer to Our Lady of Andechs, sick people cured at her invocation, dangers averted by her interposition. With Our Lady of Andechs are also associated in these pictures the Three Holy Hosts. After looking at these ex-votos, I came down into the body of the church. Every now and again a fresh pilgrimage arrived. The bells rang as the pilgrims entered. At the head of the train was a large crucifix. This is the pilgrimage cross and is carried before the pilgrims the whole way. On arrival the cross is taken at once into a side chapel and there deposited till the pilgrims return. After the cross came the men and behind the men the women. The rear is brought up by the parish priest in cotta and stole. These late arriving bands came probably from distant villages.

While new-comers arrived, other bands set out on their return. First they gathered before the High Altar. A priest appeared, also in a cotta and stole, and attended by two acolytes in red cassock, cotta and red cape. He blessed the pilgrims with the pyx. As the pilgrims left the church behind their cross, the priest sprinkled them with Holy Water and then followed them out of the church.

Outside the church are little booths for the sale partly of devotional and partly of more mundane objects. Here I also bought some tapers for the great taper stand. I lunched at the inn below. The garden terrace was crowded with people. Above, in the open space outside the brewery, there was another crowd sitting out and drinking beer under the trees. The whole scene is a strange and quite naïve mingling of sacred and profane. The pilgrims are quite glad to enjoy the fair and the good beer, when they have paid their devotions to the

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Madonnas and the Holy Hosts. Yet it would be a great mistake to doubt the genuineness of their devotion. They have come a long way on foot to visit Andechs. All this trouble was scarcely taken for the fair's sake or for the best of beer. It is the medieval and I believe the truly Catholic spirit to join with the worship of faith the recreation necessary to human nature, and to make the inevitable holiday a holy day as well. In other less superstitious (*sic*) lands we have the beer and the holiday-making, but no toilsome pilgrimage to honour the holy things of God. The majority of mankind cannot be saintly and must have human amusements and recreations. The church accepts this fact, and sanctifies what human nature demands and will in any case take. A typical example of this wisdom was the Ascension-tide scene at Andechs.

At three o'clock Pontifical Vespers were sung by an Abbot. During and after Vespers, the Three Holy Hosts were exposed in a Monstrance above the upper altar. I have never witnessed anything less liturgical. The office was sung from the upper gallery before the higher altar. The electric lights in the red and green rose border were lit up. In the gallery at the back of the church the choir strangled the antiphons and racked the psalms. Nevertheless, the general effect was not unpleasing. The whole service seemed thoroughly natural and popular, fittingly representative of the feelings of those who took part in it. In the Middle Ages, liturgical services were far more common than, alas! they are in our time. Nevertheless, I expect that they were very often carried out in the same rough and ready and wholly irregular way as this Vesper service at Andechs. After Vespers followed a devotion at which I did not assist. Before leaving I again went up into the gallery, and venerated the Three Holy Hosts. The pilgrims as they passed touched the monstrance with rosaries and other objects of devotion. I now left the mountain and walked home. It was as if I had been taken back into the fourteenth century and had been allowed to mingle with the pilgrims at some great shrine. The days of the Canterbury Tales seemed yet to survive in these Bavarian highlands, and one would scarcely have felt surprised had Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims suddenly appeared around a corner of the lonely road.

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Nearly two months later I made my third and final visit to Andechs. I walked over to Andechs on July 11, though under a hot July sun, yet by no means in discomfort, since a cool breeze tempered the heat. All was peaceful on the holy mountain as I walked up the street. There was a sound of somewhat sleepy singing and a heavy scent of beer floated out from the brewery into the sunlit air. Most of the little booths that are grouped around the open space in front of the church were closed. In the church were a few worshippers and a few people walking up and down, possibly pilgrims, possibly sightseers. No longer was I amid bustle and stir, in the atmosphere of a mediaeval pilgrimage. The holy mountain and especially the church and monastery seemed fast asleep.

I looked more closely this time at the ex-votos by the stairway. As was said above, all are marked by a pleasing childlike *naïveté*. The most naïve, however, I now noticed for the first time and strangely enough it was also the latest. It had been put up in September, 1910. It is a little wooden tablet erected by a man in thanksgiving for the success of a book, presumably devotional or otherwise to do with religion, that his wife had written. At first, this book had proved a failure. No one read it. Nevertheless, the authoress had the courage to re-publish it. Her husband meanwhile had invoked the aid of Our Lady of Andechs. This time the public proved more responsive. These details I learned from some doggerel verses on the tablet. Of these I will give a translation, as they are really quaint and well deserve it.*

A book that Thee to honour sought,
Thou Son of God, oh, Jesus Thee,
Was written full of holy zeal,
'Twas by my wife, so dear to me.

And lo, that we so sore desired
Befell: of waiting few the days.
The book appeared, the work was published
My Saviour Thee to laud and praise.

* Note.—In the original only the second and fourth lines rhyme as in my translation.

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But when it came before the public
To understand it no man deigned,
'Twas set aside and quite neglected
And not the least success attained.

Or, ere the work again was published,
Now for the last time to appear,
I humbly bowed before the image,
Oh Jesus, in Thy temple here.

Who in firm Faith to Thee commits him,
Acts not in vain. That well I know:
My firm belief indeed hath holpen,
With grace that oft doth wonders show.

Above the verses was depicted, in painting as crude as the verse, a pine forest with the mount of Andechs in the distance. In the midst of the wood stood the husband, dressed in a most respectable black suit and holding above his head the famous book. In face of this extraordinary production laughter at the absurdity of the poem and picture struggled with admiration for the faith and devotion of their maker. I wished to know both his name and the title of his wife's (we hope) epoch-making work, but the courage failed me to inquire.

This evening I also went into the monastery and asked to see the Prior. When he came, I told him of my intention to write an article on Andechs, and requested him of his kindness to show me the chief relics. Of all my memories of the holy mountain that of the Prior is among the most pleasant. He is indeed worthy to rule over the holy mountain and to be the guardian of the miracle-working images and mysterious Hosts. He showed himself one of the most unworldly men that I have ever met. He had the perfect simplicity of a detached Saint, the pure heart of a little child. Every word he uttered showed this clearly. He took me up into the relic chapel again. A little party of visitors also gathered around us. The Prior pointed out three old panels representing the Mass of Saint Gregory, which were originally a *triptych reredos*. He showed us the dalmatic made from Saint Elizabeth's wedding dress,

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and the cross sent to her by the Pope. There were also various relics of the Passion. The Prior was careful to point out that these, or at least most of these, were only to be considered as objects that had touched certain sites in the Holy Land. Thus do these cunning monks impose on ignorant or credulous pilgrims!

He opened the tabernacle and showed the monstrance that contains the Three Hosts. It might perhaps be thought that through their great age the Hosts have lost the species of bread and are thus no longer Our Lord's Body. To exclude all possibility of the material idolatry to which this, were it true, would give rise, a fourth Host newly consecrated is also reserved in the monstrance. A special Commission, however, appointed in the sixteenth century to examine this question, declared the Hosts yet to remain the Blessed Sacrament. We also saw a little box in which the Hosts were kept for many centuries and in which they were buried. The Prior took us then into another chapel further down the gallery. Here along the walls were glass cases filled with reliquaries. On the floor was an old chest, the very chest in which the relics had lain hid below the chapel floor. On the inside of the lid was a rude painting of Our Lord standing in the tomb, His Body covered with wounds, and around Him the instruments of the Passion. On the wall hung an eighteenth century inventory of the relics at Andechs. Few indeed were the relics that yet remained in comparison with the number there noted and poor the reliquaries of to-day after the reliquaries of precious metal and jewels there mentioned. Indeed, I sadly missed in this holy place the outward glory of gold, silver and jewels, and of countless lamps, such as Erasmus saw in the shrine at Walsingham. So richly adorned was that sanctuary, he tells us, that you might deem it the seat of the gods. Not so alas! is Andechs. The spoiler has come, and though he has not wholly destroyed the holy place, he has left it cold and unadorned.

After this I walked with the Prior through the monastery. The library witnessed to the same sorry tale of robbery. Nearly all the old, and certainly all the valuable, books had been stolen by the Government. Many of the shelves are empty and the books that now are there are of insignificant worth. The monks,

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however, still enjoy a view as beautiful as can grace the dwelling-place of man. The Prior took me out on to a wide terrace built out on the side of the monastery furthest from the church. Here you look straight down into the walled garden below. Beyond this the eye travels over the pine forests that clothe the upland slope. The woods extend to the shores of the Ammersee. To-night, as on that first May evening, a soft light lay over the scene, making the peace even more peaceful. Man with his works and his turmoil seemed far away. It was as though the privileged dwellers on this holy mountain were alone with nature and with God. In this favoured place was God particularly manifest alike in the glory of His natural creation and still more in the marvels of supernatural grace there wrought: peculiar tokens of His Presence and Favour. . . . Surely, the former rightly and thankfully received were the best preparation for the due understanding and acceptance of the latter.

Though the Prior had deep in his heart the undisturbed peace of God's faithful and pure-hearted children, he was not without deep sorrow over the growing apostasy that he discerned all around him. "Faith is far less than it formally was among the country people around," he told me, when I inquired of him about this. "Bad books, the influence of the town, lack of good example have done the bad work. Who knows how long we may be left in peace here? Before fifty years we may well be expelled, as we were in 1803. Perhaps we shall be here twenty or even ten years hence. All depends on the majority in Parliament." I told him of the hopeful position of Catholicism in England, of the many conversions ever being made. "Yes," he answered, "it looks indeed as if once more God were taking the faith from his chosen people and giving it to the Gentiles. Protestant England regains the faith, Catholic Germany loses it." Before I left I begged the holy man's blessing. As he gave his benediction, he added "Silver and gold, as said the apostle, we have not, but what we have we gladly give you." As I left, he expressed his hope to see me again. Then he went back into the monastery while I walked out through the church and set off home.

It was not without regret that I saw on my way the tower of

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the church finally disappear behind the hills. The holy mountain of Andechs, truly "Mons Dei, mons pinguis," as an inscription on the church gallery terms it, has deeply, indeed indelibly, impressed itself on my imagination. If at the end of my second visit my thoughts turned to Chaucer and his pilgrims, at the end of my third and last visit they turned to another work of the Middle Ages that far better expresses the inmost character of Andechs: the legend of the Holy Graal. Like the Graal mountain the mount of Andechs is far away from the cities of men, where it rises among the upland forests, to be the guard and resting place of a mystic and venerable Eucharistic relic. Andechs, like the fabled Graalberg, is surrounded with the halo of strange unearthly mysteries. Marvels manifold have hallowed the shrine, and the sacrilegious attacks of foes been repelled by supernatural aid or have soon passed away. A noble line of Counts founded by Saint Rasso, the brave defender of German Christendom amongst the heathen hordes, and privileged to be among the ancestors of Saint Elizabeth, first dwelt upon the holy mountain. To them was first committed the care of this true Graal, the three miraculous Hosts. These were the first Graal kings of Andechs. To them succeeded as guardians of the mystic treasure the sons of Saint Benedict. Pure and holy men, secluded from the world with its passing desires and cares, and dedicated to the unseen and eternal, the sanctified servants of God, what fitter Graal knights than they? For kings of this noble company have been Abbots in long line, and to-day Priors as holy if not so powerful as they. Indeed, I am well assured that no purer, nor holier man, than is the present Prior, none more detached from earthly things or more wholly devoted to the things of God, could be chosen to guard the Divine Treasure. May the sacred relics of Andechs long continue under the care of such worthy guardians untouched by the profane hands of unbelief and fitly worshipped by the pious prayers of the lowly pilgrims. May the holy mountain long remain (naught on earth abideth for ever save the faith itself) the hallowed shrine of Mary and a favoured home of her Divine Son in the Blessed Sacrament, "God's Hill in which it pleaseth Him to dwell."

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MANY of the problems that one meets out here are strangely familiar, because they are problems that one had previously seen, only dead and buried and fossilized, in history. It is like finding a deep coal-seam outcropping on the surface; or like finding a tribe who are still living out their Stone Age. The questions of the time of keeping Easter and of the universal use of Latin have outcropped here with many others that are old history. They set one clearing one's ideas about what is doctrine and what is discipline, because the position has to be explained to Catholics of ordinary education to whom the problem is strange and new. In England we explain and justify the Church's uniformity. Here we have to explain her tolerance of different rites. People say, I thought the Mass was the same everywhere; and, If they are under the Pope why doesn't he make them keep Easter at the right time?

As, thanks to the kindness of the Ruthenians, we are using their church for the present, the conflict of calendars is made as obvious as it can be. Easter is kept on different dates, not in neighbouring parishes, but in the same church. It is hard to realize how their date is to them *the* date, as ours is to us. I asked, When was the baby born? and the father said, Last week on the 10th. I thought there was a mistake, because we were at the end of the month (*war* end); but he put his finger on the 23rd in an English calendar, and said, "Yes, the 10th. You call it the 23rd."

So at Epiphany, after our Mass, they began keeping Christmas. And on the fifth Sunday after Easter, they packed the Church at both our Masses, and at a third said for them by a Polish priest; they were keeping Easter. Having missed our Paschal moon, they had to wait for the next full moon, which this year meant waiting five weeks. The Monday and Tuesday following were holidays of obligation for them; no doubt this is the origin of our keeping those days as first-class feasts.

Since Anglican writers sometimes seem to think that differences about the time of Easter were proof of difference of communion—in early times—it is interesting to find these

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differences still alive, and to see how they actually work. I suppose the difference has always existed in the Church. Certainly since the calendar was reformed, about the time of the Council of Trent, there must have been two Easters kept side by side wherever old style countries bordered on new-style countries. And now the problem has emigrated here. We have a large population of Ruthenian Catholics, and a large population of Orthodox Easterns—some describe themselves as Russian, some as Church of Servia, Roumania, Austria-Boukovina; and though they all keep the old-style Easter, there is of course no question that the Ruthenians are of the Catholic Church and that the others are outside.

Yet it is often hard to find out which Church an individual belongs to. With their limited English, intercourse is difficult. Very often at a Russian house my first visit is welcomed and my second not, and I knew then that they are Orthodox. Some of them know how to explain the difference. I had often visited one family and registered them as Catholics; but when at last I found the father at home, he pointed to the Ruthenian Church, and said, "That not my Church. I Pravo-Slav: they United." Many know the word Pravo-Slav as distinguishing them from us; some know that they have Popes while we have Bishops; some know that "Rome" is not their badge. But often it remains doubtful. I thought I had found a decisive test in the Rosary. But I am told by experienced priests that some Catholics from the East of Europe are as unfamiliar with it as the schismatics. Pictures are no test; the same pictures of Our Lady and of the Sacred Heart are seen in schismatic houses and in Catholic. At one house when I asked, Are you Catholics? the man said No. After a little talk it was evident that he was a foreigner, and I asked his nationality. He was a Spaniard. Then I said:

"But in Spain you were a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Then why not here?" I asked.

He said "Because in Spain we don't have all these different religions and all this preaching in people's houses. We have only one Church, and all the service and the preaching is in

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the Church. *What kind of religion are you running? What do you call yourself? Baptist?*

Then I saw his position. The warring sects were a new phenomenon to him. They had hidden the Church from him, and he had no idea how to deal with the problem. I had to explain to him the fact of the existence of heresies, and that their breaking away from the Church and their endless splitting up make no difference in the Church itself. It was soon clear, and he came to Church the next Sunday.

Early in Lent an Italian man married a Ruthenian woman. He was in Lent, she was not. Could the marriage be solemnized? Evidently for this particular couple the forbidden time must either be broadened to include both Lent's, or else narrowed to the few weeks that were common to both. The general principle of "broadening what is pleasant, narrowing what is unpleasant" decided the question. The woman had the right to be married solemnly at that time; therefore, it must be right for the man and for the priest to take part in the solemn marriage. But if an Italian couple happened to want a solemn marriage at the same time, it might be very hard to make them see the distinction and accept it peaceably.

The difference of calendar certainly hinders the feeling of unity. To see their Christmas beginning at Epiphany, and their Good Friday in Paschal time, gives a feeling that theirs is not the real thing. We cannot enter into the spirit of their feast. Instead of sympathizing with them it is natural either to look on them as outsiders and curiosities, or else to argue with them that their differing from us is meaningless and perverse. People constantly say, "The Ruthenians are not under the Pope, are they?" And, on the other hand, until their Bishop came and we were seen with him, I think many of the Ruthenians suspected that we were schismatics of some sort.

A Russian of the Orthodox Eastern Church asked me to baptize his baby. I explained that I could not unless they gave assurance that it would be brought up a Catholic. He was quite willing, and the mother. But their reasons were not very satisfactory—they had no priest of their own in the town, and the difference between us and them was so small that it did not matter. I tried to make him see that the smallest

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difference from the truth is enough to make untruth. I made him look along a straight ruler to see that the smallest difference would spoil the straightness. But he held to his position; the difference was too small to trouble about, and he was quite willing that the child should be a Catholic. Then I said we must have Catholic godparents. He said he had godparents arranged—two godfathers and a godmother. When they came the lady at once took matters into her own hands. She was no indifferentist.

"What religion you going to put on the child?" I explained that the child must be a Catholic and must have Catholic sponsors or I could not baptize it. She thought I was asking her to become a Catholic. "No, How could I leave my religion? How could I leave Christ? I will take the child to the English priest." I thought it well to mention that the Church of England minister is not a priest. She smiled a superior smile. "Yes, he is a priest. He is bearded. Our priests are bearded. Christ was bearded." And she had her way, the father saying he was sorry but he could not go against her.

When the May snow came, the first flakes that fell on the smooth pavement melted; and all that followed melted throughout the three days. But on the rough ground and on the grass, the first flakes lay; and all that followed lay. So is it with the immigrants. A Ruthenian coming here finds a Ruthenian colony with a tradition of going to Mass; and he follows the tradition. An Italian finds an Italian colony with a tradition of missing Mass, and he follows the tradition. Of course, there is a deeper reason which causes the two traditions. The Ruthenians are intelligent Catholics, instructed and earnest; they face the new difficulties and find some way through. The Italians are perhaps more intelligent, but as a rule are not instructed nor earnest Catholics, and they make no effort.

Both have the language difficulty. It is greater for the Ruthenians. But for any uneducated foreigner, it is harder than one would think. When a Polish priest said the Latin Mass and preached in Polish, a number of English-speaking Catholics came out of the Church, thinking it was some Ruthenian service that they could not understand. It is easy to see that an uneducated foreigner, having only a child's knowledge of the Mass, and coming into one of our churches where there

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are small differences of detail about prayers before Mass, numbers of servers, singing, preaching, etc., and where he does not understand one word of Latin or English, will feel completely lost and not know whether the Mass is beginning or ending. We tell him that the Mass is just what he has been used to, and that missing the sermon makes no difference. But how if his following the Mass has only consisted in moving with the crowd and joining in the singing? He does not see anything that he has been used to.

We have here, in the concrete, both sides of the argument for and against a universal language in the Church. After explaining in England for many years why the Church insists on Latin, we have to explain here why she does *not* insist on it. The Ruthenian Bishop feels very strongly the advantage of the vernacular liturgy, and indeed it is very evident. In the High Mass and the Benediction the priest intones prayer after prayer and the people take it up and sing it through with him; or there are long responsories where priest and people answer each other, like our *A porta inferi*; or the prayers at the end of the Litany of the Saints. There is no labour in familiarizing the people with the Ordinary of the Mass. They know no other way of hearing Mass than by taking part in singing every prayer. Their traditional music, as far as I have heard it, is quite worthy to stand with the best of our plain chant—the Prefaces and the Holy Week Music. Their extra liturgical hymns are like German chorales, simple and manly.

Their singing is the rugged singing of country people with a deep feeling for melody and an instinct for solid elemental harmonies. When it goes well, it is magnificent to listen to. Verse after verse they will make the harmonies fuller, not changing them, but enriching them with new parts suggested by the foundation already laid. Sometimes of course it is marred, by want of balance, or by a tenor who flattens, and shouts by way of compensation. I had been warned that their music was a mere barbaric shrieking. I can only say that it is real music, though rough and unpolished; and that it puts to shame our ordinary parish and convent singing with their sentimental tunes and their "harmonizings" that clash with the chording of the organist.

With this music and the vernacular liturgy, the Ruthenians

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enter heartily into the public worship. Their private worship is still more strikingly earnest. They will be in church for confession at 8 or 9, and stay for the Mass which begins after 11, and ends in the afternoon. This sounds exaggerated, but it is not. On the first Sunday that the permanent Ruthenian priest was here I said Mass at 9, the Polish priest at 10.30, and the Ruthenian priest afterwards. The Polish priest waited to take breakfast with the Ruthenian priest at a Ruthenian house, to introduce him to his people. When I went to give our children Catechism at 3, I found the Polish priest still waiting to get his colleague away to breakfast; and ultimately they had it about 4.

It is evident that a vigorous religious life like this could not be destroyed and replaced by the Latin rite without great soreness and resistance and loss of souls. I suppose what really makes the Church insist on the preservation of these Eastern rites is her anxiety for the schismatics. It is hard enough to win them to accept her doctrine and authority, which are the essentials. She will not increase the difficulty by asking them also to forsake their ritual.

On the other side, the disadvantages of these independent and national rituals are dreadfully evident in a mixing of nations such as is going on here. They have to have separate priests, separate bishops, separate dioceses. And at the foundation of all is the difficulty of the separate ritual. To us it is easy to say they ought to follow our Mass; they know that it is the same in substance. But when the case is reversed, our people do not feel bound to follow their Mass. It is so different that they do not feel they are hearing Mass at all. It is hard to persuade them that they are bound to endure the unintelligible sermon and ritual and the unaccustomed hours in order to hear Mass. And I am not sure that they are bound. Theologians do not seem to touch this question, and if I remember rightly the decree just issued from Rome to regulate the relations of the two rites only says that they may validly hear Mass according to the other rite.

Now just imagine the state we should be in if the Church had allowed these separate vernacular liturgies to grow up in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain! Each nation

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would have to get its own priests and liturgy in its own church here before the people could resume the habit of hearing Mass. And there would be no escape from having the German bishop and the French bishop and the rest, each with different boundaries for his diocese. Are there not at Antioch patriarchs of divers rites all within the unity of the Catholic Church? The Ruthenian Bishop's home is at Winnipeg, his diocese is Canada, and his jurisdiction extends to all Ruthenians.

This suggests another thought about jurisdiction. The system of local jurisdiction, by which a bishop is put over a place and all who live in it, is not a necessary system nor part of the nature of things. It is chosen by the Church from among possible alternatives. The bishop might just as well be put over classes of people instead of over a town or a district. And now all the bishops of Canada find themselves limited to one class—those people who belong to the Latin rite. The same thing seems to happen in parishes, where a town has an Italian Church, or a French Church. Presumably their priest has jurisdiction over all of his nation, without regard to parish boundaries. Certainly here the Poles expect to build a Polish Church near one of the existing churches, and to be under their own priest. These facts make it evident that the jurisdiction of regular prelates over their subjects, no matter where they may live, is not an anomaly nor an innovation; rather it is the older and more fundamental system, which the Church still uses and when necessary revives to correct the system of local jurisdiction.

When we have had to baptize a Ruthenian baby, it has been customary to remind the parents that we are not confirming it, and that they must get their own priest to confirm it the first time that he is in town. To pass to this from the classroom debates on the power of a priest to give confirmation is startling. It makes one realize that the subdividing of the priestly powers is part of the Church's work, of her positive law, which she can arrange and rearrange as she will; and that the apportionment which prevails among us is not in the eternal nature of things, but a local disciplinary arrangement which might be changed at any time.

J. B. McLAUGHTON, O.S.B.

BELLS IN ROME

I

THE bells in Rome are ringing, and their eddied sounds
are bringing
The music of the bells of long ago,
And the spires of Shrewsbury singing to their long tempestuous
swinging
On Christmas mornings tapestried with snow.

II

The bells in Rome are ringing, and all the blossoms springing,
And a far-off English April morn comes round
With the English blossoms springing and the birds of England
singing
And a friend within God's acre laid in ground.

III

The bells in Rome are ringing, and all the swallows winging
Their way o'er Suffolk marshes to the sea,
Again the bells are ringing and the swallows northward bring-
ing
The tidings of long summer-days to be.

IV

The bells in Rome are ringing, and all the birds are singing
In English summers far in childhood's past,
God grant the bells be ringing and the birds of England singing
In memory and heart while life shall last!

V

The bells in Rome are ringing, and hour by hour forthwinging
Still nearer leaves me to the doomful day,
God grant His bells a-ringing and His birdful breezes singing
May sing me past the darkness of the way.

H. E. G. ROPE

THE GEOLOGY OF AMPLEFORTH

THE above title is not descriptive of what I am about to write; but I do not apologize for it. The article has been provoked by, and is chiefly concerned with, Professor Holden's letter to the Editor, under the same heading, in the last JOURNAL. In effect, it is a personal explanation, due to the Professor as a matter of courtesy, and claimed by myself as an Editor's privilege. Let me begin, then, with the apology and say that I have sympathy with Professor Holden in his vexation that a chance conversation should have been grossly and publicly misrepresented, and that supposed statements of his should have been taken seriously as though they were an authentic utterance. It was abundantly evident to me that the interviewer had undertaken to set down what he did not rightly understand—with the inevitable result of confusion and inaccuracy. That the Professor must have felt irritated and have wished that the false record might be blotted out and forgotten I clearly understand, and would have realized at the time if I had taken thought of his feelings at all. There is something of "the lion that dies of an ass's kick" in a mis-handling of one's cherished theories. Unhappily, but, as I hope Professor Holden will think, pardonably, under the circumstances, I did not take his existence into consideration. I did not count it possible that a copy of the JOURNAL would come to his hands. It was a boggy adversary against whom I directed my criticism. If I displayed any *animus* at all—I did not mean to do so—it was merely that impersonal irritation one feels when confronted with dogmatic blunders blessed with the sanction of an honourable and distinguished name. I apologize and am sorry that unwittingly I should have done the Professor hurt, and one that, if it had been calculated, would have been inexcusable. The cutting from the *Yorkshire Herald* was handed to me as an authoritative pronouncement which might be of interest to readers of the JOURNAL. Evidently, I thought, there are people, neither ignorant nor foolish, who, if they do not wholly accept its contents, dare not venture to demur to them. Surely it would be a mischievous thing to leave errors, which even a "tyro" like myself was

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able to discern, uncontradicted. Had I known Professor Holden personally, I should have sent him the cutting and begged him to tell us his mind about it. What I wanted and thought needed—though I was not in a position to ask or hope for it—is just that clear, emphatic repudiation of the interviewer and all his words given us in the letter to the Editor.

Besides that Professor Holden's high reputation seemed to call for it there were reasons why I wrote with a little less assurance than, I suppose, is usual with me—did not Professor Dorando characterize me as "*anglicamente positivo scrittore*"?—and hence laid myself open to the charge of "sheltering myself behind the stereotyped phrases of mock humility." One was the report that reached me concerning the fossil Brittle Star-fish,* recently discovered in a thin layer of the rock in our hillside quarry. I was informed that an expert had declared the discovery to be of particular interest, since remains of that kind had not previously been unearthed in rocks of that period (the scientific name was not given). Now, as these and other star-fishes are among the commonest of the fossils of the chalk-beds, and as many of the species have continued to exist, nearly or quite unchanged in form, up to the present day—Sir E. Ray Lankester wrote of them from his *Easy Chair* only a few weeks ago—I presumed the interest of the discovery to be in the fact that on our hillside these fossils make their first ascertained appearance. This, of course, is not the case. They are reported from many parts of the country as denizens of various Liassic beds. What was I to deduce from this except that my notions of the geology of Ampleforth, besides being scanty, were somehow untrustworthy and, maybe, a little out of date?

Then there was before me on the desk Professor Holden's reported talk about a "trough." The definition put into his mouth did not describe a "fault-trough" at all. I did not doubt at the time that the report in this, as in much else, was imperfect and that his words had been misunderstood; but what meaning was I to read into them? I could make nothing of it. Yet it was impossible to suppose the interviewer had

*To judge from a fragmentary specimen in my possession it is *Protaster Milosii*.

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evolved the conception and description of the "trough" altogether out of his own fantasy. Having had no occasion to consult the *Victorian History of Yorkshire* I was wholly ignorant of Professor Holden's "views." But since a fault-trough is a geological fact, which is either existent or non-existent—unlike a geological theory about which there may be two or two dozen opinions—I thought it to be only right and decent to qualify my criticism with a candid admission of the Professor's "very great experience and learning." If true, the fault-trough, whatever it might mean, was a big fact of which I was in complete ignorance, and I was then ready, and am anxious now, to be instructed about it—though I have thought it best to postpone the reading of it till this article is in print.

For nearly ten years I lived in a "trough." They were some of the happiest and most profitable years of my life. I did not at once realize my curious geological position. Indeed, I only met with the word, in connexion with the geology of Sussex, whilst reading about the flint-fossils, which I shall speak of in a later page. The fact that there were Chalk Downs to right of me, Chalk Downs to left of me, and Chalk Downs in front and in rear of me did not worry me in the least. I was "over boots in love" with the external beauties of the county and took no thought of the skeleton they covered yet did not altogether conceal. Sometimes with a companion, but mostly with no company but happy musings and day-dreams, I traversed the trough from end to end in every direction, interested at first mainly in artistic points of view and sketching possibilities; next, making visits to old churches and houses, picturesque ruins, quaint villages and historic towns—as a sightseer merely, but glad always to pick up scraps of the history and manners of old days; then, giving direct thought to the *flora* of the county and wandering far afield in search of plants and shrubs new to my inexperience; lastly, and not the least fascinating of my wayside amusements, prying into the rents and holes and scars of the hillsides, chipping stones in the quarries and scratching through the green covering to get a more than skin-deep acquaintance with the land in whose company I was living. I am not sure whether it was the flint-fossils or some long drives over and along the ridges of the surrounding hills

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that first awakened my geological interest, but, when awakened, it took me, many a day, long distances from home on the tramp with a parcel of sandwiches, that I might see (for instance) where the Purbeck marble showed through a rent in the bottom of the trough, or, as I neared the downs and climbed their rounded sides, to mark how Lower Greensand and Gault and Upper Greensand and Chalk followed one after another in inevitable sequence; or, again—most laborious excursion of all, which, besides the walk, entailed a burrowing



into the hill at Wadhurst with pick and shovel (wielded, for the most part, by a younger and more experienced companion)—to explore the long disused workings of a Sussex iron-mine. Whatever practical knowledge of geology I may possess I owe to my dwelling in this fascinating fault-trough.

To explain the conception of a geological trough which I gained then and have carried away with me, I here reproduce a small sketch-chart of the district, published as far back as the year 1859. The reader will note, first, the tract of land marked (5) Hastings Sand; this is the floor of the trough, and Mayfield is almost in the centre of its widest breadth. The

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Wealden-Clay (4) circles round this, and at one time covered the whole floor; but the middle and main part of it has been stripped off and washed away—all but an edging which, in the chart, looks like a beach fringing the waters of a bay. Then, above it, come the Lower and Upper Green Sand (3), the Gault, a bluish clay stratum dividing the two, is not indicated. Lastly, we have the Chalk Downs (2), the rim and sides of the trough, encircling and enclosing the whole. A reference to the official geological map of the British Isles (1904) will show that this sketch-chart, chosen for its intelligibility, is as accurate as it is simple and convenient.

I ought, perhaps, to add to this description that there is a probability, almost a certainty, that in ancient days, before the ocean had cut its way through the isthmus which blocked up the Straits of Dover, this trough was rounded and complete. Then there came a rush of waters which broke down the barrier between the English Channel and the North Sea, made a breach in the chalk wall of the trough on the south-east side, and with the swirl of its wash swept the floor clean of some beds of clay and rock which lay upon it. There are various theories to account for this happening. Some writers tell of a slow eating and wearing down and grinding away by flowing waters; others—an old-fashioned few—of a world-shaking catastrophe. We may not discuss the problem here. The two facts I invite the reader to note are: First, that the Sussex trough is in no sense the empty basin it looks to be in the chart; it is no broad green vale such as might, at one time, have been an inland sea; the whole of it is broken country, indistinguishable to the un instructed traveller from the existing downs themselves and from its floor rise hills innumerable, some of them (Crowborough Beacon, for instance, 796 feet above the sea) rivalling in height the loftiest of the downs; Secondly, that the trough-formation in Sussex has no practical relation to, nor any very clear influence upon, the river system and drainage of the country.

I assume this to be not infrequently the case elsewhere. A geological fault-trough, as I understand it, has, as its essential features: (1) a wall of a continuous geological stratum and (2) a bottom or floor of a different (earlier or later) formation,

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the two having been brought into line by some earth-movement which has sunk the one or elevated the other (vertically) into their present positions. It may happen, geographically, to be a valley, but like as not it will be a stretch of hilly country (as at Mayfield), with little or nothing visible to betray its structure. So also with the river system. Glancing at our chart, anyone who had no knowledge of the district would be justified in assuming that the rivers of the trough would make their way across the floor to some place on the coast between Beachy Head and the South Foreland, where the barrier of chalk has been broken down. Most of them do nothing of the kind. The Rother, with its source at Rotherfield, does succeed, after a tortuous and bewildering journey, dodging between the hills and avoiding the Pevensy flats, in emptying itself into the Channel at Rye, at the extreme eastern-most corner of the gap. But the Eden, carrying away the south drainage from the North Downs, doubles back upon itself and, joining forces with the Medway, runs direct north to the Thames; whilst the Ouse and Cuckmere, beginning their courses at watersheds on the floor and nearer to the sea, instead of making use of the big geological breach in the wall of the trough, wide-open and seemingly arranged for their convenience, go headlong for the chalk barrier in front of them and, by way of narrow openings, either discovered ready-made, or cut through by their own persistent toil, find rest from labour at the Seaford (Newhaven) and Cuckmere Havens. *Geographically*, the rivers, as they always do, follow along the wrinkles of the surface we call valleys, choosing always the easiest existing downward road to the coast; but, *geologically*, two-thirds of the Sussex streams run part of the journey uphill; after crossing the floor of the trough, they pass over the Wealden Clay, over Lower and Upper Greensand and over and across the chalk itself, before they fulfil their destiny and end their career in the ocean.

Of this one fault-trough only have I any claim to speak with personal knowledge; my definition and description must, therefore, be accepted simply for what it is worth. It may be that the word has a wider and less restricted currency than I have supposed. I have been to the trouble of writing these

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pages solely to explain my attitude of scepticism towards such a trough as the interviewer spoke of and its relation to the water-supply of the district. It will be clear why I did not recognize in the newspaper definition or explanation a geological fault-trough at all. But I need not labour this part of my subject further. Professor Holden has kindly given us a scientific explanation of the Oswaldkirk water-discovery. It implies that the Kelloway's Rock, dipping "eastward and a little southerly" from Rowliston Scar to the depth reached by the bore-hole, forms a watertight channel which bends up again, further eastward and southward, till it has risen again to a height which corresponds with that of the outflow in the Hag Wood. A bend of this kind in a sandstone stratum between clay beds is not infrequent and, under the circumstances, must be accepted as, at least, probable. The hydrostatic pressure would be greatest at the lowest point of the curve, very near which, I should imagine, the roof of the Channel has been pierced. An outcrop of the Kelloway's Rock to the south-east (in the Hovingham and Slingsby direction) would justify acceptance of the theory as an ascertained fact.

There would be no need for me to take any notice of Professor Holden's sharp demurrer to certain statements of mine, if it were not that silence would be equivalent to an admission of errors in matters of fact, and that such errors would imply either carelessness or ignorance. None of the three statements, however, was made incautiously or without warrant. The first two demurrers are so closely connected that they stand or fall together. Professor Holden says (1) "There is no red chalk at Flamborough Head." I suppose that the demurrer to the adjective "red," since chalk of some sort there is in plenty at Flamborough—400 feet of it. To serve my purpose it was quite unnecessary for the chalk to be a "horse of that colour," and the reason why I used the words "Red chalk" is that I had cause to believe the Flamborough article went under that name. "Red chalk" is printed above Flamborough Head in Reynolds's small geological map of East Yorkshire, and I had warrant to assume that it was done so with knowledge. I took the trouble to consult other authorities. My personal acquaintance with Flamborough is of

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the briefest and slightest—a visit to the caves in a rowing-boat nearly forty years ago. But I had read of the Red Chalk of Speeton Cliff—an inner hump of the Flamborough promontory—and had recently spent a fortnight at Hunstanton, in Norfolk, where the broad band of Red Chalk is a striking feature of the rocks seen from the beach. The authorities I consulted treated the Speeton and Flamborough Chalk as being of the same formation as that at Hunstanton. This is Professor Woodward's geological description of Flamborough Head: "The chalk extends from Flamborough Head inland forming the Yorkshire Wolds. On the coast it is difficult to study the various divisions, as the sea washes the almost vertical cliffs, which at Flamborough Head rise to the height of about 400 feet. The base of the chalk is well shown in Speeton Cliff, where there are alternations of red, grey and white chalk above the bottom Red Chalk proper. . . . The red colour does not coincide with the stratification, but has an undulating boundary, cutting across the beds obliquely. Red bands occur again in the hard chalk of Speeton. The lowest bed of Red Chalk is the equivalent of the Hunstanton Limestone." This seems to be a very direct contradiction of Professor Holden's demurrer (1): "There is no red chalk at Flamborough Head." Probably there is no red chalk visible in the uncovered face of the cliffs at or near the extremity of the headland. But this fact does not, I think, warrant a comprehensive denial of its existence in that locality.

Concerning demurrer (2): "There is no 'greensand' west of it," I may repeat that it does not concern me whether the "thin strip" I have called "greensand" be the real thing itself or a Yorkshire equivalent which goes by that name. The "thin strip" wears the colour of greensand in Reynolds's map. It is also so coloured and designated (what very little is shown of it) in the larger and smaller geological maps of the British Isles, published by the Geological Survey. With this scanty edging of the Yorkshire chalk I have even a smaller acquaintance than with Flamborough. I saw it only on the other side of the street, as it were, passing within view of it, but without knowledge of it, whilst travelling across country. But, again, I did not rely upon the maps only: I consulted

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authorities. In Professor Woodward's book we read: "The *lowest* bed of Red Chalk is the equivalent of the Hunstanton Limestone and it has been traced from Speeton along the western margin of the Yorkshire Wolds, by Market Weighton, west of Hull and southwards on the western border of the Lincolnshire Wolds to Hunstanton." He says also: "This band of Red Chalk has attracted much attention and some geologists have grouped it as Gault, others as Upper Greensand. The fossils rank between Gault species, some Upper Greensand and some chalk fossils." Lapparent also classes the infra-cretaceous Speeton beds as contemporaneous with the Greensand in the south of England and the Urgonian and Aptian beds on the Continent. I was well aware that the "thin strip" was neither "green" nor "sand," but how else was I to call it? I had used the descriptive words "Red Chalk" for the upper strata and had no choice but to fall back on the name which Reynolds and the Geological Survey had considered the fittest and most intelligible. That it has been made use of by them is sufficient justification for its use by me in the "Notes."

Demurrer 3: "There is no red sandstone below the carboniferous rocks of the Lancashire coast." I am not sure if I quite understand the meaning of this pronouncement. At the first reading I interpreted it as an assertion that the rocks of the Lancashire coast are carboniferous and have no red sandstone below them. A friend who spoke to me about it had understood them in the same sense. But along the Lancashire coast-line, for more than half its length, the rock of the hills nearest to the sea are all of them red sandstone. Going from south northwards we do not meet with carboniferous rocks till within a few miles from Lancaster. If Professor Holden means that beneath the millstone grit and carboniferous limestone north of Lancaster there is no red sandstone, he may be right and I take his word for it; though I should have expected to hear of Devonian Old Red Sandstone where the Silurian strata begin. If he refers to the rocks between Longridge and the Estuary of the Mersey—those I had in my mind—I take his meaning to be that below the red sandstone of this part of the coast—enormous beds, from some of which monoliths the size of Cleopatra's needle might be cut out of the quarry face—

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carboniferous strata will be found which have no Old Red Sandstone below them, he may be right, though I know of no facts that justify the statement. In favour of my own view I can quote no authority. All that I can say is that I have not heard or read of the probability that coal exists beneath Liverpool or Preston or any further west than the beds that are now marked on the Survey maps. Nor have I heard or read of borings that have reached carboniferous rocks beneath the red sandstone. I have believed and still believe myself at liberty to hold that, as in Scotland (at Elgin and Ross, cf. *Siluria*, p. 267) the Permian red sandstone lies conformably with the Devonian, with no intervening carboniferous beds. It has seemed to me, from a rather superficial examination, that the core of the low hills at Woolton Much and near Brindle is made of a sandstone more ancient than the Permian beds. I thought it very like some of the "Old Red" I had seen in Herefordshire. It is coarse-grained, light in colour, difficult to work with the chisel, not very porous (if it has a falling that way, it did not "let on" when I was about), veined with quartz and nearly, perhaps quite, as durable as granite. It is, perhaps, in its favour that a quarryman told me he had never heard of fossils being found in it. It is altogether different in make and quality from the Liverpool and Ormskirk stone. This latter is darker in colour and of softer texture, compacted, seemingly, by pressure and of commercial value as moulding-sand for iron-castings; different also from the common building stone such as is quarried at Hill-Cliff, near Warrington—very perfect to look at but liable to crumble on exposure because cemented, as I was informed, with carbonate of lime. To sum up: It is, as far as my knowledge goes, permissible to believe in my theory; there is something to be said for it, and it fits in with some notions that have been running in my mind for years.

I must beg leave here to digress for awhile. In Sussex the flint-fossils—sea-urchins, polypes, and such small cattle—caught my attention. They were plentiful enough to be picked up occasionally in the lanes and might be extracted, like the kernel of a nut, from the flints used for road-mending. One fact concerning their origin seems to me uncontrovertible. The mother-flints had somehow been *made* at the bottom of

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the sea. They had been *made*, because there is no rock in Sussex—nor anywhere else in the wide world—of such a structure that lumps of silica could have been broken off from it in countless millions of pieces, all of them uniform in composition and quality, uniform also in their shapelessness and bluntness. That these flints are rock-débris in their origin is negated by three facts: (1) There is no known rock anywhere of the same texture and substance; (2) flint-rock splits with a sharp-edged fracture such as neither the friction nor the weathering of ages could entirely conceal—friction, either rude or gentle, has the natural tendency to produce sameness of form and character by the chipping away of corners and excrescences and the rounding of each nodule into the likeness of a rounded pebble, and the weather, such heat and cold and rain and storm as we have experience of, makes less impression (if possible) on flint than it does on a window-pane; (3) our conception of débris, whether of rock or anything else, is that of something heaped-up or thrown about indiscriminately, the disorderly masses of shattered and scattered stuff we vulgarly designate as rubbish.

The reader may think it fanciful, but I was, and am, convinced that these nodules of flint had, at one time, been organisms, alive, and sentient also in some low and meagre measure. The glassy black or dark brown substance of which they are made I take to be a sort of flesh, inasmuch as it bears evidence of having been built up, like wood fibre or animal tissue, by some process not distinguishable from growth—growth, the result of a vital principle at work fulfilling its destiny in the usual way; selecting, combining and assimilating the substances needful for existence and development out of the multiple ingredients held in solution or suspension in sea-water—a sentient, perceptive principle influenced somewhat by circumstance and surroundings, but itself controlling the lifework with that somewhat flexible but inherent obedience to method and habit which we talk of as its "nature" or the "law of its being." When I looked at the horizontal lines of flints in their native bed of chalk (at Rottingdean and other places on the Sussex coast) lying close together, side by side, like turnips in a field, on what must have been

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once the floor of an ocean, with other layers of flints in successive rows, above or below them, suggestive of a succession of flint crops; when I noticed occasional intervals between the layers and certain bare patches, telling, as I thought, of infertile spots and desert places, of seasons of scarcity and years of famine, of disease, perhaps, and the never-ending struggle for existence, I was minded of the sower who went out to sow his seed—flint-seed, in this instance; and some of it fell by the wayside and was destroyed and devoured by its foes, and some fell upon the rock and withered away for want of sustenance and other some fell upon the chalk and the chalk growing up with it choked it. Every unbroken flint-nodule has a chalky rind which completely covers it (it is commonly assumed to be a fusion or combination of the flint with the carbonate of lime in contact with it—a chemical reaction unknown, I fancy, in the laboratory), and I could never handle them without thinking of a smothering and strangling of the living flint by the faster-growing chalk, preying upon it, pressing against it, squeezing it out of shape, finally covering it over and doing it to death.

The scientific manuals I consulted at the time were learned and informing, but unsatisfactory and somewhat irritating. They did not face fairly the initial question how the flints came into being and how the sea-urchins, etc., got inside them. Dr Mantell, for instance, talked of the flint being "moulded in the cavities of the ventriculites" and as "permeating" the zoophyte. This is as much as to say that flints are what they are, that various fossils happen sometimes inside them, and that the live or dead flesh of the ventriculite or zoophyte has been replaced by crystalline silica. Another writer, thinking to make a step further than Mantell, says: "The flint was not moulded in the cavity of the polyary" (the skin of a "fossil mushroom") "it invested a certain portion of its substance, took its place, and the whole became as one stone"—leaving us still at the "permeating" stage and telling us that somehow crystalline flint replaced the polype's flesh. Do you remember Huck Finn and Jim the nigger's discussion about the stars, whether they were made or only just happened? "Jim, he allowed they was made, but I allowed they hap-

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pened; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could a laid them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many." The geologists I consulted, nearly all of them, contented themselves with a learned description and classification of the flints and its contents but concerning their origin they simply "allowed," like Huck Finn, that "they just happened." A working-theory, however foolish, like Jim's notion that "the moon could a laid them," would have been more helpful; it could have been tested by its success or failure in accounting for known facts, have been developed by analogy and analysis or amended and supplanted by some improved or newer theory. But Huck's "they just happened" theory is never of any use and sometimes positively hurtful, stifling the spirit of inquiry and stopping or delaying research.

We have advanced much since Mantell's time and our geological manuals are nearly as perfect as such things can be made; but in the very best of them we find phrases like "mineralized vegetation," as explanatory of the nature and origin of coal; "concretionary deposits of silica" to tell of the nature and origin of chalcedony, fairy-stones, etc.; "crystalline masses having a remarkable uniformity of character," as putting in a nutshell all we need know of the nature and origin of granite, gneiss and other Archæan rocks; "silicification, the most perfect form of petrification," as informing us how our flint-fossils came into being. Is not this sort of thing bidding the student content himself with the theory "they just happened"?

In a North Italian hotel, at the foot of the Alps, there is a lofty staircase (and probably many another in the houses and hotels of the neighbourhood) with steps made of a coarse-grained porphyritic granite, not unlike in appearance some at Strontian in Scotland, very striking, almost startling, because the bigness of the component materials, quartz, felspar and mica, calls attention to the "remarkable uniformity of character," mentioned above as a definitive quality of granite. On the lowest step, this "remarkable uniformity" made me wonder a little. As I went up and noticed how each step was the

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exact counterfeit of the other, the wonder grew upon me until, reaching the top, I found myself exclaiming. "It's a miracle." The uniformity was such that I was minded of bricks in a parti-coloured wall, laid alternately side by side and one upon the other, from the bottom to the top. Many a mountain has somehow been erected with this remarkable uniformity. Can it be that chips broken off from some still more ancient rocks, which we have not yet burrowed deep enough into the bowels of the earth to get sight of—chips of varied structure and composition and size and specific gravity—tumbled by chance into this most orderly, masterful and beautiful arrangement, and that subsequently the whole was welded into a mass by heat or by "silicification" under pressure? As the work of purely mechanical agents, heat and cold, wind and water, pressure and what we speak of as petrification, uniformity on such a scale would be nothing less than miraculous. Surely, as in the case of the flint nodules, we have here evidence of *growth*, the life-work of some vital principle selecting, combining and assimilating the substances needful for existence and development in the fulfilment of its destiny. The materials of a granite flag, or a dozen of them, might perchance be lumped in a decent enough sort of order to suggest uniformity of character, but we may not assume that a uniformly constructed granite mountain "just happened"—unless we are content to postulate a miracle. The mechanical agents we find at work are mainly destructive; their characteristic work is rightly and aptly termed by geologists "degradation." It is their office to spoil the fair face of the solid hills by disintegration of their constituents and, by so doing, to supply organic life with sustenance in a form readily masticated and assimilated. I have felt that the phrases, "igneous rocks" and "plutonic rocks," as applied to Archean rocks, are misnomers. These rocks are not *furnace-made*: they have only—some parts of them—been *furnace-degraded*. So also stalactite and stalagmite rock is degraded limestone, and recent sandstone, solidified by pressure or cemented by chalk, is merely a degraded reconstruction of older sandstone rocks. We must look always to living organisms as the only genuine rock-builders.

There is a New Geology in make at the present day. Ever

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since the voyage of the "Challenger," the concept of an organic rock-builder has been before our minds. We never think now of the chalk-cliff pedigree as beginning with marble and mountain limestone; then, in the direct line, its detritus; then this detritus as mud and dissolved in sea-water; then a deposit of the carbonate on the ocean floor; lastly, the drying under pressure and solidification of this stuff as chalk-cliff. We begin at the other end: first, with water holding carbonate of lime, in solution; then, *globigerina*, chalk-makers, collecting and assimilating this and leaving it behind as a chalk-deposit; lastly, the chalk deposit hardened and crystallized into limestone and marble. The "Challenger" records told us also of softened silica gathering about dead shell-fish and other organic remains at the bottom of the sea; reading of this in one of Huxley's lectures, I had no doubt how the flint managed to "permeate" our fossil sea-urchins. We had knowledge many years ago of Diatoms, siliceous algae which, tiny as they are, multiply so fast that they have left behind them huge deposits of flint-earth. Now, we have come to know of certain *radiolaria*, flint formers, whose work, we are told, is "recognized even in the dark cherts of Silurian age" and are told also of the "abstraction of silica from sea water by such animals as sponges and reef-building foraminifera." We have authentic news of bacteria which extract iron in the form of limonite from the iron salts dissolved in fresh water. Quite recently we have been informed of similar microscopic organisms busily engaged in separating sulphur from lime in gypsum, and by their unobtrusive labour heaping up the Silician and other brimstone deposits hitherto attributed to the sublimation of volcanic vapour. For a number of years it has looked to me unscientific to think of any decomposition of organic matter and the recombination of its elements in some new organic form as the work of purely mechanical forces, like rain and sunshine and frost—quite as unscientific as to ascribe hydrophobia to the heat of the dog-days or typhoid to a bad smell. Hence, I have not doubted that petroleum, bitumen and coal are the handiwork of micro-organisms (we cannot make them in our laboratories), and I suspected that the spores of the tree-ferns, detected by

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Professor Huxley whilst examining slices of English coal, thin enough to be transparent under the microscope, were the remains of the coal-makers. I was wrong in my suspicion, but right as to the origin of coal. The other day I read in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* that "by making very thin sections (of canal coal), and employing high magnification (1,000-1,200 diameters), Renault has been enabled to detect numerous forms of bacilli in the woody parts preserved in coal, one of which, *Micrococcus carbo*, bears a strong resemblance to the living *Cladotrix* found in trees buried in peaty bogs." The same observer reports that "the agents of the transformation of Cellulose (wood-fibre) into peaty substances (coal, etc.), are saprophytic fungi and bacterial ferments. He also considers Boghead coal, kerosene shale and similar substances used for the production of mineral oils to be mainly alternative products of gelatinous fresh-water algae."

The movement begun by these discoveries will not end with them. As we have recognized that, though mechanical forces in action may degrade woody material into charcoal, it is our new acquaintance, *Micrococcus carbo* and his near relatives, working mainly upon dead wood and fern-seed, that have manufactured for us the material which, semi-crystallized, takes the form of coal—multiplying their tiny selves so quickly and busying themselves so systematically in their vocation that they have accumulated this admirable material in millions and millions of tons—so we shall have to recognize that only a living organism, less active but not less efficient than *Micrococcus carbo*, working also on some product of vegetable or animal life, has created for us that other wonderful form of carbon, *jet*, and that more wonderful form still, the *diamond*. Carbon is one of the intractable elements; we cannot liquefy it, nor jellyify it, nor even, without extravagant expenditure of skill and power, vaporize it; yet such feats are quite in the day's work with a micro-organism. These tiny chemists are your only alchemists; daily, hourly and momentarily they perform wonders such as never entered into the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucians.

Their most masterly work is displayed in the deft manipulation of silica. Flint, in our hands, is, like carbon, an intractable

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material. Crystal silica and silicates are insoluble in fresh or salt water, either hot or cold; they are insensible to ordinary changes of temperature; intense heat will degrade them, by melting, into glass and vitreous substances like pumice and obsidian, but, after degradation, no mechanical agent at our service will enable us to reconstruct them in their native crystalline form. Yet both animal and vegetable life can work their will upon this toughest of substances; they dissolve it and refine it and combine it and build it up in an infinity of useful and beautiful shapes; making dwellings for themselves and armour and tools and weapons of defence; weaving garments of it and fashioning it into jewels of rarest purity and colour; making bones and flesh of it and welding it into the solid rock beneath our feet. Has the reader ever taken note of the siliceous sponges and sea-anemones in our museums? They come from all parts of the earth, from ocean-beds as wide apart as Zanzibar, Sagami Bay and the Antarctic Seas (some new and strange specimens are among the trophies of the ill-fated Scott expedition), and every fresh example has been to me a fresh wonder. We see in them silica or flint played upon, as a musician plays upon his instrument or a poet plays with words, in what seems like an attempt to give expression to visions of imaginative beauty. It is, at one time, drawn out into threads more delicate than gossamer, and at others hardened into steely bristles sharp-pointed as a needle; it is woven into a soft-seeming substance like wool; divided into translucent silken fringes; built up in fantastical forms like frost-flowers; intertwined in patterns that suggest silver filigree-work; adorned with transparent plumes of a purity that makes glass look vulgar—all these things fashioned out of a material that we think of as unmanageable, that breaks rather than bends and is too hard to be freely worked upon by our finest tools. Knowing of this mastery both animal and vegetable life has over silica, knowing also how impotent mechanical agents are to deal with it—even when directed by human knowledge and skill—how life and life only can *make* crystal silica, that other forces can only grind and polish and cut and melt it, mere degradation-work—how can we doubt, when we find silica dissolved in sea-water or in the hot geyser

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springs, that a micro-organism has made it soluble; when we see it brayed in a mortar and recomposed after a hundred different recipes (such as felspar, mica, or serpentine), that some micro-organism has sorted the materials, brought them together, measured them and worked upon them to prepare them for crystallization; when we mark a certain design in this material repeated over and over again, with a wonderful uniformity, and only such trifling variations as tell of adaptability to circumstance and surroundings, a micro-organism has here bequeathed us evidence of its activity—evidence, perhaps, that may serve as a cypher-record of its nature and capabilities, which some day we may be able to read; when we consider the granite or sandstone mountains, with their wonderful uniformity of character, that we have here before us the life-work and life-history, from birth to death, of a race or colony of tiny organisms, now perhaps extinct, but at one time as numerous, literally, as the sands of the seashore?

Let me, as a last word, make one point a little clearer. It concerns the evidence of design in "concretions"—as they are usually called—the concentric circles and wavy parallel lines, curving round a central point, generally in two or more colours, which are characteristic of agate, chalcedony (cat's-eyes), chrysoberyl and other forms of flint-crystal. The same construction is noticeable in many other minerals and notably in Ferruginous Sandstone. This seems to be the latest and best theory of their formation—I quote from Prof. Geikie's admirable handbook of *Structural and Field Geology*. "The concentric shells are not hard to explain. . . . They owe their origin undoubtedly to the presence of disseminated granules or crystals of some ferruginous mineral. . . . By the action of water, soaking into the stone, the mineral is broken up chemically and a ferruginous solution is formed which spreads outwards as a drop of ink does on blotting-paper. Evaporation taking place around the outer margin of the solution, iron-oxide is precipitated and the first ring or shell is formed. The process is repeated by the formation of a second shell inside the first and thereafter the production of successive concentric shells is continued, each forming inside of its predecessor, until the ferruginous solution is exhausted. In some cases, a



SECTION OF SPHERICAL CONCRETIONS (FERRUGINOUS)
IN SANDSTONE

*(From Geikie's "Structural and Field Geology," by kind permission of
Messrs Oliver and Boyd, the publishers)*

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portion of the ferruginous mineral at the centre may remain, but it is usually so small and so much altered that its original character is hardly recognizable." A beautifully ingenious explanation which fascinated me on first reading it. It very nearly imposed itself on me as the true theory of "spherical concretions." But a brief examination of the illustration given by the author showed it to be inadequate. It postulates the intervention of at least four miracles: (1) That when two or more distinct blots of the ferruginous solution, each spreading outwards in the porous sandstone, happen to meet, they never coalesce as blots are in the habit of doing, but, on the contrary, their dark rims vanish completely at the places of contact; (2) that the edge or rim of each blot always forms, when not colliding with other rims, a definite circle, cleanly and accurately drawn, perfect as that of the rim of an orange cut in half, although sandstone is a poor sort of blotting-pad and my best big blots on the best blotting-paper never make a decent circle by any chance; (3) that the flow of the coloured liquid begins (and must begin) at the exact centre of the circle at a point finer than a prick from the point of a compass, since it spreads outwardly so faultlessly and with so evenly-governed and calculated a force that never under any circumstances does one concentric line become blurred or mixed up with another; (4) that in each fully-developed blot there are the same exact number of lines and never one more, nor one less, and that each corresponding line in the several blots has its own recognizable individuality—a uniformity of character so perfect that even the budding concretions cut off before reaching maturity show clear signs that, had they not been interfered with, they would have grown up in the perfect likeness of their elders. Four miracles postulated to account for the "remarkable uniformity of character" in these concretions. Must we not once again look to life and growth as their origin? Everywhere around us we find similar concentric markings showing the "same remarkable uniformity." In the bands of colours on insects, on sea-shells, on the skins of animals, on a butterfly's wings, on a peacock's tail, on the petals of flowers; and in each case it tells of growth—generally a growth outwards as in the successive layers of an onion or

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the rings in the trunk of a tree. Once again let me assert that such remarkable uniformity of character suggests the handiwork of a living organism, endowed by nature or inherited instinct with an intelligent or instinctive habit of doing or making over and over and over again, always in the same way, the something needful for its existence and development, that the uniformity of workmanship spells habit and method, qualities absolutely unattainable by the random activity of mechanical forces and only thinkable as "happening" by accident once in a way, or as rendered possible by a succession of miracles.

Here I must break off. Is it not a pity that Micrococcus Carbo and Co. have gone out of the coal-making business without leaving successors capable of working their patent and carrying on the manufacture?

J. C. A.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE school officials for the term have been as follows:

Head Monitor	F. W. Long
Captain of the Games	J. O. Kelly
Monitors	L. T. Williams, R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin, G. E. Farrell, J. O. Kelly, C. R. Simpson, C. B. Collison
Secretary	C. R. Simpson
Librarians of the Upper Library	G. A. Lintner, V. Knowles
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	G. Emery, S. Rochford
Librarian of the Lower Middle Library	J. P. Douglas
Librarian of the Lower Library	P. Blackledge
Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, G. F. M. Hall
Football Committee	J. O. Kelly, L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison, E. J. B. Martin

Captains of the Football Sets—

- 1st Set—J. O. Kelly, C. B. Collison.
- 2nd Set—D. T. Long, E. N. Fishwick.
- 3rd Set—V. G. Cravos, C. P. Power.
- 4th Set—E. B. O'C. Robinson, R. G. McArdle.
- 5th Set—P. MacDonnell, H. A. Wallace.

* * *

THE following boys left the school at the end of the summer term: B. E. Burge, N. J. Chamberlain, A. J. Marron, E. W. Williams, J. B. Smith, E. Leach, G. A. Hayes, W. I. G. McDonald, W. A. Martin, W. G. Chamberlain, A. E. Rankin, J. Dobson, O. J. Collison, G. L. Beech, P. Killea, F. G. Doherty, and L. G. Lythgoe. Their places were taken by J. F. Ainscough, G. Ainscough, A. A. Adamson, H. Barton, V. J. Bradley, L. D. Chamberlain, E. P. Connolly, S. C. Cravos, J. R. Crawford, P. d'I. Ffield, E. H. George, L. Knowles, W. R. Lee, O. T. Penney, J. E. G. Ruddin, and M. W. L. Smith.

* * *

"Uneasy lies the head of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school."

No doubt this fact has brought about the change in the school officials. Formerly the Captain was both Head Monitor and

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Captain of the Games. The new Captain of the Games now organizes the games, and becomes, after the School Captain, the most important member of the Cabinet of Monitors, which forms the chief part of the school government. So far the arrangement has worked excellently, making for greater efficiency in all departments. J. O. Kelly, who has played so well in all our "Rugger" games, is the first holder of the new office.



We began the Rugby season with only five of last year's "colours": Kelly (captain), Collison, Martin, Farrell and Williams. The new "colours" this term are Simpson, Caldwell and Morrogh Bernard. There are several others in the side who seem as if they must get their colours before the season is over. Undoubtedly this term's fifteen is the best we have had in our short experience of Rugby. The forwards are fast and strong, can wheel and heel quickly and skilfully, and are well together in the loose. They have been very well led by Collison throughout the term. Gerrard and Kelly are a capital pair of halves. Gerrard's passing is uniformly straight and hard and waist-high, and he has a perfect understanding with Kelly. There are no weak points in Kelly's play, and he fully deserves the praise that he has received both from opponents and the local press. He has also captained the side very well. The three-quarter line has been rather uneven. Williams and Simpson have played consistently good football, but Farrell has largely lost his dash and resolution, and Hall only began to play really well at the end of term. Knowles is lacking in confidence, but is improving and should make quite a sound back next term. The fifteen have won all their home matches. Away they do not play so well, though they were distinctly unlucky to lose at Giggleswick, where, quite early in the game, Hall renewed an old injury to his leg. The Second Fifteen have won both the matches they played this term, and no score has yet been made against them. A match arranged with Pocklington School for sides composed of those under fifteen years of age resulted in a victory for Ampleforth by seventy-one points to nothing. We owe, and gladly give, our best thanks to Mr

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A. C. Williamson (Oxford) and Mr M. W. Richards (Harrogate and Yorkshire), to whose skilful coaching much of our success is due. Also to Mr J. A. King, the England international forward, who came over for an afternoon to coach the forwards. The results of his work with them were immediate and obvious.



No one will accuse the builders of the "Gym." of unnecessary haste or any unwarrantable effort to be done with their work. Evidently neither they nor its designers, Messrs Powell and Worthy, are inspired by the spirit of the now mythical firm of Jerry and Co., whose efforts were once supposed to have lined the banks of the Mersey with cheap and dreary habitations in the early adolescence of Liverpool. But as this is written little remains to be done, and we may congratulate ourselves on the possession of a really first-class "Gym."—solid, spacious and not displeasing to the eye. No attempt has been made to conceal the fact that it is a gymnasium, but the architect has succeeded in giving it an Elizabethan touch reminiscent of certain buildings of that period at Hatfield. Quarter-master Sergeant J. Stephenson, of the Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot, who has served on the army gymnastic staff for the last twelve years, and was for four years chief instructor in gymnastics, Headquarters Artillery Barracks, South Africa, has been secured as instructor in gymnastics, boxing and fencing for next term.



We learnt this term that a Preparatory House is to be built in the field west of the monastery. No sign of it has yet appeared, save a large hole, which is being dug with a view to ascertaining the necessary foundations. Building will start in March—so we are told. The House is to be self-sufficing, and will hold forty, and ultimately fifty, boys. At present the preparatory division lodges in the old monastery, but Father Bolton's dining-room and parlour are no longer adequate as their refectory and play-room. Their dormitory, once the museum and afterwards the infirmary dormitory, is a good room, and will, no doubt, serve to accommodate our increasing numbers. In the meantime let us hope that the new Prepara-

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tory House may be quickly so crammed that there may not be room for so much as a spectre.



THE new Fives Courts are practically finished, but no games have yet been played in them. The patent cemented floor and walls apparently take a long time to set quite perfectly, but at the beginning of next term we hope to start using them.



THE Secretaries of the Natural History, Fishing and Photographic Clubs—no doubt by an oversight—have failed to furnish the JOURNAL Committee with any details of their work or play for this term. As they are still flourishing, it would not be quite moral of us to print obituary notices in revenge. We are therefore compelled merely to call attention to this remissness of their Secretaries, and at the same time to assure our readers that they are still "quick."



THE work of enlarging the new cricket field, which was closed down last June on account of the drought and the consequent difficulty in digging, was resumed in October. The great depth of the soil and clay to be moved renders progress apparently slower than it really is. As some one said, who was watching the gang of men at work, "After Heaven, there is nothing so hard to move as earth." But we may possess our souls in patience, for, happily, the work must now continue to the end. A new cricket pavilion has been started thirty or forty yards away. Its position is an assurance of the continuance of this good work. Of the pavilion itself enough has been built to show that it is to be a really good structure both in plan and material. Its special feature is the central room, nearly fifty feet in length. The accessory rooms are ample, and although some doubt has been expressed about the visitors' changing-room it ought to prove quite adequate to our needs. At first sight the angle of the building appears to be wrong, but this, it is to be remembered, has been decided not by the present ground, but by the expanse that is eventually to be cricket ground.

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DOM BRUNO DAWSON, for many years a member of the school staff, left for the mission in October. He has the best wishes of the school. The Photographic Club will miss one of its chief supports, and the "Rugger" field a recent and ardent convert. The JOURNAL, too, will have to look round for a new financial secretary. Dom Celestine Sheppard has also joined the Ampleforth missionary fathers, and from the newspapers we have seen he seems to have done so to some purpose. We congratulate him on the recent controversy into which a certain Mr Daniel Bartlett dragged him. Bishop Welldon, who intervened to lend the weight of his authority to the Reverend Mr Bartlett, was so severely and successfully handled by Dom Celestine, that he disappeared almost as soon as he appeared. Dom Celestine's letters, which were on the new marriage laws, were, to say the least, incisive and not devoid of a roguish and satirical humour, which some of us learnt to appreciate while he was still at Ampleforth.



THE prolongation of the Easter and summer holidays has been followed by what was said to be its natural and necessary corollary—the elimination of sundry term holidays—and even half-days. The fervent recommendation to ruminate upon the incontrovertible truth of the ancient adage, "You cannot eat your cake, and have it," has brought as little solace as might be expected, and as a matter of fact in this case begs the question. For a good deal of potential cake is still left if only the authorities would see their way to its conversion. But in matters of this kind there is a natural difference of opinion between those that teach and those that learn, which as yet no man has succeeded in reconciling. At the same time we must not neglect to chronicle the fact that an excellent holiday was enjoyed on All Monks, November 13, when the Sixth Form spent the day at Malton, and the rest of the school, after dinner, went less far afield to enjoy teas, which had been ordered for them in various country inns of the neighbourhood.



We have to thank Mr F. Marwood, Mr John McElligott, Mr Paul Lambert and Dom Aelred Clarke for some beautiful

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stained glass medallions, which have been placed in the Study. With these additions the spaces available are few, and, if we may plagiarize the thoughtful solicitude of our advertisement columns, intending purchasers are recommended to make early application for them.

* * *

THE latest additions to our Medici collection are: William Wilberforce (Lawrence), Elizabeth Fry (George Richmond), both in the National Portrait Series, the Madonna Granduca (Raphael), and An Unknown Pole (Rembrandt), a Dutch Interior with Soldiers (P. de Hooch), Vandyke with a Sunflower (Vandyke).

* * *

WE thank most heartily Dom Anselm Turner for the retreat he preached to us at the beginning of October.

* * *

WE have to thank Mr Lancaster, of Auchenheath House, Auchenheath, for some further additions to the many Natural History specimens he has given to the school.

* * *

At a meeting of the school, presided over by L. T. Williams, in the absence of F. W. Long, it was unanimously agreed, on the proposal of the Chairman, seconded by J. O. Kelly and G. F. M. Hall, that the school should send Mr Norman Potter £20 in place of the usual £10.

* * *

WE were glad to see J. D. Telfener back again towards the end of term. He hopes to go up to Oxford next October.

* * *

THE Choir emerged from the Summer Vacation without serious loss of strength, and were in consequence able to display throughout the term a confidence, skill and sweetness of tone rarely attained at the beginning of the year. A high standard was maintained in all departments of their work.

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but it was most noticeable and most welcome in the Plain Chant, and we observe with satisfaction that larger portions of the Proper of the Mass are now assigned to them. The Choirmaster is taking advantage of this satisfactory state of his charges to introduce much new music. One new piece, though small in bulk, is of particular interest: a Benediction Service written for our choir by Mr George Oberhoffer, whose father has been associated with music at Ampleforth for so long, and whose own early promise has been brilliantly fulfilled.

* * *

ON the feast of St Cæcilia the traditional solo was successfully sung by D. Rochford. The Choir then spent the day at Coxwold and Hambleton, returning to devote the evening to those musical diversions and congratulatory speeches by which they are accustomed on this feast to repay themselves for their exertions.

We have commended them for success throughout the term; there were some exceptional days on which they were unmelodious and almost voiceless. The explanation of these lapses was for some time sought in vain, but at last found on the touch-line during a football match. Clearly the Choirmaster must consult the fixture-card when arranging his programme of music!

* * *

No one who of late years has witnessed the various dramatic performances in Ampleforth village can doubt the existence of histrionic talent among its inhabitants; but many will be surprised to hear that Ampleforth can boast not only of its rustic Irvings and Terrys, but even of its village Shakespeare. Mr Cecil Sharp, who heads the modern revival in Country Dances, has published a Sword Dance and Folk Play that come from Ampleforth. The play, though more literary than others of the same nature (one whole passage is adapted from Congreve's "Love for Love") is written in ill-rhyming doggerel and possesses little artistic value. Probably, in its earliest form, it dates back to pagan times, and so is chiefly interesting as forming a connecting link with the primitive

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ritual plays of other nations. Indeed, the whole framework of the play is practically identical with that of the earlier forms of Greek tragedy which Mr Gilbert Murray professes to trace in the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.



On December 19 Dom Cuthbert Jackson had an informal talk with the members of the Upper Library in the hope of interesting us in the important matter of Social Science. He pointed out the seriousness of the social problem of to-day, and the impracticability of the attempts to solve it that were being used. The only solution, as indicated by Pope Leo XIII's encyclical, "On the Condition of Labour," is to be found in a return to the principles of the Gospel and to the Gospel spirit as inculcated and fostered by the Church. He exhorted us to interest ourselves in the matter so that we might later take our places in the great social apostolate, for which ardent workers were greatly needed, and to become members of the Catholic Social Guild and readers of its literature, which, by the way, can be obtained from Mrs Virginia Crawford, 1 Victoria Street, London, S.W.



On Sunday, December 21, Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris" was produced. The performance was intended as a rehearsal of the more complete production which is to take place at the Exhibition. We will, therefore, leave the detailed notice of the play to the summer issue of the JOURNAL. But we may here allow ourselves a few remarks. The play is particularly subtle and "psychological"—we can imagine no greater test of a young actor's powers of concentration and intelligence—and the skill displayed in the adequate rendering of its delicate craftsmanship reflects the greatest credit on the stage manager and the cast.

In the title-rôle Simpson ii reached a very high level of acting almost at once and maintained it with only an occasional lapse throughout an exceedingly arduous part. Allanson was very clever as Orestes; he had some fine moments. Power

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contributed a strong—indeed overpowering—touch of "atmosphere" as the barbarian King, and Kelly's "Messenger" was a sheer joy. If we might hazard one criticism, it seemed to us that the upward inflection was used too frequently.

The music for the chorus was specially composed in the Phrygian mode by Dom Dominic, and nothing could have been more suitable or expressive. The chorus, ably led by Welsh, sang with much delicacy of tone. We understand that they were heard to much better effect by those seated at the back of the theatre than by those in front. It is not the least of a singer's trial to have to sing upwards and within a couple of feet of the nearest auditors; and, in spite of these difficulties, the voices blended very well. A certain listlessness which we remarked was perhaps due to a deliberate attempt to reproduce the "aloofness" of a Euripidean chorus, and perhaps we may be allowed to suggest that the chorus should display more anxiety over their consonants. A pleasant welter of vowels was sometimes all that could be distinguished. These defects, however, should not be allowed to weigh against the solid merit of the accomplishment of both cast and chorus. The staging was up to Dom Maurus's best traditions. Perhaps the lighting needs a little attention, but all else was admirable. After this performance there should no longer be any doubt of the power of Euripides to "carry" over the footlights of a modern theatre.



The convivial meeting, long known as "Punch," which in the form of a beverage is always absent, but happily not so in the sense that the good fellowship and even some of the humour of the celebrated gentleman of that name predominate, took place on the last night of term. A particularly good speech was made by the acting Head Monitor, Leonard Williams, and several good songs were sung both by masters and boys. In addition to the united choral efforts of the school the following boys sang solos or duets: G. F. M. Hall, C. R. Simpson, T. V. Welsh, Hon. M. Scott, and D. M. Rochford. It was a fitting and jovial end to the term.

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The following boys are heads of their forms:

Upper Sixth, F. W. Long.	Higher Third, T. V. Welsh.
Sixth, V. Knowles.	Lower Third, V. G. Cravos.
Fifth, M. Ainscough.	Second, J. R. Crawford.
Fourth, N. Fishwick.	First, S. C. Cravos.

* * *

The Head Master offered the usual essay prizes: The subjects for the Upper and Middle School were:

1. The Athenian Character.
2. Political Parties at Rome in 50 B.C.
3. Macaulay's Essays on Pitt and Chatham.
4. Scientific Discovery in the Twentieth Century.
5. Three typical characters of Dickens.
6. My Favourite Poet.
7. A School Story.
8. My Choice of a Career.

For the Lower School:
A Letter to a Friend.

The following boys won prizes for their essays:

Set I.	J. O. Kelly	"Keats."
	G. A. Lintner	"The Athenian Character."
Set II.	H. M. J. Gerrard	"My Choice of a Career."
	C. Lancaster	"Scientific Discovery in the Twentieth Century."
Set III.	T. V. Welsh	"My Choice of a Career."
	C. Knowles	"Three Characters from Dickens."
Set IV.	C. P. Power	"The Athenian Character."
	J. P. Douglas	Sir Walter Scott.
Set V.	J. R. Crawford	"A Letter to a Friend."
	L. Knowles	do.
Set VI.	O. T. Penney	do.
	R. S. Douglas	do.

* * *

The Head Master expressed great pleasure at the excellence of the essays, which, in many cases, showed extensive reading.

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careful thought and some considerable power of expression. Speaking of those essays which had not gained prizes, he said that the general level attained was considerably above that of former years. This was a most gratifying result.

* * *

The school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.
Dom Wilfred Willson.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.
Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Antony Barnett.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Benedict Hayes.	Dom Francis Primavesi.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Ildephonus Barton.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Alexius Chamberlain, B.A.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Illyd Williams.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Raymund Lythgoe.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing and Painting*).

J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

Sergeant-Major Grogan (Sergeant-Instructor, late Irish Guards).

W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster, West Yorks).

Mrs Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).

* * *

The following boys passed the Oxford and Cambridge Higher and Lower Certificate, 1913:

HIGHER CERTIFICATE

G. A. Hayes	Distinction in Natural Philosophy (Physics) and English
J. O. Kelly	

F. W. Long

C. R. Simpson

E. W. Williams.

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H. J. Marron, Distinction in English.

J. B. Caldwell gained exemption from Responsions.

LOWER CERTIFICATE

Name	Subjects in which first classes were obtained
M. Ainscough	Greek, Arithmetic
H. J. Emery	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics
N. Fishwick	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics
G. F. M. Hall	English History.
E. Leach	
C. Leese	
G. Lintner	French, English, English History.
R. Murray	
A. E. Rankin	English History, Geography.
L. H. Rochford	
W. Rochford	Arithmetic
T. V. Welsh	

* * *

We offer our congratulations to all, in particular to J. O. Kelly, who gained the prize for the best result in the Higher Certificate, and to G. Lintner, who gained the Lower Certificate prize.

LECTURES

MR E. M. WALKER

THE Rev. E. M. Walker, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, gave a lecture on the "Art of Public Speaking." He emphasized the importance of previously thinking through what is to be said, and by means of this preparation securing emancipation from the tyranny of the written word, suggested suitable models, and by apt quotation indicated some of the subtler devices of effective oratory. In full accordance with the expectations of all who have attended Mr Walker's academic lectures, he provided not merely a statement of rules but an example of their application, and his own lecture and the unbroken attention of his audience formed

Lectures

a striking demonstration of the results of the system of preparation and the mode of delivery which he advocated. We are sincerely grateful to Mr Walker for his lecture.

COLONEL MORRIS

On December 17 Colonel Morris gave a most interesting lecture on "The Indian Mutiny." The Colonel has been stationed in India for many years, and in the course of his sojourn there has studied the whole history of the Mutiny. He has examined into the details of the massacre at Cawnpore on the very scene of the atrocities, consequently his treatment of this subject was particularly vivid and realistic. We have to thank Colonel Morris for a most instructive and entertaining evening.

DOM BEDE CANN

Dom Bede Cann lectured to us on Tuesday, December 16, on "things" English Benedictine from the days of the last Abbot of Glastonbury to these days of Caldey and its latest Benedictine recruits. His accounts of Dom John Roberts and of the Convent of Tyburn, where all English martyrs are unceasingly honoured, were particularly interesting. We are sure that the appeal in aid of Tyburn and Caldey, which Dom Bede is making, will meet with a noble response, if all his lectures are as stimulating and entertaining as the one we listened to in our theatre. Dom Bede has our best thanks.

MR NORMAN POTTER

The Head Monitor, in his speech on the last night of term, spoke of Mr Norman Potter's lecture as the event of the term, and all who attended that lecture will understand what he meant. It is not the first time that Mr Potter has addressed us, but on this occasion he spoke, if possible, even more convincingly and effectively than he has done hitherto. Mr Potter happily departed from his usual custom of illustrating his lecture with lantern slides, for so graphic a speaker has no need of pictorial representation to lend reality to his theme. In fact he afforded us a most stimulating example of how

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simplicity of diction is entirely compatible with true eloquence. After an account of his work in the slums, Mr Potter ended with an appeal for personal work by English Catholic laymen, who, he feared, were behind their fellow countrymen of other religions in work of this nature. We thank him most cordially for his lecture, and will ever be eager to listen to him again.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, September 24. As the result of the usual elections Mr Hall was chosen as Secretary and Mr Williams, Mr Kelly and Mr Simpson formed the Committee. In Public Business Mr Lintner moved "That the present methods of Parliamentary Government are in urgent need of reform." He looked back, he said, with regret to the days when England had a King who really ruled, and went on to show how the power had gradually passed from his hands, first to the Lords, and then to the Commons, who, remembering how the Lords had acquired their power, forcibly claimed their rights and privileges for their own class. A truly democratic government had never really existed, and we were never further from it than at the present time, when all the power had fallen into the hands of a few party leaders.

Mr Martin opposed. Kings were not always as perfect as they should be, and therefore it was better that the people should govern themselves at least so far as to control the making of laws. Parties and party leaders were necessary for determining a policy. The suggestion that the front benches terrorized the rest of the House of Commons was preposterous. The present system, at least secured some guarantee of stability and freedom from the constant fear of revolution.

Mr Knowles considered that, prior to the Reform Bill, Parliamentary Government left much to be desired, but since that time the gradual removal of abuses had resulted in the evolution of a system which had become the model of all enlightened and progressive peoples.

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Mr Williams was less optimistic about the results of the Reform Bill and thought the Osborne judgment and the case of Driver Knox showed clearly that corruption still existed. The greatest evil of our present system was over-legislation.

Several other members spoke, and after a motion of adjournment proposed by Mr Simpson had been rejected, the motion was put to the vote, and lost by eighteen votes.

At the second meeting, on Sunday, October 5, Mr Murray read a paper on "Milton."

At the third meeting, held on Sunday, October 12, there was a debate on the motion, proposed by Mr Barnewell, "That this House sympathizes with Parliament in its action against Charles I." He said that it was useless for him to attempt to put the political situation before the House unless they accepted the principle that a King deserved respect and obedience only so long as he ruled in the interests of the people. Charles had deliberately refused to submit to his Parliament or to redress the grievances of his subjects. The country could not accept his arbitrary rule, and trade was being ruined by exorbitant taxation. Peaceful means of persuasion were tried and failed. The only course left was an appeal to the sword.

Mr Ainscough replied. He was an ardent champion of the rights of Charles, who, at the beginning of his reign, had to meet the discontent resulting from the policy of James I on Church affairs. Referring to the charge of unjust taxation, he said that Charles needed money and used the only means then recognized as legal of obtaining it. If he must rule unjustly he must be independent of Parliament, whose one aim was to dispute the Royal prerogatives. Had he not been harassed by his Parliament his rule would have been just and prosperous, and he would have retained the loyalty of his people. The joy with which the restoration was hailed was a signal proof of the popular devotion to the Stuart cause.

Mr Williams took a brief survey of Europe in the sixteenth century, from which he concluded that the decay of feudalism led to the subversion of the idea of Monarchy. Elizabeth's popularity had merely checked the movement towards popular government and Charles' unpopularity had made his already difficult position one of extreme danger.

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Mr Knowles considered that the struggle between Monarchy and Republicanism begun by the Civil War had resulted in the vindication of the superiority of the former, and condemned the action of Parliament against Charles.

Mr Hall made a very strong plea for the entire justification of the action of Charles.

After Messrs Martin, Williams, Lintner and Lancaster had spoken, the debate was adjourned on the motion of Mr Farrell.

The fourth meeting took place on Sunday, October 19, when Mr Farrell continued the adjourned debate on Charles I. His remarks were devoted mainly to an attempt to show that Charles was justified in taking up arms against Parliament to punish their insubordination. Cromwell changed the aspect of the struggle by introducing the religious question into the war. The result was religious and political fanaticism growing out of the disloyalty of his discontented subjects which culminated in Charles's execution.

Mr Power, who spoke next, thought that Charles's fate was just and necessary, because, like the Tudors, he was out of sympathy with the aims and wishes of his people, whereas unlike his immediate predecessors he was weak and unable to enforce submission to his will.

Mr Williams denied that Charles was worse than the Tudors. He came to the throne wishing to rule peaceably and justly. He was the victim of the prevailing principles of kingship and died for maintaining his right to privileges which current opinion had not denied to him.

Messrs S. Lancaster, Le Fevre, Heffernan, Martin, L. Rochford, Gerrard, D. Long, Hall and J. Kelly also took part in the debate. The motion was finally lost by nine votes to twenty-two.

At the fifth meeting, held on Sunday, October 26, Mr Kelly read a paper on "Radio-activity," in which he traced the history of the researches which had already taken place in this new field of science, and showed some of the important scientific results which had followed from them, especially in their relation to modern theories of the constitution of matter.

The sixth meeting was held on Sunday, November 2. In Public Business a debate took place on the motion, proposed by

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Mr Emery, "That the present luxurious mode of living was the beginning of the end." The mover attempted to show that luxury had caused the downfall of most of the great empires of the world, and then went on to consider the social condition of England at the present day. He saw in it unmistakable signs of decay, which, if the lessons of history were ignored, would assuredly lead to her speedy downfall.

Mr Leese took a more optimistic view. Luxury was a necessity of life and was, moreover, a relative term. Even the Stone Age had its luxuries. The ancient Briton, who had usurped the place of the Spartan in the estimation of many, preferred a bed of straw to the cold stone, which must have induced rheumatism. The mover had failed to distinguish between the use and abuse of the good things of this world, with the result that luxury and wealth had been considered as synonymous. He assured the House that there was no immediate danger to be feared.

Mr Martin, as also several other speakers, was in doubt as to the exact meaning of the motion, and devoted some remarks to a consideration of the different interpretations of which it was susceptible. In the luxury of the present day and in the social discontent to which it was supposed to lead, Mr Martin saw unmistakable signs of intellectual growth.

To Mr Williams, who spoke next, it seemed that the most alarming aspect of the case was the false outlook upon life and religion of which the luxury of the present was a sign.

Mr S. Lancaster was unable to see the evil of modern luxury. It was merely a propensity inherited from some remote ancestry.

When several other members had given their views, the motion was adjourned, after some discussion.

At the sixth meeting, held on Sunday, November 9, the adjourned debate of the previous meeting was continued by Mr Collison, whose chief objection to the luxury of modern life was that it had created many of the labour problems which confronted the world to-day and had produced a type of Englishman who could not by even the most optimistic be regarded as a source of strength to the country at a time of national danger.

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Mr Knowles criticized the statement that the example of the fall of Rome should point a moral to modern England. Among the masses in England there reigned a spirit of independence unknown in Rome; and among the ruling classes in England there was none of the old patrician spirit, nor were there any signs of that narrow self-assertiveness among directing minds which means death and ruin.

After Messrs Murray, Ainscough, S. Lancaster, Simpson, Heffernan and Hall had spoken, the motion was put to the vote and lost by twelve votes to twenty-three.

On Sunday, November 16, the seventh meeting of the term took place, when Mr Le Fevre read a paper on "The History of Chemistry."

The eighth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, November 23. In Public Business the motion before the House was "That we owe more to the Romans than to the Greeks," moved by Mr Power. After pointing out that we owed our very existence as a great nation to the military genius of the man who carried out the Roman invasion of Britain, the hon. mover went on to say the Romans always loved the concrete, and therefore made a stronger appeal to the practical man of to-day than all the learned philosophers of Greece. Philosophy was the occupation of the select few who did not face the hard facts of life. He then showed what we owed to Roman law upon which we had fashioned our own legal system.

Mr Simpson, who opposed, said that Greece owed her position and her influence upon both the Roman and the modern world to her intellectual gifts and to her love of knowledge. To the Greek, thought and action were in no way opposed. The Greeks had given to the world liberty of thought, and had showed the way to the cultivation of literature, art, science, history and philosophy. In short, the modern world owed to Greece all the highest gifts which they had inherited from the past.

In the discussion which followed, Mr L. Williams, Mr S. Lancaster, Mr Murray, Mr Le Fevre, Mr Kelly, Mr Hall, Mr J. Kelly and Mr E. Martin spoke.

The motion was lost by twelve votes to eighteen.

The ninth meeting was held on Sunday, November 30.

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In Public Business there was a debate on the motion "That this House supports conscription."

Mr Rochford, who spoke first, said that an empire gained by conquest and comprising many distant colonies must be protected by an adequate army. The mother country must be made secure from invasion, while the regular army must be free to defend our Colonies. Such, in brief, was the case for conscription. After referring to the system as applied to Continental armies, he enumerated some of its effects on the moral character and physique of the men. Finally, it was the surest means of maintaining peace.

Mr Lynch, who opposed, said that he had failed to discover the supposed advantages of conscription from an examination of the condition of Continental armies. When military service became compulsory all true patriotism was at an end. The love of country was dependent for its life on the love of liberty and independence. England must continue to depend mainly on her navy and for home defence our present army was adequate.

Mr Murray spoke in favour of conscription. It would, he thought, develop a feeling of national responsibility and introduce a spirit of discipline which was sadly needed both in the army and navy and in many departments of civil life.

Mr S. Lancaster hoped that the House would not neglect the solemn warning recently uttered by Earl Roberts at Manchester. The aim of national service was a noble one and was the duty of every able-bodied citizen. He also thought that German military preparations were assuming very alarming proportions.

Mr J. Kelly reminded the House that the military and naval history of Great Britain was unique and maintained the impossibility of a foreign invasion.

Mr Knowles considered that conscription was upheld by a body of fanatics and that its adoption would prove the ruin of our empire. It would make war with Germany inevitable.

Mr Martin said that regular military training was the only wise preparation for war. Undisciplined volunteers were dangerous in proportion to their loyalty and patriotism.

Messrs L. Williams, Barnewall, Le Fevre, Kelly, Power,

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and Lancaster also spoke. The motion was lost by ten votes to twenty-five.

At the tenth meeting of the term, held on Sunday, December 7, Mr Knowles read a paper on "Thomas de Quincey."

G. F. M. HALL,

Hon. Secretary.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE 221st meeting, on September 21, was occupied with the election of officials. Mr G. Simpson was elected Secretary, and Viscount Encombe and Messrs T. Welsh and J. Paton Douglas members of the Committee.

At the 222nd meeting, on September 28, Fr Joseph, Mr D. Kerr and Mr Williamson were present as visitors.

Mr Ffield moved "That a civilized country is happier than a barbarous one." His chief argument was from the uninteresting character of the life in the barbarous state.

Mr T. Walsh, the opposer, drew a picture of the pitiable condition of the "civilized barbarian," who lost his primitive simplicity and developed all the vices of the modern world. He compared the barbarian to the flowers of Nature unaffected by the artificiality of the hand of man.

There also spoke: Messrs A. and L. Pollack, L. Lancaster, J. Allanson, Liston, Davey, Cuddon, and Douglas.

The motion was lost by fifteen votes to thirty-one.

On October 5, at the 223rd meeting, the Society had the pleasure of hearing the debate opened by Mr K. R. Dennys and Br Louis. The motion was, "That the Yellow Peril is a real danger to European civilization."

Mr Dennys, in an eloquent and convincing speech, vividly portrayed the innate barbarity of the races concerned, and the likelihood of their making a descent on Europe.

Br Louis, in opposing, said the essential note of Chinese legislation was peace, and its few wars purely defensive. Should a revulsion of feeling occur, physical obstacles would prevent its expression, and in any case the historical superiority of the white race made the danger a light one.

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There also spoke: Messrs Allanson, Davey, Forbes, McDonald, Ffield, and Emery.

The meeting was adjourned.

At the 224th meeting, on October 12, the discussion was reopened by Mr Macpherson and Lord Encombe. Sixteen members took part in the debate.

Mr Dennys, who was present, spoke before the motion was put to the vote.

There voted: For the motion, twenty-three; against, twenty-four.

The motion before the House at the 225th meeting, on October 19, was "That capital punishment should be abolished."

Mr L. Unsworth was the mover. He said that the death penalty had lost its force as so many criminals at the present day have lost their fear of this punishment. Penal servitude would be more effective and beneficial to the soul.

Mr J. Morrough-Bernard opposed. He stated that no country would be law-abiding if the decrees of its government were not enforced by a sufficient sanction, and quoted examples of countries where, since the abolition of the death penalty, the sacredness of human life was ignored.

Nineteen members continued the debate.

Mr B. Hardman, who was present as a visitor, also spoke.

The motion was lost by a majority of seven: For, twenty-one; against, twenty-eight.

The 225th meeting, on October 27, was honoured by the presence of Abbot Hunter-Blair.

Mr Simpson proposed "That the scientific evidence for the existence of ghosts is unconvincing." He called attention to the many possible natural explanations of ghosts—there was "sympathy," by which, where strong emotions had been impressed in the past on certain surroundings, the event in question was reproduced in the imagination of the suitable subject; secondly, hysteria; thirdly, unknown natural causes; fourthly, telepathy. In the face of all these explanations, he maintained that the evidence produced up to the present had not been strong enough to establish scientifically the existence of ghosts.

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The opposer, Mr Emery, considered the argument drawn from the "common consent" of mankind sufficient to prove the existence of ghosts to the satisfaction of the scientists.

The debate that followed tended at times to get away from the motion. Ten members spoke.

Father Abbot cleared up the confusion that existed in a very interesting speech, illustrated by incidents, which held the attention of the Society in a remarkable way. Father Abbot, while stating his belief in ghosts, supported the motion before the House.

In the voting, twenty supported and twenty-four opposed the motion.

At the 227th meeting Mr Knowles moved "That the railways of this country should be nationalized."

Mr Allanson opposed.

Messrs E. Robinson, Emery, Greenwood, L. Lancaster, Cuddon, Welsh, Forbes, Bisgood, Davey, Simpson, McDonald, Agnew, Scott, McArdle, Morice, Marsden, and Gerrard also spoke.

Fathers Benedict and Illyd, the visitors, took part in the debate.

There voted: For the motion, ten; against, thirty-eight.

The 228th meeting was held on November 9. Mr J. Bisgood moved "That the laws excluding undesirable aliens should be enforced with greater rigour." He showed the influence they had on trade, and the evil effects they had on the morals of the nation. This he exemplified by reference to the Sydney Street siege.

Mr Agnew opposed. He pleaded the case of the outcast who wanted to turn over a new leaf but had no opportunity in his own country. England must be in a parlous state if she is afraid of a few foreigners.

Twenty-five members continued the discussion.

The 229th meeting was held on November 16. Mr R. Liston moved "That compulsory military training is necessary for the safety of England." He pointed out that England was one of the very few Powers without compulsory service. If England's navy were defeated the country would be at the mercy of the foe. All the voluntary methods of raising an efficient

Junior Debating Society

military force had been ghastly failures. Compulsory service was the only way to solve the problem.

Mr Hawkeswell, in opposing, laid great stress on the obstacle such a service would be to the commercial and intellectual life of the nation. He said it would necessarily weaken the navy by lessening the number of recruits.

Viscount Encombe dwelt on the strengthening of character and physical development of the nation as a whole which would result from the discipline and healthy life of the soldier.

Mr E. Robinson appealed to the patriotism of the Society.

Sixteen other members spoke.

The motion was carried by twenty-five votes to twenty-three.

At the 230th meeting, on November 23, Mr J. Cravos moved "That the excessive extravagance of the modern world is a danger to the human race."

Mr McDonald opposed.

Messrs Allanson, McArdle, Welsh, Baines, Field, Simpson, Cuddon, R. Liston, D. Rochford, Emery, Scott, L. Pollock, Morice and Davey took part in the debate.

Father Joseph and Mr Forster were present and took part in the debate.

There voted: For the motion, thirty-six; against, twelve.

At the 231st meeting, on November 30, Mr E. Blackledge moved "That the English Press at the present day is a curse to the nation." He discussed the tyranny of the Press—it was too powerful and dictated policy to a public that had touched the lowest depths in its worship of "the printed word." Many matters were described and discussed in the daily papers which could not but have a bad effect upon the readers.

Mr S. Rochford defended the editors of to-day. He urged that the public by its demands for the quick supply of news rendered it impossible to attain a high standard of accuracy, and the public, he said, ought to be able to keep undesirable literature from the hands of those whom it might harm.

Seventeen members spoke.

The voting was: For the motion, twenty-four; against, twenty-one.

At the 232nd meeting, on December 7, Mr Morice moved "That this country is suffering from over-legislation." He

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said the freedom of the individual was becoming practically non-existent, and the feeling of responsibility in parents, for example, was being destroyed by the many interfering laws passed in recent years.

Mr Newsham urged, in opposition, that the recent legislation is only the logical outcome of the great complexity of modern life.

Twenty-six other members spoke.

The motion was carried by twenty-six votes to twenty-one.

The 23rd meeting, on December 14, discussed the motion, "Women should have votes."

Mr L. Lancaster moved; Mr Dease opposed.

There voted: For the motion, twenty-four; against, sixteen.

CONCERT BY HERR OBERHOFFER'S CHOIR

ON November 15 Herr Oberhoffer brought the St Wilfrid's Choir from York to give a concert. Owing to a motor breakdown, which kept them late, their original programme had to be altered. They kept us, however, delightfully entertained with Sir Edward Elgar's cantata, "The Banner of St George," and the following part songs:

"All creatures now are merry minded" (*Benet*).

"The Blue Bird" (*Villiers Stanford*).

"Call of the Breeze" (*Forester*).

"Woodmen, shepherds, come away" (*West*).

"The Swallow" (*Leslie*).

"Song of Rest" (*Leslie*).

"The Dawn of Song" (*Bairdson*).

"On Himalay" (*Granville Bantock*).

"The Sea Shell" (*Coleridge Taylor*).

"Two Roses" (*Curt*).

We must add that our only regret was that we did not hear more of Herr Oberhoffer's piano playing, as he was compelled to omit his own solo. His explanatory remarks on music in relation to the text of the cantata were most illuminating and added greatly to our pleasure. We trust he will repeat the experiment.

THE MONTHLY SPEECHES

NOVEMBER.—For some uncertain reason—an unexpected alteration of date, said report—the speeches, as a whole, failed to reach the rather high standard to which we have become accustomed. It may be that we are growing more critical of the matter as well as of the delivery. Certainly one weak line of Southey's raised a disappointing murmur among the audience. Another point was brought out by recitation—the shortened last line of a verse, effective enough to the eye and mind, perpetually threatens monotony to the ear. Kipling's tendency to violence of expression was emphasized by recitation, and "The Story of Ung" seemed to lose some of its printed vigour. Henry V's disillusioned reflections on ceremony was well rendered by Kelly, and Milburn and Liston iii called for notice. The following is the programme:

PIANO		<i>Beethoven</i>
	EMERY	
THE VIGIL		<i>Newbolt</i>
	R. J. LYNCH	
FROM "HENRY V, IV, 1"		<i>Shakespeare</i>
	T. KELLY	
THE WELL OF ST KEYNE		<i>Southey</i>
	J. R. CRAWFORD	
FROM THE "ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON"		<i>Tennyson</i>
	E. D. BAINES	
THE RAILWAY MEN		<i>E. F. Lucas</i>
	FIRST FORM	
A DREAM		<i>Ruskin</i>
	A. L. MILBURN	
HE FELL AMONG THIEVES		<i>Newbolt</i>
	J. HEFFERNAN	
MAHMOUD		<i>Leigh Hunt</i>
	C. P. ST. L. LISTON	
THE STORY OF UNC		<i>Kipling</i>
	C. P. POWER	
THE WINDMILL		<i>Longfellow</i>
	J. A. DALRY	
BRUCE AND DE BOUCE		<i>Scott</i>
	A. McDONALD	

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December.—There was a marked advance this month. Barnewall and Knowles were, perhaps, the most successful, though their pieces lacked novelty, and McArdle deserves mention for his spirited rendering of "The Grand Old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens."

The Head Master made a few comments at the finish of the entertainment, emphasizing the necessity of sincerity of feeling and clearness of enunciation. He commended Knowles in particular for his excellence in this regard.

The full programme was:

VIOLIN SOLO (HUMORESQUE)	R. J. POWER	<i>Dvorák</i>
TO VIRGIL	F. Clancy	<i>Tennyson</i>
ST AUGUSTINE'S LADDER	H. C. McMAHON	<i>Longfellow</i>
THE NATIVITY	J. W. BISGOOD	<i>Demott</i>
SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY	HON. R. BARNEWALL	<i>Dryden</i>
SIR PATRICK SPENS	R. G. McARDLE	<i>Anon.</i>
TWO SONNETS	C. LANCASTER	<i>Wordsworth</i>
THE NON-COMBATANT	R. P. ST L. LISTON	<i>Newbolt</i>
THE BURNING BABE	R. S. DOUGLAS	<i>Southwell</i>
CHEVY CHASE	P. WALLACE	<i>Anon.</i>
THE BROOK	J. G. D. A. FORBES	<i>Tennyson</i>
BETH GELERT	L. KNOWLES	<i>Spencer</i>
THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES	J. W. B. FITZGERALD	<i>Lusington</i>

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of the term: H. A. Martin, A. L. Milburn, B. J. Martin, S. F. Cravos, S. Rochford, G. Newsham, J. Cravos, R. G. Agnew, C. P. Power, T. B. Fishwick, E. P. Connolly, B. M. Wright. The contingent now numbers eighty.

The following promotions were posted at the beginning of term:

To be Sergeants: Corporal Hall, Corporal Collison.

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporal Kelly, Lance-Corporal Power, Lance-Corporal Farrell.

To be Lance-Corporals: Cadet Caldwell, Cadet Lancaster, Cadet Liston.

The splendid weather we have enjoyed this term did not favour the corps, for the only really wet days were invariably Tuesdays or Saturdays. Even these days were well spent in acquiring smartness in rifle exercise and in general attention to details. A route march, headed by the band, afforded us a variant on more than one occasion, and is still a source of excitement and a signal for the cessation of work in the neighbouring villages. But Company Drill and Extended Order Drill have not been neglected. A good deal of this work has been left to the N.C.O.'s, and Colour-Sergeant Williams, Sergeant Simpson, Corporal Kelly and Lance-Corporal Knowles acquit themselves with something of the proficiency of sturdy veterans.

Night operations were only once indulged in. The picket was stationed below the Bounds wall and groups were pushed out down the valley. Those who carried out the attack deserve especial mention, for it was so conducted that their approach was not detected until they were close upon the sentries. The defenders' attention was then engaged by the centre, whilst the main attack on the right, under Colour-Sergeant Williams, developed with such success that the left flank of the defenders was completely cut off. The uproarious cheer with which the victorious wing rushed the picket called from their couches the peaceful civilians reposing in the monastery.

Several members of the contingent presented themselves

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for certificate A on November 4. The oral was conducted by Captain Fisher, of the West Yorks. He put the candidates through a most exacting test, and ended by congratulating them on their smartness, and the contingent generally on the serious and energetic spirit in which they seemed to take their work.

The band has been reinforced by the services of Cadet Massey, Cadet R. Liston, and Cadet Marsden as buglers, and Cadet Unsworth as a drummer. This brings the strength of the band up to fifteen with two reserves. The volume of sound produced has increased proportionately!

THE O.T.C. CAMP

Thirty-two Cadets attended camp. This is a very fair percentage of the contingent, but not up to the ideal which our O.C. had contemplated. It seems that his restless soul will not be satisfied until every Cadet qualified to attend camp does so. This year we were at Tidworth Pennings. Colonel F. A. Fortescue, C.B., of K.R.R.C. and the Rifle Depot, was the Commandant of the Brigade, and Ampleforth was in No. 1 Battalion, commanded by Major H. C. R. Green, of the 60th Rifles. The staff was becomingly exacting in all details, but the programme of work was well arranged and in every way reasonable. Reveille was an hour earlier than last year—a change universally unpopular, but doubtless more in accord with normal camp life.

The field operations were carefully systematized on an exceptionally well-graduated scale, which contributed much to the better understanding of every movement by the Cadets. The "pow wows" which followed were also most instructive, and made for clarity of thought in details. One afternoon devoted to exercise in savage warfare was deservedly popular as forming a welcome diversion from routine work.

The Brigadier, Colonel Fortescue, in inspecting our lines, paid us the high compliment of saying: "This line could not be more satisfactory." But we are proud to be able to record that this was not the only nor the greatest compliment we received. Captain Dalby, the popular adjutant of the first battalion,

Officers Training Corps

when inspecting the guard we furnished on the penultimate night of the camp, went so far as to say that it was the smartest guard he remembered members of the O.T.C. turning out. Our congratulations to Sergeant Simpson (in command), Sergeant Leese, Corporal Hall, Cadets Emery, Caldwell, L. Rochford, Heffernan, Liston and Smith, who formed the guard.

WAR OFFICE REPORT

In our last issue we neglected to publish the War Office report. It is here subjoined and speaks for itself:

"*Drill.*—Good. The section leaders know their drill. The cadets move well together and carry out orders quickly.

"*Manoeuvre.*—Good. Much attention is given to fire discipline with good results. Control and discipline by section leaders is good and orders are well passed on and intelligently executed by the Cadets.

"*Discipline.*—Good, in that all ranks take their work seriously.

"*Signalling.*—By semaphore, good. There are eight trained signallers; two of these are instructed in the Morse code and can send and read creditably.

"*Arms and Equipment.*—In good order and well kept."

SHOOTING

The annual shooting classification showed that our contingent possessed a very satisfactory number of first-class shots—twenty-one. The competition for the shooting prizes took place at the end of last term, too late for insertion in our last number. The results are here given. No Cadet can win more than one prize, otherwise Sergeant Leese would have been the winner of No. 2 as well as No. 1.

1. For First and Second-Class Shots.

The "Anderson" Challenge Cup: Sergeant Leese.

2. For First-class Shots only.

War Office Miniature Rifle (presented by Mr G. H. Simpson): Lance-Corporal Caldwell.

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3. For all the N.C.O.'s and Cadets of Sections 1 and 4.
The Head Master's Prize: Lance-Corporal Lancaster.
4. For Cadets of Sections 2 and 3.
The Officers' Prize: Cadet Lord Encombe.
5. For Those Attending Camp.
The Sharp Prize: Sergeant Collison.

We have had two matches with Giggleswick School. On the first occasion the conditions were framed by Giggleswick and on the second by Ampleforth.

FIRST MATCH

Conditions: First Target: Five rounds; deliberate. Second Target: Five rounds; time, one minute.

AMPLEFORTH

	Deliberate	Rapid
Sergeant Simpson	18	16
Sergeant Collison	14	19
Sergeant Leese	19	19
Corporal Long	13	19
Lance-Corporal Lancaster	17	20
Lance-Corporal Caldwell	16	22
Cadet Heffernan	16	11
Cadet W. Rochford	20	18
	133	144
		133
Total	277	

GIGGLESWICK scored 287, thereby being the victors.

SECOND MATCH

Conditions: First Target: Five rounds; deliberate. Second Target: Unlimited rounds; time, one minute.

Aquatic Sports

AMPLEFORTH

	Deliberate	Rapid
Sergeant Simpson	17	29
Sergeant Collison	20	41
Sergeant Leese	18	41
Corporal Power	17	31
Lance-Corporal Lancaster	15	33
Lance-Corporal Caldwell	19	42
Cadet W. Rochford	17	32
Cadet Heffernan	12	34
	135	283
		135
Total	418	

GIGGLESWICK: Deliberate, 134; Rapid, 196—Total, 330.

In the first match we were, therefore, beaten by ten points, and in the second we won a splendid victory by eighty-eight points, a result of which we were justly proud. No doubt it brought home to our instructor the truth of the lines:

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

AQUATIC SPORTS

THE Aquatic Sports were held at the end of the summer term after our last issue had gone to press. E. J. Martin won the Cup for the Open Race. For two lengths G. R. Emery made a good fight of it, but suddenly stopped after turning for the third. Martin then took it rather easily and could undoubtedly have covered the distance in better time. The Diving Medal was also won by E. J. Martin. C. R. Simpson, last year's winner, obtained the highest number of marks, but was not competing. The Learners' Race resulted in an easy victory for D. Rochford. The Lower School event provided a close race, which was well won by D. Collison.

Swimming colours were won by the following: G. F. M. Hall, J. O. Kelly, E. Leach, S. Lancaster, G. R. Emery and B. S. Martin.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. RIPON SCHOOL

PLAYED at Ampleforth on November 5 and resulted in a win for the home team by three goals, three dropped goals, two penalty goals and seven tries (fifty-four points) to one try (three points). The game was too one-sided to be interesting, and is not patient of much description. Ampleforth held a big advantage forward, and as the Ripon backs were weak in tackling a heavy score was bound to accrue. The Ampleforth backs were not very well together and the passing was wild. Kelly, however, was in good form, and generally covered a great deal of ground before he was collared. At half-time Ampleforth led by twenty-six points to nothing. In the second half, largely through a piece of carelessness on the part of the Ampleforth backs, Ripon scored a try. But the rest of the game was altogether in favour of Ampleforth, though Ripon played pluckily up to the end. Kelly dropped three good goals and scored two tries; the other try-getters were Williams (three), Hall (two), Caldwell, Power and Morrough-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on November 12. St Peter's came with a great record of eleven matches played and won and had piled up immense scores against the schools they had hitherto played. They suffered their first defeat to-day by two tries (six points) to one try (three points). It was a desperately keen game, won by the superiority of the Ampleforth forwards and the play of Kelly at stand-off half. The Ampleforth forwards, brilliantly led by Collison, beat their opponents both in the tight and in the loose and supplied their backs with many opportunities, but the slippery ball made sustained passing difficult, and, though the scorers on both sides were backs, the game was really fought out by the forwards. In the first quarter of an hour the play was very near the St Peter's line and only a very fine defence prevented more than one try being scored. Simpson was brought down close to the posts within a yard

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of the line, and soon afterwards Collison was stopped at a scarcely greater distance from it. At length, from a scrumage on the right wing, Kelly set his three-quarters going; all along the line they passed the ball without mistake, overlapped the defenders, and Williams scored far out on the left. The place kick fell short. The play which followed was nearer mid-field, and as the ball was now thoroughly soaked the backs on both sides were unable to distinguish themselves, except in defence and touch-kicking. On both sides this was well done, the kicking of St Peter's against an unfavourable wind being exceptionally good and well-judged. Several attacks on the Ampleforth line were beaten off. They were short, but sharp. The Ampleforth forwards, keeping well together, were able to keep the play generally at the other end of the field. Once in a scrumage by the St Peter's goal-line they got the ball and wheeled over with it, but sacrificed a try by failing to fall on it.

Half-time; Ampleforth, three points; St Peter's, nil.

Shortly after the change of ends Wray got the ball after a scrumage, ran more than half the length of the field, and scored under the posts. This fine effort deserved full recompense, but the place kick failed. The same player was several times dangerous in the second half, but he was well watched and always stopped in time. The scores remained equal for about a quarter of an hour, Ampleforth generally attacking, but sometimes threatened by the rushes of the opposing centres. Then Kelly, who played a fine game throughout, well marked though he was by Medhurst, and who seemed to find no difficulty in handling the slippery ball, tried to drop at goal. The kick went wide, but Kelly raced a defender for it and, after a close finish, beat him by an arm, and scored. This try, also, was unconverted. Both packs seemed by this time to have played themselves out, yet the great pace of the game did not diminish. Ampleforth attacked with great and well-maintained vigour, regularly securing the ball and wheeling skilfully, or heeling to Gerrard, who served Kelly with fine accuracy, but the defence was no less resolute, and though several forward rushes ended very close to the St Peter's line, there was no further score.

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AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL

Played at Giggleswick on November 22 and ended in a win for the home team by one goal and two tries (eleven points) to nothing. Williams was unable to play owing to a minor injury, and the three-quarter line was rearranged. Farrell played left-centre, Hall right wing, and Heffernan came into the side from the second XV as left wing. The game was a very pleasant and even one, and much good football was shown by both sides. The issue was in doubt until within five minutes of "no-side" when only three points separated the two teams. Then Giggleswick scored a goal and a try and so added eight points to their total. Play in the first half ruled about mid-field, with a bias towards the Giggleswick twenty-five. Giggleswick had the heavier set of forwards, and it was only the excellent packing of the Ampleforth eight and their smartness in getting possession that enabled Ampleforth to act on the offensive, as indeed they did for most of the game. Ampleforth had had a long railway journey—four hours in a slow train—and they were slow to settle down. Giggleswick took advantage of this to score an unconverted try, an unmasked forward coming round to take the ball from his wing three-quarter and going over near the corner flag. From the drop-out Ampleforth attacked and a fine round of passing between Gerrard, Kelly, Simpson and Hall ended in the latter being brought down rather heavily near the goal-line. Hall unfortunately went lame after this, and though he played up pluckily to the end was not able to be of much further use to his side. Unfortunately, Farrell was quite out of place in the centre and failed to get in even a moderately good pass to Heffernan, who, though lacking in pace, always made ground whenever the ball came his way. For the rest of the first half the Ampleforth forwards kept getting the ball with monotonous regularity, and Gerrard, Kelly and Simpson were always on the attack. The play of these three backs was very fine and well deserved a score. Once Simpson, after successfully "giving the dummy," wriggled out of the grip of the full-back and was all but over, when an avalanche of forwards overwhelmed him. Shortly afterwards Kelly tricked the defence and seemed certain to score when he, too, was tackled inches

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from the line. Half-time arrived with the score: Giggleswick, one try (three points); Ampleforth, nil. On resuming Ampleforth continued to press. Varying their attack, the forwards tried some loose rushes, but Giggleswick went down to the ball man after man, and moreover began more frequently and more successfully to set up counter movements. Ampleforth, though still doing most of the pressing, did not seem quite so likely to score as during the first half. And so the minutes slipped by, and Giggleswick began to press. After some tremendous efforts by the forwards on both sides, the ball went into touch in the Ampleforth twenty-five. Ampleforth got the ball and Gerrard started a passing movement. From Gerrard to Kelly and on to Simpson and Farrell the ball travelled at a great pace. Heffernan snapped up a pass directed to his toes and made ten yards or so before he was brought down. An informal scrum was formed, and the ball was passing back along the Ampleforth line from Gerrard to Kelly through Farrell to Simpson. Simpson, by a clever feint, deceived his centre and running straight into the full-back passed out to Hall. Hall, however, was quite lame and fell an easy victim to a desperate and despairing forward who was recrossing the field *ne pereat respublica*.

This was Ampleforth's last effort. Shortly before the close the Giggleswick "threes" got going and the left wing scored far out. The place kick failed, but from the drop-out one of the Giggleswick centres gathered the ball and went in under the posts. The try was converted, and Giggleswick won a great and generous game by eleven points to nothing. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, C. Knowles; Three-quarters, J. Heffernan, G. E. Farrell, C. R. Simpson and G. F. M. Hall; Half-backs, J. M. Gerrard and J. O. Kelly (captain); Forwards, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, J. C. Caldwell, H. J. Emery, R. J. Power, L. H. Rochford, W. P. Liston and F. J. Morrough-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on November 26 and resulted in a victory for the home side by one goal and eight tries (twenty-nine points) to one dropped goal and one try (seven points). In

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the first half Ampleforth gave quite the worst exhibition they have given this term. The whole team seemed to be off colour. Moreover, the three-quarter line was disorganized to some extent by the absence of Hall, who had gone up to London for his Woolwich entrance examination. Williams, too, was unable to play and Heffernan took his place on the left. Knowles was played in Hall's place and G. R. Emery brought into the team as full-back. Pocklington were the first to score, their right wing running through the Ampleforth defence and scoring far out on the left. Ampleforth had more than their share of the ball and though passing movements almost invariably went astray ultimately Heffernan got possession and after a determined run scored quite a good try near the corner flag. Shortly afterwards Ampleforth scored twice through the forwards. In the meantime Pocklington had dropped a goal and half-time arrived with Ampleforth leading by nine points to five. In the second half Ampleforth improved and scored six tries, mainly through Kelly, who made the openings, and Farrell, who played with much of the dash and resolution he showed last year. But the game as a whole was poor and disappointing. The following was the Ampleforth side: Back, G. R. Emery; Three-quarters, J. F. Heffernan, C. Knowles, C. R. Simpson, and G. E. Farrell; Half-backs, J. M. Gerrard and J. O. Kelly (captain); Forwards, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, H. J. Emery, R. J. Power, J. B. Caldwell, W. P. Liston, L. H. Rochford and F. J. Morrough-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL

This return fixture was played at York on December 11, and resulted in a win for St Peter's School by one dropped goal and three tries (thirteen points) to nothing. Ampleforth, playing with the wind, kept the game mainly in the St Peter's half, and though their forwards were overweighted and occasionally pushed in the scrimmages, still the three-quarters had chances of scoring when a score was of more than normal importance. Gerrard, at the base of the scrum, was in great form and whenever he could get a glimpse of the ball got it away to Kelly. The latter, though very well marked, generally

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was able to make something of an opening for the men behind him. The three-quarters, however, had for once an off-day. Although individually they were quick and plucky and fairly resourceful, their passing was not well timed nor very well directed. Still a little touch of good fortune would have given Ampleforth a lead of three tries during the first half. Williams was pushed into the corner flag when a try seemed certain. Shortly afterwards Hall actually touched down after a great race with the St Peter's back, but he had escaped his own notice in crossing the rather too short dead-ball line. Collison was next "held up" on the goal-line, and half-time arrived with no score. For the first few minutes after resuming Ampleforth kept up the attack, but splendid kicking by Medhurst and Wray took the play down the field and a series of onslaughts were delivered on the Ampleforth line. Good tackling by Hall, Williams and Knowles prevented a score, and Kelly's short screw kicks into touch gradually drove St Peter's back to mid-field. St Peter's now rather altered their tactics. Unable to penetrate the Ampleforth defence by the ordinary method of passing and running, they had recourse to frequent and high cross kicks. With a strong wind at their backs, this meant the immediate gaining of a great deal of ground and (what was more serious for Ampleforth) the wearing-down of rapidly tiring forwards. The end came about twelve minutes from time, when Wray essayed a drop-kick from mid-field rather near the touch-line. The ball soared up into the air and was borne by the viewless wind between the posts and over the bar. Ampleforth replied with a short and sharp attack on the St Peter's line, in which Kelly, who had played a brilliant game throughout, took, as usual, the leading part. But they were beaten off, and then, seven minutes from the close, the Ampleforth forwards failed and St Peter's scored three tries, through Wray and Richards and another whose name has escaped us. It was a great struggle and St Peter's deserved their victory, if only for the intelligent use they made of the wind; but the score does not represent the football shown by the two sides. The following played for Ampleforth: Back, C. Knowles; Three-quarters, L. T. Williams, G. F. M. Hall, C. R. Simpson,

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G. E. Farrell; Half-backs, J. O. Kelly (captain) and J. M. Gerrard; Forwards, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, H. J. Emery, R. J. Power, L. H. Rochford, W. R. Liston, J. C. Caldwell and F. J. Morrogh-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. YORKSHIRE WANDERERS

This match was played on December 17 and ended in a win for Ampleforth by three goals and two tries (twenty-one points) to one goal and two tries (eleven points). The game was a delightful one in every way, both for players and spectators. There were unusually few scrimmages. Commendable restraint was exercised by both sides in the use of "touch," and the spirit as well as the letter of the "off-side" rule was kept, with the result that something attractive was always either happening or impending. This was the only "Masters" match of the term, but slight injuries to Morrogh-Bernard and Farrell rather weakened the side. The School were, of course, overweighted in the scrum, and the game opened in the Ampleforth twenty-five. The Wanderers got possession more frequently, and the quick, short passing of their three-quarters constantly threatened serious danger. M. W. Richards—left wing—was particularly difficult to stop, and on one occasion at least gave an exhibition of side-stepping which made the School defence look quite futile. From one touch-line to the other the ball sped almost invariably in the hands of the Wanderers, but the defence, though puzzled, was alert and for a short time averted a score. Then M. W. Richards secured the ball, went off at a great pace and passed inside to his brother, who made an opening for J. B. King on the wing. The last-mentioned player was pushed into touch, but secured the ball again from the throw-in and scored the first try. The goal-kick failed. From the drop-out play settled down in the School twenty-five, and Ampleforth spent the next few minutes chasing the speedy and elusive Wanderers. Eventually J. B. King scored again after a fine combined movement. The place-kick failed and the attack was renewed. But Ampleforth began now to get more of the ball. Wisely relying on their forwards, who time and again saved the situation by skilfully-executed "wheels," they worked the ball up to mid-

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field. Here Gerrard picked up and threw to Fr Sebastian, who went straight through the defence and was unlucky to be pulled back just as he seemed certain to score. Ampleforth were now playing a great game, and Fr Herbert, Br Alexius, Collison and Caldwell frequently headed forward rushes which resulted in the gaining of a great deal of ground. Unfortunately, in one of these Collison collided with the opposing full-back, who, though not very seriously hurt, was unable to take any further part in the game. Half-time arrived with the Wanderers leading by six points to nothing. On resuming, Ampleforth went off with a great burst. A forward rush led to a quick heel-out to Gerrard, who sent to Simpson. The latter made an opening and passed to Fr Sebastian, who handed on to Williams. Williams was able to shake off the attentions of his opposing wing and crowned the movement with a great try in the corner. From the drop-out the Ampleforth backs at once got going, and Simpson, after a good run, made the score six all with a well-deserved try. Mid-field play followed, but Ampleforth forced the pace. Wheeling a scrum near their own goal-line, the Ampleforth forwards carried the ball to the Wanderers' twenty-five. A scrum was formed here, rather near the touch-line. Ampleforth got possession. The ball came out to Gerrard, who got in a lightning pass to Kelly. The latter took the ball at top speed, flashed round the "blind" side, and, after drawing the defence on to Williams, swerved inwards to crown a brilliant individual effort with a try between the posts. The same player converted. Keeping up the pressure, the Ampleforth backs caused a great deal of trouble. The Wanderers' forwards were tiring, and were pressed back on their goal-line. But their saving was good, and they were eventually rewarded by a try through Hylands, who ran half the length of the field with the ball. J. B. King kicked a splendid goal from within a few inches of the touch-line, and after sixty minutes' play the scores stood at eleven all. The School XV continued to play at the top of their form and forced the pace. Getting possession from a line-out slightly in the Wanderers' half the Ampleforth came away with a great rush. The whole eight took part in the dribble, headed by Collison, Caldwell, and Fr Herbert, and after a

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display of really fine footwork the last-named touched down for a try. Kelly was successful with the goal-kick. A few minutes later Fr Sebastian picked up in the loose, broke away and, easily eluding the full-back, scored under the cross-bar. Kelly kicked an easy goal, and Ampleforth won as stated. The following was the Ampleforth side: Backs, C. Knowles; Three-quarter Backs, L. T. Williams, Rev. W. S. Lambert, C. R. Simpson, and G. F. M. Hall; Half-backs, J. M. Gerrard and J. O. Kelly (captain); Forwards, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, Rev. H. K. Byrne, H. J. Emery, L. H. Rochford, Rev. W. A. Chamberlain, J. B. Caldwell, and W. P. Liston.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE (SECOND XV) v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL (SECOND XV)

This match was played at York on November 12, and after a severe struggle was won by Ampleforth by two tries (six points) to nothing. Both sides were better in defence than in attack. In resisting opponents they showed vigour, watchfulness and power of combination, which were curiously lacking in their offensive play. In consequence the game showed many individual charges, much prompt tackling and fearless saving, but few well-concerted movements. In the first half there was no score. The Ampleforth pack was the stronger, but was unable to make much ground by dribbling; the Ampleforth backs always just failed to combine successfully. In the second half St Peter's tired and Ampleforth, playing with undiminished vigour, began to press continuously. The defence was successful until near the end of the game, but at last Heffernan scored near the corner. During the last few minutes the St Peter's line was besieged, and just before "no-side" another try was added.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE (SECOND XV) v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL (SECOND XV)

This return match was played at Ampleforth on December 10. The Ampleforth XV played much better than they had at York and won easily by four goals and six tries (thirty-eight points) to nothing. The Ampleforth forwards found their opponents to be not more than a source of serious incon-

The Golf Club

venience, and the backs, during the first half at least, combined well. Ampleforth were nearly always attacking, and in the first half scored twenty-four points. Barnewall, Liston, Cravos, Knowles, MacPherson, and Massey gained the tries. After half-time both forwards and backs allowed their elation to tempt them from orthodox methods of combination, and the standard of play fell. Massey scored a try which Cravos converted, and Barnewall and MacPherson also scored. Of the backs MacPherson gave most promise, but he did not pass enough. Liston showed a fine turn of speed and kicked well. The forwards played in good style. They kept well together, dribbled with enterprising success, and put their heads down for loose scrummages in a most businesslike fashion.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL (UNDER FIFTEEN)

This match was played at Ampleforth on October 25. The Pocklington boys were much inferior in strength and speed and were decisively beaten by seventy-one points to nothing. The game provided none of the interest of a close contest, and was chiefly of value as an opportunity of testing capacity. The forwards controlled the ball well in the loose and showed themselves properly gregarious. The passing among the backs was well directed but not well timed. Nearly all the three-quarters showed a tendency to keep the ball too long, and forgot that this fault is not atoned for by occasionally giving a premature pass. F. Cravos and H. Martin kicked some good goals from difficult positions, but the former's style seems to be faulty.

THE GOLF CLUB

THE golf course was in good order when we returned after the holidays. A considerable amount of work had been done on it during the holidays, for which we have to thank a number of "old boys," who subscribed so liberally to the Club last Easter. The dry autumn enabled the work to continue steadily, and now the course is in better "trim" than it has ever been. The number of playing members has increased this term, and the Secretary trusts that the Club

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will continue to grow. Mr Alfred F. Melville Wright has again offered a Cup which will be won by the member who can show the twenty best cards of the year.

We regret that the annual visit of the Club to Kirby Moorside was not made this term, but trust the Secretary, G. F. M. Hall, will arrange for it next term. Such good traditions must not be allowed to die.

OLD BOYS

MR T. O'C. DUNBAR, who is at Trinity College, Dublin, won the Irish Championship for the 100 yards and 220 yards.

Mr NOEL CHAMBERLAIN, University College, Oxford, played in the "Freshers" hockey match.

CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE EDWARD STOURTON has passed into the Staff College.

Mr A. J. KELLY has been playing cricket for the Phoenix Park Club. His batting average was forty-seven for last season.

Mr B. BURGE is at Merton College, Oxford, and is working for Mathematical "Mods."

Mr W. A. MARTIN has been playing Rugby for Richmond Second XV.

Mr J. B. SMITH is studying at Faraday House.

Mr D. P. McDONALD and his brother, Mr I. G. McDONALD, are farming in South Africa.

Mr DECLAN POWER has passed his finals in the medical school at Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr V. G. NAREY has recovered from a serious illness and is again "up" at Trinity College, Oxford.

Old Boys

Mr T. HEYES has won a Tate Scholarship at Liverpool University.

* * *

THE following old boys paid us a visit this term: Mr E. F. C. FORSTER, Mr J. P. RABY, Mr A. F. M. WRIGHT, Mr B. HARDMAN, Mr J. G. H. NEVILL, Mr G. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

* * *

OUR congratulations to the following:

Mr BERNARD ROCHFORD, who was married to Miss Angela Kelly, daughter of Mr and Mrs T. Kelly, of Lower Leeson Street, Dublin, by the Bishop of Portsmouth, at Spanish Place, W., in August, 1913.

Mr FRANCIS HESKETH, who was married at Our Lady's, Wavertree, on September 17, 1913, by Reverend Father Sargent, assisted by Dom Clement Hesketh, to Miss Ethel Field, daughter of Mr W. Field, of Liverpool.

Mr EDWARD KEOGH, who was married on July 10, 1913, to Miss Mabel Roosevelt, daughter of Mr and Mrs E. Roosevelt, of Pelham Manor, New York, at Holy Trinity Church, Brook Green.

Mr JOHN MURPHY, son of the Honourable John Murphy, of St John's, Newfoundland, who was married to Miss Margaret Kenway, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Kenway, of Glengowan, Weston-super-Mare, on October 28, at the Church of St Francis of Assisi, Notting Hill.

* * *

WE are not able to give our usual summary of the doings of the Craticulae and London Old Boys' Cricket Clubs for the last season, as no details have reached us, but we understand that both clubs are as flourishing as ever.

* * *

THE London Dinner took place at the beginning of December, and was a great success. Once again we congratulate the organizers.

"OLD BOYS" GOLFING SOCIETY

THE second annual meeting of the Old Boys' Golfing Society was held at St Annes Golf Club, on September 10. The meeting was in every way a success, and next year it is hoped by holding the meeting earlier in the summer to add considerably to the number of competitors for the two Cups presented by Mr J. P. Raby and Mr M. B. Honan. Last year the Cups were won by Dom Stephen Dawes and Dom Hildebrand Dawes. This year Mr Nicholas Cockshutt, a member of St Annes Club and one of the prize winners at the Club's Autumn meeting, carried off the "Raby Cup." The "Honan Cup," which was played for against bogey, was won by Dom Denis Firth. Among the competitors was Mr Cyril Marwood, who only recently beat T. G. Renouf's record for the Pleasington Golf Course. We hope one day to see Mr Marwood figure among the amateur champions. The Society desires to record its best thanks to Mr J. Westhead, the Secretary, for his work of organization, and to welcome any "old boys" who may desire to become members. Membership is confined strictly to "old boys."

OBITUARY

WE regret to record the death of Mr Thomas Cullen, an "old boy," who was the victim of an accident while at Calgary, Canada, in the autumn. May he rest in peace.

WE also ask the prayers of our readers for Mr William Smith, late member for the North Lonsdale division, and father of Mr William B. S. Smith, who died at Bournemouth on October 30, and for Mr H. Wilberforce, of Markington Hall. A choir of monks from Ampleforth went to Markington to sing the Requiem Mass at Mr Wilberforce's funeral. To the families of both Mr Smith and Mr Wilberforce we offer our sincere condolences, and the assurance of our prayers.

As we go to press the news of the death of Mr Victor Richards (1902) reaches us. May he rest in peace.

Obituary

REV. THOMAS BASIL CLARKSON, O.S.B.

DIED NOV. 26, 1913

OUR readers, for the most part, will have heard of the loss we have sustained in the death of Fr Basil Clarkson. To them, as to us, it came as a great surprise and shock; and, no doubt, they will look to the JOURNAL for some account of how it occurred. At Fr Abbot's request he came from Calgary to give a report of the state of affairs with regard to the proposed College and Mission in that place. He landed in Liverpool on Monday, Nov. 17, and spent a few days amongst his friends in Lancashire. He seemed to be in excellent health, and declared he had never felt better. On Saturday, 22nd, he went to Ampleforth, apparently quite well; but on the Sunday night he was taken ill, and on the Tuesday Dr. Porter found that he was in a very serious condition, and advised an immediate operation, for what appeared to be some internal growth. He was taken that afternoon to Leeds to a private nursing home, accompanied by Fr Denis Firth, who happened to be at the Abbey for his Annual Retreat. He was operated upon the same evening; but it was discovered that nothing could be done to save his life. After coming round from the anæsthetic he received the last Rites. He lingered on till Wednesday midday, when he died. His remains were brought to Brownedge where he had been Head-priest for the twelve years previous to his appointment to Calgary. The funeral took place on Nov. 28, Fr Abbot officiating, and a large number of the Fathers being present. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, the thirty-sixth year of his Religious Profession, and twenty-ninth of his Priesthood.

He first came to Ampleforth about 1870. As a student he was remarkable for his intellectual abilities, and headed his class, and matriculated in the London University in 1876. He went to Belmont in 1877, and returned to Ampleforth in 1881, and was ordained priest in 1885. For some time he was Prefect of Studies, then Procurator. He was a man "of many parts." Though he did not rank, perhaps, as a gifted musician, still we can recall how he efficiently and successively played almost every instrument in the "College Band." He was no

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stranger to Art, and proved his power in this by superintending (and doing much of the actual work) of the decoration of the ceiling of the church over the Sanctuary and Choir. Amongst his other gifts was that unusual, and erstwhile considered "magic" one, of finding water by the "divining" rod. Thirsk, we believe, owes its water supply to his "finding" near to Gormire. He was pre-eminent in Mathematics, and it was his delight to work out a difficult mathematical problem; or a "puzzle" that required a quick mind and which usually defied most people, yielded its secret very quickly to him. He was, however, of a quiet, retiring disposition and did poor justice to himself and his many talents. All who lived with him marvelled at his many and varied gifts. It is related at Brownedge how the whole neighbourhood was annoyed with loud explosive sounds that issued from the foundry opposite the church. Protests were made without avail. One day Fr Clarkson called at the foundry and asked to see the Manager, and explained to him how he could so minimize the sound that it would scarcely be heard. It was in the course of some process of treating the hot metal that the terrible sound was made. Since that day to this the neighbourhood scarcely knows of the existence of the foundry except for its smoke.

In 1895, he went on the "Mission," and was for short periods at St Mary's, Warrington, and then at Workington. In 1898, he was appointed to assist Fr Pozzi at Brownedge, and after the latter's death, in 1900, was appointed his successor in the charge of that mission. In the twelve years he then spent at Brownedge he erected the beautiful Lady Altar, Communion Rails, new Presbytery; and had almost completed the fine new Parochial Hall when he was sent out to Calgary to found a College and Mission for the benefit of the English-speaking people of that part of Canada. Besides the material improvements at Brownedge he inaugurated two new guilds and resuscitated a third. In recognition of his good work, and to honour his Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood, the congregation made him a handsome presentation in 1911. To them, as to others, his sudden illness and death came as a great shock—and this was testified by the extraordinary

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scene witnessed in the streets and church on the night of the arrival of his last remains. Catholics and non-Catholics in great crowds showed their grief and sympathy then and at the Dirge and the subsequent obsequies. But a few days before he had visited Brownedge in apparent good health.

It may not be known to many that one of his sisters was one of the pioneer nuns who went to Calgary many years ago; and that she died and was buried there, and that a few years after her remains were discovered still incorrupt. That he should have followed her to Calgary seems a remarkable coincidence; but knowing, as we now do, that the malignant growth which caused his death must have been there for some time past, it is strange he, too, did not die there. It seems as if he had to come home to die. But the privations and hardships of the first four or five months in Calgary, along with the anxiety his position must have given him, may have accelerated the growth of the tumour or cancer. He was not, however, a man to complain—and the writer of these few words can testify to his extraordinary power of bearing sufferings and privations without a murmur. To those not intimate with him he might have appeared to be stoical; but in reality he had a most tender heart and keen feelings. He could be most genial; but evidently the "Mulum loqui non amare" of St Benedict's Rule was a favourite rule of his, and one he practised.

In conclusion, we regret the loss of one of such sterling worth, and beg the prayers of all for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

J. A. T.

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THE past Michaelmas Term will be remembered as the one when Fr Basil Clarkson died. A man who never thrust himself into public notice and who, if he had ambitions, kept them to himself, he had become, for the moment, very prominent in the thoughts of most of us; we wanted to see him and hold converse with him; we looked to him to tell us, in that chatty, intimate fashion which paints things in their native colours and sets details in their right perspective, of the facts concerning our venture in the Far West on the Canadian prairie. The Abbey Council was summoned to meet him as soon as could be arranged after his arrival at the Abbey. It gathered together only to find the central figure missing, hurriedly removed to the hospital for an abortive operation which did not save him from death. Fr Clarkson's death was one of those tragedies when a life is cut short at the most inopportune moment—the tragedy of an unspoken message, of disappointed hopes and schemes that have never materialized, of tags and ends of work left behind to remind us that it is not what we do but what we are that matters in the sight of the Almighty. Fr Basil was a man of exceptional gifts and large experience, and on the very day when his fatal infirmity disclosed itself had been speaking of his vigorous health and fitness for work; but it was decreed that his course was already run and there was nothing further for him to do but wait and prepare for the tribunal of God. May God have mercy on his soul and grant him eternal rest!



It had been our intention to ask him—our water-finder—to write an opinion about the water-discovery at Oswaldkirk. In these sad circumstances we think it best to add nothing to what we wrote about his gift of divination. We merely repeat that he himself honestly believed in it, yet doubted if it was right for him to make use of it without reasonable cause. We once heard him say that, when carrying the divining rod, there was a sensation as though he were inducing an abnormal condition of the body, and hence he feared that it might be bad and unwholesome for him.

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MAY we express our hope that Fr Wilfrid Darley will be quickly back with us again? We are not able as yet to speak definitely about our Calgary experiment or talk of its success or failure. But we can say that we have missed him much, that there is as good work, or better, for him to do at home, and that, when his many friends gave him so hearty and handsome a send-off, they did so with an unconcealed desire for his quick return and a resolve, that did not call for expression, to give him as handsome and hearty a welcome home again.



THROUGH the absence of the editor no notice was taken in the last JOURNAL of Fr Sador Sylvester's death. He was one of Ampleforth's best and most devoted friends. Seldom did he miss an Exhibition gathering and, when there, he would always be to the fore in fun and merriment. His humour was not so fresh nor his wit so quick and sparkling as that of Fr Placid O'Brien—with him it was genius—but it was good humour in every sense, and if his repartees were seldom brilliant, they frequently excited brilliance in others. We knew him to be one who, if he had a chance of doing a service to our Alma Mater, would never fail to seize it. For many years he did work on the Dominican Mission in the West Indies and indeed he only left it to come home and die. We commend him to the prayers of our readers. R.I.P.



ARRANGEMENTS have now been made for the building of a new Preparatory School in the field to the West of the new monastery. The plans have been prepared by Messrs Powell and Worthy, of Lord Street, Liverpool. All arrangements and accommodation will be of the newest and best and the whole will have such a carefully considered completeness that Amplefordians of a couple of generations back will open their eyes with wonder. What are we coming to? The luxuries of Bishop Baines' time ranked as special commodities in their days; now they are classed as the commonest of necessities. But are our youths any the happier for these multitudinous comforts and conveniences? We doubt it. What pleases a boy

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most is the makeshift he has invented for himself. Can any ball purchased at Gamage's give the possessor the same delight as the one built up by himself—begun, perhaps, with a marble for the core or a bit of cork or rubber rounded with a knife or shaped at the play-room "flue"; then, wrapped round with list and stout worsted dipped in white of egg; finally, clothed with strong white sheepskin, soaked for an hour or so in water, and stretched tightly and sewed strongly—the sutures smoothed down with wax and his own initials staring at him from various sides of the cover? This masterpiece, when complete, had an individuality impossible to the machine-made article. We remember a certain bandy-stick, cut laboriously with a small penknife out of a hedge, possessed of a lucky curve that suited it to our style (?) of play, and a handle whose irregularities had been patiently scraped and smoothed down most exactly to the particularities of our grip. It was in use until it became positively worn out. Could a common hockey-stick, one of a heap, have had such a hold on our affections? It has always seemed to us that "darting" won so great a vogue in those old days mainly because we cut the darts ourselves and straightened them and dried them and balanced them, and that, in consequence, no two of them, when finished, had the same qualities or eccentricities. They had, each of them, a way of their own and we had to study it and make allowance for it and so coax them to do their best.



THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge very gratefully gifts to the Abbey Library from: Fr Abbot, Fr Cuthbert Almond O.S.B., Mr Edward Bellasis, Canon Crow, O.S.B., Mr Leslie Hunter, Mr Humphrey Johnson, Mr Patrick Kelly, Mr Gerald O'Donoghue and Mr Leonard Smith.



THE death of Sir George Wombwell has taken a distinguished figure from the neighbourhood. As the last remaining officer who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, his name was well known throughout the country. He was engaged also in the Alma and at Inkerman—his regiment was the 17th Lancers. But his military service formed only a short

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part of his long life. In 1855 he succeeded to the baronetcy, and for nearly sixty years has lived at Newburgh Priory, Coxwold. His reputation as an excellent and kindly landowner has always stood very high. He was keenly interested in agriculture, and his estate gave evidence of his care. In 1903 our farm and land at Byland was sold to Sir George. Somewhat earlier he had acquired the Stapleton property there which contained the ruins of the Abbey. Some work to preserve these was undertaken by him. When calling here a few years ago, Sir George seemed not a little surprised to find that we possess the High-Altar Stone of Byland. It had been given to us by a Catholic member of the Stapleton family. Before its removal it was raised and enclosed as is the Stone at Rievaulx.

For many years a day's skating on the sheet of water at Newburgh Priory was an event of the winter. Sir George used kindly to invite boys and masters and sent lunch to them on the ice. The excellence of the spiced wine on those days is now only a tradition in the School.

Fishing in the Fosse Ponds and occasionally in the Newburgh Fish Ponds, by the great larch tree, is another sport we owe to Sir George. Since 1903 we have shared the fishing rights with him at Fosse.

Sir George Wombwell had lost both his sons, the elder dying on service in India, the younger during the South African War after conspicuous bravery. Owing to this sad loss the Newburgh estate passes eventually, we believe, to the son of Sir George's youngest daughter, Mrs Graham Menzies. In the title he is succeeded by his brother, Sir Henry Wombwell, of Wombwell, near Doncaster.

Coxwold on the day of the funeral was a strange sight. The immense numbers of people high and low that crowded the steep village street and churchyard must have been unique in the countryside. In the unavoidable absence of Fr Abbot, Ampleforth was represented by Fr Prior and others of the community, and a member of the School.

May we offer our sincere sympathy to Lady Julia Wombwell and her family in their sorrow? The name of Sir George Wombwell has been an honoured and familiar one amongst us for many generations.

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NEWBURN has had an interesting history. The Priory of St Mary was founded in 1145 by Roger de Mowbray, also the founder of Byland. At the dissolution of the Religious Houses it was granted by Henry VIII to a member of the Bellaysse family, one of his Commissioners, James I conferred a baronetcy on the family, and later it received successively a barony, viscountcy and earldom under the title of Fauconberg. In his "Vallis Eboracensis" Gill gives some account of the varying fortunes of the house, with the many extinctions and restorations of the title, also a full description of the Priory and the antiquities it contains, and its connexion with the Protector Cromwell, whose bones are said to rest there. At different times the Bellaysse family was Catholic, and the faith in the district owes much to it. The old vestments kept at Easingwold went there from Oulston (Angram) where there was a chapel supported by a Catholic Fauconberg. The last Lord Fauconberg was a priest and a Doctor of the Sorbonne. He died at Lancaster in 1815. A few years ago Father Abbot was invited by Sir George to examine a case containing relics, which had been dug up not long before when changes were being made in the gardens of the Priory. It was not clear whether they were treasure from the days of the Austin Canons, or only dated from Fauconberg times.

The Newburn estates passed to the Wombwell family in 1825 through the marriage of Lady Ann Bellaysse to the second Baronet of Wombwell, the grandfather of the late Baronet. The Wombwells of Wombwell trace back to a Robert de Wombwell of the time of King Stephen.

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The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, edited by the Rev. CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J., Professor of Holy Scripture at St Beuno's College, and the Rev. JOSEPH KEATING, S.J., Editor of *The Month*. Vol. III, Part I: The Epistles to the Thessalonians. Longmans.

It is a matter for rejoicing to find that efforts are at last being made to furnish English Catholics with a version of the Sacred Scriptures in their own tongue which will not only bask in the warmth of ecclesiastical approbation but will also present the reader with an adequate idea of what the sacred writers actually wrote. We are indeed weary of the amazing obscurities and incoherences of that somewhat elusive work, the so-called "Douai" Bible. It is true that the production of a Catholic English Bible is beset with enormous difficulty, and that no ordinary qualifications suffice to give being to a new version which may bear comparison (as it must inevitably, if it is worth publishing at all) with the great Protestant Versions known as the Authorized and the Revised. Still, the new translation which lies before us gives us reason to hope that the task may yet be accomplished, and that possibly in our own day and generation. The Editors have begun their work in a modest way with the two short Epistles to the Thessalonians, and though this first part is in the nature of an experiment whose result will in large measure determine the ultimate scope of the undertaking, yet the ideal which the two Jesuit fathers have set before them falls in no way short of the sublime—namely, the production of a new and independent translation of the whole of the Scriptures which shall be not only scholarly and made from the original texts as settled by the best of modern research, but shall withhold, in the matter of taste and literary merit, be found worthy of the transcendent importance of the sacred documents. This present number is the first part of a volume to be devoted to the Pauline writings. The translation is based upon the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, though the Editors employ a wise eclecticism in appealing "generally to the consensus of the best textual critics." There can be no doubt that the sense of the apostle is, on the whole, very clearly and faithfully rendered, and therefore the value of this translation to the English Catholic who knows not Greek must be considerable. Personally, however, we must own to a feeling of disappointment at the general result—to a general impression that the pinions of the translator have not been sufficiently powerful to enable him to soar to the lofty heights of his ideal. At any rate, the rendering before us, despite its merits, is not in entire conformity with the principles which the Editors lay down for themselves in the Introduction (pp. x and xi). There they

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speak of certain "grave defects" which are "generally admitted" to exist in the Authorized and Revised Versions: "the former misleads the reader by varying its rendering of the same Greek word, even where the sense is the same; while, in the latter, zeal for accurate scholarship is not always tempered by insight into the genius either of the New Testament Greek or of our own mother tongue." Now, this criticism, however just in itself, naturally in the present connexion provokes the retort, *Medice, cura teipsum*; since the new version is by no means free from faults which the Editors detect in the others. Thus (1) we have discovered, without very diligent seeking, cases where different renderings are given to the same Greek word—e.g. *στένω* in 1 Thess., iii, 1, and in *ibid.* 5 is translated in the former place by "hold out" and in the second by "refrain"; *συναίξω* in 1, iii, 13, is translated by "strengthen," though in other places it is rendered by "establish" (cf. 1, iii, 2, etc.); and, again, *θλίψις*, which is generally rendered by "affliction" (as in 1, i, 6, etc.) becomes "trouble" in 1, iii, 3; and in all these cases the meaning of the Greek word is uniform. (2) We do not profess ourselves competent to judge whether or no the Westminster Editors enjoy a deeper insight into the genius of New Testament Greek than did the Protestant revisers, but—speaking as one less wise—we do not feel sure that the whole idea of St Paul's phrase, *προσθύνατε καὶ ἰσχυροθήνατε* (1, ii, 2) is expressed by "having already suffered outrage," nor that the sense of *οὐχ ἕως ἀσθενήσαντος ὑμῶν* (*ibid.*, 4) is exhausted by the simple purpose-clause "not to please men." (3) Whether the new translators, unlike the revisers, have "tempered their zeal for scholarship by insight into the genius . . . of our own mother tongue" must be, to a great extent, a matter of opinion. For our part we think that the shortcomings of the Revised Version in this respect loom unduly large because they stand out in strong contrast with the uniquely noble English of the Authorized Version; but, however that may be, we do not hesitate, upon comparing the Westminster Version with the Revised, to give the palm to the latter both for ease and dignity of movement and for purity of diction. We can only find space for two short examples: 1, iii, 1, is rendered by the Westminster Version as follows: "And so holding out (*sic*) no longer we resolved to remain behind at Athens alone"; with which compare the Revised Version's: "Wherefore when we could no longer forbear, we thought it good to be left behind at Athens alone." Again, compare the Westminster's, "For [those others] themselves repeat concerning us the manner of our entry amongst you" (1, i, 9), with the Revised Version's "For they themselves report concerning us what manner of entering in we had unto you." (In this passage the insertion by the Westminster Version of the words,

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"those others," to bring out the force of the simple Greek *αἰσος*, referring, of course, to the men of Macedonia, etc., seems to us positively to obscure the sense.) It would take too long to continue the comparison of the two versions; but after carefully reading the book we cannot help thinking that if this new translation of the Scriptures is to take the position which it should take as a work not only of scholarship but of high literary merit, then some further revision is necessary—perhaps at the hands of several or of a whole committee of judges—before the work is enshrined in enduring print. The defects, however, of the new version should not blind us to the many excellencies which this little book contains. The work is undertaken in a spirit of obvious and fearless scholarship, to which nothing less than the highest praise is due. The footnotes are numerous and learned, and cannot fail to be helpful and interesting to the general reader. If the accompanying map is capable of being improved upon, yet the historical introduction which prefaces the translation is all that can be desired in such a work. There is a very able excursus, by way of Appendix, on the Eschatological teaching of St Paul, where the writer agrees with Père Prat and most moderns that the apostle, in common with other early Christians, imagined (at least at the time of writing 1 Thessalonians) that the Parousia, or Second Coming of Our Lord, would take place in his own lifetime; and it was only with the passage of time that his earnest desire to be "clothed upon" gave way before the gradual realization that his own "dissolution" must take place long before the "Day of the Lord" would come. In conclusion, it must be borne in mind that the little book before us is, as we have seen, an experiment. It is therefore no matter for surprise if it is not in all respects successful. But we sincerely hope and trust that the good work will be continued, that the defects and weaknesses of this initial essay may be prevented in the portions which are yet to come, and that the new translation will meet with such a reception from English-speaking Catholics as will encourage the Editors to complete what they have begun. No lover of Holy Writ will withhold his *prospero procede* from those who have had the energy and courage to enter upon a task so noble, so necessary and withal so difficult.

W. C. S.

Philosophia Moralis et Socialis, tomus prior, Ethica Generalis, LEONARDUS LERU, O.P. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

THIS volume is intended to supplement the practical teaching of the ordinary textbooks of Moral Theology by a more thorough exposition of the speculative principles of law and morality. It thus covers the ground that is generally treated in Moral Theology under the heading

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of Principles, and in Philosophy under Ethics. Now, while entirely agreeing with the author that the speculative aspect of Moral Theology deserves such full treatment as he gives and holding that his treatise will in that way be of very great service, we are not entirely sure that the mixture has been of advantage on the side of practical moral teaching. This is, doubtless, not the writer's main interest, and it may be held that it is not necessary or perhaps even advisable at first to devote much study to the application of the principles; but it is none the less an important aid to the proper understanding of these principles to have them put in *concreto* and adjusted to the actual conditions of life. This, we think, the writer has somewhat failed to do. His outlines are clear and convincing, but we sometimes felt the need of some practical embodiment, some clothing in flesh and blood.

On the speculative side, however, the work is thorough and satisfying. There is a considerable amount of discussion of the latest modern views on ethics, and, if the treatment is sometimes as summary as we have learnt to expect when we see such a heading as "De Systemate Kantiano," yet, on the whole, we think it is fair and adequate.

The book is throughout carefully and lucidly written. We noticed some misprints.

P. J. McC.

The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible, by HUGH POPE, O.P., S.T.M.,
Doctor in Sacred Scripture: The Old Testament. Washbourne,
3s. 6d. net.

CATHOLIC students owe a great debt of thanks to the Dominican scholars who in late years have been in the forefront of the movement for the revival of Biblical study, and have left many excellent works as abiding monuments of their labours. Fr Hugh Pope now deserves a share in this tribute of gratitude, for in his "*Aids*" to the Bible he has done much to satisfy a need that has long been crying urgently, but in vain, for response. There has been a demand for scholarly manuals in the vernacular, to serve as introductions and guides to Bible study. True, there are already in existence some admirable non-Catholic works of this description, and we Catholics have been glad to make copious use of them; but, as Fr Pope points out, the *fact* always remains that non-Catholics can never regard the Bible precisely in the same way as Catholics must regard it, and consequently non-Catholic books about the Bible will generally leave something to be desired from the Catholic standpoint. Fr Pope, therefore, has undertaken to provide a manual which shall take the right standpoint and at the same time be abreast of the latest scholarship and research. He aims at inducing people to read their Bibles; and this book is a guide to direct the timid adventurer safely through the

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tangled paths of Holy Writ, and to furnish such information as may foster an intelligent interest in the wonderful and beautiful things contained in the Sacred Writings. There is a danger nowadays lest people read too much *about* the Bible and too little *in* the Bible. But "of what use," asks Fr Pope, "to read about Inspiration before we know something at least about the Inspired Word itself?" A practical recognition of this principle in the past might have spared a vast amount of energy, ink and paper wasted in airy theorizing about the Sacred Volume. In the present book the author deals only with the Old Testament, but we hope—and indeed presume—that another volume is to follow dealing with the New. We will not attempt to enumerate all the interesting things Fr Pope tells his readers about God's written Word; *gustate et videte*. There is a vast amount of information, historical, archaeological, textual, theological, etc., which for the beginner will throw many a ray of light upon the obscurities and difficulties of the Old Testament. Specially useful are the introductory notes which the author gives to each of the inspired books. Here he discusses many questions raised by modern criticism concerning dates, authorship and integrity. He is an upholder of tradition in such matters, and we feel that, did the scope of the book allow him to treat such questions more thoroughly, he could present the case against certain modern critical views in its strongest light. There are a few minor features in the book at which we most in some measure grumble. Fr Pope has a provoking way of making Greek words and phrases masquerade in the letters of our own alphabet, with the result that we frequently meet such forms as *seps philon* and *eis to telos*, which not only look most unhappy in their strange disguise, but also arouse a feeling of irritation in the reader. The English, too, is often faulty in points of detail; for instance, the author not only splits his infinitives but even ruthlessly cleaves them (as, e.g., "to solemnly and publicly remove," on p. 353). Still, as we have already said or implied, the book is a good one and deserves a thousand welcomes; and we join with Cardinal Bourne, who has written a short preface to the work, in congratulating Fr Pope "upon what we may regard as the successful accomplishment of protracted, careful and necessarily anxious labour."

W. C. S.

Gracechurch, by JOHN AYSCOUGH. Longmans, Green and Co. 1913.
6s.

THIS really charming book contains a series of papers which were first published serially in *The Month*, describing the early associations of the author. In his Dedication to the Bishop of Clifton he says: "The thread on which these Gracechurch Papers are strung together is stronger than

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any of consecutive narrative working towards the climax of a plot, for it is the simple and indestructible one of love for the dear old place and the kind, dear people who lived there. It was for the sake of being again in their quaint company that the small episodes were called up out of childish and boyish memories; and that is why there is as little autobiography as possible, and why the total exclusion of anything autobiographical was impossible." A reviewer has aptly compared *Gracchurh* with *Cranford*. Both books take one out of the stream of modern life into a quiet back-water, and yet the life described in both is intensely real, the quaint company are not lifeless spectres of a bygone day, the analysis of human nature is subtle and piquant, the smallest details are described with vividness and often with quiet humour. "There was a large framed picture, wrought in worsted work, representing Jonas, reclining on the seashore in an attitude of surprise, while the whale, evidently fatigued by his recent efforts to restore the prophet to society, was resting on a neighbouring sandbank and regarding his late guest with one suspicious eye."

Some of the later papers, which contain descriptions of the author's first impressions of the Catholic Church, contain passages of great beauty. With the exception, perhaps, of *San Celestino*, we have found *Gracchurh* the most fascinating of all this gifted writer's books.

M. D. W.

Short Sermons (3rd Series), by the Rev. F. P. HICKEY, O.S.B. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

IN the third volume of his series of short sermons, F. Paulinus Hickey gives us over fifty brief homilies on the Saints. The preceding volumes prepare us for the earnestness, careful preparation and total absence of parade which mark these sermons. Care is evident in the condensed abstract of the lives chosen as subjects, as also a wide and discriminating research. Beside the salient facts with which we are perhaps familiar, it is rare that we do not meet some striking incident which we had either forgotten or never encountered. Those who go to the book for sermon matter will probably find sufficient for three homilies rather than five. Moreover, what is familiar is generally put in some unaccustomed aspect; as, for example, the apostolate and pontificate of St Gregory the Great are duly recorded and estimated; but we are shown him principally in the light of a patron of the poor. Also we must confess never to have heard of St Bademus before, nor of his edifying martyrdom.

There is no need to wish the book success: apart from its own merits, its predecessors have already secured that for it.

T. L. A.

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The Life of Christ. Adapted from the original of Rev. L. C. BUSINGER, by Rev. J. E. MULLET. Illustrated. Washbourne. 5s.

THIS book is a simple presentation of the Gospel narrative with devotional comments. Indeed, *Meditations on the Life of Christ* would be a more accurate description of it. The reflections suggest deep feeling and personal piety in their author and should be of use to many. We do not know what functions are referred to by "adapted" on the title-page. We suggest that Fr Mullet would have increased the usefulness of the book if he had moderated the exuberance of the style and removed the legendary matter. Restraint of language and caution in accepting stories are generally virtues and are necessary, to avoid incongruity, in a book which contains large extracts from the Gospels.

Saints and Festivals: A Cycle of the Year for Young People, by Mother MARY SALOME Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

"It was a happy thought," says the Bishop of Northampton, in his Preface, "to delve in the buried treasures of the *Acta Sanctorum* for the materials of this book. Saints can evidently be made as interesting as fairies." In this book Mother Salome's skill has presented items of sacred history and biography in a most attractive form, and as the material at her disposal is so large, we hope that this volume will be followed by many similar ones from the same practised hand.

Sister Mary of St Francis, S.N.D. (HON. LAURA PETRE.) Edited by Dom BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd, 1913. 5s. net.

LAURA MARIA STAFFORD-JERNINGHAM, born in 1811, was married in 1829 to the Hon. Edward Petre, who died in 1848. In 1850 she entered the mother-house of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Namur, where she lived until her death in 1886. The story of her life is unfolded in this volume, but in it we find, too, many interesting details concerning the Jerningham family and their seat at Costessy Hall, Norfolk, about the years preceding and following the Emancipation Bill, and later of the heroic efforts of English Catholics for the education of their children. Perhaps few of us realize the debt of gratitude which we Catholics owe to the Sisters of Notre Dame, and in particular to Sister Mary of St Francis. Of her personal life, which is full of interest, one feels that it is that of a great and saintly soul.

M. D. W.

The Blessed Sacrament Book, by Rev. F. X. LAHANCE. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., 1913. 5s. net.

A VERY full collection (1,200 pages) of prayers and devotions, with information concerning confraternities and associations in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.

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Poems. By Arnel O'Connor.

We read this little volume of Poems with much pleasure. It possesses a distinct personality; it attracts by a charming suggestion of frankness, almost of *naïveté* (and what reviewer could resist the lure of being addressed as "dear critic"?). It contains, we believe, no poems that are great poems; we do not feel that the author is *forced* to write poetry, that the creation of poetry is the breath of life to him, but we realize at once that he is deeply in love with all beautiful things, and that it is a great and vivid happiness which urges him to the need for expression. Here is true and sincere sentiment presented in verse that is often distinguished, transfigured into a suggestion of something beyond itself, by the sunny ardour of his religious feeling, and only once (in the words, "A tiny bird once broke its heart in a forest deep") betrayed into sentimentality. Mr O'Connor's religious poems are perhaps his most successful. They are neither stuffy nor unselectively emotional, but radiant in their pure restraint. In his love-poems Mr O'Connor seems to feel that he has much more to say than he can express; they are in consequence a little incoherent. The poems on musical subjects seem to us, though we may be quite wrong, to suggest that music is Mr O'Connor's most natural mode of expression. They are built up in a way which does not so much resemble the even development of an idea in language as the rapidly alternating moods and the cumulative effect of the distinctively musical lyric. We much regret that we have no space for quotation from "The Vow," "Chopin's Berceuse," "The Gift," and perhaps "God, my Love, and our Garden," four poems which together would give an adequate idea of the author's temperament; but we would assure our readers (and Mr O'Connor has a special claim upon readers of THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL) that these are verses of great charm. One may conjecture that to have made others sympathize with some of the gracious things which he sees in life would of itself be, to Mr O'Connor, sufficient reward for publishing this book of Poems.

J. B. McC.

Fr. Anthony

THE
AMPLEFORTH
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The May Number
1914

Vol. xix] Price 2s.; Yearly Subscription 5s. [Part iii

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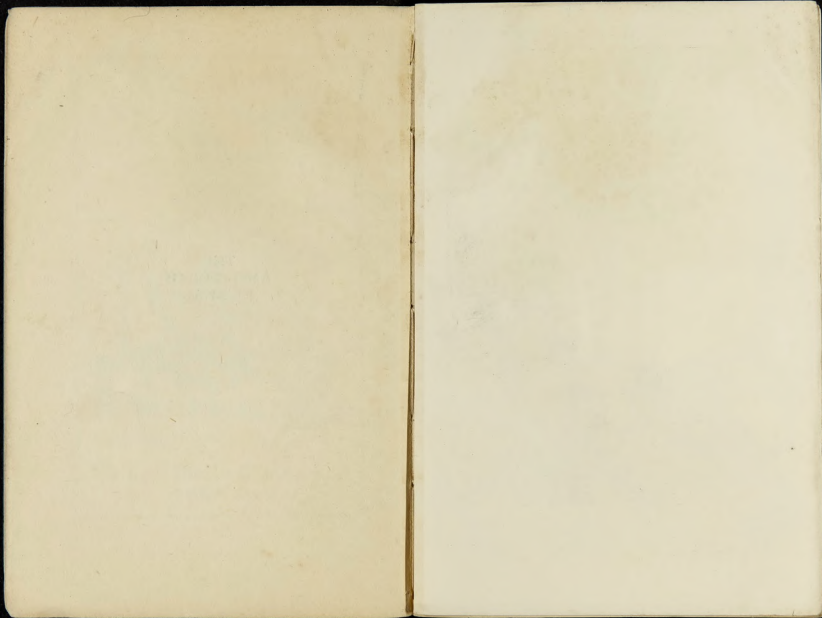
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Frontispiece

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THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE
EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

XII. THE EAST AND WEST

PART I. THE EAST

MECCA had fallen and Ibn Zobair was dead, but Mohallab the governor of Irak, who previous to the siege of Mecca had contrived to hold the Kharijites and Shiites in check, suddenly found himself faced by a disaffection among his troops, and a growing power among his enemies.

Abdel Malik was fortunate in possessing so energetic and able an officer as Hajjaj, for the continually recurring disorders and rebellions in Persia and Irak, unless put down with a firm hand once and for all, threatened to become the chronic condition of affairs in those regions. Abdel Malik decided to dispatch Hajjaj to Irak to reduce Persia and the eastern provinces to order.

Hajjaj, who was given almost vice-regal powers, set to work to reorganize the government out of the chaos into which it had fallen.

He harangued the men of Basra and Kufa in determined speeches, telling them that he was the arrow of the arrow shot by the Khalif against rebels and malcontents, since his wood was the hardest and bitterest of all. The army was disciplined and purged of evil elements, and while Hajjaj kept order in Basra and Kufa, Mohallab was able to take the field once more. In a hotly contested campaign of 18 months' duration, the Kharijites and Shiites were finally put down, and permanent government firmly established once more. Mohallab was dispatched as governor to Khorasan, and Hajjaj took up

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his administrative headquarters in Basra, but hardly had the religious rebellion been quelled when Hajjaj was faced with a second and perhaps even more serious problem.

The province of Sijistan was used by the Moslems as a base for operations against the kingdom of Kabul, but the governor of that district so mishandled his affairs, that Hajjaj was obliged to recall him, and send in his place a warrior named Abderahman-ibn-al-Aschat. At first Ibn al Aschat conducted the campaign with success, but as he seemed to act somewhat over cautiously Hajjaj rebuked him to press on with the conquest. Ibn al Aschat, who had always detested his superior most cordially, made this an excuse to excite his troops to march on Irak, and heading a numerous army soon put in an appearance on the borders of the province.

The arrival of Al Aschat was a signal for a general defection of all the discontented persons to the party of rebellion, and under his standards were to be found Meccans, Egyptians, besides deserters from Medina, Basra, and Kufa. Hajjaj set out to check the advance of Ibn al Aschat, but at Shushter he was repulsed and forced to fall back on Basra, while his enemy marched on towards Kufa.

Kufa welcomed the rebel, who occupied the town and after replenishing his army with recruits marched southward to Basra.

The situation was so serious that Abdel Malik had thoughts of disowning Hajjaj and accepting Ibn al Aschat in his place. Luckily for the faithful governor, the rebel general was so inflamed with pride at his success, that he refused to accept any terms and challenged the authority of the Khalif with as much boldness as he questioned that of Hajjaj. Hajjaj, however, was a man to be reckoned with; although Ibn al Aschat's cause flourished in the first instance his success in no way shook the loyalty of the troops directly under the command of the governor of Irak, and at Dair al Jemajem Ibn al Aschat found himself facing an army strongly entrenched and numerically equal to his own. The rebels seem to have exhausted themselves in a series of vain attacks upon the position held by Hajjaj, for we learn that after three months' intermittent fighting Ibn al Aschat fell back on Kufa discouraged and defeated.

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Once his enemy was in retreat Hajjaj gave him neither rest nor peace; he chased him from Kufa to Sijistan, and from Sijistan to the borders of the kingdom of Kabul, where Ibn al Aschat sought refuge under the protection of Ratbil the king.

Even when the rebel had passed beyond the limits of the Empire, Hajjaj did not cease in his efforts to capture him, and entered into an agreement with Ratbil, very advantageous to the latter, if he would but give him up. Al Aschat, seeing that there was no further hope of escape from his relentless pursuer, Ratbil, committed suicide in the year 85.*

When this rebel had been finally dispersed, Hajjaj concluded that neither Basra nor Kufa would in future be safe positions from which to administer so fickle, turbulent, and so inflammable a region.

Both these cities were liable to sudden and violent outbreaks of a religious or political zeal, in the midst of which a government might be overturned, or a governor assassinated with very little difficulty and without any previous warning. Accordingly Hajjaj decided to set up a new city on the Tigris, midway between Basra and Kufa, whence a governor might keep an eye on either city, could intercept treasonable correspondence, impose taxes, punish evil doers, or dispatch extra reinforcements to local garrisons without immediate danger to himself. The point selected by Hajjaj for the building of this administrative capital was called Wasit, and the city which he founded was given the same name.

The position of Wasit was extremely favourable, not only from a political but also from a commercial point of view. The Tigris supplied it with an excellent waterway connecting the upper rivers with the sea; the fertile lands in its neighbourhood were productive of abundant crops; and the presence of the governor and his troops assured the inhabitants of security and peace. Wasit grew and prospered until it became one of the chief towns of Irak, famous for its groves of palms, its colleges and schools, its bridges and its palaces; the most splendid of the latter named House of the Green Dome, whose glittering tiles were visible for a distance of seven

* Others state that he was given up and executed.

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leagues from the city, was built by Hajjaj for his own and the public use.

Hajjaj had now fixed the government of Irak on a basis so secure and stable, that when the news came to Wasit in the year 86 that Abdel Malik was dead, and that Walid I. reigned in his place, not a Kharijite stirred from his place, not an Emir rebelled, and not a word was spoken of insurrection or disaffection. Hajjaj had first cowed and then administered the turbulent province.

We must now turn our eyes northward towards the province of Khorasan, whither the most venturesome and hardy warriors of Islam had borne their standard. Mohallah the governor had died after carrying the line of conquest up to the Oxus; his son Yazid was displaced by Hajjaj shortly before the death of Abdel Malik; and during the first months of the reign of Walid, Qotaiba ibn Muslim was sent to Merv to assume the headship of the province of Khorasan.

What was the nature of the political situation is by no means easy to ascertain; beyond the Oxus, general indications suggest a number of small states whose rulers depended for their military forces on a number of semi-nomadic Turkish tribes.

If we take into consideration the facts that there were a multitude of towns, which required all the implements of a formal siege to secure their reduction, that the booty they yielded was rich, and the indemnities which their inhabitants paid to their conquerors heavy, we must admit that probably these Turkish principalities had acquired most of the arts of Persian civilization, that they maintained a profitable trade with China, and that a portion of their people were neither barbarians nor savages. It is not unlikely that these Turkish kingdoms beyond the Oxus, accustomed to the feeble opposition and indefinite methods of the Sassanian Government, were prepared to pay tribute to the Moslems in the belief that after a short period of ebullition the new comers would gradually slip into the easy ways of their predecessors, when like them they might be attacked and insulted. At any rate, on his first northerly excursion from Merv, Qotaiba was followed by a goodly following of local notables from Balkh

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and Badghis, who accompanied him to the banks of the Oxus, where the Prince of Saghianian met the Moslem Emir with gifts and a promise of tribute. The neighbouring rulers of Shuman and Akhrum likewise tendered their submission without offering any serious opposition. The following year Qotaiba led his army toward the district of Bokhara and after some severe fighting took the town of Baykan on its outskirts. Hajjaj seemed to think that his lieutenant was not pressing the Turks with sufficient vigour, and urged him to invade Bokhara, Kash, and Nasaf, without fear of mishaps, bidding him rely on Irak for sufficient and prompt reinforcements in case of necessity.

Qotaiba obeyed his senior's commands with scrupulous exactness, and before long crossed the Oxus once again, scattered the Turkish forces with incredible fury, forced the King of Bokhara to pay tribute, and overawed the Prince of Soghd into paying an enormous indemnity. The thoroughness of the methods of Moslem conquest were probably not realized by the Turks; in the first instance the sudden incursion of an army, the obligatory payment of an indemnity, the carrying off of women, were to them no new things in war; what was new was the sudden incorporation of a portion of the population into the nation of the invaders, the immediate enfranchisement and perhaps promotion of local chiefs who accepted Islam, the building of mosques and the gradual fading away of what had previously been the permanent order of things. Merv in the days of Qotaiba must have been as completely mohammedanized as Wasit; the armies of Qotaiba which numbered in all 111,000 men, contained not less than 7,000 natives of Khorasan, 80,000 troops of Basra and Kufa, among whom were perhaps natives of every province in Persia, while no more than 24,000 were pure Arabs of Arabia.*

Further, it is known that numerous local nobles accompanied the governor of Khorasan on his expeditions, and we may infer that unless they had accepted Islam, they would not have been permitted to join in the Jihad. During the first years the Turks may have failed to realize the full importance of what was happening, but when Qotaiba began pushing

* Tab. Cap. liv, vol. iv.

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still further north, even to the shores of the Aral sea, it became obvious that the achievements of the new comers resembled neither a fleeting invasion of nomads from the northern plains, nor yet the irregular operations of the Sassanian armies of the past, and at last the Turks perceived that the coils were tightening round them and engulfing them in a something that they did not understand.

One of the chiefs, who had yielded to Qotaiba and accepted the religion of the prophet, suddenly decided to endeavour to break the bonds that bound him and his people. He was Nizek, the lord of the region of Badghis. This noble, who had accompanied the conquering Emir on his last expedition, perhaps conceived that the Moslem power was extended over a vaster area than it had strength to administrate. Without raising any suspicions Nizek contrived to obtain leave of absence from the army, then slipped away with a small following to the hills of Khulun, on the slopes of the Hindu Kush. In that safe retreat the rebel king openly raised the standard of revolt, calling on all the surrounding princes to join him.

Alas! the Turk had shot his bolt too late. The Koran had too fast hold of the country to permit of its being thrown off; before the princes of Balkh, Mer er Rud, Taliqan, and Faryab could join Nizek, Qotaiba was upon them like a wolf on a sheep fold.

The pagan Turks ventured one battle, but the Moslems overthrew them without difficulty, and punishment followed in hideous shape. The prisoners were hanged in rows without mercy, and a gruesome avenue of gibbets, four parasangs in length, groaned and creaked under the weight of the dead bodies of those who had been captured.

The Turkish princes quailed before the ruthless severity of Qotaiba, and panic-stricken deserted their leader and accepted Islam finally and for ever. Nizek, abandoned by his countrymen, fled in dismay to a stronghold in the mountains of the Hindu Kush, whither the merciless Qotaiba pursued him. The Turk held out in his castle while the multitudes of the Arab Emir encompassed him on every side, but the walls were strong, and at the end of two months it became apparent

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to Qotaiba that approaching winter would free Nizek of his presence.

Now in the mind of the governor of Khorasan, began a long battle 'twixt expediency and conscience—a battle which had raged in many an Arabian brain, and which has scarcely ever but one issue. Nizek must be captured and slain; so long as he lived Islam was unsafe beyond the Oxus; but neither valour nor brute force could accomplish this end; Qotaiba's problem was, then, as to how he might betray the Turk without formal dishonour to himself.

Qotabia considered the matter for a while, then sent for Sulaim the counsellor, and said to him, "O Sulaim, fetch me hither Nizek, without giving him promise of his life. If he will not come without a promise then make a compact with him, but if thou returnest without him, assuredly I will hang thee." "O Emir," replied Sulaim, "give orders to the captains of the outposts that they do even as I command them." Qotaiba did as Sulaim desired, and the counsellor set out upon his mission. When he reached the outposts he bade the officers mark the road he should follow, and told them to secure the byways and paths leading to the fortress after he had left the Moslem lines. Having given these orders Sulaim then asked that he should be accompanied by a few beasts charged with a quantity of rich provisions. When these had been prepared, he advanced to the castle and having obtained admission was led into the presence of Nizek. "Hast thou come to betray me?" cried the Turk. "Nay," answered the counsellor, "surely I will not betray thee, though thou art indeed a rebel and a contriver." Nizek was appeased by this answer, "O Sulaim," he cried, "what would you have me do?" The Arab then informed the chieftain that Qotaiba had decided to prosecute the siege during the whole winter, even at the risk of losing his army. But Nizek was troubled; "I dare not," cried he, "surrender without promise of quarter." Sulaim must have felt the cord tightening about his throat when he heard this reply—"Surely," said he, "Qotaiba does not desire to slay thee; safest for thee would be to go to him secretly, then he cannot kill thee for very shame." The Turk hesitated; "These, then, are thy thoughts?" "Assuredly

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they are, O Nizek." The noose began to slacken, but closed again with a jerk when Nizek said, "And I think that Qotaiba will slay me the moment I come before him." Sulaim concealed his chagrin: "I have given thee good advice, take it or leave it, for now I must be returning." The simple Turk was completely deceived: "At least, O Sulaim, eat with us before leaving the castle." Once more the rope slipped on to the counsellor's shoulders. "Indeed," he replied, "I have brought food with me," and so saying, he ordered the animals to be unloaded. When the starving troops of the garrison saw the food, they rushed forward and devoured it. Nizek was overcome with confusion, and Sulaim, assuming the pitying compassion which a brave man bears to a noble enemy, said, "I spoke in good faith; assuredly I fear for thee lest thy followers betray thee; come with me to Qotaiba and, God willing, all will be well!"

But Nizek still hesitated so terribly, that again the cruel thongs pressed so hardly on Sulaim's throat that he cried, "O Nizek, has not quarter been promised thee; canst thou doubt my word?" and the Turk yielded to the diplomatist.

Shortly after Sulaim came forth from the castle accompanied by Nizek, who, as the gates closed behind them, was suddenly filled with apprehension: "O Sulaim, if a man ever knew the hour of his death, I am he—I die when I meet Qotaiba." Sulaim endeavoured to calm his fears. A little further down the path the men whom Sulaim had concealed intercepted the Turkish escort that followed the party.

"Here is the first trap," muttered Nizek. "Nay," cried Sulaim, "it were better for thee that they should not follow us." Qotaiba now that he had his enemy in his clutches blushed to strike a dishonourable blow, and desiring some excuse he sent word to ask Hajjaj what should be the fate of the prisoner. As well ask a wolf what should be done with a strayed lamb; in forty days the answer came commanding the Turk's instant execution.

Qotaiba, after the fashion of his people when desirous of doing wrong in a genteel fashion, now began to work himself up into a state of righteous indignation. "Thou hast no promise of mercy from me," he cried, when Nizek was led

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before him. "Not from thee indeed, but from Sulaim," replied the Turk. "Thou liest, enemy of God," roared Qotaiba, "no one would grant quarter to such a villain as thou art"; and Nizek was led back to prison for Qotaiba was still uneasy. Unable to satisfy himself, he asked his followers for advice: The fanatic said, "He is the enemy of God, slay him," the just said, "Thou hast granted him quarter, thou canst not false thy oath," and the worldly, "If thou dost not order his execution the troops will rebel." Torn by conflicting emotions Qotaiba bowed his head, and then cried out, "O God, if I die pronouncing the words kill him, still I pronounce them—let him die"; and Nizek and his sons died on the word.

After the battle of Nizek Qotaiba undertook the conquest of Transoxania, in earnest, and for six years pursued his victorious course unhampered and unchecked. There seemed for the moment to be no limit to the possible empire which was unfolding itself before the Moslem conquerors. Each year added new territories, new vassals, and new peoples to the Moslem dominion; now it extended only to Kish and Nakhshab, a year later the whole region of Khwarizm yielded—its prince, people, cities, and districts, without striking a blow—and the banners of the Beni Temim reflected in the icy waters of the Aral sea; another year passed, and Qotaiba turned eastward and established his rule in Samarkand, Shash, and Farghana; another twelve months elapsed, and his advance guards were in Kashgar, and his ambassadors treating with the Emperor of China; from Kashgar to Basra is a distance of about 2,000 miles.

We stand amazed at these conquests, words fail one when the magnitude of the achievements is realized. Where is Medina? Where is Bedr? And where is Kashgar? What is this unknown force that has burst upon the world? What manner of men are these Moslems? There is nothing in history to equal their tale—this is not the conquest of Alexander with the culture of Greece, the valour of Macedonia and his own unfettered genius to aid him, nor is it the dull impact of a barbarian horde thrusting blindly in search of victual and pasture, nor yet is it the slow and deliberate

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annexation of various small states by an overwhelming organization, as in the case of Rome—it is the Arab of the desert, into whose head an idea has come, and he is giving that idea to the world.

Suddenly a change came over Khorasan and the dominions of the North. News was brought that Hajjaj, the governor of Irak, was dead, that Walid the Khalif had followed him to the grave, and that Sulayman, the son of Abdel Malik, was now commander of the Faithful.

Now Qotaiba and Hajjaj, at the instigation of Walid, had long opposed the succession of Sulayman, who they knew detested them both and would degrade them at the first opportunity, consequently when Qotaiba learned that both his patron and his prince were dead, and that Sulayman was Khalif, he knew that his dreams of Eastern conquest were at an end, and that unless he bestirred himself quickly, he would soon be outlawed or exiled.

The man who had conquered Transoxania was not one to relinquish his spoils without a struggle. He marshalled his armies and busied himself with preparation for rebellion, intrigued with the local chiefs whom he had conquered and converted, sounding his officers and bribing his troops, but all did not go smoothly; something was amiss; the Turkish and Persian lords seemed cold, the Emirs looked at him askance, the soldiers were sullen; Qotaiba then realized that long before the death of Walid the agents of Sulayman had been working in secret, undermining his influence and spreading dissension among his followers. Nor had this been a difficult task, since the governorship of Khorasan was a tempting bait to many a traitor, and the downfall of Qotaiba might prove the making of many a lesser man.

Qotaiba decided to risk all in a public appeal to his Arabian troops; he harangued the Arabs since it was they who formed the nucleus and cohesive portion of his army; he prayed to God, he told them of the victories he had gained for them, the spoils he had given them; he reminded them of the wretched and profitless exploits they had been engaged in before they came under his command; he asked them whether

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they would still serve him, or whether they would rather be led by his predecessor, Yazid the son of Mohallab, the incompetent favourite of the new Khalif.

The Arabs listened to his address in stony silence, not a single syllable escaped them, not a man uttered a word of applause.

Qotaiba knew that he had been betrayed, and with the knowledge came rage and fury, and in his passion he spoke from his heart: "May God have no mercy on the fool who puts his trust in such men as you! By God, ye can crack a woman's skull, for you are valiant men! Would you save me in peace or war? You raft punters who have dropped barge poles to take up lances! You trash of the desert, you faithless liars! Did I not find you driving asses and plodding behind oxen? Have I not filled you with wealth and riches and made the lords of Persia your slaves?" But the Arabs would not move, and Qotaiba withdrew into his palace consumed with wrath. His friends told him he had insulted the Shaykhs of the Beni Wail and put to shame the noblest of his followers, but Qotaiba was too angry to care. "Nobles!" he cried, "Nobles! they are wither-wrung camels haled together for the tax gatherer! Nobles! nay, the Beni Wail are pimps! The Beni Temim are baboons! The Abdul Kays are ghouls of the waste! By God, if ever I master them I will break their backs!"

Well might Qotaiba rage at the perfidy of his followers, he might perhaps have remembered the fate of the hapless Nizek, but very little time remained to him. The Arab troops were urged on to mutiny, and though Qotaiba managed for a time to keep the support of a few Persians and Turks, it was not for long, he died, sword in hand, fighting to the last against the very men whom he had so often led to victory. As he lay dying, he extemporized a couplet in bitter taunt against his faithless troops:

"A son of mine, in youth I taught the bowman's craft,
Now grown a man, on me that bowman turns his shaft."

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PART II. THE WEST

HAVING thus described briefly the course pursued by the Moslem Emirs, Hajjaj and Qotaiba, in the East, we must now endeavour to trace the tendency of history during the reigns of Abdel Malik and Walid in the West. The task is by no means easy, since the authorities are vague and fragmentary, and the historians of the time, both Arabian and Greek, are far more engrossed in recording the intrigues and revolutions of the palaces of Constantinople and Damascus, than in describing with any detail or accuracy the campaigns and raids in Asia Minor and Armenia.

The glamour of the conquests of the Moslems in Spain and Transoxania seems to have blinded the historians as to events which took place on the Roman frontier. The Byzantines lived in an age too chaotic and confused to permit of their relating with much discrimination a sequence of petty disasters and victories in the distant provinces, mishaps and successes which paled before the more terrible calamities which were continually occurring in Constantinople and its immediate neighbourhood. Abdel Malik must have been glad to resign the government of the East to so able a servant as Hajjaj, since the distractions with which he was surrounded at Damascus must have made it impossible for him to attend in person to his more distant and inaccessible provinces. After Hajjaj had left for Iraq, the Khalif realized that in the West at least Islam had suffered a grievous set back during the last stages of his struggle with Ibn Zobair. North Africa had completely revolted, the newly founded city of Kaerawan had been lost, while the Greeks of Asia Minor and Christians of Armenia were beginning to assume a more hostile attitude than before. Abdel Malik accordingly prepared to engage in a threefold battle; one army he dispatched to North Africa under Hassan ibn Noman, a second to guard the passes of the Amanus under Mohammed ibn Merwan, while a third under Othman ibn Walid he sent out to threaten Armenia in the direction of Diarbekir.

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In Africa the Moslems were uniformly successful, the rebels were dispersed and re-converted, and an independent campaign was set on foot for the conquest of the whole of the northern coast of the continent. The Armenian expedition appears to have been met with little opposition, the town was taken, and seemingly the Moslems would appear to have entered into semi-peaceful negotiations with the nobles of the northern tableland.

However, the army destined for Asia Minor met with less success, since Justinian, the last of the emperors of the House of Heraklius, had now at his disposal sufficient troops not only to check, but actually to attack, the invaders.

The outbreak of hostilities between Constantinople and Damascus may be attributed to the fact that neither side was any longer obliged by circumstances to observe the peace which both parties had bound themselves, perhaps reluctantly, to maintain.

Justinian had been unable to attack Abdel Malik owing to the continual encroachments of the Bulgarians into Macedonia,* the Khalif, on the other hand, was in perpetual dread of the armies of Ibn Zobair; strangely enough, Justinian administered a decisive defeat to the Bulgarians almost at the same time as the troops of Abdel Malik captured Mecca. Once the Moslem and Christian rulers were free from fear of an attack from within, war between them became a matter of certainty, the nature of the formal excuse for breaking the peace mattered but little to either. As it happened it was Justinian who threw down the gage, taking as his reason for war the fact that the Arabs had latterly paid the treaty tribute in coin of their own manufacture.

The ensuing campaign was undecided. The Moslems obtained some early successes, but were nearly surrounded and destroyed by the Imperial armies, and would certainly not have made good their escape from Cilicia, whither they had penetrated, had it not been for the desertion of the Bulgarian troops, who had been recruited by Justinian from among the prisoners he had made in Macedonia.

* So imperative had Eastern tranquility been to the Greeks, that as we have seen, they had even agreed to keep the Maronites in order.

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Had Justinian been a man of any ability or worth, he might at this juncture have retrieved the disasters which had befallen the Empire during the preceding century, but the degenerate prince took no advantage of his opportunity; instead of pursuing his retreating enemies, he returned to Constantinople, where, with the assistance of a monk and eunuch, he contrived by extortion, cruelty, and misgovernment, to make himself so odious that the people, having deposed him, sent him to exile in the Crimea, and set up a general named Leontius in his place.

With the overthrow of Justinian the Empire of Constantinople entered upon an epoch of confusion and chaos, such as it had not experienced since its severance from the West. In 695 Justinian was deposed by Leontius, in 698 Leontius was hurled from his throne by Tiberius Aspimar, in 705 Justinian escaped from exile and was reinstated, only to be slain and replaced after a brief but bloody reign by Philippicus Bardanes in 711. His assassin enjoyed the throne until 713, when he was blinded and exiled by Anastasius II., who in his turn fell a victim to Theodosius III. in 716, who was himself dethroned by Leo the Isaurian two years later.

During this period of upheaval the Moslems were able to harass and ravage the Imperial provinces without fear of meeting other than local troops, or being put to any greater trouble or risk than was incurred by the siege of the various towns and castles which they attacked. During the reign of Abdel Malik they pushed their African conquests as far as Carthage, and apparently obtained the submission of Armenia.

After the accession of Walid Maslama, the son of Abdel Malik penetrated further into Asia Minor, and temporarily occupied the cities of Heraklia, Armorium, Amasia, Malatia, and Somosata.

On the death of Walid one may assume that the northern limit, separating the Empire of the Khalifate from that of Constantinople, would have been correctly marked by a line stretching from Marash to Malatia. Northward and westward of that line the Moslems raided annually, but seem to have made no attempt to form any lasting or permanent conquest. The explanation of this curious failure of the Arabs perhaps

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lies in geographical and ethnological conditions prevailing beyond the Taurus.

The rugged mountains were inhabited by a warlike and independent peasantry, forming a combination which proved a greater stumbling block to the Arabs, than a highly civilized agricultural tract, or a region of steppes with a nomadic population. In Syria and Irak the Moslems could seize and adapt the existing machinery of government to their own ends, in Transoxania and Merv the cavalry could easily harass the nomads into subjection, but in the Taurus they could obtain no foothold, since the gradual subjection of the mountaineers was unremunerative, and consequently distasteful to them, while the capture and occupation of the cities of the Greeks gave them no hold over the surrounding population. But if the operations against the Christians in Asia were unfruitful, the campaign in Africa had been glorious in the extreme.

As Walid lay dying in Damascus his two Emirs, Tarik and Musa, hurried to the capital to inform him that not only was the whole of North Africa, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, subject to him, but that Spain had been conquered, the armies of the Faithful were encamped at the foot of the Pyrenees, their fleets were ravaging the Mediterranean seaboard of France and Italy.

[To be continued]

MARK SYKES

HUMOUR IN HELLAS

(N.B.—At the outset I must beg the indulgence of all who read the following paper, for it was written far away from any books on the subject, even a text of Aristophanes; so I quote necessarily at haphazard from the ragbag of an imperfect memory.—L.W.H.)

I have been asked to write something, preferably about Aristophanes, for the *Ampleforth Journal*. Now this is a formidable task, in face of a community so versed in Aristophanic interpretation and production as the Ampleforth public; I feel therefore it is something of a dispensation of Providence that we have ourselves just had (last February) a performance of the *Acharnians* at Oxford, which will at least provide me with a text; and still more that I myself then undertook the part of an elderly coal-heaver (for certainly, both in appearance and behaviour, the sturdy charcoal-burners of Acharnae were their nearest Greek equivalent), and capered with Corybantic vigour¹ to the strains of that reincarnate spirit of the Old Comedy, whom Oxford now knows and loves as *Parrystophanes*.

I have been in the chorus of two Aristophanes plays (the *Frogs*, in 1909, was the other), and for sheer exhilaration to the performer I know nothing like it, whether one is for the moment a youthful mystic of hyacinthine locks, or a most practical and pugnacious greybeard. A combination of Aristophanes and Parry certainly gets into the blood. But what is perhaps more surprising (and one thought of it often in the idle moments on the stage) was the evident delight of the people on the other side of the footlights. One can hardly help asking oneself, "How far are these folk, that sit and laugh at us, laughing at the same things that were laughed at when

¹ In this connection a fellow χορευτής has lately pointed me out a most apt quotation from the ancients (*Antaeonitica* 37)—

φαλοῖς γέροντα τερονέων,
φαλοῖς ἄνθρωποι χυρονέων
ἂν ἔδ' ἔγνων χυρονέων
τρέχουσ' ἄγρως μὲν ἄρτι,
ταῖς δὲ φέρονται καλάσι.

And certainly our *Acharnians'* chorus belled their white hairs when it came to dancing.

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this play was first performed in B.C. 425? And how far can the experiment of serving up the humour of one generation long passed to tickle the palate of another be ever really successful? This in its turn suggests the question, "Wherein did the Greek sense of humour differ from, and wherein did it resemble our own?" And "arising out of that question," as they say in the House, "What is humour?" But there I find myself face to face with a question to which, so far as I know, no one has yet been able to find an answer; the reason I take it being that every country and every age have, apparently, very different ideas of what is humorous. Compare *Simplicissimus* (which hails from Munich) with our English *Punch*, and you will see what I mean; compare again the pages of *Punch* to-day with those of *Punch* fifty years ago; still more, compare Aristophanes with Menander, and you will come to the same conclusion. We aren't laughing, for the most part, at the same sort of things at all.

Why then does the present day undergraduate laugh at Aristophanes? (for he undoubtedly does). One can understand the Don doing so; after all it is in a sense his profession; he is paid to find out what the jokes are, and to explain them with due elaboration in lecture three times a week. But does the undergraduate laugh for that reason? Unless he happens to be taking the play for Mods. that Term, he certainly does not understand more than one-tenth of the jokes that Aristophanes showers upon his audience with such amazing openhandedness; yet it would be unfair to suggest that he merely re-echoes the genteel chuckle of the initiated which reaches him from the middle of the front row of the dress circle. Putting aside the music (which is certainly far more humorous to us than that of Aristophanes's day was ever to a Greek, inasmuch as modern music has at its command infinitely more resources of humorous expression), what does he laugh at?

This perplexed me for some time, until I saw that there was only one way of solving the problem, and that was to find out what he *doesn't* laugh at. In other words, we must try and find out in what precisely the genius of Aristophanes consists, and eliminate from it all those constituents which cannot be expected to appeal to the modern spectator who is not a

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Greek scholar of considerable attainments. What remains will be, presumably, the answer to our question.

First of all, we must sweep away at once that whole province of the humorous which makes its effect by the manipulation of words, simply because it will not be understood. What an immense deal this means we can hardly realize at once. We begin dimly to see what it means if we consider the work of some modern humorist, say that of W. S. Gilbert. I suppose that Gilbert on the whole has created more wholesome laughter during the last forty years than any other Englishman alive or dead. Now try and think of Gilbert without his principal means of expression—his language; take away his uncanny deftness of phrase, the amazing spontaneity of his rhymes and rhythms; the endless surprises of his dialogue, the liquid clearness of his lyrics, his exquisite vein of parody.¹ Try and take away all this from Gilbert—it simply can't be done; he isn't the same man without it.

Yet Aristophanes has every one of these qualities; has them,

¹ I quote an instance or two at random (more to illustrate Aristophanes than Gilbert), though jokes without their context are little better than mustard without beef.

For spontaneous rhymes this, from *Puthéne*, would be hard to beat.

- A. You go to him and say to him with complement ironical,
"Your style is much too sanctified, your cut is too classical.
I was the beau idéal of the morbid young aesthetical,
To doubt my inspiration was regarded as heretical,
Until you cut me out with your placidity aemtical!"
B. I'll tell him that unless he will consent to be more ocular,
To cut his curly hair, and stick an eyelass in his ocular,
To dine on chops and roly-poly peddling with avidity,
He'd better clear away with all convenient rapidity.

For a surprise (*παρά προσδοκίαν*) in the course of conversation, one may instance this from the *Méagre*.

- A. He is the young man who used to play so beautifully on—
B. The Marine Parade?

A. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

For a song which really sings itself, so intoxicating is the rhythm, "Tell a Tale of Cock and Bull," from the *Yemenes of the Guard*. This is how it begins—

Hereupon we're both agreed,
All that we two
Do agree to,
We'll secure by solemn deed,
To prevent all
Error mental, etc.

But one could multiply instances *ad libitum*.

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too, in a higher degree than Gilbert; for he is in all seriousness one of the few supreme masters of language who have ever lived. I say without hesitation that for his complete appreciation Aristophanes demands a closer and more intimate study of language than any ancient author, not excepting Virgil and Sophocles. It is a very pale shadow of him that even the best translation gives us. He has twice Gilbert's lyrical gifts: had he wished, he could have made a name among the very few great masters of pure lyric poetry; for he can make a verse "sing" as irresistibly as Euripides or Shelley.¹ He rivals Rabelais himself in his amazing flood of verbiage, while he has a far greater discrimination in the use of it;² and then there is his truly marvellous parody, of which only the most careful and scrutinizing scholarship can reveal the full extent, for, alas! we have lost most of the originals. Parody well executed is one of the subtlest forms of humour, because it demands a real appreciation of style. But its finer points are lost in a translation. All of us who know Greek can no doubt laugh at the immortal *ὑπερίων ἀπώλερον* in the *Frogs*—the tag which Aeschylus brings in with such fatally appropriate persistence to cap the first sentence of all Euripidean prologues; even those of us who don't may smile at "found his umbrella gone" (Prof. Murray's brilliant translation of the same); but when the Boeotian (superbly played at Oxford) addresses the Copicæ el he has brought to market with the true Euripidean ring—

*ἑπίσβερα πενήματα Κοπιῶνα κοῦν*³

εἰςθά ταῦτε, κητήραται τῆ ἑνέ

("Thou eldest of Copsai's fifty maids,

Come out, and give the gentleman good-day.")

—the ripple that goes round the house is not for the delicious joke, but only for the obviously "property" eel which is

¹ The great parados in the *Clouds*, the parabasis of the *Birds*, the Chorus of the Initiated in the *Frogs*, all once suggest themselves.

² We may instance the chorus that precedes the great context in the *Frogs* (ll. 814-829), where Aeschylus and Euripides are each characterized, not only by every epithet, but every sound in the rushing verse—The one *ῥήματα γομφοπαγῆ πυκρόνδ' ἀποσπῆν γρηγὰ φασίματι*, the other *ἔσθεν δὲ σταματοργός ἐνὶ βασιανίστρια λίσθη γλῶσσ' ἀνελισσομένη φθονερός αἰοῦσα χαλίνοιν*. One can't translate; just to repeat the words is enough.

³ The original Euripides is *επίσβερα πενήματα Νηηίδων κοῦν*.

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pulled out of the basket; as for the sly slips in and out of tragic diction and rhythm, generally to be rounded off by some audacious *παρὰ προαίτια* (the "Marine Parade" joke raised, as it were, to the *nth* power) these, so dear to the heart of an Athenian audience, are now lost for ever. Even the contest between Aeschylus and Euripides in the *Frogs*, perhaps the most brilliant *tour de force* in the whole of ancient literature, had, as I felt in 1909, completely lost its savour for the modern spectator, and must perforce be bolstered up with some rather cheap stage business. O shade of Aristophanes! "Where be your gibes, now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" Dead as poor Yorick's; they are become the dust laden *minutiae* of scholarship. It is a real tragedy, this appalling waste of so much superb fooling; but it must needs play itself out every time that a comedy of Aristophanes is produced before an English audience.

Thus, then, all humour of words is lost: and the second great characteristic of Aristophanic genius, which a modern performance must of necessity absolutely miss, is its superb audacity. It is just "playing with fire"; there is no other expression that fits. Take the *Acharnians* for instance: the sting of the play is exclusively topical: a question of peace and war between two Hellenic communities two thousand years ago. How can it touch us now as it did the Athenians then? More than once that week I found myself wondering how we could have really felt if we had been playing the *Acharnians* before the real Acharnians themselves, those hearts of oak, sturdy men of Marathon, tough as maple,¹ who had for six years with their own eyes seen their cherished vines and oliveyards burnt down yearly by the invaders from Sparta. Or again, I tried to imagine the breathless hush when Dicaeopolis first made his great oration for peace, his head on the block, to men for whom peace or war was a matter of life or death. It seemed almost irreverent to be playing their part in a light-hearted vein before an after-dinner audience, who

¹ cf. *Acharnians* (l. 179).

προσβριταί τινες
ἄχαρῖνοι στείλοι γέροντες πρόνοι
ἀπεράμηνος Μαραθωνομάχοι σφεδράμηνος.

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knew little and cared less about the rights and wrongs of Spartan or Athenian. We can only vaguely grasp what it might have meant to Athens, if we try to reach at a parallel. Say that in the blackest weeks of the South African War the whole British Army, from Sir Redvers Buller downwards, and more especially Mr Joseph Chamberlain, had been made the target of the most wanton and irreverent abuse at a London music hall, and an ideal of peace had been suggested wherein Oom Paul should march hand in hand to St Paul's Cathedral with Queen Victoria. The very thing is unthinkable: even were it thinkable it would be no parallel: for in an enormous society like that of modern London, to none of the audience in the cushioned stalls of a modern variety theatre would peace and war be a matter which might spell life and death that same year, as it did to the audience on the stone benches of the Theatre of Dionysius. I simply can't give you a parallel; but you see the idea. The Acharnians were just mad to be at Sparta: and to produce a peace manifesto at that moment required amazing pluck on the part of the playwright, and—well, what can we call it?—an extraordinary breadth of view (which is, in other words, an extraordinary sense of humour) on the part of the audience.

Or again, think of the *Knights*, the very next year. When I talked to some of you about Aristophanes two years ago, I tried to give some slight idea of what the Political Comedy of Athens really meant to her, by translating the *Knights* into modern guise as a Tory attack on the National Insurance Bill, with Mr Lloyd George in the part of Cleon. But I did not then say what I ought to have said, that we must try and think of that comedy as performed on the first night with Mr Lloyd George sitting in the front row of the stalls; nor indeed is it possible to find any parallel to Cleon in the English politics of to-day. To Aristophanes, as to Thucydides, he was a far more formidable and looming figure than even the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.¹ Think, under the

¹ Thucydides calls him in Book III, βλαβύτερος τῶν πολιτῶν καὶ τῶ δόξῃ παρὰ πολλοὺς πιθανώτατος. "The most violent of the citizens and by far the most persuasive to the populace." Not very different words have been used on occasions of the statesman I have mentioned. Aristophanes calls Cleon every bad name under the sun, but especially *παφλάγγων*, 'The blasterer.'

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circumstances, what success or failure with the *Knights* meant to Aristophanes. He was attacking with a superb recklessness the most outstanding figure at Athens at the very height of his power and influence (for only a few months before, Cleon had brought off his famous coup at Pylos, where better generals than himself had failed), attacking, too, an enemy the weight of whose hand he had already felt;¹ and not merely abusing him as an individual, but indicting the whole of his public policy. He staked on this attack (and he was not yet 25) the whole of his professional reputation, perhaps even his rights as a citizen,²—and he won first prize. The keenest witted public in the world caught the humour of it, and were tickled with such sublime audacity. True, he had the *jeunesse dorée* to back him;³ but even so, the feelings of no modern stage-manager on no first night can be conceivably compared to those of Aristophanes on that occasion; nor could any modern performance of the play give the tenseness, the real sense of vital struggle, which underlies all its light-hearted buffoonery. This particular “insouciance” seems to me to be an unique quality of the Greek Comic Genius, and can only be explained, as I tried to explain it on a previous occasion, by reference to the unique civilization in which it flourished.

But if the main themes of the plays have lost their zest, what are we to say of the thousand and one minor jests which rely for their effect on a knowledge of the character who is the target of the poet's fun? On the stage, at least, where jokes are banded swiftly, their flavour is gone for ever: it is as fleeting as the whimsical vagaries of Cockney humour. Even in the study, where our commentaries tell us that Cleonymus

¹ cf. the reference in the *Acharnians* (ll. 377-82). Cleon had prosecuted him, after the ‘Babylonians’ (B.C. 426), for speaking evil of the city in the presence of the allies. ‘I nearly went under,’ says Ar., ‘with all his dirty business.’ (ἀλίγος πᾶν ἀποκίρηρ ἡλινοσπερρημιστοῦρος.)

² Immediately after the *Knights* Cleon seems to have proceeded against him on a *γραφὴ ἕνεσις*, alleging that his parentage did not entitle him to the rights of citizenship. But as he remained a citizen, it presumably either failed or was not carried through.

³ Otherwise, of course, he would never have dared to bring on the stage his chorus of *ἱερείς*.

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was a fat man who threw away his shield (the “Athenian Falstaff”), that Cinesias was spindle shanked and wrote bad verses; that the sons of Carcinus piroquetted vilely, and that Melanthius and Morsimus wrote execrable tragedies; and that Aristophanes is never tired of laughing at them—even then we do not feel that any of these things are now very amusing: but suppose one had been sitting next to the unfortunates at the theatre!

The fact is that for the ordinary man all that humour which depends on the time and the place of jesting has evaporated from the pages of Aristophanes. Indeed, even the humour of *Patience* has partly evaporated for our own generation, whose aesthetes are more brutal and less banal; and no doubt the *Punch* of 1914 will smack strangely insipid to the palates of 1940. For this humour is a volatile essence; while Tragedy concerns itself for the most part with the more stable components of human morality, Comedy's province is rather to deal with manners, and even more with that aping of manners which is called “fashion.” And as the fashions and crazes and whims and vagaries, and all that lies on the surface of human society, change and change again, so does the humour which plays upon that surface change from generation to generation, almost from year to year.

I return to battle with my main point. What then is left for our plain man to laugh at? He has no time to appreciate the language, though hurled at him with an infinite zest by the actors; no background which will enable him to capture the fleeting allusions; little interest in the burning questions at issue. Does he merely roar at the antics of his friends' acting, or at frankly modern jokes introduced in the stage “business?” At the *Acharnians* it seemed to me that they laughed at much more than that; they laughed because the play caught them, leaping the gap of two thousand years at a bound, and going home to them as really good fun. And

¹ I am thinking of a certain joke in the *Acharnians* introduced, or, I should rather say, evolved by Dicaeopolis on his own authority, concerning the appearance of a cheese; this grew, grew nightly, till it attained colossal dimensions, much to the amusement of the audience. But who knows whether Attic cheese, too, may not have had the ‘ambrosial odour’ and those divine qualities of life and motion which we attribute to the modern Gorgonzola?

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that is more, I venture to say, than would have happened had they been listening to a play by Menander or Terence.

We have seen that there is a humour which is topical : but there is also a humour which is primeval and eternal. There are certain types of jest which to the healthy human animal never lose their savour. They are common to all times and all peoples ; and their essence is in 'Punch and Judy' or the 'Harlequinade.' You can't get over the fact, for instance, that stout old gentlemen running after their own hats have always been, and will continue to remain, extremely funny to the end of time. Falstaff's stomach, Bardolph's purple nose ("do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in Hell-fire"), a man dressed up as a woman (though strangely a woman dressed as a man evokes a humour of quite a different type often akin to the pathetic), the Comic Policeman, the hind legs of the Donkey, the triumphs of the Clown over the Pantaloon, of the *βωμολοχοί* over the *διδάσκων*, they are all of a sort ; for all the bag and baggage of Harlequin and his company, with as much physical violence as is humanly possible, have provided elemental mirth ever since man stood on two legs.

If we ask *why* these things are funny, there is really no safe answer. Partly no doubt it is the sense of the incongruous, the feeling that a policeman is an essentially serious person, or that stout elderly gentlemen really ought not to run after their own hats. Several attempts have been made to explain the "sense of humour" on the ground that is a quick perception of the incongruous, and, we might add, a perception of what is out of proportion. Bardolph's nose is funny because it transgresses all canons of nasality ; it has no right to be so big or so red.

Now what remains of Aristophanes, if you take away the exquisite wit and literary grace of his language, and the aptness of his topical humour, is essentially stuff of this primeval sort. His best situations are funny because they are triumphs of incongruity. The Megarian's little girls dressed up as pigs and squeaking in Dicaeopolis' market-place ;¹ Trygaeus soaring to Heaven on a dung-beetle ; Prometheus hiding

¹ This scene in particular was an enormous success at Oxford.

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under an umbrella to escape the thunderbolts of Zeus ; Dionysius forced to take a whipping with his slave, and when protesting immortality, finally silenced with the remark, "So much the better ; if you're immortal, you won't feel it" ; these are all the absurdities of genius. And then there never were such characters ; they are all gloriously super-human, utterly exaggerated ; his heroes unmatched in effrontery and resource, his villains of the deepest dye. No nonsense here about truth to human nature ; nothing like Menander's realism which drew the admiring epigram—

Ὁ Μένανδρος καὶ βίε,

πότερος ἢ ὁ ἄλλος κότερον ἀνεμιμήσατο

("Life and Menander, life's twin brother,

Which of you was it that copied the other?")

Socrates, Lamachus, Cleon, are not really characters at all, but the cruellest of caricatures, guys to be burnt, scarecrows to be shied at ; the main thing is not to be lifelike, but lively.

This brings me to my real point ; it is vitality which is the keynote of this elemental humour, and the means by which it makes its universal appeal ; vitality exaggerated and misplaced if you will, but buoyant, effervescing, unflagging. With a drooping Harlequin and a *blasé* clown nothing could be done. Aristophanic comedy is after all just one more proof that it is a good world we live in. And so it is I think that Aristophanes may be and must be best played by young people with a large fund of pure animal spirits, and that undergraduate actors may succeed where middle-aged professional actors might fail. Subtlety of technique, with a few possible exceptions (perhaps Euripides in the *Frogs* is one) would be completely thrown away on Aristophanes ; there is no room as in Menander or Molière for the *nuances* of high comedy acting ; and on the other hand over-acting, the chief fault of young actors, is practically out of the question. The great thing is to keep the fun going fast and furious. It won't do to play Aristophanes with the gloves on, or to worry about details of archaeological fitness ; to catch the real spirit of exuberance the jokes may even be broadened and modernized. It is because Parry sees this so well that his music really helps one to the spirit of the play. Ragtime, Tango, the "British

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Grenadiers," "Rule Britannia," the "Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the whole tone scale and other modern horrors—all is grist to his mill. Truly a scandalously irreverent medley, wherein there is no respect of persons; but one which for that reason exactly translates the author. While even to think of setting those lyrics to archaeologically correct Greek music turns one cold with horror.

It is melancholy to think that this uproarious vitality soon forsook not only Aristophanes' successors, but even the old poet himself. I need not recall how at the turn of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. with the extinction of the Athenian Empire and the ideals of a Periclean *polis* a total change came over the whole of Athenian life and literature. For our purpose it is only germane to note that while the fifth century had been with all its glorious achievement in art and literature pre-eminently an age of action, the fourth century became an age of speculation. Or perhaps it would be better to say that the first was an age of creation, the second one of criticism. Certainly "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; and nowhere is the change of outlook more conspicuous than in comedy. The *Frogs* is the last blaze of an expiring glory before the fire goes out. When the light comes again, it is to show Political Comedy passing into a Comedy of Manners; the inconsequent buffoonery of the Harlequinade is replaced by the more subtle attractions of plot, character, and innuendo; the exaggerated and monstrous, like an uncouth vision, fades away before the human and natural; the eternal humour of liveliness gives way to the topical humour of the lifelike. For the surest way of conveying an impression of truth in comic presentation is to avoid the grotesque and inconsequent, and seize hold of the passing phase in gesture, speech, or thought, which the spectators can meet and recognize in the humdrum world of everyday. Aristotle has a typically fourth-century outlook, not that of an intensely busy, hard-hitting practical folk, but that of a genteel and leisured urbane society. "Those who exceed in their laughter," he says in the *Ethics*, "would seem to be buffoons and of the vulgar sort; for they have a passion for the laughable, and aim rather at creating a laugh than

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at observing the decencies without offence to the man laughed at." And again, "One can see the difference if one looks first at the Old, and then at the New, Comedy: for the one considered the laughable to consist in abuse (*atepoptopia*), the other in innuendo (*énoia*), and so far as decency goes there is a deal of difference between the two." As he often does in the *Ethics*, Aristotle has hit the nail on the head; the New Comedy observes the decencies, while the Old Comedy certainly did not. He does not go on to add, as he might have done, that the respectable is sometimes perilously akin to the dull. For when Aristophanes (think of it!) turns to observing the decencies, as he does in the *Plutus* (B.C. 388), we feel that he hardly avoids the dull.

But here a point may strike us, that surely Aristotle is right when he condemns the indecent abuse of the Old Comedy; for surely a great deal of it to our thinking is in the worst of taste. No "gentleman," we think, could possibly have been guilty of the references to Euripides' mother ("the green-grocery business") with which Aristophanes makes such play from the *Acharnians* to the *Frogs*. It is simply sheer bad manners. No doubt, if you are going to allow standards of taste to come in at all. But the fact remains that the primeval humour of savage or schoolboy ignores such canons altogether. It was exceedingly bad taste in Falstaff to make allusions to the colour and size of Bardolph's nose: but it is undeniably funny; and the thing is to make your audience laugh. I am afraid that most of the eternally humorous things take little account of the feelings of the person jested upon. The humour of the harlequinade would be very cruel, if you regarded it from the pantaloons' point of view; and the fourth century B.C., an age the distinguishing marks of which were a quick refinement of sympathy and a larger toleration for the weak and unfortunate,¹ was bound to condemn the brutal outspokenness of its predecessors. The distinction between the schoolboy and the University man is no inapt comparison. I believe some anthropologists allege that individual man goes through something of the same development psychologically

¹ Note, for instance, that *φιλάνθρωπος* is an adjective not found till the fourth century.

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as human society. If so, the boy is the semi-savage, intensely vigorous, with fundamentally healthy animal instincts, a superstitious reverence for tradition, and a great capacity for self-sacrifice and loyalty to the clan; but not, in the mass, merciful to the weaker brethren. Hence his humour; a German Jew is at once dubbed "Abraham," another with a big nose is straightway "Beaks"; any idiosyncrasy of dress or expression is condemned in no measured terms; the unpopular or odd does not merely provoke a tolerant smile, but the most violent abuse; and so it is that the human boy is licked or kicked into shape. The result is, in many cases, a community of extraordinary efficiency. At the University a more civilized, more gentle, more "genteel" habit of thought prevails; public opinion is far less compelling, and individual opinion has far more scope and freedom; cranks and oddities are not only tolerated, but studied for their own sake; and on the other side, the really vicious and unhealthy is often not forcibly stamped upon (except on occasional Saturday nights), but simply left to its own evil devices; hence a community far more civilized and charming, but, it may be, less efficient and healthy as a whole. I believe that is in essence the difference between the Athens of the fifth century and the fourth.

It is certainly the difference between Aristophanes and Menander (and, if you like, between Rabelais and Molière). With the former no quarter is asked or given. He is as savage as a Tory colonel on the Ulster question. There is no pretence of seeing the other man's point of view; if he doesn't agree with you, "By gad, sir, don't tell me; he's an infernal rascal," and so on; you can supply the epithets at will. So Socrates and Cleon and Euripides are doing their best to ruin our Athens. Shall we stand by and smilingly watch their pranks? Good heavens, no. Off with your coat and into the fight; kick them and beat them and pound them and thump them, if perchance they, too, may yet become honest citizens.

Life was too busy in the fifth century at Athens for any one to stand and look on. Did not Pericles say in the Funeral Speech, "We alone of Greeks consider the man of no business a man of no use" (*μόνον τῶν Ἀθηναίων ἀχρηστὸν νομίζομεν*)? Aeschylus

Humour in Hellas

fought at Marathon; Sophocles commanded a fleet; Euripides was the first of the race of "Study Poets," and he was well laughed at for his pains.¹ But in the fourth century others took after his example. There, as in our own modern life, the lookers on were many; and there is no doubt that in a sense they see most of the human game, and put down most truly what they see with ink on paper. For them Comedy is the Mirror of Life, and not its distortion. Yet, for all that, one is sometimes glad to turn from the glass of fashion to something more naked and primitive. To every sane man there comes a desire once in a while to go mad and have "a real night out"; and we feel that Aristophanes is one of the healthiest "nights out" which our jaded humanity has ever spent.

L. W. HUNTER

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¹ This, of course, is the point of the extremely funny scene in the *Acharnians* (ll. 393-479), where he is rolled out, stony and all, perched high above the stage; he is so busy writing plays "he really has no time to come down."

THE WHITE CHURCH UNDER THE LEGH

A curious tract, written seemingly in the middle of the fourteenth century, tells us nearly all we know of the early history of Whalley. Its title is *De Statu Blagborneshire*, yet it gives us no information on its professed subject except that "in time of Ethelbert, king of the English," Blagborneshire (doubtfully at that period a "shire" or "borne," Blag or otherwise) formed a portion of the parish of Whalley. I am not clear about its meaning or purpose. In it are strung together some valuable facts about the pedigree of Whalley; but whether the document was drawn up to defend a legal claim or right, or to make a point in some monastic controversy, or merely to keep alive certain ancient traditions, historically or archaeologically interesting, which were suffering from senile decay, is not evident. The last is the generally accepted, yet to my mind the least likely, of the three suppositions. Reading the document in a translation, I could hardly fancy it a mediæval production; the make up, apart from some antique phrasing, is just that of the short article or note destined for publication in an archaeological journal. A few popularly interesting facts; a surprise controversial assertion; a quantity of learned details, flavoured with a decent sprinkling of inside information telling of personal research; that is its form and substance. I hardly think a monk-historian would have written *history* in such a fashion. His "public" was the brethren of his community, men of intelligence, as simple and unspoilt as their digestion, and as little likely to be attracted by archaeological refinements and the nice problems of history as by a dinner served up at the hands of a modern French *chef*. Legal intricacies and subtleties of controversy they could appreciate; education and habit made them experts in such matter. But they were not connoisseurs in historical problems. Their craving was for the plain food of history—facts, and plenty of them. Hence the typical monastic history is the "Chronicle." Facts were a rare commodity in the abbeys and



Whalley Abbey
E. Rieu
1894

The White Church under the Legh

convents of old, and were valued above their deserts. Consequently, their historians usually set down each and every item and date they knew, or believed they knew, without much discernment or critical questioning about their quality. My own impression concerning this document—which, as a record, is notable rather for its brevity and omissions than for fullness of information—is that it was drawn up in answer to some claim of exemption made by the vicar of Blackburn, whose church was subject, legally in some matters, and by tradition or custom in others, to Whalley Abbey. We are unable, therefore, to appraise justly the value of its contents as history until we learn what is the point the writer expected to make in the course of the sketchy narrative he gives us. I can only make a rash guess at it. But assuming the documents to be a sort of brief or affidavit, put in during an inquisition or trial, we assume at the same time that one or more of its facts and assertions are disputable, or that, put in a different setting, they will have an opposite value and meaning. When we make such an assumption we do not directly challenge the veracity of a writer or question the substantial accuracy of his statements. On the contrary we practically admit that the contents are such as would have been accepted in a fourteenth century court as evidence; but as evidence that needed to be patiently discussed and weighed against some other evidence, not now to hand, brought forward by the adversary in the suit. The document can have no more, and no less, warranty with us. Each assertion of fact before acceptance should, therefore, be carefully examined, measured with other facts to see if they fit in their proper place, and clashed against them to see if they ring true.

With this preface I put before the reader what we are told by the anonymous writer concerning the beginnings of Whalley Abbey. "Be it remembered," he says, "that in the time of Ethelbert, King of the English, who began to reign A.D. 596 (in Baines' *Lancashire* it is A.D. 1096 (!), but the error is clearly not the author's, for on a later page he describes this period as being 470 years before the time of William the Conqueror) the blessed Augustine, the Apostle of the English, sent by the blessed Pope Gregory, in the third year of his

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pontificate, at the instance and request of the said king, preached in England and taught the Christian faith. There was at Whalley, in Blagborneshire, a certain parish church in honour of All Saints, in the cemetery of which church were certain stone crosses then erected, and called by the people the crosses of the blessed Augustine, which under the same name exist there to this day; and the above-named church was called at that time 'The White Church under the Legh.' As history, this opening paragraph cannot be commended. King Ethelbert did not begin to reign A.D. 596 but some thirty years or so earlier, and was not then or at any time the recognized "King of the English," but only of Kent. It is also nearly unimaginable that St Augustine erected stone crosses so far north, in a wild country, right in the heart of a hostile kingdom, or that Blagborneshire was a "shire," before it had been placed under the jurisdiction of an earl or overlord. But the author is here only stating a popular tradition, and wisely, to my mind, presents it in its time-worn and weather-worn shape, with the sharp edges rubbed away and blunted, and the details of the workmanship somewhat confused—like the half-effaced interlaced decorations of the old Saxon crosses still standing in the graveyard. Taken by themselves, the Saxon crosses prove the antiquity of the Whalley church beyond the possibility of dispute. Whether Augustine crosses, or Paulinus crosses, or crosses unconnected with any saint at all, they are relics of Saxon times—and Whalley crosses. Neither Blackburn nor any other church of the country possessed, or has ever claimed to possess, such solid proofs of antiquity and importance.

Then there is the traditional Saxon name, 'The White Church under the Legh.' It is a name to conjure with. There is romance in the very sound of it; a modern novelist might adopt it with advantage as the title of a story, and I did not think twice before writing it at the head of this article. Notice how cleverly the anonymous writer puts in this bit of evidence casually, without emphasis or explanation. He knows it will awaken the interest and sympathy of the court or reader, and is content to let it tell its own story. The audience will doubtless be able to discover its meaning and value for



*Whalley
Abbey
and
Old Cross
A.M.P.
911*

The White Church under the Legh

themselves. They must be aware or will readily find out, that a White Church was the Saxon pet name for a stone-built church, in days when such churches were the wonder of the countryside. *The White Church* can only mean that Whalley was a white church when Blackburn and all other churches—if there were any—were mere "Blag" churches,—wooden articles inside and out. Does not Reginald of Durham write of the "White Church," built there as a shrine for the body of St Cuthbert, which rose from the ashes of the wooden one which preceded it? But it is a passage in Ven. Bede's history—easily discoverable, if not of common knowledge—which makes the writer's argument clear as the day. He narrates (Book III, c. IV) how "Ninias, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation (A.D. 565), who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth," built an "episcopal church, named after St Martin, the bishop (wherein he and many other saints rest in the body) . . . The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is generally called the *White House*, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons." What can the Blagborne church say in answer to this? The White Church appellation is, in its origin, of an earlier date even than the apostolate of St Augustine, and, when St Bede lived, about a century later, had already become antique enough to need an archaeological explanation.

Very likely the reader, if casually acquainted with Whalley, will ask why it was the White Church *under* the Legh. A "lea" or "legh" means a pasture or meadow, and Whalley Abbey stands upon some broad fields by the banks of the Calder. It cannot, therefore, be said correctly to be *under* that particular lea as long as any fragment of it is above the sod. An explanation of some sort is given us in the well-known romance, *The Lancashire Witches*. There we are informed that the summit of Pendle Hill, under which Whalley is huddled, is grass land,—in other words, a broad and extensive lea, and Demdike, the wizard, is described as drawing circles and making incantations, &c. (all in proper magic fashion) on the hillside at its top and, after "plunging his staff into the sod" three times, producing or provoking a "watery

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eruption," which "fell upon some devoted Royalist soldiers, who were advancing right in its course." "Ho! Ho!" laughed Demdike. "Down, down, went the poor wretches, now utterly overwhelmed by the torrent, now regaining their feet only to utter a scream, and then be swept off," &c., &c. These catastrophes, says the novelist in a note, were not uncommon. "A similar eruption occurred at Pendle Hill in August, 1669," and "other and more formidable eruptions had taken place previously, occasioning much damage to the country." Perhaps this will be accepted by the reader as a sufficient explanation of the phrase, "under the Legh," and also of the name "Whalley"—Anglo-Saxon for the "Wells-Lea." In the *Saxon Chronicle* we meet with the name (A.D. 798) transcribed as Hwealleage. This, I am informed, is the phonetic record of the name as the Saxons spoke it. What it sounded like when the operation was reversed, I do not know.

The next point made by our anonymous writer in his thesis, is the fact that the parish of Whalley was ruled by deans,—a succession of deans, fathers and sons, one after the other, until the time of William the Conqueror—"to wit for 447 years; and after the time of the said King William the Conqueror until the Lateran Council (A.D. 1215), as sufficiently appears from ancient and true chronicles. Common opinion holds and asserts, that as many as were the villis or mansions, or the manors of men, so were the lords, not only in Blagborneshire, but also in Rachedale, Tottington and Boland, and all the adjacent neighbourhood, of which none was held from another, but all in chief from the lord King himself. Be it remembered that the rectors of Whalley were married men from all time, and were called deans, not rectors or parsons; and that they held the said church, together with the church of Rachedale, as by a certain right of inheritance And be it known, that the first rector or dean of the church of Whalley of whom mention is found in the register of the diocensans of Lichfield, or the memory of whose name is in the *Chronicle* or amongst the people, was called Spartlingus, styled 'Dean of Whalley,' to whom succeeded Liwlfus Cutwolfe, his son and heir, called 'dean' of the said church."



Whalley Abbey and manor

The White Church under the Legh

As this passage has been made much of by modern writers, and is taken as decisive proof that the celibacy of the clergy was not insisted upon in England by the ecclesiastical authorities—as late even as the reign of King William the Conqueror—it cannot be passed over without comment and explanation. The fact that the parish of Whalley was governed by “deans,” that these men were married, and that they handed down the dean-rectory to their sons as an inheritance, may be admitted. The writer had access to documents not now available and is, throughout the thesis, singularly accurate and well-informed; in his later pages each and every statement is fully borne out by the *Coucher Book of Whalley*. But he has been led astray in his conclusions here through a misconception of the meaning of “dean” in those ancient days. He assumes it to be the title of a *priest*, holding the rights and exercising the office of archpriest or rural dean. This office, so it is said, was not formally instituted before the pontificate of Alexander III (1178-81), though there had been deans of several sorts long before that time. The title first makes its appearance in ecclesiastical history in the Rule of St Benedict. There the *decani* are simply overseers of small sections of the monks of a great community, either too large, or of too varied an occupation, to be supervised by one man. St Benedict adopted the title from the Roman army, which had its centurions placed over a hundred men and its *decani* over ten men. The title very quickly got into general ecclesiastical use in cathedral chapters, through the well-known fact that many of the cathedrals were served by monks or canons under regular observance. But, for many centuries, not even the office or jurisdiction of a cathedral dean, important as it seems to us, was defined in common law, and the rights, powers and duties of deans varied in different countries, provinces and dioceses. In this special case, if the first rectors of Whalley church—certainly a Saxon foundation, and possibly of earlier date—were deans in the ecclesiastical sense, they were the first ever heard of in this island, and no one can even guess what manner of jurisdiction their deanship conferred upon them. According to the anonymous writer's own statement the parish of Whalley was then co-extensive with “all

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Blagborneshire and Boland," and its church was for many years the only one in it. Its "dean," therefore, must have reckoned himself equal to any ten rectors, since he could have been dean only over himself.

My own opinion is that the dean was a layman and, most certainly, never a *priest*. I had occasion, when writing about Beaulieu en Corrèze, to call attention to the fact that "in the one cartulary of Beaulieu there is record of sixty-one churches, nine chapels, and two oratories, all but a dozen of them the property of laics, which were bestowed by deed or testament upon the Abbey. It was not a transfer of advowsons, but a real cession of ownership, a gift of glebes and manses and church structures . . . Deloche says 'churches and chapels were classed as goods held and transmitted by similar titles and in the same way as ordinary properties,'—inherited by children, bequeathed to widows, presented as dowries to daughters, and mortgaged and sold in the open market." The *Saxon Chronicle* makes note of a Synodal decree (A.D. 796) issued by Athelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, commanding that "henceforth none dare to choose for themselves lords over God's heritage from amongst laymen." Lay ownership of churches and parishes was in those days an admitted abuse, quite as prevalent in Saxon England as elsewhere. And it was one most difficult to deal with. Archbishop Athelard's stern decree is no more than a preventive measure, forbidding fresh alienation of God's heritage. He could not without injustice command the owners of churches and glebes to renounce their inheritance and go into beggary. The only possible policy for the Church was to check the spread of the abuse and leave it to die out of itself. This does not mean that it adopted our English method of sitting still and letting things muddle through somehow. If the propagation of the abuse was made illegal, it became practically impossible, and the piety and good sense of the people would bring about its thorough extinction. Was it merely the impulse of pious generosity which induced the owners of fifty odd churches and benefices to bestow them on Beaulieu en Corrèze? I think not. Both the laws of the Church and the sentiment of the people were clearly against the lay ownership of God's



The White Church under the Legh

heritage, and pious owners hastened to put themselves and their conscience right as soon as a favourable opportunity occurred. Why does the founding of new monasteries and the gift of lands and houses for ecclesiastical purposes gradually increase in number and volume until they reach the maximum at the close of the thirteenth century, and then, almost abruptly, dwindle down to a mere trickle of charitable bequests and alms for masses? The *Coucher Book*, or *Cartulary*, of *Whalley Abbey* was compiled by Abbot Lyndelay (c. 1347), and the donations of property had practically ceased some time before his day never to begin again. It has needed no supplement or sequel. Does this mean that the Lancashire folk had become all at once less devout and more niggardly in their ways? I do not believe it. I trace this swift increase and abrupt decrease within a definite period to the influence of the decrees of the Lateran Council and certain others which preceded it. The anonymous writer tells us plainly that it was the Lateran Council which put an end to the anomaly of the deans of Whalley. Let us review their history briefly. A certain important landowner, a lord in fact though not in title, built a church on his estate and informally endowed it with a glebe for the support of a priest. It was in every sense his own private chapel, and he naturally retained the entire management of it, engaging and presenting to the bishop for its service an approved vicar or chaplain. Being the only church in that part, a district wide enough to be styled a county came to be popularly considered its parish. Other churches were afterwards built in the outlying parts of this parish, and, being *de facto* filiations or chapels of ease, the mother church acquired the title and privileges of a parish church, whilst the rest were mere dependent vicarages; and the lord of the manor and owner of the parish church, calling himself "dean," but never "rector" nor "parson," exercised over the dependent churches the same jurisdiction he held over his own. In the course of time these churches and their glebes became the most valuable parcels of his estate, and the dean and his descendants (and Whalley Abbey afterwards) derived from them a large moiety of their income. At first the lay jurisdiction was legal and undoubtedly for the good of religion.

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The Bishops of Lichfield, so far away, could exercise no proper supervision or control over the district. As our anonymous writer says, "through times long subsequent the people of those parts were so sparse and so untamed and wild, and moreover there was such a multitude of foxes and hurtful beasts, and the place seemed so inaccessible to men, that the bishops for the time being, and their officials, committed the whole jurisdiction (pertaining to the office of common dean!) over the ordinaries of these parishes" to the lay rector. They committed the whole jurisdiction to the dean of Whalley for so many centuries that it is hard to believe the people of those parts (who filled half a dozen churches) had remained sparse and untamed enough, and the foxes numerous enough, to frighten their lordships away. Doubtless they had disapproved of the arrangement for a long time before it collapsed. Doubtless, also, they had, for a couple of centuries at least, required that each prospective dean should have been ear-marked in his youth for the office by receiving the "tonsure," and becoming legally a clerk. But they could not force the family to renounce its heritage (it was not alienated Church property) and they waited patiently till Roger, the son of Geoffrey the Younger, learning of the decrees of the Lateran Council (1215), and moved by his conscience to renounce his abnormal heritage, "transferred to his kinsman, Sir John de Lasey, Earl of Lincoln and lord of Blagborneshire, the right of patronage over the whole of his church of Whalley and its chapels, ceded the rectory and deanery of his aforesaid church to the said earl and his heirs; and"—this I take to be absolute proof that the deans had never been priests—"lived continentally and caused himself to be promoted to the sacerdotal order."

At this juncture (A.D. 1296, April 7, temp. Edw. I) the *Status de Blagborneshire* and the *Coucher Book of Whalley* begin to overlap, and each strongly and clearly confirms the other. It is a pity the editor of the *Coucher Book* did not sufficiently appreciate the fact. He treats the *Status* shabbily, pares it down with little discrimination, and huddles it into Vol. IV as a long footnote. We can hardly forgive him for cutting out a phrase so important as the one just quoted,—



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that the aforesaid Roger "caused himself to be promoted to the sacerdotal order," leaving the reader to suppose that the last dean was a priest, who, perforce, "lived in continence" after the publication of the Lateran decrees, but had not done so before that date. Happily, Dr Whittaker, in his *History of Whalley*, gives us a Latin transcript, and Baines' *Lancashire* (1870, Vol. II) an adequate translation of the document. With its help we learn from the *Coucher Book* three notable facts: first, that Peter of Chester, nominated by the Earl the first "parson" of Whalley, and canonically instituted and inducted into the living by the bishop, retained the style and title of "dean"—evidence that, however the deanship may have originated, it was then an ecclesiastical office, held by a man not in major orders and entitled to marry if he wished; secondly, that, although the proprietorship of the churches was hereditary and absolute, it was considered an ecclesiastical entail, and no smallest portion of the estate could be alienated by the dean. Peter of Chester recovered, on appeal to the courts, a chapel and some lands given away to a servant and a member of the family; thirdly, that the dean, or lay rector had untrammelled use of the *fructus*—Roger, before his resignation, thoughtfully endeavoured to provide for his brother Richard, handing over to him the chapel of St Michael in the Castle of Clithero (eventually restored to Whalley by the efforts of Peter of Chester) and the vill of Townley with the manor of Coldcotes—which latter properties were left undisputed in his possession. Richard, afterwards known as "de Townley," became the ancestor of the well-known family of that name, the only one that I know of that can trace its descent, in the right line, from the ancient deans of Whalley.

This paper is already long enough and I must leave the consideration of the Abbey and its history to another time. I would, however, like to warn the reader against the unwarranted defamation of Abbot Paslew's character and history in *The Lancashire Witches*, a powerful romance—but mere romance from the first page to the last; and against Dr Whittaker's misreading of some items of the Abbey accounts, and the subsequent charge against the abbot and monks of

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possessing extraordinary beef-eating capacities. As a final word concerning the married deans, I may say that there is no hint in the records of anything to their discredit, and the fact that the lay deanship survived until the days of Edward I allows us to suppose that their jurisdiction was on the whole beneficial to the church and parish. My belief is that "dean" was originally a territorial name lapsed, in course of time, into an ecclesiastical title and tenure. Probably it dated from the days of the Roman occupation of the district. The Romans were accustomed, for the sake of tribute-collecting and other administrative purposes, to divide the countries under their sway into districts of a hundred villi or families (*centuriare*) and, in sparsely populated places, into districts of tens (*decuriare*) presided over by "decuriones" or "decani"—the words are interchangeable. Whalley was not only in the neighbourhood of Ribchester, a notable Roman station, and close by a great Roman road, but was itself a *castrum*, the entrenchments of which were plainly visible in Dr Whitaker's day. The remains of the camp are in the Abbey grounds, exactly on the spot where the deans of Whalley lived. May it not be that, when the tide of Roman supremacy receded, the last Roman *decanus* of Whalley was left stranded behind; that, by old custom and popular respect, he retained the title and some of his ancient authority; that his descendants naturally succeeded to his name and position and retained it even after they had become naturalized and Christian; that the anomaly of a lay-dean was not unlike that of a piece of marble with a pagan inscription built into the sanctuary walls of a Christian basilica?

J.C.A.

THE NOVELS OF MR WILLIAM DE MORGAN

IT would be a commendable effort on the part of some public-spirited man to compile a record of the names of the novelists of to-day; for they will not be found, I am afraid, in the literary text books of future generations. Not one of them will attain to the dignity of a separate chapter. The most they can hope for is that passing reference may be made to them in footnotes to the minor prophets.

Professor Saintsbury in his recent monogram on the English novel enumerates as its four notes—plot, description, dialogue, and character. The best novelists tend to emphasize character and dialogue to the greater exclusion of plot and description. In a good novel the plot does not interest us and long passages of description only irritate.

As we glance up at our bookshelves, and pass in review the classical novelists, we observe that their names are intimately associated with those of the characters whom they have created. The name of Thackeray suggests 'Becky Sharp' and 'Colonel Newcome.' We think of Dickens, and a score of immortals tumble out of oblivion. Jane Austen connotes the 'Bennets,' Mr Collins 'the Crawfords' and 'Fanny Price.' Henry Fielding and 'Tom Jones' are interchangeable names. Even the memory of Samuel Richardson, whom surely no one now reads, is perpetuated by his character of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' The indicating number of the classical novelist is his power to delineate character.

If we take three of the present day novelists—Arnold Bennett, Katharine Tynan, and E. F. Benson—we at once see why their work will not live. No 'Becky Sharp' enlivens their pages.

For the space of a year or so, I dosed under Arnold Bennett's hypnotic influence. I read *Clayhanger*, *The Old Wive's Tale*, and others of the Five Towns extravaganzas. I read them once and was entranced. I was continually saying, "How true to life." I read them again and began to be critical. I suddenly asked myself, "Is it true to life?" After two or three readings

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they begin to wear threadbare—a sign of an article which is not genuine. Mr Bennett creates types, not individuals. Does an architect cross his pages? Mr Bennett puts a T square in the architect's hands, metaphorically speaking, and dangles a pair of compasses from his watch chain, that we may know that he is an architect, and further infer that he is also a man. His characters are natives of the Midlands first, and only incidentally men. They derive their importance from their surroundings. After a time one becomes tired of the constant repetition of these external trappings. 'Sam Weller' and 'Micky Free' on the other hand share their humanity in common. Incidentally one is a Cockney, and the other is an Irishman. Herein lies the difference between the classical and the average novelist, between genius and talent. The hardened novel reader, quoted by a recent writer in the JOURNAL, epitomized Katharine Tynan's influence. We feel the better for reading her books. Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays, suggests to the student of poetry that he should store up in his memory some half-dozen lines of the best poets as a criterion by which he may judge of the excellence of a particular piece of poetry. So may the novels of Katherine Tynan be used as a touchstone by which we may judge of the moral tone of a novel. They are a bracing tonic after reading what the Archbishop of York has characterized as the "blear-eyed fiction" of to-day. There are few novels which act as an incentive to effort. Those of Katharine Tynan do, as do those of John Ayscough. We read them and feel morally cleansed. Yet Katharine Tynan has given us no great character. We forget the very names of her men and women a week after we have read of their adventures.

Mr Benson is in the forefront of the present generation of second-rate novelists. His books fall naturally into two classes. Curiously enough, his early novels are notable for dialogue and character. *Mammon & Co.* is sparkling, vivacious, and keen in dialogue; but it is immature. Instead of developing on these well authorized lines, Mr Benson, in his later novels, gives prominence to the plot and indulges in long passages of description. His recent books show the pernicious influence of the Scandinavian playwrights and Russian novelists—an

The Novels of Mr William De Morgan

influence which does not tend to revivify the English literature of to-day. Mr Benson's novels are dramatic in form. They are divisible into three acts. The problem is stated in precise terms and worked out with mathematical accuracy. The characters are subordinate to the plot. We might substitute for their names our old friends *w*, *y* and *z*. Mr Benson presents a minute corner of life and not the broad stage of humanity.

The only novelist of to-day who perpetuates the classical tradition is Mr William De Morgan, who is really the contemporary of William Morris, the Rossettis, and George Meredith. Mr De Morgan is a literary Rip Van Winkle. He has awakened a quarter of a century after his time and, like 'Old Jane' in *Alice for Short*, the world which he recollects is the world of a bygone generation. His novels have nothing in common with the present ephemeral classics, and his small band of admirers turn with a sigh of relief to his old-time tales after nauseating doses of sex novels and problem plays. As a septuagenarian gaily sparring, and holding his own, with his youthful *confreires* his outlook is mainly retrospective. He is reminiscent in tone. He offers no panacea for industrial unrest; no Utopian scheme blossoms forth in his pages; and for this we may be truly grateful. His stage is peopled by the middle classes, by merchants, professional men, lawyers, doctors, and learned professors, with their wives, children and dependents. We have an occasional excursion into the slums, and an expedition into the rarer atmosphere of the aristocracy. He has a weakness for artists of the amateur type, youthful aspirants, who dawdle away the day until it is too dark to work, and then saunter off to dine at an Italian restaurant under the firm conviction that they have done a hard day's work—a conviction, I may add, that others than artists are not strangers to, under similar circumstances. It must be gratifying to the younger generation, who are constantly reminded by their seniors that theirs is a degenerate type, to find Mr De Morgan glorifying youth. He devotes himself to the relating of the fortunes and misfortunes of the all-wise adolescent. He is particularly happy in the delineation of his heroines. He is merciful to old age, as is only fitting on the

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part of one who is himself "on the shady side of sixty-three." But we must enter a caveat against his treatment of old ladies. 'Old Jane' and 'Joe Vance's mother' are delightful portraits, but this kindly impression fades away before the ruthless analysis of 'Mrs Sales Wilson,' 'Aunt Izzy,' and "'Goody' Vereker.'

Is Mr De Morgan a classic? Will his work live?

It is impossible to say. Contemporary criticism is proverbially mistaken. We cannot draw aside the veil from the future. This much we can say, that his claim to literary immortality rests upon his convincing presentation of middle class life, his portrayal of half a dozen great characters, and his humour.

The division of English social life into middle, lower, and upper classes, though arbitrary, forms a good working basis. Each class has formed a background for innumerable novels. Dickens is pre-eminently the novelist of low life. He writes of the streets of London and of their inhabitants, of the poor, of their joys and sorrows, of their thriftlessness, of their zest for life. He writes of life which he himself has lived. It is the life of his childhood. He knew what it was to stand outside a cookshop, and hungrily feast his eyes upon the hot meats within. He was as intimately acquainted with the life that was lived within the walls of the Fleet Prison as Thackeray was acquainted with the life that is lived within the four walls of a college quadrangle. He had been brought up in poverty, and had learnt its bitter lesson during those impressionable years when as a child he saw for a brief space life as it is, life without prejudice, life without knowledge. What makes John Ayscough's *Gracethurch Papers* such a delightful book is that we see the world through the eyes of a child. It is this, too, which makes the first quarter of *Joseph Vance* so intensely real. The child is the only reality.

Mr De Morgan is the novelist of the middle classes. We see them reflected in his pages in their luminous tranquillity, prosperous for the most part, but with the possibility of bankruptcy looming in the background; we see them at work and at play, the doctor in his consulting room, the professor in his study, their wives receiving visitors in the drawing-room, their daughters flirting on the croquet lawn, we see

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them on Shellcombe Sands and in Hyde Park Gardens—the middle classes in their infinite variety.

Mr De Morgan does not emphasize external features. Unlike Mr Bennett, he does not regard the position of a gas jet as of primary importance. He gathers together half a dozen characters in a room and lets the room furnish itself. He reflects the spirit of middle class life as it was fifty years ago, as it is to-day, as it will be fifty years hence. It is true that we are told in *Joseph Vance* that policemen then wore top hats, and that 'Violet Thorpe' wears crinolines, each new one larger than the last. But this only reminds us that the vintage is an old one; the essence of the wine is the same.

The name of De Morgan will always be associated with that of 'Christopher Vance.' The latter is destined to take his place among the gallery of immortals by the side of 'My Uncle Toby,' and 'Sam Weller.' As in the case of Shakespeare with 'Shylock,' this character grew under the pen of his creator until he assumes a place in the book more important than the plot really demands. With the death of 'Christopher Vance' a necessary character drops out, and the novel for the last hundred pages is written in a minor key.

'Christopher Vance' loses his situation as a vanman at Fothergill's. The same afternoon he gets drunk and has a fight with a sweep. This results in his being disabled for two months. During this time he "thought seriously over the advantages which the employer has over the employed, and cast about in his mind for the best means of becoming one himself." As a result of his meditations he puts up a board, "C. Vance, Builder. Repairs. Drains promptly attended to." Dr. Thorpe commissions him to examine the drains at Poplar Villa. "What do you know about buildin'?" asks his wife.

"Nothin' whatever," he replies, "Builders knows nothin' about Buildin'! Other people knows somethin', if they don't know much, but Builders they knows absolutely nothin'."

Later on he explains his success to 'Lossie Thorpe.'

"How on earth have you managed to do it, Mr Vance?"

"By never doing a hand's turn myself, Miss Lossie. If I was to, I should spile all. If I was to add up a column of figures, I should add 'em up wrong. If I was to mix a yard o' concrete,

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I should mix it wrong. If I was only to try to tenant up a window frame, I should tenant it up wrong. So I just set a couple o' young men on to adding up, and if either catches the other out its a shillin' off o' one's salary on to the other. Sim'lar all through!"

Later on Mr Vance acts as an arbitrator in company "with a couple of other characters in the Building line, and he couldn't be sure how long they mightn't go on fooling. He implied that, if alone, he would make short work of any decision as dinner-time approached. 'Be as unfair as you can to 'em all! Make 'em swear at you, one same as t'other! In six weeks they'll be saying give me Vance for an Arbitrator!'"

'Christopher Vance' marries his housemaid, 'Seraphina Dowdeswell,' as his second wife. His method of proposing is as original as his views on arbitration. "I never was surprised at anything my Father did," writes Joseph Vance, "so when Pheener came in with the accustomed question—was there anything else?—I was scarcely taken aback at his replying, 'Yes, little Clementina, you can marry me if you like,' and going on lighting a new pipe. Pheener stood half in the doorway as one who was waiting to hear what else there was, and said, 'What does Master Joseph say?' Master Joseph interposed no obstacles. 'I think, Master,' said the young lady, 'I should like to speak to Cook, and tell you to-morrow.' I got away early to-morrow, leaving matters to arrange themselves. On my return I found that Cook, a person of great delicacy of feeling, had advised Pheener that if she accepted Master, she was bound at once to fly the house and join her relations in the country until the wedding day. Accordingly, she packed her box, got a four wheeler, and looked in at my Father at breakfast. 'I shall be very happy to, Master,' said she. 'All right, little Clementina,' said he. 'Tell Cook another boiled egg,' which Pheener did, and then drove away before my Father realized his position. 'I suppose it's all right,' said he, when Cook appeared with the egg and an explanation, 'but I call it 'umbuggin'."

Mr De Morgan has given us many visions of fair women—'Lossie Thorpe,' 'Alice for Short,' 'Peggy Heath,' 'Sally Nightingale,' to name only a few. These Mr De Morgan

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puts upon a pedestal and worships from afar. So great is his reverence that he refrains from analyzing their motives too closely. They do not develop. They come ready moulded from the hands of their creator. We feel that we know no more about them at the end of the book than at the beginning. More successful is he with his secondary heroines. His most convincing portrayal is that of 'Jane Spencer,' Joseph Vance's wife. Her personality grows upon one at each perusal of the book. His books abound in humorous characters—'Jeffery Saunders Jerrythought,' 'Pring,' 'Pope,' and 'Chappell.' All are impressed indelibly upon the memory.

Mr Chesterton in his inimitable off-hand manner, in his book on Dickens, throws out the suggestion that the latter conquered the world with his minor characters. Mr De Morgan is a disciple of Dickens. In his creation of innumerable minor characters he follows assiduously in the footsteps of his master. It would be interesting to go through his novels and pick out the cabmen alone whom he has roughly sketched for us. There must be at least a score, and each distinct from the rest.

A writer reviewing *Somehow Good* remarked that Mr De Morgan, by loading his pages with these unnecessary characters, did not conform with the canons of literature. This is confusing the play with the novel. In a play so much has to be said in such a short time, that not a word must be wasted. Immediately the action of a play ceases to move forward, the attention of the spectators begins to wander. Accordingly it is a convention, and a necessary one, that only those characters essential to the plot must appear on the stage. It is a convention which the genius may disregard with impunity. The porter's scene in *Macbeth* does not help the action forward, but we are not impatient at the delay. With the novel the case is entirely different. We do not read a novel, as we witness a play, amid the distractions of a crowded theatre. Nor do we read a novel at a sitting, at least not Mr De Morgan's novels. In being discursive, and halting by the wayside to make the acquaintance of a street urchin, the novelist is only being true to nature. How often in our pilgrimage through life do we cross the tail end of a tragedy or comedy, of the origin and development of which we remain in ignorance? We are

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occasionally intensely interested in people who have no perceptible influence upon our lives. To rule out the minor character from the realm of the novel is to conform with a convention as absurd as that of the unities of the Greek tragedians.

Going over in our mind the names of the masters of English literature we notice that one alone was without humour. Prodigal, as the fairies were with their gifts at the birth of Milton, they denied him the gift of humour. And in this, perhaps, they showed their discernment. The sacred theme of *Paradise Lost* does not lend itself to a humorous treatment. Professor Walker in his *Pictorian Epoch* doubts whether the work of Charlotte Brontë will live. *Jane Eyre* is lamentably lacking in humour. It seems to be taken for granted that the reputation of Charlotte Brontë stands or falls by *Jane Eyre*. Is this really her masterpiece? For my part, I prefer *Shirley* and cannot think that this is entirely devoid of humour.

Humour is the salt which preserves the classical work from decay. And in this Mr De Morgan is not wanting. We may have a character who is humorous *per se*. This is the humour of 'Falstaff,' of 'Sam Weller,' of 'Christopher Vance.' We may have a character who is humorous *contra se*. This is the humour of 'Polonius,' of 'Malvolio,' of 'Aunt Izzy.' There is a third kind of humour, which is denied to the playwright, but not to the novelist. It is the expression of the author's quaint sidelights upon life. We see this in John Ayscough's *Gracechurch Papers*. It is the essence of Mr De Morgan's humour. "I remember," Joseph Vance tells us, "how lessons on early Jewish history lost value owing to a confusion of identities which a person of more insight would have foreseen and provided against. Even now, Moses the Prophet, and Moses and Son the clothiers, do not discriminate themselves with the clearness I should desire at times. I referred the matter to Porky Owls, who derided me for not knowing the difference. The latter, he pointed out, were Jews and would go to Hell; and the former was an Israelite and would go or had gone to Heaven, being in the Bible. I complimented Porky on his erudition and he said, 'Yes, I'm a winner at knowing things, I am!'"

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Let us quote the sapient 'Christopher Vance' for the last time. "In buildin' never you let any man do any job he hasn't done before—he'll make a 'ash of it! Any man presoomin' to do anything for the first time in his life ought to go to the Beak and be bound over." We are inclined to re-echo this sentiment when an author, who has achieved a brilliant success in one line, branches out in another direction. *An Affair of Dishonour* is an historical novel. Historical novels are anathema to the hardened novel reader. The writer is on the horns of a dilemma. He must take liberties with history in order to achieve a dramatic effect. Or he must pack his pages with historical facts to the detriment of his story. I once saw a play in which the Garter incident was transferred from the time of the Edwards to the reign of Elizabeth. Instead of a king adjusting the garter of a duchess, Sir Walter Raleigh adjusted the garter of his Queen. The scientific historian may pour scorn upon the legend of Alfred and the burnt cakes, but this would not justify the novelist in transferring the incident to Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester. Charles Reade wrote historical novels and excavated with great industry in the archives of the past. His novels are packed with data necessary to the historian. Had Froude, the Post Impressionist of historians, called his histories novels, and had Reade called his novels histories, the reputation of each might be greater than it is. I cannot offer any comment on *An Affair of Dishonour*. I have only read it once and one cannot profess knowledge of a good novel under half a dozen readings. The scene is laid in the times of Charles the Second. I would like the opinion of the scientific historian as to the truth of Mr De Morgan's historical setting. On one point I would venture to think Mr De Morgan has thrown light upon history. The history of witchcraft in England is an absorbing subject and worthy of the serious attention of the historian. Witchcraft forms an integral part of Mr De Morgan's novel. Should he be correct on this point in his revival of a past age, his labour will not have been in vain.

The occult, spiritualism, ghosts—all these fascinate Mr De Morgan. He recurs to the subject in one of its phases in each of his novels. Sometimes he ridicules the too eager

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disciple of the cult. For the most part he speculates upon the Unknown and the Invisible. What happens after death? is his riddle, and he can find no satisfactory solution.

Mr De Morgan as the exponent of middle class life is on safe ground. In *It Never Can Happen Again* he gives us a contrast between slum life and life among the leisured classes. It is the least satisfactory of his books. Its plot centres round the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, and plots like churches founded upon Acts of Parliament lack stability.

It has been said that Dickens could not depict a gentleman. Whether this is true or no, we will leave it to the gentlemen to decide. But certainly Dickens' lords and baronets are characters of rank melodrama. In the same way Mr De Morgan's aristocrats are not convincing portraits. It is fortunate for him that his fame does not depend on this book alone. Yet the careful analysis of the character of 'Marian,' the jealous wife, is masterly.

Mr De Morgan is not wanting in pathos. His pages pulsate with life and an occasional sob mingles with the humour. Chapter forty-one, in *Joseph Vance*, entitled "A chapter that had to be written," is one of the most beautiful passages in literature, and lingers long in the memory of the reader. The present age is the age not of science, not of progress, but of distrust. Nations distrust nations. Class distrusts class. Individuals distrust each other. England is going to make war on Germany. Germany is going to make war on England. The Powers hover vulture-like over the death agonies of the Ottoman Turk. The poor cannot be trusted to take care of themselves. They must be cosseted up with Old Age pensions and harassed by Insurance inspectors. The upper classes cannot be trusted. They must be threatened with land legislation. The middle classes are divided, not in their allegiance, but in their distrust—the one party of Lloyd George, as the Evil Spirit inspiring the Gadarene swine; the other party of Protection, as the stalking horse of the Tories. The spirit of the age is reflected in its literature. Unqualified practitioners tumble over each other in foisting upon a gullible public their quack nostrums and patent medicated poisons. Recourse is even had to the erotic emotionalism of

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revolutionary Russia. Is it surprising that Mr. Balfour pleads for a literature which cheers?

This is to be found in the novels of Mr De Morgan. He is the Apostle of Optimism—an optimism, not of inexperience standing upon the threshold of life, but of a man whose life's work is complete. His message to the younger generation is one of a firm faith in mankind. He voices the stinging rebuke of the Victorian Age to its scoffing successor. He is no prophet. He disdains the prophet's mantle. But in declining, he deprives himself of a prophet's privilege. He has no disciples. He has founded no new school of thought. He is a voice crying in the wilderness. Let us hope he is the precursor of better things.

J. L. HOPE

CATHOLIC DISABILITIES—PAST AND PRESENT

READERS of my article under this title in the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL of January, 1913 (Vol. XVIII, Part II), will remember that I wrote at some length of the penal sections of the Catholic Emancipation Act, 1829, and of the action taken against certain Jesuit priests.

Another action in the High Court of Justice (in re Erasmus Smith deceased, Johnson v. Bright-Smith) on these same sections has recently been decided. It is of such importance that I crave a page of the JOURNAL which may fitly serve as a supplement to my previous contribution.

The facts shortly were as follows: A Testator bequeathed the residue of his real and personal Estate (about £18,000) "in trust for the Society or institution known as the Franciscan Friars of Clevedon in the County of Somerset absolutely." An originating summons was taken out by the Executrix in the Chancery Division of the High Court to determine whether the gift in trust for the society or institution was valid. It was contended on behalf of the next of kin that the Franciscans, being a religious order, could not hold property in England, in fact were an illegal corporation under the provisions of this Act, and that consequently the gift was void. Fate decreed that the case should be drawn in the Chambers of Mr Justice Joyce, who some years ago lived under the shadow almost of the Cistercian Abbey of Mount St Bernard and personally knew the late Abbot Hipwood. By this means the Judge probably learnt much of the life, the customs, and the power for good in a monastic institution, and consequently could approach the case with an open mind. And he had no difficulty in upholding the bequest as valid. "How," said he, "can the policy of the Act, whatever it may be, invalidate a simple absolute immediate bequest to an individual or individuals? Each of the members of the community is as competent to take as any other ordinary individual."

And now let me differentiate between the Jesuit and Franciscan actions. The first was a prosecution *in personam* against

Catholic Disabilities—Past and Present

Fr Sydney Smith and his brethren. Dealing with the prospects for the future I wrote: "It is my conviction that on a summons being issued there would be found ways and means of getting behind such bigoted persecution." And Mr Justice Joyce said in the Franciscan case last month: "Upon any prosecution under this Act, I am not at all sure that some ingenious defence might not be found and a conviction not obtained." The Judge further stated that the provisions of this Act had never been put in force and the Act had been, and would no doubt remain, a dead letter; it had not been recognized by the Courts of this country. This latter action was a civil suit *in rem* seeking to obtain the property of the Franciscans and it, too, has failed for the reasons given.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that religious communities are subject to the same laws as govern individuals, and no favours or exemptions will be shown by the Courts. It behoves donors and others, therefore, to be careful of the mode and limitations of their benefactions so as not to offend against the rule as to perpetuities, or to be too remote or vague, otherwise their wishes will be frustrated by Statutes more relevant, yet more ancient, than the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829.

JOHN M. TUCKER



SCHOOL NOTES

The school officials for the term have been as follows :

Head Monitor	L. T. Williams
Captain of the Games	J. O. Kelly
Monitors	R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin, G. E. Farrell, J. O. Kelly, C. R. Simpson, C. B. Collison, L. H. Rochford

Secretary	C. R. Simpson
Librarians of the Upper Library	G. A. Lintner, V. Knowles
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	C. Knowles, C. F. Macpherson

Librarian of the Lower Middle Library	J. P. Douglas
Librarian of the Lower Library	C. H. Robinson
Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, V. Knowles
Football and Hockey Committee	J. O. Kelly, L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison, E. J. B. Martin

Athletic Sports Committee	L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison, G. E. Farrell
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Captains of the Football Sets—	
1st Set—	J. O. Kelly, C. B. Collison.
2nd Set—	D. T. Long, T. Kelly.
3rd Set—	H. Rennie, J. P. Douglas.
4th Set—	J. R. T. Crawford, C. H. Robinson.
5th Set—	O. T. Penney, H. A. Wallace.

Captains of the Hockey Sets—	
1st Set—	J. O. Kelly, C. B. Collison.
2nd Set—	R. Lynch, C. Rochford.
3rd Set—	T. V. Welsh, L. A. Unsworth.
4th Set—	V. J. Cravos, Hon. M. Scott.
5th Set—	J. R. Crawford, C. H. Robinson.
6th Set—	P. MacDonnell, O. T. Penney.

School Notes

The following boys left the school at the end of last term :

F. W. Long, G. F. M. Hall, B. W. Hawkswell, J. Heffernan, A. H. Dillon joined the school.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to G. F. M. Hall, who passed into Sandhurst at Christmas.

* * *

Also to J. W. W. Bisgood, who passed into Osborne at the end of term.

* * *

Also to R. J. Power, who has been awarded the Ampleforth Society Scholarship.

* * *

OUR best wishes accompany Dom Francis Primavesi, who was a member of the school staff for some years, and is now doing missionary work at Workington. He left at the beginning of this term.

* * *

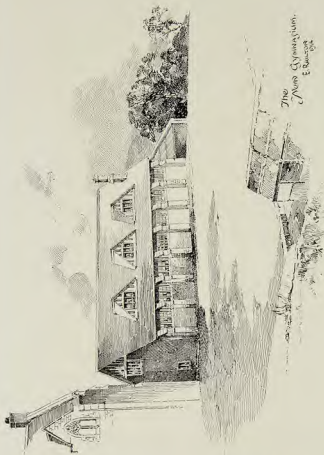
To the Fifteen, our glad congratulations on the completion of a most successful Rugby season. They have not only won every game played on the school ground, but have maintained and developed the sound style of play laid down for the school three years ago by Mr C. H. Wright, who may well be regarded as the founder of Ampleforth Rugby. Mr Wright was unfortunately unable to coach this year, but his work with the forwards was carried on most efficiently by Dom Sebastian Lambert, who has most successfully coached the three fifteens throughout the season. Mr J. A. King was also able to take the forwards for one day. To his suggestion and example are largely due the greater pace at which the forwards set themselves to carry out the movements in the loose and their much greater smartness in the line-out from touch. The light-armed men behind the pack have been taught by Mr A. C. Williamson and Mr M. W. Richards—more could not be desired. With the exception of a possible weakness at left-centre three-quarter, every position on the field was well

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filled. The forwards, under the leadership of Collison, were really very good; they were stronger and more coherent than last year's pack, and their loose rushes were carried out at a much greater pace without any sacrifice of control. At half-back, Gerrard and Kelly gave a finished display of intelligent combination. So thorough was their understanding that they seemed at times not two players but one. Individually, Gerrard's sole weakness was a suspicion of slowness in tackling the opposing scrum-half and spoiling his pass. Kelly was the match-winner of the side. His judgement was all but unerring, and his capacity for changing his direction without changing his pace led to more than one brilliant individual try. His play undoubtedly had much to do with the effectiveness of the men behind him. Of the three-quarters, Williams and Farrell on the wings were, rightly, the try-getters of the side. The former played finely all through the season, he had a proper sense of direction, and we never remember him to have been overtaken. Farrell did not find his real form till half-way through the season, but this term he has been irresistible. Simpson, right-centre, was as sound as ever in defence and perplexingly elusive in attack. He has the great gift of persuading an opponent that he is tackled before it is really the case. At back, Knowles did many good things, and is perhaps the most improved player in the side. Though he sometimes looked puzzled and undecided in front of a developing attack, we can remember no instance where any mistake of his cost his side a try. The team was well captained by Kelly, but towards the end of the season realized its merits and defects so well that it may be said to have captained itself. The following are the "Colours": J. O. Kelly (Captain), C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, J. B. Caldwell, L. T. Williams, G. E. Farrell, J. M. Gerrard, H. J. Emery, C. R. Simpson, and F. G. Morrough-Bernard.



THE short Hockey season ended on Easter Sunday with a defeat of the school by a strong team of Old Boys. This is the first hockey match the school have ever lost, and the question has arisen in casuistry as to whether matches with Old Boys



The New Gymnasium.
E. Hancock

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"count." However, it would be unyouthful to be ungenerous, and, though it did seem to the writer that the school took this particular game rather easily, we would much rather be beaten by Old Boys than by any one else. Two of the inter-school matches were won, and the third drawn, and considering the little practice the Eleven have had the results are sufficiently satisfactory. Hockey is but the greatest of our *misery*, and must not here be considered in the white light of criticism that the JOURNAL throws on other of our occupations. Williams (right-outside) and L. H. Rochford (right half-back) have been awarded their "Colours."



THE new pavilion is in the hands of the plasterers. Its completion is therefore only a matter of a few weeks, unless the threatened strike of building artizans becomes an accomplished fact. In our last number the pavilion was described to readers of the JOURNAL, and we see no reason for changing the opinion then expressed, that it will be an exceptionally fine structure.



A LETTER addressed to former school fellows and friends, and signed by eight "Old Boys," has been brought to our notice. After an expression of pleasure at the many recent improvements in the school buildings, the signatories make the generous suggestion that "Old Boys" and friends should "take over the cost (£1,000) of the new cricket pavilion." We understand that a fund has already been started, and that Mr J. P. Raby, 117 Woodstock Road, Oxford, is kindly acting as treasurer. Need we say how much this generous loyalty on the part of "Old Boys" is appreciated by all at Ampleforth. The JOURNAL Committee hope to be able to print a list of subscribers in the next number. In the meantime we must rest satisfied with this expression of gratitude and appreciation.



AMONG the illustrations will be found that of the old "Gym" of thirty years ago, side by side with the new one, which stands on the same spot. The pictures will form an interesting record. It will be seen that in the Spartan days our forbears braved

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the elements, and did their γυμναστικὴ under the canopy of heaven, and that their apparatus, if less scientific, certainly appears less coldly formal and presents greater possibilities of entertainment. We hope to give an illustration of the interior of the new building in the July number.

* * *

WE must offer our best thanks to Sir Mark Sykes who has generously presented to Father Abbot a beautiful oak screen, some handsome brass chandeliers, and a very valuable gift of stone for the chapel in the new Preparatory House.

* * *

"CHAQUE homme à deux pays, le sien et puis la France," so says a Frenchman, and it appears that there is some truth in his dictum. Readers will find elsewhere an account of the debates of "la Société Française," which has appeared in our midst. The society is still young—not yet a term old. That it is full of vigour is evident. How it originated, who are its leading "lights," are facts which have not yet transpired—except in so far as these debate minutes disclose. Is it a product of the national dualism, with which we are credited? Or, merely the result of a desire to express our thoughts in the most logical and pellucid of languages? Or, is it merely a parasitic growth upon the French class? For most men the public expression of ideas even in the vernacular has terrors all its own; but in this case, if we may judge by the number of speakers, some special attraction exists. Possibly, speakers have been more numerous than fluent. It has certainly been whispered that many—even Monsieur le Président—have been known on occasions to find their most perfect expression in gesticulation. That is surely as it ought to be in a Société Française. A genuine Frenchman, who on one occasion visited the society, is said to have recognized quite conclusively his own language. If he was anything like other Frenchmen we have met, he paid the highest compliment to the newly-inaugurated society.

* * *

THE Fishing Club reports that the Holbeck has been restocked with a thousand yearling trout. Seeing that only a few

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years ago something of this sort was done, we shall expect a regular addition to Friday's early morning meal. For certainly the efforts of the club have not resulted in the entire capture of the former stock, and with this new addition our "burn" must be simply alive with fish. Hitherto, the attitude of the school towards the club has been non-critical; this announcement now gives us "a platform" for future criticism.

* * *

ST BENEDICT'S feast was as usual a whole holiday. It was planned that the day should be spent by the school at Rievaulx. But unfortunately the weather was left out of account, and the morning turned out to be such as the inimitable 'Mr Leacock' describes in *Hannah of the Highlands*, as "a gloriously beautiful Scotch morning." So thorough was "the sense of wetness" we experienced that a start was not made until mid-day, and then Rievaulx was abandoned for Duncombe Park and Helmsley. Some members of the Sixth travelled to Malton, but those favoured by fortune were the Hockey Eleven, who went to Ripon beyond the water sphere. Prior to the game they enjoyed a morning at Fountains Abbey, and from the accounts we received of the grounds of Studley Royal, and the wonderful monastic ruins, it surely is time that a "Fountains Day" was instituted. Cannot some one with a really mellifluous tongue persuade the Head Master that it forms a necessary part of our liberal education?

* * *

FOR the Choir Holy Week is the great ordeal of the year, and it is on their execution of its elaborate music that their reputation mainly depends. It is no small praise to say that their singing this year was quite up to their usual standard. Improvement on former efforts was most marked in the rendering of the Plain Song by the boys, which was distinguished by a greater certainty and precision than has hitherto been the rule. If a note of adverse criticism must be made, it is that at times they fail to "feel" the music, and adhere, with too classical an instinct, to the *via media* between the extremes of *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*. The listener sometimes wonders whether the front bench trebles contribute their share of

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volume! But these are faults that can be remedied, for the choir at its best leaves little to be desired. Sewell's "Collegium Pontifices" and Vittoria's "Pueri Hebraeorum" on Palm Sunday, and Ebner's "Missa in Honorem Nativitatis Domini" on Easter-day were remarkable both for the quality of the music and for their very effective rendering. The success of these innovations leads us to express a hope that this healthy contagion may spread. We can hardly be said to do full justice to Holy Week when the art of such a composer as Palestrina is neglected.



The sports held on Easter Monday were remarkable for the largeness of the entries and for the number of close finishes. The former feature was no doubt largely due to the Divisional competition in the Upper School which made the efforts of each a matter of rather public importance and gave a dignity, based on value in points, even to a too-often despised third place. We venture no explanation of the extraordinary closeness of most of the contests, but merely record that from the preliminary heats to the Tug-of-War at the end of the sports the issue was generally in doubt till the last moment, and that when it was confidently regarded as a foregone conclusion, it usually provided a complete surprise. From a spectator's point of view one of the most enjoyable, because the most varied, events was the Cross-country Handicap. Almost the whole of the course was easily visible though the runners were soon unrecognizable, and questions such as the identity of the white figure that paused in the ascent of the Lion Wood Hill, or of the other that descended the grassy slope at the other side by rolling, became matters of animated speculation. The Hon. C. Barnewall was the first to emerge from the distance, and after causing great anxiety among the members of his Division by taking a needlessly circuitous route, he shook off the pursuit of V. J. Cravos, and won by a few yards.



The Relay Race between the Divisions was an immense success and admirably suited for the close of a Sports Day when

School Notes

limbs become weary and interest is apt to wane; for it concerned all, since all took part, and the award in points to the winning Division was great. It was severe on none, as the effort of each extended only to a single round of the track. The scene at the starting place, where each, when his allotted task was done, freely expended his scanty breath to urge his successor on, was a memorable one. Of the personal successes in the sports the outstanding one was that of L. T. Williams, who carried off five first prizes. He ran with great determination, and timed his efforts to a nicety. We congratulate him on his success, all the more heartily as it was hardly earned. Finally one sentence of congratulation, chiefly to the Committee and the Sixth Form, on whom devolved the burden of leading the sports, and also to the whole body of competitors on the unqualified success of the sports of this year. Their conduct of the sports was intelligent and efficient, and best of all their enthusiasm and keenness irresistibly infectious and maintained right up to the end.



In its contests against various opponents with divers sorts of ball the school has since September met with almost unbroken success. We do not think it suffered undue elation therefore, but if it did, the Old Boys offered a healthy antidote on Easter Sunday. As will be seen elsewhere in this number they challenged the school to matches in Shooting, Golf, Hockey, Rackets, and, at the close of the sports, even Tug-of-War, and in all but Shooting they won decisively. To most of them the JOURNAL has in previous issues made frequent reference in its rôle of *sacer vates*, and it is pleasant once again to sing, or rather to recite in unmeasured prose, the latest tale of their success.



We have to thank Fr Hugh Pope, O.P., for the Easter retreat, which was much appreciated. The following Old Boys attended:

G. H. Chamberlain, A. Hines, C. E. Rochford, H. Rochford, C. Rochford, B. Marwood, A. Clapham, W. V. Clapham, O. L. Chamberlain, A. F. Wright, H. D. M. Wright, M. F. M. Wright, B. Hardman,

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D. Travers, B. E. Burge, J. Clancy, B. Collison, R. Huddleston, G. Hines.



THE following Old Boys have also visited us since Christmas :

C. S. Cravos, N. J. Chamberlain, B. J. Holden, H. H. Barton, R. W. Barton, C. Marwood, G. Marwood and W. H. Swale.



WE Englishmen learn not to take our weather for granted—as do men of other climes. It therefore forms the subject of daily comment and speculation, which has a real interest to us, besides being a convenient perennial topic to which we have recourse at awkward moments, or as the alternative to a painful silence. No apology is therefore needed for saying that the weather this term has been beyond all our most sanguine prognostications. True it is, that towards the end of March and at the beginning of April, we had a fortnight of variable weather—now rain, and now sunshine, but up to that point scarcely a game had been stopped by the enemy of all Englishmen. We enjoyed a constantly mild and even temperature, and a freedom from rain, which must be a record. Only once did snow make any attempt to settle upon the ground. This solitary effort was quickly thwarted by the sun, so that our sledges, of which the name is legion, have lain idle throughout the year (if we except ten days' sledging we enjoyed last term), and our skates have never once appeared. This we regret, as also the fact that cross-country runs and paper-chases have been entirely forgotten.



THE following boys are heads of their forms :

Upper Sixth, J. O. Kelly.	Higher Third, T. V. Welsh.
Sixth, V. Knowles.	Lower Third, D. Rochford.
Fifth, M. Ainscough.	Second, J. R. T. Crawford.
Fourth, E. Le Fèvre.	First, O. T. Penney.



THE school staff is at present constituted as follows :

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.

Lectures

Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Anthony Barnett.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Benedict Hayes.	Dom Ildephorus Barton.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Alexius Chamberlain, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Illyd Williams.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Raymond Lythgoe.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Louis d'Andria.
Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.	Dom Cyril Maddox.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing*).

J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

Sergeant-Major Grogan (*Sergeant-Instructor*, late Irish Guards).

W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster West Yorks).

Mrs. Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).

LECTURES

THE ABBOT OF FORT AUGUSTUS

ABBOT Hunter-Blair favoured us with a lecture on the ever fresh subject of the Young Pretender's romantic and unhappy career, deftly inspiring us with the successive emotions of hope, confidence, disillusionment and despair which marked the phases of his ill-fated attempt to recover his heritage. The many lantern slides, with which the lecture was illustrated, were of great and varied interest,—photographs of the localities and reproductions of contemporary prints and portraits, some being unique copies of treasures in the national archives. The narrative of a personal link between Prince Charlie and the lecturer, and a rendering of one of the Highland songs in which his memory is enshrined, closed a delightful and instructive entertainment, for which we tender our sincerest thanks.

MR OXLEY GRABHAM

Mr Oxley Grabham, whose photographs of birds are so well known to readers of *Country Life*, entertained us to one

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of his fascinating lantern lectures on "Yorkshire Birds." Mr Grabham has an unrivalled knowledge of his subject, and has probably done more for the preservation of rare birds in this county than any living man. Every photograph which was thrown on the lantern screen the lecturer had taken himself, and very many of them had cost him many hours—nay, in some instances, days—of patient watching. Added to all this, Mr Grabham is a vivacious talker with more than an ordinary sense of humour. We thank him very heartily, and trust that the time is not far distant when we shall see him here again.

MR FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH

Mr Fairfax Blakeborough lectured to us on "Yorkshire Folk-lore." The lecturer dealt mainly with belief in witchcraft and other local superstitions, and becoming more topical he told us the stories that still linger in the countryside of the iniquities and dealings with the occult, of which 'papishes' generally are guilty—more especially 'cullage gentlemen,' a title which is traditionally used to connote ourselves. Seldom have we heard in our theatre such sustained laughter as marked the last period of this lecture. We offer Mr Blakeborough our best thanks.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term took place on Sunday, February 1, with the Head Master in the chair. In private business Mr Lintner was elected secretary, and Messrs Kelly, Simpson and Williams were chosen to form the committee. Mr Lintner then moved, in public business, "That owing to the present disturbed state of the country this House would welcome the adoption of Socialism." The position of England in the world, he said, was being threatened. We had to face external dangers of great moment. For not only were we threatened by our neighbours across

Senior Literary and Debating Society

the North Sea, but in two notable instances our colonies were in a critical state of unrest—South Africa openly, and India silently. In England itself there were signs that all was not well, in the prevalence of strikes, the load of taxation, and the condition of the poor. These evils could not be alleviated by legislation. What was needed most was a restatement of the meaning of riches. This would lead to a redistribution of wealth and a readjustment of the relations of rich and poor.

Mr Williams opposed the motion. Socialists were right in their desire to make peace between Capital and Labour, but the solution which they proposed was unworkable. Their system would be practicable only when humanity reached a state of perfection. In the world of to-day it would inaugurate an epoch of anarchy. The holding of capital was not in any way opposed to justice, and state interference was an obvious violation of personal liberty. The speaker concluded by enumerating the defects of Socialism as a practical system, and by asserting the impossibility of readjustment of wealth and labour by legislation of any kind whatever.

Mr Knowles also enlarged further on the impracticability of Socialism, maintaining that the question of labour could never be satisfactorily solved, for by a law of human nature the fittest would always lead the way.

Mr Kelly, Mr Le Fèvre and Mr Power also spoke.

The motion was rejected almost unanimously.

At the second meeting of the term, held on Sunday, February 8, Mr Lancaster read a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy."

The third meeting of the term took place on Sunday, February 15. In public business, Mr Murray moved "That Home Rule should be given to Ireland." He began with a short summary of Irish history to show that the English had always failed to understand the Celtic character. The granting of Home Rule would be an act of justice, and of reparation for past wrongs, which would ensure the loyalty of Irishmen and consolidate the Empire.

Mr Rochford opposed. He apprehended more danger to England than to Ireland from the Bill. The Irish had really no reason to complain of their present representation in the House of Commons. They were, in fact, the real rulers of the

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Empire, for they always held the balance between parties. We had had sufficient experience of Irish politics to know that an independent Parliament in Dublin would be a serious menace to the unity of the Empire, while it would mean financial ruin to Ireland itself.

Mr Williams remarked that the wrongs of Ireland had really nothing to do with the present situation. The demand for self-government had become a habit which persisted, although the causes of discontent had long since been removed.

Mr Knowles thought that, since the passing of the Bill was now assured, it would be more useful to consider its probable effects upon the country, which he did without committing himself to any definite conclusions.

Mr Kelly then moved the adjournment of the debate which was carried.

The fourth meeting was held on February 22, when the adjourned debate on "Home Rule" was resumed by Mr Kelly in a vigorous speech in favour of the motion. After making some reflections upon the promoters of the Ulster movement, he went on to repudiate the charge of disloyalty which it was the custom in this country to make against the Nationalists. He concluded with an exposition of the principle of Federal Government, of which he professed himself an ardent supporter. Home Rule was the first step towards the reorganization of our political system.

Mr Power did not believe in the Bill. The trifling advantages, which it was calculated to bring to Ireland, would not justify the state of social unrest and the grave Imperial risks which its passing would entail. Its effect would be that Ireland would have two Parliaments, one at Dublin and the other at Westminster, and English politics would still be dominated by the Irish members. Finally, the country had never had an opportunity of expressing an opinion on Home Rule at the elections, for the subject had been carefully avoided by the Liberal Party.

Mr Williams endeavoured to show that it was the duty of every patriotic Englishman to oppose this Bill, by an exposition of the anti-English sentiment which, he asserted, was prevalent in Ireland.

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Mr Simpson spoke in favour of the Bill as an act of justice for past wrongs, but doubted its expediency at the present time.

Mr Le Fèvre and Mr J. Kelly also spoke. After replies from the mover and opposer, the motion was put to the vote and carried by 17 votes to 16.

On March 1 the fifth meeting was held, when the House listened to an interesting paper on "Aviation," read by Mr Rochford.

The sixth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, March 8. In public business, Mr T. Kelly moved "That the Government should adopt the Management of the Railways." He pointed out the need of some new method of supplying revenue without increasing the burden of taxation, and suggested that perhaps the most effective expedient would be the purchase of the railways. This step was advisable for many other reasons. It would put an end to a serious waste due to over-management, inefficiency, and excessive tariffs. It would also decrease useless expenditure which was necessarily incurred at present as a result of competition. The difficulties of purchase were not insurmountable, and it would result in an annual income of several millions which could be used to decrease the burden of taxation.

Mr Long, in opposition, said that the absence of competition, which would be the result of nationalization, would create industrial stagnation, while government control would inevitably lead to inefficiency, bad management, and unpunctuality. The confusion which reigned in many existing government departments was becoming proverbial. The continental state railways were not remarkable either for efficiency or economy, and the difficulties of purchase were considerable.

Mr Simpson thought that for military purposes in time of war the advantages of state control would be very great. He also expressed his admiration of continental railways.

Mr Williams declared that government control would certainly result in greater efficiency, but objected to it on the ground of its being a further encroachment on individual liberty.

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After several other members had expressed their views, the motion was put to the vote, and the meeting concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman.

On Sunday, March 15, Mr Williams read a paper on "The Campaign of Waterloo." After a brief account of the events which preceded Napoleon's escape from Elba, he described the dispositions and strength of the Allies when Napoleon reached the Sambre, after a remarkably rapid mobilization. He intended to strike an unexpected blow at the centre of the Allied forces and, by defeating the Prussians, drive them back eastwards upon their base, thus preventing their junction with Wellington. He felt confident of then being able to defeat Wellington. Though he defeated Blücher at Ligny his plan failed. For Blücher retreated northwards and came up with Wellington on the evening of the day of Waterloo.

The meeting was adjourned.

At the eighth meeting, on Sunday, March 22, Mr Williams' paper was resumed. He described the Prussian retreat, and then followed Napoleon until he came up with Wellington on the Field of Waterloo. By means of plans and maps, he described the positions of the opposing armies on the morning of June 18, 1815, and enabled the House to follow his graphic description of the details of the battle. He concluded an excellent paper by some reflections on the causes of Napoleon's failure.

The ninth meeting was held on Sunday, March 29, when in public business, Mr Milburn moved "That there should be no further interference, on the part of the Lower House, with the prerogatives of the House of Lords." It was in the best interests of the nation, he said, that the Lords and Commons should be united in the government of the country. They had, in the past, by their united action saved the country from tyranny whether of kings or of demagogues. At present, they formed the chief bulwark against socialism and anarchy. The House of Lords, besides being a fountain of political wisdom, supplied the stable element in political life.

Mr Gerrard, who opposed, reminded the House that the present Government had pledged itself to a reconstruction of the House of Lords before the next general election, in

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the preamble to the Parliament Act of 1909. This was rendered necessary by the fact that the House of Lords, as constituted, was a Conservative Chamber, pledged to oppose Liberal measures. This state of things resulted in great inconvenience and loss of time. He suggested a scheme by which the relative positions of parties would be adjusted.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Williams, Chamberlain, Simpson, Kelly, and S. Lancaster. The motion was carried by 17 votes to 16.

G. LINTNER,
Hon. Secretary.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

AT the 233rd meeting of the Society Mr A. Dillon was elected a member, and the House voted for the officials. Mr J. Allanson was elected secretary, and Messrs L. Unsworth, R. Liston and J. Douglas as members of the committee.

In public business Mr D. Rochford moved "That this House regrets the introduction of the motor." He urged the extreme recklessness of so many motorists; entire indifference to the claims of the pedestrian was their marked characteristic. Again, the motor played a large part in the creation of class feeling, for nothing brought home to the poor their comfortless existence more than the sight of the luxurious motors speeding along the highways.

Mr I. Forbes, the opposer, laid stress on the superiority of the motor over other methods of locomotion. This was evident from the fact that the motor made the traveller independent of railway companies. The motorist composed his own timetable, and chose his own route according to his needs. Its healthiness was another strong point in its favour.

The debate was continued by Mr L. Spiller, who dwelt on the damage done to the small gardens of the villagers by the dust of motors on the country roads, and the damaging of the roads themselves.

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There also spoke Messrs M. Scott, J. Morice, A. Pollack, T. Welsh, L. Lancaster, E. Robinson, J. Douglas, G. Cuddon, C. Field, T. B. Fishwick, C. Liston and A. McDonald.

There voted for the motion 12, against 28.

The 234th meeting was held on February 8. Mr E. Baines moved "That the policy of a small navy would be disastrous to England." His chief argument was based on the fact that England must preserve her commercial supremacy, and in order to do this it is imperative that she should at all costs maintain her naval superiority.

Mr Rennick, in opposing, lamented the vast sums wasted on armaments when the social evils in this country are calling aloud for redress. Some restraint in the shipbuilding would not imperil any of England's interests.

When twenty other members had taken part in the discussion the motion was put to the vote. For the motion 29 votes were given, against 10.

On February 15, at the 235th meeting, Mr J. Douglas moved "That England's supremacy is threatened by the introduction of aerial navigation." He first called attention to the comparative lack of interest in aerial navigation that is so noticeable in England. He then showed how this new conquest of man deprived this country of the great protection provided by her insular position. England would now have to raise and support a large army capable of meeting the large armies of her Continental rivals, for she was quickly losing her former strong position.

Mr C. Power opposed. He minimized the importance of the aeroplane in modern warfare. They were chiefly used for scouting; as an element in the actual encounter they might at present be ignored. He admitted that the airship was more formidable, but said their great size made them an easy target for the enemy.

Mr A. Pollack said that as aeroplanes could now be made to hover, they could take steady aim and play an important part in an engagement.

Mr A. Dillon called attention to the very slow development of the air wing of the British Army and Navy, and contrasted with it the activity shown by other Powers.

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After an animated debate the House rejected the motion by 21 votes to 19.

At the 236th meeting Mr M. Smith moved "That this House deplores the increasing popularity of the cinematograph." He first stated that eight million people attend these places of amusement each week in this country. This fact and the rapid increase in picture palaces clearly showed the popularity of the entertainment. The effect on the people was harmful,—the surroundings were bad for the health, the entertainment itself was bad for the morals of the audience. He quoted the discussion of this question at the recent Convocation at York, where the Anglican bishops were strong in their condemnation of this latest craze.

Mr V. Bradley, who opposed, said that this mode of amusement was most instructive, as the films shown were frequently such as to impart useful knowledge; films telling the tales of famous novels called attention to the best literature of the land. He finally supported the "cinema" as a successful rival of the public-house for the pennies of the poor.

Mr H. Greenwood said that the continuous crowds in these halls spread the germs of disease, and lamented their interference with the religious observance of Sunday.

Mr Macpherson pleaded the cause of the poor. These shows were for thousands, who otherwise would pass a joyless existence, an innocent, inexpensive and instructive means of passing a couple of pleasant hours.

There also spoke Messrs B. J. D. Gerrard, G. Agnew, J. P. Douglas, G. Simpson, Morice, McArdle, Allanson, Bisgood, Spiller, L. Lancaster, C. Liston, D. Rochford and Hon. M. Scott.

At the 237th meeting on March 1, the Hon. M. Scott moved "That a classical education is better than a scientific." Mr T. B. Fishwick opposed. There spoke Messrs Massey, Welsh, C. Liston, Dease, E. Robinson, S. Rochford, Morice, A. Pollack, L. Unsworth, Marsden and Forbes, the Hon. C. Barnewall and Lord Encombe. Br Louis also spoke. There voted in favour of the motion 23, against 21.

Br Louis and Mr Perring were present at the 238th meeting on March 8. Mr Spiller moved "That there have been

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too many strikes in England in recent times." He showed the harm done by the numerous strikes in the last few years both to the workers themselves,—for although increased wages had resulted, the cost of living had risen much higher in proportion so that the workman with better wages was worse off now than formerly,—and also to business in general by the consequent loss of trade.

Mr McArdle, in opposing, argued the hard and unjust lot of the worker,—trade is booming, the profits are all going into the pockets of shareholder, director and manager,—the workman must have his share in the increased prosperity, and he is justified in getting it in the only way possible,—by strikes.

Mr Blackledge pointed out that the fact that the increase of wages had not met the increase in cost of living was a further argument to justify the frequent strikes of to-day.

Seventeen other members spoke, an adjournment was proposed and rejected; in the voting 25 supported the motion, 18 opposed.

At the 239th meeting Mr Perring and Mr Blakeborough were present. The motion was "That the results of Polar Exploration do not justify the sacrifices involved." Mr Greenwood was the mover. He explained the difference between foolhardiness and bravery, and argued that the Polar Expeditions must be classed under the former heading. The results, if there were any, were far outweighed by the expense, and most of all by the sacrifice of human life.

Mr C. Unsworth opposed. He showed the valuable knowledge gained by Science through these expeditions, and said the cost of human life in these ventures was very small compared with the sacrifices demanded by other branches of Science.

Mr C. Knowles said that, apart from the knowledge of the physical world, the story of Scott's heroic efforts was a source of inspiration.

There also spoke Messrs C. Liston, L. Lancaster, D. Collison, Welsh, C. Field, J. Gerrard, Macpherson, G. Simpson, Fishwick, Davey, J. Douglas, S. Rochford, Spiller and McDonald.

There voted for the motion 15, against 23.

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On March 22 at the 240th meeting Dom A. Parker was present as a visitor. Mr F. MacDonnell moved "That living animals, wild by nature, should not be kept in captivity." He said that such a practice was opposed to the natural roaming instincts of animals, and the pitiful sight of their misery in a "zoo" made this quite clear. The circus, with its cruelty, was one step further. The true naturalist would study the animals in their natural surroundings, the "zoo" only afforded useless amusement at the cost of the misery of the victims.

Mr E. Massey, the opposer, founded his case on the true relations between the animal world and man. He showed how the animals kept in captivity were well cared for, and that the small inconvenience they suffered was amply justified by the instruction and amusement of the human race. He also suggested that such a mode of existence ought to be welcome to these creatures as they are given a chance of being influenced by the beneficent civilization of to-day!

Mr Welsh made serious charges against the members of the Natural History Society, but his accusations were promptly disposed of by Mr E. Dease.

Many other members spoke. There voted for the motion 17, against 28.

The 241st meeting of the Society was held on Sunday, March 29. Dom Wilfrid and Dom Louis were present. Mr Davey moved "That the need for a channel tunnel is urgent." He argued that such an undertaking would be an important step towards permanent peace among nations, and consequent reduction of armaments, for it would mean greatly increased intercourse, and hence a firmer *entente cordiale* with the nations on the Continent. Secondly, he urged the greater facilities for Commerce, the benefit of which was apparent to all.

Mr A. Pollack, who opposed, said that such a scheme if carried out would practically make England a peninsula, and therefore weaken its natural defences. He pointed out that even nations are inconstant; that even those best of friends, France and England, might have a "tiff," and the latter country have good cause to regret that she sanctioned such an easy method for her enemy to enter her domain.

Mr L. Unsworth said that the tunnel could be very easily

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destroyed if there were danger of its being used by an invading army.

Mr Bradley belittled the engineering difficulties.

Mr A. McDonald called attention to the difference in the gauges on the English and French railways, a serious obstacle to the running of through trains which was brought forward as one of the great conveniences to be provided by the tunnel.

When many of the other members had spoken the motion was put to the vote; it was supported by 17; there voted against, 25.

At the final meeting of the session, Mr D. Collison moved "That Ulster was justified in using force to escape inclusion under the Home Rule Bill." Mr A. Dillon opposed.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Jeudi 26 Février, première réunion de la Société. Le R. P. Joseph Dawson fut élu Président, le F. Cyrille Maddox Vice Président et M. R. Murray Secrétaire.

L'assemblée décida que tous les Jeudis soirs l'un de ses membres donnerait une conférence. Étaient présents le Président, le Vice Président, le Secrétaire, MM. T. Kelly, T. Welsh, C. Ffield, L. Unsworth et G. Simpson. A la fin de la séance on vota des remerciements au Président.

Jeudi 5 Mars, deuxième réunion de la Société. Le Président pria le Secrétaire de lire le procès-verbal de la dernière séance, lequel fut adopté. Le F. Cyrille exprime le désir qu' à l'avenir les discours des membres ne durent pas plus de quatre ou cinq minutes. M. C. Simpson remarque que cette proposition était peu nécessaire; mise aux voix par le Président, elle est adoptée à la majorité de trois voix.

Dans un discours très intéressant le F. Cyrille parle en faveur de "la Conscription en Angleterre". Il traite le sujet sous deux points de vue. Au point de vue logique, il est évident que ceux qui profitent des avantages d'une armée doivent également participer à ses charges et à ses dangers. Au point

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de vue sentimental, il fit appel au patriotisme de la Société, et exprima la certitude que tous ses membres étaient prêts à verser jusqu' à la dernière goutte de leur sang pour la défense de la patrie.

M. T. Kelly, s'appuyant sur l'expérience du passé, rappela que le service volontaire n'avait pas empêché l'Angleterre de remporter de nombreux succès. Elle a vaincu le génie de Napoléon et les fourberies de Kruger. Maintenant nous avons l'entente cordiale avec la France (acclamations) et un solide amitié avec la Russie. Alors à quoi bon la Conscription en Angleterre ?

Dans le débat qui suivit, la Société écouta avec intérêt les arguments du Comte Telfener et de MM. L. Williams, C. Simpson, G. Lintner, H. Emery et C. Ffield. La proposition mise aux voix fut adoptée par 8 voix contre 6.

Jeudi 12 Mars, troisième réunion de la Société. Le R. P. Roulin et le Comte Telfener étaient présents à titre de visiteurs.

M. C. Simpson soutint, dans un discours très serré, que "Nelson a fait plus pour l'Angleterre que Wellington." Les victoires de Nelson ne furent pas plus brillantes que celles de Wellington, mais elles eurent un résultat plus durable. C'est à Nelson que l'Angleterre doit sa puissance maritime; tandis qu' il ne reste rien des exploits de Wellington.

M. R. Murray, Secrétaire, s' éleva contre cette proposition. Comme stratège Wellington n'était peut-être pas supérieur à Nelson; ce que nous admirons aujourd'hui c'est sa volonté inflexible.

MM. G. Simpson, C. Ffield, T. Welsh, L. Unsworth, T. Kelly prirent part à la discussion. A la fin de la séance la Société fut honorée d'un discours du R. P. Roulin. Il rappela à la Société que la France avait, elle aussi, son grand héros, Napoléon (applaudissements). Il félicita les membres de leur courage à surmonter les difficultés de la langue française courage qui rappelle celui avec lequel les soldats Anglais surmontèrent tous les obstacles, à la bataille de Waterloo.

Le débat fut ajourné à la prochaine séance.

Jeudi 19 Mars, quatrième réunion de la Société.

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M. H. Emery continua le débat de la séance précédente. Un militaire, dit-il, ne doit pas se mêler de politique ; tout le bien que Wellington a fait à l'Angleterre a été ruiné par les lourdes fautes de sa politique. M. R. Power rappelle en quelques mots que l'Angleterre courut un plus grand danger à Waterloo qu' à Trafalgar, et qu' à cette heure critique Wellington fut son sauveur.

MM. J. Kelly, L. Williams, T. Kelly, D. Long, S. Lancaster, J. B. Allanson, F. Morice, prirent part à la discussion. La proposition fut mise aux voix : 11 membres votèrent pour et 19 contre ; en conséquence elle fut rejetée.

Judi 26 Mars, cinquième réunion de la Société. Etaient présents comme visiteurs le Comte Telfener, MM. B. Burge et N. Chamberlain. Le sujet du débat était "l'aiguille est plus utile que l'épingle."

M. J. Kelly ouvrit la discussion. Sans aiguille, dit-il, le chirurgien ne peut pas recoudre les plaies après une opération. Il cita de nombreux auteurs pour prouver la supériorité de l'aiguille, et conclut par une comparaison humoristique entre l'aiguille de la Matrone et l'Aiguille de Cléopâtre.

M. M. Ainscough exposa les multiples usages de l'épingle ; c'est un engin de guerre dans le chapeau de la Suffragette ; c'est un instrument de torture entre les mains d'un écolier, etc. . . .

Dans la discussion qui suivit la Société écouta avec plaisir les remarques du Comte Telfener, de MM. B. Burge, N. Chamberlain, du Secrétaire, de MM. G. Lintner, D. Long, C. Ffield, T. Welsh, D. Rochford, G. Simpson, H. Marsden, P. Ffield, L. Unsworth, T. Kelly. La proposition fut adoptée par 18 voix contre 13.

Judi 2 Avril, sixième réunion de la Société. Le R. P. Anselm Parker était présent comme visiteur.

M. G. Lintner soutint la thèse que "la plume est plus puissante que l'épée". M. T. Welsh combat la proposition ; le défaut de place ne nous permet pas de reproduire leurs très intéressants discours, difficiles à résumer.

Le F. Cyrille, MM. G. Simpson, H. Emery, L. Unsworth, D. Rochford, H. Fitzgerald, C. Ffield, prirent part à la

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discussion ; à la fin du débat M. Scott fit remarquer à la Société que le Prince de Bismarck, entre autres grands hommes, naquit le 1er Avril. La proposition soumise au vote fut repoussée par 12 voix contre 11.

La séance se termina par un vote de remerciements au Président et au F. Cyrille pour l'intérêt qu'ils ont témoigné à la Société.

THE MONTHLY SPEECHES

FEBRUARY.—The monthly speeches for February provided a pleasant evening's entertainment, but call for no special comment. The musicians deserve a word of notice for the feeling and confidence of their execution, and Lintner's recitation was specially commended by the Head Master in his concluding speech. The spirited French rendering of "Alice" and "Humpty Dumpty," given in costume, lent a note of colour to the proceedings.

PIANO, PRELUDE	EMERY i	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
THE YOUNG CID	SMITH ii	<i>Robert Rockcliffe</i>
THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE	KNOWLES ii	<i>H. Newbolt</i>
THE ENCHANTED SHIRT	CHENEY	<i>John Hay</i>
THE CHORUS OF HOME COMING SHIPS	UNSWORTH i	<i>Alfred Austin</i>
THE NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER	POLLACK ii, FISHWICK	<i>George Canning</i>
SELECTIONS FROM "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES"	GEORGE ii, LOUGHRAN ii, WRIGHT ii	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>
PIANO, SPRING SONG	ROCHFORD v	<i>Merkel</i>
THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S NEST	AINSCOUGH ii	<i>Longfellow</i>
MISUNDERSTOOD	ROBINSON i	<i>Thomas Braehen</i>
THE DAY AFTER THE STORM	BARTON i	<i>Robert Bridges</i>
HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX	LINTNER	<i>Coleridge</i>
VIOLIN, ROMANCE	WELSH	<i>Svensden</i>
FRENCH SPEECH, "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"	'HUMPTY DUMPTY,' CRAWFORD	
	'ALICE,' BISGOOD ii	

The Monthly Speeches

March.—The speeches for March were postponed till Easter Monday, and held in connection with the distribution of the Sports Prizes. The recitations, notably Belloc's "Coming Home," were above the ordinary level in interest and execution. All the speakers of the evening were good, but Douglas ii, as the much-tried 'Peter Quince,' and Davey, as 'the Poet,' specially distinguished themselves, and Williams' delivery of Burke's Reflections was a delicately finished piece of work.

VIOLIN, DUO	KNOWLES, POWER i	<i>Bach</i>
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT I, SC. 2	THE FIRST FORM	<i>Shakespeare</i>
FROM "LOVE THOU THY LAND"	KELLY ii	<i>Tennyson</i>
VIOLIN, LEGEND	WELSH	<i>Wieniewski</i>
KING JOHN, ACT IV, SC. I	'Hubert,' CRAWFORD	<i>Shakespeare</i>
	SECOND FORM	
	'Arthur,' FFIELD ii	
	'Attendants,' MACDONNELL ii, CHENEY	
THE PATRIOT	SCOTT	<i>R. Browning</i>
A DAY'S RECOMPENSE	SPILLER	<i>F. Y. Walters</i>
ON COMING HOME, FROM "THE FOUR MEN"	'Grizzlebeard,' MACDONNELL i	<i>Hilaire Belloc</i>
	'Poet,' DAVEY	
	'Sailor,' COLLISON ii	
	'Myself,' CONNOLLY	
VIOLIN, REVERIE	KNOWLES i	<i>Vieuxtemps</i>
MARIE ANTOINETTE	WILLIAMS	<i>Burke</i>
STRINGS AND PIANO, GAVOTTE	POWER i, KNOWLES i, EMERY i, WELSH	<i>Schütt</i>

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following boys joined the contingent at the beginning of the term :

H. Rennick, J. F. S. Morice, W. R. Lee, R. J. Cheney, A. H. Dillon, B. J. D. Gerrard.

The total strength of the contingent is now 82.

The following promotions were posted at the beginning of term :

To be Sergeant : Corporal Kelly.

To be Corporals : Lance-Corporal Knowles, Lance-Corporal Caldwell.

To be Lance-Corporals : Cadet H. Emery, Cadet Smith.

The work of the contingent has continued uninterruptedly throughout the term. Special attention has been paid to the acquirement of smartness in rifle drill and other routine work, so that the more favourable conditions of the summer term may be entirely utilized for field work. At the same time some field work has been done, and we have had an occasional route march, which has generally been in the direction of Ampleforth—a fact that has tended to convince at least one octogenarian, whose "Orange" sympathies are very pronounced, that these little military demonstrations on our part are in some way connected with a great military plot that is being hatched by Catholics throughout England.

On February 10 Major Barrington came from York, and supervised the action of an advance guard moving in the direction of Gilling. Before he left he made some valuable comments on the work, and expressed his satisfaction with the contingent. A second visit he devoted to outpost duty, which was carried out by the N.C.O.'s. The outposts were protecting the main body, which was supposed to be bivouacked at Ampleforth. The frontage allotted to our company in the outposts extended from Bolton Bank to the south of the Bathing Wood. Sergeant Martin was in command of the right half-company, and Sergeant Simpson the left. The work was

Officers Training Corps

efficiently done, and so absorbed were the left half-company in their duty that despite repeated sounding of the "Fall in" they remained at their post; and the gallant Major had perforce to forgo the pow-wow.

Further volume has been added to the band by the addition of Cadet S. Rochford, in the role of drummer. Under the instruction of Bandmaster Hardcastle, and stimulated by the energy of Sergeant Leese, the band has made steady progress. The bass drummer—a figure who always commands attention—has been rendered even more imposing by his new leopard skin, which is an exceptionally fine one, and for which we have to thank Mr Arthur Robinson, of Harrogate, the generous donor.

FIELD DAYS

On Shrove Tuesday we enjoyed a splendid field day. At 10 a.m. we marched off in the direction of the Goremire Road. Operations commenced at the Priest's Barn, north-west of Ampleforth. The Brown Force—consisting of three sections, acted as a rearguard to a convoy intended to relieve a force holding the line Rievaulx, Old Byland and Hawnby. A skeleton force—the Whites—led by Sergeant Leese, attacked. The line to be defended by the Brown Force was so extensive, that connection with Number Four section was never well established, with the result that the White Force was given an opportunity of piercing the defence. To prevent catastrophe Bugler Gerrard was handed his officer's revolver, and by rapidity of movement and fire created the impression that the bushes were lined with men, and thereby kept the enemy at bay for a considerable time.

The Brown Force afterwards retreated past Tom Smith's Cross, in the direction of the gamekeeper's cottage, where the manoeuvres ceased, and friend and foe, united by the bonds of common hunger and the presence of good cheer, sat down to lunch. When fragments had been collected and burnt, the company moved in the direction of Coxwold. Number Three section broke off at Wass, and Number Two at Byland. The rest of the company and the band marched to the appointed inn at Coxwold. After tea the two sections rejoined, and the

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homeward march began. The day's programme was concluded by dinner at seven, from which the Shrovetide pancake was happily not absent. Some excellent speeches sent us to rest in the best of humours. The photographs of the prisoners of war exhibited next day on the O.T.C. notice board were greatly appreciated—by the captors.

Without regard to the fittingness of things, April 1 was chosen for a second field day, but it turned out well. In fact it was generally voted to be the best day since the Beverley day last year. The scheme consisted of a skeleton force in pursuit of a column falling back upon Helmsley, and opposed to the remainder of the company from Ampleforth, which formed the rearguard. The defensive work was carefully and well carried out, and the column was able to retreat unmolested. The section, however, on the extreme right of the defence became isolated, and was eventually captured. In the meantime the section, under Sergeant Martin, on the left of the line was confronted by Sergeant Leese's skeleton force. Each commander was convinced that he had irretrievably jeopardized the other's chances of escape and a miniature "pow-wow" was about to be held when the "Stand fast" for lunch was sounded. Whereupon even the skeleton force was galvanized into new life, and the discussion was held over sandwiches and cake. On the resumption of hostilities the task of the establishment of superiority of fire was attacked with such zeal that the ammunition was soon exhausted, and the opposing parties had recourse to civilian methods of slaughter.

After the "Fall in"—very aptly at Waterloo Farm—we marched to Helmsley for tea, and entrained for Gilling. The band certainly relieved the monotony of a long march, and more than compensated for the defence which had been accorded them by the erstwhile rearguard. Never perhaps did we realize their true value so thoroughly.

CERTIFICATE "A"

Hearty congratulations to the following, who were awarded Certificate "A" as a result of the examination held by the War Office in November:

Officers Training Corps

Colour-Sergeant Williams
Sergeant Collison
Corporal Long
Cadet Heffernan

Several others presented themselves for examination this term, and we hope for good results, as the work has been taken very seriously.

SHOOTING

The unexpected delay in completing the new shooting range has been a great disappointment to those keenly interested in regular practice during the winter months. Let us hope that it will soon be completed. The present erection is satisfactory on a really fine day, but on many days we are robbed of the opportunity of practice. No inter-school matches have taken place this term, but a team met the "Old Boys," who were here for Easter. We append the conditions and results:

Conditions: First Target: Deliberate; Grouping, Second Target: Rapid; Bisley Figure Target; Unlimited rounds; time, one minute.

AMPLEFORTH O.T.C.

	Deliberate	Rapid
Sergeant Collison	20	34
Sergeant Leese	20	27
Sergeant Simpson	20	28
Corporal Caldwell	10	37
	—	—
	70	126
		70
		196

OLD BOYS

	Deliberate	Rapid
B. E. Burge	15	25
C. Rochford	15	12
A. F. M. Wright	0	6
O. Barton	20	35
	—	—
	50	78
		50
		128

Rugby Football

RUGBY FOOTBALL

WITH the "Colts" match with St Peter's School, York, the Rugby season of 1913-14 came to an end.

It has in every respect been a successful year. All the games played on the school ground have been won, and the overwhelming victories of the Second and Third Fifteens bode well for the future. The First Fifteen have scored 151 points to 66; the Second 44 to none; and the Third 189 points to none. We give below in tabular form the results of the matches played this year and some accounts of this term's games.

FIRST FIFTEEN			
Opponents	Ground	Result	Score
Ripon School	Home	Won	54-3
St Peter's School, York	Home	Won	6-3
Giggleswick	Away	Lost	0-11
Pocklington School	Home	Won	29-7
St Peter's School, York	Away	Lost	0-13
Yorkshire Wanderers	Home	Won	21-11
Harrogate Old Boys	Home	Won	16-12
Royal Scots Greys	Home	Won	8-6
Pocklington School	Away	Won	17-0
SECOND FIFTEEN			
St Peter's School, York	Away	Won	6-0
St Peter's School, York	Home	Won	38-0
THIRD FIFTEEN			
Pocklington School	Home	Won	71-0
St Peter's School, York	Home	Won	118-0

AMPLEFORTH V. HARROGATE OLD BOYS

This game was played at Ampleforth on February 4, and resulted in a win for the home side by two goals and two tries (16 points) to four tries (12 points). It was a game, as far as Ampleforth were concerned, in which a rather drab general display was relieved by patches almost luridly purple. The school forwards began badly; they neglected to mark their opponents from touch; their heeling was so slovenly that Kelly, at stand-off half-back, was frequently compelled to take the ball standing, and after their first attempt to wheel

one was led to hope that they would not again try the manoeuvre in public. Their play at this stage was so bad that Harrogate after getting a couple of unconverted tries withdrew a forward, presumably to help the backs to build up a large score. Fortunately for the school all this time Emery, who played finely throughout, was hooking the ball with monotonous regularity, and thus Harrogate were deprived of much opportunity for continuous attack. After about twenty minutes' play, during which period the ball rarely left the Ampleforth twenty-five, Gerrard picked up well in his own half and set the three-quarters going. All along the line the ball went to Williams on the wing, who was left apparently alone face to face with the full back. Just as a single combat seemed inevitable Kelly appeared on Williams' left, took a well-timed pass and went over near the corner flag. The kick at goal failed. The second purple patch was laid on just before half-time. A spiral movement of Simpson's prepared the way for a strong run along the touch-line by Farrell, who was hauled down only just outside the goal-line. The school forwards following up quickly swept the ball and a Harrogate defender or two over the line and scored the second try. The kick at goal fell short, and at half-time the score stood at six points all.

On restarting one noticed with some satisfaction that Harrogate had resumed their normal formation forward. The second half was finely contested. The school forwards, except in their heeling out, which was slow, showed distinct improvement. The tackling on both sides was keen and resolute, and neither side was able to develop much in the way of an elaborate attack. Ampleforth were the first to score through Emery, who, after a well-executed dribbling movement, picked up just at the right moment and flung himself over the line. Kelly kicked the goal. The Ampleforth lead of five points was soon reduced by Raworth who broke away from touch and scored an unconverted try far out. Shortly afterwards the same player again secured the ball, ran half the length of the field leaving in his wake the prostrate forms of several would-be "tacklers," and scored near the corner flag. The kick at goal went wide, and Harrogate a quarter of an hour from

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"no-side" took the lead of one point. During the remainder of the game play ruled about mid-field. The school generally had possession, but for once Kelly was unable to make openings for his three-quarters, who invariably received a Harrogate defender very soon indeed after they received the ball. In vain was the attack varied by forward rushes. The Harrogate pack, though obviously tiring, devotedly threw themselves on the ball at the feet of the attacking eight, or a smart pick-up resulted in a defensive punt into touch. When but a minute remained for play the school put on the most purple patch of all. The forwards heeled out from a scrumage near the centre of the field. Slowly the ball was lobbed along the three-quarter line towards the right. When it reached Farrell quite a crowd of Harrogate defenders had arrived with it. Farrell went off with a great burst rightly making for the corner-flag. He easily outpaced the defenders near him. But his path in front was blocked by the Harrogate back, Appleyard, and on his left Depledge was tearing across the field to fling him into touch. In an inspired moment, without slackening his speed, or losing his stride, Farrell, who by this time had drawn the whole of the defence that was available to the extreme right of the field, sent the ball with a quick low punt into the centre. Kelly, who was following up, as usual in the right place, had only to pick up and go in unopposed between the posts. A goal was kicked, and the deficit of one point turned into a lead of four.

AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

Played at Pocklington on February 18, and ended in a win for Ampleforth by one goal and four tries (17 points) to nothing. Gerrard was unable to play and his place as scrum half was taken, and well taken, by L. H. Rochford. MacPherson was given a trial at left-centre three-quarter, and played a becoming game for a novice. He marked his man well, tackled pluckily, ran straight, gave reasonable passes, and, finally, did not try to do very much by himself. He was, however, not quite fast enough for Williams on the wing. Incidentally the game provided an interesting study of two

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different styles of three-quarter play. The Pocklington backs played quite close up to one another. Their passes were thus certain and quick, but very short. The Ampleforth three-quarter line was extended over a much larger space. This formation, though it makes accurate passing less easy of attainment, yet gives the centres more room and obviously can lead to effective outflanking. The first half was keenly contested. In the scrimmages each side obtained possession almost alternately, and the tackling on both sides was quick and keen. The Ampleforth pack were, however, smarter in breaking up and their footwork was more clever and collective. There was no score until just before half-time, when Rochford, after a clandestine movement round the "blind side" stole a secret try near the corner flag. The goal-kick lacked direction. In the second half, Pocklington suffered the loss of their stand-off half, who got kicked when lying on the ground. Their forwards, too, began to tire—they were the lighter pack—and their backs thus came in for more work than they could do. A strong rush by the Ampleforth forwards headed by Power and Emery carried the ball over the line, and the latter touched down. The place-kick failed. Pocklington rallied and pressed, but danger to the Ampleforth line was averted by a successful wheel followed by a fast forward rush. This took the ball to midfield. From an informal "scrum"—formed without pause—Ampleforth heeled out, and the ball sped along the three-quarter line to Williams, who completed the movement with a fine try far out. The kick at goal fell short.

From the drop-out Pocklington took the ball to mid-field. Here play ruled for a few moments, until from one of a series of scrimmages the ball came out on the Ampleforth side. Rochford passed to Kelly who made a good opening for Simpson. The latter took the ball in his stride, and made for the line accompanied by a small escort of the other side who ran down the field with him, apparently under the impression that he was going to pass out to Farrell. Simpson scored near the posts, but the try was not converted.

Just before "no-side" a great passing movement between Collison, Emery, Rochford, Simpson, MacPherson and Williams

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led to the last mentioned scoring a fifth try. This was converted, and Ampleforth won as stated. The following was the Ampleforth side :

Back, C. Knowles ; Three-quarters, L. T. Williams, C. MacPherson, C. R. Simpson and G. E. Farrell ; Half-backs, J. O. Kelly (captain) and L. H. Rochford ; Forwards, C. B. Collison, R. J. Power, J. B. Caldwell, E. J. Martin, H. J. Emery, W. Rochford, B. Martin and F. G. Morrough Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH v. ROYAL SCOTS GREYS

This game was played at Ampleforth on February 26, and resulted in a win for the school by one goal and one penalty goal (8 points), to two tries (6 points). The regiment were very heavy forward, and further their superior height gave them a great advantage in getting the ball from touch. During the early part of the game, however, Ampleforth were more frequently in possession, and the Scots Greys had a busy time in keeping out the school "threes." Still, the defence was sound and only broke down once. The ball had come out to Farrell on the extreme right who, through a host of very large men, found a seemingly pathless way to the goal line, and completed behind the posts a brilliant individual try. Kelly kicked an easy goal. Shortly afterwards a free-kick was given against the Regiment for "picking-up" in the scrum, and Williams kicked a fine goal from near the touch line. There was no further scoring before half-time. In the second half the play from the spectators' point of view was rather uninteresting. The Scots Greys' weight began to tell heavily and the school pack often receded. But this weakness was to some extent counterbalanced by quick breaking up and sound tackling. On two occasions the school forwards in over-eagerness got badly off-side, and from one of the free kicks at least a goal should have been kicked. Then for a period of about ten minutes the school defence weakened, and the Greys scored two unconverted tries—both near the touch-line on their left wing. Ampleforth afterwards rallied and kept their opponents out, though with difficulty, until the end.

After the first quarter of an hour the school side did not

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show to advantage. This was probably due to the greater weight and reach of their opponents who were not however skilful enough, nor quick enough, to develop an elaborate attack. Mention should be made of Knowles, who played a good game at back. His fielding was safe, his kicking long and sure, and he showed great pluck in going down to stop ugly forward rushes carried out by men heavy enough to be his uncles.

COLTS' MATCH

AMPLEFORTH (under 16) v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL (under 16)

This game was played at Ampleforth on February 28, and resulted in a win for the home side by fourteen goals and sixteen tries (118 points) to nothing.

The sides were fairly evenly matched forward in point of weight and size if not in pace, but the Ampleforth backs were bigger, stronger, heavier and faster than the seven opposed to them, and as their forwards kept them well supplied with the ball throughout the game, it soon became evident that the size of the score would be determined by time rather than by the efforts of the other side. After Ampleforth had scored three or four tries in the first ten minutes, Emery came up from the full-back position to play as a fifth three-quarter. He signaled his arrival by almost immediately scoring a try, taking an opportunity which the whole of the Ampleforth back division had combined to give him. During this period the best play in the game took place, as the Ampleforth backs combined well with the forwards in carrying out concerted passing movements. At half-time Ampleforth had scored forty-nine points. In the second half the game degenerated into a sort of prisoners' base. St Peter's, not unnaturally disheartened and perplexed by the successful passing during the first half, abandoned the golden rule of going for the man with the ball, and adopted the hopeless plan of waiting for the pass. But Fabian tactics have no place on the Rugby field, and the expected pass rarely came. One after another the Ampleforth backs as soon as they got the ball went straight through their opponents and over the line. The cup

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of defeat was surely filled for the other side when the Ampleforth forwards began to do the same. The try-getters were Liston ii (6), Cravos ii (5), Martin iii (4), Knowles ii (3), MacPherson (3), Power ii (3), Rochford iv (2), Emery ii (2), Unsworth and Massey. Of the forwards Martin, Rochford, Power, Unsworth and Encombe seemed the best, the last mentioned playing a notably unselfish game. All the backs ran strongly and straight. MacPherson and Liston were the most prominent, but the latter held on to the ball too long—a bad fault in a centre three-quarter. The following played for Ampleforth :

Back, R. G. Emery ; Three-quarter backs, F. Cravos, C. MacPherson, R. Liston and C. Knowles ; Half-backs, E. J. Massey and T. V. Welsh ; Forwards, Viscount Encombe, C. Power, H. Martin, V. Cravos, E. Dease, S. Rochford, L. Unsworth and H. Rennick.

HOCKEY

AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

PLAYED at Ampleforth on March 14, and ended in a win for the home side by three goals to one. The ground was heavy after the recent rains and soon became badly cut up, Pocklington had considerably the better of the game during the first quarter of an hour or so and their open play was quite good, but they were weak in the circle. The Ampleforth forwards seemed unable to combine at all well, and their individual stick-work was poor. This was to be expected, as it was only the third game they had played this season. Just before half-time V. Knowles scored from a centre by Williams. In the second half Ampleforth's better play showed the effects of the practice obtained in the first half. Though they did not hit the ball so hard or cleanly as the other side, they hit it a good deal oftener, and seemed on the whole rather keener on hitting it. The second goal was quite a good one. Gerrard and Kelly worked the ball down the left wing, and the latter centred to Knowles, who got in an effective diagonal shot when considerably impeded. Pocklington were the next to score from some scrimmaging after a penalty-corner. During the next ten minutes the play brightened up considerably, and the spectators, who accustomed to the thrills of "Rugger," were obviously finding things slow, permitted themselves to cheer. Towards the end of the game Pocklington rather tired, and Knowles shot a third goal.

The school Eleven will obviously have to improve if they are to win their remaining matches. It seems entirely a question of practice, as the material appears to be there. Kelly and Williams were the best of the forwards, and Caldwell and Rochford played well at half-back. The former might with advantage play centre-half. Collison was quite a good back and did a great deal of work. Massey in goal was more than useful. The following played for Ampleforth :

Goal, E. Massey ; Backs, C. B. Collison and E. J. Martin ; Half-backs, L. H. Rochford, F. J. Morrough-Bernard and J. B. Caldwell ; Forwards, L. T. Williams, V. Knowles, C. Knowles, J. O. Kelly and J. M. Gerrard.

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AMPLEFORTH V. RIPON SCHOOL

This match was played at Ripon on March 21, and resulted in a draw of one goal each. Ripon had the best of the first half, and very much the best of the first ten minutes. They were continually in the Ampleforth circle, and Massey in goal made many good saves. The Ampleforth defence was good and Collison and Martin again and again cleared the circle, but eventually they were beaten, and the opening score went to Ripon by means of a shot that Massey could scarcely have seen. For the rest of the first half Ampleforth were mainly on the defensive, though they interposed rapid incursions into the Ripon circle. From the latest of these, just before the interval, they scored the equalizing goal. The second half was hotly contested, each circle being visited in turn. Kelly was in great form on the left wing, and was wisely plied with passes. His centres were almost invariably hard and well directed, but the Ripon circle was well guarded, and the Ampleforth inside forwards just a little wanting in dash and determination. Towards the end Ampleforth gradually pressed and territorially began to get the better of it, but there was no further score and the game ended as stated. The following played for Ampleforth:

Goal, E. Massey; Backs, C. B. Collison and E. J. Martin; Half-backs, F. J. Morrogh-Bernard, W. P. Liston and L. H. Rochford; Forwards, J. O. Kelly, C. Knowles, Hon. R. H. Barnewall, J. B. Caldwell and L. T. Williams.

AMPLEFORTH V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

Played at Ampleforth on March 28, and resulted in a victory for the home side by four goals to nothing. Mid-field play followed the bully-off, and then Ampleforth gradually took up a position in their opponents' half. Williams and Kelly were in good form on the wings, and McDonald kept them well supplied with passes. St Peter's School were weak forward, but their half-back line was strong and generally succeeded in breaking up the Ampleforth combination before it became really effective. At half-time the score was Ampleforth, two goals; St Peter's School, nil. On resuming, St

Hockey

Peter's pressed and Massey brought off some good saves in goal. Collison, too, was a tower of strength at left full-back. Eventually Caldwell scored a third goal, and just before time McDonald from a good centre by Williams added a fourth. The following was the Ampleforth Eleven:

Goal, E. Massey; Backs, C. B. Collison and E. J. Martin; Half-backs, C. E. Leese, W. P. Liston and L. H. Rochford; Forwards, J. O. Kelly (captain), C. R. Simpson, A. J. McDonald, J. B. Caldwell and L. T. Williams.

AMPLEFORTH V. OLD BOYS

This game was played on Easter Sunday, and resulted in the defeat of the school by three goals to one. The school seemed stale and slack, and with the exception of Williams, who gave a clever display of finished stick-work, and Kelly, played their poorest game of the season. After the Old Boys had opened the scoring the school worked rather harder and obtained an equalizing goal. Then they took another rest, during which the Old Boys scored twice. During the last twenty minutes the school played up well and had rather the better of the exchanges, but their shooting was very bad, and the defence of the Old Boys prevailed to the end. The following were the sides:

School: Goal, E. Massey; Backs, C. B. Collison and E. J. Martin; Half-backs, L. H. Rochford, W. P. Liston and F. G. Morrogh-Bernard; Forwards, J. O. Kelly, H. J. Emery, A. J. McDonald, J. B. Caldwell and L. T. Williams.

Old Boys: Goal, B. J. Hardman; Backs, A. F. M. Wright and B. E. Burge; Half-backs, A. Birtwhistle, O. S. Barton, W. V. Clapham; Forwards, M. Wright, B. R. Collison, A. Hines, G. H. Chamberlain and C. Rochford.

SECOND ELEVEN

AMPLEFORTH V. RIPON SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on March 25, and ended in a victory for the home side by five goals to one. Ampleforth had much the better of the game, and their score would have been considerably larger had the conditions been even normal for hockey. But the ground was wet and heavy, and for a third of

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the game at least a heavy storm of rain reduced both sides to utter impotence. After about ten minutes' play Simpson opened the scoring with an easy shot straight in front of goal. Shortly afterwards Power added the second from a pass from Barton. During the intervals of tolerable weather three more goals were scored for Ampleforth by Power, Barton and Knowles. Ripon scored just before the whistle blew for "time." Ampleforth Second Eleven:

Goal, G. R. Emery; Backs, H. A. Martin and H. J. Emery; Half-backs, C. E. Leese, A. J. MacDonald, H. A. McMahon; Forwards, M. J. Ainscough, C. R. Simpson, V. Knowles, J. Barton and R. J. Power.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

THE sports this year were held on April 13, but as the entries were large, the heats for the races and a few finals in other events were decided in the preceding week. A most inopportune spell of showery weather had sadly interfered with practice. Hardly any serious jumping practice had been possible, and the track on the new cricket field was used for the first time when the heats were run off. During the last few days sun and wind did much to improve matters, but on the 13th the ground was still far from firm; moreover, the wind outstayed its welcome and impeded the runners. These unfavourable circumstances affected the "times," but they did not spoil the pleasure of a day on which the entries were large, the competition keen, and the margin between victory and defeat nearly always small. The arrangement of the Upper School in rival Divisions again proved a great success, by making the success or failure of each competitor a matter of more than personal interest. Happily, too, it was long doubtful which Division would win, for at mid-day on the 13th little more than 30 points separated the highest from the lowest.

For the Cross-Country Handicap a new course was marked. From the sports ground it led due south to the football fields, then turned to the left and climbed the Lion Wood hill, went round the wood, across the stream at the foot of the hill, and back to the track. It was a severe course, but it had the advantage of giving the spectators on the sports ground an almost uninterrupted view of the race, though the runners soon became a line of more or less rapidly moving white dots whose identity offered wide scope for conjecture. The Hon. C. Barnewall was the first to be recognizable again. He nearly lost the race through making a needless *detour*, but, fortunately for him, his closest pursuers followed him and he won a good race by about twenty yards.

The First Set Hundred Yards had long been the subject of the most divergent prophecies, and the divergence was justified, for after a race that was close from start to finish L. T. Williams won by inches. This proved to be the beginning of a career

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of triumph for Williams, for he proceeded to win the Quarter-Mile, Half-Mile and Mile, besides just beating C. B. Collison in the Weight, and being second in the Long Jump. He ran his races with great judgement, and he needed it all, for his opponents were strong and pursued him closely home. The High Jumps suffered most of all from the state of the ground. G. E. Farrell, J. B. Caldwell and C. R. Simpson, in the First Set, jumped in such good style that a new "record" seemed probable, but unfortunately the "take-off" became treacherous as the height increased, and they were unable to do themselves justice.

In the lower Sets there was some surprisingly good and well-judged running, many very close finishes, and three new "records," all in the Hurdles. It might appear that the Fourth Set did better in the Hurdles than the Third Set, and the Third better than the Second, but it must be remembered that the hurdles are lowered somewhat for each set. Still, P. Blackledge's record in the Fourth Set is an exceedingly good one, and he had the satisfaction of equalling the Third Set in the Quarter-Mile, and beating it in the 220 Yards.

The sports ended, except for the Tug-of-War, with a new event, a Relay Race in which the teams were the Divisions. We are unable to give an adequate description of this race, but we imagine that those who witnessed it will not soon forget the excitement that attended it.

We wish to offer our very sincere thanks to Colonel Anderson, Mr J. D. Telfener who has given a beautiful cup for the First Set Half-Mile, and to Mr F. Doherty for the cup which he has given to the First Set for the best High Jump and Long Jump. We add the names of the winners of the cups and a complete table of results.

The "Bisgood" Challenge Cup (for the Champion Athlete of the Year), presented by Mrs Bisgood : LEONARD T. WILLIAMS.

The "Anderson" Cup (Cross-Country Handicap), presented by Colonel Anderson : THE HON. CHARLES BARNEWELL.

The "Telfener" Cup (Half-Mile), presented by Mr J. D. Telfener : LEONARD T. WILLIAMS.

The "Farmer" Cup (Quarter-Mile), presented by Mr C. H. Farmer : LEONARD T. WILLIAMS.

Athletic Sports

The "Lambert" Cup (Hundred Yards), presented by Mr F. J. Lambert : LEONARD T. WILLIAMS.

The "Doherty" Cup (High Jump and Long Jump), presented by Mr F. Doherty : GERALD E. FARRELL.

The "Sharp" Cup (Hurdles), presented by Mr W. Sharp : PAUL BLACKLEDGE.

Challenge Shield (for the Champion Athlete of the Second Set) : EWAN BLACKLEDGE.

Challenge Cup (for the Champion Athlete of the Junior School) : PAUL BLACKLEDGE.

The result of the Divisional Competition was as follows :

1. J. O. Kelly's Division—131 points.
2. L. T. Williams's Division—115 points.
3. C. B. Collison's Division—100 points.
4. C. R. Simpson's Division—70 points.
5. G. E. Farrell's Division—66 points.

EVENTS.	SET I.		SET II.		SET III.		EVENTS.	SET IV.		SET V.		EXTRA EVENTS.
	WINNERS	Result Record	WINNERS	Result Record	WINNERS	Result Record		WINNERS	Result Record	WINNERS	Result Record	
<i>Hundred Yards</i>	1. L. T. Williams 2. G. E. Farrell 3. J. B. Caldwell	11 sec. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	1. C. F. MacPherson 2. F. S. Cravos 3. E. Blackledge	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	1. J. Fitzgerald 2. A. Dillon 3. T. B. Fishwick	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Hundred Yards</i>	1. P. Blackledge 2. D. M. Rochford 3. L. Knowles	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	1. T. M. Wright 2. W. R. Emery 3. R. S. Douglas	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Cross Country Handicap :</i> 1. Hon. C. Braswell 2. V. J. Cravos 3. C. P. Power
<i>220 Yards</i>	No Event.	25 sec.	No Event.	26 sec.	1. T. B. Fishwick 2. H. A. Marsden 3. V. J. Cravos	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 28 sec.	<i>220 Yards</i>	1. P. Blackledge 2. D. M. Rochford 3. E. Ruddin	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 30 sec.	1. T. M. Wright 2. W. R. Emery 3. A. Fox	37 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Three-Legged Race :</i> Set IV {W. J. Mawson J. B. Loughran Set V {R. Fishwick S. Cravos
<i>Quarter-Mile</i>	1. L. T. Williams 2. G. E. Farrell 3. J. B. Caldwell	51 sec. 57 sec.	1. R. Liston 2. C. F. MacPherson 3. C. P. Power	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 61 sec.	1. V. J. Cravos 2. J. W. Hawkswell 3. A. Dillon	72 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Quarter-Mile</i>	1. P. Blackledge 2. E. Ruddin 3. L. Knowles	72 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 68 sec.	No Event.		
<i>Half-Mile</i>	1. L. T. Williams 2. G. E. Farrell 3. E. J. Martin	2 m. 2 m. 2 m.	1. E. Blackledge 2. C. P. Power 3. C. F. MacPherson	2 m. 2 m. 2 m.	1. V. J. Cravos 2. Hon. C. Braswell 3. G. H. Newsham	2 m. 2 m. 2 m.	<i>Half-Mile</i>	1. E. Ruddin 2. P. Blackledge 3. H. W. Green-	2 m. 2 m. 2 m.	No Event.		<i>Sack Race :</i> Set IV W. J. Mawson Set V F. Ainscough
<i>Mile</i>	1. L. T. Williams 2. E. J. Martin 3. J. O. Kelly	5 m. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	1. E. Blackledge 2. C. P. Power 3. T. V. Welsh	5 m. 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 50 sec.	No Event.		<i>Mile</i>	No Event.		No Event.		
<i>Hurdles</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. C. R. Simpson 3. J. B. Caldwell	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 20 sec.	1. J. Morrough-Bernard 2. G. J. Simpson 3. E. Blackledge	22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 23 sec.	1. T. B. Fishwick 2. J. Fitzgerald 3. D. Collison	22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Hurdles</i>	1. P. Blackledge 2. J. R. Crawford 3. D. M. Rochford	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 25 sec.	1. R. S. Douglas 2. W. R. Emery 3. E. George	23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	<i>Tug-of-War :</i> 1. J. O. Kelly's Division 2. C. R. Simpson's Division
<i>High Jump</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. J. B. Caldwell 3. C. R. Simpson	4 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 5 ft. 11 in.	1. J. Morrough-Bernard { C. Field R. Liston S. Rochford	4 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 4 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1. D. Collison H. A. Marsden	4 ft. 4 ft. 4 ft.	<i>High Jump</i>	1. C. Robinson 2. P. Blackledge 3. L. Knowles	3 ft. 11 in. 3 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1. R. Cheney 2. W. R. Emery 3. T. M. Wright	3 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	<i>Relay Races :</i> 1. J. O. Kelly's Division 2. L. T. Williams's Division 3. G. E. Farrell's Division
<i>Long Jump</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. L. T. Williams 3. J. O. Kelly	17 ft. 6 in. 18 ft. 6 in.	1. E. Daise 2. R. Liston 3. L. A. Unsworth	14 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 17 ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1. A. Dillon 2. J. S. Morice 3. C. Unsworth	13 ft. 11 in. 14 ft. 6 in.	<i>Long Jump</i>	1. P. Blackledge 2. C. Robinson 3. L. Knowles	13 ft. 11 in. 14 ft. 11 in.	1. T. M. Wright 2. R. Cheney 3. W. R. Emery	11 ft. 11 in.	
<i>Putting the Weight</i>	1. L. T. Williams 2. C. B. Collison 3. J. B. Caldwell	26 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 30 ft.	1. C. Rochford 2. J. Cravos 3. F. S. Cravos	21 ft. 5 in. 25 ft.	1. D. Collison 2. J. F. Douglas 3. V. J. Bradley	19 ft. 4 in. 22 ft.	<i>Putting the Weight</i>	1. L. G. Spiller 2. L. Knowles 3. D. M. Rochford	18 ft. 2 in. 22 ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1. L. V. Millburn 2. F. Ainscough 3. B. Wright	11 ft. 11 in.	
<i>Throwing the Cricket Ball</i>	1. C. B. Collison 2. H. McMahon 3. W. P. Liston	84 yds 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	No Event.		No Event.		<i>Throwing the Cricket Ball</i>	No Event.		No Event.		

FIVES AND RACKETS

THE builders, who throughout the term still lingered in the Gymnasium, adding with affectionate care the last touches to a building which to the lay eye has long seemed complete, were fortunately less enamoured of the two Fives Courts and resigned them to us early in the term. They have been in constant use ever since, for the Fives Club formed in the Upper School to control the game already numbers nearly sixty members. Fives has attained an instant popularity which would be surprising if the game were entirely new to us. But Handball on the old Ball Place had already formed the taste, and to some extent given the training of hand and eye for it, while by contrast it revealed the value of the wealth of corners in the new courts. Whatever the explanation, Fives has won a warm and immediate welcome. We have heard of two enthusiasts who began their first game at 12 o'clock one Sunday, and an hour and a half later were discovered by the school after dinner still playing, and oblivious of everything except the score! So many and so keen are the would-be players that the ingenuity required to satisfy them in the available time is great, and we hope that the provision of the full number of courts, of which these two are an instalment, will not be long delayed.

Possibly, in view of the popularity of Fives, the pessimistic prepared lamentations on the decline of Rackets, to be delivered at the earliest opportunity after Laetare Sunday. If they did so, the opportunity never came. Rackets has enjoyed greater favour than ever, in spite of, or because of, the attractions of its rival, and we remember no year in which more alertness was needed to secure a game. The school played Rackets so much that we saw its defeat by the Old Boys at Easter with some surprise, tempered in retrospect by the reflection that the Old Boys in question were no ordinary players. They won two games out of three. C. E. Rochford and O. S. Barton, against L. Williams and J. B. Caldwell, and G. H. Chamberlain and B. E. Burge, against C. B. Collison and C. Leese, won their games comfortably if not easily. In the third game J. O. Kelly and the Hon. R. Barnewall for the

The Golf Club

school nearly suffered a crushing defeat from A. Clapham and A. F. M. Wright, for the score at one time was 21-12 against them, but they drew level by a fine effort and got "game-ball" amidst great enthusiasm.

THE GOLF CLUB

THE "Golf" Cup, presented by Mr A. F. M. Wright for the best cards of the last two terms, was carried off by H. J. Emery. Congratulations to the winner and many thanks to the donor. The links have been in better condition than we ever remember. For the weather has been so kind that of casual water and other troubles, consequent upon heavy rains, we have had none. The encroachment of the new cricket ground has deprived us of a good green, but by the way of temporary compensation the lines of sods have acted as excellent bunkers. The swimming bath, which is "standing water out of bounds" must be a veritable mine of balls, if we may judge by the regularity with which players approach it. When it is made to yield up the secrets of its depths before the bathing season members of the club would do well to be present.

The club has a fair membership, but considering the care, trouble and expense involved in the maintenance it ought to be greater. Besides the boys, several of the masters and many visitors have enjoyed games this term. The Old Boys made their customary donation towards the Club's expenses, and we tender them our grateful thanks.

OLD BOYS

WE offer our sincerest condolences to Lord Trimlestown on the death of Lady Trimlestown, which took place on March 17, after a long and painful illness. May she rest in peace.

Mr LUKE TEELING has been appointed by the Pope an officer of the Noble Guard. This is the first occasion on which a British subject has received this honour.

Mr BASIL COLLISON has been a regular member of the Liverpool First XV, which this year has broken all Rugby records in the number of points scored in one season.

Mr BERNARD BURGE has been playing Hockey for Merton College, Oxford.

Mr VINCENT NAREY has been elected President of the Griffin Society, one of the oldest literary clubs in Oxford.

We offer our congratulations to Mr James G. Blackledge, who was married to Miss Chamberlain, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Chamberlain, of Fairholme, Grassendale Park, Liverpool, by the Very Rev. Canon Billington, at St Austin's, Grassendale, on April 20, 1914.

* * *

THE Old Boys in the Midlands have now established an annual dinner, which this year was held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on February 19. Father Abbot was in the chair.

* * *

We ask prayers for Arthur Hedley, the news of whose death has just reached us.

* * *

NOTES

THE Fathers of the Catholic Missionary Society are best known for the wonders they have effected in thinly-populated districts which they penetrate with their motor chapel. But their work in towns where, too, they give non-Catholics an opportunity of learning something of Catholicism is no less valuable. We are glad to be able to record that two of these Fathers gave an eight days' mission to non-Catholics in St Mary's, Warrington, from February 15 to February 22, with every sign of immense success. Their coming had been well advertised by Fr Vincent Wilson. We read that large posters throughout the town proclaimed the tidings to the passers-by, and any one who failed to notice these was fairly certain to receive at least one of the twenty thousand handbills which gave similar information. These and similar efforts had their due reward. St Mary's can accommodate a thousand people with fair comfort, but the congregations that assembled there each night were never comfortable, and on the last Sunday, after sixteen hundred people had fitted into the church, many were left outside anxious to enter. Great use was made of the Question Box, and the nature as well as the number of the questions showed that the missionaries were dealing with a real and admitted need. We sincerely congratulate Fr Vincent Wilson on the success of the Mission.

* * *

A Correspondent from St Anselm's, Rome, writes:

A matter of no small importance in the early months of the Roman year is the sirocco, and our almost complete freedom from that evil has of late somewhat atoned for the length and severity of the winter. We are happy to record that thus far in the year three of our number have been publicly declared Doctors of Theology; one of these is Fr Stephen Marron, of Douai Abbey, to whom we offer our congratulations.

The death of Cardinal Rampolla, our especial benefactor and friend, was a particularly grievous loss to us of St Anselm's. It was he who had consecrated our church in 1900, and for the last twenty-one years we had assisted him at

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Mass on St Cecilia's Day, in the church of that name of which he was the titular; and it was no small gratification to be allowed to sing the month's mind Requiem there for the repose of his soul.

It had been rumoured that of the many vacancies caused by the death of Cardinal Rampolla, that of Patron of Studies would be filled by another friend of St Anselm's, and the most pleasing expectations were fulfilled when the office was conferred on Cardinal Lorenzelli, so often seen in these cloisters. During the first week after his appointment he favoured us by presiding at our monthly philosophical disputation. In this stronghold of Thomistic doctrine, which his own learning and personal influence helped to fortify, he was listened to with the greatest interest, and his reiterated expressions of the pleasure with which he heard that the question of a real distinction between essence and existence had been chosen for discussion and defence among us must have been highly gratifying to the professors.

All who have studied at St Anselm's will be pleased to hear that something is being done to add to the beauty of the Piazza della Verità, through which their daily walk must have often led them. Not lacking historical interest, this spot yields to few in Rome in picturesqueness and beauty, though it has been sadly neglected, and even misused by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It is being laid out in grass plots and planted with shrubs and cypresses. A small part of the work was done two years ago, and the effect being found in every way satisfactory, it is now being completed. Though, perhaps, we shall no longer see the gay concourse of many-coloured wine carts from the country collected there, with attendant peasants clothed in even brighter hues, undoubtedly the small, round, so-called temple of Vesta, with that of Fortuna Virilis at its side and backed by the house that may have been Rienzi's, when seen through the dark green of the trees, where the grim old fountain plays, will form a pleasant diversion in many a hot summer's walk.

* * *

We wish to convey our sympathy to the aged Sir Walter Smythe and his family on the destruction by fire of their

Notes

noble residence at Acton Burnell. It is a loss we English Benedictines feel almost as keenly as the owner himself. We lived there once—all of us; not St Gregory's Community only, but St Lawrence's, and potentially, though not actually, St Edmund's, then nearly extinct, but destined to begin a new life in the deserted home of St Gregory at Douai. We think of it, therefore, as our common English birthplace, though it is only St Gregory's which can call it a home. We Laurentians can only call ourselves guests of a season. The hall has, we understand, been completely destroyed; it is as much a ruin as the old tithe-barn—where the first Parliament was held, in the reign of Edward I—standing at its side. Happily, the chapel has been saved, with all its precious contents. Gregorians may be able to look on this as the preservation of "Acton Burnell" from complete historic extinction. The chapel, with its sacred memories, will represent to them the life and soul of the place and be, therefore, capable of transmitting the identity and personality of the old building to the new one which, doubtless, will spring up from the old foundations. But for us Acton Burnell can never be anything more than a sacred memory. The chapel did not exist in the days of Prior Marsh and his little community. Our Acton Burnell is dead, and can never be brought again to life. A large portion of the contents of the hall, we understand, has been saved from destruction. We hope that this means that what is of chief value to the family and posterity was rescued before the fire had obtained complete mastery of the building. There must have been documents and valuables housed there which, if destroyed, can never be replaced.

OBITUARY

REV. JOSEPH AUSTIN WATMORE, O.S.B.
DIED MARCH 15, 1914

WHEN Father Austin left Ampleforth for Twyford Abbey a fortnight before he died, we did not think that death was so near to him. Just as he was leaving he spoke hopefully of the benefits of the change. We heard of a severe attack of asthma which caused anxiety, but reassuring news followed, and we heard nothing more till a telegram told us that he had succumbed to weakness of the heart during a more serious seizure. His death took place early on Sunday morning, March 15. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at Twyford Abbey, and the burial was at Kensal Green.

Father Austin was born at Morpeth, on March 31, 1848, and his connection with Ampleforth reached back well over half a century, and his retentive memory was a store house of reminiscence. His many gifts were well known. He was especially at home in the world of literature, and was a lover of music. He was the first to sing the treble solo in Bishop Hedley's "Ode to Alma Mater." His heroes in literature were the great writers of the early eighteenth century—he lived in the world of Pope, Dryden and *The Spectator*.—this was evident in the many Exhibition Prologues and Epilogues that came from his pen. Nevertheless his knowledge of English literature was considerable; quotations he delighted to locate, and his assiduity in tracking down an unknown saying was astonishing, and sometimes amusing.

He made his simple vows at Belmont in 1866. Returning to his monastery, he was professor both there and, for a time, at Downside. He was ordained priest by Bishop Hedley, March 17, 1878. In 1881 he was appointed assistant priest at Leyland, and afterwards served successively the missions of Maryport, Abergavenny and Barton-on-Humber. In 1898 his health, which had never been very good, broke down and he was never afterwards able to undertake any prolonged and regular work, though he did a certain amount of "supplying" at various missions.

Obituary

For some years he took a great interest in the hill side, and spent much time working there. In his garden attire, armed with suitable implements, he was a familiar figure on the walks, and he jealously guarded this domain from any unwarranted intrusion.

Before he left here he was urgent in his demand for prayers. The great dread he had of death passed away, we are told, before the end came,—but the prayers he asked for are offered with earnestness by his brethren and friends, that he may enjoy the peace of eternal life. R.I.P.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Human Soul, and its Relations with other Spirits. By DOM ARSCAR VONIER, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast, Herder, 5s. net.

WE have to thank Abbot Vonier for a book that is a valuable addition to Catholic literature. He has given us a volume which is above all stimulating, and this in two ways. The Human Soul is the theme and it is discussed in its relation to the whole wide range of beings, finite and infinite, from its origin to its final destiny. All the familiar truths come up,—the Fall, Sin, Mortification, Reprobation, Purgatory, the Angels, Heaven, &c., but they are placed in a new light and are made more intimate facts for the individual. This freshness of treatment is a valuable stimulus to the intellect. And the will, too, ought to be influenced and aroused by this book, for the thoughtful reader cannot fail to be impressed with a just sense of personal dignity by the truths it sets forth. It brings out clearly the greatness of the work of God when by His fiat a human soul is brought into existence, and shows the wonderful powers and possibilities each individual possesses, and the glorious destiny in store for it. Such a presentment of the truth is a useful antidote to the doctrine which finds in the autonomous man the acme of human dignity.

Abbot Vonier says, "I, for one, consider that with many men their faith has become uninteresting to them, because they have not grown out of the metaphor, the imagery of it, into a rational understanding. In everything else, their mind has become a man's mind; they have put away the things of a child. In matters of Faith alone, they still are bound to speak as a child, to understand as a child, with the result that Faith has become insipid to their virile minds." Father Abbot succeeds admirably in giving the required "advanced course," and in producing this "rational understanding."

In view, however, of the character of the book, we must call attention to the statement on p. 313: "Every human being has been entrusted to the care of an Angel; this it (*sic*) an article of faith." If the expression "of faith" is taken in its strict sense, as we presume it must be here, the statement is opposed to the clear teaching of theology; e.g. "si agatur de fidelibus electis, res tamen certa est, ex unanimi Patrum consensu, ut *sine temeritate* negari non possit. Si sermo sit de infidelibus aut non predestinatis, refert Origenes opinionem eorum qui negarunt Angelos ad eorum custodiam deputari; attamen contraria sententia *communiter* a Doctoribus probatur." (Mazella, *De Deo Creatore*, p. 308); this is far from *de fide*.

That the book has come from a foreign press is evident from the

Notices of Books

long list of typographical errors that might be compiled. We regret this the more as so many valuable publications have been marred recently by like irritating blemishes.

We feel sure, that in accordance with the author's hopes, the book will influence many educated lay minds,—not so much directly as indirectly, namely, through the lecture room and the pulpit, for it will be of great value to the philosopher and theologian (for philosophy and theology are here intermingled), as a means of giving life to some of the dry bones of the text-books.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend this volume to all who desire to know more thoroughly "what is in man."

H.D.P.

Paradoxes of Catholicism. By R. H. BENSON. Longmans, Green & Co., 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

THE subject of this book is the apparent inconsistency in the practices of the Catholic Church. In nearly every important matter the Church presents the appearance of being guided by two irreconcilable principles, of being animated by two mutually destructive motives, and not merely of going in two opposite directions, but of going in each further than is right. Hence her critics fall into three classes, of which two grasp one or other of her principles and find fault with her adherence to it, while the third sees both, thinks them incompatible, and seeks the explanation in either infatuation or deceit. Reflective Catholics, too, must often be puzzled by the fact underlying this appearance. It certainly is disconcerting to be called upon to give a reasoned justification of the Church's glorification of poverty just after one has proved in a masterly manner that the wealth and grandeur of much of her external apparatus is neither wrong in itself nor excessive; or to prove that her compassion for the weak is not softness nor her stern discipline either unduly hard or inconsistent with her gentler methods; or, again, to show that the trustful simplicity required for the act of faith is at once reasonable in itself and compatible with the bulk of a *Summa Theologica*. But we need not multiply examples. Mgr Benson deals with these and many more, and describes the non-Catholic view with clearness and insight. His method is to state the two opposing criticisms, then to show that exactly similar charges were made against Our Lord, and finally to show that the apparent contradiction in the Church's practice is due to the apparent contradiction in the Church's character, which in turn is due to the apparent contradiction in Christ, God and Man. The effect of this duality in the character of the Church is described with great clearness, and

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with a combination of simplicity and originality that rarely marks the treatment of familiar themes. The matter of the book has been delivered in sermons, which have been abbreviated for publication. We suspect that the abbreviation has been excessive, for the one fault that we find in the book is that the third section of nearly every essay, that in which the seemingly opposite characteristics are reconciled, is too short. The argument is not weak; rather, it is overwhelmingly strong; but just for that reason it should be developed gradually. The most cogent arguments generally require the most careful exposition, and we can imagine many a non-Catholic of quite average intelligence believing that the facts which Mgr Benson flings at him are solid indeed and weighty, but miss the mark. Those however who are rather more than ordinarily thoughtful should find the book illuminating and valuable.

H.K.B.

Compendium Theologiae Dogmaticae, auctore CHRISTIANO PESCH, S.J.
Tom. I-IV, B. Herder, Paper 5s., cloth 6s. per vol.

THE nine volumes of Fr Christian Pesch, which make up his "Praellectiones Dogmaticae," are familiar to all students of theology. It is natural that those professors, with whom this extensive work finds favour, should wish to have a compendium containing its teaching to place in the hands of their students. Fr Pesch has acceded to their desire and has produced a text-book in four volumes which provides a theological course for as many years. It is arranged in the strictly scholastic method. The Compendium is, of course, meant for use in all parts of the world, we therefore were surprised to see that English theological works do not find a place among the books of references given. This is naturally a drawback when it is so desirable that the student should be kept in close touch with the circumstances amidst which his pastoral work will have place.

The references given are, as far as we have tested them, quite accurate—a point that has not received sufficient care in the production of other text-books of this kind that we have met. The production of the volume by the publisher is excellent.

H.D.P.

The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy. By ADRIAN FORTESCUE.
New Edition, Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. net.

THIS excellent work was noticed at some length in the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL of January, 1913. At that time the book was giving rise to a controversy, which was unfortunately acrimonious. Now that the

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controversy is a thing of the past, we cannot but regret that, in revising the work for this second edition, Fr Fortescue has not given a summary of the arguments adduced by those scholars who hold that the order of the Roman Canon has not undergone alteration. Such a summary would be of interest to the general reader, though the author may regard the arguments as inconclusive, or even valueless. The early appearance of a second edition shows that the book has been received with the interest and appreciation which it deserves.

M.D.W.

L'idéal monastique et la vie chrétienne des premiers jours, par DOM GERMAIN MORIN, *Deuxième édition.*—Abbaye de Maredsous; Paris, Beauchesne; 1914. In-12, 228 p. 2 fr. 50.

ON sait l'incontestable autorité que s'est acquise D. G. Morin dans le domaine de l'ancienne littérature chrétienne. Dans ce volume, l'auteur donne, avec une rare compétence et sous une forme très littéraire, des aperçus véritablement suggestifs sur la vie chrétienne de la primitive Église et sur l'idéal monastique. Voici quelques titres de chapitres: *Vocation.*—*Baptême et profession.*—*Vie apostolique.*—*Fraction du pain.*—*Prière liturgique.*—*Spiritualité monastique.*—*Discrétion et largeur.*—*Joie.*—*Simplicité.*—Ce livre s'adresse donc autant aux gens du monde qu'aux religieux.

On Prayer and the Contemplative Life. By ST THOMAS AQUINAS. Translated by FR HUGH POPE, O.P., S.T.M. R. & T. Washbourne, London, 1914.

IN this book Fr Pope has brought within the reach of many readers portions of the *Summa* which are far too little known. The work is a translation of seven questions from the *Secunda Secundae*, viz. those which treat of "Religion," "Devotion" and "Prayer," and the four which are concerned with the Life of Contemplation and the Active Life. With these are included one article from the Questions on the Religious Life, and one Question from the Supplement, since they bear immediately on the subjects named.

The translator will, it cannot be doubted, earn the thanks of numberless devout souls for enabling them to become acquainted with the teaching of the great saint and doctor. Here we have the pregnant words of the prince of teachers on matters which concern so closely the spiritual life of every one. The passages from St Augustine and Cardinal Cajetan, which are added to many of the articles of St Thomas, increase the value of the book.

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The method which the translator has adopted is to be commended; he places first "the body of the article," and then presents "the objections," with the answer to each. The translation, so far as we have examined it, is very satisfactory.

One is tempted to regret that the work stops short where it does. There is so much in the succeeding questions on the State of Perfection and the Religious Life, which one would like to see in English also. But perhaps Fr Pope has a companion volume in view which will continue the work so well begun.

We might point out that the heading, "Question CLXXXVI," on pp. xii and 253 is a misprint for CLXXXVIII, and also that it is a little misleading to give one article as if it were a complete question, and name it "On the Religious State"; but for a remark on p. 20 of the Introduction readers who are unacquainted with the *Summa* might think that these four pages are all that St Thomas has said on the Religious Life. It would have been better, we think, if the Table of Contents had been enlarged so as to include the titles of the articles in each question. They are only to be found by turning to the beginning of each question. However, a full index of subjects is given at the end of the book, and also an index of all the texts of Holy Scripture which are quoted or explained by St Thomas.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention of books in this list does not preclude further notice in a later number.)

- From R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*
Daily Reflexions for Christians. By VERY REV. CHARLES COX, O.M.I.
2 vols. 10s. 6d. net.
- The Chief Sufferings of Life and their Remedies.* By ABBE DUHAUT.
Trans. by A. M. BUCHANAN, M.A.
- A Modern Franciscan.* By REV. DOMINIC DEVAS, O.F.M. 2s. 6d. net.
- Maxims from the Writings of Mgr Benson.* Angelus Series. Cloth
1s. 3d. net, leather 2s. 6d. net.
- Derfel the Strong.* By MARY AGATHA GRAY. 3s. 6d. net.
- Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim.* By PERE GIRAUD. Trans. by W. H.
MITCHELL, M.A. 5s. net.
- Frederic Ozanam.* By ARCHIBALD J. DUNN. Paper. 1s. net.
- Blessed Margaret Mary.* By MGR DEMIMUID. Trans. by A. M.
BUCHANAN, M.A., 2s. 6d. net.
- Spiritual Director and Physician.* By REV. V. RAYMOND, O.P. Trans.
by REV. ALOYSIUS SMITH, C.R.L. 5s. net.
- From LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*
Literary Selections from Newman. 1s. 6d. net.
- A Child's Prayers to Jesus.* By REV. W. ROCHE, S.J. Cloth 1s. net,
Paper, 2 parts, 1d. each.
- From THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69 Southwark Bridge Road,
London, S.E.*
The Benedictine Order. By CARDINAL NEWMAN, with Introduction by
REV. H. NORBERT BIRT, O.S.B. Paper, 6d.

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From THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY, THE MANSER PRESS, ROCHAMPTON, London, S.W. Also B. HERDER, 68 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

Campan's Ten Reasons. Original Latin text, with translation by REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. 1s. net.

Holy Mass. By REV. HERBERT LUCAS, S.J. 2 vols. 1s. net each.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Beaumont Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Oscotian*, the *Pocklingtonian*, the *Pax*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

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